



Christian

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Regeneration of the Body by the Resurrection of the Mind.

EYE TO EYE TALKS.

*** You want health, happiness and prosperity.

*** There is no use to mask yourself and lie about it.

*** There is ever so much tommyrot about so called spirituality.

*** Spirituality is not poverty, humility and self-pity—that is an old thought.

*** "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," is a sure and safe promise.

*** There is no peace in poverty, no joy in scrimping, no happiness in servility, and no pleasure in pain.

*** My Word of healing is for the whole of being in you, the very Joy of Living, and the ecstasy of existence.

*** Out of all these places of hell the Word of healing must bring us, by the resurrection of the mind, and the regeneration of the body.

*** I consider my healing worth more than all the books and periodicals on this planet; but thanks to the Good Lord, I can give it without money and without price.

*** The margin of profit on books and subscription is not large, but it is enough for all our needs and the needs of those dependent upon us. Therefore, we are glad to give the two books or a subscription for every dollar sent for treatments.

*** Some of my new readers are disappointed because they do not get a long winded letter from me. Typewriter "healing" has been the curse of this metaphysical movement. My wife and I will not accept of more work than we can do alone in the Silence.

*** Send specific orders for books or subscriptions to cover the full amount of money enclosed. Give new names for subscriptions, or credit the free list at your own pleasure. If you prefer it, one book and six months credit to subscription will be given for a dollar. But let the book be "I AM Sermons" for "Vibrations" are nearly all gone.

*** For ten years paper dollars have been sent me through the common mails in safety; but the postoffice department is honeycombed with thieves. It is no longer safe to send currency in letters. It will only cost a few cents and a little trouble to get exchange, money orders, or register. The carrier will now register for you at your own door.

*** There is only one thing in this work that gives my wife the heartache. It is not disease and death, but drunkenness. So many women are living with drunkards and

writing here for help. That is the right word, boys, drunkard is your name! I was one of the very worst of drunkards, but even now, after years of sobriety, the word grates on my nerves. What a fool a man can make of himself! Husbands! Help me to help your wives to help you out of this hell.

*** "How glad am I to hear you say 'Christians will take possession of this planet in the Silence of the Spirit, without organizations, conventions, congresses, or any other form of public show.' *This is true!* This paper (the May number) is vibrating with the fullness of the Spirit of Truth—the best you have ever published. It teems with illuminating vibrations."

The above is the general verdict on May CHRISTIAN. I don't know how it is, but sometimes we touch a sympathetic cord, and everybody applauds.

*** "Having read a great deal on this line of thought, in fact most everything, I have only this week read for the first time, 'Vibrations' and 'I AM Sermons' and you can not imagine how much I was impressed, especially with the 'I AM Sermons.' I was overwhelmed many times at the thoughts brought out because they coincided with my own perfectly."

The writer of the above is a judge. But you need not take her word for it. You can have six months subscription to CHRISTIAN, and a copy of "I AM Sermons" with a month of mental treatments for one dollar.

*** CHRISTIAN is the flag of the Free Spirit. That is me. That is you. It is the Spirit of the Truth in the individual. The streamer. "A journal for the individual," means that it is your own journal. The motto: "Regeneration of the body by the resurrection of the mind," means the regeneration of your own body by the resurrection of your own mind. The other day a Presbyterian preacher called at my cabin in the mountains. I was alone and he was a new man in the gulch. He introduced himself, and gave me several copies of a Sunday school paper. Then I gave him patient hearing while he attempted to convert me from the error of my ways and bring me into the fold. I told him that I was a radical, hotheaded riproaring Christian and wouldn't think of giving up my faith for any brand of religion. Then I gave him a copy of CHRISTIAN and went on with my writing while he read it. When I told him that I believed in the literal resurrection from the dead and life everlasting right here and now, he looked at the door as if ready to make escape from some wild beast of the jungle. Religionists do not believe in Christianity. They count the preaching of the real cross as foolishness.

*** Say, we can manage to make out your letters, if written in French, German, Latin, Greek, or English, and our Swede cook can help us to translate the Swedish, but this is as far as we feel like going under the present condition. Every once in a while we get a letter which we have to return to the writer, as it is in a language we can not make out. CHRISTIAN circulates to the ends of the earth—I mean all around the globe. Some who write in plain English, fail to give any address or sign their names. Others forget to stamp their letter, so their postmaster sends me a card, and I send a stamp and this takes time. I can seldom find room for contributions, and do not want any kind of advertisements. I have neglected book notices, and notices of new publications, until I am ashamed to begin it. CHRISTIAN is not a newspaper, or a literary periodical. It is a medium for my own free spirit, and therefore, I can not be bound to read all the books sent in here and keep up the routine of a periodical. The postoffice makes me affix a stamp on every paper sent out, on the ground that it is my personal organ. I think next year I will make it such, and fill the paper full of items about myself and the other Christians.

*** "Your last letter was the sweetest thing that ever came down the pike. It seems to me I never heard any words quite so dear as those you said of Mrs. Shelton. They speak the joy of living."

Such a compliment from a great Christian makes me blush. I was only telling her how I looked in at the shop windows, and wanted to buy all the beautiful dresses and up-to-date costumes for my wife. You see this is the only life I ever had, and the Joy of this new experience grows on me day by day. This reminds me of the many men and women who ask me to help them adjust their marital relations. I can't do it! No power or wisdom this side of the Almighty can make a marriage. It is no reflection on the honesty of mortality when we see the many mistakes and blunders in efforts at mating. It is part of the unfolding process, and you must not blame anybody or accuse anybody, but wait patiently for the Joy of Living which comes in finding your own. Love always brings right relations, and it does not do injustice or injury to others. I was driven out of my old life into the new. From a drunken, wretched, miserable man, I have been made sober, clean and happy. This enables me to support those, whom for their good, as well as mine, I was forced to leave in the old life. So you see, God is good to all concerned.

ITEMS AND IDEAS.

*** Blood!

*** It is a wonderful Word.

*** Even the smell of blood will set animals wild.

*** It will produce an insane panic among cattle and men.

*** The mournful call of cattle at the sight of blood is a sound never to be forgotten.

*** It is said that men, timid men, will become brave as lions at the first sight of blood in battle.

*** In my lesson this month is a very slight sketch of the Truth concerning the mystery of blood and life.

*** The death of Jesus was a sacrifice after all, in one sense of the word. It was an offering of the invisible High Priest.

*** There had to be a way opened for the mind of man to grasp immortality. It was made by the cross of Jesus and has been kept alive in the world by the Christians.

*** It will eventually lead to the resurrection from the dead and life everlasting. As the mind ascends higher and higher, the blood will disappear and electricity will take its place.

