

Self Treatment

Keep this manuscript in your own possession.
Learn its contents by heart.
Let it be one article never handled by any fingers but your own,
never seen by any eyes but your own.
One day you will discover that you are born again.

Emma Curtis Hopkins

I.

A treatment is not something to bring about in life or affairs or mind or body, something that was not already in life, in affairs, in mind, in body, before.

A treatment is a Truth stated. Whatever happens when Truth is stated happens because Truth was not manifest till it was stated. It touches the principle announced by John, the beloved disciple, that without the spoken Word of Truth, the manifested God is not possible.

People of religion must have an orderly - arranged statement of principles to which they subscribe.

People of religion keep one treatment in their mind constantly. It is a truth. That word is "GOD."

A word is a treatment.

Whenever we describe God, we give the whole world a treatment, not to be aware that God is, but to speak what is. The right statement of God is the first treatment of religion.

1. The first lesson of Spiritual Science is the statement of the first principle taught by pure and undefiled religion. It is this: The Name or God omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient. Good, Spirit, Mind.
2. The second lesson is the second principle. It is this: Denial of all but God.

3. The third lesson is the third principle. It is this: Affirmation of all as God.
4. The fourth lesson is the fourth principle. It is this: Faith is the evidence that God is all.
5. The fifth lesson is the fifth principle. It is this: Works are the rest of mind in the presence of God.
6. The sixth lesson is the sixth principle. It is this: Understanding of God is the only understanding worthwhile.
7. The seventh lesson is the seventh principle. It is this: Birth or bringing forth is sight of God in all things everywhere and seeing God only. This is possible.
8. The eighth principle is Sight or the Spiritual Mind, which is never deceived.
9. The ninth principle is Holiness, which is the only nature of all things. There is no sin by this Principle. The confession of sin is only the pouring out of secret opinions concerning ignorance, inefficiency, and shortcomings, which have neither part nor lot in God. Our only adversary is God. The only opposition we meet is the presence of God, the invincible One. "Behold, I am against thee saith the Lord."
10. The tenth is the discussion of Forgiveness, which in Science is giving for secret misapprehension of self, the divine apprehension of Self. This in mysticism is the divine Self, one in all, as the inconceivably small point everywhere present.
11. The eleventh is Judgment.
12. The twelfth is Praise.

These twelve principles are the only subjects ever discussed by religion or metaphysics. They all mean one Name. It is the Name that is not yet spoken. It is in the heart. It was with us in the beginning, it is

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with us now. It will be forever with us. It rushes through the universe.

No science has it written out. No one has spoken it aloud. No one has whispered it. It is the unspeakable Name. The name Jesus Christ held as a breath, sinks down into the heart, and turns and overturns the mind that is seated there on its throne till below all and more energetic than all that we have ever known, thought or felt before, it tells a language new and strange.

The mystic word unspeakable is in the heart, which lets the name Jesus Christ into it. A light like a lamp of smokeless fire burns from that Name.

The first treatment must forever be a name. The name God is not the true name of the ineffable One from whom we came forth. Did we not have our home somewhere? Remember from whence you came forth. Remember now your Creator in the days of your youth or now as you are first setting forth in Science of Mind Eternal.

Now is the time to remember. The mathematician says he does not take up any new calculations but remembers what he once knew. Some preachers remember some far away place and time when they spoke powerfully. Some people can half catch glimpses of a supernal light from whence they came long hence in the past.

Are we not as they that dream while we do not remember – remember – from whence we came forth?

The Hindus have their devotees remember books by heart that they may somewhere catch the clue of their beginning, their home whence they sprang forth. He who shall remember the Name of that from whence he sprang forth shall be It.

The name God does not bring the memory. The names of God do not one of them bring it. They do, however, seem to stir the memory, for memory is a path to something over some words.

One name of that which is the Spirit and Life, is Jesus Christ. It is both God and man. It is the indecomposable element. It has nothing of which it is composed or for which it stands. It is Itself and speaks a language to the heart, as an independent potentiality. It is the mystic Name in that it gives an understanding of the “I” of man. It gives an understanding of God. It gives an understanding of Science. It gives the unspeakable Name. We cannot get that Name except by it.

We soon see that it is to the eye, lips, ears, and mind one name but to the great fact of being it is another. It is the statement of that purpose, that is working now with us. Thus, it is the statement of truth. It is therefore a treatment. It takes the hearing and leads it back to the

altar fire from whence all hearing started and touches it with a flake of some power that hearing had never before caught. Nothing can hinder the hearing caught at the altar fires. It is born of God.

“Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world” (I Jn 5:4) Sight, beauty, strength, wisdom, lighted by one touch of divine fire cannot be stopped or limited.

This Name takes the whole mind back to its fountainhead step by step. The Name - The Name!

Whose voice sounds on my hearing when Jesus Christ is spoken, is thought, is breathed? What home glimpses on some topless heights where my sight beyond sight stretches?

Whatsoever is born of that fire is born of God. Whosoever is born of that Name finds himself at home, finds his God, finds his life, finds his love, finds his mind, finds truth. He speaks one Name, and understanding by and through it all other names, finds himself to be the unspoken One. Finding himself by this pathway, he has found all that is to be found. He is satisfied.

Om is not the name. Isis is not it. Osiris is not it. God is not it. Omnipresence, Omnipotence, Omniscience are but cloaks that smother, but Jesus Christ is the truth that uncovers, unclothes, exposes what was and is and ever shall be free.

A name is a treatment. There is none other name given that in itself is understanding of all save One known among men by the name Jesus Christ. That name gives understanding of that One whose name is One unspeakable. Sit thou on the right hand with that Name till understanding shines.

II.

The Prince of this world comes and finds nothing in me. The Prince of this world is that which the world sees and strives to be one with in order that success may crown their days. The Prince of this world ordains the slaughter of animals to feed men. Therefore, he who slaughters most animals shall be greatest on some line in the kingdom where this Prince reigns. He ordains the kings and emperors of this world. Therefore, that emperor or king who kills most and sets his heel most vengeantly on the necks of people is most in favor on some line with the Prince whose motto is:

“Captivity is my name. “

“I am god and there is none beside me.”

“I set kings in their places.”

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"I ordain the land animals to prey and the sea fish to devour."

"I harden the hands and hearts of whom I will and they do my bidding every one."

"I am evil. He who is most evil is most like me."

Now this Prince comes to Jesus Christ and finds nothing of his own substance in Him - nothing! And Jesus Christ fearlessly looking the whole size of evil squarely in the face sees nothing of His own substance in the Prince of this world. He takes this Prince, by his supreme name, which is Captivity, by the neck and leads him into oblivion.

His name is then forgotten. He who has most forgotten evil is he who has most dominion. Jesus Christ has led Captivity captive. Jesus Christ has put Satan behind Him into the oblivion of entire forgetfulness. Jesus Christ comes squarely up to the whole realm of sorrow, pain, spoliation, trouble, and sees nothing in it. "Depart from Me. I never knew you."

There is nothing in the Prince of this world whose name is Captivity no-thing. There is no reigning power. There is no substance. There is no life. There is no truth. There is no love. There is nothing to the Prince who ordains the abuse of men. Nothing of him who slays; nothing that can hurt or make afraid. There is nothing to fear.

Know ye not that the Father has committed all power, all substance, all judgment, all this world unto His only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, Prince of Peace, Good Will to men? King of Glory. Love Incarnate, the Righteous, the Redeemer, Lord of Lords and Very God of Very God.

"Be not afraid, ye believe in God, believe also in Me." I have overcome the world. I now reign. Let all the isles rejoice. Let the mountains sing praises.

Who is there that finds his love in Me? Who finds all that he is in Me? Who is there that looks at the Prince of this world, at him that ordained the dominion of hurt, and fear and finds nothing in him? Nothing at all? He is Mine and I am his. I have put My Name upon him. I have made My abode in him.

The Prince of this world that succeeds by force comes hoping to find some of his own substance in him that has Me abiding in him and finds nothing - nothing.

So he that is Mine has no hurt. He that terrifies cannot find in him that has Me in him any portion of that which tends to death or cruelty or anger or fear. So he leaves him forever. Behold I live and they that find all in Me live also. I, Jesus Christ, have led Captivity captive.

III.

You are known by the company you keep. To be aware that you are in the presence of an attentive mind unto which you can address yourself will show you the word and the work of that mind.

"The Son can do nothing only what He seeth the Father do. And what things soever He doeth these doeth the Son also."

Tip your speech with healing fire by speaking much to the attentive Presence near you. Tip your pen with irresistible light by writing your pages to the Eternally Wise overlooking your truth.

