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EXPRESSION.

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The first portion of *EXPRESSION* is devoted to Mrs. Gillen's writings, which are always *unsigned*; the second to the Editor's Notes and Articles, original and selected from other sources, which are invariably signed, giving other people's views on the same topics. These are intended to provoke thought, and though they may not always be in absolute agreement with the views of this paper, they are valuable in showing "that other side."

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EXPRESSION.

A Journal of Mind and Thought.

Vol. III.

OCTOBER, 1900.

No. 35.

DETACHED THOUGHTS OF THE TEACHER.

Is it no satisfaction to have loved and served ?

Never could I believe that one who felt the desire in his heart to love and serve his neighbour, and tried to manifest that desire, would not feel also a satisfaction in that he had tried. The very desire and effort must bring a joy that others may not know.

* * * * *

What is sorrow ?

What can a soul have to do with sorrow for itself, if it wished to love and serve ?

* * * * *

And what to it is honour ? Recognition ?

Is not the soul honoured by having that desire, rather than by having the desire recognised by others ?

What does Love know of sacrifice ?

It is Love's greatest happiness to be able to give itself. It lives to love, and loves to give itself.

A man says earnestly, "I want nothing for myself, I only wish to serve others." Yet after years of service says bitterly, "What has my love and service brought me ? Nothing."

Surely, had he been in earnest in his declaration "I want nothing for myself," he could not have been made unhappy if he received nothing. Would it not be quite logical to suppose that he would be contented, satisfied and happy in getting nothing ?

* * * * *

The one who says "I want nothing for myself," has very often one very strong want—that of wanting to serve in some particular way or ways ; and if anything thwarts that wish, becomes rebellious in consequence, and unhappy. His

lovingness and desire to serve are blamed for his unhappiness. Loving others never gains any soul, but the feeling of angry or dull rebellion always makes a soul sore and unhappy.

* * * * *

If loving seems to hurt a soul, it is not because of the loving it does, but because there has been a check put upon its full and free outflow—usually by a counter desire or wish, many times the wish to have its love and service recognised.

* * * * *

It is a glorious knowledge, for the ones who wish to serve, to know that we can't help serving—that by being we serve. Every breath we draw, every movement we make, every sound issuing forth, serves some one, something, in some way.

But happy is the one who loves to serve in the smallest way, the most insignificant way, the way least recognisable as being serving. He has had a vision of beauty and glory, the wonder of the infinitely little.

* * * * *

If the "forever" is eternal, "forever" then lies behind or prior to *this* generation as much and as surely as it lies after this generation will have passed away, and equally is the "forever" now as much as prior to now or after now. And whatever law is in operation now, *has* always been and *will* always be; therefore if we find that a great and unchangeable law *has* always been in operation, *is* in operation, and *will be* in operation, the only rational thing to do is to put oneself in harmony with that law, if it has not already been done.

* * * * *

That is the work we have to do after being convinced of man's trine nature and of the importance that the three composing man should maintain at all times an unchangeable attitude or position towards each other, that is, after finding which is one, which two, and which three, that such order be maintained firmly.

AN AFFIRMATION.

I AM Infinite, I fill the universe, I am the universe, there is nothing anywhere that is not me. All the forms I see are my forms, all shapes are shapes of me. All music is my music, it came forth from me. All beauty is my beauty. All grace is that which has its being in me. All that is everywhere to be seen is myself.

I am that I am.

I am the one essence and substance of which all things are formed.

I am the all-powerful power out of which all energy and forces proceed.

I am the all-wise out of which all knowledge and understanding have come.

I am the self-existent, knowing my nature, my processes and my forms.

THE UNITY OF BEING.

THE following extract from a student's letter is so beautifully, truly, and realistically stated, that I felt others, too, might be helped by it to see the Unity of Being in the infinitely little as well as in the infinitely great.—A. G.

"It is true, is it not, to assert for every particle of matter that it is whole Being, Spirit, Thought, Body. For every stick and stone, for every hair on one's head, tooth, nail, perspiration, words, air, or anything to which until now we have denied the dignity of Being and which we have only regarded as belongings and not as entities. I think that way of looking at things as being only belongings of me, the central Being, put out and held *outside* the central Light, instead of every atom being in the Light and equally a Trinity, has until now hampered my realization. Only since I saw you last has the truth struck me, and I see now why Immortality with all conditions which the word *Life* includes is our only real true state."

