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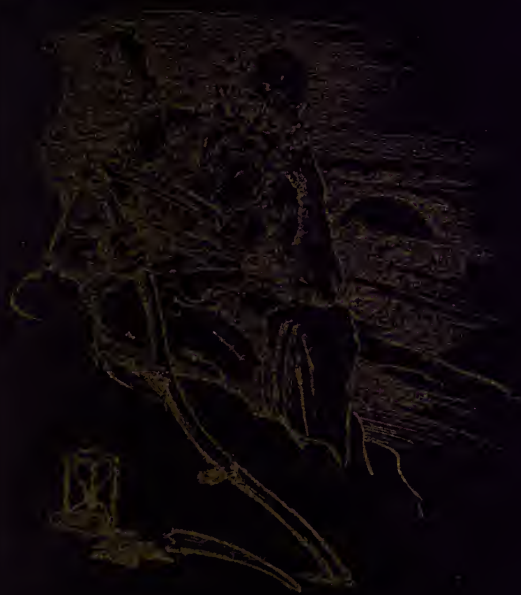
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Treatise on the Renewal and
juvenation of the Physical Body,
in Affirmations for use in the Work



When Time sheds tears of pity for himself,
because his scythe is broken, and he laid on the shelf.

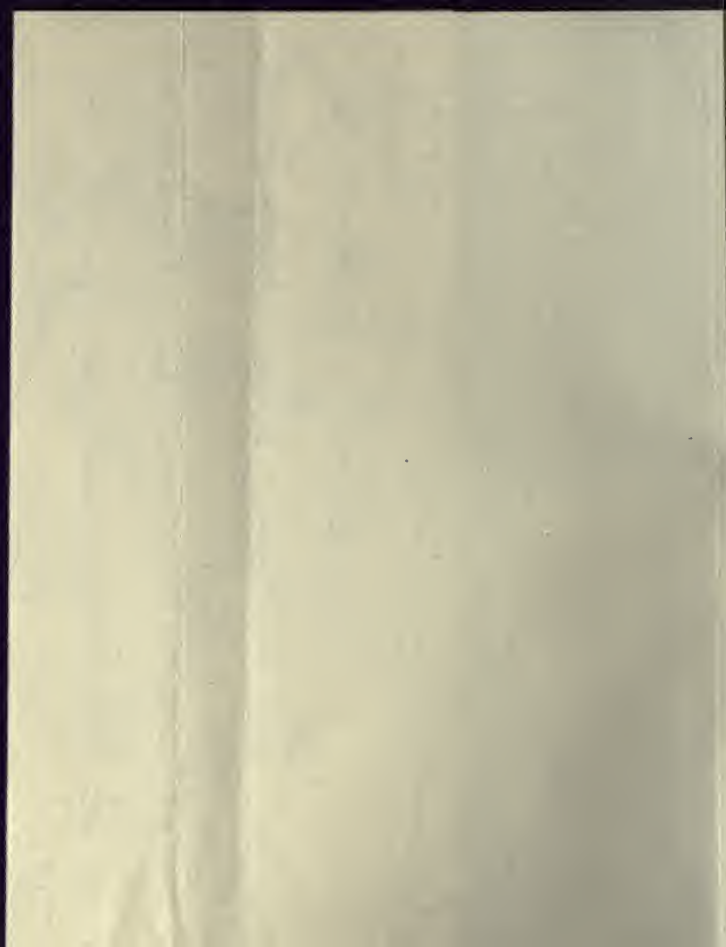
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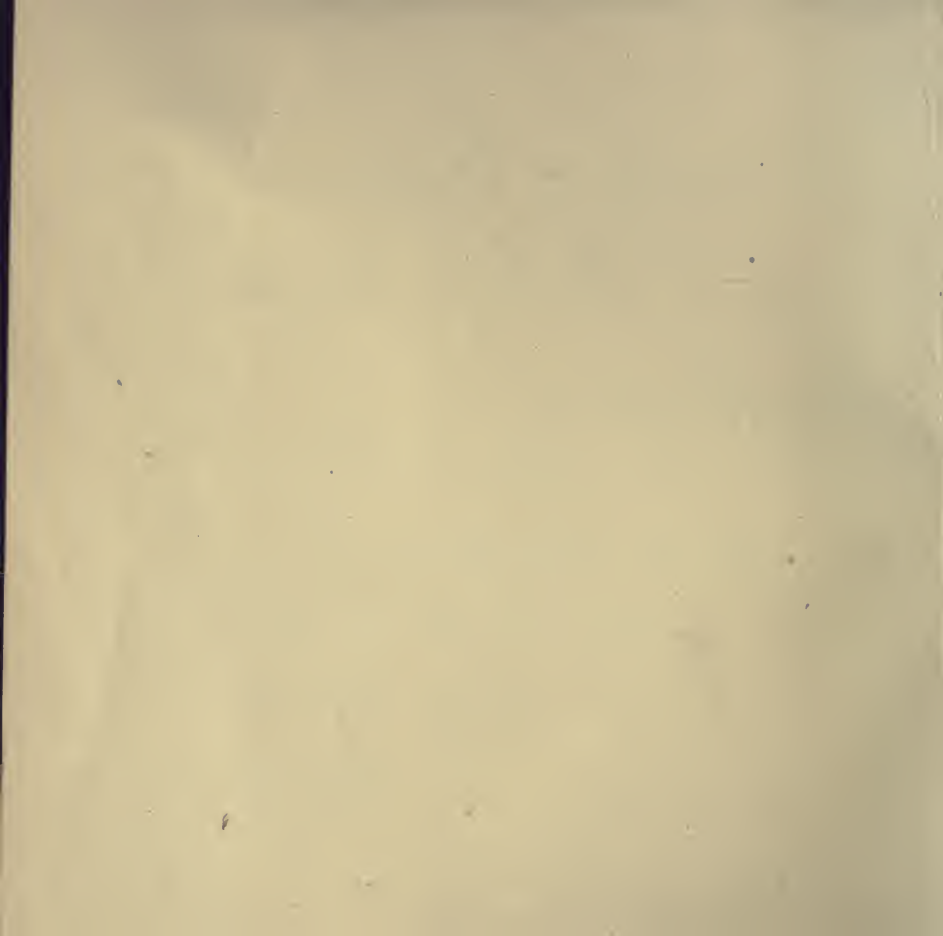
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A TREATISE
ON THE
Renewal and Rejuvenation of the Physical Body

WITH
AFFIRMATIONS

For Use in the Work

BY
JESSIE MILLARD ENGLISH



GEORGE P. SIKES, Publisher
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1919

TO THE
ADMINISTRATIVE

The One Message

JESSIE MILLARD ENGLISH

A mocking bird lilt on the tree-top yonder,
And thus I interpret the carol he sings,
As he tilts there trilling and thrilling with gladness—
The *oneness* of *Infinite Life* in all things.

His body sways with his bliss eestatic,
While with head uplifted and vibrant throat
He *sings* of his *oneness* with all *things* living
And flings *forth* his joy in exultant note.

A humming bird poised o'er the honeysuckle—
With wings a-shimmer and breast aglow,
Gives forth a chirp of satisfaction,
Which but echoes the thought of the other, I know.

The ocean thunders and rants and tumbles,
And sobs and moans in the lap of the land;
And seems ever bent on imparting a message
To those who will *listen* and *understand*.



The rivers, the rills and the brooks all sing it;
Wherever you hear them just listen and see.
The lesson of Life they're forever repeating—
The *oneness of all* with *you* and with *me*.

The birds all sing it. The bees they hum it,
As they dip for sweets in each blossom's throat.
The katydids and the crickets shrill it—
Each in its own peculiar note.

The leaves of the trees and the bushes, the flowers,
The grasses that lean and dip with the breeze,
They *all* seem telling the *one sweet story*
To me that *I* am at *one* with *these*.

The beautiful message replete with meaning,
A *blessing* brings to each weary soul.
It tells of Infinite Love and Wisdom
That binds and holds the Universe whole.

Foreword



WILL explain this Treatise as an exhaustive dissertation upon Body Renewal with affirmations for use in the same. I will also explain that while to some, especially so to beginners, they may seem lengthy and to needlessly repeat, I have considered all that.

Being a graduate of several of the best schools of suggestive healing and having done much spiritual healing through suggestive therapeutics, I am exceedingly well acquainted with its methods, and perfectly well aware that in all suggestive treatment, by auto-suggestion or other, this axiom holds good: "Reiteration is the price of success;"—hence the apparently needless repetitions.

