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PERIODICALS

A JOURNAL FOR THE INDIVIDUAL

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Thomas J. Shelton,
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ITEMS AND IDEAS.

*** Righteousness!

*** Right-us-ness and right-thought-ness.

*** What is right thinking, anyway? Who has dared to do it?

*** I want you to cultivate reckless righteousness; and you will find that it is also wreckless.

*** It is the abandon of divinity. You know there are certain kinds of women in the world called abandoned women.

*** Study these women closely and see if you can't get a new thought. It is a kind of reckless righteousness. Wrong in the acting, but right in the thinking.

*** They think they are abandoned by God and men, and therefore throw themselves into a kind of reckless, heedless seeking for pleasure. They think they have lost all and therefore they abandon all for the one object of drowning themselves in excitement.

*** There is a deep lesson under all this, also Jesus Christ would not have used these women to point a parable and illustrate a sermon. He said to the respectable righteous: "Ye hypocrites! The publicans and harlots shall go into the kingdom of God before you."

*** Mohammed said: "Put the knife to the throat of respectability." George Burnell translates this: "Knife your Grundy." Burnell's three words are all right, but it will take a sharp knife. Mrs. Grundy's throat is old and tough. She has been trying to rub the wrinkles out of it, but they won't stay rubbed.

*** Take the drunkard for your model. Not in the drinking, but in his thinking. In his drinking he is a fool, but in thinking he is a philosopher. He is seeking ecstasy. This is right, for life is ecstatic bliss. He is seeking pleasure. This is commendable, for life is perpetual joy. To seek for bliss, for pleasure, for ecstasy, is to seek life.

*** The drunkard seeks in the wrong way so far as methods are concerned, but his object is all right. He is a fool to build an artificial fire within himself in order to keep warm. It reminds me of a woman who wrote in here saying that her husband wanted to mortgage the farm to get money for a living. The man who uses stimulants of any kind, or tobacco in any form, is putting a mortgage on his life. He is dealing out little bits of himself day by day. He is dying an inch or two every day.

*** Nevertheless, I say unto you, take the drunkard as a model in his thinking. Cultivate reckless righteousness. Abandon your-

self to your divinity. Fill yourself full of heedless happiness. This is what those old passages of Scripture mean: "Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish; and wine to him who is of a sad heart." It does not mean brandy or whisky or the wine made by man. The occult and spiritual meaning is quite another thing. The forgetfulness which comes from artificial stimulants brings with it an awakening to wretchedness and misery. God never prescribed a remedy which would bring such results.

*** It means the drinking into your mind thoughts of divinity. The filling full of the consciousness of eternity. The grasping of the great fact that you are here for pleasure, for joy, for ecstatic bliss. It means the reveling in your own individuality and the drinking in of the freedom of your own spirit. It is the joy unspeakable and full of glory which comes to you in the consciousness of personal divinity. You are not dependent upon anyone for anything in all the universe. It is the putting away of the fear of consequences. It is knifing your Grundy and everything else which attempts to keep you in bondage. It is the kicking up of your heels in the green pastures and beside the still waters of the Almighty.

*** You can't take the respectable righteous for your model. They are not only wrong in their acting, but in their thinking. Their thinking tends to soul shrivel. They are even afraid to cultivate a natural voice. There is not one preacher in a thousand that ever speaks in his own natural voice. The consequence is that they all have something the matter with their throats. Men will not talk of God or offer prayers without assuming an unnatural tone of voice. I say they are soul-shriveled. You had better cultivate the abandon of the drunkard and harlot than the drying-up process of respectability. You must not follow either in their acting. But cultivate the abandon of the one in your thinking, and act in the wisdom of righteousness. These two extremes are to be brought together by right thinking. It will not do to follow the roads which lead to artificial intoxication or self-righteous respectability. The one burns up and the other dries up the soul.

*** Jesus Christ said: "Verily I say unto you, except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." This has been interpreted to mean petty piety. A kind of goody-goody religion. Whoever heard of a pious child? They know nothing about piety. They are all rebels against rules and regulations. A child is interesting because it is natural. Nature is always interesting.

Jesus Christ was talking to a lot of self-conceited, self-righteous hypocrites, who taught that men could please God by mumbling prayers and repeating words. He said you must have the abandon of the child, the simplicity of nature. You never heard of a child having any respectability unless it was stuffed full of it by other people. They are naturally vain, for vanity is a part of nature. But they don't know any difference between heels and head, and they are reckless in their righteousness. Enter into the joy of thy Lord! Partake of this joy to-day. You need not burden your soul with what may come in the future. Be a child! Enter into the joy of the hour without taking any thought for to-morrow. It gives you natural sleep, perfect circulation, and healthful digestion.

*** Intoxication by artificial stimulants makes one feel rich and powerful. Intoxication by this spiritual stimulant makes you know that you are rich and powerful. The one is a psychic dream; the other is a wakeful reality. When the Spirit of Truth came to the disciples of Jesus on the day of Pentecost and they began to rejoice, those who looked on said: "These men are full of new wine." The natural stimulant of the Spirit produced a similar effect to that of wine. The one is a symbol, while the other is the reality. What a fool a man is to take the substitute when he can get the real thing. How can you get it? By reckless righteousness. By heedless happiness. By an abandonment to your own divinity. "Fear hath torment." No one can be happy while in torment. Happiness and fear will not abide in the same person. People who are afraid to enjoy themselves never experience any real joy. "Nothing shall hurt you." This is the promise of the Spirit to all who will come into the consciousness of divinity. Nothing is going to hurt you. No harm is coming to you or to yours. There is only joy. The dark clouds coming up from the past should be put away forever. You have come up through great tribulations, but there is no use in going on with your tribulations. What has been, has been, so let it go. Be ye perfect even as your heavenly Father is perfect.

ONENESS.

SUSIE M. BEST.

