



Christian

Monthly: \$1.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, 10 Cents.

Thomas J. Shelton,
1657 Clarkson St., Denver, Colo.

VOL. X. No. 3.
October, 1902.

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

ADJUSTMENT.

SUSIE M. BEST.

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

ITEMS AND IDEAS.

*** Silence.
*** Is in the Sun Centre.
*** It is the place of Peace.
*** The whirling worlds do not worry you.
*** Vibrations of the earth and moon do not fill you with with fears and forebodings.
*** The Silence of the Sun Centre is the place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.
*** Be not deceived by the so-called "sun-worshippers," for they are really worshipers of the moon. The sun-inspired intellect does not worship anybody or anything.
*** Since I have returned to the Sun Centre I AM commanding the vibrations of the moon and the earth. This is the Way of immortality and Eternal Life. Dis-ease, disorder, dis-ruption are all conditions of moon and earth vibrations.
*** All premiums of every kind are withdrawn. My books retail at fifty cents each, and they are not on sale anywhere except at this office. CHRISTIAN is sent in single wrapper, postpaid, for one dollar a year. I will never more be guilty of making bids for anybody's patronage.
*** Since coming into the Silence and giving my undivided attention to the speaking of the Word of Success for other people, my Own is coming to me. When my mind was divided the mail brought one dollar bills, but now twos, fives and tens come with more ease than the ones used to come. But, bless your hearts, the ones command just as much attention from me as the tens. The willing spirit is all the I AM demands.
*** There is a larger demand for my own books than ever before. It all comes from my treating other people for money and business success. The Christ says that the only way to find your life is to lose it. The surest way to make money is to go on about your affairs trying to do something for other people. Mental healing which really heals will command more money than anything else in the world.
*** Before beginning these items my wife put a package of letters on my desk.

These were all letters from people who had received the healing Word and were praising the I AM for it. I was going to quote from these letters, but they were all so good that it would take up too much space. Suffice it to say to you, who do not know, that the Kingdom of Spirit is at hand and this sovereignty of Spirit is to be made known to the world through mental healing.
*** In treating for freedom for other people we suddenly found ourselves in possession of the same great blessing. The month of September was nearly all spent in Salt Lake City. You were surprised to see such a postmark on your letters. You see we carry our Upper Room with us. Who is managing the Home? My mother-in-law. You know the comic papers are always talking disrespectfully of "the mother-in-law." Well, Spirit sent me a mother-in-law who is a gem. She manages the house, takes care of baby, and forwards our mail to us every day.
*** At this writing we are in Salt Lake City, but at your reading of it we may be in Chicago. So always address your letter to Denver and it will follow me if I should go to Europe. I will never neglect my patients any more, anywhere, at any time. The typewriter is always in our rooms at the hotel, and we spend the forenoons writing letters and giving treatments. The same rule holds good in that we do not make or receive calls. The people in the West seem closer to us now, but in Spirit there is no space or time. I find that it gives more force to the Word when spoken in the freedom of new environment. Therefore, my wife and I are living a life of freedom in going when and where we please.
*** Institutionalism is founded upon the idea of time and place. A carpenter builds an altar and the priest consecrates it as a sacred place. Then he appoints a certain time for prayer and calls it a sacred hour. It is all hypnotisms! There is no time or place in Spirit. Spirit is not present at any one place to the exclusion of other places. Spirit is not in any one man to the exclusion of other men. There are no sacred places, sacred times, or sacred men. There are no sacraments of any kind in the Truth. When I spoke about the Upper Room in my house, it was only a symbol of the Upper Room in my own mind. Consecrate your surroundings by speaking the Word of Truth.
*** A man in the real estate business sent me fifty dollars the other day for success vibrations, which resulted in a boom for his business. For the first few months, he said, other people seemed to be getting the benefit of the treatments. But after a time

things began to come his way. Do you think he sent me too much money? Well, it is my opinion that the scamp kept back part of my commission! If I did not know I was giving people a hundredfold more than they are giving me I would feel so uneasy that my treatments would have no effect. Health and Success are brought about by vibrations, that is, thought movements. A man is in poor health and I concentrate my thought upon him, and it effects all who are in conjunction with his mind. The whole family gets the benefit of these vibrations. A man is struggling for a foothold in business, and I speak the Word every day for his success. He becomes a centre of attraction, and everybody surrounding him is more or less benefited by the treatments.
*** I AM not speaking the Word merely for your physical health and financial success. It is for the whole of life, which includes the banishment of disease and time. I want you to come into the consciousness of eternity, where you will know that you are Spirit. For this reason I give treatments for temporary relief first, and then for the full and complete regeneration of your whole being. Mental healing means the resurrection and the life. The habit of dying must be overcome by the consciousness of the ever-living Spirit. I don't see your diseases or your troubles. I AM looking right straight at your health, happiness and prosperity. It is amusing to hear the New Thought people talk about teaching, and not giving so much attention to healing. There has been plenty of teaching; what we want is demonstration. Once in a Republican convention the speakers, in mock piety, were declaring that they were not there for the spoils. Flanagan, of Texas, arose and made this, now historical, statement: "What in the h—ll are we here for, if not for the spoils?" What are we here for if not for the healing? There isn't anything else in the New Thought. The healing is proof that you are teaching the Truth. You know that all movements of mortal mind are in a circle. The so-called New Thought movement is going around and around the gooseberry bush. The way of truth is a straight road!! This road leads out of the circle of mortality into the infinite life of eternity. I know that disease and death are in the mind, therefore, when health and immortality are put into the mind, they will manifest in the environment.
I always enclose a yellow envelope, addressed to me in big letters, to all of my correspondents. Use this envelope; for, while it is not very elegant in appearance, it is sure to reach me.

