ADJUSTMENT.

SUSIE M. BEST.

Just as I grow in consciousness of God and Good,
Just so all that is wrong and rude will disappear,
Just as the law of love by me is understood,
Just so will I outgrow the influence of fear.
292 Richmond St., Cincinnati, O.

ITEMS AND IDEAS.

*** Silence.

*** Is in the Sun Centre.

*** It is the place of Peace.

*** The whirling worlds do not worry you.

*** Vibrations of the earth and moon do not fill you with fears and forebodings.

*** The Silence of the Sun Centre is the place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

*** Be not deceived by the so-called "sun-worshippers," for they are really worshipers of the moon. The sun-inspired intellect does not worship anybody or anything.

*** Since I have returned to the Sun Centre I AM commanding the vibrations of the moon and the earth. This is the Way of Immortality and Eternal Life. Disease, disorder, dis-ruption are all conditions of moon and earth vibrations.

*** All premiums of every kind are withdrawn. My books retail at fifty cents each, and they are not on sale anywhere except at this office. Currant is sent in single wrapper, postpaid, for one dollar a year. I will never more be guilty of making bids for anybody's patronage.

*** Since coming into the Silence and giving my undivided attention to the speaking of the Word of Success for other people, my own is coming to me. When my mind was divided the mail brought one dollar bills, and they are not on sale anywhere except at this office. Currant is sent in single wrapper, postpaid, for one dollar a year. I will never more be guilty of making bids for anybody's patronage.

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*** At this writing we are in Salt Lake City, but at your reading of it we may be in Chicago. So always address your letter to Denver and it will follow me if I should go to Europe. I will never neglect my patients any more, anywhere, at any time. The typewriter is always in our rooms at the hotel, and we spend the forenoon writing letters and giving treatments. The same rule holds good in that we do not make or receive calls. The people in the West seem closer to us now, but in Spirit there is no space or time. I find that it gives more force to the Word when spoken in the freedom of new environment. Therefore, my wife and I are living a life of freedom in going when and where we please.

*** Institutionalism is founded upon the idea of time and place. A carpenter builds an altar and the priest consecrates it as a sacred place. Then he appoints a certain time for prayer and calls it a sacred hour. It is all hypnotism! There is no time or place in Spirit. Spirit is not present at any one place to the exclusion of other places. Spirit is not in any one man to the exclusion of other men. There are no sacred places, sacred times, or sacred men. There are no sacraments of any kind in the Truth. When I spoke about the Upper Room in my house, it was only a symbol of the Upper Room in my own mind. Consecrate your surroundings by speaking the Word of Truth.

*** A man in the real estate business sent me fifty dollars the other day for success vibrations, which resulted in a boom for his business. For the first few months, he said, other people seemed to be getting the benefit of the treatments. But after a time things began to come his way. Do you think he sent me too much money? Well, it is my opinion that the scamp kept back part of my commission! If I did not know I was giving people a hundredfold more than they are giving me I would feel so uneasy that my treatments would have no effect. Health and Success are brought about by vibrations, that is, thought movements. A man is in poor health and I concentrate my thought upon him, and it affects all who are in conjunction with his mental body. The whole family gets the benefit of these vibrations. A man is struggling for a foothold in business, and I speak the Word every day for his success. He becomes a centre of attraction, and everybody surrounding him is more or less benefited by the treatments.

*** I AM not speaking the Word merely for your physical health and financial success. It is for the whole of life, which includes the banishment of disease and time. I want you to come into the consciousness of eternity, where you will know that you are Spirit. For this reason I give treatments for temporary relief first, and then for the full and complete regeneration of your whole being. Mental healing means the resurrection and the life. The habit of dying must be overcome by the consciousness of the ever-living Spirit. I don't see your diseases or your troubles. I AM looking right straight at your life, happiness and prosperity. It is amusing to hear the New Thought people talk about teaching, and not giving so much attention to healing. There has been plenty of teaching; what we want is demonstration. Once in a Republican convention the speakers, in mock piety, were declaring that they were not there for the spoils. Flanagan, of Texas, arose and made this, now historical, statement: "What in the —— are we here for, if not for the spoils?" What are we here for if not for the healing? There isn't anything else in the New Thought. The healing is proof that you are teaching the Truth. You know that all movements of mortal mind are in a circle. The so-called New Thought movement is going around and around the gooseberry bush. The way of truth is a straight road!! This road leads out of the circle of mortality into the infinite life of eternity. I know that disease and death are in the mind, therefore, when health and Immortality are put into the mind, they will manifest in the environment.

I always enclose a yellow envelope, addressed to me in big letters, to all of my correspondents. Use this envelope: for, while it is not very elegant in appearance, it is sure to reach me.
CHRISTIAN

EYE TO EYE TALKS.

