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Thomas J. Shelton,
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JOY of living or pain of dying! It is said that, before the coming of the Christ, men were all their lifetime in bondage through fear of death. The coming of the Christ brought Life and Immortality to light. He did not create life and immortality, but brought it to light. It was not something that had no existence which he brought into existence. Life and immortality were here all the time. Light IS life and immortality. Even since the coming of the Christ we shrink away from the light and hide our heads in the darkness through fear of death. Institutions of men made the darkness darker by declaring that life and immortality were not for all men, but only for a select few who entered through the gates of which they held the keys. This virtually destroys Life and gives Death a place and a power. There can be no Life that is not omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent. These reflections came from hearing Mrs. Patrick Campbell in Sudermann's great play

The Joy of Living



Instead of asserting her right to live, the heroine commits suicide by drinking a toast "to the joy of living," in a cup of poisoned wine. Mortal mind has hedged life, with its rules and regulations, until the fear of living is greater than that of dying. Every day men and women pierce the envelope of flesh and let the spirit escape because they are afraid to face the world and live. These poor children of mortality are only going through the form of dying, for death has no place in the universe. *There is only life!* Death is a mask. It is a shadow on the wall to frighten children. Enter into the joy of living! If you lay down your life do so of your own accord, not because you are forced to do it. Roman army and Jewish mob, with hammer and nails and cross, had no power over a man who said of his life:

"Therefore doth the Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I may take it again. No one taketh it away from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment received I from my Father."

ITEMS AND IDEAS.

*** Joy!

*** The Joy of Living!

*** Our Easter offering comes in May.

*** I AM the resurrection every day and every where.

*** Don't let the fear of dying keep you from the joy of living.

*** There is too much loading up with responsibility for others where it does no earthly good.

*** Live your own life in your own way and let others do the same. You can't save the world, so don't try it.

*** Don't worry and fret about your environment. Love makes its own surroundings. "Thou and I singing in the wilderness."

*** You can get out of the wilderness, like the old gray horse, but while you are there you might as well sing. If you can't sing, just hum a little tune in your own heart.

*** *The Nautilus* solemnly tells its readers that you can't cleanse the body by mental applications, but you must use soap and water. I do hope that taking a bath is not a "new thought" to the Towne readers!

*** CHRISTIAN returns sincere thanks and also rejoices with all the Christians for their prompt response in renewing subscriptions. All I ask and all that I need is the money that is due me on last year and this year's subscriptions. I don't want anybody's charity or sympathy. I have never asked you to risk your money in any of my schemes, and don't ask you to make up any loss to me from the injustice in regard to postage. Let us all stand together like men and women, and give what we give "freely as to the Lord."

*** This reminds me that a subscriber in Los Angeles writes that he has a kick coming because of what he calls the "dun" in last CHRISTIAN. He says that he is behind with his subscription, but as I am God I ought not to have sent out a dun. Well, I AM God, and, if I had been dealing wholly with myself, there would have been no need of asking for my own. God is not a dead-head. But some of the other fellow's kids are on my subscription list. They will be cast out or made to pay their debts.

*** "I owe you for the years 1900 and 1901, dropped from your list in 1902; subscribed and paid for 1903. Leaving two dollars' indebtedness. I will pay you at some future time."

Such a letter is worth the price of a hundred subscriptions. It comes from Iowa, and I am tempted to print the name, but such a man is too modest and would be offended. There are more than ten thousand dollars due me from persons who took CHRISTIAN regularly for many years. Some of these people forgot it, some neglected it, and some didn't care a—dime.

*** "CHRISTIAN came in this morning's mail. How good it is! Well do I remember the scattering Mr. Burnell made, among the "truth seekers" here in Akron, twelve years ago, by his statements. Hence I was prepared for the consternation expressed by your readers. God—only One Power—only Good—is his premise, then everything he writes can be understood."

Yes, yes; they tried to put a muzzle on the mouth of Burnell in Akron, and also in Chicago. And, until CHRISTIAN called him, there was no open door for his full and free expression. The door is now as wide as the world. He is the only man that I have found who is as big a fool as I AM.

*** "Any single number of this year has been worth the dollar, and to express my appreciation of the April number it would be necessary to borrow Burnell's vocabulary."

The above is from San Jose, and the writer enclosed five dollars, although his subscription is paid up to 1904. It is utterly impossible for us to lose anything in this work of spreading truth as individuals. It is the best investment I know of anywhere on this earth, even in dollars and cents. It will bring Health, Happiness and Prosperity to all of us who are in this vibration.

*** "I hope you will not become too serious about the purpose to quit the publication of CHRISTIAN. You have made a great many people, like myself, feel that it is essential to their being to receive its deep thought and feel its uplifting vibrations. I like your independent (individual) utterances. They are inspiring and instructive, and I hope you may continue long in your great work."

The above comes from an energetic business man in Florida. I am glad I put that little item in the paper, for it has brought forth such an enthusiastic endorsement that CHRISTIAN will go on as long as it will do men good.

*** "Although my subscription is paid up ahead, I enclose extra dollar towards postage—the March CHRISTIAN was worth it. If three thousand five hundred subscribers would each contribute one dollar, you could afford to let the government hold your money for a while. Why is not that a good scheme?"

The above is from New York. It is a good scheme, but I would much rather have the money in new subscribers or for my books. The stand-bys of CHRISTIAN have never cared a snap about bookkeeping or details. They paid very little attention to the money part, but paid freely without thinking of the almanac. This is the Spirit with which I would always have treated them, if it had not been for the postoffice department undertaking to run my business.

*** "How about rallying the flag of the bold boy, the INDIVIDUAL, for June CHRISTIAN? We shall go over to Catalina Island to write for June CHRISTIAN."

So reads a postal card from Burnell. He is the captain of the signal corps, and so we will rally the flag of the Bold Boy. You may look out for a red-hot paper on the individual as the King of kings and Lord of lords, as the maker of his own heaven and his own earth and the ruler of his own stars. If you happen to get an extra copy of June CHRISTIAN you may know that it is an invitation for you to send or to give it to someone who will read it. In this way we can soon double the list. As I have said in another place, you have never been asked to invest in any of my gold mines or other schemes, but you are earnestly solicited to invest in CHRISTIAN. I don't care whether you send the money for a new subscriber, or go out and get the money for the subscription. Many of you have sent ten, twenty and fifty dollars a year, and some even more. Let us all make an aggressive move-

ment for the spread of the Truth. If this sounds like I was blowing my own horn for profit, the sound is false. CHRISTIAN belongs to all Christians.

