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FOR THE

INDIVIDUAL

Christian

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Regeneration of the Body by the Resurrection of the Mind



TELEPATHY

"And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know."

"Howbeit when he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come. He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you."

This is a new word.

It means the transference of thought.

Heretofore we have transferred thought in a sluggish way.

Short distances by word of mouth and signs.

Then by making marks on paper.

Then by electrical vibrations, called telegraphy.

Then through the ether by wireless telegraphy.

And now from mind to mind by telepathy.

Mental treatments are given in this way.

It is the last great movement in spiritual vibration.

It is bringing humanity into communication with divinity.

It is another name for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

It is obliterating space and time.

As the human mind unfolds we escape the bondage of distance.

The race is getting ready for Christianity.

The standard was high but we are growing up to it.

ITEMS AND IDEAS.

*** At the present writing we are in New Orleans.

*** But when you read we may be in Kalamazoo—or Denver.

*** Our address is always 1657 Clarkson street, Denver, Colorado.

*** While we are wanderers, we will not wander away from the mail.

*** In order to be free we must not be bound to any place, time or conditions.

*** My office is in my vest pocket. The center of the Circle of Christians is in the Spirit of Truth.

*** I like the snap and energy and power with which we have begun the New Year. It means business for you, and it means pleasure.

*** I find, since leaving home, that the treatments are given on board a moving train just as well, and even better, than at home in my big leather chair.

*** When my wife and I were on board the "limited," running at lightning speed, we were sending you thoughts for your upliftment and unfoldment. She had a bundle of your letters in the grip.

*** For all business instructions, read the last page of CHRISTIAN. There is not much to say in a business way, and we will keep up the plan of giving a subscription or two copies of my book for every dollar.

*** "Do you think it a long or short time before spirit incarnates again after it has left this plane as an individual?"

I don't know. Spirit has not given me any information on the subject. There is a connecting link along there that has not been revealed to me. The safe thing to do is to go right ahead without anticipating the future. The individual spirit is an everlasting entity, and can never cease to be. Birth and death are incidents in our unfoldment. Man as an individual must gain knowledge by experience. There is no way to gain experience except by plunging into the objective world and searching out its corners. The spirit of man is an explorer and he goes on his way searching for all of the poles of being. It is his business to have dominion over everything in his environment.

*** "Some good friend in the Circle of Christians has been sending me your valuable and highly prized storage battery of spiritual vibrations since last May, and I assure you that I am reading CHRISTIAN with intense interest. Please enter my name in the precious little book."

This is the way that hundreds are meeting your good will offerings. Spread the truth. Pick out the names and addresses of your friends or persons whom you think would like CHRISTIAN. Write them a little letter and ask them if they will receive it. Every time you send a dollar for treatments, enter a name on the paid list of CHRISTIAN. If you can possibly find one who will appreciate it. It is the scientific way to circulate the paper. Coming as a compliment from you, it will be received afterwards for its own sake. And every one of you who are not already in possession of "I AM Sermons"

should send for it with your orders for treatment. The book will soon be gone and will never be republished.

*** "Your paper, CHRISTIAN, has been sent to me unsubscribed for during the past year. Now I want it stopped. When I get to hell and want a paper I will subscribe for CHRISTIAN. Until then I want a paper of some sense and reason, and do not want any more of your trash."

The above testimonial came to me on a postal card. I hope that when the beloved brother arrives in hell he will send in his subscription, according to promise. This goes to show you Christians that you had better be careful in sending names for the paper. This one read the paper for a whole year before he found out it was an organ of hell. Then he concluded that he would wait until he got to the proper place before subscribing. All this time one of his good Christian neighbors had been paying for CHRISTIAN, thinking that it would please and comfort him. But where you miss with one, you hit it with ninety-nine, for the world is getting ready for CHRISTIAN.

*** "There was an experience last winter that refutes the idea that each person must ask treatment for himself. My friend S. had been through purgatory for six years and all the time I had been telling her to send to you. She never could get that dollar and she did not get many others either. I sent a dollar to you for her. Right off quick she got in with some people and since then has advanced in health, happiness and prosperity. She is well dressed and away ahead of the game."

It is all right to give a helping hand in a mental way, the same as you would reach out the physical hand. If you were walking on dry land and found another stuck in the mud, you would reach out the hand to help. If you saw someone drowning, you would throw them a rope. Of course, it would be better for each one to make the application for themselves in their own handwriting, but the next best thing is for a friend to step in and give them a lift. It cost this Christian just one dollar to put her friend in the vibrations of Success. It was money well spent.

*** "That the Spirit is light I can readily believe. It has been proved that the photograph of a person can be taken by his or her own light, while sitting in a totally dark room—and it would be hard to deceive a decidedly material and wholly unimaginative camera! You say no one has ever seen the spirit of another. I fully believe that I have seen the spirit or soul of one who is very dear to me."

The lady goes on and tells about seeing the person of one who had departed this life. Then you saw a body. I said that you could not see spirit. When spirit manifests it is in a body. There is no such thing as a bodiless individual. The individual is always clothed upon with a body. It may be of such material that it can not be seen by our objective vision. All the persons who have appeared before others by a miracle of vision were clothed with bodies. I was talking about the essence spirit and not the form assumed by the individual spirit. Spirit is forever invisible and the body is always made of matter, but there are different degrees of matter. There is a natural body and a spiritual body.

*** "I want to continue in the Circle, though you do give me a whack now and then for being a minister in an orthodox church. I can stand it. I give a hearty laugh and say Hurrah for Shelton!"

