

AT PEACE

Rising early, I looked from my window and, lo, a wondrous star like a great jewel hanging in the heavens, gorgeous, brilliant, shining, silvery! It seemed as though I could pluck it from the skies. As I peered out into the waning night and saw this wonderful thing, I said, "Surely God is glorifying Himself," and as I said this, something spoke within me and said, "What, God glorifying Himself in matter?" I replied, "Why, no, God does not glorify Himself in matter, but it appears so to me today because I see 'as through a glass, darkly,' but some day I shall see spiritually, or 'face to face,' and if what I see appears to me today to be beautiful, then when I see spiritually will it appear millions of times more beautiful."

This satisfied me, and I turned away as I prepared for the day's work. After about another half hour I found myself looking out toward the east again, but my Star of Bethlehem had disappeared, and in its stead was one of the most glorious dawns I have ever witnessed. There it was with its blues and greens, its gold and yellows, browns and pinks and reds, the purples and silver; in fact, every color possible to the imagination; and in addition to this, all blended into still more delicate colors, vivid, yet soft and sweet.

In front of this background were the green shrubbery with the red berries for a foreground, and flitting about were the birds up early for their breakfast. Once again I said, "Surely, God is glorifying Himself; He is manifesting Himself; He is showing forth Himself; revealing Himself." It may be that I perceive this manifestation, or the glory of God, as trees and flowers, birds and berries, as sunrise or sunset, as people or material things, but nevertheless I am beholding God showing Himself, for "All is infinite Mind and its infinite manifestation, for God is All-in-all" (*Science and Health*); and there is nothing to behold except God, the Author and Creator of all things. I am beholding God just as I am beholding the mind of the author of Robinson Crusoe's world when I read the book expressing the author's mind in those ideas making up the world of Crusoe; for when I behold God's creation of ideas, I am seeing the Mind of the Author, God Himself, expressed through those very ideas.

Then came the angel to me, flitting somewhat indistinguishably at first, as perhaps when one dials into a foreign station and can only pick up a little of the broadcast, but goes right on searching to dial in more sharply, and the angel said, "Surely the Lord is in this place," and in a moment more, "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven," and after a little more there came this message distinctly, "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for *I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.*"

Then I, who had been troubled and worried, was *at peace*.