



# Christian

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

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

Thirteenth Year  
June, 1906

Regeneration of the Body by the Resurrection of the Mind

## “FOUNDATIONS”

*“For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.”*

**A** CITY which hath foundations,  
Whose builder and maker is God!  
Bless me, where is it?  
Chicago melted in fervent heat.

Baltimore went up in flames.

Galveston submerged by tidal waves.

San Francisco built on sand.

O, for a city with foundations!

I saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem,

Coming down from God out of heaven.

The walls of the city had twelve foundations.

Twelve foundations!

A city of your imagination,

Say the sand-builders.

Is it?

Do the sand-builders know?

## ITEMS AND IDEAS.

\*\*\* This is June.

\*\*\* May CHRISTIAN was dated "March" by mistake.

\*\*\* Such a mistake never occurred with me before in thirty-five years' experience.

\*\*\* Change it on your files with a pencil. New readers will know by the word "Light" and Baby Blanche's picture on the first page.

\*\*\* What are dates anyway? CHRISTIAN has dropped the volumes and numbers and reduced the date line to one word—the name of the month.

\*\*\* You had better mention the book "I AM Sermons" when you want it for yourself or friends, for it will soon be out of print and will never be republished.

\*\*\* Nearly all of this CHRISTIAN was written with a pencil in my cabin or out among the rocks. I like the solitude of the mountains. Baby doesn't like the ocean and said to her mother: "Take me away. It makes me lonesome." The ocean has precisely the same effect on me.

\*\*\* Say, my dear *Nautilus*, you are getting to be worth while. That madonna and baby in April! Then that living, bristling, vibrant article by Edgar L. Larkin in May. That was worth a whole year. Give us some more of Larkin. He is alive! Elizabeth—I will have to call you Elizabeth—you are a magazine maker. Keep a-going!

\*\*\* Now came out of the earthquake head up and full of courage. The house at 105 Steiner street was saved with their books and subscription list. Henry Harrison Brown, the editor, issued a little circular for May saying that the magazine will be continued and that he can supply you with his publications. Address as above, San Francisco, California.

\*\*\* "I am not conscious of daily treatment, but several times have felt immediate and powerful response to my call."

That is as it should be. You do not want the response to continue as a constant pressure, but to sink into a gentle presence, a growth in grace and knowledge. Spirit gives the mind rest. There is an ebb and a flow, a coming and a going, rest and activity. I AM with you always, but not always in action—there is repose.

\*\*\* In mental healing use simple remedies. Don't try to hold any big thoughts. Keep out of the way of concentration and all of those heroic remedies prescribed by mental quacks. Simplicity is a sure cure for many of your troubles. Mental indigestion is prevalent, almost infectious, in the new thought camp. They are straining the brain and trying to lift themselves over stone walls by the straps of their mental boots. Some of the straps have snapped. Keep an open and placid mind and, above all, a cheerful spirit. You are not responsible for the universe. God reigns. Let things wag as they will. They will wag anyway in spite of your worry. Suppose the world came to an end to-morrow, what of it? There is plenty more world stuff.

\*\*\* "The ink of the wise is of more value than the blood of the martyrs."—*The Philistine*. Yes, but the ink of the wise has always been made virile by the blood of the martyrs. "For without the shedding of blood there is no remission." It is a mystery, but true, that the blood of the martyrs has opened the Way for the ink of wisdom. Suppose you make a little journey to the home of the martyrs.

\*\*\* "It is nearly a year since I entered the Circle of Christians, my special desire being unfoldment in the knowledge of the truth. I notice improvement in health and courage and especially along the line of my special request."

That is the work of the Circle of Christians. It is doing for time and eternity, here and hereafter, the present and the future. What we seek is the permanent and enduring, a freedom that will last.

\*\*\* The train passes above my cabin on the tops of the mountains, but has to go to the head of this gulch before it can get down to the track which runs through my backyard. Can see the train pass a half hour before it gets here. In 1893 a cloud-burst swept everything out of this gulch. Railroad, houses, trees, everything for twelve miles was swept clean. It may not occur again for a thousand years—and it may come to-morrow.

\*\*\* In another place I offer a copy of "I AM Sermons," the only book of mine in print, with every new subscriber sent in June. I will make it for both old and new subscribers. All who subscribe or renew for CHRISTIAN this month can have the book and a year's subscription for one dollar. This of course does not include treatments, and is only good for this one month. I want two or three thousand new subscribers. I have something good coming.

\*\*\* "William J. Bryan says 'that no economic advantage which would come from the monopolization of all the industries in the hands of the government could compensate for the stifling of the individual initiative and independence.'"

Amen! Bryan is in the Circle of Christians. Growth was all that he needed. His heart was right at the start. Heaven help us when the fictitious institution called the "government" owns everything. When that time comes I will pray for an absolute monarchy. Let the "government" be a man instead of a political machine.

\*\*\* I wish you would do me a favor. That is if it is convenient. Don't put yourself to any trouble about it. I print 2,000 extra copies of CHRISTIAN to send out to new readers. I don't want to waste the papers. Will you help me find people who are interested? Send in the names and addresses and we will do the rest. You regulars have staid around the 7,000 mark for seven years. It is time to make a change. Let's make it 14,000 and do a larger work. I will throw in "I AM Sermons" with every new subscriber received this month. Tell your friends, or send the money for them yourself. Remember I will give one copy of the book and one year's subscription to CHRISTIAN for one dollar.

\*\*\* "It is quite a delight to think she could live through a whole winter without one real sick spell. How did you do it?"

By breaking up this thought of periodicity. Why should people have "sick spells?" Is there any good reason for it? If we are to be governed by periodicity why not work in good spells, joy spells, happiness in the regular round of the almanac. Let the clock tick health, and the coming and going of the seasons bring peace and joy of living. Set the cogs for good. Expect health.

