



Christian

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

ITEMS AND IDEAS.

*** CHRISTIAN is full of Health.

*** CHRISTIAN is full of Prosperity.

*** CHRISTIAN is full of Happiness.

*** It is an open letter to all of you for Health, Happiness and Prosperity.

*** Let no man deceive you with the idea that he has a corner on God, or a cinch on the kingdom.

*** The idea that you must get your God (good) through a second person is not a "new thought," but an old lie.

*** CHRISTIAN will not be mailed later than the first day of each month. It ought to reach all of you by the fifth.

*** I send you greetings in CHRISTIAN and bid you ask for blessings in the first person singular. "Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened."

*** I still have plenty of my books to supply your demands. The two books, with a month of mental treatments, will be given for one dollar, which is the regular price of the books.

*** If you want to purchase back files of CHRISTIAN, write to Noah Cornu, Athol, Mass.; Electa Dodd, Arlington, Neb.; Rufus Edmonds, Ravia, I. T., or Mrs. A. C. Illman, Hartford, Wash.

*** My two books, "I AM Sermons" and "The Law of Vibrations," retail at fifty cents each. They are cloth bound. The two books will be given, with a month of mental treatments, for one dollar.

*** CHRISTIAN spreads a feast before you, but can not furnish you with an appetite or make you eat. If you are hungry help yourself, for the feast is for all who have paid for their meal ticket!

*** The meal ticket is, single copy, ten cents, or twelve for one dollar. All the healing power I possess is put into the pages of CHRISTIAN, and you really do not need any other medium of communication.

*** But, beloved, ask with your own mouth and knock with your own fist. All I can do for you is to teach you your own truth. What is mine is mine and for me; what is yours is yours and for you.

*** There is only one Church on earth, and that is the Roman Catholic. All others are imitations of this institution. Even Mrs. Eddy had to model after the Mother of Churches. In fact, she has taken all of her strong points from the Jesuits.

*** There is not as much virtue in a typewritten letter as there is in a type-

printed paper. The periodical is as personal and practical as the letter. Let us stand in the truth of being, and let the Word have free course and be glorified.

*** CHRISTIAN (Denver, Colo.) is refreshingly frank and inspiringly virile each month. The December number contains all sorts of live thought—thought that heals, frees and uplifts every time.—*Boston Ideas*.

Glad to see the Boston idea and Denver idea agree.

*** I have paid one cent a paper for postage for two years, and, counting the six months of the weekly, this makes three years and a half, or over seven thousand dollars. There is no chance of ever getting this money back, for it is canceled. Legal postage is one cent a pound, or 16 CHRISTIANS for a cent.

*** Go away back and sit down in the Silence and think it out for yourself. No other man's thinker can take the place of your own. Be it ever so humble, there is no thought like your own for you. Suckers are not game fish, and mudcats will bite at anything. Think it out for yourself, and keep on thinking.

*** George Edwin Burnell was not in the New Thought Convention, but his name was on the program and his subject was a stunner: "The Renunciation of the Subjective." I hope he will work it into his lessons in CHRISTIAN. My! but the subjective has been our bogey man for lo! these many centuries.

*** In cutting down our list to conform to the pay-line, we may have cut off some of you by accident. Let us know as soon as you make the discovery, and you will be put where you belong. Hereafter, CHRISTIAN must be paid for, either in advance or at the close of the year. Thanks to those who have come with the dollar for 1904.

*** "I have been greatly helped by the December CHRISTIAN. I read it last night, and was wonderfully thrilled by it. There is a mysterious power in the physical contact with the paper itself."

This power is growing stronger and stronger with each issue. The time is coming when CHRISTIAN will be my only medium of communication in sending out the blessings of health, happiness and prosperity.

*** "Why, I have gained eight pounds since I began to read CHRISTIAN, and have just discovered, to my great delight, that I am growing a beautiful new head of hair."

I don't doubt it, and it is a mystery to me that my own hair does not grow faster and my whole new body begin to manifest as a witness to the Truth. My new eyes are here, for they make their presence felt very often, and I know the resurrection will come.

*** "If it is no secret, will you let us know when and where Baby Blanche was baptized? Perhaps you did it yourself."

Baby Blanche has never been baptized, and never will be, unless it is of her own choice when she is old enough to know her own mind. Her mother was educated in a convent and yet has never been baptized. I used to dip 'em under the water—never sprinkled babies.

*** My God, man, what are you going to do about it? If there were any saving power in drugs and medicines, the world would have been cured long ago. What is the use to go in search of something to swallow? Or a doctor who deals with the drug store? If your own thought can't heal your diseases, you had as well turn up your toes to the daisies. You are a gone gosling if you can't think life and health.

*** Elizabeth Towne gives the fairest and squarest statement concerning her mental attitude and action in the sickness of her son that I ever read. It was a good tonic just to see the motherhood shine out and the common sense radiate. She has as much sense and sterling honesty as Mrs. Wiggs of the "Cabbage Patch." Dam the hypocrites! Christianity will not tolerate a hypocrite of any kind.

*** If you are going to die, you are already dead, for that which is to be is. It is only a question as to how long this process of dying will take. How many more breaths until the last breath. It is a question of how many times the clock will tick until your heart stops beating. Don't you see that death is an enemy, the first and last enemy of men? The race can never accomplish anything until we cure death.

*** In subscribing for CHRISTIAN you get a whole year of mental treatments for one dollar. In every copy there is truth enough to lead you into the joy of living. Even torn fragments of the paper have been known to start the vibrations of health, happiness and prosperity. God is going to use this little messenger for the opening of a new door for the individual. No one can be more surprised than I at the turn things are taking.

*** "I have never read any books that have made me feel so good as yours. I have read a number of 'New Thought' books, but there was a something lacking in all of them—you hit the spot."

Praise of my books makes me ashamed of myself, for I have never read them. They were reprinted from editorials in CHRISTIAN without correction, revision, or proofreading. My wife calls it criminal carelessness; and

The Ark of the Testimony

GEORGE EDWIN BURNELL

To learn abstraction, to exploit the desert,
Moses, the babe, drew forth from the negress Nile;
Majestic fallow years for the murderer,
Unhounded by civil things and thoughts,
Fertilized by wildness and honest hardship,
Freshened by fasts from concrete graces;
He was poured into the mould of virgin mind,
And miracles of iron and gold and adamant
Struck off for him a crystal flesh
Worth wrestling for by mighty Michael.

But our kingdom hath force of fact and element,
Quenched of the desert of abstraction by living
waters,

Lit up with eyes and every dear drapery of sense,
Nurtured with sober coolness; God blest the cold
with sanity

And made it king of health and wealth and
freedom:

Our kingdom, un-entered by chief of woman-born,
Whither Moses looked in rapture's healthy spell
And lingered for his soul-brother's face
To heir and officer the new cosmic stewardship—
Our kingdom hath the triple, perfect testimony,
Naked of an ark of symbolism, unsheathed and safe
Before the purer luster of the racial mind.