I will also add that by use of the methods herein given, I have demonstrated completely over the results of serious physical injur-

ies of long standing, besides, the failure of sight, which caused me to wear glasses for the period of five years, during which I could not, without their aid, see to read a single line of a newspaper column. I used, absolutely, no other treatment, and I have ever since, been able to read and sew; often if I feel like doing so, into the early morning hours, without the use of glasses, which I laid off Thanksgiving morning, 1909, and which I have never worn since.

Many of my friends know of this and can attest to the truth of these statements.

When you have made the contents of this little volume your own, by study and by practice, you will have found the value of its methods.

Affirmations, Statements, Etc.



I am an individualized Spirit—or Soul(designing and building my own body, which is continually undergoing change.

My body is not *I*. It is *mine*. *I am not* body. *I am Spirit*. My body is the outer expression of myself—of the individualized *Spirit* or *Soul* which is *I*. My body is ever changing. It has undergone continuous change—ever repairing, renewing, renovating, recreating, at the rate of a complete body for every year, ever since I began to express by means of a body.

It will continue to renew, just so long as I occupy it.

I am an ever renewing, ever unfolding expression of Life, Wisdom and Power.

My body is the garment, the outer expression of the *I*, the Ego, the Self, the Soul, who designs it, builds it, uses it, occupies it.

My body is my manifestation—it is that by means of which I manifest, make myself known to the physical senses of those who are manifesting upon the physical plane.

If I had no *body*, I should be a discarnate, a disembodied Spirit

—a Spirit with no means of making myself seen, heard or felt, by those who sense by the physical senses, only.

As *I am* the Life of my body, I can truly affirm *I am Life*. As *I am* the Health of my body, I can truly affirm *I am Health*. As *I am* the Strength of my body I can truly affirm *I am Strength*. *I am* Life, Health, Strength, *now*—this minute. If *I* were gone from my body, it would be an inert mass, a lifeless lump—So *I am* its Life, Health, Strength. Being an individualized Spirit or Soul, I am *now*, *all* that the words imply. As Spirit is never ill, as Spirit is never weak, *I am* now, what I can truly claim for Spirit. *I am* all that Spirit is.

I am Life, Health, Strength, Ambition, Activity, Energy, Force, Vitality, Vigor, Vim, Intelligence, Intellect, Wisdom, Power.

And what *I am* I express—literally *ex-press—press out*, into form—the form which is my body.

Thus do I express a body, for my use.

As *I am* the designer, as well as the builder of my body, *I am* going to build it over, with better conditions than it has had before. I have no power to keep my body at a standstill. It always has been changed, all through, each year—in less than one year. So, as it changes, *I am* going to see that the change is for the better. *I know* that this is possible. I know that *I can* do this.

My body *shall* improve with each successive renewal.

I have a good skeleton. *I will* clothe it in beautiful *new flesh*.

As my flesh renews more rapidly than my bones, I shall expect it to become perfect, at an early date. That which *I expect* to achieve, *will come true*.

I, the Self, am perfect, as *I am Spirit*.

My body is *I* expressed—in other words, it is the expression of the Spirit, which is *I*, and *must* express perfection. As within, so without.

My body of next Spring, Summer, Autumn or Winter (as the case may be) is not yet builded.

It *will be* a far better body than is this one of today.

It will be the *best* body that *I have yet worn*.

I have always rebuilt my body; but have done so unconsciously. I did not recognize my own part in the work of my body-building.

Now that *I am* conscious that it is *I* who design the work, and *I* who supervise it, *I will* see that I do a better job, each time, than ever before

I will see that my body grows more symmetrical each time it is repeated.

I will see that my body grows more *erect*, more elastic, more resilient, each time it is renewed. I can round out my face, throat and limbs more each time I rebuild them, thus perfecting more and more, each time, as I rebuild.

I will do away with all scars, all blemishes, all evidences of past injuries. I know this *can be done*. They are neither useful nor ornamental and I positively *refuse* to perpetuate them.

I will *not* carry forward, in my body building such useless marks.

I will *not* build wrinkles, nor any disagreeable *facial expressions*. I will build for symmetry, for beauty, for elegance, for refinement of expression.

I am not subject to parental limitations, imposed at birth. *I can* and *I will* rise superior to them. They grow *less*, as I increase my power to overcome.

It is by determined and never yielding effort, that *I am* forming *habits* in correct body-renewal.

Heredity has *no power* to impose limitations upon me, for *I am* deathless Spirit. *I am* a Soul, superior to any limitations, through my consciousness of my oneness with The Infinite—The Limitless—The Absolute. This Infinite, Limitless Source is the Life of my life, and I recognize it as ever springing up within me—ever renewed and renewing. Hence the Fountain of *Eternal Youth* is *within* me. (Think of a fountain—ever *up* springing, ever rising, ever gushing forth anew, ever refreshing, ever renewing.) *I am*, or the *I am* of *me*, is a fountain of *Eternal Youth*. I receive by Divine *influx* or Divine up-rising, by Divine out-flow—the process never ceases. *I am*

ever *ex*-pressing, or out-pressing or putting forth into outer expression a newly built body.

My body is in a fluidic state. It yields to my thought.

My body is plastic and easily molded to my plan. (Think of a mason or plasterer working with cement or plaster, shaping it to suit his own ideas.)

As the cement or plaster *responds* to the trowel which shakes it, even so does my body *yield* to my thought. The workman *directs* his trowel by his *will*, to mold his material. So do *I* direct my *thought* by my *will* to shape this fluidic, plastic body of mine, to conform to my ideal, or plan, or pattern, of what I wish it to be.

As the loaf of dough *yields* to the shaping of my hands, so does my body yield to the shaping of my thought, and thus is it pressed out into form or expressed. *I* by my *will* direct my thought to express my body—so my body is my expression.

As I *think* so I *build*. My thought is the agent used by my will, to fashion my body.

Just as I can, by willing my hands, cause them to mold wax, putty or clay, to conform to my design, held in my Subconscious, so can I *will* my *thought* to *mold* my *body* to my plan or pattern held in my Subconscious.

As the flesh of my *face*, *throat* and *bust*, is most easily molded, be-

cause its muscles are less tensed and so are softer, so are they more readily changed.

They are more impressionable and thus do they undergo more *rapid* change than do the more highly tensioned parts. Hence, also, is their change more noticeable. So 'tis *there* that I look for quickest results.

It is by vibration that I produce changes in my body. By thought, I vibrate at will, my body-substances to effect the change I desire. I cannot *cause* the renewal of my body, nor can I *check* it. It always has been and always is it to be, so long as I remain in my body.

But by using my thought understandingly, directing it by my will, I can consciously so vibrate my body-substance as to produce the conditions which I wish to externalize.

My body is not *I*, and yet it is *by* my body that *I am* recognized. Hence my body must be the product of the *Self*, the *Ego*, the *I*.

In the past, and not so long ago, I was ignorant of all this. I supposed that, like Topsy, I "jes grewed." I had no idea that I could control the conditions of my body.

I thought I had to submit, to endure, to put up with adverse conditions; never dreaming that I had anything to do with my body renewal.

I did not know that by using the right kind of thought, I could overcome and transmute and transform.

Now, I *know* that I *can* do so!

“As a man thinketh in his *heart* so is he”—in his *heart*, mind you, in his innermost Self—in his Subconscious Self—the Self that is under the Conscious mind—under the threshold of Consciousness—sometimes called the Subliminal—or, the mind *beneath* the *threshold* of consciousness.

Now I know that I can build my body to suit myself, in accordance with my plan, which I hold in my Subconscious—the plan or ideal which I desire to copy, to manifest, in the outer or physical.

And so, I literally *think* my body into objectivity. And *I am* an ever renewing—ever unfolding expression, of the Self within. *I am* my finer Self. *I am* my *higher* Self. *I am* my *better* Self. There is *more* of me than I have ever yet expressed. *I must* and *I will express more*.

My body, which is *I* expressed or pressed out into form, must express perfection; as the *I* the *Ego* the *Self* is perfect.

My body is all renewed in less than one year.

So it is less than one year old.

Some portions of it renew within a few days, some within a few weeks; others within a few months; but the body, as a *whole*,

is completely renewed—with exception of enamel of the teeth, within less than one year.

So, it should be like a child's body; and it will be, when renewed with the right kind of thought vibrations.

I *think* my body into *Health*. I *think* my body into *Form*. I *think* my *body* into *Symmetry*. I *think* my body into *Power*.

As I *think*, so I build. No one can *see* what I think, only as he can judge by the results.

Look around you at the *people*, and it is easy to guess the character of the thought that has molded their bodies.

Look at the dress, worn by anyone, and 'tis not difficult to realize that someone's thought planned it. Everyone knows that whether you make an apron, or build a barn, you first have to have in your mind, a plan, a concept, an idea, a pattern of what you are going to make.

