



# Christian

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WILL be a red-letter day when humanity comes into the unity of thought. Each individual must be his or her own king and priest unto God. The freedom of the individual is the keynote of unity. You shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free. There is a metaphysical movement now being made manifest on the earth which will bring unity of thought. It will not only bring unity of thought, but the regeneration of the body by the resurrection of the mind. This metaphysical movement stands for the highest ideals, the cleanest morals, the holiest devotion, the most exalted thinking, and the loftiest living ever presented, in a practical and scientific way, to the inhabitants of this planet. The inspirational name for this movement is

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

This name stands for the modern resurrection of Jesus Christ. It is the metaphysical movement which will introduce the millennium. It is the resurrection of the seed planted in the minds of men by Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews. It was well for the premier in this movement to organize it into an institution so that its principles would be preserved for the individual. The organizing of Christian Science into an institution was on the same principle as Jesus in cleansing a leper and then telling him to go

and offer the material gifts to the priests. New Thought is the fake brand of the pot-hunters and spoil-seekers who have sprung up from the soil ploughed by Christian Science. New Thought is now the banner for anything and everything from the mint of mortal mind. It is now making desperate efforts to organize for self-protection. ¶ CHRISTIAN dropped the name Christian Science to please a sect; it now unfurls the banner to please the Spirit of Truth. CHRISTIAN stands for Christian Science as interpreted by the inspiration of the individual. This is the only kind of Christian Science which is both Christian and Science. Church is but the vase in which the precious ointment has been kept ready for the feast. It is time to break the vase and spill the ointment over the earth. CHRISTIAN will be true to its name.

*George Edwin Russell*

*Thomas J. Shelton*

## ITEMS AND IDEAS

\*\*\* Did you ever?

\*\*\* They are taking thought about what they shall eat.

\*\*\* They are thinking of meats and vegetables and fruits.

\*\*\* They are chattering like monkeys as to whether they are to eat nuts and fruits, or vegetables and meats.

\*\*\* They are yelling at the tops of their voices about breathings, gymnastics, high-kicking, dumb-bells and other physical exercises, and calling it all "New Thought."

\*\*\* Say, you fellows up there swinging by your tails, come down and teach these people the lesson that you have learned through ages and ages of this kind of "New Thought."

\*\*\* A strict vegetarian diet and everyday open-air exercises in swinging from limb to limb and jumping from tree top to tree top has not changed the monkey mind one single atom.

\*\*\* And yet, here are the so-called New Thought people advocating a monkey regime for mental advancement and the gaining of immortality in the flesh. Truly, truly, mortal mind moves around and around the same old gooseberry bush!

\*\*\* Listen, O ye mortals! Hear the voice of the Resurrection and the Life: "I have meat to eat that ye know not. \* \* \* My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to accomplish his work."

\*\*\* It is mental meat that you should seek if you want to grow as tall as Jesus Christ. This man ate what was set before him, asking no questions for conscience sake, and yet all the while he was eating a mental food so fine and so powerful that it made him the master of men. Do you suppose he was watching his breath and fixing his mind on the mastication and digestion of foods in the stomach? He blessed the food offered to him and in the blessing was the real substance. How can you bless the food when you recognize the food itself as the blessing?

\*\*\* O ye fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken and then go away into the wilderness seeking for salvation in matter! You go out stirring mud to see if you can find life. You pump your chins and suck in air and roll your eyes and call this a New Thought. What shall I do with you? Shall I turn you over to Satan for the destruction of the flesh that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus? O to think of you rough writers—Betsey Towne, Paul Edwards, William Walker Atkinson, Sydney Flower, to say nothing of Edgar Wallace Conable, Eugene Del Mar and the new crop coming on, who are advocating anything and everything and calling it New Thought! Let us turn to Mrs. Eddy and take a dose of nothing! No wonder the dear old lady wrote a chapter or an editorial or something about "malicious animal magnetism." It is mental food that the world needs. Some-

thing for the mind to eat besides the old husks which have been hashed and rehashed for all kinds of appetites. These old doctrines have been served cold, served hot, served under all kinds of names, and yet they are the same old empty sayings of mortality.

\*\*\* Mental food which really sustains the mind and builds up life is never old and never young; but it is always food. The Truth is the same yesterday, today and forever. It is not new thought nor old thought, but Thought. The latest fad is to go back to raw food which shows that the monkey mind is still at work in the mortal. What you call the natural is the first and primitive form of nature. The thinker ascends into a higher vibration, but it is not unnatural. The son of God who touches the heavens with his thought and aspires to the rank of God-hood is no more unnatural than he was when in the wilderness among his fellow monkeys. It is not unnatural for a man to ascend into higher and higher vibrations of thought. But here comes Edgar Wallace Conable and Betsey Towne saying to all of us:

"Back, back, back to the woods,  
Back to the water tank,  
Back to the pines!"

Bless you, my darlings, the mortal mind will get back soon enough without your shoeing it along. It never gets very far away from the woods at any one time. The so-called progress of the world is in a circle and nature on the animal plane always reverts to the original type. The raw food recruits are not joining a new Salvation Army. It is the same old wandering in the wilderness of the animal man. There is no immortality, no resurrection, no regeneration in the stomach. You will not find the resurrection and the life in breathings or eatings.

\*\*\* Animals live on vegetables and men eat animals. As a general thing, men do not live on carnivorous animals. The animals are subject to death, and the men who eat them are subject to death. Why? Because life is measured by the kind of food the mind digests. Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Cassius these words:

"Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,  
That he is grown so great?"

Just reach into your library and take up Froude's "Julius Caesar," if you want to know what kind of mental food will grow a God-man. The cowardly conspirators who assassinated him did not live on the mental meat which went into the mind of Julius Caesar. Even the animal man must live on something more than visible food if he would rise above his fellows. Julius Caesar is one of the mightiest pictures of a man in the galaxy of mortals. He did not live on the true mental food, but he lived on something much better than that which went into the mind of Cassius. It does make a difference as to what kind of mental food you put into your mind. The man who spends his life thinking about eating will not rise very much higher than the kitchen.