\*\*\* "Another good report to make. I am enjoying the very best of health, and am as prosperous and happy as one could ever wish to be. Thanks to the Circle of Christians. I never regret the day I stepped into their vibrations."

And you will not regret it a thousand years from now. Good health, prosperity and happiness is not all that we are seeking, except as you stretch that out to cover immensity of space and eternity of being. It is the business of a Christian to be it and do away with all kinds of limitations. Expand!

\*\*\* "Dropped new thought and every other thing, or quit worrying about them. Have forgotten the past and the future, and have been practically demonstrating that health is mine, and money is coming my way. I rejoice in the presence of an inner peace which is becoming mine almost constantly."

Good for you! You are a genuine Christian for Christianity is in the individual. It never was and never can be in the institution. It is a personal achievement.

\*\*\* "Last December I wrote you concerning the sentence: 'The days of our age are three score years and ten,' etc. You said you would answer it."

That sentence was spoken by David, but since that time a greater than David has arisen and spoken words of eternal life. Under the law of mortality there is a limit to life, but in truth there is no limit. I AM the resurrection, and I AM the life. Three score is the clock!

\*\*\* "What do you think of the new reform in spelling?"

I think that it is idiotic and will turn out like the revised Bible. Nobody thinks of reading or quoting the revised Bible now, and it never was as good as the common version. English literature is embalmed in the English language, and we will go right on using it. It is growing all the time by the addition of new words and it keeps us hustling to keep up with it. The spelling is all right. The reformed spelling would have to be just as arbitrary as the present style.

\*\*\* The evening before the San Francisco earthquake the baby was playing in the room. Suddenly she came to her mother and said: "Mamma, what is an earthquake?" No one had been talking of earthquakes, and we didn't know she had ever heard the word. Her mother tried to explain, and the next morning when we picked up the daily we knew the little child had heard in the silence before the event. "Except ye become as little children ye can in no wise enter into the Kingdom of heaven." Is the Kingdom of heaven free from earthquakes?

\*\*\* "In your last number of CHRISTIAN you say: 'When the sons of God came before the Lord, Satan came also,' now is Satan a son of God?"

I suppose so. I was not there at his birth. I have seen a good many of him since I came into the world. I have found him about as square as the other fellow. There are many God-like traits in him, and therefore he has a right to be called a son of God. He seems to have been keeping company with the other sons all along the line. All is good. There can not be two sources of being. The Bible emphatically says that God creates good and evil, the bitter and the sweet, light and darkness. It is the only way to get your mind out of the Babylon of confusion. The negative and positive are one and the same in principle. There can not be an element in the universe that is not in God.

\*\*\* Helen Wilmans issued one number of her new magazinelet, *Men and Gods*, and the postoffice department immediately issued a fraud order covering the publishing house, her daughter Ada, and so on and so forth. Of course as long as her case is before the United States courts the Postmaster General will protect the courts. Her motto on the new magazine is: "A little more brains, O world!" Why more brains without a little common sense? In a private letter she says for me to tell you that she will refund all money so far received, and for you not to try to write her for the present. Men and gods can never overturn the government of the United States, unless they get up a better army and build a bigger navy than Uncle Sam. The law of resistance is on the side of the heaviest battalions. Nonresistance is the way of Truth, and Truth is Victory.

\*\*\* "Well, I've got my broomstick ready to fly away upon if necessary, and have always been considered a sort of a witch anyway. Totten and others are at it again, prophesying ending. When some one told Emerson the world was coming to an end, he said, 'Oh, well, I think I can do without it.' There are other planets, and my old cabalistic knowledge, for to me it appears most reasonable, that we go on from planet to planet, and from sun to sun, comes in handy. I'm ready!"

Hurrah for you! That is much better than trembling with fear and filling the air with lamentations. Of course this extract is from a woman and she was suffering tortures when she wrote. Men are so weak and cowardly in the face of disease and death! Their so-called bravery in war is the fear of ridicule and the vanity of uniforms, flags and music. The male human is as vain as a peacock. Women teach us true courage, which is always silent. Yes, yes, we could get along without the planet. There are others. In my Father's house there are many mansions. The air is full of worlds. Bless your old broomstick, there is plenty of room for it and for you! The immensity of space doesn't alarm or dismay me any more. I want plenty of room to breathe. Besides I like to travel and the air needs exploring. A few millions of miles, and then some more.

\*\*\* "That book of yours, 'I AM Sermons,' is, for this family, the greatest work on Christian Science yet published. We read it daily. It is plainly an expression of infinite truth, for although I've read many of the sermons five or six times recently they are fresh and new and convincing every time."

I give two copies of this book for every dollar sent for treatments, when the sender does not ask for subscriptions. The book will go out of print with this edition, and will never be republished. One copy will be given, this month only, with every subscription whether new or renewal. You will be seeking this book after it is gone, just like you are now calling for my other book. Don't be afraid to ask for it now. Some who have sent ten dollars have asked for twenty copies to give to friends. That's right. I make my offer in good faith and am pleased to have you accept in the same spirit.

\*\*\* "I wonder if Mrs. Shelton could make a visit to my son? If her sweet soul could visit him and tell him to live naturally, and as others do, there would be tears of joy in this home."

This is a sample of the requests coming in since the item about Mrs. Shelton visiting a typhoid fever patient. Now the mortal Mrs. Shelton has nothing to do with it. She was not conscious of any such visit. It was the Spirit using her for the Spoken Word to the fever-stricken woman. The mother-in-law, who sent for the healing, was also used as a medium for the Word to the patient. Of ourselves we can do nothing. It is the Spirit that quickens and heals. All we can do is to give the treatments and leave results to the Spirit. This woman's son lives alone in the mountains and is harmless. He will not even keep a gun and makes friends of birds and beasts. He is close to Nature's heart. Let him alone!

