













JOSEPH WARE.



# THE DIVINE MAN

## A NEW EPIC

By  
JOSEPH WARE

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CREED  
THE TRUTH IN LOVE

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE  
TRUE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE HONEST,  
WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE PURE, WHATSOEVER  
THINGS ARE LOVELY, WHATSOEVER  
THINGS ARE OF GOOD REPORT;  
THINK ON THESE THINGS

RITUAL  
LOVING OBEDIENCE



## PREVIEW



The **THEME** of this poem is the progressive creation and the coronation of the highest life in man. The dawning of the day of rational evangelism begins. Truth is Truth, as God is God; man is fallible. Astronomical facts are the same whether Ptolemy or Copernicus teach; so the verities of the Kingdom of Heaven are not in the least affected by our beliefs or unbeliefs. Although our minds are not infallible, they are the highest court in our natures to which we can appeal. God in His law and word is over all; equally true is it that only through our intellects can He be known and certified to us.

That there is a law of gravity is reasonably certain; that there is a law of universal progression is no less sure. The discovery and acceptance of the first required a complete change in what seemed to be actual, observed facts; no less the acceptance of the other and greater law, will require a complete reversal of many of our former beliefs. The interpretation of the beautiful allegory in the first chapters of Genesis as being literal may be considered a mistake. That two insignificant persons by a single act could thwart the purposes of an Almighty God, and involve in endless ruin countless millions of human lives, seems to be both brutal and absurd.

That eternal duration is eternal progressive creation ; that the laws of God are His very nature ; and that they have been working from the beginning to bring the life of man up to the high estate of love, even to God, accords with reason. That the suffering of Christ was to change the nature of God, and make His laws forbear their natural consequences, is not reasonable ; but that he came to save from disobedience is the highest conception of mercy.

Look everywhere and you will find that growth for a purpose is an unfailing attribute of life. The slightest permanent retrogression under the operation of this law might be regarded as an impeachment of Divine Power. Nowhere in the bible have we been able to find the expression, "the fall of man." If the Omnipotent is having His will (if not, He alone is at fault) how could He consistently be angry? Would it not relieve us of many absurdities should we interpret the expression, "the wrath of God," to mean, the uncompromising spirit of His laws against the evil and the harmful ; and to interpret "Heaven," as the expression of the highest good to us in our harmony with God's will, by perfect obedience to His laws, especially to the all comprehending law of love? Therefore heaven is in us, nay, we are our heaven. Obedience is love, is worship. Cannot the entire world come together on this simple and yet fundamental creed and ritual, Trinitarian, Unitarian, Universalist, and those who have hereto-

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fore been called Atheist, Sceptic, Agnostic? I forbear to mention the merely denominational differences.

Has it ever impressed you that our disagreements are largely about matters in which we have no voice, and very few of them about our own duties and privileges? These have been ridden over and trampled down in our fierce battles about such questions as election, free grace, future punishment, etc. Let us cease our puny invasion of God's domain and enlist, one and all, under the glorious banner of all-conquering Love.

The aspiration of my life is to put this law of universal progression into a worthy Epic form. No man could successfully execute such an undertaking without a special call, and inspiration, also adaptation, and preparation; a preparation not in schools and theological seminaries, but in the constant accumulation of relevant facts, in untrammelled thought, and in constant reliance for truth on direct inspiration. Many times have I awakened from a sound sleep, not only with the thought, but with the arrangement of the lines in perfect order. Classical allusions have not been sought, however poetical. Common religious expressions have been avoided, though of long and hallowed usage; also the too common expressions of God's vengeance on sinners, whirling them from hottest flames of sulphur into Arctic beds of ice, confining them in vats of white hot metal, with the lids shut down — only reflections of the cruelty of barbarism. You may regret to lose the crystal walls of heaven, the pearly gates and golden

streets; yet these are low and earthly estimates, born of covetousness; they are not even the most precious symbols of value. Something infinitely better is yours. The Kingdom of heaven is not a distant promise, but a most blessed and present realization. Neither is the war in heaven with spear and shield, horses and chariots from the stabled hills, or cannon belching nitre, boasting of angel leaders, bombastic speeches of the Father and Son, but it is waged by the helpful and the adverse in our daily lives.

Heretofore it has been the fault of those who have lost their faith in the old, to ruthlessly tear down, burying in the ruins the most sacred treasures of the human heart — an unrequited labor, for they have only received the dust and moil upon themselves. The right endeavor will be to build of truth a temple beautiful. The unworthy will be stimulated to better thinking and living; the devout worshipper will be happy to realize God's immanence; the deist will rejoice to have his God divested of unworthy human attributes; the atheist will accept a deity that accords with reason.

“And it came to pass, about an eight days after these sayings, he took Peter and John and James, and went up into a mountain to pray. And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening. And, behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias: who appeared in glory, and spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem. But Peter and they that were with him



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were heavy with sleep: and when they were awake, they saw his glory, and the two men that stood with him. And it came to pass, as they departed from him, Peter said unto Jesus, "Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias:" not knowing what he said. While he thus spake, there came a cloud, and overshadowed them: and they feared as they entered into the cloud. And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, 'This is my beloved Son: hear him.' And when the voice was past, Jesus was found alone. And they kept it close, and told no man in those days any of those things which they had seen." Luke IX, 28-36.

On this short narrative is founded the argument of the poem. Moses and Elijah came early to the mountain, and very naturally turned to the scenes of their former lives on earth, also conversed of their heavenly occupations. Many other spirits came to participate in the scenes of the world's greatest event. Here, by consent, Jesus gave himself a willing sacrifice to love; on Calvary, he only carried out his part of the covenant now agreed upon. At this time he "entered into that within the veil." Hence the transfiguration is the crowning point in his history, and in the salvation of the race. The whole poem bears witness to its supreme importance. Therefore his resurrection and ascension follow as natural consequences.

