

Christian

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REGENERATION OF THE BODY BY THE RESURRECTION OF THE MIND.



MRS. SHELTON, HER SON, AND BABY BLANCHE.

ITEMS AND IDEAS

*** At last!

*** I have caught up with you people.

*** I had to go to press the second time in June.

*** In July the same thing happened to CHRISTIAN.

*** Didn't have enough papers, so had to put the whole thing back on the press.

*** In August I jumped several thousand copies ahead of you and am keeping it up, so you can have August, September and October.

*** This all comes from taking my own medicine. You know it is said that the drug doctor never takes his own medicine, but it is not so with the mental doctor.

*** If the mental doctor does not practice his own treatment he is either a fool or a fraud or both. If he can deliver the goods to others he can deliver them to himself.

*** I did a little silent work in the way of mental treatment for you people to send in names for CHRISTIAN; and the result has been beyond my expectations. But I am going to expect greater things in the future, so that I will not be surprised.

*** Down at the Antlers hotel in Colorado Springs, after the June CHRISTIAN went out, we received a telephone message one morning saying that they had run out of papers in spite of our big edition. The only thing I could do was to telephone to go ahead and print more.

*** Now that is the way mental treatments work in my own affairs and you are going to do still better. Therefore we will print thousands and thousands of copies of this number so as to be ready for you. This is the way to do business and you are all catching the vibrations.

*** We did not take a vacation this summer but we had a variation. It is utterly impossible for me to take a vacation. I could no more go away and leave you people mentally than we could turn Beverly Boy loose to take care of himself. Therefore I keep you with me day and night and am ready to answer your calls in the Silence.

*** In order to escape housecleaning we moved our office down to Colorado Springs where we could get the mail every day—and be waited on by other people. It is so much more comfortable than to stay at home when the house is torn up by Japanese. Then you don't have to step on tacks with your bare feet and be bumping around on bare floors.

*** I don't see any use of a mother-in-law in the house unless she can take care of everything, superintend the housecleaning, take care of the children, look after the table, put in the coal for winter, make all the clothes for the children, and listen to all of their complaints, get the girl off to school, see that she practices her music, mend all of the boy's troubles, and do other odd jobs.

*** Therefore, and you see that is a very big therefore, we went down to the Antlers and put on our good clothes and sailed around among the highfliers until after the house was all clean and sweet and

everything in perfect order, and then we came home. After being at home for a week we concluded we would go back to Colorado Springs, and we went. I reached the highest point in mental healing that I have ever yet reached but I am still climbing.

*** I found myself able to do all of our work in the forenoons and then spend the afternoons and evenings seeing the sights. My treatments for you have the same effect on my body as they have had on my business. I climbed to the top of mountains and gave treatments with the whole world at my feet. It gave me an idea and I am going to carry it out. When I think that you people need a change of climate you will get it. I may arrange to give you an ocean voyage.

*** There is one thing sure, and that is, you will get the best on earth and in heaven. I will take you South and East and West and North when you need it. I know you felt the vibrations from the mountains all this summer without getting any other word than that which was given in my treatments. At first I dated a few letters from Colorado Springs but soon quit it. I felt that you must not know, except in the Silence, where we were, as it would lead to suggestion. So you only knew after that by the postmark on the envelope. I AM omnipresent and you must get the vibrations in that way.

*** Henry Harrison Brown of "Now" and Oliver Colonel Sabin of "Washington News-Letter" have been printing their pictures taken on their seventieth birthday. They are even boasting about it. The photographer retouched out all the wrinkles from the Colonel's face but he did not have any trouble with Henry Harrison, for his face was covered with whiskers. If these youngsters don't quit counting they will die of old age. I told my wife years ago that if she did not want to be fair, fat and forty she had better quit counting. She quit. The lady will never have another birthday. Counting is a bad habit and I am surprised at these leaders of the new thought boasting of the crime.

*** I give you the pictures of my trinity, not because they are "mine" but because they are yours. A lot of you men have been claiming my wife and begrudging me my babies. In fact, all of you have laid claim to everything that was mine. Now, take them along. They are yours and all of yours is mine. That is the law and it is a good law. The most wonderful thing said by Jesus is found in the 17th chapter of John. He was talking to God and said: "And all mine are thine, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them." This is the only way you can come into possession of anything in the universe. So help yourself to my wife and babies, but be sure that I will claim all of yours. If you get this lesson it is worth the price of CHRISTIAN for a thousand years.

*** Professor Knox had been in the lower courts in the state of Washington and they decided that he could not be a di-

ploma to himself. He carried the case to the Supreme Court of the state and they decided that, as he founded the college, there was no one else to issue the diploma, so he had a right to issue one to himself. Of course he had! Didn't Colonel Sabin found a church and make himself a bishop with apostolic succession? And got the whole shooting match in one big word? I know that Sabin is a bishop for he said so himself. Who is going to dispute it? Knox is a mental science doctor for he signs M. S. D. after his own name. William Walker Atkinson and I are thinking about starting a factory for making doctors and bishops, but the scamp wants to be Pope. I would not stand for anything like that for I will be the whole cheese or nothing. I don't mind giving William Walker a subordinate position, but to make him boss over me is out of the question.

