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Thomas J. Shelton,
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Regeneration of the Body by the Resurrection of the Mind.

HEDONIC HEROES — *George Edwin Burnell*

Let us pioneer our brutes,
Brutes we all incarnate.
For they work and get no pay,
And they work both night and day—
Redemption personate.

Silent heroes at the roots
Of creation's nature;
Mystery of godliness
God made manifest to bless
Flesh-folks with a clean caress,
The circle's quadrature.

Animal divinity
Fragrant flesh exploring—
For the stones are Abram-stuff,
Unto God quite good enough
For a race of gods in rough—
Gods hedonic soaring.

Bold for body beauty now—
Holiness of beauty—
For the beast of you and me
Brute creation's unity
Flesh made all divinity—
Freedom's final duty.

Dare we excommunicate
The beauty of the beast?
Dare we then refuse the brute
Wedding garment absolute?
Keep the manger institute!
The youth-yearn for the yeast.

Science faces spiritward,
Spirit's face is glowing;
Knights of science therefore claim
Soul and body are the same;
Intuition's men of name
Call this king of knowing.

So our immortality,
Fit for gods hedonic,
Constitutes the absolute
Unit—bold and resolute—
Spirit, soul, and body-brute,
Violently tonic.

Fearlessly then pioneer
Bodily redemption;
Gods hedonic always peer
Past the lust of domineer
For the brute a free career
Total flesh exemption.

Merry immortality,
Hero hilarity,
Rests in raw reality,
Even physicality,
Beastial divinity
Brawny polarity.

Let us then transmute the thorn
Into crown by healing;
For the flesh of godliness
Sown so full of tenderness
Dripping love and loveliness,
Healing, holy healing.

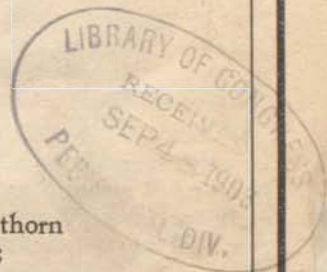
We will then transmute the brute
Into god by healing—
For utter resurrection,
For bodily perfection,
For hedonic delection—
Transfigured revealing.

No monkery in science,
Scientific healing.
Monks no more to pump the dark
On this jolly cosmic lark;
No more missing of the mark,
Victory concealing.

If your body be a slave—
Slave to your controlling,
Can it ever know the truth,
Glowing with immortal youth?
Bloom of youth—trump of truth—
Bells hedonic tolling.

Set your hero body free,
Give it ventilation;
It is hero Hercules,
Stout of feet and staunch of knees,
Muscular as earth and breeze—
Crude as rank creation.

Body transubstantiate,
Hero god hedonic,
Single eye and body-glow
Crimson sins as pure as snow
Virgin rain-drops for the bow
Universal tonic.



ITEMS AND IDEAS.

*** CHRISTIAN,

*** Since the May number,
*** Has been walking on velvet,
*** And living on Easy Street.
*** "The Joy of Living," in the May issue, started the vibrations.

*** There is not a copy of May, June or July in the house; all gone.

*** The 20,000 copies of July were all gone by the 20th, and the 25,000 of August will soon disappear.

*** If you don't get your paper by the 5th of the month notify me at once, so that I can supply missing numbers.

*** The glorious climate of California is having its effect on George Edwin Burnell. Last month his "Honest Unction" made one feel like giving a square deal, and this month his "Hedonic Heroes" makes a fellow feel like bucking the tiger.

*** Yes, I know J. Stitt Wilson. He sat on my front porch for an hour this summer, and we had a chat about many things. His secretary furnished me with about 1,500 California names. This makes about 2,500 on my list in and near Los Angeles alone.

*** There are only about a thousand copies of George Edwin Burnell's "Book of Health" left; so if you want one send 50 cents at once to Illumination Publishing Co., Dowagiac, Michigan. The book is a gem. There is nothing like it in the New Thought.

*** Never get your mind fixed on the idea that you are going to get well and get rich for a dollar. This would be magic or mushroom growth. Let us pull together steadily and wait for the complete unfoldment into health, happiness and prosperity.

*** "Lady Blanche, by her photo in CHRISTIAN, has become younger and handsomer than when I met her years ago in Lansing, Michigan."

Certainly, why not? This picture does not do her justice, and the one in January CHRISTIAN, 1902, was a slander on her good looks.

*** "How could such a beautiful woman, such an intensely interesting personality, fall in love with yourself?"

She didn't! She fell in love with my immortal Self and he is as sweet as Jesus, as wise as Plato, and as handsome as Apollo. Just wait until you see Me!

*** "How do you make CHRISTIAN pay while paying third-class postage?"

Easy as falling off a log! I'm no hog. While I want the whole earth, I don't want to use it all on myself. I divide up the good things with my readers and they like it.

*** Why spend your time reading a lot of rot about mysteries? It is all a mystery. A blade of grass is as marvelous and mysterious as an archangel. All that I know is that I AM, and this brings me into conscious conjunction with all Being. An angel can know no more.

*** When you read the eighth page of this paper don't sit down and write me a long letter asking for particulars. All the "particulars" are on that page. Send silver or paper in the common mail, but put an ex-

tra stamp on for silver, and see that your own address is on your envelope.

*** Burnell's "Book of Health" is published by the Illumination Publishing Company, Dowagiac, Michigan. Send 50 cents to the publishers or to me, as it suits your convenience; but, as the books are not here, you will save time by sending direct to the publishers.

*** Don't argue with God. It is useless. You can never convince Him that you are right and He is wrong. He is hard-headed and stiff-necked. I have been debating with Him, off and on, for forty years—and He still thinks He is right and that I'm a fool. I have wasted all this precious time, and lost my temper ever so often, for no good.

*** The readers of CHRISTIAN in Denver come to me for healing just like other people. They write their letters and send by mail or hand them to the girl at my door. In this way they get in line with all the others. Some of my best work is being done right here at home, but no better than at a distance.