One instinctively recognizes that, no matter what the object built. You will hear comments like the following: "The person who planned that house, certainly had very little idea of convenience," or, "I wonder what dressmaker designed that fright," or, "The soul who conceived of that work of art was certainly a fine artist," etc., etc. Showing that we instinctively recognize the master back of his work, or the mind that gave concept to the matter.

“Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden. Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden.”

I will build no ugly, cross, unpleasant thoughts into expression.

I will not repeat the mistakes nor the blemishes of the past.

Just as plainly does the body show forth the thought that molded it.

As I *think* so I build. So I must be very careful as to the *kind* of thought I project into objectivity. *I am* accountable for the body I build.

My thought thrills my body. My thought thrills my nerves and sets free the elixirs of rejuvenation. My body responds to the thrill and grows finer and more youthful and more beautiful. I must think beautiful thoughts to thrill and beautify my body.

In ordinary conversation we hear remarks like the following: “He has a villainous countenance.” “She has a madonna cast of features.” “He looks like a minister,” or, “He looks like a bloated bond-holder.” “She looks as if she had led a dizzy life,” or, “She looks like an old maid.” Do not remarks of that kind *show* that *people* in general recognize that the body typifies the character of thought which was habitual with the builders of the bodies in question? What is it that fashions face and form? Not alone the *shape* of the *body*—the expressions of countenance, the pose, the poise, the carriage, the gait, the voice, the gestures, the hand-clasp; even the

way he wears his hat, or treads his shoes, reveals much of the inner man, the Self.

My body being continually renewed, is new and sweet and fine and wholesome and fragrant, like a little child's.

I bathe my whole person every morning with cold water—or with *hot* water followed by *cold*, and *soap*; and followed by a thorough rub-down with a Turkish towel, starched for friction; at the same time, holding the thought of *renewal*—that this is the beginning of a *new* day, that all old conditions are bathed away; that I am making a new start—that it is the beginning of *new* conditions.

Every *hour* is a fresh beginning,
Every year does your body renew.
Consider this, ye who are aged by sinning,
Herein lieth a hope for you.
Your body is ever constructed anew,
And the *Self* who directs this work is you.

I *eat* with the thought that my food is just what I *need* to produce the kind of body I want. As I eat no fish, flesh nor fowl, no animal fats—using only vegetable oils in cooking—my body is less dense, less clogged, less toughened-in-texture, than are the bodies of those whose food is corpses of creatures, that have suffered the shock of a violent death, thus transmitting the vibrations of tragedy thus

acquired, the *fright and horror, dread and fear, the shrinking; the agony* of the violent death, all culminating in *intensest emotional vibrations*, to be passed on to those who devour. No tragedy vibrates my food. As I eat only such foods as I agree with, my food always agrees with me, so I get good results from what I eat. I drink plenty of water, as liquids are needed in my body-building. My body is largely composed of liquids and requires that I drink, to supply to the various organs sufficient to enable them to secrete the juices necessary to their perfect performance of their work; also, for the flushing and removal of waste from the system; and to increase my circulation.

I drink for cleanliness, purity, fairness of flesh and freshness of complexion.

By breathing and bathing, by eating and drinking, with ever the purpose in view, of the *betterment* of my bodily conditions, so do I bring my thought to bear upon my body-substance, and so vibrate its atoms as to cause in my body, the desired conditions of perfection. As I *think*, so do I vibrate. As I *think*, so do I change my body-material. As I *think*, so do I mold my body-substance, to *accord* with my plan or pattern, or ideal of that which I desire to externalize in my body. My body is vibrant with health and radiant with joy.

I sleep with plenty of ventilation, recognizing that I could live

for a *long time* without *food*, for *less* time without *drink*; but that *air* I *must have*—that 'tis Life's great essential.

I sleep with but light covering, as I recognize the fact that heavy covers enclose and hold in the emanations of the body. It is better, if necessary, for warmth, to have a heated iron, brick or soapstone, or a jug, or can of hot water—or a hot water bottle—in the bed, rather than covers, that prevent the escape of waste thrown off during sleep; for the body *breathes* and there is ever an insensible perspiration—*always* passing out, through the pores of the skin, whether one wakes or sleeps. If these pores are clogged, so the body can not cast out these poisons, the whole system becomes surcharged with waste matter. During a pageant in Rome, it was deemed desirable to cover a child's body with a coating of gold, to make a little golden angel, and as soon as applied, the child died.

Trees and plants breathe through their leaves and *we breathe*, not alone by our lungs.

I sleep with no pillow, as I breathe more freely than with head raised. Also, there is better circulation of air about head and neck.

Besides, sinking the face into a pillow pushes the soft flesh forward, causing wrinkles.

Japanese sleep on a small, hard pillow under the neck—how often do you see a wrinkled Jap?

As I breathe freely and deeply, I recognize the *Breath* as the

Life. I recognize *Breath* as Spirit. Every inspiration (analyze the word) is literally and truly an intake of *Spirit*; from *in*, and spiratus, Latin for breath; and spirare to breathe. Ghost, used interchangeably with Spirit, is from the Anglo Saxon *gheist*, meaning Breath. The Greek *Pneuma*, meaning *Spirit*, we find in such derivatives as pneumonia, disease of the organs of breath; and pneumatic, air-inflated, as a pneumatic tire, etc., etc. Air is atmosphere, and atmosphere is the Atmos, ether, vapor, mist or *Breath* of our planet or sphere. We *inspire*, *in* breathe the *Breath* or *Spirit* of our sphere.

Spirit is the highest rate of *vibration*. Spirit is the one Substance from which is created everything that is created.

Mind holds the *pattern*, *Spirit* is the Substance. Thought vibration does the work.

As I think, so do I vibrate my body-Substance, which is a lower, slower rate of Spirit.

My body is not a dense solid. It is Spirit vibrating—vibrated by thought.

I must be careful how I think. As I *think I vibrate*, so I build. Thought controls. According to my plan or design, my ideal or pattern, held in my Subconscious mind, so do I build. Each of us does this unconsciously. The trouble is that many—yes, most individuals—

are reproducing year after year, bodies, built after the same old pattern of disease, infirmities, decrepitudes.

They need to get *new patterns*. If you were going to buy a pattern for a new gown, would you select one of the styles of years gone by? One always selects a new style, an up-to-date pattern, for making a garment. But in body-building, most people go on, year after year, perpetuating *old conditions* in their bodies.

Why hold an old stoop-shouldered, stiff-jointed, weak-kneed, toothless, hairless, ugly pattern? *Don't* go on, building after that horrid, old pattern, which you really detest and which is a perfect bug-a-boo to you, scaring you half out of your wits, as you see it externalizing in your body.

Get a *new pattern*! Think, O, *think* how much *better looking* you would be.

Then put out of your *mind* that stoop-shouldered ideal. Think how you would look if you were erect. Keep thinking of it. Take some physical exercises to help, and *while exercising*, keep on *thinking* how you are *going* to look. And each day *notice* that you are making a little progress. It grows easier to perform. Keep on *thinking*. Keep on recognizing each little bit of gain.

Do you trundle around, on the front of you, a great load of obesity? Isn't it tiresome besides being ugly to look at? Why not get rid of it?

You can accomplish *wonders* in working a change, if you only recognize that you *can*, and *set yourself about it*.

You're too old? No you are *not*. It's all in the way you think. You may have to *reform* before you can *transform*. You may have to exercise *more* and eat *less* of rich foods. And you surely *will* have to *think* more and be faithful to your work. An occasional spurt, in effort, will not avail. It must be regular and continued. Think how long you've been *acquiring* the habits your are aiming to eradicate.

But is it not *worth the effort?*. Don't give up. Nothing worth while is attained, without effort. To encourage you, right here, I will digress to relate a bit of personal history. Years ago, twenty-five—yes and more, the author had the misfortune to meet with three serious accidents, being twice thrown from a horse and once from a buggy within one year; each time sustaining serious hurts—resulting in spinal injuries that completely wrecked her health. A few years since she began to work to overcome these conditions and today she is quite rid of them, having attained to normal conditions of health through these very rules which she is giving, in this treatise. I must state that the cure has its price. *Eternal vigilance* is the price of success, in *this*, as elsewhere. But is it not worth it?

If injured so that it is necessary, *go* to a good Osteopath, for readjustment; and then work, *work*, WORK faithfully, for health—*Health*, from the Anglo-Saxon "Wholth", meaning wholeness.