If I believe that God created me
An image of Himself, then I must see
I am a Spirit, perfect e'en as He.

This seeming vesture of the flesh that may,
Smitten by Death, dismember and decay,
Is not the temple that He builded—Nay!

No slavery of sense His thought designed—
Let me deny my shackles, then, and find
My Oneness with the First Immortal Mind.

902 Richmond St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

EYE TO EYE TALKS.

I to I talks.

The Only Way.

Is a personal Way.

It is the Way of the Individual.

It is not a way where one follows another like sheep jumping over the fence. You don't have men born in that way. It is true that sometimes we have twins and triplets, but this is unusual. Even in the case of twins they are born one at a time. In the New Birth, it is always and forever an individual birth.

Who has been born again?

Show us one new birth and it will do more good than all the talk about regeneration. What we are seeking is the Way. Now, the Way is in you, before you can get into the Way. The Way is not a theory. It is not a book, an essay, a writing. No man can learn the Way from a book, or even from any other man. The Way is invisible and spiritual.

I AM the Way.

I AM the Only Way.

"I AM the Lord thy God, and beside Me there is none else."

There is only the I AM. There are not two I AMs or three I AMs, but only the I AM. Therefore, the Way is the only Light, the only Life, the only Truth. It is in you, and must lead you from within by the Inner Light. But you say that you have heard all this before, and expect to hear it many times more. Who is in the Way and in Whom is the Way? I have been honest and outspoken with my readers. I have told you the Truth about myself, because the only way I can teach is through personal unfoldment. What I say is of no significance unless it is backed up by my own being. How far have I advanced in the Way? I want to tell you in as plain words as possible, and give you the testimony of two other witnesses. "In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established." I will bring a man and a woman to testify whom you may call unprejudiced and disinterested witnesses. They came to me by what is called accident.

On the streets of Salt Lake City the other day I met a man whom I had not seen since 1882, just twenty years ago. He was from Wichita, Kansas. At that time I was 33 years of age by the almanac. He recognized me with this exclamation:

"Dr. Shelton, where did you come from? Where have you been keeping yourself? Let me see, it has been—yes, it was in 1882, just twenty years ago since I saw you on the streets of Wichita and said good-bye. You haven't changed one bit, and it seems as if the whole twenty years were wiped out. The same Prince Albert coat, white necktie, the same pink complexion, the same blue eyes, the same light moustache. Lord, man, I am younger than you are, and yet you have not changed one single bit, while I am getting to be an old man. How did you do it? They told me that you died of nervous prostration. Then I heard that you had died of consumption. Some of your enemies

said you drank yourself to death. But here you are, looking just exactly the same as you did when you preached in Wichita, in the opera house, twenty years ago."

And, with many other words and signs, this man bore witness to the sincerity of his surprise and wonder at my preservation. He was a German and not well enough advanced in metaphysics for me to explain. I could have told him that it was not a preservation, but a resurrection. If he had met me even four years ago, he would have seen an old man. Nearly all the changes that have been wrought in my body have come to me since the meeting of "The Lady Blanche." My wife is the mother of my new life, and the savior of my body. The first change was in the consciousness and the love vibrations. Since then the transformation has been gradual, but sure and certain.

I had to unload so much of the past. Not to say anything about pre-natal influence. There was so much of wrong thinking to unload. The Way is much easier since the unloading process is nearly completed. In my case it was absolutely necessary to follow the commands of Jesus and leave all of the past. I had to burn all the chaff and straw and start new. I have gone far enough to know that I have no father or mother, or any other kind of mortal environment.

Now I want to introduce a woman witness. She is a woman of education, culture and refinement. Twenty years ago she was a member of my church. She walked in on me the other day in Denver, and afterwards wrote the following account of her visit to the Wichita (Kan.) *Eagle*. The article is headed "The Evolution of a Preacher." I make this extract:

"From a prominent Wichita woman the *Eagle* hears something of a former citizen, who is now walking on the velvety carpet of prosperity. She writes:

"Many of the older residents of Wichita will recall a time when it was advertised that the people of the Christian church had secured a minister and would begin having services in the old Russell Hall, and those who went will remember the minister, slender of build, frail of physique and with a head wide at the top, narrow at the chin, and very bare on top as to hair. That was T. J. Shelton as he came to Wichita, and his meteoric career—'up like a rocket and down like a stick.' Many will remember the struggle both the pastor and the people made with poverty. His newspaper attempt, his opera house sensational sermons, his renouncing of religion, followed by a repentant period and return to the pulpit and his later sensational career at Little Rock. Abdication again, and then removal to Denver.

"The other day, while in Denver, having an hour to spare, I called at his residence to see him, knowing that he absolutely refused to see callers, but trusting to the magic name of Wichita to gain me admittance.

"A beautiful woman came to the door (in the absence of the servant), and I said 'I wished to see Dr. Shelton, and before she could refuse me I stepped into the vestibule and he saw me through an open door, else I would not have seen the now famous 'I am.'

"Remembrance of a little four-room cottage, his first home in Wichita, on the site of the old electric light plant on Second street, was crowded out of my mind as I stood at the front door of an elegant large mansion, plate glass doors reaching almost to the floor (the inner one curtained with the hand-

somest renaissance door curtain I ever saw), with a vista before me of open doorways curtained with heavy crimson plush, priceless pictures on the walls, crimson carpets soft as velvet under foot, beautiful statuary (life size), in richness and everything bespeaking comfort, elegance and luxury and health. While the man who came forward to welcome me had changed little less than his surroundings.

"Instead of the erstwhile clergyman, this was a man of the world, a perfect Beau Brummel in appearance, from the silver gray head, no less or no more bald than before—immaculate shirt, a white tie, silver gray suit—to the tips of his daintily shod feet. Prosperity was written everywhere, happiness had made its imprint on the face eradicating the lines of discontent; the mark of dissipation, the lines of unrest, doubt and care, making him far younger than in the days when he preached the gospel of peace.

