



# Christian

Monthly: \$1.00 a year  
Single Copy, 10 Cents

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

Twelfth Year  
May, 1905

Regeneration of the Body by the Resurrection of the Mind



HOME OF CHRISTIAN  
CENTER OF CIRCLE OF CHRISTIANS  
1657 CLARKSON STREET

## ITEMS AND IDEAS.

\*\*\* Jehovah

\*\*\* Is doing business

\*\*\* At the same old stand.

\*\*\* He has never shut up shop.

\*\*\* Miracles do not happen, say Philistines.

\*\*\* But they do "happen" right along every day.

\*\*\* I perform miracles, wonderful ones, and think nothing of it.

\*\*\* CHRISTIAN could record miracle after miracle from the Healing Room. Oh, no, honey, God is not dead—it is mortal mind that is dead.

\*\*\* If you don't want my stenographer to read your private letters, you had better enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

\*\*\* "I Am Sermons" is now the only book I have in print. It will be sent you for fifty cents, or given with every dollar for treatments. It is not given you with subscriptions to CHRISTIAN.

\*\*\* Yes, leave off the "Dr." and the "Rev." and the "Mr." I'm a Christian. Don't use the "Mr." and "Mrs." in subscriptions. It is a waste of type.

\*\*\* Christians have no pass-words, signs, grips, insignia, regalia, titles or trademarks—and yet, we know each other by the vibrations. I was just now talking to one on a sick bed in London.

\*\*\* There is absolutely no distance in spirit, but there is a certain amount of time needed for a mental movement. I can generally get anywhere on the planet within one hour, and often in less time.

\*\*\* The Circle of Christians is a center of power. Call on me instantly in any hour of seeming danger or distress, and remember that the whole Circle is behind you in any movement you contemplate in the truth.

\*\*\* "I have received much help from you. I want to concentrate so that I can speak with power on the Sunday. I want to free myself from the minds of the people so I can go among them and lift them instead of being drawn into their sorrows. I am the Universalist minister of the village, and therefore do not receive the fellowship of the other two. I am more than a Universalist—I am of the Circle of Christians. You see how much I need to be anchored in Truth, to do good work here. You have helped me in these four years here to do good work. I want to go on to greater power. Will you continue to speak the Word?"

Now don't that beat the band! This Universalist minister is a woman. She has been with me daily for four years, and never told me her calling until just the other day. This proves that a woman in the truth can keep a secret. Bless your dear heart! You will not only preach with power on Sundays, but from this date you are going to heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils and raise the dead. You can not be a true Christian teacher unless you do it, and you are true, therefore you will do it.

\*\*\* "Sometime ago I wrote you asking for a month's treatment. The month passed long ago, but the work of the Silent Word is still going on. I can not begin to tell you of the wonderful change that has been taking place within me. I feel like I imagine a flower does when the rays of the morning sun touch it and it awakens and begins to unfold. Oh, the joy of living and unfolding day after day. I am a student of music, vocal and instrumental, and desire to understand and accomplish great things, particularly in my vocal work, because I love it so. Will you speak the word that I may? I desire health and strength, prosperity and happiness, and ask you to speak the Silent Word, and I shall receive. All the day I am sending you my love; every time I think of you I feel like putting my arms around you."

You can put your arms around me if you can reach far enough. I AM the Whole Thing, and therefore you would have to have very long arms. Bless your dear heart, the vibrations from this center are not the work of an individual. No such joy could come to you from a man. It is the wellspring of life in your own heart. The Silent Word which I speak is not mine. It belongs to you as much as to me. I have been called and ordained and appointed by the Spirit to speak this Word, and I glory in my calling, but not in myself. You are in the Circle of Christians, and all the good things that you desire are here for distribution. Open wide your doors!

\*\*\* "I expect it would be more convenient for you if you would send the whole amount for the year, but I love to get the few words you send in reply. It does me good, so I will send the money along at different times, and will send an envelope directed and stamped."

Bless your heart, it does not make any difference to me when you send money, and I really don't care a snap whether you send it at all or not. That is your business, and as long as it gives you pleasure and profit, it is all right with me. You keep your own accounts and your own dates. If I had to "mark time" I would throw up my job.

\*\*\* "In the article entitled 'The Immaculate Conception' you say that the father of Christ was Gabriel, and Gabriel was Adam. Can this be true, if Christ takes upon himself the seed of Abraham? See Hebrew 2:16."

What is the seed of Abraham but the seed of Adam? When you go back to the seed of Adam, you are at the jumping off place. Jump!

\*\*\* "I just can not close without telling you of the wonderful glorious help you have given Fred. My father told me when I sent to you that if you could help Fred, you could raise the dead—and beloved, Tuesday, the day you wrote me that you felt sure your vibrations touched him, that day he took a turn for the better that no one could account for it in any way except my husband and I, who knew it was your help. Your letter did not reach me until the following Saturday, and to our delight it named Tuesday as the day when you felt the response of the boy to the vibrations. The doctors all said that Fred could not last longer than a day or two. Now he is so hearty. Oh, how can I be silent when I witnessed the power of the Spirit through you? Praise God! I am filled with the Spirit. I just re-

joice—almost Methodist fashion—for I am connected with the Methodist church still). My heart just runs over, and I have to tell you how thankful we Christians are that you are here in the earthly and spiritual body to help lift us up into the beautiful atmosphere where you dwell."

Shout, you blessed Methodist! I just now engaged in the exercise myself! I beat a tattoo on my desk over the rescue of the young man, Fred, from the doctors and the graveyard. There is going to be much more shouting in the hereafter than there has been in the heretofore of this unfoldment. The trouble with your father was that he thought Denver was a long distance from North Carolina. It took me about thirty minutes to reach Fred. Besides, my dear woman, your letter had already started the vibrations. Bless your heart, I want everybody in every church on the face of this earth to come into the Circle of Christians if they are really Christians, and as for suppressing your own expression, I am the last on earth to do it. I not only sing, but I dance with joy. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory will come in. Who is the King of glory?" He is the omnipresent Spirit that is called forth by the Word of Truth.

