



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
RECEIVED
MAY 8 1902
PERIODICALS

Christianian

Librarian of Congress

Weekly: \$1.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, 5 Cents.

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

VOL. VIII. No. 18.
May 4, 1902.

Entered in the Denver Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.



GEORGE EDWIN BURNELL

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

GEORGE EDWIN BURNELL.

George Edwin Burnell is introduced to the readers of CHRISTIAN as a regular contributor. I suppose those who have been trying to find the eighth note in the octave of CHRISTIAN will find it in Burnell. He was sent to CHRISTIAN by the Spirit of Truth, and will fill his own place.

I met Burnell in the Hopkins Theological Seminary in Chicago about ten years ago. I attended one of his classes, and was helped on my way by his strong affirmations. He had just married a beautiful woman, and was enjoying the fullness of young manhood. He had written several books and bid fair to become a prolific writer.

Just at this time Burnell did the wisest thing I ever knew a young man to do. He sold all the books he had on hand and quit writing. He retired to Minneapolis, where he is now preaching to a splendid congregation. The mighty article in this issue of CHRISTIAN on "The Heavenly Conception" shows that he is getting ripe. This article is number one in a series of seven on the science of Regeneration. I can't promise that these lessons will appear regularly every week, but you will get them at least once a month, and perhaps every other week.

EYE TO EYE TALKS.

Spirit is God.

I am Spirit; therefore, I am God.

God is the universal essence of Being.

What is the difference between an individual spirit and the universal Spirit? The one is the individual and the other is the universal. I am in Spirit. I live and move and have my being in Spirit just as the individual bird and beast lives and loves and has its being in Spirit. I was going to say of the bird and beast that they had their individual being in the air, but the Spirit said that all things have their being in Spirit. This does not signify that bird and beast have a pneuma or divine individuality. Spirit forever is and individual life may come and go, appear and disappear in Spirit. The word "breath" or "air" is the same as the word "spirit," only in using the word "spirit," everything in the air is included; not only the wind that blows, but the ether that is above the winds. The individual mind will take hold of the truth better if we reduce the whole of being to the word "Spirit."

How can the individual Spirit come into practical conjunction with the universal Spirit? It has to be a new begetting and a new birth. It is by a perpetual begetting and a perpetual birth. Father Spirit is always and forever begetting and individualizing Himself. Mother Spirit is always and forever bringing forth children of Spirit. Now, to make this practical, let us make it personal. I am begotten of the Spirit. It is the life of joy and peace; it is the consciousness of everlasting life. There is no disease or death to Spirit. As soon as one recognizes and realizes Spirit they are free from sin and sickness and death. How can

you know that you have recognized and realized Spirit? By the unquestioned obedience to Spirit. How can one render absolute and unquestioning obedience to Spirit? There are many rules for you to follow. Jesus Christ says that you must unload everything and follow the truth without regard to consequences. After you once get a quickening of Spirit you are compelled to obey. It is no question of choice. You must obey the Inner Light or sink down into darkness. When once the Spirit of God has begotten you there is no turning back. It was said of Jesus, in one place, that He was led, and another, that He was driven by the Spirit. It was both a leading and a driving. Spirit will make you go when once you get started, and if you go by the leading it is a joyous going. But if you will not go by the leading, then you are driven and made to go.

It is a Divine dictation. Now, in all dictation there must be a receiver and a dictator. If my stenographer refuses to receive my dictation with unquestioning obedience there can be no dictation. The whole thing comes to a sudden stop. Either she must receive my dictation or else I must take her place and she do the dictating. The same rule works with Spirit. You must either change places with God and dictate, or else you must stay in your own place and receive the Divine dictation. Every one who has received this dictation knows how utterly impossible it is to receive anything from Spirit while you are questioning and doubting. You must accept the Word as spoken to you and wait for explanations. It can not be otherwise. There is no other way to receive dictation from God. If God knows and you want the knowledge, there is only one way to receive it. I am walking the floor and dictating these words to my wife. If her mind wanders from the theme the whole work stops until she gets back and becomes the obedient receiver. If this is true of my dictation, how much more must it be in that sensitive sphere of Spirit. How can Almighty Spirit teach me the truth unless I listen to the Voice? Is it strange that God did not make me understand everything in a minute? I wonder that He has succeeded so well in making me understand even the first principles. There is no question about God being able to lead you into the truth. Jesus was patient and long suffering with His disciples, and yet, after three years of daily teaching they did not know much. He excused them by saying: "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." That these apostles of Jesus Christ misunderstood Spirit after His departure is not strange. They did not understand the Teacher when He was present and spoke face to face.

At this point in my dictation I felt some other person cut into the line of communication between my mind and the receiver. I stopped and said, "Some one has cut in; I wonder who it is." The dressmaker across the hall wanted to see Mrs. Shelton. The dressmaker did not say one single word; it was the mental message which came into

this room while the doors were shut. It was as positive an interference with my dictation as if the dressmaker had walked into the room and spoke her words orally instead of mentally. Do you wonder why Spirit has so much trouble in making us understand the truth? The only way you can get a true message from Spirit is in the Silence. You must remember that the Silence is not merely physical stillness. I can not explain to you what it is, but it is more than mortal silence. It is repose of Spirit. You settle down to mental and physical rest. It is an attitude of listening. You are not trying to listen with the physical ear, but have grown still, so that you may hear the Voice of the Silence. Communication between the earth and the heavens has already been established. It is a direct telephone from the individual to the universal. It is a wireless telegraph between mind and spirit. It makes things clear to use the word "mind" for the individual and "Spirit" for the universal. The real mind is Spirit, the mortal mind is a kind of moonlight. It is a reflected light from the sun of Spirit. It is genuine as far as it goes. It is real sunlight, but we call it moonlight because it is reflected and not direct rays. And this is the reason why mortal man gets some things right and other things wrong. Spirit is the day and mortal mind is the night. When you recognize that the sun is in you, then the light that is in you ceases to be darkness. The light that shines from the center of your being is in direct conjunction with the light that shines from the sun. One of my critics declares that the sun is not God, for everybody can see the sun, and Jesus Christ said: "No man hath seen God." In reply, let me say that no man has seen the sun. The sun which can be seen by mortal vision is only the circumference and outward rays of the real sun. You see the sun just like you see the man. All that you see of the man is the outward form, and sometimes this is not even an index to the man. It is the clothing which hides man from your vision. The real man is Spirit and the real sun is Spirit. I call your attention to the body of the sun in the heavens that you may have some idea of Spirit. Now there is the sun or Spirit within you and this sun or Spirit is the receiver of the divine dictation.