Never allow yourself to complain and pine and mope and whine and pity yourself. It does you no good. It only weakens you and interferes with your better work in rebuilding. Every time you say or think "poor me!" you are giving yourself poor material to work with. Know that you are *not* "poor me!" You are an individualized *Spirit* or *Soul*, with the Divine birthright which comes to you through your oneness with the *Infinite* the *Limitless*.

Being at one with the Omnipotent, all power is yours, when you *recognize* it. You are in the process of becoming—don't you want to progress, to overcome, to become more and more, to achieve more and more? Then quit "pooring" yourself. Keep affirming *I am* at one with Omnipotence or All Power. Recognize—live in consciousness of your Divine heritage. You can appropriate *all* that you can *recognize*. So keep on affirming or giving yourself the auto-suggestion (or self-suggestion) that you are *strong* in the strength of Omnipotence or *All Power*; and *wise* with *the wisdom* of Omniscience (which is analyzed, *Omni*, meaning *all*, and *Science*, meaning knowledge or wisdom. Keep on claiming this for yourself until your consciousness grasps it, and you become filled with its truth. Know that 'tis truth that you are affirming.

Once having become conscious of this indwelling Power, I recognize that by and through it, *I am* capable of controlling my health and my affairs.

When I *fully* recognize this, nothing can harm me, for I live in consciousness of my power to overcome.

If conditions which are adverse to me, seem to have attached themselves, like barnacles, to me, I will use the Power of which I am conscious to disperse and drive them away.

As continued repetition of an act forms a *habit*, I by repeatedly thrilling the nerves of my body with the beauty of my thought, produce a renewed and ever renewing and beautiful body. Each body I build, is finer, fairer and more elastic than the one I last builded.

My features grow more beautiful more nearly perfect as they repeatedly renew.

My flesh is becoming very fine. I will try to live more and more in consciousness of my union with the Infinite, the Limitless, the Omnipotent.

My consciousness of the presence of this indwelling Power, enables me to transmute it into Health, Strength, Force, Energy, so that I can truly say:

“It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll.
I am the master of my fate.
I am the captain of my soul.”

I am is captain. I am is master. I will keep this ever in mind—ever in my consciousness.

That which one affirms, *believing, will come true*—or, in other words, one's subconscious faith, his innermost belief, is sure to objectify in his body.

One *must believe* that which he *affirms*. Hence, the necessity of repeating the affirmations. It is by repeating them again and again, and again, *recognizing* at the same time, the *truth* which you affirm that the subconscious at last *fully grasps* and *makes the truth its own*; or, the subconscious records it, or *registers it*, as a *truth*, after which it works out—shows forth, in the outer. Verily 'tis *true*, that "As a man *thinketh in his heart* so is he". By patiently and faithfully affirming, one may change or overcome a belief to the contrary. For instance, one may have a belief that she has a disease, but by recognizing that she is truly *a spirit* at one with the Divine Source, and affirming that truth, and recognizing that *Spirit* cannot be ill, but that Spirit is Life, Health and Strength; and that, as she is Spirit she can truly claim for herself *all* that Spirit implies—as she sees the *truth* of this, her affirmations of Life, Health and Strength get hold and register in the Subconscious and produce the desired results.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says:—

Words are great forces in the realm of life;
Be careful of their use. Who talks of hate,
Of poverty, of sickness, but sets rife
These very elements, to mar his fate.
When love, health, happiness and plenty hear
Their names repeated over, day by day,
They wing their way, like answering fairies near,
Then nestle down, within our homes to stay.
Who talks of evil, conjures into shape
That formless thing, and gives it life and scope,
This is law; then let no word escape
That does not breathe of everlasting hope.

The power of the thought voiced in words, produces a *thrill or vibration* in the body-substance raising its *rate of vibration*, and thus ejecting the disease; which, after all, is only an inharmonious vibration—a lack of equilibrium or a case of unbalance in the organism.

Harmony is health. When harmony is secured, health is restored.

The *I* the Ego, the Self of me is at one with the *Infinite Source*. Hence I have *all* of that Source to depend upon, to draw upon, to *rely* upon—to recognize as *my Power*—“Underneath are the everlasting arms.” The steady influx of this invisible Power is ever in operation in my body, ever vibrating its Substance—ever tearing down and

renovating—ever removing the material which has been used, and as continually using the new material supplied by me, reproducing a new body. And if my body is new, and is built after a plan that is ever held in the treasure-house of my Subconscious, then *sure* it is that I shall have a *beautiful* body. I direct the dynamic power of my thought upon the work of my body renewal. It is like directing a stream of water from a hose to cut down an old adobe wall. That the wall *must* dissolve and *go down* is a foregone conclusion. So the old conditions *must* dissolve and *go*.

Treat your old conditions as a tree treats its old leaves. The tree withdraws the sap and the leaves thus lose their power to hold on. So they shrivel, and dry up, and drift away, on the breeze. Withdraw from your undesirable conditions your recognition of their power over you. Recognize *your* power over *them* and you withdraw from them their power to hold to you. When your recognition—or your fear of them is gone, they cannot hold on; they must drift away.

Vibration is Nature's Greatest Law. It accounts for every condition. It can be made to completely change all conditions. Raising the vibrations of any substance transmutes the substance or changes it; thereby changing its conditions.

All that differentiates substances is the difference in their rates of vibration. If all substances could be made to vibrate *alike* there would then be but *one substance*. When one becomes aware of this

truth, then is he awakened to the differences existing between things. Also he may by this recognition, learn to overcome conditions by this knowledge. Here is a point to note, viz: A change effected in the vibration changes the physical conditions. Often one feels sad, blue, depressed and miserable, when along comes some cheery person who tells him a joke, makes him laugh and brings an instant change into his body. Or one is out of sorts, has aches and pains, of which he is aware; and some friend proposes that he go on a pleasure trip. They go and his vibrations are changed and he loses his disagreeable feelings. Now, knowing this, why should you not *seek* something that will change the rate of your vibration? To one who loves music, there is no surer way of throwing off ill feelings, than to go where he can hear good music, and then resign himself for the time, entirely to its power.

Place yourself in harmony with the music, and *let it vibrate* your *body*, until you come into accord with it. You know when there are two pianos, in the same room and one is played, the other vibrates with it. Let your body vibrate *with* the music, and it will harmonize it and restore you to harmony which is Health.

Sometimes viewing an inspiring scene will have the same effect; or beholding a work of art which thrills you and raises your rate of vibration will do likewise.

For the purpose of being healed, just as you'd go to take any

treatment, it might be well to seek such music as you love.

Music has great healing power to those who are alive to it. (Query. Do you suppose Edison has ever recognized the healing which he has made possible to so many?)

I recognize the power of Thought to heal. At the same time, I *direct* the dynamic power of my thought to rebuild, to renew and to do the work acceptably—perfectly.

As by an *electric shock* the atoms are awakened, vitalized, energized, readjusted, rearranged, until the work spells Regeneration—Rejuvenation.

*I am one with Infinite Power
Infinite Love is near.
Limitless Possibility lies before—
I have no fear.*

Because I recognize my oneness with *Infinite Power*, I can *be* and *do* what I will.

I can draw as *heavily* as I *will* upon my Source. Nor can I draw enough, to defraud anyone else. The Source is Limitless, and all have the same *right* as I, and the same power to draw, when they come to recognize the Power and their right to it.

Each of us is in the process of becoming, and the rate of vibration of each, accounts for difference of appearance. As an instance,

take two extremes in animals—take the heavy, full-bodied, large-legged, big-footed, slowly-plodding dray horse, patiently, faithfully doing his work, and the light-built, slender-legged, impatient, high tensioned, alert, fine, high-spirited, race horse, with uplifted head, arched neck, flaring nostrils, fairly spurning the earth beneath his light feet.

Again, note the difference between the slowly-hopping, cold-blooded toad, a creature of the earth, with no power to get above its surface, and the intensely animate, quickly moving, highly vibrating humming bird, keenly alert, as it darts among the flowers and sends its bill into each blossom's throat in search of its nectared fare. From these, turn your attention to *people*—begin to note the differences in them. Some, like the ox, or dray horse or toad are slow, dense, heavy, obtuse, plodding; others, like the racehorse and the humming bird, are alert, keen, fine, quick, acute, eager, light of movement, spirited, with intense vibrations, *alive* to everything, keenly *feeling* the things and conditions about them—emotional, responsive, *awake*.

When one becomes accustomed to noting these differences he has no trouble in placing those whom he observes, as easily as he distinguishes between the dray horse and the race horse; or between the toad and the humming bird.