\*\*\* "I paid another visit to your home in the spirit—in a vision, that came as my body slept. It was grander than the first vision, and I saw you in your own spiritual body. You had lots of hair among other desired conditions. Your face was so clear, and I liked your eyes. Mrs. Shelton was just a dream of beauty and sweetness."

Your vision was prophetic, for I have seen my new body many times. My eyes are one of the most beautiful features of my new environment. The clearness of my face is also one of the features which I have seen in my vision. It is the glory of God in my immortal face. I have also seen my wife in her new body, and her own flower, sweet violets, expresses the aura of her person. I will say for the benefit of my readers that the writer of the above is the shouting Methodist of another item elsewhere in this number.

\*\*\* "That house of yours is good enough for anybody. It has a good and friendly countenance."

Thank you! It is the home of all the Christians. There are three rooms in the basement; six rooms on the first floor; six rooms on the second floor, and three rooms in the attic. It is a brick, painted cream color.

\*\*\* Each member in the Circle of Christians is entitled to twelve subscriptions, but do not send the names until you have sent the money. If you pay by the month, you can send one name each month. Otherwise, my books would be in utter confusion.

\*\*\* "Please explain Matt. 12: 43-44."

It is a Parable, and the interpretation is: For instance, if a man who is a drunkard reforms and makes himself clean and sober, and then falls back again, he will be a worse drunkard than ever. This is true of any of the devils of mortal thought.

\*\*\* "You treated her last summer for spinal curvature and monthly sickness. Feeling pretty well, for her, she returned to college, where she received her diploma in December. In January she went back to obtain two degrees, for which she lacked only three subjects. This fall she wants to secure a position as teacher. She has only two studies, but they are hard—Teachers' Psychology and Logic, and she is getting along wonderfully well we think, for she is determined to have the degrees. One must admire such ambition and energy in spite of frail body. You helped her last summer and I know you can again."

The above is from a long letter from a mother in regard to her daughter. It is said in the old Bible that you must not cause your children to pass through the fires to Moloch. This was a kind of idolatry where you had to run through flames to reach the feet of the false god. I think modern education is a veritable Moloch. This girl in her frail body is storing her mind with rubbish. What do mortals know? What good will it do her when she is in her coffin? There was a certain general who burned the great library of Alexandria. I am glad he did it. It was one of the best things that fire has done for the world. Some of these days we will have sense enough to know that knowledge can not be obtained from marks on paper. If some fire brand would only set the crackling flames to work on the accumulated trash, it would rid the world of fuel for the fires of Moloch, and yet we go on building libraries and accumulating books. Should we not be educated? Certainly, but not in the errors of mortal mind. Spirit knows all things, and you want to be illuminated with that truth which does not have to be printed.

\*\*\* "The picture of your house is so nice. I am glad you published it, but why do you not print underneath in large type. Paid for by the suckers?"

Among twenty-five thousand readers the above is the only unkind cut about the cut of my house. I am fishing for game fish, but if a sucker gets on my hook I will land him just to get him out of my way. However, this house was made by what you call an accident. A friend of mine was hard up and had some vacant lots covered by a big mortgage. I took the lots off his hands and gave him a few hundred dollars, which kept him until he died in poverty. A boom came along and I sold the lots, many years afterwards, for \$16,000, paid off the mortgage and put \$12,000 into this home. I thought I was a sucker when I assumed my friend's mortgage, but you see Spirit knew better.

\*\*\* "I work hard all day and worry all night, but can not get ahead. My family has the habit of taking the reins into their own hands, and will run me into debt. Can you help me?"

Where a man is responsible for financial freedom of the household, he should take the reins in his own hands, and the whip, too, if necessary. I used to be the same as this man. My nose was always on the grindstone. I now hold the reins in my own hands, and the whip and all the others will have to sit still if they ride with me.

\*\*\* I have been asked to repeat my editorial on first page of *CHRISTIAN* for March, 1903. Here it is:

"Man is a point of intelligence polarized in Spirit. Man is male and female, not male or female, but male and female. It takes the two to make the One. Spirit is the male and female principle of Being. The principle is made manifest in the individual. The individual is a polarized point of intelligence enclosed in an earthly envelope. In other words, man is an incandescent light insulated in matter. The exterior envelope is not the man any more than the clothing of the body is the body. The carnal body with its mortal mind is not the human form divine. You may divest yourself of this earthly envelope more easily than you can of your outward garments. A bullet in the brain, a point of steel in the heart, a grain of poison in the stomach, the shutting off of the breath in the throat, may quickly puncture the envelope and instantly release the man. You can not master the contents of the letter by reading the inscription on the envelope. Illumination awakens the real man. Spirit in consuming matter manifests as Fire. In the illumination of the intellect Spirit manifests as Light. Illumination does not at once bring intellectual infallibility, for the light only illumines what we have in the mind. The first work of illumination is to expel from the mind mortal thought and enthrone Divine Mind. Illumination shows you that the envelope of earth is not the man. There is no intelligence or feeling in the envelope. As man is a point of intelligence, all spiritual knowledge must come by illumination from within his own being. The wisdom of mortal mind is foolishness with Spirit. It is not necessary for you to know the history of mortal thought in order to obtain full and complete illumination. When you enter into the new birth of the illumination of Spirit, you are in the resurrection. The fire of Spirit consumes the dead atoms in the envelope and renews your life day by day."

\*\*\* "I want to be in that Circle of Christians, and I do not want to belong to anything."

Well, you are of the same opinion of all of us. The members of the Circle of Christians do not belong to anything except themselves. If you will read carefully the statement on the eighth page, under the picture of my healing room, you will see a clear-cut statement of Individual Christianity. There is not any other kind of Christianity.

\*\*\* "I don't quite understand your explanation of God speaking to Moses from the 'Burning bush.' Do you believe in a personal God?"

No, I do not believe in a personal God as an individual, but that is no sign that the universal Spirit is deaf and dumb and blind. The Spirit of Truth is not only able to use words, but is the Word itself. He is not only vision, but is Vision. Individuals are only finite expressions of the infinite.