Now, you needn't think that you are the only orthodox preacher on my list. There are hundreds. One of my cousins, who is a big preacher, reads CHRISTIAN regularly every month, and while he thinks that I am going to the devil, I am dead sure that he makes a great many sermons from my sayings. He is all right except where he is wrong. I know him like a book, and while he would never let anyone know from whence came his wisdom, he would steal from me in a minute. You preachers are all right, and I will keep on giving you treatments for Health, Happiness and Prosperity. I will help you to collect your salaries anyway. This is what the Christian Scientists would call aiding and abetting error. Well, there is one place where the preachers can't deadhead, and that is at my shop. The reverend gentleman spoken of above sent his cash along with his letter.

*** "At times I have felt you so strongly that I knew you were calling. This Christian life is one of prayer without ceasing. By our desires for the great attainment we become welded into oneness. I feel it more strongly as I grow in knowledge of what I am and what I am here for. I will just make this postoffice order an even ten dollars. You can go sleighriding or do what you please with your own. I am one with you in this unfolding life."

This extract is from a very busy business man. He is full of great things in the way of managing men and carrying on a large business, and yet he finds time to receive the healing vibrations and to join in the prayers of the Christian. He gives a splendid definition of real prayer. It is without ceasing, the pulsations of the soul, the aspirations of the mind. Another good thing I like about him is that he does not tie a string to my money. At this writing there is no prospect for a sleighride, but sailing is in order. It does me good for men to write like that about the money paid me for healing. I used to be told just how I should spend every cent of my miserable salary as a minister.

*** "I have read and reread and pondered over your few lines written to me. 'When we seek peace or health, or wealth, these things flee from us.' Contrary to your statement as above, I have read the following and hoped I was on the right path: 'Seek peace and pursue it.' 'Give and you have.' The law of reaction. I have given and loaned to the needy and suffering, but have not the wherewithal to pay my debts and have enough left for the necessities of winter."

You must look at truth with a paradox ever before your mind. When people pursue peace, with a club, with anxiety, with restlessness, she keeps just ahead of them in the race. I told this one to stop her eager, anxious, scrambling pursuit of peace, health and wealth. I ask her to get into a peaceful state of mind and into a don't-care-a-dime attitude of thought. You must pursue peace in the Silence. When you put aside your anxiety, peace appears on the scene. Half of my work is to get people to stand still. And the other half to get them to go

forward. Moses said: "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." That was all right, for it was the time to stand still. After awhile he heard the Voice saying: "Speak to the people that they go forward." This was a time for movement. Both commands are all right in their proper place.

*** "Yesterday I received CHRISTIAN as a sample. The reading of it has just cured my headache. I enclose one dollar for subscription."

The above shows you the rapid work done to some people when we send out your free copies of CHRISTIAN. I don't send out any samples. The Circle of Christians attends to the sample department. All papers sent are paid for by somebody. There is no free list. Get that out of your head. The papers that are sent free are paid for by Christians, and unless you see a date after your name, you may know they are only sending you a sample. If your name is printed on the slip, there will be certain figures following it, telling you when your subscription expires. For instance, 1-06 means that your subscription has already expired; 1-07 means that it will expire with this year. I wish all of you who are behind for last year would pay up. And some of you are two or three years behind. I don't want to begin the plan of stopping the paper at the expiration, for that would upset more than any other method. I only want the subscription alive and to know that it is not going to deadheads. Besides, many change their addresses without notifying me and so the paper goes right on to the old address. The names are all in type, and unless you give me your former address, when you make a change, the paper will continue to both addresses.

*** "I find that after six years of faithful service and habit I do not want to read the Bible, pray or go into the Silence. Although when I do go into the Silence I feel the power instantly. Can you explain what is the matter with me?"

You are growing wings. Just as soon as you get your mental wings you rise above habit. You don't have to read the Bible, you don't have to pray and you don't have to go into the Silence. The free mind does not want to have to do things. Instead of going into the Silence let the Silence come to you. It will come in such a refreshing surprise that you will be glad that you gave up the habit. Then you will pray as the Spirit gives you utterance, and you will find the joy unspeakable and full of glory. You will pick up the Bible and be thrilled with its message, simply because you don't have to read it. Oh, the joy of mental freedom! Kick up your heels in the pasture of God. If you don't want to eat or drink, then lie down and rest. Take down all of the fences, cut all of the strings and let yourself loose. This thing of habit, rules, doing things by rote! It is mental slavery. One of the meanest men that ever I knew on this earth had the habit of reading a chapter in the Bible and offering a prayer every night and every morning. Men who smoke and drink have formed the same kind of habit. They do these things because they are in the habit and think they can't get rid of the habit. Have no taskmasters.

*** "I respect you because you say boldly and honestly that you do not know how it is done. For the others I have no respect, because one is a charlatan who does not openly avow the fact that he does not know how the good work is done, but, instead, seeks to throw some glamor over it that leaves the inference that the performer is gifted with some power or knowledge he does not possess. I commend you for boldly and honestly declaring that you don't know how you do it. But you DO it."

Thank you, my friend, for your honest statement. And as it comes from one who was once a professional healer, it has the greater weight. I don't believe that Jesus Christ knew how it was done. When the woman reached out her hand and touched the hem of his garment, it was said that he perceived the power had gone out from his person. Then he turned and asked who it was that touched him, and the disciples said the crowd had pressed against him. But he knew there had been a different kind of touch from the jostling crowd. There had been a call from a mind to the mind of the healer. There was one person in all of that multitude who had touched Jesus. The others pressed against him, but just one woman touched the hem of his garment, and so made conjunction from her mind to the mind of the healer. She confessed and told the truth, and then the healer said that her faith had made her whole. This power that is forever proceeding from Jesus was not something that he could grasp with his intellect or analyze and make known in words. I feel the healing vibration going from me and I know when they touch the recipient. And yet I never know what can be done in any given case. All power in heaven and in earth may come into conjunction with your thoughts, but infinite knowledge is reserved for the infinite.

