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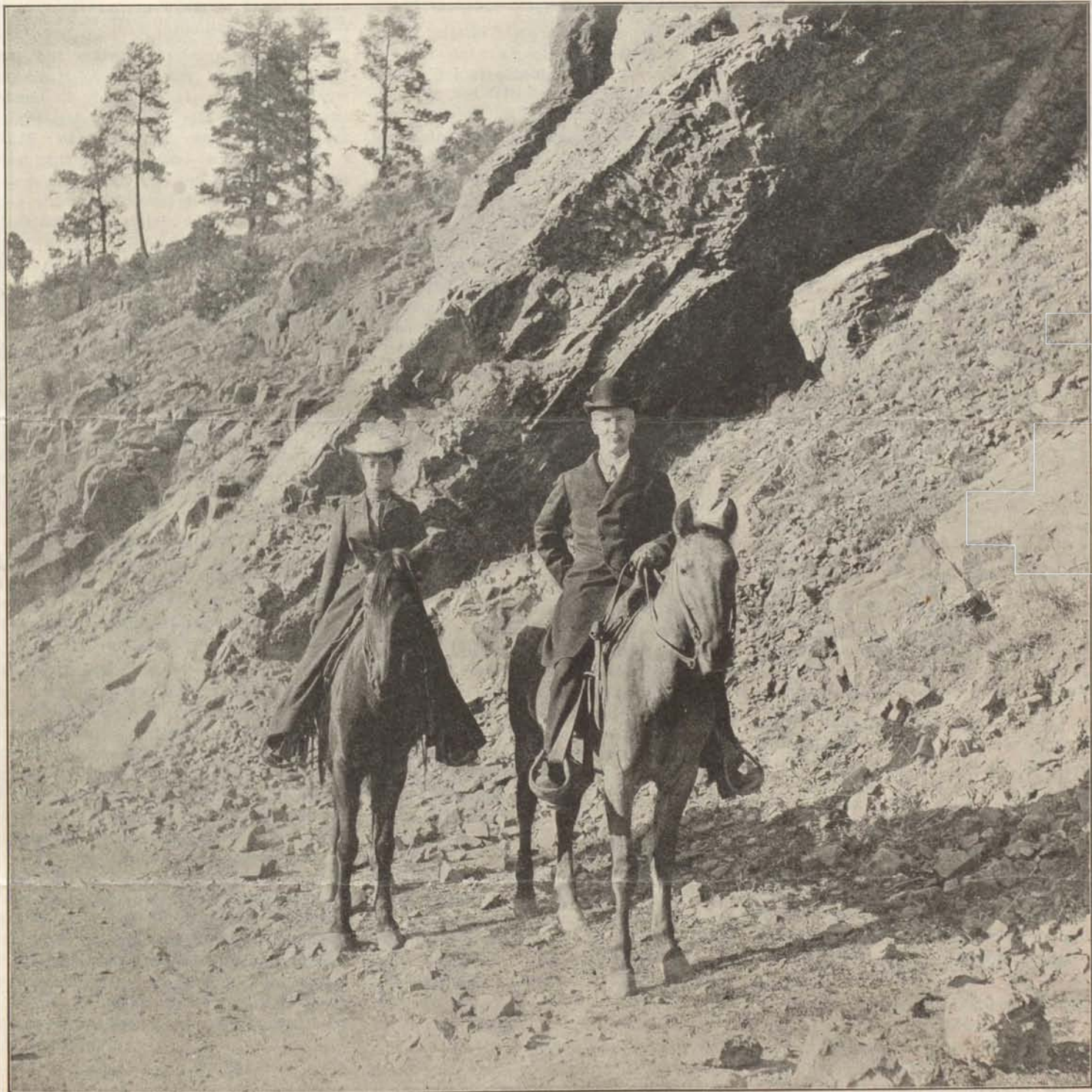
Christian

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

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THE PILGRIMS IN NEW MEXICO

ITEMS AND IDEAS.

*** Hello!

*** This is Denver.

*** Home, sweet home!

*** City of Mountain and Plain.

*** Capital of the world and electric center of the planet.

*** Had a glorious time and got home for Thanksgiving Dinner.

*** The picture of the pilgrims in New Mexico on first page is no sign that we are going to live a strenuous life.

*** No, we are not traveling for our health. We brought our Health along with us. Genuine health is always omnipresent and makes its own climate.

*** The lady rides astride as all good women did before a crippled queen of England had a side saddle made to fit her deformed legs. It is not safe to ride a broncho in any other way.

*** Boston claims the credit of starting the fashion for women to ride astride. Denver started that fashion before Boston ever heard of it. All sensible reforms start in the West, and vibrate towards the East.

*** Elizabeth Towne took a fit because I said that Burnell wrote pure metaphysics, while a lot of the old grannies mixed their mental science with lollypolly. I didn't intend for the shoe to fit you, Betsy, but as you have put it on, you may wear it.

*** Say, don't bother the printers to change to a temporary address. CHRISTIAN is mailed by contract, and it costs one cent a line to change your address. Give your carrier or postmaster a penny and he will forward your CHRISTIAN.

*** "Not Dominion, but Divinity," the title of Burnell's current lessons in CHRISTIAN, is a whole sermon within itself. If man is mortal, why seek dominion? You can't keep it if you get it. The scepter of dominion will fall from the dead fingers of mortality. Divinity is the only dominion.

*** George Burnell is teaching classes in Ogden and Salt Lake City. If you want Burnell and his wife for a class, go to work at once and make it up and write them for particulars and dates. You may address them for this month and next at 463 Canon Road, Ogden, Utah.

*** All premiums were withdrawn in September, but I have to keep saying it over to impress it upon the minds of some who will forget. CHRISTIAN is one dollar a year. My books are sent postpaid for fifty cents each.