The noble cold plunges the concrete in icy chastity;
Conviction with knightly host in splendid proofs
Bulwarks our kingdom of the rock in evidence;
Sword of spirit, hew open doubt,
Cut free the doors of certainty,

For entrance of the lordly three of witness,
Administry of the stewardship of judgment,
Majestic monarchs of successful insight,
Enter the lists with lances keen and stout,
Scratch on high your noble names—

Father and mother, older names than sex,
And child, a crest ever younger than gender—
Whoso honors these the mystic three of troth
eterne

Shall pass unchallenged all pearly gates of
mystery.

Authority and faith and sense—the three
puissants—

Triumvirs of testament, genii of the ark illumined,

The family circle of prophecy and clairvoyance,
Pillars of permanence and giants of guaranty,
Lords of covenant to whom the fates give hostage
And the spirits of ministry take audit;
They execute the cosmic constitution
And ordain the private and total of standard
mind;

Lords of the look and incas of inspection,
Arbiters of intimacy and communion,
Final tests of problems, puzzles, answers, defi-
nitions,

Kings of keys and guides of heights, depths and
secret trails,

Makers of all masks, costumes, regalias, disguises,
Marshals of dramatization and princes of plots;
Masters of these arch-gods are inscrutable and
immune,

They mock at the sphinx and win all worlds
and all desires.

The senses have commission to exploit creation
And their service is complete and honorable;
They may not render less or more than full
account,
And do not dream or drug or broach a whit
imperfect

Save under sleep's enervic prostitution,
Which chaste regeneration quickens wide awake.
Faith hath normal function amidst mysteries,
And rushes into nature's crystal nothingness
To carve creation from the virgin cold;
Faith is the just knowledge of the unknowable,
Frank and innocent intuition, the poetry of intel-
ligence,

The rational flow and plusage of wisdom's infinity.
Authority ranks royal as the very soul of all,
Naked pith of testimony, living gender of spirit;
Soul's resplendent witness of itself,
Who speaks as one in mantle of authority,
Unlike the hawkers of heaven, traders in tradition;
He wears the judgment purple and the vision
ermine.

Let every soul stand sound on testimony,
The poise of person—imperson and non-person,
With sense and faith and full-orbed authority.

I am the guilty one, for she was not here when the books were published.

*** "As you seem to know everything, will you please tell me why you don't write horoscopes and help people read the writings of the stars?"

You are mistaken. I don't know everything. There are several things I don't know. For instance, I don't know how high Mr. Gilroy flew his kite, and I must confess I do not know who struck Billy Patterson. I don't write horoscopes, because I think they are useless and often misleading. The almanac is not in my line.

*** "My brother likes CHRISTIAN and tells me that his copy was charged as he was reading it and he soon noticed a cold in his head leaving. He laid it down for some time and on reading it over again, he noticed the return of the vibrations. He is with you now sure."

The above is from a wide awake practical business man. CHRISTIAN carries with it the credentials of Spirit and is charged with a message from the Almighty. I will clap my hands with joy when the paper itself becomes my only messenger.

*** "Though he were dead, yet shall he live." Did it ever strike you that dead men and women may need a resurrection from the dead; that those who are dead may need to be saved from death? Death is not dissolution. Only the body dissolves. Dust returns to dust. It is the sense of death, the thought of death, the consciousness of death, which kills. The resurrection is of the mind. It is the sense of life, the thought of life, the consciousness of life, which makes one alive.

*** "If I must look for help only in myself, how can you help me? Answer in CHRISTIAN."

I can't, except to help you look into yourself. There is no other way. You must get your own breath. No man on earth or in heaven can breathe for you. God has no power to do in you what you are not ready to have done. The baby must do its own growing. All we can do is to give it the proper conditions and await results. It takes time, and there isn't anything in the universe that can be substituted for time.

*** "What do you see in the eating of meat? And what of pork?"

Meat is good food, and pork, especially bacon, is the safest kind of meat for certain seasons of the year. Consult your taste in selecting food. Horse meat is said to be good, and I know that 'possum is delicious, if properly cooked. Bear meat is too fat, but venison is all right. Quail on toast goes well, and young chicken, fried brown and served with cream gravy and old-fashioned Kentucky biscuit, is good enough for a Christian. But when in doubt, eat rare roast beef with sweet potatoes.

*** "Please have your 'Woman in the Wilderness' put into a pamphlet form, and let me help distribute it."

It ought to be written out in a larger and better form and printed in a book. I'm too lazy to do it. I lose interest as soon as an editorial appears in CHRISTIAN. I never want to see it any more. This has been a

drawback all my life, and my two books would never have been published if my stenographer had not clipped them out of CHRISTIAN. I'm undoubtedly the laziest writer on earth, and I'm ashamed of my slipshod work.

*** "I fully agree with all you write on the subject of health and happiness. But, on the subject of success and prosperity, I want to ask you a few questions. Can the kingdom of God ever be established on Earth under the competitive system?"

The kingdom of God is already established on Earth. All things are working together for God. The competitive system is merging into the co-operative system as rapidly as evolution can merge it. In the language of Mrs. Wiggs of the "Cabbage Patch": "Don't go to gittin' sorry for yourself." God reigns and the railroads are merging. This is a glorious age!

*** "Those glorious girls you publish in CHRISTIAN! You fellows that are away up certainly have your heart's desire when it comes to beautiful girls. I want one of my own."

I'm a good notion to give this gentleman's name and address. He is a jolly good fellow, and really is in search of a "glorious girl." I know that She whom he seeks is seeking him, and that all will be well. There was once an Englishman who came over here prejudiced against Americans, but just the way we said "girls" captured him. That was a pretty girl on the first page of last CHRISTIAN!

*** "You have announced a great truth, worthy of continuous consideration and acceptance as a guide to all action, when you say: 'There is not a commandment or suggestion of Jesus which requires the presence or help of a second person in its observance.' I wish it could be emblazoned in eternal thought in the mind of every professing Christian."

Isn't it a wonderful truth to lie hidden for centuries beneath the rubbish of ecclesiastical tyranny over the minds of men! Luther got an inkling of it, and then drifted back into the darkness of the Institution. "I have the keys of death and hell." Nobody else can lock me in or out.

*** Speaking of laziness: Not long since I tried to dictate a great editorial. I sat down in an easy chair and talked metaphysics to a stenographer. She wrote it out and left it on my desk. The next morning I called her up stairs.

"Cora, I can't make a dam thing out of this."

