



Christian

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

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

VOL. X. No. 11.
June, 1903.

ITEMS AND IDEAS.

*** CHRISTIAN.

*** This month.

*** And every month.

*** Will be sent to Everybody.

*** Just as fast I can get the names of Everybody and his sister, they will receive CHRISTIAN.

*** If you want to find out all about it, turn over and read the eighth page, before reading any further.

*** I mean everything I say in that "ad" headed "Human Healing" and I know that you will catch the vibration.

*** All the way from Algiers comes a charm to my wife. It is a gold filagree hand, a symbol of the hand of Mahomet. She believes in all kinds of charms and runs the cards for good luck. I wear a Maltese cross, and so at last the Cross and the Crescent are united.

*** I don't think she believes in the cards or the charms but, like a physician friend of mine, she thinks every little helps. This friend was a kind of free-thinker, but one day while trying to resuscitate a child he noticed that all the women standing around him were making the sign of the cross. He made the sign of the cross and went right on rubbing. He said he didn't know that the sign of the Cross would do any good, but it certainly would do no harm, and he would give the kid the benefit of the doubt.

*** If you want to feel the virility of CHRISTIAN, read my proposition on last page. For every dollar sent to me for treatments, I will send CHRISTIAN one year or mail you my two books. I have already, in anticipation of what the Spirit will send me, put into type thousands of names which will receive CHRISTIAN this month and right along until further orders. The money will come and, therefore, the papers must go out. If you receive the paper right along, don't be alarmed. I am playing this game to win you to the ranks of CHRISTIAN.

*** On the heels of Madden's decision, my printers sent the following:

"Dear Doctor—We have been looking up the cost of production on your paper for the past months, and the result of our investigations compels us to notify you we can not continue furnishing your paper at the price now in effect. We have lost money each month for some time. In addition: The eight-hour day is effective next week, and this will increase the cost of production at least ten per cent."

The payroll of this company numbers two hundred who were working ten hours a day. The eight-hour law means a loss of four hundred hours each day—and CHRISTIAN has to help pay the fiddler!

*** "The Book of Health," by George Edwin Burnell, is being sold so rapidly that there are only about forty copies of the deckle-edge (75-cent) left. There are not more than one thousand copies of the fifty-cent edition. This little book is a veritable treasurehouse of axioms. Get your order in at once for a copy. You may send to me, but it will save time to send your order direct to the publishers, Illumination Publishing Co., Dowagiac, Mich. This is not a book to be read and thrown aside, but to be kept as steady diet every day.

*** "CHRISTIAN has become one of my standard papers. I like it very much, even for a regular diet. If I should make a visit to Denver this year, as may be possible, I want the privilege to make a short call on you, not for profit, or curiosity, but just to see you in your home, which I have pictured as an ideal one. I want to see T. J. and Blanche, and the baby, as well as the mother-in-law. I hope that you will not look upon it as an intrusion if I should attempt to put this threat into execution."

If you can get to the doorbell without tumbling over Baby Blanche and her cart on the front porch, pass the blonde Swede girl at the door, and escape the mother-in-law in the hall, you may get into the sacred presence of His and Her majesty—Myself! That is, provided the better half of Myself doesn't skip upstairs and leave me alone. Say, don't tell everybody, but you can walk around to the side door of the office!

*** "Please accept one dollar in payment for CHRISTIAN, from January 1, 1903, to January 1, 1904. When I can, will send more in payment for postage. Don't stop sending CHRISTIAN. Money may not come just when it is due, but there is always a way provided when we trust. I have asked God for money to pay for CHRISTIAN when I did not honestly see any way by which it could come. But I felt it would come, and so it did."

Such are the ones who will be helped by CHRISTIAN under my proposition on eighth page. There are many persons who want CHRISTIAN, but find it hard work to get the cash. They live in the country and handle but very little money. Some of them are in dire poverty, but the vibrations now going forth will bring them into prosperity.

*** Elizabeth Towne, editor of *The Nautilus*, is one of the most remarkable women produced by this metaphysical movement. She came to me as a patient when under a burden of physical and financial trouble. Her environment was enough to make anyone sick and poor. I began giving her treatments to get up and get out of the wilderness. My Lord! When she did get started, the old gray horse was not in it! When she started *Nautilus* I gave her a whole column send-off in CHRISTIAN, and sent the vibrations of success every day in

the Silence. She was then in Portland, Ore. She found herself a true mate, and is ascending day by day into the realms of happiness and prosperity. Some people can't see the difference between adverse criticism and gentle humor. When I touch up Elizabeth Towne, Helen Wilmans, and other old sweethearts of mine, you must not think I am passing adverse criticism. The only mean thing I ever said about Helen was calling her "Grandma Post." I have been sorry for it ever since.

*** Other officials are also implicated, and it would not surprise us to learn that Third Assistant Madden, who has Russianized the office, and has done more to suppress the freedom of the press and of the mails than all the other officials who preceded him, is more or less involved. He has been absolute and despotic, and overriding even the courts, in prosecuting and persecuting such publishers as Weltmer, Helen Wilmans, Dr. Shelton, and others.

The main object, no doubt, has been to extort blood money, as attempted in the case of Martin. If Wilmans, Weltmer, Shelton and the rest had "whacked up" they would have been left unmolested, just as the real swindlers and criminals of the "get-rich-quick" schemes were.—*Los Angeles News*.

I 'spect you are about right, but I prefer buying postage stamps. The man who will give a bribe is worse than the man who takes it.

*** "I find some thoughts in CHRISTIAN that do me good, but to me most of yours and Burnell's talk is as utterly meaningless as though it were all Latin. I refer particularly to the talk of Immortality, living forever, etc. What do you mean by all this? Or are you, to use a school-boy expression, only foolin'? There is no more sane reason to expect any human being will live forever than there is to expect that the sun will fail to rise to-morrow; for it has risen morning after morning in unbroken succession. It seems to me like mere idle talk for you fellows to carry that immortality idea so persistently in every number of the paper."

If you have forever lived, then you will live forever. Why not begin your eternal life here and now? Somebody has got to make a break and I have made it. They said that I could not get rid of consumption because my father and mother and sisters died with it. I got rid of it! They said I would never get rid of dipsomania, for this periodical drunkenness was born in me. I'm rid of it! They said I could not be cured of heart and spine disease. I cured it! They said there was no use of trying to ward off the mark of time and get rid of old age. I got rid of it! I am not talking nonsense. At first everything seemed to me as ridiculous as it does to my friend, the carpenter, who wrote the above. But now the other side looks ridiculous.

EYE TO EYE TALKS.

So you want some more Eye to Eye Talks? All right, look me in the eye and listen when I talk. Then when you talk I will promise to listen as attentively to you. A good listener is essential to a good talker. Many men and women have made a reputation as conversationalists with but very few words of their own. They had the art of listening and so made the other fellow think that they were doing their share of the talking.