Dr. Minot J. Savage, speaking in the Church of the Messiah on "The Abolition of Death," is quoted as having said:

"If we propose to be quite honest and frank with ourselves, we must admit one fact—that there never, since the dawn of Christianity, were so many people doubting concerning the future life as there are now; not ignorant or bad people, but the best there are, or as good as there are; they are readers, thinkers, persons acquainted with philosophy and science, and who have studied history, looked into ecclesiastical traditions. This is the attitude of thousands, and the number is growing.

"If a person asked me whether I think there is satisfactory evidence that the body of Jesus was raised from the dead, I must be frank and say I do not. No case in a modern court could be carried through successfully unless there were in its favor better evidence than we have for the resurrection

of Jesus. There is no first-hand testimony of anybody to that fact, and we know perfectly well that if we had the testimony of a hundred or a thousand to a similar fact as taking place to-day, it would weigh with us very little.

"But I believe with my whole soul that Jesus was seen alive after the crucifixion, and out of that belief might very easily arise the belief that the body had risen. I do not believe there is anything in the fact of death that changes us more than going to sleep last night and waking up this morning. I believe death is another kind of birth; that we graduate from this life, take the next step in an ever-advancing career of progress, and that we are just ourselves over there."

How can you prove the resurrection of the body of Jesus Christ when it was transmuted into Spirit? The only thing that the witnesses could do was to affirm that they had seen Him after His resurrection. Then the only thing the others could do in denying their affirmation was to produce the body. This they could not do. In their minds Jesus was a spirit. They could not understand how His body could be transmuted into Spirit and remain in the form of man. Jesus recognized Spirit before His crucifixion. In plain and unmistakable words He told them just what would occur and how it would take place. He said that He would be crucified and on the third day He would arise from the dead. He told His chosen witnesses that He had the power to lay down His life and to take it up again and that He was going to accomplish this very thing. It was something that was talked over between Jesus and two other spirits, from the unseen, while on the Mount of Transfiguration. Moses and Elijah, or as our Spiritualist friends would say, Spirit Moses and Spirit Elijah, appeared to Jesus and talked with Him about what He was going to accomplish at Jerusalem. Now it was Spirit Jesus just as much as it was Spirit Moses and Spirit Elijah. Jesus was just as much of a spirit before His crucifixion as He was afterward. Spirit Moses and Spirit Elijah talked of this death and resurrection of Jesus as something that was to be accomplished. Jesus Christ projected His own word into the future and so made provision for the transmutation of the flesh. This is exactly what the resurrection is—transmutation of sluggish mortal flesh into an electrical body. Dr. Savage hints at the truth in the above paragraph. When the transmutation takes place in my own body, and it is just as sure as that the sun shines, how may I prove resurrection? Men will declare that it has not been proved. All I can do is to say that I am the same man who was known in mortal flesh. It will develop on all those who deny to find the other fellow. Jesus Christ did not go out and try to prove His resurrection to the masses, for they were not yet ready for transmutation. He could only teach before witnesses and leave it a matter of record.

This record of the Resurrection has been before the world long enough for its true meaning to be taught by actual demonstration. Dr. Savage has given his life to the investigation of Spiritualism. He has come to the conclusion that death does not make

any kind of a change in us, so far as our identification is concerned. He thinks we are the same after we have passed the change called death. For this reason he believes, with his whole soul, that Jesus was seen alive after His crucifixion. Certainly He was seen alive after His crucifixion, for He was just as much alive afterwards as He was before. There was no change in the identity of Jesus. A change took place in His body and in His environment. What you want to fasten in your mind is the fact that you are a spirit now, and, therefore, there is no need of dying in order to become a spirit. Death can't make you a spirit. Birth can't make you a spirit. I mean being born of a woman can't make you a spirit. "Man born of woman is of few days and full of trouble." It takes a new quickening and a new birth to manifest Spirit. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." If you are born of Spirit you must be of the nature of Spirit, you must be Spirit. Dr. Dewey teaches that Spirit is engendered in the flesh, and is unfolded in the New Birth. Others teach that Spirit begetting and birth is an entirely independent process. Paul seems to teach that it is an engrafting into the flesh. You can prove both propositions by the Scriptures. There is only one thing I wish to impress on your mind, and that is, that physical birth or death can not make you a spirit. You are spirit because you have always been spirit and will always be spirit. There is no beginning or ending to Spirit. There are cycles of experience for the individual spirit. The cycles have beginnings and endings, and so we are shut off for the time being from the eternity of the past and the eternity of the future. Let not these periods of unfoldment confuse your mind with the idea that you ever had a beginning. It is a great and wonderful unfolding of mind. The mind can only be taught by experience.

THE HEAVENLY CONCEPTION.

GEORGE EDWIN BURNELL.

My heart is boiling over with a goodly matter;

I speak; my work is for the king of you.

Ps. xlv.

Two distinct natures struggle within you—
Jacob and Esau; stem and root; heaven and earth.

"In the beginning
The Elohim created
The heaven and the earth."

The moment you begin to think about yourself, you feel these two natures start into consciousness. You feel that they are at war. They were not at war until you became conscious of them; but the fiery soul-ichor of the word-seed has been planted in your being; it sets out working in you, vitalizing, fermenting, rupturing the society of your two natures so that they can no longer romp together in peace. They have seen one another and know that they are two. They must love or part.

The first impulse of the higher is to trample on the lower, to immolate it; to kill it and suck its vitality. This is sometimes called regeneration, but it is not. Do you kill the root to save the stem? No; that

would be not regeneration, but murder; and besides, in destroying the earthly nature you would destroy the very thing that needs regeneration, and the one element of you which is capable of it.

Regeneration is not something that happens to the soul. The soul is eternal. Never having been born, it can not, and need not, if it could, be "born again." Regeneration is the waking and calling of the earthly to an eternal heritage. It is the readjustment of the relation between the warring brothers; the union of heaven and earth.

Regeneration is not disruption. Regeneration is not the foot of the higher nature on the neck of the lower. It is not a state of warfare, nor is it such peace as there is in a desert or a graveyard.

"In the regeneration . . .

The son of man

Shall sit on the throne of his glory."