*** By the way, did any of you people know that I was a mental science doctor with a D-I-I-I-P-L-O-M-A! You bet! I got it from Helen Wilms and it is a very ponderable looking sheepskin. I put it away among the relics of a lost cause. All of this nonsense has to come into this mental movement just like measles, whooping cough and chickenpox in children. Helen got ashamed of her diplomas and put them out of sight. If you have the power to heal your authority is higher than the earth. But that is the way all movements go. At first we start out as individualists and then we organize an institution. Charles Fillmore in his declining years turned away from the free spirit and incorporated his own name in an institution. They are turning out preachers with "authority" to solemnize the rites of matrimony and to put "Rev." before their names. All right. Go ahead. But the end of all these things is vanity.

*** Crank Calvert of "The Open Road" is the cutest crank in Crankdom. "The Open Road" is published out in the woods near Griffith, Indiana, and is fifty cents a year now, but the price will be raised to one dollar next year. Calvert thinks that we all ought to go naked, especially at night, and I think he would advocate the same thing for the day time if it were not for the police. He insists on us going barefooted and his logic is all right. I notice that we go around with naked hands and faces. I saw Raymond Duncan's people when they were here and they seemed to be comfortable with naked arms and necks and heads. But you can never get people to go barefooted until you make it a fad or fashion. In the ballroom and in the boxes at the theatre you will see people bare on the upper parts of the body. If it were fashionable to show a well manicured foot my lady would go barefooted and take pride in showing her pink toes. There is no use to preach about the thing for duty or for health or even for comfort; but if it is "the thing" in fashion we will all adopt it.

*** Sidney Flower, so "The Nautilus" informs us, is serving a term in the Nevada penitentiary. Many people lost money to Sidney in years gone by, and some of my

own readers are mourning to the tune of hundreds of dollars. Now you know where Sidney is located. Rev. Alfred Flower had four sons, George, Richard (R. C.), Benjamin and Sidney. Dick and Sidney were the bad boys. And Ben (B. O.) and George were the good boys. Dick has gone to the devil long ago, or at least I have not heard from him since he escaped to South America. George died as pastor of a church in Paducah, Kentucky, and you all know B. O. as the founder of The Arena and the present editor of The Twentieth Century Magazine. Now all four of the boys are all right, according to Satanic Science, and they will each work out his own destiny. Let us not condemn but at the same time keep your eyes open and learn how "to discern the spirits" when you are dealing with men. Truth is the only thing that can make you free and you have to learn it by unfoldment and experience.

*** "We believe that if all churches were united in one theocratic organization, the peril to liberty of thought and human progress would not be diminished by such union, but would be vastly increased. We want none of it."—*The Congregationalist.*

Amen and amen! The kingdom of God is the kingdom of the individual. When individuals organize themselves into an institution they lose their individuality and become a menace to the liberty of other individuals. We have had enough of it. We are just now threshing over the same straw of states rights that we tried to settle by force of arms. You can't settle anything by force. Taft is now standing for states' rights and he is right. Teddy is advocating centralization and he is wrong. But the best government of all the governments is the kingdom of God in the individual. Let God reign in you and you are free from bondage to the institution. Make the declaration of independence for yourself and grant the same independence to all other individuals. Protestants are trying to form a church federation; that is what the above quotation has reference to, and we want none of it. Let each individual mind his own business and we will not need sheriffs, policemen and penitentiaries. You centralize all power in Washington and the corporations will control that power and own the earth.

*** "We have traveled West almost four months and are back at the starting point and the earth is not the greatest thing we have circled by a good big majority. But you know we have been a good many more than four months traveling to gain the point of 'agreeing with our adversary.' And much of the way was rough because it is hard to 'kick against the pricks.' But the victory is worth the cost a million times over. I would not believe it four years ago. Sne for whom you work is normal and so am I. You know how utterly impossible it is for me to express my feeling except in thought."

In September, 1909, CHRISTIAN you will remember a little item where a man told me to name my own price for the healing of his wife, who was losing her mind. In my comment I said I would not take his money; but told him to put her into the fellowship at one dollar a month and let her alone.

People raised a howl about it and wrote me all kinds of advice. And some stopped their paper because they said I could not hear. Now I knew my own job and you see by the quotation above that the woman is all right and the man is all right, and I have gained them for this fellowship now and forever. He has just been around the world and all this time I have been right along with him and with her by mental treatment. It has been a glorious resurrection for the man as well as for the woman.

*** "I have felt an immense freedom since the fire—freedom from musty tomes and printed books—freedom from papers and manuscripts preserved from childhood—freedom from the accumulated 'junk' of a busy life—freedom from the suffocation of congested belongings—freedom from the PAST! I had neither the time nor the courage to sort and destroy the useless, or make use of the useful; so the FIRE had to command my liberation! Only that which is being USED is sacred."

There is a lesson for you mental mollycoddles! This is from one of my sweetest of sweethearts. Her apartments were in a large office building in the heart of a great city. She lost all of her belongings by fire, a fine private library, furniture, clothing, in fact the accumulations of a lifetime. Did she shriek and yell when aroused at three o'clock in the morning? Not a bit of it. She emerged through the smoke in full dress, tailored suit, standing collar, hat, etc., as if she were going to catch an early train. "I carried my jacket on my arm; my hand bag, where I had put some valuable papers and the keys of that new house I wrote you about, in my hand, and also a notebook in which I thrust a 'paper' that I had been preparing for an institute. My insurance of a thousand dollars will cover about a third of the loss but the books I shall never replace." The first quotation given above is from her second letter and you see how the good sense which is good science has been working in her mind.

