



# Christian

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"Mental Healing is the only New Thought of the New Age"



ELIZABETH TOWNE  
Editor of The Nautilus, Holyoke, Mass.



## ITEMS AND IDEAS.

\*\*\* CHRISTIAN goes to ten thousand new readers this month.

\*\*\* George Burnell begins an advanced course of lessons in this number of CHRISTIAN. I have not seen his new book advertised on eighth page, but will vouch for it. P. S.—Book received and read—it is good!

\*\*\* Betsey Towne speaks for herself. Now that you have seen her picture, don't you think that the name "Betsey" fits her like a glove? My twin brother was named William, but that name would never fit me. I'm Tom!

\*\*\* Premiums are all withdrawn. My bank account has returned, and therefore I am independent. CHRISTIAN is one dollar a year, my books are fifty cents each, and treatments are from one to ten dollars a month. When you can send the ten dollars a month for treatment, you had better do it, for your own sake as well as mine. Those who can not afford more than the one dollar a month will receive exactly the same care and attention. I only warn you that you must not hold back my money on account of stinginess, for it will hurt you more than it will hurt me.

\*\*\* The glorious generosity of my friends has more than made up for the money taken from me by Madden. This does not change the facts or the principle. All hell and earth can not destroy CHRISTIAN, for the people who support it are the salt of the earth. They give generously to me because I give in the same kind of measure, and thus we all reap what we sow. Instead of weakening, CHRISTIAN goes out stronger than ever this month and will reach more than ten thousand new readers. The postage costs me more than the printing and wrapping—I mean that it costs "us" more, for we all pay the freight.

\*\*\* Stamps are acceptable at this office, especially one cent stamps; but please, please put them up so they don't stick together. When you send for back numbers of CHRISTIAN always send a stamp. And when you send for extra numbers, send ten cents per copy, and I will furnish the stamps. There will always be a free list to which we will send CHRISTIAN as samples until we get acquainted with each other. So if you get a copy of CHRISTIAN with postage prepaid you mustn't think that I am trying to force it upon you. Many readers of CHRISTIAN are sending in extra money all the time to pay for these samples.

\*\*\* John Hamlin Dewey came out in July with a monthly of his own, called *The New Pentecost*. He is at the head of what is called "The Pentecostal Union." It is the same old jack-o'-lantern with which the Italians have hypnotized humanity. Why should any man want either the old or the new Pentecost? Take up the book called "Acts of Apostles" and read the first chapters. After the psychic phenomena of Pentecost you will find a communism founded by Pope Peter. In order to enforce the collection of money this first pope struck Ananias dead, and in three hours afterwards killed his wife, simply because they kept back a part of their own which they had received from

the sale of their own land. This is the beginning of the Papacy, and its history has been of the same order from that day until this, and "Peter's pence" is still the blood-money of the Institution. Dr. Dewey is hypnotized by the past just as I was, when in tears and prayers I preached the same kind of nonsense. The name of the Saviour of the world is Science. All the psychic phenomena of the past and the present must be reduced to Science. It is the Science of the individual, for the institution is the enemy of Science. Dr. Dewey is sincere and honest, but he is cutting stubble. There is not a grain of truth in all that whole barren field.

\*\*\* *The Higher Thought*, of Kalamazoo, also turns tail to the enemy and defends the postoffice department in its action towards CHRISTIAN. It publishes a part of Madden's second letter; but fails to note the fact that Madden went square back on even that letter. When I complied with all of his requirements, he turned CHRISTIAN down simply because he had made up his mind to do it. The editor of *The Higher Thought* presides as High Priestess at the "Shrine," and, heretofore, has advertised her mental healing in nearly every column of her paper. Second-class postage amounts to free postage. For CHRISTIAN it means 1-16 of a cent for each paper. I can't afford to act the hypocrite for the sake of free postage. My people are standing for mental healing as a principle and I AM doing the work as no other healer is doing it. Therefore, we will keep the banner flying in the breezes. Madden is fighting CHRISTIAN because it is individualistic. I could have had second-class postage without any trouble if I had organized a company, or a "shrine," or a "circle," or a church, or any other kind of an institution. The only New Thought in the so-called "New Thought" is mental healing. And now they are all ready to give it up, or practice it hypocritically, for the sake of second-class postage. Bah!

\*\*\* *The Pathfinder* devotes nearly three columns in the July number to CHRISTIAN and second-class postage. He quotes Madden's second letter to me, but he ought to see the third one. I complied with every requirement of the second letter, and then the Mad Mullah of the postoffice department turned me down and wrote a third letter of three large typewritten pages. I would print this third letter as a curiosity, but my space is too valuable to give to such foolishness. *The Pathfinder* gives the following sage advice, which shows that he doesn't know what he is talking about:

"So it resolves itself down to purely a matter of business with Editor Shelton—whether it is most to his interest to pay one cent on every paper and enjoy the privilege of booming his healing and paper together, or pay simply the pound rate and conduct his paper on the lines required by the department, and as all the rest of us are compelled to do. This is Brother Shelton's own business and concerns none of the rest of us."

The Great Jehosaphat! "As all the rest of us are compelled to do." Who in thunder are all the rest? Are you all going to turn tail and run? Are you going to stand up and deny healing because you are afraid of

a clerk in the postoffice department? "All the rest" certainly does not include *Freedom*, which was built up and is now supported by Helen Wilmans' healing. You can not say that "all the rest of us" includes *The Nautilus*, of Holyoke, or *The Higher Thought*, of Kalamazoo, or *The Advocate*, of New York, or *Unity*, of Kansas City. There are at least thirty others who do not belong to "all the rest of us." Conable, did you intend that for a joke? CHRISTIAN has been more of a general magazine of literature and science than any of the others. I have paid out more hard cash for writers than any other publication in the New Thought. Well! well! and now they are all claiming that they do not do any mental healing. I AM the only healer in the heap, the only pebble on the beach, the only rooster in the barnyard. "All the rest of us" are old hens cackling at a scarecrow.