*"About an eight days."* Jesus uses this important time in a complete consecration for his glorification. The disciples occupy

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it in noting and recording his birth and boyhood, and some typical events in his ministry. In this interval the Sanhedrin meets and condemns him to death.

*"And the fashion of his countenance was altered."* He is the first in his humanity to enter into the perfect state.

*"But Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep"* — inspired visions of the progress and final triumph of the new kingdom.

The theme of the Iliad is the contention of gods and of heroes for the destruction of Troy; the Aeneid, its re-establishment; Paradise Lost, the fall of man; The Divine Man, or New Epic, the progress of man to final perfection in the kingdom of heaven.

Not until now could the transfiguration be told, because the world was not prepared to receive it; not enough advancement had been made in this new kingdom of life to make it explainable.

Trace carefully through all the poem the law of universal progression. In the first book, the foundation of our confidence is laid in the nature of Divine Love. In the second, we follow this progression through the creation of the world, and the growth of life from a single cell to man, as Adam. The third advances it from the faintest moral perception, guided by the most obscure promises, through the mists of superstition and idolatry up to the clear prophecies and revelations. The fourth links progress with the dominion of the world and the universe. The fifth is the incarnation of the Divine Love. The sixth gives some glimpses

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of its power. The seventh book, in the debate of the Sanhedrin, shows the futility of the endeavor to hinder it. The eighth book opens the door into the kingdom of heaven. In the ninth Jesus teaches of this kingdom. In the tenth is the coronation of the life. In the eleventh and twelfth you have some glimpses of its future progress.

In humbleness of spirit I have told you what to look for in the poem. If you find it even so, give to God the glory.





## INDEX OF BOOKS

2 2

PREVIEW . . . . .	5
INVOCATION . . . . .	15
I — MEETING OF MOSES AND ELLIJAH . . . . .	16
II — CREATION . . . . .	37
III — GATHERING OF EARTHLY SPIRITS . . . . .	57
IV — ASSEMBLING OF THE HEAVENLY HOSTS . . . . .	79
V — BIRTH AND BOYHOOD OF JESUS . . . . .	100
VI — EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF JESUS . . . . .	123
VII — MEETING OF THE SANHEDRIN . . . . .	144
VIII — CONSECRATION OF JESUS . . . . .	167
IX — JOURNEY TO THE MOUNTAIN . . . . .	188
X — TRANSFIGURATION . . . . .	206
XI — VISIONS OF PETER AND JAMES . . . . .	228
XII — VISION OF JOHN . . . . .	253
EPITHALAMIUM . . . . .	278



## INVOCATION



A virgin is my love, twin-born of Truth.  
O come with me, nor stay, thou fairest One,  
Thy sunny tresses bound with nature's flowers,  
Kirtled in light, as plain as angel robe.  
One song, only one song, I crave of thee:  
Though of the earth, it first was sung in heaven,  
Antiphonal with stars and angel shout:  
Chanted it was in ancient prophecy,  
And by the multitude o'er Judah's hills,  
That in the clouds shall shout the glad Amen.  
I cannot plead that God will give thee me,  
Less than the least; it may be that His love  
Will honor love. If He should give me thee,  
The glory shall be His alone.

# BOOK I



## ARGUMENT

Jesus, as a representative of the human race, is about to be glorified on the mount of transfiguration. Moses and Elijah, the representatives of law and prophecy, are summoned as special witnesses. In their eagerness to re-enter their beloved land, they have come somewhat in advance. Naturally, they first take a view of their native country, and then converse of their glorious occupations before coming. The ardent Elijah gives an apostrophe to Divine Love, as a clinax to his description of a satellite of Sirius, which resembles the earth in its conditions, but has attained a perfect development. Moses then recounts his efforts to discover the bounds of God's loving presence. Elijah further illustrates this love by the notes of the musical scale; also by his experience in the cave of Mount Sinai. The book concludes with a psalm.

I sing the one great Epic theme,  
The coronation of the Son of Man,  
The apotheosis of human life,  
And the creative purpose when the earth  
Was called from chaos dark to form and light.  
The scenes beheld within that highest realm  
Shall raise our groveling thoughts to spirit life,  
Who think of God as of a man enthroned



In a mysterious heaven; but this is truth,  
God is eternal spirit, infinite,  
As are His works; nothing can be so small,  
But smaller is; not boundless ether fields  
Can bound the infinite; and every place  
Is therefore central to the universe;  
God dwelleth then in every part alike,  
Or truer, dwelleth everything in God.  
Why should we long for an exclusive heaven,  
Even a city walled with precious stones,  
Having twelve gates of solid pearl, that swing  
On golden hinges with sweet harmony,  
A few elected saints to welcome in  
To golden streets and diamond palaces?

The truth is this, there are no walls of heaven,  
But our capacities; no gates, but faith;  
No locks or bars, but will; no key, but love.

Things of the spirit, though intangible,  
Are truest, most enduring, and sublime;  
Almost impossible to be expressed;  
Only the spirit has the power at will,

When the occasion justifies, to appear  
Or disappear ; as did the risen Christ.  
Sweet spirit, show to us these hidden truths,  
How God assumed our flesh, became the Word  
Expressing the Eternal, telling love  
Divine ; and, entering in himself, became  
A door in heaven opening floods of light.

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High and apart doth honored Tabor lift  
His wooded sides above Esdraelon's plain ;  
Touches with purpling top the clouds of heaven,  
Outspread it forms an ample theatre,  
As if by power divine 'twas shaped to be  
Where heaven the most should flood the earth with light,  
And life and love supreme be crowned of God.

