



Christian

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

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Regeneration of the Body by the Resurrection of the Mind

ITEMS AND IDEAS.

*** Authority!

*** This is the Keynote.

*** April is the first month of the solar year.

*** Let us begin by exercising authority over environment.

*** Not mere talk, but genuine dominion and power of the Spirit.

*** I AM your agent, so cast all your cares on me and be careless.

*** I mean it and you can take me at my Word and unload everything undesirable on me.

*** I gave you this Word to dump in December and have waited four months to see how it would work.

*** It has caused a revolution in my work, and is working wonders for the people who accept the proposition. It was to me, at first, a foolish thought, but the foolishness of God is wiser than men.

*** All of us want something to do, some handle by which we can hold on to the invisible. I gave you the handle by telling you to make me the scapegoat, the dumping ground for all your cares and troubles.

*** The proposition re-stated is this: Send me all of your cares and burdens, sins and sorrows, sickness and poverty, and exchange these for health, happiness and prosperity. I don't want your undesirable things, but I AM your agent for their destruction.

*** Many of you hang on to these miserable possessions because you hate to give them to me. Don't hesitate about it, but unload and bury me beneath the debris. If I am blaspheming let me take all your diseases and your poverty and die the death. If I AM that I AM none of these things will hurt me.

*** I have never flourished as I am flourishing now, and so the experiment has proved a mutual blessing. I am vibrant with health, overflowing with happiness and have all the prosperity I need. So, my beloved Christians, come on with your rubbish of mind and body.

*** You may rest assured that the I AM signed to my letters is not blasphemy. I heal as one having authority. I know my business. I'm onto my job. It has been sixteen years of unloading on my part, but I AM now as free as the wind. There is no burden on my mind and no pack on my back. I am Mercury, the swift messenger of Jehovah.

*** I want you to have authority over your own flesh. I want your heart and lungs, your liver and limbs, your passions and appetites under the dominion of your own mind. In seeking freedom for myself I declare you to be free from me and all others. It is the mental miracle of mind over matter. I go before you into Galilee, but you must meet me at our trysting place.

*** O love of Love! How wonderful is Freedom! I send you joy. Joy of life, the joy of living in personal freedom. How can you be free while mortal misery grips you with pain and holds you in the bondage of sin? I forgive your sins! In truth, I wash away all your transgressions. I command you to rise up and walk. Lift up your head and walk erect as a son of the gods, aye, as one of the gods.

*** Dowie is dead! Let him go in peace, for he must return and learn obedience. No man can keep his authority and make it permanent until he first learns obedience by suffering. And a man must never exercise authority over his fellows. It will pierce him through with many sorrows and destroy his body. The universe could not permit it. Napoleons die in prison and Caesars are assassinated. Escape death by exercising authority over your own environment, which is your body, and leave others the same glorious liberty.

*** This page is vibrant with freedom and it is wet with the tears of joy. O Christians, the long night is past and the dawn of the new day is at hand. I can see the sunlight flashing on the tops of the mountains! At last I know the truth and the truth has set me free. Get into the vibrations! Don't be afraid of anything, for everything helps. Nothing has done more to help me to freedom than the very serpent of which men are so afraid. His majesty the Snake is an eyeopener. He told the Woman the truth: "Then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Both statements are true when taken together. We have been looking at one side of the shield.

*** Life is the serpent and it is life and death. It is the old birth and the new birth, the A and the Z of existence. You can't live until your eyes are opened and you become as gods, knowing good and evil. Did you think that the gods created a liar and put him in the midst of the garden of Eden to tempt the Man and the Woman and so subvert the very object of creation? That is religion. It is not science. When I found myself my eyes were opened to the

majesty of life and I AM becoming a god, knowing both sides of truth. O paradise, paradise! The gods didn't make any mistake. Creation is not an accident. It is a miracle of mind and all you need is to see, to have your eyes opened.

*** Life is also death, but life can not destroy death until your eyes are opened. The story of Eden is the pictorial description of births and deaths, that glorious process by which we become minds. Your mental birth could not take place without disease and death. As the mind opens into the objective world it becomes insane, but insanity is essential to sanity. There is travail and pain in mental birth. The joy among the angels is over a new mind born into the universe while we rejoice over the birth of a new body. Then our sorrow comes at what we call death, but that is only another stage in mental birth. It takes many births and deaths for a mind to be born; the joy of the angels is an everlasting joy. God is one in principle, but many in person. The birth of a mind does not add anything to the principle, but one more person has gained eternal life.

*** In this issue all business and personal matters, except on last page, are eliminated. It is as if you wrote it for yourself, and I want you to read it as an individual ready to know the truth in your own mind and body. You must be born alone. There is no book that can help you unless it is in you. The key to the Bible is the serpent and the sun, your flesh and your mind. In your flesh there are vibratory movements like the movements of a serpent, and in your mind is the light of the sun. At first the serpent is dominant and you die because you do not know how to control the vibrations. By births and deaths your eyes are gradually opened to the nature of the vibrations and you take your place with the gods. At first I saw the sun, but the serpent was hidden from my vision. Since the birth of the new mind I see the serpent coiled around my head as a crown of life. At last life is mine, and I am free from bondage. There is good and evil, but the evil is for your good, a factor in unfoldment. To understand is to solve the psychic riddle and enter into paradise—the place of peace and rest. It is the time of the Resurrection and the minds of men are coming into the sanity of Spirit. It is brain and nerve exhaustion that you should avoid. Leave results to the Spirit, for you can not create conditions. Spirit is the Creator.

EYE TO EYE.

