



Christianian

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Thomas J. Shelton,
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"A SURE WORD OF PROPHECY."

MARY BAKER (Mrs. Eddy) will remain here on the earth as the Mother of Christian Science. Her body will gradually change into an electrical body without the loss of personal identity.

HELEN WILMANS (Mrs. Post) will remain here on the earth as the Mother of Mental Science. Her body will gradually change into an electrical body without the loss of personal identity.

Christian and Mental Science will unite in one grand movement for the inauguration of the Electrical Age.

This prophecy I have received from ZEUS, the Giver of Life, through ALPHA, the Speaker of the Word.

I AM, T. J. SHELTON.

THE SISTINE MADONNA.

Why the passing throng so still?
See, O blind, Truth blazes here:
Bow before this peak of time.
Quivering lips and fingers restless with
Thy dripping beads no story tell.
She sees a birth, a King,—
A mighty counsellor, a Prince has come:
And Raphael—master stroke sublime—
In Mary's arms the Jesus rests.
Not him her vision seeks—
The glory in her eyes? (O mystery divine!)
There the master painted Christ.

The fig tree tender buds and blooms,
The Sabbath of the Lord is come.
A cycle ends.
Her hour at last!
List! the virgin speaks,
The night is past.

The soft lips move, a story grows:
Ears have ye and hear not?
O deaf and dumb and blind!
Through ages, since the world began,
The mystery grew.
A vine, a fig, in Eden's bower;

Mary came when Eve was born,
Eyes have ye and see not?
Chained ye have to Eden's bower
The Soul.
Awake, O world, and learn—
The Virgin speaks—
The soul has eyes and feet, and
Swift from Adam's long embrace
It springs.
The world is Adam.
The Soul is Eve.
And Eve with eyes and feet and love
Shall win for him his throne.
A throne?
There on Patmos' distant isle—

The sign and symbol, cross and grave.
The way from Eden's gate has made
A cloud of dust and grime and holes
And rock. And Eve has lost her way
In gazing where the way was hid
By vestments, creeds and priests
And want of thought,
And idols thick and beads
And chains and books and customs
Black and old and dead. And
Adam's strength is fierce:

While she is just new born.
Slowly down the mountain side she moves
Cross plain and hill.
Look, Eve, a serpent
Waits to strangle thee.
O, world! thy foot, though big
With wealth and power and war and strife,
Falls here:
For her the serpent waits:
Loose her—or die—ye ingrate.

The blows of Adam keep the thing alive—
Slimy, vile, it writhes before her steps.
The blows of Adam fall on Eve:
Yet on she moves.
Swift at every bound, celestial
Energy creeps through limb and arm:
Her cheeks aglow, her eyes ablaze.
She sees, she thinks.
On!—Eve!—On!
Adam creeps behind: the race
To the swift is thine.
Fast the serpent moves before,
Its strength fails not.
On!

She rests not nor faints:
From a fountain deep drinks she
And thirsts no more.
Alps of base desire, and priests,
And teachers dumb, and ages dark,
Are far behind.
On now, Eve, you're free!
Mount Zion, City on a hill's in sight.
There thy glory makes the day:
No night, no sound of sob or sigh.
Open thine eyes, behold thyself, perfect,
Forceful, complete, self-contained,
Round and whole: God's symbol of the soul.
Claim thy heritage and be.
Adam, progress, peace, time,
Stand still till thou dost see,
And God must wait for thee.
On, Eve, drink, and live forever.
In David's house art thou—
Drink: a fountain flows,
A fountain from the house
Whence comes a King.
On!—Eve!—On!
O Soul divine!

The morning breaks. A star—the East—
The hills of Patmos glow.
That glory on thy path?

'Tis thee, Eve—move on.
Look! A rose on thy breast
Hast opened wide.
Behind, the gates of Eden spread,
And million souls are hurrying forth—
The rose and thee hast cut the way.
A solid phalanx (the priest,
The church, the creed and sin and death)
Stood outside the gate to chain
Thee in.
Thou art free—Eve—Free!
On—a serpent's to be slain.
Drink deep. Thine hour is near.
The hills aglow.
A Day-star's up—a song?
"Peace on Earth."
On!—On!
The serpent writhes—it waits—
Quick, Eve, thy heel.

A name upon thy brow?
A song that's new?
'Tis morn in Bethlehem's hills.
Rest, Eve—Thou art Mary now.

O, Soul divine, three days canst tarry here.
The agonies of birth are o'er:
From Eden's gate to Bethlehem's plains
Didst chase thy serpent self.
'Tis here thy travail ends.
Now on again—a child must wax and grow
And be a King.
A throne's on yonder Isle.
A Babe is at thy breast,
A rose that withers not.
Before thy steps the lilies bloom:
The rose, the lilies and the Babe
Thy feet shall place.
O Soul divine—move on.

A shout!
(Hush thy din, O world!)
I, John, the vision saw—
A wonder in the sky—
A woman clothed with Sun—
The Moon beneath her feet—
Twelve stars her diadem—
A serpent—dead—a Throne—
A King—a voice—a ring—
Eve, Mary, Adam, Jesus, Christ—One.

O, Soul, thy journey's done.
The Woman's King.

Plymouth, Mass.

LOUISE DOWNES.

ITEMS AND IDEAS.

*** Cancer, the Crab.

*** The Kingdom of God is Here.

*** People who do not know anything about the Bible often try to disguise their ignorance by sneering at the Book. It is the old device of the ostrich sticking her head in the sand.

*** Baby Blanche is receiving more congratulations on her advent into this world than any other princess on earth. Well, she deserves it, as she is the "first born from the dead" under the reign of Christian Science.

*** The Mental Science Convention to be held at Sea Breeze, Florida, on Thanksgiving day, will be one of the greatest gatherings of the country. It was called by the Spirit of Truth and will be attended by the chosen ones of the I AM.

*** Advertisements in CHRISTIAN have caused several of my friends to be swindled out of their money. You will see, I have cut down my "ads" and am trying my best to become personally responsible to you for everything that appears in CHRISTIAN. However, in reading, you must be your own judge.

*** "You speak of treating your house. What is the *modus operandi*, or what words oblige.—A Subscriber."

I did not do anything or say anything. My own presence in the room filled it full of sun vibrations, which is a mental form of electricity. The kingdom of your God is within you and this kingdom must radiate, and therefore will effect your environment.

*** The following, from Puck, is a pointed definition of the modern idea of the affinity:

Claude—Hully gee! Wot's an affinity?

Angeline (*fervently*)—An affinity, Claude! O Claude! An affinity is a guy wot has got ten cents and is willing ter blow it!

Angeline (*tenderly*)—Listen, Claude! Youse are my affinity! I feel it in my very soul!

*** Many persons send five and ten dollars in paper money in the common mail. While I give the same treatments for one dollar that I do for ten, yet, the ten-dollar bills are appreciated. It shows that those who can afford it, do not want to cheapen my work. That which does not cost anything, is worth about what it costs. While money cannot pay for the Truth—it will buy ice cream!