CHRISTIAN this month is bristling with individualism. Now, when you come to think about it, the individual is all there is. You may be surrounded with things other than yourself, but these things are what they are in their relationship to you. Relativity to your own individuality determines the weight and worth of all other things. You remember the story of the artist and the Irishman? The artist was looking at Niagara Falls and expressing his wonder in words. The Irishman inquired as to what it was he was so enthusiastic over. "Why," said the artist, "that great body of water falling over that precipice." The Irishman looked at it and remarked: "What's to hinder it?"

When we moved out of the little cottage into our present home, we thought we were getting up in the world. It is one of the prettiest and largest houses in the square. It is a new two-story white brick. It has fourteen rooms, and makes a very imposing appearance in the neighborhood. Relativity! Dunham Wheeler, the New York architect, came into our house and after he had looked around, remarked: "You have a very pretty little home." You must remember that Wheeler's work runs up into the millions of dollars every year. Compared to the skyscrapers and mansions which he designs and builds, our house is a shanty. We now go up to the mountains to our little cabin in order to make comparisons between it and our home. Do you remember the "whoppers" you used to catch out of the spring branch? After an absence of twenty years, I made a visit to the mountains where I was raised. The creek where I used to throw out fish that bent my pole with their weight, was a little stream which I could easily step across. The "big holes" were little eddies in this stream. I thought the creek had shrunk and so expressed myself to one of my old uncles. He said: "T. J., Spring creek is just the same size, but you have grown up." I reflected a moment and replied: "Yes, I have seen the Mississippi river."

What is our little planet? The other day some professor announced the startling information that some of the other planets of the solar system were inhabited. I don't think this information ought to have startled anybody. The earth is one of the smallest planets in the system. It seems to me that the other planets ought to be inhabited and with a higher race of peoples than this little dirt-dauber's nest. The creative energy would have been fooling away its time, to

have made a solar system with only one little speck inhabited by beings who could appreciate creation. You may rest assured that all the inhabitants of this solar system are not on this little earth. Mortal man is full of vanity. He thinks he is It and that compared to him all other parts of the universe shrink. Then, again, our sun and its system may be one of the smallest among countless suns and systems of the universe. I don't want to stay here always. I don't want to have to stay anywhere always. Freedom calls for the liberty to go anywhere that you choose to go. Men speak of traversing and exploring this earth as if they explored a big thing. I want to go out in search of other planets and other suns and other peoples. This relativity is also manifest in the measuring of time. In the present age we call a man, when he is 60 years of age, an old man. According to this measure, I will be an old man in six years. When the fact is I was a much older man twenty years ago than I am now. This is a mental and physical fact. Just as long as you make this kind of comparison by measuring your existence by the almanac and the clock you will be in a fever of anticipation or regret. The men who look at us from the sun laugh at our ideas of time. They know that we measure the years by the revolutions of the earth. The little globe revolves so rapidly that we think that time is going at the same rate. The larger planets may measure time in the same way. Some of them would have years in the place of our minutes, and centuries in the place of our hours. Don't you see that our minds are hypnotized by our measurement of things and of time? When the clock says stop, we stop.

Who are you? This will determine the relations of everything and of everybody to you. If you are a worm of the dust, then you occupy just that much space and no more. The worm crawling in the ground makes room for himself. He occupies just so much space. He is a worm and does not need any more space than a worm needs. From the worm you may ascend to the highest form of animal life. Each one fills his own place. If you are a mortal you must measure your time by the almanac, from the date of your mortal birth, and measure your environment by the space that you fill. Down in the mountains of Arkansas a man has a wife, a cow, a pig, a gun and a dog. This is the fullness of his surroundings; therefore, it does not take much room for this man and his environment. This may be said of J. Pierpont Morgan, Theodore Roosevelt, Emperor William, Czar Nicholas and King Edward. A seer by the name of Job sums it all up in a few brilliant words:

"Man that is born of a woman,
Is of few days and full of trouble.
He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut
down:
He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth
not.
And dost thou open thine eyes upon such a
one,
And bringest me into judgment with thee?"

Job was looking at the shell, the envelope, the outward man. He was astonished to hear the Spirit, the Lord God, speaking within him and teaching wisdom to one whose days

seemed to be numbered. Why should such a one learn wisdom? What possible use could he have for knowledge? There was no more sense in teaching the mortal man wisdom than giving lessons to the grass of the fields. The oak tree will hold its place longer than man. The very rocks and mountains were called "the everlasting hills," but man was of few days.

You must not blame Job for looking at the envelope and calling it a man. We not only look at the envelope and call it a man, but we look at the clothing and call it a man. The man with goodly garments is given the uppermost seats in the synagogue. The man with the dress suit and a silk hat (if he has the price) may take a box, or the bald-headed row, at the theater. The man with gold lace and shoulder straps is given authority and power by the men who wear the uniform of privates. The newspapers are calling our president the head of the nation. He is not the head of the nation, for the nation hasn't any head. But if they keep on calling him by that title he will soon assume it. The heads of this nation are all the heads of all the individuals in the nation. This is the principle of our government, but our present practice will soon obliterate the principle. If a man can put a crown on his head and receive reverence and honor from his fellows, he must not find fault with a prophet like Job who mistakes the mortal environment for the man. After a while another voice answered out of the whirlwind:

"Who is this that darkeneth counsel
By words without knowledge?
Gird up now thy loins like a man;
For I will demand of thee, and declare thou
unto me.
Where wast thou when I laid the foundations
of the earth?
Declare if thou hast understanding.
Who determined the measures thereof, if
thou knowest?
Or who stretched the line upon it?
Whereupon were the foundations thereof fast-
ened?
Or who laid the cornerstone thereof,
When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

Spirit is the same Yesterday, Today and Forever. Therefore, Job must have been present when the sons of God shouted for joy. The man who was in the envelope called Job was a son of God, else he could not have held converse with his Father. Inspiration at the first gives a man a low estimate of himself. He looks upon his mortal environment in humiliation. This thought is beautifully expressed in the first chapters of Genesis. It is said that when the man and the woman discovered their immortality, they were naked and ashamed. The measure of manhood must reach Godhood in order to feel the full majesty of mind. The human is divine and the divine is human. This thought gives us the fellowship of the Spirit. We do not look up to God, and God does not look down to us. It is the love vibrations of fellowship in divinity. It is the equality of the individual with the principle and being of the universal. "My Father and I are One."

"CYNTHIA, CYNTHIA, I'VE BEEN THINKIN'!"