Enchant your manners with splendid graces by remembering you are in the everlasting company of the Perfect One. Gird your loins with strength by acknowledging that the Almighty is your ally.

The *word* and the *work* of the enlightened stand equally in favor with mankind.

If you can speak so as to give thy neighbor one taste of bliss as you recall unto him one slightest memory of the Paradise from whence he first came out, he will take slight heed of whether you can heal the sick or raise the dead.

If thou can make bread out of nothing like St. Franchy in the seventh century, if you can cure those born deformed, you will give a drop of the elixir of joy to all who see you work. It will remind them of the heavenly place of light from whence they came out. They will not ask you to talk.

By word or by work are the enlightened recommended unto the world. The enlightened are those who remember most of the country of delight where their soul was nerved with happiness before they said that they forgot the way back to God. They are those who believe the attentive Mind bends over them and unto It they address themselves.

They do not think it a far away country of wisdom. They say that it is nigh at hand. Yea, they have even seen that the whole land of Paradise was in their own body smiling as a face and kind as the bliss of mother love.

Watching a face, its whole character is revealed to you. Where is the face of the Absolute God? "It is nigh thee - very nigh." It is even in and through your whole body. What do you say unto that face? That which you say It answers back again. The Mind that attends unto you is one Mind. It has one language.

It is not necessary that you talk to your neighbor about his health. Talk to that Mind, attentive to thy speech, in the language that it would

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use if you could hear it speak on the subject of your neighbor's health.

If you speak to your neighbor, you will be like that neighbor. If you speak to a mind that is silly, you shall be silly. If you speak to Absolute Wisdom you are Absolute Wisdom indeed while you are addressing that Mind. You are known by your Friendship.

IV.

The Hindus repeat whole books by heart striving thereby to remember what their soul knows. Sometimes their repetitions have the wished for effect, and they have a realization of some one point as their enlightened sages have given it. From that moment, they remember some other happy truth and then another till they also are called sages.

All the Bibles of the nations are memories of these sages. When they have remembered certain principles, which they formerly knew, they have disappeared from human view. It was then said that they are ascended into light or into Paradise or into Heaven from whence we all came forth.

All the memorizing we do of any one's words takes us back as on a golden thread to our point in life where he and we were much alike. The recollection of his words brings on its string his peculiarities and idiosyncrasies. We know them. We either copy them or drop them. As we copy them we cease to be like ourselves and for the while we are copying his mind we have ceased to go back to our soul point.

Remembering the words of Jesus Christ, we take fewest earthly notions along. Indeed, we are told He communicates no guile along the threads of His matchless eloquence. He leads mind by His Name back to the fountain where words were born - where abilities were born - where genius began. Then our words are born again. No matter what they then say, they accomplish wonders.

"I will give thee a mouth and wisdom so that no man is able to gainsay nor resist thee." (Lk 21:15)

Our actions count as noble successes and nothing can resist their success. Success gives a taste of bliss and entire bliss is heaven. Each taste of happiness is a reminder of heaven. "Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world." (I Jn 5:4)

Laying our words back upon the anvil from whence power is born is laying them on the altar. Laying our will back upon the substance from whence the Divine Will moves is laying our will upon the altar. Laying our money back upon the solid light from whence prosperity is born is

laying our money back upon the altar. Words, will, money, from the altar have miraculous energy.

John Grande of Spain (1759) fed multitudes by putting a piece of meat and bread before the image of the Virgin Mary and after that, the more he gave to the famine-stricken people the more he had.

It is plain that he had put his words, will and possessions back into the fountain Mind called God and placing the bread and meat before the Virgin was then a successful act.

Born of God – Born of God – Born of God!

The thoughts that you use are will-o'-the-wisps till they have been laid back on the Mind that is God. Then they are kindled with a new fire. They are come to life. They can work.

Actions are pantomimes till they have been kindled on the altar where power and life and light are real. As a name stops the click of the will-o'-the-wisp thoughts and begins to turn their wheels backward toward the soul point where the electric fires of God are burning, so a truth strikes again and again on the electric fires of Soul.

Born of God – Born of God – Born of God!

My thoughts are born of God.

My words are born of God.

My will is born of God.

My actions are born of God.

This is truth.

It is a touch of my will-o'-the-wisp thoughts on reality to say they are born of God.

God is here.

I touch my face against God and its beauty is the beauty of God.

I lay my gold on God's here substance,
and its purchasing power is the Jesus Christ ability.