EYE TO EYE TALKS.

Let me see!

This is the prayer of the blind.

Mortal mind is blind in both eyes.

They have eyes to see and do not see; they have ears to hear, but do not hear.

Mortality is divided into hypocrites and hypnotized. The hypocrites are those who preach and practice what they know to be untruth. The hypnotized are those who believe the hypocrites are speaking the truth. I have never been a hypocrite, but have been hypnotized. There are a very few hypocrites in the world compared to the hypnotized ones. Just as soon as you stop to think you will either become a hypocrite or be de hypnotized.

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

It is you!

The world is being rapidly dehypnotized.

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

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

"Even among prominent Protestant divines the opinion is expressed that the king owed it to the nation over which he reigns, and where the church is the chief bulwark of the throne, to abstain from showing disbelief in a relic venerated by nearly all his subjects. The authenticity of the relic is said to be well attested, and several of Alfonso's predeces-

sors, notably Ferdinand VII., made special pilgrimages to do it honor.

"It was understood that one object of King Alfonso's recent journey was to pay reverence to it, and then for him, in the face of the venerable prelate who has charge of the sacred relic, to burst forth with the remark that it was all nonsense, it is no wonder that the religious feeling of Spain is stirred to its very depths.

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

It is said that the Sphinx is decaying on account of too much irrigation in Egypt. I am ready to believe it, since the king of Spain refuses to reverence Roman Catholic relics. When the king of Spain begins to think, it is time for the Sphinx to crumble. It is true that all the priests, and the pope himself, will secretly endorse the statements of the king when he calls it nonsense to worship Peter's toe nail. They are hypocrites! They are practicing and preaching what they know to be untruth. But they think it would ruin everything if the people were dehypnotized. Institutionalism rests upon the reverence of the people for relics. They have been hypnotized by Santa Claus stories until the priests are shaking with fear lest the mask should by some chance be removed. Institutionalism is not all Roman Catholic. It is said in this dispatch that "prominent Protestant divines" censure Alfonso. Certainly! Protestants are in the same boat with the Catholics. Just now imperialism and ecclesiasticism are being transplanted from the Old World to the United States. When a fad begins to die out in Europe it is revived in America.

Let me see!

I was talking about Peter's toe nail. I don't blame Alfonso for calling it nonsense. A toe nail, separated from the living toe, is less than nonsense—it is nothing. Peter was not much. He is about the toughest proposition in the New Testament. It is always the way when you elevate a man to a place he is unfitted to fill. He is liable to throw his power around loose and hit the wrong person.

I don't think much of a man who will go off and leave his toe nails for people to worship. If this man Peter had followed the Christ he would have saved his toe nails. The only man in the New Testament to whom I lift my hat is the one who didn't leave any "remains" for the people to worship. He took His whole body, toe nails and all, with Him, and only left a few drops of His blood on the Hill of Golgotha.

Jesus is the kind of a man for me!

He arose from the dead, and ascended on high, taking His whole body with Him. I used to think that He ought to have remained here and made His resurrection manifest to all of us. But the farther I go in the Science the more I admire Him for getting off the earth. The human asses are even now worshipping little pieces of wood from His cross, and they even claim to have some few drops of His blood. The hypnotized fools! I don't blame Him for going away. He said that the

Spirit of Truth would never come to man until He did go away. But you see they will not let Him go away. Neither will they let him come in the Spirit.

They tell us that this relic called Peter's toe nail is well authenticated. Suppose it is! Suppose that you had all of the toe nails and all the parings from the toe nails of all the apostles, you would only have so much matter. The toe nails of a living man don't amount to very much, and toe nails of dead men don't amount to anything. This Man, who did not leave any toe nails behind him, said: "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing." If you had the whole body of Peter embalmed and on exhibition it would only enslave the minds of all who gave it reverence. The same is true of your Bibles and altars and vestments and other hypnotic emblems and implements. The Institution imprisons the intellect. It builds a wall around the mind with these so-called sacred books and emblems. Jesus was crucified because He refused to reverence things. Alfonso is becoming a saviour of the world by doing as Jesus did. But he may lose his crown. He wouldn't lose much if he did. If he can gain the crown of his own manhood it will be worth much more than the Kingdom of Spain.

Let me see!