Let me see!
This is the prayer of the blind.
Mortal mind is blind in both eyes.
They have eyes to see and do not see; they have ears to hear, but do not hear.
Mortality is divided into hypocrites and hypnotized. The hypocrites are those who preach and practice what they know to be untrue. The hypnotized are those who believe the hypocrites are speaking the truth.
I have never been a hypocrite, but I have been hypnotized. There are very few hypocrites in the world compared to the hypnotized ones. Just as soon as you stop to think you will either become a hypocrite or be dehynotized.

***

My father and my grandfather were preachers. They were hypnotized into the belief of certain things which the Church taught as inspired truth. I came into the same hypnotic state and began preaching the same kind of stuff. I didn't think! I was a kind of phonograph repeating what had been spoken into me. It is strange how long this hypnotic condition will last! I can hardly believe it, but it is a fact that I cut a whole into the ice in the Illinois river and baptized delicate women and children in this ice water in the middle of winter. I did this in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins. It was like Luther ascending the stairs on his knees as an act of penance. As soon as he stopped to think, he arose and walked up the stairs on his feet. When I have this inclination to think for myself I laughed at my former foolishness. It was folly for me to try to wash away sins in the mush ice of the river. It was folly for me to say prayers over wine and bread. To think of people taking a tiny crumb of bread and touching their lips to wine and calling it the communion of the body and the blood of Christ! It isn't even a symbol of this awful truth. It is a Truth that you must eat the body and drink the blood of Christ. But it is your own body and your own blood and your own Christ. I was not a savior. I was a savior. My eyes are open and I can see the Truth. The reason I see the Truth is because the Truth is the seeing. The Truth is the seeing and the hearing and the being. It can't be something separate from you.
It is you!

***

The world is being rapidly dehynotized. The human mind is slowly coming into the vibrations of truth. Here is a clipping from the daily paper, which shows which way the wind is blowing.

"However different the views that people of different creeds may take of King Alfonso's contemptuous remarks regarding the relic known as the foot of Peter, the foot in the cathedral at Leon, there seems to be no doubt, judging from late Spanish advices, that he has thereby endangered his crown.

"Even among prominent Protestant divines the opinion is expressed that the king owed it to the public of which he reigns, and where the church is the chief bulwark of the throne, to abstain from showing disbelief in a relic venerated by nearly all his subjects. The authenticity of the relic is said to be well attested, and several of Alfonso's predecessors, notably Ferdinand VII, made special pilgrimages to do it honor.

"It was understood that one object of King Alfonso's recent journey was to pay reverence to it, and then for him, in the face of the venerated prelate who has charge of the sacred relic, to burst forth with the remark that it was all nonsense but do not hear about it! The religious feeling of Spain is stirred to its very depths.

"During the Spanish-American war, the shrine containing this relic was the resort of the multitudes who went to pray for the success of the Spanish arms and for the lives of the beloved ones in the Spanish army or navy."

***

It is said that the Sphinx is decaying on account of too much irrigation in Egypt. I am ready to believe it, since the king of Spain refuses to reverence Roman Catholic relics. When the king of Spain begins to think, it is time for the Sphinx to crumble. It is true that all the priests, and the pope himself, will secretly endorse the statements of the king when he calls it nonsense to worship Peter's toe nail. They are hypocrites! They are practicing and preaching what they know to be untrue. But they think it would ruin everything if the people were dehynotized. Institutionalism rests upon the reverence of the people for relics. They have been hypnotized by Santa Claus stories until the priests are shaking with fear lest the mask should by some chance be removed.

Institutionalism is not all Roman Catholic. It is said in this dispatch that "prominent Protestant divines" censure Alfonso. Certainly! Protestants are in the same boat as the Catholics. Just now imperialism and ecclesiasticism are being transplanted from the Old World to the United States. When a fad begins to die out in Europe it is revived in America.

***

Let me see:
I was telling you how the one man in the New Testament, who didn't leave any toe nails or any other "remains" for people to worship, calls forth my admiration. He got there! I like men who get there. And I admire Jesus because He left here after He got there. I don't believe anybody is called upon to sacrifice himself for any other man. I don't believe in sacraments or sacrifices. These same Romans who are shocked at Alfonso killed Jesus. That is, they tried to kill Him. These same Romans afterwards forced the people to accept Jesus as a God. They have kept Him from that day to this a kind of figurehead God for the old Italian empire. The time has come then for Him.

Let me make it plain. If I had been Alfonso I would not have been satisfied until He did go away. But you see they will not let Him go away. Neither will they let Him come in the Spirit.