Elizabeth Towne, of *The Nautilus*, under the heading "I Am Thinking," devotes her first page trying to answer an editorial item in CHRISTIAN. When it comes to writing of meals without much, or just how to shake the appendicitis, Elizabeth is a hummer. But when she tackles an editorial in CHRISTIAN she lets loose of the rope and gets beyond her depth. It is one thing to write advice to people and another thing to teach mental science. The world is full of teachers who can scold, praise, lecture and preach about the small affairs of life. But there are very few who can teach metaphysics or the science of Being. Here is the way the author of meals without much scrambles her metaphysical eggs:

"You say that no one was ever healed by thought. I have read it over and over, but can't get at your meaning."

"Mortal thought, my dear, mortal thought! When the I AM thinks, it is a Creation; when the mortal thinks, it is a picture. 'Only speak the Word and my servant shall live.'"

"Now doesn't that make you smile? Shelton comes out flat-footed with the statement that 'nobody was ever healed by thought.' Then in the very next issue of CHRISTIAN he takes it all back and says no one was ever healed by 'mortal thought,' but that when the 'I AM thinks, it is Creation.' So when you get Thomas pinned down to as plain a statement as such a champion Gemini-crickets can make, you find that he knows it is thought that heals after all. I AM thought creates and heals, and mortal thought—oh, mortal thought is *nothing at all!* And he and Mary Eddy look mysterious and triumphant."

"And you are puzzled to know I AM thought from 'mortal thought.' In your dilemma you are inclined to discard both kinds of thoughts and just swallow Shelton's statements whole—or else swear off on 'Science' altogether."

"But I say unto you be not muddled. *There are no thoughts but I AM thoughts. There is no thinker but the I AM.* Behold, I AM makes peace and creates evil by thinking. I AM makes peace and evil for you by thinking good or evil through your brain and body. I AM does the same for me. I AM is the thinker of 'mortal thought' as well as immortal thought."

"It isn't a question of thinking or not thinking—it's a question of the *kind* of thinking. I AM good or bad, strong or weak, just as I AM thinking. You are strong or weak, good or bad, just as you are thinking. Get rid of this mysticism and settle down to the business of *exercising your dominion* in the only domain you can call your own—*your thoughts.*"

Get rid of this mysticism she cries, and then keeps on stirring the mud at the bottom of the spring and calls it getting rid of mysticism! Can you understand muddy water any better than you can clear water? Of course it all depends upon the kind of thinking, but how can there be two kinds of thinking unless there are two kinds of mind? You do not gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles. Jesus said to the Jews, who were ready to murder him, that they were the children of the devil. Their kind of thinking was devilish thinking. There is a mortal world and an immortal world. The world of the mortal is subject to change. It comes forth like a flower and is cut down. But because the mortal

mind is not permanent thinking is no sign that it is not here, all the same. When we look up to the sky and say there is only sky, it does not keep the clouds from floating between us and the sky. The clouds hold no permanent position, but when they are there, they are there! Jesus Christ taught that certain kinds of men were born of the devil, the incarnation of ignorance. You may talk to your towheads in the infant class until you are hoarse and you can not make them Gods by saying that they are the I AM. There are whole races of men who are not in the I AM. Their name is mud. Of such the I AM says: "I know ye not. Depart from me ye workers of iniquity." It takes the new birth to produce spiritual mind and spiritual thinking. The new birth is just as much of a process as the mortal birth. The carnal mind brings forth after its kind. The spiritual mind brings forth after its kind. There are two kinds of bringing forth.

Unity in being; diversity in expression.

The fly flitting on the window pane is not the I AM. The mortal man, who is nothing more than a fly, is not the I AM. All the thought that man has ever heard by inspiration teaches the one great and everlasting truth that the carnal mind is not subject to the law of God and is not a creation of God. If the carnal mind were truth it would never die. Truth is the Way and the Life.

The I AM is but another name for Jehovah, the Lord God. Here is what He thinks of the two minds:

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith Jehovah. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

The Word of the I AM never fails. There has never been a case of healing, on the face of this earth, by carnal mind. All the hypnotism, mesmerism and juggling of carnal mind fails to remove the cause of disease. There isn't anything in the way of Divine Mind. All kinds of diseases and sickness and death itself must give way before the mind of Jehovah. The man or woman in whom this mind speaks has the gift of healing.

What is the use to keep on churning carnal mind with the idea that something will come out of it? You shake up the muss which you call the brain, juggle words, and call this thinking divine thoughts! It is hodge-podge! It is what we printers call "rot."

Here comes Carl Speiser, all the way from Bavaria, asking the same kind of questions:

"I duly received a fortnight ago your two books and Burnells' which I greatly enjoyed. Page 99 of 'I AM Sermons' you speak of the Whole (Holy) Spirit in distinction from the individual spirit. Do you suppose to be two different spirits? As the air by my inbreathing a part of it never becomes individual, so I could never conceive of any other spirit than the universal. There can never be but one spirit. All is mind—why make difference between body, mind and spirit? All is

good. If there is no evil how can you say, page 156 of I AM Sermons, 'evil is the cause of death?' How can evil that is nothing be the cause of anything?"

It seems that a little metaphysics is a dangerous thing. When we speak for unity of being, and declare that there is only God, meaning of course substantial and permanent being, the student is ready to run away to the other extreme and declare that this world of materiality does not exist. Matter, the body, its environment, pain, sickness, disease and death are all here in existence and stand out in all their appalling reality. What is the use to deny it? There is something for us to overcome, else we would not be in the battle of life. Creation has put into existence spirit, mind, body, and so designated them to us by the word of inspiration. There is only life, but there are varied expressions of life. The true metaphysician looks at things as they are. When a man is burning with fever, he does not tell him that he has a "belief" of fever. When the Master Christian felt the touch of a woman who was in pain and suffering, he spoke the Word of Truth to her and said: "Thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace." He did not shut his eyes and tell her that he would give her a treatment for her false "belief" of pain and suffering!

Let us put on the whole armour of God and go forth as warriors against the assumptions of carnality. It is the carnal mind which we must combat in order to come into the Regeneration. It is the carnal mind which is not subject to the law of Spirit and never can be. It is this mind and its expression which we are to destroy by the Word of Truth. Any kind of disease or disorder in your body is so much of death. There is scarcely a mortal man or woman on the earth who is not a kind of walking graveyard. Why? Because the carnal mind is enmity against God. It is the enemy of Good. It is to be slain with the two edged sword of the Spirit. You had just as well go back to the Church and go on with the ritual of religion as to begin to juggle with this kind of thinking. It is a new thought. It is not only new but it is green. It is so fresh that it needs salting with the salt of truth.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except one be born anew, he can not see the kingdom of God."

This is not a mere combination of words spoken by Jesus. It is a veritable fact in the unfoldment of the sons of God. Cosmic consciousness is as much a fact in spiritual awakening as the sun is a fact in the physical heavens. I used to try to save the whole world. I thought man was in his degraded condition because his soul was lost. Since the hypnotism of theology has been removed from my vision, I notice that all souls worth saving are saved. There is a distinct order of the sons of God, and another order of the sons of men. Men are mortal. The sons of God are immortal. There are sheep and goats. There are wise virgins and foolish ones. There are those who wear the wedding garment, and others who have never had one, and wouldn't know what to do with it if they had it.