God is here.

Behind me is God. I lay all I have there and say unto it:

"Born of God!"

God is before me. I put down all that I have there and say unto it:

"Born of God!"

On the right I stretch my hand and lay it upon God,
and lo! my hand is born of God. It works whatsoever is good.

On the left hand, there is my resting-place.

Under me is the eternal God.

My feet touching God go not astray.

I remember where I am, and born of God I am all God.

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V.

The only difference between inferior people and superior people (so-called) is in their ability to concentrate to an idea. Every idea carries its own quality. We do not have to compel an idea to be itself. It is itself.

So when we attend strictly to an idea it will infuse and diffuse and interpenetrate itself into us till it is us. A noble, a lofty, a sublime idea being attended unto infuses, diffuses, and interpenetrates till we are it and it only. Half attention makes partial likeness. Slight attention is remoteness indeed.

Trainers of animals select only those which can look steadfastly at an object as if curious to know what it might be. Only such are capable of performing feats of skill.

There is no difference between people and animals in this matter. The mighty musician is concentrated in his gaze. The mighty miracle worker is steadfastly attentive to the principles that first attracted him, and which make his works successful.

The miracles themselves are of little account to the miracle worker. It is the principles, which charm him. On the other hand, if the miracles themselves charm him and he watches the operation of change from disease to health, from idiocy to intelligence, with concentrated devotion everything will change while he looks at it.

Change from imperfection to perfection is his idea. It penetrates him and is himself. Whatever he looks at must operate to suit him. His idea is alive, strong, workative.

Ideas are now running things in this universe in their own ways. People who attend them are as much run by them as things are run by them. The question of great importance to answer is: "Is it worth while to be run by an idea?" Since an idea is something that is related in nature, ability, office, and result to billions of sisters and brothers, is any idea, however lofty and sublime, worthy to be called God? Should it have the rights of Absolute God?

It is an established fact that an idea will manipulate and manage things its own way if well attended to.

All people are more or less governed by ideas, first one, and then another taking possession of them. Are they themselves while being run and manipulated by ideas? Is there something that is not an idea, which it is better to be? Are we something when not managed by the best idea ever instituted, but nothing when we are run, and manipulated by one?

Is God obliged to select an idea to focus His attention to? Is God

something beyond and independent of ideas? If I am God, into whose hands have I given my throne if I let an idea run me?

It is the old fable of the king, who set a fool upon his throne and could not get him off, if I find that I the king have let an idea manage my kingdom. I will do so no longer.

I am Myself.

I am not controlled by an idea, good or bad, lofty or ignoble.

I am Myself.

I am God.

I am King.

I am what I Am.

I will not be what I am not.

In My presence, ideas dissolve.

Now I know.

VI.

It is written that when the Lord God takes His seat in the throne all the twenty-four elders shall fall down on their faces, crying, "Holy, Holy!"

The twenty-four elders are, so far as we are concerned, the twenty-four lessons concerning God. The Lord God is the Self, understanding the self. We are dealing with externals while we are dealing with lessons. When we understand, we lay down our lessons.

God hath His seat at the center of our being. When all our nature turns to look upon our God that nature is gone and God is left.

The Eternal One is God. The nature that eats and drinks, that loves and hates, is the temporal one. The temporal has no life of its own, no intelligence of its own, therefore it is called the unreal nature.

Only the eternal Substance is the real Substance. Therefore in all metaphysics we read, "God is the only Substance. God is the only Intelligence."

There is all understanding in God. Every flash of understanding we are conscious of is a reminder that God is nigh us even in our heart and in our mouth.

As the rose gathers all the red of the universe and is red itself so we may be all the understanding of the universe flash by flash. Every religion has for its purpose, expressed or unexpressed, the union of God at our center with the universal God free from delusions, free from temporals. As the gardener's purpose is to unite the red focus at the heart of the rose with the red of the empyrean, without mixtures.

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Religion acts as a gardener to our red heart love by drawing all the love of God to unite with our love. The temporals of human life are excluded by the pure and undefiled religion.

Love that is pure from the temporals is eternal, absolute God. Mind pure of temporals, is mighty understanding. Truth that mentions temporals as not real and not operating, is the shining power, the irresistible, impregnable God.

Truth that shows its power at once is truth. It waits not an instant. The rose shows its red the instant it is red. The rose lay in the air behind it before it turned its form downward and sprang back again. Is it not written that every plant was created before it appeared?