THE act of dreaming can teach us much. In our dreams we live a lifetime in half an hour, sometimes less. If we dream, it is the same as saying we think. If with our thought, under any circumstances, we can annihilate time to that extent, we can do it indefinitely and infinitely.

* * * * *

Let us realize that if we can ask ourself a question, it is also possible for us to answer it.

* * * * *

It is a fact, often demonstrated, that whatever wish or desire it is possible for us to conceive, we can also create its fulfilment, bring it to fruition.

Expression:

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EDITOR'S NOTES.

THE subject of Immortality in the flesh is now so much in people's minds and thoughts, that the article which we quote—by Paul Tyner—is likely to be very interesting. It is convincingly written, and meets the most generally advanced objections. The idea seems to be disliked by those whose lives here have been lacking in happiness, or who dread old age, with its helplessness, loneliness, and suffering; and it is hard to convince them that immortality means youth as well—never old age or deterioration and senility.

And we are all moving forward in step with each other, and "the coming of the Son of Man" seems near at hand to many Divine scientists, who hold it to signify this very thing, and also the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven that is within; and we shall all understand it, because we shall have become as little children. So, if it mean *anything* to us, it means immortal youth as well as immortal life.

And the first preparation for this immortality in the flesh is "to let go those things that are behind," as St. Paul has it; we must leave the past, with its regrets and sorrows, and learn to reach ever forward, looking for and knowing that the best is there for us to gain. Now this is the great trouble with many people. "How unfeeling," they say, "to forget our beloved dead," and yet Christ said it, and that with regard to a father too. "Let the dead bury their dead; follow thou Me."

There was to be no delay, you see, in following the new truth, the new master; everything was to be left, even the beloved dead,

The unsigned articles in the first part of this paper are written by Mrs. Gillen, and are all from the standpoint of the Law of Expression, which is, that everything is expressed from the inner to the outer.

JOY versus WORRY.

To many people there is nothing which so retards their progress in science as worry. They strive and struggle, and after vainly fretting, because they worry, say, well, I give it up, I must worry, I cannot see how I am ever to be placid with so many household cares, etc., etc.; and to these we can only say ever the same thing, you must give it up—you will make little or no advancement until at least you *begin* a steady warfare against this great foe. They will readily admit nothing is ever made by worrying, on the contrary many things are unmade. They know it is a builder of headaches and neuralgia, yet this unwelcome companion still sticks like a burr; the worries of the house are daily taken out for a walk, talked over with friends, and generally return home somewhat enlarged by airing; instead of got rid of, as the holder fondly hopes. Now for one of many methods for the dislodgment of this enemy. Suppose on going out in the morning we make up our minds to leave all cares behind, and to that end commence the instant the hall door is shut to contemplate or study some sentence or word; for if we can lift our daily burdens from off our shoulders for only half an hour, or an hour, by steadily thinking in another direction, this will soon grow into a brighter view of things, and a contented temperament will become ours habitually.

Take the word Joy; how seldom we make it a companion, yet it belongs to us and is our eternal right; why should we neglect it? Perhaps we say it over a few times, and it does not at first seem to mean much, then it forms itself into sentences, and we begin to feel that just *to Be* is a joy, to walk along the pathway

and take long draughts of air is a joy, and a little bit of thankfulness creeps in, and we remember some blessings we possess which lately we had forgotten. Those fleecy clouds and that fleeting stretch of blue look more lovely through joy; perhaps it is raining, each little drop comes down with a business-like air, and quite a spring of joy. Is there a fog, and we long for sunshine? well, by-and-by we shall get it, and in the meantime we know the sun *is* shining somewhere; shining for others if not for us; and anyway we can *make it* shine in our hearts, and that's a joy. Some of the people we meet look glad, and others have care and sadness written too plainly for joy; and as we pass them we can bless them, and tell them of the joy and love which is really theirs for all time, help them in thought to realize it, and be thankful for life, and this beautiful world. Joy is a fruit of the Spirit, how few of us realize sufficiently that fruit comes after sowing, first the little bud and leaf, then the flower and after the fruit, and so it is with the cultivation of joy in our souls, we must create thoughts of joy. Our work or shopping will be got through more easily than usual with some thought of this kind held all the time in the background; the people who wait on us will seem kinder, and most likely quite unknown to them, *why?* they will be pleased to wait on us. That little word will gradually fill us, and we shall feel calm and contented, when on another morning we might have given way to impatience and irritation, after a little while we shall meet some one we know, and in all likelihood they may say to us, "well we need not ask after you this morning, you are looking as happy as possible," and then we shall realize for once worry is afar off, for in this kind of atmosphere worry cannot live, we shall return home strengthened and refreshed, and things there will have taken on quite a roscate glow compared to their condition when we left them. The realization and knowledge of the eternal presence of

