



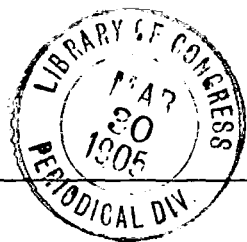
# Christian

Monthly: \$1.00 a year  
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Thomas J. Shelton  
1657 Clarkson St., Denver, Colo.

Twelfth Year  
April, 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.

\*\*\* Say, what am I going to do with you Christians?

\*\*\* January number has already gone glimmering—not one in the house.

\*\*\* I printed four thousand extra copies and they were all gone by the last day of February.

\*\*\* March number was late, so about the time I announced in that number that the first three numbers of CHRISTIAN for this year would be mailed for twenty-five cents, January was exhausted.

\*\*\* I am sorry, not that I need the money, but the people need the truth. I can't keep up with you. August number went the same way, and I thought it was my handsome face. I have printed many thousands of this number. You will have to let your subscription begin whenever you can hit it.

\*\*\* How do you like this number? A few have been clamoring for the sixteen pages, as if they had always had it. They forget that CHRISTIAN has never been sixteen pages but three times, and that for many years it was only four pages, and those very small ones; but I will make one page, if I feel like it. I refuse to be bound by any kind of rules.

\*\*\* The Circle of Christians is growing in power, and becoming immensely wealthy. It is represented not only by the money men and women of the world, but also by those who are seeking material wealth. While the cost of membership for each one is very small, the accumulated capital represented is immense. It is one way, and I believe the only way, to solve the problem of capital and labor.

\*\*\* "Please send me health and success in literary business. I find the vibrations a great help to me in my writing."

The above is from a publisher and author, and you would be surprised at the vibrations that go out from this center to the people who are writing for the press. It is my business to put on the "rousements" for everybody.

\*\*\* "Do I understand you aright, that you will not accept one dollar subscriptions any more?"

You are certainly not right, for the subscription price of CHRISTIAN has not changed. Look under the heading, and read the terms. The Circle of Christians is twelve dollars a year.

\*\*\* "Splendid paper—CHRISTIAN. It is *sui generis*. I search its pages in vain for weak wishy-washy hashes-up of other people's articles. It is all original, Sheltonesque, and even in your commonplace and uninspired moods, is well worth reading. I pity the hapless wretch that can not find refreshment, strength and inspiration in its pages."

The above comes from Scotland, and is so good that it makes me blush with humility. There are other things in his strong letter, but you know my modesty is one of my strong points. Of course some of you perhaps have never discovered it, but that is not the fault of the modesty.

\*\*\* "I am a Methodist minister, and have been playing the part of a thief with regard to your paper. One of your subscribers has furnished me with CHRISTIAN for some months, and since reading it have decided that I would like to be enrolled among the Christians. Enclosed find three dollars, for which send me your vibrations for Health, Happiness and Prosperity."

There is plenty of room for the Methodists in the Circle of Christians. Glad to get 'em; also, the Catholics and the people who don't believe in anything. When you come into this Circle of Christians don't come with a sharp nose, for there are several saloon keepers enrolled. They will get out of that business after a while, and so we are glad to give them the vibrations, and welcome them among the Christians. There must not be any kind of antagonism or antipathy in this Circle. God bless all of us!

\*\*\* "After writing you last month I was uplifted for a few days, but I am far from bright just now. You see the family have been all together, son-in-law, daughter-in-law, uncles, aunts, and so I have had a kind of Kinsonia."

Thank Goodness for that word "Kinsonia!" The disease has afflicted me ever since my stepmother used to beat me. I heartily believe the statement of Jesus, that in order to follow the truth, you must hate the whole outfit. Now, the word *hate* is not used in the sense of bitterness. It means to cut off—clean out—shake. Kinsonia! Bless your heart for the word. I think now I can cure the disease after finding out the right name for it.

\*\*\* "I wish you would print something that would get some common sense into the heads of the people. The Healer in town claims that two or more Healers can do better than one on a single case, and that she usually gets a Mrs. B. of Kansas City, to start her cases for her. Holy smoke! If I can not start my own cases I can not keep 'em going, or finish 'em. A Healer needs no other help than God. Am I right? And furthermore, I believe that the mixed vibrations from two or more Healers would be positively bad for the patient, if anything is bad."

Don't lose patience, my dear girl! There are many things the modern "Healers" must learn before they know anything. The healer who speaks the truth does not need any help from anybody on earth or in heaven or in hell. He is the whole thing. I have been foolish enough to give taffy to my readers by telling them my wife helped me in the healing. It was all bosh. She can't help, and she can't hinder. When in the Healing Room, everybody is shut out but His Majesty, Myself. I even shut out Shelton, for he is the only one that could hinder me in giving treatments.

\*\*\* "I never missed anything so much as I did that paper. It always did me more good than any other. I am not able to spare the dollar yet, but will be in a few months. I did want to begin with the January number."

Well, it was your own fault. You got a little touchy and ordered the paper discontinued because you could not pay for it. Let me tell you that the Circle of Christians has money to burn, and you need never stop CHRISTIAN on account of funds. If you get into its vibrations your own will come to you.

\*\*\* "But, oh my! Nothing seems quite like the ideas contained in 'CHRISTIAN!' Mine came last night, and I read it through, only to know that I must read it through—or parts of it—again. It is food for gods, and gods alone, without compromise, straight from infinity; and it makes you feel that you are a god—or nothing; and you can not accept the 'nothing.'"