The woman who gives her time to the study of foods may make a good cook, but she will never get much farther than the cupboard. Goose-grease is said to be a good thing for the earache; but it will not unfold and develop the mind. What we are trying to do is to get away from the animal man and ascend into a higher plane of thought.

\*\*\* There is real mental science in the saying of Jesus:

"Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. For the life is more than the food, and the body than the raiment. Consider the ravens, that they sow not, neither reap; which have no store-chamber nor barn; and God feedeth them: of how much more value are ye than the birds! And which of you by being anxious can add a cubit unto the measure of his life? If then ye are not able to do even that which is least, why are ye anxious concerning the rest? Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you, Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. But if God doth so clothe the grass in the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven; how much more shall he clothe you, O ye of little faith? And seek not ye what ye shall eat, and what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind. For all these things do the nations of the world seek after: but your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. Yet seek ye his kingdom, and these things shall be added unto you."

\*\*\* This is from the *Nautilus*:

"I fancy body and soul are one, as steam and water are one; we see the bounds of the water, but the steam that rises from it seems to have no bounds. Just so with body and soul. And I fancy memory is registered in the *tiniest atom of both*—that the *tiniest atom enfolds ALL wisdom and all memory*. You can catch a glimpse of the wonders of that statement by remembering that the tiny bit of protoplasm which develops as a bird is exactly like the tiny bit which, under other conditions, *remembers to unfold as a man*. All wisdom and all memory are latent in every atom of matter, and of spirit, only awaiting proper conditions to unfold it. (This is enough 'pure metaphysics' for one number of a LIFE paper like *Nautilus*!)"

Yes, Betsey, if you call the above "pure metaphysics" it is quite enough for one issue of your paper. It is materialism of the baldest kind. You say in the same item that there can't be sound without a tympanum, and you take the old materialistic position that the brain generates thought. Thought is generated in the brain but not by the brain. Spirit is the generator of thought and the brain is only a kind of womb for the conception of thought. Matter is only a receiver for Spirit. I would go right on thinking if my head was cut off. I existed from everlasting but my brain came forth from the womb of my mother. She gave me the whole of the physical, but I was not born of woman. There would be light if there was not a single eye on the planet. There would be sound if there was not an ear on the earth. I AM the resurrection and the life!

\*\*\* "Say, will you please furnish me with a step-ladder, so that I can reach Burnell's high statements? You induced me to buy his book, and now I want you to interpret it for me."

What can I do with a daredevil like Burnell? Step-ladder! You need wings. He is a mental broncho-buster. What are you going to do with a man who has the audacity to question even the problem of Euclid? He proved to my entire satisfaction that there was no such thing as the law of cause and effect. But how am I to interpret such audacity for you? It was all that I could do to manage it for myself. I am glad I did it. In this issue of CHRISTIAN you will find him ascending to the heights with the wings of the morning. He explodes the old idea of good and evil, cause and effect, and reduces everything to unity. He is not teaching the infant class. It takes a wide reading to follow Burnell. But this is just what you people need at this stage of your progress. Many of you have been studying mental science for the past ten or twenty years. When are you going to get there? The old leaders have taken to the woods and are hunting for the tall timber. The last I heard of Helen Wilmans, she and her husband were chasing through the woods in search of a gold mine somewhere in the Carolinas. At least, I received a circular signed by them, asking me to take stock in an imaginary gold mine. Mrs. Eddy has given instructions to her followers not to treat contagious or infectious diseases, and so forth and so on, with all the old leaders. It is time for us to hear Burnell if he has anything to say on the subject. If we can't understand him, perhaps, it will be all the better for us, for we certainly can understand the leaders who have gone before. Those who have undertaken the "conquest of death" and incidentally the "conquest of poverty" are easily understood. If our Burnell has climbed so high that we can't follow him, it will do our souls good to remain in the valley and watch his flight. But, really, my darlings, Burnell is easily understood when you turn your mind away from the mud and look up into the clear light. The mental bill of fare of CHRISTIAN will grow stronger and stronger until you are able to stand alone and rejoice in the Truth.

\*\*\* There is no doubt about the mind being master of matter. But, my beloved, it must be real mind and not the mortal shadow. It must be genuine thinking and not the echo of mortal thought. It is like people saying that they have left everything for the kingdom of God when they in reality have not left anything. Last year I was troubled about many things. This year I have no troubles of any kind. I AM becoming the master of matter by right thinking. Now you at once say "how do you do right thinking?" Well, read Burnell's lesson in this issue and you will catch the answer. It is by an abandonment to your divinity. A reckless righteousness. A madness of devotion. Let me tell you of an actual experience where mind was the absolute master of matter. In the month of November, while in New Mexico, my wife and I started out one morning for a stroll. Taking a kodak, we went up a narrow gulch between very high mountains. We came to a flock of goats and took the picture of a little Mexi-

can boy herder. After several hours' ramble we came to a wide wagon road leading, as we thought, around the chain of mountains back to the hotel. We kept going and going, stopping to rest and talk until high noon, when we suddenly came to the end of our road. It was a road made by wood choppers in getting out ties for the railroad. It suddenly came to an end at the base of a very high mountain. We were not lost, for I had kept my eye on the sun. There was only one of two things to do—return by the way we came, which would take us until after dark, or climb over the top of the mountain. To people who do not know anything about distances, in the clear sunshine of New Mexico, you can not understand how we were deceived about the height of that mountain. After we had climbed over rocks for many hours, the top of the mountain seemed as far away as ever. The altitude was such that our breathing was difficult, and we were both exhausted. As we sat on the rock, I said: "Sweetheart, let's place our minds on the top of the mountain and then gradually lift our bodies up to our thought." We did it! It was like fastening a great anchor on top of the mountain while our hands held to the cable and pulled ourselves up. There was no distance between the place where our feet stood, and the top of the mountain where our minds were at rest. We soon reached the top of the mountain and clapped our hands with joy!