\*\*\* It is well for you to come into the Circle of Christians and send money monthly, quarterly, or by the year, in postal orders or registered letters. While the majority of people send in the common mail, there are always some who are losing their money, and I make it up. Those who pay by the year have settled the matter once for all. They can keep right on writing their monthly letter to me just the same.

\*\*\* Charles H. Harmon, the artist, and I have been having a high old time while our wives are in California. The other evening after a full day's work I felt the need of his companionship. I started to write him a note to send by a messenger. I tore up the piece of paper and sat down in my big leather chair and said mentally: "Come up and see me. I am hungry to see you!" In half an hour he came into the Healing Room just a little bit agitated. I waited for him to tell his story. He said that he had left his studio and gone to his room and sat down, but as soon as he was still he felt my fingers touch his shoulder and heard distinctly the words: "Come up and see me. I'm hungry to see you." I told him that I had used the very words and may have used the motion of the hand in sending the message. This sounds like fiction, my friends, but it is fact, and is becoming very common with us every day. We have not the least use for printed or written words, wires or 'phones in our communications with each other. He has the same sensitive vibration that belongs to me. The artistic temperament fits him for receiving and transmitting telepathic messages. It proves that Spirit is omnipresent. Of course, we have always been taught that God was omnipresent, but there was a supplemental teaching which made God a person, an individual. This took away the idea of omnipresence. For a Deity with an individual body would be located somewhere. It made us as children, look up to the skies for the two-legged individual, and generally we saw him as an old man with a long white beard. Harmon and I have proved that God is omnipresent Spirit on which our own thought may be borne without wires or sounds.

\*\*\* "I wish to tell you that we are now OUT OF DEBT! You said you were going to help us in that respect, and now we are so far free from the mortgage, and the rest paid up; and now we can go on working for success and prosperity. It all came about so nicely that it was a pleasure to us to watch it come. Keep up the good work! You see I want money, and lots of it, not on account of the money, but to know that I am independent, and that I do not have to depend on the little I make week by week. You see, I desire this, and want you to help me along, not that I sit with my hands in my lap waiting for you to send this advancement, but I want you to keep right on helping us through the Spirit. Your words are like cannon balls, they crash right through the hardened and corrupted ideas, and replace them with every-day good common sense."

This is one of my San Francisco sweethearts. She got into the Circle of Christians, and the vibrations for Freedom got into her. The result is told above in her own beautiful typewritten letter. Hurrah for God!

\*\*\* "Let me acknowledge a distinct reinforcement of power since coming into the Circle, a month ago. Would that it had been years ago."

Such are the congratulations from a Christian in British Columbia. The gentleman is an officer of the British Government. If he talks this way after one month, what will he do at the close of the year?

\*\*\* George Edwin Burnell is an intoxicant. He has caused me more trouble than all my money. When he came to CHRISTIAN in 1902 there were many old hens of both sexes on the roost. You ought to have heard the fluttering and cackling! Things got so hot that something had to be done. I asked him to write poetry. He said that he had never written any poetry and did not know how to write it, but that he would do anything to please me. Such poetry as he wrote has never been heard of on earth or in heaven. It was not like anything that had been before, and that is not saying that some of it was not good poetry. I rushed to the switch-board and got him back to prose. I told him not to write for fools or children. I had as neat a collection of mental crockery in my china shop as anybody ever saw. This wild bull of Bashan went through it in a jiffy! I still hear the crunching of mental bric-a-brac. His sermon on the science of lying caused several kinds of fits. One indignant female woman stopped her paper because I let Burnell teach people to lie. I wrote her a kind and considerate note, saying that I had no doubt about Burnell being the biggest liar this side of Chee Foo, but, as I never told a lie in my life, she had no business to bounce me. She, however, was firm, and will not see this item. Blessed Burnell! I shall run another course of his lessons in CHRISTIAN some day, just to see the dodgers dodge, and the fudgers fudge, and the budgers budge. I like to see the mental cowards crawl behind stumps! In the meantime, you can get stenographic reports of his lectures for \$1.50 each by addressing 1327 Georgia street, Los Angeles, Cal.

\*\*\* "Here I come again! Back into the flock! I suppose I must have been drifting for the first five months. Have seemed to be out of reach of the Success vibrations of the Circle; possibly within reach, but with closed portals. I have earned only about \$75 since September. Not much for a man with a wife to feed and clothe, and I do not think it much use writing you of my poor showing when I fully believe that if I will get down to the right condition you will hear my cry without me taking up your time by a letter. But a short time ago—three weeks ago, I said: This will not do. I have been neglecting Shelton; and hence neglecting I AM that I AM. I picked up CHRISTIAN, read it, thought of it, went to bed thinking Shelton. Presto! Ten days ago I got a position, and my thanks go out to Shelton, for I know it was through your influence, for CHRISTIAN is Shelton, and Shelton is a forceful part of the I AM, and there is not a publication extant that can do for a fellow 'off the track' what CHRISTIAN can do."

This is from a young married man in British Columbia. Of course, CHRISTIAN is in the habit of stopping at all Way Stations, and coupling on to everything on the side track that is worth hauling.

\*\*\* "You say that you were jollying us about your wife giving treatments. When can we know that you are in earnest?"

I don't know how you will know, for I don't always know myself; but you ought to know that my wife and I are one, and if we are one, why should we be two before the people?

\*\*\* I have received a proposition from a man in Texas, who describes his case and says that if I will heal him of all his diseases, he will give me a deed to certain corner lots. You can not bribe God! If you gave me a deed to the planet, it would not influence the Spirit of Truth. There was a millionaire in New York who kept a standing offer of one million dollars for the restoration of his sight. He died blind! The gift of God can not be purchased with money. If you think by sending your contributions to this center, that you are buying the healing, you are badly mistaken.