"Neither could I."

The waste basket received my precious production, and since then I scribble with a pencil, and Mrs. Shelton (the only one who can read my writing) makes a copy on typewriter. While she was gone, I sent my pencilings to the printers and they—!!

*** "I think you are perfectly blasphemous in the way you write about God and our blessed Saviour Christ, but as you say you are liable to change your sentiments any time, I shall hope to see you a good and true Episcopalian in the near future, where you will find obedience to ordinances better than erratic spiritism."

You think I am a blasphemer, and I know you are an idolater. There now! I worship

God in Spirit, for the Father seeketh such worshipers, but you bow before the altar of an idol. Once I knew a good lady who had a sick dog, of which she was very fond. While searching the prayer-book for a dog prayer, the dog died. Moral: Make your own prayers.

*** "If Jesus had the truth, why did he and his disciples die?"

It was essential that out of death should come forth the thought of immortality. They were witnesses to the truth for the countless millions who are to know the truth. Humanity is a unit and no one is to be lost. It is a slow unfoldment and adjustment, but the end is everlasting life to one and all. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." This is the reason why Jesus and his followers fell into the ground. The human race had to be educated up to immortality.

*** "Shall we rejoice, no matter how externals may appear?"

Yes! It is the only thing that can prevent the bursting of the boiler. The sense of humor is your only salvation. Mortality will set you crazy and break your heart if you take it too seriously. What is the mortal muddle? Nobody knows. You know that death and disease and disaster are abroad, and you need not consider yourself an exception. Meet everything in a good humor. Look at the comical side of mortality. Isn't it funny to see people putting food into the holes in their faces! Then hear them groan because their stomachs hurt! Oh, this life in mortality is a comedy! Whoopededoo!

*** "The picture of Mrs. Burnell is a piece of art, and she has such truthful looking eyes, altogether a lovely picture. Please have Lady Blanche, or ask her to have a full size taken, and put it on the front page: as I know all of your subscribers and patients would be delighted with it."

Contrary to my orders, Mrs. Burnell's picture was enlarged from the photograph, which took away a certain piquancy of expression; otherwise it is a good likeness. There was a full-page picture of Mrs. Shelton in January, 1902, but it was a miserable failure. The August picture is not a likeness, and I am almost in despair of ever getting a good picture of her in CHRISTIAN. There was a splendid picture of Mr. Burnell in 1902, and of Dr. Dewey and Elizabeth Towne.

*** "I must say you are the most extraordinary writer that I have come across in the way of a Christian, but I feel your intention and true meaning is all right enough, though certainly very widely different from what is generally known as religion. However, it is no business of mine to criticize, as I am well aware that I got several good points from your writings, and hope to get some more as I go along."

You mistake Christianity for religion. There isn't a bit of religion in Christianity, and not a spark of Christianity in religion. Christianity is the Truth, and religion is man's fear of the Truth. The more and more you see of Christianity, the less and less you see of religion. "My kingdom is

not of this world." Religion is for cowards, Christianity is the Free Spirit.

*** "So when I read that you and Mr. Burnell were each to contribute a lesson a month during the whole of 1904, that seven thousand good men and women had been with CHRISTIAN for seven years, and that before each issue was sent out in the mail it was subjected to five distinct treatments by yourself and Mrs. Shelton, I said to myself: that's an almighty strong purchase, and while I have never derived any benefit from previous alleged treatments, I can't afford to let this chance slip."

And you can't afford to miss a single number for the year 1904. There is going to be such an awakening and illumination and rattling among the dry bones as was never heard of before. The history of CHRISTIAN is a wonderful unfoldment of Spirit. It is the delight of Spirit to use the weak things and little things for the glory of Truth.

*** If there is no resurrection of the dead, then is all our Science vain, and we are yet in our sins. All this talk and writing and reading is a waste of time. Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die. The dead do not know anything and therefore we reach oblivion. But if there is a resurrection from the dead, let us rise and live. There is no use in building buildings and organizing clubs and churches. To-morrow we die! What is the use of troubling one's self to-day? To-morrow we die! There can be no real life under the shadow of death. How can men and women know the joys of living while all the time fearing the death which may pounce upon them at any moment? They do not. There never has been perfect joy on the earth since the advent of disease and death. I am the resurrection—or nothing.

*** The following letter, from Fanny M. Harley, speaks for itself:

"Dear Doctor Shelton: In December CHRISTIAN, received from you to-day, there is a statement regarding myself that is misleading. You give the idea that I have joined the Christian Science Church, but this is not the case.

"A combination of circumstances induced me to purchase a copy of Science and Health in June, 1902. I took it with me to Colorado for my vacation reading, and during my stay there of five weeks, I read almost nothing else. I found it to be The Book of books among metaphysical literature, and also discovered that the prominent New Thought teachers have taken their good points directly from this book.

"As to my having joined the Christian Science Church, your informant, no doubt, supposed this to be the case because, for more than a year I have generally attended that church on Sunday mornings. I have not, however, united with it."

*** "I sincerely wish that We, Us & Co., with an angelic host at our back, could knock out the \$ limit to Love vibrations. Isn't there a way of doing it without leaving the track? I have for a long time considered the \$-mark as a sign and token of the heart of selfishness. I wouldn't give one of those innocent little dams of yours for a million of them, but—aye, there's the rub. By the way, will you not, when you have the time and opportunity, explain the real significance of that 'dam' of yours? It sounded to me like a dam discord at first, but I'm a-cuss-tomed to it now."

I don't mind your swearing, but I draw the line at puns. You get off another pun

like that and you will hear something drop. Yes, the \$ limit to love vibrations is like leaden weights on the heels of Mercury. The "real significance" of the dam is to use language that will break up the rant and cant of the hypocrites. I'm sick of gush and mush and goody-goody.

*** "As a metaphysician you hardly have a peer, but can't you see in our present political condition, its lack of harmony, lack of peace on earth and good will among men—a spirit of mammon worship?"

I see that we are still heathenish in our worship and in our thoughts. Every pulpit is an altar to an idol, and all the churches are temples of idolatry. To offer praise and prayer to an invisible God is idolatry, the same as the Joss house of the Chinese. The hymns to Jesus, the bread and wine, the public bowings and kneelings, are as silly as what I saw in the Chinese temple in San Francisco. Heathen customs and heathen ideas have been perpetuated under a new name. Of course it is Mammon, else they would not build such costly churches and spend so much money on their idolatry. I don't care anything about it. Let them go on with the dance. I'm a Christian!

*** "I wish you had been a little more explicit in December CHRISTIAN, where you quote Mrs. Gestefeld as saying that Jesus gives 'obedience unto death.' In fact, Jesus never used any word that is translated obey, obedient, or obedience. His was the doctrine of freedom. The only place in the New Testament where 'obedience unto death' occurs is in Romans vi, 16: 'Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey: whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?' In this it appears that 'obedience unto death' is obedience unto sin—as, for instance, the organization."

