

SUCCESS

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."—Hebrews XI:1.

Success vibrations are spiritual.
I do not mean religious or emotional.
Spirit is the substance of the universe.
Success vibrations are substantial.
Money is the shadow of power.
Power is mental and spiritual.
The one who runs after money is chasing a shadow.
He will wear his nerves to a frazzle.
He breaks down his body in business.
Busy—ness in chasing shadows.
Whereas if he looked at the substance
The shadows would abide with him in fullness.
He would build up his body and save his soul.
In treating for success I do not vibrate money.
Money is as dead as a door nail.
I vibrate the universal substance.
I AM commanding the kingdom within you.
"All things are yours" is science.
The universe is in you;
Else you could not be in the universe!

COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind the gates of Hercules;
 Before him not the ghost of shores,
 Before him only shoreless seas.
 The good mate said, "Now must we pray,
 For lo, the very stars are gone.
 Brave Admir'l, speak, what shall I say?"
 "Why, say, 'Sail on, sail on, and on.'"

The men grew mutinous by day,
 The men grew ghastly pale and weak.
 The stout mate thought of home. A spray
 Of salt washed his swarthy cheek.
 "What shall I say, brave Admir'l, say,
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
 "Why you shall say at break of day,
 'Sail on, sail on, sail on, and on.'"

They sailed, they sailed, as winds might
 blow,
 Until at last the blanched mate said,
 "Why, now, not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead.
 These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas has gone.
 Now, speak, brave Admir'l, speak and say."
 He said, "Sail on, sail on, and on."

They sailed, they sailed. Then spoke the
 mate,
 "This mad sea shows its teeth to-night,
 He curls his lip, he lies in wait
 With lifted teeth as if to bite.
 Brave Admir'l, say but one good word,
 What shall we do when hope is gone?"
 The words leaped as a flaming sword,
 "Sail on, sail on, sail on, and on."
 —Joaquin Miller.

EYE TO EYE TALKS.

*** Awake!

*** Blow the trumpet!

*** Awake the sleeping dead!

*** An angel stands in the sun.

*** His voice ends time and death is no
 more.

*** The mystery of God is finished in
 the resurrection.

*** There is no sense in spending time
 in sleep, for the mind never sleeps.

*** We are minds and not cocoons shut
 up in the folds of flesh, bones and blood.

*** The resurrection is at hand and the
 voice of God calls the mind to awake the
 body.

*** Mind never sleeps and needs no
 awakening, but the body slumbers for want
 of knowledge and the will to awake.

*** The mind is whispering to the
 sleeper words of truth and sending vibra-
 tions into the very marrow of his bones.

*** The trumpet will sound when the
 sleeper can hear the sound, but we must
 awaken him gently, for he has the sleeping
 habit.

*** What a glorious universe the sleeper
 will find when he awakes and comes into his
 own! When his eyes can bear the new
 light!

*** The spell of mortality will be broken
 and the long night will be over. Eternal day
 reigns supreme, for there will be no night in
 the body, and there is no darkness in the
 mind.

*** There never was any darkness in the
 mind and the mind never sleeps. Sleep is

a temporary death and the mind is never
 dead even in the semblance. Mind will not
 even pretend to die by going to sleep.

*** And yet in mortal life we spend at
 least one-third of our lives in sleep; that is,
 we are dead one-third of the time and only
 partly awake the other two-thirds. No won-
 der the sleeping body is filled full of disease.

*** Even when the poor thing stretches,
 yawns, rubs its eyes and gets up, it goes
 around half asleep until the hour comes for
 another dip at death in slumber. What a
 farce is mortal existence!

*** I doubt if there is a single soul on
 earth that is wide awake for even a few
 hours in the daylight. The man who is wide
 awake can see within and without, behind
 and ahead, the whole environment.

*** The sleeper is a prisoner confined to
 a very narrow horizon of sight and sound.
 He does not know the past, present or fu-
 ture. He can only see a few feet in front
 of his nose and hear a very short distance
 from his ears.

*** What a pent up place is this sleeping
 body of mortality, this dead house of the
 planet! How did we catch this sleeping
 sickness which keeps from us the glory of
 a wide awake universe? The answer is in
 the fall of man and the beginning of degen-
 eration.

*** If we could only awake to the con-
 sciousness of mind and stay awake long
 enough to see the sunlight! We do make
 an effort and try to arouse from our slum-
 bers, but soon the eyelids grow heavy and
 we are dead. Dust thou art and unto dust
 shalt thou return.

*** Dead once more in a world of life!
 Asleep in the midst of the light and glory
 of existence. Then once more half awake
 we drag our sleepy body through another
 day, and so around and around we go, half
 dead. It is a kind of dream life.

*** Is it any wonder the body gets out
 of order and discord makes miserable the
 few half waking hours of our mortal march
 around the same old mulberry tree? Sleep
 is the symbol of death and death attracts
 disease, and decay follows.

*** Then, do you wonder that the foolish
 mortal courts sleep by using drugs? He
 seeks oblivion in sleep, and if this does not
 succeed he will go further and force death
 by suicide. This is the history of humanity
 up to the present hour among men.

*** The sleeping sickness is taking the
 form of suicide and the mad ones are not
 content to sleep alone, but must kill others
 before taking the final plunge. The body
 has had too much sleep and the mind is
 trying to arouse it from slumber, the sleep
 of death.

*** This effort of the mind to awaken
 the body disturbs the sleeper and in his
 nightmare he does violence to himself and to
 others. But he must be aroused, no matter
 what the temporary consequences may be.
 It is here! The dead are going to awake,
 nothing can keep the light from flowing into
 the slumbering bodies of humanity. It is
 the body that needs the light. It is the body

that sleeps, and it must awake from its
 death.