\*\*\* There is only one kind of mind that will control matter. The mortal mind is the matter-mind, and is under the control of matter. There is no use in your denying the existence of mortal mind and saying that Mrs. Eddy is wrong about it. It did not originate with Mrs. Eddy. There was a Christian Scientist by the name of Paul who wrote like this:

"For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.

"Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

"So, then, they that are in the flesh can not please God.

"But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you."

The above is very sound mental science. What he calls "carnal mind" is the same thing which Mrs. Eddy calls mortal mind. I think Mrs. Eddy has the better word, for the word "carnal" has grown to mean lustful. In the sense that Paul uses the word it means mortal, the human animal. This human animal has a mind which is always seeing double. The drunkard has double vision while under the influence of liquor. The mortal man has double vision all the time until a new mind, the mind of the Spirit, is born in him. This mortal mind makes more havoc with the intellectual man than it does with the ignorant and illiterate. This human animal begins to see the right and wrong. He thinks he has ascended to a very high plane of being when he discerns right from wrong. He thinks he hates the wrong and loves the right; but he doesn't do anything of the kind. If you hate the wrong you can not love the right, because love and hate will not dwell together in the same mind. This is the reason why the mortal mind killed the prophets, burned the saints,

and crucified the saviours. The man who can see double is cross-eyed and can never be certain that he is seeing anything. This human animal not only sets up right and wrong before his mental vision, but duality in all of its phases and conditions is forever before his mind. He talks about right and wrong, good and evil, life and death. There are always two before his vision. How can such a one understand the statement: "I AM the Lord thy God, and beside me there is none else." He is ready to go off on a mental tangent and declare there is the Lord thy God and someone else. There is no kind of unity in mortal mind, therefore, it is not subject to the law of Spirit and can not be. When you see life and death, you may rest assured that you do not see anything, for there can not be life and death. When you see good and evil, you may be sure that your vision is blurred, for there can not be good and evil.

\*\*\* What are we going to do with mortal mind? If it is not subject to the law of Spirit and is led hither and thither by the flesh, how are we going to get out of its wilderness? Well, there isn't any mortal mind, and yet there is a mortal mind. What are you going to do with the mirage in the desert? It is there and yet it isn't there. You go on until you come to another point of view and the mirage disappears. What do you do with the darkness when you turn on the light? You come into a dark room and reach up and turn on the electric light. You are not concerned as to what has become of the darkness. You know that just as long as the light shines the darkness can not be. When the sun of unity arises in your vision the mortal mind is no more. What we have had is lightning flashes and not a steady light. The darkness was dispelled for a moment by a flash of light and we thought we had the whole thing. But it was only a flash. It was enough to let us know that there really was light somewhere. It is now time for us to get into the steady light. This will be done when you recognize Spirit as the Lord thy God with no room for anyone else. The unity of being is the sheet anchor of spiritual thought. Get out of your mind the idea of sin, sickness, disease and death. These things live and have their being in mortal mind. When Paul says that the carnal mind is death, the religionist begins to accuse himself of sin and bemoans his fate. He lifts his eyes to the skies and prays for forgiveness. How can the mortal mind pray when it is not subject to the law of God? The only mind that can pray is God-mind. God-mind is Spirit and does not need any kind of prayers. A scientific understanding of this Truth means the destruction of the old man and the old mind, and the resurrection of the new man and the new mind. It is not done by penance and prayers, but by following your desires and abandoning yourself to your Divinity. The God in you is capable of rescuing you if you recognize Him as your only being. Turn your own Spirit loose and let him go. He has been bound long enough by mortal mind in a mortal body. Regeneration comes first of all through the mind and the body follows as a natural result. Materiality must disappear from your heavens if you would have a new earth. I AM the resurrection! I don't raise something; I AM the thing raised.

## EYE TO EYE TALKS.

"Just as good."

Don't you believe it.

When the man behind the bar or the counter tells you that he is going to give you something just as good, refuse it.

Let the same rule work when you call for mental merchandise. They will tell you all kinds of tales about things "just as good," but be not deceived.

There is nothing just as good as God. Accept of nothing as a substitute for the Almighty. Refuse to take a part for the Whole. There is not anything as light as the sun. Any kind of a "just as good" light may do for a while, but it is not the Light. There isn't anything just as good as Life. The man behind the counter may tell you that there is something just as good or even better than life. He is speaking through his hat. He is dealing in hot air.

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Accept of no substitute for Life.

The man or woman behind the counter will tell you that life here in the objective is a delusion and a snare. A lady wrote me the other day, saying that she thought I was giving too much attention to physical life. She wanted me to be good and, incidentally, grow old and dry up. I told her I had rather be bad and healthy. Keep in your mind the everlasting fact that there isn't anything alive except Life. No matter if your eyes grow dim; believe in Light. Dimness of vision is a delusion and a snare for the light is always there. The time is at hand for the resurrection of manhood and womanhood. You have been down among the dead men long enough. Disease is not a sign of spirituality. Don't be troubled about your "remains" but go right ahead casting off the old and putting on the new garment. You can never believe that Life and Light are reality as long as you are looking at disease and darkness. The unreal and transient is what we call matter. Matter is subject to the molding process of the mind. Christian Science is right when it denies the reality of matter. They use the word reality in the sense that we use the expression real estate. Goods that can be burned by fire are not considered real estate. Now, all of matter is subject to destruction by fire. Therefore, it is not real estate. We don't call the houses in which we live, unreal, in the sense that they do not exist. But in the sense that they are not indestructible. Just while I write there is a fire going on in Denver which has already destroyed over one hundred thousand dollars worth of property. All you have to do to prove the position of Christian Science is to strike a match and see it burn.