"Of the ways he had trod, to bring this about, he talked long and earnestly, but it is 'beyond my ken' to interpret."

There is much more of this pen picture. It is not overdrawn in the least. The writer is not prejudiced in my favor. She is not a Scientist. And, as you see, got into my house by accident. I give the picture to show that all I have said in *CHRISTIAN* has not been mere talk. I have not been talking through my hat. It is no use for me to lie to you or myself. In searching for the Truth, you must first be true to your own mind. What does all this mean, for a man to skip twenty years? Even if I were only at the place where I started twenty years ago, it would be a marvel of unfoldment.

Twenty years is a long time!

Children born twenty years ago are now full-grown men and women. My present wife was a little girl at that time, just starting to school. I waited by the wayside for her to grow up to me. It sounds like a story from the Arabian Nights. It is a true story of mental and physical unfoldment. It is the beginning of the Resurrection and the Life for all of humanity.

It is a Resurrection, and not a mere preservation.

You can preserve by embalming. The old man is sometimes preserved as a kind of mummy, dried up and full of wrinkles. In my case, it has not been personal longevity. I was a dead man and have risen from the dead. In the last stages of consumption and drawing a pension for diseased heart, spine and lungs! My wife, the Lady Blanche, also inherited consumption and was given up to die. Here we are joined together in a new life and changing every atom in the body so that our inheritance will be from immortal thought instead of the mortal. There is no doubt but that we inherited all kinds of diseases from our mortal fathers and mothers. But our present Father-Mother is Almighty Spirit. There is no doubt in either of our minds about the final success of our Regeneration. The New Growth has already become our second nature, and the old is rapidly fading away.

Sweethearts, what does it mean?

It means more than all the Bibles have told you. It means more than has ever been written in the tomes of the sages. It

means more than has ever been sung in the songs of the singers. It is more than has ever been painted in the paintings of the painters. It is more than has ever been hoped for by the dreamers and poets. It means the Resurrection and the Life. It means the resurrection of your *own* life. The identity of your own being, and the perpetual unfoldment of your own individuality. There is nothing alive except Life. There is nothing to gain except Life. Not the blotting out of your personality and the gaining of something in the far-off spirit world; but the real continuity of your own personal being. It is the enlarging and unfolding of what is within you. There is no hereafter or heretofore; there is only Here. How can there be a heretofore and a hereafter in Spirit? The yardstick of time only measures the movements of mortals. Love is immortal! I AM Love. Life is immortal! I AM Life.

Why should I not identify myself with Life?

I have no affinity with disease or death. Disease is antagonistic to me. It causes pain, uneasiness, unrest; therefore, it is not me or mine. I shall not identify myself with it. If I do not perpetuate disease in my thought, how can it be reborn in my body? If I do not form an alliance with death, how can death have any part in me? It takes two to make a bargain. I refuse to be a party to disease or death. It is not a bargain counter to entice. The remnant sale of disease and death will not attract one who is in the right thought. I have been throwing away just such old remnants right along for the past twenty years.

I AM Here!

Many persons have helped me on the Way. I give due credit for every good word and every helpful push. Yes, I return thanks to the strikers who knocked me down. All things have worked together for my good. But the coming of the Lady Blanche was the fulfillment of all the psychic prophecy. Her mind was entirely free. She had been educated in a convent by Roman Catholics, but their religion didn't stick. When the Roman Catholic vaccination doesn't "take" with a young girl, you may rest assured that no other kind of religion will reach her. She went right straight through astrology, spiritualism, palmistry, mental science, theosophy and the other cults, just like she went through the great Emporium department store in San Francisco. She was not there to purchase, but to look at the goods. When she came to me, her mind was something like this: ??? All the questions answered by his majesty Myself only called out more questions. I quit. She quit. We are both quits. Spirit is asking and answering questions for us. The beauty of the whole thing is that Spirit is doing the work in us, and this answers all the questions. The vibrations of life are worth more than all the theology in the world.

Do you catch the full meaning of what I am saying?

Here is a man in full possession of all of his mental faculties. A man and woman

who are growing a new body. Growing a body in the thought of immortality. Actually and literally growing new bodies in the Resurrection and the Life. A man and woman who haven't the least idea of ever getting into a coffin or being put there by anyone else. This does not mean a far-fetched theory about putting the body into a coffin and leaving the spirit outside. When we speak or think of ourselves, body and spirit are always One.

The new body and the new mind are One.

Dual thinking brings disease and death. You say to your throat: "It is sore." You call your throat "it." You speak of your head and say it aches. Your eyes are dim, and so on with the whole body. The body as a whole is "it." Each part of the body is "it." In right-thinking you say I AM, which includes every atom in your body. I AM not sick, weak, diseased or subject to death. In the pointed language of modern slang you make the word "it" mean something by saying I AM IT. "From everlasting to everlasting I AM God."

On the "Seeing Denver" car the man with the megaphone points to the highest ground in the city of Denver and tells that it is reserved for the palatial residence of our multi-millionaire, Winfield S. Stratton. The megaphone man has quit saying it.

Stratton is dead.

The lawyers are now fighting over his millions. The only possession is self-possession. The only property is your individual life. This is the only thing we can hold. Can you hold it? Yes!

Seek for glory, honor and immortality, and you will gain eternal Life.

Seek for the only Real Thing, not mere moral goodness, but essential goodness, which is immortal Being. Grow you a new body in the Truth and you will keep it.

There is nothing else to do!

There is no other growth worth growing.

The whole world is getting into this frame of mind.

The other evening I clipped the following editorial from the Los Angeles *Record*, a little evening paper. It shows the trend of thought. The heading of the editorial was "The Smallest of Mankind."

"When we get puffed up with pride and prosperity and point to the Morgans and Rockefellers and the other kings of finance and trade; when we change the cry of 'millions' to 'billions' and feel that we are really Powerful, Mother Nature steps in and takes the conceit out of humanity.