*** All these thousands of years we
 have been afraid of death while courting
 sleep. And yet sleep and death are one and
 the same, for death is sleep and sleep is
 death. This is the teaching of all the seers
 and prophets and apostles and Jesus Christ.
 All men of vision know that death and sleep
 are the same in principle and that there is
 no such thing as annihilation. The body is
 asleep in the womb and continues its sleep
 in death.

*** There is the physical, the psychic
 and the spiritual. The physical is bondage
 in Egypt, the psychic is the Wilderness, the
 spiritual is the Promised Land. The physi-
 cal is the flesh, the psychic is the soul or
 life, the spiritual is the Silence, where all
 things are awake and alive. Sleep belongs
 to the animal and earthly vibrations and is
 unknown in the Pure Light of the I AM, for
 the I AM is the Great Light that lighteth
 every man as he comes into being.

*** The time is at hand when men will
 shrink from sleep as they now shun disease
 and death. Scientific men declare that sleep
 is not required for rest, as the muscles are
 self-resting in their rhythmic movements, and
 there is no good reason for sleeping. It is
 a form of death that man encounters at reg-
 ular intervals and it is an abnormal condi-
 tion. In other words, sleep is a disease of
 the body inherited from the past.

*** I am talking science and can quote
 the greatest of living thinkers to sustain my
 position. The author of "Brain and Per-
 sonality" tells us that the apex of the spine
 called the medulla oblongata is the throne
 of being in the body and from it orders are
 issued to the nerves. "A moment's sleep
 by them would mean the sleep of death.
 Hence, neither nerve cells, nor nerve fibers,
 as such, need rest in their work; and as with
 muscles, it must be something other than
 their work which can fatigue them." Ah,
 the mind never sleeps. Day and night the
 mind keeps the heart beating and sits as
 a sentinel in the throne room at the top of
 the spinal column. But what is that Some-
 thing which causes weariness and compels
 sleep? It is Labor and the Will is the task-
 master. Labor is a curse. It is slavery. It
 is a burden. It is an abnormal condition and
 is followed by disease and death.

*** I mean what I say and will say it
 over and over until you hear it and digest
 the thought. "Therefore it is not natural
 work, whether nervous or muscular, but only
 conscious work, which wears." Thus speaks
 one who knows the whole human organism
 as the master knows the keys of the piano.
 Only parts of the body sleep and those parts
 would not sleep if they were not condemned
 to labor. Compulsory work is labor, and it
 results in weariness, sleep and death. Nat-
 ural work is play and any other kind of
 work is abnormal. Condemnation to death
 by labor is the curse of sin, and what is
 written in Genesis is science as well as
 scripture. It is just now dawning on the
 mentality of humanity that God meant what
 he said and said what he meant in Eden.

It was the curse of labor followed by sleep and death.

*** I will make one more quotation from the author of "Brain and Personality" (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), William Hanna Thomson, M. D. LL. D.:

"No one can fail, therefore, to be deeply impressed by the revelation of what the significance of sleep is, when it clearly appears that it is only the play upon it of the consciousness, and especially the highest function of consciousness, the Will, that fatigues or exhausts with weariness any part of the living body. The muscles of the thumb and forefinger are small indeed, either in size or in power, compared with the diaphragm; but often both the nerves of these muscles and the muscles themselves are wholly ruined in writers' palsy by too continuous work done by them at the command of the will. As soon as the will orders the muscles of the arms and legs to work under its direction, that work becomes labor. Ere long they cry for rest and must have it, or fatal exhaustion will follow."

*** What is the word Will in this quotation but another name for God? It is the Will of eternal Mind which condemned man to labor and death, and the Old Book is confirmed by modern science. Don't talk to me about the dignity of labor! There is no more dignity in our compulsory labor than there is in the stripes of a convict. God calls it a curse and this medical doctor who has studied man agrees with God. Human experience declares labor is a curse and every man of us is ready to play as often as the opportunity offers. I know, also, the curse of idleness. I want to play, and that means do what I like to do and when I like without being compelled to work. When the Will makes us work we get tired and the bones ache. The great mass of men, even in this enlightened age, are condemned to compulsory labor. They are the slaves of the will which exercises authority. The worm is turning! Anarchy, socialism, unionism, and even trampism, are protests against enforced labor. The curse will be removed.

*** And don't you see that the curse is scientific? for it is founded in the very nature of the body. The condemnation rests on the body and the mind resents this burden of bondage. The whole social fabric is made up of the struggle to escape labor. Men lie, cheat, steal and kill in order to get the almighty dollar, which exempts them from the curse of toil. The demagogues and the devil try to make God out a liar by telling men that they will not surely die, and that labor is a great blessing. But the Word is sure and the devil is a liar. Men go right on toiling and falling asleep until the body falls into the last sleep called death. It is the scientific and scriptural curse of labor. Unconscious cerebration does not fatigue the brain or the body. It goes on in sleep.

*** In the Old Testament, as I have said, we have the whole history of man in the unfolding of the promise to Abraham. This was a double covenant having to do with a temporal and an eternal blessing. In the land of Egypt under taskmasters at hard labor the Israelites are a figure of the human race under the curse of labor. It is man in the mortal body toiling to keep life in him by the sweat of his face. He is driven by

his necessities to a life of labor, which ends at night in sleep and at last in death. The wilderness shows the struggle of the mind in its efforts to escape the bondage of labor. The mental world is just now in the wilderness, on its way to the land flowing with milk and honey, where the toilers find rest and peace.