So your shining understanding, which is your God heart, was all glorious before it turned itself downward into human temporals and slowly regathered itself to its former splendor.

Stand thou upright, O Soul! Has your turning into the human ground and flowering altered the red at your heart?

Have you not learned much of the not God by your human sojourn? Love is God. Understanding is God. Your red heart is Love. Your red heart is God. Your red heart is understanding. Your red heart is God. Its name is the Name in the name Jesus Christ. The airs hide the splendors of the living God from you. But when you open your heart at the teaching of your Gardener, the religion of union, unity, One, and His name One, the airs will stand aside, they will turn into the fine lights of their original estate like yourself. All nature will break forth at your understanding of yourself. You are that One that should first discover yourself and in discovering yourself, all things discover themselves.

You are alone in the universe.

You are the Shining One.

Take now your seat in your throne.

VII.

We are told that there are vibrations streaming through the universe. If we chord with them, we are in harmony with our life. All our actions charm our world. All our world's actions charm us. The mind has its fingers with which to touch the fine threads of music that string themselves to and fro. It has eyes to see their twining enchantments.

If we use the mind's fingers first, the external fingers will do all things swiftly and skillfully.

If we use the mind's eyes first, the outer eyes will see all things

quickly and truly. The love threads string straight past our doors. The wisdom threads stream close to our sight.

The life threads are strung under our fingers. Truth, power, fearlessness, beauty, prosperity go through our bodies in shining beams and all cross at our heart's center to call our attention.

The Master and King in the Absolute Mind's heart realm, having His seat at our heart, knows all these lines, and lives in everlasting concord with them. The flesh mind is invited to join in the song, in the strain, in the works of the Spirit.

The invitation chants and re-chants.

"Come unto me,"

"Sing the new song,"

"O turn ye."

There is no end to its song. We may keep eyes on the flesh. We may keep fingers on matter through this world, through the next world, through the world beyond that, on into the three heavens of our Bible, the twin heavens of Mohammed, the ten heavens of Dante. We may return again to this planet, or fly to Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus - but the call of the Master and King, the inconceivably small One, the everywhere present One, is still the same!

"Come!"

Listen, O ye people!

Listen, O my being!

I hear the voice of the King in the garden center, my heart. I will attend to the Spirit from henceforth and forever. I will not know more of the worlds of matter that chime not with the song. Why should I not be what I may be? Why should I not be the song at my heart? Why should the harmony of the everlasting chords not touch my voice with music so that when I speak my words heal the wounds of creation?

May I not speak from the Spirit within? Is it not written that the words I speak may be the words of the Father that dwells within me? What is the difference between Jesus Christ and the man of flesh handling matter with weariness and pain forever?

It is only that He hearkens and does, and thus is alive forevermore with the word of the Master and King, the Father. I am privileged to hearken and do.

I turn my mind's eyes toward Thee, O King, whose everlasting place is within me. Thou callest my Name. Thou callest it again. I am not mistaken. The sound of my own Name opens my ears, my eyes, all my senses. I see Thee face to face. I can speak Thy language.

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VIII.

The photographer covers his plates with collodion, which makes them negative. They cannot then help receiving the stamp of that which is looking at them.

The whole universe is in the state of that negativized plate. It waits through aeons, changeless negative, for me to stamp my "I Am what I Am" upon it.

One moment's uneasy silence and the "I am that I think I am," is impinged on the negative universe. I do not like it. The experiences are distasteful, unrelishable.

For what I think I am, I am not, by any manner of means. But if I impress upon this universe that which I AM, I then am utterly and absolutely satisfied with what transpires.

Be still, myself – be still. Be still with the calm of the one that I AM. For I would write on the plastic walls of an eternal blank that which I AM that is true; and I have not thought it out, but it was and is and always will be my own glorious being.

I would write on the plastic walls my being's original beauty, my being's pristine goodness, my being's wondrous kindness. Then all the world would be my perfect image.

The subject sits softly still, while he prints his image on the collodionized plate. So I will sit still while I imprint the splendor of my God-knowledge, God-beauty, God-power, upon the waiting universe. To myself I will say, "Be still and know that I am God." (Ps 46:10) There is no restlessness in me. I am at peace. I am still. My strength is to sit still. I fill myself with thoughts and then for one moment, I preserve a seeming stillness. The reprint of my thoughts and words with which I have covered myself will appear soon in my world. But what I AM, indeed, that is not thinkable; that is it which I have a baptism to be baptized with – that is my only call.