HUMAN HEALING.

Henceforth CHRISTIAN will be devoted to human healing.

I will call it human healing, for the human is Divine and the Divine is Human.

I have always had this gift of healing. It was born in me. Everyone shirks from doing what he is born to do. It is by accident or compulsion that one is made to know his work in the world. I began healing as far back as I can remember. I had no name for it, but I did it. One of my uncles had the gift of healing in such a natural and human way that people came from a great distance to have him heal by the touch of his hands. He always shrank from it. I remember, when a small boy, hearing him say that he would move away to some distant country where people did not know anything about his gift.

I understand now why he was so sensitive about this gift of the Spirit. I used to exercise this gift as a revivalist in bringing people to confess their sins and join the Church. When a pastor, my people always sent for me before sending for the physician. The doctors were my good friends, for they said I did more good than their medicine. Just before leaving the pulpit I healed a girl that was sick with typhoid fever, and the daily papers reported that I had gone to the cemetery to raise her from the dead. It was like this: Her sister was dead and while preaching the funeral of the dead sister I went to the other girl's bed (the funeral was conducted in the house) and put my hands on her head and spoke the Word of healing. This is the way the two cases got mixed. After speaking the word of healing to the sick child, I went to the cemetery and buried the dead one.

I was out of the pulpit four years before I would take up healing. For all these years I have been trying to get rid of it. I have healed more people and have more patients now, perhaps, than any other healer in the United States. And yet I have been shrinking from it and trying to get out of it. I started CHRISTIAN weekly, thinking to make it a general newspaper of the literary world. Then when the postoffice department refused me second-class mail, I tried to comply with their rules and stopped saying anything about healing. This was all in my mind. It was all in the mind of this mortal envelope of mine. God had something else in mind. He forced me to take up the work and exercise my gift of healing. I will walk in this way. CHRISTIAN is the organ of Christ Healing.

How do I heal?

I heal by the law of vibrations; or, as there is no law of any kind in the universe, I heal by vibrations. Vibrations are a law unto themselves. What are vibrations? Spiritual movements. What is power? Power is that which lies just behind movement. Vibrations lie just behind movement. This is as near as you can come to a definition of God. Thoughts are not vibrations. Vibration is the Idea; thought is the image and likeness of the Idea. A practical demonstration is much better than a definition. The

vibrations in CHRISTIAN are mightier than the printed words. Every time I send you a copy of CHRISTIAN it is a testimonial in favor of my vibrations. The paper itself has carried the healing vibrations to thousands and thousands of people.

Here is a letter on my desk written by a woman who was propped up in bed sick unto death. That is, she thought she was sick unto death until she received CHRISTIAN. Here are her words:

"CHRISTIAN lay there untouched until after eight o'clock, and then by accident I noticed it. I thought I might as well see what was in it, seeing he sent it. Before I had the wrapper off I knew the answer to my letter was in that paper, and I actually trembled. *The Joy of Living!* I said I'll read and re-read that paper from the first word to the last until I find it. I don't need to tell you, I found it on the first page. Say, a letter wouldn't have done what that did. But Shelton, I received the vibrations days before. I had made up my mind not to sneak out of the world because I was afraid to face it. I never understood what vibrations were until now. There was more in the paper than that to me. I am in my right mind once more, and Shelton, I'm convinced that you are all right, too. It's worth something to know that. I'm going to put myself together. *The Joy of Living!* And there is no reason why I can't know it."

She did put herself together and got up and went on about her affairs. If I could not send the vibrations of healing in CHRISTIAN, the paper would have gone to the wall long ago. It has lived by the power of the Spoken Word.

How can you treat so many people?

This is the old, old question that is forever coming up in the minds of the people. Let me settle it once for all. If you are going to sit down in a rocking chair and shut your eyes, you can't treat very many people, and the ones you do treat will not feel it. The kind of treatments given by some healers is the the veriest moonshine. The other day my wife and I selected 10,000 names from printed slips and took them up stairs to the healing room. I gave treatment to all of these 10,000 people in one day. I had plenty of time left. Now as my list of patients has never exceeded 1,000, you will know how powerful and effective my treatments are in my own regular work. When the slips containing these 10,000 names were on the table, and I was walking the floor of the healing room, I could feel the mighty vibrations of Truth going to each one. I AM going to keep this up. Not for personal gain, but because the Spirit has called my attention to it. I can easily give treatments to 10,000 people every day and be all the stronger for it. Healing vibrations cause the thoughts (the messengers of the vibrations) to come up into your own mind as a part of your own thinking.

"If you can treat others for success, why didn't you succeed with the postoffice department?"

I'm glad you asked this pointed question. You have a right to demand the healing of the healer by the healer. I did succeed with the postoffice department. It has been the grandest victory of my life. I succeeded in holding more than ten thousand people faithful to CHRISTIAN, and threw away thousands of dollars as I would a squeezed lemon. It

is something to maintain your own manhood in the struggle of life. If I had entered into the vibrations of the postoffice department and sunk my own individuality, it would have been a defeat. Let me bring out the everlasting principle of healing vibrations. In treating you for success *I do not treat your environment.*

It would have been silly for me to treat the postoffice department. I gave treatment to myself. All this nonsense about treating your surroundings is sheer folly. It is poppycock! If you are going to a den of thieves, I do not treat the thieves. If you are going to pass through malarial swamps, I do not treat the malaria or the swamps. I treat you. I did not pitch straws against the malarial winds of the postoffice department. You see by the daily papers that the whole postoffice of the United States is a poison-breeding swamp filled with political boodlers. The Spirit of Truth would not give treatments to this kind of an environment. I gave treatments to myself that I might maintain truth in my own mind and free myself from this environment. I'm free! CHRISTIAN is free! I will send out as many papers as I feel like sending, and give as many premiums as I feel like giving. I have put into type 14,000 extra names for this issue of CHRISTIAN. I will go right on putting in type for the mailing machine as many names as I can get hold of, if it runs up to 100,000 and my stamps cost one thousand dollars a month. Aye, there is no limit to the number! I will send CHRISTIAN twelve months on trial if necessary. Is not this freedom? Is not this a victory in the truth?

