



# Serenity

## Chapter VII

*As A Man Thinketh by James Allen*

*Altered to fit Ladies, by Dr Leah Olsen*

Calmness of mind is one of the beautiful jewels of wisdom. It is the result of long and patient effort in self-control. Its presence is an indication of ripened experience, and of a more than ordinary knowledge of the laws and operations of thought.

A woman becomes calm in the measure that she understands herself as a thought-evolved being, for such knowledge necessitates the understanding of others as the result of thought, and as she develops a right understanding, and sees more and more clearly the internal relations of things by the action of cause and effect, she ceases to fuss and fume and worry and grieve, and remains poised, steadfast, serene.

The calm woman, having learned how to govern herself, knows how to adapt herself to others; and they, in turn, reverence her spiritual strength, and becomes, the greater in her success, her influence her power for good. Even the ordinary trader will find her business prosperity increase as she develops a greater self control and equanimity, for people will always prefer to deal with a woman whose demeanor is equable.

The strong, calm woman is always loved and revered. She is like a shade giving tree in a thirsty land, or a sheltering rock in a storm. Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet-tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what changes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene and calm. The exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul. It is precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold – yea, than even fine gold. How insignificant mere money seeking looks in comparison with a serene life – a life that dwells in the ocean of Truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of the tempest, in the Eternal Calm!

How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their poise of character, and make bad blood. It is a question whether the great majority of people do not ruin their lives and mar their



happiness by lack of self control. How few people we meet in life who are well balanced, who have that exquisite poise which is characteristic of the finished character.

Yes, humanity surges with uncontrolled passion, is tumultuous with ungoverned grief, is blown about by anxiety and doubt. Only the wise woman, only she whose thoughts are controlled and purified, makes the winds and the storms of the soul obey her.

Tempest tossed souls, wherever you may be, under whatsoever conditions ye may live, know this – in the ocean of life the isle of Blessedness are smiling and the sunny shore of your ideal awaits your coming. Keep your hands firmly on the helm of thought. In the barque of you soul reclines the commanding Master; She does not sleep; wake her. Self control is strength; Right Thought is mastery; Calmness is power. Say unto your heart, “Peace, be still.”