There, to the open vision could be seen  
Two figures standing in the evening glow,  
Viewing the spreading scene magnificent.  
One had upon his noble brow a light,  
The horn of power, and on his kingly face  
The saint's shekina shone. The ample folds  
Of his great purple robe denoted strength ;

His sandals worn had walked the wilderness;  
In his right hand he held a shepherd's crook,  
Was mightier than the sceptre of the Nile.  
A prince he was, the leader of his race,  
The jurist of all time, warrior and sage,  
Inspired historian, and friend of God;  
And yet he was the meekest man of men.  
Moses had now assumed his fleshly form,  
Had come at last into the Promised Land.

The other was in coarser garments clad,  
And yet the crimsoned clouds no more obscure  
The rising sun, than these his character.  
He had in hand a much used traveller's staff;  
His hair and beard falling upon his breast  
And shoulders framed a face of fiery zeal.  
Elijah had assumed his former self,  
Had come a witness to his prophecy.

And they had come ere the appointed time  
To view their much loved country and converse  
On worthy themes. The sun first met their gaze

As he would quench his fiery nature in  
The western sea. Green Carmel stood before  
The glow; and here had been the prophet's watch  
For the expected rain. Half turning, then  
They saw great Hermon's hoary head above  
The northern hills. Nearer, Genneseret,  
The deep blue lake held in its loving hills,  
Was whitened with the sails of fishing ships;  
Thence Jordan's winding course of watered green  
Goes downward to the silent Sea of Death.

Beyond, and south, they saw the wilderness;  
From here the prophet had been swept to heaven  
In chariot of fire. Great School of God,  
Here Moses led his people forty years,  
From Pisgah viewed the last of earthly hopes,  
Over against Beth-Peor was laid to rest.

This barren desert of volcanic rocks,  
Steep mountains, hills with scanty pasturage,  
And valleys watered by uncertain streams,  
Extendeth down to the Egyptian Sea.

Of greatest interest was Sinai,  
With head uncovered to the setting sun ;  
Here, hidden in a cloud of mystery,  
Jehovah gave the ceremonial law,  
Gave the appointments of His curtained house,  
Engraved the tables of the moral law,  
Foundation stones of universal law.

Here Moses sees in fondest memory  
The beautiful young mother of his sons  
Standing before their tent at evening time ;  
He sees his sweet-voiced sister, timbrel raised,  
Leading the vesper hymn ; the white-robed priest,  
His mother's son, offering sacrifice ;  
He sees the nation worshipping, and hears  
Their swelling voices chanting praise to God.

The prophet's voice broke in his reverie.  
"Behold! the city of Jerusalem!"  
Only three wild and brushy hills it was  
When Moses looked upon the Promised Land.  
Here now the sacred walls of Zion stand,

And here the temple, glorious to see,  
Is glistening before the setting sun;  
The altar smoke rises into the heavens.

O what a tableau then upon the mount,  
Of Law and Prophecy personified!  
Seeing the sacrificial smoke ascend,  
Prefiguring the perfect offering,  
Love's perfect token given once for all,  
The great Lawgiver stands with hand upraised,  
As if he would resign his covenant,  
Its many laws unite in one great law  
Of love; like as the many lesser streams  
Into the deep, wide-flowing river join.

The prophet with enraptured vision stands,  
The Holy Spirit's representative,  
As through the ages past His work has been  
To preach, to teach, to comfort, warn, invite.  
He sees the Christ upon this honored mount,  
Exemplar of the love of God, received

Into the heavenly realms, shine with its light,  
Prophetic of a race redeemed.

Of these

Important themes the better to converse,  
They now in oriental posture sit;  
The mountain is their grand divan, the heavens  
Their starry canopy. They not alone  
For information speak, but love and praise  
To Him who merits all. And as the speech  
Of the immortals is direct and true,  
Omitting compliment and flattery,  
So they in the loved language of their race  
Did of the mission of their coming speak,  
And of eternal love in law, and whence  
They came, and how engaged in loved employ.

Elijah said, "How strange our spirits are,  
Though filled, they still admit of vast increase;  
For to our perfect joy is added joy  
In coming here, such great occasion calls.  
Since this our earth has turned but once around,

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I left yon orb — so eager was my flight,  
For God's requirements are supreme delight.  
That light, so far away it shows a star —  
Men call it Sirius — is central sun  
Unto a satellite, most like our earth,  
And, as our planet, it is third in place,  
With axis so inclined unto that sun,  
Or was, it now a dual turning has,  
As though a whirling ball was in a frame,  
And frame and all did turn another way,  
Only a seventh as fast; this makes the weeks  
Distinct, and every day is different.  
O'er all that world is now perennial spring  
Of leaves and flowers, with autumn's ripened fruits.  
There are no frozen poles, equator's heat,  
Chill nights, or burning noons. Redeemed, they have  
Their blest millenium; for in the clouds,  
No longer used for inconvenient rain,  
Has their Redeemer set his shining throne;  
And all his saints are herald ministers,



And all his people are redeemed from toil,  
For exercise is greatest pleasure now.  
Neither necessity compels, nor greed  
Incites; nor need they clothes for modesty,  
For all are innocent, and surely not  
For ornament. Their heavens are new, at least  
In show. Their world is new and old indeed,  
The sea as though it was no more, for one  
Can see and hail the distant shore, and tamed,  
Holds on its bosom cities, farms, and gardens;  
Also the dweller on the rock singeth  
For vintage ripe. The atmosphere subdued  
Is made a highway smooth, direct, and wide,  
Up to the all enclosing clouds of heaven,  
The capital in which the Prince of Peace  
Reigneth forever in the heart and life.  
One law governs, the perfect law of love.  
Hither the ransomed shall go up with joy  
And gladness, for no fear is in the way,  
Nor sickness, sorrow, pain, nor death are there.