Regeneration is the thoroughfare to the throne. "Ye must be born again." Ye must be born into the innocence of Eden; born into the grace of spirit; born into the courage of immortality; born into the glory of Godhood. Your earthly nature, with all its powers and capacities, its idiosyncrasies and its peculiar charms, must be regenerated and made immortal. In this new birth no man on earth is your father and no woman on earth is your mother. You are your own father and mother. Out of the reconciliation of your two natures springs a new creature; and the new creature is *you*—the Cosmic Conqueror.

The first degree of spiritual initiation, the first stage of regeneration, is a heavenly conception. Its earliest symptom is dissatisfaction.

The angels of your infant nature do incessantly behold the face of the Good Father.

Your soul refuses to be at peace among changing things; it feels a divine hunger for the permanent. It starts on a crusade after the perfect, the absolute. The man must march, because there is something within him that screams for satisfaction,—the eagle-scream. You are seeking satisfaction, not amusement; emancipation, not temporary relief; regeneration, not dissolution; wisdom, not forgetfulness. The whole nature must be illumined, not hypnotized.

Dissatisfaction is the badge of self-consciousness, worn conspicuously, even proudly. Desires outrun fulfillment, and only children expect the moon because they want it. Men now no longer hope to be *satisfied*, any more than they expect one meal to allay their hunger permanently. They scramble after mere amusement and intermittent relief. Behold the spectacle of a race grateful for a transient respite from misery! The cur of desire is well whipped! Not that there is no real satisfaction knocking at their hearts,—they are hypnotized to a false view of life.

The country of content,
The real and royal realm,
The blazing brilliance of Being,—
IT IS, IT IS, IT IS!

It pledges you its sight,
It plights you its might,
The awakening power,
The river of Heavenly Essence
Floating the Image of God.

By this you can precipitate the sacred name of you and Jesus in the celestial Jordan, so that

You rank immortal,
God-Mothered;
God-Fathered.
Composed of Composure;
Steeped in Satisfaction;
The Living God.

There are not two ways to be *satisfied*, though there may be to be amused. The one way is to know God. Therefore, God is the *good* all are after. The most charming home can not satisfy, because the exclusive home is not God, even though one may try to make a god of it. Plenty, friends, health, Paradise can not satisfy, because they are not Infinite, not abiding.

Men have had all these in discontent. They are not the real good, because there is a certain Mysterious Somewhat else needed. All creation can not fill the void of your lot. God only, the Eternal and uncreate, can quell your soul-hunger. All *things* put together have no satisfying power, because they are not Infinite and you are.

During this dissatisfaction you cease to be content among slaves. You feel the nobility of your birthright. You also burst the skin of your prejudices,—ties of home, of religion, of property, of society—whatever, indeed, makes you what you are as a particular person. You are called as Abram out of Ur. By this "high calling" you will no longer be the same person you have been, but will be some one else quite different (and yet no other than yourself), as the tall Jew, Saul, at Samuel's anointing.

You must be born again into a new home, a new land, a new parentage, a new society, a new body. You are to regenerate.

"Being born again
Not of corruptible seed
But of incorruptible,
By the word of God
Which liveth and abideth forever."

1 Peter, i, 23.

Before rebirth you are chaos. Now you expand with the breath of life. This new life feeds on the albumen stored in your mind. You find yourself. You repeat *I AM*. You brood upon your interior compunctions of what you ought to be and have, in view of your new conception of yourself.

AS THE OFFSPRING OF THE ALMIGHTY, you revolt against being a down-trodden wretch. *What you are stalks you!*

AS THE OFFSPRING OF THE ALMIGHTY, you take exception to being brow-beaten on every hand. *What you are stalks you!*

Whoever you are! claim your own at any hazard!

These shows of the east and west are tame compared to you,

These immense meadows, these interminable rivers, you are immense and interminable as they,

These furies, elements, storms, 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, elements, pain, passion, dissolution.

The hopples fall from your ankles, you find an unflinching sufficiency,

Old or young, male or female, rude, low, rejected of the rest, whatever you are promulges itself,

Through birth, life, death, burial, the means are provided, nothing is scantied,

Through angers, losses, ambitions, ignorance, ennui, what you are picks its way

Whoever you are! claim your own at any hazard!

—Walt Whitman.

The outrage is that the Son of the Infinite should be crammed into a set of limits.

One nature of you cries out against the other. Each feels the other an outrage upon it—as Jacob was an outrage upon Esau.

The heavenly roars against the walls of the carnal.

One nature draws upon earthly things as the root upon the soil.

The other nature draws upon heavenly things as the stem upon lit air.

This pulls asunder the seed-skin of the words of life. The two natures strike out like foes. But ere long they complete each other and meet like friends, exchanging gifts, as Jacob and Esau. This is heaven on earth: reconciliation.

This is after there is a new heaven and a new earth.

These two natures are called:

By metaphysicians, objective and subjective.

By theologians, human and divine.

By personalists, mother and father.

By doctrinaires, nature and God.

By mystics, nothing and ALL.

You are very meek, as these two natures now conduct themselves with unqualified contempt of any rights or realities but their own.

As the blade of the sculptor deals ruthlessly with the rock to unpetrify his ideal, so the master of life hews and hacks your fresh, plastic nature as he pleases. **THE MASTER OF LIFE IS LIFE.**

Regeneration has nothing to do with *you*; you are eternal, unchangeable soul. But your nature, your conditions, are to be revolutionized. This first step in the new life is the conception of a new set of conditions. It may seem that before and during rebirth *you* are being transformed, so many changes appear in your feelings, faculties and surroundings. This is a mistake, due to your falsely identifying yourself with your body and mind. Your body is not you. Your mind is not you. Your nature, heavenly and earthly, is *yours*—but not *you*.

In this reconstruction of your nature you are adopted by a new principle of reality—the TRUTH. This is the principle upon which the cosmos is created and sustained, and in which you ever live and move and have your being.

THIS REALIZING PRINCIPLE dictates absolutely

What shall and

What shall not

be true for this universe of heaven and earth. During rebirth it is the creative energy. It is the power of truth—the power to make anything true that you please.

Just as light is the unit of seven colors, so the Principle of Reality is the *e pluribus unum* of seven creative forces: that is, six besides itself.

In Mosaic science it is called *Elohim*—gods, Exalted Ones. These seven are of ONE composite. They are the Divine.