\*\*\* I give treatments for love and money, but not for love without the money. All my "free" treatments are flat failures. This explains this extract:

"When I received yours saying you would not treat me for nothing I tore the letter to pieces. After a while a great stillness came over me, and I knew you were right. I resolved to send you my dollar, and when pay-night came I was surprised by two dollars a week raise in my salary. Here is one of the dollars. Treat me for health, happiness, prosperity, and a good husband."

Come right into the Circle and take your own seat—it is paid for with your own money. Now listen to the orchestra playing, "Home, Sweet Home." Everything in the universe is here including several brands of good husbands, warranted to wash.

\*\*\* "My father's business affairs are, of course, very satisfactory. Just a few minutes ago, in order to estimate the remarkable uplifting, I thought back to the fall months; I was amazed that there was such a darkness for us then. I had forgotten in the sunshine of the present. My grandmother and I know to whom to give credit for it all."

This gives you a hint of a deep conspiracy between a young lady and her grandmother. They actually went to work and put the father's business on a firm basis by buying a few vibrations from the Circle of Christians. You see how they are rejoicing in the Lord, and the power of his might.

\*\*\* "Will you explain who Melchisedec was? He had no father nor mother nor descent, with neither beginning of days, nor end of life. I thought he was some great soul who was reincarnated in Jesus. You said Jesus was Adam reincarnated. Were they not all the same Spirit?"

I did not say that Jesus was Adam, but that Gabriel, the father of Jesus, was Adam. Gabriel is also another name for Melchisedec. Adam is the great High Priest of the planet. He is known as Melchisedec, and Gabriel, Man-God. Jesus is the son of the Man-God, the First Born from the dead.

\*\*\* "You literally established my brother-in-law in business when he was so down in luck that he was on the verge of suicide."

That's nothing! I often pull them back after they have got over the verge. The vibrations from this center are so full of life and joy and truth, that a man don't want to die. He just gets up, shakes himself, and takes a new hold on life.

\*\*\* "I like your 8-page better than 16. The scrambled CHRISTIAN where you quote and comment suits me."

Now wouldn't that make you crow and cackle!

\*\*\* "I wish you would stop my treatments. I have gone back to my regular Christian Science healer, and she forbids me to receive treatments from you, or read any of your literature."

Poor soul! I would like you, or your Christian Science healer, or anybody in heaven or on earth, or in hell, to stop my treatments. I can't stop 'em myself. When they once get loose all hell can't stop 'em from going to the mark. You can tell your "regular Christian Science healer" to get out of my way or I will run over her. What right has she to issue orders to you, much less to me? If you want my treatments to stop, don't start 'em with your money.

\*\*\* "Why don't you give this kid his piece of 'mince pie?'"

So writes a big business man in Brooklyn, New York. Well, it is not the time of year for Mince Pie. What you need is rhubarb pie. It is just the thing for the spring time. Later you can eat gooseberry pie, and strawberry shortcake.

\*\*\* Sweethearts, this life is not all there is of it. You come to me with your cares and sorrows, and your hearts are breaking. You are taking this life too seriously. If mortal mind was the measure of existence, it would indeed be miserable. You are here to-day without knowing how you got here, and you go away to-morrow not knowing whither you are going. It looks like blind chance from the cradle to the coffin. You do not know enough to see ahead one single day, so your minds are full of doubt and uncertainty about even the common affairs of every-day existence. You are troubled about business, about domestic affairs, about birth and death. All these things crowd on your souls, and you cry out with the burden. It is always the sensitive souls who suffer most. Those with thick skins go through life without much suffering. The ones who are capable of high notes in the scale of happiness are the ones who suffer most when overtaken by misfortune. Stop it! There is no sense in it. The final unfoldment leads to eternal happiness. This is not theory, but a part of the eternal purpose. Not only eternal happiness, but endless life in ecstatic bliss. When you get up to where you have passed all this process of being born and dying, you will live, and you will know how to live, for you will have been taught the real purpose of life. Say, you little kids, all of you—even if you are a hundred years old you are still a very young kid—why do you lag behind on your way to school? Pick up your books, which you sometimes call burdens, and get along with you. You have to go to school, so you had just as well do it cheerfully.

\*\*\* "I am very glad to write you that the cough has disappeared. In one week from the time you received my last letter it left me, all at once. There was something noticeable about it. It didn't wear off, but just left me all at once. It was wonderful how quickly it left me."

That is just exactly the method of my present work. I AM treating each day as if it were the only and last day for the treatments. I want my Word to go straight to the spot, and heal in a jiffy.



\*\*\* For three or four years I have been seeing a black horse. He is a large black stallion, with full flowing mane and beautiful eyes. I came to know him very well, but the color of the horse troubled me. I thought black was a bad color, and that he must mean something dreadful. The other night he came towards me as if angry, and reared on his hind feet, poisoning his body in the air, while his eyes flashed fire. It troubled me, so that I began to inquire of the Spirit the meaning of the vision. The answer was that I had better read my New Testament, and while I was pondering on the part of the New Testament in which I would find information, the sixth chapter of Revelation came to my mind. I have read that chapter a thousand times, and commented on it before the public for twenty years, and yet I did not know it. There is something about inspired writings that always eludes you until the time comes for the unfoldment of their meaning. Here is what the sixth chapter of Revelation says about the black horse:

"And when he had opened the third seal, I heard the third beast say, Come and see. And I beheld, and lo a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand. And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts say, A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny; and see thou hurt not the oil and wine."

So my black stallion was not angry with me, but was demanding justice. The rider of this black horse has a pair of balances in his hands. He represents Justice. It means the right prices for foods. The rider of the Black Horse is going to settle the labor problem. He will settle the trusts and syndicates and monopolies that have to do with the food products of the earth. I shall hereafter be glad to see, and will welcome, my black stallion. He is the third horse, and appears at the opening of the third seal. Look out for a shaking up on this planet before many years, or maybe before another year of human history.

\*\*\* "I want to tell you all about myself. For a number of years past I have written you for help. I had spent hundreds of dollars in preparation for my chosen life work, and then got no position. For a whole year I had nothing to do. Then I got a \$200 position. I took it and did my best. In four months it was \$400, in six months a bigger position came. I took it and kept the old one, too. That made \$1,050, and a new choir gives me \$150 more. This in first year's teaching! My mother has been an invalid for years—now she is well! We have a delightful home and every prospect of a bank account in the near future."