Keep in your mind the eternal fact that the Kingdom of your Good is within you. Therefore, the true healer will not treat your environment, but you. I can't find your good in your surroundings; therefore, I will reach down into you, where your good lies dormant and awake it to activity. Vibrations of healing will reach your inner life and bring it to the surface. I have men on my list who have been treated for business success steadily for the past seven years. They have grown from the burden of debt and a small business into men of power and wealth. The strongest proof of my power to heal is in the fact that 7,000 people who have stood by me were nearly all of them with me when CHRISTIAN started. But I want to emphasize the one thought, that I treat you, and not your surroundings. Don't look out on your business associates and view them as competitors whom you are to down. They are friends whom you are to love and encourage. I give you treatments that you may awaken your own power and draw to yourself your own. I don't treat you that you may rob others of their success. If you had the smallpox, I would not treat the smallpox. If you had a fever I would not speak to the fever. If your body was emaciated and ready to drop off your Spirit I would not speak to the body. I would send the vibrations of everlasting life and beauty. I would awaken you to an activity which would grow you a new body. I have the same power to awaken and help your mind, the spiritual mind, that physical strength would have to lift up your physical body.

PRACTICAL IMMORTALITY.

A witness to the Truth must be a witness within himself.

"Physician heal thyself." This is a scientific demand, especially when made to the drugless doctor.

The healer who does not heal himself is a humbug and a fraud. When he claims to speak the Word of healing to others, it should manifest in his own person.

The time is at hand for the mental healer to do greater work than Jesus. The outpouring of the Holy Spirit, after all these centuries of unfoldment, should accomplish greater things than it did for Jesus and his personal disciples. This is not taking anything away from Jesus, for he made the promise: "Greater things than these shall ye do, because I go to the Father."

It is the time of the resurrection of the seed sown by all the prophets of the Spirit. The world is just now entering on the era of electricity and regeneration. I have been saying great things to you people. The life that has begun in me through regeneration has unfolded before you. I have never hesitated to tell you the truth about myself. All that was adverse was told in just as plain words as the favorable symptoms.

I AM in the regeneration.

This means that the new life in me has formed into a new man. The present body is like a womb concealing the new man in his new body. Twelve years ago I could only feel the presence of this new man in the brain. He sat on the throne of the intellect at the apex of the spine. My eyes and ears were under the command of this new presence. When he spoke the Word I could see clairvoyantly and hear clairaudiently. The other parts of the body were only affected by slight vibrations. Since the coming of the "Lady Blanche," this new man has gradually taken up his abode in every part of the body. I feel his presence tingling at the tips of the fingers; the vibrations are even and smooth, and not confined to any one part of the body.

Now, this is perfectly natural and nothing new. It is called, in the New Testament, the quickening of the mortal body by the Spirit, or transformation by the renewing of the mind. It is a natural growth from seed sown in the mind. "Having been begotten again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, through the Word of God, which liveth and abideth." This new seed of the incorruptible life, which made itself manifest in vision and hearing, is now pressing for recognition in the whole of the outward body. It is as certain and sure as any other process of nature. The new eyes will throw off the blur from the outward vision. New teeth will cause the old ones to fall out, and the whole man will be renewed by the Word of God. This Word of God is not in a book, or in what you would call "words," but is a living presence in you called your own Spirit.

In my own experience, there has been much ploughing and harrowing before I could see the Truth. You must see everything in the subjective before it can be made manifest in the objective. A plunge from the

animal to the psychic plane of being is a plunge into hell fire. After the Way is opened by a few, it will not be so difficult for the many. Thank God I am not the only one who is going through this process.

There are others! I take pleasure in giving you the following words by Charles Fillmore, editor of *Unity*. I clip from the May number:

"About three years ago the belief in old age began to take hold of me. I was nearing the half century mark. I began to get wrinkled and gray, my knees tottered, and a great weakness came over me. I did not discern the cause at once, but I found in my dreams I was associating with old people, and it gradually dawned upon me that I was coming into this phase of race belief. Then I went to work with a vim. I repudiated the whole world of old age and decrepitude. I denied them any place in my mentality. I spent hours and hours silently affirming my unity with the Infinite Energy of the One True God. I absolutely refused to sympathize with old people in any way. I associated with the young; I danced with the boys, sang "coon" songs with them, and for a time took on the frivolity of the thoughtless kid. In this way I "switched" the old age current of thought. Then I went deep down within my body and talked to the inner life centers. I told them with firmness and decision that I should never submit to the old age devil—that I was determined never to give in, and that they might just as well give up first as last. Gradually I felt a new life current coming up from the Life Center. It was a faint, little stream at first, and months went by before I got it to the surface. Now it is growing strong by leaps and bounds. My cheeks have filled out, the wrinkles and 'crow feet' are gone, and I actually feel like the boy that I am. 'God is not the God of the dead but of the living.'"

Shake, Charley, shake! I will forgive you for thinking you have been Paul and Napoleon, if you will only stand in your present consciousness and be Charles Fillmore. Say, old boy, do you remember how we talked about this same thing twelve years ago? Both of us started out with a handicap, but all things are possible with God.

While I am introducing witnesses, let me call to the stand Mrs. M. E. Cramer, editor of *Harmony*. Speaking of her own experience in healing, she says:

"I have known persons who considered themselves subject to hay fever, and who said that on the slightest provocation they suffered from it, to be healed with a few treatments. I have known of persons who were unnaturally stout, and seemingly burdened with obesity, reduced to their normal size, and made to feel light and strong with one treatment. At one time, when I was teaching a class, a member of the class was reduced to her normal size in a single night. I scarcely knew her the following evening when she came to the class, so great was the change. Upon inquiry she told me that when she dressed herself that morning she was surprised to find that her skirt bands were six inches too large, and that her skirts were too long. She was reduced equally throughout the entire body. There was no visible sign by which it was done; no unusual action of any part of the body was noticeable. Her flesh seemed solid and healthy; the body was not emaciated, nor was the skin wrinkled. She felt perfectly well.

"A lady came to me for healing recently, who said she had a severe cough and felt that the lungs were involved. Her good husband had told her that her cough would cease if she would stop worrying. At first

she told him she did not worry, but soon found it was a habit. Her eyes were focused differently, and one was turned or crossed a little. I gave her seven treatments. She was unable to worry or feel anxious about the things she had been disturbed by.

"Her cough was relieved before the end of the week, and her eyes were focused correctly. The result was, that while before the treatments all objects were to some extent indistinct, after the treatments they were all clearly outlined. She demonstrated her strength daily and hourly as she needed it, and felt well and strong."

It is not expected that you will believe these things. Faith, in the New Testament sense, is not a belief but a consciousness. In fact, the word "faith," in Greek, is better translated "consciousness" than by any other word. You can never come into the Truth by standing off and believing in what some other fellow has accomplished. It is not said that you are to believe the Truth and the Truth shall make you free. It reads: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." The only way you can know truth is in your own consciousness and by your own experience. This is the reason why I say that healing is the only witness to the truth.