"John Henry, of Carnegie, Pa., was struck by a train and mangled. He was rich. Just before the accident he was one of the big men of the town. After it he was a dying man, poorer than the laborer who helped carry his body to an ambulance. 'I'll pay \$100,000 to anybody who can save my life,' he said.

"And then he died, for when the time comes a million and a penny are the same. You can't bribe nature.

"John D. Rockefeller gave his heart to his baby grandson for a plaything. He didn't smile when his Standard Oil dividends reached \$20,000,000 in a single year. He laughed joyously when baby arms were clasped about his neck and he realized what a glorious thing the love of a child really is.

"The baby died.

"The old man was ready to fling millions into the hands of science; offer a king's ransom to destiny just to keep the light burning in a pair of blue eyes.

"The baby died.

"Charles Rouss of New York offered \$1,000,000 for the return of sight to his blind eyes.

"He died in the darkness, rich in the things he cared little for and destitute in the one thing he wanted.

"So let's mix pride with humanity. As Dooley has said in his article on 'Progress,' we put up skyscraping buildings, but we do not build skyscraping men."

When I left the pulpit in search of life, the wise ones said: "Shelton is a fool!" The longer I pursue life, the more I see that I was a fool for not seeking the only thing which I can claim as my own. All else is but the hypnotism of a mortal dream. It is worse than folly to pursue that which you can not hold when you get it. Why seek apples of Sodom when you know that they will turn to ashes in your hand?

I AM the Resurrection!

Death is good.

I am not seeking life through fear of death. I have faced death in many of its forms without flinching. Death is a good thing. While I can't commend suicide, there are many cases where the suicide can not be blamed. There are worse things in this world than death. If I did not believe that my body could be made perfect, I would not want to perpetuate it. No sane man wants to perpetuate imperfection. The dwarfed, the deformed, the maimed, the hideous ones have a good friend in death. It is one of the wise provisions in nature. There may be unbearable sorrows. I don't know. I never had sorrows I could not bear. However, I don't think there is ever any mental misery which can not be overcome. The mind is immortal. The body should be immortal when it is perfect. But what is this environment called the body? It is the creature of mind. It was created by thought. If it does not suit your own thinking, then repudiate the thought built into your body by other thinkers, and rebuild it on a better foundation. You can't do this by simply running away from death. Agree with thine adversary quickly. Make terms with death without antagonizing. Have the serene mind which welcomes death when needed, but rejects it when not wanted. I don't want it. There is no deformity in my body, and the vibrations are almost in harmony with my mind. When unity is established, the body will be attuned and in accord with my mind. This is the atonement. This is the marriage between the mind and the body. This marriage is based on unity and can not be consummated in duality.

Disease is not an accident.

It was put here for a wise purpose. I confess I do not exactly see the wisdom or the purpose. But I know that the universe is not an accident, and that man has not subverted the laws of the universe. Man makes blunders and perverts things. But

he has no power to undo the work of the Almighty. I don't believe that disease is sent as a punishment. I don't believe that the universe is governed by a penal code. Disease is given to us to push us ahead and make us refuse to rest in our present position. It is one of the means used by the law of unfoldment, the law of progressive development. Our world is made up of our experiences. The history of humanity is the history of mental growth. The man in the log cabin in the wilderness who knows nothing of the outside world has a narrow life. His life is just as wide and deep as his thought. A man reads and travels and gathers experience and information. This enlarges his mental world. Now, because disease and death are provisions in the law of progress is no sign that we should keep on being diseased and dying. The law of progress demands that we should come into ease and life. It would be a sorrowful thought to think that this little planet could go on as it has been going, with its births and deaths, with its cradles and its coffins. Immortality is to be discovered and revealed to mankind. We are to break up the habit of dying and do away with diseases and sorrows.

The realm of unity.

It is the kingdom of immortality. It is the sphere of Spirit. Our minds have had to do with duality and diversity. The time is at hand when we must understand the law of unity. There must be unity between the mind and the body. When this is accomplished, immortality is as sure as the light. There is only God. There can not be God and somebody else. There is spirit and matter. But matter is not somebody. It can hardly be classed as something. Living matter is mind. Dead matter is that out of which mind makes things. Therefore, when you come into the realm of spirit, which is the domain of unity, you make things out of matter. You know what I mean by dead matter. I mean the great realm of substance out of which the visible and the living forms of life emerge. There is plenty of it. You need not be afraid of losing your body on account of the paleness of your cheeks or the sunken condition of your limbs. There is plenty of stuff to make new blood and new flesh for you. In the realm of unity we recognize the omnipotence of spirit and the immensity of matter. There is just as much matter as there is spirit, and just as much spirit as there is matter. Spirit is the Lord God Almighty in the realm of matter. For this very reason you recognize in your bodies the allness of matter and in your spirit the Almighty God. There is, then, one body and one spirit. This is unity. There are not two forces antagonistic, but one eternal Being.

The people are not seeking for something new, like the Athenians; but they are in search of that which is true. There is a breaking up of old thought, and the tendency of the times is to seek reality. Anything which has even the appearance of reality attracts the attention of the people.

Here is an editorial from the Los Angeles Herald:

"It is a singular fact that the only especially prosperous religious sects are those which most of the Christian churches decry and condemn. The American Protestant churches nearly all show unsatisfactory progress, while some of them are deeply mired. On the other hand, certain sects that are usually treated with contempt by orthodox Christians are making tremendous strides in numbers, value of church property and attraction of public interest.

"The growth of certain sects within the last few years is in striking contrast with the stationary or retrograde conditions of the leading churches. In 1895, for instance, the statistics reported 144,352 Mormons in the United States. Last year's figures gave the number as 300,000. The number of Christian Scientists, according to the statistics of 1895, was 8,724. Last year the figure was a round 1,000,000. The Spiritualists have barely held their own since 1895, the number standing at about 45,000. During that period, however, the Dowleites, disciples of the assumed reincarnated Elijah, have grown to a membership of 40,000.