*** The poem, by Louise Downes, "The Sistine Madonna," in this issue of CHRISTIAN, is a splendid sequel to Allan Parkinson's "A Prayer for Christendom" in June CHRISTIAN. Eve, or, in other words, the Divine Feminine, will answer Allan's prayer. Mrs. Downes' poem is an inspiration. I read it three times before putting it out of my hands. I think she intends getting it out as a booklet for the holiday trade.

*** You need not fear to come to me now for direct personal treatments. I don't know how long I will continue to give these treatments, but for the present, myself and wife are devoting our whole attention to healing

the sick and the curing of poverty. There is no charge for healing, but you must enclose the nominal fee of one dollar as a guarantee of good faith and to keep our desks from being the dumping ground for dead-heads and curiosity seekers.

*** My prophecies have created a stir. Some are rejoicing in the Truth while others are sneering. Well, it does look like a great thing for two old women to be regenerated and remain on the earth until all graves are closed forever! But as I did not make the women or speak the words of the prophecy, I am unconcerned about it. But, verily, verily, I say unto you, the I AM is able to fulfill His own Word and these words of prophecy are being spoken by the I AM. The day of deliverance is at hand. "Behold! The Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him."

*** Once more let me say to you that my books, "Law of Vibrations," and "I Am Sermons," are being sold out and I will never issue another edition. After I have sold all the 12,000 "Vibrations" and the 10,000 "I Am Sermons," I will have nothing more to say in the form of books. All my notions about writing books have disappeared with the advent of complete illumination. You will find in these two books the basic principles of Christian and Mental Science. There is a quotation of Scripture which says: "We have the mind of Christ." It is the Mind of Christ which makes the true Christian Mental Science. My books are sent postpaid for fifty cents each.

*** I will not pauperize my work. You may write just as many letters as you want to write, but I insist you must enclose a dollar in each one. Tramps, paupers and beggars have been made out of the thought that you can get something for nothing. You can not do it! For instance, I have a drawer full of stock certificates given me by different companies all over the United States. They have never been worth a single cent to me. They did not cost me anything and they are worth just exactly what they cost. The only persons who have tried to do me dirt, were deadheads to whom I sent the paper and gave treatments for nothing. I frequently receive letters from old people who have worn their lives out serving other people. The persons for whom they slaved are the very first ones to refuse them help. If you give something for nothing, you injure both the giver and receiver.

*** June CHRISTIAN was dictated to my wife during the first week of May. I knew she would not say anything for or against it, because she never interferes with her husband's affairs; but, I wanted to see what her subconscious mind would say, for I knew I could detect the slightest antagonistic vibration. There was not one word of dissent. Down in the deep places of her spiritual understanding, she endorsed the prophecy. The response from others all over the world has confirmed the Word. Here is a sample from one of the most powerful minds among the women of New York City:

"I do not always understand you in CHRISTIAN, but this June number is so plain and

direct, that it goes straight to my heart. Every word is true—I know it."

The response from men has been as earnest and cordial as from women. These wonderful truths of man's unfoldment must first be received by the subconscious mind. "Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed."

*** Absent treatment is scientific. There is no other kind of treatment worthy the name of Mental Science. I give no other kind of treatment. The man next door must write me a letter, enclose his dollar and receive absent treatment. He is just as far away from me as the man in London. It only means absence of the physical body. There is no absence in the Spirit. Spirit is Omnipresent. I don't want your photograph, or a lock of your hair; and I will not bless your handkerchief. I want a very brief statement of your physical ailments. I don't practice magnetic healing, hypnotism, astrology, or anything other than pure Mental Science. I address my treatments directly to the I AM within you. I do not prophesy for you or foretell future events. I am a prophet, but a prophet is not a fortune-teller. The true prophet does not undertake private fore-casting of horoscopes. "No prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation."

*** In entering the electrical life you will cut your new teeth when you need them, just like you cut your present so-called "permanent set." As there will be no waste in the electrical body, your new teeth will be really and truly permanent. The same is true of your hair, your eyes, and all the organs of the body. It is what is called in the Bible transformation. This statement of St. Paul is scientific: "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds." It is first a mental change and then a physical transformation to meet the demands of the mind. I can not answer all the questions that are being showered on me. You will know the Truth and the Truth will make you free. It is only the Truth you know that can make you free. It is the consciousness of the Truth in your own mind which prepares the way for your new body. Only the new mind can handle the new body. It is a slow unfoldment because personal identity must be maintained. You pass out of the old into the new without losing consciousness of your own personal self.

*** Now that I am free from bondage, the Silent Word is gaining more and more power for the healing of all who come to me in sincerity. The proof of the spiritual kingdom of Jesus Christ is first in the healing of the physical body. The people have a right to demand this proof from the preachers who profess to be followers of Jesus Christ. It is too late in the day for the religionists to come forward and say that the days of miracles have passed and that the healing of the physical body is not a part of the commission given to Christians. It is not costly churches, eloquent preachers, or morocco-bound Bibles that the people are demanding, but a living Gospel, backed up by the credentials of the Holy Spirit. It is just as plain as anything can be that Jesus

promised that all who followed him should do the works that he did and greater, after his ascension to the Father. There is one of two things. Either the Holy Spirit was not sent to the earth as Jesus promised, or else the Christians of the present day are not real Christians.

*** Josephine A. Woodbury sued Mrs. Eddy for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars damage. Mrs. Eddy spoke of the Scarlet Woman of Revelations and Josephine thought the shoe fit her. Geewhillikins! The Scarlet Woman is many and not one. She sat on the Dragon which represents Babylon, and you know Babylon means the City of Confusion. I don't think that Josephine is riding the Dragon, but her appeal to Cæsar for cash savors a little, just a little bit, of the Babylonians! In the City of the New Jerusalem they never have any libel suits. The inhabitants of the City of Light never go to law with each other. As we approach the Electrical Age, we will pray and practice: "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." We will have learned the principle of forgiveness and the withdrawing of all accusations. We are not so very far away from the fulfillment of the Lord's Prayer. The world is ripe for brotherly love and good fellowship. It is coming! The strife, the misery of selfishness will be done away in the brightness and glory of the New Earth.

*** There are no leaders in Christian Science or Mental Science except Mary Baker and Helen Wilmans. All the others are either followers or imitators. The man who tried to rob Mary Baker of her glory by calling her a plagiarist was the servant of the devil. The devil is only another name for a lie. Mary Baker did not steal anything from old Dr. Quimby. Only a small mind filled with jealousy could invent such a lie. I am not a leader. But I am a prophet of womanhood and am here to defend the work of these two women. All other branches of the new thought are like the Protestant sects—they don't count except as so many wandering bands. The time is coming when Mental Science and Christian Science will be one and the same thing, and proclaimed from the same platforms and the same pulpits. Christian Science will recognize the Science of Matter and give it a proper place in Thought. Mental Science will recognize Science of Spirit and make the proper distinction between Mind and Spirit. Both Schools of Thought have much to learn and many things to eliminate before they can be called an exact science.

