

Christian

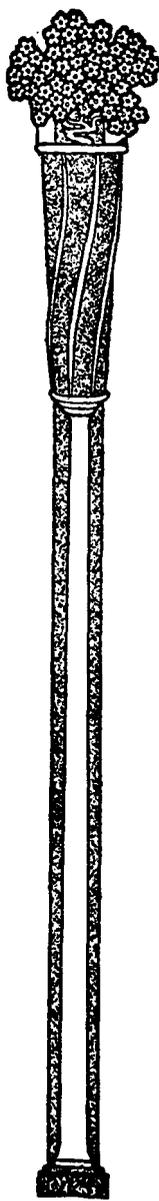
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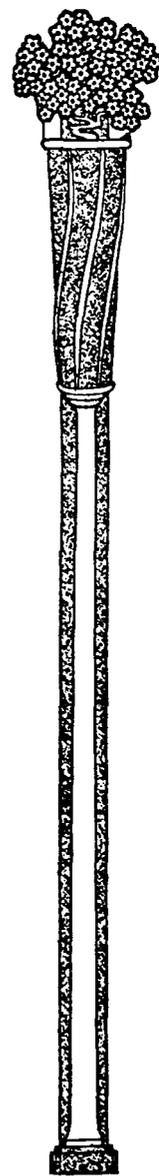
Seventeenth Year
December, 1910

REGENERATION OF THE BODY BY THE RESURRECTION OF THE MIND.

GREETINGS



The clock
And the calendar
Are not in my vibrations.
Nevertheless, let us close the year in
triumph.
I AM going to give you a Christmas gift
this year.
I will give special treatments to the whole
Circle
For the elimination of the element of time.
I will speak the Word to get time out of
your mind.
This is the special feature for the month
of December.
Time is the one element that hinders your
happiness.
It creeps into your thought and makes
you grow old.
Let us get rid of it.
I AM the same yesterday, to-day and for-
ever.
I AM he who was, and is, and is to be the
Almighty.
I AM the A and the Z of Being.
Get into my vibrations.
Let this first page be my last word for
1910.



ITEMS AND IDEAS

*** Hotel Majestic

*** New York City

*** Will be our address

*** Until further notice in CHRISTIAN.

*** Denver address is always in order.

*** Just beginning to get settled down to work.

*** Got here in time for the aviation meeting at Belmont Park.

*** It was the greatest thing on the earth or above the earth.

*** To see millionaires risking their money and their lives to promote this science of aviation was a sight worth seeing.

*** Think of seeing a man rise from the earth and ascend into the air until he is out of sight! It was simply glorious.

*** I can't describe it, and yet old files of CHRISTIAN will show I foretold it in 1896. I saw it in prophecy and then with my own naked eye.

*** And, believe me friends, the sight was an eye-opener. When Johnstone and Hoxey were up in the air with the sunshine glistening on their airships I was beside myself with joy.

*** I left Lady Blanche in the grandstand and went into the open field where I could crane my neck and watch every movement of these airmen. I told you so! And there is more to follow.

*** Didn't I tell you, years ago, that this was the inauguration of the Electric Age, the Air Age? Well the airmen are here and there is plenty of money to back up their efforts. I saw a man win ten thousand dollars by sailing around the Statue of Liberty.

*** I would willingly have given ten thousand for the privilege of doing it. The achievement is worth a million. And yet men will sail around the globe and start out into the unknown ether seeking new worlds. It is the Coming Christ; for, to us, the Christ is always coming. The unfolding Spirit is always moving and yet forever in repose.

*** Is it not prophecy? Do you think I am daft because I see the conquest of the air and the coming of Christ in aviation? Is he not coming in the clouds? Are you looking for him in water or earth? He is a denizen of the air. He is an electrical being and the sun is the capital of his kingdom. I AM he and so are you. Then thank God for the millionaires who are promoting aviation.

*** I will come down to earth and talk idle gossip. We all like gossip when there is no sting in it—and we Christians never sting. We left Denver on the 18th of October, in the drawing room of a Pullman, for St. Louis. Why St. Louis? Because last year we started to New York, stopped in Chicago for three weeks, got homesick and returned to Denver. This time via St. Louis.

*** Why did we come in a drawing room? So we could bring our typewriter with us. I had the typewriter machine and the typewriter girl in a drawing room to St. Louis,

and in a compartment in the observation car to New York. Yes, Sir and Madam, I had my typewriter girl and my stenographer with me all the way—and she is a darling and a daisy. You see my stenographer, typewriter, boss and wife are all one and the same girl. Besides, we had all of you with us in name and in thought. The whole bunch of you were in Mrs. Shelton's little book called The Circle of Christians.

*** It was a toss up between the Plaza and the Majestic, and the Majestic won. We found it to be the place and in our vibration. The beautiful new theatre is just below us. Central Park is in front of us. The only sore spot is the fact that we cannot receive callers or make calls. Can't do it! I would have to pack up and return home. Think of it! I looked into the office of One Of Us, a physician, just above this hotel, but did not dare to let myself be known.

*** We got invitations for weekends, and all kinds of entertainments from persons who have known us mentally for years and years. Not a single curiosity seeker, but all of them old mental friends who are in our hearts day and night. Let us alone, sweethearts, for we can't do our work in the material and mental both; must cut out one or the other. As our work is in the mental, forgive us for cutting out the material handshake. Hundreds of mental callers are with us night and day, and they need us. It will soon be the only way, for mental fellowship is eternal, while the material is for a day and an hour.