Now the conception of the Principle of Reality is that GOD IS ALL.

That Good Only is Truth.

That Good Only is Real.

Spirit Only, not matter, is Life.

This is irresistible.

Creation is not asked if it will please exist,—it is ordered out. *Elohim said*: It is not invited to be Good,—it is ordered good. The Principle of Reality is called *Christ Jesus*, in the gospel.

It makes no odds what has been real to you heretofore, at the instant rebirth actually starts, it becomes impossible for you ever again to rest in any other conception of truth than that it is *unalloyed good*. You are sprouted into that kind of air, and you must yield to that persuasion because it is working in your life.

This is the program of your triumphal march through the seven stages of your regeneration:

First. There arises the consciousness of a new way of living; a wise way. Self-conscious living is changed to conscious; innocent instead of egotistic; spontaneous instead of struggling; pure knowing instead of empiricism.

Second. You hit upon the knack of a new sort of mentality, a clear science of reflection. Instead of shouldering evil traits, your nature broods and hatches out new and good bents only. You leap upward as the young sprout. You gain not by grasping, but by receptivity; not by wages, but by gift; not by merit, but by mercy; not by law, but by grace.

Third. A new science of extension disturbs your sleep of illusion. All sounds are melody. Life sings escape. Ideals of irresponsibility bud. Your tune of existence and key-note of operation is DELIVERANCE. Your voice rings successful revolt. Obedience vanishes in disobedience, as two opposites neutralize. The cell of constraint leaks you out. There are no hooks on free atoms. Your ears ring no more with the hiss of the serpents of time and space.

Fourth. You thrill with airs that do not catch in lungs only—airs that freshen and unwither. Your senses sparkle. Limits and landmarks thin away by buoyancy. Hundreds of bulldogs of prejudice loose the lock-jaw. The fluffy fleeces of hypnotic spells fly away on winds of strange whence and whither. Troubles melt like fogs. The writhing coils of the subjective snakes glide away into the thickets of oblivion. Nothing that hurts or presses or crowds lies in the wake of the cyclone of salvation.

Fifth. A fiery glory gathers to their fathers the spider's looms of experience. A quenchless kindling rids of pent-up miseries. You never make a good slave thereafter. You scorch overseer's eyebrows. The energies crackle in your efficiencies. Old taints are burned out. The blood courses back into the

numb and drowsy limbs of your nature. Words of truth snap and flame blue like salt over coals.

Sixth. You witness in a lofty balloon the battle of your tastes. Hordes of barbarians fall upon your cherished views, and the new and old lie in the same grave. But you escape, for there are no prisons in Sahara. The barren are not burdened with children, the desert has no job. Sahara must pity the Nile, carrying its dinner-pail for ages; Sahara, the retired ascetic. The slaves of tastes good or bad are now in insurrection. The Nile is turned into blood, the slave is now bringing death instead of life. You can be free, and by this conspirator against thralldom now let loose in you there comes the massacre of all other conceptions; for Herod is afraid.

Seventh. Your conscience is startled into sincerity. It bares its arm and throws off its coat, and you see its falsity. You are purged of your pestilent conventionalism. You discharge the police force of the proprieties. A bomb drops upon the stone table of the decalogue, to lay bare the illumined soul. The teeth are pulled from the tiger of existence, and his gums suck faint hearts only.

The altars of incense unto the gods galore consume in fervent heat. The true God does not need perfumery. Your heart does not burn with any rubbish pile. No unsatisfied, hungry smoulder tortures your every step.

You look through the walls of merit and demerit. You see that God is too staunch and noble for bribes, and can not be hypnotized by fragrant appeals. You also see that he is no policeman.

CONCLUSION.

Thus you find the twinkling star that lights you to the frontiers of freedom. It is the principle of a new type of REALITY.

It presents you with some very uncivilized ideas, but there is vim in their bones and bright vigor in their curly locks, enough to unshackle the universe.

You now feel the stirrings of a tremendous energy, sufficient to dig for the grandest temple or to shatter primeval prisons. A new conception of yourself, your nature, rights and possibilities constitutes the first stage of your regeneration.

In the following lesson the second stage—the quickening of the Giant—is explained.

3146 Minnehaha avenue South,
Minneapolis, Minn.

The Unsealed Bible, or Revelation Revealed—Disclosing the Mysteries of Life and Death. By Rev. George Chainey. Vol. 1, Genesis, or the Book of Beginnings, is now ready for delivery. This volume consists of 400 pages, octavo, containing 77 separate interpretations, handsomely bound in silk cloth, stamped with a beautiful symbolic design in black and gold, and published by the Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., London, England, and the School of Interpretation in this country. Price \$3.00. This work introduces new principles and methods into the interpretation of both Life and Revelation. Address The School of Interpretation, 938 Fine Arts Building, Chicago, Ill.

Fulfillment, Vol. 1, No. 1, April, 1902. Monthly, \$1.00 per year, single copy 10 cents. This is a beautiful eight page periodical issued by my next door neighbors, The Colorado College of Divine Science, 730 Seventeenth avenue, Denver, Colo. It is also the organ of the First Divine Science Church of Denver. Nona L. Brooks, pastor. This initial number promises well for a clear cut journal of Divine Science.

My stars and strip-ed garters! I thought this was a "Spirit" soul-mating. Can it be, after all, that this was just an ordinary, every-day physical compact, in which the "green-eyed monster" has already gone in search of the unsheathed stiletto? It is with great difficulty that I can imagine Brother Shelton diving down into his hip reservoir after a Winchester, but Lady Blanche! Ah! That is different. One short gaze into those Italian sun-set eyes is enough. You know at a glance that somewhere, lurking within the voluminous folds of that "empire," one is liable to encounter a double-edged piece of steel which, when wielded in the hands of this tropically-focused southern beauty, would make even the bald spot on our good brother's head grow gray hair. But just don't get pranky, brother, and perpetual love will ever stand between you and the point of this glittering blade.—*The Pathfinder*.

Oh, yes, it was a regular Spirit soul-mating and there was nothing personal in the quotation you make from my editorial. When *The Pathfinder* reached this office there was a scrap. Helen is half Italian and so declared that "those Italian sun-set eyes" was meant for her eyes. "Lady Blanche," who claims descent from a knight of Castile in the castles of Spain, said that "those Italian sun-set eyes" was a description of her eyes! I didn't stay to hear all the scrap, but I heard Mrs. Shelton say "dago" and Helen said something about "castile soap." Away with your "Italian sun-set eyes." When you throw bouquets at this office, bunch both the girls and the flowers. I have troubles of my own!