To believe that a task is impossible is to make it so.

A man gains strength every time he admits his own weakness.

Some people's idea of knowledge is the art of finding out things which they have no business to know.

An amateur weather prophet says if all spice is adulterated with ground peas the season will be mild.

THE SUBLIMITY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

But why will not Mental Scientists let the Bible rest and let the Religionist have full benefit of that ammunition chest? CHRISTIAN had enough before, but now two pages are given up to another interpretation of vagaries, poems and Old Hebrew fantasies by R. C. Douglass. Let the Old alone and live in the Now.—Now, San Jose, Cal.

Poor short-sighted mortal! "What fools these mortals be." For a man who is an editor and a teacher to show such blindness! Is Truth ever old or ever ancient? Isn't it the same all the time and everywhere? I open my window and look out at the Rocky Mountains. I would be as foolish as this editor if I should say: "Get away, ye old Rocky Mountains! You are too old; I want a new mountain." The Bible is simply a chain of mental mountains thrown up before the minds of men. It is as true and as new now as it was when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. There is no time in the Truth. The great truths of the Bible are like gold in gold-bearing quartz. It does not make any difference how long the gold has been gold, it is still gold. It can never be anything other than gold. This editor speaks of Emerson, Darwin, Spencer, Walt Whitman and Browning. These men would never have been what they were if it had not been for the Bible. These mental giants were simply large because they stood on the top of the mountain called the Bible. Eliminate the ideas and the inspiration of the Bible from English literature or from the literature of the world, and there would be but a very thin skeleton left. Truth is the truth, no matter when it was written. The Bible is the very newest book on earth. It was issued Yesterday, it is being issued To-day, and will be issued Forever. The sublime never dies and never grows old. It is perpetual youth, for it is God. The editor of *Now* is not the only one; there are thousands of just such thin thinkers. Why don't they look up to the sun and say it is old and out of date? It has been up there a long time, and every morning its rays of light are bright and fresh. It is God's own Dwelling Place.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

You want to get into your mind and let the facts vibrate in your soul that Truth is not subject to death or the mutations of Time. There are some things in this universe which never die. Everything spoken in the Bible by the Spirit of God, and much of the Bible was spoken in this way, will be fulfilled.

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

"For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

"For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

"So shall my Word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto

me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

"For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

"Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the LORD for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

I make this quotation from Isaiah. You will find the entire prophecy of Isaiah full of scientific statements of Truth. The time has come for the Bible to be scientifically interpreted. Heretofore, it has been theologially interpreted. In other words, it has been interpreted to prove certain dogmas, and each sect has had a string of quotations to fit their own creed. This is no reason why the scientific mind should reject the sublime words of Truth found in the Bible.

Let me take time right here to say that Editor Brown and all the other shining lights in the New Thought owe their position to the Bible. The founder of Christian Science, which is the mother of the New Thought, was a student of the Bible. Her whole fabric rests on the Sacred Scriptures. These people who have been hatched from the Christian Science egg are trying to disown their own mother. The New Thought is a Christian Science Thought and Christian Science is simply the scientific interpretation of the Bible. Helen Wilmans' writings are honeycombed with the ideas and words of the Bible. She doesn't know herself how much of the Bible she has absorbed. Take this quotation from a recent issue of *Freedom*:

"This style of treatment is truly a redemptive one; it means to heal to the utmost. Yet the healer cannot do the whole of it. He can only make the new and true statement of personal life; if the patient is too utterly devitalized to respond, there comes failure. There are very few patients who have not the ability to respond; not more than one out of twenty, but the practical healer soon finds out when he has such an one. It will seem as if the statements he is making, instead of penetrating the patient, strike against a dead wall and rebound back upon himself. Every disease could be healed by the spoken word if the people were ready to receive it. The person who cannot reach up to the Law of Being, which is Life, must die. He cannot be perpetuated through the efforts of others. The demand of the Law of Being is *Individuality*. This means a personal consciousness of power."

Where did she get the expression or the idea of "the spoken Word?" It came straight from Jesus Christ, or, in other words, from the Bible. The whole law of Mental Healing was laid down by Jesus. The New Testament is the best text book on Mental Science that was ever written or ever can be written. It is far superior to anything that Helen Wilmans or Mary Baker ever wrote. What value, then, is there in their writings? The value of restating old truths in new words. When I say old truths, of course, I am using the term relatively, for truth is never old or young. It is always the same. But the dress in which it appears may be old or it may be new.

The Spirit of Truth has seen fit to inspire Mary Baker and Helen Wilmans with new words for Truth. In the physical domain the mother clothes the child, gives it a body. So, in the re-birth of Christianity, it was given to these two Mothers to reclothe the Truth in new words. Mary Baker has written for religionists, and Helen Wilmans has written for materialists. The two have written the same thing in principle. All other writers have either repeated their ideas, or else, in trying to make garments of their own, they have made up "a thing of shreds and patches."

The Christian Science movement, which includes Mental Science, is the Second Coming of the Lord Christ. The written words are forerunners of the Silent Word, which is to be spoken to all earth. When I am giving credit and prophesying about these two women, there is nothing personal in my statements. I care nothing for the personality of either. I have never met Mrs. Eddy, and the physical personality of Mrs. Wilmans did not impress me favorably. I wanted to strip off her body of flesh, and give her that sylph-like form which she has in her own mind. I have felt the vibrations of Mary Baker, and know just how she will look, when she becomes an electrical woman.

"I have never seen the singer,
Save in dreams of subtle grace.
I greet the white soul of her songs—
What care I for her face!"

I have been asked by small minds why I selected these two women and gave them such wide-spread advertising. I did not make the selection. I had no more to do with selecting these two women to be the mothers of this movement than I had in selecting my wife (She Whom My Soul Loves) to be the mother of my own unfoldment. The selection was made by the Spirit of Truth. I don't know what I want. I am not my own Creator. But the I AM is my Maker. And He it is who Was, and Is, and Is to Come. You see that He Who Was is the same as He Who Is, and He Who Is is the same as He Who Is to Come. In other words, the Word of God is the "Ancient of Days," and also "the Bright and the Morning Star." He it was who knew my Beloved and sent her to me to be my sister, my wife, and my mother. When you understand that there is only one Word, only one Mind, and only one Spirit, you will come into a consciousness of Eternity. You will know this Word is the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the Ending.

Of all the practices of love, praise is the most treacherous.

Every man you meet is willing to admit that he was once a fool.

Pharaoh's daughter wasn't a broker, but she got a little prophet from the rushes on the bank.

It is the easiest thing in the world to see that wealth is a curse—so long as the other fellows monopolize it.

"AS OTHERS SEE US."

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel'es as ithers see us."

—Burns.