How grand the prophecy in all of this  
Of when our earth shall have millennial bliss.

O Love Divine! incomprehensible  
Even to Cherubim and Seraphim!  
Greatest archangels, in wisdom nearest God!  
Thy nature finds itself in others good,  
Great ruling motive in the universe,  
Creating, governing, sweet influence  
That doth create an earthly paradise.  
To make us fitted for that blessedness,  
Thy silent, calm, and constant wooing stills  
The wrecking turmoil in the human heart,  
Sweeteneth hate, unroofs the darkest hell.  
ETERNAL — time with thee can have no span;  
And OMNIPRESENT — space has no extent;  
For God is love.”

Then Moses, waiting not,  
Replied, “Prophet, as one that journeyeth  
Sees only what is most upon his mind,  
So you observe the future of his grace;

So I, the past, and Law, — persistent force  
Of love, order and harmony of all.  
By this attractive force of love we see  
Atom to atom, substance to substance, world  
To world, system to system, drawn.  
Were it not so, each atom touched by force  
Would fly forever on its selfish course.  
This Infinite is in a blade of grass,  
As in the glories of eternal space.  
The very highest joy spirit can feel  
Is knowing God ; nor can we go amiss,  
Familiar things are all so beautiful,  
Are so designed for blessed use, are all  
So ordered by this perfect law of love.

I sought to know the limits of this power,  
Passing into the farthest realms of space  
That could be reached in boldest spirit flight.  
Swifter than human thought I passed beyond  
Our planetary fields, here paused to view  
The solar system, a harmonious whole.

I wondered not that some worship the sun,  
Seeing him hold his ponderous satellites  
In yearly orbits, giving light and heat  
To all. So perfect their adjustment showed  
That not a single atom might be changed.  
In size and motion, place and brilliancy,  
It was a scale of harmony of thirds  
And sevenths. The colors of the rays were like  
Unto the scale of sounds, in unison,  
With sweet attune, in one great system bound  
By the attractive power of Love Divine.

And then I onward passed to where the stars  
To man change not their place; and here I saw  
Seven kindred systems with our own, around  
A common center move in orbits vast,  
Each sang a note in Love's sublimest hymn.

And as I onward passed, the scene became  
O'erwhelming to my view, systems of systems

Without end, each scaled in harmony,  
And all in true accord. What glory thrilled  
My spirit as I thought, do I behold  
The scheme of all God's universe? Yet on,  
Consumed to know the full extent, I sped  
Into an interval so wide, no ray  
Could penetrate its blank and desert gloom—  
Blackness of darkness — silence absolute —  
Dreadful nonentity — a sudden stop!  
Was this to be my state eternally?  
Annihilation? End of being? Lost?  
And would a numbing fear enchain me here  
For aye? — unless — O the supremest bliss!  
A loving God was even here! Inspired  
My farther flight within that chasm of space  
Where the persistent light wearies and dies,  
Until another world-field came in view,  
An order of creation different.  
And then I knew these fields of infinite  
Variety, divided as they are

By awful spaces, never would have end.  
My spirit sank in wonder and amaze.  
And here the summons of His Spirit bade  
Me haste to view something as wonderful,  
Upon this mount a human being crowned  
And raised into divinity, of all  
The race the promise and the prophecy ;  
Where love, the motive in the universe,  
Finds its expression in the gift of God —  
True way of life, not for the great alone,  
But for the least ; not for the truest, best,  
But for the false and base.”

Elijah said,

“We trace the evolution of this law  
In human heart and life, GAMUT OF LOVE.”  
The prophet’s finger here drew in the air  
The lines and spaces of harmonious sound.  
“The first and lowest note that can be made,  
Deep diapason underlying all,  
Is LOVE OF SELF, the first great breath of God

In living things. He loveth not at all  
Who loveth not himself, not all in all,  
One constant note becomes monotony,  
Sweet, in the blessed symphony of life.  
Then, strike the note above, the LOVE OF OWN.  
In mother instinct first this note is heard ;  
Without it life would stay in dismal flats  
And discords horrible. Another step  
Above is FRIENDSHIP'S note, tender and sweet,  
The calling and the answering of love.  
The first and third are closest harmony,  
Bringing that easier transition called,  
LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL, almost divine.  
Next in the scale is tender CHARITY,  
That makes us neighbor unto every one  
Who needs our help, touches the minor chord  
Of pity, breathes the softest sympathy.

Here would we linger, but the Christ has come  
To lead us up to LOVE OUR ENEMIES.  
These higher notes too hard for us alone

To reach, he by example teaches us;  
This, and the higher, noble BROTHERHOOD,  
The soul that maketh all the world akin.  
And then the highest note, including all,  
Key to the swelling psalm of life we reach  
In LOVE TO GOD. This can we never reach  
Until we pass the ascending scale below.

There is no theme in all the universe  
Grander than this; for the inanimate  
Obeys unquestioning the sacred force,  
The quickened spirit chooses the divine,  
Knowing as Gods the evil and the good  
It makes the blessed choice, honored the more,  
Joins in the universal hymn of love  
And praise. For this has our Redeemer come  
To upward lead the way."

Then Moses said,  
"The colors show an equal harmony,  
And yet each shade is but a partial light;  
So the discordant things of human life



Are the refractions of accordant love.  
Evil is incompleteness in the life.  
The crimson ray alone, is love of self;  
Blended with every other love it makes  
The perfect and completed light of God.

