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The Cloud and the Fire

The Cloud and the Fire

By

Richard Whitwell

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLD OF DAWN."

"The pillar of cloud departed not from over them by day, to lead them in the way; neither the pillar of fire by night, to show them light, and the way wherein they should go."

Second Edition. Revised.

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DEDICATED TO THE LOVED ONE
Who journeyed with me through the
wilderness of experience, yet following
the cloud by day and the fire by night.

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Prologue

Praise awakens in mē.

*I stand still, and great thanksgiving flows through
all my being, because of that which is,—Now!*

As heaven dawns, and I am free,—Now!

And the angels' song I hear,—in me I hear:

*“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
Peace and Good Will.”*

*In the morning God is all, and in the evening
God is all, and throughout the day the Truth
divine.*

The Cloud and the Fire

The Supreme Fact

I.

WONDERFUL beyond all knowing
Is the beauty of our earth;
Precious gift of Love's bestowing!
But more wonderful man's birth!

For the air of heaven's around him,
And the music of the spheres
As an aureole surrounds him,
Golden through our human years.

Heavenly words, like stars, commingle,
Showering light before his way,
Till they break with radiance single
In the melody of Day.

II.

THERE is one supreme cosmic Fact!

To this all else is subordinate.

The *knowing* of this Fact is Life; the *not-knowing*
is Death.

It is the Principle of Being, its real and essential
nature.

It is God.

“ To *know* and *be known of* God ”: this is the
eternal human quest.

The Cloud and the Fire

The inwardness of this Cosmic Fact is Love: its outer aspect is Law, the one great Law of Good, eternally operative. Wherefore there is universal harmony, and perfect creative beauty. By it the myriad stars shine in the heavens, and sing upon their way, each in its own place—without envy or jealousy or competition—filled with light and with song. Because of it all living things find their rightful place, become glad and content, ceasing from ambition and strife. Man, too, becomes a little child; a wonder-light fills his heart, and he beholds Love everywhere. Because of it the birds sing their morning song of praise as the golden shaft of dawn awakes the Day.

The fragrance and the song of the earth are eloquent thereof. All things speak of this one great Fact; all declare the one great law of Good: in spite of themselves they witness to this Law, nor can they help but witness to it.

It is operative everywhere. It is the Law of God's own life, and nothing can thwart its operation.

Evil verifies it, and good yet more.

The Law is confirmed by our every experience. (Alas, that we are blind to that which is so intimate and near!)

Resist it, and thou wilt verily experience its reaction, even according to the degree of thy failure of vision;—the impact of *unknowing* is evil.

The Law is inevitable as the stars in the heavens, as the sun that gives light to our earth, as the beauty of the flower, as the perfect form of the crystal.

These prove the Law, while evil blushes its witness.

Evil harbours the seed of its own destruction.

Ignorance, foolishness, vice, error and wrong in

The Supreme Fact

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thought, in action, individual or national, culminate in an inevitable climax of confusion or violence or catastrophe. However subtle, they cannot escape this end.

But Life subsists and Love evermore rises triumphant.

How, then, may we escape evil? To *know* the law is good. To *know* the Law is to be free.

However free we may imagine ourselves to be, howsoever powerful we are to draw the symbols of wealth and freedom unto us, without such knowledge we abide in continual bondage.

It is the Great Solvent.

By it the base metal—each difficult earth-experience—becomes transmuted into pure gold.

In its kindly light, in swift dissolution, our shadows pass, our darkness, perplexities, difficulties:

It is Salvation:

Which was, is, and ever shall be.

Expressed in all the ages, and confirmed, impressed, and searchingly implicated in the heart of man.

III.

YET how often is our life but as a wild hurrying after phantasms. It is no more like that true life which might be ours than our reflected image cast on the white pavement on a moonlight night is like our bodily form; it is a blur, a likeness all distorted.

For that which most people, in general, experience, is not truly life at all, but rather death. The soul is unresponsive to the things that matter.

The Cloud and the Fire

That Jesus regarded this unwakeful state (when the soul indeed is asleep) as like unto death is evident, even as when he answered his would-be disciple with those words of searching emphasis: "Let the dead bury their dead." It is the dwelling amid the material without an upward look. It is the being held in the grip of fear, not ready to venture forth when faith calls.

But to be alive is to be *awake*, sensitively aware of the real amid the seeming.

Our conceptions of life and death find, in him, new application.

He realised *only* One, the all-beneficent Life, gathering unto itself all that is, bringing order and harmony wherever it freely flows. And *death* is the not-knowing, the not-understanding, the unresponsiveness, the obstruction of the human mind—Ignorance and all the branchings of its working out.

There was truly no other death than the crucifixion of this life divine amid human experience and material thought and symbol—as experience and imaginings not direct, but reflected, or a reversion of the Real, as a dream within a dream,—

Being other and opposite to the holy Love-consciousness, all fulfilling, touching all things into beauty and rhythm, and which in Itself is the fount of all beauty, sweetness, wisdom—all-conscious Mind, all-feeling Heart—Whom he called Father, "Our Father."

We might say "Our Father, Mother."

Into that opposite of God, that negation of Good, the enclosure of the human mortal ignorant mind, the emptiness of Life, the void of wisdom, the gap of dark within the Light, the mar of beauty, the great Reversion—indeed well symbolised as the

Adamic fall (man slept and hath not yet awakened),
and his rising out of unknowing into his own place
in the eternal harmony; into *that*

Love enters—

That holy life establishing a contact, a point of
emancipating power, a root,—

A ray of light, the holy thing emerging, at length
awakening out of the darkness—

Adam slept, and Christ awoke.

What is time? It is all gathered up in the Eter-
nal Present, enfolding all in all in the Light of
Life.

But Love entering Time

Found there no place to rest his head,

Found there not life, but death,

Yet He that is Life brought life therein, and

Pronounced the death of Death.

Breaking down Barriers

IV.

WOULDST thou lose the barrier of separateness,
and enter that holy Love-consciousness, leaving
behind all that of which outward poverty, fear,
envy, jealousy are the symbols?

Forgive!

Forgive all thy brethren, forgive humanity, for-
give thine enemy! Withdraw the anger-thought
from thy every circumstance! Forgive all who have
wronged thee, all who have wronged the world!

Thine own wrong? Thy child's wrong?

Canst thou forgive? Nay?

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Except thou dost forgive, this thing surely
cannot be!

“Forgive, and it *shall* be forgiven.”

“Forgive as we forgive”: so runs the prayer.

Hast thou ever in thought, in word, in deed,
wronged anyone?

Canst thou not then forgive another?

Hard it is, nor can it be with the mind, for the
ordering is in the spirit within the heart where Love
hath her seat.

Except thou lovest, thou canst not forgive.

Love then thy brother: meet him at the cross-
roads.

Deny self, there, and bless thy brother.

Then will God bless thee and with His hand
anoint thee.

With all thy being's strength thou wilt forgive,
And Love will become thy breath.

V.

IF thy spirit holdest aught
Against thy brother, even in thought,
Draw thou toward him forgivingly,
And his heart will turn to thee.

From suspicion wholly free,
Thou o'ercomest enmity;
As thou dost forgiveness show,
Sunshine will around thee glow.

Breathe forgiveness every day,
Know there is no other way
To enter into that which *is*,
Perfect freedom, perfect bliss!

VI.

DOST thou fear death?

If thou knewest of a surety that there is no death, would it not make a great difference to thee?

And if thou knewest in truth thou are God's child, Would the effect indeed be nought?

If thou knewest that thou art truly beloved, and that Power supernal is bending over thy way in benediction, that all that is Good is turned toward thee to help thee, and that all which comes within the compass of thy life bears special and particular meaning for thee,

Would such be of no importance?

Nay, but would not such knowledge alter thy whole life's perspective? Wouldst thou not be glad rather than sorrowful, and thy thought loving and warm, instead of hard and bitter?

And yet if thou hast the power of frustrating this, or, on the contrary, of turning thyself and becoming open unto that great Good,

Is it not a matter that concerns thee?

And to know the way?

Yet this is true and thou mayst demonstrate it in thine own experience!

Losing thy fear of death, how many woes would drop away,

Even in the very place where thou art, and amid the conditions thou knowest, wherein ('twixt birth and death) thy life seems to be mortgaged!

Out of the fear of death spring all the other shadows!

If thou art truly deathless, why shouldst thou fear poverty? Thy soul is then invulnerable and cannot take hurt from outer conditions; nor wouldst thou fear such as kill the body.

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Thy heart would be freed from enmity, and the power to hurt in mind and thought would pass from thee, and thou wouldst injure none, and no one could injure thee.

If then thou *knowest* thyself God's little one, loved, protected, tenderly cared for,

Seeking that Goodness as a babe the mother's breast,

Thou *art* secure,

And mayst step into the liberty of the children of God.

VII.

THERE is no room for fear in heaven or on earth. Thou fearest because thou hast forgotten who thou art. At thy heart's core nestles thy true being. It is lost to thee by self-ish-ness. Thou hast cut thyself away, severing the thread of truth.

If in thy separation thou wert to say, "I am That," meaning the Divine, such a thought would be a delusion and a blasphemy. Though thou didst swell thereby out of all proportion, such affirmation and inflation would be mere emptiness.

But if in thy great self-denial, effacing the little ego, thou wert able to say, "I am That," denying thy separateness in that utterance, surely blessed wouldst thou be!

VIII.

BUT thou art wedded to the unreal. Thou dwellest in the shadow and dost not seek the light. Thou huggest to thyself an ugly thing, and wilt not shun the evil. Thou journeyest within a nightmare of unloveliness, worshipping where thy low treasure is.

For thou thinkest thou art what thou art not.

Breaking down Barriers 17

The life thou lovest is death, and the unreal thou dost think thou art must pass away: even God could not render it immortal.

Truth is divine through and through: it changes not.

So there is one Faith, one Church,
Within all faiths, all churches.