*** This place of rest and plenty is on earth. The preachers and priests have been lying about you finding rest in heaven. Just work until you drop dead and you will find rest in heaven, say the hypocritical religionists. It is a great big lie, and there is not the slightest authority for it. I have to say great big lie, for it takes both words to emphasize my meaning, and I am not looking out for grammar. The men who tell the toilers to look to heaven for rest ought to study the Lord's Prayer. They recite this prayer without searching for the meaning of the words. "THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH." Can you see it in capitals? Paint it on the sky in red letters. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Christ is answering his own prayer.

*** I'm a Christian, and therefore do not belong to anything or anybody. I belong to everything and everybody. Christianity is humanity and the newest book on earth is the New Testament. The keynote of the New Testament is the kingdom of heaven on earth. Jesus Christ prayed for the kingdom of God to be established on earth, and his prayer will be answered. He was looking after man here and now, and spoke the word to awaken the sleeper and bring him once more to an earthly paradise. Jesus healed the body and even raised the dead to show men that mind is to be master of all things on earth. He fed man in the desert by commanding the elements to produce food and in every way taught men that toil was a curse and that the truth would remove it. He was looking after the physical comfort of man.

*** Campbell, the London new theology preacher, declares that Jesus did not literally feed the five thousand and the seven thousand, but only made them believe they were being fed. In other words, the Lord of Life became a common hypnotist and deceived the people into the idea that they were being fed. Such preachers will be sent to the mental rock pile. The I AM says he will spew them out of his mouth. That mental miracle is a scientific statement and will bear the closest scrutiny. He did not start with "nothing" in order to create something. He called on his disciples to produce something for a start and they "brought five barley loaves and two small fishes," and he took these and called on the elements out of which they came to multiply their own product. "The Father worketh hitherto, and I work." God is doing this all the time.

*** And was it a literal feeding on fishes and loaves? Certainly, my dear, and, when the time comes, God, by the apostles and prophets now on earth, will show that man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds from the mind of God. The elements are full of food. Nature did not intend for men to work for a living.

When the curse of labor is removed men will live on words from the mind of God. We will feed on living thoughts and vibrate in unison with the sun. The whole thing is as plain as day in the New Testament. Every word and action of Jesus Christ is scientific. The New Testament is the charter of personal liberty, and there is leaven in it which will yet leaven the whole of humanity, bring order out of chaos, peace on earth, good will to men.

*** God had a hard time teaching me that the curse pronounced on Adam was scientific and that labor was abnormal. I finally got the lesson and began telling my patients to quit toiling. You have noticed a great change in CHRISTIAN in the last year. I learned never to write anything for it through labor. Labor is compulsory toil, doing work under the whip of the will. I never do it. You will find some of my letters only one word, others a few words, and others several paragraphs. It is not because I am in a hurry. I never hurry and never work under compulsion. If the one word is what you need, I give it. It is not the much speaking, but the vibrant word that you need. I absolutely can not give treatments under compulsion. I would freely give you ten thousand words if you needed them. I have plenty of time. You will find rest in CHRISTIAN and joy in my silent word.

*** In the beginning of this mental movement for freedom we had healers who taught you to sit in a corner like little Johnny Horner and repeat words as a parrot. I never did it and never asked anybody else to do it. Then we had the fad of concentration, and poor mortal minds were driven crazy by efforts in that direction. I began giving you freedom by telling you not to do anything. Just relax all tension and go on about your affairs, kicking up your mental heels without any kind of mental pellets to swallow, was my advice. I still give the same kind of instruction after nearly twenty years of mental practice. The truth will make you free instead of putting you in bondage. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Bound to be for God is not in bondage.

*** All over the land men are wild over the idea that you must labor. There are physical exercises and breathing exercises to make you immortal. Everything is based on labor, labor for mind and body. There are all kinds of voices crying lo here, and lo there, in regard to foods and thoughts. You must not do this and you must not do that, until old Babylon breaks loose in your mentality and drives you mad. It does one good to see a Man standing in the market place sounding a note of freedom in these cooling and calming words of liberty: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" This wipes the sweat from your face! It rings true to the perfect law of liberty.

*** What a spectacle we present to the mansions in the Father's house in the sun after all these years of unfoldment! Men and women and little children toiling in the

sweat of their faces for the bare sustenance of life. It is a picture of horror to the enlightened mind. Not only do the inhabitants of our planet labor and drudge and toil for bread, but they actually starve. Starvation on this planet! Think of little children dying from hunger and their poor emaciated bodies crying out for food! It is a fact, and yet the earth teems with an overabundance. It is the curse of labor, the abnormal idea that men, women and children must earn bread by toil. How long, O I AM! how long is labor to last?

*** Listen to the Serene One once more and catch the vibrations from the sweet fields of Eden: "Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you: for him hath God the Father sealed." Labor not! Glorious God! The idea of little children having to labor for food! It is a fulfillment of the words spoken in Eden, else I should be ashamed of men. They can't help it until the mind sets the body free. See how men have been led to fulfill the words of God: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread all the days of thy life." The very air is filled with labor and the sound of toil fills the day and night. Men are encouraged to kill themselves trying to make a living.

*** It is all right to work, but toil is not work, it is death dealing labor. And the popular thought applies a whip at every turn of the hot and dusty road. He is a hustler, is the highest compliment mortal mind can pay you. Rush and run, to and fro, toil and spin, kill yourself, break your body down, and you will get the applause of the unthinking. They will say he is a hard worker, and that she hasn't a lazy bone in her entire body. I have a great many lazy bones in my body, and so has every other natural man. You are working your head off through mental suggestion. It is not natural. It is the curse and the serpent on your trail. You come to me with nervous prostration and I have to begin by putting lazy bones into your mentality.