***

They tell us that this relic called Peter's toe nail is well authenticated. Suppose it is! Suppose that you had all of the toe nails and all the parings from the toe nails of all the apostles, you would only have so much matter. The toe nails of a living man don't amount to very much, and toe nails of dead men don't amount to anything. This man, who did not leave any toe nails behind him, said: "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing." If you had the whole body of Peter embalmed and on exhibition it would only enslave the minds of all who gave it reverence. The same is true of your Bibles and altars and vestments and other hypnotic emblems and implements.

The Institution impresses the intellect. It builds a wall around the mind with these so-called sacred books and emblems. Jesus was crucified! He did not refuse to reverence things. Alfonso is becoming a saviour of the world by doing as Jesus did. But he may lose his crown. He wouldn't lose much if he did. If he can gain the crown of his own manhood it will be worth much more than the Kingdom of Spain.

***

Let me be clear.
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believes in all the devils. Why? Because the devil is the adversary of Spirit. The devil is matter. Just as long as you are looking at matter as something that controls you instead of you controlling it, you are in a devil of a fix: It is hypnotism! Matter is disseizable. It is never fixed except in your mortal mind. This mind of the mortal gets down on its knees and worships the toe nails of the dead prophets. It is liable to get on its feet and hang the living prophets.

***

Jesus suits me!

He is the only Man who does suit me. The resurrection is more sure than anything else in the history of man. Jesus let them kill His body, but when He got out of that grave He escaped with His body. The man who goes into the grave is a fool unless he knows how to get out with a whole skin. All this hypnotism of the Church, which tells you to despise the body, is unscientific. The body is you in the sense that your clothes are your own. When you understand the truth of being and not of becoming ahead of you to prepare the way for your exit, you can afford to go down to the grave. Jesus told them that He was going to die, but He also told them that He was going to rise again on the third day. He did it. I know He did it, because they can't find any of Him to worship, except a few drops of coagulated blood. If they could find any of the "remains" of Jesus they would be worshiping the fragments while they butcheted other men. They don't dare claim to have found any pieces of His body, for the Institution is founded upon His resurrection from the dead. He commanded all institutions, and for this He was crucified. Yet, because He was a success, they adopted Him as a figurehead for their institutions.

These mortals are not such fools after all.

***

It wouldn't do to make a God out of Peter, for he left his toe nails. You can make a saint out of Peter, for many saints in the calendar were failures. Gods are not made out of failures. The Institution had sense enough to choose the one successful Man for a God. They may hypnotize the people with the toe nails and other relics of dead saints, but they worship the Man who got there. The man who can do things is the one whom the Institution is ready to crucify and afterwards exalt. The Institution is always inconsistent and illogical. Spirit said in Jesus: "I AM the Light of the World. He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life." This is true. The man who follows Spirit does not walk in darkness, but has the light of life. You can't do anything with such a man. You may hang him to a cross and take him down dead, but he isn't dead. You may put such a man into the grave, but you can't keep him there. You may wrap him in grave clothes and emblazon him with crosses, but he will kick the grave clothes loose and come up from among the dead. He has the light of life. Now the light of life is Life itself. Light and life are synonymous terms: "In Him was life; and the life was the light of men." Jesus was no exception to the rule. The rule is that all who follow Spirit shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. There are no exceptions to this rule. Peter would never have left his toe nails behind him if he had followed Spirit. The reason why the disciples of Jesus failed to realize his resurrection was because they failed to recognize Spirit. They followed Jesus instead of following Spirit. And yet He warned them that the Spirit of Truth would lead them into all Truth. He told them plainly that to follow a man was to walk in mortality. If Jesus had followed men, even the best of men, He would have left His whole body in the grave. It was Spirit in Jesus who said: "I AM the light of the world." Jesus would have been a fool to have said that He was the light of the world. It would have proved his insanity. Spirit said: "He that beareth Me shall never die and though he were dead yet shall he live again." It was not Jesus who said it. It was not said of Jesus; but by the Spirit and of the Spirit. This same Spirit speaks in you, saying: "I AM the Resurrection and the Life." If you don't believe it you will be damned, for every man who does not believe in his own resurrection and life. It will not save you to believe in any other man's resurrection and life.