*** "You are splendid. Your vibrations are stronger and clearer and seem to fairly ring and resound! Very different from what they used to be, my dear, very different. *You are all right!*"

This is a sample of the cheering over CHRISTIAN. I know that the resurrection is at hand; but, for a time, I was in a kind of hypnotic sleep. I'm now wide awake.

*** "That picture of Lady Blanche and Baby Blanche went straight to my heart—what a glorious face that woman has—how happy you must be to have her. She is beautiful—but with a beauty that is both physical and spiritual."

You have expressed it exactly. After all, it is the soul, the mind, which is beautiful or ugly in all of us.

*** The list is closed on the 20th of each month. Changes and credits must then wait until the next month. It costs three cents to change your address, so in a temporary absence it is better not to change, but have an extra paper sent you. Don't take a fit if you get another paper after you have said stop. Your order did not get here in time for that month.

*** My two books are meeting with much favor among my new readers. When you all get the books, and all get your subscriptions paid for next year, keep right on with the treatments and send the names of all your friends for books or subscriptions. Then when you run out of names let me credit your dollars to the free list fund. Keep in the vibration!

*** Don't have the nerve to ask me to give treatments to more than one person for one dollar, or to write oftener than once a month. When you write a letter of consultation enclose a dollar. Two books, cloth bound, or a year's subscription to CHRISTIAN, with one month of faithful treatments to one person, is all I can offer for a dollar. Send a dollar for each person.

*** "Enclosed find postage for my copy of CHRISTIAN. If being denied second rate postage causes any one to write with the authority, freedom and spirit you wrote in for

July and August, pity that *all* new thought publications were not in like position."

There is always a time and a way for Truth. I'm glad of the experience, but would not think of returning to the wilderness of second class postage.

*** "Nothing is so expensive as something you get for nothing."—*The Philistine*.

How about the sunshine, and the air, and the water! The things we get for nothing are the only valuable things in the universe. You can't buy love, you get it for nothing. But my friend, *The Philistine*, had deadheads in his mind, and was not thinking of the double back action of his words.

*** Here is a postscript from a poor husband who writes me for help and sympathy:

"Amelia, my wife, since the vibrations reached her, I can hardly live in the house with her. She declares she will not be imposed on any more. She is cranky and pugnacious, and insists on doing everything as she pleases."

Good! Keep it up, my dear Amelia. I have put your name on my list of sweet hearts!

*** Credit on the free list means in a lump sum. When individual names are given credit they are transferred to the paid list. You can have every name you give credited with a year's subscription for every dollar you send for treatments. But if you don't send the name I will give credit to the free list in a general way. All persons on the free list are liable to be dropped at any time. If there is not a credit mark after your name you may know you are on the free list.

*** F. J. McCoy, secretary and stenographer to J. Stitt Wilson, is sending me names of liberal people in California and on the Pacific Coast. I expect A. D. Ayers to do as much for Michigan and the Northwest. Say, boys, it is my opinion that we had better take possession of this earth and be done with it. For classes in Truth, address F. J. McCoy, Highland Place, Berkeley, California; A. D. Ayers, 431 W. Vine St., Kalamazoo, Michigan.

*** "I turned the pages and felt a vibration which sent a glow through my very being. I looked closer and lo! the picture of our queen and princess. It thrilled my soul. My mother love went out to her with joy, for now I am grandma. I have loved little Blanche since I saw her in the waste basket."

The first picture of Baby Blanche in CHRISTIAN was from a snapshot taken of her sitting in the waste basket. What a glorious response came from August CHRISTIAN! I can only give you a few quotations.

*** "The man who finds his mate will want no other wife. His heart is full—his life is rounded by love—complete. Few men, perhaps, are worthy and able to appreciate a God-given mate who is at once comrade, counsellor, friend and wife."—*The Philistine*.

Until men find such mates they will remain in the mud of mortality, unable to escape the undertaker. But a marriage which includes the trinity of being—spirit, mind, body—will eventually bring immortality to humanity. Such a marriage is immortal.

*** "I am 63 years old—wounded at Prairie Grove in '62 in left leg, wounded at Cold Harbor in '64 in right leg, old wounds open yet. Am straight up, don't limp. In the saddle every day. Put copy of CHRISTIAN to my back and kept it there all night, back better this morning. I want your vibrations for more vigor."

The above is from an old soldier in Oregon. There is no doubt about CHRISTIAN carrying healing vibrations. One lady bound August CHRISTIAN around a sore leg and it began to heal, so she sent for a bundle of CHRISTIANS.

*** "It has been some time since I have taken a treatment from you and I really don't know now why I am doing so only to keep in touch and sympathy. I have the best of health and so has my husband. We raised plenty of money to develop our mine and have struck a fine, wide ledge, with the lower tunnel showing free gold."

So writes one of my old time patients. Well, when you don't need me that is just the time that I need you. Keep in touch with the hand that helped you over the rough places. When you get health, happiness and prosperity help on the good work for others.

*** Let me have the names and addresses of people who are in health and are ready for an expansion of their lives. Don't sit down and send the names of all the old chronic cases of sickness that you can hear of. I am not in the undertaking business. CHRISTIAN stands for health and happiness, not disease and death. This does not shut off the sick people, but you know what I mean. Prevention is better than cure. Let us have all the names you can find of people who are ready to enter into the joy of living.

*** Lady Blanche and Baby Blanche have returned from their summer outing and are once more making home glorious by their presence. I told Baby Blanche that she had raised hell by having a doctor in Chicago, and that if I ever heard of her having indigestion again I would turn her over my knee and administer a dose of old-fashioned spanking. Hereafter, I told her, she must digest green apples without a grimace, that her indigestion and her mamma's "Chicago tongue" had already become an international incident. She said: "All right, Dad!"

*** Mr. and Mrs. Burnell are having a triumphant time in San Francisco after their return from British Columbia. They have enthusiastic classes and are enjoying the beautiful city. Address George Edwin Burnell, 334 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco. J. Stitt Wilson is getting in mental touch with the Burnells. This is good! The meek shall inherit the earth. Don't mistake the word "meek." Moses was meek and he was something of a hedonic hero. Always get out your dictionary when reading after Burnell. I had to do it when I struck hedonic. All the gods are hedonic heroes.