The sun is glorious in giving light.  
Giving without restraint, and not one ray  
Is lost, but meets response sometime, somewhere,  
In God's great universe. Its light withheld,  
'Twould only be a blacker spot in heaven.

Jesus has come to live that perfect life  
Of giving, though not practical as yet,  
For gospel giving now is sacrifice;  
Naught of its sacred influence shall be lost,  
In the eternal somewhere it will find  
Response. By his example we shall give  
And gain alike, then all things shall be ours."

Elijah then, "Nine hundred years ago  
Back-slidden Israel made it appear  
As if the world was lost to love and God.

To show His power and give encouragement  
He bade me go to Sacred Sinai.  
My cloistered dwelling place was in that cave  
Where thou six hundred years before had seen  
The God of love — like vision for like cause.  
And praying far into the night I too  
His glory asked to see. Now was there heard  
The distant rumbling of a mountain storm.  
I looked, the sky was suddenly o'ercast —  
Mountains are not below but in the clouds —  
The awful Spirit of the tempest drives  
The furious blasts, with streaming lightning lashed,  
O'er riven craig, across the blasted peaks ;  
Beneath his wheels the flying rifts are whirled ;  
With rolling thunder shakes the mountain firm.

Although my heart was strong, the coming storm  
Gave me no vision but destruction. Then  
The crashing thunders made the earth to quake,  
I only feared ; the constant flashes set  
The heavens ablaze, but in the blinding fire

The world had no assurance of His care.

The sudden storm as suddenly had passed.  
The stars came forth, the distant rumblings ceased,  
And all was still again.

I stood without,  
With mantle wrapped about my face, and heard  
A still, small voice calming my troubled soul,  
Stillling the awful storm of doubt and fear,  
Giving assurance of His saving grace.

I recognize that quiet voice to-day  
In his who speaks the raging sea to calm,  
Nor shouts, nor cries, but speaks the words of God,  
Comforts with gentle words the sorrowing,  
And heals disease, and calls the dead to life,  
And as a shepherd with familiar voice  
Calleth to pastures green, by waters still."

Now, they together sang, spontaneously,  
A psalm such as the wise immortals sing.

O God, whose name is unpronounceable,  
And glorious presence unapproachable,

Thy dwelling place is all eternity,  
And thy possession is the universe.

Even the dazzling and enormous suns  
Are only glittering mote dust unto Thee.

The planets and the earth on which we stand  
Appear as less than nothing in Thy sight;

Yet the infinitesimal is formed  
And kept with equal and unfailing care,

Also the poor and weak Thou dost regard,  
Helpeth the poor and needy when they cry,

The lowly contrite heart dost not despise,  
And lifteth up the humble from the dust.

And the begotten life is to be raised  
To share Thy throne forevermore, Amen.

## BOOK II

### ARGUMENT

Moses continues the conversation with Elijah, giving an account of his vision of the Divine Glory, in the progress of life from chaos to Adam.

Now time,  
As measured by the cycles of the earth,  
Grew toward its fulness, when creation comes  
Unto its meaning, axis of duration,  
The grand and living present, where the past  
Has end, the future takes its date:

And yet,  
One quarter of the hour only had passed,  
So swiftly the immortals move and speak.

Moses continued the great theme,  
"I, too,  
Kneeling in that same cave, most ardently  
Desired to know the presence of the Lord.  
And suddenly the cavern's mouth was closed  
As by the placing of a giant hand.

---

Shut in the darkness of that cave, I saw  
Only the skirtings of His power; no man  
Can in his body greater see and live.  
Awhile, mine eyes intent could nothing see,  
No ray came from a chaos dark and void.  
Then, o'er the formless, silent, cold, abyss  
The brooding spirit moved upon the deep;  
By the attractive influence of love  
Together drew the primal elements;  
And in their union said, "Let there be light,"  
And there was light, condensing energy.  
Then far within that chasm there was a tint  
Of color; soon great streams of crimson light  
Shot swiftly outward to the far extremes,  
And froned, gathering in the darkness, then  
Fell back in sweeping clouds of swirling mist.  
Ever the outward grew and inward brightened,  
Then, a misty point of light appeared,  
As when a star is seen within the glow  
Of early dawn, increased until it was

A dazzling and enormous globe of light,  
That robbed mine eyes of vision. I awoke.  
Darkness, I called the night; the light, called day.  
And God approved the nature of the light,  
By which His purposes are served in life.  
Yet the duration passed cannot be told,  
For time had not begun. Darkness and light  
Made the first day my vision had advanced.

\* \*

Again it seemed as if that giant hand  
The entrance closed. A tremor shook my being,  
That fiery ball had burst; had there been air,  
The shock of the explosion would have made  
All other sounds a silence absolute.  
Out of that whitehot mass the fragments flew  
In blazing tracks, as they were flashing spokes  
Of monster chariot wheel. Before the wrack  
They would have made, unchecked, conception falls.  
But see! they turn! Their fiery energy  
Weighed to a grain is met by gravity;

---

Into their yearly orbits they are turned,  
Upon their daily axes whirled; in form  
Are held by this same force. The central ball,  
Our sun, has also had an impetus  
That sends him with his new formed worlds around  
A path where aeons are its years.

I marked

The world of greatest interest to us,  
The earth, the third in distance from the sun.  
What time it had been cooling God doth know.  
In wildest tumult tost, your mountain storm  
An April shower, in which the sun appears,  
Would be to this, wherein the elements  
In wild confusion fought for mastery.  
Truly, the waves leaped high into the heavens;  
Below did swirl the sediment of rocks;  
In lieu of winds, exploding gases tore;  
And vast electric currents burst their way.  
Then had the awful war perpetual been  
If left alone; the laws of God subdued





*The quivering backs of continents arose,  
And pushed the floods into the depths of the sea,  
And many streams poured down their dipping sides*



Them, so the lighter air escaped and rose  
And held the clouds of vapor high above  
The turbid waters underneath, and made  
The lower firmament. The epoch passed  
Cannot be told, for time not yet was born.  
And God approved. That hand again removed,  
The light crept in the cavern's gloom; evening  
And morning made my vision's second day.