*** Labor is not only unscientific and unscriptural, but it is condemned on every hand by art, and, in fact, it is inartistic in every department of mental unfoldment. The orator who labors in his speech is condemned by all rules of art. He must speak in an easy and natural way. Natural way, mind you, for labor is unnatural. Any toil on the part of an orator is to lose his audience. He must be in earnest and speak without labor. On the stage the actor is a failure if he labors in his part. Art is ease, showing that mind in the highest and lowest vibrations protests against labor. There have been only a few great actors, for in this labor-cursed world but few men and women learn the art of being at their ease and thus acting without labor.

*** The so-called war between capital and labor is only a little cloud before the coming storm. Men are going to quit toil. They are not going to quit work, for men delight in work, but they are going to cease labor which is working under whip of will. There will be a mental revolution. It will not be violence, for war is out of date. The

strikers will not use violence, for by the time the storm breaks the violent ones will be dead. Those who take their places will have learned that violence is a weapon in the hands of the enemy. It is a mental upheaval, and Jesus Christ and his apostles are back of it. It is the harvest from seed planted in the minds of men by the words of the New Testament. It is a harvest of thought.

*** And now let me persuade you to make this personal. Go on a strike in your own body and refuse to work your members under compulsion. As I told you last month, your body is in your mind, instead of your mind being in your body. The body is like a reed shaken with the wind. It is like clay in the hands of the potter. Mind is the potter and you must place your body in the hands of the potter, not the potterer. The potterer is the carnal mind and it does not know how or what to do. The real mind is God, and God knows. Let your body alone and do not attempt to use force of will to end your bondage. Set your body free from the law of compulsion by putting it under the perfect law of liberty. "Give me liberty or give me death" is the voice of Patrick Henry. It is also the word of truth, for liberty is life and bondage is death. Jesus Christ came to set the captives free, and he is doing it. Freedom from toil, freedom from care, freedom from disease, and the fear of death. Yes, and freedom from death itself, and entrance into life everlasting. It is called the glorious liberty of the children of God. Tongue can not tell it in words.

*** Blessed be the name of Yahveh, it is a glorious liberty here on this earth and not an empty dream of fairyland. It is right now coming to a climax in the demands of men. Nearly all of the present generation can read, and the thoughts being printed are filling the world with a passionate desire to awake the full joy of living. Every man and woman in the land reads and in some way they are catching the vibrations of personal liberty. They are also eating of the Tree of Knowledge and learning to discern and distinguish good and evil. They know the truth by experience with error and falsehood. The voice of the people is sometimes, if not always, the voice of God. This great wave of mentality keeps washing over the heads of the people. It will not cease, but each decade will find it rising higher and higher and the whitecaps will reach to the very tops of the mountains. O men! what do you want? The cry comes back over the storm-tossed waves: We want freedom from labor and the liberty to work out our mental and material salvation. We want life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

*** This is a running commentary on the Bible in the light of the sun. By the time we have reached the end of the New Testament you will look back over these talks and see that the Bible is modern. You will read it in the light of your daily newspaper. It will no longer be an ancient book, for it never was ancient. It is utterly impossible for the truth to ever grow old or decay. It is always alive and alert. The truth is born in you every day and has no beginning of days or end of life. It simply comes forth new and fresh with the rising of the sun. You would not call the sun ancient,

would you? And yet it has been here all the time. We do not look on the sun as old, from the fact that we look on it anew every day. We get used to it, but a cloudy day soon causes us to remember that we need it. The Bible is a text book of regeneration and the resurrection. It is as young as the sun. The light of the Bible has been stored in the institutions until the time appointed. When the mentality of humanity is weary of materialism the Bible will be at hand and ready for their use. It is modern. It never can be ancient. When men are ready for regeneration the Bible will point the way.

*** The sunlight stored in the Bible can not be used until we are ready for it. It has been put away carefully on the shelves of the institutions and God has preserved it for a time when it is needed. The translating and printing of the Bible was all a part of the divine process. Men were very much surprised when they found fuel in coal. The sunlight stored in coal had been buried in the bowels of the earth ready to be used by man when he needed its heat. There is nothing in coal that you burn in your stoves and furnaces and with which you run your factories and locomotives but condensed sunlight. That is all. We take the coal and extract the fire from the sun and light our cities. And by its power we are making progress in civilization. What could we do without coal? And yet we did without it until these modern times. Now, the Bible has been kept in precisely the same way. I began reading it in the light of the sun and was surprised to find it modern. In making a personal application of these truths you must look at the whole of your environment. Go on with your work, and much of it can be made joyful by eliminating the element of labor. Labor is the curse and death follows in its wake. Do your work with joy. Awake your mentality from its long sleep. Get your mind ready for the resurrection. I will give you from time to time the whole of this record of regeneration as found in the Bible and in human nature.

*** "You are doing a very great work— inestimable! Your CHRISTIAN has made quite a man out of me. And it was not necessary that you should knock any orthodoxy out of me for a beginning, as I never had any. Copies of CHRISTIAN for the last year and a half are in my hands, and I have read, reread, studied and devoured them, with joy and peace of mind to me. While I make no mention of my personal affairs, I have had the heart strings cut by the diminution of quite a sizable family Circle, down to a fragment of same. Sometimes I read the letters of contributors whose troubles have, by their own showing, been comparatively slight—and then I think and think! Carolyn is a beauty and as fine as a fiddle—two fiddles, I think. When I came down here to my son's house just prior to handing her over to your tender administrations, I had no idea she would live. A change of physicians had yielded no improvement. Now see what you've gone and done! and she the darling pet of this household. Well! Brother Tom, I, too, know where the Master of a lodge hangs his hat, and am also a veteran of the Old Army of the Potomac, and wounded at that. You can not scoop all the honors."