*** Maybe you think the preachers don't come to me. Listen to this letter:

"Find enclosed \$1.00 for treatments for August for success in my church finances. My salary is behind and it ought to be brought up and kept up promptly. I always keep my own money matters in good shape, and I want the money matters of the church kept up as they ought to be. I have been

in vibrations with you for the last two years and more and wish to continue the same. Use my dollar for your free list."

Many an old deacon will go down into his "jeans" for cash without knowing the cause of his liberality. That pastor shall have his salary!

*** I suggested to Mr. Burnell that he write poetry, and the two poems so far have shown the wisdom of my suggestion. "The Honest Unction" for August and "Hedonic Heroes" in this number show poetic power equal to Walt Whitman. The first page of CHRISTIAN is electrotyped into a solid copper plate, heading and all, for each issue. By the way, please do not send me contributions or advertisements. CHRISTIAN is now unique in the list of periodicals, and will not publish contributions, and advertisements can't get into it for love or money. Thanks to Mr. Madden, CHRISTIAN has no competitors and stands alone in its class.

*** "I want to keep in close touch with you each month. It would be impossible for me to do the work you are doing, and the only way I can help is to help you heal by giving in this way."

The above is a sample of the kind of letters I am receiving. The writer enclosed a new, crisp five-dollar greenback. This will pay the printing and postage on 250 CHRISTIANS for 250 people, and how far that will go no one can tell. The influence of this money will spread year after year. Besides the writer gets her own personal treatments daily, thus keeping the work out of the charity vibration. It is a square business transaction.

*** The thought waves of vibrations between myself and wife while 3,000 miles apart have been more interesting than any effort at transference of words. In giving treatments there is no effort made to convey words to the patient. The healing vibrations must be received and translated by each one in his own language. Thought finds its own medium of expression in each mind. You can hurt as well as heal by your vibrations. When we know how to transmit love and truth and leave out hate and bitterness the mental world will begin to rise from the dead and enter into the joy of living. Peace can be spoken and also war. Let us make a declaration of peace on earth and good will to men. It will react on the soul and bring personal peace.

*** The self-addressed and stamped envelope not only saves the time in addressing and stamping an envelope, but often keeps us from searching a list of twenty thousand names for your address. Don't address your envelope with a pencil. Always sign your name and give your address in every letter, no matter how often you write. For instance, here is a letter signed "Ella." I can't answer it, for there are hundreds of Ellas on my list. I know you, but it is useless for me to attempt to keep all your places in my memory. It would be like holding the numbers of all the houses in the city in my mind at one time. Write briefly. The Spirit knows without you writing all your symptoms. Don't use tiny envelopes. They get lost in the mail.

*** I'm sorry to refuse callers, but it is impossible to do otherwise and carry on my work. Each one who calls seems to think that they are to be made an exception to the rule. One poor soul writes that as Elizabeth Towne called, she had a right to call, and for me to send her money for traveling expenses to Denver! Elizabeth Towne did not call. I went to the depot after her. She did not come to Denver to see me, but was just passing on her way home from Oregon. A wealthy man in the East wrote, asking me to make an exception and see his son (who was coming to Denver for health), and he would pay well for it. Money cuts no figure. Rockefeller has offered a million for a new stomach, but he would have to send his little dollar, and fall in line with the others, if he came to me.

*** "Would like to know if you have ever written on the divorce question. There has been quite a discussion in the various religious papers and magazines."

There is in reality no marrying and no divorcing. If you are married you are married; if you are divorced you are divorced. Love is God and nobody has ever been able to regulate God. If my "wife" should fall in love with another man she couldn't help it. I couldn't help it. The other fellow couldn't help it. I might strangle him, but that wouldn't help it. I could murder her, but that wouldn't help it. If I should fall in love with another woman the rule would work the same way. Love holds by love and in no other way. Sometimes people think they love when they don't and think they don't when they do. Be sure you love, and then follow God.

*** "I want to tell you something. I am staying with a friend for the summer and she has read the last CHRISTIAN. I left the others at my room at the Iliad. Well, last night I went out on the porch and there was my friend, and she said: 'Laura, do you know I picked up your Denver paper while I was waiting for you, and do you know I commenced to feel little thrills, sort of—well, vibrations.' And she looked at me with almost an awed expression on her face. I told her I did not doubt it, as others had felt the same, and last night before going to sleep she said to me: 'Hand me CHRISTIAN. I am going to sleep with it under my pillow. Perhaps it will help us both.' And then she smiled and said: 'I wonder if Mr. Shelton wouldn't laugh if he knew this.' She is a lovely woman and spiritually inclined."

Yes, at first I laughed when such reports came to me. But they have steadily increased until I now know there is something in it. Spirit will yet make CHRISTIAN my only medium of communication. When my list gets to a certain point I will give CHRISTIAN and a whole year of treatments for one dollar. All of you are helping to hasten the day. Go on with the work!

*** "Will you please state in CHRISTIAN the meaning of the eleventh verse of the third chapter of Mark? The idea conveyed to my mind is that the unclean spirits knew who Jesus was (Son of God), and that the others did not; also that there are evil spirits and spirits not evil. Now, why should the evil spirits have known him and why did he charge them to not make him known. Verse 24, first chapter of Mark conveys the same meaning as 3:11."