*** "The forest fires up in this neck of the woods left me with little more than a dress to cover my body. But it never touched my faith. There are lots of things I can't buy again, a six years' use of CHRISTIAN for instance. However, if I need the fire to give me a little wisdom, let me have it. You will remember I had you treat my pheasants and they are safe and sound though the fire went all around them and the house burned down. It is great food for thought."

The pheasants were my pheasants and you were mine, so you are safe and sound. All of mine came through the fire all right. Like the other girl who lost everything in the great fire in the city, you may be rid of a great many things that you don't need. The fire does try every man's work of what sort it is. Now in regard to the files of CHRISTIAN, there are many people who want to give away their files because of one thing or another, and I will put these two women into communication with any of them if they will send name and address. I spoke of this exchange of CHRISTIAN not long ago and gave the name of one person who had a file and she was flooded with letters. Let us not repeat that blunder. You tell me and I will tell them.

*** "You always strike some real live wire each month for me, and they are always the things you get out of the spirit of the present time. You will say spirit is always spirit, but nevertheless away back to the Bible there is always more or less dead matter to me. Even in your Satanic Science, but the real live wires, that is the ones that strike me, are in your every day life. What has become of Beverly Boy, Baby Blanche, and the mother? I for one would like to hear from them in your paper once in a while."

You are quite right about dead matter and dead wires. I have been thinking for some time that when I referred to the Bible I would rewrite the thought in modern, up-to-date language. I shall talk more and more about myself and my work, but you must take it in the spirit in which I speak. It is not to advertise myself but to bring you into close conjunction with the living truth. I have left out the family for many months just to let you see and express your feelings about it. Now I give them to you for all that they are worth; and I want you to tell me all about your healing and all about my failures, and we will get at the very thing that will bring us SUCCESS.

*** "I heard some weeks ago that you had passed out for good."

I have heard the same kind of reports from all points of the compass. How do you suppose such a rumor got into the mental atmosphere? It started about the first of the year. Is it possible some of the Christian Science Healers are giving me the "death treatment"? If so it is working the wrong way. Just for fun I ran away and left my wife sitting on a rock at the foot of a mountain. I ran straight up to the top of the mountain, to Helen Hunt's grave, and waited for her to overtake me. I have been skipping around like a young lamb and galloping over the hills like a young colt. I hope they will keep on with their death treatment, as this is the best summer I ever had in my life. Say, here is a fair and square proposition. I am a prophet and can foretell the future. If I conclude to go I will write out my own obituary and read the proofs and put it in CHRISTIAN. I think I can give myself a better send off than anyone else, anyway. This is a bargain even if you have to wait for that obituary a thousand years. This is not a bluff or a joke. I mean business. I have tried to be frank and open with you people. You know all about my cussedness, general and particular, and everything in my mind and environment. I shall not keep you in the dark about my death. I haven't the least idea of dying. But if I do I will know it beforehand. I tell you now so you will remember and keep this agreement with me. I will announce my own death. So if you hear of any more rumors you may rest assured that they are false. I am in the public eye every day of the world. Next door to my house is the Divine Science College and I can hear their preaching and their singing by raising the windows in my office. So there is no hiding in my case and no effort to deceive.

THE REVELATION OF REGENERATION.

Are we going to give it up? Ella Wheeler Wilcox has told us that we ought to get ready to die. In writing up Helen Wilmans she gave up the thought of immortality in the flesh. Others have been keeping step with Ella. The whole New Thought movement is drifting away from immortality and getting ready for the undertaker.

Here is a very thoughtful letter on the subject. It comes from One of Us. She has been One of Us for a long time:

"I wonder if you have seen the August 'New Thought' and read the comments of William Walker Atkinson on 'Shelton of Denver'? If not, you should get a copy and read. Nothing has pleased me so much in a long time as the discovery here disclosed that light is breaking in one editorial camp at least. William Walker is getting a strong peep at the light. With the exception of 'Shelton of Denver,' not one in all the new thought field has deviated from the worldly methods and worldly ways. No, not one. He stands alone, a Moses in the wilderness, leading the would-be Israelites out of bondage of Egypt into the promised land of light and freedom. We may all thank God, in this unsettled period, when true leadership is so much needed, our leader is not wanting. Although unrecognized, he is yet with us—undeviating, unyielding, true to the Spirit's lead. I wonder does this mighty man of God himself realize his exalted position among men.

In any case I need not say, 'Stick to your post.' He must and will do that.

I have long had intuition that if death, as the world knows it, is to be overcome that CHRISTIAN's editor is the only one who stands any present show. He must be the first conqueror.

In this same August New Thought, in the 'Letter Box' department, Mr. Atkinson expresses his views on 'Life and Death.' He believes death to be in the natural order. Now would you write some day for CHRISTIAN on this subject? Won't inspiration give you something vivid to say to us on this subject—death—something that intuition will grasp as truth?

