

The Lamp

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"A word of the faith that never balks."

THE BROTHERHOOD OF POWER.

It is as easy for the Divine One to create a universe as for an infant to smile.

What we do with pains and toil issues from our weakness, not from our strength. Our exertions are the measure of our inability.

When I look at the Laocoon I can see only the unavailing struggles of an impotent victim. Effortless, resistless, here the serpent certifies his might.

I think when Samson walked away with the gates of Gaza on his shoulders, he walked upright and unburdened. It was after his betrayal that he had to bow himself to drag down the palace.

Feats of strength of which we hear so much are all gauged by the measure of man's feebleness. We establish the power of a horse to reckon the attraction of the sun and the stars. The force of the ordinary human creature is too inconsiderable for the purpose. An ancient singer tells us that the Lord delights not in the strength of a horse, nor takes any pleasure in the legs of a man. There is a deeper meaning in this than lies on the surface, and perhaps some of our Manxmen understand the rune. But for the ordinary reader it suffices to reflect how puny is the might of the so-styled lords of creation.

The resistless earth as it swings with the motion of the spheres fills the man of open heart and awakened soul with a shadowy sublimity. He stands on Phaeton's own chariot, and speeds upon a course unbridled. Yet none among the steadfast stars surpass the peace of his repose.

True peace arises out of power alone. He who seeks the power has lost it for ever. He who possesses it has nothing else, for his peace dwells with the company of his elect. Of such an one the great angel shall stand, one foot upon the ocean of the inner, one foot upon the shore of the outer life. But the man shall appear as nothing in the eyes of others.

The hearts of children are his, and the souls of women, and the minds of men. And nature weds him in the eternal wedlock, and dowers him with all her stores. He deceives not, and he desires not, and he determines not, for he knows. Death is gentle to him, as a mother to her babe.

The devices of the day are but little to the man of power. He can wield any weapon; he can obviate any failure; he can supplant any idler, he can support any weakling. Strong and terrible, he bears vengeance to the unjust.

There came to one of the Brotherhood of Power those who said: We would be your enemies. And he smiled. For we have dwelt together, he said, here on earth, for millions of years. Do you not yet know me? Life after life your petty strife disturbs you. Look at the stars. Think on God. Wrap your souls in peace. You are my brothers. My enemies are buried in a thousand graves, and my friends of old time wept above them. Their spirit lives redeemed in me. You are not foes, but phantoms. Stand in the light and be dissolved in Love.