

The Seventh Day

As we contemplated the whole tone of the seventh day symbol of this great Genesis story, we saw that all that it is saying to you and to me is held within the vast scope of that single word "Love." It is not describing a particular incident in time, but a motion of eternity which forever embraces each one of us.

Love Is a Costly Thing

May it not be true that of all the words in common use the term "love" is the one most casually employed and therefore used in a way that is furthest from its real meaning? Unless we refine our understanding of even this human affection, how are we to gain a proper sense of Love itself?

Love is a costly thing, even the gold of character, and it has its stern demands. Whilst it is inherent in every man, woman, and child, its presence is made known through the sacrifices and the service which have to be undertaken in order to remove the sensual veil which hides the genuine thing. You cannot understand love until you have paid a price for it.

A mother's love becomes real love to her through her mothering, and that includes much self-sacrifice as well as joy. May it not be that John the beloved disciple was able to say to us, "God is Love," because he had made a whole-hearted stand for true affection? May not the seed of this later statement of his have been sown in his action in remaining with a few women beside their Master when he was on the cross and despised as much as the two malefactors with him? And so let us not take lightly the priceless meaning of love.

THE SEVENTH DAY (2): TO LOVE IS TO REST

We saw and accepted the fact that this seventh day symbol has two major movements. The second of these reads, "*And on the*

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seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made."

This "last" of Genesis becomes our "first," for we have agreed to work backwards through this story which we shall come to see has neither beginning nor end.

Let us then consider what this verse means to us. We can begin by asking why it is that when we love truly and properly, we are rested. Can anyone from a purely material standpoint explain that fact, which is nevertheless provable in the experience of all of us?

For instance, a man can return somewhat exhausted after a strenuous day, in which he has faithfully performed that which he considered his duty, and then, tired both in mind and body, can turn to something that he really loves—his workshop, his garden, or his piano—and immediately become absorbed in it. After a while, with this which he never regards as a duty, but which he just knows that he loves, he finds a sense of rest and peace stealing over him. Not only is time forgotten, but also that very fatigue is extinguished which from all known physical standards of health was demanding both physical and mental rest for its cure.

How is it that that tiredness is eliminated by the use of possibly greater mental and physical energy than that which when used in this man's "duties" caused it? Obviously the only answer lies within the true meaning of the word "love."

The Two Mothers

I would like to give you another illustration of this. It concerns two good women, each of whom has a good husband, a good home, and a good child. Their circumstances are about equal according to all human standards, such as money, but there is one great difference between them—although at first it may be hardly noticeable—and that is in their approach to life.

The first woman holds a high sense of duty towards her husband, her home, and especially her child. Everything in her life seems to be influenced by this sense of duty, to which she often

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refers, and of course on the face of it what could be more commendable? Yet this dear lady is always getting tired, for her duties labour her. Every now and again she has to have a break from them and have a thorough rest in order to recuperate her strength, so that once more she may enter this high moral and humanly approved path of her duty.

The other woman does not seem to know what the word "duty" means. Yet she certainly loves her husband, her home, and her child and loves to be doing things for them all, especially for the child.

I do not wish to imply that the first mother does not love her home and husband and child in a good human way, but I do know that this second mother's love is very different. It is *love*—it is not a duty. It is *her*. It is her all, her life, and her joy. Nothing on this earth could make her happier than to be with and to work for her husband and child.

I have watched her so often that from being at first amazed I have begun to learn what love means and I have also learnt the effects of such a love, for she never gets unduly tired, is never irritated, and never exhausted of ideas or energy.

I have seen her child inadvertently spill something all over a clean dress, and watching her mother's face I have actually seen a smile of real pleasure pass over it, and then she has said, "*Now* look what we've done! We'll have to go and put on that nice frock with the pretty flowers on it," and off she and her child have gone. I would point out that this mother, like any normal mother, makes a practice of instructing her child in all things, including how to behave itself so as not to spill food, but this particular incident gave me a lesson in the great freedom and unburdened happiness which Love bestows on the individual who is truly and naturally loving. I sat there and realized that that spilling of food had become classified as a blessing. Through what? Through love.