The following clean-cut criticism of *Freedom* and *CHRISTIAN* is from an old correspondent who has done me more good, perhaps, than I have done him. The reason I failed in his case was not because he did not have enough of the "I AM" in him, but because he would not let loose of Seeley. He has the old Presbyterian grip of the past and all my vibrations failed to loosen it. It is absolutely impossible for a man to gain the Kingdom of God and carry anything else into it from the objective world. Jesus spoke the Truth when he said that a man must forsake all on earth to gain all. I have gained the Kingdom of God and I know whereof I speak. If money, houses, lands, people, or my own life had any hold on me I would not be in the Kingdom of Truth. It took me ten years to weed out, burn out everything, and it was ten years of an awful struggle. But in April of this year my ten years' pilgrimage ended and I found myself in full possession of my Kingdom. From henceforth the word spoken in *CHRISTIAN* will have no uncertain sound, and here is an honest man's opinion of the struggling Shelton:

NAPA, CAL., April, 1901.

THOS. J. SHELTON—My Dear Sir: "Dost thou remember me?" I assume you do, as we were correspondents for some years, finally giving each other up in utter despair. The philosophical conclusion at which you arrived being that I did not have a sufficient amount of the "I Am" in me to work on, which conclusion was not especially soul satisfying to the writer, yet he murmured not. You do good to others and sometimes amuse me and I inclose herewith one year's subscription for *CHRISTIAN*. In many respects I admire your paper. Compared with editors in general, you exhibit a more daring and independent spirit. You publish what you think, despite of criticism. You pull down no blinds to shield from public view whatever may transpire at the fireside. You throw upon the screen a truthful and exact picture of your most private affairs. You proclaim your prosperity and the happiness and content of all those associated with you, whatever the relation may be. And here I most cheerfully extend my hearty congratulations. "But," Thomas J. Shelton, why do you inculcate, hatch out and distribute among your readers so many damned absurdities? (Pardon—possibly the word "wild" would be less shocking to the sensitive ear, and, if so, kindly substitute.)

You announce in seeming earnestness, "there is no evil;" that "all is good" in the face of the fact that cruelty and wrong are abundant in our midst as the thistles that grow by the roadside. If one had ever been blind and deaf, there could be some excuse for a sentiment so at variance with a truth that every day's observation discloses. Look at the court calendars and note the array of crimes almost daily committed.

To call such offenses simply "mistakes" or "errors" is so puerile and savors so much of weak sophistry as to be unworthy the utterance of a sensible and clear-headed man.

Again, you voice the assertion: "One's own will come to him." Will this declaration bear careful analysis? If it is meant that each mortal on this earth will receive what he earns and what is rightfully his due, a moment's reflection will put in a general and most positive "denial." Remem-

ber that principles are eternal and unchangeably as the old axiom in geometry that "a straight line is the measure of the shortest distance between two points," and this axiom admits of no exceptions. Now, my philosophic friend, have you not known hundreds of instances where the deserving have been swindled out of their rights? And where restitution never has been and never will be made? Have you not known many instances where properties have been acquired by years of toil and at last, through ill fortune, sickness and possibly some rascally trick of the unscrupulous, pass into hands of strangers? "One's own comes to him!" Some poet has so written, but such poet is an untruthful dreamer.

Again you proclaim: We are sons of the sun, coming originally from that luminary, and destined to return to it again—after we (or some of us) *have lived here forever*.

What, allow me to ask you, do you know concerning the sun? And, upon serious reflection, are not your musings with respect to that great orb more fanciful than real? The Lick telescope furnishes positive information concerning the composition and nature of the center of our solar system. No seven orthodox hells can be half so hot, while "solar storms" and "gas explosions" reaching "thousands of miles" from its surface are often noted by astronomers. And this fiery ball, the home of the departed, where the birds of Paradise can wing the air and gladden the forest with their song—without even scorching a feather! Impossible, Thomas J. Shelton, impossible! And you must revise your misleading opinions.

In one issue of *CHRISTIAN* you frankly admit that "consistency" is not one of the jewels in your coronet. While the admission was candid and praiseworthy, it need not have been made. The fact had long been apparent to your readers. But to me it is in no small degree amusing to see you one day looking at the sun as your future abiding place and the next, with Mrs. Wilmans, believing in "immortality on earth," and promising to meet her somewhere on this planet "one hundred years hence." I will not deny the possibility of such a meeting, but I very much question that Thomas J. Shelton, at the age of 150 years, will be as lythe of step and clear of vision, or half so magnetic as at the present hour. Neither can I believe that the present robust and rotund "Helen," with the accumulation of 100 additional sea breeze summers on her devoted head, will be able to mount and guide the "wheel" with equal grace as now, or "sit" a "cayuse," as was her wont some thirty years ago. I must, in this connection, say a good word for *CHRISTIAN* and *Freedom*. *CHRISTIAN* is never monotonous and is often startling. The editorials are clear-cut, terse and original, and so long as the motor keeps on the track nothing is to be apprehended. The editor is a thinker, a wit, and brave almost to an extreme—at times, but his reply to embarrassing questions often impresses me that there must be an element in his nature of Hibernian extraction and ready to respond when called upon: "Mike, why did you so hastily leave the town when it was attacked by the enemy?" "Why did I lave the town? Do you think I could carry it with me, you murderin' idiot?" Is there not a family resemblance in Mike's reply to some you have been known to make?

Freedom is usually as fresh as the sea breeze that visits the Florida coast. Its correspondents show unusual ability. Col. Post is a logical and entertaining writer. Colville is always bright and profound in his occult ranges of thought. Burgman is graceful in diction as the sweep of a silver oar, but Helen Wilmans is the peer of them all when she "turns herself loose," as sportsmen say, on some favorite theme of which she claims pioneer ownership. She is as much at home in new territory as was Dan-

iel Boone in the wilds of Kentucky. Blunt as a frontiersman, not overburdened with sentiment, her style, at times jostling as a carriage upon a rough and uneven road, still her meaning is never obscure or her faith in herself for a moment doubted. But, Heavenly Father! how she does like to make money; and how persistent and never ceasing her methods of advertising! Many times I have seen her readers frown and sometimes swear when they have reached the close of some helpful, progressive article, to find at the bottom of the column, and in close proximity to the last sentence, the following: "Freedom six weeks for ten cents," or possibly, "What are you doing to advance the interest of the College?" This manner of advertising recalls the traveling troupes of long ago, when visiting small towns and desirous of taking away all the money in the locality, even the small change, never failed to have a number of boys moving among the audience whenever there was an interval of waiting, calling out, "Peanuts," "Oranges," "Ice cold lemonade," "Minstrel show at the close, only ten cents." No doubt Mrs. Wilmans entertains a high respect for the Nazarene, but regrets he did not make a better showing as a financier.

Friend Shelton, you must not think me over-critical. Nothing, I assure you, is set down in malice. We progress by correcting our mistakes. Many times we would not see them if not pointed out by others. Therefore we should be thankful to kindly disposed critics.