I write the splendor of my native genius on the walls of eternity. Then all the mirrored surface shows me splendid genius. Great men, wonderful women, light, and peace and beauty, music, song, knowledge, all that Jesus Christ knows, now this day are shown me face to face.

The I am that has imprinted its thoughts on the walls of eternity is not I. Thoughts are set aside while I am still. The I am whose words are showing me my past and present and future in the people and the things I meet is not I.

Oh! I AM the wonderful Being before whom cherubim and

seraphim fall down forgotten. I must be still and think nothing. I must be still and print the image of myself on the plastic walls that close around me.

At my stillest center, I am the undefeatable, unspeakable One. Jesus Christ wrote on the plastic airs his character and none question the stainless splendor of that figure wherever man returns an image thereof.

That Name silences my restless mind. It stills my angry pulse. It puts my energy to sleep. Thus, I step one step nearer the silence, which can print a universe with goodness, beauty, majesty, power, wisdom. I am the writer of God. What I have written that was not God has fallen into that negative quality into which the air walls are forever resolving themselves. They are fresh each moment for a new image. I am still. I am still. Upon the soft ethers of eternity, I hereby print my character, my name, my Self as I AM.

IX.

"Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." (Jer 15:16) The word of the Lord concerning joy is to be given forth into the world either by pen or thought or speech.

Where is the rejoicing heart? Where is the good news that would make my mouth pleasant with speech and my pen enchanting?

There is good news from somewhere for me to hear. Who hears the news in his secret mind and will not tell it unto me, which if I heard it, would make my heart leap with joy, and brighten my eyes with beautiful smiles? Where is the messenger from the far country whose face bears the news my soul is waiting for like a thirsty hart in the desert, as it longs for the waters?

Is the news close at my hand?

Is the good nigh me or far off that I am waiting to realize?

Good news from a far country!

Mail from the glad lands!

Messengers from home!

These are my right. God has all this in His keeping. God has me in His heart. God has a way for me as mathematics has a way for its worker to solve his hard problems.

Jeremiah, the sad, sang that the word of the Lord was the joy and rejoicing of his heart.

The word of the Lord – the word of the Lord – the word of the Lord.
Where is the word of the Lord?

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Moses tells me it is nigh me, even in my heart and in my mouth. The word that would make me like a tree of delight by the running rivers is in my mouth.

What matter if I never speak it? Am I not glad that it is in my heart and in my mouth? What a priceless treasure I possess - namely, a word which if I spoke, the heaven of heavens could not contain Me.

The whole creation has in its heart, but gives not forth, that wondrous treasure. The whole creation has a mouth and speaks not the wondrous message.

Speak – speak – speak – mouth!

Strike out your word from the heart point where the word lives. Has the word of the mouth of man been divorced from the heart of man? Does no one speak from his heart?

This explains why I have not heard you speak the good news I am fainting to hear.

This explains why you have not heard me speak the good news you have languished for while I would not speak it. I will make haste to speak and think and set my seal and sign manual unto, the words that are in my heart and mouth.

I see now the ministry of Truth. I see now the ministry of all religions. It is to unite the tongue and heart.

Will not the fingers write what the heart feels and the mouth speaks? Will not the feet run where the heart and tongue tell? Is ever the heart satisfied with temporal things?

Wherefore is Martha, who has strung her tongue to speak of material ways, and her heart to an artificial imagination, that changeable structures are its delight, the governor of the homes of the planet? Is she satisfied to be restless alone? Does she not urge that men work and hurry to build and study and beautify what is?

Does the Martha heart, strung out of its central poise, not drive the tongue, the pen, the feet, to save and hoard and arrange knowledge and friends and gold that wealth may be our portion? Why should Martha rule the world? Is she not artificial heart and tongue?

How can I stop my agreement with the unpoised heart and tongue? Have I not also been thinking that I ought to do something different from what I am doing or redouble my exertions on the same line in order to accomplish more? Do I not agree in love of things, which is no love at all? I will now retire from the strife. I will be my heart as it is strung by itself, swinging its everlasting life in lone beauty and moving my tongue with kindness and rejoicing.

I will not speak and speak and speak of things, which are not my heart's joy, till I swing a false heart into my days.