*** "I enjoy CHRISTIAN very much, but I can't help thinking that it would be awful for people if they could not die any more."

There never will be a time when people can not die if they so desire. The quotations you refer to simply mean that people will be so scared and ashamed that they will want to die rather than face the truth. Immortality only comes to those who are in the truth. God can not make error immortal. Falsehood can never become an eternal yoke-fellow with the truth. Some people are trying to get well of common diseases while they hold in their minds thoughts that would make the devil sick. Clean out your mind and the body will respond in due time.

*** "Burnell's last article is just grand! I don't know who is deserving the most credit, he for writing it or you for publishing it. The genuine physical body is stripped by truth of all the false interpretations of ignorance, but physicality is not destroyed! This sentence is a book itself, and ought to get you many subscribers. Surely this mortal is putting on immortality. This is the glad day so long foretold."

Contributors do not get subscribers. It is a mistaken idea that papers are built up in that way. All the contributors to CHRISTIAN—Douglass, Dewey, Downes, Burnell—have not added a hundred new subscribers to my list. The friends and readers of CHRISTIAN keep it going. I will furnish you with the highest statements of Truth, and you people must do the rest.

*** Los Angeles is a great place for the unfolding of the Truth. Here is a short letter which is a condensation of all that we have been saying in CHRISTIAN. Her name is Emma, and if you can guess the other part you are welcome:

"Your letter stays good for all the month. Herein please find my April dollar with my blessing. Say! isn't this life just great? The perfectly lovely things you find people doing, and the perfectly lovely things you find yourself doing, eh?"

"Bless your heart for all you are helping me do. There's my boy, for instance. I honestly do not, even in thought, say what he *should* do, but he does the thing that I, God, thing is *best* for him and all. But the 'periences leading up to the actions are astonishing, to say the least.

"Well, anyway, I like the combination of Lady Blanche and T. J. The thought of you two strengthens the thought of me, and I bless you both for it."

*** It is a mistake to think that physicians are as non-progressive as the preachers. Looking over my list of friends among the doctors, I find that the majority of them are keeping step with the march of mind. Here is a sample letter from a San Francisco M. D., who encloses a five-dollar bill with these words:

"The more I read your 'Vibrations' the more interesting it becomes and seems new. Wish I had known when you were here in Frisco—for I want some day to shake hands with the one who led me out of orthodox darkness into the Light of Truth. A copy of CHRISTIAN which a friend gave me did the work. Our good preachers expound the Scriptures by aid of a commentary, but you are governed by no man's opinion. You

speak the Word without fear, and express yourself as the Spirit gives you utterance. Your inconsistency at first jarred me a bit. But I now find that the Spirit of truth only can be inconsistent in order to be right—a sign of liberty and freedom—this same Spirit would jar the foundations of the orthodox church."

My beloved friend, when the Spirit began speaking in me, the jar to me was greater than to any of my readers. I was astonished and shocked at the inconsistency of God. He was the devil and Tom Walker, Jesus Christ and the Angel Gabriel, God Almighty and the Voice of a little child. No man can understand God until he comes into a consciousness of the unity of Being.

*** The poem by Will Winn in last CHRISTIAN was original. It is genuine poetry of the first class. Will Winn is one of my correspondents, but I don't know who he is or where he came from; but if he can keep on writing that kind of poetry, he can take rank with the prophets of God. Now don't flood me with a lot of stuff which you think is poetry because it rhymes.

*** "What wonderful things we imagine we would do if we were off on an island somewhere, where folks didn't bother so eternally! But why not consider the whole earth an island—a speck—and perform our wonders right here and now."—*The Philistine*.

So, so! And if this island in the air is to be only the temporary abode of mortals on their way to the grave, why not camp out while we are here and not put in so much time building substantial structures which we can not inhabit? It would be a good thing to put in our time living while we do live instead of toiling and building for the temporary abode of others who follow us on the same downward road to the dust. But wouldn't we make this world blossom as a rose if we could stay here a thousand or ten thousand years? Why not? Is there any good reason for death?

*** From the great city of New York comes the following letter from a business woman who holds an important position with a big railroad company:

"I enclose check for one dollar for my subscription to CHRISTIAN, and enclose stamps for mailing.

"The last few numbers have been read with greater pleasure and have appealed to me much more strongly. I think principally because you have omitted the financial. It is necessary, I suppose, but so much of it took away from the spiritual good the paper was doing me. Christ never talked money, and in my own life much more has come to me since I have stopped worrying about finances and given my mind to the spiritual. My religion is simple, purely personal. I ask God to live my life for me day by day and am guided entirely by him, accepting all he sends. I am happy and prosperous."

The above contains a half truth. Christ did talk about money and Judas carried the bag which contained the regular collections, for living expenses, and gifts to the poor. Besides, the Christ in Jesus was in a different environment from the Christ in Shelton. CHRISTIAN talks less about money than any other publication that comes to my desk. I sometimes wish that I had struck gold in my mines so that I could do all of my work independent of finances; and, then, I think how many deadheads would flock to me, and how soon the vibrations of goodfellowship would be dulled by those of beggarship. The giving and receiving is for our mutual good. And yet there should be the kind of life this woman speaks of which lives day by day in the fellowship of the Spirit, knowing that all things will work together for Good.

"THE JOY OF LIVING."

Life.

What is it?

How can I manifest it?

Men are growing weary of death. It will soon be driven from the stage. People are asking for life, even in the playhouse. The comic opera makes thousands of dollars to where the legitimate drama barely makes expenses. Murder, suicide, tragedy, all these grotesque pictures of the past, are being wiped out of the human mind.

It used to be that the poet could not write of life without ending his verses in death. How often have you heard a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked young girl recite Tennyson's "Queen of the May?" It is the joy of the springtime and of girlhood, but Tennyson thought he had to kill her. The world has come to the place where they are asking for the song of life. Death is a delusion and a snare. It is a sin to inject the poison of death into the mind of a child, or a grown person, either, for that matter. It is passing away. The old shadow is being lifted from the mind.

The people have a crude way of expressing their likes and dislikes. Their call for the joy of life may cause them to tumble in the dirt like so many children, but they will get what they are demanding. The managers of the theaters, the publishers of the newspapers, the teachers of children, will have to give the people Life. This leads me to my friend, Dr. Tilden, editor of *The Stuffed Club*. He devotes three pages of his magazine to a criticism of Anna Held, who recently drew a packed house for eight days at the Broadway Theater in this city. After giving us all fits for patronizing Anna, the Doctor closes his lecture as follows:

"If sensual suggestiveness should be removed from the Anna Held performances there would be nothing left. The editor of the *Club* makes no pretensions to being Puritanic or prudish, but from his view point the show is positively nasty, and public opinion shows its stupidity in shoveling its gold into the lap of a fake performance and declaring it art, high art."