The temporary healing of people by Jesus was to bear witness to the Truth. When He raised a man from the dead, He knew that that man would die again; for Truth could only keep him alive by being a part of his own consciousness. But He raised the man from the dead to show that death had no part in the truth that was in Jesus. I heal you of your sickness and sorrow and trouble as a witness to the Truth in me. You will get sick again, and fall into more suffering and sorrow, unless the truth speaks in you as part of your own being. But in the meantime my healing of you and myself is the only witness to the truth.

All the books and lessons in the world were without effect in my mind until I felt the vibrations of healing from Helen Wilmans, when she was three thousand miles away. I have led hundreds and thousands of people into the Truth since that time by sending them the healing vibrations. It is good old-fashioned human healing which is the highest form of divine expression.

There is no use to talk about Jesus coming into the world with a system of morals. He came into the world to give life and life more abundantly. Christianity is founded upon the healing of diseases. It is in the world for the purpose of curing the ills of the flesh as a proof of the reality of Spirit. The healing was not only an inherent part of the teachings of Jesus, but was proclaimed as an essential in the commission of the apostles. Preaching the gospel was to be immediately followed by the healing of all manner of sickness as a proof that the gospel preached came from the Almighty. You can found a sect on a system of morals or immorals, but a Man is built by the vibrations of Life. Jesus was not a representative of the Institution, but a teacher and redeemer of Individuals. The whole kingdom of the individual is within himself.

"I Am the Way and the Truth and the Life." This means health of mind and body.

UDGITHA.

GEORGE EDWIN BURNELL.

*"I free thee from all evil and disease,
And charge thee with life."—Vyasa.*

It was holy *udgitha* that trickled out upon the brave bow of Ulysses and made it sing victory, valiant victory. It forced the sweat of fear to boil exultantly. The tawny, lion sons of Arya of the Orient brewed this *udgitha* of inspiration with these blood-red words:

*"Pour this science of the udgitha over the
dead stump,
And there must sprout forth leaves and
flowers and fruit."*

Vyasa was the immortal boy who drew this fire-brand word into the race after he had imbibed perpetual rhapsody from its pores. The utterance signifies *up-song*—a miraculous hedonism of the heart that Emerson practiced in his addiction to the rising inflection of the voice. It is pure optimism, alive and aggressive, and turns the whole being into a music-box. It is the fountain of miracles. It is what the "Psychical Researchers" called the *subliminal uprush*. The Greeks wired the same violent idea on the word rhapsody.

Udgitha means the living consciousness that *all is good*; nothing can convince that mind of fear or pain or evil, for it feels too full of the blood of the cosmic king—the individual—the joyous geyser that played through the gray-matter of Concord's sage the luminous doctrine that all experience must swim in ecstasy.

The sum total of human assets is its boys and girls, for they are the race stripped to its working gear. These are not to be reckoned in terms of years or experience, but whether the *udgitha* of inspiration and buoyancy and enthusiasm still sprays upon them. Ruskin has remarked that no one will ever count for much who has not the physical pluck to ride a horse or sail a boat. A friend of mine has so much mettle that her horses are always spirited.

There is such a fine balance of fire and water, of positive and negative purity, of yes and no aggression, in the *udgitha*—the subliminal song—that the bush of existence burns without consumption.

This sublime strenuousness bunks with pioneers who brave the borderland of ozone worlds that crouch to spring into vision beneath their magic feet. This holy rapture of fiery refreshment rushed these wild words through the bardic mind of Whitman.

*"All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world,
varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world
of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!"*

These boys and girls of the borderland, these song-born demons of the dawn, these cosmic titans of individualism and masters of the arbitrary harmony of inconsistency rule the nations with the rod of iron axioms and tread the winepress of experience with the horse-hoofs of understanding. They tear malaria from a Danish swamp—a Beo-

wulf; they walk publicly through death as if he were but shadow-stuff—a Jesus; they pat the mountains flat for a path to walk in—a Kapila; they suddenly turn dynamos of flesh and blood and well nigh electrocute their treacherous and mutineer brethren—a Nephi.

Udgitha is ecstasy. Are you afraid of being too happy? Does a dread something click a warning as you touch a certain goal of gladness? You must silence this sentinel; you must pass this picket. Drink deeper of the bold *udgitha*, the "drink of strength," the beverage of Bhima; joy annihilates time. On this axiom there lives this cosmic classic.

Once there asceticised unto holy thinness two tan-faced *sukadaevas* under each a tree and both heart-bent upon *moksha*, eternal freedom. Their souls were full eager, yea ravished with the passion for liberty. You and I know passing well how they panted for the water brooks, and they had read the fiery writ of their lean apostle—Patanjali—how swift the wild way was to the "hotly impetuous." But there they sat bathed in oriental prayer, and along came the lord of love and liberty, the celestial sage, Narada, a very *Jivanmuktu*, a free individual, full of *udgitha*, drenched and dripping with power. Can we forget how their eyes tore towards him as he approached? For once they saw a man, and this was sight enough for a god. One *sukadaeva* asked: "How long, O Narada, ere I shall reach enlightenment?" "In four lives, O *sukadaeva*," replied the seer, and dismay arm in arm with gloom entered the heart of the ascetic as he sank against the tree-trunk. "How long, O Narada, ere I reach perfect enlightenment?" ventured the second aspirant. "In a thousand lives, O *sukadaeva*," answered Narada, and so joy-struck was he at *ever* attaining that he was instantly emancipated. The truth pierced quite through him on the diamond point of bliss.

Udgitha means the abolition of experience. Emerson wrote an essay to celebrate the jubilee of the soul at the extermination of this hypnotic spectre. Bliss alone is brave enough to skip rehearsals. There exists a divine daring which rushes in where angels fear to tread. Plotinus goes the length to declare that only poets, musicians, philosophers and lovers—*udgitha*-bibers all—qualify with that guileless abandon, that sincere and piquant nonchalance, that enchanting boldness of innocence which forces the eye of the Sphinx—experience—and melts his talons from the mind.

There is reason enough to spare us another instant of submission to this usurper. Draw the naked sword of metaphysic from its sheath and see him writhe and flinch before the mere emblem of his arrest.

Draw!

To be at all we must be *that which is* or truth;

We have no choice but to be truth;
Nothing can be besides *what is* or truth;
So truth must be all there is or can be;
So there is nothing besides truth to divide it with;

So we are forced to be the whole of truth,
For we can not be a part of that which has no parts;

There is nothing 'besides truth for it to change into;
Beginning, duration and ending would be changes,
So truth must be without them, that is eternal;

Eternity can have no cause,
And there is nothing else to have any cause,

So there must be no such thing as cause
And therefore no effect can be;
Hence experience as constituted of cause and effect

Is exterminated from being truth at all.