I will not draw nigh the Spirit with my lips while that trained heart is far from the Spirit.

The heart and mouth that are at variance I will not use. I will let the true heart and its mouth do all the speaking and thinking.

The heart and tongue that are strung to performing with matter are but shadows. Whoever dwells much with them describes his troubles continually. He is all trouble, all pain, all anxiety. One little taste now and then he gets of pleasure, but its brief moment hastens by and he gives days and nights, and days and nights to further vanities of effort for one other taste of pleasure.

But always there back of the shadow swings a heart and mouth and tongue with everlasting rejoicing. Singing, singing, as the morning stars, as the bride and bridegroom, as the king and queen in majesty and beauty. These are nigh me even in my heart and mouth. Let them be me. I interfere not.

X.

An unreliable presence is the mind that is swayed by alternating feelings of good and evil. While the good feeling inspires a mind, it is radiant, buoyant, healthy. While the ill feeling stirs the mind, it is gloomy, depressing, disease-breeding. The external world is made up of the alternating moods of mind.

When a someone puffs and inflates his mind with professions that it, with its body is the greatest, the brightest, the ablest that the Lord ever created, the wind that blows from that good feeling is very convincing to the wavering and uncertain other minds around.

Other winds have blown feebly one day and strongly the next day which other people's minds have infused them with, because other people were not so well inflated. They had not stretched the capacity of their windbags to equal extent with the inflated type.

The Lord that fills such a one with steady conceit and fills another with wavering conceit is not the Absolute and Impartial Lord Eternal, but the shadow Lord. The shadow Lord is one Adonai, as the Impartial Lord is One God.

The multitudes of visible men and women are the different creations of the Adonai, or Lord of the whole earth. He puffs one with conceit and another with conceit and you with conceit and me with conceit in less or greater quantum.

Self Treatment

When I hear that I am as great and wonderful of mind as I have courage to affirm, I am then being alone with my Lord of the earth, Adonai. I then begin at my Lord's orders to say, "I am omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient."

I repeat many other affirmations as, "I am free, wise, immortal." Whatever I then say comes into my mind as a potency. I show forth somewhat in my bodily condition like these affirmations. The Adonai, or my Lord of my earth, may confer with himself to make me a Jesus or a Pilate.

But this Lord of my life tells me that the highest he knows is that someone's word is his burden or his freedom. The highest he knows is, "Be ye steadfast to goodness." – "Be ye speakers of right words." – Be aware that the Lord that deals with matter and says unto the flesh, "To one I give great power and to another small power," that Lord is nobody and nothing but the human ego.

So the Lord of the whole earth, that teaches people the difference between good and evil, is Adonai – the human ego, who is everywhere ruling matter and mind, showing mercy to one, hardening another; ennobling one, belittling another, at his will. The Bibles of the world are most telling of the human ego and calling him Lord, God, Jehovah.

Wherever man or woman or child, sees that the human ego or Lord of the earth, is the claim of intelligence without being really Intelligence, there is a fine rift made in the shadow, and the true Lord is somewhat understood.

When the inflated mind is happy and joyous it inflates and brings happiness to other minds. But it is unreliable happiness. So of its gloom.

The shine of the changeless and reliable One, whose name has not been spoken through all teachings, through all feelings is the shine of Changeless Paradise.

XI.

One bright glance of understanding through the mind that deals with earth, puts the mind that lords it over all the earth quite away.

By one bright glance of the changeless and reliable One through the cloudy mind of human ego the day dawns of which the prophets have prophesied when there should be everlasting joy and beauty in the earth as in heaven.

There is a spot of mind in the midst of mind that knows there is something different, different, different, from what human mind tells,

though human mind may be telling angels and archangels in fadeless Paradise. There in that spot is everlasting denial of what is called bliss.

Take notice while the eloquent psalmist repeats lines describing heavenly joys, how, at that spot within you, there resides the denier of it all.

The best songs are only echoes though they rouse the heart to loftiest exaltations. Some chord is yet untouched while cherubim and seraphim are pictured as calling you home, home, home. That untouched chord, that unresponding spot is the God point in your being.

Let descriptions of Paradise stand aside. What can the cloud know of the sunshine? What can shut eyes know of what is going on around them? What can the Lord of all the dark and changing earth know of Him that dwells in bright heaven? The only truth the Lord that makes your mind strong or makes your body beautiful can tell you, that will call your God point to respond, is "I am no-thing!" Something within you rouses as it were to shine when the Lord that created the heavens and the earth tells the opening truth, "I am no-thing! No-thing!"