I was telling you how the one Man in the New Testament, who didn't leave any toe nails or any other "remains" for people to worship, calls forth my admiration. He got there! I like men who get there. And I admire Jesus because He left here after He got there. I don't believe any man is called upon to sacrifice himself for any other man. I don't believe in sacraments or sacrifices. These same Romans who are shocked at Alfonso killed Jesus. That is, they tried to kill Him. These same Romans afterwards forced the people to accept of Jesus as a God. They have kept Him from that day to this a kind of figurehead God for the old Italian paganism. The world has been hypnotized by this Italian graft. They killed Jesus, and then they declared afterwards that His blood had to be shed for the remission of sins. The Institution has gone right on shedding blood all these centuries. The shedding of blood is a part of the work of the Institution. They hang you for the glory of God. They burn you for the "good of the cause." They carry on war in the name of the Prince of Peace. They train men for war, and send along their preachers and priests to pray for success in battle.

I don't blame Jesus for getting off the earth!

You see the world needs mental healing.

Mortal mind is the mind of mortals. Who are the mortals? Those who are hypnotized with the idea that matter is indissoluble. When you think that matter is a substance, fixed and immovable, you are blind. You are just as apt to worship toe nails as anything else, for you are looking at the material and losing sight of Spirit. Mortal mind believes in disease, disorder, and death. Mortal mind

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

Jesus suits me!

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

These mortals are not such fools after all.

It wouldn't do to make a God out of Peter, for he left his toe nails. You can make a saint out of Peter, for many saints in the calendar were failures. Gods are not made out of failures. The Institution had sense enough to choose the one successful Man for a God. They may hypnotize the people with the toe nails and other relics of dead saints, but they worship the Man who got there. The man who can do things is the one whom the Institution is ready to crucify and afterwards exalt. The Institution is always inconsistent and illogical. Spirit said in Jesus: "I AM the Light of the World. He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life." This is true. The man who follows Spirit does not walk in darkness, but has the light of life. You can't do anything with such a man. You may hang him to a cross and take him down dead, but he isn't dead. You may put such a man into the grave, but you can't keep him there. You may wrap him in grave clothes and embalm his body in spices, but he will kick the grave clothes loose and come up from among the dead. He has the light of life. Now the light of life is Life itself. Light and life are synonymous terms: "In Him was life; and the life was the light of men." Jesus was no exception to the rule.

The rule is that all who follow Spirit shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. There are no exceptions to this rule. Peter would never have left his toe nails behind him if he had followed Spirit. The reason why the disciples of Jesus failed to realize the resurrection was because they failed to recognize Spirit. They followed Jesus instead of following Spirit. And yet He warned them that the Spirit of Truth would lead them into all Truth. He told them plainly that to follow a man was to walk in mortality. If Jesus had followed men, even the best of men, He would have left His whole body in the grave. It was Spirit in Jesus who said: "I AM the light of the world." Jesus would have been a fool to have said that He was the light of the world. It would have proved his insanity. Spirit said: "He that believeth in Me shall never die and though he were dead yet shall he live again." It was not Jesus who said it. It was not said of Jesus; but by the Spirit and of the Spirit. This same Spirit speaks in you, saying: "I AM the Resurrection and the Life." If you don't believe it you will be damned, for every man is damned who does not believe in his own resurrection and life. It will not save you to believe in any other man's resurrection and life.

You must believe in yourself!

The resurrection and the life is in you just the same as it is in any other man. Your own Spirit is the spirit of life. When it speaks in you the hypnotism of mortality makes you doubt, and, therefore, you are damned. You are all the time ready to believe in some one else, and accept even the toe nails of some other fellow. This reminds me of a woman writing to the *Nautilus*, saying: "I like your paper much better than CHRISTIAN now. Since the 'Divine Feminine' got jealous and showed hate in her eye, it has lost its hold upon me—or rather, I lost interest in it." I have no objection to anyone liking some other paper better than CHRISTIAN. But I do object to such a misunderstanding of the "Divine Feminine." I told you all the time that the Divine Feminine was God manifest in Woman. To bring this Divine Principle close to me, I called it by the name of its objective manifestation. I AM God! There is nothing else for me to be; for there is no other kind of being. This does not mean that the dirt, toe nails and other rubbish received from mortality is God. I tell you that this stuff in which I find myself is not even Shelton. It is nameless, for it is nothing. It is built on the foundation of untruth in the hypnotism of humanity. I AM building a new temple in the truth. As I become dehypnotized, I can see the new temple. She Whom My Soul Loves is being rebuilt in the same way. Until you recognize the Divine Feminine as your own real womanhood you can never expect to be anything more than mortal mud. This correspondent of the *Nautilus* says that she does not make any pretensions. Well, why the devil don't she? How do you ever expect to be anything unless you aim at it? You shoot as you aim. If you think you are simply a bundle of mortality you will get

into the grave and stay there. When you believe in your own resurrection and life, it will manifest. The Divine Feminine in whom I expect great things for my body is not meek and lowly. I don't want a woman who hasn't spunk enough to stand up for her own rights. I enjoy flashes of jealousy and the flames of anger. This does not mean that a woman can't be ladylike and sweet-tempered, without having all the snap and fire taken out of her. The sweetest woman I know in this world is just as high-tempered as I am, and my temper is like red-hot steel. At the same time I would not harm anybody or anything. Did you ever hear of the wrath of the Lamb? It is said in the last book of the New Testament that all the mighty men of the earth, all the warriors and prize fighters and men with brute bravery, called on the rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them from the face of the Lamb. They wanted to get out of the way of this Lamb, who was full of wrath. There is no more terrible thing in the universe than the anger of outraged Love.