But the False has no substance: it ever has to be maintained by thought: from moment to moment it changes, never remaining the same.

The True needs no outer support.

The False has to be supported continually, else it would fall to pieces; and when the Will that holds it together withdraws at the long last, it will drop into nothingness, the bottomless pit.

For evil was a lie from the beginning.

IX.

WHEN we see with the single eye,
When with the single ear we hear,
The cloud of evil passes by,
And our heaven again is clear.

Rendering Unto Cæsar

X.

YOUNG man, desirous of rendering highest service,
 Ardent in truth,
 But finding thyself (O the misery of it) forced to
 spend thy years, best years, in the strife for
 daily bread;
 Resting not, but suffering;
 Suffering in the sure knowledge that it is wrong,
 wrong, wrong;
 And that the power behind is false and wholly evil:
 Love is behind *thy* life!
 Make in thy soul demand continual for that which
 truly is!
 And know, a door for thee will surely open, for thou
 art in quest of Reality!
 Be free and equal in thy thought and will.
 Draw down heaven's radiance in the narrow way!

What is thy duty?

Is it not to be self-emptied in the work that lies
 before thee?

Perhaps in the self-giving fulfilment of life's immediate demand leisure will arise in thee, the leisure of the mind freed from itself, wherewith thou mayst truly serve and bless thy brethren.

The strands of the Real are very nigh, very close to thee.

To be always intent on the something else is never the best way.

It is through the door of immediate application and attention that thou mayst enter *now* the Temple of the Real.

Is it a sea into which we plunge?

That which comes before thee to do utters from within itself "I am Real!" and there is that in us which thinks it is so.

Then should we not accept it simply, yet with our heart's insistence that the Real unfold?

XI.

THEREFORE I do not say "Seek to escape thy duty!"

I say "Challenge, challenge all things!"

Thou hast an inward test.

Be thine eyes open, and thy temper free!

Perform thy duty then with hammer strokes,

Thy head erect to all.

Willingly serving (no longer as a slave),

Forth-breathing music with thy heart and will,

In love of the Truth thou lovest!

Then shall thy work be a seven times circling round

The walls of Jericho!

For if the place will bear thee not,

Thy truth becomes a trumpet sound,

The evil ending!

XII.

BE then above thy work, and in thy conscience free!

Within thy narrow sphere be patient yet awhile;

Fulfil thy labour as a hero should:

Thesius raising the sword from the obdurate stone!

XIII.

HAST thou been baited by the world; hast thou been passive before its onslaught?

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It is enough!
 Henceforth thy peace be active, militant!
 Be thou, O soul, *thyself*!
 Now at this moment stand: see things with vision
 as they *truly* are!
 Enforce life's answer to thy greatest question:
 Confronting all things with thine own true word,
 expecting answer true!
 Nor for one instant accept what is not true.
 Nor for one instant accept what is not Love!

XIV.

LET thine energy outflowing be measured and free
 from distraction,
 Thy spirit clear and sensitive,
 Thy duty thy real self expressing,
 Swift and eager and heroic!
 Arouse ye then,
 Determine even now thy way,
 Be perceptive of thy message clear,
 A word, thy word!
 Into that word, thy message, put thyself:
 Become it with thy power and energy!
 Make it thy virtue, with thy heart and strength!

XV.

MAN'S word is God in man!
 Maintain ye then this living word:
 Let it become the vesture of thy soul, thy mantle
 without seam,
 Also thy clear mirror!
 Express thy truth with all thy being's might!
 As thou preparest in the secret place, so shall thy
 future be!

Rendering Unto Cæsar 21

Accept no circumstance till it become
The fulcrum of the lever of thy truth!
Thou wilt feel the big reality
Meeting thee in all thy ways,
Thy truth as an arrow directed
Speeding to the God-spelt goal on earth;
The hand that draws the bow His word in thee!

XVI.

THY work may be a continual meditation upon the
Perfect,
Seeing such therein, working straight thereto!
Thy virtue as a single will to that high end,
A love, a fire, an energy!
Then daily wilt thou touch Reality,
And feel Love's deep reactions day by day,
For Life is true to thy truth!

XVII.

If thy spirit fail thee in thy work,
Then stay thy hand: be still,
And in the stillness wait, till the truth of thy Being
speak!
Even while the work seems unreal: in the stillness
Gird up thy loins, and with might
Make demand that its meaning disclose!
Fear not, fear not, 'tis the Future thou dost till,
And in time thou knowest.
Thyself art liberator, and hast the key!
So bide thee now,
Till courage sweep thy being through as the strong
ocean breeze.

The Cloud and the Fire

XVIII.

PUT the false conscience aside that sees the miniature concerning thyself o'erspreading the skies,
Forgetful of all else, the greater thing !

On microscopic letters all intent,
With rigid scrupulosity at the detail straining,
Forgetful of the Principle;
At the tiny gnat choking and heaving,
While swallowing great camels at a single gulp :
Within the channels of a narrow life,
So rigid, so exact,
Particular in the little thing,
Forgetful of the greater facts that are around
thee !

The Good Will

XIX.

MONEY in itself is nought ! It is but a slave symbol !

Cease then to work for money,
And instead, work unto the perfect !
Infuse into the action all thy strength,
And with a sacred joy,
Within the way, strong and 'distinct, sound clear
The word thou art !
Ay, mightily self-giving let it sound !

XX.

FROM self-pity be thou free,
For it worketh misery;
Turn thee about so thou may'st feel
The glow and grandeur of the Real.

XXI.

OUR modern conditions reveal as a veritable orgy of false thought, excited to activity, as it is, for the while, by a new energy outflowing from a deeper source. This, indeed, presages the uprising of the true man, and the advent of a sweeter and better order of things.

Our conventional standards of good are based upon prosperity and power, upon possessions and conquest. But below the surface is a world of suffering.

Every outward good has to be supported continually by outward means: it lasts no longer than the supports.

How many there are, who, having possessions, yet dwell in continual fear of poverty. Others there are, who, having little, yet desire much. They see the symbol, but know not the reality.

But there are those who hold no possessions, and yet enjoy a divine sufficiency!

These think not that what has been must always be: nay, by forgiveness they are emancipated from the past, and its influences, which make so great a pull upon our consciousness; nor are they anxious as to what the morrow will bring. They regard nothing as their own. They abide in the Good Will of Life, because they have the good will in themselves; they are glad and free, content to be where they find themselves from time to time, serving and doing good, eager to do with all their heart the work that lies before. They receive freely of the Good, but they also give of their own good without stint. Their bones are not lazy. They do not confuse self-will with God's will. Their love goes out from themselves and abides in God and their

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fellows. Love shines in their way; Peace breathes fragrance through their actions; Truth speaks through their words. They carry a holy signature.

It is the word of the heart alone that can reach the heart!

Words of the mind fall on the heart in vain.

False words are fictions of the will: no longer so upheld, they drop as dead!

XXII.

ALL thy outward actions and experiences are joyous or painful only as they impress the mind. The mind is, however, greater than the outward conditions or the physical body. It should have mastery over the body. It was the belief in old times that the sun went round the earth; that the earth was relatively a much vaster body than the sun. Such a belief working out in many ways led to all manner of confusion of thought which in the end affected human well-being.

Even so the belief that the mind is in the body, and depends upon it for subsistence and control, perverts a good that might be ours, frustrating a sweeter and truer experience. The sun is light, pure light, despite the clouds that hide it from the earth. And Mind is pure light, holy light, whatever the thoughts that come between, and which without light could not be seen.

But know thyself as a living *Intelligence*. Recognising this, thou wilt establish mastery, and thy body take its own place and become thy willing servant.

Dost thou know thou mayst keep thy self inviolate?

It is to draw a sacred circle round thy life, mak-

ing it holy, consecrate, dedicate, as a living Temple—dedicate in service, consecrate in love.

Then there can be no undue intrusions from the outer world; thou livest not to receive, but to give; not to accept, but to convey. Thou wilt feel within thyself the flame of holy fire, wherein thy *truth* doth glow, and thy life's word doth sound. There wilt thou worship, and learn the message of deepest meaning unto man.

Then outward wilt thou go, not to find meaning, but to give meaning, to infuse meaning into all things. If thou dost understand, thou art thyself the key.

XXIII.

HERE is indeed the very principle of Incarnation. For we have recognised that the Problem of life which presses upon us from without, demanding our answer, is also in ourselves. Nor can we resolve it in ourselves till Love awake in us and is set free, to become the word that we offer and our greatest gift. It is active in service that is at once altruistic and intimate, in which heart and mind are wedded. No more go we forth in search of meanings; henceforward we carry meaning with us wherever we go, and we give our own imprint of that which is higher and better unto all things. Thus we may convey truth to life, give of our love, offer that which is beautiful, and wherever wrong is found meet it with that which is right and true, and loveful.

XXIV.

WHEN our words are truth we accept nothing on its face value, but probe the interior meaning. We

have the key of the one Word which uncovers the word that each symbol holds. Most people walk or sleep amid a dead and unresponsive world. But having the awareness of the awakened consciousness, wherever we go, there gathers unto us from all things a strange love, a music and a joy, a wakefulness, the opening of trustful eyes everywhere, a breath, a fragrance passing over the face of things; it is the uncovering of the symbols, as the green leaves unfold to disclose the flower—the Word, the Reality. We no longer may accept the old standards and valuations. We find that the whole texture of life as we have known it is a network of old false thought.

Throughout all the central Fact is God or Truth, whose initial expression and action is Love. Our health is the measure of our intimacy with that Life; our Peace is the rest and satisfaction therein; our Joy is the praise that flows unbidden; our consciousness of its Reality is our well-being. It is indeed the divine Substance all pervading, which is the very life of our life; yea, it is a holy consciousness sensitively responsive to our every need, so that *life* in its richness may be ours without the burden of possessions; there is no lack and yet no burden, freedom from possession and yet positive security.