\*\*\* "Enclosed find \$3 to begin another year's treatment. I was in the Circle of Christians last year and was greatly benefited thereby. I don't believe I could keep up as I do if it had not been for your treatments."

I wondered the other day what I myself would do if I couldn't be in the Circle of Christians. Suppose somebody had the power to turn me out, where would I go? A board of directors would meet, or, like Dowie, be ousted by my clerk! Truth is never under any such dominion. I not only feel the whole Circle around me, but it reaches backward into the ages of the past and forward into the everlasting future. The magic word is that I know, and all who know are in the fellowship of this knowledge. I AM because I AM, and not by permission of any man or set of men in the universe. There are no leaders or followers in the Circle of Christians. Its center is the sun and the Ruler is within each individual. Poor old Dowie! What fools to undertake to build up an institution when the call from God is for the building of individuals. Human vanity! Your temple is your body. Your altar is your own mind. You are a king and a priest for yourself, but not for others.

\*\*\* "I thought I had received wonderfully good things from Shelton, but the last letter and the April CHRISTIAN beat every former record. The letter was so forceful all I can say is continue the treatments. As to April CHRISTIAN, I sit with the first page before me for long intervals. The whole paper is full of love."

Well, beloved, I wrote April CHRISTIAN, but she wrote the letter. That wife of mine has developed into a mighty writer of letters. Her letters do me a world of good. They are my daily delight. She hits the spot and carries the message of healing and comfort in a few words. I used to think it necessary to dictate letters by word of mouth, but I have grown out of that foolish notion. She is also a minister of Spirit. It is a mental work and mightier for having the twain in one flesh. My wife writes in my own personality. For the time she is the medium of my mind.

\*\*\* "If there is but one sight and that sight spiritual, then material lens are not necessary to demonstrate it. I have never worn glasses and don't want to yield to the belief."

Your conclusions would be all right if your premises were true, but they are not. There is one light, but it shines through different organs of vision. Mortal sight needs spectacles, microscopes and telescopes. We should be thankful for these aids. Do you expect immortal vision in a mortal body? Certainly not. It could not be. The men whose eyes Jesus opened grew blind again, for he only renewed the organs for the time being. The dead, three of them, were raised by a temporary renewing of life. The resurrection is something different. It is connected with regeneration, and the new mind and the new vision are in an immortal body. Get your glasses, my dear, before your temporary eyes are ruined. The new eyes will have a new setting. It is a condition, not a theory, which confronts you.

\*\*\* "You and your Beloved are blessed friends and helpers to us all! Your strong, sweet words brought a glow to our hearts and made us know that everything is all right, earthquakes or no. Material food and clothing is pouring in from all quarters, but the spiritual comfort is all that we most need, and what so many forget all about. I tell you that this is the greatest religious experience that people of modern times have been permitted to feel, yes, *allowed* to feel. It is the grandest test of character, the deepest estimate of growth that we of this coast could possibly hope for—and, dear friends, some have been tried and found wanting, and some have had their work tried by fire and the work has stood approved!"

Isn't she a beautiful Christian! She is an artist and writes from the ashes of a splendid studio which she and her husband had toiled to make a success. I lost at least a thousand dollars by the San Francisco disaster, but I am paid in full with interest. Such letters coming from 350 subscribers are jewels in the diadem of Truth. Spirits like the one in this glorious woman would be safe if the whole world was on fire. All of you Christians in San Francisco are paid up a year ahead and I AM giving you treatments for health, happiness and prosperity. You don't owe me anything. Rise and shine!

\*\*\* "After reading the article in the May number of the CHRISTIAN on Electricity: will you kindly give your views through the columns of CHRISTIAN, at your convenience, on small electrical batteries as to whether electricity applied to the body would be beneficial or not?"

I do not give attention to the application of electricity in that way. You will have to consult a practitioner of that school. I have heard that physicians use it with great success. My work is the practice of mental electricity. The only way to get permanent effects is to deal with permanent cause—the mind of the Spirit. You may run hither and thither for health but you will not find it outside of your own mind. Spirit is the only revealer of mind. Health is in the spirit, not the body.

\*\*\* "My mother and my sister, when we sit in the Silence, have each vibrations but of a different kind, while I have none at all. What does it mean?"

It means that you are a corpse or one of those wooden signs that stand in front of tobacco stores. All life is activity, that is movement, and movements of life are vibratory. Vibrations are waves of life. Each receives according to their own individuality. Let me say right here that you can not enter the Silence with others. This prayer-meeting style of "sitting in the silence" is nonsense. It is religion and you had as well trot to the prayer-meeting. Entering the silence is science, and there is not a jot of religion connected with it. You must enter into the kingdom of Spirit *alone* as an individual. You can't share it with anyone by talk or thought. It is your own communion with Yourself. No other person can enter into your holy of holies. It is a secret of your own. You can't share it even with your Soul's mate. I know that you know.

\*\*\* "Do any of them ever agree on all things and at all times? Is marriage a farce?"

This extract is from a long letter from a wife who has been quarreling with her husband. No, my dear girl, there are not any of them who agree on all things at all times. If they did, they would be wax. The happiest couples are those who have spunk enough and individuality enough to disagree. Then you know the making up is so ecstatic! Is marriage a farce? Yes, dear, marriage is a farce, a melodrama, a comedy, and often a tragedy. It is an anthem, a symphony, an oratorio. It sounds all the depths in hell, and all of the heights in heaven. Marriage is the union of the male and female in all of life from the insect to the angel. There are chipmunks in front of my cabin who are happily married. A mountain jay came for crumbs this moment and I asked the caretaker what had become of his mate. "Oh, she," said he "is on her nest. I feed them regularly every day." To be sure! To be sure! How silly of me not to know. She is busy with household affairs, and he, the beautiful rascal, is having a good time waiting. Marriage depends upon the kind of individuals who enter it, and sometimes it depends on *one* of the individuals for failure or success. Get acquainted with yourself.