Let me see!

You see the Divine Feminine is the Mother of all Being. It is this Spirit of motherhood which represents the Lamb of God, "who has been slain from the foundation of the earth." It is now time for her exaltation and glory. The hypnotism of mortality has kept her in the darkness. She is beginning to ask questions. Questions are dangerous to the institution. When King Alfonso asked himself the question about Peter's toe nail he said it is all nonsense. Ask questions! Puncture the balloons of mortality with pointed questions. You will find all the gas escaping and the balloons will collapse. What is disease? I stopped long enough in this dictation to ask my wife to answer the question, what is disease? She answered with one word: "Inharmony." Disease, then, is discord, noise, confusion. Where is the confusion and inharmony? There is no inharmony or confusion or noise in a dead man. He is as still as the grave. Nature begins to pull him to pieces. He is soon dissolved. Then disease must be in the mind. If the dead man had sense enough to hear the truth and obey it, the inharmony would cease. The discord then is in the mind. When the mind is out of tune, inharmony is the result. What is it that puts the mind out of tune? Ignorance! The man who is afraid is a fool. Folly is the cause of inharmony, and inharmony is disease, and disease leads to death. Death, then, is the result of folly. "The fool has said, in his heart, there is no God." When a man is fool enough to say in his heart there is no life, he ought to die. You put your mind in tune with the Infinite, and disease and death will be no more so far as you are concerned.

The keynote is faith in your own Spirit.

How can you find your own Spirit?

In the Silence. How can you go into the Silence? This question comes to me every day. I can not tell you how to go into the Silence. No man on earth or in heaven can tell you how to go into the Silence. In fact,

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

What are mortal faculties?

They are the organs of the body used by the Spirit. The eye is a mortal faculty, but the seeing is of the Spirit. You do not see at all. There is no vision in you, for all vision is in Spirit. Of course, when I say "you" I am talking about this mortal make-up called man. I have to shut my eyes in order to see things clearly. In clairvoyance it is the Spirit seeing without any eyes. You can't force clairvoyance. You can't say that you are going to see things. The only way that you can possibly see by spiritual vision is to close your eyes and be still. It is a wonderful thing, but with my eyes closed I have looked right into my own eyes! When my eyes were closed I have seen my own face and my own eyes, and looked as clearly and distinctly at myself as if in a mirror before my objective vision. This explains the Silence in many respects. This vision comes

into you instead of you going into it. This vision of the Spirit controls you instead of you controlling it. This is the reason why the psychic order of mediums speak of being under "a control." They know they have no power to do these things themselves, therefore explain it all by saying they are under "control" of some discarnate Spirit. But there isn't any such thing as a discarnate Spirit. There is the universal principle of being which is spirit. But all individualized spirits are clothed with a body. The body is that of electrified matter, but it is a body nevertheless. You are under the control of Spirit and, therefore, you should recognize the Almighty principle. You have to recognize this principle if you would have the Silence come into you. You can't make Spirit do things. For instance, a while ago I saw thousands and thousands of living cattle. They were all alive and I saw them with my eyes closed. Now, how did I see? There was no one walking around in my brain with a lighted candle. There was no light that I could see, for my eyes were closed to the light. I saw by the Light of the World. The I AM in me is the Life.

There is only one Eye.

I AM the Eye!

Then I AM God manifest in the flesh. The I AM in me is the Eye of the universe. All the individual can be is a likeness and image of the universal. When the Silence comes into you the revelation is so startling that you are glad to return to the noise for relief. But the oftener you go into the Silence, or feel the Silence coming into you, the more anxious you are to repeat the experience. At first you can hardly believe in the unity of being. Then you get to the place where you are astonished at yourself for believing in anything other than unity. You see the diversity of expression, but realize in your consciousness the unity of being. This leads up to a question which has been coming in here ever since the Mont Pelee disaster. Why did Spirit let those people perish? Spirit did all that Spirit could possibly do. Some people think that Spirit ought to have come down and taken the people by the nape of the neck and the seat of the trousers and tossed them into places of safety. But, my friends, Spirit does not do things in that way. The birds and beasts were warned by Spirit and fled to places of safety. The beasts of the field didn't turn up their noses at Spirit and say that it was all nonsense. The birds and the beasts didn't wait for a second warning. The same kind of warning was given to mortal man, and he had plenty of time to escape. But mortal man is a stupid fool. His head is so swelled with his own vanity that he will sneer at the Spirit. The fools wouldn't leave Martinique even after thirty or forty thousand of their fellows had perished. You can't do anything with men. They think they know it all. When Spirit began leading me, or, rather, driving me, I was all the while giving pointers. I found out that I couldn't see anything except as the Spirit wanted me to see and hear. Then, after things were shown and told me I thought Spirit was

mistaken. The vanity of mortal man! I didn't want to go in the way Spirit pointed out to me, because Jesus didn't go that way, or Peter didn't go that way. I soon found out that Spirit was not leading Peter or Jesus, or Paul, or any other person while leading me. Spirit had to deal with my own individuality in every case, and there was no precedent for Spirit to follow. It was a new and original leading, and so it is with every individual. Spirit has no ruts. Each leading is original.