I find that my reason harmonizes with Mr. Atkinson's views. Still, I am not satisfied. I don't like the old-fashioned death thought. Come to our aid! Do you say you have discoursed on life and death in a general way for years? Well, then, just seek inspiration for a definite discourse, and gratify many minds. Is Mr. Atkinson's view of death correct? This is the question that will agitate every mind that reads his remarks. Now, what does the Spirit say?

Have just been reading June CHRISTIAN, and appreciate what you say regarding the Psychic world. You are right. It is hell, and no one can escape its fires—not until the dross is consumed.

Pneuma, Psyche, Soma, I understand."

We are taught in the New Testament that regeneration is an unfoldment. There is a first resurrection. Men and women who are ready come into visible manifestation of immortality. Then there is a long rest and a second resurrection, and so on until we all come into a knowledge of the Truth. I know that man is immortal. The idea has been in the world for a long, long time. It was set aside by the Institution, and carried over to the other world. It was a post mortem immortality. There was to be a general resurrection of the dead and a final judgment.

There is no such thought in the teaching of Jesus Christ. His every word and work shows present and instant immortality. Men were alive forevermore, and he recognized

the fact. It is true that men healed were not regenerated. Jesus was only giving us the idea and planting it in the minds of men. He opened a man's eyes to show us that light is everlasting. He called up a man from the grave to show us that life is eternal. The Word, speaking through him, said I AM the resurrection and the Life. It is not something that you are to achieve or attain in the future. It is here and now. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever"; that means the Christ in you. It is your own divinity. The apostles caught this idea, and expected the resurrection in their own time. The consciousness of omnipresence brought the whole of the future and the past into their minds. There was no hereafter. It was only here and now.

Now, these men were prophets, and the prophets always see the future as if it were present. The thought of immortality was planted in our mentality, and it is just now coming forth into mental activity. Men may come and men may go, but the Idea will live forever. It has come into my own consciousness. It is coming into the consciousness of my mentality. I shall have part in the first resurrection. It is at hand. It is a mental consciousness. The changing of the body is a small matter. I know that I AM, and therefore I await with patience the putting off of the old man and the putting on of the new. Keep yourself ready for the resurrection. The Spirit is all the time telling us to be alive and alert and ready for the next movement. Why, bless you, if I gave up this thought I would throw up my job. It is my work. It is my meat and drink. It is the one glory of this mental movement.

How do I know? I have many witnesses. But the chief witness is mental healing. When the immortal Word in me can pull a cancer out of a woman's breast it can raise my mind out of mortality. I know the truth. It is not a theory. It is not a kind of doctrine that I preach. I have no sect to serve. I have no consistency as a jewel in my mind. The only thing I do is to heal the sick. Now you know that mortal mind can not heal the sick, cast out devils or change conditions. Then the mind of the resurrection must be in me, else I could not be in this work. Are all of my patients who have come into this kingdom going to laugh at me and say "he healed others, but himself he can not heal?" Shall mortal mind stand around my cross and point the finger of scorn at me, saying, "Come down from the cross and we will believe?" I am not going to any cross. The crucifixion is a thing of the past. I have already been crucified. I have risen from the dead, and therefore I preach present immortality.

I would tell you much more but it would sound like an advertisement. It is not a question of goodness or morality or religion; but of divine consciousness. I say unto you the Healing Word is the Word of immortality. It is the Voice of the archangel and the trumpet of God. Nothing else matters. Some wonderful man has written: "If immortality is not true it does not matter whether anything else is true or not." That covers the whole ground. I don't

know how you feel about it. So far as I am concerned goodbye to this transient life. Goodbye to your Christian civilization and the sublime words of Jesus Christ. If this song of the soul is sung to mock our misery then let it be silenced forever. If the mighty words of the Christ are empty sound without life or force then welcome death and damnation.

I know better. I don't say that I think that there is something better. I know it. I speak this Word every day of my life and I know the difference between mortal thought and the healing Word. If this Word is abroad in the land it will live—even if generation after generation shall pass down to the ashes of death. It is a long time in mortal mind. In the mind of God it is to-day always and forever to-day. I speak this Word for all of you who are thinking about letting go of this thought on account of your physical condition. Don't do it. If you have to go out into the unseen take this Word with you. Make it a part of your very being. It will live and if it is in you death cannot touch you. There is a wonderful vitality in this Word of God.

See that man surrounded by a mob of religious fanatics. He is calm and serene. "Verily, verily I say unto you that heaven and earth may pass away but my Word shall not pass away." It is still here. It is just as vital as it was the day it was first spoken. But you want something practical. That is my business. I practice this Word. It is my job. Immortality here on the earth and here in the flesh is my occupation. It occupies my whole mind day and night. Is that practical enough for you? Here is a man who makes his living practicing immortality. It is my business to raise the dead, cast out devils and heal all manner of sickness. In the language of Christian Science, I destroy evil. I utterly cast out the unreal and the untrue and raise the real and the true from the dead.

Why, sweethearts, if I give up this truth what am I going to do for a living? It is my living in more ways than one. I just sit here day after day and grab men, women and children out of the hands of the undertaker. I went to the top of Mt. Cuttler this summer and while there I treated all of you. There was one case in particular of typhoid-pneumonia that five doctors had given up to death. His sister had wired me. She was the only connecting link. What do you suppose I said in the Silence? Will it shock you when I am talking about the resurrection? This is what I said: To hell with the doctors and the drugs. FRANK IS GOING TO LIVE." I sat down right by his side and looked into his white face. He lived. This is the Word of the resurrection and don't get down on your knees and begin to tremble over it. It is in you. It is you. And it is as common as your breath. It must come into your own thought as a part of your own thinking. If you make a religion out of it it will flee from you. It is yourself!