\*\*\* "I visited Col. Sabin's Reformed Christian Science Church here. What he said was all right. He wore a black gown to his feet, and had a yellow stole embroidered with gold thread and beads, and a heavy fringe on the ends of it. I understand he has constituted himself a Bishop."

Yes, he has made a church out of a little prayer-meeting and elected himself a bishop with a big B. Dowie wears a finer robe than Sabin and elected himself more than a bishop. Dowie voted for apostle with a big A and prophet with a big P, choosing the mighty prophet of fire, Elijah, who was as humble as Tolstoi. Sabin and Dowie are poor old men tottering in their foolish millinery. "Beware of false prophets who come to you in sheep's clothing." It is the sign of the end of the nonsense of public worship. Any man can be that kind of a bishop—if he has the price of the regalia! But when a man becomes a Man he puts away childish things.

\*\*\* "In your opinion are there any psychic or spirit entities that could or would injure one while in this life?"

I don't think so, unless you call thoughts entities. The thought of a spirit having power to injure you would injure you so far as you held the thought. Only the truth in you can make you free. All power in heaven and on earth is given to the man who is in the truth. It is for his own protection and not to display or boast of in himself. All spirits are reincarnated, and in the interval between death and rebirth they are asleep. Therefore there is nothing to fear from the activity of spirits. They are asleep so far as activity in this world is concerned. When they awake from their sleep they are in a new body and begin as infants, the old round of mortality. There is nothing to fear in this life or any other life. You are moving along the lines of destiny and no power in hell or earth can stop your unfoldment. It is I, be not afraid.

\*\*\* "Please state in CHRISTIAN whether you think it possible (as it is the work of the Omnipresent Spirit) that one in the unseen could teach one in the body. I have long wanted to ask, for surely my dearest with his clearer vision would impress me."

No, no, emphatically no, and the sooner you get away from the thought of dependence on anyone the quicker will come your freedom in the truth. The whole world is in bondage to this thought of dependence. The priest, the preacher, the doctor, the lawyer, the politician all pull this cord tighter and tighter about our throats until we are strangling for a little breath of freedom. Jesus Christ, the prophet of Christianity, saw all of this mental slavery. He said, "The truth shall make you free." And in order that the truth could come untrammelled he positively refused the leadership of men. "It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Spirit of Truth will not come unto you." Here is a woman still leaning on the dead, and lifting hands to the skies that he may teach her the truth. The churches are all ruled by the dead, and they can't budge an inch from the place where the dead left them. Go to

the Fountain Head for your knowledge of the Truth! God is no respecter of persons. Don't follow me. Follow your own spirit. Besides, your husband is not in the unseen unless he was raised from the dead. He may be, at the present moment, a baby in some woman's arms. Don't for a moment imagine that the dead are any freer than you are. A man is dead as long as he is in mental darkness. Nothing but light can give life. A birth of Yourself is the only way from darkness to light.

\*\*\* "Will you please explain the 15, 16, 17 verses of the fourth chapter of First Thessalonians?"

No explanation is necessary. It means what it says and the words are very plain. The earth will grow old and die just like mortal men grow old and die. The final windup will be an earthquake and fire. It is a mental resurrection and the air is the place for new heavens and new earth. The Holy City comes down from God out of heaven, that is the air, the aerial regions. It is well, in reading this and other Scriptures, to remember that men and women are in their graves, are counted dead, until their reincarnation or resurrection is completed and they walk in the truth. Dying, as we understand it, is nothing more than a preparation for rebirth. Birth and death are parts of the same process. You can't get out of your grave until you come into a knowledge of the Truth. You must hear the Voice of the Son of Man and come out of mortality.

\*\*\* "I have one proof that our subjective work is permanent. I may go for a month terribly engrossed in affairs and hardly think of you (that is not my custom) but when CHRISTIAN comes, I can lay down the engrossing matter, absolutely forget that it exists and lose myself with you. Nothing but an eternal bond of relation could thus monthly renew my interest. When I lay aside my study of Spanish, or the writing of a novel and get out of the spirit, it is difficult to resume the work simply because it is relative and not fundamental to my life. I can testify before the Most High that your life is correct."

You see by this what kind of men are coming into the fellowship of the Circle of Christians. This literary man writes a mighty sermon in the few words at the head of this item. I'm not running CHRISTIAN. It has been run contrary to my judgement and often in opposition to my wishes. I would have kept up the contention for second class postage. I would have printed advertisements. It looked like foolishness to me. All the others, like *Unity* and the *Washington News-Letter*, keep up their healing, advertise it in every issue, and yet enjoy second class postage. God said for me to do otherwise and he would insure success. He has kept the promise beyond my expectations, and CHRISTIAN and the Circle of Christians occupy their own place in mental and financial freedom. And, as the gentleman says above, our work is permanent and our fellowship eternal. I feel it more and more every year.

\*\*\* "Been quite a while since I wrote you. Well, I'll tell you the reason. I heard the more we lean on others the less our own strength will support. On this basis I figured that was harming myself by depending too much on you. Then I stopped. One day last week CHRISTIAN came. I was reading it and found I was glad it came. It reminded me of the old letters and you and I like you. Thinking it over I realized that I would willingly pay out \$12 a year for instruction in anything worthy, and after all, your treatments are instructions."