Mrs. Gestefeld had reference to the statement of St. Paul, Phil. ii, 8.

*** The dear New Thinkers who are organizing use the words "individual" and "individualist" quite freely, because they are getting to be the most popular words in this modern metaphysical movement. But an individualist and a sect are as far apart as white and black. I'm not writing from spleen. The members and priests of this New Thought sect are all, or nearly all, readers of CHRISTIAN. But CHRISTIAN stands for the individual and must speak out in meeting. There are just about so many thousands of us, and I know nearly every man and woman in this movement. I have had on my list (having had copies of all the other lists) at different times, in the past eight or nine years, the whole outfit with few exceptions. Many of them are restless and ready for a stampede to a new sect or back to the old ones. CHRISTIAN is holding the flag of the Free Spirit on the heights of Individualism.

*** I hope my readers understand that, when I am speaking of the institutions of men, I am not censuring or criticising indi-

viduals. I consider one church as good as another. All these organizations are a part of the unfolding thought of humanity. There are three great pillars at the door of the human Temple of Thought—the Jew, the Greek, and the Roman. "The first shall be last and the last shall be first." The time for the Jew to once more take the lead is at hand. Jesus Christ is not a pope. He is now and forever the King of the Jews. The governor of Jerusalem wrote history, eternal history, when he penned the lines for the inscription above the cross of the Christ: "THIS IS JESUS THE KING OF THE JEWS." He wrote the words in the three languages which have shaped and molded the thoughts of humanity. They tried to get Pilate to change the inscription, but he couldn't, for God wrote it. Jesus is not a priest, preacher, or pope. He is the King of the Jews. Watch! Wait!

*** "Why do you quote from that storehouse of superstition called the Bible?"

Don't be foolish. Truth is truth anywhere and everywhere. The collection of books called the Bible is as much the natural growth of thought as the Rocky mountains are in a material way. There is gold, plenty of it, in these mountains: and there is truth, plenty of it, in the Bible. Every once in a while we find nuggets of pure gold in the mountains and of pure truth in the Bible. Don't get rattled because there is more mica than gold. There is, on my wife's little finger, a signet ring, made from a nugget of pure gold, which I rescued from the dirt with my own fingers. I'm picking nuggets of truth from the Bible every day. Some of this treasure has been overlooked for ages. It is just now, for instance, dawning on the minds of some of us that the personal and practical truths of the Bible have been hidden from the wise in order that babes might play in the gold dust. Don't sniff up your nose because the dirt is not all gold. Get out the "pay dirt" and leave the dump to the donkeys.

*** "Now, Mr. Shelton, there are two things I wish to ask you:

"First—How do you interpret the saying of Christ: 'In my Father's house there are many mansions?' Could it be connected with the theory of reincarnation, as evolving better conditions of life in the successive embodiments on the earth plane, either on this sphere, or on some other? Christ said he did not give all the Truth to his disciples, because they could not bear more then. Therefore, has anything been revealed to you or others that you know of that could bear out the theory of reincarnation in this connection? Or, what does it mean in your mind?"

"Second—Was the fact that Christ chose disciples symbolic of Brotherhood ties on earth? If not, then what was meant by the Brotherhood of Man?"

Many mansions mean many places of residence. It has nothing to do with reincarnation. The disciples understood Jesus to mean places, for he said: "I go to prepare a place for you." This planet is a very small place. There are many other planets where we can go after we leave this little dirt-daubers' nest. Disciple is a pupil or student. Jesus called disciples because he had something to teach.

CHRISTIAN

Christian Healing

By THOMAS J. SHELTON

I.—WHY CHRISTIAN?

Why call it Christian Healing?

Because there isn't any other kind of healing. Everything else has been tried and proved a failure. The whole of humanity is sick in body and mind. They have been sick a long time. The planet is full of graveyards, and the mental atmosphere surrounding the earth is filled with the groans and cries of the sick and suffering.

Every known remedy has been tried over and over again without avail. The race goes on and on, filling the earth with the bodies of the dead and filling the air with lamentations. All alike, young and old, rich and poor, wicked and righteous, are subjects of disease and death. There is no remedy for it, so they say, and yet we go on hoping, else we would all go mad. Reports come of new remedies, and men prick up their ears with attention. Alas! The new remedy fails. Then we wait for news of the next experiment. In the meantime the groans and pains, the sufferings and fears go ceaselessly on in the work of destruction. Everything has been tried—except Christianity. The sovereign remedy for all our ills, even death itself, has never had a fair trial. Its founder and discoverer said it would cure everything. He put to the test. It worked all right in his case, for it cured death. He was healed of the wounds of the cross and a spear thrust in the heart. He was raised from the dead, and is Alive forevermore. Why has not humanity accepted and applied this sovereign remedy for body and mind?

Christianity is unique.

There isn't anything like it in all the history of humanity. It is something personal. It can never be dosed out by the Institution or given into the hands of the government. Men may own the earth and the water and part of the air, but they can never own Christianity. It is the one personal inheritance of the individual which he can not dispose of in any way, even after he rejects it. He can't give it away, vote it away, or sell it. It must be used personally or not at all. No priest can dispense it, and no man or company of men can keep it from the individual who claims it for his own use.

It has no priesthood, prayers or altars. There are no rules, rites, rituals or regulations in Christianity. It never erected an altar or built a church. It has no ordinances and no prayers.

The so-called Lord's Supper was founded on a lesson taught at a common supper, spread for the teacher and his pupils. The mortal mind lost sight of the lesson and made an empty ordinance to enslave the mind. The lesson is a practical and personal application of the science of being; the ordinance is an empty form for the use of the priest in holding his job.

The so-called Lord's Prayer is not a

prayer, but a practical and personal lesson, teaching the uselessness of prayers. "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." You are not taught to pray but to forgive. Prayer and forgiveness are quite different. Prayer is institutional, while forgiveness is personal.

The so-called ordinance of baptism is also a lesson in the science of being, which has been turned into a mere empty form for the sole use of the preacher and priest.

So, my beloved, all the suppers and prayers and baptisms are outside the pale of Christianity. Those things are dead. Christianity is alive. It is the one thing in all the planet that has not been blighted by death. It is a living, breathing force among men ready to be recognized and appropriated. It has never been corrupted, adulterated, or diluted by mortal mind. It is the same Yesterday, To-day and Forever. In all the mutations and transformations of time and chance, Christianity stands alone the one incorruptible, unchangeable and immortal thing on earth. It is the one glorious light which shines on and on forever, in the midst of our mental and moral darkness. As our ears are filled with the din of disease and death, there rises above it all the song of the angels who witnessed the birth of Christianity. Even in the charnel house of death there comes floating on the air the fragrance from the spices in the empty grave of Jesus.