In conclusion let me ask if it were not better to abandon all those mystical, super-human theories and accept material facts as we find them? Namely: That whatever is not health is *disease*, to be corrected; and whatever is not good is *evil*, also to be corrected; that healers should not overrate their own powers or deny that there are other helpful agencies of cure; that the pure love of God, and if not God, humanity, should be the mainspring of the healing effort, rather than the exclusive love of money; that *truth* in its simplicity, untarnished by untenable theories, should be the lamp guiding our footsteps on the journey of life.

With best wishes, I remain,
Very truly yours,

C. B. SEELEY.

Nevertheless, my friend, there is no evil. All is Good. Your so-called evils are part of the Schoolmaster's training of the pupils. There is no more evil in what you deplore than there is in the pains and perplexities of the boy who is trying to learn to spell, read, and work his problems in arithmetic. Sitting here in the Colorado sunlight and dictating these words to "She Whom My Soul Loves," I look back through my past life and thank God for everything that men call evil. I thank God for poverty, disease, calumny, slander, suffering, sorrow and even death. I thank God for the so-called wrongs done to me by my fellow-men. I praise God for the filth poured out on me, which never touched me, by the newspapers within the past few weeks. I could not know what I know or be what I am if it had not been for this schooling by the Great Master. He knows me and has taught me to know myself. I know what is meant when it is said that old things shall pass away, and behold! all things shall be made new. There shall be no more tears, no more sorrow, no more death, for the Lord God will take up His abode with us. The New Jerusalem, the Holy City, will come down from God out of heaven. It has already descended to me and

I live in its light and walk its golden streets. Raise your eyes above the narrow sphere of mortality and you will see there is absolutely no evil. God is Good; and God is All.

Your "wild absurdity" number two: "We are sons of the sun, coming originally from that luminary and destined to return to it again." My dear man, about the time you were writing this letter, I was in the sun on a visit to my Father's House. Your celebrated telescopes have never reached within millions of miles of the sun. They can only see, afar off, the aura of the sun. There is a great gulf fixed between the electrical light of the earth and the pure white light of the sun. All of your heat, explosions and storms are in the circle of the zodiac. There is no night, no storms, no explosions, absolutely no movement as we find it in matter, inside the jasper walls of the sun. My beloved, because you are whirling around the sun, at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, in the atmosphere of the earth, within the circle of the zodiac, and peeping up through this dark atmosphere with your little telescopes, is no sign that the Center is disturbed by the noise. The I AM, the Lord Christ, dwells in the Light which no man can approach unto; the only way you can approach this Light is, by ceasing to be a man and becoming a spirit.

In that Center of Light which is the home of the soul, there is no noise, no confusion, it is an awful Silence. I heard words, but they were spoken in a voice of gentle stillness. No words on paper can describe the stillness of this voice. God is forever and forever in repose. Matter moves, matter is disturbed, but Spirit has no movement, it is the one great stillness from whence all movement comes. I did not visit my Father's House as a man. I left my body on the earth and when I returned I looked at it as if it were no part of myself. Verily, verily, I say unto you, I speak the truth, I am not telling you this as an idle tale, or a dream of the dreamer. When the Electrical Age is inaugurated the knowledge of the Lord will cover the earth as the waters cover the bed of the ocean. Men will live by the Holy Spirit, but they will not know it by that name. It will be known by the common name of electricity. When the spirit of the living God flows forth from the sun and enters into matter, it is called electricity. When this Holy Spirit flows into a man and woman who are "twain in one flesh" it is known as electro-magnetism. It will all be clear to the intellect of man. There is nothing startling, nothing of the supernatural in it. Each sun in the vast universe of God is in unison with every other sun. They are all governed by the I AM that I AM, the Divine Reason, the Eternal Logos, the Word of God. "Who being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power." These old passages of Scripture have a new meaning or rather I understand their true meaning. Here is another one: "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the Word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." And here is

still another one to the point: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

Another one of the "absurdities" which you can see in me is the idea of immortality on earth. Why, bless your soul, do you suppose an immortal being would be confined to the earth or any other planet? I am no more subject to disease and death than the sun, my Father, is subject to disease and death. I must preserve my personal identity for the balance of my own mind as well as for proof to other minds. For this reason I am drawing a pension of twelve dollars per month as a soldier in the War of the Rebellion. I have no need of the pension money but I do or will have need of the identification. The T. J. Shelton of one hundred years from now must be identified with the T. J. Shelton of Co. L, 6th Ill. Cavalry. My dear friend, I am not saying this as a wild absurdity, or as a humorist, but as one who has been led by the Spirit of God for more than ten years. God is able to keep all of His promises and vindicate His Own Word. I am only speaking in the objective what I have heard in the Silence. The One who made me the promise and who is daily speaking to me is Faithful and True. I have no more doubt of being made free from disease and death and becoming an electrical man than I have of the vision of my eyes or the sound of my voice while dictating these words. It was said in the Gospel of John: "It is not ye who speak but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you." I have not followed cunningly devised fables in making known to you the Word of Life, but have spoken what I have heard in the Silence. It has been the Spirit of my Father speaking in me. Are all the songs of the soul, all the bright words of prophecy, all the longings of the Spirit to be as mere echoes from the past? Are they never to bear fruit? Bless you, there is no fairy story of the past so glorious as this story of God's love which is being fulfilled in me. I am not speaking for other people, I am speaking for myself. When the electrical current shall be naturalized in me, the so-called law of gravitation will have no power over me. Will I have power to impart this science and give immortality to others? Yes, I will command life and others will receive the quickening Spirit through my spoken word. Thank God, there are thousands now ready to hear and respond to the Silent Word, which will not only heal their diseases but will give them a new body like unto the glorious body of the Son of God.

Many a family photograph album holds a lot of empty mugs.

Actors as a rule are pretty well posted—so says a bill sticker.

If a man can't be a Christian at home he is not apt to be one abroad.

Happy is the wife who imagines her husband is the best man on earth.

When a woman wants to prove her superiority over a man she draws him into an argument on religion.

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SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION OR REGENERATION.

By R. C. Douglass,
2 Wellington St., Boston, Mass.

LESSON IV.

"The Two Great Lights," Spiritual Light and Intellectual Light, or Wisdom and Knowledge.

"And God made Two Great Lights, the Greater Light to rule the Day, and the Lesser Light to rule the Night."

Having taken the Three First Steps in the Way of Regeneration, we now come to the Fourth, called in the Allegory, the "Fourth Day of Creation."

Whether plodding along in the old path of the mortal Consciousness, or advancing in the Divine Way of Unfoldment into the Spiritual Consciousness, there are "Two Great Lights" by which Man may be guided,—the one having power to reveal God and unfold the consciousness of Divinity,—the other affording Light of an inferior order to guide his steps, yet of so earthly a character that he remains in perpetual darkness as to things Spiritual.