You are right, my dear boy, in principle, but I practice the principle. I do not treat from my own personality. I speak the truth to you as an individual. It is for you. No one can catch the vibration of personality in my treatments. I am also receiving treatments from the same Principle. I also am in the Circle of Christians. For all these many years my letters to patients, or students, if you prefer it, have been signed I AM, and they mean it. Do not mistake me. I do not give treatments in the name of Jesus. Let Jesus do his work in his own name. I come in the name of my own divinity. I AM T. J. Shelton and none other. It is all bosh to go about claiming to do wonders in the name of Jesus. Such healers make me sick. I AM myself, but it is not my mortal personality. When the Spirit of Truth came to me He said, I AM T. J. Shelton, thus recognizing my individuality in His Universality.

\*\*\* "Don't you think 'the Spirit' has been somewhat in evidence recently in the role of 'knocker'?" As you are not usually inclined to accept the deductions of scientists, what, may I ask, is your theory of those unwelcome 'tremblers'? Have the planets, and especially the 'sunspots,' anything to do with such disturbances? As you have visited the sun, tell me something of the nature of these 'spots,' what part they play, their composition, etc. If I am not in error you have at some former time declared that you and 'the Spirit' are one. Now 'the Spirit' is conceded to be omniscient and, being part of the Spirit, you should know whatever Spirit knows, and should be able to give at all times correct answers to interrogatives, and it is not consistent to exclaim 'damfino' when questions of general concern are propounded. Think of these things, my dear sir, and enclosed find the traditional dollar."

While the Spirit and I are one in principle, we are not one in omniscience, omnipotence and omnipresence. I, as an individual, am one in principle with the universal Spirit, but the individual is not the universal. I only know what Spirit reveals to me. As for the earthquake, it is revealed as old age. A man, once upon a time, went to a noted San Francisco specialist for examination. The doctor took his money, looked him over and said: "You are old, just old, that's all." So it is with the earth; it is old, just old, and it will become senile and die with the palsy. In youth the planet was a globe of fire, and later covered all over with water. The dry land of a continent appeared. There was only one continent and one ocean. The flood came with earthquakes and split the continent in two, and made two oceans. This that we call the "new" continent is volcanic and may blow up again when it begins to shake with

old age. There is nothing permanent but Spirit and spirit is air and fire. I did not see any spots on the sun. The material scientists can't see very well with their little peep glasses. But there may be spots on the outside of the sun. *I was on the inside.* And now, my good friend, let me assure you that I never said "damfino" to a reasonable question. It was a silly answer to a silly question. I do not know it all, but what I do know I am willing to share with my readers. God bless you glorious Christians in California! An earthquake can not shake your foundations!

\*\*\* "Oh, could you explain so a baby could understand, the difference between consciousness and suggestion? I know the Spirit is with me many times, then suggestion steps in and I am lost."

Suggestion is the governor of this world of mortality. We are born into this life a bundle of suggestions, and then more suggestions are laid on thick and fast until we go out of this world filled with chronic suggestions. There is only one way out and Spirit is that way. The resurrection of the mind is the road to freedom. From advertisements on billboards and newspapers to the proclamations from pulpits we are filled eyes and ears, with suggestions. Get out of the noise into the Silence if you can. Keep on trying to get within sight and sound of Yourself. Get an introduction to your own Spirit. The one you are acquainted with is not yourself. It is a creature made of other people's suggestions. All these suggestions will melt like wax before the light of Yourself. You are Spirit and these suggestions have been put on record in the phonograph of the flesh. You are not a wax figure or a flesh figure. You can change the record. Your own Spirit will change the record and there will be quite another tune. Why, the fellow who used to pose for me was a fool, and made an ass of himself on many occasions, through suggestion.

\*\*\* When a man begins to lose his grip on himself he looks about for an organization. If he can't find one ready made he will make one. Elbert Hubbard will inaugurate, next month, The American Legion of Honor, in imitation of the French Legion of Honor founded by Napoleon. Among the nominations suggested by *The Philistine* is the name of my own Elizabeth Towne. She does not need any such boost from this bunch of Bouquet Throwers. She is too young. By the way, I have just finished reading Constant's three volumes of "Memoirs" of Napoleon. Constant was the bedroom valet and tells the truth without varnish. The founder of the Legion of Honor was one of the most dishonorable of men known to modern history. He was dishonorable and disreputable in his dealings with women, a traitor to his wife, his friends and his country. France is just now doing what Napoleon could have done if he had not turned traitor and betrayed the people who gave him power. He was lifted to place and power by Josephine, and made First Consul of a Republic for life. He was unworthy of a glorious woman and a traitor to

the cause of human freedom. He sacrificed every sense of honor to satisfy his insatiable lust for power. And he founded the Legion of Honor! I bet he is now ashamed of it!

\*\*\* "As you know, we received the full benefit of the great earthquake here. Still we are far better off than many others and have no desire to run away from dear old California. I sometimes wonder what all of this destruction means. We are supposed to believe that some *good* will come of it. But what about the poor people who were trapped in their houses and killed? I would like to know what Mr. and Mrs. Shelton would have done if they were suddenly awakened like us and found their house rocking like a cradle. I screamed. Would you? I am ashamed now for losing myself."

Bless your dear heart, we would have yelled to beat the band! But I don't think we will ever be caught in such a place. I was led by the Spirit to New Orleans instead of San Francisco, although personal matters drew us toward California. It is well for us to be reminded constantly that matter is subject to change and that Spirit does not give us a permanent place until we are awakened from the sleep of mortality. The individual is an heir to the air, and must learn to go from planet to planet and sun to sun in safety and freedom. You need not be ashamed for "losing yourself" under such a test. You did well to so soon recover yourself. Many lost their mental balance, while others had nerves shattered. Nothing in mortality matters except our unfoldment. Dying suddenly is better than a lingering death. There is nothing to fear in life or death. I AM from everlasting to everlasting.