Needless to say, that child is one of the loveliest of children, both in looks and character. The other mother's child is good-looking too, but spoils her natural charm by behaving somewhat petulantly; and as a further result of living in this atmosphere

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which over-emphasizes "duty," she takes life very seriously and I suppose from all human standards most laudably.

In the one home I feel at ease and am always learning lessons with my eyes wide open, and yet I am *glad* to learn. In the other home I feel I must watch what I am saying, and the whole atmosphere seems to be arrayed in silent rebuke to all those who do not take their duties equally solemnly. This has the effect of making one rather opposed to the word "duty," instead of accepting its loving purposes with grace.

I would also add that whilst in each home there is a great sense of order, in the first it is more the sort of order one finds on the parade ground, whereas in the other it is like that of a garden which is tended but allowed to grow.

So there we have an illustration of the true, wide meaning of the word "rest" and how it is always present when real love is present.

Love Refreshes and Enriches

But why, we may wonder, does the first woman not have the reward of rest, since her principles are correct and her fidelity to them unswerving? Does not all this point to the fact that a man is not a lone unit impelling himself along, but that he is part of a vast whole, an All in which all the impulsion lies? When he loves, he opens a door and enters that All in his experience. Then if he expends energy, it cannot be expended outside of his being, for his being has become an individual part of the one whole Being; therefore since his energy cannot go outside that All, it cannot be lost or used up.

So is it not an established fact that when we love, we rest? And also that in that love we cannot be impoverished or exhausted in fulfilling its requirements? And furthermore that not only are we not impoverished or exhausted, but actually enriched and recuperated?

That mother with the home and family which she truly loves is greatly enriched by her experience, and I am sure that no ordinary holiday could refresh her more than does her daily happiness when engaged within the circle of her love.

If therefore on our human plane and here within our own experience we find that love, true love, means rest and replenishment, how much more must be covered by the description of the rest which the Creator enjoys on this seventh day! If our rest is synonymous with our love, then surely His rest must be synonymous with His love; and this must place that one great name as forever His,—Love, Love capitalized and made divine to lift it out of any possible misinterpretation of its holy meaning.

We are surely justified in starting with this seventh day symbol, for the more one thinks of it, the clearer it becomes that the whole first and final impulse of the Creator in His creation is His love as Love. Because as Love He can do nothing else but love, Life is expressed in all its multitudinous magnificence, just as in any realm it is because of love that people and things live and enjoy being alive.

Remove love, true love, from any phase of even human experience and the sunshine which gives life has been withdrawn. How much therefore the whole of experience depends upon, and will forever have, this love of Love!

Rest Is the Recognition of Newness

When you come to consider the meaning of the word “rest,” you begin to realize that rest is not a static thing, for whether you rest on your bed or float on the water, that rest must be seen as support and buoyancy; and true support and buoyancy come from the inspiration of the constant newness of anything.

As the mother’s eyes rest on her child, she nearly always sees something new in it,—some new aspect of what she already loves,—and yet she is quite rested and only really rested in that newness. She never tires of serving her child for that very reason.

Rest is actually a series of unlaboured movements in response to some ideal, but they are so smoothly joined together that we no longer feel the separate phases; we are conscious only of one harmonious flow of satisfying newness.

True work for an ideal is never ended in the sense that there

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is nothing more to do for it; and yet it is always “ended” in that it is complete and perfectly satisfying at every stage. That is the message of this seventh day.

The Naturalness of Love

Reaching up from the human experience of the resting effect of a true love, we find that that beneficial effect is solely due to the fact that in expressing that real love we become our natural selves; we express qualities engendered by our Cause, the one great Love that is All.

It is as if we have learnt in this true love how to cease all human interference and allow divine Love to be Himself or Herself through us. And so to us in those moments or hours there comes all the peace and rest which are His through that whole experience which we call “moments” or “hours.”

