

# Christian

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REGENERATION OF THE BODY BY THE RESURRECTION OF THE MIND.

## “LET US MAKE MAN”

Why not?  
We make other things.  
The man we have made is not fit to live.  
How do I know?  
I know because he is dead.  
He keeps right on being dead.  
Every little while he lives for a few years.  
Then he goes back to the undertaker.  
Let us make man in the likeness of God!  
What is such a man like?  
He is an electric being.  
His eyes are a flame of fire.  
His face shines as the sun.  
His feet are as burnished brass.  
He is an aerial being.  
He is lord of earth, air and water.  
Death has no dominion over such a mind.  
Let us make him, and begin right now!  
Take only one at a time,  
And let that one be Yourself.  
Let us get together and think as ONE.

## ITEMS AND IDEAS.

\*\*\* What's the use?

\*\*\* In making things?

\*\*\* Why work for wealth?

\*\*\* It seems silly to me.

\*\*\* We can't keep the things.

\*\*\* Even a lead pencil may last longer than the maker of it.

\*\*\* Yet we go right on making things, and piling them up one on top of the other.

\*\*\* There is no chance in mortal mentality for us to stay with these things, let them be ever so beautiful; for the artist must leave his art, and the builder leave his building.

\*\*\* It is a question as to whether man was ever intended to make things and build things, as he has been doing for all of these thousands of years—or millions of years, for all we know.

\*\*\* I have about come to the conclusion that the artificial life is unnatural and that man was never intended for any such life. He has made a failure in spite of his intellect and insight.

\*\*\* All of his glory and his majesty and his power, even in creating sacred things, has not made him any happier, and certainly has not given him dominion. Dominion does not come through the creating of things.

\*\*\* Yet we are wild over creating wealth and gathering unto ourselves things that we call property. Men pride themselves on building, and when one of their mighty works falls to the earth, like the Campanile, they try to rebuild it just as they found it.

\*\*\* Over and over again man builds and rebuilds, while time destroys the builder and the building. All of your things will go, but they will outlast you; for even the things next your very body will be handed over to your heirs and assigns. You will go to your long home, and the mourners will go about the streets.

\*\*\* Take out your watch and look at the time. Your eyes are getting dim and your ears are dull of hearing. It will soon be some other man looking into your watch to see the time of day. The books you have fingered and marked will be read by others. The place that now knows you will know someone else.

\*\*\* The only semblance of eternal life in mortality is in your heirs and assigns. Man keeps himself here by the law of generation, and he seems to be very anxious to leave as many things as possible in the hands of his heirs. He will even scrimp and starve himself in order to leave things to others. This is the one reason why I have come to the conclusion that the artificial life is unscientific and unnatural.

\*\*\* According to the Bible records, man began his career in an earthly paradise. The soil was aromatic and rejuvenescent. The earth brought forth everything that man needed, and all that he had to do was to eat and drink and be merry. He was naked, in the sunshine, and did not need any artificial clothing. He did not need any kind of a roof

over him except the blue sky. He did not need any kind of bed except the dear old aromatic earth, with its sweet odors and vitalizing vibrations.

\*\*\* He was not educated, you say? Oh, yes, he was educated all right. He knew everything on the earth and everything on the earth knew him. He could talk to everything animate and inanimate, and had telepathic communication with other worlds. He knew all the flowers of the field and every creeping thing that was on the earth. He knew the language of everything and held converse with his entire environment. There was nothing in all the whole earth that was undesirable. Every pulsation of the heart was answered, and every desire of the soul gratified.

\*\*\* He was in the image and likeness of God, and on earth he was a god. For he had dominion over everything. That expression in the old book that says, "Let them have dominion," is the same as saying that they had dominion. It was not prophecy. It was fact. It is in the same order of the other saying: "Let there be light." Man had dominion over this planet for millions and millions of years. He lived a natural life and his surroundings were not artificial. He did not make things. He found things already made. And all he had to do was to watch them grow. The literature of the ages proves my assertion. The story of the gods is not all myth.

\*\*\* There was a time when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. Man was not created out of the dust of the earth. He was born a god. And the man who is born of God must naturally be a god. "Like begets like." Therefore, don't you look back to man as a monkey or any kin to a monkey. He was not the weak infant that your old ideas and old thoughts make him out to be. He was created male and female in the image and likeness of God. He had dominion over the creatures of the sea, the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and over all the earth.

\*\*\* Then came a change. The serpent, which is no common snake, but the old dragon spoken of in the last book of the Bible. That old dragon is mixed up in the history of this planet. The oldest civilization on the earth worshiped the dragon; and the Chinese are just now giving up the dragon as the symbol of power. It is not all myth. Science comes forward and tells us all about the dragons of the early ages. They had something to do with the fall of man. This dragon had something to do with de-throning man on the earth and making him the creature that he now appears to be. The spirit of the dragon is still on the earth and rules and reigns among men.

\*\*\* Look at us! With our dead fingers clutching at things. With our blind eyes we are gloating over things. We take the minerals of the earth and divide them into different values. The gold, the silver, the diamonds and other precious stones, are all made precious and valuable by an artificial valuation. We are trying to get hold of all of these things. We have lost our mental dominion, and we are trying to replace it with

material dominion. What a mess we are making of the whole thing! About the time we get a dreadnought built, at the cost of many millions and much labor, it is out of date. After we get all of our fighting ships fixed up to suit us, Satan will invent an airship that will blow our navies out of the water.