"It is success that counts in church affairs as well as in ordinary business. If irregular sects are thriving so astonishingly, while the regular ones are suffering from the bacillus of dry-rot, the outcome can be foreseen without the eyes of prophecy."

The growth of individualism is still greater.

You can't get up statistics and take a census of the individuals who have grown out of all churches, creeds and religions. There are millions and millions of men and women who are individualistic intellectually and practically. There are others who maintain their individual freedom in the Silence, and outwardly conform to social custom by attending the churches. The growth of unionism is but a sign pointing towards unity. Yes, the growth of trusts is a sign of unity. The merging of humanity into one whole is the tendency of the times. Unionism and trusts, when they go to seed, will produce a harvest of individuals. The individual is growing more and more into intellectual isolation. This is favorable to his unfoldment. When we have a world filled with individuals they will recognize the rights of each other. It will be a government by the individual for the individual. While the individual claims the right to govern self, he grants the same right to every other individual. The fundamental principle of freedom is the right of the individual to be himself and to act upon his own judgment. It also brings with it the idea of eternal being. It does away with the idea of ownership because you are to be here forever, and all that you want with things or property is for your own use. You don't own anything. No one owns anything. Everything is owned by the universal. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." The fullness of the Lord includes all individuals. Therefore, the earth belongs to all of us for our use throughout all eternity. Help yourself! But don't try to gobble up any more than you can use and so transmit a surplus down to your "heirs and assigns forever." The individual has no heirs or assigns, for his heirs are also individuals. You see the point! You don't own anybody.

Not even your wife and your children. They are also individuals, and, therefore, own themselves. This is the tendency of the times, and it is glorious. The woman is perfectly free from all environment and entanglements. She is nobody's property. Her children are free. They are even free from her. When you once get this idea of the individual fixed in your mind, it is the most glorious thought that ever came to man. Teach your child to recognize his own individuality right from the start. Even if Baby Blanche drags the molasses jug to the middle of the dining room floor and pours its contents on the carpet! Her individual rights are worth more than molasses or carpet. Don't even burden yourself with too much mental responsibility for your children. God is in them as well as you.

Union and Harmony.

Under this heading *The Philosophical Journal* gives a splendid endorsement of CHRISTIAN and reads a lecture to the mental mongrels in the following pointed words:

"These are the essential features for all who have a work to perform—a truth to teach, or a principle they desire to prevail. Above all, who should act as though they did 'love one another,' are those progressive people interested in the 'new thought' so-called—these should all 'with one accord' act out their principles, and work in harmony. But what do we see?

"The mental and magnetic healers, who are doing a grand work in this world, by healing the sick and relieving mental and physical distress, are making many envious and jealous people unhappy, and they feel like those in ages past who persecuted those who dared to think for themselves and labor for the good of humanity. They have begun a crusade to try to root out not only the mental and magnetic healers, but also to kill off all the periodicals devoted to the promulgation of Mental Science and healing."

Unity is of the Spirit.

Diversity is of the devil. The devil and mortal mind are one and the same thing. Thomas G. Newman, editor of *The Philosophical Journal*, is one of the sweetest spirits now sojourning on this earth. He can see the truth anywhere and everywhere. He thinks there ought to be union and harmony in the ranks of the so-called New Thought people. There can not be any unity in mortal mind. Just as long as we are struggling out of the wilderness of error, there will be diversity and enmity. Love can not have fellowship with anything other than love. All who are in the truth are in unity. The man who finds himself grumbling and growling and saying bitter things against his fellows is in error and unrest. The devil is tossing him about on the waves of mortal thought. He snaps and snarls, he makes himself miserable by trying to cure the errors of other people. The man who is in the truth goes on about his own business and lets other people do the same. The very worst busybodies on earth are those who are trying to save the world. The reformers are a nuisance. I never knew a man whose whole mind was concerned in curing the sins of other people, who did not neglect his own. The longest stride we have taken toward salvation is in finding out that

each individual must work out his own. When we come to find out that we are not responsible for other people, the burden of blunders rolls off our back. The highest statement in the truth is this: I am not responsible for anybody or anything, not even for myself. If you want words to say over, you can commit these to memory. It will save you from many foolish blunders. Paul put the whole thing in pointed words when he said: "For it is God who worketh in you both to will and to work, for His good pleasure." God is the only worker. When man learns to be led by the Spirit, there is liberty in all of his thoughts and actions. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." The trouble with us is that we made the Lord a two-legged animal like mortal man, and his Spirit nothing more than the emanations from the individual. Now we are coming into an understanding that the individual spirit is not the spirit of the individual, but of the universal. My own Spirit is the spirit of the Lord. The I AM in me is the I AM of the universe.

Individualism means immortality.

You can herd cattle, flock sheep, and pen pigs. Men have been driven along about the same way while on the animal plane. We put them into platoons, regiments, brigades, divisions, armies and made them step together. Each man kept step with the music or the voice of command. They learned how to shoot and stab and mangle each other at the word of command. Sometimes these herds of men would get into a panic like a herd of cattle, and run away. But as a general thing they moved along side by side without thought or question. In time of peace they put the same men into herds and made them perform manual labor. They carried hods, laid bricks, and drove nails at the word of command. They dug ditches, threw up embankments, made long lines of railroads, and tunneled the mountains at the word of command. They took no thought, and moved in herds like so many cattle. The black man did it because he was owned by the white man. The white man did it because he was owned by the capital of other white men. These herds of men lived their little lives, and went to the boneyard. They even asked permission of the priests to die and be buried in sacred ground. The poor pilgrim plodder was told that he would find rest in heaven. He had no expectations of anything on the earth. He lived without hope in the present and borrowed his hope of the future from the priest. Times are changing. While men are still in herds, they are herding themselves. They are forming unions and electing their own shepherds for the sheep. They are even asking questions as to why and wherefore. When they get done asking why they should not have good food and good clothes and good shelter for themselves and their children, they will ask a few other questions. The institutions are all in danger when the individual begins to ask questions. As I have said in these eye to eye talks, my soul-mate is a walking interrogation point. If you could see how that woman, by asking questions, cuts the strings

to all of my kites, you would wonder why I don't quit flying kites. I can't quit. Just remember that I am Gemini. I was born in the positive pole of the air. I must soar! She is Taurus, born in the positive pole of the earth. So she is continually saying: "Where is your kite?" When she asks this question, instead of looking up into the air where my kite is soaring, she looks at the earth.