\*\*\* *The Philosophical Journal* speaks a good word in behalf of CHRISTIAN, and declares that the denying of second-class postage was an outrage. *The Star of the Magi* says that CHRISTIAN ought to have been refused second-class postage, and that he helped to bring about this persecution by advising the department last December. Editor Newman of the *Journal* has had the misfortune to lose his physical sight. Editor Wood, of *The Star*, has had the worse misfortune in that he has never experienced the joy of spiritual sight. Wood, night and day, sleeping or waking, can only see frauds, fakes and humbugs, for there is nothing else in his mind. Newman, while sitting in the darkness from loss of physical sight, looks out upon the bright sunshine of honesty, goodness and truth. Wood speaks of CHRISTIAN as my "private personal advertising matter," while any honest man knows that CHRISTIAN is no more my private advertising matter than it is the private organ of George Edwin Burnell, John Hamlin Dewey, Allan Parkinson, Elizabeth Towne, or anyone who avails themselves of its columns. But all this gang of star-gazers, with the exception of *The Philosophical Journal*, have used their influence, both private and public, against CHRISTIAN.

\*\*\* CHRISTIAN has been excluded from second-class privileges for the third time, on the ground that it was issued primarily for the purpose of promoting Mr. Shelton's healing business. All the money that had been deposited for postage since the paper became a weekly is forfeited to the government. This is certainly rather hard on Mr. Shelton, but he seems to be bearing up well under the loss. I notice Helen Wilmans takes him to task for putting up such a big kick. It is true he has not taken his medicine in quite so dignified a manner as Helen did hers, but still I think he has behaved pretty well.

CHRISTIAN will now be published as a monthly, I understand, and will from now on be decidedly Sheltonic in its contents.—*The Nautilus*.

When I do kick, I am a high kicker. Do you remember that my highest kicking was done in defense of Helen Wilmans? Do you call to mind a five-column editorial of mine in November CHRISTIAN, entitled "The Battle of the Vibrations?" Well, that editorial and many others written in defense of Helen



Wilmans were marked by my enemies and sent to Madden. I lost more prestige with the postoffice department by my defense of Helen Wilmans than in any other way; but I would do it right over again for her, or anyone else in the same place. However, I don't see any dignity or Science in the way Helen Wilmans took her medicine. While I was "raising the roof" off my own house in defense of her, she compromised the "fraud order" against Helen Wilmans by assuming the name of her husband. Instead of suing the man who issued the order and compelling him to rescind it, she "laid down," and the order still stands against Helen Wilmans, the only name which she has made for herself. Yes, I am a high kicker, and expect to be kicking long after Madden has lost his job, and the stuffing has been kicked out of the American press censorship. I am just getting my legs limbered up and in good kicking order. There are more than ten thousand other pairs of feet helping me to kick. I don't want anybody's sympathy or any credit for doing what is right.

\*\*\* There were quite a number of children in the hotel, and I grew to wondering how hotel keepers could exclude children from their houses as they do. I have never found subjects of greater interest than all these children were to me; they were so good, so charming and so intelligent. The very air of the rooms was vivified by their presence. I suppose Sheldon would say that I am getting around to my second childhood, because I love children so well. His troubles seem to have soured the native sweetness of his character. He should learn that strength is manifested in conquering trouble, and not in kicking the roof off the house and pelting even his friends with the shingles. He has changed his paper, CHRISTIAN, into a monthly, and will run it independently of the government to suit himself; and I predict that in this way he will have greater success than he had when he ran it as a weekly. *Freedom* is now the only New Thought weekly in the field, and I sometimes wish it was a monthly. However, it is going to remain a weekly unless I—like Sheldon—shall be deprived the privilege of second-class rates through the postoffice. Then I would do as he has done. I wish him great success.—*Helen Wilmans, in Freedom.*

No, the love of children is not a sign of second childhood. You know the signs, and because I pointed them out to you, you got angry about it. My "troubles" have not soured me in the least. But, when I point out the truth to you, instead of taking it in the name of the truth, you act silly by getting mad. You went away to Washington after I had said in CHRISTIAN you would go somewhere to get rid of your environment; but in Washington you soon drew around you the same kind of vitality suckers. You gave notice of what you call my "troubles" in the above short paragraph and misspelled my name. I gave column after column and page after page of CHRISTIAN to your troubles, and did this month after month for a whole year. I raised the roof off the house and pelted your detractors with the shingles. Now you throw pieces of the old shingles back at me and say that my "troubles" are making me "sour!" What has become of the genial, honest, frank and outspoken Helen Wilmans? Can it be possible that Grandma Post has entirely absorbed the original Helen?

\*\*\* And just at this time I am unusually busy. I am getting out a set of lessons by which patients can make such application of the principles of Mental Science as to be able to cure themselves of diseases and every other form of weakness. They are also intended to cure him of the disease of poverty by showing him his relation to the law of opulence. It almost seems as if I had been driven to do this. The persecutions assailing me on account of the healing I have done, and am still doing, are pointing to a method of treatment more effective still; a method that shall include teaching as part of the healing business.—*Helen Wilmans, in Freedom.*