*** And that wife of mine had to come to New York to show me a new feature in her mental makeup. About a week after our arrival I found her crying. That is something I never saw in her before. I have seen tears in her eyes, but not a regular crybaby spell. I couldn't fathom it, and when I asked her, the only answer was another burst of sobbing. Geewhillikins, said I to myself, is the woman going crazy? What has got into her? I scolded and almost stormed, but instead of getting mad and lighting into me, she kept on crying.

*** I retired into the corner and went into the Silence. The first words I heard were: "The children!" There was no need of any further words. I went and told her to do her Christmas shopping here and take her things home for Christmas, while I remained until she got back, and then we would go home in the Spring by a new route. Sun shining! No more showers! Do you think I can stand it? Well, we will see what we will see. I must remain here until Spirit gives me an insight into this center of civilization, for it is a center, if not the center of our mental movements.

*** The response from you people is so sure and hearty that all we have to do is to think, and you catch our thoughts. There is a financial depression all over the world in spite of the hot air and chin music of the politicians; and yet you Christians hastened to respond to our thought of paying up subscriptions and sending extra money, even when it was not due. You shall have your reward by our renewed interest in your

health, happiness and prosperity. I AM here in the money center for your glory and honor. New York is a glorious city. It is satanic, but that means energetic and vibrant with life and action.

*** By this time you ought to know that what is called sin is on the surface and is caused more by ignorance than anything else. I know and you know that the newspapers only report the bubbles on the surface. The millions of men and women who are going on about their affairs and are doing the work of the whole world are not mentioned in the newspapers. Humanity is all right. Satanic vibrations create business and build cities. The good Old Boy is on to his job, and you must get over the scare of the old thought. Hell is a refining fire, and woman is the flame. She is just now coming into her own.

*** I told you that 1910 was the year of fulfillment. This does not always mean good, as we generally use the word, for it means that you are going to get what is coming to you. There are a lot of old rotten systems that will get what is coming to them in the way of explosion and destruction. Look back over this year and note what has been fulfilled on both sides of the ocean. The old institutions are getting what is coming to them, and they are getting it in the neck. As to institutions so to individuals, we are going to get all that is coming to us.

*** This fulfillment will continue into 1911, making it a year of doubt and uncertainty. No man knows just which way the cat is going to jump; but he knows it is going to jump. That is certain. But how and when and where? Unrest, uncertainty, upheaval and explosions are coming in politics, religion, finances and in the mentality of mankind. Let her go, Galligher! Movement is what we want, for movement is life. Stagnation is death and damnation. I AM here to hold all of us level, and you are all going to help do the holding. My strength is your strength, and we all, in mental fellowship, will sail on and on until we discover the New World.

*** The whole mental world is being made over. The coming of the kingdom of heaven is mental. The old idea of a two legged person coming out of the sky as the Christ is out of date. The resurrection is reincarnation, and you may be shaking hands with Jesus and the apostles when you meet such men as John Smith, Bill Jones and Tom Walker. Christ is the Spirit of Truth, and it is just now coming into its own. Truth counts now as never before. What is Truth? It is practical reality. It is that which works. Pneumatic vibrations in pragmatic action. Truth is not a theory. Truth is satanic and pragmatic, and is just now blowing its breath over the face of the deep waters of our mortal mentality. It is all here, and we are in the midst of it. There is only one science that settles all doubts, and that is satanic science. We have been barking up the wrong tree. I hear some old thoughters lamenting that New York is a wide open town. That is the way of all wide awake towns, my dear, so you need not be scared of sin. Satan never sleeps, so, when a town is wide awake,

you may know it is satanic. The good towns go to sleep and grass grows in the streets.

*** This old satanic town of New York is full to the brim of human kindness. There is not a bluecoat on the streets but would risk his life to save yours, and many of them die in the service of total strangers. The day after we arrived one of these glorious sinners saved two little tots from a burning building. He fell on his head, but held the little ones in his arms safe and sound. In his dying breath he asked the nurse "to bring in the kids," but they looked on his dead face. Oh, you silly people, to think New York is wicked. It is glorious! Last year the daughter of one of us ran away from her home on the western coast to hide a secret. She came here to this great city and hired a cheap room; but by the time she had recovered from childbirth her money was gone. She stole a watch and pawned it to get money for her baby. Of course she landed in jail. Her mother wrote us. That wife of mine looked up the address of a Wall Street lawyer, who is One Of Us. I told her she certainly had her nerve to write to such a man about this foolish girl. Her reply was, "He is One Of Us," and she would follow the Spirit. She wrote enclosing the mother's letter. What did this man who handles big things for big money do? What do you expect One Of Us to do? He got the girl out of jail, bought her a ticket, gave her money for food, put her and her baby in a Pullman and sent her to her mother. Oh, yes, Wall Street is satanic—but God is good. This is the kind of men who are in this fellowship. Of course the parents of the girl repaid the lawyer what he had paid out, but he did not know they were going to do it.

*** And it is a mental fellowship, for, although we are right here in New York, we do not expect to see a single one of you in your physical persons. Not even the Wall Street lawyer who helped my wife to help a poor girl out of jail. Why, we never saw the girl or her mother and never expect to see them in the flesh. Mental friends scattered over the earth. Here is one of us from Calcutta, India, thanking the I AM in us for saving his son from fever. Another one of us from Sweden calling for help for an only daughter. All over this little planet (it has grown smaller since I saw the aviators) our folks are in this vibration of mental fellowship. They are not so many dots on paper, but real beings searching our hearts and calling out the best that is in us. We talk to each other about these mental beings whom we have not seen as though they were in this room. They are here much more so than if the mortal body were present.