Wonder and Vision

XXV.

IF with open ear we hear
 (Howe'er life's aspect may appear)
 Or with open eye we see
 (Whatever hints the contrary),

A melody beyond compare
 Breathes through all things everywhere,
 And the *vision* of the True
 Shineth golden all things through.

XXVI.

THE mind of man must *know* the mind of God;
 The heart of man must *know* the heart of God,
 to be filled

With love, with truth, with beauty and with joy.

It is then we have direct experience.

The heart opens unto love, the mind unto wisdom,

The eyes unto beauty, the ears unto joy,

And we touch—Reality.

In us will flow the music of the eternal song, the
 breath of Life, of Being; the pulsing of infinite
 harmony, that holds in place and poise all things
 that are—stars and worlds and flowers and every-
 thing—which we awake to *know*.

Thus is our chaos penetrated by love.

And Love is Light, Light of which is born the
 wonder of creation: worlds on worlds.

There is no pause in the eternal song, no break
 in Love's vast harmony.

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XXVII.

WE know a sad, reflected, second-hand experience, and the mind throbs between the pain of memories pressing in from the past and the anguish of anticipation reaching out unto the future.

Do *you* know the direct experience?

There is an *experience*, when time is pressed back, and Light not from without shines, suffusing the soul with a joy immeasurable. Then is it that the Stream of Life dances through, and oh! the love unspeakable, oh! the dawning wonder of it all.

XXVIII.

LITTLE child with open eyes,
Thou dost dwell in Paradise,
And thine open ears do hear
Heavenly music everywhere.

XXIX.

LIFE takes into her arms the soul abiding in simple consciousness, faith-ful, trust-ful, as a mother her child,

Kissing the little one,

Whereby experience becomes direct and searchingly true.

To be untrue is to live a fictitious life, when the mind pulsates between *what has been* and *what will be* and knows not *that which is*.

The untrue life is absorbed in schemes for the future, and anxiety because of the past: it is the delirium of a fever: it is not *life*. There is in it no knowledge of life apart from Past and Future; separate these twain and there would be vacancy, instead of consciousness in the very Present, glad and full and free. It heeds only the pulsing of

the desire-nature, and seeks but to gratify the senses.

But Love, where is it truly, and Truth and Peace and Health, that register the intimacy 'twixt our soul and the larger life? How may we find that which is everywhere? How may we realise that without which we could not be?

XXX.

It is Faith that makes possible here and now all that thou hast dreamt, and, upheld persistently, opens the door to the infinite good outstreaming from the great Heart of all. Faith touching the mind renews that right husbandry whereby the earth of humanity is made fruitful and well-pleasing unto God. Here is the very place, and Now is the very time to receive and hear the divine words of Life that are for ever sounding. Faith is the awareness of the soul of its divine destiny, and of its present essential divinity. It looks into the deeps of life through the very present. It is the recognition of the material life in its exact compass and proportion. It is the open vision of the real "I" functioning in a spiritual universe. The Holy One, the Master Miracle-Worker, is present at every point in his creation, and may be invoked by Faith, which, becoming Power of Life itself, is able to remove mountains, for the Power of God is behind the Presence of God. The Presence may be with thee all the way. Faith is the inward ear that hears the Voice of God ever speaking. It is the eye that sees the infinite in the little thing, the divine amid the daily experience. If thy will is good, if thy seeing is true, and thy heart and mind overcome

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the false suggestions, all things will work for good more than thou canst imagine.

Faith discovers the meaning of our life, recalls our message,—and we remember that we are here to carry light, and offer gifts of love as we go on our way. In that remembrance we serve, and the light flows in upon the darkness. Then is it that the shadows move and seem most real. Yet is it a sign that the night is ending and the morn is at hand. After man's day the night; but after man's night the Day of the Lord. At length a roseate glow overspreads the world. Picture a world of men and women conscious of their destiny, recognising divine issues amid every experience. The strand of life stretching through the eternities seems to be bent down at one point as in a little knot, a loop, a little circle at the point of time. Within the awakened consciousness through Faith there is a straightening, and the knot gives way, and lo! everything is as before, and there is no Time. Everything truly is as before, yet how different, for Time has ceased to be a separate thing, and the soul resumes the eternal functions, and the deep throb of the Heart of God beats through the present experience, and there is realised the holy mirth as when the Sons of God shouted aloud for Joy.

Great Joy

XXXI.

WHEN the inward ear is free
To discern the minstrelsy
That awakens everywhere
In earth and sky and sea and air—

Then the human harp will sing,
As the wind bestirs the string,
And great freedom once again
Rouse the land with glad refrain!

Earth will feel with many thrills
Freedom's feet upon her hills;
She will know the mighty strain
Of the sons of God again!

XXXII.

Lo, from the Invisible came I forth, out of the lap of Eternal Destiny. I watched the process of Time: knew creation as from the beginning: had my part therein. Then my frame was erect, and the divine spirit filled me. I measured the height of a man, even there at the beginning.

There came a time for my sounding, to express the truth that was in me, and fill my place in creation—weave the song of my being within the eternal music. So God's name I spake, then plunged amid Creation, in eager and holy ardour, in wisdom's full self-giving. Dark-deep within I saw the glow of far horizons, shimmering in the distance, as shines, through all, the perfect. I

emerged among my brethren, among them to inspire them, and wakefully to serve them.

In a new world I stood, a place of time and evil, and in the heavy dark I lost the holy vision; knew nought but that my life was strangely cabined and holden, and that around me were strange and limited natures, lacking each the God-vision. Nought else could I see but the dark in ugliness overwhelming, where the soul in agony cried and the spirit touching shrank, with the shrinking that is seen in the fire as it touches water; wherein opposites mingle having neither part in the other; where the Son of Man is crucified.

Yet strangely, aye most strangely, I knew was illusion, and touching One I learnt, and in him saw the vision; knew the power of Truth perfect as at all times; saw the Heavenly Radiance as at all times perfect; heard the song of the ages, as it were still morning; felt the breathing fragrance of a marvellous Springtide; knew that all was well, the darkness an illusion, and within the dark a holy hidden brilliance.

And now from time to time I pause to remember the object—what my purpose here, the object from the beginning; what my true nature is, the dignity from the beginning; yea, the God-like power and vision, and the will of Love 'mid the darkness; which shines within the night with its own sweet radiance; accepting all that comes, but meeting all in vision. Though I may break the strand, and separate at any moment, yet willing the path I tread, no more as a slave but freely.

Every now and then the fact comes searching through me—a fact of tremendous clearness—I am not what I seem—nor any of these, my brethren.

But the soul may be at ease, however may rage life's forces, conscious of heaven around, and underneath Truth's foothold.

XXXIII.

FOR in every human soul
Wakes the splendour of the whole,
When the eyes that slumber, see
With strange, dawning ecstasy!

Divine Simplicity

XXXIV.

WE are held in Life's eternal equipoise, and a holy music is ever sounding in our ear if we may but hear. It is the enfolding Love-Word, to whom the heart of man may whisper "Abba, Father." Blessed are they who find the universe as an ocean of living water, discerning and reading the Scripture, the Word of Life, everywhere: they will rest, after much striving.

XXXV.

LIFE!

O to live indeed! O to breathe deep full breaths and be satisfied.

With Love to breathe; in all our being to breathe, in truth, in joy, in rapture and in wonder.

Everything indeed so wonderful; Life so good, so free; in all and through all a spirit of music and a breath of Being—and voices of Love everywhere!

Myriad hands reaching outward unto us, beckoning us unto the realities: Words of meaning

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floating unto our ears wherever we go : The divine signature upon all things !

The warm radiant sun shines down upon the earth, and earth responds. The beauty of her heart flows forth, and Spring comes running into the arms of Life with the joy of a little child.

Day unto day utters its word of Truth, and in everything there is that which speaks a *word* from the centre.

XXXVI.

As thou dost forgive and bless,
Souls will draw to thy caress;
While unkindness in thee last,
All thy sky is overcast.

XXXVII.

ALL indeed so wonderful ! and yet so tantalising.

For man is reft from his centre, and moves bewildered upon the circumference of things. And MAN alone knows, yet feels impotent and imprisoned. Yea, indeed, is crucified, for he knows and is thwarted, and oh how the spirit chafes ; and how the unreal things gibber with execration when the Real is manifest ; and how they rise up in anger to quench the awakening spirit ! The awakening in man is like a dying, for the old has to pass away like night before the Day appear. Yet is it the dying of death, and the quickening and birth of that which knows not death.

The soul awakening knows its death state, reaches in agony unto the bounds thereof, and

unto the deeps wherein are spirits in prison, but at length all bondages are broken and it ascends in triumph.

XXXVIII.

AH, then indeed how wonderful to be alive and awake ; to be responsive to the great words that sound everywhere ; when the soul awakes a little child and finds Love bending down : and there is felt an intimacy with Life never before experienced. As a flower unfolded from the bud, giving forth its fragrance, the soul knows itself at home and in heaven now. The pilgrimage ended—the end and object of the quest realised—then oh joy to be alive!

Oh the Peace then felt, deeper than thought may plumb!

The divine Comrade steps out from each experience to greet the lover. All is true, all is good.

ALL is answered in *Love*.

XXXIX.

As thou hast the open heart,
Love reveals through every part
Of thy experience to thee,
And thou tread'st eternity!

XL.

O TO step out of these little houses and burrows, into the open, and find oneself at home. To feel life wholesome and whole—how sweet!

Why should we wrap ourselves about with so many swathings ere we step into the open? What

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cause to fear? The stress of the elements, cold and chill and death, danger from night winds, vapours, weird sounds and voices, superstitious fancies? Outside? Is it indeed outside? Is it indeed necessary to swathe thyself round as if Life were death?

Is it indeed outside?