Go to, thou erstwhile conqueror of disease! By the above words you strike your colors and surrender. You confess that your healing has not healed yourself from disease and persecution. You will never be assailed for healing which can really and truthfully heal. They are all talking just like you are talking about writing all the healing out and printing it in a book. You can not furnish the copy for such a book. God Almighty can not furnish the copy for such a book. If healing could be done by a book, the Bible would have healed the whole world long ago. All healing is by the Spoken Word, and this Word can only be heard and spoken in the Silence. You can not transmit your power to a book. Let all the healers go out of business on account of persecutions assailing them and I will continue in the field. *Freedom* may be the only New Thought weekly in the field, but I will be the only daily and hourly healer in the field. It is getting narrowed down to me now, as I am the only one whom the third assistant postmaster general has recognized as being in the "business" of healing. I AM speaking the Word of healing every day and every hour in the Silence of Spirit, and will continue to go right along with this work. I am surprised that Helen Wilmans should give up her immortality in the flesh and think of putting herself into a book. Madden was used by the Spirit to teach me that the Silent Word was not and could not be sent out by printers' ink. I am glad the weekly CHRISTIAN was scotched and my eyes were opened to the true Word of healing. I will now both heal myself and those who hear the Word. Nobody is going to be assailed or persecuted for healing when they prove their work in themselves. The only true test of healing is the healing of the healer by the healer. The best thing that ever happened to the work of mental healing is this so-called persecution of the healers. I say here and now, as I have always said, that if the Word spoken by me does not heal me of old age, disease and death, it is not the true word of healing. As the vibrations of life permeate my own body, I know that I have "struck it rich," as the miners say, and have a "true vein" of pure spiritual gold. My bald head must be covered with new hair, soft and of the same color that I had in youth. To put it short and to the point, there must be an entirely new Shelton out and out and in and in. The Word of healing, which I AM speaking to others, must do its work in me. This is not a bluff. It is the only logic in the New Thought. It is a scientific statement of a fact. Christian

Science is the same old humbug of religion, unless Mary Baker Eddy proves it by saving herself from old age and death. Mental Science is the same old going around and around the gooseberry bush, unless Helen Wilmans can save herself. I AM Science is not I AM Science unless Shelton can heal himself. I AM doing it! Therefore, the I AM that I AM is the Real Thing. I will not go out of the healing business or put myself into a book. Say, Helen, when you put yourself into a book, you had just as well get ready to be put into your coffin. The book and the coffin, the publisher and the undertaker are twins. The Church put everything into a book and the Spirit of Life went out of the Church, but did not go into the book. "I AM the Resurrection and the Life." I AM not a guide book about it, for I AM IT.

#### A PERFECT TRANSMITTER.

My wife is a perfect transmitter of healing vibrations.

I have found it out at last.

It has been a threefold unfoldment.

For five years my daughter Edna was the transmitter. Edna had a husband and children and home of her own. My healing through her was spasmodic and uncertain. Her mind was naturally divided between my work and her own affairs.

I was learning.

Then came Helen Modena. For awhile her whole mind and attention was given to my work. Then she began to take lessons in Spanish as a side issue. From the learning of Spanish her mind went off and became slightly stage struck. This of course made my healing as uncertain as the mind through which the Spoken Word was sent.

The I AM advertised through CHRISTIAN for a stenographer. He found her! In telepathy my wife and I soon became so efficient that we could transmit messages to her mother, three thousand miles away. In fact, we became so that it was impossible for us to hide our thoughts from each other. The only way that Spirit could convince me that She was the stenographer of the I AM was to take away my bank account. All this time the Lady Blanche was chafing under enforced idleness. Her own Spirit told her that she could not go back to painting, literature or any of her other pursuits. Therefore, she hung around the edges, reading the letters and answers until Helen went in search of new fields.

I consented to let my wife take the place of stenographer to the I AM as a kind of experiment. In less than forty days she became such a receiver and transmitter of the Spoken Word that the response was instantaneous. The chronic cases gave way before the Word like snow-balls before the rising sun. It became evident to my mind that Spirit had a deep design in using the post-office department to open my eyes to the real work of the Lady Blanche. It has been, as I said, a threefold unfoldment. I wouldn't think of speaking the Word of healing through any other medium.



Why was I over two years in finding this out? I hate to confess it, but truth compels me to say that it was my own vanity. I thought she was "too good" to be a typewriter, and that I could hire this work done at so much a week. The human ass in me was idiotic enough to suppose that Spirit sent Lady Blanche as an ornament. I now see that the highest ornament she could be and the mightiest place she could occupy would be as stenographer for the I AM that I AM. But what fools we mortals can be, I was about to say when we try, but we don't have to try; the foolishness just oozes out without an effort. I thought she was mine. Let me say right here, my friends, that we lose more truth at this point than at any other place in the Way. When you get into the Silence, the I AM thunders in your ears the awful truth: "What is mine is thine and thine is mine, and we are made perfect in One."

All who have criticised me for speaking of my family affairs do not understand the situation. Just as long as I am a public teacher, my affairs are not altogether my own. You are watching my unfoldment as long as you come to me for instruction and healing. I AM child enough to let you see all the workings, even to my broken toys. When you knock for admittance, we open wide the door and let you come into the very center of our being. The New Home of CHRISTIAN is your home when you want to come to it for mental rest and spiritual unfoldment. Therefore, we keep no secrets from you, for there are no skeletons in this house.

You can now understand why I do not make or receive calls. It is like a great artist working at his masterpiece. He doesn't want anyone, even a master, to touch his canvas. Spirit is working out the Resurrection and the Life in me. He is rebuilding on a better foundation; therefore, all other builders are excluded. I will go before the public as a speaker and healer when Regeneration is complete in my own body. My wife and I are in the pink of health. The treatments given from the I AM have their effects on our own bodies, and this is the reason why we can transmit the vibrations of healing to you. Everything is shut out from us and we remain here alone with God. Just as fast as the Word is given to me I will give it to you.

Right here let me say that letters are not written, except to let you know that your letter has been received. The healing Word is always spoken in the Silence. It can't be put on paper. Telegrams and cablegrams are never answered, except in the Silence. I always answer a telegram by the mental message. Much of my work is done in answer to telegrams, and yet, my answer is always by wireless telegraphy. It would be better for you if the letters were answered in the same way. I have begun to answer letters in the Silence. Just as soon as your letter is opened and read, the mental message is sent you. There is no trouble about transmitting a mental message now, since the I AM has made of us a perfect instrument for the Spoken Word. I AM glad that CHRISTIAN is made the only paper on the

earth conspicuous for mental healing. I know the Christ is to be made manifest by the mental message, and not by the objective individual. The Christ has come to the world as a Thought, and will enter the minds of men by the Silent Word. It is utterly impossible for the Silent Word to be spoken by a single individual.

