

PREFACE

The following poem is intended to convey the doctrine of what is often misnamed "The New Thought"; namely, that by conscious union with the indwelling Principle of Life, man may attain completeness here and now. "Out of the Silence," while structurally conforming to the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, is directly opposite in its teaching.

*Know ye not that ye are the temple of God,
and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?*

I Cor. iii. 16

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Is this thing true, the preacher
saith,

Or but a dreamer's dream?

Thrills in thy very midst the

Breath

That bade the star-fires stream,

Framed all the Universe divine,

And slowly cell by cell

Built up thy body for a shrine

Wherein Himself might dwell?

Then cares and fears be phantoms vain—

Ills of illusion bred:

O hungry soul, insatiate brain,

Ope inward and be fed!

O heart, with age-long error rife,
Thou art no soil for sin,
Wherethrough the eternal source of life
Wells ever from within!

Drink; and thy need shall be sufficed,
The drought of death will fly:
Who thereof drinketh, said the Christ,
Shall never thirst or die.

No mortal being gave thee birth;
Shake off the fleshly dream,
Nor, housed albeit in walls of earth,
Against thyself blaspheme.

The heaven is here for which we wait,
The life eternal now!—
Who is this lord of time and fate?
Thou, brother, sister, thou!

The power, the kingdom, is thine own:
Arise, O royal heart!
Press inward past the doubting-zone,
And prove the God thou art!

OUT OF THE SILENCE

OUT OF THE SILENCE

I

LO! in the vigils of the night,
ere sped
The first bright arrows from
The Orient shed,
The heart of Silence trembled into sound,
And out of Vastness came a Voice, which
said:

II

I AM alone: thou only art in Me;
I am the stream of Life that flows through
thee;
I comprehend all substance, fill all space;
I am pure Being, by whom all things be.

III

I am thy Dawn, from darkness to release;
I am the Deep, wherein thy sorrows cease.
Be still! be still! and know that I am

God:

Acquaint thyself with Me, and be at
peace!

IV

I am the Silence that is more than sound:
If therewithin thou lose thee, thou art
found.

The stormless, shoreless Ocean, which
is I—

Thou canst not breathe, but in its bosom
drowned.

V

I am all Love: there is naught else but I;
I am all Power: the rest is phantasy.

Evil, and anguish, sorrow, death, and
hell—

These are the fear-flung shadows of a lie.

VI

Arraign not Mine Omnipotence, to say
That aught beside in earth or heaven hath
 sway!

The powers of darkness are not: that
 which is

Abideth: these but vaunt them for a day.

VII

Know thou thyself: as thou hast learned
 of Me,

I made thee three in one, and one in
 three—

Spirit and Mind and Form, immortal
 Whole,

Divine and undivided Trinity.

VIII

Seek not to break the triple bond assigned:
Mind sees by Spirit, Body moves by
 Mind;

Divorced from Spirit, both way-wildered
fall—
Leader and led, the blindfold and the
blind.

IX

Look not without thee: thou hast that
within,
Makes whole thy sickness, impotent thy
sin:
Survey thy forces, rally to thyself:
That which thou wouldst not hath no
power to win.

X

I, God, enfold thee like an atmosphere:
Thou to thyself wert never yet more
near:
Think not to shun Me: whither wouldst
thou fly?
Nor go not hence to seek Me: I am
here.

XI

Yea, I am Spirit: in thy depths I dwell.
Art conscious of My presence, all is well;
Cleave but to that—thyself art thine own
 heaven:
A heaven deemed empty were more drear
 than hell.

XII

Into each heart the jet of life I fling:
Bathe thou thy thought in that perennial
 spring!
Sinless thou art and scathless, so thou
 catch :
The music of its inward murmuring.

XIII

Hush thee, if thou wouldst hear it! Still
and small
My voice to thee makes answer ere thou
 call.

Ah! to the hidden Word thou giv'st no
 heed,
And clamorous echo deemest all in all.