*** "How can we retain our individuality and our identity if reincarnation is such a complicated affair, as is the case of the woman's grandfather being her own baby in her arms? It is a great puzzle to me."

Identity and individuality is in the mind and not in the clothing. A man does not lose his individuality or identity because he changes from a light suit to a dark one, from an old one to a new one. The words grandfather, father, mother, child, Smith, Jones, Brown, are all given to the body. Even while in the same body we are called by different names. At one time we are the baby, then the child, the youth and the man. The old man knows to a certainty that he is the same person that was a baby. A man travels from babyhood to old age without losing his identity, so far as he himself is concerned, and yet he inhabits many different bodies in that time. He starts around the world and he is the same individual, with the same identity in New York, London, Berlin, Calcutta, Hong Kong, Honolulu, San Francisco and Denver. Another proof of this identity and individuality is that the actor changes characters at will. To-night he is Shylock, to-morrow night he is Hamlet, and the next he is King Lear. The very art of acting consists in being able to change from one character to another. I remember a surprise in my own mind, when Richard Mansfield played Beaucaire

one night, and the next night became Baron Chevalier. He was a perfect Beaucaire in every movement of mind and body, and yet the very next night he was just the opposite. But it was Mansfield all the time. Don't trouble your mind about these incarnations and reincarnations, for each one will take care of itself.

*** "What is your opinion about telling fairy stories to children and letting them believe in Santa Claus, and all that kind of thing?"

My opinion is that the more fairy stories you tell, the better for the children. Just before the holidays Baby Blanche came breathlessly into my presence, saying:

"Dad, ain't there a Santa Claus?"

"Of course there is. What made you ask such a foolish question?"

"'Cause a boy said, at school, there wasn't any Santa Claus."

"That boy was a greenhorn. You have seen the picture of Uncle Sam?"

"I know Uncle Sam."

"Well, Santa Claus is the granddaddy of Uncle Sam. Uncle Sam is one of his boys."

"Of course there is a Santa Claus, 'cause I saw him on Lewis' store."

That was a fact, for there was a very large sized Santa Claus walking around on top of Lewis' dry goods store. Then, when she went to the Orpheum theatre, she saw the moving pictures representing Santa Claus getting ready, then starting with his team of elks, and finally climbing down a chimney. What's the use? The whole of mortal life is a kind of fairy story. It makes me spunky at the theatre for the actor to come out and answer a curtain call. I have seen a man slain in mortal combat, and the next minute he was grinning at me in answer to a curtain call. I want the play to go on as a play. The man that comes to me and tells me there is no such a thing as fairies is a fool. I even like to think of the old ghost stories that the negro mammies used to tell. Jack and the Beanstalk interests me even to this day. And the Three Bears has been told by my wife to the baby until the baby knows every crook and turn in the tale. Even when she was so small that she could hardly talk she would make her mother tell it straight.

*** "Give your version of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

There is no kind of a sacrament, either of baptism or the Lord's Supper. Christianity is a personal matter, and there isn't any kind of ritual, sacraments, vows, oaths or obligations in it. The supper of the Lord was a natural incident. The institution took up this incident and made a sacrament out of it. This same institution also took up a natural union of the male and female in marriage, and made a sacrament out of it. That was done to keep it in the hands of the institution. They have all kinds of strings tied to you. They baptize you when you are a baby. They marry you, and they bury you. And some of them don't even let loose of you after you are buried. Any kind of a supper that is eaten by a Christian is a supper of the Lord. Now the thing for you people to do is to go on about your affairs with just as little antagonism as possible. Don't argue the matter. You are free. In the matter of marriage, comply

with all of the rules and regulations of society. If you are so situated that you have to take what is called the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, do it. If a couple is so situated that either the husband or the wife wants the children baptized, a Christian will let them be baptized. It will not hurt the children, and it will make the father or mother, as the case may be, feel all right. Some of these so-called "sacraments" are so sacred in the eyes of people that you must recognize their rights. I wouldn't kick my baby's doll, even her old rag doll. Bless her heart, she thinks it is great! So you see, my beloved, you must be full of charity. Don't turn your nose up at anybody's religion. Make a wide interpretation of what I am saying, for if the thing grinds you, stand from under it.

AN ELOPEMENT WITH PARENTAL CONSENT.

"Say, Blanche, shall we tell them all about it?"

"Might as well one time as another, for you can't keep a secret."

The whole scheme was concocted a few days after Christmas. It started with a conversation something like this:

"Say, sweetheart, did you know that I have not been away from Colorado since our California trip in 1902?"

"Yes."

"Do you know you went to Michigan in 1903, and left me at home?"

"Yes."

"And you remember that you went to California in 1905, and left me at home?"

"Certainly."

"Well, you know the altitude of the Rockies is like a stimulant, it is almost an intoxicant. It gets onto your nerves if you stay here too long without a change."

"Go down to a lower altitude and I will stay at home and attend to business."

"Not a bit of it! I have sworn by all the little gods—as I can not swear by the big one—that we will not be separated any more. Where you go I will go, and where you stay I will stay."

"Everything is very comfortable here, but if you think we should go, all right."

"I say go. It will do our people good as well as ourselves."

"How shall we arrange matters?"

"Let us get the consent of our parents and elope. In our case we must not only have parental consent, but their connivance. Our beloved parents will have to close their house, take charge of this house, and forward the mail."

"Shall we leave Yuki?"

"By all means let Yuki stay right here and keep house for the folks, and then when we take a notion to come home, everything will be going right along just as it is now."

"Shall we take the Baby?"

"I don't think she would let us."

"It would be better to leave her with her kindergarten, or 'school,' as she calls it."

"Where shall we go?"

"I should like to go to the City of Mexico."

"New Orleans suits me."

"Let us toss a penny."

"Heads New Orleans; tails Mexico."