*** Sweethearts, we are just on the outer edge of this mental kingdom. This is why we are trying to make it practical by applying it to you personally and getting into the habit of seeing you as mental beings. It is out of the old order of seeing and speaking in the physical. I now call the names of people right here in New York, who have been in this fellowship long enough to be

easily called, and the response is as clear as a telephone. In fact, a man just now rang our telephone and we could not place him because he is not One Of Us. But there is no hesitancy about the mental callers, for they are at home with us and walk right in and help themselves to what they want in our mentality. Telepathy is the greatest thing in the world! It is the long looked-for Spirit or Pneuma who is Comforter, the Messiah, the King of the Kingdom of Heaven. How still is this Spirit of Telepathy even when riding in the roar of the subway! Call us up, friends. Call us up by telepathy, for even the telephone will soon be a back number. The airships need telepathy.

*** How we do go on listening to old words even after we enter the new thought. You can not realize that God is all and in all and there is absolutely none else in all the universe. You are bound to have God and some one else. God and the other fellow. That is silly nonsense and you must keep practicing until you overcome it. The preachers in New York, as everywhere else, are going over and over the same old thought of good and evil. Listen to this, preached since we have been here:

"The money spent in New York last year on gluttony, overdressing, lavish entertainments, wines and vulgar luxuries would put a missionary in every city of the East and give Christianity an impulse in America that would turn its wavering attempts against evil into a triumphant victory."

He goes on and compares New York to ancient Rome and says we are all going to hell a-whooping. He must learn that satanic vibrations are of God and from God the same as all other vibrations. Rome went all right. We certainly did not want it to stay here. New York is not like ancient Rome, for New York is like New York. The people this preacher is talking about are not New York by several millions. Let the moths flit and flutter and die. Death and damnation are doing a good work. All is well! It could not be better under the present thought.

*** Never try to get the best of a woman in any kind of competitive effort. You may be in the lead for a time, but she will lie in wait and watch for an opening to do you up. Last summer, you remember, I vaunted over that wife of mine in climbing the mountains, and even boasted about it in the columns of CHRISTIAN. She said nothing, but kept mentally sawing wood. The other day we were standing on the steps of Grant's Tomb and she challenged me to walk to the Hotel Majestic. I was game. We started and walked a good many squares out of our way and, as she knows New York much better than I do, I am satisfied she led me out of the way with malice aforethought. I didn't have on my five-year-old shoes, but a new pair bought for this trip. Laugh! That is what she did, and is still doing. I can climb mountains in Colorado. The air is full of electricity. But to walk for miles and miles on the solid rocks in the atmosphere of New York is a different proposition. The next time—but there is not going to be any next time. Enough is sufficient. Subway and street cars are only a nickel.

*** I have just received a clipping from your paper forwarded to me by one of our subscribers, in which you state that Sidney Flower is a brother of mine. This statement is untrue. Mr. Sidney Flower is not only not a brother of mine, but no relation whatsoever to me. Scattering broadcast such misinformation is calculated to do much injury."

The above from B. O. Flower, editor of *The Twentieth Century Magazine*, explains itself. I'm glad I was mistaken and hasten to correct my mistake.

*** "Didn't it do your heart good to see the way Roosevelt refused to sit down as a guest of Lorimer et al? And didn't you want to clap your hands when you read how he went out of his way to make Ben Lindsey his personal guest after the Denver foxes had carefully excluded him from the Denver doings in honor of Roosevelt?"—*The Nauticus*.

You see the Denver men know Ben Lindsey. They are also getting better acquainted with Roosevelt since the dust of mental broncho busting has cleared away. I happen to know that Senator Lorimer is a gentleman and a Christian. I do wish Betsy Towne would talk politics without party prejudice. She is a good bluffer but she gets rattled at the noise. I agree with Foraker that the New Nationalism is treason. It may win for a time and then we will have a new party based on winning back what we have lost. This new party is now forming under Union Labor and all it needs is a leader. God has this leader in hiding and he will come forth in due time. He is now in the ranks of labor being prepared and God knows how to call men. Did you ever hear of God calling a hot air evangel or a howling dervish? Not one! Never! God calls in the Silence for silent men. I used to be a republican before I grew into an independent individualist. Did you hear the news this morning? I'm writing in New York the day after election. This country has concluded to remain a Republic a little while longer. Teddy's fad of New Nationalism seems to have been a boomerang.

*** This number contains the last chapter of my book on "Satanic Science." But I consider it only a sketch of what the book should be. I may rewrite it and I may drop it. I have no plans for next year. When I make plans the work is not so good as it is when written as I go along. The twenty-one lessons in Satanic Science have opened my eyes to the fact that we must readjust our thinking all the way back to the beginning of human unfoldment. The world is wrong side up in thought. Mortal mind is inverted as well as perverted. The real work of progress and mental advancement has come from satanic vibrations. The serpent of sex is the savior of the race, and we must learn to know God by recognizing the devil as an agent of the Almighty. Satan is going up and down in the earth seeking whom he may devour, for devouring has to be done and he knows how to do it. So-called "goodness" would have left us religion without science. All that we have gained has been done in spite of religion Satan kept us searching.

*** Don't get the wrong impression about us coming to New York. It is not a sightseeing or pleasure trip, and you must not get that thought. We could not take that kind of a trip if we wanted to while doing this work. I will not take your money without doing my best to deliver the goods. At this writing we have only been to the theatre once, and that was on complimentary tickets sent us by Walter Perkins. We walked by the New Theatre and looked at the outside, but we have not been in it yet. We have less leisure here than we have at home, for everybody wants our help from this center. We rise early and work all day. Glad to do it. It is our mental meat and drink to speak the Word for your health, happiness and prosperity. We had the joy of the aviation meet before our mail began coming here, but we are going to put in our evenings seeing the town as soon as we catch up with our work. The list for special treatments is growing, and that takes up all of my afternoons. Come along! When we have more than we can handle we will say so.