XIV

The thriftless joys that are thy heart's
 desire—
Base ore, unsearched of the refiner's
 fire—
Can these pass current with the high-born
 soul
That unto heavenly riches doth aspire?

XV

Thou, for whom pleasure weaves her
 earthy spell,
If in some paradise of sense thou dwell,
Thou dwell'st but in the purlieus of thy
 life,
Far from the centre and the citadel.

XVI

There lies thy treasure: there shalt thou
see clear
What to thy shaping was so real and dear
But as the shadows and the shows of things,
Viewless, inaudible, to eye and ear.

XVII

Thine ecstasies of feeling, sound, or sight—
Raptures that hover round thee winged
for flight—
Fly with them! follow! and they shall
quench their speed
Within the eternal forests of delight.

XVIII

To weave thee garlands that the soul may
wear,
Seek not for blossoms born of light and air:
The flowers, that of pure thought engendered spring,
Grow not on earth, nor may be gathered
there.

XIX

Yet spurn not thou the visible, for Mine
Is all this Universe, and all divine;
Rather bethink thee that which thou be-
hold'st,
Though not the Substance, is nathless the
Sign.

XX

The boon earth's increase, how the seasons
shift,
Or the suns glad thee with their lapse and
lift—
These things thou notest, but with heart
afar,
Forgetful of the Giver in the gift.

XXI

What wouldst thou say, wert thou but
Spirit-wise!
What wings were added to thine ecstasies,

Couldst thou but hear the harping of the
stars,
And read My message on the morning-
skies!

XXII

Yon palpitating ray, thou call'st a rose;
Thou seest the light that in its bosom
glows:
But that which thrills behind it, he
alone
Who knows to commune with its Maker
knows.

XXIII

Prayer opes the sluice of heaven with
gentle sleight,
Lest faith, too suddenly transformed to
sight—
Joy heaped on joy, since all I have is
thine—
Whelm thee with inundation of delight.

XXIV

Yet whatso' lies about thee, or above,
Thou lack'st but faith to read the heart
hereof.

Come now, and let us reason, saith the
Lord:
Hast thou of old misdoubted of My love?

XXV

What billoweth else behind thee and
before?
What else thine element? Do ships ashore
Fear launching for the scantness of the sea?
Put forth! put forth! and thou shalt doubt
no more.

XXVI

Nay, though thou make thy pleasure to
transgress,
Thinking to flout Me in thy wilfulness,
Tilt at My laws, and curse whom thou
shouldst bless—
I am all Love: I cannot love thee less.

XXVII

Or hast thou judged amiss the Eternal
Mind,
Deemed Truth inconstant, and Foreknow-
ledge blind,
Made that which is not lord of that which
is?
Fear not, nor falter: seek, and thou shalt
find.

XXVIII

Thy times are in My hand, who say to
thee:
The past is nothing; let the future be!
Thou, whom I fashioned for my heart's
desire,
Art not of time, but of Eternity.

XXIX

O my beloved, heir to Mine estate!
Come to Me swiftly, though the hour be
late!

Those My five envoys, whom I sent to
seek,

Have lured thee from Me, and alone I
wait.

XXX

I wait to see thy feet with wisdom shod,
Disease and error banished at thy nod:
Sinless, self-dominant, adult, divine,
I wait to see thee walk the earth, a
God.

XXXI

What could I more for thee than I have
done—
Shown thee thy wisdom, warned thee what
to shun?
Had I constrained thee whither thou
shouldst go,
What pleasure to be loved by such an
one?

XXXII

Therefore I made thee what thou art—no
toy
Like as men fashion for an infant's joy,
Wound into motion, played with, thrown
aside;
But of pure Being, whole without alloy,

XXXIII

Of Mine own Substance, indestructible.
Eye cannot see, ear hear, nor tongue may
tell
What power, what plenitude of peace
were thine,
Content at oneness with thyself to dwell.