*** It is all a question of vibrations. The mind must be led up from the lower vibrations to the higher. The rapid movements of the mind at the present time are demanding an electric body. The demands of the mind are always met in the resources of nature. Our mother is always ready to supply her children with everything they desire as soon as they are ready to receive it.

*** The children desire freedom from disease and death. They are asking for the untrameled and unhampered joys of life. There can be no joy in living when death lurks on every side. There is no joy to the mind in living in a mud body that is always getting out of order and is subject to all kinds of diseases and death. Mortality is a lingering death. As soon as we begin to be conscious of life we are also conscious of disease and the fear of death.

*** The change is going to be brought about in a natural way. Spirit never does anything in any other way. What seems a wonder and a miracle to mortal mind is a very natural process to the mind of the Spirit. So when I tell you that perfect freedom will come to you and that this means absolute control over your environment, I am not talking about a supernatural miracle. I am talking about the miracle of your supra conscious self. This spiritual self is just as natural as the mortal; in fact, it is the only real, natural self, for the mortal always seems strange and uncanny to the awakened Spirit.

*** Do you know how you recoil at the touch of death? Even in sickness we shudder at the sunken eyes and pale face of our best friend. Why is it that we shrink? You are ready to say that your friend looks unnatural. This is true. Sickness is unnatural. The presence of death is some-

thing from which we recoil because we are life. It is a horrible transition from a state of ignorance into the world of knowledge. So when I talk to you about angels and gods, you must not think that I am giving you an imaginary world filled with imaginary beings. Angels and gods are natural. It is the dwarfs and deformed ones in mortality which present the unnatural. It is the ugliness of sickness from which we should shrink and not from gods.

*** Do you know that it is perfectly natural for a child to believe in fairies? They are afraid of hobgoblins, devils, and ogres, but they never shrink from fairies. You can't scare a child with a good fairy. Why? Because goodness is natural and the whole universe is peopled with fairies. All you have to do is to ascend into the right kind of mind and you can hobnob with the gods and goddesses right here on this earth. Don't get the idea that Olympus is all a fable. The gods do come down to the earth. The whole planet must be turned into an abode for the angels. That means us. All the Christians are to become angels. This is a name which we use for the men and women who are called gods and goddesses. Angel means either sex. You must become familiar with your friends in the fairy world so that your body may be lifted to the place of your mind.

*** It is utterly impossible to put on paper the Word of healing. It is in the Silence that you get the whole truth. Each patient must receive the Word which belongs to their own vibration. There can be no rules or regulations about treatments. I speak the Word which I hear in the Silence to the person for whom it is intended. I receive in the Silence the Word of prayer from the patient. These mental messages are coming to me all the time. There is no use for you to send telegrams for they do not do you any good. The mental message is received long before the telegram could be started. You must also learn that you are a centre within yourself. When I say the Circle of Christians, you must read it to mean your own Circle. The Circle of your own light is within you. You appeal to me because I know more of truth than you do. You call on me for help and this is all right. It is just as scientific for me to help you in a mental way as it would be for me to reach out my hand to you in a physical way. In the unity of Spirit we all help each other. The point I wish you to get in this item is, that the Word of Healing is always spoken in the Silence of the Spirit. It can not be put into a book or a letter. CHRISTIAN may start the vibrations and help you to get into communication with the Spirit. This is all the printed words can do for you. This is the reason why the Bible can not heal the sick, cast out devils or raise the dead. Spirit does not do work in that way. The book may lead you to lift your mind towards the Spirit, but it is only as a guide post on the road.

*** You know my wife insists that quotations shall be made from the letters of the Christians. She is the secretary and general

manager, and so I must pick out quotations from large bundles of letters. Here is one from San Francisco:

"Five years ago I was completely broken up in business, in debt, health wretched, and a helpless family on my hands. A good angel sent me a copy of CHRISTIAN. I carried it until it was worn out when other copies came. They kept up the vibrations. Set my stakes for this job, chiefly because it seemed about all I was able to do. Got it against great odds and obstacles. Took CHRISTIAN a year. Had limited time for reading. Have regained health, children all well employed, and I am ready to graduate to a better position and standing. So, you see, I am right with you while many others look on from afar."

It was certainly a good angel, literally speaking, who gave this man CHRISTIAN. There is getting to be a whole circle of just such angels. You remember in CHRISTIAN at the beginning of this year, there was a prayer to the Christ of the Christians. I think it was in the February number. That prayer has been answered. There is no use to repeat prayers over and over when once you have prayed the right way. The prayer was that the Circle of Christians should be put into conjunction with the higher vibrations and the spirits of just men made perfect. This, of course, means that we should be put into close conjunction with the gods and the angels. The telepathic conjunction has been formed and the Circle is now in direct communication with all the boys and girls in the higher regions. When people take hold of CHRISTIAN now they are touching a live wire. Just as soon as we get everything ready, we will take possession of the planet! Eh!

*** "I always thought that Religion was a good big universal feeling and that Christianity was only one section of it. Now, you seem to be all condemnation for the first term. However, words and definitions all fall off when one gets hold of life."

You are right. Words and definitions take on a new and better meaning when we get hold of life. Christianity is not a religion. It is a life. It is not only a life but it is the life. There is no other kind of life. "I AM the Way and the Truth and the Life." There is no other Way, no other Truth, and no other Life. Mortal mind made an institution and called it Christianity. It was the old Roman Empire revamped. It was the putting of new wine into old wine skins. The wine all ran out and left the old empty skin. Men have been fondly sucking away at the old skin trying to get wine. The old man over in Rome sits there with darkened vision and has all kinds of oculists doctoring his eyes. And yet he claims, or the institution claims for him, that he is the Vicar of the man who opened the eyes of the blind! The idea of a man wearing a crown and claiming to be the vicegerent of Jesus Christ with a pair of spectacles on his nose! It is ridiculous! If this Pope of Rome was even a common disciple of Jesus, he would soon learn to heal diseases, cast out devils, and raise the dead. Christianity will do all of these things; but religion never did anything except to bind burdens on mortals. Say, won't we Christians have fun

when we get everything under full headway! There is a man over in London and another in Berlin and another one in St. Petersburg claiming to reign by divine right. They have all taken the oath of allegiance to the Christ of the Christians, so you see, when we get ready we will hold them up. They have sworn allegiance to us and we will demand that they obey our orders. We are all to reign as priests and kings to our God. We will do it! Christianity is practical!

*** This leads me to a quotation from another letter from a good Christian. She writes:

"I expect to continue in this Circle of Christians forever and ever, so please do not drop my name, even if you do not hear from me by letter. Why is it that when I practice physical culture and breathing exercises I lose the sense of communication with my spirit and the Spirit?"