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How much realty do you own?

In counting up your treasures, remember that everything destructible is unreal. As the planet itself is subject to destruction by fire, you can't count it as a part of your realty. How much of your body is subject to destruction by fire? All of it, you say.

Well, then it isn't real. It may have an existence today and go out of existence tomorrow. I don't believe any such stuff. I began with a body which had disease of lungs, heart and spine. I set fire to the whole thing with my thought, and really and truly have a new pair of lungs, a new heart and a new spine. Now where did I get these new members of my body? *Out of the invisible where real substance abides.* Having laid this foundation, I am now growing new eyes and new hair. How do I do it? Speaking after the manner of the Bible it is by the Holy Spirit. But speaking scientifically it is by conjunction with the sun. The mind of the Spirit is in conjunction with the sun. The children of mortality are governed by the moon-mind. And so they grow one body and then keep on repeating and repeating after the same old pattern. The sun mind is unchangeable, therefore, the renewing of the mind brings a body which corresponds to the mental measure. I AM he who was, and is, and is to be. Instead of going around and around the moon circle I abide in the Center. You say this is all theory and you don't know how to do it? It is because you are looking at duality. You must know Unity. There is only God, and I AM He, and I AM She, and I AM It. There isn't anything else or anyone else for me to be. Now, don't let the man behind the counter tell you that there is something just as good. He will give you the mental jimjams. You will be like old Mother Hubbard who went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone; and when she got there the cupboard was bare, and so the poor dog got none. If you separate yourself in thought from God, you will find yourself fading away. Wrinkles will come into your face, dimness to your eyes, deafness to your ears, and life will recede farther and farther from the being you call yourself.

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This leads me to a letter from a busy business man in Chicago:

"In your December issue you say: '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.'"

"Many of us have long believed this, but the basis for the belief has been more from reasoning than from anything we could find in the Bible. Will you kindly quote a few passages bearing on this 'second coming,' which seem to you so explicit? Also, does not Act I:2 where the 'two men in white' address the Apostles saying: 'This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven,' mean that they or posterity at some time should see him come in bodily form? They had just seen him ascend into heaven in what seemed to them, certainly, as a physical body; in outward form, the same as when he was preaching and teaching daily among them. The passage seems to clearly indicate that he would again be seen on earth in the form he had been known by during his earthly life. Can it be that our spiritual eyes are some day to be opened, here in this physical body, and that we will then see him as they did? Sincerely, F. N. T."

I am glad you asked this question, for the people have been following a dead man.

After the resurrection of Jesus the women came to the grave seeking for his body. A young man in bright apparel met them and said: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen." It is said of this young man: "His appearance was as lightning, and his raiment white as snow." It is a fact that Jesus never went back into the grave. Yet, in spite of this, the people have been raking around in the ashes hunting for the resurrection. There were several of these young men who appeared to those who were seeking for Jesus. After a while, when your spiritual eyes are opened, you will see these young men in bright clothing, flitting about here and there all over the planet. The "dazzling apparel" is the electric light flashing from their incandescent bodies. In real life men do not wear any kind of clothing, but cover themselves and uncover themselves by the glittering whiteness of their own being. If you wish to hide yourself, all you have to do is to turn off your light. Or you may cover your nakedness by turning on the white light of Being. Down here among the dead men are many living ones who could make themselves known to us by turning on their Light. Our eyes are not yet adjusted to real Light and so we grope our way in the shadows. You must not think for a moment that all the men and women in the universe are in their graves or their mortal bodies. The universe is peopled with men and women who are resplendent in the Light.

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Jesus was an individual.

He has never lost his individuality but is still an individual. He is a son of the Sun and in that sense, a saviour of the world. The Christ is the Spirit of Truth and is the principle of Being. All men who are illuminated by the principle of Christ see the person of Jesus. It was the Christ in Jesus who spoke the wonderful words and made the great promises. As soon as the Christ is formed in you, all other persons who are in the Christ are made known to you. Let us read:

"And being asked by the Pharisees, when the kingdom of God cometh, he answered them and said, The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo, here! Or, There! For lo, the kingdom of God is within you."

This passage covers the whole ground. The kingdom of God is within each of you. The whole mystery of the kingdom of God is in the fact that no one can see it in another until he can see it in himself. The light by which you see the kingdom of God in others is an inner light. If the light that is in thee be darkness, then there is darkness in all others, for being in the dark yourself, you think everybody else is in the dark. Take up the gospel of John and read the whole with the key that the Christ is in Jesus speaking the Word for all time and for all men. The Christ is the universal spirit of Truth and Light and Life; in other words, the Christ is God. Jesus was a prophet of God speaking His Word by inspiration. In fact, the whole New Testa-

ment is scientific and easily understood if scientifically interpreted. It takes as much inspiration to understand the New Testament as it did to write it. If you know it, you know it; and if you don't know it, there is no use for me to try to teach it to you. The only thing that I can do is to tell you what you already know. I may pull the hypnotic mask off your mind and help you to understand that you are blind. Then when you recognize your blindness I can give you the light. For just as soon as you see that you don't see, you will begin to see. How is that for a riddle? It is what Jesus calls "the mystery of the Kingdom of God." There isn't any mystery when you understand the mystery. The mystery is that no other man on the face of the earth can see with your eyes and you can't see with any other man's eyes. The light that is in you is the only kind of light that you can use in seeing light. This is another riddle. You can't see the light except by the light, for there is no other way of seeing light except with light. What am I preaching this gospel for in CHRISTIAN? I am talking about the light to those who are in the Light. I AM speaking the Truth to those who are in the Truth. Jesus was a great Light and all who have eyes to see can see his Light.

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#### The Risen Christ!