*** S. Annette Chessman, whose card you will find on the eighth page, has sent us a beautiful marine view in water colors as a sample of her work. There never has been but one other painting like it and it brought forty dollars. This was a gracious gift, and it was accepted in the spirit in which it was given. I commend her as worthy of your patronage. Just at this holiday season she can help you to a splendid present which will be lasting.

CHRISTIAN

*** Mrs. Shelton says that the hardest part of her work is to stop and hunt up addresses. Why can't you write your full address plainly in every letter, or which is better, enclose an envelope addressed to yourself and stamp it? In your case, it is one stamp and one address; while with us, it is a thousand.

*** I think that indignation broke up our itinerary in its incipiency. A good lady wrote blowing up my wife for leaving the Baby at home. She got so mad over it, that she quit "busting bronchos" and started home to Denver and the Baby. She knew how well the Baby was being cared for by the mother who cared for her.

*** The so-called New Thought movement is resolving itself into a scramble for the spoils. It is amusing to an individualist, while sitting at a safe distance, to watch the crush at the bargain counters! Don't be alarmed, for all mental movements must have the measles, mumps, whooping cough, scarlet fever, and sometimes the croup.

*** It is hard to make people understand. Since November CHRISTIAN came out, persons have been addressing me at Los Angeles, and yet, we left Los Angeles before November CHRISTIAN went to press. I dreamed that one letter was at Las Vegas and I went there and got it. But I can't dream of all the lost letters, so please don't address me anywhere except at Denver.

*** I would have looked real pretty in the picture if the sun had not been shining in my eyes. I was posing, as you see, in my stirrups with the vibrations of my old cavalry record. I imagined that I was in the old Sixth Illinois Cavalry, where the Shelton of old used to ride. The sun spoilt the eagle eye of the warrior and made him squint. But She took a splendid picture just as her broncho was in a sleepy mood.

*** A man is foolish to criticise either a woman or the weather. They are both liable to change. You remember in November I said something about a three-dollar hat on a certain woman's head. She went right out on the streets of Los Angeles and bought a "dream of a hat." The bill was not a nightmare, from the fact that the ostrich farm is near Los Angeles. You catch an ostrich, pluck his plumes and build the dream!

*** "Seems as though Madden ought to have taken on some of these vibrations by this time."—*The Pathfinder*.

Say, you man in the calf-path, have you not read where it is writ, "He that believeth not shall be damned?" Quit believing Not, or you will be damned. The man who believes Not will have gnarled knots all over his brain! The law of vibrations is perfect, converting the souls even of postoffice officials.

*** Baroness Helen Wilmans has at last revealed her identity. In a recent number of *Freedom*, she tells us that her great-grandfather was Baron Wilmans of Germany. Humph! My wife, on the left hand, descended from a Spanish Grandee, and on the right, from a King of England. This is no joke, for her father, Dr. Noteman, was

a direct descendant of William IV. As for me, everybody knows that I am a scion of a long line of Irish kings. Go to, thou Helen of the sourcrou!

*** It is not the quantity but the quality of CHRISTIAN which commends it to your mind. From time to time I shall make it as compact and concise as possible. Burnell suits me exactly, and he will grow more and more in your favor as you get used to his style. There is no use for you to listen to the jingle of the bells in the valley of doubt. It is time to go to the top of the mountains and hear the trumpet tones of the Spirit. It cost me \$20,000 to get CHRISTIAN attuned to the Truth. It shall never more get out of tune.

*** I have received clippings and questions concerning one Rev. J. H. Smyth Pigott, who arose in his pulpit in London and announced himself as the Messiah. I am asked to express my opinion. Mr. Pigott is insane. When a man thinks that he is some other man, dead or alive, he is beside himself. Alexander Dowie has many good points, but when he claims to be Elijah he shows symptoms of insanity. Jesus Christ said in plain words that the Messiah would come as Spirit in all individuals who accepted the Truth. Christ will never come as an individual or manifest as a person.

*** You know that wife of mine is an ex-actress, and I am an ex-preacher. The other day at a swell hotel she played a prank on me by telling the chambermaid that I was a minister. Having been reared to reverence the cloth, the maid treated me with great respect for a while. But one morning we inadvertently went down to breakfast and left the poker chips and cards on the table in our sitting room. After that, the aforesaid maid looked upon us as worse than escaped convicts and as bad as the bloody bandits of Bulgaria. It is said that the Italian bandits are all devoted religionists. I have no doubt of it!

*** Speaking of poker chips, I had better explain that I am not a gambler and never was a gambler. You can't play poker, however, without betting something; and so my chum and I play pennyante, with the limit of a dollar. It is a very fascinating game, and I advise husbands to entertain their wives, instead of playing down town at the saloon or the club. That wife of mine wins all my spare change by getting me started talking metaphysics. I get going on my pet hobby and she rakes in the jackpots! I wish I could impress upon the minds of husbands the importance of making chums of their wives. Generally at fifty a man says if he had his life to live over again he would do so and so. I am living my life over again and I am doing so and so.

*** At first glance you may not find any metaphysics on the first page of this number of CHRISTIAN. But look closer and you can get a great lesson. The horse is the symbol of Truth. The man on horseback is the symbol of political power. To dream that you are on horseback denotes success. To dream of driving or handling horses is good. In the last book of the New Testa-

ment the man who sat on the white horse was called the King of kings and the Lord of lords. So if you will study the picture of the pilgrims mounted on New Mexico bronchos, you will see that it shows that we are in the vibrations of Truth and Power. It is also a symbol of good health and success.