I tell you, my Christian girls are just simply flying high. This one is no exception to the rule. Go it, girls; there is no string tied to you, and no fence around you!

\*\*\* "Last October sister stricken with Peritonitis—life hung by a thread—all plead with her not to give up—when she said: 'I just laid hold of the live wire of Shelton, and never let go'—and after an illness of over one hundred days—withstood the disease and is convalescing."

Glory to God! Glory to Shelton! Glory to everybody! The Word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than a two edged sword.

\*\*\* I have received several of George Edwin Burnell's Sunday Night Sermons. They are all good, but there is one that ought to be put into booklet form at once. It should have a million circulation in one month. It is entitled "Hamlet; or the Expansion of the Area of Sanity." He does not say much about Hamlet, but uses Shakespeare's play as a text for a sermon on the current metaphysical movement on the planet. He takes the ground that New Thought, Mental Science, Christian Science, et cetera, have started a movement to expand the area of sanity. He thinks this is a preparation for the coming of the real truth. In other words, if we can digest all of this stuff, our mental apparatus will be ready for something real. We begin by testing our wings in the study of all of this conglomeration and expansion, not to say explosion, of thought. After we learn to fly, we can soar into the upper and purer atmosphere of real thinking. He says that Jehovah rented the Jewish race for the purpose of making experiments in the expansion of sanity. He thinks that the Spirit of Truth has rented the United States for the purpose of making an experiment in the same direction. The lecture did me good. I am not afraid now to go crazy. I used to be a little skittish about all of it, but Burnell has fixed me all right. I will turn my wings loose and flop, even if I fall. Instead of going crazy hearing all of these things, we are just expanding our sanity. Glory to God for some kind of an excuse!

\*\*\* I positively refuse to give free treatments. Now, you will think it strange for me to make such a statement when I virtually give all treatments free, by giving subscriptions and books for every dollar; but in spite of that my mail is filled with applications for free treatments, and from people who do not even enclose a postage stamp. If I received such, my mail would soon be burdened so that I would have to quit my work. The Trading Stamp mania is abroad in the land.

\*\*\* "I praise and glorify thy holy name, that you do not let a lot of tommyrot rules interfere with the good you may do, but pitch in and help bring God's power to bear on the subject whatever the claim may be, or whatever the beliefs about medicine, or its being another person's patient. There is no self-glory about you, even if Blind Tom does keep applauding his own music, and you are not under rule to charge a fortune for your healing, either."

These strong words come from an orthodox Christian Scientist. I find that the Christian Scientists are getting to be in worse bondage than other religionists. They believe in mental malpractice and all other bugaboos of mortal thought.

\*\*\* I never answer letters inquiring about terms and methods of healing. All such letters are answered by copies of CHRISTIAN, mailed to the enquirer.

\*\*\* When you want credits or books for your money, please say so. I can not get up from my desk and run down stairs to see whether you have received proper credit or not. Call for what you want, and give your name and full address in every letter.

\*\*\* Kinsonia, since the issue of April CHRISTIAN, seems to be an epidemic. They all complain of it. It must be cured even to amputation (Luke 14:26) before you can enter into the truth. Justice must be done to all concerned. You must deal righteously and love mercy; but say to all that you have no kith or kin in mortality. Stand aside and let me pass on my way to a higher life.

\*\*\* "Burnell made me throw away my glasses, but I had to get a new pair."

Say, honey, Burnell is only about 40, and I never wore glasses until I was 48—just wait a few years and see what you will see, or not see as the case may be. Regeneration does not come in spots, but is a resurrection of a new mind in a new body. "Behold, I make all things new" is not fulsome rhetoric, but spiritual science.

\*\*\* "How do you keep track of the dates in treating so many people?"

I don't. It is said that "times and seasons belong to the Lord." I'm glad of it. The almanac and clock cut no figure in my treatments. Keep your own dates, or guess at it.

\*\*\* "April CHRISTIAN was a backbone stiffener. Your experiences in development are a great help to me."

Personal knowledge of the Way is a great help to those who are really on the Road. I tell my readers of all the black stumps and mortal dumps I have met in my march. I even tell of the holes I have fallen into, and the sorry mess I sometimes made of myself. It all helps the real climbers.

\*\*\* "What do you mean by the resurrection of the mind?"

It is the only Resurrection. It is a mortal awakening from the dream of mortality. The body is a collection of atoms from the earth, and can be easily transformed by the renewing of the mind. The change in the physical is of small importance. The quickening Spirit can do that work "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye" when mental conditions will permit. But the Spirit of Truth does not vibrate in mortal mind. If so we would have immortal idiots—a fool's paradise.

\*\*\* "Do you believe that a 'still born' child has an immortal spirit?"

No, spirit does not inhabit a dead body. Spirit enters into the new born babe about the time of the first breath. Breath and spirit are the same in the root meaning. "There is a spirit in man, and the Breath of the Almighty giveth him understanding." An individual spirit is a point of intelligence—the body of flesh is grown from the ground like a turnip. Some of these bodies have pumpkin heads; but don't blame the spirit. Death will give the spirit another chance at being born right, or regeneration will do the work.

\*\*\* The picture of the Healing Room could not show it all. There is a large picture of a beautiful woman over my desk, a French clock over the table, a double bow window to the right, etc., etc. There is a door leading out to the upper front veranda.

## "WHOSE WIFE IS SHE?"

"I am a young man of 22, not very healthy nor prosperous. Have had unfortunate love affair. The one woman. Never have seen anything so beautiful. Had it all my way, but she took another. This was over a year ago, and can not forget her yet. Auburn haired damsel! My white horse must have gone back on me."