*** I know you often ask how mental treatments can influence the mind or move material things. We declare that thoughts are things, but we don't realize it. We don't know it. Let me illustrate by a little incident. It was all in fun, but the reality was there in full force. In Denver we handle silver and gold while in New York nearly all of the money is paper and some of it very dirty paper. Among our mail one day was a five dollar gold piece from Idaho. Mrs. Shelton asked for it with her mouth, but I said no, I will keep it for good luck, and put it into my pocket. She finished her work and sat down in a rocking chair. I was reading about aviation. Pretty soon that gold piece began moving in my mind and wouldn't stay in my trousers pocket. I handed it over to her, saying: "Sweetheart, take it and put it in your own purse." She laughed and said she had been experimenting with the Silent Word. Of course with us it is "mine is thine and thine is mine," but the demonstration shows you the principle of mental treatments. There is power in the Silent Word, more power in one minute of thought than in volumes of speech.

*** When my wife's brother first came to live with us he was about eight years old. I had a very pretty desk for my own private use in the healing room (now nursery) upstairs. The boy wanted the desk, and he had heard us talking about "treating," so he made up his mind to treat for that desk. He had plenty of faith, and stuck to his Silent Word for over a year. He said nothing to any one, but kept mentally telling me to give him the desk. One day I said: "Glen, you can have that pretty desk in the healing room, and I will move my things out of it to my office desk downstairs." Then the little scamp told his mother and sister that he had been treating me to give him that desk! Oh, children are natural healers, and were so recognized in the days of Jesus. See the twenty-seventh verse of the twelfth chapter of Matthew. It also shows how simple is the action of real healing. That boy had no thought of failure. That desk

has been in his room for years, and may go down as an heirloom to his grandchildren. It came by speaking the Silent Word to his brother-in-law.

*** Everything is all right! This is a fact, my dear, and not mere talk. Each generation acts as if it had to settle everything, but it doesn't. It takes thousands of years even to settle small matters. We got here at the beginning of the expressmen's strike, and now the taxicab chauffeurs are out. Hurrah for the strikers, even if I didn't get my express package and can't ride in a taxi! Walking is good for the legs and lungs, and helps reduce the high cost of living. There are two sides to all questions. Look on both sides before you decide. My wife is a born aristocrat, and I am an anarchist. Yet we agree pretty well. When she wants things smashed, she calls on me. And when I want to slick up and play the gentleman, I ask her what is "proper" and "good form," etc. But, dear me, things are all right because God never gets tired or gives up the job of making things right. The anarchist and aristocrat are both right. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and God turns out all kinds. You do not have to do it all in one generation, nor ten generations, nor a thousand generations. God is going to stay on the job. He is not going to leave us. There is no place for him to go. He is Here!

*** There is no doubt but we are unfolding and marching on mentally. I preached in Brooklyn thirty-five years ago, and at that time I thought everything had to be settled right away quick, and that I was one of the chief settlers. Think of it! That was before we had electric lights, telephones, automobiles, taxicabs, Christian Science, New Thought, aeroplanes, phonographs, or even typewriters, and yet the reverend gentleman with the long tailed coat thought he had the world by the tail! The same man (is he the same man?) is here again with the sweetest woman on earth, in the twelfth or thirteenth honeymoon! This is going some. Can I be the same fellow? Yes, for I AM from everlasting to everlasting, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. But the "other fellow" who thought he was me! He is an amusing little cuss. I have shed him so often, but he always comes back! I get sorry for him and take him in and then kick him out. I shall put him off for good some day, and he will never come back! I AM God, for there is no other being for me to be. We are making progress.

*** Time is in the mind until you put it out and close the mental door. If you are riding on a train you must relax and let the train alone. If you go to helping the engine pull the train you will tire yourself out without pulling a pound. Just keep looking at the time table and noting every movement, and you will be exhausted at the end of the journey. Ride, ride, just ride, you have paid for a ride. It is your train, your engine, your coal, it all belongs to you from the conductor to newsboy. Use it and enjoy every moment of the trip. This is the way you are to live on earth. It is your earth, your planet, your

globe, your aeroplane floating along in the eternal ether. Let time stay on the outside where it belongs. You can do it. Do you suppose a young woman could stand being my constant companion if I recognized time? Lord bless us! She would give me rough on rats if I were the old G. A. R. that I am supposed to be by time's calendar. I know nothing of time. I am not going to let her recognize age in herself, even when she stays with me until the calendar marks a century. There is no sense in it. There is no science in it. Let the earth keep on revolving, but we need not sit up nights to count the number of evolutions.

*** Mind that you do not merely hypnotize yourself with the notion that you are getting rid of time. That will not do any good. I have patients who imagine many things. They are unbalanced by taking on mental conditions through suggestion. There is nothing in suggestion that can lead you into a realization of spiritual truth. The mortal mind is floating in suggestion. In this room there is a pitcher of ice water and the bellboys keep that pitcher full all day if you hand out a dime occasionally. No dime, no ice water. More dimes, more ice water. Now, if I followed suggestion I would be drinking ice water every time I happened to look at the table. The result, too much frigidity. You must learn to get the kingdom inside, the mental kingdom, the kingdom of the subjective into active command of your environment. And this mental monitor is as quiet and silent and gentle as the morning light. There is no fuss and feathers in reality. You know that you know, and you wait for the coming of the objective manifestation. Quit seeing wrinkles, gray hairs or stiff joints. Go on about your affairs and let God work out your salvation.