\*\*\* That will be a good thing, for all of this artificial life needs to be blown up with dynamite. And we poor fools are inventing the dynamite and other explosives for our own destruction. Yet we talk about the advance of science! Yes, yes, we have advanced wonderfully, haven't we? The first step in the advancement was taken at the suggestion of the serpent. Just as soon as the old dragon got in his work, Eve had to have a dress. The only thing at hand was fig leaves, and she made this miserable artificial dress to cover her beautiful skin. Then came clothing from the skins of wild animals. Did I say wild animals? Excuse me, there was not a wild animal on the earth at that time. In order to get the skin of an animal for clothing, the animal had to be killed.

\*\*\* This was the beginning of death. It was the beginning of artificial life on this earth. No wonder the animals went wild and began devouring each other. Man set the example. He was the ruler over the earth. Everything was under the control of his own mind. When he lost control of his own mentality, everything fell into confusion. Then we talk of his advancement from that time on until the present day! Look at the dear woman! Isn't she pretty, with all of her costly clothing? The trouble is that one artificial thing leads to another. The drug doctors dose her with dope, cut out her appendix, and fix her up as an artificial being. The dentist plugs her teeth, or takes them out and makes her a new set. The optician fixes glasses on her nose so that she can see in front of it. And so forth and so on, with wooden legs and wooden heads.

\*\*\* I have talked about the female of the species, for if we could keep her in her natural state and in the glory of her divinity, it would not be such a bad world. We men could jog along with our bald heads and bow-legs, if the women could only be kept out of the artificial vibration. The one who is taking down these words asks what the women would do with such ugly mates. Oh, that would be all right! Beauty always likes the beast. But, all jokes aside, the thing has gone far enough, and it is time to get out of the clutches of the dragon. He has had dominion too long already. I believe the whole book, so far as the fundamental principles are concerned. I believe with all my heart that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. I believe that God sent this son into the world to deliver those who were all their lifetime subject to bondage through fear of death.

\*\*\* I believe that Jesus Christ came to destroy death and to deliver us from the dragon. It is a great mental mystery, but at the same time it is a vital reality in the history of humanity. Every one of us feels the yoke of bondage. Mentally we go back

to the time when we were sons of God. We feel the vibrations of the eternal and immortal. There is something holding us down. Our breath does not come freely. We feel that smothering sensation. The spirit seems to be buried under all of this artificial life that we have been building. We are so weak that we have to have elevators in our big buildings to lift us. We are so lame that we are all the time inventing power to carry us along. Artificial power. Power created by mechanism. We build a locomotive and shovel coal into the fire-box to create steam power. We are all the time at work on electric motors so as to get electric power. Are we going on and on with this artificial life, while nature surrounds us with everything that is needed for the Joy of Living?

\*\*\* I tell you now, and I speak with authority: The natural man does not need any artificial help in any way whatever. He has his own motor within his own mind. His own electric light shines out of his eyes and in his face. The man described as the Son of Man is not an artificial being. When he goes up into the air he does not have to have a gasoline engine. He is not watching the wings of a machine. He does not have to come down for more gasoline. He does not have to go up or come down by any outside power. He is a law unto himself. The cry of the health reformers, "Back to nature!" must reach forward as well as backward. The immortality of the past is of the same quality as the immortality of the future. This little span of life betwixt and between is purgatory. We are gods in bondage. We are paying a penalty. The destruction of death is the next thing on the program. This thought has already entered into human thinking. Thought can break the barriers of death and hell. Let us get away from this foolish fixing of things.

\*\*\* "I was then suffering from a bad cough, general debility, catarrh, and all sorts of ailments, and you cured them all. Thank you. And my son, whom you treated for rheumatism, bowel hemorrhages and general weakness, has been free from these complaints ever since."

The medical doctor is very apt to lose his patron if he cures his patient. But the mental healer is sure of a friend in the Fellowship and a permanent patron if he wipes out all of the ills, as in the above case, and brings relief.

\*\*\* "Here is a two-spot to balance my account. I am gaining. I realize that it is your influence along the right lines that has opened up my vision, so that I see broader and bigger. Hope you will be abundantly blessed in the good work."

Your two-spot hit the spot, and it seems to have worked well with you. A broader vision brings the right vibration and puts you in the full fellowship.

\*\*\* "My rheumatism and eyes are very much better; indeed, almost cured."

And, to show you that there is no distance in spirit and no space in mentality, the above letter comes all the way from Athens, Greece. It is the old ancient Athens where Paul preached. This fellowship reaches all over the planet.

\*\*\* "Please treat me for extravagance. This sounds very childish, but I will try to explain. Whenever I have any money I want to spend it on myself and friends. Don't make me 'tight,' but please help me to save some of my cash."

It sounds like a boy. It is a girl who is making her own way in the world. It is a good way, and yet she sees the folly of spending all of her money as she goes along. I will treat for good common sense, and that she may always have that open-hearted vibration along with the sense of saving for a rainy day.

\*\*\* "Let abundance abound—Success, Health, Courage, and all the rest! You can do it! Let there be plenty of money to meet all demands, now and in the future. Spirit can remove mountains—do anything!"

That is the way to take it. When you say I can do it, you mean the I AM who does everything. All you have to do is to draw on God in the right way and all of your wants will be met. There is no doubt of it. The power is within you. God is not afar off, but is in your own mentality. I like to hear you come asking for everything, taking hold of the whole. When you begin to scrimp with God, you will find yourself in the scrimping vibration. There is no doubt about Spirit being able to remove mountains. There is nothing in that to stagger the faith of a mentalist. We know that mind is the master of matter, for matter has no existence except in mentality.