ONE TURN OF THE SCREW.

MABEL GIFFORD, SHARON, MASS.

I have read your lament in your March number. There is certainly a screw loose in this world so long as people grow decrepit when they have lived a few years. There is always a reason for all things, and there is a reason for sickness and decrepitude. Many of us know why we have diseases and grow old; we know what we must do to have health and to continue in youth. We are putting our knowledge into practice; we have all done something in the direction of health and perpetual youth. But will one turn of a loose screw make it tight? Not except it is only a very little loose. The loose screw you mention is very loose, and a very long screw. Is it not a wonderful thing that all these seekers have accomplished so much in the few years since they took hold of the screw? Have these truth seekers got nothing out of all their seeking and their endeavors but "a market for their talk?" Think again; many of them have demonstrated splendid health, and are yearly growing stronger at the time of life when the rest of the world is growing feeble.

Thousands have been cured of unhealth by these same workers. Many have found heaven on earth by their knowledge of truth; many have found prosperity. It is not strange that, having discovered the laws that govern external conditions, the discoverers are not able to immediately live them perfectly. To live is to form habits of life. We have been most of our lives living in the cultivation and conditions of false habits; now we must grow new ones. Growth is not one grand leap to perfection. We have all done something in the formation of new habits, and demonstrated it to the world, and told the world how it can go and do likewise. The pioneers have done nobly; they have made a grand beginning. They have different methods and that is well; we shall learn much more of the elephant if we see various parts than if we all see the same part.

To "usher in the electrical age and become possessed of pneumatic bodies," we need a clear understanding of the principles of the action of life, that our faith may be firm; and we need more heart, more love for others. To get a clear understanding of the principles of the action of life we need to seek more within and less in books and others' systems. We receive truth indirectly from others, colored by their individual bent of mind, and modified by their personal beliefs. When we seek within with a clean mind—empty mind—we receive truth as purely as we are capable of receiving it. To get more love for others we need to seek to be filled with more life. Pure life is love. If we lack love we lack life; pure life.

At present most of the truth seekers have not life enough to trust life more than the world; they seek power in the world by worldly means. So they get worldly returns, perhaps in abundance, having made themselves magnetic to those things, but they do not get life in as great abundance as they wish.

Here is the first step; we must live more the truth we have learned. We can get truths out of books; we get truth only by seeking of TRUTH and living what is given us.

Would put this in the *Occult Review* if it was not a quarterly. See "Fountain of Youth" in January number, and "The Resurrection of Adam" in April number.

Another thought—or truth, rather—is that the more external things are the slowest to be reached. It is easier to cure serious diseases than simple ones; and easier to restore the vital organs to health than to renew the life of the hair or the teeth or the skin, the eyes or hearing. All these things will follow the renewing of the body, but they will be the last things. We do not put so much life into these parts, because they are not so serious. Eyes are oftener restored than any other of these mentioned, because we find them the most necessary and are more concerned about them, and make more effort to restore them. M. G.

The above is from a well known writer in the *Occult Review* and other publications. I am only asking for reports from others. Some have ignored my challenge or spoken

of it in a sneering way. I want to know what you are doing in your own body to demonstrate the Truth you profess to teach. There is only one proof of Spiritual Presence. Arguments will not prove anything—or, rather, they will prove almost anything. But this kind of proof is not proof. It is talk. I declare to you all that if Shelton does not manifest in his own body the truth of Spirit, all that he has been teaching in CHRISTIAN is moonshine. I am demonstrating it rapidly and preparing the minds of my readers for a greater demonstration. I am treating myself for new eyes, new ears, new hair, and an entirely new body. The body given me by my mother must be thrown away.

A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW.

The following letter from a jolly good fellow will furnish a text for a few remarks:

To Shelton: You said you'd listen—now do it.

Three or more years ago, when CHRISTIAN first came to me, I used to read it with an accompaniment of broad grins and sometime hearty laughter. Read it as I did Brann's *Iconoclast*, just for the fun of it. It was awful funny. That *I AM God* business stood alone. There's nothing like it in literature; and then your fence jumping ideas, explaining why fences are built, was a "lulu."

Later I learned to respect Shelton as a vigorous thinker, with the courage of his conviction. A man who could think and plainly say a thing one month, and then a month later think and emphatically say something directly opposite, and much better. For all of which he has my hearty sympathy, for I've found myself guilty of the same thing more than 400 times.

Wait. Recently I have learned to regard Shelton as a fearless explorer in limitless fields, whose rugged boundary walls I am unable to scale.

Those Spirit realms are beyond me, but there are some things that strike a responsive chord in my makeup. And I'm one of those dogged, persistent sort of people, who don't know how to let go.

When you speak of *doing* things, instead of *saying* things—that's what knocks.

Will you do it? Anybody can say it. I want to see an example. I'm an old Missourian! See? But wait another minute, please. Before you expend that lightning change act, I want to know what that electric body—that pneumatic body—or psychic body—means. I like three square meals a day. I like a jolly good time. Honest Injin, I had rather spend a day alone or with congenial friends in the woods, working on the banks of a stream with rod and line, than wear a robe and stand in a row and sing. As an old Missouri friend used to say, "Yes, I would, so I would."

Shall I have to Die to all the jolly good things I like in order to catch on to a sort of never-ending ghost-like existence? Help me, Shelton. Now, look here, I'll—I'll bet a dollar to a dime that you've been and are a jolly good fellow yourself. Haven't you? Well, then—spectacles, bald head and gray hairs are a part of your heritage. If you can get rid of these things and still be a good all-around man, I'll O. K. your experience and want some of it for myself. If you are going to be ghostly—I'll have to pass it up. I am your friend, H. Hershleger.

Thanks for the complimentary remarks showing a correct estimate of the character of the man to whom you write.

I am as thoroughly convinced of the possibility and the practicability of an electrical body as I am of anything that the Age needs.

It will not be a ghost. The Age does not need ghosts and ghost stories. Man comes up from the egg or physical man. On the physical plane he needs and grows a healthy, muscular body. He had to use muscle in contending against wild animals, clearing the forest and subduing nature. The efforts of pugilism, and athleticism, in restoring the muscular body in man's unfoolment, is a looking backward. It is not what we need in this Age. Man is now on a mental plane of being merging into the spiritual plane. Instead of looking backward to the physical plane, we should look forward to Spirit.