*** There is another thing. You must not get the idea that you have to do this, that or the other. Not even death itself can conquer you unless you think you have to conquer it. This thought of conquest is unscientific. It belongs to mortal mind. "I have the keys of death and hell," is the way Spirit talks to you. There is nothing to overcome. "I have overcome," is the way you hear the Word in the Silence. The idea that you have to conquer disease is a disease in itself. Didn't I try to storm the battlements of heaven for years? The only thing I did was to hurt my head. Are you afraid of death? Then death has you on the run. You are not at war with disease, death or the devil. All these elements are your friends. You have no foes of any kind. There is only God, and God is not at war with God. You don't have to fight. You are the prince of peace. There is nothing in all the universe that is opposed to you. Practice mental music and get in tune with the Infinite.

*** There is much talk about the Great Within just now; but, let not your heart go out of you in search of the Great Within; you are an individual and must draw your sustenance from the Great Without. And, beloved, you must get that sustenance by the single breath each moment. There is no cold storage in your realm of being where you

can lay in a supply for a rainy day. In God you live and move and have your being each instant of your existence. "I am the vine; ye are the branches." Let the sap from the vine flow into you as you need it. All the air in the universe is for you, but you don't need more than one breath at a time. If you could store up air it would become stale like the manna in the wilderness. There is no danger of God becoming exhausted. You don't need to exercise your mind in the conservation of divine resources. It is infinite and you can have it forever. But only as you need it. Now, don't try to get a corner on the Great Without or Within.

*** "For a long time I have wondered where you were located, and not until I met Mrs. Ella Glenn Shields here did I learn that you were in the great city of New York. When you were preaching in the old Turner Opera House in Wichita, Kansas, I made it a point to attend your meetings, and became quite interested in the new ideas that you advanced ahead of all the other ministers in that city. I do not forget the crowds that you drew, and the interest that was taken in your startling assertions. They were far in advance of the times, but it was what the mass were seeking, and that was knowledge. Knowledge is power, and you seemed to have the power to attract attention. I have wondered where you were exerting that power, and whether you were drawing as big crowds, and whether you were having your sermons printed and distributing them broadcast as of yore."

So writes an old friend from Chicago raking up the past and trying to make me turn my eyes backward to the has-beens. This was thirty years ago and if you then thought I was "far in advance of the times," what will you think when you get the copies of CHRISTIAN which I send you? Often, and very often, we hesitate to give CHRISTIAN to persons who are not in this thought. If I had read Shelton of to-day thirty years ago I would have pronounced him crazy. He is either as looney as a loon or as wise as an owl. New readers will have to take their choice. Of course, you regular readers are as crazy as I am, else you would not keep on reading after me. I wish the Spirit would hurry up and let me go back to public speaking. I would like to speak the Word to a wide-awake audience and see how it would vibrate. What do I believe? I believe that mortal mind is madness. All this rush and roar called "business" is lunacy. I have been out with my wife looking at Broadway and going up and down elevators in the great department stores. Things to sell and things to buy and "things" doing the selling and the buying. As mad as March hares! Grinding the bones and marrow and nerves. Running to and fro seeking rest and finding more and more unrest. Cavemen! Certainly, cavemen with the sides of the cave made out of skyscrapers; but caverns nevertheless where the sun never shines. Overworked men and nerve frazzled women in the rush and roar of modern commerce. It is all right, but how long will it last? As soon as the hopper grinds its grist of human lives others stand ready to be dumped in, and so the mills grind on with new grist. The new grist for grinding comes out of the cradle as fast as the old is dumped into the coffin. What's the use? I don't know. I can't see any sense in mortal existence. These human

beings are killing themselves trying to make a living. The remedy is a mental resurrection.

*** I had but one man miss me by wire and that is such a striking proof of telepathy that I am glad he missed. He is a business man who has been in this fellowship for a dozen years or more. After I left Denver he wired about a contract he was closing. The telegram was telephoned to the house and our folks told the operator to repeat the message to New York. I was traveling by way of St. Louis and it would take three days for me to reach by destination. In the meantime the man was waiting for my message. At St. Louis, in the midst of noise and confusion, I got his words telepathically, "Shall I close the contract? Answer yes or no." I said, "Go ahead! Go ahead! Go ahead!" three times in about three minutes, putting about one minute to each statement. In the hotel as soon as I registered the clerk handed me his message almost word for word as I had received it by telepathy. The only difference was three or four superfluous words. In two weeks he wrote:

"I did receive your mental message very plainly one morning. It was 'Go ahead! Go ahead! Go ahead!' So I did, but I reduced the amount to one-half of that suggested. I was perfectly satisfied that that was all right, and I am entirely satisfied now. I didn't know what had happened to my telegram, but that didn't trouble me. I knew it would be all explained."

He must have received my telepathic message in about one hour after I sent it. However, it often takes a day or a week, or even a month, to get a mental message, for it all depends on the receiver, who must be still long enough to receive it. This is why we go on speaking the Word every day so that it may go out at all hours. You may rest assured that this Word never gets lost and never gets killed. It is immortal. Say, my friends, God is alive. The Spirit of Mind is at work in the world. A physician who has been in our fellowship for many years has just written that he has three patients within a block of this hotel. He has known us mentally for many long years, and this is what he writes: "I would like to see you both, but I see no reason why I should be made an exception to the rule, a very sensible rule of not receiving physical callers while you are doing mental work." He Knows. It is the trained intellects that are taking hold of this work. The mentality of humanity has been in the carnal; the material until it has been ground to powder. Mental powder is dangerous if you don't know how to use it. This grinding process has refined and electrified our mentality. This brings us into the place where we are ready for telepathy. The only way that we can make it practical is to practice it. Our work is to make practical the mental process, so that we will talk to each other and love each other and know each other mentally. I know of no work like it on the earth. Let us, as pioneers, go before and prepare the way for telepathy. We are doing it. Keep up the practice of talking to each other through the mind instead of the mouth. And don't make any great effort to do it. Be still and know! It is the easiest

thing in the world, for Science is always easy. Pounding the physical brain will not produce clear thinking. Rest your soul in peace. Get into the silence of your own being and you will hear God.