"New Orleans won. I will go right over and tell Mamma. She can beat me packing a trunk."

Mamma packed the trunk.

In the course of human life you will notice certain persons who know how to do everything, and everyone lets them do it. Mamma is one of that kind. She put everything,

that we wanted to take into one big trunk, to save bother. Then she put all of our traps into one grip, to save more bother. It works well going, but I don't know just how it will work coming back. That wife of mine is a great hand to buy souvenirs and other things, and so we may have to buy another trunk for our return journey.

We are off all right. We have the whole subscription list of CHRISTIAN; and of course, the Little Book of Christians is in my vest pocket. The treatments are not only given right along on the train, but every town we pass through reminds us of some one on our list. There are very few towns of any size that do not contain at least one member of the Circle of Christians. How do we get them into the Little Book? It is one of those combination books, where you take out the leaves and typewrite the name and address. It is like an omnibus: there is always room for more.

There was only one thing about this elopement that was a little risky. I was afraid that all of you people would take a notion to elope. It seemed that when we pulled out of Denver, with all of you people with us, that the vibrations of freedom and the feeling of going somewhere were so strong that you would all catch it. It so happened that we only spent one night in the sleeper. At Ft. Worth our train was behind time, and so we missed connection. The Hotel Worth was so attractive that we wanted to stay right there. It was the first place where we struck the southern vibration. Then we came on to Houston, and could not get a sleeper to New Orleans, but we didn't want one very badly, as we wanted to make the run in daytime. We arrived at the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans only two days behind with our mail. We took the first day's mail in our grip, then we found the next day's mail here. I went right to work and answered in long hand, as we couldn't get a typewriter into our rooms before Monday. Now, don't you people think, for one half a minute, that I wrote with my male hand. If I had written with that hand, you wouldn't have known whether it came from me or some other fellow. I can't read my own writing after it gets cold. I wrote with my other right hand. I do a great many things with those other hands of mine. I even dictated some beautiful stocks as a present to Mamma. I paint pictures, make lace, embroider, and do other beautiful things, with my feminine hands. It is very fine, but that wife of mine says that if my tongue should cease to wag, our world would stand still.

I had one case of demonstration on the train. It was a cold morning, and opposite us in the chair car was a little thin-faced woman. Christians are not allowed to use titles, but this woman was a F. A. F. and a F. F. She was a fresh air fiend, and raised the window. This caused all of the people in the car to shiver and begin putting on their wraps. I threw my overcoat over my shoulder and began giving her mental treatments. I said, "Shut the window" so loud mentally, that she looked around two or three times, as if she heard some one speak. She

held out for a little while, but finally shut the window with a slam. After fidgeting awhile, she started on her tack of food fadist. For luncheon she took out a nut cracker and began to crack nuts. Of course we are all more or less crazy. You can't expect the inhabitants of this planet to live in disease and death, for all these thousands of years, without going crazy. This dear little woman had a perfect right to her own particular brand of lunacy. I suppose she would have thought my brand the wildest kind of madness. But she put down the window, just the same.

All of you people must report to Denver, for we will not be bound, in this elopement, by any kind of a transient address. Besides, you are right along with us. My office is in my pocket. I will have better reports from you for this little excursion. It is a tonic for all of us. You don't want any description of scenery, or any account of our trip. The mental part of it is all that you are seeking. There is no need of us being tied down to any particular place. The means of travel and the facilities of the mail department are such that we can go almost anywhere, especially with the new arrangement of putting you all in a book. I just now stepped out into the hall, and mailed to-day's mail. There is a glass chute reaching from the top floor of the hotel to the bottom, put in by the United States Government. You step into the hall and drop your letter into this chute, and that is the end of it.

The fast mail brings your letters to me every morning. In the forenoons we do our work, and in the afternoons and evenings we see the sights. There is no fire, no need of wraps, nothing but the warm sunshine of the South. We can even go over to Cuba without getting behind with our mail. Yesterday we were on board a ship that was ready to sail for Havana. I asked the Captain and he said that it was forty-eight hours. Then we went on board a ship that was bound for Porto Rico, but that was a seven-days' journey, which would make two weeks or more for the trip. This we could not take. But we can easily run over to Cuba, and around to different parts of the Florida coast, without breaking connections with our mail. And no matter where we go, the connection between us and the Circle of Christians can not be broken. Not only are you with us by your names and addresses in the Little Book of Blessings, but the treatments are going to you every day. I hold myself in touch with the Infinite Supply, for your abundance of everything. I must keep myself always in touch with everything that is for Health, Happiness and Prosperity. It is a case where I am bound to practice what I preach. I must keep in touch with the Truth for your sakes, as well as my own.

Last night, in the Palm Room of the St. Charles, we stepped on the scales and were weighed. It may sound to you like fiction, but in this, the close of our sixth year of marriage, we weigh exactly at the same notch. This shows that we are physical mates, anyway, so far as avoirdupois is concerned. It was a great surprise to me to

find that we weigh at the same notch, just one hundred and thirty-six (136) pounds each. Happiness! There never were two people on this earth any happier in an elopement, than we are in this runaway trip. But home itself was the very fullness of happiness and harmony and peace and comfort. It is absolutely necessary that we should stay in this vibration for your sakes as well as our own. This statement will bear repeating, for our table is covered with letters from people who are in touch with our joy. Just now we are beginning to hear from January CHRISTIAN. It caught hold of everybody.

"I make all things new!"

This reminds me that we are all trying to make things new. There are three works of art pinned to the lace curtains of our room in this hotel. They are more precious in our sight than anything that Harmon has ever painted, or even than the old masters. These works of art are in five colors, and came in the mail. They are from the brush of Baby Blanche. She has drawn the pictures in green, brown, yellow, red and blue. The heads are a little too large, and the eyes are like the eyes of an owl, but it is mighty fine work for a beginner. We are all trying to make things new. It is human nature to be doing things.