I have had to tell these unruly spirits to keep their mouths shut. There are always a set of ignorant fellows who want to blab everything. The gentleman and lady are always in the background, while the fool and ass strut forward and grasp the hand of the Great One. Speaking of uncultured and impudent spirits reminds me of a lady from Algiers who wrote me of her experience with a medium. I quote her own words:

"I was much interested last week. I went to see a medium (as I am always hoping for a message from my husband); the lady did not know my name, or where I came from, and gave me the sitting free. She was controlled by a North American Indian called Redwing. After much talk, which would have been unintelligible but for my having lived a good deal among Indians, she spoke of the bright lamps held over me and my spiritual atmosphere, then struggled with a name, 'Shell, Shelt, Shelton. He is great, good, he send you vibration, all light, Great Father, make him strong, keep so him truth.' Of course, I was delighted and quite agreed as to the vibrations which always reach me. But wasn't it curious? Certainly nothing was further from my mind, and how an Indian should manage the word 'vibration,' when he used broken English at other times, is odd, besides the severe effort to get out the word Shelton."

The letter is dated Algiers, July 29, 1903. It is as easily understood as the quotation from the New Testament. It is transference of thought.

A SIGN SEEKING SKEPTIC.

Twenty-one years ago I had the pleasure (?) of playing poker and drinking whiskey with the writer of the following letter. I was editing a daily paper, and he was a county official and politician, in one of the large cities of the West. At that time I was "one of the boys," scattering a few kernels of wild oats, which, happily, did not produce a very large harvest of human hurt. The writer of this letter has heard me speak from the stage of the opera house, many a time, to immense audiences; in fact, he has seen people turned away for want of even standing room. I didn't know much, but I thought I did, and told what little I did know in a way to hold a crowd. I tell you this so that you will understand the sincerity of the man in this private letter. He knows that I am the noblest work of God—an honest man. In many times of trouble we have been close personal friends; and yet, more than two decades have passed since we met face to face.

This man is not afraid of death or the devil. He would willingly lay down his life for a friend. It is said by Saint Paul: "Greater love hath no man than this that he lay down his life for his friend." This man came very close to showing this great love for me. We were not even chums—just personal friends. I am going to honestly answer him right here, for I have not replied by personal letter.

"CHRISTIAN for August is received, and is certainly a hummer. The enjoyable features to me, aside from your writing, which is always Sheltonic, therefore bracing, is the testimonials from your treatees. That one from the 'possessed' of the tumor, I should designate a pen warmer. Then Burnell in his Hiawathian measure is fine. I take his position to be something like this:

"Let us have old fashioned gumption
Free from puffed up tenuous longings—
Lofty metaphysical tumbblings.
Like Antaens, all our strength is
Of the earth, the source we came from;
All our psychological preenings
Will not fit us for the ether.
'What we are, we are, and must be,'
Spite of spirit de'ils and banshee.
What we are, we are, and must be,
Spite of reason, rhyme and laughter.
Old convictions remain with us
Spite of hope and exaltation;
'We are wedded to our idols,'
Spite of hell and tribulation.
The high priestess of vibration
For a fever gets a doctor—
The communicant of churches
Sends for priest and holy water.

"Like the generation, with the adjectives still applicable, I desire a sign—my faith lacks cultivation. I could never distinguish the plant from credulity. I suppose if I had seen that tumor coming, I should have admitted that, if not a sign, it was nigh unto it. Seriously, Shelton, you are what the sporting boys call a high roller. I hope you may be immortal, if you want to be, and continue to vibrate."

Let me say that Burnell is writing pure metaphysics. He speaks of truth in being, while I talk of knowledge in being. I am unfolding to you the steps we have taken in the knowledge of being, while Burnell speaks, in the abstract, of being as it is when finished. In this way the readers of CHRISTIAN get all that we both know, and much that we don't know. It is refreshing to ascend into the high altitudes with Burnell, and, when you get short of breath, come down into the valley with Shelton. The first page of CHRISTIAN is a kind of challenge of the champion. I like it.

The healer who pretends to control the healing vibrations is a hypocrite. Spirit never gives any man authority in a personal way. The very universe would be overthrown if such a law of being could exist. The healing vibrations were not under the personal control of Jesus Christ, and he never pretended that they were, but, on the contrary, said that he could do nothing of himself. His failures have only been hinted at, but no doubt they were many. In a certain place it is said that he could do nothing on account of the unbelief of his hearers. I have no more power to create healing vibrations than Beethoven had to create musical vibrations. He heard the music and hastened to write it down; but it was not a personal creation. In the same way I hear the healing word, and feel the vibrations going to the one whose name I call, but there is no personal power behind the movement. It is of God, and I tell you frankly that I'm not very well acquainted with God. We are on speaking terms and that is all.

The first important case of healing I did was a cancer in a woman's breast. I was as much surprised at the result as any one. I spoke the word, but I didn't know it was loaded! In six months there was only a small white scar to mark the spot where the hole had been eating into her white bosom. God! but I was almost scared at beholding the very thing I had been demanding. That was nine years ago, and since then I have witnessed many miracles of healing. But they are not signs to anybody except to the ones who are healed.

Nothing is worth a dam to you unless it takes place in you. Hearsay evidence is no good. What is the good of truth to you unless it sets you free? I don't blame my friend for asking for a sign. That so-called "wicked and adulterous generation" had a right to demand a sign. Who made them wicked, and adulterated their generation? Let God answer out of the whirlwind.

I'm still demanding a sign and a seal of my apostleship. I healed myself of consumption, dipsomania, heart and spine disease, and the thought of time and old age. I heal hundreds every month. And yet, here I sit writing this with glasses on my nose! I demand full and complete regeneration and resurrection. I know there is such a thing and have felt the vibrations. I want it. I demand a new body and a new deal all around. The cards were "stacked" in the first deal. Somebody ran in a "cold deck" on me. It is a cheat. The mortal makeup is a fraud. I have no confidence in the coffin route.