This is a hard hit at me. If I puncture the stuffed club, and let all of the stuffing out, it is because the skin is too thin. My wife, as you all know, was an actress; and she and I patronize everything that comes along, from the ten-cent vaudeville to the ten-dollar Grand Opera. We went to Anna Held, and then we came home and got my mother-in-law and went the second time. I have been sorry ever since that I didn't go back the third time. There is nothing diviner than life, and nothing more beautiful than woman. Anna Held had a group of the healthiest and prettiest women that ever appeared in Denver. They were all exquisitely gowned in up-to-date costumes, such as would be worn in any drawing room. I never laid my eyes on such gowns or such women! The Denver dry goods stores took their cue from Anna Held in making their displays for the spring openings. The stage management and artistic grouping of these living pictures was superb! Sensual! Bless your heart, I would as soon think of sensuality when looking at a bouquet of Ameri-

can Beauties. God Almighty made the roses and also made the women. Thank God! The people went out to see Life. They paid their money to see God. I don't know much about music, but I know melody. The songs sung by Anna Held and her company were melodious. "The Girl With the Dreamy Eyes" still hums in my heart. My wife is a judge of shows; she says that Anna Held was so dainty, delicate and sweet that she reminded her of a little Dresden statuette. You may howl and lift up your hands in holy horror, but the people are clean and pure and holy when they demand life, instead of death.

The Joy of Living!

All these signs of the times point to the resurrection and the Life. Instead of preparing for death, we are earnestly seeking for Life. In helping you to the joy of living, let me quote from the wisest and best of the mud-builders. I quote the whole of an article, in *Unity*, by Charles Fillmore. He gives you the Theosophical idea of life. He is honest and conscientious, and tells you what he really believes to be the truth. It is the best condensed statement of the modern Religio-Philosophical position on the subject of regeneration. But it is my policy to let men state their own positions in their own words:

"It is dawning on a whole lot of metaphysical teachers that theory is one thing and demonstration another. For years they have been telling their followers 'there is no death,' yet the evidence of the grim monster has been creeping into their faces right along, and the onlooker perceives that their philosophy is words, words, words. It does not require any great amount of wisdom to understand that death is not of God—that it is man-made, yet some of the metaphysical journals actually exploit as their discovery the fact that it is possible to overcome this human error! And instead of telling their readers how to go about in a practical way the eradication of this degenerate condition in the body, they devote column after column to mere intellectual theories about immortality in the flesh.

"Now the fact is, it is the body that dies, and the condition that results in physical disintegration must be found in close association with nerves and cells. Yet those who treat the mind to heal the body, that has no existence, according to their philosophy, will tell you that it does not make any difference what you do to that body; and another school, whose theory is that the brain and its thought is the all of man, will calmly inform you that it makes no difference what you eat or drink, nor what your physical habits may be; 'let desire rule,' is their motto. Will immortality be demonstrated by such slipshod and inconsistent methods? Never!

"Man must get right down to practical work in this matter of overcoming the old age and death tendencies in the organism. It is a question of cell building, cell aggregation and cell perpetuation through intelligent force. All the highfaluteon lectures and fine-spun theories about the I AM are mere East wind to the patient worker in the laboratory of mind.

"The first step, of course, is to know that man is the former of the body and master of its every thought and act. Then it must be studied as the patient scientist studies the animate life in earth and air. It must not only be studied, but consciously directed in every emotion and function.

"By centering the attention for a little time each day upon the brain cells that permeate the body from head to feet, one can gradually get acquainted with each habit of

thought and readjust it. The fact is, that our body brains are not guided by direct volition of the will, but run on in their own way, be it for our ultimate good or ill. This must all be changed by the one who seeks to overcome physical death. The body dies of its own ignorance. It wastes its seminal seed in sexual ignorance, it clogs its blood with crude foods, and congests its vital life currents with violent emotions.

"There is a system of culture that will conquer death, and it is based upon the mastery of the brains governing the various functions of the organism. It teaches first the power of man as a Spiritual being, and next the relation of the organism in all its details. It does not lump the mechanism of the body and expect it to be straightened out in some miraculous manner, but shows how, through patient, persistent work, man must again take conscious possession of this Kingdom of God within him. Many quiet overcomers are now on the way to the demonstration of immortality in the flesh through this system, and it will eventually be recognized as the *only way*."

There are many good things in the above statement. But my brother Fillmore is looking at the wrong place for life. He says: "It is the body that dies," therefore, he recognizes death. Death is not. Men have been trying to find death, but they have utterly failed to find it anywhere in the universe. There is not a dead thing anywhere. The rocks are alive. The so-called "dead body" is not dead. The vibrations of life continue in it. The envelope is not the man. If he throws off this envelope the vibrations of life will soon reduce it to the elements of mother Earth.

"The Spirit is life."

Man is a Spirit. Man is alive, has always been alive, and always will live. The manifestation of life comes from the joy of living. It does not come through any system of culture. It is open to all who will enter into the joy of living. Spirit is not dependent upon the envelope, called the body, as a whole, much less any organ or part of it. The resurrection and the life does not come through sex, or the stomach, or the brain, or any other part of this mortal envelope. There is nothing in life that you can conserve or waste. It is boundless! It is omnipotent! It is omniscient! It is omnipresent! It is he who was, and is, and is to be, the Almighty. There is no more mystery in regeneration than there is in generation. There is just as much mystery in a blade of grass as there is in an archangel. Life is life. It is everywhere and absolutely and eternally immortal. Spirit makes the body and unmakes the body. You had just as well talk about making a world by your system of thinking. You can create a new world, and have a planet all to yourself, just as easily as you can create yourself a new body. Have you not read:

"By faith we understand that the worlds have been framed by the Word of God, so that what is seen hath not been made out of things which appear."

The envelope you call your body is made out of an invisible substance. You can not expect to recreate this body by looking at the body. There was a time when body was not. By the conjunction of the Divine Feminine and the Divine Masculine, a body was created. This body is created and recreated

on the same principle that worlds and systems of worlds are made and unmade.

It is the joy of living.

