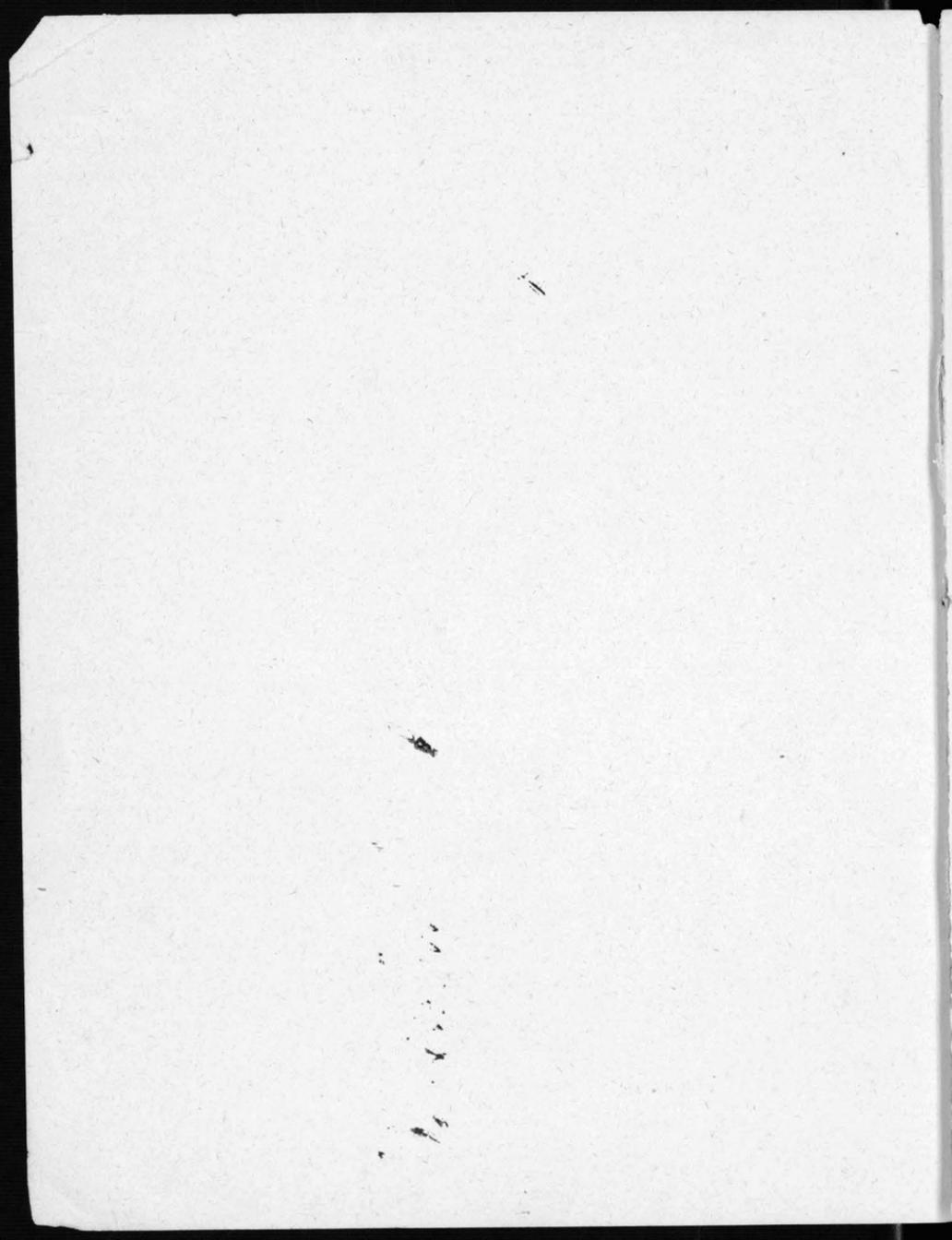


# Thoughts of Healing

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By Lydia Bell.



# THOUGHTS OF HEALING.

BY ✓

LYDIA BELL.

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# Thoughts of Healing.

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## A Thought.

In the sea of finite thought we are in the great central calm—or in the Gulf Stream—or where the tide comes in—or down in the deep, where the corals grow ; it makes no difference. Every part touches every other part and we are at one with the ebb and flow of thought throughout the universe. Those who are at the top are in the sunlight and the warmth of its glow is felt from shore to shore. All are neighbors. We cannot conceal a thought ; it will be felt and it will be heard. When it is thought—behold it is written. We write it in musical notes to fit the harmony of the whole—or we try to sing a tune of our own that has no melody in it. When we think selfishly, grievously or fearfully,