What is Christianity?

It is not found in any of the sects of religion. It is not Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregationalist or Baptist. You will not find it in the younger sects like Christian Science, Mental Science, etc. It is never found in the Institution. The Romans (Italians) were cunning enough to perpetuate their empire on the popularity of Christianity. But the Roman Empire, known as the Roman Catholic Church, is a political institution from its crowned head to its lowest vassal. It is not Christianity. The sects broken off from this Italian Tree do not represent Christianity. They are all more or less social and political institutions seeking for power and place among mortals.

When we speak of Christianity, please do not let your mind run to any or all of the sects in religion. Christianity is not a religion. There is no such thing and there never was any such thing, and there will never be any such thing as the Christian Religion. You have heard of the Christian Religion all your life and yet you have heard of something that never was, and, in the very nature of things, never can be.

Religion is a system of worship. Christianity has no such system. As well talk about the sun having a system of shining. Christians pray without prayers, and worship without rites. Real prayer is prayerless and genuine worship is formless. Christianity will not have anything less than the Real Thing. Christianity has no shams, no forms, and not a single hypocrite.

Christianity is not a sect. It is not a

church. It is not a religion. It is not an institution. Christianity is not a Scripture, a Bible, a book, a literature. It is not a creed, a belief, or a confession of faith. Christianity is not founded on the sayings of Jesus. Many of the sayings of Jesus were those of a Jew, and are no part of Christianity. You may gather up all the sayings of the wise ones and print them in a book and bind in Levant and you will not have Christianity. You may take a photograph of the sun and frame it in solid gold, but it will not give forth a single ray of light. The picture may be excellent—but only the sun shines.

You may gather all the wise men of the East and all the Spiritualists of the West. You may have telepathy, slate-writing, voices, visions and revelations galore, but you will not have Christianity. All the treatments, absent and present, of all the healers on earth will not bring you Christianity. Christianity has nothing to do with the folly of the foolish or the wisdom of the wise. It is something entirely separated from mortal mind and its thinking. In fact, mortal mind has never thought of Christianity. How can carnal mind think of the spiritual? As soon as carnal mind begins to think of the spiritual it thinks wrong about the right. It thinks the spiritual is the "baseless fabric of a dream," a something immaterial and airy. But the spiritual is pure flesh, pure blood, the very substance of the materiality of the universe.

The mortal mind has misunderstood the Christ and misinterpreted the Spirit. They have filled the world with the idea that the more spiritual are monks and nuns, whereas the Truth teaches the opposite. The spiritual are those who are in accord and in tune with the vibrations of nature. Spirit is nature; therefore, to be spiritual is to be natural.

What a strange man is this Christian? He prays without prayers and worships without a system. He has no father, mother, wife or children; and yet he has all fathers, all mothers, all wives and all children. Having found his mate he understands the unity of being. There is only one woman, and she is his wife. There is only one man and he is the husband of his wife. There is only one child and he is its father. See! But maybe you do not see how the fatherhood of the fathers, and the motherhood of the mothers, and the wifehood of the wives, can be universal and individual at the same time. It is the unity of being and belongs to the sun of Christianity. You have your own and yet your own is the whole of being. How, then, can you coop it up in a sect or system?

Christianity is Health.

Corporations have no souls. Institutions have no bodies. Therefore the health is the health of the individual. It is your health, it is my health. It is the resurrection of my mind and the regeneration of my body. It is a personal matter. There isn't anything in Christianity which requires the presence or help of a second person. When I say this, it is with the distinct understanding that a man and his mate are not two, but one. No

one outside of your own Kingdom is essential to you in the observance and enjoyment of Christianity. At the same time remember there is really no one outside, for all are one in the unity of being. What I wish to teach is that no priest, preacher, altar, church or ruler is essential to you in accepting and enjoying Christianity.

There is no other kind of healing, or even the promise of healing. Go the rounds of all the sects and cure-alls and ask for healing. They have not a single thing to offer. The religious sects will offer you forgiveness of sins and salvation in the subjective, but not one word about healing you and saving you here and now. Think of it! In all human thought there is no promise of present relief, only a vague dream of something in the sweet bye and bye. Theosophy tells you that death is inevitable, and, after a while, millions and millions of years hence, you may get out of your prison and escape from sin, sickness and death. Spiritualism tells you that you will flit about as a ghost.

Christianity is the renunciation of the subjective.

You must judge Christianity by what the Christ did more than by what he said. Spirit of Truth is not much of a talker. Christ is the Spirit of Truth. Christ does things. He made the lame man a better leg. He told the paralytic to arise and walk. Jesus never wore the garb of a priest. Christ never owned a red hat. He was not around forgiving sins. The pharisees wanted him to be religious and, as a sly piece of humor, he forgave a palsied man's sins. They flew into a rage and called it blasphemy, because, as they said, no one but God could forgive sins. So the Christ showed them his credentials by giving the palsied man a brand new body. He didn't tell the man to be good, but to be alive. There was not the slightest hint to the blind that their blindness was an aid to piety. He opened their eyes that they might see the sun to-day. Every act of Christ was a protest against the subjective. He called men out in the open and bade them enter into the Joy of Living here and now. Christianity is the voice of God in the objective. Sinners sneak away and hide from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power. Christ forgives sins and then calls the dead out of their graves. Let the Christ of you forgive your sins and then come out of your hole in the subjective and get fresh air and sunshine. The objective is the only place where man is operative. The subjective is no place for the activity of man. The sphere of the individual is always and forever in the objective. Christ is the King of your kingdom, not a spirit hidden away in the invisible. And your kingdom, let me repeat, is the objective world of materiality. You are the sovereign of pure flesh, warm blood, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks. There are no ghosts in Christianity.

"Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a ghost hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have. And when he had thus spoken, he showed them

his hands and his feet. And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, he said unto them: Have ye any meat? And they gave him a piece of broiled fish, and of a honeycomb. And he took it and did eat before them."

There is nothing ghostly in that kind of a man. It was characteristic of the whole work of the Christ in Jesus. The religious institutions have caricatured the Christ. You had as well judge a political candidate by the cartoons of the campaign as to judge Christ and Christianity by the Church.

Christianity is the Word made flesh.

"Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God." All the others are liars. Christianity comes to do away with visions and dreams. It came when the world was full of ghost stories. The voice of the Truth was to make manifest in the flesh. "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life." That is the way to talk it! No moonshine in that statement. The moonshine came later, when the Italians began holding councils and conventions. They turned the tide into the institution and so perpetuated the Roman Empire. The cunning Italians are still making the whole world pay tribute to Rome. There never has been such a blight, such a hypnotism of humanity, as this same Italian institution has caused. They deal with the bones of the dead, while Christianity has to do with Life. They appeal to darkness and superstition, while Christianity is clearness and light. This institution of the Italians governs by fear, while Christianity is continually saying, "Fear not." All efforts of Protestants to awake from this hypnotic sleep have resulted in a weak imitation of Romanism. All you get from the Protestant is a little quiet corner in which to continue your hypnotic slumber. Your spiritual adviser may not sprinkle you with holy water, but he will console you with a promise of salvation in another and better world. There is no better world than this one, and no time better than this time, and no better life than this life. Christianity offers you salvation, now and here, for body and soul.

Christianity cures death.

It is the only voice on earth which offers an absolute cure for death. This promise is made not only to the living, but to those already dead. So, if you are to die to-morrow, I offer you Christianity as a remedy for the death that awaits you. It is very plain on this point: "I AM the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Christ immediately made a practical application of these words by calling a man out of the grave. Christ was not surprised that the dead should hear his voice and come forth. "Loose him and let him go." These words broke the awful silence, and made the raising of the dead seem a natural thing to do, for nature is life, and life is everlasting. Christianity had to do with the objective man. It has to do with my legs and arms, my heart and lungs, my liver and stomach.

my eyes and ears, my blood and nerves and brain. It is the word of life in my flesh. Christianity is Christ. Don't look at the words in a book. Look at the man! Look at his works. Watch him do things. All his fine sayings would have been as shifting sand if he had not cured death by rising from the dead.

Did he do it?

Certainly! How else could he still abide in the earth as the Living Presence? Dead men fade away, and cease to exercise an influence over the living. You may talk of the shades, the ghosts of other men, but no one so speaks or thinks of Jesus Christ. "I AM he who was dead, and am alive forever more, the Living One." So we look for Christianity as a manifestation in the individual. This individual, in whom the Christ manifests, will never found a sect or become the leader of men. "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you." How can the Comforter, who is your own I AM, come to you while you are wrapped up in some other man's divinity? It is expedient that your kingdom should be your own. The Spirit of Truth is for you. The Word of Life is for your own flesh.

Christianity then offers you the only healing. Christian healing is the only kind of cure that really claims to do the work. It offers healing, not only for all kinds of sickness, but for old age and death. It is life everlasting here and now. There is no putting it off for some future elysian in another world. You are to enter once into regeneration and the joy of living.

Why hasn't humanity accepted Christianity? The Romans have not yet finished the work of crucifying the Christ. Christianity is the Truth. "What is Truth?" asked the Italian governor, and, without waiting for an answer, he ordered the soldiers to crucify the Christ. The work has not yet been accomplished. Romans are still guarding the grave of the crucified Christ. The burning candles are still casting their sepulchral light, and the priests keep on eating the flesh and drinking the blood of Jesus. "But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." Jesus Christ has been in the hands of the Romans nearly two days. On the third day he will rise from the dead. Christianity will come forth from the tomb of idolatry and superstition, and become what it is, the Science of Being. Christianity is the Christ in you. It is not religion, creeds, faiths, or even morals. It is Life! Life! Life everlasting!

Christianity is in nature. It is an unfolding of mankind. The seed planted in the human mind by Spirit is bringing forth the fruit of the Spirit in Christianity. I AM the First and the Last, the Beginning and the Consummation. Man is a God, the Son of Spirit, and must come into his Divine Inheritance.

Christian Healing

By GEORGE EDWIN BURNELL

I.—QUICKENING PURITY.

Health is a vision. It is the gift of God to see the real body. Spirit gives to the pure to see all things as they are—even flesh. The ignorant never see anything as it is; only the wise see things as they really are. Of course the true flesh is well and sound. The pure have not left us without a report of what the actual body is. Sickness is a lie. The liar is ignorance. The only destroyer of lies and ignorance is knowledge. Pure and living truth is the only knowledge.

The body, which the children of light see, is perfect. Whoever has to deal with any other sort of flesh is in "mean sleep," as Walt Whitman sings. You can awaken, or be awakened, from any ailment. This is your cure. Swedenborg had it proved to him that every ill can be wrought in flesh and erased from flesh instantly. (A. C., 5713.)

It is because of the unreality of disease that no change of substance in the body is required to heal it. Substance is truth, and unchangeable. If there were diseases in substance they would be incurable. But disease is not true. The pure mind perceives this, and so is a great medicine.

It is widely admitted that the bulk of ills is imaginative. The way fear can work one into a sickness shows the nature of very much physical woe. But the extraordinarily wise men and women of the race extend the range of imaginative troubles too far for the rest of the less enlightened to believe. It seems stretching the figure to call all misery hypnotic. But the vision of these seers will not let them repudiate one jot from their report that the real body is perfect.

Nothing but the understanding of truth can heal the sick. All other kinds of medicine are mere patches on old clothes. Even mental treatment is a delusion and a snare, unless the mind that does the healing is enlightened. The mind that is in the dark about the true vision can not heal the sick, and their mental tinkering is dangerous. It hurts not only the patient, but the practitioner also.

The errors of unwisdom can not be repaired; let error be eradicated. Errors are shadows and quicksand—no wise man builds on them; he could not if he would. If ills were not errors they would be incurable. How glad we ought to be that all bodily imperfection is shadow and unsubstantial.

A certain crudeness seems good for healing. The right name for this crudity is honesty. It is not the bad grammar nor the blunt ways that heal; nor was it the swearing of the New Haven blacksmith that heaped up the crutches and trusses around his shop. The people dreaded to go there, but love of health drove them in crowds; his oaths shocked them, and he was never let into their set, but he healed rich and poor alike. Not his oaths, not his bold syntax, not his burly arms, but the truth that dis-

ease is a coward and very timid of strange ways.

Vision proves that there is but one cosmic stuff. One substance can not be mixed. This means purity. There can be no strange essence in the body. The notion that foreign forms of substance get into the flesh starts up a fight. Like the lady that nearly died because she thought she had swallowed her false teeth; they found them in the bed just in time to save her.

Jalel drank poison as freely and harmlessly as water. His love of the truth set his mind free from slavery to the error of impurity. Jesus told his students that they ought to be able to drink any deadly thing and be safe from the bites of noxious snakes. The error of impurity sets the flesh on edge, and it is ready to pick a fuss with the least thing. So folks get spleeny and nervous over nothing, and even noble water poisons them because of the fear in their blood and nerves. The medicine men have an ailment which they call water-poison. It is caused by getting wet in the hot sun; it seems to be a sort of sunburn and drowning, and its penalty under the old law is three to six weeks of dire pain in bed. The adage that one man's poison may be another's food might serve to hint to the watchful that sickness is unreal and subject to annihilation by truth.