Enter into the joy of thy Lord. Who is your Lord? God. Who is God? *The male and female principle of Being*. You don't enter into the joy of living by loving a principle. For this reason, God has provided you with a person as the object of your love. I call God the "Lady Blanche." Every man who has ever entered into the joy of living has idealized some woman and called her by a name. Life is no longer an experiment with me. I have entered into the joy of living. My wife and I have climbed up out of the psychic wilderness into the realm of Spirit. This means cosmic-consciousness, or a consciousness of the whole. There is no magic in it. It is not a fantastic flitting in the moonlight. I dictate this to her on Easter morning. And this Divine Feminine takes it down on the typewriter with fingers stained in dye. She has been in the kitchen coloring eggs for our baby. This is a part of the joy of living. Since coming in contact with her mind, my own mind has quit dwelling on any one part of life, but has grasped the unity of the whole. You can't make music by sawing on one string. That is noise. There is no part of life that we do not enjoy. On her desk is an Easter lily fresh from the garden of God. She would not be a darling of the gods if her eyes did not drink in the life of the lily. It is not the body or any part of the body, but the whole unity of the Spirit in the body that gives you a heavenly life. How are you to attain this unfoldment? By the joy of Living! It is the pain of dying, the fear of disease, the worry and fretting and fuming that kills. Joy is Life! There is no plan, no scheme, no system, no rules, no regulations, no laws, about it. It is the Joy of Living! Don't sit down and take thought about breathing or eating or what ye shall put on your body. Just enter into the joy of life and let it regulate itself. All this joy and substance of Being comes out of the unseen. There is plenty of substance out of which to make harmonious bodies. Love! love! throw aside all your efforts to understand the mystery of life and just LIVE! You can't live by rule any more than you can love by rule. Love is arbitrary and refuses to be led. Life is your master. Love is your sovereign. Obey and live!

*** Mr. and Mrs. George Edwin Burnell have had such a triumphant time in Los Angeles that they are still there. You may address them at 326 S. Main street. They are going over to Catalina Island for a short stay, but their mail will reach them if sent to the above address. We wanted to go out to Catalina Island when we were in Los Angeles, but my wife wouldn't go on the boat, and I was afraid to risk walking on the water at my present state of development. I did get her into the waves at Long Beach, but she wouldn't risk a boat. Since the misunderstanding about the New Mexican mountain, it is not safe for me to say more in regard to walking on the water. The magazines, even, are quoting the New Mexican mountain climbing as a miracle!

"THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE SPIRIT."

The true fellowship of the Spirit must come to individuals in the joy of their own living without the idea of supporting an institution. Christians as individuals can take the whole world. The individual, acting independently, is an instrument of the Almighty for the uplifting of himself and his fellows. Institutions are corrupt, but individuals are seldom corrupted except through the influence of the Institution. Men make an excuse for wrong doing because others with whom they are associated have done wrong. When the letters began coming in from April CHRISTIAN, they were so good, so full of fellowship, so full of what Walt Whitman calls "the love of comrades" that we kept stacking them up, thinking we could put them in CHRISTIAN. Out of the abundance of material, we have selected the following letter, which we print just as it was written. I select it because it was type-written and well written and covers the whole ground. It mentions Mrs. Eddy and others in such a sweet way that no one can take offense. It would spoil the letter to take a word out of it and I know the writer will excuse me for printing her private letter for public good. To suppress names, dates and places would weaken the force of the heart-to-heart talk which Ida gives to all of us.

Big Elm Estate,

Shinnston, W. Va., April 7, 1903.

T. J. Shelton, Denver, Colo.

My illumined friend: I should have sent the Dollar for CHRISTIAN three months ago, but deferred doing so because I was expecting each month to leave here, so thought to save you the trouble of making changes in my address label at two different times. I have now taken an interest in the poultry raising business with my hostess, Mrs. Hood, so shall probably remain here till fall.

Enclosed find Three Dollars and Twenty-two Cents (\$3.22) to pay up my subscription, postage on my journal for this year, and an extra copy of the January number, besides two (2) new subscriptions as indicated on separate sheet. Since I am not afraid, I enclose the money as you suggested instead of procuring a M. O., as is my custom.

Besides procuring these new subscriptions I have written to three of my friends and advised them to subscribe, and my brother gave your address to Mr. Vincent in Shinnston more than a month ago for the same purpose.

I have been writing Christian Metaphysics to one of these new subscribers, my youngest sister, once or twice a week all winter and have succeeded in interesting her. She has been diligently studying Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" for the last two months. She wants to understand that thoroughly before making a systematic study of CHRISTIAN. She writes that she will send me her "Science and Health" soon. I am not certain whether it will be very advantageous to me after studying CHRISTIAN from the beginning of volume VII, besides your books and Burnell's "Book of Health," but I think I shall be better able to separate the wheat from the chaff than had I studied that first, though I might have made more rapid progress, perhaps, had I studied Mrs. Eddy's teachings first. My sister has several times dispelled severe pain by *demonstrating* according to Mrs. E.'s teaching. I have not been able to do that after more than a year and a half of study. Perhaps the fact that I am twenty-one years older than she and seemed almost a nervous wreck when I be-

gan, while she is but eighteen, with a remarkably mature and active mind, accounts for her more rapid progress. I have been able to note a decided unfoldment of my mind in the last six months and am now demanding "violent health," wisdom, illumination, success and plenty of money as my right. I have been "letting go" both mentally and materially as fast as I could since you advised me so to do nearly a year ago, and things seem slowly coming my way. My brother grew so weak physically, and discouraged mentally that he left his work here three weeks ago and went north for relief. Since he has been in N. Y. State he has gained eight pounds in weight, though he has had two night sweats. He feels so much better in the last two weeks that he is greatly encouraged. He has "let go."

Each number of CHRISTIAN seems finer than the last. I rejoice at being able to understand Burnell as well as you, now, so I think I am promoted from the "infant class." If his first series of articles in CHRISTIAN were written for the "infant class" in Metaphysics, I don't know where I could have been classified at that time, for when I read the first one the first and second times, although I could see that it made sense, I could not make out what that sense was. Now I read his writings with ever increasing pleasure. What you explain seems very plain to me. Like your New York architect I like the star items as well as the longer articles.

Will you kindly explain through CHRISTIAN the meaning of *pity*, *mercy* and *fear*, as used in such passages as Isa. 63:9, and Ps. 103:8-19?

I congratulate the "Lady Blanche" on having entered upon her career of illumination. I'll hail the day when mine begins. It may be, as yet, afar off, but I think I get faint glimpses of it occasionally. I am, Ida A. Macklem, Shinnston, Harrison Co., W. Va.