Words vibrate with power—so have a *care* as to how you use them. Once spoken, you have turned them loose and can never bring

them back. Form a habit of recognizing this. Tones of voice vibrate with power. Did you never hear the expression "he swore till the air was blue?" That, however, I believe, arose from comparison to the blue of burning sulphur. However, each and every sound, each tone of voice, each note of an instrument, vibrates into color, as it ascends. If you have any doubts of the *power* of the vibrations produced by sound, take your Bible and read the sixth chapter of Joshua. The fall of the city of Jericho.

I will thrill my being with thoughts of youth and activity, until every nerve is *free* and vigorous, and every cell *glows* with life and *youth*.

I will not dwell on the dreary things, the dismal things of my past. I will gather together the bright things, the lovely things and incidents and be glad. I will remember every enjoyable incident of my life.

I will affirm my soul powers until I vibrate my *body substance*, in harmony with my thought and word. No nerve-pressure for me! No sluggish conditions for me! *I am alive* to the tips of my fingers and toes. I *thrill* with *energy*, *activity* and *youth*. Just as the strings of the Aeolian Harp *quiver* and *vibrate* with the sweep of the breeze, so do my nerves *vibrate* and cause the cells of my body to *arouse*, to *awake*, to *stir*, to *vibrate* with the thoughts which I constantly hold, of *energy*, *activity*, *vigor*, *vim*.

Life! Life! more Life! Youth, Stir, Activity! Ambition, Vitality, Force, Power—more Power! There is not a lazy bone in my body. There is not a dormant cell. There is not a sluggish atom. All is Life, Youth, Alertness, Energy, *Power*?

As the sunshine warms and vivifies, so do these affirmations quicken and electrify, until my whole being *responds* and is *thrilled* with thoughts of Life—Youth—Stir—Vitality, Vigor, Vim, Energy, Activity, Alertness. For verily—of a truth, as a man *thinketh* in his *heart*—*mind you* in his *HEART*, so is he; in his *HEART* in his *innermost Self*—in his *Soul*, *so is he!*

And so I form a rosary—I string together these words, so *vibrant* with *power*. Life, Vitality, Vim, Vigor, Energy, Activity, Youth, and I *say* them over and over recognizing the vibrations which they set into activity thrilling my very *being* with their potency, until my whole *person glows* with Youth—until every cell *responds* and every atom *thrills*. So I *build Youth* into my being. So I *renew Youth*. I *am potentially, now*, this minute, *all* that I ever can be. I *am* the indwelling Spirit of Life—the *essential Spirit*; the Essence—The Source of Life, Health, Strength, Wisdom and Power is the *I* of me. I *am* Life manifest, Life expressed, Life objectified. I *am* Health expressed! I *am* Wisdom *personified*. I *am* Power made manifest. The *Life* that is the life of my life—the Essential Spirit is the *Source* individualized.

As the branch of a tree, when cut from the tree, is powerless, so am I, if severed from the *Source* unable to be or to do. It is *only* through my recognition of my oneness with the *Source*—the *Spirit* that I can be and do. In so much as I live in constant *recognition* am I enabled to come into *realization*. As a *tree* is alive throughout its trunk and limbs, its branches, its twigs and its leaves, so am I *alive* throughout my bones and flesh, my nerves and sinews, my cells and atoms. My body is alive to the uttermost. It is awake, alert in all its cells. I am *thankful* that I have the knowledge that my body is *undergoing* change. I am thankful that I have evidence that my body *renews*. I am *thankful* that I know how to control the renewal of my body.

Recognition ever precedes realization. Just so much as you recognize as truth, that much you can appropriate to your needs. But you must *first recognize*. To illustrate, if you were sitting in a room darkened by drawn shades, and you desired light, you would first recognize that you could get the light by raising the shades, after which, you would get the light, your *realization*. Or, sitting in a darkened room, if you did not know there was an electric light and where to find the switch, you might go on longing for the light which would not come, without you *recognized* that you could press the button and so, realize.

Or, you might stand at a kitchen sink, sadly needing water, which

you would fail to get until you recognized that it was there, on tap, and liberated it by a turn of the faucet—and behold, your *realization*. So much as you can recognize, that much you may *realize*; but one must recognize *first*.

Recognize first who and what your are—*not body*; but an individualized *Spirit*—a Soul, differentiated from all other souls, by your experiences; a *Soul* owning a body by means of which you are enabled to express or manifest to all other souls; a *body* which is the *vehicle* of your *expression*. So much as you can *recognize* that much you can *realize*.

Recognize your power to be and to do, as solely through your *oneness* with The Infinite, *The Divine*.

I am *thankful* that I live in consciousness of my renewal. I am *thankful* that I know *how* to bring my thought to bear upon the renewal of my body. I am *thankful* that I have a *new, strong active healthy, youthful body*.

Not one cell, one atom of my body is at a standstill. My body *thrills* with renewal. My body *throbs* with renewal. My body *vibrates* with renewal. My body *glows* with renewal. My body *tingles* with renewal. I *feel* the *warmth and strength* of renewal permeating my whole body. I am ever conscious of the renewal of my body.

I *recognize* the newness of my body.

I *realize* the newness of my body.

I *exult in the newness of my body.*

The newness of my body is *felt* by me.

The newness of my body is *seen* by me.

The newness of my body is noticed by my friends.

The newness of my body is *apparent to all.*

Those who know me remark upon the *changes* for the better in my body.

To all, I carry the appearance of Vitality, *Vigor, Vim, Newness, Alertness, Poise, Power.*

My expression in every respect, suggests to others the soundness, cleanliness, newness, force, vigor, energy, activity, alertness, ease and ability of my body.

My expression in every way is a perfect expression of the *Self* within. My expression suggests to all, Purpose, Power, Perfect Poise—in short, a body that is under the *will* of the individual who owns it.

I am an individualized expression of the *one Life* which is the Life of all Life. The Life which is *I* is the same Life which mani-

fest's variously, as the bee, the bird, the butterfly, the horse, the elephant, *man*.

The *Life* which is *I* manifests upon many planes, or in many grades or degrees, from the mineral *up*, through the varying forms of plant, tree, insect, brute, human.

The *persona* which is individualized is the *persona*, (Latin for mask). Players on the stage in ancient times wore masks, through which or from behind which, they spoke to the audience. So *each of us* plays to the world through or from within a *persona* or mask or *person*, by means of which we express or manifest ourselves. The person which is my *persona* or mask is the highest type of manifestation. So my body or person is worthy of consideration. It is the vessel of the Spirit. It is the vehicle of my expression, hence I must recognize my body as worth *preserving*, *worth renewing*.

As cloud, mist, vapor, rain, frost, hail, snow-crystal, icicle are all one substance, varying only in manifestation; so are Spirit, Breath, Life Blood, Muscle, Brain, Brawn, the *same* in substance; varying *only* in *density* of manifestation—in other words, *rates of vibration*. In each case, the rate of vibration governs. As *Thought* is the *Power* which controls the vibrations of the cells of my body; and as I can *think* as I will, then is it evident that I by directing my thought—by choosing just the *kind of thought* which I wish to *objectify*, can vibrate my atoms at will, to renovate, to rejuvenate my body.

This, then, is the *K E Y* to the problem of my consciously renewing my body.

As the loaf of dough is passive, negative, subject, to my *will*—so is this fluidic, elastic, resilient responsive body of mine negative and passive to my *positive thought* guided and directed by my *Will*. So I *renew*—so I rebuild at *Will*. As the vibrations of heat, beneath my tea-kettle send the steam forth distilled, so do the vibrations of my *Thought*, thrilling my body *substance* project my *body* into objectivity. Verily, verily, *as* one thinketh in the *depths* of his *being* doth he put forth into manifestations a body, molded by his thought guided and directed by his *will*. Those among whom I live and move and manifest, cannot *see* the *process* of this.

They judge only by the results which I can show them. Hence added incentive, as the better the results I present to them, the better will be their recognition of my ability to renew at will. I must show them that *I can*, before they will give me the recognition I seek.

St. Paul says “Ye are living epistles known and read of all men.” In other words, those whom we meet, sometimes consciously, though more often unconsciously to themselves, “size us up.” And often “Ye are weighed in the balances and found wanting.” If your manifestation is first class, their recognition will be the better for it.

If they "size you up" with approval, you recognize it and it helps you to do better and better.

I will be careful to give expression to such affirmations *only* as I wish to put into expression.

I will not take the name of the Lord in vain. I mean the *I am*. I will not say *I am* sick, or poor, or weak, or worthless, or stupid, or foolish, or old, or ugly. I will not attribute to the *I am* anything which I do not want externalized. I recognize that the *I am of me* is perfect. So, if I make such untrue affirmations, I am stating untruths and doing great injustice to myself.