The "Greater Light," whose symbol is the Sun, which "rules the day" of Spiritual Understanding, is *Spiritual Wisdom*. The "Lesser Light," whose symbol is the Moon, which "rules the Night" of Material Belief, the Unregenerate Mind, is *Intellect*.

There is a greater light than Intellect, which is but an imperfect reflection of the "True Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." It is the Divine Illumination.

The "Lesser Light" is the only light of which unregenerate man is conscious. He knows not the True Light. Yet he knows not that he knows not. For Intellect is "wise in its own conceit." The great difference between the two is due to the imperfection of the Reflector, which never reflects the full light nor its full quality.

If the moon in the heavens were a perfect reflector, its reflected rays would be identical with the sun's rays both in intensity and quality. So if Man were the perfect Reflector, he would reflect through Intellect Heavenly Wisdom; so that there would be no difference between Human and Divine Wisdom. Then Man would be in the Divine Consciousness. He would be continually in the realization of Illumination. But Reflected Light is always modified by the Reflector.

The Masculine and Feminine are together the great universal Principle, whereby everything "hangeth in the equilibrium of balance," as the Cabbalists say. From the Divine in the heaven of heavens all the way down through every manifestation of God to the humblest monad this biological principle obtains, as the basis of all life, as the guarantee for the perpetuity of all things, as the basis of the very Being of God and Man. Therefore as the sun shines upon the earth with its bisexual rays of Heat and Light, making the earth team with living forms, through the generating power of these equilibrated, masculine and feminine rays,—so the Greater Sun—the "Greater Light"—shines upon the human Consciousness with its bisexual Rays of Love and Wisdom, with the same power of generation,—or on the higher plane called by the higher name of *Regeneration*.

Not only are the double rays of the sun a wedded pair, but the double Rays of the "Sun (Son) of Righteousness" are also a wedded pair.

In neither case can they be divorced without forfeiting the law of Life. The rays of the sun falling upon the Moon become

modified by the moon absorbing the Heat, leaving only the Light to be reflected to us. And so we have the words, "lunacy" and "moonstruck," to indicate the death-dealing effect of divorced Light.

In like manner Mortal Man, being an imperfect Reflector, the light of Intellect has lost the quickening, life-begetting, masculine element of Love. Therefore Intellect is in the "moonstruck" consciousness of mortality. The Consciousness of Life can only be gained by the restoration of the True Light, equipped with its full Regenerating Power. Then comes the "quickening;" then—"Upon you that fear My Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His beams,"—restoring the Divine Consciousness.

God is the Great Original Light, the "Sun of Righteousness." Christ is the Illuminating Ray, the Divine Effulgence,—the "Only Begotten," proceeding from the Father. "I am the Light of the world,"—"the Effulgence of the Father's Glory." True Wisdom is the Divine Effulgence, the Christ. "Christ the Power of God and the Wisdom of God."

The *True Man* is conscious of the *True Light*, by which he is in continual illumination. But the unawakened, the "unregenerate," who continue in the "dream life" of material belief, being children of the night,—not of the Day,—perceive not this "Greater Light" of Spiritual Wisdom, notwithstanding its Omnipresence. But in the sense Consciousness they are content to walk in the dim rays of reflected light. Only when they are ready for and receptive to the Truth, will the Day dawn upon their hearts, and the double Rays of the "Sun of Righteousness" quicken in them the consciousness of the newly begotten Christ.

"If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness?" Truth shines in the Light. It is the Light. It is a thing of the Day, and not of the Night. Mortal Man, being of the Night, does not know Truth. His conception of Truth is a *misconception*; and Error is a thing of the Night.

Through the benighting effect of sin many men see very dimly,—as it were, the moon in her quarter; and the "dark of the moon" is none too severe a term to represent the darkness of some benighted intellects. But to fully realize Intellect's most transcendent powers, its "full-moon" glory, we must be illuminated by the light of Truth.

Spiritual Perception, which is true Sight, sees clearly in the illuminating "Effulgence" of Divine Wisdom,—like the "X Ray," penetrating deeper than the mere external "appearance," which only sense perception beholds,—into the very substance of things,—finding beneath the phenomenal, the Eternal Spiritual Reality.

"When He, the Spirit of Truth is come,"—when the illumination of the Spiritual is realized, all the illusions of the Adam-consciousness will be swallowed up in the Spiritual Light, as the moon disappears in the sun's greater Light. This is Salvation—sense lost in Spirit, Illusion swallowed up in Reality. Then "this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality," and "death shall be swallowed up of Life." For it is the end of all Spiritual science to transform the consciousness, so that material beliefs shall give place to Spiritual understanding, until the individual is consciously on the higher plane of the Spiritual, living the Spiritual Life, while walking the earth;—"in the world, but not of it."

Thus the secret arcana of Divine Wisdom are bodied forth in bold allegorical figures for the enlightenment of those who have eyes to see. But they who see only intellectually, who see in the "lesser light," get no Spiritual enlightenment, nothing but "the letter that killeth." Whatever is the

value of the literal story as such, the all-important meaning to search out is the living Spiritual meaning, only discoverable in the illumination of the "Greater Light." This is the Light Jesus referred to, when he said, "If a man walk in the day he stumbleth not, because the light is in him." But they who walk in the night of the "Lesser Light," stumble at the contradictions of the literal story, which can not be reconciled as a mere story.

All the bitter controversies among theologians arise from the constructions placed upon the letter, quite overlooking the Spiritual meaning, for which the symbolic letter was written. The stories, incidents, characters and histories of the Bible are symbolic of correspondential Spiritual experiences in the many-sided kaleidoscope of human life.

Let us review the steps we have now taken in the path of Regeneration.

The First Step: "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters" of our dark, chaotic, undeveloped mind, until the Illuminating Rays of Divine Wisdom dispelled the darkness of ignorance, and we became Children of the Day.

The Second Step: We established a "Firmament in the midst of the waters," which "divided the waters from the waters,"—Discriminating Reason discriminated between the character of our thoughts, showing us the difference between Truth and Falsity, Reality and Unreality.

The Third Step: We affirmed the Eternal Realities as only of value. When we succeed in making the wise discrimination between Truth and Falsity, affirming and adhering to only the *true*,—seeing with Spiritual Understanding, as God sees, then the world will be transformed to us, because we are transformed in mind. We shall have a "new heaven and a new earth." People who have not this Spiritual vision, always interpret Scripture literally, expecting that the earth is to be destroyed sometime. But they who see Spiritually see the Spiritual everywhere, and transform their world through a transformed mind.

Emerson said: "It animates me to create my own world through the purification of my soul." Paul said: "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." We see all things through our own thought-spectacles. Materialistic thought sees all things crudely material; evil thought sees man a sinner, with "every imagination of his heart evil continually;" while the Spiritually awakened see as through the eyes of God, the Divine in everything, having transformed their world through the transforming power of transformed thought. And thus Carlisle said: "What thou seest, that thou beest."