***

You must believe in yourself:

The resurrection and the life is in you just the same as it is in any other man. Your own Spirit is the spirit of life. When it speaks in you, it makes you mortal, and you doubt, and, therefore, you are damned. You are all the time ready to believe in someone else, and accept even the toe nails of some other fellow. This reminds me of a woman writing to the Nautilus, saying: "I like your paper much better than Christian now. Since the "Divine Feminine" got jealous and showed hate in her eye, it has lost its hold upon me—or rather, I lost interest in it." I have no objection to anyone liking some other paper better than Christian. But I do object to such a misunderstanding of "Christian." I told you all the time that the Divine Feminine was God manifest in Woman. To bring this Divine Principle close to me, I called it by the name of its objective manifesta­tion. I AM God! There is nothing else for me to be; for there is no other kind of being. This does not mean that the dirt, toe nails and other rubbish received from mortality is God. I tell you that this stuff in which I find myself is not even Shelly. It is nameless, for it is nothing. It is built on the foundation of unhappiness. Where is the confusion and inharmony? There is no inharmony or confusion or noise in a dead man. He is as still as the grave. Nature begins to pull him to pieces. He is soon dissolved. Then disease must be in the mind. If the dead man had sense enough to hear the Truth and obey it, the inharmony would cease. The discord then is in the mind. When the mind is out of tune, inharmony is the result. What is it that puts the mind out of tune? Ignorance! The man who is afraid is a fool. Folly is the cause of inharmony, and inharmony is disease, and disease brings Death. Death, then, is the result of folly. "The fool has said in his heart, there is no God." When a man is fool enough to say in his heart there is no life, he ought to die. You put your mind in tune with the Infinite, and once the mind and death will be no more so far as you are concerned.

The keynote is faith in your own Spirit.

***

How can you find your own Spirit?

In the Silence. How can you go into the Silence? This question comes to me every day. I can not tell you how to go into the Silence. No man on earth or in heaven can tell you how to go into the Silence. In fact,
you never go into the Silence, for the Silence comes into you. You are here, but the Silence is everywhere. You can’t go into the air, for it started out to find an entrance into the air, you would never find it. The atmosphere is everywhere, and, therefore, there is no door into it. The air comes into you through the nostrils, and you breathe it into your lungs, and it permeates the whole body. It is the Spirit which does the breathing. 

Spirit is the breathing. The words “spirit” and “breath” are the same in all sacred writings. It is not you who does the breathing, but the Spirit within you. The divinity which sits within you breathes for you and is your being. Then when the Silence comes into you it is nothing more than the conscious-ness of Spirit. At first the Silence is not a good place. It makes you restless and uneasy. All the noises become more distinct and you hear as you never heard before. You are filled with fear, and the rustle of a leaf will scare you. Any sudden sound will startle you. This is because you are sensitive to the Silence, and you are afraid to meet yourself face to face. There isn’t anything that will scare people like the Spirit. Your own Spirit is no exception to the rule. In fact, the first meeting with your own Spirit will scare you worse than any other kind of ghost. When you stand in the presence of yourself you are in the awful place of the Almighty. One good look at yourself is enough to frighten you out of your wits. For this reason you will prefer going to sleep in the noise rather than remain awake in the Silence. Let me caution you not to think for one moment that you are in the Silence simply because you are still. While the Silence is stillness, it is much more than mere absence of noise. It is not sleep. It is the most awful wakefulness that ever a man experienced. While all your mortal faculties are dormant, the Spirit is wide awake. When I say mortal faculties, I do not mean about seeing, hearing, and feeling, for these are spiritual. All sensation and all consciousness of life is in the spirit. Therefore, the seeing and the hearing and the feeling are spiritual. In other words, the Spirit does the seeing, the hearing and the feeling.

***

What are mortal faculties?

They are the organs of the body used by the Spirit. The eye is a mortal faculty, but the seeing is of the Spirit. You do not see at all. There is no vision in you, for all vision is in Spirit. Of course, when I say, “you” I am talking about this mortal make-up called man. I have to shut my eyes in order to see things clearly. Inclairvoyance it is the Spirit seeing without any eyes. You can’t forceclairvoyance. You can’t say that you are going to see things. The only way that you can possibly see by spiritual vision is to close your eyes and be still. It is a wonderful thing, but with my eyes closed I have looked right into my own eyes! When my eyes were closed I have seen my own face and my own eyes, and looked as clearly and distinctly at myself as if it in a mirror before my objective vision. This explains the Silence in many respects. This vision comes into you instead of you going into it. This vision of the Spirit controls you instead of you controlling it. This is the reason why the psychic order of mediums speak of being under “a control.” They know they have no power to do these things themselves, therefore explain it all by saying they are under “control” of some discarnate Spirit. But there isn’t anything that does a thing as a discarnate Spirit. There is the universal principle of being which is spirit. But all individualized spirits are clothed with a body. The body is that of electrified matter, but it is a body nevertheless. You are under the control of Spirit and, therefore, you should recognize the Almighty principle. You have to recognize this principle if you would have the Silence come into you. You can’t make Spirit do things. For instance, a while ago I saw thousands and thousands of living cattle. They were all alive and I saw them with my eyes closed. Now, how did I see? There was no one walking around in my brain with a lighted candle. There was no light that I could see, for my eyes were closed to the light. I saw by the Light of the World. The I AM in me is the Life. There is only one eye. ***

I AM the Eye!