*** "I know your time is precious." I read these words over and over until I am weary of their repetition. My time is not precious! All my time has been merged into eternity; therefore, it is not cut up into parts and dealt out in splinters and pieces. I refuse to run through life like a scared rabbit. My work is not hard and it wouldn't be hard work if I carried a hod. I would joyfully lift the hod and carry it with my mind as well as my muscle. The man who does not put joy into his work is a slave. The woman who spends her life complaining and grumbling is worse than a serf. She is a slave to her own mortal foolishness. Why do you keep on working at things way ahead? Sufficient unto the day!

*** In all our travels we do not make or receive calls, from the fact that it would be impossible for us to do so. For instance, in Los Angeles CHRISTIAN has over two hundred readers. I could not make "fish of one and fowl of the other" by calling on some and neglecting others. It has taught me that I must make my next tour as a public teacher and hire a hall where all can come and hear. I will do it when I get ready and I am getting ready very rapidly. This reminds me that I have received calls from Chicago and Boston, offering me big prices for a course of lessons. I can easily make a thousand dollars a week, but no amount of money will induce me to go out before the time appointed by the Spirit. Just hold on and watch CHRISTIAN for the announcement.

*** A woman asks me if it is wrong for her to dance. Now she wants me to set up a standard of morals for her. No individual has the right to set up a standard of morals for another individual. To your own spirit you must stand or fall. The only God who can bring you to judgment is the God within yourself. If your God condemns you for dancing it is my opinion that He needs enlightenment. I like to dance and to see dancing. It is good exercise and a very profitable way to enjoy the society of other people. Baby Blanche shall have dancing lessons even before she gets into the kindergarten. My father was a splendid violinist. But his old Baptist religion made him shudder at the idea of playing dancing music. He was a preacher of the old school, and I remember him as a man in a cage, for he loved all the good things of life and was afraid of Nature.

*** My letter-heads have only my card in the left hand corner. There is no date line; therefore, even when I am at home, my letters are not dated at any particular place—they are simply dated. In all our travels we use this letter-head in answering letters. While in Los Angeles a Foxy Quiller got tangled up as follows:

"Yesterday I received and responded to a letter signed by you and dated at Denver, but postmarked Los Angeles the same day it was written. Please explain the enigma. How is it that the letter is dated Denver and postmarked Los Angeles the same day?"

You ought not to let a little miracle like that upset you. Now if the letter had been dated Los Angeles and postmarked Denver, it would have been really a great miracle. Denver, being the capital of the world, has more centripetal and centrifugal concentration centered in it for the casting of the letter towards the circumference for the postmark!

*** While in Los Angeles I received the following lamentation from San Francisco:

"INDIVIDUAL Shelton: The October 'Christian' is at hand, and read with the usual interest, except the article on the fifth page, 'Progress of the Pilgrims.' To think that you and the Lady Blanche have been in San Francisco, and did not tell me that you were coming, so that I might have seen you from a distance. There are a few men in the world I would like to see. King Edward is not one of them; but you are. I have missed seeing the Sun and Moon of Individualism in the sky at one time. I am trying hard to be reconciled.

"I would not have tried to shake hands, for mixed vibrations might interfere with treatments. But I would have whispered distinctly that other points of interest exist here, besides Chinatown and the Cliff House and—earthquakes. I suspect, however, those Pilgrims were a good deal on the fly. Please don't do it again. At least, give your friends a glimpse of you at a 'vanishing distance.' Ever sincerely, W. P. Phelon, M. D."

Forgive me, Doctor, and next time I will "hire a hall." By the way, the woman clothed with the sun objects to being called the moon.

*** Since leaving home there has been sent to us from San Francisco a silver cup; that is, Mrs. Rose, of San Francisco, sent a silver cup, with her name beautifully engraved, to Baby Blanche. It is no slip to say that it was sent to us, for Baby Blanche is US. Kate Leone Wood, of Kalamazoo, also sent us a Nubian head of her own modeling. Miss Corbett, the Sunbonnet Baby, is with Miss Wood and they are getting out a lot of sunbonnet babies for the holiday trade. If you want something artistic and original address Wood Papier-Mache Works, Kalamazoo, Mich. There will be a load of all kinds of souvenirs taken home by the "Lady Blanche." I expect to be walking around among Indians, Japanese, Nubians, Chinese, Mexicans and other heathen for all eternity. There is only one thing I hate about this trip; that Chinese orchestra in San Francisco was the most blood-curdling, outlandish noise I ever heard in my life. Now, when I feel happy and want to sing, my wife says: "There goes that Chinese orchestra!" I will sing in the Silence, for in that way I am a very sweet singer!

*** The first page of CHRISTIAN for November created widespread comment. Yes, I meant what I said, but will not stop to explain to those who can't understand. Abandon yourself to your divinity. I could quote Paul and say: "Cast your care on Him who cares for you." But Paul has been worn threadbare and I want to state the same truth in my own words. Live an

abandoned life in the sense that you leave all results to the Spirit. You can't see very far with your mortal eyes, but you can see into infinity with the eyes of the Spirit. The man who walks by faith in God, the God of himself, the Spirit within, is walking in the Life. You can't walk by faith in God and all the time fear that God will not succeed. Revel in your own righteousness. Abandon yourself to the liberty of a son of God. You are going to stay here forever; therefore, enter into the joy of your own kingdom. Fill yourself full of divinity. Don't wait for any sweet bye and bye, but enter at once into the joy of truth. Never put off until to-morrow the joy that should be yours to-day. Quit carrying any burdens of what may be or what has been; but load up with love and truth until you are brim full of everlasting life.