I will never drop your name, for it is written in the Book of Life. The reason why you lose consciousness of your spirit and the Spirit in your physical culture and breathing exercises is because you are relying upon gymnastics, and God lets you alone. If a child gets cross and lies down on its back and begins to kick, God just lets it kick. You must do one of two things with such a child. Let it alone or give it a spanking. It is all right to sing when you feel happy if you don't disturb anybody else by it. You will breathe in a natural way and take all the exercises that you enjoy without giving your attention to any system of so called physical culture. When the Spirit begins to breathe into you, there will be a surprise awaiting you, for when it is a real in-breathing of the Spirit, it is not of your own choosing. You have no more to do with genuine Spirit breathing than you have to do with seeing in clairvoyance. If pictures come before your mind in clairvoyance they come from the mind of the Spirit. You can't conjure them up and you have no control. The same is true with real breathing. It is pretty hard for me to make this clear to one who has never experienced it. I have only lately been experiencing clair breathing. I have had enough experience to open my eyes to the fact that Spirit uses all of the five senses. I now understand what is meant by living, moving, and having our being in God. It has a literal meaning. There is a time in your unfolding when you see, hear, smell, taste, and breathe in the Spirit. It is the very first signs of the resurrection. It is the quickening of your mortal body by the indwelling Spirit. There is nothing like it in mortal experience. The little clairvoyance and clairaudience of the moon mediums is but a mere shadow of the real illumination. Follow your own spirit if you never take another step of exercise. Eat when you are hungry; drink when you are dry; and jump when you feel like jumping. But, for heaven's sake, don't take a little book out of your pocket and look at the clock to see if it is the right hour to jump.

*** "Many are called, but few are chosen." I would like to hear your interpretation."

The interpretation is very simple. Truth is always calling, but few choose to accept it. There is never a day or an hour that Truth is not calling to the mind. You see, we get busy about other things. There is a parable spoken by Jesus which interprets this better than any words of mine. There was a great feast prepared by a householder. He sent out invitations to all of his blood kin. They began to make excuses. One said that he had married a wife and was just in his honeymoon. One had bought a yoke of oxen and must go over and prove them. Another had just purchased a piece of land and must look after it. They began to make all kinds of excuses, for each man thought he had a good excuse. They were not very hungry. Then the householder sent out invitations to his respectable friends. All who were in good standing and would grace a feast by their presence were invited to be present. Some of them accepted and others made excuses, but the vacant chairs of the feast were so many that the householder got angry. He told his servants to go out into the highways and byways and bring in the tramps and everybody that felt hungry. In this way his table was filled with all kinds of guests, but there was no waste of food. Those who came were hungry. So it is in the great feast of Truth. Only those who turn their minds towards the Truth feel the need of it. The majority of people go on their way and say, What's the use! So many are called and but few choose to accept the invitation. Every teacher of the Truth knows he hardly dares open his mouth to the members of his own household. Don't concern yourself about it. When the time comes, each soul will look out of his own windows and see the light for himself. You are not responsible for the members of your own household or even for yourself. Don't try to force your own faith or your own views on your dearest friend. If you really have the Truth it will radiate from your person and the vibrations from your own spirit will attract all who are seeking the light. The old idea of election and predestination in this passage is without foundation. The feast is always ready and the guest is never placed in a condition where he can not accept the invitation. There is no hell so deep that the soul can't get out of it. All these things work together for our good and the final consummation of all things. You know that Spirit is from everlasting to everlasting, and so there is no beginning and no ending. "I AM he who was, and is, and is to come, the Almighty."

*** "On page 97 of your 'I AM Sermons,' I read, 'There is only God, therefore there are no servants and masters, no noble and ignoble, no high and low, etc.' While I grasp the idea expressed here and see why or on what grounds you make this statement and intellectually I assent, that is, as far as it goes, I can't feel that it is so. I can't make it seem so nor act as though it were so, for from down a long line of ancestry, there is infused into my very being the opposite idea that man is a suppliant, must beg for mercy, must humble himself before his Maker; in other words, I can't get rid of the idea that it is blasphemy to

assert that man and God are one. I teach a S. S. class, but am so convinced that it is folly to stuff children with mere intellectual facts concerning Christ's life and a real sin to teach that salvation comes through belief in a blood atonement that I don't believe I can go on with this sort of thing."

So writes a good Christian from California. It is a big thing to interpret the New Testament. The blood atonement was made and is a fact, but you are not saved by believing it. No one was ever saved by believing in a truth, or even in a life. The whole thing must be worked out by the Spirit of Truth before anyone can accept it. The same Spirit that made the blood atonement in Jesus must make it in you. There is no more for you to do when once you hear the voice of the Son of God than for a child to do in listening to the ABC. You heard the teacher say over letters and you repeated them in a sort of mechanical way. After awhile, you saw the teacher put these letters together and make words. Then for the first time it began to dawn on your mind what the letters were for and why you were made to learn them by rote. There was no possible way of explaining to you the use of the letters until you had once learned them so that you could distinguish one letter from another. Just as soon as the Spirit of Truth begins to interpret and unfold your own life the New Testament and the Old Testament become as plain as day. The blood atonement is made clear to your mind and you see how you are to pass out of blood by making the same kind of at-one-ment with Spirit. The whole line of sacrifice from the first altar to the cross of Christ becomes as clear as the light. But what is the sense in trying to understand these things until the Spirit unfolds your mind? They stand before you just like the letters of the alphabet before the mind of a child. Many a man has poured blood on fire-altars and watched the flames consume it without knowing the meaning any more than a child knows why he should call 'A' by that name. At the same time it had a meaning as deep as hell and as high as heaven. But, my dear, what is the use to teach children algebra when they ought to be learning the multiplication table. In a Sunday School class you should teach love and goodness and mercy and practice it. As to the other point, you may rest assured that God and mortal man are not one. It is only in the realm of the Spirit Mind that you find unity. Man and the mind of the Spirit are one in Being. This is what I mean by saying, "There is only God." I can truthfully say and speak scientifically. There is only the gods. But you know there are many things which the gods use. When we speak of being and the substance of being, we say, There is only Spirit. However, you must use discernment and leave these higher statements for advanced students. Jesus told his disciples that there were many things he couldn't tell them because they were not able to bear it. In teaching me the Spirit has withheld many things and given me half truths, so that I could make a mental climb without losing my reason.

Christian Healing
By THOMAS J. SHELTON

VI—BLOOD.

"But as many as received him, to them gave he the right to become children of God, even to them that believe on his name; who were begotten, not of bloods, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. And the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, glory as of an only begotten from a Father), full of grace and truth."

The mystery of blood!

It is the mystery of life.

The life is in the blood; but the blood is not the life.