The above is from the daughter of a bright mother who received it in a private letter and sent it on to me. Thanks! The girl's head is level, for CHRISTIAN is either *something* or *nothing*.

\*\*\* "My friends think I have you on a pedestal, and want to know if you have not taken a tumble since the cancer. I said no! no! no!"

How could I be on a pedestal? Dead men stand on pedestals, and I have not even cold feet. What did you want me to say about the cancer if not to tell you the whole truth? Let me say something else to the "healers." That is, that you may be called on to face in your own body every disease known to the flesh. I do not want to scare you, but you are handling a two edged sword when you try to do healing. You had better put it away if you don't know how to handle it. I have faced consumption, dipsomania and cancer, and I have faced them with a blanched face. Do you think I was writing about my own sufferings just for fun? I am being made perfect through suffering, and since that place was cut out, I have published my own picture in CHRISTIAN and turned that side of my face to you. I am talking to myself, and if you happen to overhear me it is all right. I care only to get out of the wilderness and into the full and glorious light of illumination.

\*\*\* "Such a head as you have. Lord bless your heart, you ought to be in the president's chair."

I wonder if anybody really thinks that I would exchange places with Theodore Roosevelt? Do you see that chair at my desk in that corner of the Healing Room on the last page? Well, that is of more importance than any other chair on this earth. It is not because a man named Shelton sits there, for that would be a very small matter. It is the I AM that I AM, who sits at that desk and speaks through Shelton. At least he speaks through Shelton every chance he gets.

\*\*\* "I feel that I ought to tell you something in justice to you. I had been suffering for more than two weeks with excessive menstruation amounting to hemorrhage at times, and could hardly keep about my work. (I am a bookkeeper.) I hate to go to a doctor, for I have not much faith in them, and I made up my mind to send to you for help, and put a paper dollar in my pocket to mail after I got down to the office, but the hemorrhage ceased, almost at once, without my doing a thing, and I can not account for it unless my intention, and my faith in you, brought me the help I so much needed, so here is your dollar."

You touched a live wire, my dear woman. When you came into conjunction with this center you touched live vibrations, and they made rapid changes. Tap these currents whenever you feel like it. My own will come to me without the least bit of trouble.

\*\*\* "I know that I am a Christian, and that all we Christians combined will yet take the earth. I have no criticism to make, but rather congratulate you for having told us the truth in January CHRISTIAN about having a doctor cut out a foreign growth from the side of your nose."

Thanks for these words and the Ten Dollars which you enclosed. It never entered into my head to ask whether the statement would do me good or not. I made my statement in CHRISTIAN for the benefit of my own mind, and it seems to work all right with others. You may bet your bottom dollar that we Christians will take the earth, and we will do it by being true to the principles of Christianity. In other words, by stripping the veil of hypocrisy from our faces, and looking God square in the Eye.

\*\*\* "The Immaculate Conception editorial is the best thing I ever read on the subject. You seem to be half jesting and holding back part of the truth."

I was holding back part of the truth, but nearly all of you got it by telepathy. The part that held back is this: that in the regeneration or new birth, it is an immaculate conception. When you are quickened by the Spirit you are conceived and made new by that immaculate and immortal vibration. Paul called it the forming of Christ in you. It is a literal begetting and birth out of mortality into immortality. The mortal puts on immortality and you enter into the power of an endless life by an immaculate conception. This is the reason why Jesus Christ said that the new birth was absolutely essential to an entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven.

\*\*\* "I would send you a dollar for Success vibrations, but I think that the only poverty healing that you do is to fill your own pocket. As a money getter for yourself, there is no doubt about you being a success."

My beloved brother, you have come to the wrong shop. Your letter should have been sent to the poorhouse where you could have received the poverty vibrations. I have not anything of the kind to send you. I am succeeding in all of my undertakings, and as for permanent healing, there is no way to get it except through the unfoldment of your own divinity. I can help you, but if you had rather go with your application to the poorhouse, the devil be with you!

\*\*\* I was jesting when I spoke of the self-addressed postal card. I like to answer your letters with a letter, but do put in a self-addressed and stamped envelope and make your requests about subscriptions on a slip in plain words. Do you see my desk in the corner of the Healing Room, and that leather chair on the other side of the table? Well, when you send a self-addressed and stamped envelope, all I have to do is to drop that envelope in front of the lady who sits in that chair and begin dictating to you while she takes it down. All the other letters must be taken downstairs and envelopes addressed, and many times we have to search the list to find the address and make out what the writer is trying to say. It is like going through a big city and hunting for the figures over the doors of people. The self-addressed envelope cuts all of that out and puts me in a splendid humor to say, Hello, God bless your thoughtful soul!

\*\*\* Say, did you know that I was slinging your money around carelessly? Each one of you Christians is entitled to twelve yearly subscribers, and when you do not send the names I just credit where I please. For instance, the other day a lady in Lynn, Massachusetts, sent me a dime. She is a widow sixty-four years of age, and did not have any more money, but she had gotten hold of one copy of CHRISTIAN and wanted more. I wrote that her dime was the biggest piece of money I had seen in a whole year, and that the Circle of Christians had ordered me to put her on the list and give her credit for a year. The very next letter which I took up was from Aberdeen, Washington, and the writer enclosed a dollar, saying give me the treatments and credit anyone you please. I just took the Aberdeen dollar and applied it on Lynn. Glory to God, as the good Methodists say, "Another soul made happy." Hundreds of such cases occur every month.