God (Good) is a sure way to expel all worry and fear, "Thou wilt show me the path of life; in Thy presence is fulness of Joy." ZELDA.

FROM THE NOTES OF A STUDENT.

INSTEAD of ending a man in death, disease, and degradation, an intelligent and fearless permission of the indulgence of his desires would bring him to joy, health, peace, and restful contentment in the arms of his own great perfect, all-containing, all-controlling soul, where desire, being thoroughly satisfied, would trouble him no more; but first he must cease from condemnation, for we can extract no good from anything while we continue to regard it as evil.

* * * *

It is not the presence of passion which should trouble a man, but the absence of justice and truth.

* * * *

Would you benefit your race and improve the conditions of posterity? Let your ideal be nothing short of perfection. Seek, see, and love it in your own heart; seek, see, and love it in those around you.

* * * *

Why do we wish to exercise influence? Is it to feel powerful, to feel we rule and direct and shape and bend others to our will—a desire eventually leading to tyranny, dogma, and everything opposed to freedom and to love? How can we judge that we are so much better than others that our influence over them would be desirable? Our great care should be that we do not attempt to coerce or to influence them unduly, but that we train them to be self-dependent and fearless in thought, word, and action, and to know themselves above all influences save those they desire.

AMYR.

PERPETUAL YOUTH.

"Nature abhors the old, and old age seems the only disease; all others run into this one. We call it by many names—fever, intemperance, insanity, stupidity, and crime. They are all forms of old age; they are rest, conservatism, appropriation, inertia; not newness, not the way onward. We grizzle every day. I see no need of it. Whilst we converse with what is above us, we do not grow old, but grow young."—EMERSON.

IMMORTALITY in the flesh cannot be monopolised. It belongs to no man or class of men exclusively, but to all equally. All flesh is heir to it. Our title-deeds are written in red blood, not blue—in the one blood common to all the nations of the earth. Once demonstrated by a single individual, this truth must sooner or later be known of men the world over. When the world becomes convinced that living perpetually in a perpetually improving body is not only possible for all, but also best for all, living will be the rule, dying the exception. The best there is is good enough for the people of our time; nothing less will satisfy them long. We refuse to travel in stage coaches when we can speed across the continent behind the iron horse. Nor will we be content with a way train when we can save two or three hours in a thousand-mile trip by taking the "flyer." The "limited," with its quicker time and more luxurious accommodations, only sets the pace for the unlimited and regular train of to-morrow. There are men still living who have seen candles and whale oil as the illuminants in general use give way to petroleum, and that to coal-gas; while in the last two decades we have barely had time to wire the world for electric lighting, immensely developed in effectiveness and economy in these few years by a constant succession of improvements, when Tesla announces the discovery of a wireless and lampless method of illumination—some sort of atmospheric incandescence, as I understand.

The reader can carry forward the comparison in a hundred other particulars that will readily occur to his mind. What I want to emphasise is that we are moving rapidly and all together when we do move. The age of darkness and secrecy con-

cerning any new discovery of truth and its application is past. No man lives to himself alone—the adept in his Himalayan cave not more than the chemist in his laboratory or the mechanic in his workshop on Pike's Peak.

If Ponce de Leon had located a fountain of perpetual youth in Florida four hundred years ago, he might then have pre-empted the whole section of country, built a high wall around it, and alone, or with a chosen band of brothers, sworn to secrecy by awful oaths, guzzled its waters in solemnly silent and hidden exclusiveness. The discovery in our day of such a fountain (just imagining its possibility to point my moral) would be the signal for the organisation of an international syndicate to carry the delectable beverage by pipe-line and tank-steamer to the ends of the earth. Fortunately the location of the real fountain of youth is spiritual and not geographical, and its flow not limited but inexhaustible, while its distributing system is so perfectly organized by nature that we need not be dependent on the benevolent activity of a trust. Every man can have all he wants of the veritable waters of life at his own door without even having to bore a well for it.