*** Who is who?

*** It is hard to tell.

*** Mark Twain says that Mrs. Eddy isn't.

*** McClure said that Mrs. Eddy had tantrums.

*** That was a good sign until Mrs. Eddy denied it.

*** A girl who has tantrums is apt to have brains and gumption.

*** Some are loudmouthed in saying that Quimby is the Who and the It.

*** But alas and alack Quimby is dead, in spite of his mental science.

*** Dead men are not Who and skeletons are not It—even ghosts are ruled out.

*** The Jews raved at Jesus Christ about the fathers until he reminded them that the fathers were dead.

*** Only the living are It, and to prove it Mrs. Eddy told the reporters she was in sound health; but the reporters said she was old and deaf and ready to die.

*** The followers of Mrs. Eddy recognized that only Life and Health are It, so they rushed forward with affidavits to prove that Mrs. Eddy was alive and well.

*** The affidavit made me doubt. When you see an affidavit declaring that I have grown hair on my bald head, look out for a wig. Truth has said, "Swear not at all."

*** The age and the hour is skeptical and doubtful about the dead and the living. It will take a miracle to restore faith and give confidence. "When the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith on the earth?"

*** The question is nineteen hundred years old and was asked by Jesus Christ. I don't know whether the Son of Man will find faith on the earth or not. I do know that it will take a miracle to produce it. Can we work miracles?

*** Materialists have been shouting at the tops of their voices that miracles do not happen, and so the people have lost faith. Miracles are essential to faith, and faith is essential to miracles. What are we going to do about it? You can't have one without the other.

*** Jesus went into his childhood home and couldn't do any mighty works because of their unbelief. No faith, no miracle. The mighty works of the mighty worker are worthless without faith in the ones who are recipients. Miracles have ceased, say even the orthodox preachers. Then good-bye, gentlemen, to your religion. It isn't worth damning.

*** They tell us that miracles are impossible and that everything is governed by natural law. Is disease according to natural law? Then God pity Nature and may it be destroyed as soon as possible. Is death natural? Then damn Nature and dam up the way of life. Drowning is natural—unless you can swim! Is swimming unnatural and does it controvert nature's laws?

*** Swimming is a miracle; therefore, miracles do happen. Flying is natural—just

as natural as swimming if we knew how to do it. Yet, if any one were to fly through the air like one swims in the water, without any material support, it would be called a miracle. I have done it many a time in my dreams, and some day I will move through air when wide awake. It is only a question of consciousness, and "consciousness" is the correct translation of the Greek word which we call faith.

*** Faith, then—real faith—is founded on knowledge, for consciousness is divine knowledge. Miracles are said to be the higher law, but that is not right. There is no law about it. Law is a rule of action. Spirit is universal Consciousness and Spirit is not governed by rules. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." Jesus did not act by rule of law. He had compassion on those whom he healed. The diseased and the dying and the dead were all around Jesus Christ, but he waited for compassion in himself and faith in the patient before acting.

*** What kind of a universe are you looking at, my friend? Is it a mechanical thing, wound up like your watch? That is the kind of world the lawmakers are seeking, where everything is done by law and everybody is on a dead level of rules and regulations. The government owns everything and everybody wears stripes. I prefer anarchy or nihilism which blows everything up with dynamite and depopulates a mortal world. Everything is according to natural law! There are no miracles! Such sayings are silly and sinful. The result of such thought is seen in the constant peril of human life. Railroads and ships are not safe. Life is not safe for a minute in such a world. Accidents are all the time happening in a world where miracles do not happen. And yet accidents are impossible in the real world of real mind. There are no accidents to the individual governed by the divine mind. God is above mechanical law.

*** Did you hear me say it? The individual who has set up a kingdom within himself is independent of natural law, or any other kind of law. He performs miracles every hour, for he lives and moves in a world of certainty, and yet is in an environment of accidents and errors. If miracles did not happen to him there would be no peace, for any minute might bring destruction. Pick up your daily paper and read of accidents, disasters, destruction on every hand. Men are making a world of doubt and destruction by denying miracles. They see no power except in the objective. In their thought man himself is an accident. What can you expect but railroad smash-ups and shipwrecks? They are running by law, and law is hell. It has always been hell, and will never be anything else. Look out, there!

*** It keeps everybody on the jump. This world of law is rampant with death and the devil at every corner. Look out! Men go right on filling the air (of their minds) full of microbes and the water with bacteria. Look out! Your blood is filled with enemies. Your skin holds millions of

mites ready to eat you alive. Look out! You will be run over by an automobile, wrecked in a train, drowned from a ship, or die in your bed of appendicitis. No wonder nerves are worn to a frazzle. How can a fellow keep dodging all the time without getting nervous? And yet there is not one bit of danger to the outlaw, the man in whom miracles happen. He is immune. The illuminated individual is lord of the land and the water. No accidents ever happen where miracles happen.

*** Did I not send my wife to the St. Louis World's Fair and see her safely there and back? Did I not refuse to send her on that train which was utterly destroyed in the awful wreck? Did I not see her train leave Denver and watch it all the way until it entered San Francisco with her and the baby on board? This was seen in vision the night before she started. If there had been a wreck, wouldn't I have seen it and kept her at home? You all remember me telling you about it. In my world there are no accidents. And yet we go on in a world of accidents. You regulate yourself and leave others the liberty to live in their world of chance. For this mortal world is a world of time and chance. It is hit or miss. Maybe you will and maybe you won't.

*** Lest you think I am boasting, let me say that I do not regulate everything in my environment. On the contrary, many things go wrong and I do not try to dominate the minds of my associates. In seeking "the perfect law of liberty" you must leave others free, even when you know they are going to the devil. It is the only way. Even in sin there is liberty, and the sinner is often on the direct road to freedom. The sinners of the world are the saviors of the world. The knowledge I have of truth was gained by violating law. I picked up the Ten Commandments and smashed them before I began to see that I was a law unto myself and that I couldn't smash myself. I will yet regulate all of my own personal environment. I see the way and am practicing it day by day. I am lord of my own being.