Then I AM God manifest in the flesh. The I AM in me is the Eye of the universe. All the individual can be is a likeness and image of the universal. When the Silence comes into you it is nothing more than the spiritual work from my you are glad to return to the noise for rest. But the oftener you go into the Silence, or feel the Silence coming into you, the more anxious you are to repeat the experience. At first you can hardly believe in the unity of being. Then you get to the place where you are astonished at yourself for believing in anything other than unity. You see the diversity of expression, but realize in your consciousness the unity of being. This leads up to a question which has been coming in here ever since the Mont Pelée disaster. Why did Spirit let those people perish? Spirit did all that Spirit could possibly do. Some people think that Spirit ought to have come down and taken the people by the nape of the neck and the seat of the trousers and tossed them into places of safety. But, my friends, Spirit does not do things in that way. The birds and beasts were warned by Spirit and fled to places of safety. The beasts of the field didn’t turn up their noses at Spirit and say that it was all nonsense. The birds and the beasts didn’t wait for a second warning. The same kind of warning was given to mortal man, and he had plenty of time to escape. But mortal man is a stupid fool. His head is so swelled with his own vanity that he will sneer at the Spirit. The fools wouldn’t leave Martinique even after thirty or forty thousand of their fellows had perished. You can’t do anything with men. They think they know it all. When Spirit began leading me, or, rather, driving me, I was all the while giving peace. I found out that I couldn’t see anything except as the Spirit wanted me to see and hear. Then, after things were known and told me I thought Spirit was mistaken. The vanity of mortal man! I didn’t want to go in the way Spirit pointed out to me, because Jesus didn’t go that way, or Peter didn’t go that way. I soon found out that Spirit was not leading Peter or Jesus, or Paul, or any other person while leading me. Spirit had to deal with my own individuality in every case, and there was no precedent for Spirit to follow. It was a new and original leading, and so it is with every individual. Spirit has no rules. Each leading is original.

Follow your own Spirit!

***

Each experience is original. For this reason you can’t take any other person’s experience as a pattern for yourself. There may be similarity and often experiences are very much alike, but they are never identical. No one can see for you. Spirit can’t write out a revelation and give it to some other man to hand to you. All that inspired writing can do is to educate the intellect in certain lines of thought. But real and genuine inspiration must come to each individual. This law holds good in mental and spiritual writing. I can’t write a book or a set of lessons to do the healing. All that my books or lessons could do for you would be intellectual, while healing is spiritual. There must be a Word spoken in the Silence by the I AM in me to the I AM in you before there can be any healing. I can’t delegate this work of healing to any person, not even to my wife. It is a spiritual work from my own Spirit to you. She may write letters and thus address the intellect; but this is not healing. If she speaks the Word of healing, it is independent of any Word I may speak. But the man and the woman who are really married are One. I speak the Word of healing through her. It is the mother principle in the Word to me uses for the healing of diseases and the attuning of the mind to divine harmonies. This accords with the unity of being. Until you come into the consciousness of Spirit we can help you in your unfoldment. But when you are born into the kingdom of truth, it is an original birth. You are not begotten by any book, for books can not beget. You are not led by any words printed on paper, for the Silent Word can not be put into type. You are begotten by the incorruptible seed which is the Word of Spirit. No one can speak the Word of Spirit except Spirit. Therefore, if you want the Silence to come into you, recognize the fact that human faculties are to be used by Spirit. Close those eyes in your head and shut your ears, then you will really see and hear. The whirling world has hypnotized you into the idea that you are in a whirl. You are not. Your real self is Spirit, and Spirit is always in the Silence. It is joy unbounded, and full of glory to know that you are God. You can’t get away from yourself, and you can’t be lost. You will cease to fear your fears and Awaken into the ecstasy of God to be shed for the remission of sins, spiritual delight. This awakening is real vision, all else is but a mortal dream. Mortality is a kind of womb in which we dream that we hear and see and grow. Real life is spiritual vision.
Don't send telegrams.

Telegramsm are never answered and are useless.

Send a mental message and then write a letter. I send a personal answer to all letters enclosing one dollar or more for treatments.

I wish to emphasize this statement, for it has been reported that I never see or answer letters. My personal attention is given to all letters written by persons who show their faith by enclosing from one to ten dollars.

It does not matter where I may be; your letters will be received and answered by me and the treatments faithfully given every day. I need not tell those who have been receiving treatments, for they already know it. The vibrations are received, many times, before the letter reaches me.