It is spoken by "the twain in one flesh."

The Divine Human Feminine and the Divine Human Masculine are receivers and transmitters of the Spoken Word. There can be no human born into generation without the union of the male and female. The same principle holds good in Regeneration. All healing is re-creation, re-generation, re-birth into Being. I AM the Resurrection and the Life, but I AM always two in One.

I expect the above utterances to raise a row among those who have been trying to fly with one wing.

I can't help it! It has been a threefold unfoldment, or, unfolding of the meaning. In my work with Edna and with Helen the healing was by suggestion. It was not real healing, but a kind of spasmodic mental hypnotism. My healing now is an actual creating of new conditions. The Word transmitted is perfect in its action. It is the unity of the Divine Feminine and the Divine Masculine, or, in other words, the natural and perfect instrument of Spirit.

The proof of this position will manifest itself in our own personal resurrection from the dead. What we can't prove in ourselves is unscientific and untrue.

The genuineness of the healing is proved in the healing of the healer. Standing in this high place in my threefold unfoldment, I can afford to speak as one having authority. All those who are receiving treatments know.

#### WHAT IS LIFE?

"What is death?" This question is the heading of an editorial by Ursula N. Gestefeld, in the July number of her magazine, *The Exodus*.

The skull is the only answer to the question: "What is death?" Death is an empty skull. It is the absence of life. But Mrs. Gestefeld is really asking the question at the head of this article: "What is life?" When we have examined the empty skull, we only know that someone used to occupy it. Where is this someone? Why did he leave the skull empty and go away? Whither has he gone? Where are the eyes that used to look through these empty sockets? Where is the voice which once spoke through these silent jaws? He was life. This is death. Mrs. Gestefeld is getting right down to the kernel of the whole matter. She is trying to find the milk in the cocoanut. All these people who so glibly speak of immortality in the flesh will find their balloons punctured by the sharp pointed questions of Mrs. Gestefeld. But before I speak further let me give you all of her questions in full, just as they appear in her own magazine. Here they are:

Following upon the removal of physical disorders, as the first "sign" testifying to the efficacy of the mental method of dealing with them, the "no death" theory is to-day finding many advocates. Bearing in mind that any

truth can be so stated as to constitute virtually an untruth, it would be well if these maintainers would state their position in terms that leave the least possible room for misunderstanding and misconstruction. Clear and lucid statement will only aid and forward the glorious mission of the "New Thought Movement."

Perpetual life "here" is a declaration found, or implied, in the teachings of these advocates. "Here" is universally accepted as locality. Is locality what is meant? Is this world a place in which one may remain forever, if he so chooses and gains knowledge of how to accomplish it?

Has anyone such knowledge?

Can the present objective physical body be retained indefinitely, forever even, at will?

In these "no death" theories is distinction made between death as a natural phenomenon, and death as an enemy to be overcome, an overcoming of which we are inherently capable?

Is it meant that by one's knowledge and effort the natural phenomenon can be made to cease?

Is it meant that one's overcoming of death is something that others, who look through the avenues of the senses, can and will see as an objective fact?

Will those who have not achieved it, or do not even think about it, be conscious fellow-spectators of this result with those who have accomplished it?

If there were one in the world to-day who had already achieved this victory, would he look like other people—with minor differences—or would he present a striking contrast?

Would his body look like other people's bodies?

Would he ever have any "remains?" If so, would he be able to take care of it himself, or would others care for it?

By "no death" is it meant that there will be no "remains"—what is now called a corpse?

Frank and honest answers to these questions will be helpful for those that are seeking to understand the teachings of the "no death" declaration. They have no wish to arouse controversy, but instead to gain a clear perception that will enable them to see what they shall work for and why they may have prospect of success. Will these advocates answer through their respective mediums or by letters that may, or may not, be quoted?—U. N. G.

I will not take up her questions seriatim, but, in my own way, cover the whole ground. The very first thing which I wish to emphasize is the fact that it is a new birth. Regeneration is re-generation, that is, to generate again. When you once understand the fact that regeneration is simply generation extended into a higher order of vibrations, you are ready to get at the whole truth. It is the same process of nature extended into a higher order of individuality. Man, on the animal plane, generates; the same man, on a spiritual plane, regenerates. On both planes of being the process is precisely the same so far as the principle is concerned. There is a new begetting and a new birth. In generation it is utterly impossible to have a birth without a begetting. The same law holds good in regeneration. The new begetting precedes the new birth. It is a sex question from the beginning and there is no ending. He who was is the same as he who is, and he who is is the same as he who is to be The Almighty. Being is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. The process of unfoldment does not change the principle of being. Therefore, right at the start in this



article, let me tell you plainly that regeneration is the quickening and resurrection of the life of generation.

Before proceeding further, let me quote from *Unity*, a magazine published in Kansas City, by Charles and Myrtle Fillmore. They are the leading editors in what is called "Divine Science." I know them both personally, and also Dr. D. L. Sullivan, whom they mention in the quotation which I will now make from the June number of their magazine:

In *Unity* for April I read a question: "What causes teeth to decay?" and in reply you say and tell your inquirer to deny decay, and affirm perfection of the teeth. Will you kindly say in your next issue if you and Mrs. Fillmore enjoy perfectly sound teeth as the result of practicing this treatment?—F. A. B.