The blood is one of the mediums for the circulation of life. What we call the circulation of the blood is really the circulation of the life. When life is extinct the blood lies stagnant and ceases to circulate. There is a great mystery connected with this circulation of life in the blood. When a great man discovered the circulation of the blood, or the circulation of life in the blood, the world had made one great step towards perfect health. But I am not here to discuss the circulation of the blood or the birth of the carnal body. In the resurrection we are not carnal. There is the same circulation of life, but in a different way.

The doctors and surgeons and scientists have given much thought to the healing of the physical body. The medical books and the common talk of the people is about the blood. They give you all kinds of concoctions to purify the blood. They tell you that your circulation is bad, and so they give you something to increase the action of the heart. All the talk is about blood, and the making of good, healthy, pure blood in your veins. They tell you if your blood is all right that you will maintain good health. When you are in health, the blood flows vigorously through the veins and flushes your cheeks and puts the pink into your lips. When you have poor blood, they will tell you, it is the cause of weakness and gives a pale and wan expression to the countenance. They will also tell you that your blood is kept pure and clean by the air that you take into your lungs. Impure air will make bad blood. Poisoned air will poison the blood.

Not only what you breathe into your nostrils affects your blood, but what you take into your mind. Your thoughts have to do with making good or bad blood. Shame, anger, will cause the blood to rush to the brain and the face is flush. Sorrow and much grief drives the blood away from the brain and makes the face pale. So then the circulation of thought affects the circulation of the blood. All these things are on the surface. Everybody can see as much. But there is something much deeper.

It is the life which purifies the blood and keeps it in circulation. This is the reason

why the Bible is so full of this mystery of the blood. In the quotation at the head of this lesson, you will see that the plural is used. It is bloods. And this is true all through the original Hebrew of the Old Testament. The I AM spoke to the first murderer and said: "What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." It was not only the blood of Abel which cried unto the Lord in the ground, but the bloods. It was the slaying not only the man, but of all his posterity. Speaking from the standpoint of mortality alone, it is an awful thing to kill a man. To have slain Abraham would have been to destroy the whole Jewish race. For it was said to Abraham: "In thee and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." This has been fulfilled to the letter. The fulfillment is not yet complete, and there will be a more wonderful revelation in the future than there has been in the past. You hear men rave about the Jews, but they have been a blessing to humanity.

The other day, in the barber shop, a man was raving and ranting about the Jews. The shop was full of men, but no one raised a voice in defense of the Israelites. When patience had ceased to be a virtue, I remarked that we all were more or less Jews. I said to the gentleman, that he ought not to abuse his own people. He looked at me with amazement and blurted out:

"How do you make out that we are all Jews?"

"Why, Adam was a Jew!"

"The devil!"

"No, the devil was not a Jew, but Adam was a Jew and Eve was a Jewess, therefore, we are all Jews."

Everybody applauded and so the ranter was silenced. This brings me up to the point of a question asked the other day.

"How can you say that Christianity does away with blood kinship when we are all of one blood?"

That is just the reason why Christianity does away with blood relation. It does away with any particular brand of blood. The Jews were told emphatically that they were not to look to Abraham to take them into the spiritual kingdom by blood relationship. It was all right to be children of Abraham in the world of mortality, but now the axe is laid unto the roots of the trees, and the fruit must be the test of the fitness. All the races of the earth are in arms ready to fight over the question of blood. In the last great war, it is said, that the black men and yellow men will join their forces against the white men. It is all a dispute about bloods. Therefore, when Christianity comes declaring that a man must hate blood kinship and look to the Spirit for true relationship, it is sounding the keynote to the song of Peace. You know there is no war of any kind in Christianity. Christians are not soldiers and can never be. It is true that you have heard all about the great Christian soldiers, but you heard a lie. The adversary, which is mortal mind, offered Jesus all the kingdoms of this world and their glory if he would worship at the altar of war. He declined the invitation for spir-

itual mind could see that a conquest by the sword would never end. A kingdom founded by the sword must be kept by the sword. It would mean perpetual war, or perpetual preparation for war, which is the same thing. Christ will take possession of the earth, but in quite a different way.

The life circulates in the blood, but the life is not dependent upon the blood for its circulation. The blood is dependent upon the life, but the life is independent of the blood. What is it that circulates in the blood? What is life? It is electricity. So then, it is electricity circulating in the blood. Just as soon as this electric current is withdrawn, the blood stops circulating, and decay takes the place of life and health. In order to get this before your mind, let us eat a few words:

"Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption."

Now what did St. Paul mean by such a statement? Did he mean that in the resurrection we are to be ghosts fitting about with moonshine bodies? Did he mean to convey the idea that the angels of God were not human beings? Did he mean to teach us that in the resurrection we would not be men and women? Let us take a bite from another part of the Scriptures:

"And as they spake these things, he himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, peace be unto you. But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they beheld a spirit. And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and wherefore do questionings arise in your heart? See my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye behold me having. And when he had said this, he showed them his hands and his feet. And while they still disbelieved for joy, and wondered, he said unto them, Have ye anything to eat? And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish, and he took it, and ate before them."

This statement helps us to understand Paul. The word "spirit," is used here in the sense of a ghost, an apparition. Jesus shows them that in the resurrection, a man is a man. The angels who came and rolled away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre were called "young men in bright apparel." *They were young men.* The angels are the gods and the gods are men and women. The ghosts of clairvoyance are creatures of imagination. This is the reason Jesus asked them to handle him and see that he was not a creature of their imagination. He wanted them to be sure that they were not hypnotized. He remained with them for forty days. Afterwards, Peter, in speaking of this matter, said:

"For we did not follow cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, but we were eye witnesses of his majesty."

John also bore witness many years afterwards, saying:

"That which was from the beginning, that which we have heard, that which we have seen with our eyes, that which we beheld, and our hands handled, concerning the Word of life."

Paul says that flesh and blood can not in-

herit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. And yet, we see Jesus after his resurrection eating broiled fish and declaring that he had flesh and bones. He becomes the companion of beings who are called angels, and young men. These young men, who were gods come to earth, hold converse with Jesus and with his disciples. Jesus was certainly in the resurrection and yet he had flesh and bones. How do we account for it?

He did not have any blood.

He sat at the Last Supper and poured out wine, saying, "This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for the remission of sins." The only sin is mortality. Where did Jesus shed this blood for the remission of the sin of mortality? Corruption does not inherit incorruption. Therefore, as mortality is in the blood, it can not inherit the kingdom of Heaven. You get rid of corruption by getting rid of the blood. This does not do away with your flesh and bones and nerves. You become an electrical body with better flesh and better bones and joyful nerves. But where did Jesus shed that mysterious blood of the New Testament? *On the cross.* Let us eat a few more words, for the eating of true words will help the circulation of life and be as food to the soul.