*** I have been performing mental miracles for many years, and would now be in full possession of my powers if I had not fooled away so much of my time with other fellows. You can never do anything by proxy. There is not a prophet on earth or in heaven who can govern your kingdom. If you don't set up your own kingdom no one else can set it up. I can teach you the truth, but that is all. And I can't even tell you the truth unless you open your own ears. I can lead you to the water, but I can't make you drink. And I can't pour the water of divine mind into you with a funnel. God can't perform that miracle. Set up your own kingdom or live in a world of chance. I don't mean the kingdom of Jesus Christ. I mean the kingdom of John Smith, or whatever your name may be.

*** You often hear the religionist mouthing the expression, "In His Name," and writing it in capitals. They have gone to sleep saying that you must do everything

in the name of Jesus Christ. I tried it. It would not work. It may have worked in the past, but I doubt it. If anybody ever did any miracle in the name of Jesus Christ it was a kind of hypnotism and soon wore itself out. There came to me in thunder tones the words, "I AM T. J. Shelton," and then I knew that I was Adam's son and equal with my father. Whatever power God has given to Adam Christ he has given to Shelton Christ and all the Christians. Set up your own kingdom! Don't be afraid. The world, the flesh, the devil and the church are in the world of chance. Live in your own divinity.

*** Learn to swim and you will be in the swim. In swimming you master the waves and ride the water. In the mental swim the waters are thoughts, and the most of those thoughts are stagnant. The thought that miracles do not happen has filled the world with accidents and done away with the providence of God and the prayer of faith. The thought that the world can be run without miracles and by the law of evolution has made men despair and turn from mind to matter. The thought that men can be saved by legislation, and without intervention of Spirit, has filled the world full of quacks who are shouting schemes of redemption. Such thoughts will drown your mind in the muddle of mortal mentality. Learn to swim or learn to fly, and you will not drown. Set up your own kingdom.

*** Do you understand me? All the mighty works I do are done in my own name. Don't be shocked, or be shocked—I don't care which it is. You know I have never tried to be consistent, but I have kept on trying to be honest. I say to you that I have never done any great work of healing in any other fellow's name. There is a denouncing of personality and a praising of principle. That, too, is all bosh. I tell you that principle is powerless without personality. I AM that I AM is the personal element in principle. Yahveh, translated I AM that I AM, means "I will be that I will to be." This explains why Spirit wills to be me in all my work of healing. I AM not talking of the little jimcrow personality, but the real man or woman in you. I heal in my own name, for I AM that I AM if I know how to be it. The kingdom of your God is really within you.

*** I don't care what you think of me. It does not matter. I have my own opinion of myself. It does matter as to what you think of yourself. That is vital. Your opinion of some other fellow or some other fellow's opinion of you is of no consequence. In the world of accidents they are always concerned about the opinions of other people. Persons suffer tortures or are puffed up with pride over the illwill or goodwill of others. A man may secretly despise himself, but that cuts no figure. He is very anxious to stand well in the eyes of others. Listen! Your faith or want of faith in God or Jesus Christ doesn't amount to a dime compared to your faith or want of faith in yourself. Adam and Jesus Christ

are one and the same person, and you are one with this Head of the Race. Are you not in the same kingdom of Spirit? Then hold up your head.

*** And now comes a cool, clearheaded Western man, George Glover, of Deadwood, S. D., the son of Mrs. Eddy, suing the Christian Science rulers for the protection of his mother. This is what he says about her condition:

"She was weak bodily and her mind was clouded and enfeebled and possessed by strange and erratic notions. It was clear to them that it was not insanity, but that her mental faculties were so impaired that she could not attend to financial affairs or give intelligent direction to any business of importance.

"Various incidents connected with their stay and facts which they learned from several sources tended to strengthen these conclusions as to Mrs. Eddy's incapacity for business."

The stupendous thing about this whole matter is that the thought of a woman outliving time and destroying disease and death has entered once more into the mentality of mankind. As Mark Twain says, she hit on the Great Idea that the Force still exists, therefore, what was in Jesus Christ may be in all of us if we know how to get it and use it. Mrs. Eddy may fail to overcome time, but the Great Idea remains, and she reintroduced it by accepting Christ as a reality and the Spirit of Truth as a practical working Force. She may go, but the Great Idea has been raised from the dead. Mrs. Eddy is dead: long live Mrs. Eddy!

*** In my own name, did I say? But what is my name? It is not Jesus Christ. I never heard the name of the Father applied to the Son as a given name. Jesus Christ is one of the names of my Father. Adam was the name of his first incarnation, but he had a name and a place before he was Adam. The Scripture can not be broken at either end of the chain, for it is a circle. His name, before he was named Adam, was called The Word of God. And since he was called Jesus Christ he has returned to his original name, The Word of God. So you see this Word called me by the name of my present incarnation, and I give treatments in that name. Instead of despising your personality, you should magnify it, for you are a Word of God, and as such you are in conjunction with the Whole Word. Let your light shine. You can't shine any other light. Don't imagine that you can ever be anything other than yourself. Of course, you are male and female, just as this Adam, this Word of God, is male and female. Eve and Adam are at the Head of the Household. The "woman in the case" is the balancing of being, or the unbalancing, as the case may be.

*** This mortal world is not the natural world, so don't talk about natural laws until you awake from your nightmare of mortality. What does mortal man know about natural laws? He has been a madman from the beginning of mortal history. Look at him with painted face, yelling like a lunatic, and fighting his own fellows like a

maniac. Is that natural law? I tell you, no. Somewhere in the history of the human he became insane and has been a maniac ever since, with not a single lucid interval. The history of humanity is the history of hereditary insanity. Moderns are just as crazy as the ancients. Jesus Christ and all the prophets came preaching to lunatics. Put the teaching of Jesus along side of ancient or modern practice and see the distorted minds of men show up in the light of sanity. Look at our own madness in the rushing and crushing life of the present hour. The most exciting thing we have had on our minds for the last month was the Thaw trial. Think of sane men, a sane world, giving itself up to such morbid mentality! It is all of the same kind, from the tower of Babel to the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. Men and women running to and fro on the earth as crazy as March hares.