"Whate'er thou lovest most, that too, become thou must,—
God, if thou lovest God; dust, if thou lovest dust."

The outer world being exactly after the pattern of your thought, it follows that if the world without displeases you, you may change it by reforming the world within; as Jesus said, "Cleanse first the inside of the cup and platter, that the outside may be clean also."

Whatever blemish we see in the world without may be found in the world within. This is what Jesus meant when he said: "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, and considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" The color of our thought-spectacles colors everything we see in others. "With what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged." That is, the adverse judgment you render of another condemns you of the same thing. Because you can not see what is not in yourself. Then if you would reform your brother, your first duty is to reform yourself; so that you may see without the "beam" in your eye. This

is the amalgam, that will bring out the pure Gold in your brother. This is the way Jesus puts it: "Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam from thine own eye, then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye." This reveals the unwelcome fact that the fault is in yourself. The critic may always be criticised. The fault-finder is the one most full of faults. "The pure in heart see God"—not faults.

When you recognize the True Son of God both in yourself and in your brother, you will see only perfection; you will see as God sees. Then see your brother as a Son of God; refuse to see the appearance of corruption in him,—steadfastly and persistently declare it; and the appearance of corruption will drop away from him, bringing him to the pattern of your own reformed thought. This is the Divine way of reform. Perverted humanity is forever solicitous of the other fellow, never seeing his own faults. Reform thyself. This is thy whole duty.

The thoughts you sow in your own mind will always "bring forth after their kind," for your reaping. Your thought of persecution and cruelty against your neighbor will sometime come down upon your own head in cruel persecution, according to natural law.

If you have sown the seeds of covetousness, coveting your neighbor's beautiful goods, jewels, apparel or good looks even, you need not think it an unjust or unreasonable experience, if a veritable thief steals into your house, and steals your goods. Covetousness was the thief—thought you sent out, and it brought you the thief. You are simply reaping what you have been sowing.

Jesus said, "He that is angry with his brother is a murderer." Then if you have had thoughts of hatred and cruel anger against your brother, you need not think it a strange injustice, if some dark night a veritable murderer should spring upon you from some dark alley. In your hatred you sent out the murder-thought and it brought you the murderer. Not only do "curses like chickens come home to roost," but all your thoughts bring you their legitimate fruit. Therefore when you curse your neighbor, you but curse yourself; for "thy neighbor is thyself," as the mystics say. "With what measure ye meet, it shall be measured to you again." Then I may well expect that my stingy thought will bring me short weight from the grocer. I am always getting what belongs to me.

Shall I infer, that law is not good, because it brings me evil? It will as faithfully bring me good, if I will commit to it good. Law is impartial. For God is law. The fault was not in law, but in me. I am the responsible actor, using or misusing righteous Law, which always serves me faithfully. If I throw a smutty ball against the wall it rebounds to soil my hand and clothes. But if I throw a clean ball, the same clean ball returns to me. I am always receiving what belongs to me. My pure thoughts return to bless me, and my evil thoughts return to curse me. I am always receiving my own. As Emerson said, "I am always environed by myself."

If, then I am suffering from painful physical conditions, the cause must be found in me, and the remedy also. By purifying my thought I shall purify my body; by correcting my thought I shall correct my bodily expression. And this is my healing.

Regeneration consists in reconstructing the body by reconstructed thought. Because body is the expression of thoughts. Then if by the long process of a lifetime of thinking error I have built a body out of harmony, the regeneration and purification of my thought and bodily expression must require time. For not only must I correct recent thought, but my whole subconscious mind must be purified and reconstructed.

But it is not necessary that process be as long. For the power of Truth to destroy old conditions is very great, if only we realize its power and faithfully and obediently pursue the Christ Way.

Words of Truth spoken with full understanding of the Spiritual meaning and power have a certain positive, dynamic power, so that they accomplish results by the intensity of the vibration which they set up. But the reason our words are sometimes barren of results is, we have not made them our very own heart's utterance.

As the evening's "lesser light" precedes the morning's "greater light," so our words are first spoken intellectually; and then we bring them into the inner chamber of Spiritual Understanding, where the "Greater Light" clothes them with Power Omnipotent. Then we can send them forth with their dynamic power to accomplish results. When you have this Spiritual realization, you will "speak as one having authority," because you speak from the standpoint of "I Am." Such words "shall not return to you void, but shall accomplish that which you please." For "it is not I that speak, but the Father within." Said Swami Soomra, "No man ever knew anything by seeking Wisdom without. He must know how to interrogate himself, and how to answer himself, before the outer universe will disclose to him its hidden arcana." At the "Burning Bush" Moses communed with his Divine Self, where he found himself clothed with Divine power and authority. "Commune with your own heart and be still."

"As I walked with myself, I talked with myself;
Myself said this unto me: 'Make friends with thyself;
Be true with thyself; thyself thy good angel shall be.'"

Knowledge may be found without, but Wisdom is only found within. The one is of time, the other is of Eternity.

The human mind looks without; looks to teachers, consults books. What he finds without is Knowledge, not Wisdom,—opinion, not Truth. Our old teachers looked without for Wisdom; studied Church authorities, like Pharisees of old. They found Knowledge, not Wisdom; because they were guided by the "lesser light," instead of being illuminated by the "Greater Light," which is ever shining for man's illumination. This Greater Light never conceals itself from you. God never "hides his face." That is metaphor to represent the darkening effect of sin upon the consciousness.

Regeneration consists in coming out into the Light,—out of the darkness of mortal thought,—out of the opaque human consciousness into the illuminated Divine Consciousness, where the Opulence of the Spirit is yours. Emerson, beholding his opulence, said:

"I am owner of the Sphere,
Of the Seven Stars and the Solar Year,
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain."

This whole plane of the mortal consciousness, with its good and evil, its joys and sorrows, its right and wrong, its light and shade, is illusion. By coming into the Light you may realize Being for seeming. Again Emerson said: "Virtue consists in a perpetual substitution of Being for seeming." Now learn a Metaphysical Scripture lesson: "One asked him, 'Good Master, what shall I do to inherit Eternal Life?' Answer: 'Sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven.'"

Solomon said, "Buy the Truth, and sell it not." This is pure Metaphysics. Truth is the True Riches, the true Coin of the Kingdom of Heaven; Error is the false riches of the kingdom of illusion. When we "buy Truth" we pay for it in thought-experience.

That is, we learn (accumulate) Wisdom by experience. Experience is the price paid for every state of consciousness, whether false or true. And we hold to or value that consciousness in proportion to the greatness of the price paid. For this mortal consciousness of error and sin we have paid the great price of a whole lifetime of error thinking. This is why we cling to it so tenaciously, and refuse to part with it. "Sell what thou hast." To sell out a false Consciousness is repentance. We must "sell what we have,"—this entire Consciousness of sin and illusion. Thus becoming the "poor in spirit,"—poor as to the false riches—(for only the "poor in spirit" can be receptive to the True Riches)—can we have anything to "give to the poor," who are hungering for the bread of Life. Therefore the Master mystic said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." Have you found the kingdom of harmony and peace? If not, "sell what thou hast" of the false accumulations, and "buy the Truth, and sell it not,"—"and thou shalt have treasure in heaven"—"yea, durable Riches and Righteousness."