*** "I think that in coming to New York City—one of the great gambling centers of the world—you will simply prove yourself another lamb among wolves; to be eaten yourself, and unwittingly to aid other lambs to be eaten. At least, I fear so.

I do not—pardon me—take one little bit of stock in the assumed "expert" study you name, and would not, personally, lay out one dollar upon it, nor advise another to do so. The fact is that there is little or no real expertism in the matter that may be derived from the sort of "study" referred to.

Again you allow that "special treatments for business success" to stand. Why "special?"

You place the price for treatments for business Success above the means of those who most need business success, and without reason. I think it the beginning of divergence from the straight path. You can't make it really straight. Again, I say, in "seeking" to advise people what to invest in as well as in what not to you are, I think, running into imminent danger of wreckage. And I am sorry for those good looking kids left to the sole charge of a grandmother. I must be frank if I speak at all."

Thank you for your frankness; but what do you take me for, anyway? This is not my first visit to New York by a long shot. My wife used to live here; I am not a lamb, but an old ram with long horns and a hard head. If I remained here a hundred years I would not go among gamblers, for I am not and never was in that vibration. The business and money of this great center is not all invested in gambling. Millions of men and women are doing business here in a poised and legitimate way without any reference to stock gambling or any other kind of gambling. I did not come here to speculate, but to treat my own patrons for financial freedom. Mrs. Shelton is not studying finance with a view of gambling in stocks. Every penny we save is invested in Denver real estate. But there are stocks and bonds and other investments that are perfectly straight and reliable. Yes, my beloved Bostonian, there are honest brokers and bankers doing business on Wall Street. Some of US are doing good work and honest business by selling stocks and bonds on Wall Street, but they have never asked us to invest a cent while paying me cash for treatments. And do I treat these men for Success? I most certainly do, and consider their business just as honest and honorable as farming. By the way, in glancing at your letter heads, I see your business is real estate and insurance. The writer of the above is an old bachelor, and the sight of a petticoat makes him peevish. You may imagine how we laughed over his anxiety about the children "left in the sole charge of a grandmother." Now, that grandmother, who is a Grand Mother, raised and is still raising the mother of "those good looking kids," and I guess she can go on with her work. That five dollars for special treatments is for time spent, and I do not think it "above the means of those who most need business success," for it is altogether nominal, and people who are successful pay more. My terms are for the fellowship, and if I were after the money the price would be ten dollars a month for one and all.

SATANIC SCIENCE

THE BRIDE.

"And he answered and said unto them, Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh? Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."—*Matthew*.

"Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish. So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever yet hated his own flesh; but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the church: for we are members of his body, of his flesh and of his bones. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. This is a great mystery; but I speak concerning Christ and the church. Nevertheless let everyone of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband."—*Ephesians*.

"And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars: and she being with child cried, travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered."—*Revelation*.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying,

Behold, the tabernacle of God
Is with men,
And he will dwell with them,
And they shall be his people,
And God himself shall be with them,
And be their God.
And God shall wipe away
All tears from their eyes;
And there shall be no more death,
Neither sorrow, nor crying,
Neither shall there be any more pain:

For the former things are passed away.

"And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.

And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful."—*Revelation*.

The bride.

The Lamb's wife. So the Man has a wife. We are back once more to the Garden of Eden with the woman and the serpent. How much have we learned about our mental unfoldment?

Satanic science has taught us to look facts in the face. This whole objective world as we see it is satanic. It is not the kingdom of God. It is the dominion of the devil. There is no other way to explain it. The Bible calls it satanic, and the Bible is right. All these centuries we have been trying to apologize for God. We have been taught to look up to the God who was all wise and all powerful and who created this world and pronounced it good. In the face of all kinds of disorder we had to talk about the wisdom of providence. Now, the world of God is good. But it is not this objective world. It is not the world of Satan. The work of Satan

is for the purpose of bringing out the principle of righteousness.

There is no deformity or disease in the kingdom of God. It is utterly impossible to think of disorder in the kingdom of heaven. It could not exist. Yet, we see all around us disease and deformity and death. Distress and misery are everywhere in this mortal world. All who are here suffer alike—the innocent with the guilty. The infant at its mother's breast is subject to the same pain and distress and misery that come to the adult. You find all of this agony on the earth. It is certainly not the kingdom of God. When you turn away from mortal misery in body you find the same thing in our mentality. There is not much in our minds. Our lives are foolish and filled with childish thought. There has been very little thinking going on in this earth. We seem to be trying to escape life. Our very amusements are unworthy of a sane mind.

I need not enter into a detailed discussion of this satanic life that we have been living on the earth. The Bible is true to the facts. It gives a correct picture. Look over the history of humanity and see what we have been doing during all the ages of our mortality. No wonder we die. We ought to die. Death is the one thing that is sure in mortality. See man's inhumanity to man. Man is his own worst enemy. The history of humanity is the history of crime. I had almost said it was the history of lunacy. I think this is quite true. The earthmen are in conjunction with the moon. They are insane. Mortality is madness. God has turned this part of our unfoldment over to Satan. There is no use to talk about a future of happiness. It can not be under the influence of mortal birth. It would take a new birth.