It is a good thing to read Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health." While I believe in the individual and am sure that the salvation of the world must come through individualization, we must be broad enough to receive truth from any and every source. It is a mistake to rail against anybody or anything. You must have a good thought for the doctors and preachers, the scribes and the pharisees, the publicans and the sinners, and all the earth. This is the reason why I keep out of sects. If I had a sect of Sheltonites, it would not be long until I would have a fence built around me and mine. They are all mine!

Pity, mercy and fear in the passages of Scripture you mention are elements which enter into love. You love a child with all of your heart, and yet pity and mercy characterizes your actions toward the child if you are intelligent. Fear of punishment is also a part of the discipline which you administer to the child if you really love it. Love uses any and all means to bring ignorance into intelligence, and error into the truth.

Thanks for your congratulations about "the Lady Blanche." We are just now entering into the joy of living. If everybody would do as well as you have done about new subscribers, CHRISTIAN would soon double its list.

P. S. After writing the above, the Lady Blanche made me return the letter to the writer for her approval. I did so, and what do you suppose was the result? Ida clipped off the postscript of her letter, and then gave me permission to print the other part of it. Now, I know that all of you women (and men, too) are just dying to know what was in that postscript!

"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING, SISTER?"

The following letter and comment is clipped from *Eleanor Kirk's Idea* for April. The letter is from a lone, lorn lunatic, and the comment is from Eleanor Kirk:

"Dear Sister: I see that you quote Burnell. It is said that genius is akin to insanity. Burnell has gotten beyond genius and into lunacy. He is indeed a 'mental contortionist.' He is a freak in literature, and would give Minerva the horrors if an echo from him should happen to reach her. If one is not well grounded in the highest potentialities of his nature, to read him would set him crazy.

"I do a little teaching myself sometimes, but I had rather never open my mouth again, than to muddle ideas, and murder phraseology after his manner.

"You may at present be strong enough to distill some sense out of what he says, but it is risking your sanity to do so. Sister, please don't take the chances. We want to keep you yet a while longer among the rational.

"I see that he does healing. I would not let him cure me if he could. It would be like inoculating for the smallpox, or healing by drugs: curing one disease by producing another. I am sure that I should break out with the jimjams at some future time.

"I have no particular spite against Burnell, but I think that he should not be let loose upon an innocent and unsuspecting public. Shelton, with his vagaries, is quite enough.

"Sister, please don't allow the pages of your beautiful magazine to be desecrated by quotations from Burnell, and don't become accessory to keeping alive such a freak. He 'doesn't know what he is talking about, and no one else knows,' and the people have not time to furnish meanings for his senseless drivelings.

"Let us hope that, in some way, he may be relegated back to the chaos and confusion from which he must have emanated. Of course, I believe in 'New Thought,' and modern Metaphysics, but Burnell is only furnishing our opponents with the means of making our cult ridiculous.

"I have a lady friend who is an M. D., and a bright Mental Scientist, and a good deal of a reader. I don't know whether she has ever seen your magazine or not. But I will give you her address, and you can do as you feel disposed about sending her a sample copy.
H. F. H."

"Sometimes I wonder where my pretty temper has gone, when it can not be stirred by such communications as the one above.

"Here is a man who does not happen to like what I like, or to see anything desirable in what is a comfort and inspiration to me. He reiterates the statement with pen and ink, which has been made two or three times by word of mouth to my face, 'He doesn't know what he is talking about, and no one else knows.'

"Now, I have said several times that I did know what Burnell was talking about and that I enjoyed everything he wrote. Now, what does this correspondent desire to make me out—a pretender or a fool?

"Say, I really believe a little bit of the fire-flash is returning. There is some prickle in my fingers and a mullein-leaf burn on my cheeks. Honor bright! I rather like it.

"Really, the impertinence of such messages is almost beyond belief. I am thankful to my Lord, every hour in the day, that I never once thought that I knew it all, or that my standard of taste must necessarily be another's. I have been derided for liking Emerson, and hooted at for 'pretending' that I understood Browning. My critics didn't, and couldn't, and therefore whoever claimed sufficient intellect for the job was simply 'putting on airs.'

"However, no matter."

"The tingle is dying out and the flush is subsiding.

"I print this letter because I think it will be a good object-lesson for those who are in the habit of sitting in judgment upon others and who think because they are not able to comprehend some problem or proposition—something different—that those who claim to be liars and idiots.

"Are the following paragraphs hard to understand?

"The Christian healer no more thinks of using drugs or suggestions to cure the sick than Jesus did. A picture of Jesus Christ with a medicine chest or a case of surgical instruments, or sitting in the silence 'holding thoughts' for his patients, would be a caricature, if not a blasphemy.'

"The Science of Truth heals the sick by attack and aggressive demolition of disease. Truth is not passive, but contradicts falsity, and reduces it to extinction. Truth does not sit helpless in the midst of mortal error, but dashes disease to dreams and annihilation.'

"Such words as these are enough to wake the dead. I am glad to have it pounded into me that truth abolishes all intermediateness between man and God, and that 'the authority of intelligence does not lack executive.'

Thanks, Eleanor, for letting Burnell speak for himself. It is unfair, not to say dishonest, to criticise another without letting him speak in his own language by full and accurate quotations from his own words. If you notice the columns of CHRISTIAN, you will see that I always quote in full before I say anything about the other fellow. If this correspondent had quoted Burnell, the contrast would have been so great that Burnell would have needed no defense or explanation.

I like adverse criticism, and when this writer spoke of the vagaries of Shelton, I began to investigate. Here are some of my vagaries:

I believe in the resurrection from the dead and the life everlasting.

I know that I AM the resurrection and the life.

I know that I AM male and female.

I know that regeneration and the resurrection come through the holy wedlock of the male and the female in the I AM.

She and I are living in this holy wedlock and demonstrating the resurrection and the new life.

It is not a theory but a condition which confronts you when you look at the vagaries of Shelton. I have long since passed the period of lunacy and have entered that of genius—the genius of the I AM that I AM.

*** "I want to tell you how much I enjoy your paper. I look forward to its arrival just as I look forward for some other good event to occur in my lonely life. I have to strain my poor wits at times to comprehend your underlying meaning. As for the "other fellow," I read the words, but seldom understand. Yet, as you say, he keeps me thinking. God bless you! May the devil miss you, and the Father of all devils get you at last!"

The above is from another M. D. They are getting thick on my subscription list and all of them are good fellows. While CHRISTIAN is doing such a work as indicated in this doctor's letter, it will go on and on until it circulates over the whole earth. Let us all rise up and follow Burnell's advice by speaking the aggressive Word and giving it a wide circulation.

THE WORD AGGRESSIVE.

GEORGE EDWIN BURNELL.