Be still, my dear boy! By the time you are ready to marry, you would not look at this auburn-haired girl. She will be too old for you. Why boy! when my wife, who is my eternal mate, was born, my first daughter had just come into the world. She and my mate are about the same age. So you see that you have not begun to understand the mysteries of marriage. I met my mate when I was by the almanac 51 years of age, but when I was born she may have been dying of old age. So you see, my dear boy, your mate may not yet be born into the world, or she may be in the kindergarten. Do not grieve over what you did at 21, for time and chance will keep your own for you. While I am on this subject I had as well make it plain for the thousands of men and women who are readers of CHRISTIAN.

What do I mean by soul mates? I mean the order of eternity, the divine order of real marriage. Souls are points of intelligence, projected into space from the center of the sun. They go forth as twins. Therefore, my wife and I are precisely the same age, and that is no age at all. From everlasting to everlasting, is the way it reads in Spirit. Our coming forth from the sun was for our unfoldment and education. We have completed all of the cycles of incarnation, and so are ready to enter into regeneration and the resurrection. This is the truth or I do not understand the plain words of the Spirit. You must not get the idea that there can be an increase or decrease in the number of these intelligences. The idea that there is a constant increase and decrease in the population of the universe is mortal moonshine. If the mortal notion prevailed in fact, there would soon be an overpopulation of the universe, and God would be crowded out. He would multiply himself so fast that he would be drowned in his own offspring. He would be smothered by his own fecundity.

No! no! my beloved, there has never been an additional spirit added to the number, and not one has ever been lost. You can not get away from God. You never had any beginning of days and can never have an end of life. Our little foolishness in the kindergarten of mortality has been taken too seriously. We have been taught that it was the whole thing. The priests and preachers have told us that destiny was fixed in one incarnation. That a man and a woman coming together in marriage could never be divorced throughout all eternity. That we here in one incarnation fix our destiny for a heaven of bliss, or a hell of misery forever and forever. What folly is all of this when you ascend into the mountain of illumination and see the passing cycles of the unfolding centuries.

My beloved mate and I have been searching for each other since our separation thousands and thousands of years ago. When our full remembrance comes, we will laugh at the short space of time which is held in a thousand years. It was only while we were playing in the great kindergarten of mortality. It was while we were wandering in the wilderness and eating the bitter fruits of experience. It was while we sat in the desert under Elim's cooling palms. All this unfoldment in mortality is only an incident in our education. Therefore, I say unto you, beloved, that we take this mortal life too seriously. You sweet girls of forty and fifty and seventy, when you look into the mirror and see the wrinkles, must understand that the wrinkles are not in you, they are only in the present garment of flesh which you are ready to cast off for a new one. There is no dimness of vision in your eyes; it is only a weakness in the organ, which you will soon put away for the eyes of a baby. The gray hairs in your heads are not in you, for it may be a short space of time until you are the pride of a mother's heart, and your new head covered with golden curls. Our mortal time and chance is made by the shadows of the earth. It is as if you were playing on the north side of the house at noon. You are grieving over the death of a relative, and yet there is no such thing as death. You remember your grandfather, and yet you may be holding him in your arms and caressing him in the person of your own baby. There are no grandfathers and grandmothers in the Truth. What monkey-show you are making of God when you think that he has time and chance in his eternal Being.

You have been told plainly in the Scriptures that the flesh profiteth nothing. It is so. The flesh that you have taken on and thrown off is no more than the food you ate ten years ago. You certainly do not take any account of the dinners and breakfasts you ate thirty years ago, or fifty years ago? Why then should you take account of the different bodies of flesh which your spirit has used and has thrown away? You say that I believe in reincarnation. It is not any doctrine of reincarnation, but the everlasting incarnation of souls searching for experience and unfoldment. The domain of the individualized Spirit is matter. Our kingdom is in the objective. There are no Spirits that remain unclothed in the flesh. The immortal ones have passed all the cycles of incarnation, and so are in the regeneration where their bodies of flesh remain forever new by the constant renewing of the mind. They no longer need to throw off and put on the clothing of flesh. They have arrived.

There were two men who met Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration and showed themselves alive. They were Moses and Elijah. These two men had passed the cycles of incarnation, and were both raised into the regeneration without suffering death. There is no proof that Moses died; the Bible account literally translated says that Jehovah kissed him. In other words, he was taken

up into a realm of the immortals. Elijah ascended in what his fellow prophets thought was a chariot of fire drawn by horses of fire. The scripture can not be broken. A man must keep on dying and being born until he has passed through the whole process of unfoldment. There is no power on earth or in hell to hinder you from going on to perfection. Your education is made perfect through suffering. Therefore, let me say once more with emphasis, that we should not take this mortal life so seriously and solemnly. It is an incident and not an eternal fixture. But the preachers and priests are behind us with rules, and fix in our minds shackles of thought, so we are forever in hell while trying to adjust our relations with the Spirit. The very best article, from that standpoint, on divorce, that I ever read is by Elbert Hubbard in March number of *The Philistine*. I quote:

"When the courts are appealed to for a divorce, it is the culmination of a long siege of terrible misery and awful heartache. People do not get up in the morning, eat their breakfast and say 'Go to, we will go down town and get a divorce.' Divorce is the last expedient of a man and a woman sorely stricken by unkind fate. People may enter lightly into marriage, but they do not enter lightly on divorce. It is a fearful ordeal. And men and women are wise, usually, in stumbling through life in bonds, and dying in harness with famished hearts unquenched rather than face the disgrace of a divorce court. No man or woman can go thru divorce proceedings without awful scars, and most divorce candidates are ruined by the ordeal utterly. Swallows may wing their way thru spider's webs, but flies are caught and perish. Divorce is heroic treatment. It seeks to give relief from the results of a most unhappy accident—the mismatching of a man and woman. There is only one thing more terrible than divorce, and that is to go thru life manacled hand and foot, with an iron compress on head and heart. But usually the victim had better die than seek relief thru the cold-chisel and sledge-hammer ordeal. Divorce means to have your soul dragged naked at the cart's tail for the amusement of the mob—and more. Divorce does not break bonds—it amputates and tears thru fendrils. But the consensus of scientific thought is that this amputation and uprooting, at times, is wise and well. It is better that the courts and their adjuncts, the newspapers, should use their cold-chisels than that men and women should die, and dying slowly, should vitiate the atmosphere and spread social pollution. Divorce is an expedient directed toward moral health. The courts of the world believe this; the people who sustain the courts believe it; the clergy alone, as a third sex, protests. A man from Mars would surely suppose these high-choked, self-appointed guardians of their neighbors' business had invented the Sexual Impulse, duly filed caveats on it, and were now renting it out on royalty, on terms and regulations dictated by themselves in convention assembled."