\*\*\* "I don't seem to get along without your help. I am very unhappy all the time. My children, when they go on a visit, dislike to come home again, and that makes me very unhappy. I have done all I could for my children, but they don't seem to care for me. I am very quiet and don't have any company, and they seem to be lonesome. I am trying to get that little farm so I will have a home in my old days. I am not very young—forty-seven."

And you are a young woman of forty-seven, and talking about age! Why, if you keep this up you will be as old as Methuselah by the time you are fifty! It is all nonsense. You have told why your children dislike to come home from a visit. They are lonesome. Youth is always selfish, and they are only thinking of the good time they have away from home, and the stupid time they have at home. They love you; but they are not thinking of love, but of the happiness and joy that belongs to their years. Throw your home open to your children's friends. Cultivate their acquaintances, the people they like, and make them welcome. If you get nervous and cannot stand the noise, go and lock yourself in your room for a little while. That is the way I do. When my children have their friends and make more noise than I enjoy, I just lock the office doors and turn the rest of the house over to them. Many a time I bestir myself to take my daughter out to some amusement or theater, when I would ever so much rather sit at home and read. But the children have as much right to fun, within reason, as you have to peace and quiet; so strike a compromise, and you will find yourself growing younger, and your children will begin to get acquainted with their mother.

\*\*\* "Your card came to me in the same mail with a letter and papers from Mr. Shelton. It certainly is the strangest thing that ever came into my life. He said he had received a letter from you and that he would begin mental treatments for me that day. I had all the old symptoms of the dread disease. And, to my great surprise, the first time for years, I have become free from all those aggravating symptoms, have done a large ironing, and for forty years have not felt so well."

One of US sends this letter from a friend for whom she had sent a dollar for treatments. Isn't it wonderful that you can give away mentality? That you can really and truly buy thoughts and send them to your sick friends, instead of giving them dope, or wringing your hands in despair?

\*\*\* "We have so many old family basting-threads to pull out they seem endless—impatience, fear, worry, rheumatism, deafness, poor vision, so woven in our growth and early environments. If we made ourselves, it is a poor job."

So writes one who has been at this job of making over ever since I began this work, and I don't know how much longer. Now, all these basting-threads can be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. I know Paul said that about the resurrection and it was scientific. It does not take thought long to act when we are ready for the action. If thought can kill in an instant, if thought can stop the beating of the heart, poison the blood, and destroy the body instantly, the same power can bring the body into perfection and raise it from the dead instantly. I don't believe that Lazarus had to go through any process of time when he heard the voice of Jesus Christ calling him from the dead. He came forth with his body quickened and vibrant with the Spirit of life. What we need is more faith in faith. More faith in the one who is Faithful and True.

\*\*\* "I am sending you by express a little book entitled 'Helen Dale,' also marked paper, under separate cover, that will explain it all. Ephie was very anxious you should see a copy of her book, for she knows you will not criticize it, as you helped to put it on the market, and she feels very grateful for your kindness."

And we both read the book with much interest, for it is a remarkable production. When the author was three months old she was stricken with spinal meningitis, and her body never grew like that of other children. She is now twenty-four years old, but very small. Every word of the book was written on the typewriter by the use of one foot. Holding a pencil between her toes, the young girl clicked off the thousands of words, striking the keyboard with the pencil and paying little attention to fatigue. She wrote the entire manuscript three times before she was satisfied. Unable to go to school like other children, she studied out the alphabet by herself and had soon taught herself to read and write. The book is well written and the language beautiful. It shows that Spirit while dependent on matter can take a very little of it and do good work. The Virtue Printing Company, 36 East Fourth Street, St. Paul, Minn. I think the price is fifty cents.

\*\*\* "I was ruptured when twelve years old and have worn a truss for forty years, up until about two months ago, when I tried to get along without wearing one. I am happy to tell you that the rupture is entirely healed. This is certainly great, and I give you people the credit for having brought this about. Mrs. Shelton's articles in CHRISTIAN are just fine. I hope that she will continue with the good work."

I give you this, not as a testimonial, but for a lesson. This man gives us the credit, but he deserves all of the credit himself. He stuck right to it, year after year, until he got the blessing. I can tell you of many cases that we would have given up if the ones who were receiving the treatment had not held on with a firm grip. There is much in that parable of Jesus about the unjust judge who granted the blessing rather than to be pestered with the plea. The point Jesus was making is that you must have a faith that holds on; for there is no one interested in you as much as you are interested in yourself. All we can do is to bring out the healing thought and help you into the vibration. Sometimes it seems like throwing a rope to a drowning man, but if the drowning man catches the rope and holds on, he will reach dry land unless we let go our end of the rope. There is a power in you that is able to heal all of your diseases and make you every whit Whole.

\*\*\* "The time is not far distant when those who have opened their interiors to the Living Word of God shall hear it as one voice, and they will be moved to act in concert and harmony, though widely separated. It will become so at-one with them that when they write, its sonorous vibrations will go with the printed word, and he who reads will hear the voice of him who wrote. It will so illuminate the pictures of the artist who incorporates it into his soul that the scenes he depicts will not be flat canvas, but living, moving objects. In music it will accompany with an invisible choir the voice of one who has made its acquaintance. It will speak health, strength and immortal life into these temples which we call the body. They shall no longer be limited to time and space, but with the lightning's speed this Living Word will transport them to the ends of the earth. 'The words that I speak unto you, they are Spirit, and they are life.'—Charles Fillmore, in "Unity."