SHELTON OF DENVER.

Thomas J. Shelton, of Denver, Colorado, in *CHRISTIAN* of June last, prints my bit of chat on "New Thought Ecclesiastics," with the following comment:

"William Walker Atkinson is back on the job as editor of *New Thought*, and he is one of us. There are many of us in this metaphysical movement, and we don't need any kind of organization. It is a mental fellowship, and all efforts to organize it will fail. All we have to do is to communicate with each other by telepathy. In the above William Walker Atkinson has struck the keynote. It is a science, and there is no religion in science. When any man or woman assumes authority we want to sit down on that asinine assumption. Just laugh it out of existence. A united mental ha! ha! will do the work. Truth is the only authority and right thinking does not need any kind of officialdom to help it think. In this age of the world a man writes himself down an ass when he assumes authority over his fellows. Here is to you, William Walker Atkinson, and may you live forever and prosper!"

I appreciate this bit of commendation from T. J., for he never says this sort of thing unless he means it. He is just as likely to "roast" me in his next number—and, if so, he will mean that just as honestly. But in both boost and roast he will have nothing for or against me personally—he deals with principles and not with personalities. I have never met T. J., but have known of his work for the last ten years. I used to think him inconsistent, inasmuch as his opinions seemed to change from time to time—I used to think that his "Spirit" had a tendency to wobble. But, looking back over the past decade—comparing the first number of *Christian* that I saw with the last number—I can now see a certain consistent continuity and logical sequence. His inconsistency now seems to me to have been but the natural growth and unfolding of an advancing soul. I see now that there was a decided consistency in his inconsistency. Not that T. J. ever *tried* to be consistent—I cannot think of him ever *trying* to be anything other than what he is at the particular moment—but he was consistent in spite of himself. The butterfly whose dazzling colors attract our attention has always been consistent in spite of himself—it was first a crawling, fuzzy, caterpillar; then a chrysalis, shut up in a gloomy cocoon; and then the radiant creature we now admire—but it has always been the same old thing that it first was, and it has always been the beautiful thing that it now is—the spirit of the thing remains unchanged. No doubt the grubbing beetles were scandalized at the several changes of the creature—they dubbed it "utterly inconsistent" as it changed forms and evolved—but we know that it was absolutely consistent and logically correct in its changes. And, I begin to believe that T. J. is the most consistent of us all in the field of New Thought writing. He has kept right on in a steady, straight line, changing his colors and his markings as he journeyed, but never straying off into the side-tracks or by-paths—never diverted from the main road. He has thrown off many old coats and skins, as he journeyed along, letting them turn to dust or blow away with the wind—to get Shelton's thought you must read what he has to say *to-day*, and not what he had said yesterday, or last year, or ten years ago. The rest of us have embalmed our old coats and skins, in the shape of books, lessons, and "sich"—and those who wish to know us are often at a loss to know which is the real individual, when they view the different coats and skins which we have discarded as we journeyed along The Path. Willy old serpent, is Shel-

ton. He doesn't purpose that anyone shall mistake the old stuffed snake-skin for the living, moving, vital thing that he is. Confront him with an old skin of different hue that he cast off years ago, and say to him: "See here, you have changed your colors and markings—this won't do!" Do you suppose that that would feaze him? Not a bit of it—he would merely wink at you, and calmly remark: "Bury it; it's *dead*; I Am that which I Am to-day!" And he is right, too. Shelton used to seem to me very much like a joke, at times—he doesn't *now*."—*New Thought*.

Oh, yes, William Walker Atkinson, I'm a joke and so are you and so are your uncles and your aunts. God has the sense of humor else he would not be God. He would be a lunatic and the universe would be a madhouse. Isn't it funny?

Look at mortal man and his sister. They are jokes. The man, naked and alone, finds himself at war with his environment. He is soon at war with himself. Why that big stick? To kill his fellow man. Why that monster Dreadnought steaming on the ocean? To kill men. Look at the idiot spending all of his energies to annihilate himself. It is funny!

The baldheaded old fool is using his blurred vision in what he calls business; and yet he hasn't a bit of business sense.

His sister! Look at her in her freak hats and false hair. She hasn't sense enough to pound sand into a rat hole. The heroine in one of the leading plays of this season calls babies "little red worms" and sneers at motherhood. She owns a bull pup. Occasionally she buys herself a new divorce and increases her alimony.

Beloved, you are a joke. The Almighty is having fun with us. The only difference, my dear boy, between us and many others is that we are beginning to see the joke. This is the test of my consistency in this mental movement. I have had but one aim and to this I have been as true as the needle to the pole. I have been trying to find Myself. If I am what I appear to be then the joke is on God. If there is a hidden man, if I am more than I appear to be, then the joke is on me if I don't find Myself.

Did you ever see the tattoo man in the side show of the circus? That is what I found in my mental makeup when I began to search for my own self. There were at least half a dozen of me pasted on and patched on the outside. I have been peeling them off a little at a time and am getting down to the real man.