There is no need of this scathing rebuke of the preachers and priests. The illumination of the individual is fast making all of these rats and mice of mortality scamper to their hiding places. There is no divorcing and no marrying in the truth. Your little mortal play at marrying and divorcing is foolishness in the sight of God. He joined

the twin souls in his own bosom before they were projected into space. What God has joined together no man can put asunder. The word "let" in the language of Jesus is imperative, and mates made by the Almighty are such because of their own divinity and affinity, and they themselves have nothing to do with it. When they come together, they are drawn by the law of attraction, which is irresistible. You had as well try to regulate the movements of the planets. They come together in the joy of an intelligent understanding, having been educated by their separation. It was to make them fit for intelligent association that the wandering in the wilderness and separation was made a part of their experience.

Let me show you a side of my suffering, not for your pity, but for your joy in the truth. I have stood before a preacher and been "married" twice to the same woman; two ordeals have been passed in the divorce courts. The last was by the Spirit and made mutual. Spirit commanded me to provide for her comfort during her mortal life, and I agreed to do it. The lady is now my warm friend and admirer. She has unbounded faith in me, and believes that I am in the regeneration. All of the children are married, and settled near her, except one son with whom she lives, in peace and comfort, after years of strife and suffering over a mismatched and foolish marriage. Not one jot of bitterness in the whole transaction. Spirit knows how to settle matters in the right way.

My mate and I went through the forms of marrying before a clergyman in a church. It was easier to pay the preacher and get the little piece of paper, than to antagonize the institution. But our marriage was when the morning stars sang the song of creation, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy. That is the time when all marriages were made, for you must remember, my dears, that there never has been any increase or decrease in the population of the planet. The visible ones do not count for all of the inhabitants. You must say that my mate and I came together by the commonest kind of carnality, or else were led by the Spirit of Truth, for we were both forced into it. I leave you to judge by the vibrations in CHRISTIAN as to the source of the attraction. Keep your eyes on us and see the Spirit of God shatter the priestly notions of permanent marriage among mortals. The proof that I have spoken the truth will be that my mate and I will abide here on earth, having passed all the cycles of incarnation, and now being able to live and move in the regeneration. Keep your eyes on us! Time is good to the truth, but fatal to falsehood.

A civil marriage is absolutely essential to decency and order; it should be made and unmade by the courts, and taken out of the hands of priests and preachers. Spirit made it more binding by ordering me to take my wife into full partnership and deed her half of all my property. Instead of giving her checks, she fills them out to suit herself, and her writing of my signature is on record in the bank by the side of my own. My mate must be a free woman.

In the twentieth chapter of Luke, you will find a statement of the whole matter:

"Then came to him certain of the Sadducees, which deny that there is any resurrection; and they asked him, saying, Master, Moses wrote unto us, If any man's brother die, having a wife, and he die without children, that his brother should take his wife, and raise up seed unto his brother.

"There were, therefore, seven brethren: and the first took a wife, and died without children. And the second took her to wife, and he died childless. And the third took her; and in like manner the seven also; and they left no children, and died. Last of all the woman died also. Therefore, in the resurrection whose wife of them is she? for seven had her to wife. And Jesus answering, said unto them, The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage: but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage. Neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection. Now that the dead are raised, even Moses shewed at the bush, when he called the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. For he is not a God of the dead, but of the living: for all live unto him."

Do you not see, my beloved, that there is not a single dead one in all of the universe? Death is a delusion. You must appear and disappear as a part of your experience. As an individual you go through and face all of these experiences, for there can be no intelligence that is not acquired, and in order to be perfect you must acquire all of the knowledge there is in the whole of the universe. It must be your own by actual achievement. You desire perfection, and God will make you perfect by an actual unfoldment, so do not take this mortal life so seriously. It is the merest little playhouse. Do not grieve because the mortal dolls come to pieces and expose the sawdust and the glue by which they were put together. Bless your heart, that face you see in the mirror is not all the one you have. If it were you would be poor, indeed. You get scared because there is a white hair in your head, and crowsfeet at the corners of your eyes! Why, bless your soul, you have had crowsfeet there ten thousand times before. You may have them there millions of times to come. You are an old tottering woman now, asking me to treat you for your rheumatism, and in a short time your mother may be asking me to treat you for measles. Patients that I had ten years ago as old people, may now be my patients as infants and children.

Bless your soul! when you think you are going down to the grave, you may be just coming to a new spanking. My baby who was clamoring for "mince pie" may have been a woman of fashion a few years ago. Don't you see, sweethearts, how the wheels go 'round? Don't get your own immortal soul tangled up in the wheels, and, above all, beloved, don't get in a hurry about it. You are only grinding the nerves in your present garment of flesh, and doing no good by your anxiety.

"I stay my haste, I make delays;  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face."

Why should you mourn over a death, and rejoice over a birth? They are precisely the same thing in principle. The one could not be without the other. Death is absolutely essential to birth, and birth to death. When a man dies, instead of mourning after the fashion of the priests, we should rejoice. The banner should be flung out and the brass band called to play, not the Dead March in Saul, but the quick march of spiritual unfoldment. You should meet the relatives of the recent dead with congratulations, the same as you do when a new baby comes to the house. If the door of death were not open, there would be no births. If a spirit can get out of a body by death, it can also get into a body by birth.