Dear child, it may be for thee the inside of the Home of God, of which thine own abode is just a little ante-room. Is not the ceiling beautiful—the canopy of the star-lit heavens—and within (not without), the sunshine, the fragrance, the melody—bird-song and wind-song—and then the quiet breathing as of prayer (the prayer of trustfulness that all things breathe) afterward, the tender dark.

Albeit the winds moan with the stress of man's dreaming.

The child of Love is free and is at peace.

O to dwell in the clean fresh air and to feel the sunshine upon the face and the body.

O the fragrance of earth; the sweet healing of her breath; the feel of the open; the flowers with their loving perfume; the birds with their songs of joy, glad in the day.

O the glad thanksgiving of Mother Earth at the first kiss of life—the freshness, the fragrance, the song—all so good, all so wonderful.

In the morn the stream of light through the door of sunrise awakens the soul of things, and nature responds in choric praise, full of unquenchable hope. Praise breaks upon the sleeping soul of man bidding him awake. And every morn the message comes, the heavenly word transmitted through living things.

XLI.

AH! that everyone might see
In divine simplicity,
If they would as brethren meet,
Heaven opens at their feet.

XLII.

THE Divine Artist paints in living hues the sunrise, and the glory of the day, and leaves eternal Hope with man in the colours of the sunset.

The little violet is perfectly content amid the shadow of the trees, emitting sweetest praise. The yellow narcissus bends her head with exquisite grace; she is entirely content, a little child of beauty *knowing* the goodness of things.

O to drink in the satisfaction of the flowers and *know* oneself a child of life, a child of God. The flowers lean upon the invisible support; they have the faith that doubts not, and are not disappointed. In their very fulness of praise their lips are silent; they bend the head adoringly and breathe love, love, love.

Their beauty reflects the beauty of the One who is everywhere. They witness to the fact that God kisses the lips of His little child; that Love watches everywhere.

Within the small as within the great there is the same harmony: there flows the same support of Love, the holy gravitation that forgets not at all, working beauty through faith in all the degrees of life. The Infinite peers through crystal and through star; we may not say what is large and what is small. All gathers into the Presence through whom flows the eternal music by which worlds are created.

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The song of the birds awakens gladness in the heart. The robin carries his golden faith into Winter's citadel, denying all that is drab and dreary ; the little chatterbox sparrows sport in city streets, making their nests without misgiving in the eaves of the houses. The thrush sings as if it were always early morning and spring-time. The blackbird showers a cascade of liquid melody from its woodland perch: "I am thy symbol and thy jest, oh man with thy doubt and thy darkness. I have a black coat but I am merry." The skylark, best beloved, floods earth with heaven in an overflow of song.

The insects hum their joy of life ; and the bee murmurs courage and faith.

XLIII.

THE sea chants the striving of man, his yearning, his reaching forward, his aspiration, his longing, and breaks in rhythmic cadence within the greater anthem of the joy and sadness of the earth.

The stars look down serenely calm as if conscious of what is before and after—discern man playing out his little dream as in a moment's pause amid the Infinite pulsation.

Beyond the human warring, Infinite Peace pervading all!

Creation Perfect

XLIV.

THERE is one Light, there is one Truth, there is one Beauty, one Health, there is one Substance and well-being, there is one Peace, and there is one Love.

And these are attributes of the one Pure Life; and whenever found in man they gather unto the state to which they relate as waters flow into the sea.

So we journey unto the one Providence, who meeting us through our experience, silently enfolds us ;

And with listening ear we may hear the breathing of His Word upon the waters.

There is also one Music.

All is unto each and each according to its kind.

The crystal has a light and truth and beauty of its own, and its soul is a silent music.

Music is the audible sound of all things everywhere ; it is God's vibrant word ; it is the echoing of Life's living stream.

Music is everywhere ; listen and thou wilt hear.

The little flower has a music all its own ; it is adoration, resting in the arms of protecting Love.

Light fills the universe : whence comes the light ? Whence comes the fire that burneth not away ?

When He shineth all things shine after Him : and from His singing all things take their song, and from His joy, joy rises everywhere.

But oh, the Love that is the life of all, maintaining all in all, He giving of Himself in all.

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XLV.

THERE is only Spirit, and it is pure !
There is no adulteration in the waters of Life !
The Holy Stream pulses at our doors :
Veins, arteries, capillaries of Love in us prepare
the entry of that living stream !
His pure ideas flow freely,
And in the Truth no hindrance can they find !

XLVI.

KNOW, within the little thing
Thou mayst hear archangels sing,
Yea amid a dark disgrace
Wilt thou find Love's dwelling-place.

XLVII.

EACH living thing is an established fact in the
Universe, and points to something higher.

Beyond measure Life is rich and wonderful, and
MAN, beginning and end of created life.

What is man, bridging in himself twain worlds
in one ?

Wonder supreme !

Apex of that which is, in whom is reconciled
Past and future in a present fact.

Conscious of issues vast that stream from the
world's desire; with mind that comprehends and
heart that understands, and Love that apprehends
the things of God,

Who giveth of His treasure utterly.

And oh, we human souls are made for Man, Man
to be here and now, but what are we ?

What is animal, and what is man ?

For mid the painful turbulence of life, restlessly

surging, the Man is crucified, is torn, his frame is broken, scattered to the winds.

And the music of his soul that reaches heaven, and searches through all spheres, is scattered as in single notes throughout the world, to be regathered, sometime regathered, to merge in one vast harmony—

When Man stands revealed,
With word of Peace and Power, His Kingdom
come.

Interlude

XLVIII.

LIST to a meditaton which Man may utter in his pure communion with the Highest:

“Thy cleansing waters are flowing through my soul, and I am made clean and pure,

And stand freed from the self-motive NOW;

Thy child responsive, sensitive to Thee!

Peace I give, and Love I give, for I receive Peace and Love from Thee!

My spirit gloweth virgin in Thy light!

I hear Thy voice, Thy word in me, I am!

Thou within my Being art enthroned, and shinest pure, ineffable!

In me Thou lovest, and oh, my beloved ones, my brothers, my sisters, my little children!

Thou only art, nought else can ever be!

I feel the pulsing of Thy heart in me:

Thy message I receive, I speak, I am!

O wonder-life in me, and I in Thee!

Within Thy love thy little child doth rest, secure, untroubled, knowing all is well.

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Thy child doth give, yea holdeth nothing back;
Thy child doth live, for death hath passed away;
Thy child doth serve, he hath no selfish word;
Thy child is true, expressing Love always:
Uttering, in praise, Thy Name, all through the
Day!"

The Revealer

XLIX.

IF thy heart, thine eye, thine ear
Be shut, thou findest everywhere
Doors will close upon thee, and
Darkness cover all the land.

Love's pure harmony will cease,
And in place of heavenly peace,
Only chaos wilt thou know,
Nor comprehend thy being's flow.

But abiding in the Truth,
Healing hands of tender ruth
Reach within thee to embrace
All that lives—the human race!

L.

FROM the margin of the lovely Lucerne Lake in Switzerland rises Pilatus Kulm, beautiful among mountains. It stands almost alone as a watch tower of the great Alps. It was believed by the simple peasantry in olden time that a monstrous dragon dwelt upon the summit, for the reason that it frequently is the seat of great thunderstorms, when

the lightning is seen flashing round the crest. But some two hundred and fifty years ago a man, braver than his fellows, and at his own risk climbed the mountain till he reached the summit. He found no dragon, but instead a supremely beautiful vision. The actual dragon was Ignorance.

The western slope of this mountain dips into a small lake, the Pilatus See, where, an old legend declares, Pontius Pilate, whipped by remorse, drowned himself. It was he who, in presence of Truth, with blind jest, questioned its reality, and saw not its wonder till too late. Nor did he catch the heavenly message that Love can never die.

At the apex of the hill of Life there was the awful mystery of Sin and Death. Pilate saw only Evil; it was a darkness he could not penetrate. "What is Truth?" he queried; and many have repeated the question, not expecting an answer. Yet how can it be answered until it is self-answered? What art thou truly, O Man? Thou art the truth of thine own life. The truth that is in thee, that art thou. The falsehood thou art not, for it is not true. If thou dwellest in falsehood as if thou wert that, surely delusion would encompass thee and the pains of death gather about thee.

Go east, west, south, north, in search of Truth; thou wilt not find it (nor can fear ever find it); but anigh thyself, in thine own Heart it may be found.

Man is truth: Truth is in every man.

But what is *Man*?

The meaning of life is *Man*: in deepest utterance.

What is *Man* like? We discern a little of him here, a little there (as a luminous body broken, and

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scattered unto the four winds). Once *Man* appeared, and heaven and earth became illumined with light: Man, the Son of Man.

Man touches life with all his being. He has the open eye, the open ear, the open heart.

Man is in God, God is in man. *Man* carries magic in his hands, power in his glance, wherever he goes.

Wherever *he* looks, an eye of wonder appears, a pulse of life beats, a breath of love steals: *that* place is changed.

Looking on the human heart, one finds the name of Heaven writ therein.

Man is Lord: Lord of the elements,
In man, or nature.

The Son of Man hath power to heal, and forgive.
He fronts the universe with open fearless eyes.

Fearless *he* hath climbed the Mount and brought unto man the knowledge that there is no dragon on the crest of life.

LI.

A BENEFICENT Spirit broods over all, even as the sun shines over all, and the revelation of God is everywhere writ in gold o'er earth and sea and sky.

Dost thou believe that "God's in his heaven—all's well"?—prove it then by thy life.

Unto each the Word is stealing, with the will to enter every open door, and, heaven bringing, find its rest in the human heart. With divine authority it declares thy well-being. It comes to thee with soul-regenerating power.

We have been locked in ourselves too long!

Nature herself strives to break the bonds of woe that man has made, while man is seeking freedom ignorantly, and ever in darkness gets more completely entangled.

The woe that afflicts humanity has its origin in human ignorance and in man's blind antagonism to the great law of Good.