XXXIV

But when at last I heard My people cry:
“ Arise, O Day-Star, lest we droop and
die! ”
I said: “ No longer will I veil My face,
And write upon the darkness ‘ It is I. ’ ”

XXXV

I came to men in likeness of a man,
Taught them what Manhood merged in
Godhood can:
Yet these believed not when I bade them
live,
And cowered within their self-appointed
span.

XXXVI

But enter thou thy closet, shut thy door,
And seek the silence of the golden Floor!
The word that I shall whisper thee will
bring
Health to the healthless, riches to the
poor.

XXXVII

Only be still, and win from earth away,
Then hearken what the mystic voices say!
The fount of Truth shall o'er his basin
brim,
And flood thy fields of being day by day—

XXXVIII

Shall woo to life with fertilizing power
The parchéd corn-ear or the drooping
flower,
And spread thee green oases in the waste,
Till the bare desert burst into a bower.

XXXIX

“Who shall deliver me?” thou criest,
“ for I
Faint ’neath this burden of mortality,
O wretched that I am!” If thou indeed
Wert in, or of, the body, thou shouldst
die:

XL

But thou art Spirit, wholly made of Me,
Who make the body hour by hour to
be.
Such as the Father is, such is the son:
Assume thine incorruptibility!

XLI

I gave thee of Mine own creative power
With winged imagination for thy dower:
That which thou wilt thou canst: no seed
 of thought
E'er sank into thy soul, but sprang to
 flower,

XLII

And fruited, or for blessing or for ban:
Yet, when thou com'st the harvest-field to
 scan,
"Some enemy," thou say'st, " hath planted
 tares!"
I tell thee nay: thou art thyself the man.

XLIII

Hatred, hypocrisy, and pride, and ire,
And every fear, and every false desire,
Breeds venom in the heart, which drives it
 forth
To flood the veins with devastating fire.

XLIV

That thou believest is. Have faith, 'tis
said,
And lo! the answer to thy prayer is
sped.
Think life, thou liv'st; think death, and
thou shalt die:
Choose! thine election is accomplished.

XLV

Body is Mind made visible, and grows
By the pure fountain which within thee
flows,
Tending to life; or, fed on outward shows,
Feedeth on nothing, and to nothing goes.

XLVI

How should the body so be sound and
whole?
Can stagnant ooze reflect the o'er-arching
pole?

No, nor with scum of error overlaid
Will the soul's mirror flash thee back the
soul.

XLVII

Thine aspiration turned to appetite,
Thy love to lust, as blossom yields to
blight,
With leaden luxury thou bind'st thy
neck:
My yoke is easy, and My burden light!

XLVIII

If thou by power electric stem the sea,
And, or of ignorance or apathy,
Let sleep the hidden force till motion fail,
Who blames the craftsman? yet thou
blamest Me

XLIX

What time, like fire beneath the terrene
crust,
Thine own essential flame asunder thrust

Lacks use within thee, till amazed thou
find
Hope's deep foundation crumbling into
dust

L

And all thy vital powers to faint and
fail.
Mind fed by Spirit doth for life avail;
Pure thoughts alone the body's health can
build:
Purge that within thee—naught shall out-
ward ail.

LI

Thy faith in evil evil's like allures;
Believing taints thee, disbelieving cures.
I said: " Be perfect "; spake I then in
vain?
Perfect I planned thee, and My work
endures,

LII

What profit then of Destiny to prate?
She is thy friend if thou co-operate.
Seek in the silence that diviner Self:
To know thy greatness is to claim thy fate.

LIII

Say, thou who deem'st thyself the child of
sin,
How, God-begotten, wast thou born
therein?
Lo! I thy Father, I thy Mother, am!
Wouldst claim the heritage, the birthright
win,

LIV

Erase that record of the palimpsest
Within thee, by the scribe of time im-
pressed,
And on the smoothéd surface write anew:
"I am All-Wisdom, Righteousness, and
Rest."