"The soldiers therefore came, and break the legs of the first and of the other that was crucified with him: But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they break not his legs; howbeit one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and straightway there came out blood and water. And he that seen hath born witness, and his witness is true; and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye also may believe. For these things came to pass, that the scripture might be fulfilled. A bone of him shall not be broken. And again another scripture saith, 'They shall look on him whom they pierced.'"

Why is this witness so careful and emphatic in his statements? Because in the shedding of this blood and water, you have the symbol and type of the resurrection. While the Jews were killing Jesus, they were preparing his body for the resurrection. When the body was taken from the cross, put into rock hewn sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea, wrapped in spices, it was ready for the resurrection. On the third day, when his brother gods rolled away the stone from the mouth of the tomb, the man Jesus arose from the dead an electrical being. He said to the first who approached him, Mary Magdalene, "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended unto the Father; but go unto my brethren, and say to them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God." It only needed a few hours for him to ascend to the Father, for the next time she touched his feet. The ascending to God was simply being insulated so that he could come in contact with mortals. This throws an X-ray on the crucifixion. In the eyes of mortals, they were killing a man. In the eyes of the angels they were preparing a man for life. It was just a little extracting of the blood, so that the veins could be filled with electricity. The mind had been raised from the dead and prepared for the change in the body. I will not enter into

the great mystery of the blood, as the line of revelation runs all through the Bible. Suffice it to say that in the resurrection there is no danger of blood poisoning, for there isn't any blood to be poisoned.

If Jesus did not have any blood, how did he digest the broiled fish and the honeycomb and the other meals which he ate in the presence of his disciples? It was not digested. It was consumed. There is no waste matter thrown off in the resurrection. There is no system of sewerage in the City of God. In the new body, which is the city of God, there is nothing eaten which has to be digested and the waste matter separated from the aliment. There is a pure river of water of Life flowing from the throne of God, the spiritual mind. And on either side of this river is the Tree of Life bearing twelve manner of fruits. There is no chaff of mortality in the clean wheat of the kingdom. There is nothing to mar the Joy of Living, and yet we go right along living as men and women. The gods are men and women. The immortals are men and women. You must get out of your mind the notion that life is made up of mud, dust, dirt and the street-cleaners.

The death of Jesus brings life and immortality to light. It was a real event. The prophets had spoken and prepared the way for the coming of the Christ. Everything had been foretold and was carefully fulfilled under the direction of the Spirit of Truth. The mortal Jesus did not understand all of it. None of us ever do understand the Spirit as we go along. All that Jesus knew was that he was being led by the Spirit. When he spoke by inspiration, it was the voice of the Spirit. He was not only fulfilling what had been spoken, but preparing the way for a future unfoldment. There is not one sentence in the whole story of the cross and the resurrection but what is scientific. All it needs is the interpretation of the same Spirit; for it takes as much inspiration to understand inspired writings as it did to do the writing. Only the mind of the Spirit can understand the Spirit. This is the reason the New Testament is a puzzle to the mortal mind preachers and priests. Nevertheless, the New Testament is the beacon light for the student of Truth.

Life is not worth the living if mortality is all there is of it. This is the very first thing that comes into the soul when quickened by the Spirit. You see the utter uselessness of life on the mortal plane. It is not only unsatisfactory to the soul, but it is ugly. It is full of deformity and disgusting to the awakened Spirit. The whole is so weak and selfish and little as compared to the aspirations of the soul. You look out upon the ambitions and occupations and aspirations of mortality and laugh. It is all so much like children playing in the dust. A man comes forward as a leader of men, and everybody is ready to clap their hands and applaud. A few turns of the clock, and he is simply a memory. The only way we can honor him is to appoint

a certain day to commemorate his death. Just as a man begins to learn how to live, he is dead.

It is all in the blood.

Let us do away with the blood. Every tendency of modern life is towards the resurrection. As the truth unfolds through the spiritual vision, it begins to show itself in the material. The telegraph was one step, but wireless telegraphy is far in advance of the old method. The telephone and the phonograph are but rude attempts to reproduce the spiritual. The X-ray was wonderful. But there comes radium, beating the X-ray. There is still to be something more radiant than radium. These things are only preparing the minds of men for the full light of the knowledge of the Glory of God. Blood is too slow. It does not circulate fast enough to fit modern movements. There must be something better, for we are learning to move with more swiftness than the wind. It was all right when we sailed the ocean with rags stretched to the breezes. The natural wind was our propelling power. Then we began plowing the bosom of the mighty deep with steam engines in ships of steel. But even steam is getting to be too slow. Electricity is life. We are just beginning to handle this life. It is amusing to hear us use the old expression "horse-power." We call our engines so many horse-power. Now we are getting electric motors and still we talk about horse-power. It is the language of the past still holding onto the present like rags floating in the wind. The blood circulates so sluggishly and the heart does not beat fast enough to keep up with an electric automobile. There is no doubt but that we will keep on increasing the speed of our machines. What is to be done? The man must be ahead of his own invention, and so we are ready for the resurrection.

When we get the electrical man, it will be to look back and laugh even at the X-ray and radium. By that time we will have ships sailing in the air. Wireless telegraphy will take the place of the other kind. Then will come telepathy to take the place of wireless telegraphy. This means mind communicating with mind. It means that men and women on the earth will be gods and handle their little planet as easily as my wife handles this typewriter. Much easier, for what the gods do is done by the movements of the Spirit. I am not giving you a pipe dream. You know that in your dreams you have traveled from place to place by electricity. You had no trouble in crossing rivers and sailing over mountains. You were in your right mind and knew what you were doing. Well, this dream was the movement of your Spirit. I don't think the Spirit could stand to remain in this mortal house if he could not get away once in awhile during our sleep. You know in the kingdom of Heaven there will be no sleep. So even now while our blood lies still in slumber, the Spirit wanders away in freedom. I am glad there is going to be a new Heaven and a new Earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. All hail to the Christ of the Christians!

Christian Healing

By GEORGE EDWIN BURNELL

VI—LOVE AND HEALTH.

Had you the use of your "intuitional memory" to the extent that Esdras had, you could audit this scene of about three decades ago.

A chronic invalid, a lady, is being rolled along in a chair; another lady of stately demeanor walks up and whispers in her ear—"God is Love;" the hopeless invalid gets out of the chair and walks; the healing is instantaneous and complete.

Let God arise in you enough to believe this. There is divinity lurking through your cosmic constitution to even understand and practice this hedonistic healing. A lady came to me in a remote corner of this land, and asked me to cure her of a physical and mental condition that had baffled the medicine men and hocus-pocus *dilletante* for years. She felt hopeless, and reduced to God. Her mind was twitting her that there was nothing left for her but God. This is quite a common subjective sarcasm, not so complimentary to God as it might be.