Also, I will never say to another that he is sick or weak or that she looks pale or miserable, or that anything in her appearance indicates an undesirable physical condition. In this I will remember the golden rule. I recognize that the Subconscious of each is receptive of suggestion and that I must be careful of the suggestions I plant. I have no right to affirm of another that which will harm his expression.

Whatsoever I really and truly *think* of myself is bound to objectify in my expression. So I dare not think negative, injurious, weakening thoughts, lest I cause them to externalize in the structure I am building all the time—every day, hour, minute.

It is not for me to choose whether or not I shall build my body. So long as I remain in it I *have* to build whether I like it or not.

So if I would not live in an old *tumble-down shack*, it behooves me to take care of my thoughts and words, as I build.

I will have a body that truthfully expresses me; expresses the *I*, or *Ego*, or *Soul*, which is the real *I* of me.

I am Life. Notice I do not say *I have life*, because the *I* or *Self* of me is the *Life* of me. So, *I am Life. I, am Health. I am Strength. I am Energy. I am Activity. I am Intelligence. I am Intellect. I am Wisdom. I am Power.*

The *I am* of me is the *Life, Health, Strength, Energy, Activity, Intelligence, Intellect, Wisdom, Power* of me. Think of this. Without the *I am* of you, which is the indwelling *Spirit*, the *Divine Spark* which relates you to the *Infinite*, what *could* you be or do?

There is nothing which I may not claim for myself—for my *Self*, through my *Divine heritage*. *St. Paul* said “*The Spirit is strong, but the flesh is weak.*” If he had said “*The flesh is nothing, excepting of, or by, or through the Spirit,*” he would have stated it more exactly.

I recognize my *Source*. I recognize my oneness with that *Source*. I am like the branch of a tree, connected to my *Source*, living through and by my union with that *Source*. If the branch is cut off, the *life* is cut off. So with me, if I am cut off from or separated from my *Source*, for as the branch draws its sustenance from the tree, so do I live and move and have my being *in* and *of* and *by* my *Source*.

It is through that Source *only* that *I am*. I live by Spirit. *I am* a Spirit, owning a body, by means of which I manifest myself on the physical plane. *I am* at one with the *All Spirit*. My breath is the vehicle of Spirit. It is that outer vibration containing the finer, subtler, rarer Essence or Essential Spirit, or Life. Spirit is the *highest* rate of vibration. It is the Breath within the breath, which we, in common with all creatures, breathe.

In this Breath I live and move and have my being. *I am* a spirit existing *in* Spirit—surrounded by Spirit—*inspiring* or *inbreathing* Spirit—at one with Spirit.

The Sculptor Boy, chisel in hand, stands before the rough block of marble. As he looks upon the shapeless bulk, he sees what *no other individual can see* in that marble. He sees the *potentialities*, within that shapeless mass. For “as a man thinketh *in his heart*” he in his heart, in his Subconscious *Self*—in his *Soul*, holds an *ideal*, a design, a plan a *pattern*, an *image*, a *symbol*, which he hopes to bring forth into expression. So he goes to work and chips away, ever with his *thought* upon his *inner vision*. On-lookers see but the rough stone, the shapeless form, the uneven surface, the meaningless bulk, but the Artist Soul, the Dreamer, the Visionary sees deeper.

He sees within the marble, the Angel form, which he is to liberate. And every hammer stroke, every incision is directed, by his *thought* toward the *liberation* of that angelic form.

Others may doubt and deride, what cares he? *He knows*, for he has the vision.

So Will *I* work away with untiring zeal, and never flagging energy, toward the achievement of my concept—the expression of my real *Self* which others cannot see, until I succeed in molding by my conscious thought, directed by my never tiring *Will*, my fluidic, responsive body. What *matter* though others fail to understand? What matter, if they doubt and flout? I will not be discouraged! I will not give up the work! Verily—as a man *thinketh*, so he *buildeth*.

A change in one's emotions produces a change in his vibrations, thus causing a chemical change in his body-substance.

This is a very important *Point* to remember. As an instance, intense anger on the part of a mother, will so vibrate her body-substance as to cause a chemicalization of its secretions so poisonous, as to cause the death of her nursing child. The emotion of deep sorrow often produces by lowering the vibrations, a chemicalization of the bodily material, that undermines and destroys health and in many instances causes death.

A great fright vibrates the body-substance, to so rechemicalize, in a single night, as to turn one's hair white.

Even at table, a sad story related, often produces emotions that

through the chemicalization caused by change in vibrations, produces indigestion and throws the system out of order.

A cross word from one whom we love is sometimes so *potent*, as to destroy the appetite. A telegram bringing shocking news, sometimes causes the recipient to faint through disturbance of the system, by sudden change of vibration which rechemicalizes the secretions so as to poison the body.

The maintenance of a grievance, and the continued emotion of hatred or sense of indignation, carried in the heart, will so depress and lower the vibrations, as to cause the body by chemicalization to stiffen in the joints—and they call it rheumatism—or to lose use of certain members—and then 'tis called paralysis.

Joy, happiness, good cheer, good humor warm and vitalize and cause the secretions to *flow* and the excretions to escape.

Even the meeting with a good friend, who gives one a hearty hand shake and a cheerful greeting, will change one's vibrations, and set the currents of life in motion, and do one a vast amount of good, by changing the condition of the whole organism. It has often been said that a cheerful physician's presence is of more benefit to the patient, than all his medicine.

The domestic animals that are associated with our lives, feel keenly our attitudes of mind. How a faithful dog will grieve and cringe, if reproved and scolded by the master he loves.

Who has not seen a sorry old horse or mule that drudges, ever under the curses and revilings of a brutal master, and never gets *one word* of encouragement or kindness—never a word of cheer!

How unkind, how *wicked* it is, to destroy the happiness, the joy—to close up the very life springs of another's life—of husband or wife—of parent or child, of dependent—even of a dumb creature that can say no word back, but only *droop* and shrink and *slink* when abused. What *right* has one being to depress and disease another? Let us then, bear these things in mind, and register in the Subconscious a *vow* to be *careful of our thoughts* and words, lest their vibrations cause suffering and damage health.

The Subconscious is a Master Chemist. It takes the suggestion offered it by others, or by one's own subconscious registers them; and then by chemicalization they show forth in the outer.

It is not safe to say, "O, I am *tired to death!*", "I am growing old," "I am on the *downhill* side of *life*," "At *my age*, I must *expect* to feel old and weak," etc., etc.

The Subconscious is a great impersonator, but does not discriminate. It registers adverse as well as beneficial suggestions; and puts them into effect in your body. Whatever the suggestion, the Subconscious takes and records, it is bound to express in the outer. To say a thing, you must, in some measure think it, and the Subconscious puts it forth in your body building. If you have a *desire* to

look well and young and attractive—and who has not?—it behooves you to look well to your statements.

Besides, it is very necessary that you understand the Law of Suggestion—every one needs to understand it, in order to be on the defensive, against the suggestions of others.

Some there are, and not a few, who think of themselves as your friends, who would damage you by their ignorance of the workings of this law.

For instance, you meet one of them. You had not thought of yourself as being particularly ill, but this is the greeting you receive *under the belief* that she is showing you her *friendship*. “Why, my dear! how *wretchedly ill you look!*” You’d better begin to look after yourself, or you’ll be down sick in bed.” And you feel worse and worse, all day, after it, perhaps give up and go to bed sick, when if left alone, you’d have thrown off the condition that was depressing you. Why *will* friends deem it necessary to tell one how ill he looks, under the impression that it is the proper caper, in order to appear friendly? In some instances, it is done purposely by “catty” women, who *want* to hurt the one addressed, and who happen to know something of suggestion. If you can not tell another how *well* she is looking, tell her that the style of her new hat becomes her; or, remark upon how nicely she has dressed her hair; or, how beautifully she has made her dress, or—O, talk about the weather, or—*any-*

thing rather than her looking ill. *Give* her a *chance* to *look well!* *Never* tell *anyone* how *ill* he looks, or the likelihood of his having rheumatism, the Grippe, fatty degeneration of the heart, or that he is old and *consequently susceptible* to disease. *Never, no never!* Cut it out! If you can't think of any *cheerful* remark to make *remember* you have no more *right* to *poison* his *mind*, than you have to poison his *coffee*.

An instance, related to me by a witness is pertinent to the above, viz.: In a certain village where she lived, fourteen persons organized a club for the purpose of study and research, along psychological lines. At one of their meetings Charlie, one of the members, was missing. Another member said, "Well, I have my doubts as to the certainty that Suggestion will cure. If it cures, won't it kill? It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. I propose that we test it. Now there's Charlie. As he's not here tonight, I propose that we try it out on him. Let's all go to him tomorrow and see if we can make him believe that he is sick." The tendency toward investigation being strong with some, others treating it as a joke, all finally assented to his plan and it was arranged that they go in certain order and successively suggest to Charlie that he was sick, and watch the results. Charlie, by the way, was employed as clerk in a country store.