Until science lifted the veil of darkness, man peopled nature with spirits, mostly malevolent, because when he, not knowing, acted against natural law, it reacted injuriously upon him—hence his reasoned inference, which we now know was wrong. Ignorance was the cause. Now through knowledge man utilises the laws of nature, not by making them alter to his will, but by harmonising his action to their demand.

LII.

Thus o'er life's summit, by reason of the words
that separate, man has but darkness seen,
And knowing not the Law, he breaks the law!
Thus Fear has birth,
And in its turn gives birth to Sin and Death!
There at the Fountain-head awaits
That monstrous Dread,
"The ancient Serpent," vigilantly watching!
So it was thought, so it was rumoured, felt!
And none have dared
To climb the Mount, except a few elect,
And they with fear, at risk of utter loss!
Man, not knowing, had imagined ill,
Slaying the hope that sought the larger life,
(Thrusting the consciousness upon itself
Within the narrow limits of this life),

And great confusion wrought!
 One scaled the height—returned with shining face;
 All in all, one Life alone He knew.
 In evil there was no reality,
 Nor in death, nor in separateness,
 But all in all the infinite Law of Good!
 No sin but breach of law,
 That harbours in itself its punishment,
 Till man to Law conform!
 He brought the good news unto man,
 Glad tidings of great joy.
 For he had seen the Wonder and the Love of God.
 No dragon was there: Love was all in all.
 The only dragon was man's ignorance.

LIII.

AWAKE then unto the divine significance of thy life.

Arise unto thy being's truth.

Immortal Life enfolds thee, loves thee, yea, broods o'er the cradle of thy being.

Thou didst think thyself the child of nature, doomed to servitude and to death.

Thou wast aware of death, and not of life.

Thy sad existence was the grave of Being.

But now is Life risen for thee!

How wrapt wert thou in ignorance, knowing only a separate good, and condemning thy brother!

Now thou dost recognise but one Life, the All-Good, and lovest thy brother.

And thy soul sings in the knowledge that there is no death.

The Song of Redemption thrills through the wide Universe!

It echoes at thy doors!
Tremendous is the message, wondrous the good
news—
That God *IS*, and that Love interprets all,
And that forgiveness, the stream of holy equipoise,
Maintains Life's balance eternally.
Forms may fade, but Life journeys deathless
forever.
Be glad, O soul, in the choric joy of all.
The Universe breaks forth into a mighty hymn
of praise!

LIV.

IGNORANCE is Life's only obstacle,
A monster in the Path that man must meet,
And face to face deny!
It hath its ravening in the human mind,
Moving amid reflected images,
Made real thereby!
By the spirit it is never known,
And man's deliverance
Only through the spirit may be found.
The Spirit: all in all,
That spans infinitude, enfolds the Truth,
Is ever-active omnipresent mind;
Utterance of Being everywhere,
Man's word in truth!
Hold then thy word as sacred that it be
Witness of the Word that is in thee,
Of Deity!
Then may it be if thou thy brother meet,
The apparition fades,
And lo! reveals
A passage sacred 'twixt two living souls.

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LV.

OF One who stepped forth Beautiful, out from the
Heart of Being to bless humanity,
Who gave the deepest word to life,
Virgin-soul and therefore living Word,
Pure unto the depths of truth,
With awe and marvel was it writ, that Godhead
even unto deeps on deeps, revealed itself in him!
“ Very God of very God ”—these the words!
Who may understand the thought therein?
Who may the Truth declare,
When through the erring mind on *him* all attributes
were fixed, that man to God assigns;
All of God incorporate in him,
With all the dark imaginings that man has centred
in the deity!
The Man of Love becomes the Judge most stern.
His pure forgiveness is all quenched in hate,
By virtue of a surmised holiness,
Conveying endless doom of heaven or hell!
Alas, that Love should be so travestied,
That all the Wonder fades!

Yet that one Word contained
The greatest affirmation of the human heart—
That God is Love, and Love alone is God,
And is articulate in man as Man!
Man indeed!
Name that Love pronounces perfectly!
Man who in truth embodies perfect Love:
In whom Life loves, forgives!
Though waves of pain and stress come surging in,
The Heart of God is shown
In the symbol fixed,—the Cross of Calvary,—
The word supreme for man writ large thereon;

The Revealer

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Love and forgiveness to the uttermost!
And that through spaces infinite
In the divine, yea, deep on deep,
Love and forgiveness flow!

LVI.

NEVER was other heaven or hell
Than man himself assigned!
But when he o'er himself doth rise,
Above the words that bind,
He breathes the freedom of the skies
Of the One pure Mind.
And then he knows the Law divine
That turns Life's water into wine.

LVII.

DARKNESS cannot be erased as it were bit by bit
through a systematic overcoming,
For in itself it has no actuality.
It is a negation, and hence however we strive
against it, it ever remains the same,
And ever so till we let in the light.
But open the doors and flood the sunlight in,
And darkness is no more.
There is no darkness, only light!
Neither may fear be erased as it were piecemeal ;
it is the darkness of the soul down to its uttermost
unreality.
For it is a negation, and hence however we strive
against it, it ever remains the same.
And ever so till we let in the light.
Open then thy soul to Love, and fear is not ;
Love is the light therein!
Fling wide thy doors and flood the love-light in,
And fear has gone!
There is no fear, only Love!

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LVIII.

ART thou weary, tired, faint,
Crying unto heaven thy plaint?
Grace from heaven cannot flow
Till thine heart forgiveness know.

Nature and Man

LIX.

WHO may sound the anguish of our Mother
Nature yearning for the Infinite Lover, whom she
once knew,

 But from whom she sadly is Sundered,
 Awaiting still the time until there come
 Revealingly the sons of God,
When Man, in love and truth, will manifest!
He stands 'twixt nature and the world Divine!
 (Nature, broken body of the Lord!)

The nature that we know is neither good nor ill,
but she reflects the human soul, and looketh up to
God with human eyes; she bears the stigma of our
human woe; suffers and throbs and yearns with
mother love; steps evenly with man through the
long toil, till joy be won.

There is a veil that sunders her from Life, the
Life most real. Man holds that veil. Nor may she
pass there-through, nor man himself, till Love's
rich word reveal.

Upon that veil or curtain is enacted the drama of a
secondary creation of good and evil, while Adam
sleeps and dreams, and on the screen is shown the
figures of a monstrous phantasy; scene follows
scene; time swiftly doth pursue itself, and history
flows, and empires rise and fall, and all things hold

by the fact of good therein, the Truth that winds the thread of every dream, holding the end thereof, —ultimate good the end—till gleams strange light upon the dreaming eye-lids, and joy awakes the soul.

And so the vast procession moves unto the one sure end: there is no pause nor stay until the day when light floods all.

Unreal, yea, yet for Truth's sake a golden thread winds through; and blessed are they who may find the thread, the narrow clue.

So move the strange wrought figures, unreal, yea, yet fact for man's high end: till the veil be tenuous, the curtain clear, the human mind made pure, and radiant.

And by renunciation the veil is rent.

When nature no longer trammelled in captivity doth look to God through fearless human eyes, and finds her life within the harmony of Infinite Being, life that sometime was, and is restored—in love, the love Divine that moves the spheres,—

Then the great music pealing through depths and heights, filling the soul of life that is awake, flows through her all in all, and that which has been symbol-wise in earth, in sea, in sky, shows clear, direct, and everlastingly real.

Out of her womb, no longer as of erst the Magdalene, but henceforth Mary of the Virgin Soul, comes forth the perfect Good—and Evil fades away.

LX.

MAN at the centre stands. He holds the key of nature's liberance. The clarion call of freedom sounds through him.

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Escape, oh soul of man, the close binding fetters;
Hear and become life's word of liberty—
 Thou holdest it,
And all the words of nature tell thee so!
And cease henceforth to be the word that binds.

LXI.

 O MAN so wonderful!
Marvellous interlink 'twixt earth and heaven,
In whom is sweetest song, and note of joy supreme,
 Whose lips are framed for Peace,
 Awake, awake
From thy great sleep, awake and rouse thyself,
 And shout thy liberty,
Let it resound through earth and sea and sky!
There will come answer from the vast domain of
 Life,
In thunderous refrain, rejoicingly.
For love awakes within thy liberty and life is free.
Thyself dost hold the bond that bindeth thee!

Deliverance

LXII.

HOW may'st thou be freed, oh soul, from the
death that holdeth thee?
 Thou art bound by thine own chain.
 Thou art at enmity with the Lord that loves thee,
within the Universe that is thy home.
 O soul, confined in the prison of thine own
thought,—
 If thou knewest, a spirit intimate to thine own

breathes through all that is. There is nought to fear save from the shadow thou engenderest.

Myriad arms outstretch to lead thee unto Love, and into life. For all is good and spellet good for thee. And invitation meets thee everywhere, waiting thy response.

LXIII.

THE melody of human years
Draws its fulness from the spheres,
And through each experience
Man may wake from earthly trance.

Heaven shineth all things through,
Heaven maketh all things new;
It is Love's dawning, with release
From every ill: it is God's Peace.

LXIV.

THE breath of the one Spirit is Life;
Nor is there any life apart from that Life. And every appearance other than that is a similitude without substance—a reflection or shadow, and not the reality. And thy life is either a reflection or the truth; and if not the one then it is the other.

The One is infolded in the all, and all is encompassed in the One.

All life is enclosed by that which is higher than itself. And thy life encloses that which is lower than itself. And salvation proceeds from the higher to the lower.

LXV.

THOU art in bondage to thine own self, oh man; even by that which thou holdest as thine own. Thou

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dost stem the stream of life by thy possessions.

Do not then hold to any possessions!

“Blessed are the poor” crowns the song of life.
The sweet sound breathes from over the hills; it is
fraught with liberty.

The birds catch the melody; they have no possessions; they faintly understand.

The flowers breathe its fragrance; they are wholly satisfied.