Amen, Charlie, and that is just what you and I were talking about twenty years ago. At that time we thought it was a long way off. But it is coming nearer and nearer every day. Man is a mind. Mind is immortal, and there can be no such thing as immortality confined to time or space. We are one with God, and there is nothing to hinder us from coming into this consciousness. There is no doubt but we are right now in the end of the ages.

\*\*\* "I had to laugh about Mrs. Shelton and her little snake, but I don't believe that was why she left the mountains."

And she ran onto a snake nearly every time she went up there. Beverly Boy called her out into the road to show her something, and it was a dead snake. And that boy draws her pictures, and they are of snakes. He thinks that it is wonderfully funny the way his mother shies at snakes. Nevertheless, there are snakes in Colorado, regular old rattlers, but none of them up there.

\*\*\* "I wrote you last month, but received no answer. Guess you were too busy having a good time in the mountains."

We answered your letter, but the answer must have been lost in the mails. We have given close attention to our work this year, and especially this summer. We went up to the cabin in the mountains every Sunday morning early and returned the same evening. You remember that about two years ago the post-office quit delivering mails on Sunday, and since we have adjusted our work to the new rule we like it. It gives us one day of the week to ourselves, so far as answering letters is concerned.

\*\*\* "I am a man of quiet, home-loving disposition, and my wife and I are chums. I mention this because we try to work together in everything, so you will understand better some of the things that will follow."

And this man came into the fellowship through being handed some copies of CHRISTIAN. I like the way he introduces himself. It did help in giving the treatments. There is no greater happiness to be found on the earth than when a husband and wife work together as one person. This is the reason why we have no division in this work of giving mental treatments. It would soon get up a rivalry in your own minds, if not in our minds, if you made choice between us in receiving treatments. Spirit knows how to handle us, and therefore you want to leave everything in the hands of the One who knows. It may take time to bring you together, but, as you have all eternity before you, you can afford to take time.

\*\*\* "I sent the five-dollar bill in my letter, just as I have been sending my dollar bill each month. I know I was careless to do it, but I had no idea the letter would or could become lost. I should have sent it by postal order. You said in your letter that you would send me strong vibrations and continue the treatments just the same as if you had received the money. As it was all my carelessness, I don't think you ought to treat me, although it is impossible for me to replace the five dollars at the present time."

It is seldom that we lose money any more since we have reached a certain place in our unfoldment. Several years ago we were losing money all the time. In this case we went right along with the treatments after we found out that the money had been lost. This is a fellowship, and we are here to help each other. If I ever got to the place where I sent out bills and kept accounts, the Spirit would surely leave me and I would be conducting everything according to mortal mind. I will never get to that place. Nevertheless, you had better use business methods in transmitting money. You don't want to tempt thieves by placing currency within their reach. They have enough temptations anyway, without you contributing your share. It has been many years since we had to caution anyone in regard to business methods. And this item is given to help you on your way to up-to-date business methods in all your transactions. Insure your house, and insure your life if you feel like it; but especially insure your house. Do everything on business principles. You are not the only one. There are others connected with you and dependent upon you for sustenance.

\*\*\* "I see you quote from the Temple Bible that you were talking so much about several years ago. What is it and where can we get it?"

It is the common version of the Scriptures printed in paragraphs, instead of being cut up into chapters and verses. It is also printed in verse where the quotations ought to be in verse. And this is a great help to the reader. It also has introductions and comments by the ablest English scholars. These additions are not in the text, but at the beginning and ending of each volume. The text is clear-cut reading, just the same as you would find in any other book, and printed in the same way that modern literature is printed. It comes in thirty-one volumes, bound in limp leather. I have the thirty-one volumes on top of my desk in the same little paper box that they came in years ago. You have seen editions of Shakespeare in these small volumes, and this is the way the Temple Bible is published. Next year we shall be in the writings of John, and especially the book of Revelation. In the Temple Bible all of John, including Revelation, is printed in one volume. Just send sixty cents to the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, and tell them to send you "John." This will give you a fair sample of the Temple Bible, and you will have all you need for next year. It will cost only sixty cents postpaid. Now, this is not an advertisement of the Temple Bible. Lippincott's are only handling the work for an English firm, and you get the whole thing for cost. You will think so when you see your copy of John. I paid the full price for the thirty-one volumes, and I got the worth of my money in one year. It is a delight to handle the little volumes and only pick out the ones you want to read at the time.

\*\*\* "I have been trying to make it clear to mother that it is no use our remembering our past experiences. She seems to think that to be born again without remembering is to lose one's identity; but I can't agree with her at all. I brought my identity along with me all right, and intend to take it with me if I go. Strange that some people have such difficulty in grasping what constitutes the essence of themselves!"

That is a splendid statement of the truth. You came all along up from below in this unfoldment, and you brought your identity along with you. You don't lose your identity because you forget some of the things that you passed through on the way. The very fact that you can forget emphasizes your personal identity. You make and unmake things, thus proving that you are a thought and a thinker. I just read of a girl in a trance saying that, alternating with a dozen other personalities which she says take possession of her, is that of a cave woman who makes her skirts by sewing together birdskins with deer sinews, and who catches fish with a stone spear. There are not a dozen personalities taking possession of this girl while she is in a trance. It is a review of her own experiences. She was that cave woman. It was her own life that she saw in the trance. This proves beyond a doubt that we bring our identity along with us, and when I say that we forget it does not mean that we can't remember. Nothing is lost.