As we contemplate this, we see that by learning to “allow” or “let,” by releasing ourselves to our true selves through the naturalness of love, we enter an experience that may appear to be new to us, but which has obviously always been, both for us and for everyone. Then do we feel how creation has begun,—how a new line of thinking has opened up.

When we accept the name of Love as being one of the names of divinity, we have certainly opened a new channel of creative thought; its purposes will challenge all our previously accepted ideas of love and correct their limitations. They will reveal the utter naturalness of good, and thence the complete unnaturalness and unreality of all that would oppose it.

It is the established fact behind this seventh day symbol that ensures our safety and continuity, for Love will never change; being All, there is nothing outside of its own nature to which it could ever change.

The opposite of love, sometimes called hate, is never factual or real; it is but a mirage, a misleading or misunderstanding, and the restoration of true light or understanding removes it. But where? Where can a misunderstanding go when once the specific understanding has been fully grasped in consciousness? “Vaporized”

is a modern word, but in this case one must go even further than that, for it does not remain even as vapour. It becomes nothing, and not only that, for it becomes a “nothing” that never could have been a “something.” Even if we try to recall it, it is no longer a “something,” but merely an absurdity,—a ghost that occupied the poor senses for a while and yet which like a ghost we know was never really there.

Love, then, has no opposite, and that is because Love is the All. Therefore, and by this recognition only, we become monotheists in the true sense of that word and have *one* God, and one God only.

A New-Old Love

Many illustrations could be given which would all go to prove that Love is much greater than man and yet its naturalness and its purpose embrace each one of us. When we fall in line with or acquiesce in its mandate, we not only feel better, feel more ourselves, but also at the same time we reach up or reach forward to a *new* self. That new selfhood could never by any possible means have been found through any other process than our abandonment of “self” in the restful service of our natural love for an ideal. This ideal must of course be of the type that derives all its idealism from sources which are divine, or shall we say above general human standards.

One such illustration comes to mind from the experience of two very normal individuals, people who moved in an average society and were well liked by those with whom they associated.

They had been married for some thirty years and had settled into a balanced relationship. They had a very kindly regard for one another, an understanding of and respect for each other’s ways, and they enjoyed most things in common. In other words, theirs was a good human marriage.

It so happened that they both became vitally interested in a spiritual ideal, and that ideal, so far as I could gather, was the allness and naturalness of good and the Science which upheld this theme and enabled them to rebuke all opposing testimony through the logic of its system—very much as the system of

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mathematics equips its students to rebuke any opposing suggestions of erroneous computations.

From small beginnings they increased their pursuit of this idealism, until finally they really fell in love with it as the thing which was most attractive to them in all the world. Their approach had changed from that of pursuit and objectiveness to a natural presence with their idealism. They were now more or less always present with it, just as a musician may find himself always present with the musical realm once he has made it the all-in-all of his daily living.

In order to have a period away from the daily routine, this couple went on holiday and spent most of their time reading, studying, and thinking about this subject of the allness of good and the consequent nothingness of its opposites. Although great lovers of the outdoor life, they found the natural pull was towards the literature they had which dealt with this ideal. They mixed for a period each day with the other hotel guests and generally enjoyed themselves, but they told me that for the most part they were travelling together along the interesting roadway of this subject of the naturalness of good.

It was on one such day and, I believe, just as they had dressed for dinner, that the man looked at his wife and suddenly became aware of how beautiful and how young she looked, and at the same time the wife looked at her husband and felt exactly the same about him.

They told me—and I may say there was something very sacred and true about this telling—that they fell into each other's arms in an indescribable sense of love and tenderness. Their feelings had the same youthfulness and expectancy which they had experienced more than thirty years before, when as comparatively young people they had found their mutual love and had embraced with no other words than "My dear."

That first long-ago recognition of one another had been pure and virgin-free from any contamination, and this present experience was the same and had all the inspiration of that original discovery.