As soon as your letter is written, the mental message is on its way to me. Hundreds of the best people on the earth, people of education and refinement, are ready to testify to this transference of thought. When I speak of my healing, it is not a personal advertisement. It is for the glory of God, and to rejoice in the fact that we have found the Truth.

It took twenty-one thousand one-cent postage stamps out September 27th. It will take more for this issue, for the subscription list is increasing daily. Friends are working for the restoration of Christian to second-class postage. There is no law for its exclusion. It is quite work. Christian is a circular in the eyes of Madden, and on this ruing, a paper with subscribers all over the United States and Europe is made to pay postage as a common advertising circular. Has the New Thought press made any protest against this outrage? No! They are all standing in with Madden, for fear of losing their own privileges!

The law of second-class postage was enacted March 5, 1879. There has been no legislation against it since that time. I began publishing newspapers six years before this law was enacted. What then is the cause of all this confusion? It is caused by a little clerk, called the third assistant postmaster general, who is trying to make a name as a reformer. I read an article from his pen the other day, in which he said that his reformation of second-class mail had made the postoffice department almost self-supporting. It is altogether syndicate supporting, and Madden's work is the entering wedge for the American press censorship.

George Burnell is cutting more capers than any other man ever cut. A friend in Chicago writes: "I can hardly believe you are in earnest in commending Burnell. His writings are the greatest conglomeration of nonsense that I ever tried to read." Another man from San Francisco writes: "Burnell is the greatest exponent of metaphysics in the world. His railing for Cunard ought to give you one hundred thousand readers." And so it goes. First up and then down. Let me tell you, friends, that Burnell is writing metaphysics. You have had your mental science mixed up with so much dirt that you did not know just exactly what you were eating. You have been reading after a lot of old grannies, who had a few grains of science mixed up with a lot of lolly-polly from the prayer meeting and the dirt of evolution. No wonder you are surprised when you get clean and pure metaphysics unmixed with dust and cobwebs! Burnell is not an evolutionist or a religious man; he is an I AM. He does not roll his eyes up before he leapt in the dirt of evolution. The whirling worlds have no effect on his head; therefore, he is giving you flashes of lightning from Spirit.

I have only one objection to Burnell's book. It is the almanac part of it. In the last part of the book he puts eternal truths under week-day headings. Now, when a man tells me to read certain things on Monday, it is sure to make me read them on some other day. If I told my patients to sit with me at a certain hour for treatments, the temptation for me to sit at some other hour would be too great for me to overcome. If I told my people to say over certain formulas of words on certain days, well—in that case I would quit giving treatments and tell them to go to the priest or preacher. Burnell's book is all right! Just take your pencil and mark out the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, etc., part of it. If you ever find rest for your soul you must make yourself free from the almanac and the clock. What do you want with a clock in the Kingdom of Light, where there are no shadows? There are people who are all the time scared of the zodiac. They have an imaginary circle, numbered from one to twelve, filled with all kinds of hobgoblins.

It has been said that only women and weak men accept of mental healing. My list of men has been growing larger and larger for the past two years. Since the coming of the "Lady Blanche" men are drawn to me for healing. Here is an extract from a letter written by a business man of Chicago:

"Your treatments are doing us all a great deal of good. Slowly things are coming into harmony in a wonderful way. When little wife sees the effect you are having on her mother, how she is growing stronger and all the old conditions are gradually dropping away, leaving her in a natural condition like her old self, her confidence in your power grows stronger, and she is willing now to have you treat her. All this helps me mentally. I find myself confident of mastering the financial question, and even combating all the weakness of the body, including the tendency towards old age and death."

A handsome check came with this letter, proving that it was not all talk. Mental treatments must have a sweeping effect on every mental and all the affairs of life. In a word, mental treatments must reach the whole mind with all of its environment.

Stamps are received in payment of subscription and to save postage. And so it goes. If you don't stick them together, put them up in such a shape that they will stick together on the way.
time since I left Salt Lake but the loss of dignity. My wife wants to write this item herself, but I know just what she wants to say; I am the Editor of CHRISTIAN. I shall assert my authority. At the Salt Palace, there was a nickel-in-the-slot machine which said if you would press a button you could see one picture free, and then put a nickel in the slot and see the whole show. I pressed the button and a vision of silk hose and lace lingerer was my reward. "She" also wanted to peek. She said she had no curiosity upon the subject, but she merely wanted to see how the machine worked. But alas, it didn't work! It was out of order, and I have been wondering ever since what those other eleven pictures were. Now, this is my own modest version of the story, but that wife of mine has been laughing and laughing! Is there anything on earth more annoying than a giggling woman?