How that wife of mine does like the earth and the ocean!

Down at Long Beach, the other day, she was tumbling and rolling in the big waves while I was holding onto the rope. I am not a duck. I belong to the air. I don't like to get wet. I am afraid of water. But she is in her native element. Can't get along without the earth and the water! Even if she does interfere with my kite strings. I am wandering from my theme. Questions are good things. It was a question and the answer to it which got Eve out of Eden. Questions and answers will get men out of herds, and give them an individual life, intellectually and physically. They will ask, Why do I live? and, Why don't I keep on living? They will get the deep tones of Jesus Christ when He says: "I came that they might have life, and life more abundantly." Men will not only ask for a living, but for an abundant life. They will want to live in the vibrations of eternity. The man-driver will lose his job. The individual will be born into intellectual freedom. The labor of the world will be done by machinery. The power will not be muscle, but mind. By mental motions men will govern the earth. They will not undertake to carry their burdens on their shoulders. The idea of performing the great labor of the world with the hands will be a thing of the past. Ask questions. Don't be afraid to question God. You know I AM God, but She questions me without a tremor. If I say I AM, then she will say I AM with a peculiar emphasis on the I. Let your light so shine that others, seeing your I AM, may also rejoice in their own I AM.

Immortality belongs to the individual.

There are no immortal herds in the kingdom of Spirit. This is the reason why no man, or set of men, can save the world. The life that is in you must unfold from within you. It must be your body and your mind and your immortality. We don't shine with borrowed light. The light that is in thee must be the light of the world. You couldn't see any other kind of light. If the light that is in thee be darkened, then all is darkness to thee. It is the light that does the seeing and the knowing. It is the light that is the seeing and the knowing. It must be in you. So every tendency towards individualism is the leading of the kindly light towards immortality.

WHAT FATE DOES.

The curious ways of queer old Fate
Is there a man who understands?
We scarcely lose one candidate
Till there's another on our hands!

COUNSEL TO VIRGINS.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And, while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

—ROBERT HERRICK.

Always send a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

Write your address plainly at the beginning and ending of your letter.

When changing address, always give your former address as well as the new one.

All premiums were withdrawn in September CHRISTIAN. My books are 50 cents each, and CHRISTIAN is \$1 a year.

You don't have to pay for CHRISTIAN in advance. The rules of the postoffice department only require that you should order it of your own free will.

I always acknowledge the receipt of subscriptions, though it is not necessary, as the printed slip on your paper will tell the time of your expiration, and is a receipt.

*** It is impossible for us to furnish back numbers of CHRISTIAN for all of George Burnell's lessons. I hope he will publish the seven lessons on Regeneration in a booklet. They are the very best words yet spoken on the subject. Don't hesitate to buy his "Book of Health and Science of Truth" advertised in CHRISTIAN. It is time for the readers of CHRISTIAN to study genuine metaphysics. Burnell and his wife are the best teachers of pure metaphysics that I have yet found on the earth. There may be better ones on some other planet. You must cultivate a taste for metaphysics and learn how to read and translate the lessons into your own language. CHRISTIAN for next year will be better than ever before. George Burnell's lessons will fill two full pages every month. I am entirely out of the commercial vibration and will give you my best thoughts.

*** I think it is time to bring the other two members of CHRISTIAN staff into this desk drift. Mrs. Burnell began a class in Ogden, and another in Salt Lake City just after we left. I am sorry we missed her, for although I met her in Chicago, I am anxious for her to meet "Lady Blanche." Mr. Burnell has been teaching classes in Kalamazoo, Chicago and Omaha. When you want first-class teachers for metaphysical classes, get George Burnell or his wife. You will learn something that will stick to you after they are gone. Their permanent address is 3146 Minnehaha avenue S., Minneapolis, Minn. They are also authorized to take subscriptions for CHRISTIAN.

NOT DOMINION, BUT DIVINITY

GEORGE BURNELL, 3146 Minnehaha Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota

V.—Reason, Uncreate and Supernal—Faith.

Thirty millions of followers in a life-span—such is the footprint of Gautama on the fleeting sands of time, and now four hundred and fifty millions use his religious “hand-me-down.” The only objection to this cult is that it fails to incubate gods, and in this respect it differs little if any from the other church trusts that exist as fungi upon mortal mind to the extent of over two thousand species. Still one can not throw away the jewel found in the dreariest ruins, and so here is one that shone very bright indeed to my soul as years ago the pathway of my pilgrimage of investigation led through the debris of primeval Aryan records:

“By passing quite beyond all idea of space
Being the infinite basis, he, thinking
It is all infinite reason,
Reaches mentally and remains in the state of mind
To which the infinity of reason is alone present—
This is the fifth stage of deliverance.”

Thus Gautama taught his thirty millions of devotees and they found it to be as he taught them, for “that eternal divine being is ever perceived by devotees,” and they, too, came to hear the voice saying unto them:

“Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord:
Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow:
Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”

There is this reading in the “Book of Health” (page 8): “In the providence of things there must ever be presented to the reason problems that seem beyond its ability to solve until it has been brought to function all there is in its constitution; when all the kinks are out of the consciousness, then satisfaction and mastery set in; there is not the least warrant for supposing that the reason has done all it can while a single perplexity lasts.”