All the settled-down acceptance of each other was shed from

them, and the man told me that ever since that moment he has constantly found himself looking at his wife across perhaps a table in a restaurant and longing to caress her sweet, youthful face in fresh appreciation of this new-found love. He told me also that if he is to meet her, he waits with all that almost forgotten eagerness of his first love.

In fact, and I can hear his quiet voice as he said it, he found that that "first" had become this "last" and this "last" had become that "first," and the years and all the experience between seemed to have fled.

They had truly met, truly found each other, on these stairs that were leading them both towards a common ideal. As young people they had met on similar stairs, but then by general human assent this had been misinterpreted as the normal attraction of the sexes, and so from its original innocence and joyous tranquillity their relationship had soon had to pass through the uncertain waters which throb along those shores. But as with most good people, their natures had prevailed through all the storms, and later they had settled into an acceptance of companionship.

Yet that acceptance, whilst placid, lacked the true vitality and pure, fresh recognition which would have made them of unique importance to each other and therefore a divinely paired pair. Now they had found again the original stairs, and now there was no sense present which could falsely identify their love with some unreal name.

Meeting in a Common Love for an Ideal

This new-old love which they had found when they had given all in their love for a true idealism was tainted neither with grey-haired lack of feeling and the self-convictions of age nor with the so-called youthful throb of sex. In fact, the senses could not classify it at all.

This, like that original meeting, stood clear of all the valleyed stuff between, and like two snow-clad mountain peaks lifting above a valley, they were one in the warm glow of a higher light than the valley may ever receive. Was not that higher light divine

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Love? Was not their reaching to it the real impulse of true love, and was not their natural unifying experience the only possible outcome of such a love?

Of course it was, and it was *here* and it was *practical*, for this story is true, and instead of being exaggerated in any degree it is undertold in meaning through the limitations of language. As it was told to me, it was completely fresh, sober, and yet divine.

You could not shed tears at its telling, nor could you laugh, but you could and did resolve to accept the naturalness of the divine workings with a quicker response. You also determined to give more serious consideration to all that this must involve in its demands for a systematized instead of a falsely sentimentalized concept of those workings.

The point to hold in mind is that these two found each other anew on that common path which they had taken,—a pure devotion to an ideal, an ideal moreover that was ever above them and was therefore ever lifting them out of themselves to something higher.

Sometime men will learn that the only true and lasting meeting-place for the affections is on those stairs that lead them out of themselves to something higher and better. On those stairs men can continually meet, be they but two in number or be they three or even millions; and if they remain on those stairs, they can never part.

Is it not true that these two people found this new sense of love because they were rested in what they were doing? Because they were rested, they had time really to see each other, to know each other, and so to love each other. You must have time in order to love, and in order to have time you must be rested in your activity.

So here in the second part of this seventh day symbol we have seen how these great scholars were describing that which we more easily apprehend through the term Love. We have glimpsed something of Love being itself, being Love, and thus defining the magnitude of that sweet word "rest."

THE SEVENTH DAY (1): LOVE SEES THE TRUTH

Now we come to the first part of this seventh day symbol, and we accepted that it is pin-pointed in our more modern symbolism by the phrase Love as Truth.

The verse we are concerned with reads, "*Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.*" Let us consider this for a while.

We know that with divine Love all things must be finished and complete, for even with true human love the picture is complete. To a real mother her child is complete, and it is perfect to her concept if she really loves. So with all our true love that which we love is to us fully satisfying.

Here in this verse, then, there is the definite sense or tone of Love, but do you notice that the verse is about that which Love has made, that which it loves, that which is its ideal? "The heavens and the earth . . . and all the host of them." Now, what best describes what Love loves? Is it not Truth?

When, for instance, a man loves, truly loves, is not his ideal that which embodies for him all that is true and real and lovely? Does he not actually love truth, or that which represents truth to him in that particular sphere? Even if he loves another man or woman, he or she would be the very embodiment of all that was most true to him in manhood or womanhood.