It is almost sure to take our interest by storm to learn that a man can bathe alive in boiling oil. We are told that Vasudeva was as safe and comfortable in ebulating oil as is Papa-Ita when walking on stones at 1200 degrees Fahrenheit. Prof. Langley of Smithsonian Institute went to Tahiti on purpose to see the hot stone affair, and he tells us that there are no laws of nature to put a damper on our faith; so if you have a mind to you may believe that Vasudeva was boiling-oil proof, and take as much interest as you dare to in his teaching about the *aggressive word*.

If the power of truth were no more alive than the principle of mathematics it could hardly be relied upon to relieve us from evil and bondage unless we kept constantly applying it as a medicine or a rule in conic sections. The dependence upon application is quite as serious an invasion of our independence as to be tied to a pill-cupboard or a memorized rule of three.

Vasudeva and his spiritual set saw that the power of truth ought not to need so much invocation, but should leap forth like a lion to our help. If the divine energy is aggressive only on instigation, it is scarcely more than a spiritual punching bag. There may be advantages in soul-pumps and in ecclesiastical "old oaken buckets," but my constitution calls for an artesian divinity. Moses had this very unquenchable and spontaneous vital dynamics in direct eye-shot when he thus describes the wonder of celestial living on this earth after the psychic earthquake and volcano has broken up the spells and hoodoos.

"Goodly cities, which thou buildest not,
And houses full of good things, which thou
fillest not,
And wells digged, which thou diggedst not,
Vineyards and olive-trees, which thou plant-
est not."

Deut., vi, 11.

Nor did Jesus either offer the race a mental pump-handle, but a "well of water springing up into everlasting life." If our salt has lost its savor and our God has lost his gush, then we may as well mount the mental treadmill and tease the Sphinx as the tree-toad teases the weather for rain.

Our dear Paul, also, of heavenly vision on the Damascus road, in spite of his recent alleged unpleasantness with karma, declared for the "tabernacle not made with hands," instead of a metaphysical hoodoo-house, grey magic blown like a wer-wolf's body.

Mayhap those who find soul suckling in knuckling-under to karma will offer you a ramshackle explanation to show that Robert Louis Stevenson was in tow of divine justice when he well-nigh starved in San Francisco, and that it served Henry George right to be driven to holding-up the first man he met on the street for five dollars to feed his starving wife and new-born baby. Any god who would or could cause or permit such spells were as cold and soulless as the axioms of Euclid.

Perhaps you would say that Henry George should have oiled his mental machinery, but

what about the god who greases the lightning? Must a man "rend the heavens" for a meal of victuals, pull the beard of being for a bit of bread, or await for a celestial vision for a wholesome body?

Harken to the message of the *aggressive word*. The lordly, tall-formed Saorasha of Zoroaster, the word that splits spells and smites the fiends of drug-mindedness—such is the aggressive energy of the truth.

Will powder stand fire? Will dynamite stand a blow? Neither will sin, sickness, death, birth, evil, matter, bondage, stand the word of truth aggressive. Let not your mind be exploited by the theory that light and shade may ever masquerade together on the fields of chimera. Shall appearances mock God? We may sojourn to that region of vitality where this rule of Jesus is indigenous to the golden soil—

"What he saith cometh to pass."

Vasudeva found that truth had a voice of its own. It did not need to be spoken for like a Punch and Judy or worked by wires like an automaton or pedaled like a pipe-organ. If the principle of mathematics will let the boy at the board make all the mistakes he may, is Almighty God equally asleep? How long since the divine power was smothered in doubts and delusions?

Elijah taunts the prophets of Baal as they twist and rinse their noses, as they cut and saw like surgeons, as they coax and tease and "hold the thought" like metaphysical wigglers in their own rain-barrel, but the dear old prophet of the unhooked leviathan slipped the leash of quenchless flame that set the very waters ablaze.

Mark Twain announces himself as the only sane man left on earth and fortifies his claim by the fact that he has never believed water would run uphill. But Sir William Crookes, a very pope of material science, took elaborate pains to show that water runs uphill quite as much as down and that it stands on edge on the under side of a cabbage leaf as often as it had the least business in such illegal postures and places. Prof. Simon Newcomb, a president of the American Academy of Sciences, went the length to say that two trains might run on the same track in opposite directions and harmlessly telescope each other, for all rationality or the laws of matter could argue to the contrary. Wisdom annuls the laws of matter as Prof. Langley has done, and discharges man from every mortal obligation, and gives him instant and constant residence in celestial existence and environment. Almighty life pays no heed to the demands of matter and is daunted by none of its threats. Zachariah had his cosmic eye on Christians and called them "men of wonder."

Explanation must not account for the existence of evil and pain, but rather for its non-existence; explain falsity to destroy it, not to make reasonable its claims; explain *what is not* out of sight and being.

Do not yield to any suggestion to understand why you are in trouble, for woe must be destroyed not understood; sin, sickness and death are not made plain and easy to see into by a few lessons, but are removed from us "as far as the east is from the west."

Light does not explain darkness, but destroys it. Appearances are great philosophers; truth is no debating club or parliament, but instant extermination and execution.

Saint John was a standard Christian of cosmic repute. He was as immune in boiling oil as Vasudeva. Besides, he saw things, among which was a graphic vision of the *word of God aggressive*.

He saw heaven split open like a pea-pod and a snow white horse bestrode by a scarlet man gallop out; the face of this scarlet man was like a flash of eternal faithfulness and a thunderbolt of honesty. It seemed to holy John that he had such a way of writing his name that no body else could read it, which seems to me so common an attainment as to hint that each of us can do some democratic thing mysteriously well.

It is likely to mean also that we can do better as men-originals than as apes of imitation, for the soul of aggression is self-reliance and originality. This is no doubt what John understood by the scarlet man with hosts of subjective legions, inasmuch as they had on clothes which were clearly too clean to have been worn by anyone else. Surely no one can be very aggressive in other people's garments, so David swapped the mighty armor of king Saul for his sling-shot; giants are wondrous keen to notice the fit of your clothes.

By this scarlet man on a white horse John meant to dramatize *aggression* so thoroughly that no one might ever think that truth allows evil to exist. Vasudeva said straight out that the word of truth demolished the very appearance of sin, sickness and death.

There attends upon each of us this scarlet knight of aggression. He is constitutional indivisibility. His mouth is the sheath of a two-edged sword. He is the king who sitteth in the throne of judgment and scattereth away all evil with his eyes. His every word draws blood; no wonder he is scarlet.