The gloomy example of those who feel and proclaim a chronic and incurable infirmity of the reason in questions of the absolute truth finds no place among the great race-optimists; they do not, as Herbert Spencer, proclaim eternal torment through the existence of a permanently unknowable absolute; hitherto it has been left to speculative and blue-minded theologians to preach the eternal damnation of ignorance, but now the men of science keep pouring into our ears the inevitable limitations of human wisdom, instead of telling us that omniscient God dwells within us, and “*we have an anointing from the Holy One whereby we know all things.*”

It seems plain enough to me that such men as Mr. Spencer start in by putting up the keyhole; they declare that an absolute truth exists, and that we by virtue of what we are can never know this absolute, and can never help wanting to know it; what else is this but eternal damnation to ignorance?

Also, there has been the worship of “honest doubt.” I declare to you, whoever you are, that if you will use the reason you have now on hand, there will be no doubts left to prowling about your door. You will not need at some hypnotic round-up of years to confess with the old lion of science—Mr. Spencer—that your teeth are out, and that the “riddle of existence” still stalks you towards the grave.

But we would be in just as much of a puzzle if there were members of our own race (for of one blood are all the nations) who remained a mystery to our understanding. It behooves us to put ourselves in the viewpoint of any and everybody, because we are constituted with an ability to do so. There is no sphinx to the God in me or you. We have it in us to understand Spencer or Calvin, or even though we wrench the examples still farther apart, and say—Jesus and Nero.

Now there is more to be said than that we are constituted to sympathize with the whole race—in fact, let us make it two more things that we may do well to keep on saying to ourselves until they live in us; one is that we are able through our capacity for universal sympathy to put our viewpoint not only in the center of every member of our human race, but also we are actually endued with such a complete orbit and circle of soul intelligence as to be “hail fellow well met” with *all the being there is*, and this fact underlies and constitutes the possibility and truth of cosmic brotherhood, the very thought of which is bliss; the other fact that must be sent forth with a heavenly harp and wings is, that the only way to find in yourself the milk of human kindness and the subtlety of divine reason that can and does wash the crimson out of all other folks’ failings, consists in such “shining up to them” as places you and them at the angel-angle. Shrewdest of lawyers was Portia. There is a love that sharpens the wits. It must be that Shylock was somebody’s darling.

The fact is, all is mind, and if you have a taste for problems and perplexities you will be snowed under with them; but if on the other hand you have a mind for peace and harmony, and avoid picking everything into a ravel and snarl, you will find yourself in a world full of handles and meanings and nothing unreasonable will spring upon your mind from the dark.

The appearance that you can not for the life of you see your way out of some scrape must never be allowed to block your faith in the grand old-young life that never for an instant has hesitated to take upon itself the responsibility for your safe-conduct through ages and worlds without number.

There is a reason that dares to play fast and loose with meanings—masquerading; but the insight into unity is a supernatural sympathy that penetrates through all disguises, and it often drives philosophical systems to distraction to make it quite clear just how this sword of discernment does its “marrow and bone” work.

How may we know that Oliver Cromwell sipped the wine of supernal reason? Listen—the fight is thick, and he is in the midst, and although plumed cavaliers buzzed and stung about him, he is in the world but not of it, for with his mind he worships at the fountain of reason-faith, and with its waters he wets his tongue to the sprouting of these words—words that expose a mind baptized in the “Infinite and Eternal Energy;”—“*a man is never so wise as when he went without knowing whither he was going.*”

Here is something that looks very like ignorance, but is exalted to the throne of reason and is called faith.

There is a reason which enables us to have faith in everything. Men of spirit have that reason quickened in them. Jesus called such people "born of the spirit." They are hard people to explain; it is beyond us and them "whence they come and whither they go." All folks are spirit, and they seem to be spirit-born just when they let it dawn upon them; and there is no telling enough about the whence and whither of folks and things to keep down the underbrush of problems as to their exact whereabouts at any given instant. But there is an eye supernal, unwinking, within us all, that accomplishes off-hand this masterpiece of cosmic inspection.

Let us flash another jewel of Gautama—his message to his race concerning their latent cosmic eye:

"If a devotee should desire, Brethren,
To see with pure and heavenly vision,
Surpassing that of mortal men,
Beings as they pass from one supposed state of life
And take form in other mere states;
Beings that play at baseness and nobility,
At beauty and ugliness, at joy and misery,
According to the law he believes in;
If a devotee should wish to be able to say—
These beings by their good conduct
In action, in word, and in thought,
By their not speaking evil of the Noble Ones,
By their adhesion to truth and its demonstration,
Are by illumination translated into heaven now—
Should he thus desire to see with pure and heavenly vision
The life-cycles of all beings according to their faiths,
Let him then fulfill all right-thinking.
Let him be devoted to that quietude of heart
Which springs from within,
Let him not drive back the ecstasy of contemplation,
Let him look through things,
Let him be much alone."

If you have ever had any faith in the teaching that God is in you, it must have been your comfort to know that He had His eyes with Him. "All things are naked and open before the eyes of him with whom we have to do." Innocent reason is good eye-medicine.

My experience in the past dozen or more years of teaching by the Socratic method—that is, of leading people by question to the truth they already know—has proved to me that there are actually no two different reasons among them all, but one rational constitution, which each person struggles to express in his own bungling brogue. From this Babel there is no release save from the perception of unity, and then the Pentecost in which every one speaks in his own tongue and is understood. Do not imagine that you have an inkling of anybody's true meaning until you feel like blessing them.