If bodily immortality is a good thing, it will become general. If its general acceptance did not mean great gain for the race, it would be an impossibility for any man. There are many people, I find, who do not believe that bodily immortality would be an unalloyed blessing. On this ground they instinctively base their disbelief in its possibility. The most serious objection to the doctrine lies just here. In a recent talk with a widely-known author, who to rare power and insight allies deep and broad sympathy for humanity, the matter came up in this way:

"If people were to stop dying," said she, "the world would soon be overpopulated—which means of course increased pressure upon subsistence, strife, famine and misery."

"Perpetuation of life in the individual

organism," I suggested, "would simply be a better method of perpetuating the race than is reproduction; one obviously and immensely more economical, as well as happier and more beautiful in every way than our present system. When people stop dying, there will be no need of their being born—at least not after the world is fully populated."

On this my gentle friend shuddered and exclaimed: "The world in that case would be robbed of all that makes life worth living—of the freshness, vigour and beauty of youth; of the child's and the youth's capacity for new ideas, their illusions and enthusiasms. Humanity would be saddened and sorrowed to the last degree were it not for the new generation constantly coming forward to displace the old."

Now I confess to a certain sympathy with the state of mind thus manifested. I have a deep-rooted feeling that all is good. If a thing can be shown to me not to be good, taken in the large, I will admit that it cannot be true. My test for truth is goodness. With Harriet Beecher Stowe, I am sure that "what ought to be will be." I believe *Freedom's* readers will agree with me that this objection coming from so many people is accordingly worth looking into and meeting squarely.

The objection, when analysed, is found to be but another form of that which is so often made from the merely personal point of view. To some people prolonged life means only prolonged old age, decay drawn out; the sere and yellow leaf delayed in its fall; the superfluous lagging veteran, sadly surviving all manly or womanly interests, enthusiasms, and ideals. These people think of the Wandering Jew, or of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's gruesome hero, who outlived all his friends and prayed for death. So thinking, they say, "We do not see that bodily immortality holds out any very alluring prospect; as for us, we do not want to live for ever." I am leaving out of consideration, for the present, the numerous class of people who,

under the influence of pessimistic pietism, deem it virtuous to despise this beautiful world and look forward to "a better country" in the life beyond, where they won't have to work any more, but may satisfy their souls by endlessly "loafing 'round the throne." Most of us have been there ourselves, and need not look down on them. They are not ready now to listen to our argument, but they are on the way. Those who live and believe in life will never die, and even those who were dead will begin to live when they really believe in life, putting forth will and desire in accordance with such belief.

To revert to my friend's objection. Bodily immortality and perpetual youth are inseparable. The truth of this seems obvious, yet it cannot be too strongly emphasised. When we are talking about bodily immortality we are not talking at all about old age. Old age is not life; it is absence of life—slow death. Life means growth, increase, newness, youthfulness, an ever expanding and ineradicable joy. When there shall be life indeed, there will be no more death, no more old age, weakness, disease, distortion, sorrow or suffering.

The complete and final conquest of disease—which few find any difficulty in believing to be near—must mean the conquest of death. When we begin to live we stop dying. We are really not living fully until we live as immortals—masters of our bodies in being masters of our fate. We shall then make all things new from day to day and year to year through all the centuries and cycles of unfoldment. We shall understand the kingdom of heaven that is within, for we shall have become as little children.

It is the child, after all, that is the genuine type of the perfect human. Of Goethe at eighty-four it was said that he was "a great child." Emerson somewhere finely accepts the criticism as a proof of Goethe's greatness. Certain it is that the genius is always marked by a certain rare and lovable quality correctly described as "childlike." The sage of Concord in

his own life and thought fully appreciated the sweetness and sanity of the child-nature as the one preservative and continuer of beauty and power. Take this word about the old Greeks :—

"Our admiration of the antique is not admiration of the old, but of the natural. The Greeks are not reflective but perfect in their senses, perfect in their health, with the finest physical organisation in the world. Adults acted with the simplicity and grace of boys. They combined the energy of manhood with the engaging unconsciousness of childhood."

With fuller life and clearer vision, we need not dread that we shall ever become "disillusioned." We shall not lose the faith of youth in his ideals, for we shall know that the ideal is the real, and grow with the growth of our ideals.