*** Mrs. "Sherlock Holmes" called at my house after I left home. My father-in-law wrote of her as follows:

"I saw a woman peering through the window. I went to the door. A tall, well-dressed lady was there and said, 'I guess your door bell is out of order.' I said I thought it was in order. Then she asked if Mr. Shelton lived here. I told her he did. She asked if he was present. I said that he was away for the present, and she asked where. I said in California. She then asked when he left, and I told her the 4th of September. She said this was a mistake, for she had received a letter postmarked at Denver the 16th of September. I told her that it was a mistake, for Mr. Shelton was either in Salt Lake City or San Francisco at that date. She insisted that her letter was mailed in Denver at that date. I told her that this was impossible, as no one in the house could use the typewriter and that his wife was his stenographer and was with him and that all letters were answered by him personally. She insisted that she was right, and said 'that it only confirmed her suspicions.' I asked for her name and address and she refused to give it."

This sole mortal among ten thousand would not be mentioned except that I want her to see this item. I have but one postoffice address, and that is 1657 Clarkson street, Denver, Colo. But I will answer letters when and where I please, and the only way you can tell where I am at that time is by the postmark on your letter. There was no letter written in Denver by me or anybody representing me after the 4th of September. If the lady had left her name and address I would have written this to her instead of putting it in the paper. However, if people come to me with suspicions tucked away in their chatelaines, they can almost always get them "confirmed!"

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.

EYE TO EYE TALKS.

Just Life, that is all.

You see I spell Life with a capital. There isn't anything alive except Life. I have said this before and am likely to repeat it again before I am done with these eye to eye talks. Hubbard has his heart to heart talks; but these eye to eye talks are better. Not better talks, but a better way to talk. The heart and the eye are very close akin. The flash of the eye and the light of the eye tell the story of the heart. I am stirring up the people with these talks about life. The only thing that you can save is life. The only thing that you can keep is life. The only thing that you can really have is life. There is no other possession.

Dead things do not count.

When a man is dead you put him out of sight as soon as possible. Cremation is a very good way to put people out of sight when they are dead. It does away with the box and the hole in the ground. You can't make anything out of death, so you had as well put it out of sight with fire. You may build mausoleums, monuments, memorial arches, or even name a five cent cigar after a dead man, but it only perpetuates his name. He is just as dead with a monument as he is without one. It is true that you can keep his name fresher in the memories of men by naming a good cigar after him, than in most any other way. I know several generals in America who would have been forgotten if it had not been for the fact that their names were perpetuated by a cigar. It is all the same to the generals, for they are gone.

There isn't anything but Life.

And yet the lives of men and women are the cheapest things in the world. You can buy men for soldiers and sailors and miners and explorers and any other callings which endanger life. They are for sale cheap. The lives of women are almost as cheap; in fact, they are very nearly a drug on the market. Like herds of cattle and sheep, men and women are driven to death. And yet men and women are afraid of death. Let one of you get a little colic and you will run for the doctor. Tell you that you have appendicitis and you are ready to submit to an operation. Just say that you have inherited tuberculosis, and if you do not know what the word means, it will not scare you. But call it consumption, and the cold drops of perspiration break out on your forehead. And yet life is the cheapest thing on earth.

Why is life so cheap?

It is because no one really has it. The world is lost in hopeless fear of death. There is a passage of Scripture which fits in here like a glove on the hand of a lady. It is said of Jesus Christ that He came to: "deliver all them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." This is the condition of humanity. They put very little value on life from the fact that they look at it as transient, evanescent, and beyond their control. If they knew that life was eternal they would prize it as an eternal possession. The oak tree is of more value

than a sun flower. The sun flower comes up to-day and goes down to-morrow. At the ostrich farm, near Los Angeles, they told me that an ostrich would live 70 years as an average life. For this reason an ostrich is valuable. There was one pair valued at five thousand dollars. Even without its plumage, the ostrich would be of more value than a cow, for they have a longer life. Man born of woman is of few days and full of trouble, according to Job; therefore, a man's life doesn't amount to much. If he is only going to stay here a few days and those few days full of trouble; what's the use? An ostrich has a better digestion and more chances of long life than a man. The point I want you to get is: that we value life according to its duration. A man is no sooner born than he begins to think about dying. There is not much encouragement for him to undertake any great enterprise. You hear men of fifty saying if they had their lives to live over they would do so and so. The man of seventy regrets that he did not begin his special work sooner. It is seldom that you see a man of seventy left here to have any regrets. They tell us that the average life of man is less than thirty years. Thirty years! Think of it! Thirty years and two-thirds of the thirty are spent in school, learning the simple lessons, for it takes a longer time for collegiate education.

What's the use?

Life is endless.

Give men to understand this and they will put the right value on life. Let them know that they can keep it and it will become precious in their sight. Even the hope of eternal life made such a movement in the world that men began to build for eternity. Instead of living in tents they began to erect buildings of stone. When the hope of life came through Jesus Christ men built temples of beauty. They began to work in marble and erect lasting structures. They painted pictures which were to live forever as works of art. They sung songs that went down into the depths of human feeling. This hope of eternal life gave new vision to the mind. It illuminated the faces of the people. But this hope is dying out. It needs a new resurrection. One man coming into the world with real life would raise the minds of the people from the dead. There is a call for a new Christ. It is true that the Christ is always new. There is a cry in the soul for a new revelation of the Christ.

You want your own life.

In order to make this pointed I must make it personal. I can't talk to you eye to eye without making everything personal. What do I want? I want myself. God couldn't have pleased me any better. I want human life. I want my own human life. I am a man and want to remain a man. I have no headaches, heartaches or stomachaches. I enjoy sound sleep. I love the life there is in me. The vision of the eye gives me gladness. The hearing of the ear brings me blessing. I like the taste of food and my digestion is good. Every vibration of life in my body is a blessing to me. Why should I want to change it? Why should I seek

to be other than what I am? Let us quit lying and be honest with ourselves. I am seeking perfection in what I am. It is life in this sphere of being which I seek. I want to be more of a man. I want all these human faculties intensified and made perfect in their action. I want the vision of my eyes clearer and the hearing of the ear so acute that, in the language of Burnell, "no sound will escape me and none disturb me." I want to enjoy the bliss of life in my body and mind now, henceforth and forever.