This is the reason I refuse to build an institution or embalm myself in books. I let my two books go out of print because they couldn't keep up with me. I'm on the go. No dead thing can travel with me. "You may bury me if you can catch me," said Socrates to his sorrowing friends. They never caught him. He is still loose.

No, William Walker, I will not pickle my personality in print. The periodical is all right, for it only lives a month and then a new one is born. If you happen to meet me next month shake hands with a new man.

It is a mental movement. The mortal men have never met; but the mental men are bosom friends. W. W. in this sketch gives a mental picture of T. J. All who know me will recognize the likeness. You could not get a better photograph of my unfolding.

Man is mind. Healing is in the mind and the mind can be changed. Therefore I have always insisted on mental healing going the limit and forever healing the healer. I have said that if Mary Eddy and Helen Wilmans are teaching the Truth and that Truth is in their own minds they will heal their own diseases and destroy death. Helen Wilmans is dead and the fiction of pretending that Mary Eddy is alive is logical. If she is dead her system of healing is a dead letter.

If Shelton can heal a sore finger he can raise the dead. There is more in healing one sore nose than in writing a million books. The healer enters the domain of creation and becomes a creator. I can't hedge. I must face the truth. Mental healing is a fraud or a fact. If it is a fact there is no limit to it. "All power in heaven and on earth is given unto me." The man who said that spoke by the Spirit or he was crazy. I know he spoke by the Spirit for I hear the voice of the same Spirit.

What is the trouble?

The tattoo man and the tattoo woman. Helen Wilmans could not unload the false mentality. Mary Eddy was smothered by the tattoo of religion. I have been peeling off false membranes for twenty years and I know. The first fellow was a praying religionist. I removed that appendix. When I began to awake my table was covered with pipes and cigars. I got rid of the tobacco tattoo in one year. Then a whisky man came and insisted that he was me. I knew he was a liar. I am no drunkard. As he came periodically he was harder work for the I AM in me; but he is gone forever.

This is not a "reformation" but a real resurrection. These men are dead. They are no longer present in my consciousness. Is there any reason why I should not keep on peeling off false mental membranes until I get down to the I AM that I AM? I shall not listen to reason but keep right on peeling. I know who I AM, and when awake I can destroy a whole army of aliens. And these false men are aliens. They came to me from the generations of the past and were incorporated into my being without my consent. I AM begetting a new man and giving birth to a new being. It is easy and yet it is difficult.

The hard work consists in recognizing your true self. Once this recognition is established the destruction of the old is easy. In fact, this coming up out of the kinks is a joy when you get over the scare. Mercy! but these false fellows do look formidable. They are as weak as cats but roar like lions. Brace up and give battle, for you are Yourself.

SATANIC SCIENCE

THE SPIRIT.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."—*Genesis*.

"The Spirit of God hath made me,
And the breath of the Almighty
Hath given me life.
If thou canst answer me,
Set thy words in order before me,
Stand up.
Behold, I am according to thy wish
In God's stead:
I also am formed out of the clay."—*Job*.

"Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb and be born?

Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is everyone that is born of the Spirit."—*John*.

"And as the people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ, or not; John answered, saying unto them all, I indeed baptize you with water; but one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire: whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with fire unquenchable."—*Luke*.

"But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon. For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire."—*I Corinthians*.

Dead matter will not sustain life. Then what are we going to do with dead air and dead matter? Set fire to it. Spirit is fire and nothing more. In consuming dead air and dead matter Spirit creates a flame. This flame we call fire. Just as soon as the air is dead the lightning flashes and purification comes through the flames. The same is true with dead matter everywhere, for dead air is nothing more than dead matter. There is no matter so dense that fire will not consume it. Fire will consume the rocks, and even burn water. The universal spirit is fire. The consumption of food is nothing more than fire consuming living matter. We even use the word consume when speaking of foods. We consume so much water, so much of other kinds of food. If there is

disorder in the stomach this consuming of food becomes a flame. The body is filled with fire. We call it a fever. It is the effort of your spirit to consume the dead matter in your body. This principle holds good throughout the universe.

There have been many words and much ink wasted over the question as to whether animals have souls. Wherever you find life you find spirit. The absence of spirit leaves what we call dead matter. Let me repeat that every thing that eats is spirit. The principle of consumption is fire. Fire and Spirit are the same thing. The plant eats the mineral. The animal eats the plant and man eats both plants and animals. Different kinds of animals live on other kinds. The whole life of the universe is made up of eating and drinking. We like the taste of living matter and therefore we slay in order to live. The lion makes his meal off of the lamb. The lamb has been cropping grass. The man comes along and refuses to eat the lion but he will eat the lamb. He is perfectly willing to eat the vegetable consuming animals. The dove will eat the seeds of plants and also consume insects, showing that it is from living matter, whether animate or inanimate. The eagle will eat the dove. Is this order of the universe cruel? I do not know. I know it is the order of the universe. God is forever eating. He lives by consuming matter. He is all the time acting as a consuming fire. In dead matter this fire is a flame.