What can be clearer than the present need of the youthfulness of mind which this gospel of fuller life in the flesh alone promises? Is the world not robbed of its childhood when thousands of children in all lands are condemned to ceaseless drudgery in factory, mine and mill; and when other thousands are forced into precocious and pitifully premature age by our hot-house processes of miscalled "Education?" Not one in a hundred of the city-bred men and women of our day has really known what it is to have had a childhood. Our young men and maidens among the more fortunate classes are apt to be cynical and *blasé* at twenty. And among the poor, it is not unusual to find people worn out, discouraged and broken down under their burdens before reaching thirty. The poverty and squalor of our modern life for the many, equally with its degeneracy and decay through wanton luxury and unutterable vice among the rich, testify to the world's need of the spirit of youth, of freshness, of vigour and beauty unending, which only the conquest of death shall make possible. Rob the world of youth! Rather let it be proclaimed from the housetops that the idea of bodily immortality has for its first and greatest mission the restoration

to the world of the vitality and youthfulness of which death has so long robbed us. "For love, beauty and delight," says Shelley, "there is no death." How can we hope to have love, beauty and delight until we rid the world of death?

To live long is sweet, but only when it is to live fully, to feel deeply, to think grandly, to act decisively, to make all production and creation "the worker's expression of joy in his work." To be oneself, act oneself honestly and more and more each day, we must have the widened horizon of the endless life in the flesh.

The generation of new ideas, seeing things from new standpoints, putting things in new ways—all this is an essential part of the process of bodily immortalization. If we are to perpetuate youth by perpetuating life, we must let go of the past, let go of all in the old that does not transmute itself into the new. The last year's bonnet that cannot be made over into this year's style had better be discarded along with ways and manners of thinking and acting that are not up to date. Out of the dead leaves dropped to the earth and fertilizing its roots, the tree draws sustenance for the vigour that shall push forth into green glory of new foliage in the new year. Only as we let go the old can we grasp the new. People who keep thoughts and other things in active circulation are perennially young no matter what their years. Those who make lumber rooms of their heads, as of their attics, become congested and clogged up mentally and physically. They resist innovation, oppose "new-fangled notions," talk about the "good old times." In consequence they dam the currents of life and growth, become constipated, dyspeptic, neuralgic, rheumatic, and go moaning and mooning to the grave—unless they open up to Mental Science.

Still another variation to the objection here dealt with is that our theory of the endless life in the flesh would involve a violation of the law of change universal in nature; that it would introduce a dreary sameness repugnant to all artistic

sense of the eternal fitness of things. Perpetual youth is conceived of as "sweet sixteen" made fixed and permanent as to the details in which that age ordinarily presents itself. It is as if youth consisted altogether of pretty frocks and white slippers. These objectors are all fatuously oblivious to the fact that what gives youth its sweetness and charm—what constitutes youth—is its very movement, growth, changeableness. These traits, surely, are not less admirable at sixty than at sixteen. Who that has ever enjoyed a dinner with that prince of wits and story tellers, the late lamented Sam Ward, "the modern Petronius," as he was called, need disconnect sparkle and vivacity from sixty-odd? Equally notable is the instance furnished by "Uncle Sam's" more famous sister, Julia Ward Howe. Although past the four-score milestone, she is to-day as much the life of any party in which she finds herself as she was when she wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," nearly forty years ago. Indeed, the brilliancy, *esprit*, in a word, youthfulness, of the American woman of fifty is almost proverbial. She is the delight of the nations, the world's desire, born to rule by right divine of grace, beauty and wit, and she may marry whom she pleases, or choose husbands for her daughters where she will.

The youth of Oliver Wendell Holmes, "eighty years young"; the youth of Emerson, at his best when past three score; the youth of Longfellow, whose smiling eyes and ever-ready humour only emphasised the radiance of snowy head and beard; the youth of Walt Whitman, "good grey poet" and perennial singer of perennial dawn; the youth of Goethe and of Tennyson, of Bismarck and of Gladstone—this is the kind of youth we celebrate and see before us; the youth eligible to all, the youth we now demand in demanding bodily immortality.