I have had this letter in the pigeonhole for many weeks, and it always does me good to read it. I think it will help all of us, so I give it to you. The writer wrote for my eyes only, but he will not care if you see it,

as you will never know where he lives or who he is. Carolyn is his granddaughter, but he did not say so when he wrote for me to lift her from death into life. His handwriting shows no signs of age, and I thought he was a man under forty years of age. The above letter knocked me out and made me stop to think. A man is a mind, and, therefore, neither young nor old. He is. Yes, yes, my mental brother, the Master Mason is still calling for "More Light," and it is coming. Glorious God, what a Light!

*** "I like to read about Lady Blanche and the babies, for I can read between the lines, and that is what helps. Why don't you say more about them?"

This is the way my old readers write. But you must remember that there are ten thousand new ones, who are not up to date on the history of this household. Therefore, I quit talking so much about my own family, for fear I would weary the new readers. Baby Blanche is still the baby, although she is seven years old. Beverly Boy, who is about sixteen months, is growing like a "green tree planted by the rivers of water." Lady Blanche is still my right hand, and everything is moving on brighter and better than ever. P. S.—"Lady Blanche" is Mrs. Shelton.

*** "Please find two dollars enclosed to apply on my subscription. I wish to thank you for continuing to send the paper after I was in arrears. Please accept my congratulations on—well, everything. Please say a few things about to-day's doings, including politics. You seem to ignore them."

I carry people on the subscription list for their own accommodation, but many people take advantage of this and let their subscriptions run on year after year, and then stop the paper without paying up back dues. I do not give treatments on credit or send out any bills. Please keep your own dates, and it is better for you to pay in advance for everything, including subscriptions. I have persons on my list who have paid their subscriptions from ten to two hundred years in advance. This is not a joke, but a literal fact. And the subscriptions were sent all at once in a substantial check. It will pay you to get into this vibration by looking up the date line after your name. As for talking about every day affairs, including politics, please excuse me. Let the people have one periodical in which they can rest their souls in peace.

*** "I see you do not advertise your two books on the last page of CHRISTIAN and offer them for every dollar sent for treatments."

The reason is that the books are nearly all gone, and will not be republished. Your first month of treatments will give you a year of subscription to CHRISTIAN and a month in the Circle of Christians. Your second month will give you two copies of the book and one month in the Circle. As long as they last you may have the two copies of the book when you don't ask for a subscription. I do not give a book with a subscription. And please do not ask me credit of any kind when my terms are so liberal. Debt is the devil, and I will not encourage you to go into debt, even to me. Pay as you go and go as you pay. This is the Independent Life.

*** "I am so glad I did not write you before CHRISTIAN came, because I was going to say I was no better, and some more un-

pleasant things about myself that I don't intend to say now. That 'Eye to Eye' talk is simply great, and it seems what you say about treating diseases never struck my mind so forcibly as it did in this number. It has helped me wonderfully; perhaps sometime my Spirit will be awakened."

It was and always is a good thing to do: write just after reading CHRISTIAN. I use the printed page as my Spoken Word while the treatments are given by telepathy or the Silent Word. The one is in conjunction with the other. The printed or Spoken Word prepares your mind for the Silent Word and the Silent Word prepares you for the Spoken Word. They work together in harmony and form a powerful proclamation of the Truth. It is the modern and up-to-date way of preaching. You can't show off your new hat and gowns in my congregation, but you can show a new mind in new vibrations of health, happiness and prosperity. This will help to pay for the new hats and gowns!

*** "Then my mind gets to bothering over little things so easily. I wish I could think bigger and live broader. My head gets tired and I can't hear the right thing to do."

Let your mind take note of all things and you will not bother over little things. There are no big or little things in this universe. When we try to grasp some things and call them big we weary the brain, and when we get down to little things we think we are trifling. The right way is to be. Just be. Then a blade of grass will be an epitome of the universe. The voice of a bird will mingle with the music of the spheres. There are atoms and angels, mountains and molehills, but "there is nothing great or small but thinking makes it so." Your head will not get tired when you quit your unbalanced flight between great and small. Let the universe alone! Don't try to make or mend it. That wife of mine is a fatalist and believes that what is to be will be. She does not always practice it, but when she does it gives her contentment and poise. It is another way of saying that I AM and there is none else. People seem to be afraid when the earth begins its daily circuit around the sun it will not get there on time. They are forever looking at their mental watch to see if the world is on time. Such people use up their energy over trifles. Let the whole of the universe stand out before your mind, and you will see that the cup of cold water given in the truth is a wonderful work. You give a glass of cold water and think nothing of it, but the Word says that you shall not lose your reward. The men and women who do great things never think of the doing, for it is the outflow of inspiration.

*** "In the two or three occasions in my life when I have done things contrary to my own way of thinking I have regretted the action; not because it was not right in itself, but because it was not done in a manner to conserve the welfare of others. I may be too patient—too slow to action—and this may seem to you like playing with fate. Fate, to my mind, is not the matter of a few days or weeks or months; it is a matter of eternity. Of course, I recognize the eternal now, but God makes nothing of time, and I have complete faith in our oneness. If you mean by playing with fate, that she is not for me; that she is not mine under the Divine law of completion, you might be able to convince her, but not me. Your say so might have the effect of delaying fate, but

I know that we are one, and that we will be together."