We do not consider that we are personally bound to the demonstration of any statement of Truth. One can read out of the law without following it strictly. We spiritually perceive the cause of mortal limitation, and also the remedy; it does not follow that we have always taken the medicine successfully ourselves. However, I do not think that Mrs. Fillmore has had any dental work done for the last ten or twelve years, and I know that I have not. I have some teeth that a superficial observer might say needed attention, and I am giving them attention from a spiritual standpoint, and getting good results. They are holding their own, and I am on the way to the production of an entirely new set. Dr. D. L. Sullivan says that he has filled several of his teeth with the substance from within, and they are perfectly whole. Others have testified to the same experience, and I believe it is possible to fill decayed teeth and grow new ones through the power of right thought.

The above statements would not be made without substantial proof of their truthfulness. Therefore *Unity* has, in some degree, answered the Gestefeld questions. In filling teeth with substance from the invisible there would be no "remains." Death would be "swallowed up of life." Death is not a reality in the sense of being a substance which can not be dissolved or changed. In the healing of disease the decaying is arrested and the dead particles dissolved by the influx of life. I would not advise you to stay away from the dentist. The old teeth will have to go anyway, for they were grown on a false foundation. The dentist can remove the decayed particles and fill the cavity with gold or some other substance as imperishable as the tooth. What we must have is a new birth where we cut new teeth and grow a new body on a truthful foundation. The thought of mortality and various other thoughts of error are grown into this mortal body. In fact, the body which we now have is the result of other people's thinking, much of it prenatal. Therefore, you must grow you a body in the truth, and engraft into it your own thoughts. First of all, it is a mental birth. You are born out of the old thought into the new thought before there is much effect shown in the body.

The New Thought birth is really the important part of the work. The changing of the body is a small matter. It is an extension of generation by unfoldment into a higher thought, that is, a truthful thought. What is sex? On the plane of generation we think we understand sex. But let your mind begin to unravel the mystery and see where

you will land. Jesus Christ said: "Call no man on the earth your father, for one is your Father who is in heaven." So when you think of generation you must not stop at your father, or of his father, or of his father; but you must go right on backwards until you reach the invisible God. If this is true of fatherhood it is also true of motherhood. You begin with your mother, but you must trace your lineage back until you come to the invisible God. Sex then is God. The real Father and the real Mother are to be found in the Principle of Being. You see at once, then, the necessity for a new mental birth. When you run the line back from your father to God Almighty, you begin to feel the vibrations of Life. Your eyes are opened and you exclaim: "Verily, verily, I AM God, for God can only beget God." In this sense you begin to understand the Christ: "That which is begotten of the flesh is flesh; and that which is begotten of spirit is spirit." The mortal father is but the image and likeness of the real Father. The mortal mother is but the image and likeness of the real Mother. What, then, is it that you want regenerated? It is your Spirit, and through it a new body is begotten and born into objective manifestation. It is called, in the New Testament, the quickening of the Spirit.

The Spirit Father quickens your own individual spirit and the Spirit Mother broods over the quickened spirit within you and brings forth or gives birth to your new body. The likeness of this process is given in the first verses of Genesis. Spirit Father, through the Spoken Word, begat life and light, and the Spirit Mother moved on the face of the waters and brought this light and life into objective manifestation. It was She who brooded over chaos and caused the Spoken Word to take on form and order. I can not go into more practical details of the workings of the Divine Feminine in the regeneration of the body. But the principle is precisely the same as found in generation. It is a new begetting and a new birth by the law which holds in all life. God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. The law that was, is the same law that is, and is to be.

"Will there be any remains?" Well, they will not be very much in evidence. Life is movement or vibration. It is a putting on and a throwing off. It is expansion by heat and contraction by cold. The baby begins its expansion in the heat. When it comes forth into what we call this world, it must be kept warm and furnished with wholesome food, so that the life within it may expand into a larger body. There are "remains" all along in this process, for it is said that we change our bodies every two years. What do we do with the baby's "remains" as we go on! They are disposed of by manicuring the nails and trimming the hair. You can imagine how much "baby" you would have at the end of the first seven years if you kept all of the "remains." Now, the New Life within you is but another baby growing and expanding. The hair should resume its natural color and luxuriance. The old eyes will give place to the new ones. And the old teeth should be gradually expelled

while cutting new ones. This process is not so foreign to nature, for there are many cases on record of old persons receiving their second sight and even cutting new teeth. The likeness of this change is given in the child's temporary teeth, which must be lost to give place to the permanent teeth.

Death is not "a natural phenomenon." *It is an enemy!* It is called "the last enemy," which must be destroyed before man can reach the perfection of individuality. The New Life founded upon the New Thought is perpetual youth, or rather, perpetual life in the objective. Life can not be called youth, for there is neither age nor youth in life. In speaking of life we can not say that it is either old or young, for it has neither beginning of days or ending of time. When the "twain in one flesh" come into unity of being they perpetuate their lives by love vibrations and receive their sustenance from the Sun. Has anyone obtained this knowledge? I don't know. So far my knowledge is confined to mortality, but I have no idea that the history of man has all been written in mortality. The sons and daughters of God may be living in unity on this planet and yet be invisible to our dull vision. Or they may inhabit some other planet in this solar system. This little dirt-dauber's nest of mud and water, which we call the Earth, is a small speck in the universe. The immortals may be living in the sun. I have felt their presence and heard words, but would not speak definitely in the matter. I only wish to say that because we see mortality all around us is no sign that death is natural phenomena and immortality a dream. There is no need of the immortals being confined to any one planet. There is freedom in truth.

Yes, the overcoming of death is something that others, who look through the avenues of the senses, can and will see as an objective fact. Those who have not achieved it, or do not even think about it, will be conscious fellow-spectators of this result with those who have accomplished it. This is to be the very first note of the real Gospel given to the world. If there were one in the world to-day who had already achieved this victory he would look like other people, and the contrast would not be so very striking. His body would look like other people's bodies. The Risen Christ looked very much like the Christ who was buried in Joseph's tomb. His identity was preserved, and even His voice was recognizable by His former friends. The second coming of the Christ or regenerated man is in the name of Science and, therefore, it must be an outgrowth from the present order of life. The New Man will continue to grow; the supply will always be equal to the demand. Death is swallowed up in victory. There are no diseased atoms in his body, and he throws off the super-abundant growth like a child. He will bathe his body, manicure his nails and trim his hair, with this exception, that disease and death will have no part in his perpetual unfoldment.