Long before Professor Langley had contradicted the expression, "the laws of nature," David Hume had said: "Causation is only habitual antecedence and a tendency on our part to look for something to come. Apart from this practical meaning it has no significance whatever, and books on the subject might as well be burned." Perhaps this will assist you to see what we want to say about your biological adjustment without experience, about the soul's exemption from evolution; but if you still wish more help to understand after what fairy fashion the red *udgitha* delivers us from the treadmill to the throne, from tamed animals to be "men of wonder" after the Order of Jesus Christ, let us listen to the recitation of Paracelsus:

"The eternity of all in all is without time,
Without beginning, without duration,
without ending.

It is substantially present everywhere
And acts when it is not expected.
That which seems to be incredible,
Improbable and impossible,
Is wonderfully true in eternity."

Napoleon had *udgitha* enough in him to say that the word "impossible" is not good French; and when the prophet of Acca sent him word that he of Bab was God, the emperor replied that there were then two gods on earth, for he was one himself; but the blasts of Boreas drove the raw words down his throat, in as much as he lacked *udgitha* to back them. Moral for this bit of preachment—get careful with your boasts, or take in more *udgitha*? Do you dare think so, with the sword of Damocles—swift and rapt logic—hanging over you? Not yet has there come to me the message to order in sail, nor yet to rebuke "boasting in the Lord," nor even to stand on greedy tip-toe.

Listen while we reckon up in axioms how a modern Balaam clipped his prophecy. The *udgitha* owns and loves the axioms, and poured their trailing glory through the verses of the Pacific poet:

*"Serene I fold my hands and wait * * *
My own shall come to me."*

But when faced up to his words by a clever victim of "americanitis," which is the epidemic of the hustle-germ, this up-to-date Balaam took to the woods thus: "My own shall come to me, if I hustle for it; ha! ha!" Now if there be any who think he will not have to reckon with the axioms and their *udgitha*, let him look well to his hatches, as the tars say, for the fierce reverie of Herbert Spencer gleams green o'er the moor of Grampin—when the race gets desperate it looks but one way—to God, the only *udgitha*, the only axiom.

He who knows what is in man has slim excuse for not being a prophet. To have the argument, perception, illumination, and vi-

sion of the axioms is to know what is in man, what constitutes man; this is to be a prophet, and as God constitutes man, and as axioms are the inevitable words of that constitution, the prophet speaks truth and it comes to pass.

The *udgitha* is the Holy Ghost; and amounts to just this, that some one hath "turned on" Almighty God again and the whole cosmos blossoms a cashed rainbow and we feel the way the Bharatans of yore felt when they shouted *Janardana*, which meant that they had caught the eye and ear of "the giver of all that men ask of him."

The "old foggy" sun is found to have rays "up its sleeves"—rays of wonder at both ends and right across the spectrum—rays betrayed to us by a woman as "radium" (now worth three millions per pound); it peeps out from behind the draperies of existence to herald and convince the race of more frontiers of light and dawning worlds; hither pioneer-boys! Breathe the bracing breezes! Swim the luminous seas! Hither pioneer-girls, breathe and swim with them!

Maybe these boys and girls of pluck and grit and savage brawn are a bit too violent, rather over toughened in the celestial crucible for modern carpets and bowers constructed for spiritual lapdogs and divine dandies (d. d.), but wholesome and tawney mother nature finds them veritable cubs of delight, and rushes for rivers of *udgitha* to spill haloes over them and build universes beneath their bare and beautiful feet.

Kapila of Arya was one of those bold irrepressibles, an *udgitha-boy*, who played truant from old age, and picked out the incorrigible male-sixteen and bivouacked there for all the wild elements and tame relations could do to the contrary; and the exoteric ethics of this bold, bad boy was to strip and give your divine animal a chance among the conscience-less trees and healing roots and naked grasses.

Kapila was a boy to make Peck's blush (vd. Puranas). He stayed boy because he had mastered what our modern chevaliers of science christen "the reversability of vital phenomena," which means that plants and animals as well as chemicals can be made to grow backwards and forwards equally well. Chemical formulae had long been reversible, but now they drive the plant back into the roots and seed, and the well scented men can vibrate between sixteen and thirty, if you please, as per the *udgitha*.

All this was a b c to Kapilla-boy, a spirit-boy, a "mystery of God made manifest in the flesh;" he wrote a book, and called it by a name in his native tongue, which he considered such a good language that if angels did not speak in it they knew they spoke a brogue. The title of his book was "Knowledge-Union" (Sankhya-Yoga). This book has the "bloody impudence" to nag men on to dare to deem themselves omniscient, as every book does which has been writ by an *udgitha-sot*; Patmos John preached an omniscience for you and me and all peons and archangels:

"Ye have an unction from the Holy One,
Whereby ye know all things."

One of holy Oberlin's theologians, clad in the sacred weeds of his office and bit to the heart by the missionary germ, hid himself after the heathens which Kapila-boy had made and set stark to conquer the chimera of the scare-crow world of matter; but the missionary comes back with a translation of the bold heathen-boy's book under his weed-sleeve for you and me to read and ponder if we dare to be *individuals*, and order things and thoughts around very highhandedly indeed.

But, after all, dominion and dare-deviltry have not the solar plexus to grind out unit-boys and girls to do divine exploits, for it verily takes heaven-born discernment to breast the surf of light; there must be the legerdmain of dialectics to wrestle with the angel by muscular arguments; in airs of error where words of truth stick in the throat or seem to beat against brass skies, we must draw the white steel of science and cut the hand from the rock as the Danish hero did; a royal Arthur's sword shall stick its magic hilt from your every mental sea.

Hands of our heroes of this hour and these states once hold fast and firm that holy hilt, we may count to see some male and female tabasco-units to eat phosphorous-glame faster than ralstonites ever dreamed of, to transubstantiate "radium" and the flesh of Jesus, to commingle boots and all with the sun and moon and stars as Carpenter swears he does; listen, it takes as much omniscience and omnipotence as there is to do satisfactorily the least little thing, and no more to coerce the cosmos into a joint jubilee and transfiguration.

There, now I have let out the whole secret of indivision and prudence; you can not move a feather easier than you can move fate; what frenzy is this that seduces you to pick tasks for cosmic sinecures? The underwriters do not refuse your risk because you have a painted fire on your wall. The mirror does not hang harder on its cord for the elephant than for the fly. Who shall reckon for me the differential of shadows?

"That which is, is God" meditated St. Augustine, and found them (as we all have) words dripping with living waters of psychic and physical re-enforcement, words that ring upon our divine metal, forcing us to know that there is nothing but God for us to be, delivering us from the fangs of choice to the delicious embrace of abandonment in the consciousness of spiritual necessity. This ravishment in the "everlasting arms" is *udgitha*.

No wonder the *City of God* gathered in his eyes, for the living waters and the vital fires lay down together beside his august soul, at the harvest homing of the pure mother prayers of his honored Santa Monica.

Pure individualism is the gift of universality, for the inward witness of completeness is the pledge of unity, and charms the saviour mind to say within us:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it
Unto one of the least of these,
Ye have done it unto Me."