\*\*\* Say, do you want to give me nervous palpitation of the intellect, or what is it the doctors call it? What makes you write such long letters as soon as you begin to take treatments. The older ones don't do anything so foolish, for they are seeking the Silent Word. Here are sixty letters; fifty of them are written on one page of paper. The other ten take from ten to fifteen pages closely written. There is no sense in it. You need not write me a whole book and tell me all about your past, present and possible future. Now this is not a shutoff of the good letters that people write and express their sentiments. I would not part with the love vibrations from my mail for any consideration. Let your Spirit say what you feel like saying. You will be surprised at your ability to condense.

\*\*\* "The last treatment you gave my daughter was just before the war with Spain. She thought she was pregnant, was expecting to be confined in a few days. When I arrived I wrote immediately to you, and before a month had passed the tumor came away. For four years she had not had a passage of the bowels without using an enema. All this was made right in one month."

The above is from a mother, and the other part of the report is that this daughter now has a two year old baby, strong and healthy. This is what I call glorious work for the Spirit of Truth, and I like to print the statement after so many long years. It does not sound like it was jumped up as a testimonial.

\*\*\* "You treated my block of stores a few months last summer, and I rented the second story flats at once—had people buying each other out, in fact, but the first story was slower. That has now rented, and I am expecting to get more money out of it in the spring. It is the first time since the block was put up, ten years ago, that it has all been rented at one time."

This is from a man who stuck to it month after month, until he got the vibrations and entered into success. He would write me every month and tell me about those empty stores staring him in the face. Well, it will be many years before they are vacated now that the vibrations of truth have settled the business.

\*\*\* "You made her your wife and partner in all of your business, and an equal sharer with you in all your property. That is, you gave her economic freedom, and, if I understand you rightly, you were told by the Spirit that this economic freedom was necessary before either of you could unfold as you desired in the regeneration. If these conditions were necessary for you, are they not necessary for all others? Is not economic freedom for everyone a fundamental necessity to spiritual growth?"

I think so. Not only financial freedom to your partner, but every once in a while you must set yourself free. You must not only affirm that you are free, but that you do not own anything. You must say with Jesus, that you have cut off father, mother, brothers, sisters, wife, husband, children, houses, lands and your own life. That is a sweeping freedom from all mortal environment. It gives you a good mental breath, and you go back and take up the affairs of life with the whole outfit once more. You just give yourself a kind of a mental stretching, and throw off the Old Man of the Sea called poverty and possessions. You know that you own everything, and that all of the fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters and wives, husbands and children are your own, but you want to unload occasionally and take a flight into freedom from responsibility. You soar up like an eagle, and taste the blue expanse. You intend to return to the nest, but not just yet. A little longer flight and you will come back to the nest where the gaping mouths of the "little ones" are asking for food.

\*\*\* "I saw many of your old friends in and around M. Those that were in their prime when you were there, are now old and gray. So many said that I did not look any older than when I left there in 1882. I never felt better, and give you the credit."

That letter was written in a bold and clear hand, and yet the man who wrote it was the Master, and gave me the Degree of a Master Mason thirty years ago. He was then what you might call a man of middle age. I was an associate of his son, who had just graduated from a medical college. The father, who writes the above letter, was not considered of my age even at that time. A few years ago he surprised me by subscribing for CHRISTIAN, and leaving his old orthodox religion. I gave him treatments and healed him of all of his diseases. I am not giving you a "jolly" when I say that his vibration is that of a young man. I asked my stenographer what she thought of the vibration of the writer, and she said, a man of thirty. When I told her who it was and from whence he came she was astonished beyond measure. "More light" is all that is needed to turn age to youth, and disease to health, but it must be genuine light, and not foxfire.

\*\*\* "Just a year since I became one of the Circle, and I fancy I can see the glimmering lights of that Soul white City. Shelton, I thank you."

That is the way they all talk. It is an epidemic of joy. We have had epidemics of every other miserable thing known to humanity. Why not get up a Joy Trust, a regular Happiness Syndicate? The Soul White City is right over Denver, at least the center of a Soul White City. It radiates all over the planet.

\*\*\* "I am inclined to think that the perfect body and perfect life you look toward will come only after the natural death of the natural body. I hardly think you are going to revitalize your present natural body and make it over. I guess it will gradually wane until what is called death takes place. Then your psychic body will take its place in the next stage of existence."

The above quotations are from a long and carefully written letter in which the writer says that I am no fraud because I believe my falsehood to be the truth. In other words, I am honestly mistaken. Now, let me tell you that I know whereof I speak, and it is not self-hypnosis, auto-suggestion or anything of the kind. I am literally cremating the old body of mortality, and replacing it with a new mind and new body. Keep watching me! I am up for inspection. Lift up your opera glasses and take a good view of me while I am on the stage. Somebody must open the door, and I am one of the somebodies that is pushing against it with all my might. It is only a question of awakening from mortal mind delusions. The hypnotism is that of mortality, and as soon as a man begins to squirm and try to get rid of this hypnotic sleep—well, they have either burned him at the stake, crucified him, or let him rot in prison. They can not do that any more. The men of vision are holding the keys.

\*\*\* "I would like to find a key to the interpretation of the New Testament. Where can I find it?"