All creation praises in the sound.

Heaven answers with its angel melody “Glory to God in the Highest and on earth Peace and Good Will”; with the refrain, oh list, so certain and so sure:

“Blessed are the poor—theirs is the Kingdom.”

For they are rich.

Blessed are they who cease to hold possessions, regarding nothing as their own. *The universe is theirs.*

They are free to come and go.

All is free while thou art free, and all is bound while thou art bound.

The rich man bound to his possessions is a slave.

The poor man bound to the desire of possessions is a slave. They understand not life at all, what it *is* and what it means.

The blessed ones neither hold to nor desire possessions, and they are free. They offer of their best and are cared for, and evermore are ministered to by Love according to their need. *Theirs is the Kingdom—a present experience theirs.*

So let every possession fall away from thee, with the thought that this or that is thine own. Nothing is thine own, but all ultimately comes from the Source of Good. Give and give freely.

God alone is thy treasure, whose name is Love, to receive of which thou must give; for according to thy giving, and only so, is Love revealed to thee.

As thou holdest to thyself a good, saying "It is mine, mine own," even to the degree thereof the doors of life are shut on thee.

Thou thinkest thou art self-complete, shutting thy door against thy fellow. Know of a surety thou hast shut life's door against thyself. Thou hast closed Life against thee, thyself remaining outside. At thy awakening thou findest in thine arms a lifeless corpse.

The thought of the self is a thought of possession, so of thyself think thou not at all.

Think rather of thy duty to thy brethren; but better, sweeter, do not think, but love, show love, be love.

In Love's being all thy being is.

Thou couldst not be at all apart from Love.

Grasp not, but give and give, that which thou hast, that which thou art, and thyself forget. Life works, Life loves through thee. Hold nought as thine own, and nought is withheld from thee.

And the spirit of Freedom will flow in thy veins, and thou wilt feel life brighten every way, and open out on every side. Thou wilt be conscious of a caressing touch, and the kiss of Life upon thy heart and lips, and the breath of being as a May morning.

Then loving words, creative words will speak through thee, and souls will see and marvel, for in thee God speaketh. And, in the divine dialogue of which thou art the intermediary, Life answers to Life, Love answers to Love, Truth answers to Truth, the outward unto the inward.

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LXVI.

BREATHES, through all, the holy Word
Of the presence of the Lord!
Take thou gladly what Life brings,—
So commune with heavenly things.

LXVII.

WARS, striving for possession, competitions, oppressions, have their root and origin in Death, the unreality, and death is at their core. And because the life thou hast known was not life, and the peace that thou hadst was not peace, but were only the vague simulacra or shadowing-forth of the Real, these to thee were as the shadow of Death.

But such must be, as shadows going before, death cutting short their span, ere Truth arrive.

But Love hath descended into the Valley.

And death retreats before the light of Life, the living joyous life, and Freedom hath spoken:

Therefore the Valley of Death shall be illumined

With living light,

And in that light the dead one shall arise

And live.

Peace shalt thou have and Love and Freedom know.

In thy *nothing* shall be God's everything,

Though in thy everything God nothing is.

When in thy everything thou discernest God's nothing,

The fullness of Life shall fill the emptiness of Death,

And Death shall be no more.

“Come unto me,” the Spirit speaketh to thy spirit,

“ Stay not anything to gather up,
 “ But all that thou art, offer, and all that thou
 hast, give,
 “ And let the old things drop away,
 “ And come.”

Interlude

LXVIII.

BEHOLD, this is a new day! . . .
 The Past is ended!
 Come now
 And let thine eyes be Truth and Love;
 And to-day
 Abide in the Present, and realise God's Presence!
 Lo! all is good and beautiful to-day!
 Thy being is encompassed in the Great Reality!
 From the centre of all the sun of life and power
 Radiates everywhere:
 And from the centre of thy life, the divine Con-
 sciousness, sun of thy being, radiates now with
 healing power unto thy every part and thy every
 circumstance!
 Then wilt thou realise more and more the freedom
 and the beauty, the love and the truth, of thy real
 nature.
 Through all there breathes a divine interior warmth,
 the Holy Breath.
 The Love of God, all pervading, works as a silent
 energy, transforming, renewing, recreating all
 things after the perfect pattern, God's thought,
 Unto a perfect and beautiful expression!
 Within thy nature is the Holy Substance,

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Within thy consciousness the Divine Wisdom,
Showing through thy way and form radiant love
and beauty.

In perfect humility
On the bed-rock of thy being thou standest,
And dost separate from thy life each
vesture of unreality :

And lo! the Light shines, and becomes
manifest in thee !

The eternal is the Present, and thou dost
Dwell therein in the sincerity of the clear vision,
Open to the Presence,
Expressing the beautiful Word of Truth,
And Love is with thee wheresoever thou goest !

Forgiveness

LXIX.

FORGIVE and thou shalt be forgiven !

All that which makes life unbeautiful for thee
has relation to that which thou holdest to thyself
as thine own,

Or that thou thinkest ought to be thine own,

Or that thou thinkest ought not to be the other
person's.

While thou holdest aught in desire (thy spiritual
hands) nothing beyond that is thine own, and that
itself is not truly thine.

But when desire ceases in thee, and thou refusest
to hold aught as thine own that is not equally thy
brother's, then all things are thine and all good
awaits thee. A Spirit greater than thine own holds
in poise all thy being.

Then art thou free indeed, and thy heart at rest.

And it is because of Love, which fills the place vacated by desire. Then by the freedom that is in thee, a word goes forth from thee, unknown to thee, yet audible everywhere. Nature with all her ears has heard, and her heart leaps with joy—for it is a word of deliverance unto her. Then all living things draw nigh to thee in love. And freedom wakens at thy touch wherever thou treadest. And as thou dost journey, little hands confidingly slip themselves into thy hand, and thou art companioned all the way.

The flowers are more fragrant for thee. Oh, the unquestioning trust and confidence in thee!

The birds sound for thee a more intimate note than ever before.

And nature herself for thee has taken on a warmer glow, and voices of love speak to thee even from inanimate things.

And there is nowhere in all creation but music arises therefrom.

And thy heart, wholly simple, beats with a more direct pulsation of love than thou hast ever known before.

LXX.

ALL things await the coming of the One who knows, and they assuredly recognise the sign, and rise up to bless that one.

There was *one* through whom Love shone. He had trod the dark steps into the light. All life awakened at his voice.

Action interprets all: the direct action from the soul.

Love—is it ours to receive?

Nay, oh man: it is ours to give.

60 The Cloud and the Fire

He who loves is free: who loves not, the same is bound.

Nature starts back at the lovelessness of man,
Quivering, oh lovely animal, at the lash of the angry word that he represents: to come with beautiful grace, and deep dumb yearning, with big love-eyes waiting for Love, unto him.

When thou knowest love without its contrary, and livest for love without its contrary, and even so actest, Nature is thy eternal glass, O man. Nature is vast, but the orb of thy life is vaster, for thou completest nature.

Thou hast choked her life with the thought of death.

She is good and evil by thine impression, O man. Art thou here to receive, even from nature to receive? Thou art here to give, and bestow on nature the supreme boon.

Thou art here to carry light, to offer love.

Thou art here to do the works of him who patterned out thy way.

Is it true to say that Nature environs thee?

It is equally true to say that thou dost environ her, though she rise up as the god whom thou comprehendest.

But know that truly thou dost environ nature.

And know that truly God doth environ thee.

Thou art lesser than God, but greater than nature art thou, if thou wilt arise and understand.

Thou expectest to receive from Nature her loving word?

It is in vain till thou hast given *thy* loving word.

Wherefore if thou wouldst be free thou must indeed love.

Forgiveness

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And if thou wouldst receive thou must indeed give.

And to love is to forgive.

(And thy forgiveness is the kiss of love, as it is at length the kiss of God in thee!)

If thou wouldst be wealthy thou must free thyself from all outward possessions.

Yea, it may be that thou must discard even the symbols of possession.

Lo, if thou art free from desire of wealth,

And wilt not possess,

And if thou art free from desire of pleasure,

And forgivest all, and lovest,

Lo, heaven and earth are at thy feet.

LXXI.

AS thou learnest brotherhood

Nature wakens sweet and good.

If thou art a little child,

Nature rises gentle, mild.

Freed from enmity and fear,

She will do thy bidding clear.

And the heaven that round thee lies

Wakens in her morning eyes.

And her song that soars above

Becomes an ecstasy of love.

Lo, her being fragrantly

Giveth of her best to thee.

Holy peace doth o'er thee breathe,

As Nature's love doth thee enwreathe.

Giving Nature all her meed,

Thou wilt learn her love indeed.

Peace and love, peace and love,

All thy heart is treasure-trove.

Thou art one with Nature mild,

Thou art her beloved child;

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And there springs a heavenly tone,
"Thou art my beloved son."
For in thee the twain are one,
Mary's child, and God's own son.
All in joyaunce is aglow,
Thou dost Heaven and Nature know.
Thou dost know not two but one—
Not a third, but Love alone.

LXXII.

OVER all and in all and through all is one Life,
 A vivid pulsing life;
Eternal life traversing everything;
 Purity of Life, Purity of Love;
 A living palpitating thing;
All filling, all controlling, all fulfilling.
Nor is there any life apart from That;
And thy life, O man, is not distinct from *That*
 Nor separate.
In so far as thou truly livest, that Life abides,
 Doth live, in thee.
It is *life* in all and through all,
Touching all, touching all so intimately,
 In intimate Presence of Love;
 In intimate Presence of Truth.
It holds thee, it enfolds thee.
It is behind thy good, it flows into all thy actions;
 River of music, fragrant melody.
O to know the good will that sleeps in every living
 thing;
 That is highest bliss.
When we *live* we love, and when we love we impart
 life,
 Everywhere we go:
Even as when we hate we breathe out death.
And when we sin, which is to act outside the

holy Will and therefore contrary to the one Great Law of Good, we spin a skein of illusion upon all whom we meet and make the path harder and the way more difficult to follow.