Let the ego repeat this self-dissolving truth till the unresponding spot within you rises in its shining gladness and the heavens and the earth hide it no longer from that which it knows is true. The Lord that made the heavens and the earth, is no-thing and less than no-thing and all that he has made is naught. The everlasting denier within you is not error but truth it is not the devil, but God.

The everlasting denier of all the talk of the beauty and goodness of the saints is the unresponding God point at your center. It knows that no saint was ever described aright. No heaven with angels and happiness was ever told of, that was rightly told of.

No-thing – no-thing – no-thing ever pleases that denier, that unconvinced and invincible God within you.

It is against all forms, all ceremonies, all bliss of mind, all gloom, all man, all Bible, all science, everything! It is the worm that dies not even while Jesus Christ is being taught of. It is the fire that is not quenched while Science tells of a pathway to God by the living word.

Have thy way, O unresponding, unsatisfied One at my center! Spring forth through my being, through my will, through my mind, through all that I think that pleases thee not! Thou shalt shine, thy bright glancing undarkened by my counsel. Thy will be done with me. Thy judgment in its beauty reigneth.

Self Treatment

XII.

“The words that I speak unto you it is not I that speak, but the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works.” (Jn 14:10)

“Believe me for the very works sake.” (Jn 14:11)

“If I do not the works of the Father, believe me not.” (Jn 10:37)

“An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and there shall no sign be given it.” (Matt 16:4)

A work is a sign of what has been going on.

I look at my photograph and do not like it. But that photograph pictures exactly what was going on when I looked into the camera all collodion. I see a picture of what I did. I am not pleased with my world. But it is all the work of my hands. I looked toward the willing banks of morning ether and they registered me.

Here comes a cripple. He had only ether soft and yielding the instant before I looked at him. I threw that moment an ill projection from my stock of spears.

Creation is new every moment. I will have no words but the words of the Father that dwells in me. The Father is the everlasting protestant within me that would imprint Himself in unspeakable splendor on the ethers that fold me.

I will see that the new creation shows the Father.

Then as you behold the lame walk, the blind see, the ignorant awaken, you shall believe me, for the works will testify whose words are going forth. And if I do not cast on the yielding walls around me these signals, you cannot believe that I am the words of God altogether, for these signs follow them that speak the speech of God. If I am mournful at sight of evil, I am mourning because I have two sides to my thoughts. One side is the everlasting denier of the way I do things, and the other is speaking what I remember of my last creations, and fearing my new creations. To be divided in house is the fall of the house. Division is adultery. How can the photograph picture God if I hide God by a veil of mournful thoughts?

If God is my native glory within me, when I pray, “Thy will be done,” is it not the native energy of my own being unto whom I pray? Whose will but my own can be done?

Have I two wills, two natures, two powers, at variance – one ignorant, mournful, incompetent; the other wise, joyful, competent? I see how it is. The ignorant, sad, incompetent nature is shadow, sham, unreality. Now that I know its character it vanishes.

Knowledge dispels ignorance. Knowledge dispels sadness. Knowledge of ability dispels inefficiency.

The God that is my native glory within me is my God. This God does not need time to work miracles. If I give Him myself, give myself to my native glory within me, then He has His own way. My Self has His way. "My ways are not your ways, saith the Lord." (Is 55:8)

"Behold, I am against thee." And as formerly I thought it took time to break the loaves of bread from one loaf into an hundred through new kneading and more flour, I now see that my native glory takes no time, but says only, "It is done," and it is done. My God takes no time to perform wonderful, wonderful things. How glorious art Thou, how mighty, how astonishing to the former ways! I praise and extol Thee, and praising and extolling Thee, all that is unlike Thee, all that is against Thee, disappears! I as mortal, incompetent, ignorant, am swallowed up of Immortality, Wisdom, God! I am swallowed up of my Self! Every fiber of me shines! Every movement of me glorifies. My raiment is all white and glistening. Every word of me delights.

Yet not I, but the Father that dwells in me!

Not unto me but unto Thee the glory!

My name shall no more be earth – but Thy name is my name. The earth me has perished at sight of Thee. I remember not the former me. As a dream when one awakes so at sight of Thee I forget all but Thee.

There are not two of me.

There is only One.

That one is radiant God.