Well, bless your heart, if the Spirit of Truth had to send along a key to his own statements, it would prove that he was not the Spirit of Truth, but the regular old Splithoof himself. When the Spirit of Truth speaks in the New Testament, the language is as clear as sunlight. It is only because the priests and preachers, acting on their own personal authority, have obscured the writing by telling you that you had to have an interpreter. The interpretation of the New Testament is that you do not have to have an interpreter. It does not need interpretation. You had as well take a candle out into the sunlight in order to interpret the sun. What is your little foolish candle by the side of the Almighty? Bless your heart, my dear girl, and you are dear to me, the Spirit that wrote the New Testament is in you. You wrote it yourself. Your divinity is exactly the same as the universal divinity.

\*\*\* "I want to tell you about 'the full pocketbook' you promised me. I paint in oils, pictures for anyone wanting them, and in the last week I have received orders amounting to one hundred dollars. I think that is pretty good. It may not seem much to you, but it is encouraging to me, and I want still more of such encouragement."

Bless your heart, I think that is much, to me or anybody. You are not only getting the money, but the inspiration which comes with success. Remuneration for your labor is only a part of it. It is the joy of success. You are getting there and feel it in your bones as well as your pocketbook. Some of the worst invalids have gotten up out of their physical weakness as soon as they began to receive treatments for financial freedom. There is no tonic like success in your own work.

\*\*\* "Allow me to say that I am proud of your work. The first page of CHRISTIAN is the most powerful statement of Truth that I have ever seen in a magazine. Let it stand, and in good time you will hear the crumbling of man-made thrones. In fact, the whole paper is gigantic from the first to the final pages."

These words are from a man of wisdom, wealth and personal power. He has been a reformer and public man for many long years. I appreciate his statements all the more for they are given in a private letter. The first page of CHRISTIAN for January, February and March was given me by a vision. It is the mightiest revelation of a revelation that I know in the history of humanity. I take it down because it does not suit me. I want to make it still stronger and clearer. Christianity is the seed and the Sun of Righteousness is slowly causing it to peep up through the dark mind. You can only see the ends of the shoots as they begin to pierce here and there in the fallow mind of humanity, but the sun is rising higher and getting hotter each century, and the harvest will be full and glorious. Some of this precious seed has fallen among the stones, some of it by the wayside, some among thorns, but, praise God, some of it in good ground.

\*\*\* "I am going to get a girl to do the housework, and then I can keep to my little store more and out of their sight. You good souls, help me all you can."

This wail is from a good woman who is trying to run a house and a store, and take care of the old folks and a lot of the other kinsonia. I told her that she would do the right thing to hire a girl and put all of the responsibility and as many of her troubles as possible on the girl. Just hire the poor thing at so much a week, and tell her to bear your burdens and carry your sorrows—and wash the dishes. What is the use? You can hire somebody to carry your burdens for a very small stipend, and they are very glad to get the money, and bear the burdens.

\*\*\* "One afternoon last week I met Mr. H. on Sixteenth street, and he told me how wonderfully you had helped him in business matters. I had not seen him since last fall, and I can not tell you how impressed I was by the change in him. I asked him if it would be possible for me to meet you. This morning he gave me some copies of CHRISTIAN and told me to write you."

The above is a specimen of my work in Denver. It is a quotation from a letter written and handed in at my door. I want all of you to know that my methods in Denver are the same as they are in London, Berlin, Paris and the utmost Provinces of the earth. Spirit makes no exception of persons, even though they are apparently my next door neighbors. The treatments are given daily to one the same as to another, and you see by the above report, taken from a private letter, that they work here at home as well as elsewhere. Of course as a prophet I would not be without honor save in my own country and among my own kin, but I haven't any country, or any kin, therefore, I have honor and success everywhere. See the point? Get rid of kinsonia!

\*\*\* "Yesterday two of the guests were discussing Christian, mental and all the sciences. A gentleman asked: 'How will you explain this? I suffer from a severe grippe cold. I go to a Christian Scientist, state my case, and he tells me it is all a mistake; that I only think I have a cold; that my head does not ache. It is error—and he cures me completely, and, of course, demands his dollar.' I say it is all a mistake; that I did not pay you. It is error; you are paid."

Well, that old gag is still going the rounds. I suppose if the healer had dosed you with sugar pills, it would have been all right for you to pay the dollar. The drug doctor comes along and writes a prescription; he does it with his mind, and you pay him for his mental statement, while you go to the drug store and buy your own medicine. Money represents material things, and so did your headache. If I swop you a true statement for a false one, and you get relief, why should you not pay me for my time? Aye, and for my mind in knowing how to do it. Stupidity is cured in the public schools every day by teachers who are paid regular salaries in good money. They don't get half as much as they ought to get. I suppose that if the teacher of the piano came to your house and put knowledge into the head of your child, you would pay her a "material" dollar for her work. Fiddlesticks! Mind is worth more to-day than any other product on the market.

\*\*\* "I want to prove to my husband that I am worthy to become a partner in his business. I have earned this five dollars myself, and I am undertaking the sale of some real estate which he would be glad to dispose of. Somebody wants those lots, and we want the cash. Create purchasers and move my husband to share the dividends—with me—I will be honest with you."

I would like to reproduce this letter in facsimile, for the handwriting is peculiarly strong and perfect. I have gone into partnership with this woman, as, in fact, I form a partnership with each person who applies to me for treatments. I have told this husband that if he did not take her into full partnership and do the square thing, he was as stupid as an ass. She will make more money in a minute than he will make in a month, if he gives her half a chance. He will give her both halves of a chance, for my word will not return to me empty. I do not blame some husbands for not trusting their wives out of sight. The poor things would get lost in the woods; but when a man has a woman like this he should rise on the wings of success. It is in her, and bless her heart, she knows the worth of money, and the worthlessness of money.