*** Just look at this planet and review the present and the past of humanity. It is one long story of madness. The history of kingdoms and empires, the rise and fall of nations, is red with the blood of war—and what is war but maniacs murdering each other? No sane man can make anything else out of it. It is the very essence of lunacy for man, in a world of death, to aid the executioner by wantonly killing each other. Jesus Christ came preaching peace, but at the same time flinging fire on the earth. "I came not to send peace, but a sword!" That was an awful statement to fall from the lips of a man who said: "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." Ah, my beloved, you don't understand Jesus Christ unless you can see that he is balanced as the Whole Word, the word of war and the word of peace. The man on the White Horse is followed by the man on the Red Horse of war. A few lunatics like Napoleon turned loose on earth are peacemakers. It is the Sword of Truth showing itself above the madness of man. And the present industrial war is the same old madness. Both sides are mad. Capitalists and laborites are getting crazier every day.

*** If you would come into the vibrations of sanity you must look upon this mortal world as it is. It is a world of chance. You must perform miracles every day of your life to protect yourselves from this crazy world. Mental miracles must happen to you if you escape the maniacs who are ruining this world. They will not only fill you full of microbes and bacteria, but they will keep on inventing new terrors and turning them loose in the psychic atmosphere. The lunatics are building the railroads and other lunatics are managing and operating them. You don't know what minute you are going to be wrecked, blown up, poisoned, shot, burned or smashed in some way by the unbalanced mind of a mortal. Do you think such a world is in accord with natural laws? And, yet, the lunatics are lawmakers! It is funny! The lunatics think they can make laws that will bring order out of this chaos. They keep

right on making laws in the nations and in the little states. Piling up laws and printing law books! "What fools these mortals be!"

*** Then there are the preachers and the teachers! At it every day praying and preaching. They never stop praying long enough to see if their prayers are answered. And they never stop preaching to see if it is being heard and heeded. Nobody in the skies has said anything for two thousand years, and yet the prayers keep going like the prayer wheels of the heathen. Say, preachers, we need miracles. There is preaching, to be sure, but not without miracles. Preaching without miracles is like Hamlet with Hamlet left out of the play. You are commanded to preach and then prove it by healing the sick, casting out devils, and raising the dead. Such preaching will make this mad world sit up and take notice. Nothing else will do. Miracles are absolutely essential to salvation, which means sanity. Miracles did jostle this old world two thousand years ago. The wonders of Jesus Christ made the world stop and think and think, and do some more thinking towards sanity. But they were not cured, and the madness has continued, though somewhat abated. The time is at hand for more miracles. Christian Science has been a John the Baptist in the mental wilderness preparing the way of Sanity.

*** Let me give you a few mental miracles. Sixteen years ago I was given a pension for disease of the heart, spine and lungs, constituting total disability. My parents had both died of consumption. Just think of what my mind found as it begun to rise from the dead! All this rubbish was rubbed in by a religion planted in me by twenty years in the pulpit as successor to a father and grandfather who were preachers. My mind has so far risen from the dead that I have overcome all of those diseases, and I can see the way out of the wilderness. In fact I have turned my attention to the overcoming of old age, or the element of time, as a crown to my complete victory over mortality. I eat well, sleep well and have the same physical activity of a man of thirty. My mind is coming into a mighty originality, so that I can scarcely recognize it as my own mind. It is a mind coming up from the depths of my being.

*** My mind is slowly and surely rising from the dead. And if my mind rises from the dead, what will my body be? It will be what my mind wills it to be. I am not talking shop, or trying to induce you to patronize my business, or follow me, when I tell you that I am as sure of this mental and physical resurrection as I can be of anything that is taking place in me. I have fought my way through alone. I have come up through the debris and dust of the ages. At first my mind ran wild and I let it run. Step by step I came into cosmic consciousness and my eyes began to open. I now see. There is a mist, but I see through it to the clear light of life. I have had no help except from you Christians. You have

been more to me than all the books on earth. The direct opposition I have had from my immediate environment has also been a help. Your adversary is always an advance agent of the Spirit. I live like other mortals, so far as family and business are concerned, but I have a deeper and better life beneath the surface. This mortal life would be absolutely insupportable if I could not see the inner world. I would be in terror of time and chance, of disease and death, if I did not know that this mortal mentality is a mirage of the moon.

*** Why should I not rise from the dead? What is body but mind in action? I am not talking about thought, but mind. Mind is the action of Spirit, and Spirit is Being. What we call our mind in mortality is a kind of diary wherein are recorded the thoughts and impressions of mortal environment. Body is also that kind of mind in action, and so the mortal body is a likeness and image of mortal minds. But this carnal mind is transient and subject to sudden change. In fact you may lose it entirely. You have no more certain hold on this moon mind than you have on the body it represents. An accident may deprive you of your body, and a similar accident may leave your body and take your mind. In this carnal world, this world of chance, you are never sure of mind or body. Isn't it ridiculous to call such an existence God's world and to prate about natural laws? This mighty mind that is rising in me is not carnal. He is lord over the elements of carnality. I can feel his presence. It is he who can see without glasses and in the dark with the eyes closed. It is he who can hear when there is no sound. It is he who can foresee and foretell that which is to be. It is he who knows.