Jesus after his resurrection was the same in appearance as before. But altogether different, both in mind and body. All doubt, all fear, all groanings had departed from his mind. It was the mind of the man who had passed out of the psychic atmosphere into the clear light. His body was so perfectly under control of his mind that he appeared and disappeared at will. He remained on earth for forty days after his resurrection, and during that whole time he seemed to be shielding his glory from the eyes of his disciples. There is a good likeness of Jesus as the risen Christ in the first chapter of Revelations.

"And I turned to see the Voice that spake with me. And having turned I saw seven golden lamp-stands; and in the midst of the lamp-stands one like unto a son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the breasts with a golden girdle. And his head and his hair were white as white wool, white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto burnished brass, as if it had been refined in a furnace; and his voice as the voice of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars: and out of his mouth proceeded a sharp two-edged sword; and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength. And when I saw him I fell at his feet as one dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying, Fear not; I am the first and the last, and the Living one; and I was dead, and behold, I am alive forever more, and I have the keys of death and of Hades."

He looked like a man.

But his head and hair were as white as snow. This does not indicate white hair, but that there was a white light, an incandescent light shining around his head. His eyes were as a flame of fire. This is all perfectly natural when you come to think about the real man. He does not cease to be a

man simply because he has thrown off the dirt-dauber body. This body of dirt is not the man. The spirit is the man. It is the spirit in your body which keeps it alive and holds the atoms together. As soon as you go out of your body it begins to dissolve. Then there is no reality in the body. It comes at the will of the Spirit and when the individual spirit departs from the body, the fires of dissolution begin their work. But is the spirit left unclothed simply because the dirt-dauber is no more? Certainly not. The same power in the Spirit which drew the atoms of the old body can form another out of new atoms. The mortal mind looks at the body as being real substance. Just as long as the body controls the mind it will be the subject of disease, disintegration and death.

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"And he laid his right hand upon me."

This shows that the man whose face was like the noonday sun and whose eyes were as a flame of fire could so control this power that the touch would not kill the mortal who was prostrate before his awful presence. His body was a dynamo; but his mind was love. John could find no other expression for the face of this man than "his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength." It is perfectly natural that an inhabitant of the sun should have a face like the sun. The inhabitants of the earth show forth the elements of the earth in their faces. Sometimes the mud face is very evident. This all sounds to the uninitiated, like a fairy story, but it is the science of the new life. The man born of the earth is of the earth, and shows it in his face and his movements. The man born of the Spirit is of the Spirit and shows it in his face, his voice, and his every movement. The new birth is simply the coming forth of the Spirit within you into conjunction with your father, the Sun. Instead of looking up into the heavens and calling on a person, we will look to the Sun and call for the Light. But both the language of the Bible and the language of science will be used, so that the mind will have no trouble in crossing over from the mortal to the immortal. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever. It is the mortal which changes and passes from one condition into another.

"It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing."

Then why should we hold on to the flesh? Because we need it as a clothing for the Spirit while we are in this transition period. But remember that when you throw off this flesh, and put on the New Man which is created in righteousness, you don't have to wait for what is called death. You don't have to wait for this body to become offensive to the nostrils of the living. Make it alive now and let the fire of the Spirit dissolve the dead matter. This is what youth does with the cast off atoms; and why not renew your youth by the renewing of the mind? It can be done, and it is being done, right along. Christian Science has brought this one thought into the world,

if nothing more, that mind is the master of matter. This thought has been fastened in the mind of the present age and all the powers of the world, the flesh, and the devil can't dislodge it. The comical papers may make sport of Christian Science but it has got in its work. Step by step the world is coming to the position that matter is not master over the mind. Christian Science is the John-the-Baptist in the wilderness preparing the way of the Lord Christ. The Way is open for the entrance of the Resurrection and Regeneration. The Resurrection of the mind from the dust and darkness of disease and death is an accomplished fact. The manifestation of perfect health and the full and complete electric body is only a question of time.

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Humanity is at the parting of the ways.

The world has come up to the place where they must take one of two roads; the left hand is degeneration, and the right hand is regeneration. Just pick up the morning paper and read and you will see that the whole world is at the forks of the road. They must either degenerate or regenerate. Many of the symptoms are the same. Degeneration has many of the symptoms of regeneration. You must not be mistaken in diagnosing the case, for in regeneration, you find many of the symptoms of the degenerate. Insanity and inspiration are very much alike in their first stages. Genius and madness are close akin. It will take a wise man to read and understand this number of CHRISTIAN. The waves are rolling mountain high and it will take a God-man to walk the waters. Burnell's *Berserker* is only a kind of introduction to what is coming in the mental world. The physical foot-ball match is nothing compared to the mental head-ball match. "The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." Inspiration and insanity will walk side by side on this planet. It is the time of the Resurrection and the falling of fire from the heavens.

*Common Sense* is the name of Eugene Del Mar's new monthly. It is one dollar a year. Year before last a magazine of this name died in Chicago for want of common sense. But this will not act as a hoodoo against Del Mar. He is proof against hoodoos, and seems to have good business sense. Address P. O. Box 1364, Denver, Colo.

*Fulfillment*, the new magazine published by my next door neighbor, the Colorado College of Divine Science, has reached No. 9 with the December issue. It takes about three years to establish a periodical. But since the postoffice department has undertaken to regulate the publishing business, you don't know just when you are established. *Fulfillment* is one dollar a year. Address 730 Seventeenth avenue, Denver, Colo.

*The Essene* is another Denver monthly. It is the neatest little magazine and beats all of us when it comes to printing. The writers are J. A. Edgerton, Nancy McKay Gordon and Grace M. Brown. Address Box 445, Denver, Colo.

## BERSERKER FOR FREEDOM.

GEORGE EDWIN BURNELL.

"O Freedom, beautiful beyond compare,  
Thy kingdom is established!  
Thou with thy feet on earth,  
Thy brow among the stars,  
For ages us thy children,  
I, thy child, singing daylong, nightlong,  
Sing of joy in thee."—Carpenter.