You are asking what this young couple is doing in the way of regeneration and the new life. Well, we began six years ago, over thirty pounds apart, and now weigh in the same notch. You say that isn't anything? I say it is very much. We are not living by any rules and have no plans. This weight of 136 pounds each came to us in an unexpected way. It is part of the unfoldment. I know that the principle is absolutely infallible. The twain shall be one flesh. It is a slow unfoldment. Not so very slow after all, when you look backward. It is only when we look forward to the everlasting future that we get out of heart. I can see the full purpose of the Spirit and know that the resurrection is at hand.

And suppose it isn't? What have we lost? Suppose that all of your plans fail. All of your hopes are crushed. All of your expectations lost in the darkness of disappointment. What have you lost? You can't lose unless you have something to lose. What have you in mortality? We are playing the game, with everything to win and nothing to lose. There can positively be no loss where there is nothing. Nothing from nothing and nothing remains. If a man is inherently immortal, he will work out his own redemption and resurrection. There is no power on earth or in heaven that can keep him out of his own. This is the attitude of mind that we should assume. The trouble with religion is, that you are all the time trying to be consistent. You formulate a theory and then try to square your life to it. In this matter of our unfoldment, we are moving as the Spirit moves us. When we get into the same notch mentally and spiritually, we will have all power in heaven and on earth. First is the physical, then comes the mental, and afterwards the spiritual. Then all three are blended into one. It is the threefold unfoldment.

Just returned from the old French Market. Everything is old in that part of the city, and ready to fall to pieces. The great million-dollar Hotel Royal is a veritable ruin. In fact, all of that part of the street and the little square in front is like something of the past. You will find houses in the old, quaint architecture of more than a hundred years ago. The city is damp and dirty, and you eat breakfast at eleven o'clock. That wife of mine has been going down these little narrow streets, where you have to walk single file, peeking at old antiques. She looks at some old ugly thing and says: "Oh, what a beautiful candlestick." Then she will go forward a few steps, and exclaim over some old, ugly piece of furniture. In my eye, everything looked old and hideous and dirty, and I wanted to hasten along.

Then the road to this place is something awful. I am going back in the night, where I will not see anything. Swamps and dogs and negroes. Then more swamps, and more dogs and more negroes. I don't know how people live in any such places, but I saw negro shanties built on stilts in the midst of the dismal swamps. I don't wonder at New Orleans and all of this country having yellow fever. It is a mystery to me how they keep from having it in the midst of winter.

It was too much of a jump from Denver to New Orleans. The altitude of our house is more than one mile above New Orleans. It was going down too steep from the top of the Rocky Mountains to the mouth of the Mississippi. At first everything seemed lovely, and then the air we breathed was like turning away from clear water and drinking muddy water. It became oppressive, and so we are going back to Houston. The glimpse we had of Houston and Ft. Worth and other parts of Texas was inspiring. The air is better and the movement is more modern. Then we will be nearer home.

Of course we wanted to go to Porto Rico, and Cuba, and New York and South America, and all the other parts of the world, whose ships are in the harbor. It is human nature to want to start away as soon as you see a ship bound for some foreign port. After all, this is a pretty big planet. It would take me a long time to get over it in my way. I would want to take my time for it, and examine each country as I came to it. I will wait for the air ship. Then we can rise above the swamps and sail in the blue heavens. It is coming! The men of the future will think we were crude to navigate the earth and the water. They will use the clean element and rise above the dust of the earth.

Say, wouldn't it be fun to have an elopement in an air ship? Just your own girl and your own ship, and to sail right ahead and pick out a little planet of your own. There are certainly many unsettled planets in this infinite universe. Men in navigating the oceans have found uninhabited islands, where they have raised their own flags and have taken possession. Well, the ocean of water is nothing compared to the ocean of air. The immensity of space is something wonderful and staggers the human mind.

And yet here are men trying to find the North pole of our own little planet! There are unknown and undiscovered parts of this earth. In all our searching, we have overlooked spots and maybe whole continents. This is our boast of discovery. How little we know of our own world. Just a few years ago a newspaper man sent a reporter into the dark continent. And yet that continent is still dark. We have only explored the edges. No man knows what is hidden in the depths of Africa. If we would spend less money in war and more money in finding out what is in the earth, we would make better progress in civilization. Just think of turning the great armies of Russia and Japan, with all the money which was expended in that war, loose on the earth. And yet that would be only a drop in the ocean compared to the millions of men and money that we have wasted in war.

But I will not moralize. There are some people in the world who ought to die, I suppose. They are not fit to live. Immortal ignorance would be a calamity. There must be an enlightened conscience before there can be eternal light. The man who lives forever must be willing that other men should live forever. It is said that the gift of God is eternal life. This gift can not come to one who is not worthy of life. And by worthy, I have no thought of the goody-goody. I mean scientific worthiness. The man who knows what to do with life when he gets it.

There I go! I was not preaching, but talking about an elopement in an air ship. There is something still better than the air ship. It is an electric body. That makes you your own air ship. You walk on the water and you rise into the air of your own volition. Being in direct conjunction with the sun center, you are your own law of attraction. The center of gravity is in yourself. What are these planets but so many floating ships? What is it that holds the earth? Why doesn't it fall into the bottom of the abyss? Electric attraction! It moves in its own orbit and floats in the air. Then a man, to be a son of God, and an heir of eternity, ought to be able to move from planet to planet at his own pleasure. Why should the creator spend so much on these floating worlds and so little on the intelligences who inhabit them? The mind is more than the matter. There is a screw loose somewhere, or we would not be the helpless beings that we seem to be. The very thought brings with it the vibrations of immortality. That a man can think of eternity is the greatest miracle that ever happened. They say that miracles do not happen. But, the fact that man can think of immensity of space, of eternity, of everlasting life, is a miracle of miracles. It happens every day. You look up at the stars and send your thought out into the everlasting space. You know very well that all over this universe are minds like your own sending out thoughts of immensity and eternity.