Follow your own Spirit!

Each experience is original.

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

DESK DRIFT.

*** Don't send telegrams.

*** Telegrams are never answered and are useless.

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

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

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

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

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

*** The law of second-class postage was enacted March 3, 1879. There has been no legislation on the subject since that time. I began publishing newspapers six years before this law was enacted. What then is the cause of all this confusion? It is caused by a little clerk, called the third assistant postmaster general, who is trying to make a name as a reformer. I read an article from his pen the other day, in which he said that his reformation of second-class mail had made the postoffice department almost self-supporting. It is altogether syndicate supporting, and Madden's work is the entering wedge for the American press censorship.

*** George Burnell is cutting more capers with my readers than any other man ever cut. A friend in Chicago writes: "I can hardly believe you are in earnest in commending Burnell. His writings are the greatest conglomeration of nonsense that I ever tried to read." Another man from San Francisco writes: "Burnell is the greatest exponent of metaphysics in the world. His writing for CHRISTIAN ought to give you one hundred thousand readers." And so it goes. First up and then down. Let me tell you,

friends, that Burnell is writing metaphysics. You have had your mental science mixed up with so much dirt that you did not know just exactly what you were eating. You have been reading after a lot of old grannies, who had a few grains of science mixed up with a lot of lolly-polly from the prayer meeting and the dirt of evolution. No wonder you are surprised when you get clean and pure metaphysics unmixed with dust and cobwebs! Burnell is not an evolutionist or a religionist. He is an I AM. He does not roll his eyes up in prayer or scratch in the dirt of evolution. The whirling worlds have no effect on his head; therefore, he is giving you flashes of lightning from Spirit.

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

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

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

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

Stamps are received in payment of subscription and for books; twos and ones, and be sure that you don't stick them together, or put them up in such a shape that they will stick together on the way.

PROGRESS OF TWO PILGRIMS.

A man can't give treatments for freedom and find himself in bondage to anything or anybody.

My wife and I wanted to make a trip to the Pacific coast, and so we ordered the mail to be forwarded to us, and went on our way rejoicing.

All the letters were put into one large envelope and sent on the next train after us. And so they have been coming right along every day.

The first package of letters was received at Salt Lake and the typewriter in our rooms went right on with its click-click, just the same as in Denver. The very first letter in the first package received in Salt Lake was from Salt Lake.

Of course, we felt a desire to go and call on every one who reads CHRISTIAN, and especially my patients. But this would have upset our trip, and so we had to go by and leave all "as ships pass in the night."

It only took one week to finish Salt Lake City. Mortal mind has done its work and left the old stumps hanging around to tell the tale. "The Lady Blanche" was very much taken with the Mormons at the start. She went through the Tabernacle, tried to get into the Temple, rode on the "Seeing Salt Lake" car, and heard all about the wonderful things done by the Mormons.

Then she went down to Saltair Beach and still went in raptures over the Mormons. She saw how they had turned the desert into a garden, and vowed up and down that they had been misrepresented and misjudged. I began to feel a little uneasy about her orthodoxy and was in fear lest she would leave my church and "jine" the Mormons. As there are only two members in my Church, this would have been a calamity. If I lost half my church membership at one time, it would seriously cripple my "institution."

But alas and alack! The Mormons got out a twenty-five cent history of Brigham Young and his twice 13 wives. The little booklet was intended as a missionary tract, but it proved a boomerang. "That wife of mine read the history and the 'revelations,' and then under her breath she swore. She says she didn't, but I know she did for I heard her. You know I can hear mental swearing as well as mental praying. The booklet disgusted her with Mormonism, and her enthusiasm for the sect melted with the indignation she felt for her sex.

It does look as if 26 wives were a few too many. It shows that a man must not fool with the number 13 when it comes to wives. Brigham's first 13 didn't jar him in the least; but the last 13th caused him trouble. Her name was Eliza and she got there Eli-za with a lawsuit and a breach of contract and a good many other things. It all comes from fooling with 13. I was born on the 13th of June and have been bumping around on the planet ever since. In the "Book of Life" it is said that 13 is all right when it is a pivotal number. I have found the pivot.