Even the illustrious ones I have mentioned died at last, although retaining their power and charm to an advanced

age. So the reader may ask how we are to derive from their example inspiration or encouragement to live for ever. And my answer is that far more important than their dying is their living in the fullest sense ten, twenty, or even thirty years after the age at which the ancient ignorance of the race has so long condemned its noblest to death. We are to take to heart the lesson of their success as far as it goes, and better it as much as we can, thanking them for cutting the notches by which we may mount past the place they fell. Taking to heart the lesson of their failure, we may avoid it, winning our victories on farther and larger fields. If we can put off decay and death ten years, we can put it off twenty, fifty, a hundred, or a thousand years. Little by little we are learning our power. When we have learned to live a thousand years, earth will be peopled by a race of men beside one of whom all the gods in the Roman Pantheon rolled together would but be as a satyr to Hyperion.

It is senility, decay, death that really contradict or try to contradict the universal law of change. Throughout nature we find life everywhere and death nowhere. The seasons roll around in endless change. Growth describes a circle as spring merges into summer, summer into autumn, autumn into winter, and winter fades into spring. Only man in blind and vain imagination timidly runs a straight or a wobbly line out into a supposed jumping-off point in time. We have learned that, to the courage of Columbus, the world is round, and that there is no jumping-off point on top of the earth; we have yet to grow brave enough to show there is no jumping-off point in time. We fail to connect and complete the circle of change. As Young has it—

"Man makes a death which Nature never made."

In the new day now dawning we shall refuse to run down at fifty or sixty, and we shall refuse to "stop short, never to

go again," like grandfather's clock, when the dial of the years indicates seventy or eighty. In the light of the larger consciousness we shall know our right to live, and, knowing, dare maintain it. Then shall humanity for the first time know what life really is, what youth is, what love is, what power is—knowing the splendour of work and joy in work unending.

PAUL TYNER, in *Freedom*.

PRACTICAL USE OF DIVINE SCIENCE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

THOREAU, that great lover of nature, says, "I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of a man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavour. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture or to carve a statue, and so make a few objects beautiful, but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do."

No knowledge, however exhaustive, is of any benefit to us unless we can make some practical use of it.

The study of Truth in its various forms of presentation is beautiful and interesting to a degree; but we have not reaped the richest and most satisfactory harvest until we have learned to apply the underlying principle of "God, the Good, is all there is" to every thought and act of our daily lives.

What the X-ray is to the physical, Divine Science is to the mental. It pierces through and dissipates all seeming obstacles, and shows us the exact position and condition of every transgression of the Divine Law.

When we stand firmly upon the foundation rock of Oneness with the Father, seeing only God, and Him manifest in everything about us, and acknowledging the omnipotence and omnipresence of but the one power, Good, we have within our grasp the instruments with which to shape our lives exactly as we desire.

From our eminent president of Stanford, David Starr Jordan, we learn that "we are encompassed about by forces that make for righteousness. All power we possess or seem to possess comes for our accord with these forces. There is no *lasting* force except the *power of God*." To know this and to apply it is to have the key to the treasure-house of the All-Good. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Fear not to claim and rejoice in every *good* thing which the Lord thy God hath given thee.

When the Christ said, "Lo, I am with you alway," He meant not only at *all times*, but in *all ways*. And again, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much," is but an admonition to us to recognise the divine guidance and power in every event, from the most trivial to the most important. Leaning upon the assurance that Good is the only power—that we are but the instruments by and through which God's will is done, that of *ourselves* we can do nothing (the Father within us, He doeth the works), all personal responsibility is removed.

In business, the social life, the home life—these truths apply equally well. The business life seems full of cares and anxieties, but these become as nothing when we know that "God is our *unfailing* supply," and stands ever ready to replenish from His limitless storehouse every good of which there may seem a lack.

Recognize in each person with whom you come in contact the same spirit, life, and God-derived attributes which you yourself possess. Call them forth by manifesting love, harmony and justice toward him, and—as like attracts like—you will receive them in return. Do not fear that some one else is going to get more of the good than you are. God is no "respector of persons;" "He giveth unto every man liberally, and upbraideth not." "In my Father's house is enough and to spare," and just in the degree that you claim your birthright it shall be

manifest unto you. Look for and *expect* only *success* in your affairs. Realizing that you are spirit, and that "Spirit never faileth," insures victory against all seeming odds. "Say to yourself, 'I am one with the Father.' 'Unto me all power is given'—therefore I am omnipotence, and by the power of my word can overcome any and all obstacles." "Your word is your weapon"—use it, that out of the bondage of poverty, injustice and strife, you may clear your way to the freedom of love, peace and plenty.