\*\*\* "Never have you written anything more forceful than August CHRISTIAN, and I believe I shall never be willing to put it aside. As it is, I keep it right on the table handy. Oh, to be able to really pray just like that! I want to send my love to Mrs. Shelton and thank her for her most practical and helpful articles, and assure her that I always look first to see if she speaks to us when I open CHRISTIAN."

This comes from New York; so you see how widespread is the response to the prayer on the first page of August CHRISTIAN. It came just at the right time, and its work was carried forward into the September number, and will go on its way by telepathy until we all think the same thing and vibrate in the one glorious fellowship.

\*\*\* "A friend handed me a copy of CHRISTIAN a short time ago, and I am somewhat puzzled as to what I think of it; but have concluded to read it for a while before passing final judgment, so I enclose postal order for one dollar to cover one year's subscription, and will expect it in due order."

I call this a square deal. One of US has given this man a copy of CHRISTIAN, and, instead of passing judgment in a hurry, he has concluded to take the periodical for one year and then make up his mind. This is all we could ask from anybody. I think the most of those who are put on the list receive CHRISTIAN in this spirit. They are sure to do it if you will be careful in selecting the names to send in here for complimentary subscriptions.

\*\*\* "He has a boy for a friend who makes it very hard for me. Sunday afternoons he gathers a crowd of boys, and they tramp into the country for miles and miles, and you know that boys generally get into trouble when quite a number go together."

I wrote this mother a good letter about that boy and then sat musing. I saw a big crowd of boys leave a little village, and I sneaked along with the gang. They tried to drive me back, saying that I was too little, but I went along all the same. It has always been hard to drive me. That was a great day! We found the mouth of a cave and lighted torches and went into it. It was dark as pitch, but we kept on with our lighted torches exploring every nook and corner. It was a great day, and I can remember many, many more such days, and can even remember the licks that I got after the explorations were all over. The gentle lady who plays on this piano says she bets I never got a licking I did not deserve. All right! I saw the cave and explored it. I have seen a good many other things that were forbidden. My father and grandfather were preachers. The old-fashioned preacher did not let anybody even laugh on Sunday. My blessed father was a good violinist, but he would no more touch that fiddle on Sunday than my wife would touch a snake. Thank God for the devils and the darings that I went through in order to get my freedom! It is all right. There is a great Father Spirit that knew all about us before we started. He will never let us get out of his sight. There is no darkness so dense that God's light cannot penetrate. Let all of you mothers and fathers remember that you were once children. Never get away from childhood. Never get out of youth. God is forever young. If God should grow old, the universe would be in a bad fix.

\*\*\* "At this late date I want to thank you for your good letter. The closing words, 'I will stick to you,' and their fulfillment, did THE WORK. All my troubles, real and imaginary, seemed to fade away and I immediately began to find my old self. It is simply wonderful. Even as one of US I can hardly understand how easily the mist disappears before the sun's rays; as you say: Glorious God!"

Don't get the idea that the writer of the above words is emotional or easily excited. It is a man, and a man who is dealing with big business. He was simply worked down and his nerves were in a frazzle. He needed a mental stimulant, and especially restful thoughts, to make him stop for a while until he could get his breath and take a new start. What he thinks is wonderful is just the common working of thought vibrations. It is wonderful, but it is the everlasting wonder of the ages. Mortal thought is not used to it. In fact, mortal thought does not know anything about it. You have to get into the vibrations of the whole in order to understand the meaning of real thinking. What is all this hubbub about business? There is no need of the machine grinding the man to powder. Business is a machine, but the mind ought to run the machine and keep out of the way of the wheels.

\*\*\* "The two prayers that you have put in CHRISTIAN have been as a tonic to me, and I pray with you in the Silence for their fulfillment."

And this message comes from England, and all over this earth men and women are praying with a faith that is of the Spirit. It is not only the prayer of faith, but the prayer of intelligence. They see and know why these prayers were printed and left on record for our learning. I know why I took them out of the Bible and reprinted them in CHRISTIAN, but I did not know it until I began to get your answers in the Silence and on paper.

\*\*\* "Mrs. Shelton's choice of rose-pink is very dainty, and the pink letters appeal to me. But, as I see her clairvoyantly, she would look beautiful in the 'glad rags' of any shade."

New readers will need to be reminded that the pink paper, that we use for our envelopes and paper in writing healing letters, was chosen by Mrs. Shelton several years ago and has become our trade-mark. Yes, she looks very well in what you call "glad rags." But I had rather see her in a tailor-made suit of blue or brown than in all of the finery of a French makeup. If I had my way, women would dress almost exactly like men. Then there would not be so much fuss every year about changing fashions. Another thing, she could have pockets and would not all the time be sticking her gloves and other things in my pockets. By the way, while I am on this subject, did you ever see so much tommyrot as we are having this year over the togs of women? Everybody has to butt in and give his blessings to our beautiful girls. I don't think clothes have anything to do with the morality of the wearer or the morality of the onlooker. The woman with sloppy mentality would look sloppy if the most fashionable tailors on the face of the earth made her gowns. On the other hand, you can take the

girl with the right kind of mind and she will dress with taste in gingham. And all of this cry of the reformers about the outside is nonsense; for reformation must come from within and is of the mind. Do not bother yourself about what you eat or how you shall be clothed; for, verily, the kingdom of heaven is mental. These words of Jesus stand forever as the truth.