*** Publicity is a great thing, isn't it? Men are still paying big money for advertisement. One man has given millions in his attack on coffee in order to sell his substitute. Coffee is still in the pot and the cup, but the people who experiment and are governed by suggestion have made a millionaire of the anti-coffee man. How long is this foolishness going to hypnotize the public? Not much longer. Publicity is working its own remedy. "You can fool some of the people all the time and all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time." Advertising and publicity is on the wane as a winner. As an instance a good friend wrote me up in the *New York World*, February 10, 1907. It was a good, big advertisement, with a large picture of me taken from December *CHRISTIAN*. It was a fine write-up and evidently the work of a friend, although I do not know who did it, and it was a surprise to me. Well, it was copied into other papers and had a wide circulation. It called forth perhaps a dozen requests for sample copies, and maybe we got two or three dollars out of what would have cost me five hundred as a paid advertisement. In 1899 not as good a write-up, and in the same paper, brought me over three thousand dol-

lars. I had nothing to do with it at either time, as I am not seeking that kind of publicity, but it only goes to show the value of publicity then and now. The people are not running after strange gods. My work is in the Silence.

*** It is in my heart to give you people some account of mental miracles performed on others. I would be pleased to give them to you every month if it did not sound too much like advertising my business. I am not in this as a business, but it looks like it while I receive money for treatments. But, really, I do this work as part of my own unfoldment. I grow as I know, and I know by using my mind on others and seeking their salvation. Here is a case in point. A child has membranous croup. The mother wires me. I sit down in the Silence to treat the child. I grow very still and lose all objective consciousness. Suddenly I put my finger into the child's throat and pull out the false membrane. The child breathes freely and sinks into a natural sleep. I awake from the Silence and realize that the child is at least a thousand miles from me. Did my finger reach that far? Yes, for I will be that I will to be. The mother wrote me that she, while sitting by her dying child, was moved by a power she could not control to put her finger into the child's throat and force the false membrane out. So, I did in the Silence by her finger what I felt was my own finger. All fingers are mine while I AM in the Silence of Spirit. And there is no absence, for I was present in that sick room.

*** There is another case where time seemed to be the chief element coupled with the faith and patience of the afflicted one. It was a goitre on the side of the neck. The woman was high strung and sensitive. The goitre was in plain view of everybody. I gave her treatments for a year and the thing remained as large and ugly as ever. I began to sympathize with her and, knowing that wouldn't do, I got mad and gave the thing up. I'm afraid I swore over it a little. She didn't give up, but stuck to me like a leech, and I couldn't shake her off. Like the unjust judge in the parable, I had to do something, so I kept on treating the thing to leave and it left. There is not a sign of it, and she thinks I could raise the dead. I think I could if the demand on me was made in her kind of faith. Now, this kind of talk to mortal mind sounds like insanity. The inner sense is in-sanity. The opening of the inner sense makes you see the nothingness of matter. Not that matter does not exist, but that it is impermanent. Matter is real and to talk about the unreality of matter is to talk nonsense. It is impermanent and can be dissolved and destroyed so far as its form is concerned. Spirit is formless and changeless, but forms and changes matter.

*** If matter is impermanent, the body may be changed at the will of Spirit. Therefore, mental healing is a law of the Spirit and must be by vibrations and not through holding a thought. It is a movement of the God within you, an act of the Creator

of all things. Things are and were created by the will of the Spirit and can only be changed by that will. But where is that will located? You say that it is omnipresent. True, but omnipresent means that it is present everywhere. Everywhere includes here and now. It is not a something that has been in history, but an ever present and practical Force ready to obey the will. This is the will of God that we should walk before Him and be perfect. Disease, pain, deformity are holes in the garment of perfection. The blots and blotches made by man in his struggle toward perfection. We are learning that these blemishes are not permanent. They can be cured by the will of God, and that will is in us. What? Yes, my beloved, that will is in us. Didn't you say it was omnipresent? Then, it must be in us, for we have a place and a name in the universe. There is no getting around it. God is in us.

*** One of the names of the Spirit is Immanuel or in English, God-with-us. If there is a God with us it must be God in us. Spirit does not dwell in houses, but in humans. The body of carnality is impermanent. It is to be changed into "a glorious body, like unto the body of a son of God!" We speak and act as if the body of flesh was our whole being. It is a tent, a tabernacle in the wilderness. How limp and lifeless becomes the body as soon as the spirit leaves it! The flesh dissolves, the bones crumble, and all is dust and ashes. How frail is even this boasted earth. Here, as I write on top of the Rocky Mountains, everything looks substantial, but we know that these mighty rocks were thrown up here at a recent date. Like the bones of your body they are impermanent. If the absence of spirit will cause the body to dissolve into its original elements, what ought the presence of the spirit to do? And suppose that the spirit in you is quickened by the Spirit of Life? Your own life made more abundant by a direct spiritual conjunction with Universal Spirit. It would cause new life to be generated within you and bring new vision, new hearing, new teeth, new hair, and an entirely new body of glory and freedom. This is the kind of work I am doing. There is nothing else for us to do. The old diseased and dying flesh must give place to flesh quickened by the Spirit of Truth. It is an unfoldment of mind.

*** What is it that controls this Force of life and light? It is faith, and faith means spiritual consciousness. As your eye meets the light so your faith meets the Spirit. Did you ever notice how quickly Jesus responded to the cry of faith? Even when the woman in secret touched the hem of his garment the power went out from the Spirit and healed her. In my own experience I find that the unbounded faith of the people is increasing my power and helping me to heal myself and others. It is not something that can be worked up, but must come spontaneously, an uprising of the Spirit. Don't trouble yourself about your family and your immediate environ-

ment. A healer is not without honor save in his own family and among his kinfolks. In fact, kinsonia is one of the malignant diseases hindering the unfoldment of your mind. But don't antagonize. Always acquiesce when possible. Live your own inner life and keep your thoughts to yourself. Send for a doctor, take medicine, do anything rather than have a row. And do it like a Christian without visible resistance. Right here let me say that you are not responsible for the faith of other people, even the members of your own family. Let them alone. You are not responsible for anything or anybody, not even for your own faith. It is a gift of God. It is the supreme gift of God, for with it you have all else.