\*\*\* "Will you tell me how to come into an agreement with this adversary? The worst problem I have to face is that of making one dollar do the work of five. Is it possible to try too hard to do this? In other words, to dwell too much on the means to the end?"

It is hard to make truth understood, and yet, it is clear as light. Money is shy and hides from the noisy, strenuous seeker. Indifference and even carelessness is the secret road to success. This doesn't mean idleness, listlessness; but a wide-awake alertness. You are diligent in business, doing the best you can. But think plenty and act accordingly. Let me begin to save and stint and it affects my receipts. In my business it is very important that my mental attitude should be right, for so many of you are under my treatment. In our recent three months tour of the South we had to put up at the best hotels and spend money like Christians, lest any closeness on our part should be felt by you in your own affairs. The result was that our receipts were much larger during our absence than they have been since our return. We have laughingly said since we came back, that we had better go away. It is possible that when we came home our thoughts turned on saving. Now, don't misunderstand. There is wisdom in saving, and especially in keeping clear of debt. But beware of cultivating closeness and stinginess. Squeezing every dollar until the eagle screams is not wise finance.



## THE FOUNDATION OF BEING.

The first page is an open question. Is the Holy City, the city with twelve foundations, a myth of the imagination or a reality of being?

It will always be an open question to carnal mind. By carnal mind I do not mean anything "bad," but merely the mind of the flesh. I could say the childish mind, the unilluminated mind.

Of course there is only one Mind, as there is only one light. But there are manifold expressions of the one mind. We call these various expressions different minds, when in reality there is but one mind. We say green, blue, pink, violet, yellow light when we know there is only one light expressed through all of these varied colors.

So it is with mind. There is a carnal mind, that is, a carnal color to mind when expressed through mortality. Paul expressed the idea in these words: "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things." I thought as a child. That is what is meant by mortal mind. The carnal mind thinks as a child. That is the way that mortal mind has to think. It can't think any other way.

The spiritual mind, the real white light, lifts man into another view of being. The colored glasses of carnality are laid aside and you see with your real vision. At first you may "see men as trees walking," but keep on looking and the blurred vision will give place to clear seeing.

It is all one vision, but different degrees of unfoldment. "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light." This is vision, original vision, with the color blindness of mortality cured. You cease to see things that your mother saw before you were born. You have come into illumination which brings you into a birth of the Spirit. It is the birth of your own Spirit, the unfolding of your own divinity. There can nothing come out of you, or before you, in the unfoldment, that is not inherent in your own being. "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." That is the only kind. There is no borrowed plumage in the kingdom of truth. Your lamp is your own lamp, and the light is from your own oil. Carnal mind tells you that you are to borrow, beg or steal. The mind of Spirit knows that you are the heir of all things. "All is yours."

The foundations of being are mental. The carnal mind is spirit seeing through matter. The spiritual mind is spirit seeing itself. You look into a mirror and see your body. Matter is the mirror of itself—the mortal mind can only see that which the mirror reflects. The world of matter has no foundations in itself, for matter can not support matter. It is not strong enough to lift itself. How can it? The world, with its so-called ponderable matter, its rocks and mountains, is floating in spirit. It is an island in the air. Then the foundations

of being are aerial, in other words spiritual, for air is but another name for spirit.

Now, where is your Holy City, the city which has foundations, whose maker and builder is God? *It is in the air!* Up go your hands! All right. I can't show your carnal mind anything that is substantial. You think you know it all. You think you see it all. You don't know anything, and you are as blind as a bat. I say the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, which is the mother of us all (Gal. iv:26), is in the air. I have seen it. It is a real city and it has twelve foundations. The air, my beloved, is the only substantial substance, the only substance that can support the foundations of a city. In fact, darling, the air supports everything—worlds, suns and systems. Everything in the universe is floating in the air.

When the planet is destroyed by fire, and the elements melt with fervent heat, the only safe place will be in the air. It is said that the Christians who are on earth at that time will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. Up in the air is a safe place. The body of flesh is two-thirds water. The body of regeneration is two-thirds air and the other third is electricity, that is, fire.

A water body abides in the water. An air body abides in the air. The natural dwelling place of illuminated bodies is in the air. This aerial body is not only real and substantial, but excels in strength. Its motor is electricity, and that is the "all power in heaven and on earth." Did you think that dirt was the only substance from which bodies could be made? That is only the first. "The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven." The first is only a living soul, the second is a quickening spirit. The first lives in a house of clay, the second lives in a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, that is, in the air. The earthy man's food partakes of the elements of the earth. The regenerated man's food is of the nature of air. One is fed through the waters of assimilation and digestion. The other is fed through the air in breathing the breath of life. The one eats food, the other breathes food.

Can't see it? Of course you can't. Having eyes, you see not; having ears, you hear not. How far can those little lightning-bug eyes in your head see? You must see with the mind. You must hear with the understanding. Just as long as you look upon your flesh as substance you will be sick. It is not substance. It is as flimsy as the paper on which I write these words. Here, see, I light a match and touch this sheet of paper. It is gone! Your flesh is not a bit more substantial. You have wrinkles, grey hairs, tottering limbs. You are in a fever. Oh, my, you are burning up! Send for the doctor. He looks wise. Gives you a drug. Alas! Your flesh is being consumed. You are gone! There was nothing substantial about your firm flesh, your ruddy complexion, your boasted vitality. A little fire and you are gone. *That fire was you!* That body of flesh was the grass of

the field. O, son of the sun, shine on forever! There is one glory of the moon and another glory of the stars.