\*\*\* "While it is well understood by US from whence all power comes, it is a great strength to have someone with us in our daily walk of life. You both working in perfect agreement, and not having to come in personal contact with the people, is not only a strength, but a great blessing. We are going too slow! You would not believe how blind and dull people are out here. If I attended the churches, I would have fits. The preachers are fifty years behind the time. All of the good stuff that you publish in CHRISTIAN ought to get before the people in some way."

No, we are not going too slow, and we can never go too fast, for the one who rules is running things. The preachers are just where they belong in this unfoldment, and they will get into the band-wagon in due time. And you are right about gaining strength from fellowship. But, my beloved, you are in this fellowship because you belong here, and the people who, you think, are so far behind the times are in the very mental fellowship that fits their present needs.

\*\*\* "I had CHRISTIAN in the window. It drew a friend of yours in, and she told us that she came to you with a fearful earache, and it left before you received her letter. It was a revelation to her and even did her good to tell it."

This is the way we get together. A man was reading CHRISTIAN on the train, and another man happened to glance at it. They shook hands and had a great talk. The time is coming when we will make ourselves known to each other by telepathy. The transference of thought from one to the other will make us sit up and take notice when we are in the presence of one of US. I believe I told you about this very thing happening to me in New York.

\*\*\* "Give my love to dear Mrs. Shelton, as she is beginning to seem like one of US."

Oh, she climbed into the band-wagon years ago, but she did not stand up to be counted. It took a long time to coax her into writing for publication. Now she has gone into your fellowship so strong that she has to write to meet your demands. And don't you know that there is a great deal in all of this co-operation? The greatest orator in the world can be killed by a non-appreciative audience. When people are demanding your words, they come swiftly and with full inspiration. By the way, speaking of Mrs. Shelton, she scolds me for not telling you people to pay up your subscriptions. So you see she is the business boss. This call for paid-up subscriptions is for the hundreds and thousands of people who are not in the fellowship, but take CHRISTIAN by the year. They are the ones who get behind. Then there are thousands of people who have been put on the list with the compliments of our regulars, and when their time expires we want them to renew of their own accord or resign, so that we can keep the list up to date.

## CHRISTIAN

### IN THE MENTAL MAKING.

Mrs. T. J. Shelton.

President Taft will be remembered in history as the only ruler who has had the courage to propose compulsory arbitration between nations for all difficulties, including those involving national honor.

I speak of international arbitration. There have, for nearly ten years, been such arbitration treaties in force between Denmark and Holland, and Denmark and Italy.

Private questions involving honor are settled in this way, and national ones should be. The appeal to force is irrational and unnecessary, and only decides the question of might. Never the question of justice and right.

War is a relic of barbarism. It is a survival of that rough and cruel age when every man avenged his own injuries. It is an anachronism in this twentieth century.

Even war becomes too monotonous. The toll of life too heavy. The thinkers are aroused to find a way to obviate this intolerable burden, and the vibration called The Peace Movement is put into operation.

The Peace Movement has made great progress. Public sentiment is strongly in favor of it. Societies have been formed to promote its interests, and it is going to succeed.

But it will not succeed until each one establishes a "peace movement" within his own mind and within his own personal environment.

We now have a permanent world-court of arbitration at The Hague to sit continuously for the settlement of international difficulties.

Establish a court of arbitration within your own immediate home circle, and let each member abide thereby, including yourself. Do not air your grievances outside of your home circle. Wait until all anger has subsided, and then talk over the details calmly and dispassionately and unprejudiced, and be willing to be governed by the final decision.

It all not only tends to harmony in the household, but is a process of mental education and self-command.

We are evolving from command of others to command of one's self. And this is by far the greatest lesson to learn.

You must not only become spiritually developed, but mentally and physically developed as well.

What are the agencies of this threefold education?

Wherever a mechanic is instructing an apprentice in his trade an education is in progress. Over every shop may be inscribed the words: "Temple of Learning." If you could only read many of the letters written by mothers and sent into this office telling of the hardships their boys undergo seeking employment, because they have learned no trade, are untrained, unskilled! The pity of it!

The pity of it! Do not build air-castles for your son and daughter. Instead, turn your attention toward training them to know how to make use of the ability each one possesses to the very best that is in him or her.

I have two children. The older, a girl, has already shown her talent conclusively, and will receive the best training available along that line as rapidly as she is ready to receive, after her primary education has been attended to and the foundation laid for a well-informed woman.

The boy is yet an unknown quantity. He is merely a healthy, happy and normal child. I know what I want him to be. But he shall not know it or be influenced along that line, unless the signs of talent point in that direction. If his ability to get out of scrapes, calm and unruffled, with a logical excuse and an angelic expression, is any criterion, he will doubtless follow the profession I have chosen.

But it really does not matter in what direction his talent lies. If he wants to work with his hands instead of his head, so be it. Whether it is profession or trade he desires, he will be assisted in every way possible to develop the latent ability he may possess, so as to give the best that is in him to the world, and through this effort to attain the highest happiness.

I would rather have him a carpenter who fully knows his business than a pettyfogging lawyer who has merely skimmed his Blackstone and wears out the office furniture waiting for rich clients.

Wherever children in the home are learning the intricacies of domestic art and science, and are learning from books and periodicals and parents the cultured use of the mind, and are being taught the true principles of moral and upright living, there an education is in progress, and we can also truthfully inscribe over the door of that home the words: "Temple of Learning."