\*\*\* "Only eight pages in next CHRISTIAN! Good! I am glad you came to yourself so soon. Nothing so good that you can not overdose with it. Never got ahead of Burnell, you say. Of course not! Burnell speaks from the absolute, and he'll never get any further himself intellectually. He's all right if he would talk in plain English."

This was the first shout that came from my announcement and seeming backdown in March CHRISTIAN. You are all a good set of Christians and I can be just as inconsistent as I want to be, and you will applaud—or kick. I don't care which you do.



\*\*\* "About prayer—do you ask everything, and use the name of Jesus Christ?"

The memorial name unto all generations is given in the third chapter of Exodus. The substitution of any other name was a mistake. It is "I AM that I AM," and I use my half of it in every letter. Half of that name belongs to you, and the other half to the Spirit of Truth.

\*\*\* "Since I have known you I have been living in a different world; everything seems bright, and I am beginning to break forth out of the old religions into a babe of the free and unbinding Christianity, and I need your help so that I may grasp the truth, and become a Christ in my own domain."

How is that for a railroad man? Oh, yes! The Christians will run railroads and everything else that needs running. Christianity does not put a balloon in your head, and leave your legs dangling in the air. It sets your feet on the solid rock of your own being, and makes you fit to do good work in any calling that is worthy of a Christian.

\*\*\* "Things have been coming our way wonderfully since you began treatments for Success, and I have attained much in spiritual growth and joy."

That expresses the whole work of CHRISTIAN in one sentence. If my treatments gave success in a sordid way, they would be failures. When things begin coming your way, you can say with this good woman, that you have attained much in spiritual growth and joy, and, do you know, my beloved, that the spiritual growth and joy is financial success? Nothing else is worthy of the name. Money is a symbol of material things and along with the symbol should come the real, which is spiritual unfoldment.

\*\*\* "What is this you say about suspending CHRISTIAN? *It must not be! We can not do without it yet.* Don't take it from us yet, I beg you. *If you knew how much it has been to me,* and, I dare say, to others, you would not speak of taking it from us. Mrs. Shelton, *don't you allow him to do it.*"

The above is a prayer from a dear, good woman in Maine. She has been through the mills of all of the gods; they have ground her exceedingly fine. She is as sensitive as a spirit in a mortal body can be. It does my heart good to know that the Christians really want CHRISTIAN. I could not bear to run a business of this kind as a mere bread-winner, and as for fame, fiddlesticks!

\*\*\* "No, do not change the first page of CHRISTIAN. It is like the warm hand-clasp of a friend each month, and gives us courage to go on, just as our flag gives strength and joy to an American in a foreign land, and do not change the name, CHRISTIAN. Surely you could find nothing more appropriate. It is the Sun that shines for all. I can not express how it has flooded my life with light—which was so dark before—but I *know* never will be again. You have the vibrations of my love, and joy of living every day, and will forever."

Such are the sweet words from a great woman in New York City. Well, the name of CHRISTIAN will stand when this world is on fire. As for the first page, it is only changed temporarily to give you a glimpse of the Home of CHRISTIAN.

\*\*\* "I have been talking to you silently many times since I last wrote—months ago. I could not write, and now even I can only hint. I have just waited for March CHRISTIAN before deciding whether it should be \$12.00. To my joy I read CHRISTIAN will return to the small edition. The multiplicity of words was drowning me, and I was thinking I had better call it all off—for I knew that your *application* of the Silent Word had been more powerful than the words I read in CHRISTIAN. *You do the work,* and the others tell impressively how it is done."

I am glad you sent the twelve dollars. It will do you so much good. Your statement is the exact truth. It is not only true as to my own speaking of the Silent Word, but it is true as to the whole workings of the Divine Mind. God speaks by telepathy, and has been doing so forever and forever. But we have had our ears closed to the sound of his gentle Voice by the din and noise and bustle and bombast of mortality. It is well spoken in the symbol of Babylon, the City of Confusion, and the New Jerusalem, the City of Silence. You could not think of noise and confusion inside the jasper walls, and along the gold paved streets of the City Beautiful. Did you ever think of that city as a place of bustle and confusion, filled with noises? The very walls of jasper and gates of pearl are symbols of silence. Even the flowing River of Life in the midst of this city glides along without noise. I reside in that city daily in the Healing Room, and only hear the noise of Babylon when I go on the streets. A few hours even, in the theater, and I am glad to get back home, to my place in the Silent Room.

\*\*\* "I write you the good news that my wife's breast is well. All sign of the cancer, or whatever it was, is gone. My business is looking up. I have started in to stay with you, and trust you will help me to help myself. Am glad you are going to cut out some of those long-winded articles. Heart-to-heart talks is what we need. Theory will not save us."

There is a whole volume to be written about the above quotation. I do not know but you could run it into a book as big as the Bible. The man started in to stay with me when I first began giving treatments and he has been steadily with me every month since that time. He was a harness maker, but an invalid wife kept him so poor in buying medicine and paying doctor bills that he was working at his trade in the corner of a little room in a little house where he managed to keep soul and body together. He wrote me that he would make me a set of \$40 harness if I would begin treatments for his wife. I did not have anything to put the harness on, and hardly enough money for the necessities of life. I told him to go ahead and work at the harness a little at a time when he had nothing else to do and I would give the treatments. Three days before the harness arrived I bought a splendid blooded mare. I was in the swim, but Dick (that is my harness maker's first name) was swimming right along by my side. His wife got well and had a bouncing baby boy, whose picture adorns my desk. Dick got out of the house into a shop, and a still larger shop, until the sign on the letterhead now reads "Manu-

facturer and Dealer in Saddlery and Buggies." He lives in a Southern city, and this last fear was something like cancer on his wife's breast. Now she is sound and well. For years Dick has sent me \$5 every month, and it has been a good investment to both of us.