In living matter this fire is called life. It is called living. When we are consuming animals and vegetables we call it living. We say we are sustaining life. The life within us is consuming life and we call this living. When a fever rages in us we call it dying. When the body begins to decay we call it dying. The limbs tremble, the heart action is weak, different organs of the body get into an abnormal condition and we call this dying. When the action is finished we call it death. Just as soon as the spirit is gone out of the body the fire begins to dissolve that body into its original elements. The matter in our bodies has been worked over and over in the fire. It is new matter because it has been renewed. We have even gone so far in our belief in fire that we cremate the body. We want to hasten dissolution, and so we prepare a furnace in which we cast the body. Now, this cremating is nothing more than the universal hell on a small scale. We are imitating God. He casts all dead minds into the fires of hell. We are in those fires right here in mortality. Mortality is hell fire. It is the place of purification.

Now let us get away from the flame to the steady fire which we call living. The digestion and assimilation of food is nothing more than the fire of the spirit consuming the food. "Her spirit came again." Just as soon as her spirit came back to the body Jesus orders them to give her something to eat. Spirit is all the time eating. God eats, eats, eats, everything that is worth eating. When he comes in contact with that

which is not worth eating he sets fire to it. The flame reduces dead matter back into its original elements and it once more comes forth as living matter. It may sound a little horrible, but you cannot get at this truth unless it is projected into your mind. You have lived so long in the thought that God is separated from his universe that it takes very plain words to make you understand that God is Spirit and that Spirit is life. Spirit is all the life there is in the universe. The tree has a mind, for it is spirit. The spirit is the real tree. Just as soon as the spirit goes out of what we call the tree what is left is the corpse. The dead body of a tree is ready for the flame of fire. Even when we dig this decomposed body out of the earth in the form of coal it is ready for the flame.

How could spirit survive without what we call dead matter? Men are down in the very bowels of the earth digging up dead trees in the form of coal. We are living by this flame. All of our great movements in the material world are made by the consumption of coal. Our steamships are plowing the oceans and our railroads are moving over the earth by the power of this coal creating flame. The spirit has gone out of the trees, and they have been lying in the earth waiting for the mind of man. Coal is dead matter, and yet it is a flame of fire. Electrical vibrations are in everything. Electricity is another name for fire. And you know fire is the real name of Spirit. Now do you begin to understand how God lives and moves and is being? A body is what we call matter individualized. The material in your body is the same as the material in the earth and the sun. But this material was formed by your own spirit. It is separated from other matter and made into a body which you call your own. Now if there can be an individualized body there is certainly an individual spirit.

You are the offspring of Spirit. You are a flame of fire separated into your own individuality. "He maketh his angels spirits and his ministers a flame of fire." If an angel is a flame of fire, so are you. You are a spirit. The body of the daughter of Jairus was twelve years of age. The spirit in that body is a daughter of God, and has no beginning of days or end of life. That spirit is from everlasting to everlasting. It has always been and will always be. Age has to do with the material body. It has nothing to do with the spirit. If your spirit ever had any beginning, it will have an ending. You know that it never had any beginning. Your spirit was present when the sons of God shouted for joy. You heard the morning stars when they sang together. You are as old as God, and God is eternal Spirit. You individualized a body by eating. All your mother could do for you was to house you and feed you until you were able to construct a body suited to this objective world. You ate her flesh and drank her blood. She gave you that flesh and blood by eating and drinking.

Life is sublime, and yet it is commonplace. Your body was grown by the digestion and assimilation of foods in the stomach of the

mother. It does not sound very poetic, but it is the truth. Your beautiful body was made out of cabbage, turnips, wheat, corn and the flesh of animals. There is, of course, the invisible substance which enters into the composition of the body. The tree fastens its roots into the earth and sends its branches into the air. It creates a body out of earth and air. You do not understand all of the elements of the earth, and are very far from understanding the air. There is fire in the earth and fire in the air. Your tree grows by eating earth and air and drinking water. You grew your body in the same way. The principle is the same, even when the environment is entirely different. Now what was it that was doing this eating and drinking? It is spirit. The only being in the universe that eats and drinks is spirit. Wherever you find life you will find Spirit, and where you find Spirit you will find intelligence. When the life goes out the intelligence departs. Jesus spoke to the tree while it was alive, and it heard his voice. The spirit went out of the tree, and it quickly assumed the form of death. The disciples were astonished to find the tree dead in so short a time. The winds are alive, and therefore intelligent. We live and move and have our being in intelligence; that is, life.

If the air around this planet should suddenly die we would all expire. Every living thing on the planet would die. We could not live in dead air. The men who are confined in the mines drop dead as soon as they reach foul air. Then life is sustained by life. Life is self-existent. It sustains itself. It can not live on any other thing than life. Life must live on life. There is always life to mix with what we call dead matter and rejuvenate it. This is what we call regeneration and the resurrection. That which is dead is thrown back into life for regeneration. When men learn how to consume the dead matter in their bodies and supply the waste with living matter they will live forever. There is no eternal life anywhere without eating. Bear this in mind, and you will begin to understand how you may eat to live. There is plenty of stuff in the universe out of which to make bodies. There is no excuse for death. There is no sense in starvation. Death is called the last enemy. It is an enemy. Disease and death are abnormal. It is a want of intelligence. The more spirit you have the more life, for spirit is life. There is no need of you being without spirit. It is everywhere. You live and move and have your being in it.