The ego clutches for dominion and gets it, plus slavery. For how can there be dominating without dominated?

The stock answer is by mastery over self, by self-government. But this is cad. If the self is mastered then it is not free, and if it is free it has no master, and self-mastery would be self-existent slavery. The fact of it is there is no slavery at all but the slavery a man puts upon himself. There is no bondage so severe as self-bondage, bondage to your own conscience and convictions.

The god is all for freedom, and has it, plus rhapsody. The god is free from his own magnetism. He knows that no one but himself can bind or loose him. He knows that his only enemies must be of his own mental household. He knows that he alone exists. This cures him of the plague of self-mastery. Therefore he lets himself alone, and makes rhapsody a business.

Rhapsody means to sew songs together. This was Homer's passion, and what did he care for a place to lay his head; the cosmos was big enough for him, and Socrates felt the same way when his Daemon was upon him.

Edward Carpenter gave his wealth to the poor that he might write a rhapsody to freedom. The rich young Jew was no such fool as to take Jesus literally, and so his ode went into the waste-basket of his god.

Emerson found out that rapture is logic and the lack of it is to *sing small* with the under dog.

When Ulysses heard his bow sing, he knew that the *berserker* of him was to play rough-house with the phantoms of experience.

Bare to the hips went the *berserker* to battle—weaponless yet immune. They tell me that safety in football is to keep stark mad. You have heard of Bhima, the lucky madman of the *Bhagavad Gita*, and you have read of the immunity of the king's fool. This ought to help you to see into Paul's doctrine of the fool for Christ's sake.

The cautious and prudent prisoner observes the strict discipline to the letter—keeps close step with his fellow in the file, takes with gratitude his bread and water and beans, but not so Jean Valjean.

Plato hung his doctrine of deliverance on violence, but Plato himself was only the painted picture of a man.

Jesus nailed his science to the cross. Under the leaves of the teaching of non-resistance he laid the most jagged-toothed trap ever a god set for a human. This man who lashed money-changers with their sensible views of life out into public disgrace; this man who came to set families by the hair of the head, who impeached respectable and devout pharisees; this man of wine and harlots and publican skin-flints—watch

him closely if you care to know beforehand how the god in you will cut up your well-regulated life; here is a vision that makes cowards call upon the mountains to fall on them. Yes, this is precisely what I mean, that the first symptom of the god is the *berserker desperado*.

If you deem the ideas of freedom to be ornamental *bric-a-brac* for some snug metaphysical cosy corner it will be healthy for you to take some such spicy mental tonic as a reflection upon a bull in a china shop or Mulvaney and the elephant.

The most honest and straightforward definition of freedom yet advanced came from a slave—Epictetus. This is as it should be, for the flashlight of contrast is the stuff conviction is made of. To Epictetus freedom meant *the ability to do as you please*. If you mean anything other than this by liberty you need more light, or better, you have not dared to face what light you have.

But this definition was the high point in the *trek* of Epictetus towards illumination. He saw mayhap his shadow and drew back like the ground hog. Pretty much all the rest of his message pertains to clever knuckling under. It was another case of reversion to early training, for Epaphroditus abused him as became a *protege* of Nero. It will not do to halt with definitions. There must be rhapsody.

Epicurus did better, maybe because his mother—Choerstrate—was addicted to the practice of magic. He was all for rhapsody—this garden philosopher. He was chaste as ice and got drunk on water, as Emerson felt the poet should. Epicurus was no cad; it takes a "rounder" for that.

He bought a beautiful garden in Athens, and there he taught the throngs how to outwit the twin blood suckers of rhapsody.

"The twins"—said Epicurus as he drank from a spring in his garden—"the twins are the fear of the gods and the fear of death."

It is a fact that fear does not endure with the passion to sew odes together with the vocal chords.

George McDonald made Curdie chase goblins with ditties. Luther's song made courage for the reformers. I do not think the pseudo New Thought will amount to much until they all break out into singing. Growling at each other is only preliminary.

Now there is no freedom except by rhapsody.

It is settled that there exists an ecstasy able to abolish the fear of death.

It is also settled that too much happiness tends to diminish the respect due the gods.

There prevails the notion that grief breeds religion.

Bliss makes for abandonment, which is the brand of renunciation civilization abhors.

Now you can see that the abolition of the fear of death and the gods would put civilization under an air-pump.

Think it over how it would be if we were all to find out that death and the gods do not exist.

Somebody is to write a song, boiling over with bliss, that flashes the vision of staying alive and shaking the gods. Wagner took a

hand at this last, and no wonder he was born in the year of Waterloo.

By the bondage to the fear of the gods, Epicurus meant superstition, the essence of which is relativity.

One who perceives luck by the relativity of his watch-chain and a rabbit's-foot, or the new moon over his right shoulder is guaranteed not to need Hermes' famous rule of immunity for the bold. Perchance you had better memorize it—"Even the gods protect the rash."

But when the vampire of relativity devours under the orthodox law of cause and effect, there is then need of a Bellerophon to bridle Pegasus and do this *dragon of causation* to death.

Let me pass you in through your window of perception this metaphysical stiletto. Perchance you may be fire-eater enough to cut yourself out of the belly of this Leviathan law, as did saint what's-his-name.

If you chance to be one of those lucky ones who understand the *Allness of Truth*, and have compassed the *axiom trail* in my Book to the *seventh trek* (vd. Ax. vii, p. 15), you will be dubbed Knight of divine madness and be spiritual *berserker for freedom*.

Listen—Truth must mean whatever is, hence must be all. It can not change, since there is nothing besides itself for it to change into. Therefore it can not begin which would be change, and so it is eternal. Being eternal, truth has no cause; and being all, truth has no effect; so there must be no truth in the law of cause and effect.