Through our entanglements is bitterness wrought, and blindness covers the eyes.

And then however we desire good, still we cannot see, and the heart despairing sinks.

Then is it that, as from the very ground, we rise with understanding;

Through intensest experience see that all life is suffering alike;

Yea, and especially the sad unknowing ones who possess and desire to possess—poor, so poor, in love's true reckoning.

Then doth forgiveness flow and love outpour

Through thy very sympathy with thy brother's state,

Breaking the bonds in thyself and in thy brother,
Dissolving all enmity, redeeming thy brother.

LXXIII.

Is it good, and is it kind,
To mete judgment to the blind?
And for those who do not hear
Weave a penalty of fear?

Nay! with love and mercy bless
Each misguided feebleness;
Blind eyes steeped in ignorance,
Blind ears in illusion's trance.

And interpret in pure love
Things below and things above.
Through each experience may ye
Reveal the heart of Deity.

Love Descending

LXXIV.

SHALL we not then give up all that is false in us, the false valuations and standards, the myriad little illusions of separateness, the absurd little thoughts of antagonism, when all the time we are truly bound by indissoluble bonds of good, in Life, in Love?

A wind of moaning blows from the east to the far west, and the desolation of great agony breaks through the turbid waters of human nature, rising with a cry unto heaven: where compassion is.

Love descends from heaven and walks on earth.

O comfort ye, comfort ye my people.

Know ye the Lord is gracious: a boundless infinite good: eternal benediction.

The Love of God is a living light:

The dark of evil may not abide therein.

Our essential being is even so: hence evil gives rise in us to pain that sears and burns.

To *know* the truth is to be free.

Come ye now unto the waters of healing.

Come ye now, buy and eat

The wine and the bread that is without money and without price.

LXXV.

IF thou wert free thy conscience would be as the sword of Truth

Flashing from heaven to earth!

And thy clear action witness heaven's judgment!

For that which *Is* in the great world of good

Would glow upon the seeming through thine eyes,
 And the will-be of the Love of God
 Would show enacted in the present through thy
 word.

LXXVI.

BUT if thou art not free, thy conscience is as a
 slave's conscience, doing homage to a master;
 Thy duty slavishly rendered, ay, to a slavish
 code, however thou thinkest!

Accepting, challenging not,
 And all too satisfied,
 Thinking it enough, though a great world's agony
 Is felt without!

Thy conscience content therein!
 As the clock ticks on, to the set time,
 Thy narrow duty doing and no more!
 And in that sphere thy soul is satisfied!

But Love doth fail,
 Love that is so sweetly sanative,
 Choking for breath.

Man is not free except his heart is free,
 And the soul breathes freedom with each living
 breath.

If Freedom is established inwardly,
 Invulnerable one, nought can thee hurt!

LXXVII.

LET thy duty be as the breath of the mountain
 within the valley.

Descend from the hill-tops every morning, the
 glow and strength of sunrise upon thy face.

Nourish thy soul with vision from the heights.
 Thou art thyself the message thou must give.

66 The Cloud and the Fire

Where the eagle finds her home, let thine aspiration rest.

LXXVIII.

BE not ye too narrow in conception, dwelling upon the detail to the exclusion of the whole;

But acquire a clear perspective that gathers in thy brother with thyself,

For Love doth make thee one with every soul :

Thy brother's good and ill thy very own! . . .

Thy brother then whom thou meetest :

Touch him not with a reservation of what has been or what might be,

Nor pass him lightly by with a mind pre-occupied,

With a light despatch, intent upon the something else,

Thine own blindness proving,

Indicating that truly thou seest him not, nor dost hear the Word within his word : *

But with courage and with love, meet thou him face to face, for Love hath eyes that see,

Communing with the shining One within thy brother !

LXXIX.

HAVE in thee a free conscience, and let it prick
When freedom is assailed !

A free word and a true: let it come forth resonant, wheresoever thou art, yea, and whomsoever thou dost meet.

Make thy habitation in the heights where Freedom dwells.

Thy life will be as the running waters, fresh and clear and laughing.

It is only upon the plain that waters become turbid and stagnant.

LXXX.

WHEN thou walkest through the slums of the city,
 Cover thy mantle over thy face,
 To hide thy shame!

Canst thou think of evil and not feel ashamed?

Canst thou read of a brother's woe and be indifferent?

Canst thou witness a sister's shame without thy spirit crying unto the heavens?

And if thou seest the suffering of innocent creatures, canst thou contain thyself?

Of thyself say "I too am responsible, inasmuch as I accept these things and make no murmur."

Do not accept aught that shames thee as a man!

Be alive unto the whole of life, and recognise thy oneness with thy brother!

LXXXI.

IF thou art sensitively free thou wilt go with thy brother into prison.

It is no prison for thee!

Unto the very depths thou wilt journey with him.

There is no hell for thee!

Facing his adversary thou wilt prove that he is free.

If thy brother is less than a man, does it not hurt thee?

And if thy sister is less than a woman, does it not wound thee?

And seekest thou not to combat the cause thereof?

Let thy duty be heroic. Bring the axe down upon the rotten structure that defaces the Truth of God.

The Whirlwind

LXXXII.

HUMAN child in agony,
Mid the dark night of thy woe,
Eyes are watching over thee,
Ears do hear the waters flow.

Know the Power of God is near
Though but night to thee appear;
At this moment dawns the Day,
Will sweep thy stress of woe away!

Little child upon the street,
Only evil dost thou meet?
Evil give? from thee the sin
Will pass as Love doth enter in.

Child of life, thou labourer,
Is life hard for thee to bear?
Dost thou stumble with the pack
Of a dead weight on thy back?

The load of greed, the Judas-gold,
That still betrays, and still hath sold
Him, whose footfall presently
Will break thy bonds, and set thee free.

Great the evil, hard the cure!
May humanity endure?
Or bear the travail that doth bring
To birth the holier sweeter thing?

LXXXIII.

THE pain, the woe, the dark, the ill,
Bear their own witness to the Good at the heart
of all.

With the substance there is the great satisfaction.

It was said that the great War had shaken the
faith of many people.

But what faith?

Is faith an outward thing to be shaken?

Did they first ever make enquiry into the condi-
tions of human life in our great cities?

Did they ever hear of those poorest quarters that
we name the *slums*, the very existence of which is
blasphemy,

Yet wherein men and women and children,
fashioned in God's image, have to dwell?

Or had they never heard of a worse than animal-
ism among the very rich, whose money is their bane:
of souls caught in a falsity of experience, stupefied
to boredom in the pursuit of pleasure, not daring to
pause and think:

These twain evils arising from one sole cause?

If so, how did not these facts shake their faith?

Were not this enough, did they ever consider the
reason of prostitution in our cities? (Oh, dread
symbol of a deeper evil.)

And did not this undermine their faith?

This great heresy that such is necessary for the
health of society!

And the same evil spreading apace under the
guise of birth-control!

As if man were wholly animal!

(And are not the very beasts of the jungle more
self-contained?)

70 The Cloud and the Fire

As if purity, continence, self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, were a fiction, a fanciful illusion,

And that there is not that resource in man which can transform this vital power, thus turned downward, into spiritual strength!

If these things did not shake their faith, why then should war shake their faith?

Then by reason of the contamination, the deadly infection, and the medical search for that which might stay the plague, the animal world is victimised.

And there has arisen the great evil of vivisection, the endeavour to defraud nature of her just demand.

You may not thus, O man, avoid the penalty of your wrongdoing, but a more insidious evil will steal upon you!

Why should the gentle animal world suffer vicariously for you?

It is yours, not to be victimised, but to be raised and ennobled!

O the innocent quivering animal flesh, the horror of it, the torture, the agonising cry to the great Mother, whose heart bleeds for her children! And will she not avenge?

Do you wonder at the Great War, O brother?

What of the horrors of the shambles?

And of the Drink evil, its wastage, and its shame?

And the sin of capital punishment, complicating the evil, ignoring the greater Law that saith, "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay!"

What too of the venal Press, its traffic in lies; the output of poisonous art and literature, its breath as of the charnel house; the corroding influence of

The Whirlwind

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the Sunday paper, with its sprawl of indecency;
the miasma creeping through society!

The smirch of the Cinema, and the unclean
drama; art so sadly desecrate, and in presence of
what might be!

* * * * *

What of our civilisation—save the word—wherein
no city is without its slum; the mad, wild scramble
round the golden calf;

The worship and the evil prayer for gain,
The mania for dividends!

What of the Congo horror (do we forget those
days?) when Europe coldly turned her face away,
because of dividends?

Greed shut the door of pity.

At that instant the key of vengeance turned, and
heaven's anger burned: Love became terrible in
wrath!

How could Love overlook the prayer
Of those people in despair,
Though Europe turned in ill disdain,
Closed her ear to the shriek of pain,
Excused herself—for dividends?

If this were not enough to shake one's faith, how
then could the War shake one's faith?

Perhaps indeed it came to re-establish faith upon
the earth, and to readjust the standard of our
values.

Had there been no aftermath we would then have
had proof decisive that the Universe was not good,
and that there was no true order, and no God;

And we might just as well have given up the
struggle, realising that all is lost!

72 The Cloud and the Fire

For there would then have been no just issue and consequence to that which had been set in motion at the beginning, as effect from cause. And it would be that evil might be pursued without fear of retribution, because there was no valid Purpose in support of our human truth and goodness!

But as it is not so—

And as in nature exactly according to the sowing is the reaping, however complex things may be: life's inexorable law;

And as spiritually it is even so,

We are these days witnessing the overwhelming demonstration of this great truth,

That whosoever sows the wind shall reap the whirlwind!

Everything ultimately points to the supreme fact of the Great Good Law!