\*\*\* "The March number of CHRISTIAN came last night. The night before read *Philistine* for February, and it saddened me even though I felt sure that if it be only an "Energy" at the head of things, that Energy must be *Conscious Mind*, or it is *nothing*. Out of *nothing*, *nothing* comes. No *blind force* can originate even *mortal mind*. It is as absurd as to say that there can be *law* without *law-maker*. However, it seems to me Hubbard somewhat misrepresents Dr. Abbott. Your article, "The Secret Power of the Silent Word" gave me my bearings again, and I went to bed *quieted*, sure that there is an *Omniscient Mind* to whom our desires are known and who cares for us."

Yes, there is a God who cares for us as a father cares for his children. Hubbard knows this as well as I do. I caught the same vibration from his *Philistine*, and so have made a reply in this number of CHRISTIAN. There is a class of men, even at this day, who think it is the right thing to call in question all of the beliefs of religion. They are a kind of negative Philistines, who are forever denying things. I will tell you what we will do with the Philistines if they do not behave themselves and let us alone. We will catch three hundred live foxes, tie their tails together and fasten firebrands to the annexed appendages and turn them loose in the Philistine corn fields. That is what Samson did, and I bet that Elbert Hubbard, in his unblushing unbelief, denies that tale of the foxes tails. He is just unbeliever enough to doubt that Samson was able to catch three hundred live foxes and burn all the standing corn and the corn in the shocks, with the vineyards and olives, of the Philistines. You see, it was in dry weather, and the firebrand fastened to the tails of the foxes and the foxes' tails fastened together, made a combination that could not be resisted, but Hubbard would deny it in a minute. I know it is so. I saw the picture of the foxes in my great-grandmother's Bible. The picture was right there before my eyes. I also saw the picture of the lake of fire and brimstone, with the devil standing right there, pitchfork in hand. "He that believeth not shall be damned." That shows that Hubbard is damned. There is only one saving plank in his platform. He can see a joke. It does not take him two or three months, either, to find the point of the joke. Jehovah is a great joker, and Hubbard wants to take him seriously all the time. He wants to take all of Jehovah's statements just like a horrible play called "Everyman" which came to Denver. It was so gruesome that I began to laugh in spite of myself. The very horror of it was funny. Even as Everyman was lowered into his grave, it made me silently giggle. It was a young girl impersonating the character of the man, and it tickled me to see her get out of her misery.

## PHILISTINES AND CHRISTIANS.

"God never spoke to any man out of a burning bush, save as He speaks to every man out of the bright red foliage of autumn, and the swaying lily stalks of summer.

"God never graved commandments on stone, nor did He ever speak in a formal language such as Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, English or Pennsylvania Dutch.

"The Book of Nature is the only book ever written by God, and it is not a book at all."—*The Philistine*.

The Philistines have always been the enemies, or thought themselves to be, of the Israelites. The Christian is an Israelite in whom there is no guile. Out of the Israelites have come forth the Christians. They are not yet perfect, but they are going on to perfection. The Philistines are helping by opposition. The right kind of opposition helps to boost us up the hill. The Christians are going up hill; they are not sliding down.

Elbert Hubbard is a Christian, but he thinks himself a Philistine. He is just a little vain, and vanity leads to the joining of the Philistines for the time being. As he grows older he will learn humility, and come into that meekness which will entitle him to a place among the Christians, but at the present time he is fighting against us.

There was once a good Israelite named Samson, who had not advanced far enough to be a Christian. A Christian never kills, either by thought or by physical act. This man Samson was attacked by the Philistines. He had mislaid his big stick, and so in looking around for a weapon, he picked up the jawbone of an ass. You are not to get the impression that he picked up an old rotten jawbone of an ass. It was a new one. He slew a thousand Philistines with it. The poor Philistines thought there was some virtue in the weapon, hence many of the Philistines have used the same kind of a jawbone ever since.

Samson could kill a thousand Philistines before breakfast, but he met his match in a woman of Philistia. Delilah was too much for the muscles of Samson. One day in jest, he told her that his strength was in his hair. She waited until he was sound asleep, then proceeded to give him a haircut. Since that time many of the Philistines have cultivated the habit of wearing long hair. They got the idea from Samson that there was really some virtue in the hair, but there isn't. There is not a bit more strength in the hair, per se, than there was in the jawbone of an ass. The strength was in Samson, not in the jawbone or the hair. But the Philistines overpowered him and put out his eyes, and made him a servant in their temple. He was put to grinding at the mill. One day the Philistines had a Convention, or a kind of Annual Dinner. Samson called on his own God for strength enough to pull down the temple. He braced himself against the pillars, and pulled down the whole thing, gods and all. So you see a blind Israelite is better than a drunken Philistine.

Here comes this modern Philistine saying that God has never spoken to man. He tells us that the Divine Mind never spoke to any man in a bush, except as He speaks through

the Book of Nature. Bless your heart, the Book of Nature may go on talking in that way forever, and man will never hear it. God had just as well remain silent as to try to reach man through "the bright red foliage of autumn, and the swaying lily-stalks of summer." The men of vision are the only ones who ever hear God through the Book of Nature. Hubbard knows this as well as I do. He knows that the men of vision are the only ones who can see God, and the only ones that have led us out of the bright red foliage of mortality into the clear light of illumination. Take the men who have had no visions and revelations, and you find a darkness of animal life. They are not even to be compared with the animals for intelligence.