*** It is useless to point out the wilderness. You all realize it at every turn you take in mortality. I tell you we must get out of it by miracle, and no other way. You think of some *hocus pocus* and turn up your noses. That is because you are thinking with your mortal mind. Up goes your noses again as you say that mortal mind is an invention of Mrs. Eddy or Dr. Quimby and it has no existence in reality. Don't fool yourself. If you will read Paul's wonderful epistle to the Romans you will find that he invented mortal mind, if it is an invention, and that Mrs. Eddy only gave it a better translation. No, no, if there is one thing native to this earth and mankind, it is mortal mind. Now, it is impossible for mortal mind to work miracles, and miracles are absolutely essential to salvation from mortality. For the mortal mind to save us from mortality would be like darkness illuminating, and thus destroying, itself. It can't do it. You can't lift yourself by the straps of your boots. But you may lift yourself, boots and all, by the mind of the Spirit. What, then, is a miracle? Listen with your inner ear. A miracle is any movement of the mind above the natural order. How far would the mind move if left to the natural order? Not one step out of the animal instinct. It would never even know how to talk, and as for invention, there could never be such a thing. Man would remain the creature of instinct. I need only call your attention to the savage and half-civilized races of mankind.

*** The gods taught men to talk and write and invent. I say gods in full view of the fact that religion has taught us that God is one in person as well as in principle. This is another unwarranted presumption of religion. There is no authority for the notion that God is one infinite person and has never differentiated or multiplied himself. It is nonsense. One of his feet would displace the stars, and his big toe would put out the light of the sun. The word translated "God" is plural. "In the beginning the gods created the heavens and the earth," is the way it should read. The universe is filled with gods, male and female, living in the ecstasy of connubial love. Don't you let religion empty the universe and make you look up to the skies as a great void filled with nothingness. It is the habitation of the gods and they are like

you, or you would be like them if you had your glorious body. Well, as I said, the gods have taught man the art of creation, for every invention is a miracle. This pencil I scribble with is a miracle, for lead pencils didn't grow on trees. Man has not advanced a step except by miracle. Ships that pass in the night work the miracle of riding the waves of the ocean. All our inventions are miracles. All that we do, and the tools we do it with, are miracles. Do axes and saws grow in the grass? Do desks and tables and chairs and stoves grow in the valleys and on the sides of the mountains? Didn't somebody by miracle (action above the natural order) invent everything about us except the raw material, which mortal mind has never had sense enough to use? Invention is the voice of the gods.

*** Strip yourselves and take to the woods you silly fools who deny miracles! Your clothes are miracles and all you have left in the natural order is your skin. Didn't the gods make aprons of fig leaves and coats of skins for your father and mother in the long ago? And have not the gods gone on, century after century, as dressmakers and tailors for you silly ones who didn't even know you were naked until the serpent (wisdom of sex) taught you the Truth? Up goes your nose again into the air while you declare that man has worked out all of these things, and the gods are myths. Why doesn't man do something in India, China, Africa, Arabia, Thibet and other places where the gods have ceased operations? Those people have a past but no future, and they remain just where their gods left them thousands of years ago. Even their own vanity has not caused them to change the fashion of their garments in all these countless centuries. Their gods have gone away and left them only the memory of the ages of the past. We are improving on everything every day, because our gods are with us and are alive and up to date. Our religion still looks backward to a dead god, who didn't stay dead, but even it is changing since Christian Science came along with a new fashion in religion. You say the gods are not here as they were in Eden. Why not? Do you suppose the gods in Eden were visible to the objective vision? Certainly not. The snake was visible but the Spirit of Thought (the gods) were mental revelations. The same powers are here and now teaching you the art of creation and leading you into the light. It is all miraculous, and the more you open your mind to miracle the more you will enter into the dominion of the gods. Instead of looking for the gods in the objective, on the outside, look within and listen for the still, small voice of your own divinity. The gods converse with the god within you—their own offspring.

*** Let us look at this matter in the calm light of the present day. Did Jesus Christ heal the sick by miracle of mind just like a man made this pencil? The church and religion have always taught us that the work of Jesus Christ was supernatural. I don't believe it.

A MAN UNDER AUTHORITY.

"And when Jesus entered into Capernaum, there came unto him a centurion, beseeching him, and saying, Lord, my servant lieth at home sick of the palsy, grievously tormented. And Jesus saith unto him, I will come and heal him. The centurion answered and said, Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof; but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed. For I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me; and I say unto this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it. When Jesus heard it he marvelled and said to them that followed, Verily, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel. * * * And Jesus said unto the centurion, Go thy way; and as thou hast believed so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the self same hour."

A man under authority!

What can be more terrible?

Humanity, mangled, bleeding and dead, tells the story.

Fire and sword, bayonet and bullet, tell the story of men under authority.

What a subtle thing it is! How it creeps over homes like a slimy serpent. The symbols of authority and the signs of servitude are the records of human history. Who gives authority to men? They assume it, and the stupid asses of the masses call it "divine right."

A man buckles a sword about his loins, puts on a cocked hat and begins giving orders. Men obey like sheep led to the slaughter. The man on horseback is wise enough in his serpentine wisdom to grade his authority in a descending scale from those next to his person on down to the commanders of divisions and the corporals of squads. Even the private feels that his uniform confers on him a little of this awful authority. The music, the banners, and other insignia of rank, help to complete the hypnotism.

Then comes fear as the other strong element in this assumed authority. The man in the ranks is afraid his fellow will shoot him if he does not obey orders; or disgrace him if he does not show brutal courage as a killer. Fear and vanity are the weak points in the individual and the man on horseback knows the weakness of mortal man. The ribbon of the Legion of Honor helped to swell the ranks of Napoleon's army. He created the Legion and forced the collection of taxes to pay for the ribbons. Did I say Napoleon's army? How did he come to own an army? How did he come into possession of the souls and bodies of millions of men? How was it that he could throw the lives of men away at the rate of one million a year? Who gave such power to a man under authority? Under whose authority? His own. Where did he get it? He did not get it. It did not belong to him. He assumed it. There was not a vestige of authority for his authority.