Could he, if he genuinely loved, see any flaw in that expression? Can a mother who fully loves see any flaw or error in her child? She may, through the alertness caused by her love, see flaws or errors trying to *attach* themselves to her child, but they are outside enemies and not within her child. She may blame someone or something else and even destroy any evil influences, but she will never, if she truly loves, blame her child—that is impossible to real love.

In fact, the perfect criterion of love, that which tells you if your love is wholly true or only partly so, is this challenge: if that which you love could never be anything to you but perfect and true, then you really love—but not otherwise.

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Two healthy questions we could put to ourselves when we use the words "I love you" would be "Why do I love?" and "What actually am I loving?" It is a fact that we never love unless that which we love reveals to us truth.

"Then Jesus Beholding Him Loved Him"

In the tenth chapter of Mark's Gospel we read of how a rich young ruler came to the Master, knelt before him, and asked him what he should do to inherit eternal life; on being reminded of certain of the Commandments, he protested that he had observed them all from his youth up. He was then told to sell all that he had, give to the poor, and follow the Master, whereupon he "went away grieved: for he had great possessions."

It is recorded that "Jesus beholding him loved him." How simple and how profound!

What was this love which Jesus had? It was the love which beholds the truth, freely, effortlessly, and with consummate naturalness. To Jesus' eyes this was not a self-righteous young ruler proud of his moral and worldly riches; through love Jesus saw right through all that to the truth of this young man,—that he was not dependent in any way on the etceteras of worldly goods and the trappings of morality to cover up his mental poverty and make him wonderful, because he *was* wonderful already.

The Master must have felt towards that young man as we would feel towards a young girl whom we loved and who overdressed in her eagerness to make herself attractive to us: would we not see through all that pretension to her own natural beauty? Jesus saw that young ruler clearly as Love saw him and that therefore he *needed* none of these surface props; if he gave them away,—gave up his belief that he could not be a man without them,—he would stand forth in his own true worth.

Jesus beheld the completed picture, so to speak,—beheld the young ruler as entirely satisfied and whole in himself. Had he seen himself then as the Master saw him, he would have been free immediately of all that was weighing him down,—all his faith in the things of this world as necessary to enhance true manhood.

So long as he was dead to his own magnificence, he would not enjoy the "eternal life" for which he had expressed a desire.

And so we are told quite straightforwardly that Jesus loved him. He was not fooled by the young man's initial prostration of himself, nor did he neglect the necessary human requirements (with immense divine wisdom behind them) to be asked of him. But he must have removed him in thought from all the cluttering paraphernalia of display and simply seen him as lovable, as acceptable as he was to his Maker. Starting with love, the Master saw the truth.

The young man may have gone away grieved,—even as our young girl might have felt some temporary sorrow had we told her that she did not need that overdressing to which she had given so much attention and attached such importance,—but in the light of the Master's unbroken record of perfect achievement in healing and indeed in any sphere where he directed the loving activity of his thought, we may be certain that that love which Jesus felt towards him would so reveal the truth to this young ruler that his sorrow would soon be changed into the same sort of joy as the Master must have had at the moment of beholding him; and he would then accept that whole truth about his selfhood which Jesus' affection had so unlabouredly and instantaneously cognized.

If we too will have a love that naturally excludes all else but the truth, we shall be no more anxious than this Master was about the final result, for such a love on *our* part will cause us to trust that Love will assuredly fulfil *its* part.

Love Beholds Its Ideal

Here, then, in this Genesis verse these great teachers are showing us that Love examines that which it loves only to find that it is all fully complete in its revelation of final truth. In other words, we have a picture of Love beholding its ideal, Truth. Love as Truth! What words they are, and how they make Love practical to us, for the only way to love is to behold the truth—for your child, your friend, yourself, or your ideal.

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And how these ancient scholars enlarge the whole purpose of Love through its expression as this ideal, or Truth, for they embrace everything in their word-picture of that ideal,—not only the magnitude of the heavens and the earth, but “all the host of them” as well.