I lost a nickel at Salt Lake. I didn't care so much for the nickel, although in traveling nickels are nickels; it was not the loss of the nickel that has been troubling me all the

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

We left Salt Lake City for Ogden on the noon train. We had two hours to wait for the Overland Limited to take us to San Francisco. We spent most of the two hours hunting for an inviting place to eat. We passed a number of cafes and restaurants, but they did not come up to our ideas of what a cafe should be. There was one funny little building, with the name "The Broom," painted on the window; but we weren't hungry enough to eat brooms, so we passed on. Upon enquiring, we were told that "The Broom" was the best in town, so we went back. Upon entering the restaurant, which was divided into booths, we were seated at a table, waited upon by a Chinaman, and then the curtains were drawn, and we were left to eat our meal in seclusion. I mean I was left to eat the meal, for that wife of mine had lost her head over "the dearest little Chinese tea cup you ever saw." The fact that it only held a thimble full of coffee did not discommode her in the least. She said she would much rather have a drop of coffee in such a dainty cup than a pint in my big heavy porcelain cup with hideous gilt bands. Then they brought on the teapot, not to mention the platter. Well, the "Lady Blanche" promptly broke the tenth commandment and I believe had serious intention of breaking the eighth commandment, but refrained, as Chinese kept the restaurant, and she was afraid of the highbinders. I went on placidly drinking my coffee out of the big porcelain coffee cup with "the hideous gilt bands," glad that she could forget the fried steak while gazing upon "the dear little platter."

The ride from Ogden to San Francisco is indescribable. We left in the afternoon and just had time to take in the awful volcanic desert before the curtains of night were drawn over us. There were clouds upon clouds of dust and the double windows in the Pullman had to be kept closed to keep the passengers from being smothered. The next day, however, broke on the glorious views which no pen has ever yet been able to describe. That wife of mine sat out in the sun and wind on the rear platform of the observation car and took in the scenery. Her eyes and clothes and hair were filled with dust, but she didn't care; she remained at her post, silent in the presence of the awful grandeur. How many nations lie buried

beneath the one now trying to conquer this desert is more than man can tell. How many more will be buried in the same way is a secret of the Almighty.

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

I gave splendid treatments from San Francisco. The fact is, we began to get into the swing of travel and carry the vibrations of our own movements to the sick ones under our care. Mental treatments are given on trains, street cars, in the theaters; and I sat in the Cliff House and gave treatments while The Lady was taking in the seals, and buying souvenirs. Nothing can ever interfere with my treatments. For while on a ship in the Bay, I found myself giving treatments. By the way, we went on board a four-masted bark just in from Liverpool after 153 days' sailing. The officer in charge courteously took us over the ship and showed us the effects of his encounter with the storm king as he came around Cape Horn. It was very interesting—seeing that the ship was tied to the wharf. However, I think I would like it being in the midst of the storm. I like Nature in all of her moods.

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

under the sun. Are the Chinese heathen? Well, from our standpoint they are; but from their point of vision we are heathen. We went into a mission church and heard a native preacher. There is also a salvation army at work in Chinatown. It looked to me like Mrs. Partington trying to sweep back the Atlantic Ocean with a broom.

NOT DOMINION BUT DIVINITY.

II.

GEORGE BURNELL.

IV. IMMUNITY GRATIS ET GALORE.

Once too often the fates laugh in the teeth of man's spunk and ideals; *born a man and died a grocer*—you can melt this sphinx-sneer without salt tears—in-shed or out-shed—there lurks the latent vision; charged with humor incorrigible and understanding divine and dynamic; this knowledge of truth has tongues of flame that lick the wounds of failure. There certainly is the *kingdom of perception*. It opens within. It opens without. It touches every thing and thought with living *safety from every evil*. It acts and re-acts instantly; it acts of itself; extravagant immunity—peace and joy and security.

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

Soak up the common life; delve into the democracy of heaven; dare to walk the tight-rope of the highest reason, the abandonment of love to the most sweeping generalities. Love the adventurous *leap into the dark*. Do not confuse dim-vision with your notion of impracticality. The highest reason, the fullest love, is the soundest practice there is.

Listen—have you no gaminess? Pipe into your mind the sap of Prahada; read about this hero of immunity in the Puranus, for under your thatch sleeps his running mate. Where are the hardy ones? Turn your mind and heart inside out and chase to desperation that sneak of fear, that subtle cowardice of possession, that unsmirched dandy of respectability, with whom you have given hostages to contemptible exclusiveness.

Read for me two Mount Pelee clauses—one of the desperado of Nazareth and the other of the God-bursting Jelal of Islam—
"Nothing shall by any means hurt you."
"Put the knife to the throat of respectability."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Did you think you set your horse so masocotly? Have you given the coffin the slip? What is this then all about—this "jabber" of the truth—this *Bander-log* outcry of "New Thought?"

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

But after all, no experience of financial or social defeat is able to hotly envision away the fear-bogs of the mind; mere rough usage competent unto this mystery of miraculous security, there would be no *axiom of indifference* to illumine in the silent kindling of the God-brewed teacher's words and presence. The fury-dash of waves may expose glimpses of the rocks, the glare-ash of the lightning may tear open the blackness upon the path; but only the light—all-centered—the illumination in the self—discerns the day that needs no sun, and the night that needs no moon—the truth that is love and reason—the love that overcomes fear, and the reason that sees that there never was any ground for fear at all.