How can you learn how to appropriate it to yourself? Just like you have learned all other lessons. By experience. That is another name for unfoldment. Your body is mind. You must learn how to make and remake this mind. You are learning. You are to have dominion over your environment. Your immediate environment is your own body. You will learn how to feed it. Get out of your mind the idea that regeneration and the resurrection takes you out of the natural world into a supernatural existence. There can be no such an existence. God does not have a supernatural existence. There isn't anything outside of nature. There is no outside. There is spirit and mind. Our

modern scientists have told us that there is only matter and motion. This is true. Motion is spirit, and it is the life of matter. The source of all movement is in spirit, and all movement is intelligent. There are degrees in individualized spirit as there are degrees in individualized matter. Some planets are larger than others. There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon. There are bugs and bees. There are plants and trees. There are gods and men. All is the same life. It is a variation in mind. The mind of the tree, the mind of the bee, the mind of the bird, the mind of the man and the mind of God.

Spirit is forever eating. Do angels eat? They certainly do. This is where the grand old Bible hangs together. It is an unbroken scientific statement from the first word in Genesis to the last word in Revelation. Ah, my friends, the Bible is the scientific book in the mentality of humanity. All that we call science is the mind of man expanding and reaching up towards the Bible. Do angels eat? Everything in the universe that has life is Spirit and spirit is the only thing that does eat. Spirit lives off of matter. It is forever in vibration with mind. The food of the bee is not exactly the same as the food of the elephant. The food of the plant is not the same as the food of the animal. It is the same in principle, for the plant breathes and eats and drinks. It could not live without breathing and eating and drinking. There is not an intelligence anywhere in the universe but must do the same thing. There is not an angel or archangel so high in the spiritual unfoldment as to dispense with breathing and eating and drinking.

The nectar of the gods is not fiction but fact. Let us take a little peep into the Old Bible on this subject. Everything that you want to know will be found in the Bible. It is the light of mentality. "The entrance of thy word giveth light." Turn to the 78th Psalm and read:

"Because they believed not in God,
And trusted not in his salvation:
Though he had commanded the clouds from above,
And opened the doors of heaven,
And had rained down manna upon them to eat,
And had given them of the corn of heaven.
Man did eat angels' food:
He sent them meat to the full."

If man ate of the food of angels then angels are eating of this food all the time. It is their sustenance. They live by eating and drinking. It is a finer food, but there is a vast difference in the food we eat. Man is getting to the place where he is very particular about food and drink. As he becomes more and more refined in mind he eats less, but what he eats will be of a better quality. But the point we are making now is that angels, who are the gods, eat and drink and breathe. The mind is forever sustained by eating. Spirit is always eating. There can be no fixed body that is unchangeable. The unchangeable substance of the universe is Spirit, but mind, the body of the universe, is subject to change. It ebbs and flows. It is soluble. It may be consumed in fire. God does not live in a marble body. He lives in a mental body and

mind is forever thinking new thoughts. Old thoughts are turned back into the crucible and made new. If you think this statement in the Psalms is poetry turn and read the prose of Paul:

"Moreover, brethren, I would not that ye should be ignorant, but that all our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the sea; and were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea; and did all eat the same spiritual meat; and did all drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ."

Do not skip over this statement. Study it. He calls this spiritual meat and spiritual drink and yet it was real water and real food. Then there is such a thing in the universe as spiritual food and drink. What is the difference between spiritual food and drink and our ordinary food and drink? The one is created by the ordinary law of unfoldment, and the other is a special creation. Jesus fed the five thousand and the seven thousand with spiritual food. It was a direct creation from the elements. Modern science says that such things are impossible. That is, they used to say it. They are beginning to change their minds. We are working miracles with plants and chemicals. In our own feeble way we are coming up into the science of the Bible.

The lesson for us in this is that Spirit is the substance of the universe and matter is the mind of the universe. There are individualized bodies and spirits. In the order of intelligence we rank with the gods. Our food in generation is animal food. In the regeneration we will eat spiritual food. Men have been sustained by eating the food of angels. As we go forward in our unfoldment we will come into that vibration. Just as we ascend in the scale of mind we will consume a different kind of matter. It will be living by a perpetual regeneration of the body. There is no supernatural life in the individual or the universal.

There is only God and you. You are the individual and God is the Universal. Face life without fear, for it is you. You are not a storage battery. You are a dynamo. It is the mortal who is afraid that his store of energy will be exhausted. He is scared over his stomach. The real man is the dynamo, drawing energy from the infinite supply as he needs it. Man is Spirit, and therefore in conjunction with eternal energy. You are a dynamo. Your spirit is divine dynamite. You don't have to lug life around in your body or borrow energy from dead matter. Call it to you by thought. "Pray without ceasing" means breathing energy at every breath.

Do you understand what I mean by a dynamo? Look at that little frail woman, who does more work and bears more burdens than a physical giant. How does she do it? Do you suppose that energy enough is stored up within her to carry her even one day? The prize fighter makes himself a storage battery, and is soon exhausted. The little woman is the dynamo, and gets her energy as she needs it. She is dynamite. There is a spirit within her. It is spiritual power that keeps her going. She uses up enough energy to knock out Jack Johnson, but not all in one day. It comes to her day by day, as she needs it. She is in touch with God.



THE SILENCE

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