\* \* \*

The shadowless darkness came, with it returned  
My dream inspired. The heavy metals first  
Sank down; and then the igneous rocks became  
A solid crust around the heart of fire;  
On this was placed the sediment of lime.  
The monster backs of continents uprose,  
And pushed the floods into the depths called seas,  
And many streams poured down their dripping sides.

The inner fires, impatient of restraint,  
Burst through their rocky prison walls, and heaved  
Them into slanting trends of heaps and piles,

Mountains and hills, and ladled into them  
The precious metals and the useful ores.

And now, the purpose of our talk begins,  
The mystery of life, a single cell  
Appears; here Christ the life begins his work,  
Only begotten of the Father God,  
All else created was. He is the way,  
Beginning at this narrow point of life,  
Doth widen ever to the heavenly realms,  
Within whose lifted gates he entereth  
As man today. He is the truth, telling  
The Father's blessed meaning in it all;  
And is the quickening life in every form,  
However crude in its environment.  
Into that esoteric potency  
The angels would desire to look. That cell,  
Rocked in the roughest cradle, but preserved,  
Is mother to another cell attached,  
And grows at last into a minute plant;

Tender and colorless, it only lives  
Upon the tranquil bottom of the seas;  
And propagates by simply breaking off,  
The male unto the female giving birth.  
I cannot stop to tell of its advance  
Through countless ages of development,  
To the earth-feeding roots, and blades and stems;  
To bodies, branches, leaves and colored flowers,  
And fruit-enclosing seed; and forests high  
Their columned trunks upreared, for nature then  
Was prodigal, enrobing earth in green.  
And as the work advanced God was well pleased.  
Again that hand withdrawn made day the third.

\* \* \* \*

Another night the vision likewise came.  
The lights of heaven appear: the sun is first  
To pierce the murky atmosphere, the moon  
Follows, at last the stars; and actual nights  
And days begin. How glorious these lights  
Set in the deep blue firmament appear

Unto the new born earth, mantled in green.  
The prince of day kisses her fair young face,  
The silver moon as her companion walks  
Among the stars; they minister with light:  
The seasons now take up their yearly rounds.  
And soon the moving, sentient forms appear;  
The great warm sea is the prolific womb  
Of living things. At first the swaying plants  
Are fixed, gathering plenteous sustenance;  
After long time they grow to greater needs,  
Requiring motion in and for themselves.  
Though at the first they do but slightly aid  
The impulse of the wave, they ever grow  
In strength and purpose, and now spurn its aid,  
And of themselves can move their jelly forms  
On oozy bottom or on slippery rock.  
Stomach and mouth they are, their every want  
Is appetite, therefore they need defense.  
The Life, intelligent to every cry,  
Protects them with calcareous shell, spiral

Or hinged, two lobed or three, with lines or smooth.  
But now the waves, heaved by volcanic fires,  
Submerge again the continents. It seemed  
As if the earth to chaos would return,  
And God had lost control. As I have seen  
A prince of Egypt in his chariot,  
With bit and rein govern the harnessed steeds,  
Or with the lash urge them to greater speed;  
So God above the cloud-capped waves, with laws  
Governed the raging elements, drove back  
The seas. His wise designs were then revealed;  
Superimposed were other beds of rock,  
Making the earth less insecure, with mines  
Of carbon stored therein for future use.  
So perfect this that even God approves.  
Darkness and light compassed the fourth day's view.

\* \* \* \* \*

Into the cave of vision came a gloom  
That framed a living picture wonderful,

Just in the middle of this period.  
The seas are filled with sprawling, wallowing, things ;  
Leviathans, and horrid dragon shapes  
With turbulence the murky waters stir ;  
Of water-breathing fish are multitudes ;  
And through the frightened air, on leathery wings  
Huge bellies drag behind long winding tails,  
Of lesser creatures the insatiate maw,  
Short legs they have, with dreadful claws are armed ;  
Their slender necks have flattened heads, all jaws ;  
Great flying serpents with their glittering scales,  
Startle the earth. The hissing, snapping, strife.  
Clangorous flapping, screams, and bellowing  
Make hideous the days, horrid the nights.  
Great monsters crawling on the slimy earth  
Leave their long furrowed trails ; with necks upstretched  
They browse upon the foliage of the trees ;  
Insects, in size alone less terrible,  
Darken the air.

*“And hath the precious life*



---

*No better use?"* I said. And then I saw  
They well accorded with environment.  
Though terrible, they were a great advance  
Above the low and flabby life before.  
The building temple is not beautiful.  
Supreme Intelligence progressive works,  
As a wise masterbuilder layeth stone  
To stone, and wood to wood, as there is need.  
And yet necessity createth not,  
The need is but our cry to God. And He  
Above archangel aspiration is ;  
And is beneath the faintest cry of need.

The working of His law in postulates  
Seems hard and stern at times, in ultimates  
It always is beneficent and wise.  
For now behold the wisdom infinite ;  
The points most used, grown callous and enlarged,  
Formed into legs and feet, more speed supply ;  
Or arms, or fins, or wings, enlarge the fields  
In which to satisfy their appetites.

