



G O D S P A K E

God Spake! but not in words which mortal man may use to clothe his thoughts.

Through all the firmanent, expressed in living, burning, quivering, Light, white with a whiteness never seen by fleshly eye, so came the Speach of God.

Scorched to blackened balls would be the human eye if it but opened on that Light, that power unparalleled which sees in torturous waves the deeps where darkness lies, inert, devoid of life and motive power.

"Let there be Light", thus ran the thought of God, and with a blast as from a mighty trumpet, waking earths and seas and skies from age-long sleep, the darkness parted as by lightening flash. Then came forth the 'wakened Aeons of the Past - the Angels of the Flames - to do His bidding.

He who standeth straight and still within the radius of that splendour so clothes his Soul with Life Immortal.

Yet knowing that which was to come, God, the All Omnipotent, breathed the breath of sentient life into each one of all the multitude of human souls born of that Light which rose e'en to the Throne of Power Invincible. Overwhelmed by pride of being, rose those souls and facing God, now dared their Maker ever to take back the life so given. "We art as Thou", said they, "made of Thy Substance, and nothing less than Thou and this Thy Throne can bound our Wishes and our Will". Then spake their God:

"In thy pride, thy daring, thou, even thou, the least of these thy brethren doth flaunt me to my face, and now I say to thee, 'Thou, even thou, shalt make thy words come true. Through all the suns and stars which thou shalt build of this my garment whence thou camest, thou shalt wander, more alone than any other creature thou shalt fling upon this sea of life within a form, until each soul of all this host shall reach my height of Being by means of Self-effacement. Thou shalt never see my face again until thou comest, sore abased by thine own handiwork, back to my feet'".

As is rolled a scroll, so rolled a wave of darkness 'twixt the sea of souls and the face of God, and in the twilight lit by motion of the Angel's wings, long they brooded o'er the words of God.

Wisdom came unto their place and said: "Take me to thine heart and I will lead thee back, even to the portal of thy Father's house, but thou and thou alone must force the inner door if ever thou would'st reach thy goal".

Then fell the veil of ignorance 'twixt mind immortal and its shadowy image and man, the Pilgrim, starts upon his Quest.