One million men lost in one year—the year of 1812! Think of it! A million young, strong, healthy men killed to satisfy the insane ambition of one man. These million men of that one year, not to count others

slaughtered, could have peopled a planet. They, with their seed, could have filled the new world of the west with millions and billions of happy homes. This destruction of life resulted from the madness of assumed authority.

Julius Caesar wiping out, root and branch, whole nations. He killed men, women and children until not a member of the tribes remained. The nursing infant at its mother's breast was slain with the mother. This is the kind of work men do under the authority of one man. It is the history of humanity. Civilization is no better. America is now burdened with debt, which coming generations must pay, caused by this foolish slaughter of men. There was no sense in it. War will come, but it is not needed. There was never a just war on the face of the earth. Men have no right to order other men under arms. No man or set of men has authority to declare war. The authority is assumed every time.

I know that the Red Horse of war follows the Man on the White Horse. That is prophecy and is bound to be fulfilled. Nevertheless the Spirit of Thought condemns war and all authority over men. God Almighty is the only authority. All power in heaven and on earth is given unto the Man of peace. He rides the White Horse of spiritual understanding, and the sharp, two-edged sword coming out of his mouth is the Word of God. Thought is his only weapon.

A man under authority!

How we all like it! There is not one of us but has coveted this very thing. It is bred in our bones. It is our nature. How we thrill with the movement of authority! And how we abuse it as soon as we get it! If a man kills a man in cold blood we call it murder. If a man assumes authority and deliberately plans and kills a thousand, a hundred thousand, a million men, we call him a hero, and for centuries we laud the man and his deeds. What has got into us? Ordinarily we exhibit good, common sense, but when it comes to hero worship we lose our heads. There is something underneath this craving, this appetite for authority. You will find this science of being wrapped up in this thirst for power. There is in human nature a divine essence which accounts for this seeking for kingship. You will find a sovereign under this seeking for the right to rule. Probe a little deeper, for I assure you that every appetite and every desire of human nature has a divine origin. God is all and in all. This desire to rule is as true in divine nature as the little girl's desire for a doll. The doll is the outcroppings of inherent motherhood.

Man is a sovereign. He was given dominion over the whole objective creation. God does not care for what we call life. If he did he would take better care of it. He lets us die by fire, earthquake, pestilence, water, deluge, storm, lightning, and the slow decay of old age. Men, women and children are slaughtered by nature on every hand and at every hour without regard to race, sex or age. God does not care anything about

it. Therefore he lets us slaughter each other in war and for what we call honor and patriotism. There is no honor and no patriotism in it. It is a game. We are all gamblers by nature. The cruel game goes on, no matter about the hearts of widows and orphans. Napoleon said the greatest woman in France was the one who gave birth to the greatest number of sons for the army! Ah, the pains of parturition were to be endured for the sake of furnishing targets for bullets! Motherhood was for the purpose of furnishing men for the game of war! Puck, you are right: "What fools these mortals me!"

And yet there is a science beneath it all. If God does not seem to care for bodies, you may rest assured that he cares for something. What is it? He cares for men, and men are minds. Play with your mortal men until you learn immortal Man. "Let them have dominion," is the original order from Almighty Authority. How can they have dominion until they learn authority, and how can they learn authority without exercising it? They can't. Therefore, let them have the semblance of authority until they learn the real Principle of dominion. Let the girls play with dolls until the time for motherhood. Let the boys make believe in play until they enter real life. Let mortal man clothe himself with a little brief authority until he learns the immortal Principle of sovereignty. This is all that our little mortal play at kingship and generalship means. Kill a million men, and beget a million more to be killed, if it will teach you a lesson in truth and help you to permanent dominion. This is all there is in it. God is Good and God is All.

There is nothing more serious in our slaughter of each other than there is in the fall of a sparrow. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." Sparrows are cheap and so are men. They were only thirteen dollars a month in our late civil war. God takes notice of men and sparrows. Mind is to be unfolded and man must learn wisdom, even at the cost of men and sparrows. The mortal man is put up to be knocked down like tenpins. What matter it when or where he dies, or how often he dies, in the unfolding of his immortal being? Let him strut around in childish vanity! Have you not stuck a feather in your hair and played Indian chief many a time? All of you older men know how your hearts swelled with a sense of power even when it was only make-believe soldiering. And in these days we are slapping uniforms on our High School boys and teaching them the science of soldiering, the art of killing. It is all vanity of vanity. But it is human nature, and human nature is divine nature, for man is the offspring of Mind, even if he doesn't seem to have much sense.

Death nips mortal man's authority in the bud.

Then it is not real authority. Anything that death can nip is not real. It is transient, and the transient is nothing. It is a shadow, a passing show. I said that God

did not care for the lives of mortal men. I can also say as much for the men themselves. They expose their bodies in war and poison them in peace. They kill their bodies with the poison of tobacco and alcohol. They run all kinds of risks every day of their lives. They ride on railways and in automobiles at the risk of life and limb. They are now risking their lives in airships. Soon we will hear of wrecks in the air and pedestrians will be dodging falling debris from the skies. But the air will be navigated and man will leave the record of one more step in mental unfoldment. In the midst of danger a real man will throw away his life in a minute. It is said that a man will lay down his life for a friend, and that this is the supreme test of friendship. Man will do more. He will lay down his life for an entire stranger. It has been tested time and again in wrecks of great ocean steamships and other disasters calling for self-sacrifice. Mortal man cares very little for his life.

What is the key?