How can your thought go out there unless you are capable of going yourself? The very fact that we can dream of passing over mountains and oceans in the air, is a sign

that we have done so, or can do so in the future. It is a recollection of the past, or a prophecy of the future. The mind of man can not penetrate beyond the regions of his activity. The mind of the man is the man. I go where my mind leads. That this body is sluggish and mortal is one of the mysteries. Why the human mind should ever inhabit such a body is a mystery to me. The mind is so free and boundless and absolute that it is a problem as to how it ever became a prisoner of mortality. That the human mind shall become free and immortal and incorruptible, is not a mystery. But that it ever became otherwise is a riddle. That we are what we are in disease and death, is the puzzle of the ages. The mind of man has been able to overcome all obstacles outside of the body. The works of art and the movements of the mind in the environment of man place him in the ranks of divinity. Why has he not been able to overcome mortality? Why does this matchless thing, called the human mind, live in disease and pain and sickness and death?

There is the trouble with my air ship! Just as soon as I soar away into the blue heavens, the string of mortality tugs at me, and I find myself floundering on the earth. Stick to your ideals! Go out on these excursions, even if you have to return with broken wings. It is the only thing for these prisoners of mortality to do. Ah, but listen: "When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

"THESE SAYINGS OF MINE."

I want a patent.

I will treat for it.

Can't take the time to make it myself.

It is a desk and trunk combined, or a combination office.

I want the trunk to hold a typewriter and my stationery, and to form a table when opened.

In other words, I want to unlock the trunk and go to work on the typewriter without any further trouble.

I have sent out the thought and some genius will get it up for me; all I want is one, and he can sell the other millions.

Since Mamma has done the stunt of packing all of our clothes into one trunk, and all of our traps into one grip, the only thing we now lack is a combination office trunk.

As the Lady Blanche and I intend to stay here for several thousand years, or until we get ready to leave in our air ship, we want to travel around and see the world. The only way that we can do it is to take you with us, for the Christians are essential to our happiness.

I AM intending to keep up this work of discovering Christians until all the world are Christians. Not one heathen will be left in the land. I mean civilized heathen, as well as the other kind. Some of our so-called leaders are heathenish in thought and action. The present military system of the world is only an evolution of the tomahawk and scalping knife.

Christianity is a simple thing after all. It is sublime in its simplicity. No war. No oaths. No titles. No vows. Nothing to put one individual over another. Not a combination to cause reverence for personal authority. No public show of prayers, uniforms, or other display of childish vanity. Each individual worshiping God in Spirit and in truth. Every one of us in direct conjunction with the Father, and walking in the Light of our own individuality.

Don't you see that you can't have war without the oath and the title? Even the common soldier is beginning to understand. Mutiny among the soldiers is becoming rampant, and you couldn't hold them together a minute without the oath and the title. They think they must obey their "superiors," because they have sworn to do so. They obey the word of command like so many cattle. In fact, the common man is just like a horse or a mule in harness. He understands whoa, and get up, and can feel the lash. He even sometimes gets life enough in him to kick against the goads.

The only Man among us who is fit to be called a man, said: "Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne; nor by the earth; for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black." The great mass of humanity is just now beginning to see the principle underlying these sayings of Jesus. These principles are absolutely essential to our redemption. You are not to bind yourself by any kind of vow or oath, and that principle reaches down to the depths of hell and up to the very heights of heaven. It is the foundation of personal liberty.

This same Blessed One said: "But be not ye called Rabbi; for one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father, which is in heaven. Neither be ye called masters: for one is your Master, even Christ." This principle sweeps aside all personal authority and places the power to rule in the Spirit of Truth. It is a government by the individual and for the individual. It makes your mind as free as your lungs. You breathe the air for yourself. Some other man would breathe for you if he could and charge you for every breath, or make you pay homage to him for it. But the Christ brings you physical, mental and spiritual freedom.

It is the Only Way. Some man on the free list wrote in the other day and said he thought I was deceiving the people by calling this periodical CHRISTIAN. He said that I was not a Christian. Now, he meant that I was not a religionist. In all good faith he denied my Christianity, because I am not a Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, or Christian Scientist. But let me tell you, my friend, that I am a Christian from the tips of my fingers to the tips of my toes. Every atom of my body and every pulsation of my Spirit responds to Christianity. Jesus Christ is the only redeeming feature in the history of humanity. I love him beyond any words of expression. When I contemplate the majesty of his mind and the glory and depth of his wisdom my whole heart and mind and strength go out in one grand anthem of praise. A Christian! I couldn't be anything else and be myself.

But, my beloved, being a Christian and being a religionist is altogether different. Damn the religion that has kept me from Christianity! When I think of the years that I have lost in trying to be religious, and all the time I was a Christian if I had only known it! The prayers spoken from my lips. The regular order of "services" administered by me. The old rattling of the same old phrases, and all in the name of

Christianity. Why, if Jesus had kept up that kind of religion, the priests and preachers would have applauded instead of crucifying. He was something more than a religionist. Every day of his earthly life he outraged and antagonized religionists. He was the first and the greatest of the individualists. Bless you, my friends, there has been more said in the Sermon on the Mount than in all the other literature in the world. That is not fulsome praise, but the truth of science. No man has ever yet sounded the depths of that sermon. In the great mass of men there is now a movement at work which will sooner or later recognize the principles of Christianity. The Institution, by bullet and bayonet, by powder and ball, by cannons and cold steel, are trying to suppress the principles of Christianity, but they can't do it. The heaven is at work. It will keep on working until the whole of humanity is impregnated with the gospel of personal liberty. Until no man will rule any other man. All symbols of authority and of force will be relics of the past. They will be like these antiques that my wife is searching for in New Orleans. Christians in future years will look upon swords, cannons, revolvers, and uniforms, both of the priest and the soldier, as curiosities of a dark age. They will say that the poor human beings didn't know that God was in each man. It was before the seed that was sown by the Christ had brought forth the harvest of human redemption. They will look upon these relics and say that such things could only have been used when men were brutes, and in the animal vibration. All the glory of our heroes will be looked upon as shame by the coming Christians. What fools these mortals were in the time when men were not brothers, will be the comment of all of us who are alive at the coming of the Christ.