In the social life is an excellent opportunity for demonstrating the omnipotence of Good. It was said of the Spirit that He was "too pure to behold iniquity." Follow in His footsteps by looking for only the *kindly* motive back of each act,—listen for the word of *commendation* rather than *condemnation*. When relating your experiences tell of the *good* things which have come to you—of the *bright* spots in the daily life; and from your listeners you will receive words and acts of a similar nature, calling forth an atmosphere of harmony, which is all-restful.

Our Science friend, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, has expressed these suggestions most beautifully. Listen:

"Talk *happiness*. The world is sad enough Without your woes. No path is wholly rough. Look for the places that are smooth and clear, And speak of those to rest the weary ear Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain Of human discontent and grief and pain.

"Talk *faith*. This world is better off without Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt. If you have faith in God, or man or self Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf Of silence, all your thoughts till faith shall come. No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

"Talk *health*. The dreary, never changing tale Of mortal maladies is worn and stale. You cannot charm or interest or please By harping on that minor chord, disease. Say you are well, or all is well with you, And God shall hear your words and make them true."

In the home life—Ah! there is the greatest field of all for the application of these blessed truths. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh"—and when your heart or consciousness is filled with peace and love and harmony, you

create an atmosphere about you in which the most discordant member of a family cannot fail to realise a soothing influence.

Upon awaking in the morning insure a satisfactory day by affirming the possession *now* of every good you desire. Say: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof"; I am heir and joint-heir with Christ, therefore this fulness is for my use and enjoyment. I claim for myself all the supply of whatever kind necessary for the on-going of my daily duties; I am divinely led in all things; I am one with the Infinite Mind of the Universe; I have all knowledge; I know just what to do and say under all circumstances.

"I have no fear of loss of any kind, for 'of all that the Father hath given me I can lose nothing'; 'There is no lack of any *good thing* in the Father's house, therefore every righteous desire is supplied *here and now*.'" Does this sound selfish to you, dear friends? When you understand that there is but One to hear and One to answer, One to ask and One to receive, you will know that whatsoever you ask for yourself you ask for every member of the great spiritual body.

By what thought-influence do we surround our children? We know there is nothing so impressional as the mind of a child, and whatever is imprinted upon it in its earliest years remains for all time. Then let us lay a foundation for the perfect life by teaching our little ones to see, hear, think and externalize only the *good* in their surroundings and necessities. Let us show them that back of every thought and act lies the Power of God, and that both thought and act should be an out-picturing of the Divine Mind. It is wonderful how readily they will grasp these truths, and with what faith they will apply them to the little incidents of their daily lives.

Keep the children *happy*, and you will have small need of soothing and purifying remedies. Chase the clouds away with the sunshine of your love; give it to them in boundless measure, pressed down and running over. There is no medium

through which the Divine Will works such wonders as the power of Love; and the most obstinate child will respond to the loving word or caress when all other means have failed.

To the true-mother heart there is naught so near of heaven as the clasp of baby arms, the touch of baby lips, the caress in the baby voice as it lisps, "I love 'oo, Mamma, dear." And when we realise that it lies with us to call forth and increase this subtle incense until it permeates and effaces every seeming in-harmony—we know why it was said, "And the greatest of these is love."

For the good man of the house let me say a word ere closing. When he starts out in the morning for his daily routine give him the helpful word. Say, "This is the best day of all; only *good* can come to you. Where'er you go you meet success. There is nothing impossible with God, so there is no good thought or deed impossible with you. You have all strength, and all power to do whatsoever He wills you to do." Hold these thoughts for him during the day, and remember, "Whatsoever ye ask in His name, believing that ye *have*, ye *shall receive*."

These, dear friends, are but a few of the practical applications of Divine Science. Its possibilities for all *good* are limitless, and it rests entirely with you how much you receive.

Christ said, "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you." Cease looking to the external for satisfaction; it will never give you that "perfect peace which passeth understanding." Go *within* and partake of the "*good things*" in the Father's house. Learn *who* and *what* you are. Open your soul to the inflow of the Divine Presence until it fills every atom of your Being, and—let His will be done. Then knowing whereby you are led, you will need but the one prayer, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer."

ELIZABETH H. REMMEL, in *Harmony*.

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