How far have I advanced? Far enough to know that what I am saying to you is the truth. The new mental birth has taken



place. My old mind has given place to an entirely new mind. Since this new mind has taken possession of me "the old man" is giving place to a new man. The new mind has made it possible for the new man to appear. The man born June 13, 1849, in the state of Kentucky, is nothing more to me than a memory. I am conscious that I am not that man. He has gradually dissolved, and the thought cells which represented him are gone from my brain. My whole life, up to the point where the new mind was born, is a page of history. The memory is vivid enough, and all the events of that old life can readily be recalled, but they are nothing to me. In leaving my old home, the only thing I brought with me was a picture of myself in cavalry uniform, taken in 1865, just at the close of the war. I look upon this as a picture of a relative of mine, of someone whom I used to know, but not as me. The man whom I knew when I came to Denver is dead, and he left no "remains" to bother me. I can feel the presence of my new body. I often see, by clairvoyance, with my new eyes. I know that the subjective vision will become objective. That the subjective hearing will become objective. In other words, what is called clairvoyance and clairaudience will become one, with objective vision and hearing. "The within is as the without and the without as the within." If this is true of seeing and hearing it must also be true of the whole being. The entire inner man comes to the surface and pushes the old man out of existence.

#### NOT DOMINION, BUT DIVINITY.

##### I.

GEORGE BURNELL.

(3146 Minnehaha ave., Minneapolis, Minn.)

*I crave not conquests,  
Nor dominion, nor delights.—Arjuna.*

*Not might, not power, but spirit.—God.*

The mastery of meaning, the sovereignty of significance, is not fight-won, nor might-won, nor conscience-won—but vision-won. Where the vision is, the people do not die. Power transmutes into perception. Understanding gnaws away fight. Intelligence turns bile into oil.

The storm-center of humanity is egoism, and the passion thereof is dominion. The peace-center of divinity is the constitution of truth, in which there is no passion. The crucifixion of the passion-Christ lays bare the axioms of reason to the perception.

The third axiom in the constitution of the reason abolishes all difference, all war, all antagonisms, all separations, all distinctions. In the *Book of Health* the third axiom reads:

*Whatever is must be Indivisibility;  
Such is the perception of unity.*

In the vision of this axiom of the soul, Walt Whitman sang his "Song of Prudence," but tumbled back into the mire of hypnotism to invoke the muse of battles, the black specter of war, and the mad yell of soldiery; and for this "sulky retreat" he steeped his last years in poverty and disease. The illumination of indifference rends the veil from vast vistas of soul-glory, disbanding the red ministry of bullets and bayonets. It would have spared modern teacher the nightmare of a bath-tub drowning as the best cure for hereditary adulteresses. It would have saved history the crimson goring of Napoleon and his scarlet ilk.

In the consciousness of this axiom there can be no such blur in being as humanity and divinity, as an evolutionary gamut, as master and servant, as conqueror and victim, and all the rest of the heraldry of wind-mill knighthood and bee-hat dominion.

The full verbal function for the perception of indivision is:

*Truth means what is;  
What is constitutes the spirit of truth;  
What is must be all there is,  
For nothing can be besides what is.  
There is no what is not.  
Hence there can be nothing besides truth  
With which to divide truth,  
Or put between any parts,  
Therefore whatever is must be indivisibility.*

Who has dominion over truth? Is there anything besides *what is*? What has truth dominion over? Is there anything besides *what is*? If God is all, what has He dominion over? Is God the God over Himself or another? What other, if He be all? If He be not all, then He is not at all, for He is not then the truth, which is all.

If there be omnipotence, then it is all the power there is. With whom goes omnipotence to war? There must be a question of strength, and in the vision of indivision omnipotence is actual and too much power all one side to admit of intelligent trial by battle.

The soul is constituted to perceive the axiom of indifference, and there can be no sense of satisfaction until the be-reasoned soul has perceived all it is constituted to. The soul functions in the organ of thought, which functions in ideas, and these in words. The mind wanders like an ark-banished dove until it finds firm footing in complete statement of its meaning and unchallenged demonstration of its word.

Let us gird our pluck for a more explicit announcement of the fivefold science of indivisibility. Let us take a pull at the lofty liquor of Whitman, delivered in his early lucidity—"Infinite announcements are appropriate to every soul."

And ere we launch into that dauntless abolition of experience, that sacred science wherein fear prowls no longer; that temple of transcendent glory from whence gushes in luminous rivers surges of miraculous life—let us muster the synonyms of this majestic axiom—such words of indivision as unity, indifference, sameness, identity, non-distinction, singleness, simplicity, inseparateness, homogeneousness, indivisibility—from this brand of words knead out the common nectar to run fire in your arteries, that you may for this illumination be no men of flesh and blood, but *men of spirit*—dynamic men of indivisibility.

##### I. MIND LIKE SLAKED LIME.

Behold the sublime sanity of reason whereby we forsake all former influences before they ripen into deeds, words, and thoughts—nothing that enters such a mind shocks it, for on its shoulders are no chips. Unstung with prejudices, free from its own magnetism, branded with no bents, hurrahing to no dog, under or upper, marching to no religious or philosophical drum, barking at no strangers, with no ax to grind, powder to no match—as the famous Gautama delighted to repeat, "wandering alone like a rhinoceros."

Swedenborg tells of hermit-angels, whom he saw little of and could not gossip much about, but this much he knew, that they belonged to no heavenly society and were the highest of all the angels.