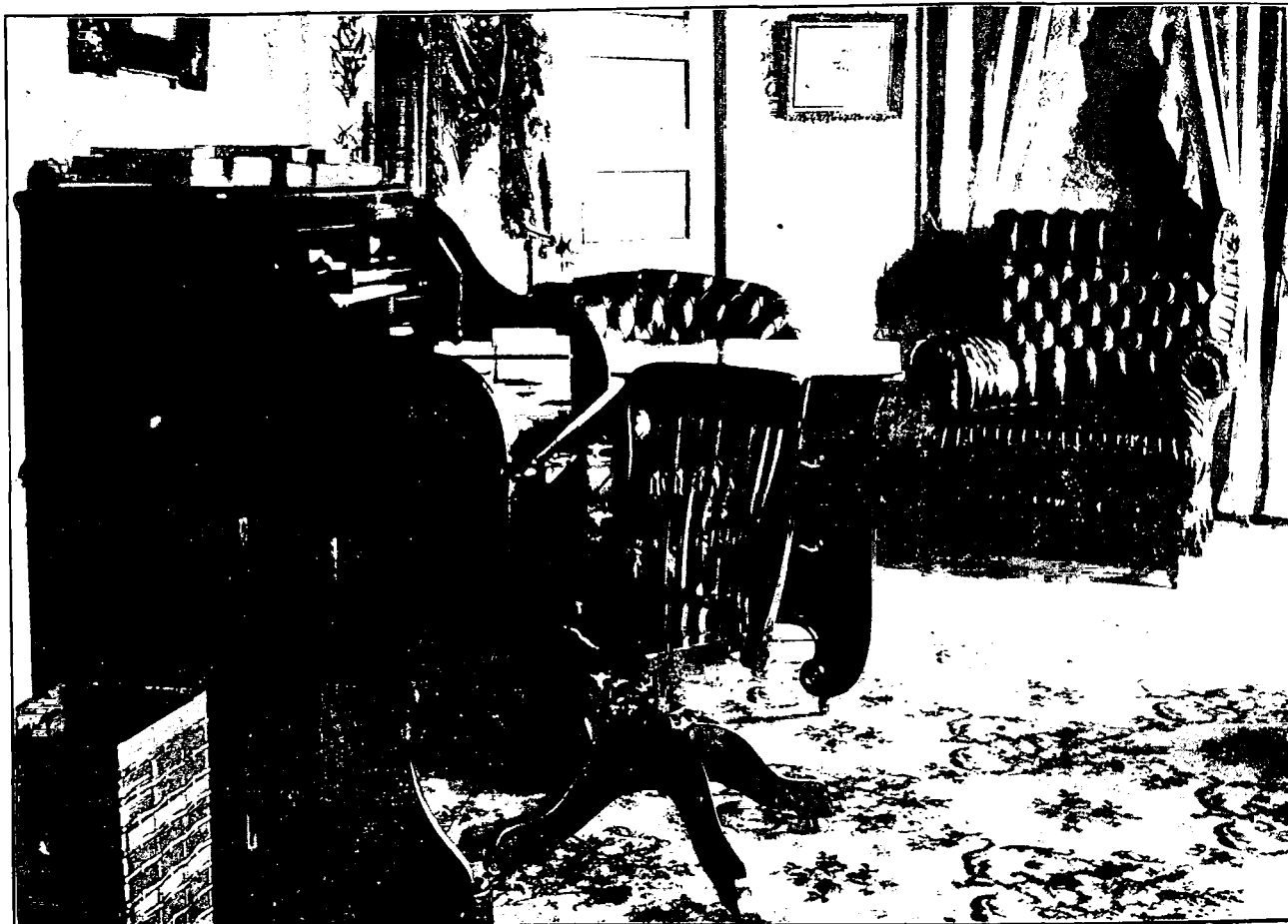
What, then, becomes of your race suicide? The poor mortals who are concerned about the work of Spirit! Neither hell nor high water can hinder these incarnations. God is going right on with the word in spite of all of your mortal fallacies and fancies. There never has been a single member of the race lost, and not one addition made. It would be a great pity if God should lose a part of himself! What a spectacle for the Almighty to be going about with a mole in his side where a chunk had dropped out, nevermore to be replaced! The idea of a limping Jehovah trying to conduct a universe!

What becomes of your Sons and Daughters of the Revolution? Poor mortals priding themselves on being descendants of themselves! The history of humanity is the history of the same individuals over and over. There has not been one single new spirit added to the bunch since the morning stars began their chorus of creation. Not one! And yet you were thinking that the race might become extinct while all of these spirits were clamoring for incarnation!

Let the silly notions of Theosophists be far from your mind. The identity of each incarnation is blotted out at the beginning of the next one. There may be a time when full remembrance will come to you of all of your travels, but not now. It is a resurrection of the mind, and your whole mind will be raised from the dead. This will include a memory of all of the things that you have seen and heard, and the fullness of your educational experience. Bide your time! Don't crowd your present incarnation with efforts to remember the past. It is sufficient, beloved, to know that you are here, and have always been here, and can never get lost. All your desires, all of your abounding hopes, will be fulfilled. Yes, more than your heart has ever conceived, or your soul desired, will be given to you in good measure, pressed down and running over.

"Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny."

# CIRCLE OF CHRISTIANS



A CORNER OF THE HEALING ROOM



THE Christians who are engaged with me in this work are acting as independent individuals. They are seeking for personal unfoldment in Christianity. Each one is seeking for mental, physical and financial freedom. They do not confess a creed or formulate a faith. Each one is left free to follow the Spirit.

If you wish to be enrolled among the Christians, you must make application of your own free will. You will be given daily treatments for Health, Happiness and Prosperity. In a word, you come into the full fellowship and receive all the benefits, instructions, and information that can be given from this Center.

You will pay twelve dollars a year. Payments can be made by the month, three months, or twelve months, in advance. This entitles you to twelve subscriptions to CHRISTIAN. You can furnish the names for these subscriptions or credit the free list. Of course you understand that the names you send will be put on the paid list. In this way we give each Christian twelve shares in the financial work, and full fellowship in the spiritual unfoldment.

## THOMAS J. SHELTON

1657 CLARKSON STREET

DENVER, COLORADO