we have disturbed the harmony. When we think lovingly, faithfully and joyfully we have added to the sum of the harmony, and strengthened and raised it. I will not estimate my friend's outfit by the style of his garments nor the number and size of his trunks. They can occupy one room of my house. But your thoughts! O my friend, enter not into my house laden with discords of selfishness. If you do I shall read of you in those colors when I lift a book you have handled, I shall feel that tread in the carpet where you have walked. An evil will sit in your chair, will face me at the table, will recline on the sofa, and fill my house with blackness long after you and your baggage have gone. Though you may think that smiles and plausible words have securely held the images of your hate, they have all the time been unchained and at large—spreading desolation upon everything you have touched—poisoning the atmosphere of your presence. Come to me with no concealments. Come with the sunshine of love filling every corner and cranny of your thought. Bring no baggage but the Truth in yourself, and my house will be illuminated by your presence. Your coming will

be a blessed gift, so that who comes after will exclaim : " This is the house Beautiful and Bountiful ! " and I will answer : " A guest has been with me who filled all my coffers with precious gems ; he made an instrument of melody of everything he touched. It is his touch you feel—his beauty that you see." And so your coming will multiply in its blessedness, and the clear light of your thought will send its rays through all my house and far across the fields. I will go out into the night and standing under the stars will dream of thankfulness and peace. And in the quiet of that peace the consciousness will come to me, that it is the thought of my friend, whose voice I am hearing in the stars. And then I shall know that it was the Divine Guest who tarried with me ; and " His going forth is unto the end of the heavens."

## Truth in Life.

There is no symbol for death in the Universe. Everything speaks of Life. Life—joyous, exultant! That decaying tree-trunk is as active in life, as the green sapling that grows beside it. The pendulum swing of creation records no stops. One cannot look into any department of this great garden of nature without seeing that the trend of all its activity is toward the Truth in itself. Tear a vine from its protecting wall, and it will put out new tendrils, and cling to any support it finds; its promise is a perfect vine, and it tries to fulfill it. See that potato in the dark cellar. How the little white thread of its life struggles and tugs to meet that crack of light, from the opposite wall. It is the one story found everywhere. Life reaching to meet Life. The sacrifice of the lesser, to meet the greater expression. Amid the sublimity of the mountain peaks that kiss the sun, I hear a voice of audible silence, that compels my soul to reverence. In that white thread of

the potato, I read the same message. The grandest symphony that ever was dreamed is but the larger interpretation of the jingle of the jewsharp. There are no subterfuges, no changes. Truth is the Infinite yes! It never says no. As it was when the morning stars sang together, so it is to-day. The command, "Let there be," is renewed every morning, and greets us every evening. "I and my Father are one," is the sublime message of the Christ in everything that speaks, everywhere. Take away the prison bars, and let humanity stretch itself. Let the white thread of the soul kiss the sunlight, and drink its color. Finite life expresses man's idea of God. True Life is God. "We all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the spirit." The finite does not touch the Infinite until it reaches toward the Infinite; then it is the Infinite that touches the Infinite. The Father's Hand ever reaches out in welcome. As your aspiration is, so will your welcome be. As you step toward the Father, He steps toward you, and when you have found Him, you have lost yourself.

## Truth in Sensation.

Existence is a language of which the spoken word is one form of expression. Our bodies, these ghosts we wear, are combinations of symbols, gestures, words and sentences, revealing what we are, and what we think we are. Everything we see, or hear, is the sign of a thought, and we write our interpretation of these signs, as we see or hear them. As you appropriate to yourself this sentence as a thing thought, you image it. Your whole physical organism responds to it; the circulation of your blood, and the corpuscles of your blood, image it, and herald it. If it were a thought of fear, you would blanch your cheek, shorten your breath, and send a tremor through all parts of the body. If it were joy, you would draw up the corners of your mouth and shake your sides. If it were anger, you would call the blood to the surface, hold the muscles tense, and clench the fist. And when your anger has gone, and the heart beats are regular,

and the tension removed, blood and bone and muscle will still unconsciously perpetuate the picture for you; a picture that can never be erased, till your thought has turned to love with the intensity it has to hate, so that your whole being is filled and inundated with it. When that time comes, your thought is a stranger to anger. We write what we touch, see and hear; and our touch, sight and hearing measure our consciousness. Reason, led by inspiration, is the only true sense. The Indian sees a moccasin track in a broken blade of grass, where you and I would see nothing. The botanist sees the leaf in its classification, genera, species, etc. Reason, led by inspiration, sees in the blade of grass the hand writing of God. The visible speaks to him of the invisible—it is the word—the message bearer, but not the message. The ox makes it the message. He assimilates it to bone and muscle. The Indian makes it the guide in the pursuit of his enemy. He assimilates it to strategy. The botanist makes it a fact in investigation—he assimilates it to discovery. The man of spiritual understanding sees the hand writing of God. He assimilates it to prayer. Who *saw* the blade of grass? The ox