The hunger-stricken tigress with her starving young meets the Bodisat in the dried-up jungle. You must know that the Bodisat is the amateur Gautama Buddha, when, in an earlier incarnation, he is stalking the axiom of homogeneity with all the Knight-errantry of asceticism and the heroism of fanatical stupidity. He has seen the majestic immunity of this truth; he has pored over the stalwart story of Prahlada and his immortal deliverances; he has fed his subjective lion-cub of liberty in the enchanting *sutra of harmlessness* of Patanjali's gathering; but he has not pursued this god among axioms home to its real resting in his own abysmal soul and drank its *drink of strength* beneath the Bo-tree's shade.

How shall we know this spiritual mastodon was merely amateur when his heart went out so for those walking ribs in the parched *jungola*? He fed himself to Mrs. Tiger and her daughter, and, barring their unladylikeness, they showed good sense plus to his minus.

The fact is that such a method as this of establishing unity of substance is amateur and non-vegetarian, as well as typical of much that is preached and little that is practiced about mastery of the axiom of inseparateness by sacrifice of self-consciousness and its humbugs.

There is this sure test of the actual vision of indifference—namely, that *no harm can come to you in the practice of it*, if you make any sacrifice. There yet abides the blur.

What shall we, then, do until the blur abates? Dally with the axiom. String its

meaning on words; boil these down for the perceptions in them; eat these perceptions into your mind, and keep them on your mind's stomach if you can, for they cure of dreams and awaken.

But why *taboo* deeds? Never, if they spring from the muscle of the axiom; but feathers of an eagle stuck into a dead chicken back no soaring qualities. There was no valor entered the heart of the man whose breast wore a tattooed lion. Deeds are nothing but flags, which do not make courage. There has been overmuch brag about them, until it has come to pass that they counterfeit acts that are machine-born and not home-spun—acts that are not original, but mere hand-me-downs of institutionalism.

Not brawn, then, but spirit; not muscle only, but meaning also, makes us immune from snakes and slander, sins and sufferings—the *meaning* of this axiom of unity—this meaning not only in the thought, but also in the feelings and emotions of the mind.

Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue. Problem: If every one talked of others as they would be talked about themselves, how much scandal would be left? Now, it is not held that the mere argumentative perception, that we are all exactly the same being, will cure of scandal and the other errors of multiple personalities, but it is demonstrated that, when the feelings as well as the thoughts of the mind surrender to this *axiom of unity*, all possibility of mutual harm must perish in its tendency. The emotions of the mind must pour their rapture into the logic of this axiom, for at last "*the rapt saint is the only logician.*"

It would be unsound to think that the emotions have no rational constitution. It is clear that thoughts live only in feelings, and that emotions which are not captured in the embrace of sound thinking are wild and untrustworthy. The existence of a vast residuum of uncapturable emotions only deepens and strengthens the power of those embracing right thoughts, for they join their volume to those in the highways of excellence.

There is far too much cowardice of the feelings. Love overcomes this cowardice, for it boldly gives rein to the emotions; and it is just at this point of abandonment that the conclusions of the highest reason are justified, for under the spell of love the frozen surface of the thought-centers are thawed off the mind, and the great swell of the ocean of untamed emotions sets in, and this mighty song of jubilee enchants the whole mind into the vision of the constitution of consciousness. This is how we come to know that "*the highest reason is always the truest.*"

Organization—world of sultry ignorance—is but the spook of unity. Whoever preaches or defends it has a mind for dominion instead of divinity; has his eye on the main chance, instead of the ecstasy; loves the loaves and fishes instead of *What is*. If you can not see deeper than institutionalism, then sit longer in the silence with your God. He who opens his head to speak or write on organization as appropriate to the *New Thought* is a John the Baptist assuming to be Jesus; it is like a horse lecturing on the constitution of the United States. The least

in the kingdom of heaven is greater than John the Baptist; the least human mind is greater than the greatest animal mind. How long will it be ere humans will omit the Babel farce of trying to scale the heights of the heavenly with mere type-consciousness? Humans can understand the divine as little as animals can comprehend humans, or as vegetables can realize animals. Yes, truly, indeed, there lurks through all as its only reality the *common mind*, quite untypical; aboard of this by abandonment, there is instant access to any type—animal, human, or divine; off of this by attachment, there is no cross-dimensional communion.

Now, the love of dominion is human and typical; but the divine mind loves the truth that *all are the very same being*, that all difference is chimerical, that there is only equality and identity and unity.

The human conception of unity abides in the dream of universal brotherhood; but the divine mind is love, and its being is bliss, and its fraternity is identity. Individuality means absolute sameness of substance; the fear of loss of identity vanishes under the inspiration of this *axiom of indivision*.