It is not so much you playing with fate as it is fate playing with you. In the unfolding of mind destiny is certain, for God is the unfolders. You act as if this mortal life with its mortal mind was all that is in destiny, and then you say that "fate is a matter of eternity." You are talking of a man and a maid. Agur, the son of Jakeh, has this to say on the subject:

"There be three things
Which are too wonderful for me,
Yea, four which I know not:
The way of an eagle in the air;
The way of a serpent upon a rock;
The way of a ship in the midst of the sea;
And the way of a man with a maid."

The reason the world is topsy-turvy on the subject of sex is that all psychic vibrations are thoughtless until governed by the Spirit. A man falls in love, or thinks he is in love, and immediately goes mad. It is a fact, my beloved, for love is madness. It is a disturbance of the whole nervous system, which is the mind. Every writer on the subject who is capable of writing declares it. The great mind of Shakespeare saw it. What is Juliet and Romeo but madness? It is lunacy, from Luna, the moon. This moon sickness upsets the intellect and unbalances the understanding. You do not reason. You feel and soon you have emotional insanity, and you run wild after the one mania of mating. You will do anything, while under this influence, to get possession of the person who is the object of your affections. Spirit comes to your rescue. Reason ascends the throne, and you say, "What a fool I have been!" It is the moon mind, and there is nothing in it but disease, death and the devil. Am I denying love? Oh, no, but madness and the moonshine of mortality. "Love suffers long and is kind, love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." This imitator of love, this reflected light from the moon, vaunts and is puffed up with vanity. It swells with self-importance like Esop's frog. It is a poor, weak imitation of the real Love, which is God. There is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will. This miserable mortal madness is filling the world with murder and suicide, and it will continue into the second death. The second death is mental, and, therefore, I call on you to have part, if possible, in the first resurrection, which is also mental. What under the sun is your poor little mortal marriage? Why should the whole being be unbalanced in order to bring about the consummation of a union which is of the earth earthy? I have told you, and tell you again and again, that your kingdom is within, and you are perfect in yourself, a man and a woman in one being. I AM in the sun vibrations, where sanity is sovereign.

*** "I never thought of joining the Circle of Christian, and I understand that it will be for life time, and I do not want to take that sort of obligation."

Well, where under the sun did you get such a notion into your head? Turn to the last page of CHRISTIAN and read it over carefully and see if you can shake hands with yourself for time and eternity. One dollar pays your dues in the Circle of Christian for one month, without any kind of an obligation on your part. The door stands wide open, or rather, the twelve gates, and you can go in and out at your own sweet will.

THE SCIENCE OF BEING.

The sun is the eye.

There would be no use for an eye if it were not for the sun.

Then the sun must have originated the eye. The sun is the creator of the eye. The sun is the eye of our solar system. If the sun should cease to shine the worlds surrounding it would be in darkness. The light of the moon would be gone, for it gets its light from the sun. All our system would be blind if the sun should lose its light.

But a man can see without eyes, for the clairvoyant can see clearly with the eye shut. The clairaudient can hear without ears. So it follows that man does not see and hear with eyes and ears. He does see through the eye and hear by the ear, but seeing and hearing is a power independent of these organs.

This proves that all of the organs and the whole body is a creation out of matter for the use of the spirit. The spirit has a mind and a body of its own, independent and indestructible. The spirit is light and is the child of the sun. This son of the sun created a body out of matter by eating. That is what we call growth, but it is a process of feeding.

There was a time when you did not have a body of flesh, but you certainly had a body as mind. Your body was an idea, a mental image. But this idea, or mental likeness, had vitality, activity, life. It was alive. It was you. And yet you did not have the power to express your life in this objective world that we call the earth.

You wanted to express yourself. You had a desire, and, by the law of attraction, you found yourself in a favorable position for growth. You were in the dark, but you had heat and life ready for your unfoldment. You needed eyes, ears, heart, lungs, a whole body, for you had none of these things except as an idea.

What did you do in order to possess yourself of a body? You began to eat. It is true. You had life and you began, without a stomach, to feed on food suited to your condition and environment. You grew. You kept on eating and growing. Soon you had a body, with every organ in its place. You were toothless, but you didn't need teeth at that stage of your unfoldment.

You had eyes and ears ready for seeing and hearing. You had all the organs you needed for immediate entrance into a larger life. How did you get this new body? It came by your persistent feeding on human flesh and blood in conjunction with the sun. This is the great miracle of generation. It is wonderful.

When you had grown you a body ready for a larger environment, you left your abode of darkness and came into the light. You were born of water and you came into the vibrations of water. That is what life on this planet means. It is a birth out of water into a life dependent on water. Your spirit is still swimming in the sea of mortality.

What was the first thing you did on your arrival? Utter a cry and so fill your lungs

with air. But you do not live in the air. You live in water. Three-fourths of the body you grew is water. Your spirit is immersed in water.

After you began getting your breath you once more turned your attention to eating. At this stage instead of drinking your mother's blood you drank her milk. It was mostly water, sweetened water. Then you began to grow teeth, so as to become independent of your mother. It is eating, eating, all the time. Life is a system of feeding.

You grew a larger body and entered into a comparatively independent life. Compared to your beginning it was a very independent existence. You could get your sustenance independent of any other individual, for nature supplied all your needs.

This was all very well for awhile, but things began to get out of order. The body built up on grass began to fail. Like produces like. You grew your body by chewing animal and vegetable matter. The mastication of bread and meat was the hopper in which you ground out the substance of your body. Did you think a body made in that way could last? Did you suppose that, by some subtle law of alchemy, you could turn turnips, potatoes and cabbage into an eternal habitation? The rich red lips of your bride came from grinding grass in her pretty mouth. The bright eyes and buoyant body was made out of mush.