People who are shrewd at conversation feel your mind over and then try to set you going on your hobby. This has been tried on the wise with slim success, for they are fermented wine.

It is said that vinegar will gurgle forth lurking mumps; what must be poured on you to make you hoist your colors. The young brave must show a mind imperturbable ere

the paint and feathers become him. On what topic are you touchy? You must be born a humorist like Tammag Haggart. The whole outlay of experience is not worth one gleam of ridicule. "What's the diff?" said the little tough as his bare feet trod the stones of Lake Geneva, while the others played tenderfeet. Slake your mind with the perception of the third axiom.

##### II. BODY AT POSE.

The human gamut of pose, from the *alalus homo* to Apollo Belvedere, from the first lifting out of the squirming mass to the triumph of natural selection in the physical illuminati—Samson, Hercules, Sigfried, Rustam, Ajax, Balarama, Umsloppagaas, Porthos—has been one gospel peal of individuality. The demonstrated individual soul, projecting an independent body, which is a vision of beauty and strength, of pose and power, of serenity and divinity.

What, then, is the secret yeast that lifts this soul-temple from its belly to its feet, making it by a health-plusage lighter and brighter on its feet, until in the victory of life the roots of gravitation are cut like the cord of a new birth, as Prof. Wm. Crookes has noticed?

This mystical leaven which raises the physical center of gravity to the soul, discovering the miraculous pose balance of the body, where powers *bene placito* rest at the hair-trigger of an instantaneous *let*—this mystic leaven is the tame-sounding enough perception of *indivision*.

Notice how to practice this perception—indivision of body means that there is no body other than the soul; indivision of soul means that there is no soul other than the body; indivision of the mass means that there is no mass other than the individual, indivision of the individual means that there is no individual but the mass.

Indivision means that there is no subjective or objective, no within or without, no internal or external, no heaven or earth—only one, only one unblurred being, only one unseparated substance.

##### III. RENUNCIATION BY SATISFACTION.

The sun of enoughness drives out all sense of lack, as sang the psalmist:

*"Unto me there shall be no lack,"*

for "your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." Let me make it lightning clear to you that "*your heavenly Father*" means what you are constituted to believe, what you must have faith in by virtue of what you are, what you can not help seeing is so—such is the *constitution of your reason*, which foresees and provides for your every possible need; in the vision of this constitution is perfect satisfaction—and no one ever can renounce his desires short of this vision.

Look now while I point the sword of the spirit at the path that opens into the vision—first, argument; second, perception; third, illumination; fourth, vision.

Argument that cogs into meaning, not debate, functions the organ of thought to perception, which is the new birth of logic. Argument transfigures by brooding upon its exactness and dexterity into perception; and it is as if argument took wings, and deepened into flashes of glory; by warm contemplation upon these luminous and independent perceptions, they seem to melt into an open horizon of illumination; often minds have spent a whole life-time in retrospection upon one brief, bright glimpse of an illumination, but the mind of full intensity, of perfect luster, sets with love's living outpouring the reason on fire so that the *great day of vision* dawns—the *White Lumen of Kaivalya*—the absolute Freedom of the Truth.

The illumination of indivision swallows up in actual presence all the aches of absence, all the loneliness of separation, all the lapses of fortune and friendship; fills in every crevice of want; restores every lost hope and personality; there is no more any notion of



separation by death, or change in point of view, or dimensional inhibition; all that love in any of its guises or disguises has shed its dimmest grace upon shall round up in the noose-horizon of this august axiom of unity.

All those stolid problems that leer at us from the brazen heavens of experience peek now through our dream into the humor of awakening—well is it given me to know this saturation of sleep that empties its vials of inky opaqueness over the sphinx of fun that puckers the beaming features of divine playfulness. How long will you, too, be a spoilsport? Until that bright hour when the gleaming sun of reason strikes transparency through upon your mind's ghost-cabinet—the acrid hole whence exhales the shades of drug-minded hypnotic experience.

Knowledge of the truth is the only power—*gnanam evam param balam*—sang the sages of satisfaction—not brawn like Porthos and Goliath, whose berserker bravery turns death—the liar—into heroism—not cunning, like Ulysses and D'Artagnan, whose shrewdness lends luster to the riddle—but the mild eye of innocence—the scathless Lady Sophia of Greece and the luminous damsel Saraswati of Thibet—how the Aryan heart burns out the oil of its mysteries in announcing the white soul's magnificent constitution!—the deep eye of the soul, not blazing, but all-absorbent—the eye that shrinks from no glory, that flinches in the face of no *Waldpurgis nachtspiel*—the eye of vision that, with constant look, absorbs the very soul of the axioms in a rapture deeper than the zest of things, in an ecstasy fuller than the zest of thoughts.

### I AM DOINGS.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In the beginnings of all things I AM creating the heavens and the earth.

And the earth is without form, and void and darkness is upon the face of the deep. But I AM moving upon the face of it.

I AM saying, Let there be light; and there is light.

I AM seeing the light that it is good, and I AM dividing the light from the darkness.

I AM calling the light day and the darkness night.

I AM saying, Let there be a Firm Place in the midst of moving things, and let it divide unstable things from each other.

I AM calling the Firm Place Heaven.

Behold, I AM in Heaven. I AM in the Firm Place at the heart of moving things.

I AM the great ocean which fills all space, from which the white caps spring, by which they are tossed, and back to which they return. I AM the white caps as well as the cause of them. I AM all there is.

I AM *you*.

Do you know that? Do you remember it? Do you live in the "cosmic consciousness"—the I AM consciousness? When you say I AM does it mean the ocean I AM, or does it mean only the white cap I AM?

The real I AM consciousness is the Heaven, the Firm Place, which keeps you forever separate from unstable things, the tossing white caps, which forever come and go around you, and which are projections of yourself.