This man Hubbard has for years been going on Little Journeys to the homes of men of vision. He has been visiting the places where God has spoken to men. It has been very interesting reading. If he had been making Little Journeys to the stupid creatures who have not seen with the inner eye, his books would not have been worth the blank paper. But this is the way the Philistines always serve us. They have visions and hear God, and then they deny it all. I am actually ashamed of Elbert Hubbard.

He says that it was the God in Moses. But how big is the God in Moses? It seems that the God who spoke at the burning bush was big enough to found and raise up a people who should be the saviors of all other peoples. How long would it have taken bright red foliage to have brought about such a mental movement.

There was once a man who had something to say about this burning bush. Let us see what he thought about it:

"And as touching the dead, that they rise: have ye not read in the book of Moses, how in the bush God spake unto him, saying, I AM the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob?"

"He is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living: ye do therefore greatly err."

It seems this man of vision endorsed Moses. He saw not with the eye which takes in only lily-stalks, but with the All Seeing Eye. It was very plain to Jesus that the Spirit of God had been speaking to men. The reason that he could see and know that God had spoken, was because God was still speaking. He had not closed up his shop. Direct words of revelation were coming to men through God. There is no time or chance that can shut God out from the men of vision. It would be a great darkness that would fall over the planet if God's telephone number should happen to be lost. I do not say all the things that are reported from God are true. Sometimes the wires get crossed. There is a way of finding out the truth. God always talks like God. When once you hear the real voice of the Almighty, you need never be mistaken about it.

This little talk to Moses from the burning bush sounds just like God. He always speaks in the sublime. There never has been a man on the earth that was able to

imitate God. There is not anybody but God that could have said what God said at this place of the bush. For instance, Moses asked the voice who it was that was speaking. He was ordered to go up and release the Israelites from bondage, but he wanted to know the name of the one who gave the orders. In modern language the voice said "I AM IT." That is, I am the whole thing. The scepter of my Kingdom is Myself. Moses had a crooked stick in his hand, and God told him that he would use that crooked stick with more power than all the armies of Egypt. Jehovah has always been talking just that way. What men call Power, is foolishness in the sight of God. What men call Truth, is often hifalutin words and nothing more. God never throws any words in for bombast.

This same Spirit of Truth spoke in Jesus, and all the world has been standing with open mouth ever since. They could not call Jesus an orator, an author, a poet, or even a teacher. He was the Voice of God, and so men have been calling Him the Wonderful, the Counselor, and even the Everlasting Father. There is not anything in the whole history of human thought that can be compared to the Sermon on the Mount, and yet this Sermon was spoken in the same kind of language that God had been in the habit of using since the beginning of language. When you find sentences from God, they are set like diamonds in human speech. You go through the multiplicity of words used by men, and pick out the nuggets with the brand of Jehovah stamped on each.

The first time that God spoke to me from a burning bush, I was Philistine enough to think that my ears had deceived me. I thought my eyes had been false in giving me a vision. I was just fool enough to think that God could not see or hear. The first thing I saw was a lamp. I thought, of course, that it was simply a reflection from a lamp hanging in the room. The next vision upset my unbelief. I had been away from home, and during my absence a pair of blue trousers had been cut up for patches to put on the place where boys wear patches. After I had called in question the lamp, suddenly there appeared before my vision that old pair of blue trousers. Now this was a vision of something that had no existence. The trousers had been annihilated, but this sense of humor of the Spirit calmed my nerves, and prepared me for the next vision. I saw my own face within six inches of my face. In other words, I looked into my own face, and into my own eyes as perfectly and certainly as I would see myself in a French mirror. I had time to look right into my own eyes and contemplate my own countenance, so that the vision should never be questioned.

Years afterwards I saw the vision of a woman. I looked into her eyes, and eight years afterwards met the same woman and recognized her from the vision. But these things are now a part of my nature. They have become what you would call second nature, although I believe it is first nature. Last summer I saw a train pull out of Den-

ver, and arrive safely in St. Louis. Then I saw a train leave St. Louis and arrive safely in Denver. I told my wife that she must go to the World's Fair on a certain date, and that she would make the journey in safety. She did so.

In February of this year I saw a train pull out of Denver station, and I watched it as you would watch a moving picture until it was lost in the mountains. I said in my mind, I wish I could see the train arrive in California. I had no sooner asked the mental question than once more the train began moving before my mental vision. I saw it go into San Francisco. This was the train on which my wife and baby left for California.

Now what proof is all this to you? Not a bit. There is absolutely no proof for you except that which comes to your own vision and your own hearing. This is the reason that there have been so few men of vision. The common herd thought that they had to receive everything from an elect few, and so they listened to these tales with open mouths and open ears, and lost the chance for a personal illumination. All that I have seen is not proof to anybody but myself. It is not proof to my wife. I used to think I had to make a convert of my wife at least. It would have been the worst thing that I could have done for her. My vision can not answer for her own. There is not a man, woman or child upon the earth who is dependent upon any other person. God must talk to each of us.