We left Salt Lake City for Ogden on the noon train. We had two hours to wait for the Overland Limited to take us to San Francisco. We spent most of the two hours hunting for an inviting place to eat. We passed a number of cafés and restaurants, but they did not come up to our ideas of what a café should be. There was one funny little building, with the name "The Broom," painted on the window; but we weren't hungry enough to eat brooms, so we passed on. Upon enquiring, we were told that "The Broom" was the best in town, so we went back. Upon entering the restaurant, which was divided into booths, we were seated at a table, waited upon by a Chinaman, and then the curtains were drawn, and we were left to eat our meal in seclusion. I mean I was left to eat the meal, for that wife of mine had lost her head over "the dear little Chinese tea cup you ever saw." The fact that it only held a thimble full of coffee did not discommode her in the least. She said she would much rather have a drop of coffee in such a dainty cup than a pint in my big heavy porcelain cup with higher platform than the other four. There is a big gong and a bell that you have to ring for fear the gods may be asleep. The bell and the gong are intended to awake them from their slumbers. I don't think that any of them are suffering from insomnia. Our guide pounded the gong and rang the bell, but it did not seem to disturb the slumbers; but, then, I don't know everything, so they may have been awake and only 'possuming. At the Chinese theatre there was a crowded house and a good play. The acting, especially the orchestral music, was tremendous. I have also seen worse acting on other stages. We had reserved seats on the stage, so close that I was afraid that the warrior would make a misstep with his spear and touch some of our party. The female characters were impersonations, as women are not allowed on the Chinese stage. I came home with ten cents, which I considered lucky, seeing that that wife of mine took in all of the bazaars beneath the one now trying to conquer this desert is more than even a man can tell. How many more will be buried in the same way is a secret of the Almighty.

It was after dark when we arrived in San Francisco. They were not just exactly ready to receive us, but they got up their reception in the form of an earthquake, the third night after our arrival. The papers said that it was one of the severest shocks of earthquake ever felt in the city. I was awake at the time, and it rocked the bed just like the rocking of a cradle. It is my opinion that this little planet has been disturbed in its interior regions. It is having a bad case of indigestion. When you come to think of it, the earth is a very small speck in the solar system and a smaller speck in the universe. In spite of the earthquake, the vibration of San Francisco is good. San Francisco is cosmopolitan; but, at the same time, the keynote is California.

I gave splendid treatments from San Francisco. The fact is, we got into the swing of travel and carry the vibrations of our own movements to the sick ones under our care. Mental treatments are given on trains, street cars, in the theaters; and I sat in the Cliff House and gave treatments while The Lady Blanche kept her hand on the seals, and laying souvenirs. Nothing can ever interfere with my treatments. For while on a ship in the Bay, I found myself giving treatments. By the way, we went on board a four-masted bark just in from Liverpool after 33 days' sailing. The officer in charge courteously took us over the ship and showed us the effects of his encounter with the storm king as he came around Cape Horn. It was very interesting—seeing that the ship was tied to the wharf. However, I think I would like it being in the midst of the storm. I like Nature in all of her moods.

Of course, spent a night visiting "Chinatown." One trip was enough for me. We saw it all. The Lady Blanche kept her handkerchief to her nose part of the time, but she was determined to go through it, and did it, even to the underground regions. In the Joss House there were five gods, one big one and four little ones. They were all about the same size, but one was exalted upon a higher platform than the other four. There is a big gong and a bell that you have to ring for fear the gods may be asleep. The bell and the gong are intended to awake them from their slumbers. I don't think that any of them are suffering from insomnia. Our guide pounded the gong and rang the bell, but it did not seem to disturb the slumbers; but, then, I don't know everything, so they may have been awake and only 'possuming. At the Chinese theatre there was a crowded house and a good play. The acting, especially the orchestral music, was tremendous. I have also seen worse acting on other stages. We had reserved seats on the stage, so close that I was afraid that the warrior would make a misstep with his spear and touch some of our party. The female characters were impersonations, as women are not allowed on the Chinese stage. I came home with ten cents, which I considered lucky, seeing that that wife of mine took in all of the bazaars with their curious collections of everything under the sun. Are the Chinese heathen? Well, from our standpoint they are; but from their point of view we are heathen. We went into a mission church and heard a native preacher. There is also a salvation army at work in Chinatown. It looked to me like Mrs. Partington trying to sweep back the Atlantic Ocean with a broom.

NOT DOMINION BUT DIVINITY.

GEORGE BURLINGTON.

IV. IMMUNITY GRATIS ET GALORE.

Once too often the fates laugh in the teeth of man's spunk and ideals; born a man and died a grocer—you can melt this sphinx sneer without salt tears—in shed or out shed—there lurks the latent vision; charged with humor incorrigible and understanding divine and dynamic; this knowledge of truth has tongues of flame that lick the wounds of the Kingdom of Liberty.