Next morning, the one who had proposed the test, went to the

store and this conversation took place: "Hello, Charlie! Why were you not out last night, were you *sick*? O, I *see* you *are sick*. You show it in your looks." Charlie firmly denied the charge, saying that he never felt better. But the other insisted that there must be something wrong with him, or his looks would not betray it.

After he left another called who repeated the above program. Then another followed and another, and another, until at noon *eight* had called and urged upon him that he *must* be sick, because his looks showed it. He then looked in the mirror and said, "I *wonder* if I *am* sick! I *do* look kind o' pale. Maybe I *am going to be sick* and they can see it." When the others—five more, had followed out the proposed plan, Charlie *was sick*—had to be taken home, put to bed; and for weeks lay *sick of Suggestion*—the rule *works both ways*—and the fellow who had planned the test, nursed him in an agony of fear, lest he die, and his death be laid to him. He had satisfied himself that "the rule would work both ways." An almost *identical* case occurred in a village in Canada, and was described to me, also by one who witnessed it. A friend told me this of her own experience—I will, so far as I can, quote her words, exactly, "My mother would be horrified if she knew of my saying this, but she is accountable for sister Rose's condition—Sister Rose, by the way, was a confirmed invalid. I *know* 'tis her *love* for us, that has made her do so, and her mistaken idea that she is *showing* her love by the way

she does. She has always told us that we were delicate—that we could not stand what other girls could, that we must take *extra care* of our health, as we were not *strong*. She has always tried to lead us to *expect* ill health, instead of being well. I always laughed at it and said, ‘Nonsense! I can stand what others can! Nothing hurts me! I’m strong—as strong as anyone.’ But poor Rose—she listened to Mother, and believed all she said—and look at Rose today, lying in bed, unable to walk, having to be waited on. And Mother waits on her and poots her and treats her like a baby and *thinks* she is doing the *best thing for her*.”

How many mothers are doing the same thing—destroying by their suggestions the individuality and power of their children, by their fondly-foolish fears, and lack of knowledge of the Laws of Suggestion?

Children are largely subconscious and *open* to Suggestion. They accept much that is said by those whom they love and trust, as gospel truth. So they learn to believe themselves constitutionally weak and subject to disease.

The writer relates these incidents from the fullness of an aching heart. It comes very close home to her, as she saw for years her only brother struggle under the adverse suggestions of doctors and supposed friends, who, because his heart action was weak and defective, constantly kept it before his notice, ever alluding to his health and

relating to others, in his presence, that his heart was defective and that he could never get well as it was deformed or mal-formed and could not recover. He finally succumbed to it, after a weary struggle and a constant protest that he could be better if people would "leave him alone" and not everlastingly think of him as unable to endure.

To urge upon another that he is ill, that he cannot recover is *positively a crime!*

The writer had a neighbor who had cherished a secret fear of cancer, because her mother had died from the effects of cancer. After living in an adjoining flat for a year, I found out that she had a tiny lump—hardly *that*—a rough spot on her lower lip, so small, so insignificant that she herself was the only one who knew it. She had, at the time of this occurrence, a brother who had a little excrescence on the rim of one ear; and as he, too, lived in fear of cancer, they went to see a doctor about it. Her husband had opposed her going, so she went without his knowledge.

When shown the spot on her lip, the doctor said very impressively, "That, madam, is a well-defined cancer!" That night she worried all night, walking the floor most of the night. Next day when the writer heard about it, she told her she did not *believe one word* of it—that she had seen her *every day* for *over a year* and had never even *noticed* the spot in question; that doctors do not always *know*—

that they often make *mistakes*—that she must *not think of it* as anything serious; and she *must control herself* and *stop* worrying and use her judgment about it, that it had not increased in size, nor changed in appearance in a year, etc., etc.

That occurrence was in the year 1904, and thirteen years later that woman was enjoying good health and the spot on her lip had never enlarged nor given her any trouble—in fact she had almost forgotten it herself.

It is criminal to sow seeds like that in the minds of others.

Never allow anyone to plant in your Subconscious a suggestion that is detrimental. If someone says to you that you look ill, reply—verbally or mentally—I am *not* ill. I *am* quite well! Because the *I* of you which you speak of as *I* is always well—being Spirit it *cannot* be sick. If someone says that you look tired, just reply that it does not matter, as you can easily *rest*; or else, plainly say, *I* am *not* tired. If my *body* is tired, it will *soon* become rested. Of course that is likely to involve you in an argument, but probably it is *good* that you argue. It will help you to more clearly understand—every time you have to explain your position to another.

So do not hesitate to defend your position. There are so many who delight in trying to overthrow one's argument, that you will have to learn to state your views, sooner or later, and it is well that you learn at once. When once you have absorbed these ideas, when

they have filtered through the consciousness into the Subconscious and become truth to you, you will never turn back. There was a time when you learned that two and two make four. You know it as a truth and never can you *un-know* it. We have in the Scriptures this promise of change by the *renewal* of mind. "Ye are changed by the renewing of your mind."

An eminent author wrote "Soul is form and doth the body make, For of the Soul the body form doth take."

The *fear of illness*, the *anxiety* about their *health* seems to so engross the minds of the majority of people, that the principle theme of their conversation, wherever they assemble, is their state of health; someone's operation; the doctor's verdict and his bill; their chief symptoms, the last fever they had and what was done for them, etc., etc. And again, if one halts near a group; especially so if of elderly persons, one hears remarks like the following, "Well, I get around pretty well, *considering my age.*" Don't you think I'm holding *my own* pretty well?" "I'm not so *spry* as I used to be, but that's to be *expected* at my *time of life,*' etc., etc.

No *wonder* they grew *old*. No *wonder* their *joints stiffen*—they *expect* it. What one believeth in his heart is *sure* to *externalize* in *bodily conditions*. Why not think of something else? Why not talk *health*, instead of disease? Why not *thrill* the body and vibrate the

nerves, and chemicalize the body-substance with hope, and expectation of *good* conditions?

Every thought, every word, makes its mark on the outer expression. Why does one *look cross* when he is angry? Because he *thinks* cross and *feels mad* and *vibrates* his body accordingly. And it leaves its mark. It externalizes. If one is a grouch, he shows it in his walk, in his carriage, in the very way he wears his hat, and treads his shoes. Not only does his scowl abash you, his growl chills you; and you feel like getting out of his neighborhood—or swearing back. His whole person is permeated and poisoned by his thought-atmosphere, and everyone hates to see him approach. He knows and feels it, and in time the pressure upon his own system will cause his body to refuse to go, and to topple into the grave. “As a man *thinketh* in his heart, *so is he!*”

The writer knew this incident as a fact. One of her acquaintance became so alarmed through the remarks of another woman, who told her that she looked ill, that she actually went into a sanitarium for treatment, at an expense which she could ill afford, from *fear that she might get down sick* in the apartment where she lived. Another, a friend of the writer, has recently been pestered almost beyond endurance by another woman, in her lodging house, who tells her every day how *miserable* she looks and says, “O, if I could *only* get you to call *my doctor!* He would do wonders for you.” The

friend in question, who has not been very strong, because of overdoing in the nursing of two members of her family, and their deaths, has had difficulty to keep from breaking down under this persistent adverse suggestion. By the writer's help, through the renewing of her mind, she has succeeded in overcoming and is now very well. Be *careful* what you say! As the *I am* the *Self* of me has always existed—as it has always been—as it had no beginning and will have no end; and as my body as a whole, undergoes complete change—complete and entire renewal—with the exception of the enamel of the teeth—within less than one year, then *of a truth, I have no age*. If I have no age, then verily *I am youth*. Then it appears that I should put forth or manifest *youth* in my expression. Having arrived at this conclusion, then comes the question *why* do people show evidence of age? Replying to this question, I should say it comes of the race belief, the settled and almost universally prevalent belief, handed down from bygone generations, who did not *think* regarding these things; but, who, like sheep, *followed* without question; and *dreaded* and *feared* and *expected* and *constantly affirmed sickness, old age and death*. Who has not heard remarks like the following while standing near a group of people who are *thinking* of themselves and others, as growing old? I am getting old and all stiffened up, but at *my age*, I must *expect* that. *Expect* it, mind you! No *wonder* it comes to him! “Don't you think I get around pretty well,

considering my age?" There it is again—a case of those conditions being *expected*. “The doctor says I must not *expect* to get well, at my age.” If he does not *expect*, he won’t. It is the constant topic of conversation, and with few exceptions, the *belief*, the expectation voiced, is that one must *fail* as the years go by, and “enjoy” old age and decrepitude. If one has his own teeth, everyone exclaims about it in wonder. If one can read without glasses, he occasions remarks of surprise—even in some instances of *scorn*, as “You’d better put on your *glasses* to do that.” It is always expected of us that we grow *old* and ugly, gray and bald, toothless and decrepit. And whatsoever a man *thinketh* in his heart” is going to show forth in the body he builds.