What's the use? I am writing this in my healing room, which is furnished anew since Elizabeth Towne was here. An electric bell is at my elbow. I can press the button and call two stenographers to take down my words, but I prefer to pencil these sayings. Alone in this awful silence let me tell you that all these surroundings amount to nothing in my eyes. Home, wife, baby, friends—what's the use when the naked skull of death sits grinning at you from the depths of mortality? I tell you, now and here, that I demand a sign. I have kissed the lips of disease and death long enough. The preachers and priests have been deceiving us. Lord Spirit is teaching life and immortality, here and now, and not in some distant sweet bye and bye. Great Jehovah, Jove, Jupiter, and all the other gods and goddesses, is there anything sweeter than my present life? I have no power for greater love than that with which I am now surrounded and of which I now partake. She whom my soul loves is more to me than all the angels in heaven. If I should find myself walking the golden streets, inside the jasper walls, and couldn't find her, heaven would instantly turn into hell. I would dash through a pearly gate into the outer darkness searching for her—and that means all of us. I want a realization and a resurrection in a way that I can have and hold my own. Men speak of the earth as "real estate" because it does not need fire insurance. I am asking for a fire-proof, disease-proof, time-proof body, and I will get it.

You ask me what I really know. I know that mental healing is the greatest thing that has come to the world in two thousand years, and that we are only on the threshold of its power. I have already attained regeneration in mind. My old thought never comes to me, even in my dreams. There are times when I put aside my glasses and read with my new eyes. I often hear with my new ears. There is a man inside this body who is the resurrection and the life. He will make himself manifest some day. In the meantime I will go on speaking the word of healing for others. I haven't a doubt about attaining immortality in the flesh.

THE SIGNAL OF SUCCESS.

Poverty is a disease.

It is a disease of the mind.

Therefore it is cured by a mental resurrection.

As my healing is "without money and without price," I can freely speak to you of this poverty vibration and my healing. I can not heal those who are unwilling to buy my books or subscribe for CHRISTIAN, for if I made my treatments unconditionally free, I would be promoting pauperism by opening my doors to a flood of letters from dead-beats and beggars.

Truth does not beg, borrow or steal.

First of all, then, the treatments kill the poverty microbe by making you feel rich. This is the way one puts it in a letter to me:

"Every little while I feel the need of the tonic of your words of cheer. I need it now, and will need it until this reaches you. The something you send along is a mental bracer

rather have a dollar and spend it like a man than to have millions to hoard as a miser.

There is no magic in the truth. You are not cured of poverty by any kind of mental *hocus pocus*. You don't turn over a flat rock and find a fortune, or delve for "hidden treasure." There is nothing of the kind in a genuine cure. There is no gambling, speculation, lottery tickets, or other games of chance. You are not lifted, by the straps of your boots, over the Poverty fence into the field of Plenty.

You come into the vibrations of prosperity and go on about your affairs, supplying your fellow men with something wanted in the labor of your hands and head. It is always both, for no man can carry a hod unless he takes hold with thought. Go on at your work, and the vibrations of prosperity will open new doors and make way for further and further advancement.

I'm going to give you a striking illustration of my meaning.



to me. It gives me confidence and brings me luck. Enclosed find \$5."

The above is from a San Francisco business man. He puts it in plain words, for it is a mental tonic. There is a whole company of men and women constantly coming to this center, and so all I have to do is to direct the vibrations to each one and make them personal. Another writes:

"I want to train in rich company, and so I come to you, the richest man on earth. You are rich in love, rich in manhood, and the Prince Bountiful of the New Thought. The Girl with the Dreamy Eyes has raised you from the dead, and made you a King among Men."

That praise belongs to the *I AM*, but, as He is not in need of it, I'll take it. The point is the training in rich company. There are no poverty vibrations in CHRISTIAN.

The healing of poverty will not place you in the lap of material wealth at one bound. But it will make you rich in mind in a minute. This is the main thing. A man may have millions and be as poor as a church mouse. It is said that Russell Sage is a very poor man, in his personal vibrations, although in command of millions. I had

About seven years ago an architect applied to me for treatments, and sent his dollar for one month as a kind of toss-a-penny experiment. He was put on the list and so placed in line with others. I wrote him a short letter. It soon became evident that he was afraid to ask for a big success. He had a little office and was doing work as an architect and decorator of homes, but he didn't branch out in his mind and take in the whole planet.

I wrote and told him that he was insulting God by asking for scraps and crumbs. By telepathy I told him that he must tell God that he wanted the earth, and a potato patch on the moon.

It took!

Soon that man was sending me ten dollars instead of one, and he moved out into a larger office. He kept climbing and climbing, until he now has offices on a whole floor in one of the largest cities in the United States. I will not give you his name; that's none of your business. What you want is the point of view.

The impudence of this man grew and grew until he was like a king in his demands. He

wrote me saying that he wanted a yacht. Think of it! This man, when he began, would have hesitated about asking for an Ohio river skiff, and now he commands me to get him a yacht! He said he didn't see why he and his family should not enjoy cruising in their own yacht, and for me to speak the word for it.

I spoke it!

And here is a snapshot from the deck of the yacht.

The gentleman standing is the sinner I saved.

I forgive the pipe in his mouth, for he has a good excuse for smoking. I don't know what his excuse is, but it is a good one. All smokers have good excuses for the habit. I used to have a gilt-edged one, and smoked twenty cigars a day. A friend of mine used to smoke for his corns. The gilt wore off my excuse and, ten years ago, I quit. However, there are plenty of good men who smoke. Holy smoke! I'm not writing an apology for this man's pipe. I never treated him for anything but success.

He got it!

Here is a letter he wrote me last month from the deck of "our" yacht:

"My Dear Pop: The last copy of CHRISTIAN is the best yet; it has more of you in it, and you will get results from it.

"I laughed when I read that Lady Blanche sent for the Doctor when Baby Blanche had the fever; that was very human.

"Here is a photograph for your desk showing us on the deck of *your* yacht.

"I have many interesting things to tell you when I come out, which may be soon.

"I know that you know, and I know that you know that I know."

The only thing I despise about the man is that he always begins his letters "Dear Pop." My wife overheard, at a hotel in California, a child call his father "Dad." The fellow was from Philadelphia. She thought it was so cute that she taught it to Baby Blanche, and now I'm "Dad" in the mouth of my own baby! An old patient in Brooklyn persists in beginning her letters to me "Dear Daddy"—and she will never, never get well until she stops it. Well, I can't expect to escape all the burdens of life. Dad! Pop! Daddy!