I give *you* treatments, not your body. And yet you want to come to me with your aches and pains, and some of you want to bring your bodies into my physical presence. Beloved, if I saw you as you see yourselves there would be no use of your coming to me. The blind would be leading the blind, and we would all fall into the ditch. I see you as a spirit, free from pain, sickness and death. I must ever keep you before my mind in perfect health.

In treating for success I must not see your poverty, your debts, your financial bondage. That would be making you a magnet to attract more and more of such things. I see you free from debt, full of business and even in opulence. My imagination! No, the truth of being, the foundations of genuine existence. A citizen of the Holy City whose streets are paved with gold. An electrical being, radiant with health and commanding his own wealth.

What do you want me to do? Do you want to pay me to see your cancers, your consumption, your rheumatism, your old age? If so, go to a drug doctor and let him feel your pulse, look at your tongue and give you a dose of matter. I come to give mind. The mental doctor must use the Word that will pierce the dividing of soul and spirit, joints and marrow, and discern the inmost thoughts of your being. If the mortal body is ill, then the spiritual mind must adjust the ailment, remove the cause, and cure the disease. There is no other remedy. Matter may change the conditions by producing other conditions, but it can never cure the disease. In giving matter to cure matter the remedy is often worse than the disease.

Now, you know I'm not one to say that you are not to consult a physician or take medicine. A great to do was made in the daily papers because Mrs. Eddy's daughter-in-law had a tumor removed by the surgeon's knife. She did exactly right, and yet I, as many of you know, have removed tumors by mental treatment. Leave all doors wide open! Surgery is a science.

But, above all, let us remember that the mind is eternal and born of substance Spirit, while the body is of the earth and *must* be changed by the resurrection of the mind. That which is called substantial is evanescent. The air which we look upon as the very essence of the unsubstantial is exactly the opposite of our thought. It is the upholder of all things. It is that in which we live and move and have our being. We are denizens of the air, and have only come out of the water in our unfoldment. Into the air we go when we leave the body of flesh.

In order to live forever the body of flesh must be changed into a glorious body like unto a son of God. This change can be made by the resurrection of the real mind.

This resurrection will come in spite of you or your environment. The foundations of being do not depend upon you. You are not responsible for anything, therefore awake to destiny and rejoice in the truth!

## A MEDITATION ON THINGS.

This is my cabin in the mountains. It is only forty miles from Denver. I can come up here after breakfast and return in time for supper. I came here this morning to meditate on things.

Now, don't get into your head that I am neglecting you. Some of you think that if I get out of Denver I am neglecting you. Just as if I had to keep shop as a drug doctor. I am a mental doctor, and I can patch your broken minds much better if I get out of the house occasionally.

I can't neglect you, for I brought you with me. I came here to meditate on things. There is a little kitchen, with its cookstove, cupboard, sink and everything snug and ready for cooking things. Here is a little dining room ready for eating things. This is the sitting room, and there is a bed room and closet. Sit down in that wooden rocker and be comfortable. There is nothing like comfort.

You don't care for my things. You've seen such things before? I'm glad you're honest. I'd rather have your blunt honesty than have you say: "Oh, how nice." When you didn't mean a word of it. None of us care for things unless they are our own things. We make out like we do, but we don't.

Let's take a pencil and tablet and go out of doors. Stop here at the front door. What is that song? It is the song of the brook. You have heard the song of the brook which sings on forever. This brook sings within six feet of my door. That rustic bridge crosses over to my bubbling spring out there in the bushes. That spring has medicinal virtues almost like the one Edison talks about. Edison's spring was so good for the liver that when its discoverer died they had to take his liver out and kill it with a club lest they bury it alive. I have known my spring to cure the worst case of blues in ten minutes. The spring comes up from under the mountain, where I have been prospecting, and has in it iron, copper, silver, gold and greenbacks. It is a wonderful spring.

Look up the gulch and you will see Arapahoe (leave first A off in pronouncing) Peak. The snow stays there all summer and every summer. It has been covered with snow since before the ark rested on Ararat. When were these things called mountains thrown up here? I don't know. You see beds of lava all round you and our precious metals are found in the ashpits of volcanoes. Everlasting hills, did you say? Well, hardly, since they were formed yesterday and may be reformed to-morrow. Things! What's the use of things, anyway?

See the chipmunk. He has been housed up asleep all winter. He will work like a union man all summer for the sake of another winter of sleep. Unless he is caught and eaten by a tom-cat. Poor chipmunk! His ancestors were squirrels and lived in the trees. Then the great earthquake killed all the trees and he had to learn to live in the rocks, and so became a chipmunk. He will go on breeding chipmunks and wear himself out taking care of the rising generation. What's the use in chipmunks anyway?

Yonder comes a man! Now we will see something worth seeing. He hasn't four short legs. He isn't a chipmunk. What does he do standing up on his hindlegs and using his forelegs for hands? He? Why he lives in a shanty and breeds after his kind, just like the chipmunk. If he gets enough to eat and a few rags for the kids he is satisfied. How old is he in his generations? Not quite as old as the chipmunk. The chipmunk was here first. Hasn't the man more mind than the chipmunk? Yes, if you will take his word for it. I hate to ask the chipmunk.

Oh, yes, we were meditating on things. Look at our things. Railroads, ships, even battleships for the killers, great cities with miles of streets. Then inside the houses we have things. My! but we are rich with things. Some of our things are called skyscrapers, but they don't come anywhere near the skies. How we do gloat over our things! Then the earth wobbles just a minute and our things tumble on our heads.

What's the use?