The poet's song, the orator's eloquence, the "copy" of the writer, the music of the musician, all are the outcome of the mastication, assimilation and digestion of food under the vibrations of the sun. Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return! You could not expect anything better from such a process.

The eyes grow dim and you put on glasses. The ears grow dull and you are annoyed because sounds escape you. The teeth decay and fall out. You go to the dentist and buy a new set of teeth in artificial jaws. Your head grows bald and your hair turns white. Your cheeks fall in and your neck is flabby. In spite of your care wrinkles come and your skin shows signs of decay. There is something the matter with your water tank and firebox. The old machine is out of order.

Desire fails and man goes to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. You are no more. The mourners do not mourn very long. Your wife gets a new husband, and the world forgets all about you. Another man carries your watch, writes with your pen, and whittles with your knife. You are a dead one, and the place which knew you will know you no more forever.

Tough, isn't it? Can you expect anything better? Sow cabbage and you will reap cabbage.

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

That is poetry from Job, the oldest poem on earth, but it is truth, also, and very bitter truth.

Let us look facts in the face. You can't expect organs to last when they are overworked at the mill. Teeth can't go on grinding food forever. The stomach and bowels are at work like galley slaves, and, even when driven at high speed by stimulants, they can't keep the pace forever. What are these organs doing? Like old blind Samson, they are grinding corn for the Philistines. Sooner or later they will make a last effort and pull the pillars from the foundation. The whole temple will tumble to the ground. But what else can you expect?

Can you see any reason for perpetuating this kind of thing? It is not perpetuated by reason, but by desire, and there is the solution of the problem. You are a creature of desire, and you go on eating, eating, eating, even after your stomach is unfit. The solution of the problem is in following desire, and looking about for better food and a better body. If blind desire built this house of clay, intelligent desire ought to build a better one. If blind desire led to generation, enlightened desire ought to lead to regeneration. There is a ready remedy in us. We grew a body to fit us for this light. We can grow a body that will fit us for a greater light.

It looks like illumination of the intellect by the Word of God ought to lead to the growing of a better body than the one we build by blind desire. The eyes and ears, the nose, the lungs, all the organs we grew by following desire in the dark, are frail and feeble. It seems to me we ought to have X-ray eyes, and ears that could hear thoughts a million miles away. This is my reason for the science of seeing. What we can really see we can be. I have said over and over in these essays that from what we already possess we must build a science of seeing.

It is a mental process leading to physical results. Telepathy is a fact, and it includes all the phenomena known as clairvoyance and clairaudience. It is all there is of mediumship, for telepathy is the transference of thought, and seeing and hearing are mental acts. We do see and hear with the mind. Therefore, it is all mental science, if it is a science at all.

What do you desire?

You had just as well be honest and say that you desire life. This means healing of the physical body. You want to heal the hurt. You are anxious for a body vibrant with health. This is your real desire. Jesus Christ knew what we wanted, and so healed the sick, cast out devils, cleansed the lepers and raised the dead. He did what we want done. Blind men want to see. Deaf people want to hear. The lame desire to walk. The sick to be healed. There is no use in trying to evade these issues by talking about a higher spirituality. You want your rheumatism cured. You are seeking health, happiness and prosperity here on earth. You are not seeking for the moonbeams of imagination. Your troubles are real and you want all obstacles to happiness removed.

I had rather have power over my flesh, blood and bones than to be emperor of the earth. I would give more for power to heal the sick, cast out devils and raise the dead than for a deed to the planet. What use is the planet to a man who is diseased and ready to die? What earthly use have

we of the earth when we are doomed to about six feet of it in the cemetery? I tell you that men want life.

There is no use in lying about it. Out with it and confess that you want your sore toe cured. You are asking for that cough to cease and you are anxious to get rid of the night sweats. Blind Bartimeus cried out for sight and lepers prayed for healing. The widow on the way to the grave with the body of her only son sent her thoughts out for a resurrection. The Resurrection heard her prayer and restored the son.

Christian Science has done more towards a revival of Christianity than all the churches on earth, and they did it by healing the body. This is the one element in Christian Science which gave it success. Healing the hurt here and now. Offering life and health to the body was the cornerstone of Mrs. Eddy's movement. How long would the Circle of Christian hold together if I did not offer health, happiness and prosperity here in this life. I don't think we would succeed by offering postmortem health and happiness. It is to-day. Here! Now! Success in business, health of body and a resurrection of the mind.

Spirituality is all right, but I can be "good" in a brand new body. I can see it. I shall get it. This is my desire and I am following it. I know that all men are seeking the same thing unless they have given up in despair.

Is it right?

I think so. Jesus Christ did not tell the paralytic to be good and look for reward in heaven. He forgave his sins and gave him a new body then and there, in spite of the sneers of the religionists. The woman who touched the hem of his garment was healed of her chronic malady, and went on her way rejoicing. Jesus set the example. There is more joy in heaven over one case of healing than over ninety-nine books on spirituality. I'm not belittling spirituality. It is all right, but poverty and sickness will not promote it.

Let us lay aside our hypocrisy and confess that we want money, health and happiness in the flesh. The most of us want all of the earth that belongs to us. It is an honorable desire. I want my own.

It is in the sun.

All that we have come to us from the sun, but we have not exhausted the supply. There is more and better than we have yet received. It is a new thought, for a right reading of the Bible will show it all. The people of this planet are getting ready to receive life and light directly from the sun. Not only will we have access to the visible sun, but to the sun within the sun. Life and immortality will be brought into the Light.

It will be by telepathy.

If the wireless message can cross the ocean the telepathic word will reach the sun. If the mind of Marconi can invent a way to send thought through the air and communicate with other minds fourteen thousand miles away, the mind of the prophet can call up Central and hold converse with God. It is coming! It is near us now. Every day brings new discoveries in electricity, and the mind of man is looking upward.