My wife is not seeking a change.

Her body is compact and beautiful. The vision of the eye is clear; the hearing of the ear is acute. All the sensations and vibrations of the body are in unison with the mind. I have not heard her even humming the tune:

"I want to be an angel
And with the angels stand;
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand."

I'm sure I don't want her to be an angel. I want her to be a woman. In all the Bible there is not one single mention of a female angel. It is strange but true that all the angels in the Bible are men. "She" says that you may know by this that men wrote the Bible. Anyhow, I don't want an angel in the celestial sense for a wife. Let us look each other in the eye and frankly confess that we all want to be ourselves. Of course the exceptions are those who are deformed, maimed or suffering such defects that Health and Happiness will not change into perfection. In speaking personally, let me say that I am satisfied with myself and my environment. I am seeking perfection along the lines of my present life. I am as happy and as healthy in mind as a man can be. It is only a question of time when the body will respond to the mental condition. It is already responding beautifully that way.

Happiness in life.

There are no vibrations of health equal to those of love. Love vibrations are the very first ones to produce life and they will bring about the resurrection. I always wanted a chum. As far back as I can remember I sought for a chum among the girls. I never associated much with men. Not finding a chum among women, I made three attempts to form a Damon and Pythias or David and Jonathan fellowship with men. My first was a preacher, a second a lawyer, the third a doctor. They are all three living and loving friends of mine. But the joy of finding in my wife a chum! It is she who is the jolly good fellow. In our pilgrimage we are not afraid to go anywhere night or day. In our case, two is company and three is a crowd. Cultivate good fellowship with your wife. Don't be forever making comparisons between men and women. Take her with you wherever you go and be man enough not to go where she can't go. Bless me, if every man on earth would refuse to enter any place where he could not take his wife, a sudden change would come over the world. You bet we are chums! I used to call up the boys and fling money away. Now, I call up my girl, my best and only girl; it is sweeter

and cheaper. It has a tendency to sweeten the breath and purify the vibrations. I'm tempted to go off on a tangent and tell you how we took in the ten-cent shows in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

But this is serious.

Life is a very serious thing. What a big lie! Look out in the green pastures and see the lambs and colts and calves frolicking. Life is a joy! I used to repeat Longfellow:

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal.
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

In solemn tones I have heard this all my life. The soul is the life. Life is real and earnest, but it should never be solemn. It should be jolly. It should be joyous. It should be child-like. It should take no thought for the morrow. It should enjoy the day. And, my beloved friends, life is just all these things. It is death which is solemn and full of melancholy. It is the hopelessness of mortality which fades the cheek and dims the eye. Do I really believe in the resurrection and the regeneration? I know it! I am in it! What is it? It is the extension and expansion of the life that I am now living. It is just a little more of me. It is a little more of Her. It is individuality expanded and extended into immortality. It is not a jumping from one plane of being into another one called the "angelic," but an extension of good old sweet human nature. It is not a seeking for muscle, but mind. I don't want to be a prize fighter. The athlete is seldom in good health. The physical culturists die young. It is a great mistake to try to project the body ahead of the mind. If my wife should suddenly turn into an Amazon, she would cease to be mine.

Mind builds electric bodies.

In our building we are seeking for elasticity and virility. If we sought for mere bulk the elephant would be our model. I don't want to be an ox any more than I want to be an angel. It is the fineness and sensitiveness of electric flesh that we are seeking. How many others can we save? Not a single one. You don't even save yourself. You let the Spirit of Truth work out in you the fullness of Life. This is the reason why the body will become electric, for it will partake of the nature of Spirit. Each individual is absolutely independent of every other individual. Now there is a mutual dependence which is in reality independence. I am dependent upon my other half, but she is also dependent upon me. In the economy of nature where there is a blending of interests the dependence becomes independence. My wife and I have accomplished what J. Pierpont Morgan calls a "merger." Our individuality is merged into one being; thus making us twain in one flesh. When She begins to assert the I AM, it does not disturb me in the least, for I know that I AM. She can not be without me any more than I can be without her. One wing can not say to the other wing, "I have no need of thee." Unload your life of the burden of other lives. These people who are all the time going about trying to save others are

wasting their lives. The eternal plan is individualistic; therefore, look out for yourselves. Say, sweetheart, don't you know that one Man would be more to the world than all the teaching and preaching that humanity has ever received? One live man and woman, one pair who have conquered disease and death, would be a beacon light for the whole planet.

Love is a live wire.

The vibrations of love reach to the Spirit-center. This is not preaching. I am talking about real love and real life. You must get out of the artificial regions into the realms of nature. Genuine love between a man and a woman will reach to the sun center. When you are in conjunction with this center, the mind is illuminated by direct rays of light. The body is gradually changed into electric vibrations, which produce the very ecstasy of being. What is Life? It is a flame of fire. It is that very thing which seems to destroy life. It is fire. Love is a flame. The sun is a sphere of pure love. Swedenborg says that the sun is Pure Fire. That is, fire that is not fed by combustibles. In other words, it is pure Spirit. Mortal life is in conjunction with the moon. It is subject to the ebb and flow of the tides of time. Spirit life is in conjunction with the sun and is free from any fluctuations in time or chance. It is a life that is everlasting. This is what we are seeking. It is said that people will get what they seek. I think this is true. This leads me to the place where I want to caution you against life absorbing. You must learn to attract life to yourself instead of sending it out from yourself. There must be a constant incoming of life to you instead of its perpetual drain from you. This is one of the golden secrets. Instead of letting people absorb my life, and like vampires fasten themselves to feed on my vitality, I live in isolation. In this way, I am building a body to suit myself. If it were otherwise, I would be like the man with the wax nose. This man had the misfortune to lose his nose, and was persuaded by his friends to get a wax nose. He got it. The first friend he met congratulated him, but said his nose didn't turn up enough at the end. The man said: "Turn it up." The next friend said it did not turn down enough, and he told him to turn it down. Another said it ought to arch a little more in the center, and he told him to arch it. By the time they all got through with it, the nose was ruined.