A need arose of more intelligence ;  
About the central ganglion grew a head,  
Above the mouth, center of interest then.  
They now to seize their prey, or to escape  
Their foes, must windows have convenient.  
The light produced a dim sensation first,  
That sensibility increased, until  
The eye of mechanism wonderful  
Appeared, wisely designed in every part,  
Full of expression and so beautiful ;  
Mark, in its turning how adaptable,  
Protected by the lubricated lids,  
Its opening self adjustable, lenses  
Focussed to give perspective true, casting  
Upon the brain pictures of light and shade,  
In colors manifold, of objects near,  
Or starry distance inconceivable ;  
How very like an attribute of God !

Another sense is needed, and behold  
The wise supply. The atmospheric waves

Impinge upon this nervous matter ; lo !  
The ear as funnel spread to catch the sounds,  
Or high, or low, or long, or short, or loud,  
Or soft, as hammer upon anvil beats.  
The tensile drum vibrating gives alarm,  
Or heeds the sweet and tender call of love,  
And shall the thoughts convey in human speech ;  
In future, tuned to sweetest harmony,  
It shall the soul with heaven-born music thrill.

Another sense will guide their appetite ;  
Strong odors penetrate projecting nerves ;  
And there the nose is set, a double guard  
And counselor, above the mouth ; sometime  
'Twill catch the garden's perfumed breath ; sometime  
Orchard and field, fragrant with honey dew,  
For her shall lade the passing breeze.

Again,

The mouth is armed with teeth to grasp and tear  
And grind ; the surface lined with nerves of taste —  
Chief organ then, and now 'tis not the least,

For tempted by the many flavors, we,  
As once the heathen gods were feigned, do eat  
Divine ambrosia, drink the nectar sweets.

Within these mouths are placed what shall become  
Organs of human speech, expressing mind.  
O wondrous attribute, almost divine!  
Most potent in the life's development!  
These reptiles also have the jointed spine,  
The great strong axis of the bony frame.

Like to the stone paved ways along the Nile,  
Where pass the silken argosies, armed navies,  
Low-laden fleets, so through this bony way  
Doth commerce pass of pleasure, strength, and gain.

And further on, to give them swifter flight  
And free, the cumbrous tails, replaced with light  
And airy feathers, rudder the plumaged wings  
In graceful flight; and colored down doth hide  
The reptile ugliness. Their hissing screams  
Were changed to minor trills and warblings clear.  
The life made in creation sure advance.

The morning light came in of day the fifth.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once more, the supernatural night returns;  
Cast on the canvass of my pure white thought,  
A moving picture of the sunlit earth  
Appears. In valleys green, by waters still,  
Great flocks and herds are grazing quietly;  
Some in the shadow of the trees are laid  
To chew the cud; some on the verdant hills  
Are seeking pastures new; and following  
Their offspring from the udder draw their life.

And life unto the mammals had progressed,  
As you have said, "love of our own" came in.  
And parting life not left in sand or sea —  
Insensate wombs, — but by the mother borne,  
Part of herself became, as of the male.  
And so the "love of self" ascended to  
The offspring loved.

My vision then, I knew  
Was of creation's last generic age:

The travail of great aeons is brought forth,  
The child of destiny, the human form,  
Highest expression of God's art in clay,  
A mortal image of immortal thought.  
He only stands erect, with head upraised  
Above the brute, and eye intelligent,  
With ever forward look to guide his steps  
In all his wide dominion of the earth,  
Or upward turning to explore the heavens.  
In ample brain reason doth hold her court ;  
Into his earthly nature there was breathed  
The breath of lives, the attributes of soul,  
Of thought, of choice, of will, of memory.  
And he alone is worthy to receive  
The blessed Christ in fulness of his love  
Made manifest. God knew that it was good.  
And the returning light made day the sixth.

\* \* \* \* \*

My vision closes here; the genesis  
Of earth is passed; God rested from His work.

Creation's types are now complete and good.  
The seventh and last great day of days begins,  
The AGE OF MAN.

The growing stream of life  
Hath issued from its tributary wilds,  
Deepens and widens toward its affluence,  
The future of eternity. Adam,  
The rosy skin made bare, and mother Eve,  
The female from the male derived, stepped from  
Creation's lower forms; one step advanced  
She ever leads the way, though little raised  
Above the purely animal at first.  
The earth, a wild luxuriant garden then,  
Was given them to dress and keep; Eden  
Of innocence, unknowing innocence  
It was, low paradise of ignorance.  
Here in the quiet hour of evening  
They met, as God, the moral sense, and heard  
His loving voice, which all now plainly hear,  
The conscience witnessing of righteousness.

The tree of knowledge in this garden grew,  
Bearing the fruit of evil and of good ;  
Who tastes the good must from the evil guard.  
Nearby it grew the tree of life, not as  
Existence merely, but the blessed state  
Of happy and eternal consciousness.  
Easy it was for them to disobey,  
So near the reptile nature, tempting them ;  
And good is ever by the evil known,  
Through all the ages of the seventh day  
Now passing ; we shall be as Gods, and learn  
To overcome. And knowledge, dangerous  
No more, will lead in the ascent of man  
To that immortal paradise, Eden  
Of love, where we shall ever dwell with God  
In conscious innocence ; for we shall know,  
And we shall overcome ; the very fruit  
So tempting grew in lower Eden, now  
Shall grow upon the tree of knowledge, and



---

Shall give us life the more abundantly."

Here, Moses and Elijah sang that psalm  
Of praise to the Creator's power and grace.

Praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord from the heavens :

Praise Him in the heights.

Praise ye Him, all His angels :

Praise ye Him, all His hosts.

Praise ye Him, sun and moon :

Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

Praise Him, ye heavens of heavens,

And ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord :

For He commanded, and they were created.