Our school systems, from the day school to the university, are calculated to be an adjunct to the home training in manual and domestic science, as well as the training and culture of the mind.

The training and development of the spiritual side of your nature does not come through schools. While the home life is a great force, the full operation thereof comes from the lessons learned in previous incarnations, in soul-experience.

We do not remember these experiences. The trivial details are hidden away in the recesses of our brain, to be brought forth if needed. It matters not whether you have been a princess or beggar, each incarnation has done its work in molding your character and temperament.

There is no new thought. It is merely a recollection of an old thought; for there always has been and always will be the Universal Truth permeating the whole.

All progress in the world's movement comes through education. Mind you, I do not mean mere "book learning." It is not only mental education, but education of the soul as well. However, mental attainments must not be underestimated.

The sweep of Niagara will engulf thousands of persons and mangle their bodies, but the mind of one man can harness the violence of this mighty torrent and distribute its power how and where he wills.

The mists that the sun lifts out of the sea descend in torrential floods to drown and beggar the people of the valley, but the mind of man impounds the water behind the hills and, leading them out upon the arid plains, makes the desert flower like a Paradise.

Or he catches the water vapors, drives them into a piston prison, and compels them to move ponderous engines and promote the commerce of nations.

The lightning with a single stroke makes man's body no longer habitable. But man himself draws the lightning from the atmosphere and compels it to glow and flash, move his machinery, cook his meals and work at his bidding.

"Possess your souls!" is the cry of Jesus. This power in man, so superior to the illimitable forces of nature, must come into the fullest possession of all.

You challenge the race to make the utmost of this endowment and command it. It is a regal power that indwells everyone coming into objective manifestation on this planet; but becomes dominant only when led forth educated.

Indeed, our education is divided between the mind-germ, without which the wisdom of heaven and earth could bring nothing forth, and the beneficent forces which awaken the dormant soul and patiently nurture it into a living and thinking Being.

You can gaze on every little street Arab and truthfully cry: "You are an unrealized man. There is in you a mind that can weigh the planets and span the universe; a power sleeps in you that can pierce the mountains, sail the air, imprison the lightning, and richly serve your day and generation."

It is this innate power, this intangible something, that bravely and confidently gathers unlikely children from every tongue and tribe and nation and makes them leaders in the realm of intellect.

It makes an awkward, uncouth and unpromising backwoods lad the emancipator of a race. He had no advantages that he did not create for himself. The divine spark was there, and he worked hard to fan it into flame.

It gathers the lads of obscure parents and makes them idols of nations. This mentality forms human junk-heaps into an army of erect, forward-going men and women.

Our slogan is "liberty." Sweet-sounding word, as refreshing as the breath from heaven! But so misunderstood and dragged in the mire of selfishness. So many crimes are committed in her name.

You will do well to place greater emphasis upon this word and take account of the newer and better meaning of "liberty," that out of it may evolve a finer and truer and more perfectly poised man or woman.

The finest type of life comes when liberty is construed into opportunity. The opportunity to help work out the manifest destiny of humanity—and that means the working out of your own salvation.

Look backward into the enriching past, with its magnificent achievements; a glance at the present, with its teeming possibilities and opportunities; then forward to the glow-

ing future, with its divine ideals and glorious realities.

And, while you meditate, does it not occur to you that today is yesterday's future, and that each day you have accomplished just so much toward your own emancipation?

Oh, I know the pain and the sorrow. But mind them not. They are but passing, and not nearly so severe as you think they are. Each day will drop another thickness of the curtain between the now and the road to yesterday.

Construe liberty as service and greatness as gentleness. A great soul is always a gentle soul.

Let us catch the thought of liberty in the tense days of the Revolution. Revolution against tyranny, against the subjection of the individual to the will of the tyrant. Resolution to interpret life's mission in terms of the individual. To invest him with the highest worth and to live one's life to the best of one's ability.

After all, that is the keynote. To live the best you know how. To live according to the Light that is in you. And that is the very best that each one of us can do. And through it we gain liberty and enlarge life.

Spirit-born peace can always provide solutions for questions that ruffle you.

As you get rid of strife in your mind, you banish it from your body and are ready to strike out for the "Age of Pericles."

But, instead of men of great mental attainments and physical prowess, our "Age of Pericles" must be men of an enlightened and dominating mind and awakened spirituality.

Superstition is the offspring of ignorance. The primordial type understanding little, but groping blindly for a key to unlock the mysteries of the why of things. The seed is germinating and in time will spring forth into maturity.

Notwithstanding the great Light of Knowledge ever descending upon us, life itself ever remains a mystery. Even the most implicit faith cannot allay the fever of speculation: Where do we come from? Where do we go? Master-telescopes sweep the skies. Scientific experiments in the laboratory are steadily being carried on by master-minds; and yet withal, it is only the Voice within you that arouses the instinct of certainty.

Addison put into the mouth of Cato the impulse that makes for the uplift of the human race:

"It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!  
Else why this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an Hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man."

The blasting winds of winter stalk throughout the land of these northern climes, and all seems barren and dead. But springtime comes, the buds burst, the seeds expand, and death is again conquered.

Are you who live and think and govern the earth less than these?

No! This universe is not swung into space, operating under a mighty mechanism of harmony, without the impulse of a master-mind.