"Born a man: died a grocer."

This is one of Burnell's pointed sayings. He has a habit of saying things that stick into a fellow. This stuck with me. If I had gone on the way I started out the first of this year, it could soon have been said of me: "Born a man: died a publisher." I was not only going to publish CHRISTIAN weekly, but establish a great publishing house. Spirit nipped all these pot-plants in the bud. I was brought up with the lariat of Spirit to a sudden stop. I was reminded that CHRISTIAN was founded for the express purpose of bringing a man to perfection. It is

one thing to be a man in business, and another thing to be a business in a man. It is all right to be a grocer in developing; if you conduct your grocer business in a store room instead of in yourself. When your business absorbs your life, it is murdering you. I am not seeking a single subscriber, much less one hundred thousand. I am not seeking any kind of business, but letting business seek me. The law holds good, that he who loseth his life shall find it. Since I don't care whether I get any subscribers or not, they are coming in steadily every day. I am seeking life! The people who read CHRISTIAN are not interested in my publishing business, but in me. The 7,000 who stood by me until I got out of the wilderness are now doubling their number. Don't let anything in this world sidetrack you from the main purpose of life. If you do get sidetracked, turn the switch and pull your train onto the main line. How strange it is that men with millions of money are so absorbed in making money! They can't let loose. They got into business, and then business got into them. These are what I call "life-absorbers." Always be more than your position or vocation.

Be a human being!

You are not a shoemaker, wagon-maker, printer, publisher, farmer, or money-maker. You are a man. You may do all these things, but don't let them do you. When Pierpont Morgan goes to heaven, he will be merging things. Heaven being a mental condition, he will have to go right on doing the things which have absorbed his life. I am supposing that Mr. Morgan is wholly absorbed in these things. I don't know that he is. If he isn't, he is an exception to the rule. How can you control your environment unless you are independent of it? You load yourself up with all of the past. This is the one place where you must use the knife first of all. Cut off all of the has-beens. They are so many life-absorbers. This is the reason why I will not associate with old men. They live in the past. In fact my chum and I don't associate much with anybody. This does not mean that our hearts are not going out to all humanity. Mental association is one thing and physical association is another. Freedom of the Spirit will eventually give freedom to the mind and to the body. You must cultivate a free spirit. In the language of Burnell: "*Knife your Grundy.*" If you receive and make calls, which you don't want to receive or make, you are enslaving your own mind. You can stand around and talk to people who will absorb more of your vitality in one half hour than you would spend in a long day's work. Do as you please. Your spirit is free. Let the body and mind move in unison with your free spirit.

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.

Remember that all premiums are withdrawn, and that CHRISTIAN is one dollar a year, my books fifty cents each, and treatments from one to ten dollars per month.

NOT DOMINION, BUT DIVINITY

GEORGE BURNELL, 3146 Minnehaha Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota

VI.—The Science of Devotion.

* "Glücklich allein
Ist die Seele die liebt."

To span the gap 'twixt ideals and reals but one only bridge exists—*devotion*. You shall now have the clew to win this queen of realization.

It was by devotion—yes, by a devotion well packed with prayers—that John Sergeiff vaulted from scarcely more than an idiot to being to-day the greatest religious and healing force in Europe, if not on earth. Even Pobiedonostieff lets Father John work his wonders *galore* in spite of a heresy more or less.

It was by devotion that Lydner, with a brain-full of stupidity, kindled a fuse inside his soul, and the race boils up another poet to the glory of the "Lydner knocks," and the wild, bold words of Emerson—"Everything is known to the soul."

Devotion drove Cadmon from the "stag"-revelry of monks, where his cold molasses wits hung his presence about like a wet blanket—drove him in stout dismay to the stables, where nature at the nod of spirit gave him the third jewel from her crown, and he sang—sang, they tell us, as never monk sang, and as must sing every soul when wired for electric life.

It was devotion—stolen, maybe, from heaven, or, maybe, from hell (as think not a few)—that put so much plucky *urge* into Walt Whitman that he could not shut out his "Songs of Adam;" all day long under the listening trees the diamond mind of Emerson ground against his inspiration to publish those poems, or whatever they may be, but publish them he did—and woe be to you and me if we never know why he had to. Could we have foreseen that Max Nordau would brand him a "filthy erotist," as he had the mighty Wagner, and the fury-born Ibsen—could our devotee, Walt, have seen this ahead of him, or even a dynamite-instigated bomb—it is certain that he would have printed his "Songs of Adam," just the same.

If you have never had "marching orders" from strong drink, nor absorbed the thrilling thralldom of personal magnetism, it may be you must be slower to comprehend the "divine madness" of devotion, or perceive just why the Sage of Concord should say—"All men are commanded by the saint."

Once there was a man whose parents were such an uncertainty that they cut the subject short by naming him—"Drawn-out-of-the-Water." He started life far and away ahead of his race-brethren, who were slaves in the land where he was prince. All might have gone on well enough if he had only been a craven cad, but God poured him full of loyalty, and the fire-tinder of justice, whereby he fell afoul of a tyrant and slew him in the act of abusing one of his nation. Murder, however justifiable, generally calls for a "show-down" in the game of experience, and it was so in his case—he became an outcast, and this kindled the god in him, and he became a *devotee* in the desert of Arabia. It was thus by the *Daemon of Devotion* that Moses—the outlawed murderer—found the face of his god, and fired the magazine of freedom, god-stored in his race.

It was by the crude brawn of devotion that Martin Luther hewed off the political head of the Catholic Church, and with an ink-bottle disgraced the name of superstition forever.