When human beings were not brothers! That is our time right now. And yet you will hear religionists calling each other by the title of brother. Then they will go right out and shoot at each other. Our brothers called by one name are trying to destroy brothers called by another name. Just over a certain geographical line brothers cease to be brothers, and are called the enemy. Men are working their minds to invent means of destruction, weapons of warfare that will kill more than by the present methods. All this in so-called Christendom. It is brothers against brothers. That is all bosh. Brotherhood is a scientific proposition, and has nothing to do with your emotional religion. A man is my brother because he is my brother. Not because he was born in Kentucky. He is my brother because he is the son of my Father, and not because he speaks the same dialect or language that I speak. Men recognize this fact, but the Institution teaches them different. Germans must obey the German emperor, and the English must obey the English king. Frenchmen must obey the orders of France, and Italians must obey the orders of Italy. So when the brothers German are ordered to go to war against the brothers English, they must put aside brotherhood, and begin killing. It is all founded upon the abominable rot of religion, and is in direct opposition to Christianity.

Look right up towards the top of the mountains, to the very Pike's Peak of thought, and hear these words: "But woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in. Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayer: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation. Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves." That

tells the tale. But you mustn't get mad about it. You may have a kind of righteous indignation, but don't let the sun go down on your wrath. The man who uttered these words did not speak them in the vibration of anger. He spoke in the sweet tones of peace and truth. It was the same man who taught us the principle of non-resistance. Truth must work all these things out for us, and the truth is always serene and calm and self-possessed. This whole fabric of the Institution is damnable, but the individual is not to damn it. To go about destroying things with a club would make you an anarchist. You are a Christian, and it is your business to be what you are and go on your way rejoicing. God will take care of the other fellows. There may be a smashup, and they may call for the rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them from the face of truth. But that does not concern you, for you have seen the face of love. When the Christian looks into the mirror of his own mind he can see the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

The only way that a Christian can see the glory of God is in his own mind. You can't borrow some other fellow's mind. It must be a reflection of your own thought. I show you a mental landscape, but you see it with your own mind. You Christians read CHRISTIAN because it reflects your own thought. You may say that you never saw that or this before, but you see it now. Then the glory of God is your own glory. Christianity comes teaching you what you are unfolding your own being. I know how you begin to shrink away from religion, and say that you have heard all of this before. But you haven't. I didn't hear it myself until the other day. What I heard before is not what I am saying now. I heard before that some man died on a cross for my redemption. That there was an institution organized into which I entered through baptism. I heard that if I kept faith with the institution, and had my sins forgiven, and died in good standing, I would go to heaven. If I did not die in good standing I would go to hell. That there was no court of appeal, and that if I went to hell I would stay there forever. I heard that I was to say grace at the table three times a day, and offer up family prayers at night. I was to open all of the "services" in the public congregation with prayer and close them with a benediction. That is religion, and there is no religion in Christianity. Not one single spark of religion in Christianity. Jesus ignored all of their ritual and services and told men to worship God in secret. He even said that you must enter into your closet and shut the door, not even leave a crack open for other people to hear your prayers. Your devotion was to be in private. So you see what you heard before is not what you are hearing now. Verily, verily, I say unto you that Christianity is scientific. It has to do with your own soul and your own mind, forever. It means that Christianity is inherent in your very spiritual nature and must abide with you forever. Christianity didn't begin with Jesus. He uncovered it. "Before Abraham was I AM." Christianity is from everlasting to everlasting. In the very nature of science, that which is, was, and is to be. Paul was writing to the Hebrews, and all at once he caught this mighty vibration: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever." That sentence has nothing to do with what preceded or followed. You will find it thrown in as one mighty exclamation. Christianity is expressed by the Voice in the saying: "I AM he who was, and is, and is to be the Almighty." You mustn't look upon your calling, my beloved Christians, as something of to-day, or even of yesterday, for it has no beginning and no ending. You are standing in the midst of the everlasting vibrations of eternity. To be a Christian is to be in the truth. It is to be what you have always been, and what you will always be.

It is getting home from a long journey in the wilderness. It is finding that peace of God that passeth all understanding.

Mind you, this peace of God is not something that comes to you through the emotions. There is a shouting, but it is down in the depths of your being. It is the place of satisfaction. You know as you are known. I know that you know, and you know that I know that you know. That puts away all discussion and contention. I have nothing to teach, and you are not trying to proselyte me. We meet in the great plain of individual liberty. I recognize you by the vibrations as one of us. I know just as soon as I touch your letter whether you are one of us or out in the cold. You know that you know, and you know where you belong. The thrill of the secret brotherhood and the boundless vibrations of truth are all that you need. Out on this open plain of liberty we meet and pass, but we know. There is no need of grips, or signs, or even words. It is a vibration. A man wrote in here the other day, in the very ecstasy of delight, saying: "I have just found out that I have always been a Christian. I didn't know that I was anything. I now find that I am everything. The key to the whole situation is in Christianity. I was a wanderer in my own wilderness. And I now awake in the open plain. I know that I know and I know that you know." That tells the story, and that story is told every day by men and women who are coming into this fellowship. Christianity is to spread over the earth by a vibration. It is what is called the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. But we will call it by another name. There will be new words to express the new feelings. The old threadbare expressions will give place to a new language. And, my sweethearts, the new language will be no language at all. It will be a feeling, a vibration, a movement of the Spirit. Every day men and women write in here with their hearts full of joy over a discovery that they are what they are, and that they have found themselves. I stand here by the side of my wife in this hotel, dictating these words to you, and yet I am in the center of the Circle. I can feel the lines going out. All over the earth there are responses coming to me. No part of this earth, where civilized beings live, is absent from this Healing Room. It is the acme of mental telegraphy. It is the glory of spiritual vibrations.