Of course we could not feel hopeless with God yet to be heard from, so we undertook it. It dragged along and the costs counted up. And God seemed very loitering and non-committal. But the two witnesses were blessed with perseverance. In about six months the incurable ailment suddenly vanished, leaving no hole, as though it had never been.

To be sure the lady shows no devotion to the Truth, as might be expected from so egregious a healing. But were there not ten lepers cleansed? My contention is, however, that the identity of love with this healing is shown by the fact that prescient as love is and able to foresee her coldness to the great Truth, yet love is divine enough to heal her anyway.

Richard Wagner with his constitution steeped in music used to say that Jesus was not a wise man, but rather a divine man. We can all feel the value of his point. Still it suits me to say that this very divinity of love is wisdom.

We have all heard of many cases of death charged up against disappointed love affairs. Some have gone the length to make distinctions in various kinds of love on account of this. They ought to be suspicious of all discriminations in such involuntary energies as love for two reasons at least. One is that a great race teacher—Vyasa—declares that all distinctions are dangerous; the other reason is that the cosmic, mystic, and illumined reputation, which love has for unity, leaves them quite without excuse in thus undertaking classification in the instance of love, which has had the immortal dignity of having been called God from the remotest ages and by the most illustrious souls.

So the death-list of disgruntled lovers can not be discharged by mere classification, that is by merely saying that it was a false sort of love involved.

To me it seems utterly simple and plausi-

ble that love and life and health go so intensely hand in hand as to earn for themselves the utmost metaphysical term of identity.

The aphorism is entirely worthy and worth while that love and life and health are the very same thing.

Nothing more emphatically announces this than the fact that clouds over the fair face of love's delicious and inane dream induces the mopes even unto the very molting of the world via monastery or nunnery or grave or cave or insanity.

To us it speaks much for love that those who taste it though but in homeopathic doses, prefer its nectar to life and all things.

One of the great heroic lessons which Ibsen enables us to learn is that whoever dares sacrifice love to art or honor or any other human duty or nobility gets ashes and ashes only, even though those ashes be termed fame, virtue, power, or aught else on earth or in heaven counted treasures.

The various hermits of my knowledge—such as the one at Santa Catalina Island, or the one at Minnehaha Falls, or the one at Minnetonka Lake—as well as the ones of my reading, have made the insane mistake of imagining that love can be lost. Some of us know better than to think such a thing as this. It is to be sure an appalling error, so appalling in fact that we might, it seems, be suspicious of it.

There comes an hour with each one when he feels such general faith in all things that he experiences an inscrutable inward sanction of right and justice to the extent as to verily know and understand that what ought to be so is profoundly and practically so. The *ought* and the *is* commune together, fuse and coalesce. God only can be the chemist of such a radiant miracle. Love will be found to have a hand in this trysting juncture. Then we can say honestly and soberly—love ought never be lost and therefore is never lost. We believe that the graves will give up their dead at the command of such a vision.

We find no voice in all our duel of soul and experience able to carry the day in our mind by asserting that the problem of health closes for any person or race or nation or animal or thing with the trinket incident called death.

Life and health and love sound to me with the same insistent and triumphant voice through all things—a voice with no insinuation of end or origin or evil.

Nor is there the least promise from truth and its excellent intuitive omniscience that death will be pardoned and let stay among men. The pit of livid vision yawns as perhaps never before for error's proud and over-confident champion. Love's great answer hangs upon the lips of human persons this very instant, and the earth puts forth the heralds of her sure disclosures.

This, then, is the worthy aphorism which no sphinx can lobby long out of sight—love and life and health go together. They refuse to live apart. They revolt against division. They cling to the same lot, renouncing fear and policy and counsel.

Whoever dares speak for these shall heal the sick, and rescue Brunhilde from within the encircling flames of Woden. This work-a-day world may bow its head at the evening Angelus, but it will lift up its eyes and voice and sing and live at the invisible

secret urgency and sign of love, though it may show itself in the face of a child only or even in a scarcely audible whisper of memory.

It seems to me that anyone who has the spirit to talk and think and act love, can execute an endless and irresistible mission of health.

It seems to me that love is the very spirit of all things, and that these would droop and run home to sleep in their cradles were the spirit of love to nod but an instant, or even be supposed to nod. To my mind, the uncivilized races ring truer in putting sick folks out of experience altogether, for they were honest to the fact that life without health is not worth living.

This is not saying that we ought not to do better. We can do far better; we can touch the problem of health as no age or people have ever done; we can invoke the love, the mother of all healing.

Love is not so far from any of us but that invocation, however cheap and inadequate a practice it may look, can and does secure its blessings.

There is more than enough to show that the word *love* is able to attack and destroy disease. What may be promised to the understanding of love would not be less than the annihilation of death itself.

Love is specifically announced, and over and over again demonstrated to destroy fear; and fear is the prime minister of all ills.

It has never occurred to any of us probably to accept immortality upon the terms at which experience is doled out to mortals. Perhaps those who acknowledge life only through the dim and dubious lens of their view point can not do otherwise than to foster a philosophy and practice of death.

But there exists a veritable immortality to such as find spirit to a sufficient extent in their souls to contemplate a perfect life, vivid not by variety, but by the divine intensity of love, dramatic not by difficulties and dangers and dragons and devils, but by the illustrious charm and peaceful enthusiasm of true-hearted love.

Love is the god of all sound intuition. It is safe to affirm that intuition is the only form of knowledge that can be counted upon to ripen into omniscience. It alone has the bearings of infinity.

Intuition is the shekinah of all skill. Intuition passes in and out of all things by the secret paths of sympathy. And no man can hope to disentangle the riddles of disease and penetrate with demolition to the very cores of error, unless guided by the intuitive eye of love.

Lovers alone have understanding. The rest are unripe and sour. At one leap we go to the heart of the complaint, at one fine glance we intuit all about it, when love looks out of our mind and faces the sick.

It is quite clear that the whole mischief of the world is brewed while we are waiting in the ante-room of existence, getting our blood up to live—many inventions and much imaginary woe, all before the love-light kindles in their souls and fills their whole body luminous.

Love alone heals the sick, the rest are but temporary remedies. The more the patient insinuates into our heart, the more

they get healed. There is no crawling or abjection we are incapable of if love lives in the path. If you can not touch me do not ask me to heal you.

It may be that the plea of pity would pass to contempt. It may be that money would drive my arm of health away from you. It might be that these would both avail. But it seems to me that truthfulness, guilelessness, innocence is sure to stir to extreme boldness and victory over ailments.

One secret lie in your mind might cost you all that might have been done towards your health.

Love is truth. Disease is not truth. If it were, then health might never exist except as a delusion. Love destroys cheats. If we love each other, no enemy can reach our dwelling in the secret place of the most high love.

Say to your sick—love destroys your fears. You had better understand this, you have no excuse if you do not. No excuse is valid against the demands of love. If you are too busy to understand love, you are a wretch, and God has you pinned on the words—"I never knew you."