The Age is one of electricity. Man has discovered that electricity is Life or God. He has discovered that electricity is Power. The mental man has found out the true essence of being. He is using this essence in various ways for the pulling of cars and doing other physical labor. The mental man knows that he does not need to lift things with his muscles. On the contrary, he is learning to lift things by electricity. He will soon learn to let labor be performed almost entirely by electricity. Instead of doing things with his hands, he will have invented a way of resting his body and letting his mind through the power of electricity perform what is now called manual labor.

In fact, this is just exactly what men are doing. Labor will be done this way as soon as men learn that labor is not muscular performance. Mind and money and electricity and labor must become synonymous terms. There will soon be no cause for any of us to perform manual labor. Just while I write there is a machine out here in the street cleaning house by compressed air. It is a wonderful invention and saves Bridget and her mistress many hours of labor. It not only puts Bridget in the position where she can become the mistress of her own house, but it saves dust and dirt and worry for all of us. You ask me to explain this invention. Well, there is a big red wagon out here in the street, and pipes lead from the wagon into the house, where they clean all of the carpets by compressed air. The machinery for compressing this air is in the wagon.

You see that we want to go forward instead of backward. Instead of developing muscle, we want to let our muscles rest and develop the mind. Instead of practicing gymnastics for the developing of the physical body we want to practice mental exercises for the development of electricity. In our physical bodies must be the same advancement that we are making in our environment. If we clean house by compressed air, why not learn how to cleanse the body by electricity, and live in the vibrations of mind, instead of muscle? The less exercise you take, the better for your health. My wife has almost perfect health, and she never takes any kind of exercise. She will lie down on the couch and read the latest novel until the dinner gong sounds, and then go down and do justice to the dinner. I used to think that she ought to take more exercise, but I have learned that Nature knows her own business. Who ever heard of a cow taking breathing lessons or practicing with dumb

bells? She takes just as little exercise as possible, and when she has satisfied her hunger, she will lie down in the shade and contentedly chew her cud. Her health is preserved and her strength conserved by following her own instincts. The baby plays and talks to her doll until she feels the need of rest, then falls over on a cushion and goes to sleep.

What I started to say was, that by the natural unfoldment we are surrounding ourselves with electricity and using it for all kinds of purposes. What we want to do and will do, is to use it internally as well as externally. My jolly good fellow will find out that his electrical fingers can hold a fishing rod. Say, that talking about fishing is enough to make me want to throw this article away and go and dig a can of red worms! The trouble with Colorado is that it is too high-altitude in its fishing. I do not want to go along by a mountain cataract and fish for speckled trout. I don't know how to do it. I want an old oyster can full of red worms, then to slip down along the old-fashioned creek and fish for mud cats, perch, goggle-eyes! It is all owing to the way you are raised. I have caught more "whoppers" out of the little creeks in Kentucky than I ever caught out of the big northern lakes. But, oh my! The whoppers that I didn't catch! Those big fish that were only brought to the surface and dropped back. But hush! I simply want to tell my jolly good fellow that when he feels a nibble running up the rod and touching his electrical fingers and going through this electrical body, he will find that he is no ghost.

There will not be a single faculty that we now possess but what will become a part of the electrical body. Why, everything that we possess now that is worth having is electricity. The health in your body is electricity and the diseases and pain and sickness is the absence of electricity. In this unfoldment we will learn how to eat electricity. There will not be any good thing in the way of food that we will reject, but it will be digested by the means of electricity. There will be a power in the mind to regulate the current of electricity in the body, the same as we would regulate any other instrument. All the pleasures of life will be increased. I am not talking theory, but practical sense. When I first started to follow the Spirit, there was nothing denied me. I used stimulants and intoxicants in the form of tobacco, beer, whisky and wine, until the Spirit taught me better. I was not told to deny myself and take up the cross of abstinence. I was taught a new trick. I was taught how to get my stimulants and intoxication from electricity. I took, in the place of artificial stimulants which my Snake makes for fools, the natural stimulant which Spirit uses for wise ones. My pet snake taught me wisdom by pain, sickness and distress. Spirit taught me wisdom by pleasure, exhilaration, ecstasy. I call this "my pet snake" because you must learn to be gentle with the devil. It is said that when Michael, the archangel, had the dispute with Satan he carried on his part of the controversy with great gentleness, saying to his satanic majesty: "The Lord rebuke thee."

My dear friends of the Temperance Propaganda should take heed from this and treat King Alcohol with due respect for his rank. He is rank. No doubt of it. But you can not cure his rankness by ranting. You must not look upon the Snake (mortality) as an enemy, but as a friend on a lower plane of unfoldment. All the good things enjoyed by the jolly good fellow can be had without resorting to artificial stimulants. There is no doubt in my mind but that you can put away disease and death and be a jolly good fellow forever and forever.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

"Dear Shelton: I am rather sorry that I did not receive a circular letter asking me what is the need of the 'New Thought?' What the 'New Thought' needs is to have its memory weakened and its forgettery strengthened. Then there will appear that condition of child likeness which is necessary to entering into the kingdom of God. Mark x, 15.

"A child forgets hurts and slights and snubs. He holds no grudges. He trusts each one. There is no respect of persons with him. He knows not that he has a solar Plexus. He does not know nor watch for vibrations. He preaches no learned I AM Sermons. He does not breathe toward the sun more than toward the moon. He eats when he is hungry, as much as he wishes—no more. He does not fast. And yet—of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Where are we? Truly yours, Edith A. Martin, Woodstock, Ill., April 10, 1902."

