

**THE SHADOW CHRIST: AN
INTRODUCTION TO
CHRIST HIMSELF; PP.1-149**

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The Shadow Christ: An Introduction to Christ Himself; pp.1-149 by Gerald Stanley Lee

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GERALD STANLEY LEE

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The Shadow Christ

AN INTRODUCTION TO CHRIST HIMSELF

BY

Gerald Stanley Lee

AUTHOR OF "ABOUT AN OLD NEW ENGLAND CHURCH"



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*A book is the shouting of a man's heart
from the housetops.*

*The public is a cruel confidant. Either
it hurts him who dares by not hearing what
is most precious to him, for the rumbling
of the drays—which is oblivion; or it
hurts him when the drivers of the drays
shout back—which is fame—the world's
rushing compliment of misunderstanding a
man instead of ignoring him.*

Yet who would not dare?

*No man shall lose his soul in risking it
with its Larger Self.*

*Out into the listening darkness, where
the shadow audience waits—baffling in its
very welcome—this little book goes forth.
By far-off lamps it seeks you, by windows
never seen; past a mist of faces that an-
swer not—and as, one by one, for their
little life with the earth-light and your soul,
you open these leaves of mine, each brings its
greeting from a world I love—its hope and*

fear of you—before you fold it back into the darkened place, where it shall wait and watch for the coming of men.

A clumsy thing—a little pasteboard and gilding and type—a book—with the hum of the paper-mill lingering in it and the touch of unknowing hands. With the colors of desire and the symbols of experience—to give one's soul to paper—to have it flashed forth in bare black and white, and thrown, like the news of the night, in the dooryards of the world. Paper is but paper to the world, and a book—a book.

But the Great Spirit—who to and fro between our solitudes goes guarding the children of thought—shall read with you these broken memories of days He has walked with me; and Life—the gentle old interpreter—shall bring the meanings home, at last.

In the brotherhood of play and worship and the humor and awe of truth shall we be wayfarers together. This is not an argument, but the breath of a land that is loved, not gaining its way by a logical use

of terms — nay, losing it, perhaps, in low music without words — a spirit — a passing light — like a halo on the hills — with no authority but its shining — perhaps — with no importance but its being loved, with no ambition except to be forgotten when Truth is more beautiful than now. Too reverent of the Unknown God and too proud of the spirit of man to settle anything — a book with but one hope which can come to pass — that in being read it may read you ; and with one truth that can always stand — that of being true to itself.