All who are not lovers are cursed. They are damned. Hell is their portion. No matter if there is no hell, no damnation, no curse, loveless hearts have the sour energy to conjure up such "chambers of imagery."

It is a grand and glorious revelation that evil and bondage and ignorance are unreal, and therefore destructible. But love alone can dare to be honest enough to see this, to see no evil, to see no bondage, to see no disease.

Love leaps out of the sea of experience, out of the very foam of the sea. How could we have guessed that foam could have held the secret of life?

These things, these frailties, these inanities, these foamy insignificancies—that these should be the mother of the pearl of the ages, that these bear the message of emancipation, that these weak and despised things of experience should confound the mighty—all this has been told you, all this has left us with no excuse.

They sit together in a grove and talk nothings at each other. When has wisdom not been confounded? The lesson is poured over our stony mind with such refinement of persistence. It is borne in upon us that we shall never escape love, for at last love shall rise like a flood long lurking in the involuntary and inundate the whole world.

If disease can be overcome at all, it must be a cheat. We do not cherish the hope of overcoming that which is genuine. It was a great blind to call love blind. We think love alone has eyes. We think that love alone can overcome every cheat. We think that curing ills amounts to destroying errors. Love is the only source of intuition we know of, or ever heard tell of; and the mind that is filled with the light of intuition finds without fail the perfect body.

If, then, love be such a cure-all, how may we get love? The answer comes from those who speak with authority and dispose with no uncertain sound. Their answer and injunction is—find some one who has love and throw yourself at his feet.

"Awake, arise, seek out the great one, get understanding." There is no question about your being able to do this, nor is

there any question as to the existence of the great ones, nor is it dubious that their presence in your experience will kindle this panacea for all ills in you.

You need not doubt yourself. You need not fancy that love would not reach you from one who had it in spirit and in truth. You need not worry but that you can find such a soul.

The world has never been without lovers of God and truth. The kindlers are abroad, among us. If you have fallen among thieves often and often, you may not dare to give up the quest.

Do not think you can be your own teacher. This is pride. Error is never destroyed by the one afflicted with it. It is not the instigation of love that man should be alone. Love kindles in mutuality, in question and answer, in prayer and response, in communion. Love burns in even frivolous dialogue.

Objective solitude is a fraud. Subjective isolation is a bigger fraud. Love reckons with neither, but peoples worlds with its beloved. If you can not love man and the rest of the things you have seen, do not flatter yourself that shaking the tree of experience again will help you any, it will not, no, not even one single iota.

It is not good for us to be alone. There is no science of togetherness but love. There is no genuine solitude but love. The administration takes no excuses. We have simply got to love, and that at random, without reserve, with abandon, and as though there were no evil.

These may seem hard lines for the somnambulist who dreams of good and evil. This is especially aggravated when the flood of love rises above the trees, above the mountains, and washes away distinctions and selections and laws and affinities and consanguinities, and shows its hand as a cosmic deluge.

There is a tide that rises upon an invisible sea, which takes sick folks out of their bed of pain and poison, which lifts the poor out of their poverty, which delivers from untoward homes and heredities, which carries the candidate to the teacher, which erases nations and civilizations and puts new ones in their places. Such a tide is rising to-day. From the foam of this sea, comes love and refreshment and healing, naked as Aphrodite.

He who has not loved is an uncanny horror. How pitiful that horror when quite unsuspected. How terrible the prayer that arises upon the perception of the emptiness of all things when love's absence is noted. How wonderful the influx of life and reason and illumination when love steps from the foam.

Let us revolt against lovelessness. Let us seek shame and ashes rather than adventure life without life's only substance. Let us look again and more deeply than ever before at Manon Lescaut. Let us not give up until we can see the Madonna.

If for an instant the prophets of old felt the fine flame flicker, they put on sack cloth and ashes, utterly refusing to be comforted. Vain, indeed, are we if we adventure upon any lot or accept any portion, parting with love as our helpmate. Any plot we may exploit is charmless and but husks if love be absent from the feast.

Certainly our chief concern would be with whatever might be trusted to arouse love,

for a live dog were better than a dead lion. In spite of its plentitude and superabundance, there seems much that is arbitrary and perverse to be encountered ere we may win the fairest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely.

If God is love, we are deeply deceived if we do not revel in the luxury such an understanding must endow with us. Let us barter all and buy this pearl of price.

If love is God, we must be equipped to live under such terms of life. We find that we are unfit to live otherwise.

In order to have the truth set us free, the disease must be of the nature of a deception. If strong drink frees us from our senses and opium pushes us on through the barriers of mortal conceptions, what is that which is strong enough to disconnect us from all error? Certainly error can not be part and parcel of our existence, for if it were, there would be no escape. Certainly then the error is partible from us by any power capable of exposing our soul so thoroughly as to betray its utter disassociation from all evil and bondage. Certainly we have been informed persistently enough that love is such an intimate betrayal and exposure of the soul as to leave no peradventure about the soul's utter lack of affinity for matter or mind or sin or sickness or death or birth, or any of the several distressing events that beset mortal conceptions and the world composed of the same.

Nothing more unfits one for submission to error and its limitations than the arousal of the lion of love. Nothing so certainly exposes the identity of love, life and health as the underscored fact that they will not exist apart, that they demand freedom to abide together, and will have no intuition of truth save that which perpetuates their union. We may scarcely trust to error to propitiate and advance our escape from error; we may not expect error to look with complacency upon any energy that has supremacy enough and spirit enough to endanger the clutch of disease upon man.

How then should we be so dull as to imagine that a false world, made out of ignorance and its bastard conceptions, would be open arms to love, the great destroyer of evil and bondage and error?

On the other hand, we need not make war until the enemy forces us into battle and this will never, perhaps, need to be, if we are as good at loving as we are constituted to be. Love is such an adept at war that it never actually gets into the melee. Love your enemies if you wish to do them the most damage. You are very merciful to your foes if you only hate them. You are not placing their heads in pans of live coals as you might if you drew your weapon of love. The old tantric books of the primeval Aryans explain all this so clearly that it is plain to see that loving your enemies is quite the worst thing you can do for them as enemies. Not to be sure the worst you can do for them from the true standpoint but from their standpoint of error, which constitutes their existence as enemies.

Now, this coals of fire campaign depends for its honest administration, upon the insight that there are no enemies at all. Blessed are ye when all men shall revile you and persecute you, for then is your great hour, then is your supreme chance to discharge the spiritual arms and amunitions of love, as Browning says:

"Pour out love and hide."

HINTS AND HELPS.