It is as if they are saying, “Love’s ideal is the one Truth that is everywhere expressed. The heavens express truth; do they not give a sense of flawlessness? The earth, too, when not defaced by war or greed or misinterpreted by ignorance, is a very natural expression of fundamental truth. And all the vast host of everything likewise expresses essential truth.” Surely this is a new and better way to look at the universe,—the way of Love’s looking,—than we usually adopt.

Why not for a moment put aside all the evidence of those false witnesses, the human senses, and accept the testimony of Love as it beholds that All which is its own conscious realization? This is best defined as Truth, for it is true to its Creator, true to form, true to type. It is the *All* of truth, and is Love being itself under a new name, Truth.

As you think of this perfectly formed outcome of a perfect and complete Cause, cannot you feel the sense of happiness that radiates around it? It is *your* earth, *your* heaven, *your* “all the host of them.” It is yours to accept and enjoy, but yours only because it is Love’s ideal of itself, and you and I and all men are embraced in that ideal.

To Look with Love Is Supremely Practical

Is that too idealistic for this matter-of-fact world? The answer can only come if *we* will be absolutely matter-of-fact, neither more nor less. Do you believe that there is some great creative Power which men call God and which is the only Cause, the only God? You do. Do you know that God to be God must be supreme and Godlike, perfect in the fullest meaning of the word? You do. Then if there is only one Cause, one God, can there be any effect from any other cause or source? There cannot. And if this only Cause is perfect, can that which it causes be anything but perfect? It cannot.

That is a plain *matter of fact*, and it is as cool and logical as any other scientific deduction you may wish to consider. Then why do we not accept it in all its matter-of-factness, just as we do all other matter-of-fact things?

Is it not because we have been taught to listen to the senses, those five little unreliable and self-contradictory enemies of truth, more than to our reason? And no one has seriously asked us to do otherwise, except the Biblical writers and most of all the great Nazarene Master thinker. But then we answer that he was too idealistic for this world and this age. And yet no one can prove that any one of his teachings is anything but the most practical approach to human conduct that has yet been discovered.

Again, Jesus took note of all the practical down-to-earth needs of men and women and not only supplied their needs, but also made it quite clear that the answer to those needs lay in his so-called impractical teaching. He was not too idealistic to ignore the crying need for health and happiness, nor did he refrain from rebuking the errors of men and so restoring the balance of mind and conduct.

If anyone can name a man more practical and down-to-the-needs-of-men than was this Nazarene, I would be glad to hear of him.

So this Love as Truth symbol challenges men with the tremendous question, "Do you profess to love? Then will you not claim a whole truth and nothing else for that which you love? And if you do, what burdens will roll aside, what a purpose to love you will see!"

Say you became idealistic in this way for just half an hour every now and then, and looked out on the universe and the whole family of man—"all the host of them"—with the eyes of Love and the eyes of Truth. Would it be impractical to say that during that half-hour you would be doing more good to yourself and to your fellow-men than if you simply ignored this divine mandate and accepted all the unpredictable, pessimistic, and ever-changing testimony which is thrown up at you from a sensual world?

By a sensual world I mean a world of so-called reasoning based on all that the senses can gather,—based on what is seen, what is

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heard, what is felt, the bitter tastes and unlikeable odours emanating from the sensual cauldron, whose mixtures have neither logic nor real science to support them.

I think it must always be more practical to think from perfection than from imperfection, for I know no truly scientific system that reasons from the latter.

So in this seventh day symbol we have seen what Love is and what Love means—at least, we have seen a little of what it is and what it means, for it is too vast for anyone to see more than a little, and yet that little is always all that we could wish for. We have seen it as pure Love in that expansive idea of rest, and then as Love beholding its own ideal, Truth.

And who could say that it was not important to him to know about these things?

An Individual Matter

It is vital to our lasting interest in this subject that we realize that it will hurt no one else nor affect God in the least if we decide that we are *not* interested and that all this is too idealistic to be practical.

We may as well face the fact that in these matters, which are the determining factors so far as health and happiness are concerned, we can, if we wish, drop out of the running and go on existing for a few more years in the same old way. In so doing, we shall cause no concern to the Principle which is God, nor turn Him from His everlasting purpose of care and love for man.