The *exclusive* is the ascetic's notion of prudence or indivision, as the Irish "bull"

in advising how to guard against the noticed fact that the rear and front cars on a train get the brunt of the wreckage, by simply cutting these cars off of every train; they may think that Jesus meant the same vehement exclusiveness when he advised to pluck out the eye if it offends you; that is, cut off your head and you may never have the toothache or become insane; keep poor so that you will never suffer loss of fortune; nourish gloom to escape ever being made sad and to be ready for any attack of woe; in fact, as a large branch of the Orientals and the Greek Stoics enjoined, get rid of the body by psychic evanescence or by outright suicide (as even keen Schopenhauer understood the Christian system), and so steal a march on death.

Jesus healed bad eyes instead of plucking them out, and although He was the "great physician," never performed a surgical operation or even had a set of saws. Far from destroying the world, He felt that his father loved the cosmos to the uttermost:

"God so loved the world,
That He gave His only begotten son,
That whosoever believeth in Him
Should not perish,
But have everlasting life."
"I have come that you might have life,
And that you might have it more abundantly."

There is a distinct biological value to joy, the *udgitha*. Herbert Spencer says: "It is demonstrable that there exists a primordial connection between *pleasure-giving acts and continuance or increase of life*." This science of hedonism was tried in the psychological laboratory of Harvard with the result that the several young men who were made to imagine that they were rich showed an emphatic increment of vitality; and a certain prestidigitator told me of showing some coin tricks to sailors of the before-the-mast grade, when their cheeks blanched white with awe and they began to edge away from his uncanniness, then he showed them just how he did the magic and they at once proved the biological joy in the light and glow which mounted to their faces and spread an ointment of comfort and grace and buoyancy over their bodies. Intelligence and understanding always starts up the flow and glow of the *udgitha*. No one can miss the meaning of this who has felt the shock of a brand new idea; there are untaught sallies of inspiration which charge the mind and body and unite us with life.

There is an abolition of the belief in evil from religion now on in the American mind. The holy smoke that has been puffed out as good religion is clearing away. The message of Edwards was pretty black. Tolstoi's religion was tragic-born, and rather gloomy grown in middle Kanada, but joy created angel-heralds to inaugurate the reign of Christ, which has the power and destiny to expurgate tragedy from the drama of existence.

DESK DRIFT.

*** CHRISTIAN has been denied second-class postage and its deposit money confiscated.

*** *Admiral* has been denied second-class postage and its deposit money confiscated. *IT*, ditto.

*** It took the department nearly two years to come to this decision, so that the money they confiscated amounted to over four thousand dollars.

*** I will go right on paying third-class postage by putting a stamp on each paper, and sending them to whom I please. CHRISTIAN has money to incinerate.

*** My proposition on this page goes into effect upon receipt of this number of CHRISTIAN, and will continue in effect right along so long as I have books to sell and the paper to publish. It is the only way open to healing without hindrance.

*** *Wilshire's Magazine* was driven to Canada. *The Free Comrade*, J. Wm. Lloyd's virile little magazine, was denied second-class postage and forced to suspend publication. *The New Man*, C. W. Close's magazine, which he built up with so much painstaking, was denied second-class postage and forced to suspend. Now the law under which newspapers are sent under second-class mail was passed more than a quarter of a century ago, and has never been repealed or amended.

*** George Edwin Burnell has written several books, but they are all out of print except the last one, which is called "The Book of Health." This book will soon be out of print, so if you want a copy, you had better order at once. I will receive your order, but it will save time if you will send 50 cents to the publishers, Illumination Publishing Company, Dowagiac, Mich. Mr. Burnell has the good habit of publishing just so many thousand copies and then letting it go.

*** The reason given for denying CHRISTIAN second-class mail is that "it is designed primarily to advertise George Edwin Burnell and Thomas J. Shelton, his avowed publisher." This is silly! It overrules a decision of the Supreme Court. My attorney, who was in Washington, tells me that the whole matter is in the hands of a couple of young clerks. They read the complimentary notices of Mr. and Mrs. Burnell's classes and made an act of Congress call it "personal advertising!"

*** CHRISTIAN is now for the healing of the nations. There never was a time on this earth when individuals were so much in demand. The Citizens' Alliance is merging all business men into one camp. On the other hand, Union Labor is driving all laboring men into another camp. The individual is losing his individuality, while the whip of the organizer is making a general round-up of everybody. There is a big time coming and it is right at hand. It will not be long until every individual who can think for himself will be disgusted with Unionism and Trustism. Let CHRISTIAN stand as a beacon light for the homecoming of the Individual. This is the reason why I offer you a yearly subscription for every dollar sent me for treatments; or, if you prefer it, I will mail you my two books.

Human Healing My Proposition

I AM doing all kinds of old-fashioned human healing. ¶I speak the Word of Truth in the Si-

lence which heals sickness, sorrows, sufferings & troubles, including poverty. ¶These treatments are for success in business, health, happiness and full and complete Regeneration of the body by the Resurrection of the mind.

¶My wife and I are united in giving these treatments so that you will have the daily Word from both of us. ¶All letters are briefly answered with private and confidential instructions to each patient. ¶I make no promise to cure in any given case, but faithfully give the treatments and leave the results to the Spirit. ¶I AM making this proposition to do away with all controversy & at the same time increase the circulation of CHRISTIAN

For every dollar sent for treatments I will give my two books, or a yearly subscription to CHRISTIAN.

By this proposition I give you dollar for dollar in material things. I can afford to do this for my healing heals. ¶If you send one dollar for treatments you are entitled to my two books or a yearly subscription to CHRISTIAN. ¶If you

send ten dollars you are entitled to one month's treatment and twenty books or ten subscriptions. ¶If you send one thousand dollars I give you only one month's treatment, but you get 2000 books or 1000 subscriptions. ¶I can furnish the names for these subscriptions or you can send new names, just as you like. There is no trouble in filling all the subscriptions for the dollars you may thus send

Terms

My terms are from one dollar to one thousand dollars per month, cash in advance. Just the same treatments are given for one dollar that are given for one thousand dollars. One thousand dollars are no more to some persons than one dollar is to others

Here is a Description of the Two Books

THE LAW OF VIBRATIONS By Thomas J. Shelton. This is a book of twelve lessons in Christian Science. They are short cuts to the study of metaphysics. The first edition is exhausted and the new and revised edition has been printed on good paper, and bound in vellum. Price, postpaid, 50c.

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.

The above proposition holds good so long as I have books to sell or CHRISTIAN to publish. Send money any old way, so that your envelope is legibly addressed, carefully sealed and stamped, with your own name and address in the upper left hand corner. Address, T. J. SHELTON, 1657 Clarkson Street, Denver, Colorado