Don't fool with the last sentence in this gentleman's letter. It is the grand hailing sign of the Secret Brotherhood. You see, it was a private letter intended only for my eyes. He will be mortified (is that the right word?) when he finds it in print. But he ought to know how reckless *I AM*. Didn't I print about my wife calling the doctor! Say, right here let me jot it down while I think of it, that my wife can call a poodle dog if she wants to, and it's nobody's business. But here is the grand hailing sign and signal of success of the Universal Secret Brotherhood written down in cold ink by a Secret Brother and put into cold type by another Secret Brother. Geewhilkins! Well, it is of *Know* use without the answer, so here is the answer: "You know that I know, and you know that I know that you know." Don't fool with it. It is dynamite. If you don't let it alone, it will ring in your head worse than Mark Twain's "Punch, brother, punch with care."

Have we revealed a secret?

Not a single secret. The secret is in the *knowing*. If you know, you know and you know that you know, and you know that I know, and you know that I know that you know. If you don't know—well, you don't! The secret is in the vibrations which you impart to the secret words, and the vibrations can't be given by one who does not know. A stingy man can't speak the words, and a mean one can't hear them spoken. All women who are (as Elizabeth Towne said of my wife) "divinely feminine" are embraced by the Secret Brothers without having to speak the words. We seldom give such women time to open their mouths on the subject.

Seriously, my friends, that sentence is the sign and signal of an unorganized Brotherhood, now working on the earth for the individualizing of humanity. Are you one? If so you know, and I know that you know that I know. Glorious men! Divine women! I shout to you all the *Signal of Success* and feel your vibrations encircling the planet. "I know that you know, and I know that you know that I know." Can you join? No, you just have to *know*. How can you "join" when you are the Whole Thing yourself? When you *know*, it is all over and you are at rest. Shake! *I know as Eye see.*

THE LAW OF LIBERTY.

"But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty."—*St. James.*

Take a look!

There is a perfect law of liberty.

Saint Jim lost his life for it, and more blood has been shed over it than for anything else in the world.

My editorial on "Resurrection and Regeneration" in August *CHRISTIAN* was received better than anything I ever wrote. It was honestly written, and men and women all over the land sent up a shout of joy. The article raised hopes in more hearts than anything *CHRISTIAN* has said for seven years.

It also raised hell.

That little item about my wife calling a physician for the baby did the work. Here it is in brief. Mrs. Shelton (Lady Blanche) was in a Chicago hotel. They left Denver in July and ran into excessive heat in Chicago. She awoke in the morning and found the baby had a fever. Like a sensible woman she called in a doctor, who relieved her mind by telling her that the fever was caused by a slight indigestion. She paid him his fee of \$3 and considered the money well spent. I quote the incident from her letter and send it out to one hundred thousand readers—and the trouble begins!

The first is anonymous:

"In August number of *CHRISTIAN* you give an extract from your wife's letter to the effect that 'the *Baby* was ill with fever' and 'Lady Blanche' 'was so alarmed that she sent for the doctor.' Why didn't she telegraph to her husband if she has so much faith in healing vibrations? And why didn't the healing vibrations from the father protect the child? And how could a M. D. help the child? A Mother."

If she had wired me about so small a matter it would have proved that God Almighty was joking when he sent her as the mate to

my soul. She wanted a physician. I'm not a physician. I'm a metaphysician. Do you know what a metaphysician is? A metaphysician is a mind-doctor. There was nothing the matter with the baby's mind—it was her stomach! She had eaten too much stuff on the train. The "healing vibrations from the father" were not in it with the peanut boy on the train. Good heavens! do you think I can keep up with a two-year-old kid in the hands of an indulgent mother and a spoilt grandmother?

This one is from Brooklyn:

"One thing puzzles me. Why should the blessed Lady Blanche be so frightened about the dear *Baby*? Why not have sent you a telepathic message and rested in the power of the I AM to heal?"

She did, and I told her to call a physician. I'm a mind-doctor and I always do anything and everything to satisfy the mind. It was the mind of the mother that was relieved by a few words from a physician. Why should she refuse to call this man? To save three dollars! I healed the baby and the doctor helped the mother out of her anxiety.

The files of *CHRISTIAN* will show that I have always told you to take medicine, call doctors, or do anything that would satisfy the mind and prevent antagonistic thoughts and emotions. I'm a mental physician and not the upholder of a few pet theories. There is not a day that I do not send people to the surgeon. The science of surgery has made rapid advances in the past ten years, and a true mind-doctor will take advantage of it.

I suppose, according to my critics, when the baby was born I should have "held the thought" instead of sending for a physician. I did hold the thought, in the face of the physician's prophecy, when he said the baby would not live. My thought prevailed. But the surgeon was there to perform his work. He was not only a regular physician, but a Roman Catholic in religion and a Democrat in politics. That is a pretty big dose for me! I didn't want his religion or his politics, but he was onto his job as a surgeon. He is also a man, every inch a man! A few weeks after the baby came I was called away. In my absence the newspapers gave me a roast and the grand jury an indictment. My wife was alone in the house, with the cook and the stenographer. Did this drug doctor grin with glee at my discomfiture? Not a bit of it. He knew that I also was a man, from the crown of my head to the bottom of my feet. God bless his big Irish heart! He came to my little wife (she weighs just 100 pounds) and said: "Don't be alarmed. Your husband will come out all right. He will settle all this racket in a very few minutes as soon as he gets home. He is all right!"

I don't care a dam what a man believes in politics, religion or medicine—just so he is a man. I did settle that whole racket in just exactly seven minutes by the watch.