Walt Whitman tells us that this scarlet king-soul of aggression licked him up the breast with his Damascus tongue, and vaccinated him with the beauty and splendid glow of health—aggressive health—"contagious health," as Col. Robert Ingersoll says.

Therefore, as he lay in the divine grass, wallowing in the very blood of reality, Whitman dipped his pen in magnificent ichor, and poured for us this healing baptism; drink ye all from this vial of violent health.

"In that condition the whole body is elevated to a state unknown by others—inwardly and outwardly illumined, purified, made solid, strong, yet buoyant. A singular charm, more than beauty, flickers out of and over the face—a curious transparency beams in the eyes, in the iris and in the white—the temper partakes also. Nothing that happens—no event, rencontre, weather, etc.—but it is confronted—nothing but is subdued into sustenance—such is the marvelous transformation from old timorousness and the old process of causes and effects. Sorrows and disappointments cease—there is no more borrowing trouble in advance. A man realizes the venerable myth—he is a

god walking on the earth, he sees new eligibilities, powers, and beauties everywhere; he himself has a new eyesight and hearing. The play of the body in motion takes a previously unknown grace. Merely to *move* is happiness, a pleasure—to breathe, to see, is also. All the beforehand gratifications, drink, spirits, coffee, grease, stimulants, mixtures, late hours, luxuries, deeds of the night, seem as vexatious dreams, and now the awakening; many fall into their natural places, wholesome, diviner joys."

There must have been some forceful reason why the throne angels sought so for even standing room, verily mobbed the ichorous place where Moses and the seventy companions brought out the holy archives of beauty and living glow; they, too, had the tongue of fire plunged into their breasts, and stood in the presence of the scarlet monarch who rules the nations with a rod of iron and treads the winepress of Almighty God. Old Omar drank this wine of strength and turned into immortal youth and grace; drink ye also from the dripping of this purple press. Primeval sages labeled this vintage "the drink of strength." From this stalwart communion leap the heroes and berserkers of royal and resistless aggression.

The scarlet rider of St. John's vision had a tongue like a wild bull buffalo, able, as he saw it, to lick the skin of matter off the cosmos, and suck the virus from experience like the scarlet flamingo of holy Banares, after which Ramkrishna Parasahamsa was named. This scarlet flamingo was the saint bird of discernment to the pristine Aryan mind, because of its genius to suck milk out of its mixture with water, and the rapt seers of yore took this scarlet parable, wet from nature's paint brush, as a god-graphic of that flaming word of such Jehu aggression that "earth and heaven fled away from his face of fire, and there was found no place for them."

Matter and evil have no power whatever over life, and they ought not to, if life is Almighty God, who exterminates all that does not prove to be free, happy and harmonious. Truth can and does cure every sin, heal every pain, and push the shadows of the grave and death "into the lake of fire." Why? Because there is no truth in them. You never heard of truth being "cast into a lake of fire." Dare to turn suddenly some still hour and look at that scarlet man who stands at your very elbow, for he can tell you how to say words of Greek fire to burn the black river as vision timber. This knight "dipped in blood" will gut the cant out of your speech and put your nose to the clue that forced the ichor-minded Nikakitas to become transfigured scarlet as a Pasadena poppy at sunset when he said, "Speech is fire." I dare you to say this sentence which Aristotle held was eight or ten thousand years vital when he was pinning his letters on his bib for memory—this sentence of the wondrous boy Nikakitas, whom the celebrated prince of hoodoos failed to keep in his grave—this Aryan hero-lad who saw the scarlet man of divine fury—saw him out of the corner of his eyes as he refused to obey the orders of his sinister de-majesty who bid him march

gravewards—but he rebelled at the wink of his scarlet highness, and the friction of that holy insurrection ignited in him the great, grand glow and knighted him a "son of the resurrection;" this is how he came to say that "speech is fire," which the Sphinx dares you to say till you kindle a "lake of fire for the grave and death" that lurk in your spook-bag, *alias* karma.

Hawthorne broached "The Scarlet Woman" and left her unredeemed to the disgrace of New England's consciousness; but Jesus had the eye of purity, to which the crimson woman is a challenge for redemption that makes heaven open as with a magic spring.

Heaven has a weakness for violence, and a vial or so of it had best be in your lining. The Scarlet man or woman at your elbow can pour over you such juice of the eternal challenge as will make you unburyable.

It is time to get to living, to hurl preliminaries to the four winds, to hurdle doubts and dreams, to tear away the veil from the beauty of eternity, to cancel the falling inflection from our voices as did our seer of Concord. We wager all on our Yankee Pegasus of spiritual metal plus. Stop the rehearsals in the rear and put the heroes on the board; get right at it and live just now. Break the spell of hoarding, crucify your pains, wallow in life.

God's idea of a man is not to be victimized or cheated or defrauded by the core-worm of unbelief. Man has pyrographed upon his being a rational constitution, hot enough to sublimate ignorance upon touch, and this guarantees him every immunity he dares to flank, and establishes him the constant covenant of health and success. This covenant is not buncoed by bad behavior, but flares up with holy wrath at the mere sight of a subjective crook, and burns his bag of spells with such arbitrary reasoning as turn crimson sins white as wool.

There is love that annihilates cowardice and crowns courage king. Blessed be the eye that sees that crimson *Rajah* who ransoms from the bastard fear, and nerves us with divine aggression. Then the authority of constitutional love is our backbone, and the independence of the prophet is in our eyes.

Did not Evangelina Cisneros hail the soul celestial so that two nations and a Pope came to her help? Never mind if she told off her heart-peals upon beads, God got up in the night and delivered her. Think what you will, God has prayer-ears, and fear is no courtier at the throne of Jesus Christ Divinity. The ministry of the Spirit is blood-dipped crimson aggression, that is pell-mell for demonstration, that exterminates the sloth of conceit, and the cold scald of lukewarmness.

Well do we know why the great Raphael was cut to death by the priestcraft of surgery, though he had but influenza, but the white throne of Science has Christians, whom no knife bungling can slay, for they steep in the glow-splendor of Spirit. Not for the scarlet woman did Raphael atone, though the mighty painter of the Holy Sistine put Donna Veleta for Mary of Bethlehem.

Science draws no sex-line, but the swift flamingo of crimson aggression swings one swift stroke, ruthless as the flash of light upon a shadow, and the carnal conscience is burnt extinct.