There is something in it. All we can do with a scientific proposition is to gather all the facts and analyze the evidence. All these elements in mortal man point to something in the immortal man. The seeking authority points to genuine power and dominion. Take a close look at the text at the head of this article. It is a whole volume, a veritable tome of truth. There is a hint of real authority. The authority of your mind over your whole environment. Men can have what they really desire. Napoleon could have been alive today if he had turned toward life instead of death. If he had sought to command his own mind instead of the minds of others, there would have been an empire established within himself. All these great leaders of men have been hypnotized by titles and the pomp of parade. Napoleon and Cæsar were greater than any title of king or emperor, if they had only known it.

Jesus Christ was astonished that a captain in the Roman army should grasp the idea of true authority. It is marvelous that men have so long played with mortality and pretended to believe that it was reality. It has been two thousand years, lacking a century, since the Man of Nazareth showed men a real king. A king over his environment. One who could say to a man sick of the palsy, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." It is a god, you say, and not a man. He said he was a man and that he could not do anything of himself. He did everything through the Principle of Life, the Father who is in every man. This man had real authority, not to kill, but to make alive. The only sceptre of power was his thought. The only weapon his spoken word. "Speak the word only and my servant shall be healed." When I issue my commands to men they obey me. Therefore, when you command the elements of being they obey you. I am a man under authority and so are you. Your authority is real and mine is temporary. You command mind and I command men. Fevers leave at your word. All the powers of the air are yours to com-

mand. This man of authority ordered the winds as you would speak to a child. After healing this captain's servant, he walked into Peter's house and healed his wife's mother by a word, and she arose from a sick bed and ministered to the household.

This is the secret of man's desire for dominion. It is the dayspring of immortal authority. Not to reign over his fellows. Not to command his own brothers. But to have dominion over the elements. To say to all the discord and disease of the world, "Depart from my presence and let harmony and health reign supreme." Ah! but this is kingship, this is royalty indeed. God did not say, "Let them have dominion over each other." That would not be like God. He would not put one of us in bondage to anything or anybody, not even to Himself. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." This is the way the eternal Word reads: "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth on the earth." This means dominion over everything except each other. God holds dominion over man, but man can boss everything else in his environment, including his own body. He can command every element of being. He can have peace on earth just as soon as he has good will to men.

There is the trouble with men. Just when they are ready to enter into cosmic consciousness they want to control other men. When cosmic consciousness begins to waken, you feel your power rising within you and you at once begin to use it over your fellows. You must rise to power and dominion by commanding an army, founding a sect, or in some way bringing your fellow beings into subjection to your will. Then death steps forward and cuts you down. This headman stands ready to save man from your power. Why do we go on repeating the folly! Every man who has entered into cosmic consciousness could have come into immortality if he had kept his hands off his fellow men. When cosmic consciousness came to Jesus he was so wild with inner movement that he was driven into the wilderness. In solitude he thought the whole matter over and mortal mind told him the same old story. Take possession of the kingdoms of the world and all their glory will come to you. If you will not do this, get control of religion; cast yourself down from the pinnacle of the temple into the very presence of the priests. He was not deceived. Putting aside all temporal power and all authority in the objective he went down from that mountain a Man. That same day he turned water into wine; and he kept up his dominion over the elements from that hour.

This one Man is my brother. He is your brother. The science which he left us to work out is as simple as it is sublime. It is the fulfillment of the same old promise given in the first chapter of Genesis. "And the Scripture can not be broken." O, man, man, why will you be deceived by the mortal mind! Death will strike you down every time you assume authority and power over man. You have no dominion over men. Man is yourself and God is in you to will

and do His pleasure. His pleasure is that you should rule over your own body and its environment. You are under authority as a free man to command all the elements of being in the truth. Take command in the objective world over sin, sickness and death. These are your enemies. You will have to conquer sin, sickness and death. Death is your last enemy and you can easily destroy it when you get command of your forces. That "let them have dominion" is equivalent to a command and is the most positive form in which a command can be given. It must be obeyed. Man will be in possession of the planet by possessing himself. It is the fiat of Mind and will be accomplished.

Did you ever have a taste of cosmic consciousness? I have had several flashes of light from this center of my being. I was carried away to the sun and heard the voice of Alpha speaking the words of life. It is indescribable, and, as Paul said of his own experience, "words not lawful to utter." He calls them "unspeakable words," and this is as near as I can come to a description. Unspeakable words, and yet they were distinct words, never to be forgotten. There came a sense of power and dominion over everything in heaven and on earth. I often come into this consciousness in the Silence and I don't wonder at men using it for power over their fellows. But that is where we make our mistake and where Jesus Christ did not make a mistake. It would not do for a man like Christ to remain here on earth. It would cause men to be lost in idolatry; to worship Jesus, or any other man or woman, is idolatry. When John on Patmos fell down to worship the bright being who was acting as his guide, the command came quick and sharp, "See thou do it not! Worship God." As we learn the one lesson to worship God and there is only one way to worship, we will rise into cosmic consciousness. God can only be worshiped in Spirit, for God is Spirit.

These little touches of cosmic consciousness that we see among men are indications that this state is natural and permanent in regenerated men. This consciousness reached perfection in Jesus Christ and he was the First Born from the dead. All mortal men are dead. This mortal state of consciousness is a dream of the dead. We are just as much in a dream when we are awake as when we are asleep. There is no awakening in mortal consciousness, for that is impossible. An awakening is a resurrection and a regeneration.

You are bound to awake. You need not be afraid of sleeping forever. The harvest is just as sure as the planting. You are a point of intelligence projected from the sun and your awakening will be in the light that is above the brightness of the sun. Your very consciousness in mortality is a sure proof of your awakening to cosmic consciousness. You would not be conscious of a part if you were not destined to become conscious of the whole. Your very dreams in this dream state of consciousness indicate the great Awakening. In these dreams you even move in the higher spheres without any motor other than your own mind. All the aspirations of the soul and all the longings of the heart are indices pointing to immortality.

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