Every child that opens its eyes into this mortal life is in hell. Birth and death are the same in principle. Man born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. You begin to cry with pain as soon as you arrive in this objective existence. The longer you remain here the more hell you see. This is all true of your physical and mental environment in objective existence. You know all of these things. I only call your attention to the foolishness of trying to explain them by appealing to an all-wise providence. The preachers and priests can not deceive men any longer. You can not excuse this mortal existence, and it does not need any excuse. There is nothing wrong with the universe. Everything is all right. Satanic science gives you the key by showing you the work of Satan. You are not excusing God for this world of chance. It is a part of the unfolding mind of man. There is nothing wrong in the dark earth where the seed must be planted. It is put into this darkness for a good purpose. It is the place where the seed germinates. The darkness is the place of germination. Seed left in the granary will never bring forth a harvest. The lessons in the kindergarten are essential to your preparation for the college. The bumps you receive in learning how to walk may be very painful, but they are essential. Satan brings out and unfolds the mind. He is the negative force in the making of man.

The only thing for us to do is to quit damning the devil. God is not at war with himself. Spirit knows how to unfold mind. I have told you that the resurrection is a process of reincarnation. The mind is given short lessons and then sent back to the crucible. The fires are trying every man's mind. There is no escaping this test. To say that infants of a few days leave this world and go to heaven without any further unfoldment is unscriptural and unscientific. The Bible clearly teaches that spirits are from everlasting to everlasting. They are recognized as intelligences and individuals. Then, all who are here have been here before, and will come again, until we reach the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. Did you get that sentence? Spirit will never cut any of you short. You must reach the measure of the fullness of the stature of Christ. That is the mark of our high calling. You have the mark set before you: If you want to know what kind of a man you are to be, look into the mind of Jesus Christ.

What has this to do with the Bride?

Much every way. Man is a pair. The likeness of God is male and female. There can be no exaltation for Adam without a corresponding exaltation for Eve. If there was ever a marriage solemnized by the Almighty, it was certainly the union between Adam and Eve. What God has joined together cannot be put asunder. It is utterly impossible for God to grant a divorce where he unites the couple. Jesus said to the Jews that what God had joined together must remain joined forever. He declared that the twain are to be one flesh. They are to be united as one in eternal union. What God does is done for eternity. Satan is the one who runs the clock and the almanac. The work of Satan is for time, and is under the influence of the moon. He is all the time upsetting things. His kingdom is the kingdom of chance. Things happen in the satanic vibration. There are accidents in the devil's dominions. We never know just what is going to happen. Everything in the satanic vibration is in doubt. It is a vibration of fear and failure. You can never depend on the devil. He is a liar and the father of it.

Satanic life is not permanent. It is prophetic. The life of the seed in the ground is prophetic. It points to a future harvest. It is not intended that the seed should remain in the dark ground. It comes forth into the light. Man is a seed. He is just as much seed as corn or any other kind of seed. In the parable of the Sower we are told the seeds sown by the Son of Man are the children of the kingdom. Man is not only a seed, but he comes in pairs. The likeness of God is male and female. God is self-existent, and therefore is forever in conjunction with himself. We say himself, but God is just as much herself as himself. Spirit and mind in everlasting wedlock. Man is created in the image and likeness of God. He is sown in the earth as seed. This is the parable of Eden. It is the prophecy of Paradise. Paradise was not a permanent place of residence for the man and the woman. It was a prophetic place. The planting of seed and the speaking of the word of prophecy. All of the

symbols in regard to Eden represent the unfolding mentality. The whole story is told in this parable of the Garden.

Man is a seed sown on the earth in pairs, male and female. Satan separates the pairs. It is the work of Satan to separate and confuse. He is the Prince of confusion. This is all for the good of the pairs. It is a part of the natural unfoldment of the mind. Mortal life is one long struggle for satisfaction. If Satan gave us satisfaction we would be willing to abide in this undeveloped state of existence. But we do not find satisfaction. We are forever searching for our own. The literature of the world is filled with this longing for satisfaction. All of our music, all art, all the songs of the soul tell of this spirit in us searching for the real and the true. Men are searching for their mates. Women are looking for their own men. You see this in the flashes of mortal life. Death comes to open the door and give us a short rest at intervals, else we could not endure the torture. We are reborn, and begin the old search for mates. There would be no literature, no art, no music in us if it were not for this heartache.

Men think they are seeking for money, for applause, for fame, for honors, but they are not seeking anything of the kind. They are seeking women. No, they are not seeking women, for the devil deceives you, even at this point. Each man is seeking a woman. He is seeking his own mate. He may have been seeking her as long as Adam sought for Eve. He may have been searching in the wilderness for thousands of years. He may have had ten thousand wives. But there is only one woman in the universe who is his real wife. He may not know this in his mortal mind. But he knows it down deep in his soul. The woman is seeking her own man. She may live with thousands of men and go through all kinds of experiences in her search for the one man. Other men will not satisfy her soul. There is always something lacking. She wants her own. She is seeking for him whom her soul loves. God is good. In sending us on this voyage of discovery he is unfolding our minds and making us fit for our mates.

But oh, the heartache, and the misery of it all. It is told in these wonderful words in the song of songs, the Song of Solomon:

"By night on my bed I sought him
Whom my soul loveth:
I sought him,
But I found him not.
I will rise now, and go about the city
In the streets,
And in the broad ways I will seek him
Whom my soul loveth:
I sought him,
But I found him not.
The watchmen that go about the city found
me:
To whom I said,
Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?
It was but a little that I passed from them,
But I found him whom my soul loveth:
I held him, and would not let him go.
Until I had brought him
Into my mother's house,
And into the chamber of her
That conceived me.
I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
By the roses,
And by the hinds of the field.

"That ye stir not up
Nor awake my love,
Till he please."