BABY CLOTHES.

Oh we who are making baby clothes
For a hope which will soon come true,
Do we take the pains with the works of our hearts
As with that which our fingers do?

For as we fashion the garments small,
With seam, and hem, and fell,
Our thoughts,—be they careless, sad, or glad,—
Are shaping a life as well.

We are helping God this gift to make,
Which a blessing or sorrow may prove;
He gives us the fabric, new and clean,
We fashion it with our love.

How careful are we that our hands be clean,
When we work on these garments white;
Do we pray that the heart keeps true its trust,
And our thoughts be clean and bright?

The clothes, at most, will soon wear out,
The thoughts remain for aye;
The clothes may be washed, if stains we see,
The thoughts are there to stay.

"Is not the life more than raiment?" He said,
Who unclothed in a manger lay;
Whose life was so holy and pure a thing,
He gave it to show us the way.

Then our hearts sing, as our fingers fly,
A tune so pure and bright,
That the baby heart may be happy and glad,
And pure as these garments white.

And when many years have passed away,
And the work of our hands is gone,
We will gather a harvest rich and rare
From the seeds that our hearts have sown.

—Helen Louise Featherstonhaugh.

To remove paint from a wall, back up against it before it gets dry.

Men think they are playing the races when in reality the races are working them.

The chorus girl isn't necessarily light-hearted because she sings at her work.

There are times when one should speak gently, but as a rule it is necessary to use a megaphone if you want the world to hear you.

"JOHNNY-JUMP-UPS."

By Nora E. Hulings Siegel.

Come! let's look for johnny-jump-ups, all along the shady fences,
It is time for them to open up all their waking senses;
O, they're coming soon, the darlings, with their fresh, blue, bones and faces,
Dotting all the green sward over, where last spring left penciled traces.

There are other johnny-jump-ups, quite as fresh and full of sweetness,
Waiting for their spring to open o'er their karma with completeness;
Waking all the circumstances out the cover of the darkness,
Where the substance it entrances, bursting forth, will leave them barkless.

Note with me the johnny-jump-ups, bobbing out from dark green covers,
Waving for a while there banner, could not give their place to others;
None could do without these darlings, these who come forth unprotected;
Just to make the world look brighter harbingers of love rejected.

Come! we'll gather johnny-jump-ups, from their green and shady places,
Make them pull each other's heads off, in our childish fancied races.
Must we ever go unthinking, doing deeds that are not tender?
Caring not that johnny-jump-ups came, some grander use to render.

612 Charles Block, Denver, Colo.

ON MY DESK.

"The Esoteric Ephemeris for Solar Biology"; 1901. Esoteric Publishing Company, Applegate, Cal.

"The Good News" is the name of a new religious monthly, 50 cents a year. Fred Deen, Columbus, Kansas.

"The Breath of Life," Vol. 1, No. 1, June, 1901. Monthly, \$1.00 per year. Sample copies ten cents. Rev. S. C. Greathead, Clifford, Mich.

"Mind," by Ione. This is number five in a series of booklets on Christian Science, which are sold for twenty-five cents per copy, or one dollar for the five. Address, Grace M. Brown, Box 445, Denver, Colo.

"Herald of The Golden Age," edited by Sidney H. Beard, Paignton, England; published monthly at one shilling six pence per year. One penny per copy. It is the official organ of the Order of The Golden Age.

"The Two Paths" by Marie Watson, F. T. S. "There is no religion higher than Truth." This is a book of 195 pages, bound in cloth, price 50c. It is a novel with the occult woven into the web of the story. Alfred C. Clark, publisher. Chicago, Ill.

"The Sphinx" has broken its silence and come forth once more, clothed in red. The price has been reduced to \$1 per year, 10c a copy. It is an astrological journal or magazine edited by Catherine H. Thompson, and issued monthly by the Pyramid Publishing Co., 336 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. It is an interesting magazine to those who care to pursue the study of astrology.

"The Lost Word Restored." "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." This is the title and motto of a neat booklet by my friend, Carrie Darling McLaughlin, 1325 Twelfth street, N. W., Washington, D. C. It is sent postpaid for 30 cents.

"The Symphony of Life," a series of Constructive Sketches and Interpretations, by Henry Wood. Lee & Shepard, publishers, 202 Devonshire street, Boston. Large 12mo., flat back, gilt top, cloth, \$1.25. This is Henry Wood's seventh book. It presents in concise form, the results of his ripest studies and investigation.

"Fruit from the Tree of Life," Three Lectures. How can we get nearer to God. From Incarnation to Christhood. Vibration: The Force of Forces. Hannah More Kohaus. Price 30c. Universal Truth Publishing Co., 87 Washington St., Chicago, Ill. This is a neat booklet of 80 pages. Mrs. Kohaus has written three or four other booklets, and her writings are interesting.

"A Stuffed Club," by J. H. Tilden, M. D., is the title of a monthly magazine, single copy 10 cents, per annum \$1.00. I have received the bound volume of the first year's issue, which is from May, 1900, to May, 1901. It is true to its name, stuffed-club. The stuffing of the club seems to be made out of all kinds of things. Address the publisher, 1414 S. Fifteenth street, Denver, Colo.

"The Political Economy of Humanism," Henry Wood. This is a large book of 309 pages, bound in cloth and printed on heavy book paper. Price \$1.25. There is also a paper edition for fifty cents. Henry Wood is a practical writer and his books have passed through many editions. He is always interesting, instructive and edifying. Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

"Twelve Essays" by Frederic W. Burry. I have received Vols. 1 and 2 of these Essays. It is the second edition revised and printed by the author in his own office. The work is artistic and the Essays in good form for students. The first booklet contains a good picture of the author. Price for the two booklets complete, 50c. Frederic W. Burry, Department E, 799 Euclid Ave., Toronto, Canada.

"The Transformation of Evil," a Scientific Mastery of Intemperance by Caroline Wheeler. This is a neat little booklet of some twenty pages, bound in stiff paper, and sent postpaid for twenty-five cents. It contains all of the facts and some good philosophy on the subject of intemperance. Address the author, 311 St. Joseph street, West, Lansing, Mich.

"A Data for Judgment or A Standard for Ethics" by Ernest Samuel Webster, Los Angeles, Cal., price 20c. All rights reserved. This is a pamphlet of fifty-four pages in paper binding. There is a picture of the author on first page. It is written in rhyme and is an exposition of the zodiac. I did not say it was written in poetry but in rhyme. It is just about the same kind of a jingle as Mother Goose.

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