When in a personal experience the whirlwind happens there is erasure even unto the causes.

And in the larger human experience we have been witnessing a whirlwind so fearful, that ere its course is spent, the old order must surely pass away; but before the End is come the Power will touch each person inwardly, in the immediacy of heart and mind, so intimately near. To some it will be as the kiss of Love, for they already have traversed the Dark; to others as a devastating woe, until in the soul there glows the new Day-dawn. (In the end the selfish and prudential motive fails.)

God is vindicated in the whirlwind, then how much more in the still small voice?

A voice speaks from the hills, and it is melodious as the meeting of many waters:

The Whirlwind

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Comfort ye, comfort ye my people,
For your warfare is accomplished.

Turn to the Lord, for He will abundantly pardon.

The time is at hand, when ye must establish a new order: something better far than that which has gone before, that heaven be found on earth.

(Hitherto ye have known merely a shadowed life, a reflected experience, have dwelt in the mirage of a false dream.)

Then shall there be no more war, but Love, Life, Peace, Truth.

Where *Life* is there is harmony: war is its loss, its death.

Humanity will be gathered into Life. Disease, sin, and death will melt away with the passing of the dense clouds of Unreality, and the soul, remembering her divine birthright, will arise Love-garmented, Joy-crowned, the song of praise upon her lips!

LXXXIV.

A TRUMPET has sounded bidding each soul awake!

There had to be the great fire, the terrific shaking in the realm of appearances!

The One Life which is thy life; the true and kindly nature within the nations—

That Life remains perfect and complete as at all times!

LXXXV.

BE ye open to the infilling life of God,

Till Love through all thy being flow,

Reaching through thy every part, pressing
through thy every way,

Till thou arisest as with new identity!

74 The Cloud and the Fire

LXXXVI.

THE spirit seeketh return to the waters whence it
came,

 Out of false conceptions unto truth,
 Infinite Love sounding in our ears,
 Yearning of many waters,
 Intimately calling!

The old anchorages give way, the old bondages
are broken,

And the soul is borne into the Sea of Life!

Oh, we await the incoming of that Love,

Our mind open to the Heavenly Mind, all-beautiful,
 That willest all our good,
 That fillest all our silences!

Life rises wonderful before our eyes; and marvelling
 We worship, and we rest.

LXXXVII.

IF thou art quiet and wilt but listen, thou mayst
hear the glad sound of many waters,

 Far from which entangled we strain and strain,
 Till nigh at length we come, and in the im-
mediacy of experience our problems solve!

The Peace of God

LXXXVIII.

THERE is Peace before the footsteps of which,
the peace that is no peace flees away.

 Knowest thou that Peace?

 Thou touchest Life indeed; knowest the action
and reaction as from centre to centre.

 How real, how true all things are
 Then, when thou knowest!

Apart from that, how couldst thou bear the on-coming of Reality?

LXXXIX.

COME thou into the Present. Separate thyself now from the bonds of thy thinking and doing; enter the narrow path 'twixt that which *was* and that which *shall be*.

Apart from Past and Future where art thou?

Hast thou courage, brother, just to lose thyself?

Is it not worth if haply thou find God, and therein thine own true self that liveth and abideth?

Even so we step out of time into God's Present, Worshipping in the light of the Presence.

Thought, too, belongs to time: we must need arise out of thought.

And yet how may we know ourself apart from thought? We must lose that local knowledge, if we would transcend our thought.

Soul belongs to heart and mind, but the *persona* is an outweaving of the brain, and the brain but registers the past as an index and carries it into the Future.

Life is deeper than thought: brain cannot fathom it, but heart may feel it. God cannot be reached by thought: thought first must merge in vision. Then only may the soul take wings and soar in the vast of God.

To *know* Life, Past and Future must fall away: it is the Great Silence filled with God.

All Life joys in thy life when thine own words cease.

God's creative word is drowned by the clamour in thy mind.

Be still and hear.

76 The Cloud and the Fire

To make a great noise may seem great to the ignorant:

But to God it is as a foolish child stumbling over the alphabet.

From thyself be still; shut the door to thy thought's intrusion; keep self without; surely thou art loved.

To *know* and to be *known*.

To *love* and to be *loved*.

Our first step is recognition: to recognise that which truly is, apart from appearances. The second is stillness or resignation. The third is realisation, the holy inflow.

When thou lovest truly, holy nature reaches unto thee with perfect embrace; the Heart of Life, aching in all thy brethren, yearns towards thee.

When thou forgivest, praise awakens from all living things as thou comest nigh.

It was the spirit of deep forgiveness in St. Francis that released nature's love towards him, so that the little birds came flocking unto him; for in his forgiveness there was established in him the gentleness that harms not, even in thought.

Be ye harmless, loving all.

Perfect forgiveness will draw love unto thee; and truth will become a laurel on thy brow.

And thou wilt live directly from thine own true source,

And the long woe pass away.

All will see and note.

Thy truth will be such that none may deceive thee.

Thy truth will call forth the truth that it touches, and as thou meetest all things they will declare themselves, even as they are, in their true name.

The mysteries of life will unfold before thee.

And if thou art firm in thy *knowing*, thou wilt overcome every falsehood.

Love will stand before the untruth and it will pass.

The light of the stars will glow around thy feet, and the sunrise gold gather about thy steps.

Peace will possess thy soul.

XC.

YEA, peace will possess thy soul!

It will be the fragrance of thy breathing as thou journeyest.

Thou wilt know Joy in the morning, and Love in the evening, and thy abiding will be in Truth.

Thou wilt know there is nothing to fear,

Neither in heaven nor on earth nor under the earth,

And that thou mayst journey with clear fearless eyes whithersoever thou wilt, and find an open way.

Thou mayst be as the soul of things as thou walkest, and impart new divine meanings unto all things that thou touchest.

Thou knowest there is one Life, and that it is wholly good and *that* thy true life; *life* springing up in thee unto eternal life, giving vigour to all thy being and fire of love in thy veins.

Thou canst not for ever and ever separate thyself from that Life. It lives and breathes through all. Man is its noblest vehicle. In human love there beats the Heart divine. It is myriad-eyed, in Love all-seeing, and nought is lost in its clear wisdom-light. Yea, in that Love each living thing is known, each living voice is felt.

78 The Cloud and the Fire

XCI.

LOVE is thine, Peace is thine;
Thou dost know the Life divine,
And dost feel thy being thrill,
In the *wonder* of God's Will.

The Deeps of Love

XCII.

THERE is only one Life—and Love,
Man's true consciousness,
Which in its pure simplicity
Is Heaven within.

In that soul-ease nature enters into freedom and
rejoices

With ecstasy of life in thee,
As in choric spring-time,
When song and fragrance usher in the Day.
That which Nature's eyes aspiringly
May see,

Thy soul may know, and nature through thy soul !
Through thy pure heart her fragrance
Doth outpour

Into the shrine of Love, the Heart of God.

Thy heart-forgiveness draws
A mighty music from the soul of things,
Which gathers o'er thy way.

Thou art indeed of the great Harmony,
At thy heart's core indrawing the great breath—

Peace, Joy, Love,
Within thee pulsing the deep pulse of all.

XCIII.

THOU knowest thy life no longer held in form,
 Nor fixed in thought, but in thy vision free;
 Thou knowest thy place, thy work,
 Divinely thine from the beginning!
 There is no end to thy work,
 Thy Word, the God in thee!
 Truly art thou, wilt be,
 As thou *truly* desirest to be,
 In fearlessness entirely free!
 Awake now to the Love-fact strong in thee;
 Feel thou the wings of Love!
 The feet but step by step may trace,
 But wings may speed through spaces infinite,
 The heights and depths of God.

XCIV.

IF the truth thou knewest penetrated to the centre
 of thy life,
 How joyous wouldst thou be; scarce wouldst thou
 be able to contain thyself!
 O child of Life, standing on nature's green sward,
 erect under the heavens,
 The stars, alive above thee, do not their depths
 thy deeps reflect?

XCV.

THOU hast thine own true place for evermore
 No less than the stars of heaven!
 It awaits thine entry!
 As thou art true all things will conspire to set thee
 there!
 As thou dost love,
 A movement arises from the Heart of Love that
 will float thee there!

80 The Cloud and the Fire

When thou dost find thyself, thou art there!
Sweet then is life to thee,
And all that lives comes nigh to serve thy hand!

XCVI.

O SOUL of man, awaken!
Come to the things that matter; abandon the unreal.

Turn now to the Lord, the Holy One of thy being;
open thy heart to the Living Power who is Love,
who is Truth, who is Life.

Abandon thyself to That.

Then forth from thy flowing centre give of thyself,
all thou hast and all thou art, in very truth,
in Love, unto the world and unto all thy brethren,
in continual ministry.

Enter the Kingdom that is at thy hand.

Drink of the waters that are nearest thee,
The Living Stream, vital with holy life.

Bathe in the waters, partake of the fruit of the
Tree that grows thereby, whose leaves are for the
healing of the nations.

In Him is pardon.

In Him forgive, and as thou lookest on thy fellow
man, and dost turn thy gaze upon the poor sad
world, slay thou the damning thought, and place
thy nature at the side of His,

Who on the Cross breathed "My Father, oh
forgive!"

All evil is because of ignorance.

"Father, forgive; they know not what they do."

Epilogue

God in the midst, my central " I "
Shining forth in radiant loving light,
Effulgent, wonderful!
Mine own true self, the selfhood now no more!
For it was not, nor ever more may be!
Love streams in power from the Innermost,
Within which hallowed place
I humbly enter where the " I " abides, God's Eye,
All seeing through my every way.
My heart is still; my every thought is still,
And the Word is, in power, in energy,
The edge and swiftness of the sword " I am ";
The voice of Power affirming that which is!
The music of the soul!
There is nought else but Thee,
O Holy One, in me.
Shining in me radiant through the Day,
Blessing all,—alway!

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