Pause we must, just now, to expose for you the *only reliable test* whereby you may know genuine devotion. It is this—the *sense of holiness*—the consciousness that you

*** Happy alone
Is the soul which loves."—Goethe.

can not commit sin. It made one boon companion of the Nazarene Master burst out with these words:

"They that are born of God can not sin."

Listen—it is as if it were this way with you—sin is the stuff that lands us short of success in our undertakings; it makes us fail at whatever we attempt in no end of ways; now devotion is the ferment that eats out the acid of sin and stops failures; hence *devotion is mascot*.

Six swift centuries before the Hebrew race flowered in Jesus Christ, there walked beside the sacred waters of the Ganges a tall-formed, stately man of pious, lean hips. His face wore the illumined brown of thought, plus the sunburn of heredity. His heart was on fire with the majesty of little things, so that his knee and neck joints answered to the faintest calls of modesty and meekness upon his seven feet of majestic, regenerate anatomy; for the ravishment of holy lore had fermented the soil from his mind, and he had inscribed upon spiritual history his master name, and hoisted many a sacred landmark upon the holy pathway of illumination; so that now these five and twenty centuries no pilgrim towards the shrine of unity but drinks the aphorisms of Patanjali, and wonders that so mild and calm a man could utter such an injunction of intensity as this—

"Ecstatic divine union is quick
To the hotly impetuous only."

Sometimes a person comes to take an account of his stock in traits to be trimmed off and burned by the divine husbandman. He may find that his nose has been whittled to a sharp point by ancestral stinginess. Possibly it dawns upon him at last, as it has long since upon all his chums, that he pinches his pennies to the squealing point, and he learns through the rising ripples of economy upon his mind that he is letting the chill tongue of old age breathe its icy fascination through him, for he has read in some old book of the proverbs of mortal psychology—that one of the first, sure symptoms of decline is a faded yellow covetousness that eats holes in the memory. Then, maybe, his guardian angel will spray his mind with this legitimate longing, as happened one bleak day in the high-spent earth-pilgrimage of Goethe—

"So gieb mir auch die Zeiten wieder
Wenn Ich noch yetz im Yunge war,
Und alle hochgedrenkter Lieder
Im unterbrochenen neu gebar.
Ich hätte nichts
Und doch genug."

Then perchance the spontaneous devotion of youth, the enchantment of trust, the wild charm of abandonment, the instant-kindling enthusiasm may ride with God upon the wind once more for that de-misered man, and his fist will be opened and the knife of his close-bargaining and keen, hook-nosed dealing drops into the lake of bottomless fire.

There is no mind so flint to devotion of any kind as the money-hardened mind. Every master has observed it. These money-dried cartoons are said to make anthracite brimstone. They purse their withering lips, and drop a half-miserable film over their icy eyes at the mere hint of enthusiasm.

But it shall never be mine to condemn these petrefactions to nature's rude awakening. Jesus' rule, even to one in the first stages of the malady of money, was one of the severest he ever uttered:

"Go sell what you have
And give it to the poor."

Peradventure he deemed this, of all errors, nearest incurable; or he may have been set upon ridding the

young man, once and for all, of these devotion-slaying germs. Anyway, the command fell flat, and lays sprawling to this day.

My information prevents me being a bigot about what money may do to thwart illumination. *It can not do this.* I am this instant writing in the house of a man who reaped health among the first, as this spiritual awakening burst a dawn upon this county. He was poor then. But his mind opened to the light, and they tell of his millions to-day that the gods paid him for putting a better drink before God's pet American people. They tell me that his money has not shut his soul in, and that he is making independent homes for hundreds, by enabling them to turn a nominal rent into a good purchase.

Besides, thousands of other instances are known to me, where money has made prime fuel for a divine altar. It should be noticed that this devotional value of money is *in giving, not in getting it.*

One of the modern illuminati of England, by financial abandonment and study of Walt Whitman, and Beethoven's Sonatas, reached the summit, and now is one of *"the brethren of the radiant summit."*

It is a still night on the hill of Kickelhahn, in the deep, cool, silent forest of Ilmenau; the winding road suddenly reveals a bit of a hermitage; within stands the *Poet of Germany*, writing upon the walls words that tell how full his heart is of that sense of peace and comfort which can come only when devotion has done its insistent will; the spirit was upon him, and now he has waited meekly in its presence and power while he is driven to the last pen-stroke of his immortal "Ipigenia;" and he scratches upon the plaster the parting blessing of all true devotion—

*"Hush'd on the hill
Is the breeze;
Scarce by the zephyr
The trees
Softly are press'd;
The woodbird's asleep on the bough.
Wait, then, and thou
Soon wilt find rest."*—Goethe.

She had a lover—this beautiful Thecla, belle of Iconium, and she knew nothing then of the wondrous Lover that lurks as a fiery, divine madness in every soul. But the lover she danced and dreamed "high life" with was a nobleman, rich, powerful, and he had the say of things throughout the great city of Iconium. But Paul came along—Christ-crazy. The warm air about the fair Thecla was stirred as she sat in her fragrant bower, by a zephyr far too lazy and listless to give any notice of the terrific effect of the words that came creeping from the love-distraught Christian Apostle into the ears that never again might close to such meanings, nor open again to any love save that of the Master. Her mother was horrified at the pass things came to at once in the awakened life of Thecla. It is said that only one mother in a divine dispensation dares live up to the god in her child, and then the world has another Madonna. Besides, let me ask you—if the fear of devotion blanch out the maternal love, where shall the rest of us—with our peanut love—appear?

Prate no more to me about your knowledge and love of truth, lest you dare me to touch with fire the fuse of your magazine of *divine madness.* Then you shall leave father and mother and brother and sister and houses and lands and kin—yea, you shall vacate your own mind and awaken another being altogether from what you thought you were.