The above words are very beautiful and I endorse the sentiment. As a sentiment it succeeds, but practically it will not always work. It is true that Baby Blanche writes no I AM Sermons, but she dictates. When she wants her own way she kicks and keeps on kicking until she gets it. Her own way is not always the good way. The other day she crawled into the pantry and got hold of the molasses pitcher and carried it into the dining room and poured the contents on the carpet. When found she was in the middle of this puddle of molasses contentedly eating a pickle. Finding herself in a pickle, she concluded to eat the pickle. It is seldom you see a baby her age eating a pickle, although they often get into a pickle. She is always trying to see how much mischief she can get into and how many rules she can break. When she is in mischief and sees anyone coming, she will set up a yell and bump her head on the floor. When she gets into a room and wants to sin against all the commandments, she always closes the door behind her. She knows all the rules, but delights in breaking and smashing all of them. She pokes all her playthings down the register, because she knows that she ought not to do it. When anything is too large to get down the register, she will proceed to tear it into smaller pieces. It is all right! "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Edith asks: "Where are we?" We are raising the baby, Edith. If we keep on raising the baby called "New Thought" it will fill the whole earth. If we get a picture of the baby into an organization, it will remain only a lifeless picture. The baby will die and we will have nothing left but the pic-

ture. This is the reason why CHRISTIAN opposes any kind of an organization. It is better for the baby to empty the molasses pitcher and tear up her playthings than for her to be stunted in her growth of body or mind. Let the New Thought baby "go it, boots;" it will learn how to be and to do, and above all, it will be alive. A live baby is better than all the pictures and broken playthings on earth. What is the need of the New Thinker? If you will turn the New Thinker loose, he will take care of the New Thought; even if he spills the molasses on the floor!

HIT WITH A STUFFED CLUB.

I don't mind being hit with a stuffed club if the hitter knows how to hit. It is only when the Hittite is stupid and doesn't know where to strike that I object. Dr. J. H. Tilden, editor of *A Stuffed Club*, published from 2831 Lafayette street, Denver, Colorado, in his April number has this to say of CHRISTIAN and its editor:

"If you don't know how to read CHRISTIAN, you had better not try it; it would only be a waste of time. The weekly is a serial, each number being unfolded from the preceding number. I never know what is coming next. But I do know that when the serial is completed the paper will cease to be published. It is the unfoldment of a Man and when he appears the paper will be useless."

"This is a quotation from CHRISTIAN. I give it space and this comment because it has a truth that so few can grasp. Every man's life is made up of days and each day of acts; each of these days and the acts of each day are an unfoldment of a life. If man could learn all there is to learn of man he could take one day at random in the life of a man and tell his future and his past. This would be no greater feat of skill than to take one bone and build a complete animal, one scale and draw the fish.

"Shelton's past and future are portrayed in each number of his CHRISTIAN. He is a strong writer, so strong and so fearlessly honest that he staggers his readers. The world is used to convention and Shelton is anything else but conventional. A man must know a lot, and he must have been playing truant and wandering long distances from the preserves of orthodoxy before he can write as Shelton does.

"At times he becomes intoxicated on the wine of mental freedom and his legs get so tangled that he requires several sober hours to unwind himself, but he usually manages to get the kinks out and then 'Richard is himself again.'

"There is but one key to CHRISTIAN and that is Shelton, and not many will understand him; some will think they do—those whose mental vision is never so clear as when most in the mists. He can have a large following, for there is nothing that draws like a magnet of mystery. Minds that can't understand him, yet follow him, would be driven away from him if given a key to his meaning. This no one knows so well as Shelton; that is why he refuses audience to the mob. To meet and know the man Shelton would be to disabuse the common mind of its ideal, for he probably holds about as close a relationship to his work as the piano does to the music it is capable of emitting under the proper stimulus. This is pure guesswork on my part, for I have never seen him except in his CHRISTIAN.

"What is true of CHRISTIAN, is true of *A Stuffed Club*. If the reader wants to know

my plan and ideas he must read all I have written, and not only read but study the *Club*. Each succeeding *Club* is the unfoldment of my mind and links back with all other numbers."

The illustration of the piano and the music fits the case. I confess that I do not understand either the music or the instrument. I have never met Dr. Tilden, but Mrs. Shelton is a great admirer of *A Stuffed Club* and took it on herself to write him a personal letter thanking him and expressing her admiration. It was an entering wedge, and the Dr. drove it home. This is the way he gives us an invitation to invite him to visit us. I'm in the habit of quoting from private letters, and here is a part of Dr. Tilden's private letter to Mrs. Shelton:

"When I have the second volume bound I intend to send you a copy just for yourself. I don't want Mr. Shelton to look into it at all—he is such an old crank. I've wanted to come and see him ever since he has been in Denver, but I could not screw up the courage. I am afraid of such fellows as he is, for a *Club* is too short to reach them; nothing but a gun will do, and I haven't one. If I knew sometime when he would be away from home I'd call and see Lady Blanche and Baby, but I'd have to be sure. Joking aside, I should like to see that fellow, who is a bigger crank than I am. Can't you contrive some plan by which I might get a glimpse of him without paying for it with my life?"

Such an appeal would touch the heart of any man. Doctor, if you will come to the side door, next to Seventeenth avenue, Helen says she will let you in and you can see the "piano," but you won't like the "music." For no crank ever likes to hear the "music" of any other crank!

Vrilia Hights, located in the woods, on one of the most beautiful lakes, is a center for those desiring knowledge of metaphysical philosophy and development in spiritual consciousness. Nature has been prodigal in giving a combination of water and wooded hills to delight the senses, but added to this is the association of souls with one intent—to learn the highest and best philosophy that will lead to sweetness and strength, to illumination and power.

Vrilia Hights has all the attractions and freedom of camp life, but added to this is the opportunity to listen to lectures on metaphysical philosophy, and through wise leading to grow into consciousness of the Self. The morning meditations are always a source of power and helpfulness. In these all are invited to contribute of their thoughts, and even the most timid are led to give experiences.

Able teachers will always be on the ground to give instruction. Dr. T. Y. Kane, of Chicago, will begin a course in Metaphysical Healing July 27, to continue three weeks.

The people who have hitherto spent several weeks at Vrilia Hights testify: "The life and its lessons are a never-ending resource upon which to draw for strength and light." Harmony and unity of thought is sought, never losing sight of the one aim,—growth in consciousness. For particulars address Dr. A. B. Stockham, 56 Fifth avenue, Chicago.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements are received for CHRISTIAN at five dollars per inch, each insertion, cash in advance. No time contracts made, and no reduction made for amount of space taken.