I do not care whether Hubbard believes that I ever saw anything or not. I do not care whether he believes that Samson slew a thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass. I am not concerned about his belief or unbelief. I know that I know, and that is sufficient for me. The man of vision must take another step in advance, and that is to refuse absolutely to see or hear for other people. I will tell you about it because I like to talk, but if ever it is confirmed in your mind, it must come to you directly as an independent individual. It can not be put into a bottle and taken after shaking. It can not be put into your mind by any teacher other than the Spirit of Truth. What I see is proof to me but not to you. I am not responsible to anybody except myself. I am not making converts. Every day and every hour I see and hear God. There is nothing to hinder you from doing the same. Help yourselves! Do not let the Philistines deceive you and make you believe that God is blind and deaf. He isn't.

The trouble is not that God does not talk to men, but that he has been able to talk to but a few men. Inspiration should be universal, and not incidental. Telepathy was the language of the past, and it will be the language of the future. Inspiration is the transference of thought from the Divine Mind to the individual mind. It has always been God's language. Our little jabbering called language is nothing more than a kind of improvement on the gibberish of monkeys. Mortal man is a poor kind of creature. The mind of the average mortal is not

much above the monkey mind. So my beloved Philistine should not quote the different languages of the earth, and say so solemnly that God has never spoken in any of them, not even Pennsylvania Dutch.

I would be ashamed of God if his mind was confined to human language. The men of vision know better. The message from the Spirit comes up in your own mind in words familiar to you; but it is transference of thought which comes to you in your own words. Jehovah has one language only, and that is telepathy.

Let me give you a little "new thought" from Jeremiah. It is true that what he said has been in print a good while. Nevertheless, it is new thought, and will be new so long as the Morning Stars sing. Truth is never old. It takes a fresh bath every morning in the light of the sun! Here is what Jeremiah says, and seems to keep on saying: "And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the LORD: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the LORD."

Now, I wonder if the Philistines think that this knowledge of the LORD is going to come by looking at red leaves or even at white lilies? You know that it is not every man that can see a red leaf. It is quite an achievement. I know a man who is making big money looking at red leaves, green trees, mountains and rippling rills. He not only knows how to look at these things, but to transcribe his vision to canvass. This knowledge of the Lord is by telepathy. The time is coming when God is going to do all the talking. It will be a glorious day! It is said that there was once silence in Heaven for half an hour, but there has never been silence on earth for a single minute. Have patience, my beloved, the time is coming when every one will be taught by telepathy. He will get his knowledge from the only fountain. The mind of God will be speaking and revealing to each individual. The priests and the preachers, the politician and the physician, all the whole crew of jabberers will lose their jobs. The men of vision will be so common that we will wonder why we did not see it before, and then we will know that a book was laid before our eyes, and some man with a title and the badge of authority was claiming to speak from God. It will give me pleasure to help cast all such into the bottomless pit. Christianity is here for that purpose. To rob a man of his right to hear and see God, is worse than any other kind of robbery. To be in bondage to some other man's vision, is to be blind indeed. For you to have to depend upon some other man's ears for your knowledge of God, is to be deaf. It is like being led about blind and deaf, and even dumb, for you can not speak unless you hear.

"The Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."

That means you. It means your own divinity. It means the searching spirit within you. It does not mean that you are to stand and receive the goods from some other man who wears a badge of authority. You can not receive the truth in that way.

The man is a liar who pretends to give it to you. If he had the truth himself, he would know that he could not impart it to you, for no man knows the mind of God concerning any other man. God attends to his own business. I can tell you what God has said to me, and what I think about things, but I do not know what he thinks concerning you. Each individual is a whole divinity. I might make a botch in trying to teach your divinity, and I know you would make a mess of it if you undertook to teach mine.

What am I telling you? Go to the source of inspiration and drink of that well of living water which shall spring up within you unto everlasting life and the fullness of knowledge. We have been just claiming the surface of individualism. The principle is as deep as your divinity.

Christianity has a constitution as I have told you before, and we can not expect a fulfillment of the promises while violating the principles. Let men and women fulfill the principles, and God will fulfill the promises. What are the principles? You have been taught that the principles of Christianity were to be good, and even goody good, and fear God, run away from the devil, be baptised, pay the preacher, and he would preach your funeral when you died, and you would go to Heaven. Now, I have stated the principles and promises as taught by religionists. The Truth is altogether different. Christianity says you must not wear titles for such titles are artificial, and give you a semblance of authority. Christianity says that you must not take any kind of oath. It means any and all kinds of oaths and vows. There is not a loophole by which you can escape from this fundamental principle. Christianity says for you not to parade your worship in public but enter into the Silence. Christianity says you must not let anybody know about your good deeds, but to secretly keep the thing that your right hand does from the knowledge of your left. Christianity says that you must not think adultery, think murder, think violence of any kind.

I have only given you a hint of the principles, but they are sweeping in their nature. What are the promises? That you shall escape sin, sickness, sorrow and death. The promises are that you shall have a new body, and be literally raised from the dead, so that death shall have no more dominion over you. The promises are just as true as the principles, and the principles are as true as the Truth. The one fits into the other. I tell you, as the Spirit gives me utterance, that the simple acceptance of Christianity will heal all of your diseases, even to death itself.

Jehovah was not joking when he gave the promises and proclaimed the principles.

\*\*\* Typewritten stenographic reports of the lectures of George Edwin Burnell are sent postpaid for \$1.50 each. The following titles are now ready: Meditation. Realization. Religion of the Gods. First Minerva—Wisdom. First Omar, or the Individual. Second Omar, or the Pure Individual. Parsifal, or the Fool of the Spirit. Immortals. Expansion of Sanity—Hamlet. Doctrine of the Lord. Address 1327 Georgia street, Los Angeles, California.

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