She takes him to the deepest place in her being—the chamber of motherhood. In generation men and women perpetuate their lives by reproducing themselves in their children. We do not understand this mystery, for these children are also spirits. They are intelligences seeking unfoldment. We exhaust our own lives in order to give life to our offspring. This is the principle of this satanic world. It is the order among all living creatures on the earth. I have said that this is prophetic. It points to a permanent existence in perfection. The soul will not be satisfied with anything less than perfection. It is hell to stay here and go on breeding disease and death. It is not intended that we should keep this up forever. The soul is seeking for Paradise. The nearest that we come to Paradise on this earth is the mating of men and women. This is only a spasmodic and uncertain experience, but it points to the real Paradise.

You have heard the song of the woman in search of her own man. Here is where the refrain is taken up by the man in search of his own woman:

Thou art all fair, my love;
There is no spot in thee.
Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse,
With me from Lebanon;
From the top of Shenir and Hermon,
From the lions' dens,
From the mountains of the leopards.
Thou hast ravished my heart,
My sister, my spouse;
Thou hast ravished my heart
With one of thine eyes,
With one chain of thy neck.
How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse!
How much better is thy love than wine!
And the smell of thine ointments
Than all spices!
Thy lips, O my spouse, drop
As the honeycomb:
Honey and milk are under thy tongue;
And the smell of thy garments
Is like the smell of Lebanon.
A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse;
A spring shut up, a fountain sealed.
Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates,
With pleasant fruits;
Camphire, with spikenard,
Spikenard and saffron;
Calamus and cinnamon,
With all trees of frankincense;
Myrrh and aloes,
With all the chief spices:
A fountain of gardens,
A well of living waters,
And streams from Lebanon."

The preachers have told us that the Song of Solomon was prophetic of Christ and the Church. The Church is the Bride of Christ. All of this talk of man and woman they say has to do with Christ and the Institution. I have told you that the real Institution is the Woman. All other institutions are imitations. Christ is the manhood in every man risen from the dead. And the Church is the Womanhood of every woman glorified in a spiritual body, a body clothed with the sun and crowned with the stars. God deals with individuals. He knows nothing about institutions. Nature has a way of her own. You see this man calls the woman his sister and his wife. This is true. The woman is the sister and daughter and mother and wife of

her mate. The man is the son and brother and father and husband of his own woman. They are everything to each other. Instead of reproducing offspring they reproduce themselves. They are in perpetual conjunction with each other. They are not married, but they are mated. In the regeneration the prophecy of generation is fulfilled.

This is the manhood in the man and the womanhood in the woman joined together in a permanent Paradise. They are food and drink to each other. There are no children in the kingdom of God. Births and deaths belong to the kingdom of Satan. When we shall have passed through this fire of hell we will enter into the Paradise of God. The very planet on which we live is passing through the same kind of purification. There is to be a new heaven and a new earth. When you shall have found your own mate you will be at home. Until that time you are wayfarers in the wilderness. You are going to and fro in the earth seeking rest and finding none. This very satanic restlessness is for our good. Even the wars and fightings among us have helped us in our unfoldment. Everything is right. There are no wrongs where God reigns, and God reigns even in hell.

I have told you the story from the first chapter to the last in the Bible, and you see a new light. "The Scripture can not be broken." This statement of Jesus is true. If the Scripture could be broken it would show that it was not scientific. Science is the Truth. Science is that which is. If there is Satan, then his work must be scientific. In other words, the devil must work in the truth. This splitting up of being causes confusion in the mind. If God is good, then all is good, for God is all. There can not be two principles of being, two gods in the same universe. There is only God. Satan then is an element in our unfolding mentality. This thought runs through the whole of the book and of human nature. Let us understand it. Let us learn how to work with the devil and get rid of sin, sickness and death.

It is all in you. The universe is inside and outside of your own mind. The devil is there with his hell and the Lord is there with his heaven. It is all mental. The whole so-called material universe is mind in different states of vibration. God is forever thinking and his thoughts take form and shape in material things. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

*** "If you have read these books please give us your opinion in CHRISTIAN. There have been millions of copies of the Masonic number scattered over the earth."

I am a Mason and have read the so-called Masonic number. It was sent me and so were the other books you mention. The whole thing is tommyrot. The entire list of books that you mention are just so much literary trash. It is a raking up of the old dust of forgotten ages. It is not ancient in the sense of having been written in the past, for it is a modern mixture. Pay no attention to it. All this "going to India for light" is like going to the moon for illumination.



THE SILENCE

My office is in the sun.

In going into the Silence you get into the sun vibrations.

It is in this wonderful Sun Center that we live and move and have our being.

Are you one of Us?

If you are an Individualist seeking Freedom from all kinds of bondage you are one of us.

You are received into the Fellowship and given regular treatments in the Circle of Christians for one dollar a month. The regular treatments are given every morning.

Two dollars a month will give you treatments morning and evening.

Special treatments for business Success five dollars a month.

These terms are nominal and you are free to send more money if you feel like it.

All treatments are for health, happiness and prosperity.

I give treatments to CHRISTIAN and to my paper and envelopes. I will furnish envelopes both ways; but if you, for any private reason, want your letters in plain envelopes enclose one self-addressed and stamped.

One subscription to CHRISTIAN for every dollar sent for treatments if you send the name and notify the recipient.

Money by postal or express money order. Send gold, silver or paper in a registered letter.

I give treatments in the Silence and had rather use your first name, home name, pet name, or even a nickname in giving treatments.

We do not receive callers or make calls; this is a mental fellowship.

Enclose stamps loose; don't stick them on the letter.

T. J. SHELTON,
1657 Clarkson St., Denver, Colorado.