*** Helps.

*** And hints.

*** These are all that we can give.

*** Treatments can only bring you help and the words of instruction hints.

*** The whole of the work rests in your own mind and is a part of your own unfoldment.

*** In giving treatments, I appeal to you, to your spiritual mind, for the purpose of awakening activity in your own individuality.

*** You do not want to become hypnotized by the healer; or dependent on others for health, happiness and prosperity. This would be almost as bad bondage as the old thought.

*** The treatments given from this centre are for your freedom. I am speaking the Word for your physical and financial freedom. This, of course, must be through mental freedom.

*** I get more money and more help from the persons whom I have set free, than from those who are yet groping in darkness. This is the reason why CHRISTIAN is becoming a medium for the healing vibrations.

*** The man who reads CHRISTIAN gets the truth and the Truth sets him free. All free souls are bound together by the Free Spirit, and so the fellowship is an everlasting brotherhood. Of course, we are not going on forever and forever publishing periodicals and preaching.

*** Just as long as they last, you are welcome to my two books as a premium for every dollar sent for treatments. I want to give you something in a material way, so that the adversary will not be forever accusing mental healers of fraud. You know the devil and I have ceased to quarrel, and I don't want to get up any more rackets in that line.

*** This reminds me of a man who asked me the other day how he could get out of the money vibration, and away from the confusion in mortality. At first I told him he might climb a tree, or crawl into a cave, or go out on some lonely island in the ocean. But the better way was to get all of these things out of his mind. Get the money, but don't let the money get you.

*** This a very important point, to get hold of the money, but don't let it get its grip on you. Live in the world, but don't think as the world thinks and act as the world acts. These mortal minds are grabbing for the money by the law of grab. This is a law of hit or miss. And so they are first up and then down. They are scrambling for the stuff. It is in their minds and in their nerves and has taken hold of the whole of their being.

*** Now, really, this is not the right way to get money. It is like sitting in your carriage with your lines dropped down and your horses running away. They may run in the middle of the road and avoid obstruction—but they may not. There is nothing certain about a runaway team, except that

they are running away. You may throw up your hands and scream for help, but you may not get it. You are liable to be smashed against a tree or a post. This is the mortal mind way of getting money.

*** There is a better way. The mind of the Spirit has hold of the lines and is driving the team. Instead of money running away with the man of truth, he calmly walks away with it. The horses draw his carriage and he uses their strength for a good purpose. They know his voice and the touch of his hand. He is not screaming for help, but is sitting calmly and serenely with a full sense of his power. This is the difference between money getting you and you getting the money. You care no more for it than you do for the dust of the earth.

*** This is the way I treat you for financial freedom. The dust of the earth is a good thing in its place, but you don't want it in your eyes or your mouth, or too much of it on your clothing. Money is a good thing in its place, but you don't want it to disturb your sleep, injure your digestion, destroy your nerves, or in any way interfere with the Joy of Living. Better throw the stuff away than to have it in the way of your unfoldment. If you get into this kind of mind, you will have control of your financial affairs. Things will come your way without an effort. When I say without an effort, I mean without a struggle.

*** There is a mental effort that is calm and serene and self-poised. It belongs to the mind of the Spirit. It is not disturbed by the emulations, seditious, strikes and bitterness of the carnal mind. You own the earth, but it doesn't own you. You are proprietor of the planet, but as a freeholder and not as a slave. There is a vast difference between being a man in possession of things, and a man with things in possession of him. It is the difference between being a freeman and a bondman. The very first step you want to take in the way of success, is to abolish mental slavery. Don't bother about the minds of other people, but abolish it in your own mind.

*** I must repeat, for the benefit of new readers, my book "The Law of Vibrations," contains my first lessons in the I AM Science. My other book, "I AM Sermons," is twelve lessons in the lines of Bible interpretation. Both books are good reading for beginners as well as advanced students. They are bound in cloth and printed on good paper. They retail at fifty cents each, but are both sent as premiums for every dollar sent me for treatments. Neither of these books will ever be republished, so if you want them you had better order while they last. There are only a few hundred copies of "Vibrations" left. Remember that you get a full month of daily treatments for your dollar besides these two books. Or if you prefer it, you can have a year's subscription to CHRISTIAN, instead of the books. Don't get it in your minds that you get both CHRISTIAN and the books for a dollar.

*** Mr. and Mrs. George Edwin Burnell are now permanently located at the Home of Truth, 1327 Georgia St., Los Angeles, California. Mr. Burnell has consented to con-

duct a Summer School during the months of July and August. The work is especially planned to meet the requirements of those who have been touched by the New Spiritual Movement, and to enable them to interpret it for themselves and understand its contribution to the world at large. Mrs. Burnell will teach the Science and Demonstration of Healing. You may address either of the Burnells, or J. Ransome Bransby, for further particulars. They will send you a neatly printed program. I wish you would attend this course of lessons, and it wouldn't hurt about a thousand of you Los Angeles people to pay your subscriptions to CHRISTIAN. Maybe if you would attend Burnell's lectures, he would inspire you to pay your debts.

*** He lives in Meriden, Conn., and had gotten into a rut. I wrote him a letter and blew him up. I told him that he was blaspheming the God within him, while eating dirt and acting the fool the way he had been doing. I gave him my opinion that he was not as good as the chipmunks who ate dirt and burrowed in the ground near my cabin in the mountains. He is a man of intelligence and discernment, and here is his answer to my letter:

"My Dear Mr. Shelton: Your letter and its vibrations received, but not yet altogether digested. *Thank you!* I am chewing it every day and absorbing it little by little. I am ashamed of having gotten into the mortal vibrations and having my back turned to the Light. The vibrations coming with this letter of yours are well worth \$10 a year."

Now, that is the way to take your medicine. Instead of getting miffed, he swallows the whole dose and it will do him good. There is a resurrection of the mind. You can't get your business or your body out of the mudholes of mortality, without a resurrection of the mind.

*** "I send you a crude epitome of ideas on individualism, gathered principally from your writings. When the great truths you are teaching become better known, the drunken world will leave its rotten institutions, stagger back to God, and sober up for the millennial jubilee about to be ushered in. I do not ask you to print this in CHRISTIAN, you may throw it into the waste basket, or return it at your own option."

I will stick it into the pigeon hole, and wait for an opportunity to publish it. I am returning contributions every week. At the same time, I like to have opinions of my readers expressed. There is a stack of letters here on my desk from which I would like to quote. Some of these days I will have CHRISTIAN to suit me. It will not be a literary periodical, but a kind of medium of communication with all the Christians. A mental mingling which will not be chewing the rag of moral admonition, or flaunting the banner of any particular sect or cult. Up in my cabin in the mountains, where my wife and I go to read and write and give treatments, you all seem to come very close to us. The utter uselessness and almost wickedness of sects, parties and institutions is made evident by the good fellowship of the Spirit with those faces we have never seen and never expect to see.