Squeamishness is a sign of impurity. It is unhealthy, and must be dealt with with the high hand of truth. Some dread to sleep in strange beds; some fear certain foods; some have an antipathy to particular people; some have superstitions about the way their bed heads; some fancy silk or linen next their skin; some must sleep with the window open or shut, or over glass insulators; some spurn meat, or wine, or salt, or potatoes, or bread, or fruit, or nuts, or fat. Purity destroys all this fastidiousness, and heals the body against the harm of the elements.

The claim was made that Christian miracles were genuine, because they consisted so much in healing instead of works of mere wanton wonder. This blow was to squelch papal and heathen brands of Charismata; but nowadays the *gens d'eglise* feel a bit outwitted by the fact that the gift of healing has become as plebian as the ballot. And this is the way it was in the birthday of the Christian system. Then, as now, healing was the credential of right to the name; not the only credential, indeed, but authority.

The slave Proculus healed the Roman Emperor Septimus Severus (A. D. 193-211), who forgot it long enough to behead the father of the great churchman and scholar, Origen. Health easily forgets sickness, because substance never remembers shadows.

But Origen had great revenge for the crime against his father and his religion. This retribution came in the form of a heathen student and devotee. When he came as a student to the divine Christian school of Origen his name was Theodosius; but the early Christians were radical and such shakers of shadows that they shelled folks out of their worlds of ignorance, and put them into brand new ones. This reached so deeply into the personality that they soon found that they had not been the persons at all they had imagined, so it came natural enough to change their names; and the deep, pure, classical, learned eyes of Origen discerned the true person and name of the crude

and brawny stripling from Neocaesarea. Origen foretold that he would always be called Gregory Thaumaturgus.

He had studied law with his brother Athenodorus, but he felt the fences against his fierce soul, and broke into open revolt. This is the subjective event which Henrik Ibsen calls the "main thing for the human race." It was so in the case of Gregory, for the first thing he knew he was under the spell of the white fire of illumined Origen, and a terrible arm against error was lifted up in this wonder-working boy.

But the purity of truth did it all. It is rare wisdom to know the nature of pure-mindedness. Religion at its best is a very vigorous affair, and when it steps into any department of human experience it is sure to domineer over all. This is its program in the domain of medicines. It is in to stay and to clean everything else cut. It will be in vain to go against it, and foolish, as well as fatal, to resist. Those who will not be healed by this pure truth are dead now. No option, no quarter: the champion has again drawn his sword.

This were a black outlook if ignorance were immortal, as some say. But truth is easy. What a strange superstition to think truth a hard nut to crack; not so tense, not so strained in your gaze, but cast an easy glance about you and within you; try your feet on naked intuition, and get bold to believe in yourself as you are. This is purity, to neglect the complex and wallow in simplicity.

Religion, health, life, love, beauty, all kinde and fire from purity of mind. Not panics of vigilant cleaning; not tantrums of mystic compunction; but kinship with all, vast scopes and swells of dear comradeship and sympathy.

Foulness is not afraid of washing, but of insight. This is because ethics dwells in dust, and dirt is healing, as even animals know. More than that, vileness is imaginary, and nothing else. Soap is a jailer, and purity is freedom. It is much to see such things as this, and it is heaven to have them work in your blood and nerves. But you can not fight shadows with mops, nor ignorance with bath-tubs. Purity is a revolution of the mind against the need of purifications.

The mind gets at the princely fact of purity by yielding heartily to one of the stock institutions of our soul, namely that there can be but one only substance; the argument is, that without two substances at least there can be no mixtures; we are told by the lamps of our race that a good, sound, clear insight of this modest looking argument will enable the seer of it to heal as many sick folks as he pleases; these lights of the world refuse to excuse any of us from mastering this argument, which they tell us is a very jack-screw of perception; the reason they give for holding everyone to the conquest of the spirit of this argument is because it is a cosmic fact that all of us are able to scale this modest mountain in the path of truth.

Just what we mean by an argument may be helpful to you at this fork in the road; such an arrangement of words as to force the mind to function is an argument; words that merely slip over the mind, as a loose belt over a pulley, do not coerce the consciousness to perceive; the words must cog

into the grooves of native meanings, which are the constitution of the soul; the word that reaches the true nature of the being is god and master over the meaning it has set forth to demonstrate; and the argument enjoined above is able to function the vision of purity.

The mind is sure to stay restless until unity is seen; let me recite to you the whole argument, the very tap-root of health; make up your mind to put on the wedding garment of metaphysics:

*Truth means that which is so,
That which is so plus what is not so equals all,*

*That which is not does not exist;
Therefore, what is not may and must be cancelled;*

Hence, what is so is and must be all there is.

*So there is nothing besides the all
To mix with it to alter its unity and purity.*

The day of fine scorn for mere words is quite over, and metaphysics is the divine art of pure reasoning, drilling and marshalling raw words for a far more profound and desperate attack upon error than the world has ever seen; we are trying to get strength enough into our twilight eyes to face the glare of a day now dawning when the crude and bloody, the cruel and animal and demoniacal methods of medicine must vanish like specters; this radiant era of mental medicine shows that words of health shine like stars.

It has long been known and told by the seers that anyone who would take the trouble to do so could be healthy and wealthy and free by the right use of mere words, and it is marvelous to the wise how long folks, in the face of such a glad and true message, will put up with pain and poverty and chains, and even make a virtue of their stupid patience.

The spirit of truth brings out in the mind all that is true and natural and intuitive; hence a quickening purity marks the rise and progress of sound spiritual experience, inasmuch as the intuition of unity is set aglow; the illumined teacher would harbor misgivings concerning that candidate for divine insight in whom there did not appear a sturdy and involuntary purity.

The surest sign of this self-active purity is a lively sense of the miraculous, for this cleansing energy overleaps at once the old law of cause and effect, making plain the practice and meaning of transubstantiation.

Health is purity, and purity is one substance, which is the very living and intense virtue of existence; so that there is a spontaneous washing known to the illumined, and on this account they are supernaturally clean, quite without manipulation and unguents. It is settled that no impure thing may take form in the flesh of the wise. No organ can cease its functions, or lag behind, throwing out the balance.

The very notion of impurity is absurd. Why should there be any such thing as impurity? It is a mere comparison and relative. There is no purpose it need serve. Those who have accounted for impurity and allowed it some kosmic value are led into this by-path in the vain hope that they may satisfy their senses at the expense of their reason and intuition. But once the quickening strength of spirit raises from the grave of their ignorance-drugged minds, those eternal intuitions, there is no more yielding to the senses of delusion, but such wonderful transmutation of the senses takes place that the whole world is made over new.