Of course these are only notes, you are the rhapsody. The Hungarian rhapsody may look to the *ignoramus* like a fountain-pen gone mad, but I have seen a young man breathless with rapture at its mere reading. This may help you to comprehend how bleak metaphysics can kindle in you the Bardesan "*Hymn of the Robe of Glory*."

To be sure deductive logic is an axe, and its arguments are but metaphysical cord-wood. But it was some of this very timber that Bardesan of Edessa burned, and in the light of it saw the truth, that the *body is too ethereal to be bound by any law*; this so enchanted him and his enraptured followers that nothing could keep them from the ecstatic chant of that wondrous rhapsody of the free body—"The Robe of Glory." Get it and read, and mayhap it will fuse you.

By the fear of the gods Epicurus meant the law of cause and effect (Karma), as it claims to marshal the elements of the macrocosmos, and officer the ideas of subjective consciousness for the discipline of ethics and the red-tape of institutions; and the illumined have never failed to pronounce the law of cause and effect to be bare-faced bluff.

Camille Flammarion run the sword of science through this tyrant of relativity by his doctrine of the annihilation of repetition; for any tyro can see that a universe minus repetition can muster no law at all. And this was the conclusion Gautama, the Buddha, came to five and twenty centuries ago—that is about 300 years before Epicurus was emancipating the Athenian thinkers from their notion that the external world

was anything but a painted picture. He was right skilful with his doctrine of *eidolons*, and he made the Grecians sing for joy to think the world was but a bubble they had blown and the dreadful gods mere mirage-built *images* of their fear-drugged fancies and emotions. Small wonder that he drew the sap of seriousness from their minds and helped to put them on the throne of culture for over twenty centuries. How could Walt Whitman help brewing a rhapsody on *Eidolons*?

Another knight of science also has drawn his sword against this hoary superstition masquerading in the fallacious plausibility of the law of causation. Professor S. P. Langley, of Smithsonian Institute, shows the impermanence of it.

The awakened mind sets no store by the impermanent. When the light dawned upon Abram he left the splendid court of his uncle, Nimrod, and it kept running in his head—"I love not gods that set." He, who is imprudent enough to let loose his heart upon the fickle islaying up trouble instead of treasures. Professor Langley thinks that impermanence shows up the law of causation to be a heartless hag and liar.

The early *illuminati* of the Christian cult tell us how Jesus came to establish a new dispensation.

It was current that Jesus had wrung the neck of the old subjective method. They could not work their magic any more, because he had stepped behind the scenes and turned a screw in the mental machinery of the world. Thus, the belt was off and the pulley failed to turn, and things came to pass no longer in the old way. Rites fell to the ground like autumn leaves. Magic formulas were raked up in piles and burned, and often the magicians with them.

The proud Pharisees had things pretty much their own way. Jesus found them binding grievous burdens upon their fellows, and not putting even their little fingers to the loads. These mental bullies awoke one fine morning to find their words and thoughts clogged no more into demonstration. They tore their clothes, and even the sun and moon caught their breath until black in the face. The blood of the law was spilt.

"The immitigability of the mortal predicament" is the way Henry James comes at the view-point of Guy de Maupassant, who has brewed from his brain and globe-trotting on the lookout for copy over an hundred short stories to impress his fellows with a jaunty but inveterate pessimism. It is a pitiable sight when even the imagination is stuck fast in fatalism. For my part the skim milk vagaries of Rossetti were better.

The predicament is the law. This is the fatalism also. But if this law must be satisfied by death and we all must get our second wind as angels, then I call for freedom at any price and invert my thumbs to the "Blessed Damsel" of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

But Victor Hugo sported an imagination a bit more stalwart and daring. He let daylight through the law of cause and effect in a number of vital spots, and I am

just now to point at five of them in as many of his cosmic romances.

He hurls his splendid and philosophic imagination at these five crimes of causation:

1. Superstition.
2. Civilization.
3. The Elements.
4. Aristocracy.
5. Trickery of good and evil.

*Notre Dame de Paris* should banish relativity from religion. Relativity is superstition. Truth is completeness, unity. This romance will emancipate you from steeples. You may recall that Jesus was not born in a belfry. The Esmeralda of your soul will not sacrifice herself and her mother to the hero of gain. True religion abolishes causation from God. God has no God, and God is all. God is freedom from God.

*Les Miserables* is an invective against civilization. Civilization is the garment woven by *Karma*. Illumination dashes civilization into a sea of light of which it perishes like the shade it is. Civilization set John Knox to pulling an oar for nineteen months on the benches of the galley *Notre Dame*. Civilization sentenced Jean Valjean to pick oakum, John Brown to the halter, and Jesus Christ to the cross. Civilization is the picture of the meaning of the law of cause and effect. It is the mill of the gods from which Victor Hugo dared to imagine there must be freedom. A little more rhapsody and he would have been Epicurean and Emersonian and Christian.

After Victor Hugo had plunged the lighting of his imagination into causation as religious fear and social desperation, he portrayed a man victimizing the elements. Here again are the gods and their mill as Epicurus saw them.

Any one might think that *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* was a parable of the fourth chapter of Galatians.

Right here you must listen to Walt Whitman—

"These furies, elements, motions of Nature, throes of apparent dissolution, you are he or she who is master or mistress over them,

Master or mistress in your own right over Nature, element, pain, passion, dissolution."

Jesus cowed the wind and waves. Hugo's Gilliat forces it down the throat of your faith that Hercules, Samson, Porthos, Balarama are lessons in your *light-power*. No doubt the elements are giants, but set your Jack at them. It is blasphemy to say that the elements balked Napoleon, or that the Doukhobors are trounced by a Canadian winter. Napoleon died of Napoleon, and the Doukhobors perish of Tolstoy. I can guarantee that the elements will be the death of whoever does not draw his god from the scabbard of egoism. Lure him with rhapsody.