II.

Studied the axiom; brood over it; know it; it is the look of liberty, the vision of individuality, whereby we do really enter the kingdom of knowledge. We are all the very same being. This is one of the rafters of the kingdom. At first this principle of doing and feeling for others just as though they were ourselves comes out of the mist, and we find it solid ground for life worth living.

Soak up the common life; delve into the democracy of heaven; dare to walk the tight rope of the highest reason, the abandonment of love to the most sweeping generalities. Love the adventurous leap into the dark. Do not confuse dim vision with your notion of impracticality. The highest reason, the fullest love, is the soundest practice there is. Listen—have you no gaminess? Pipe into your mind the sap of Prahlada; read about this hero of immunity in the Puranus, for under your thatch sleeps his running mate. Where are the hardy ones? Turn your mind and heart inside out and chase to desperation that sneak of fear, that subtle cowardice of possession, that unmeaning dandy of respectability, with whom you have given hostages to contemplative exclusiveness.

Read for me two Mount Polee classes—one of the desperado of Nazareth and the other of the God-bursted Jelal of Islam.

"Nothing shall by any means hurt you." "Put the knife to the throat of respectability." "Put the knife to the throat of respectability."

They carry the dinner-plate for fear of starving; fear for their wives, their babies, and their own stomachs—whence this cowardice?

They shoot their foe-brothers, white or black, for fear they will be shot or dishonored, or discharged—whence this fear?

They scandalize their neighbor for fear of their own prestige—whence this fear?

Lack of the heavenly vision of unity. Let the ears once open to the spirit-driven words of immunity as they rang out from that fear
CHRISTIAN

less soul of Jesus—"nothing shall by any means hurt you."

Put your ear to the ground and join in the soft love song; take a whiff of the airs of abandonment, Jelal has started the tune—"Knife your Grumpy."

Did you think you set your horse so modestly? Have you given the coif the slip? What is this then all about—this "jabber" of the bander-lob outery of "New Thought?"

A young man went me ballast and boon to sail among the wind-white waves of our Ids Lake, and I politicized his mind for fears of the wet-death, in as much as he was a nearly swimless youth, and he struck me out a fine pace of courage-talk and abandonment; and my pusillanimity revealed how very helpful to the perception of immunity is the state of being hors de combat with possessions and society.

But after all, no experience of financial or social defeat is able to hotly envision away the fear-bogs of the mind; mere rough usage competent unto this mystery of miraculous security, there would be no axiom of indif-
ference that is defied in the silent knowing of the God-breathed teacher's words and presence.

The fury-dash of waves may expose glimpses of the rocks, the glare-ash of the lightning may tear open the blackness upon the path; but only the light—all-centered—the illumin-
ation in the self—discerns the day that needs no sun, and the night that needs no moon—
the truth that is love and reason—the love that overcomes fear, and the reason that sees that there never was any ground for fear at all.

The hunger-stricken tigress with her starv-
ing young meets the Bodisat in the dried-up jungle. You must know that the Bodisat
imortal deliverances; he has fed his sub-
strate of homogeneity with all the Knight-

Hend the divine any more than a horse can understand the constitution, it is insane to seek the vision of the divine mind by sacri-
fice of the human. It is not sacrifice, but abandonment; not death, but discernment.

Animal sacrifice are butt, not original, but mere hand-me-downs of institutionalism. But after all, no experience of financial or social defeat is able to hotly envision away the fear-bogs of the mind; mere rough usage competent unto this mystery of miraculous security, there would be no axiom of indif-
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the truth that is love and reason—the love that overcomes fear, and the reason that sees that there never was any ground for fear at all.
GEORGE EDWIN BURNELL AS MAN AND TEACHER.

Possibly it was for two reasons that the editor invited me to contribute an article upon this subject—that I am a newspaper man, and am acquainted with the personnel of the country. The writer is that in love, and this is why the invitation was accepted.

Mr. Burnell's articles on Regeneration, in Christian, have attracted widespread attention, and aroused the deepest interest. The subject, invested with so much importance, is not only timely, but it is the most important problem of the age. It is the very problem of obscurity, making it transparent the most important work that has ever been attempted.

In closing this brief tribute to one whom many regard as the most potent and powerful living exponent of the truth, I can not refrain from giving a statement made to me not long since by his mother, in whose home it was my privilege to be a guest. In speaking of her son, she said: "George was a righteous child, and never seemed to have any trouble with his classmates; his acts always tended to harmony and peace." What finer encomium could one have than this? And as I listened to the words of this mother, whose face was radiant with a love that embraces the whole "new thought" world.

H. A. BURCH.

Dowagiac, Mich., July 26, 1905.

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