The kindling of the intuitions quite makes up our mind to the miraculous; we find ourselves children all over again, not only in the mental sense, but also in the flesh; as in the case of a man well known to all our towns-people, who had been for long and long a very nest of ailments, among which was lung-consumption; he used to go about with newspapers lined between him and his clothes for warmth against the wind; but one day the illumination came and his ills went like magic. There is every reason to tell you, whoever you are, that you may shed the load of sickness and put on a new flesh, fused with a pure, clean, wholesome mind. Above all things, do not let doubts about miracles drag away your hope of health, for though you were buried in the grave, you have no right to fear or to think that you could not be brought to life. Notwithstanding the notable instance noted above, in which the elderly man's flesh became like a child's, still few, if any, were awakened by it, so deep is the sleep of matter and so tense the dreaming thereof.

It were quite in vain to preach an insurrection against soap and wash-tubs, unless there be the well of living waters to spring up within. Health is the vision of this well. Institutions do not have visions; only individuals. Organizations perish of popular perception. There is no church but the human body. The church is a personal man or woman of vision. This body is perfect flesh. It is eternal and immortal flesh.

There is an answer to the riddle of the sphinx; it is man; it is woman; society has no excuse but this; institutions must be crucified upon the human being, the very personality. The eye of the seer looks and looks until the perfect person is seen. The early and late Christians saw this full-fledged person, and that sight made them all healers.

Mrs. Eddy prophesied that her message could not stand organizing, and it is plain that she was right. She confessed to fear of "what has been, and must be, the final outcome of material organization, which wars with Love's spiritual contact." She dwells upon the "peril of organization that retards spiritual growth and should be laid off" "in order to gain spiritual freedom and supremacy." We see this warning verified by the loss of the healing power and the hawking of the same string of stock cases and the steady increase of factional friction, to say nothing of the phenomenal uprush of "malicious mental malpractice" which thrives like the green bay tree in that sect.

Purity annihilates all association. What else could you expect of unity? The pure body is unity. Health is unity. Health consists in knowing that the only body permitted to exist is the perfect human body, and that any other place of worship is marked for destruction. No other organization than the human body is allowed to abide in the divine mind; everything else must be torn down as staging. This is the house not made with hands and eternal in the heavens. The perfect flesh is the tabernacle of vision, which Jesus showed transfigured with health—rosy and robust health.

Purity is strength, vigor, courage, aggression. As the poet says:

*"His strength is as the strength of ten,
Because his heart is pure."*

These two lines are enough to prove illumination against the poet. It is the knight of purity and strength you are constituted

to be; it is the mighty Sir Galahad you now really are; the poet appeals to your pure mind; there is the son of Elaine and Sir Launcelot lurking in you; it is your vision of your perfect body of health and thaumaturgy; the ark of your contract with power and peace and immunity; the poet lets out to you the secret that you are to win the Sangrail, which means physical immortality.

The perfect personal human being; that is health; that is the vision which poured into Job's mind; it made him see a person of wonder; he saw him commanding the waves and rivers and seas, so he sang forth his poem-vision:

*"Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further;
And here shall the pride of thy waves be stayed." (xxxviii:11.)*

Jesus touched this goal one dark night on Galilee. Fridian was one of the early Christians in whom the vision blossomed; the river Auser, in Lucca, drew back in awe before his word; maybe the Missouri and Mississippi rivers around St. Louis would have stopped their murdering if a person of vision had spoken.

The boy of Origen's kindling drove back the angry river Lycus with his staff; then, too, Hilarion was sailing from Dalmatia when pirates chased them, but the seer stretched out his arm and ordered their ship to take them away and it did. Hincmar tells us how the vision man Remi chased a violent fire out of Reims by calling to it with a loud voice.

Sabinus said, with a strong voice, to the overflowing and mad river Po: "I, Sabinus, command thee to return at once to thy proper bed." and his word was obeyed.

One seer by the name of Vijnana Bhikshu (he called himself by this name after the vision came, and it was his way of saying that he was a Devotee-of-the-Power-of-Knowledge) describes the perfect body thus: "Bodily excellence consists in beauty, freshness, and toughness of the body. Indestructibility by the properties of the elements consists in the fact that the properties of earth, etc., in the shape of solidity and the like, do not offer any obstacles in the way of the seer's body. The earth does not bind the functions of the body by means of its solidity; and, consequently, the flesh body of the seer is able to move through the body of a mountain, or live inside a stone. (Here let us remember Thecla, the early Christian, and Merlin, the foe of the institutionalized church.) Similarly, the water, by its liquidity, does not wet the body. The mobile wind does not move it. The hot fire does not burn it. And, lastly, uncovering space, too, covers his body, so that at his will he becomes invisible, even to men of great occult powers." Thus goes the vision of Vijnana Bhikshu, the Devotee of the Power of Wisdom.

Health is a vision which comes only to the pure, because they see the body of flesh as it is. Just as a person may look at a rope, and tremble as if seeing a serpent, so the unwise and unillumined may look at the real body and shake with fear and pain. Just as an undiscerning person may look at a stump in the twilight at the edge of the woods, and see a bear, so one may see in his own body what is not there at all. No one sees his own body until he has the understanding of truth. Purity gives true vision, which is health. This sets free from your own personal magnetism and the physical influence of others. These two are shadows on the stump, and light reduces them to nothing.

The pure mind destroys the physical inhibitions; then comes clairvoyance, cheerfulness, the unwavering look, docility of the five senses, and kosmic communion. All these are but the normal state of the real body of flesh as seen by the pure in heart. No wonder the pure in heart are said to see God.

Circle of Christians

This Circle of Christians is composed of the Elect Few held together by the Free Spirit while seeking for Health, Happiness, and Prosperity.

Daily treatments are given to each member in the Silence of Spirit.

Instructions are given by letter. Each member is entitled to all the books and other literature published from this Centre, to the full amount of money paid for membership. The design is to make Christian Healing absolutely free.

Christians are seeking for a full unfoldment of Being. This can only be found in the Free Spirit of the Individual. There is a resurrection from the dead, a regeneration of the body, and life everlasting here and now.

In joining this circle you must come of your own free will and accord. You can leave it whenever you get ready without a word of explanation. Your name will be enrolled and called every day in the Healing Room while giving you mental treatments.

The Word of Truth will be spoken in the Silence for the Health of your body, the Happiness of your mind, and the Prosperity of your purse.

The membership fee is one dollar a month, or ten dollars a year.

You may pay your annual membership fee and receive daily attention for a year, without further correspondence; or you may make monthly reports just as you choose. This money is not intended as pay for healing; there are no dollar limitations to our love vibrations. The money is to pay for publishing the Truth.

THOMAS J. SHELTON
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