Oh, beautiful earth, why are you so shaky? Why so uncertain? Volcanic eruptions in Italy. Earthquakes in California. Famine in Japan. Yes, yes, I know, dear earth, if you didn't kill us, we would load our guns and kill each other. But may be if you would treat us better, we would treat each other better. You are lying in wait for us at every corner. We never know what you are going to do, and so we pitch in and help you in your murderous work. Yes, your murder-us work. Death is in the air, the water, the fire, everywhere on every side. Why shouldn't we take a hand in the game? The hint comes from you, my dear Earth, and we are subjects of suggestion. Did you hear that squeak? It was the black cat catching a chipmunk. It will taste good. Besides, black cats have to live, and the chipmunk would have to die sometime anyway.

Things! What are we talking about? Oh, the beautiful blue sky over the tops of the mountains! The other day in San Francisco the same blue sky was overhead. Children were laughing in the sun. Babes were cooing in their cribs. Men and women were planning great things. Suddenly the earth moves, houses topple, fire begins its work, and Death and Hell march hand in hand. All the beautiful things turn to ashes! The dead are buried, the hungry fed, the ashes are scraped up, and men begin to build more things. What energy to put forth for the fleeting works of time and chance! O God of the silence, why don't you speak! Why not give man a chance to put forth his great energy for something worth while?

The drop curtain in the Tabor Opera House in Denver is painted from this thought of Kingsley:

"So fleet the works of men,  
Back to the earth again.  
Ancient and holy things.  
Fade like a dream."

The scene is a ruined city with its mansions, castles, churches, temples crumbling back to earth. It always fills me with sad-

ness. But why? What is the good of things? It is all a mortal mirage. Do we want immortal things? It would be a dreary universe if things were indestructible.

Bless you, sir and madam, things outlast individuals! Is that your grandfather's clock? I thought so. And this is your grandfather's Bible. Madam, the book you are reading will be in your library long after the very bones in the hands holding it are dust and ashes. Your finger rings, your trinkets, all your things worth keeping, will be in the possession of others. That blessed wife of mine said to me just the other day, "If I should happen to die, keep my rings, and things of that kind, for the baby." There are always heirs for our rings and things, and the wheel of life keeps turning. See the man rushing headlong with careworn face. He is after more rings and things.

This meditation was interrupted by a sudden hailstorm, such as we often have up here in the spring. I got under the roof in time. The ground is covered with hail and the house is being bombarded. Say, a roof is a good thing, isn't it? Yes, and clothes come in handy. A poor man worked for me last fall, and when winter began to pinch I gave this man a suit of my old clothes. I added a hat and a pair of shoes, and was going to throw in an old overcoat, when the wisdom of my wife interfered. In a week the fellow threw up his job and I had to hunt another furnace man. The clothes were a perfect fit and he was fixed. I could make my own fires. Moral: Don't be too free with your things. Charity begins at home after a consultation with your wife.

Let us wind up this meditation on things by getting at the secret of things. Do you know the reason why you hang onto things and cling so tenaciously to the thing called your body? *It is because you are not a thing.* If you were a thing you would not be yourself. Being yourself, and not yet illuminated, you cry over things like a child over toys. Why, sweetheart, you are the owner of the spheres. Time and space, things present and things to come, all are yours. Suns and stars, constellations, all the Milky Way, are your playthings. You may put off and put on a thousand bodies of flesh and still be your glorious self. From everlasting to everlasting thou art yourself. Play with all of these things. Don't cry. Laugh!

Here I am at home, surrounded by more things. The first one to greet me was that golden haired Baby Blanche. She ran down the street when she saw me get off the car: "Hello! Dad, we've had dinner." Up into my arms and a chatter of everything including the spotted pup. Well, she is a neat little thing weighing about 30 pounds—but she is herself all the same. From whence did she come? Whither is she going? Ah, it is none of my business. To-day is mine! To-morrow never comes. Let us cease to care for the morrow, the moon, and live to-day. There is always and forever to-day, no matter how things come and how things go.

"Our little systems have their day.  
They have their day and cease to be."

# CIRCLE OF CHRISTIANS



**T**HE Circle of Christians is not an organization.

It is not a sect, party, church, lodge, or any other kind of institution. You do not join anything or anybody. You do not confess a creed or formulate a faith. Christianity is the inspiration of the individual. It is the Spirit of Truth unfolding in your own mind. The Circle of Christians is a company of individuals seeking for the full realization of regeneration and the resurrection.

Christianity stands for the healing of all kinds of disease, including poverty. It IS a regeneration of the body by the resurrection of the mind. Healing is absolutely essential to Christianity. The healing of the physical body is the only credential offered by Christianity. Jesus did not ask humanity to accept of any other witness. It is folly to talk of Christianity without mental healing.

I AM devoting my whole time to mental healing. I teach Christianity by the Silent Word. Teaching by telepathy is the way of the Spirit. My lessons are not in letters, or in print, but are spoken in the Silence to your own spirit. In

this way the Spoken Word comes up into your own mind as a part of your own thinking. It is a mental growth. The unfolding of your own individuality.

The treatments are given daily for health, happiness and prosperity. They include the awakening of your whole being and the control of your environment. The mental message is for your body, your mind and your business. It is also a fellowship of the Spirit where you receive the vibrations from all who are in the same thought. It is an independent movement of individuals led by the Spirit of Truth.

You pay twelve dollars a year. Payments in advance by the month, the quarter or the year. I give one yearly subscription to CHRISTIAN for every dollar. You send the names of your friends, or leave me to select from the sample list. Instead of the subscription you can have two copies of my book for every dollar. Send money order in the common mail or currency in registered letter. Enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't expect more than one letter each month.

I make no promises.

## T. J. SHELTON

1657 CLARKSON STREET

DENVER, COLORADO