*** A writer in the *Occult Truth-Seeker* tries to be smart in an article entitled "The Gentle Art of Making Gods." He gives the greater part of his article to me, without mentioning my name. I quote:

"And then there must surely come a Divine Feminine. For how *could* a Thomas-God keep house without its Divine Feminine? And then the Holy Family would not be complete without a Holy Trinity, and so Baby Blanche (may the Good Lord bless her little sweet soul!) must necessarily complete the Divine Trilogy, Tri-Unity and Trichotomy. (Gloria Patri, etc.)"

Some friend sends me the magazine with this man's foolish article marked, and writes in pencil, "Shelton, read and reflect." I have read and reflected, and the only result of my reflection is that the man who wrote the article didn't know what he was writing. A man is either an animal and returns to the dust of the earth, or he is a god and ascends into the Light. It is utterly impossible for man to be the son of God, the offspring of Deity, without being a God. There is no other kind of being for him to be. The being who can think and love and ascend to the heights in his mind is not an animal. My baby is not the offspring of an animal. She came from God Almighty, and therefore she is a God. That which is born of Spirit is Spirit. If you want to act the fool and make fun of the mortal envelope in which the God lives and acts on this plane of being, you can do so. But in doing so, you write yourself down an ass.

*** A Philadelphia editor sends the following letter to CHRISTIAN. It will do you all good to read this straightforward endorsement:

"Please renew my subscription to CHRISTIAN from April and send me the April issue. I would rather go without an overcoat in winter than without CHRISTIAN. I have read metaphysics for the past forty years, from Hamilton, Kant and Hegel down to Porter and the rest of the modern small fry, and find more meat in CHRISTIAN than I can easily chew."

*** "Your sudden declaration of conversion to Christian Science and the sensational red line title page jarred my feelings. To be perfectly frank with you, I have not got over it yet. I thought you were unique, an individuality, not tied down to any science or school of thought. I can not follow you, but my husband said the other day that he was going to send you a dollar for CHRISTIAN, as the paper had done him good."

It is evident that this husband knows a good thing when he meets it in the road. I assert my individuality by using any kind of ink which strikes my fancy. The red letter page is a motto for the month. The other day my wife and I had a spat. Two people can't pout in the same room, so I went upstairs to do my pouting, and left her in the office. The first thing I saw when I sat down at my private desk was "The Joy of Living." I sneaked down stairs and stuck my head into the office door and shouted. "The joy of living." We both began laughing and the spat was over. As for my conversion to Christian Science; it dates back as far as I can remember. It does not mean Mrs. Eddy's sect, but the truth of God.

THE SIGNPOST.

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

"To Heaven," "To Hell," so said the guiding fingers;

I looked to right, to left, around, above;
The self-same path it was to which both pointed;

Then saw I that the road was Sexual Love.

DESK DRIFT.

*** Christians.

*** Are doubling the list of CHRISTIAN.

*** Keep up this good work right along every day.

*** If you push this matter and double the subscription list of CHRISTIAN, you will find that I will give you a hundredfold more of good things.

*** It is the name of the latest venture in new thought literature. Monthly magazine, \$1.00 a year. G. R. Weston, M. D., San Antonio, Texas. Send for sample copy.

*** "Could you write something in your next paper about married men who go out with young women? If you don't think it dreadful, I know your wife will. So if you can, please write something."

Yes, I can write something, but what good will it do? Men and women are governed from within and all the rules and regulations from the outside are useless. She Whom My Soul Loves reigns within me and is supreme in her authority over my desires; therefore, they do not wander after other women. The man who wanders away from home after strange gods will get into hell—but hell is sometimes the very best place for such men. The little poem at the head of this column answers this question. Truthful love never makes you ashamed of your actions or sorry for your deeds. It always illuminates and uplifts and leaves a good taste in the mouth. My wife puts in her word right here and says what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; and the way to break this husband and all others from bad habits is for the wife to don her best clothes and go out on a lark herself.

*** A woman of wide reading and mature mind writes from Boston:

"CHRISTIAN is the key to the spirit unfoldment of man. No paper like it! It fills me with vibrations when I am reading it. I ask some of my friends if they feel them and they do not know what I am talking about. I should have frozen this winter if I had not had them. Part of the time we could not get coal to keep warm with, money was no object at one time. I would just press the button (by reading CHRISTIAN) and away would go the vibrations, and in a short time I would be as warm as toast."

This would seem like madness to the average mind. But to those who are in the Truth, it is the highest kind of sanity. CHRISTIAN is given five distinct treatments before it is sent out, and each paper is put in a separate wrapper, so that the vibrations are not dissipated while being handled in the mail. This is the reason why many of my readers carry their paper around in their pockets until it is worn out, and many men subscribe for two papers, one for their residence and one for their office. Thousands of letters come to this office testifying to the effect of these vibrations.

*** "Am continually vacillating from this truth back to the old race hypnotic condition of mind. Am satisfied I am IT now, and realize that I have been bound and gagged by my environments and old race notions. I find it hard to keep my mind single. My associates know little of these matters, and I am influenced more or less by adverse thought. I slip away from the truth unless CHRISTIAN is constantly before me. Am I too anxious? Anything this side of complete new birth, I believe, is hell. I have been as much as fifteen years at Christian Science. When will I get there? What is the matter with me, anyhow? I thank you very much!"

The above words were written on the letterhead paper of a practical business man. There is something in this world besides business and money, and men are coming to know that they can't hold onto anything unless they get possession of themselves. My dear boy, the only way that you can be born again is by the quickening of the Spirit, which is hellfire. "The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." I have walked around in my earthly envelope as a living lion in a cage. I will not tell you to be still. And yet, after a while you will get still, very, very still, and in this deep silence you will know the Truth, and the Truth will set you free.

LOVE.

O Love, that dost with goodness crown
The years through all the ages down!
'Tis in thy strength the mountains stand,
The seasons roll at thy command;
And rooted are all things that bless
Deep in thy everlastingness.

—J. W. CHADWICK.

THE LAW OF SOUL EXPRESSION.

BY WILL WINN.

A raindrop fell from the crystal clouds
Into the river's rush;
The stream swept on, unconscious,
In the forest's mighty hush.

The raindrop small nor the river great
Knew whence they came, nor why.
But the cloud above as it hovered low
Spanned the horizon-sky.

Action is a surging stream
That hurries on and on;
Unconscious of its source of power,
It comes, and goes—is gone.

Thought is the raindrop's silent force
That shimmers here and there,
Tossed by the breath of passing breeze—
Nature's soft whispered prayer.

Love is the cloud that broods above;
Passing first through Thought
It bursts untrammelled through arid waste
Into achievement wrought.

Thought and Action, seeking the "Why,"
May hurry hither and thither.
But love above first feels—then knows
The Whence and Why and Whither.

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