LV

'Twas writ: " The man that doth My
sayings keep
Shall taste death never ": yet in death ye
sleep,
Nor spirit since hath passed the bound of
time
Save through that bitter and dividing deep.

LVI

Elijah, Moses, Enoch—what were they
More than all others to win deathless way
Into the heavenly house not made with
hands,
Whereof the door stands open night and
day,

LVII

But that to walk with God they did
aspire,
But that, enkindled with divine desire,
Still on the secret altar of their soul
They fanned with faith a never-dying fire?

LVIII

“Do this, and thou shalt balk the billowy
grave!”

Thou doest it not, and call'st on man to
save.

Nay, wouldst thou save thee, quit yon
treacherous bark
And walk to Me upon the midnight wave!

LIX

O House of Israel, wherefore will ye die?
Shall He, whose dwelling is Eternity,
In death find pleasure—pleasure in a lie?
Turn therefore, live ye! saith the Lord
most high.

LX

Behold! I stand within my harvest field!
Arise, O reapers, the bright sickle wield!
A whole world hangs upon your golden
hope,
Faint to be fed, and hungry to be healed.

LXI

Open thine eyes, O seer, and thou shalt
scan
A mightier birth-dawn than of mythic Pan!
Too long hath darkness travailed of to-day,
Veiling the advent of regenerate Man.

LXII

O human heart, that like a ruined shrine
Hast long foregone the worship that was
thine,
E'en now thou hailest with new kindling
hope
Omnipotent within thee the Divine—

LXIII

E'en now begin'st to give thy Godhead
way,
And over every doubt that said thee nay,
Made one at last with that unerring Mind
Which swayed thee unaware, hold con-
scious sway.

LXIV

What erst was hurtful, with thy being
 blent,
Will at a flash from thy swift herald sent—
That lightning courier of the enthronéd
 soul—
‘Turn to innocuous or beneficent,

LXV

Till now, re-constellated one in three,
Shall planet-like revolve encircling thee,
To thy bright influence tributary made
All powers that alien to thine orbit be.

LXVI

Thus having learned that Love is Law
 confessed,
And seeing through all My Universe
 expressed—
My seamless garment broidered o’er with
 worlds—
The unresting Order, which alone is rest,

LXVII

Thou shalt harmonious move, and at thy
nod
My children of the air, the sea, the sod,
Finding thee merciful, shall milder grow,
Learn of thy ways, and look to thee as God.

LXVIII

That, which thou art, thou dreamest not—
so vast
That lo! time present, time to be, time
past,
Are but the sepals of thine opening soul,
Whose flower shall fill the Universe at last.

LXIX

Thou ponderest of the moon, the stars,
the sun,
Whence the winds gather, how the waters
run,
But all too lightly deemest of thyself,
Which art a myriad miracles in one.

LXX

Say who thine outward elements com-
bined,
Bade the quick life-blood through its
mazes wind,
Filled thee with breath for motion and
delight,
Or wove the matchless wonder of thy
mind—

LXXI

Enableth foot and finger, ear and eye,
Arrays thy form in mould of majesty?—
Who but All-Love, All-Wisdom, and All-
power,
Thy Self and thy Creator—who but I?

LXXII

Claim then that Power, the which within
thee lies
Waiting thy royal mandate to arise!

Woo then that Wisdom, for thine own
 she is,
Woo her and win, and know that thou art
 wise!

LXXIII

Fulfil thee with that Love! henceforth and
 here
The healing power shall in thy heart
 appear,
Slayer of envy, avarice, guile and pride,
Purger of lust, and banisher of fear—

LXXIV

Bringer of joy, long-suffering, gentle-
 ness,
Faith, goodness, meekness, temperance
 and, no less,
Of peace that passeth knowledge. Having
 Love,
That which I am thou dost thyself possess.

LXXV

I am thy Dawn, from darkness to release;
I am the Deep, wherein thy sorrows cease.
Be still! be still! and know that I am
 God!
Acquaint thyself with Me, and be at
 peace!