Although the human can never comprehend the divine any more than a horse can understand the constitution, it is insane to seek the vision of the divine mind by sacrifice of the human. It is not sacrifice, but abandonment; not death, but discernment.

Animal sacrifices belong to the idea that animals can not cope with humans. This is an idea of cosmic law, and its diseased condition is the practice of the sacrifice of internal and external animals. It is also a cosmic law that humans fall short in their utmost conception of grasping the *divine meaning*, and the blunder in experience due to this condition of sin (or falling short) is *dying for divinity*.

Now, it is my understanding that if any being—be he where he may in the gamut-clutch of cosmic law—is alive, he can stay alive; and, if dead, he can come to life. This understanding came to me as clearly as the forty-seventh Q. E. D. of Euclid did. It seemed to peer out at me, dreaming, as if from between the very interstices of time and space. The whole association of ideas of birth, growth, decay and death seemed to peel off my perception. The circumstance was like the *axiom of unity* ignited by mental attrition—"truth ablaze," as Browning sang. To me this fire was joy and peace, for it fixed my mind with eternal and independent certainty that the scope and reach of miraculous immunity was latent in this vision-axiom, so that he who would might, through it, be "free from old age and death."

In the next lesson I will tell what *reason-faith* burst in serene and soothing brilliance upon my mind in meditation upon this *axiom of inseparateness*.

Burnell, in a private letter, writes: "Know that CHRISTIAN has the right spirit and name: it pounds the High Seas as immune as the Ark, and as sure of a lofty landing." Thanks for this strong word of courage. There is no doubt about CHRISTIAN pounding the high seas, for it has cost \$20,000 to keep it afloat this year. But the money flows into it and all hell can't sink it. There is certainly "an organized" effort to kill CHRISTIAN. But, my friends, CHRISTIAN is more than a paper, it is a Man.

GEORGE EDWIN BURNELL AS MAN AND TEACHER.

Possibly it was for two reasons that the editor of CHRISTIAN invited me to contribute an article upon this subject—that I am a newspaper man, and am acquainted with the theme. We always best do the things we love, and this is why the invitation was accepted.

Mr. Burnell's articles on Regeneration, in CHRISTIAN, have attracted widespread attention, and aroused the deepest interest. The subject is one of special import to the students of to-day, and it is evident to all that a thinker has been let loose in the world. From all sections comes the inquiry: "What manner of man is this, who has sounded the keynote of modern investigation; who has voiced the highest statements we have yet known?" Briefly, and as best I may, shall be the answer.

Mere biographical sketches often conceal, and seldom elucidate their subject; but in this case a brief outline is deemed essential to a satisfactory understanding of the theme. Mr. Burnell was born at Hartford, Conn., in 1863, near where the historic "charter oak" fell the previous year. When but four years old his parents moved to Minneapolis, Minn., which city has since been his home. At the age of twenty he graduated from the High School there, and at twenty-four, from the University of Minnesota. It was his parents' desire that the ministry should be his lifework, and he entered the Morgan Park Theological Seminary, of Chicago, the same year he graduated from the University of Minnesota. But it soon became apparent that he wouldn't make a good Baptist, and a year later he left the institution for a theological course in Union Park Theological Seminary, of the same city. But Congregationalism didn't suit him any better than the damper doctrine that had preceded it, and the following spring he bade adieu to the established order. In the spring of 1888 he became interested in the "new thought," and for eight years was connected with the Christian Science Theological Seminary, also of Chicago, as student and teacher, and was thus associated in the work with Mrs. Emma Curtis Hopkins, who was president of that seminary. Here he laid the foundations for that mastery of life's problems which can come only by a knowledge of the truth. Later he studied Sanskrit under Pundit Lalana, at Lake Geneva, Wis., where himself and family spent some seven or eight summers.

Mr. Burnell was married in 1891 to Miss Mary Lamereaux, a lady of rare personal charm and attainments. One daughter was born to them, Genevieve, now eight years of age. The home life of this family is ideal, and in his wife Mr. Burnell has a companion and comrade who is an inspiration in thought and achievement.

As an author he has not been voluminous, only three books having been published hitherto—"Twenty-one Sermons," "How to Heal," and "A Look at God," all of which are now out of print. But these years have been years of preparation and a new work is now obtainable, "The Book of Health and Science of Truth," which is a splendid addition to the literature of the science of being.

As a thinker he is profound, masterful. He sees clearly to the heart of things, and, seeing clearly, easily brushes away the things that obscure the vision of others. For this reason, as well as his mastery in the use of language, he is an ideal teacher. His manner and method of instruction rivets the attention of the student, while the clearness of his reasoning and aptness of illustration strips every problem of obscurity, making it transparent to the understanding. Every step taken is fully explained; you are not asked to jump any chasms of logic; there are no missing links in the chain of evidence. It is a common criticism that "new thought" teachers are not educated; that they are crude and

CHRISTIAN

lack comprehension. But here is a man who inspires you with his power—with a knowledge that sweeps the universe, and whose very presence is a benediction.

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

H. A. BURCH.

Dowagiac, Mich., July 26, 1902.

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