The question, for instance, of organization will not be settled by argument or discussion, or even by experiments, but in fact has been eternally settled by the divine mind in each and all of us, and this divine reason has firm grasp upon all the facts there are at present in existence or ever will or can be. It is given us of the God nestled within us to teach the truth as it is, and the better we express ourselves the more obvious it will be that all the facts of existence are eternally marshalled under the banner of the truth. Our understanding of truth makes us see the facts as they are, taking away the warping of our opinions and lack of the heavenly vision. As you see, so you think; but as the truth is, so you are. Your world is created by your own state of mind, but the real world in which you actually now live is the truth, and in that world there is no want or pain or grief, no old age or dying, no ignorance or fear; into that divine world you will seem to come by the restoration of your reason, and this is the meaning of the great saying of Daniel:

"At the same time my reason returned unto me;
And for the glory of my kingdom,
My majesty and brightness returned unto me."

It takes some courage to live up to the dictatorship of pure reason, for it commands us to abandon the swaddling policy of laying out for ourselves plans of thought and action—in truth, no sooner do we perceive the luminous constitution of our being than we forsake father and mother and sister and brother and houses and lands and all the rest of the relativities of organization and become champions of the lordly vision of Shakespeare:

"There is a DIVINITY that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may."

Nor do we antagonize those who are yet like John the Baptist, great as any born of woman, yet less than the least in the perception of the kingdom of heavenly mind—let us seek, rather, the blessing of those who even if they see that according to the dictates of pure reason there can be no such thing as organization, yet can not but see it as something that is afar off, for those of the majestic kingdom of perception are not for or against anything, but *live in their vision of truth*, not as something to be, but as *what now is*. It must be that with our hearts swelling with rapture as we live and love in the presence of truth, we can not but subscribe to the creed of Walt Whitman:

"I hear that it is charged against me that I sought to destroy institutions;
But really I am neither for nor against institutions,
(What, indeed, have I in common with them, or what with the destruction of them?)
Only I will establish in Manahatta and in every city of these States, inland and seaboard,
And in the fields and woods, and above every keel, little or large, that dents the water,
Without edifices, or rules, or trustees, or any argument,
The Institution of the Dear Love of Comrades."

We mean by reason that which the mind is constituted to believe; what it can not help admit is so; what it must and does accept as true; as, for instance, that there can not be anything besides what is, or that there is no such thing as nothing, or that what is can not be divided into parts, since there is nothing besides itself with which to divide it, or that you must admit duality before you can believe in change, or that there must be the admission of change before the reason can think of beginning and duration and ending, or that without beginning and duration and ending the idea of causation and effect and laws in general are unreasonable.

Now, this rational conception of allness, indivisibility, permanence, eternity, freedom from all laws, etc., is the divine in man, is the divine mind; and when this wonderful reason comes to life and dominates the whole self-conscious mind, then is man's kingdom and power and glory restored to him and he no longer eats grass like an ox, or herds the swine and feeds upon the husks of mere sense-life, but resumes the throne of insight and reason.

Have no fear that you will be too intellectual, or that you are not intellectual enough—such fears as these are as groundless as are all fears; all being is equally equipped; God has verily never outdone Himself or slighted anything; your very existence is guarantee that you can do and be whatever there is to do or be. There is omnipotence and omnipresence and omniscience—in truth God Himself—in you, and you have no choice but to express all there is in you.

Next time you shall hear something of the *secret of devotion* that overcomes all the vanity of sin.

DESK DRIFT.

*** Hello!

*** This is Los Angeles.

*** The city of the Angels.

*** It is well named, for it is the most beautiful place in the world except Denver.

*** You are really not in California until you get to Los Angeles. The soft sunshine gives a peaceful stillness to the city and the people.

*** The first day's impression was so good that we paid rent on our rooms for one month in advance, and are likely to stay here a month longer.

*** However, you must address all communications to Denver, as we have no plans, and our personal mail is put into a large envelope and sent us every day.

*** Denver will always be our postoffice address, but never more will we tie any strings to our lives. It is so glorious to be free! It is true that "Mamma" has had trouble with the cook and the yard man, but her troubles will never trouble us.

*** Is this selfishness? Perhaps it is, but it is soulful and refreshing. We hear every day about the baby's pranks and her frolics. It is good news for us to read, and "mamma" has all the trouble. Then on my desk at home is piled up all the exchanges, and books, and pamphlets and things, which I don't have to read.

*** I am very thankful to Mr. Madden for setting us free. You see I call him Mr. Madden now, and will call him General Madden when he puts CHRISTIAN into second-class mail. I am not bothered with hired girls in the office, and Mrs. Shelton is not troubled with hired girls in the house. Isn't it just jolly!

*** And yet we do more work and better work than ever before in this world. It is the work of following the leadings of the Spirit. When the Pharisees asked Jesus Christ how they could work the work of God, He replied: "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." Make this personal, and believe that you are the one whom He hath sent.

*** Mrs. Shelton brought all of her good clothes and one short skirt. This short skirt has been in use every day since we left home. It comes down to the instep, but it does not drag in the dirt. Why should a woman's dress touch the ground? The hat she wears with this skirt cost three dollars and a half. It is a soft gray felt with a pompom on it, and she can sit on it and you would never know the difference. But the short skirt is what suits me. In Salt Lake City the women all wore long skirts which they had to hold up, but in San Francisco there were a few short ones, and in Los Angeles—the women are sensible! Lady Blanche says for me to say to you all that she dresses up sometimes, just to keep in practice.

*** I left my silk hat, the high hat, at home. It is on the top shelf of the closet in our private sitting room, and my father-in-law is welcome to wear it. I want no more of it. My outfit for every-day use in

Los Angeles is a plain straw hat and a \$12.50 two-piece suit. My stenographer who is taking down this dictation is very much afraid that you people will think we are dowdies. You know when we come out before you readers of CHRISTIAN we are parading before our own public. As Mark Twain said to Harriet Beecher Stowe, about the necktie, I have good clothes in my trunk. Mark went to see Harriet and forgot to put on his necktie. When his wife scolded him about it, he put his necktie into a package and sent it by special messenger to Harriet to let her know that he had one.

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