sees his dinner—the Indian sees an enemy—the scientist a law—and the discerning eye sees God—the only thing there is in the universe to see. The ox must outgrow his ignorance—the savage ignore his hate—the scientist must transmute law of matter to spirit, before they can begin to see. Assimilate means “to make like.” The ability to assimilate to truth the things that appear to visible sight, measures our vision. When I put the sight of sense in the place of true sight, which is spiritual, I invert the true order of things. Hearing has the same significance. Sounds that produce ecstasy in the savage, torture the ear of the trained musician. The ear that in it all catches the music of silence, hears the voice of God, is the only one that does hear. True touch reveals itself in the aspiration of the soul toward the Infinite. It came to the Prodigal when he turned toward his father’s house. The touch of Jesus was healing. Virtue went out of him. The Good or God in him reached the good of those who touched him. He bore about with him the spiritual touch of truth, of which the physical touch is the shadow. The strength of true touch—the touch of healing, is measured by the tenacity of the aspira-

tion toward the Life of the Spirit. It is this touch, and this alone, that is the reality of life. It expresses itself in the love that has no selfishness and the truth that seeks no limitation.

## Faith.

Faith is the law of gravitation of the soul. When the world becomes convinced that there is a law of gravitation of the soul, it will produce a greater revolution in ethics than the discovery of material gravitation has done in physics. To those who have demonstrated the law in healing—it exists as a fact of consciousness. As all expression in material things manifests the law of physical attraction, all expression of Truth in the self comes through the activity of Faith. It is that which stands under all action that aspires. When aspiration acts toward desire Faith looks down or away from the Center. When it acts toward Truth, Faith looks up, or falls towards the Center. The object of my Faith changes with my growth. The object in itself is nothing, but until the object becomes Truth I eat of the fruit of ignorance. When the law of Faith is fulfilled in me I look to the Center and partake of Wisdom. Belief tells the object or limit of my

Faith. Faith is active ; belief is passive. Columbus had faith to embark in the discovery of a new world. I believe in his discovery. Believing in certain principles of mathematics, I have Faith in the application of those principles to solve a problem and when a problem is thus solved, I believe in the result. If I stop there and rest upon belief, then "faith is dead." I must carry that belief forward to enlarge the operations of my faith, until I reach Understanding or the Activity of Truth. Belief is Faith crystallized. Faith has taken martyrs to the stake ; belief has piled the fagots. Faith sailed in the Mayflower ; belief was the Pilgrim Church. Faith takes the pioneer into new lands, builds new houses, establishes a society that flourishes as Faith flourishes and becomes effete as Faith crystallizes. Rome flourished in its Faith and died in its belief. To be Faithful is to grow. There is no stagnation in Faith. When you think you have found all of the truth and sit down in a corner to guard it, then the thing you thought you had is a corpse in your arms. To be faithful is to be free ; open to the sunlight ; ready to try the new because of the Faith there is in you. The soul, conscious of the law of

its gravitation, acts in harmony with the center or spirit. Unconscious it walks in the shadow, or the gravitation of matter. It is Adam asleep. The child crawls, afraid to stand upright. His Faith is conditioned to the earth, and he holds the contradictory of Faith or fear. Experience stands him on his feet, but he believes that his feet support him; his Faith is still in the shadow of Faith and he fears. Looking away from matter with Faith in Spirit he has confidence. He sees the law and begins to live above his eyes, moved and held by the invisible chord of Faith that binds the universe of humanity into a system of beauty, harmony and power. A spiritual system of sun, moon and planets; every part necessary to every other part, and all held in obedience to the ray from the center, through which we know "the substance of things hoped for."

## Prayer.

Prayer is the means of spiritual growth. It is the attitude of knowing God, a recognition of the divinity within us as one with the whole. It is the reaching of like to like, the mutual attraction of Reality and the Real, the exercise of Faith. With some the recognition surges forth like an overcharged stream seeking an outlet in speech. Such are the Psalms of David. Others find the still small voice only in silence and are disturbed by anything else. We will not quarrel about methods, forms of expression, change. The impulse to prayer is the impulse to manifest faith. As the rose exhales its fragrance into the sunlight that produces it, the soul breathes the wealth of its being towards its source. It longs to pay tribute to that part of Being the while it is of it it knows to be above and beyond it. In ignorance we fear; our faith looks to falsehood and prayer is an appeal for release from some impending doom. With faith in the true we have

confidence ; we pray not for release from some impending danger, but as the sunbeam looks back to the sun to renew its light, so we turn to the hearth fire of Infinite Love for warmth for baptism.

The Father does not wait for my petition to perform his Perfect work. He does not wait for my awakening. The work is always done—the door is always open—the Love is ever mine, when I arise and go to Him. It is the idol of the barbarian who changes the law of his universe to meet the mistaken cry of the ignorant child ; not the All-Wise, All-Loving, Ever Present Father. But the mistaken cry of the ignorant child is surely leading it to the bosom of the Father—is surely leading it into the white line of Faith that centers in Love.