*L'Homme qui Rit* is a lurid satire upon aristocracy. *Karma* confesses to this crime. To be sure nobody can want over him either mud-sills or millionaires. Life is always for freedom. Law is always for dominion.

There is no god over god, and there is only god.

Mud-sills for anarchy and millionaires for oppression—but the "general soul" knows no "bully."

The law sets up and pulls down. Justice is truth, not scales. It is no argument that the law of the gods has an eye behind the scenes and can peer into pre-incarnate obligations and responsibilities. Truth stalks ruthlessly to freedom.

Every law began an outlaw, and every ruler brags a rebel ancestor.

But for a blow below the belt that doubles up the law of cause and effect, you shall absorb the charge of electric imagination which Victor Hugo called *Quatre Vingt Treize*. He challenges the existence of good and evil, and put to the axe the Edenic tree of trouble.

Who shall say what is good and what is evil, and stack cards and load dice with laws of reward and revenge? The execution of Yoshida-Torajiro was legal, though he was the seed-patriot of modern Japan. Thoreau's shanty at Walden pond turns from classical to criminal, when we are aware that it was but a shanty station on the underground railroad. Laws are illegal and absurd.

3146 Minnehaha Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Sydney Flower is still selling his new thought cigars. I received a telepathic dispatch from him the other day, by which I understood him to say that he was going to get out a new thought coffin. He thinks that, if people will persist in dying, they would die happier if they knew they were going to be buried in a new thought coffin, with the Flower brand blown in the box!

The Eddy souvenir spoon has been outdone. The new thought people are selling a pin (one dollar per pin) which each member is expected to wear on the lapel of his coat or the bosom of her dress. It is not a symbol or a sign. The words "New Thought" in raised letters are conspicuous on a banner background. I wonder if anybody is silly enough to go about wearing such a tag!

CHRISTIAN will hereafter have charge of all the publications of George Edwin Bunnell. At present he has only one book, which you will find advertised on the eighth page. Send all orders to this office. I am also pleased to announce that the lessons of R. C. Douglass which were published in CHRISTIAN in 1901-'02 will come out in book form from the press of Lee & Shepard, Boston, some time in February. CHRISTIAN will not publish anything that is not worthy of republication in book form. The world is too full of printed matter for us to spend our time publishing transient talk. My judgment of the Douglass Lessons has been confirmed by a leading publishing house. I told Mr. Douglass to take these lessons to Lee & Shepard, and he did not have to submit his manuscript to any other house.

"Berserker" may be a new one on you as it was on me, if so, consult the dictionary. I have been a Berserker ever since I entered the race for immortality, but didn't exactly know my name.

## AN ABANDONED WOMAN.

Here is another woman who has entered into the abandon of her Divinity and is enjoying reckless righteousness. I publish her private letter, because it is a fact that private letters are about the only ones worth publishing. It will do her good, besides, she has no business keeping a good thing like this to herself. You can all enter into this rest of Righteousness and this ecstasy of Freedom, no matter what your occupation or business may be. If you are a housekeeper, go on about your housekeeping with joy in your heart. Abandon yourself to your Divinity, and you will ride the waves of Life and Light.

"Grand Southern, 326 S. Main St.,  
Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 4, 1902.

"Dear Shelton—I am glad that you have announced from headquarters that you are at home. I could not begin to tell you how many have asked me where you were located in this city, and some would not believe but what I knew. I told them they might try 'The Angelus,' that being the biggest hotel, and you being the biggest bug, that by the law of attraction, you would naturally turn up there. I got rid of them, whether they went there or not.

"I arrived home here just one month ago. I had over a five-months' trip. I went to get a rest, and would not have missed the trip for anything; but I got more actual rest in the month I have been at home than the five I was gone. I am reminded of the story of the man who started to build a bridge. While building it, he heard of some wonderful teachings somewhere that he wanted to learn. So he left his bridge and traveled on and on, not finding what he expected until he found himself at his own unfinished bridge. He finished the bridge, and crossed it, and there found what he had been hunting for so long. Well! I am just like that man. When I got home I found what I went East for and did not get until I got here. It is a substantial bridge and it is worth the price I paid. I have gone over it, and nothing on earth could pay me for what I found over there, which is right here. This great light came all of a sudden like, and at once it was revealed to me that I did not have to work for a living (you understand what I mean); that the struggle for a living was a thing of the past, my living was assured to me. I would do always what my hands found to do, but whether I sold my books or not, whether patients came or not, etc., etc., I would always have an abundance of money. From that day money has flowed to me. I get all I need of everything, and I have all I want, money in letters, and money for books, etc. The burden of rent, food and clothes, and all the rest of the outgo, was lifted at once; and O! my God, the freedom of it all. No one can tell until they, too, have passed through it. It was from hell to Heaven at one bound. This hotel could hardly hold me. I could not tell it to anyone, but I did not want to sleep or eat; you know what I mean—I was freed from that awful struggle of finance. That peace and rest is with me every moment. I do not hurry to put in every moment of time. I rest in everything I do, no hurry, just rest.

"I am so happy and glad. A great change has come and is coming into my life. I feel it, know it. I have done my work the best I knew, and 'my reward is with me.' Such lightness, such an allness. I can't explain. Your own soul will know, feel and see.

"Of course I had to grow to this. It came suddenly, but I am there; I am it. I have told no one of it. It was too sacred, just you and yours. This is private to you, for I do not believe many if any can understand it. I have written a longer letter than I intended, but my soul wrote it. God be with you both. From a friend,

FLORA PARRIS HOWARD.

# Metaphysical Publications

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**I Am Sermons** By Thomas J. Shelton. This is a much larger book than *Vibrations* but is sold at the same price. It is also bound in Yankee vellum and contains a good likeness of the author as a mortal. The young fellow, who is to be, will not look like this picture. This book is twelve sermons along Bible lines, but full of inspirational interpretations of old themes. Price, postpaid, 50c.

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