It will also be eating.

Men have tried fasting and dieting to no purpose. They have been dealing with dead matter. The substance used in their experiments was mortal. He that soweth to the flesh shall reap corruption. The one who eats matter will digest matter and assimilate matter.

That mysterious being who is called Jesus Christ and the incarnate Word gave hints about another kind of food. He said he had meat to eat that did not come within their comprehension. In their stupidity his disciples supposed that some one had brought him food. They could not understand how a man could eat thoughts. He told them in plain words that his meat and drink were from the invisible, the world of mind.

Afterwards, in a public discourse, in the presence of the scribes and teachers, he startled his audience by saying that his flesh was food and his blood drink for all who would learn how to eat and drink with the mind. When his audience protested, he repeated the statements with emphasis, declaring this awful message of mind:

"Jesus, therefore, answered and said unto them, Murmur not among yourselves. No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him: and I will raise him up at the last day. It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man therefore that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me. Not that any man hath seen the Father, save he which is of God, he hath seen the Father. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life. I am that bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world. The Jews therefore strove among themselves, saying, How can this man give us his flesh to eat?"

"Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father: so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me. This is that bread which came down from heaven: not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever."

This sounds all right to me. I have eaten thoughts until I know they are the real substance. He does not mean, as the Catholic dogma has it, that you are to eat the body and drink the blood of Jesus, the man. It has universal meaning, for it was the Word speaking in Jesus. He was not talking as a man, but as the I AM THAT I AM. It is the Quickening Spirit speaking to that audience and to all the world. The voice of the Word refers to that mysterious manna in the wilderness, showing that it was not the true bread, else the ones who ate it would not have died. It was only the symbol of the true bread. The real bread of life is the Word, and Jesus was the incarnation of the Word.

He told the Jews that he was deathless, and could give life to all who were ready to

receive it. In his talk he informed the men who were trying to kill him that they couldn't do it. His life was in his own hands, he had a commission from the Father ordering him to give it up. I will lay down my life, said he, but no man taketh it from me. I lay it down of my own self, but I will raise it up again the third day.

That is the kind of talk Old Mortality needs to hear. It is to be an electrical vibration, the eating of flesh, your own flesh, and drinking your own blood by the Quickening Spirit direct from the sun. Paul tells the same story when he speaks of the quickening, and he is careful to affirm that Spirit is to quicken your mortal body, not some ethereal body. It is your mortal flesh and blood that is to be moved and nourished by the quickening Spirit. What is it to quicken? It is to set life in motion. This spiritual eating and drinking is your own spirit in conjunction with the Word. It sets in motion your inner life, quickens your pulse, and purifies the blood.

It is perfectly natural to eat your flesh and drink your own blood, for that is exactly what you do every day. If you do not go on making new blood to drink and new flesh to eat you will die of thirst and hunger. In the renewing of the mind you do all these things understandingly, and, therefore, make better blood and healthier flesh. It is the Creative Word acting in your cosmic consciousness instead of blindly by mortal consciousness.

Jesus Christ not only knew how to live by the Spirit from invisible substance, but he fed five thousand, and then seven thousand, people from the same infinite supply. It is all in knowing how to do it. Do you suppose we have exhausted all the knowledge there is in the sun? Do we know it all? There are certainly a few things for us to learn. How did Jesus feed the seven thousand? By creating food substance from the air. It is all there, else a tree could not grow. All things were and are created by the Word, and this Word was in Jesus Christ. He promised it to all who followed him in the Way.

Learn to eat thoughts. And see that you do not eat dead thoughts and worm-eaten ideas. Get your supply from the sun. Secondhand thoughts are not always wholesome. There is an active principle in you which makes for righteousness. That means for right adjustment of conditions. You began your objective existence, so far as we can learn, by eating. It was a latent desire in you. The desire is inherent in your being. Now there is a greater desire in your mind for a readjustment. Your desire for regeneration is greater than any desire that has ever been known to your consciousness. You literally hunger and thirst after righteousness. You know that righteousness means the healing of all your diseases and victory over the last enemy called death. You desire to live. Cultivate this desire and satisfy it by eating thoughts. The seed of eternal life is called the word of God. You must taste this word of God. You must digest and assimilate the word of God. It must be part of your own being. I am trying to get this thing down to you in a practical way by calling your attention to the sun. All the elements of being are within the reach of your mind.

Set up your mental telephone.

CIRCLE OF CHRISTIAN.

You are the center of a circle.

This periodical is published to help you radiate from your own center. You join us by shaking hands with yourself. You salute us by saluting yourself.

I. I give treatments to CHRISTIAN and thus make it a mental medium for the Healing Word. You may use the paper in any way that your experience suggests. The mental vibrations are everlasting and therefore you should keep a file of the paper.

Terms: One dollar a year in advance.

II. I give treatments to those who are enrolled in the Circle of Christian. These are called regular treatments and are given every morning. I expect those who are enrolled to continue in the fellowship by the year. They are accorded special privileges.

Terms: One dollar a month, or twelve dollars a year, payable monthly, quarterly or yearly in advance.

III. Special treatments are given for urgent business, distressing illness, or any other matters requiring special attention. These treatments are given night and day (the Word never sleeps).

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For every dollar sent for treatments you may have one year of subscription to CHRISTIAN. You may send the names and addresses, or I will credit the free list and postage fund. When sending names please inform your friends that the paper is sent with your compliments.

I make no promises, for the physician, mental or medical, who promises a cure is a quack. No man knows what can be done in any given case. All I promise to do is to faithfully give the treatments.

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