THE UNSEALED BIBLE

Disclosing the Mysteries of
LIFE AND DEATH

By Rev. George Chaimey

Send for Descriptive Matter
938 FINE ARTS BUILDING CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

LOVE'S COMING OF AGE

By EDWARD CARPENTER
A new American edition. A comprehensive and philosophical treatise on Sexual Science and Marriage. Prepaid, \$1.00

KAREZZA--ETHICS OF MARRIAGE

By ALICE B. STOCKHAM, M. D.
A bold, brave book teaching ideal marriage, rights of the unborn child, a designed and controlled maternity. Cloth, prepaid, \$1.00

Circulars of Books on Health and Sexual Science Free
STOCKHAM PUBLISHING COMPANY, 56 Fifth Avenue, CHICAGO

The Crucible Club

Offers the best mail course in Occultism, Metaphysics, Astrology, Palmistry and Psychology on remarkably easy terms. Interesting particulars sent free on request. Address:

THE DIRECTOR,
603 Carnegie Hall, New York City.

THE NEW AGE GOSPEL

By DR. J. H. DEWEY.

A stirring pamphlet, giving a prophetic vision of the new and wondrous age the Twentieth Century is opening, and how we may hasten its coming and individually enter into its transfiguration. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 20 cts.—silver preferred.

The J. H. Dewey Pub. Co. 117 W. 84th Street
NEW YORK

The Sistine Madonna

By Louise Downes

"This is the grandest poem of modern times."—CHARLES MALLOY.

This beautiful poem, which first appeared in CHRISTIAN for July, 1901, is now issued as a booklet in white and gold, with photogravure of Raphael's Madonna.

Price, postpaid, FIFTY CENTS

Address the Author:

Back Bay 158, BOSTON, MASS.

You Have Missed Something

If you have not seen

THE RADIANT CENTRE

It costs you nothing, not even a stamp to send for sample copy. Address the Editor,

Kate Atkinson Boehme, 2016 O St., N. W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE "I AM"

A revelation of the Real Self. Unveiling, disclosing and explaining the SOMETHING WITHIN. Not for sale but a copy will be mailed FREE (on receipt of postage stamp) to anyone who may feel moved to ask for it.
WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON
507 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago.

CHRISTIAN

FOR **CORRECT DRESS**
Ladies
Children
AND
Infants
SEND
STAMP FOR ILLUSTRATED
BOOKLET
C. BATES
29 Temple Place Boston

The Way The Truth and The Life

A TEXT BOOK OF PSYCHIC
AND SPIRITUAL SCIENCE,
IN WHICH THE CHRIST
ILLUMINATION AND MAS-
TERY ARE MADE THE
IDEAL OF ATTAINMENT

By JOHN HAMLIN DEWEY, M.D.

Author of the Christian The-
osophy Series; Occult Science
Series; Inner Light Series, etc.

Here is a book for the times. The author is a seer, as well as a physician of wide experience, and wields the pen of a master. If you would know the secret of inspiration, the important distinction between the psychic and the spiritual, and the vital relations of the subjective life to the objective, read this book. The secret of healing and physical perfection, with practical instruction for the cultivation and normal exercise of the psychic powers and spiritual gifts, are fully given with illustrative modern examples. A book of 400 pages, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt.

PRICE, POSTPAID, \$2.00

ADDRESS ORDERS TO
J. H. DEWEY PUBLISHING COMPANY
117 W. 84th Street, NEW YORK

THE VERY LATEST.

Just How to Concentrate

It is the very latest and best book by ELIZABETH TOWNE. It is original, practical and inspiring. Tells how to IMPROVE THE MEMORY. This book is NOT FOR SALE, but a copy will be given FREE to every NEW six months' subscriber to my paper, THE NAUTILUS, which has just been enlarged to an 8-page journal, making it by far the largest 50-cent monthly in the field. Send 25 cents TO-DAY for my new book and six months' subscription to NAUTILUS.

DON'T
MISS
THIS
CHANCE

Address:

ELIZABETH TOWNE

Department C. HOLYOKE, MASS.

THAT FRAUD ORDER

Is still maintained by the U. S. Postal Authorities

The people should know about

HELEN WILMANS

Whom the U. S. Postal Authorities condemn as a FRAUD and deprive of her mail and property without hearing, trial, or chance of redress

Read her Remarkable Book

THE CONQUEST OF DEATH

The Book of the Century.

Reduced to TWO DOLLARS

A limited number only for sale at this price, to bring the book within the reach of all who aspire to break the old chains and reach for nobler aims and higher ideals.

Address

WILMANS PUBLISHING HOUSE
SEABREEZE, FLA.

FRED BURRY'S JOURNAL

This is a monthly magazine of Mental Science and Advanced Thought. Its articles are always strong and brilliant—the kind that encourages and invigorates—leading to Health, Success and Power. Send for Free Sample. Address

Fred Burry's Journal 240 Lippincott Street
TORONTO, CANADA

To Those who are Interested in Themselves

Do you wish to know of your latent gifts and possibilities? Would you like to learn of your powers and how to use them for victory instead of defeat, and make "Fate" work for you instead of against you?

Then write to me and I will tell you how to do it, and will send you on your knowledge way rejoicing.

Send for circular. MRS. JAMES FRENCH-KING,
Address, Look Box 216, Washington, D. C.

The Law of Vibrations

BY
THOMAS J. SHELTON

THIS book contains twelve lessons in I AM Science. It is the very thing that the beginner wants to study. All the Fundamental Principles of Unity are given in a condensed, but clear, form. The book is bound in cloth and printed on heavy paper.

Price, postpaid, 50 cents.

Address

CHRISTIAN
1657 Clarkson Street
DENVER, COLO.

I Am Sermons

By THOMAS J. SHELTON

This is a much larger book than Vibrations, but sold for the same price. It is a book of twelve sermons, dictated to the stenographer and first published in CHRISTIAN. They cover the whole ground of practical Spiritual Unfoldment. The frontispiece is a picture of the author as he appeared at the time the Sermons were written. The book is bound in cloth, printed on heavy paper, and contains nearly two hundred pages.

Price, postpaid, 50 cents. Address

CHRISTIAN

1657 Clarkson Street
DENVER, COLO.

Telepathic Treatments

I give treatments every day in the SILENCE for Health, Happiness and Prosperity. I hold the thought for you until it manifests in your body and business. It is the transference of my thought to your mind. There is nothing mysterious or magical about it. It is scientific, and therefore successful. I live in the silence and do not receive or make calls. My patients in Europe are as near as those in America. The man in London is as close to me as the one in Denver. The Word of Truth is Omnipresent. My terms are from one to ten dollars per month, according to the financial condition of the applicant. This money is for my time and attention; the healing is from God and is free.

Address, enclosing a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

THOMAS J. SHELTON

1657 Clarkson Street
DENVER, COLO.