Read, if you dare, the spiritual classic of Paul and Thecla—then count the cost, and decide either to pay the price or leave the goods.

Stand out in the Great Open, the air and energy of which is freedom; perceive the charm of light and lawless vigor that dances in and out of hearts aflame of truth.

This ravishing spirit that spreads a failure-destroying fire wherever it plays is famous among the gods as pure devotion, and these ichor-plus entities call it—

*"The pure power
Of obtaining everything."*—Upanishad.

What else shall victimize our obstacles? What else shall endue us to "rejoice in spite of our tribulations?" There is such a thing as never having heard of any trouble. Emerson declares that the blood must be in the arteries for this "radiant summit;" others assert that your lacteals must have a charge of electricity from deep breathing; but you may tinker with wadding all you please, *"unless God build the house, they labor in vain that build it."*

God is devotion, and devotion is God, for love is God. Do you enjoy hanging on the "dead center?" Better rush the "dead line" and be free, or at least heroic.

How long will you stand it—to let ideals tease you, to permit theories to "nag" you, to fence with hopes that foil you, to let futures play their old "bluff" of "to-morrows?" It is devotion—the god of you aroused—that plunges the mouth of Tantalus beneath the "ocean's cheek."

Devotion—that tyrant-tamer of the mind—that charms the body to magic dexterity—that draws from the sinews and dispositions every tangent of waywardness—that breathes a grace of bow and kneel to brawn and brains, and drives all umpires from the field—that devotion weans cold science of self-consciousness and fits it for union with pure religion; then it may be called *Divine Science.*

Then need it no more be whined—

*"We piped unto you
And ye would not dance."*

for the people shall live because they have their *vision*, and the heart shall know that there is more game abroad in this cosmos than any spiritual Nimrod shall ever wing or bag.

Think not that Jesus left nothing for a plucky originality like yours; think not He put you in a tow-path; He was the sort to jerk a man to his feet and point his nose to the "open road." He made men, not puppets.

It is a divine gift to smell out a man. Jesus was gifted with that brand of nose, and He could spot the man who would not "knuckle-under" when the "heavenly vision" began its devotion-brewing in the quick of the soul.

I heard a great teacher once say: "Woe is me, if my students 'call themselves off' just as the saturnalia of God and Scotland sets in within them." "Away to the fire with the rubbish," was the reply of the husbandman.

Yes, my dear Prof. Huxley, millions of us hear you say that "materialism is a shallow philosophy," but we wonder why you are "camm'd with heaven" in vain, and emit no miracle; was there no Promethean thief to "graft" the fire of devotion for your snow-capped altars?

Yes, my dear Prof. Conklin, of the University of Pennsylvania, millions of us listen while you declare the "absurdity" of calling "the soul a child of evolution," but we hearken in vain to hear the truth of freedom, which such a message bears, awaken you from a tinkling automaton to a man of fire and spirit.

Small wonder is it that ice grows all 'round their hearts and on the banks of their arteries, and that "higher education" has gone monastic with the "big sucking baby" of Rockefeller sloughing off its "co-eds," for there is rather more "bloomin' vim" for the "old world that wags as it will" in the plantation love ditty, for all its background of ignorance and contentment therewith—

*"Oh, love an' me goes hand in hand,
When I got a hand to spare!
A loveless life's a sinkin' sand,
A drowndin' soul's despair."*

Devotion can not be instigated. You can not buy it somewhere, like an oil-stove or a galvanic battery, and place it in a socket in your consciousness in just the "load" you want to devote to each judicially selected topic of experience in a well-regulated life.

Who led the "toddling" feet of the four-year-old Mozart to the piano? What pushed the rhythmic mind of Chopin through the Mazurkas?

Jaroslav Kocian did not stand on his toes and with arms awhiz register a vow to high heaven that he would out-fiddle Kubelik; that he would leap astride the stout genius of Antonin Dvorak, until Vernon Blackburn should rave him into fame and enable him at eighteen to make the world hold its breath, but the music-spirit—and there is naught real save spirit—seized this Bohemian lad by the feelings and fingers and threw him upon the violin, where it had dashed Ole Bull before him.

Read, if you please, about the fagot-pile of experiences which burned beneath the mind and feet of young Pietro Mascagni to exorcise from his inner man the "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Dream not to cozen the primeval father of all propositions—that *Whatever is must be all—or God is all in all*—with mental reservations.

There is only God for devotion to be. Shall it not have its way, then? Do you propose to harness God to your plans? He never takes a hand with hypocrisy, or caution, or lukewarmness. He is the "unscheduled ingredient."

Thrust far from you the nonsense of a "cut and dried life." Plato must have turned over to see his philosophy dashed to ruins by the Florentine hearts of Eleonora Duse and D'Annunzio. No wonder the great tragedienne vents her soul-fire in the stage-arena for matadors and picadors, known as "Francesca da Rimini." But let me whisper the real clutch God Almighty has upon this idol of Italy to turn her to flame; listen—she loves the beautiful signorina, her daughter, to distraction, and in this maelstrom of mother-devotion she breasted with ecstasy salt-tears and alo-e-trials for years, not even finching at the soot of sensual gossip, for she must on and on at the behest of an aroused heaven, and so is she "hid from the scourge of the tongue."

Devotion—kindled of the *Vision of Indivision*—called by the oriental Aryans *vairaga*, dispassion, or indifference, or unity—fermented the roll out of the mind of Edward Carpenter enough to see and ordain—

"So do you stand indifferent, and by faith make yourself master of your life. For all things are possible, * * * and all things are good, * * *

"Have faith. If that which rules the universe were alien to your soul, then nothing could mend your state—* * * But since it is not so—why what can you wish for more?—all things are given into your hands."

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