The Spirit who quickens the vernal seed so that it springs into beautiful life surely will not see you sink into the dull nothingness of sorrow and misery, shut off forever from the new life of the resurrection.

There is in each one of us the consciousness that life is eternal and that, as we have known sickness and decay, so will God Spirit bring us again into blossoming, and that all can and will share in all of its wholeness, as we learn to understand God (Spirit).

Lift up your heads from the dusk of twilight, for morning is coming and you are to abide in the Sunlight Everlasting.

From the very essence of things materialism builds its own ruin. You cannot fail to see the inequalities and inhumanities. Injustice lies heavy in the heart of every one of you.

Individualism is cruelty unless it is part and parcel of justice and divine understanding and sympathy.

Progress is not made until the realization is clear that happiness must be general before it can be personal.

The cause of altruism is sweeping the earth. Look where you will in every civilized country, and you will see the ferment of the new faith that is ever old.

While at the present day a major portion is demagogism, if you will observe closely, you will see it is in no sense a class movement; for among its leaders, as well as in the rank and file, are thousands who have no personal end to serve.

But they are working from without to a great extent, instead of from within. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is a greater force than all the peace treaties, arbitration boards, and legislative enactments.

It is not a dream. It is not an impossibility. There is something stirring within you that is calling for outward expression.

You are not satisfied with things as they are. Deep down in your heart you know there are better things for you.

The feeling of discontent is the cry of your soul for fuller expression. The right to live your own life as it should be lived. That you may be freed from the shackles of mortal thought-suggestion and be able to respond to every vibration of the Spirit.

The more splendid your triumph, the faster your advance.

We close our physical eyes to ugly sights. Close your mental eyes to the things you do not want to see, that do not belong to you. Find no place in your thought for worry and depression. All of these things are merely passing, unless you open the door and invite them to enter and take up their abode.

You say you cannot help it? Ah, but you can. It is merely the question whether they master you or you master them. If they have already entered, drive them forth and put your house in order.

You can easily do this if you have faith in the power that made you. This same power, if given half a chance, will adjust difficulties

and cause everything to work together for ultimate Good.

You are in the midst of a struggle of jarring impulses, a clashing between mortal mind and the elections of the will and the utter misunderstanding of the things around you.

The only objects your dimmed senses discern produce the riddle of circumstance and condition—the riddle that the Spirit is trying to solve for you, and will solve if you will only control yourself in peace and serenity.

In the solution lies the acknowledgment that the soul of man is the subject of the mind and will, and is permanent and destined to endure.

You hold your destiny in the hollow of your hand. Your life is for you to make or to mar.

Things may be marred in the making, but that is no cause for discouragement. The dents are only in the matter used, and the mind can and will go on changing and improving, as necessity requires, until Spirit fits the mold.

Mind is continuously molding matter and making things better century by century, as we unfold mentally.

This beautiful big world is growing in beauty as the rough corners are being rounded, and the crudeness is being developed into utility and knowledge.

Man improves on raw nature by polishing and pruning and creating new conditions in material environment.

It is all good, and the life of the planet will continue until all undesirable and unpleasant things are removed and the mind is where it wills to be, and the perfect life will manifest right here on this earth.

Mind is immortal, and you are a mind. You are exempt from death, decay and annihilation. You will always be as you have forever been. The spirit that is in you, that is YOU, is the essence of the universe.

The mental making is simply arranging of mentality. The constructing of things in the world that we call material. This is left in your own hands. It is left in your own mind. It is your own work. No other mind can do this for you for the simple reason that you are yourself. You want to be. The desire to be is the one immortal principle within us.

This is the working basis of life. We go out and do things and make things, and now we are learning how to make ourselves by adjusting our mentality to the material universe. Thoughts are things and things are thoughts. Both sides of us, the mental and the material, are to be adjusted, so that we will work in unison and accomplish all of our purposes. It is a glorious thought that mind is immortal and can always and forever create conditions in matter. This is real and genuine mental science. The science of your own mentality. The whole world has been looking to some Great Mind outside of self to the work for the individual. It will not work. It is individual initiative that counts in your affairs.

I AM THAT I AM is the order of the universe.

# In the Name of God

"And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM: and He said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is my name forever,  
And this is my memorial unto all generations."—*Exodus*.

I AM all of US.

I AM from everlasting to everlasting.

I AM mathematical and musical mentality.

I AM the seeing and the hearing and the being.

I AM the cosmic consciousness of all creation.

God has not changed his name.

It is our business to help you into the consciousness of your own divinity. We have no objective organization or official authority.

Our work is in the Only Name of all of US.

Treatments in the Mental Fellowship will be given every morning for twelve dollars a year: payable monthly, quarterly, or yearly in advance. These treatments are for Health, Happiness and Prosperity.

Special treatments five dollars a month. They are for your mind, body and business. This is where we take up all of your affairs, your mentality, your whole environment and help you into the mental kingdom. Physical regeneration by a mental resurrection. It is all in your mentality; we do not make calls or receive callers.

Take one subscription to CHRISTIAN for every dollar sent for treatments. You can have as many copies as you wish for yourself; or you can send in the names of your friends.

Expect only one letter each month, but call on us mentally at any hour. Telegrams are telephoned as soon as received; but your mental message will reach US in the Silence.

We make no promises except to faithfully give the treatments.

We use our own pink paper and envelope; but if you wish your letter in a plain envelope enclose one self-addressed and stamped. Give your full address in every letter.

Money orders in common mail; currency in registered letter.

I AM,

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