Whatsoever I really and truly *think* of myself—that I am bound to *externalize*. So I do not dare think negative thoughts, *injurious* thoughts, *weakening* thoughts, lest I objectify or externalize, express or manifest them in the structure that *I am* all the time building. It is not *optional* with me *whether* or not I build my body. If I *stay in a body* I have to rebuild that body, whether I want to or not. But it is optional with me, whether or not I build in good conditions—whether I vibrate my body-substance with the right kind of thoughts, as I rebuild.

It is a fact that I cannot think two different thoughts at once. So I can be careful to think the right kind of thought, to the exclu-

sion of any other; and thus vibrate my body-substance at will, to produce good conditions in building.

So my physical condition is a matter of my own creation. If *I am* dissatisfied with it *I am* the one who can alter it. So my body-building is in my own hands.

The Subconscious reasons deductively. It is the store house of memory, receives and holds all impressions, all knowledge—never forgets; but does not reason, save deductively. It will, if it receives an impression, go on, indefinitely, objectifying that impression. So do not put into *words* your *age*, unless you *wish* to grow *old*, as fast as the Subconscious can build you. If you *say* I am forty years old, or fifty, or sixty, or seventy, or eighty, your Subconscious will *make your words come true*. It will objectify in *flesh* and *blood* and *bones just what you say*. So be *careful of your words*.

The following is a well known incident, long since published in annals of the medical fraternity, viz.: A sixteen-year-old bride to be, on her wedding day, clad in bridal robes, awaited the coming of her lover who was accidentally killed on his way to be married. The terrible news so shocked her as to cause insanity, and from that day she lived on day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year, *always* expecting her lover—ever at her window, robed in bridal array, expectantly smiling and waiting for him to come. She had no sense of time beyond that one day; no sense of anything but the

one all-engrossing event. So she ever smiled as she awaited his coming and at seventy-six she had the same unchanged girlish face and form. To all appearances she was still sixteen.

Prof. Elmer Gates of Washington, D. C., experimented with men to ascertain the effect of different emotions upon the physical body. He had them breathe through a glass tube packed in ice, so the breath would be condensed. If a person of normal mind breathed into the tube, there would be no precipitation; but make that person angry, and in five minutes after he had breathed into the tube, there would be a brown powder precipitated. Prof. Gates proved that anger, malice, hate and fear produce chemical changes in the body that are poisonous. He gave this powder to animals and also to people, and watched its effect. It produced in both a condition of irritation and excitement. Jesus says, "This is *life* eternal, to know *life*;" therefore, one having a correct *knowledge* of the powers of adhesion, cohesion, attraction, of gravitation, of growth, will be envired by life. It becomes a power within him, and it is a power surrounding him. "I in the Father and the Father in me."

Prof. Gates says, "Bad and unpleasant feelings create harmful chemical products in the body, which are physically injurious. Good, pleasant, cheerful feelings create beneficial chemical products which are physically healthful. These products may be detected by chemical analysis, in perspiration and secretions of the individual. More

than forty of the good and as many of the bad have been detected. Suppose six men in a room; one feels depressed, another remorseful, another ill-tempered, another jealous, another cheerful and benevolent. Samples of their perspiration are given to a psycho-physicist. He can detect all these emotions distinctly, and unmistakably. There is a corresponding chemical *change* in the body, which is life-depressing and poisonous. Every good emotion makes a *life-promoting* change. Every thought is registered. How long does it take a thought to register?

How long does it take a thought to externalize?

Watching the faces of people in conversation, we may see their thoughts fairly rippling over their faces in accord with their humor—whether they are pleased or displeased. Individuals vary in the rapidity with which they receive and register; but even in those of slow vibrations, thought is marvelously quick.

Notice when one is angered, it does not take long for the thought to manifest, as an expression of displeasure. It may take quite a long time to externalize in eradicating a habit of long standing in body-renewal. With some, habit is harder to eradicate than with others.

The beauty of it is, that a seed thought once caught by the Subconscious, goes on germinating and growing while the conscious

mind wakes, sleeps, is otherwise occupied and entirely forgets the thought sown.

The writer will cite an instance in evidence of this: At the age of ten or eleven in trying to hold a strong, frightened cat, which no one else had ever captured, her left arm was deeply torn from the base of the thumb to the elbow—one long, deep scratch which laid the flesh open. It healed, leaving a scar the whole length that was as heavy as a twine string and about as white. This she accepted as *belonging to her*, for all of forty years. One day she happened to think as she noticed the scar, “wonder why I build that? I don’t want it. It is neither useful nor ornamental and I *will not have it*. I refuse to keep that scar. It can not build there any longer. I will refuse it nourishment. She then addressed the scar thus. “You’ve *got to go! Now git!*” She then forgot about it. Paid no more attention to it for some months, possibly a year, when, she must acknowledge, to her *surprise*, it had grown shorter—that is, it had disappeared from both ends and only the middle was visible; since which the portion left has gradually shortened, until she can, herself, with difficulty discern a very faint two-inch length of scar. In this especial instance, she hardly considered that she was giving a treatment; she was more in jest than in earnest, and did not even recognize that she could eradicate a scar—especially one of so long standing. However, she has since, in less time, completely done away

with several others, but with more attention and repeated efforts. One, the scar of a burn of perhaps ten years' standing, left, leaving no evidence of its ever having been, inside of three months. While relating this, it may be well to add that she has repeatedly overcome serious burns by insisting that she *will not* be burned. In two instances she has overcome very serious burns, once in case of her picking up a kettle full of boiling substance, beans or fruit, by a bail which had been in the flame on a gasoline stove. As the liquid was boiling, she dared not drop it, but waited to set it down. It left a hollow where the bail lay across her fingers. She treated it by thought and by the spoken word. After the first pang, there was no hurt and there was no evidence of a burn left. Another time, she attempted to pour boiling fat from a frying pan into a small can, held in fingers of left hand, and deluged her whole hand with the boiling fat. Within five minutes the pain was gone, and it left no mark on the hand. *Nothing* was done in either case, excepting to use her thought with the recognition that she was drawing her power to heal from the one great Source—the Infinite.

In photography it does not take long to make an image.

The plate is sensitized by being submitted to a solution composed of Collodion or Gelatine (in early times white of egg was used), and Nitrate of Silver or Chlorides; 1-2000th part of a second's exposure was enough to catch and register the image, although at first the

photographer himself could not see it was there, though latent.

In each individual Soul is the *latent image* of the Almighty.

Spirit directs me.

Spirit enfolds.

Spirit protects me.

Spirit upholds.

Spirit enlightens.

Spirit defends.

Spirit illumines.

Spirit befriends.



The Oneness of All with God.

JESSIE MILLARD ENGLISH

As I lie at ease in my hammock,
 Rocked by the gentle breeze,
And look at the skies' cerulean,
 Through the waving boughs of the trees,
Each leaf, as it flutters and rustles
 And dips, with a friendly nod,
Seems telling to me a message
 Of the oneness of all with God.

And a message comes in whispers
 From the field of corn nearby,
And notes sound out from the corn leaves
 As the breeze goes whirling high.
I list to a whole field of wind-harps;
 And I fancy as they nod
That I hear in soft refrain from them
 "‘The oneness of all, with God.’"

The palm trees; in solemn grandeur,
Lift their leaves, like hands, in prayer.
The scent of the rich-hued roses
Hangs on the vibrant air.
As the grasses bend and rustle,
And softly sigh and nod,
I'm sure I hear *them* whisper, of
The oneness of all with God.

A humming bird hangs poising,
With throat and breast aglow,
Above the honeysuckle blooms,
Whose depths he longs to know.
His chirp of satisfaction
I interpret, as I nod,
To mean that he knows his oneness
With me—and all, and God.

The bees come near me buzzing—
In quest of their nectared fare.
The butterflies float o'er me,
On the jasmine-perfumed air.
A hum of insect toilers
Is rising from bush and sod.
And I hear, in concerted sweetness,
“The oneness of all with God.”

As I lie here, fanned by zephyrs,
Swaying under the trees,
This universal chanson
Comes vibrating on the breeze.
The mocking bird is singing
While from sky and tree and sod,
The anthem sweet comes ringing—
“The oneness of all with God.”

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