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Poem by Emily Bronte

No Coward soul is mine No trembler in the world's storm troubled sphere I see Heaven's glories shine, And faith shines equal, arming me from fear

O God within my breast Almighty ever present Deity! Life, that in me has rest As I, Undying Life, have power in thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds That move men's hearts, unutterably vain; Worthless as withered weeds, Or idlest froth amid the boundless main.

To waken doubt in one Holding so fast by thy infinity, So Surely anchored on The steadfast rock of Immortality

With wide embracing love Thy spirit animates eternal years, Pervades and broods above, Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and moon were gone, And suns and universes ceased to be, And thou wert left alone.

There is not room for Death, Nor atom that his might could render void; Since thou art Being and Breath And what thou art may never be destroyed.

2nd January, 1846

The poem, which according to her sister Charlotte, were the last lines Emily Bronte wrote, is untitled.

There is in the mind of God a plan which embraces every creature of all his vast domains, and this plan is an eternal purpose of boundless opportunity, unlimited progress, and endless life. And the infinite treasures of such a matchless career are yours for the striving!

(p. 365)

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