The principle of music is not in the least disturbed nor affected by the lack of knowledge of its requirements expressed either by its students or by those who are ignorant of its simplest laws and prefer to remain so. How much more is the Principle of all being, which is God, untouched, undisturbed, and undeviated in its loving purpose by what you or I think we will or will not do!

We are affected by our own determinations and thought-standards, but God is not. If He *were* troubled by all our departures from the true standard, He surely would be no God at all, but the most harassed and worried of all beings!

It is true that God has feeling, affection, and love in greater

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measures than could be described by mortals, but this feeling and understanding is for man in the truth of his being and not for his self-imagined departures from that standard. If God could cognize those departures, He would no longer be the Principle whose realizations of perfection come to baptize us with such a sense of reality that all our previous sense of imperfection is washed away.

So let us have done with any foolish notions that our behaviour affects anyone else but ourselves. It is up to us alone, and even if friends or relatives express some interest, still in the final picture our behaviour will not interfere with theirs, for their own sowing is all that will determine the quality of their reaping.

Too often we think that God or someone else is pressing us to take an interest in things spiritual, and then we resist,—like little children who think they will worry their parents and get more attention if they refuse to accept their rulings at once.

No one is really concerned in your future but you. It is simply a question between you and the one Principle to whom you owe every second of your life and every degree of intelligence and ability to live. If you care to ignore this, you may do so for as long as you please—and of course suffer the consequences of your own decision.

We can go on being spoilt children until we die, and even after that if we wish. All that will happen is that we shall grumble and ache away a given span of years, until such time as we choose to awaken to those things which are factual and awaiting our acceptance and performance of them before they can bestow upon us their natural blessings.

So slam this or any other such book shut if you wish, throw it out of the window, and try to forget yourself in any way you think best; but some day you will come to learn that the only way to forget yourself is to learn rapidly *about* yourself, your true self,—to see the obligations of this selfhood and then go and live them and feel the inspiration of it.

We all admit that the best way to forget self is to do something to occupy thought with other things. Therefore the best of all ways must surely be not just to do any old thing, but to see that what we do is the only thing we should be doing,—in other words,

finding out our obligations to the Principle which governs our life, and then going out to start *doing*, or fulfilling those obligations.

The Creator and the Creature

Can a man or woman go through life cultivating and expressing the attitude, "Everything is me, I am my own power and my own self-existent being," and expect thereby to attain and maintain success and health? Or is it not provable and already proved that such an attitude leads to unbalance and mental idiocy,—in other words, that no one can become a supreme egotist and succeed?

Therefore for a balanced outlook and a sustained and fruitful performance in life, it is obvious that men have to recognize that they are subject to a power entirely outside themselves. The Christian calls this power God, and others may call it what they will, but the fact remains that every man, woman, and child who is normal is aware of dependence on a force or forces outside their own scope of influence.

This is a scientific fact of being that we must admit in order to enjoy the results, and it is something much more than the plea of Christianity. You need not go to church nor subscribe to any form of religious sentiment, but if you would avoid becoming unbalanced, you must accept this first mandate of life, and that is that the creature is subject to and dependent upon the Creator,—that the effect is its Cause expressed.

In history and in our own experience those who command the greatest respect for their individual achievements have been workers whose lives more than the lives of any others have constantly referred men back beyond themselves to a basic Cause or Principle. Upon this Principle they have more and more relied as they have carried out their part and done their work successfully.

"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work" is a statement of Jesus' whose implications are being practised by every successful man, woman, and child, be they active in business, in the home, or in the school.

A Scientist Opens His Bible

Ignore the term God if you feel you must, or if through its general misuse you have come to think of it as a word belonging to the vocabulary of an age that is almost past. But never make the mistake of ignoring the fact that you are utterly dependent on a Cause outside yourself for the ideas of your thinking, for the incentive to live, and for all the instincts to do so correctly. Whilst the Scripture is right, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," it is also true that the wise man rejoices that God *is*.