But let us return to the subject under discussion. My wife's woes did not end in Chicago, for as soon as she was comfortably settled in her mother's home in Michigan the August *CHRISTIAN* came out. One of the nose-it-all women read the paper and, learn-

ing the whereabouts of Mrs. Shelton, she rallied forth to call on her. Of course, she had often read in *CHRISTIAN* that we do not receive callers, but what of it? This was a severe case. Here was the very wife of God daring to call a physician. A woman in the high and mighty house of Shelton showing fear. She needs lecturing. I will force a call. She did. Here is what the darling of my bosom wrote me about it:

"There has been a woman here. A regular knows-it-all kind. She came to question me concerning the call on a Chicago physician as published in *CHRISTIAN*. She thought you ought to have, by this time, taught me to banish all fear and dread, etc., etc. She made me tired. I at last told her it was my own fear and my own worry and I guessed you thought if I wanted to indulge in it, it was my own lookout. She also wanted to know how you could give personal attention to every one, every day, how you treated, etc., etc. I told her for an answer to those things she had better write you. She came about 9 o'clock in the morning and I didn't have my calling garb on. The baby was out doors, playing, with a dirty face."

The whole picture demands that I quote the last two sentences. I'm glad I married an actress. If I had married one of these "Scientists" I would have "held the thought" to break her neck.

I had as soon belong to the narrowest sect in religion as to join a sect of Scientists. Do you suppose the name will save a sect from bigotry? A rose by any other name will smell as sweet, and a sect by any other name will smell to heaven with bigotry and intolerance. My wife's father was an old time physician and my father an orthodox preacher. She never looks backward in criticism and neither do I. There are good physicians and all the preachers are not bad.

Here is the quintessence of cussedness, and the writer is a real male man, and not a female woman:

"Dear Shelton: That last *CHRISTIAN* was a corker, and will keep us scientists explaining for a long time to come. If your wife has *more confidence* in an M. D. when the baby has a fever (particularly when you claim that *she is in constant telepathic communion with yourself*) than she has in your 'vibrations,' how under heaven you can have the *audacity* to advertise your *power* remains to be explained. Is Mrs. Shelton a fool that can not understand the mysteries of the 'I AM,' or have you neglected to give her the proper instruction? If the science won't work in your family, and even your wife has no *faith* in you when 'the baby has a fever' (*she certainly ought to know you*), and as actions speak louder than words, and she has most forcibly spoken through her action, what are we to think but that you are a fraud of the first class when you solicit the sick and dying to trust you? It is my opinion, joined with about fifty others, that your paper ought to be suppressed and you punished for criminal libel. As I said above, you have about fifty readers that I know in this town, and a worse sold out lot of people I never heard talk. I wish you would, through your paper, explain if you *practice* what you *preach*."

No, no, my beloved is not a fool. If she had been a fool, all this fuss could have been avoided. I have never given her "the proper instruction" from the simple fact that she is amply able to instruct me. She would never, however, do anything so unladylike as to "instruct" her husband.

Do my readers wonder why I oppose any kind of an organization of this mental movement? There was a movement started by Helen Wilmans and others to organize Mental Science so they could fight the postoffice department. I opposed it. There are still many movements on foot looking to an organization of New Thought. It means a sect. Tolstoi has said: "The wickedest thing in the world is the concept of the church." I will say that the wickedest thing in the world is the organizing of human beings into an institution.

CHRISTIAN was not six months old before two leading editors "turned me out" of this movement. A third one soon joined them in their effort. This trinity of editors thought they had a right to "save" New Thoughts from Shelton. I wrote an answer in CHRISTIAN which will never be forgotten by those who read it. I gave them to distinctly understand that I did not belong to anything or anybody, and acknowledged no authority in heaven or on earth. One of these would-be popes wrote to my folks that all the Scientists were going to boycott CHRISTIAN, and that I would never get out another number. I only write this to show you that sectism is the same under any name.

Just look at the animus of this man, "joined with about fifty others," in the attack on me. They would suppress CHRISTIAN and put me in jail because I published in my own paper, under my own signature, the fact that my wife, in a Chicago hotel, in the month of July, called in a physician to see her baby. This man and the fifty others (I don't believe fifty such fools can be found on my list) would burn at the stake any man who happened to have a mind of his own—if they had the power. You organize them into an institution and they will have the power to suppress free speech and free action inside the lines of their own sect. I will not give the name of the town, or the man, for they will be ashamed of the letter as soon as they see it in print.

Look over the New Thought forces. There is not a leader among them that I would let rule over me half a minute. I might let Betsey Towne boss me for an hour, but she wouldn't do it. She is too busy with Betsey.

Don't go crazy.

There are no immortal lunatics. In spite of the assertions of my friend Dante and my brother Milton, immortality does not extend into the domain of lunacy.

I know a leading teacher into whose presence I suddenly stumbled, when she snatched a pair of spectacles from her nose and hid them under a book. Then I said: "Put them on! You can never have new eyes while lying about your old ones." And she never will, in this world or any other.

Don't act the hypocrite.

The very things which look like hypocrisy, to some of you, will be seen as frankness and honesty when you take the second thought. Who published this item which has caused such a hullabaloo? I did it, right along in the same columns with testimonials of my healing. Don't you suppose I knew how it would sound? Don't you think a hypocrite would have caught on to it in reading the

copy, then the galley proofs, and lastly the page proofs?

I'm an individualist.

If you tell me that I shall not call a physician, I will go to the telephone and ring up every doctor in town. When I'm treating you and you get a strong thought for a doctor, call one, if it sets every old hen to cackling. Don't try to be consistent. It hurts. You want to avoid all mental hurts. Consistency is for sectarians and bigots. The free soul is inconsistent, for it is unfolding all the time. Leave yourself free to do as you please. I do not belong to a lodge, church, sect, party or cult. I will never put myself into a position where I will have to be a leader or a follower. You can never enter into the truth until the truth enters into you, and the truth in you will set you free.

I'm paying two hundred and fifty dollars per month for postage on CHRISTIAN so that I may be free to say and do as I please. If you don't like it a postal card will stop it. I'm a mental healer, and for this reason I speak for your mental freedom. Not long since I said that there was no positive proof that spirits ever returned to the earth after death. There was a great screech from many of my readers who were Spiritualists. They would not give me time or chance to explain. It was one loud affirmation: "I know that spare its do return to the earth for I've seen 'em with my own eyes, and heern 'em with my own ears. Stop my paper!" All I could do was to put in the stopper. What was the use to bother you people with an explanation when the ones who needed it had quit me. My explanation was that spirits communicated with the earth by telepathy. But they wouldn't give me a chance to explain. Stop my paper!