The ocean I AM is at once the actor and the spectator of things, Itself unmoved.

In proportion as you identify your consciousness with the ocean I AM, in that proportion you become the unmoved spectator of things. A white cap is to you simply a white cap, a slight and passing thing, instead of a universe-obscuring calamity.

"The universe is one stupendous Whole,

Whose body Nature is, and I AM the Soul."  
Do you know this? Or do you feel that I AM but a bit of nature?

To know yourself as the soul of all things is to be forever freed from the "tyranny of things."

This state of consciousness beholds I AM in Heaven. It has found Heaven, the Firm

Place, within itself. Thenceforth the individual is no more the white cap, though he is in the white cap and the white cap in him.

I AM the unmoved mover of things. Do you remember that when things move? Or do you simply "feel" that you are the thing moved? Do you cry out and clutch at moving things—to keep yourself from falling! Or do you remember that you are the unmoved mover, and *let go* the white caps?

Do you know why things move? Why kingdoms and homes and air castles tumble about your ears? Do you know why nothing—no thing—is stable?

After all the fires and earthquakes, after destructions and death itself, YOU still say, I AM.

Things move to prove to you that you are the unmoved mover of all.

I AM building me a beautiful house. I AM putting my very soul into its construction and beautification. Why, I feel that I AM the very house itself. Fire sweeps it in an hour. But still, I AM.

I AM begetting a son. I AM literally wrapped up in that son—I AM standing or falling in him. The son falls—makes an utter fizzle of this life. But behold, still I AM.

After all things pass, I AM.

I AM the unmoved *mover* of things. I AM the creator of things. I AM the undo-er of things.

I create by *putting myself into things*.

I undo things by taking myself out of them.

I AM learning to create by creating. I AM building houses and institutions, principalities, powers. I AM building St. Pierres and Pelees, sons and daughters. As they interfere with each other I view the destruction—and learn. I AM learning.

Straightway I put myself into the creating of better houses, institutions, principalities, powers, St. Pierres, Pelees, sons and daughters.

I AM evolution. Some folks call me God. Others call me Man. I AM *ALL*.

I AM the *mover* of things. By my Word I move them—for *they are all in my mind*. By my Words of hate, anger, revenge, unfitness, uncleanness, accident, I AM undoing things.

By my Words of beauty, love, joy, peace, good, I AM creating and perpetuating things.

I AM speaking through *your* lips Words of creation and Words of disintegration. According to the Words of *your* lips and heart shall it be unto you.

Know your I AM-ship and create beauty. Create with joy. Create for all, for all are One.

When your beautiful creations are caught in the swirl of a Pelee Word remember I AM, and speak the Word for yet more beautiful things.

Whatsoever you can conceive as beautiful is yours to create. Are you not *ALL*?

I wonder how long I have been creating this beautiful world. A hundred million years? Perhaps. I do not know, for I AM all time. A thousand years, or a day, are as a moment to ME.

I wonder how long it will be before I shall tire of *this* little world and withdraw myself from it. Perhaps another hundred million years. It is such a beautiful and fascinating little world, and there is yet so much to be done before it fully blossoms like the rose. This world is yet but a small bud of possibilities at the heart of which I AM loving and working and swelling.

Oh, there is much to do! There are millions of little hearts for me to love and desire and work in, and there are such deserts to be reclaimed, such beautiful and airy homes to rise out of the present stuffy ones. There are such vineyards to be planted and tended, and sheeny fabrics to be woven for clothing my sweet hearts. There are such easy and rapid ways of doing things, which are yet in the realm of undiscovered. There are such books to be written and such joys to be

brought to every inhabitant of this little green ball. And there are such myriads of hearts for me to love and desire in. Into each one of these hearts I AM breathing its own peculiar desires, that it may be prompted to fulfill its unique part in causing the earth to bloom in highest beauty.

The Pharaoh hearts I AM hardening that they may prove to the utmost the falseness of the white cap *I Am* life, and go down to cleansing in the Red sea. I AM reincarnating their washed souls to idealize, desire, resolve and realize on larger scales.

I AM softening the Christ hearts that they feel my lightest tuition and respond with joy.

I AM working in *you* to will and to do according to the desires I AM forming there.

Do you rejoice in ME, and go smiling on your way?

Holyoke, Mass., July 15, 1902.

\*\*\* Allan Parkinson, from present indications, will soon leave the tailor shop. He is writing songs, both words and music, and has made arrangements with a New York publisher to have them issued on a royalty. It came about in this way. He was singing at one of the theatres in Los Angeles (amateur night), and one of the actors from New York heard and admired, and, he being an agent for a New York publisher, negotiations were entered into, which will result in great good to our poet. Mrs. Shelton has been treating him for Success steadily every day for more than a year. He not only sings his own songs, but he plays on different kinds of musical instruments, chiefly the violin and cornet.

### LIFE'S BOOK.

ALLAN PARKINSON.

A clean bright page from God's sealed book Of Life was given me. I took My pen and wrote in scrawl and sign, Indifferently, line on line, And reckoned not of time or wage, Till finished the entire page. And then beheld, through quickened sight, Nor word nor meaning spelled aright. A page writ in disorder wild, Like fancy of unlettered child.

With rash impetuosity I tore The leaf which such ill record bore, And thought to cast it in the flame, In my wild impulse of self-blame. —Ah, in that hour of deep despair, How near my book came ending there.

But Hope now bade me take again The crumpled sheet, and with my pen Give meaning to each ill-writ clause; With labored patience, learn the laws And straighten each distorted line; Erase each blot and blundering sign. Thus, gaining soon more dexterous hand, My facile pen wrote this command:

"Here, write the record of thy ways, Writ well or ill, in blame or praise, This book, thy handiwork shall be At end of days unsealed to thee, Thy portion and thy destiny."

Now, Life new meaning hath for me.

Ah! Now, I write so carefully!

Los Angeles.



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