There is nothing lacking. Will you please tell me what Christianity lacks? I could safely offer a billion dollar prize for one item that Christianity lacks as a system of truth. I have thought about it for thirty years. And for the past fifteen years I have thought with the illumination of the Spirit to guide my thoughts. I tell you now, with no ax to grind, no theory to support, no institution to uphold, no sect to parade, that Christianity is complete. It is not only complete, but it is unique. It is just as much the sun of the mental world as the sun in the heavens is the light of the physical world. But it is like mathematics. It is the science of being. No man stops to dispute mathematics. It is indisputable. It stands right out there as the law of numbers. And so I say unto you that Christianity is the science of being. This is the reason why man has overlooked it. They thought it was a system of religion. When the great Count Tolstoi saw that the religionists had been deceiving him in regard to Christianity, he was furious in his indignation. He had been taught by the church from the time he could hear and see, and one day he picked up a copy of the New Testament and began reading the Sermon on the Mount. He read on and on, oblivious to all surroundings. All other books in the world were as nothing. He threw away his uniform, denounced his titles, and for many days refused to eat or drink. In the very passion of disappointment and grief, he abused the Church for robbing him of Chris-

tianity. I have said that Tolstoi was a John the Baptist in the wilderness, and the reaction in him led to extremes, but no man can dispute the clearness of his insight. There never has been such an utterance on the planet as that given by Jesus Christ in the Sermon on the Mount. And do you realize what he was doing? He was attacking the church and the established worship of his time. He was standing right up there before the people denouncing their ten commandments. But even in his denunciation there is something unique. He did not condemn the old until he had something better to put in its place. It was said of old time so and so, but I say something better. It was said of old an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, but I say resist not evil. It was said in your law, thou shalt not commit adultery, but I say you must not think it. It is said in your law, thou shalt not kill, but I say you mustn't think it. What they said you must not do, I say you must not think of doing. Your law is a system of outward force and mine of inward truth. Your law governs men by other men. But my law governs you by your own volition. Your own thought must be a law unto you. It is from within that you are to be governed. It is your own joy and your own glorious privilege to think the right kind of thoughts and so live the right kind of a life.

The wonderful thing about this whole matter is that Jesus Christ was fulfilling the law. It was given for a temporary adjustment of individual relations. He comes declaring that the time is at hand when this law must be done away and the Spirit of the individual be enthroned. Therefore, he stands before the people, taking away their law and giving in its place the universal Spirit of truth. There isn't anything else in all the world that can fill the measure of human life. As long as you are an inferior, as long as there are grades, there can not be personal liberty. Even in the very heavens there would not be liberty if some one should appear who is my superior. Orders would come from those above and the ones below would have to obey. But there is no one on your right. You stand unique in your own individuality. The throne of your own being is the throne of God. God reigns in you supreme, because you are in the vibrations of divinity. So, my beloved, take off your uniform, leave off your title, make no resolutions, vows, oaths, or anything of the kind. Just shake yourself clear from all entanglements. I don't belong to anybody or anything, and yet I am in conjunction with everybody and everything. Get both prongs of the paradox before your mind. I do not own anything in all the world, and yet I am not in the vibrations of poverty. I have no authority over any individual in all the universe, and yet I am not in the vibrations of humiliation. I stand exalted in my own personality as a king and a priest, but my kingdom is within myself and the altar of my priesthood is in my own mind. What is claimed for one is claimed for all. What belongs to one belongs to all. And yet it is not communism or socialism; it is individualism. It is not individualism in the sense of any sect, theory or party. It is the individualism of Christianity, the ruling power of the Spirit of Truth within the individual. It is so simple that you will overlook it if you are not careful in your thinking. The waters of Christianity are so clear and so deep that you are apt to mistake their depth. Now you know why I rejoice in being a Christian. I rejoice because I AM that I AM. The joy comes from knowing that I have always been a Christian. It is like the bridegroom coming forth from his chamber. Like a strong man ready to run a race. The strength has always been mine. I see the Holy City coming down from God out of my own heaven, as a Bride adorned for her Husband.

CHRISTIAN

Circle of Christians

It is not an organization.
There are no doors of entrance or exit.
It is a fellowship of the Spirit.
You are in it because you are of it.
Nobody can turn you in and no one can turn you out.
I enroll your name in the Book of Blessings.
Treatments are given daily for Health, Happiness and Prosperity
The Word is spoken for your success in making money.
Christians should lead the Independent Life.
Mental treatments are given for your health.
Christians should be free from disease.
Treatments are given for the Joy of Living.
You pay twelve dollars a year.
Write only one letter a month.
Enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope.
Give your full address in every letter.
In making changes give both addresses.
Send currency in a registered letter.
Money orders are safe in the common mail.
Two books or one subscription given for each dollar.
These terms are the nominal prices.
The regular rates are from one to ten dollars per month.
Regulate this to suit your own financial condition.
"Freely ye have received, freely give."
I write you but one letter each month.
The address below will always reach me.

T. J. SHELTON

1657 CLARKSON STREET

DENVER, COLORADO