Don't fix up a creed.

You can make a creed out of a few "new thoughts" as easily as the old creeds were made out of what are now old thoughts. My friend, the captain of fifty, is grieved because the physician episode "will keep us Scientists explaining for a long time to come." That's it. You have fixed up a little creed and have gone around blowing to your neighbors that you are Scientists. The great mogul's wife calls in a doctor to see her baby, and he is fool enough to publish it. "Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea, dressed in his new suit of clothes!" Presbyterians *have* to be Presbyterians because they have told everybody that they *are* Presbyterians. New Thoughts *have* to be New Thoughts, for they have told everybody that they *are* New Thoughts. They have told everybody that they are Scientists—how that word is being worked overtime—and that Shelton was their great healer, and now his wife has called in a doctor and Shelton has published it and given us all away! Too bad! Moral: Don't tell. Let the light that is in you do its own shining. I'm not anybody's leader. If I see any of you following me I shall turn around and throw rocks at you. Keep in the middle of the road and follow your own spirit. And above all don't belong to anything, don't join anything, don't even try to follow yourself. If you try to lay down rules and follow your-

self, you will go around in a circle like a dog chasing its tail. Don't try to-day to walk in the shadow of yesterday. Let the yesterdays and to-morrows take care of themselves. Walk in the light of to-day.

I have quoted from only a few letters on the awful sin of my wife in calling a physician, because there were only a few of this kind. They ranged, however, from a gentle question to several long poems. I'm tempted to print one of the poems right here for the comical side of it—but the question is too serious.

I was only trying to show that mortality was the only thing in our lives to mar the joy of living. In showing you the ideal I also pictured the material and mortal. I don't understand the mystery of death. I wish I did. I can't heal everybody. I wish I could. I try to be honest with you and myself. I have no prejudices against physicians and they have none against me. There are more than a thousand physicians on my list of patrons and over five hundred preachers. I'm treating, for tumor, the wife of one of the most prominent physicians in the West, and he wrote for the treatment with his own hand on his own letterhead. Another eminent physician is having me treat his son, after the healing of his wife. One M. D. has sent me no less than seven of his patients, in the past month, paying a dollar for each one, doing all the correspondence in his own name, and telling the patients that he had called on me for help. This is not all—it is only a hint. If you want to find genuine men don't turn all the doctors down. In my opinion they earnestly desire the welfare of their patrons. CHRISTIAN will build no fences. Truth erects no walls of separation.

A hard-headed, skeptical business man, who has known much of the hard side of life, sends me a dollar, and closes his letter with these words:

"But from the deepest depths I know how the little woman felt when she found the Baby had fever. Nearly nineteen years ago we laid away all that was mortal of our little girlie. I can not think of it to-day without a heartache. *Don't I know?*"

To you, my friend, I lift my hat and bow my head.

God pity us all!

Here is something from a Massachusetts woman of wide culture and high up in the world of literature and art:

"I've sent you and yours many soul greetings, but here is the 'All Hail' once more. Your last number seems the best yet. When I saw the picture of the wife and baby I said I must cut that out and mount it, but when I heard the 'story' I knew no setting would be equal to the one in which you had placed it. Your words are pearls and rubies and precious gems, such as few women get their pictures set in. Talk of poetry and art—you are a poet and an artist of the first water. You never said anything so beautiful—and you've said many grand things, too, but you spoke with the tongues of angels truly then—'Me,' 'Her' and the 'Baby,' a divine trinity—the holy trinity in very truth."

To you, my fair lady, I not only lift my hat and bow my head, but, with your kind permission, I will kiss your hand.

DESTINY.

ALLAN PARKINSON.

In a can of the waste from an oyster cafe,
A pearl was thrown out to some swine one
day.

It was rooted around by a swinish snout,
Till it fell in his mouth; but it soon came out,
For, weighed in the balance of swinish taste,
'Twas rejected and counted as worthless
waste.

Then it lay in the rubbish and dirt of the sty,
Till discovered one day by the glance of an
eye.

And, polished and ground, its value was more
Than all of the swine it was cast before.

Years ago, some children beside a deep hole
That was bored in the earth, where the an-
thracite coal

Is now mined, found the cubes which they
used in their sport

For the turret and walls of a miniature fort.
All valueless then save as blocks for their
play;

But in truth, black diamonds, and destined
some day

For the sinews of panting engine, fast,
For forge and furnace, and fiery blast
To mould the steel for a nation's defense—
The key to her power and opulence.

In a city street lay some cobble stones,
The worn and disintegrate broken bones
Of a mighty rock that once reared its head
In the depths of an ancient ocean bed.

Trampled and crushed in a city street!
Trampled and ground by a million feet!
Who shall say, but by process as yet un-
known,

That a chemist shall some day take such
stone,

And, through secrets of nature divinely led,
Shall dissolve and transmute them into
bread?

Pilgrim of earth, hast thou yet found the
key

That shall unlock the storehouse of thy des-
tiny,

Thy treasure-trove, hidden, till wakening
sense

Shall discover the wealth of thine omnipo-
tence?

Broken and ground in the tides of defeat!
Trampled and bruised as the stones in a
street!

Knowest thou, that awaiting thy soul's eager
quest,

The secrets of alchemy sleep in thy breast?
Accounted a plaything! despised as a clod!
REVEALED TO THYSELF, THOU SHALT
STAND FORTH A GOD.

Los Angeles.

*** If you don't want CHRISTIAN after a
few months' reading, drop me a card to stop
it. You don't owe anything, for somebody is
paying for the copies you receive, and if you
don't want to get on the paid list by sending
your dollar, it will be a favor if you will say
so. All you have to do is to write your ad-
dress on a card with the word stop. Ex-
planations are not necessary.

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