He hath also established them for ever and ever :

He hath made a decree which shall not pass.

Praise the Lord from the earth,

Ye dragons, and all deeps :

Fire, and hail ; snow, and vapours ;

Stormy wind fulfilling His word :

Mountains, and all hills ;

Fruitful trees, and all cedars :

Beasts, and all cattle ;

Creeping things, and flying fowl :

Kings of the earth, and all people ;

Princes, and all judges of the earth :

Let them praise the name of the Lord.

## BOOK III



### ARGUMENT

In the third book a description is given of some of the types or leaders among the earthly spirits, who in honor of the incarnate Son of Man, resuming their fleshly appearance, assemble to bring their tribute to the glory of his transfiguration. The progress in the early history of the world and in prophecy is given.

Tell me, O Heavenly Muse,

Of all the multitudes assembling now,  
To celebrate the ultimate of love  
Divine. More than the dew drops sparkling on  
The morning fields; or leaves that strew the groves  
In Autumn; or the multitude of stars  
On a clear Winter night, were those that once  
Had lived on earth. Adam and Eve came first,  
With shambling gait, for they had late been prone.  
Their few and simple thoughts were then expressed  
In imitative sounds for names of things —  
Gestures for verbs. O man, how far beneath  
The son of man in thy beginning life!  
God may have given them the breath of lives,  
The human soul at once, it matters not,

Or in a thousand years, — immortal now.  
Or how or when the individual soul  
Cometh into their offspring, God doth know ;  
Sometime the incarnation must begin.

And peering through the mist-dimmed centuries,  
They caught a glimpse of this immortal day,  
When he, their seed, should bruise the reptile's head,  
But he should bruise the suffering Savior's heel.  
As when of old the adventurous mariner  
Is on the wide and trackless ocean lost,  
And heaven is black with threatening clouds, he sees  
The dangerous ocean by the lightning's glare,  
And dreads the coming of the stormy wind.  
If through the rifts his guiding star appears,  
He sets his prow toward the far distant port ;  
So was that promise, in those ages dark,  
A star of hope. And now that promised seed  
Has come ; new life begotten of our God,  
And virgin born, he will the reptile slay ;  
And yet for us he shall be sorely bruised.

And now, mark him who follows nearest them;  
His arms are loaded with the fruits of earth;  
The first he was to till the virgin soil,  
And brought of these an offering to God.  
Another comes, bearing a tender lamb;  
He was the first to tame and use the beast,  
And brings an offering more acceptable,  
As antitype of the pure lamb of God.  
Nor shall the flame from off the altar cease,  
Until the one and perfect sacrifice  
Is offered up.

The fundamental law  
Of individuality is love  
Of self. Out of this rich and virgin soil,  
Neglected, spring the noxious weeds of sin,  
Of jealousies, indulgences, of greed,  
And violence. Therefore the jealous Cain  
His brother Abel slew, though innocent —  
First victim of religious selfishness,

Type of the holy sacrifice of love,  
Soon to be made. Think it not strange that Cain  
Has also come, — the sinner hath most need;  
On every wrinkled brow a cross is marked.

Those other two you see, in long white robes,  
Moving with solemn, measured step, and slow,  
Their censers swinging incense to the heavens,  
Are righteous Seth, Enos his worthy son.

They had been first to teach the praise of God,  
To name His name upon the race; the first  
To recognize social religious instinct,  
The prime emotion of the growing life.

And he, so large, leaning against yon rock,  
With muscles to the shoulders bared, his hand  
Gripping a brazen rod, is Tubal Cain,  
The first to leave the age of stone; why comes  
The artisan to celebrate the world's  
Advance? Of little speech, but mighty works,  
Beginning with the crater for his forge,



*Why does the artist insist on 'the world's advance'?*





Anvil and hammer of the flinty rock,  
He shapes the metal into forms of use,  
That by necessities are multiplied,  
And by inventive skill makes progress swift.  
He sometimes, for misuse, forges the sword  
And spear and bossy shield, armed chariot,  
And the destructive armament; but most  
Blesses the home. By him the tents of bark  
Or noisome caves have grown to palaces;  
And plenty follows plow and reaping hook.  
Whoever blesses home, blesses the world.  
Home is the very fountain spring of love.

The mountain lake takes to its bosom all  
The many streams descending from the hills,  
And sends them as a widening river down;  
So doth the home gather the rills of love,  
And gives them to the current of the love  
That fills the ocean of eternity.

Beside him stands his father, first to breathe

The passion of his soul in poetry.  
And Lamech ever holdeth by the hand  
Another son, Jubal, so beautiful,  
Father of such as play the harp and pipe.

O Poesy and Music, early born,  
What do we owe to Thee! Under the touch  
Of human love doth float the tender soul  
Of harmony; the psalmist's raptured hand  
Doth sweep the strings, or tremblingly prolongs  
The dirge. Of Thee, the trumpets echoing blast,  
The deep-toned bell, the cymbal's brazen clash,  
The booming drum, soft dulcimer and flute,  
Sweet rural pipe, the organ that doth roll  
Deep thunder through the vaulted arches high,  
Also the timbrel for the joyous dance;  
All is of God and therefore good. The breeze  
First taught the ear eolian melodies;  
Music hath grown to interpret all the soul.  
And Poesy will bind the laurel wreath

On Virtue's brow, and lend to Faith her wings,  
And give to holy Love enraptured charm.

There comes that Ancient and his noble Sons,  
The fathers of a better race of men,  
Who to the great divisions gave their names,  
They have a forward and a backward look.  
Noah, Shem, Ham, and Japhet are their names.  
'Twas then earthquake convulsions shook the world;  
The fevered, raging, inwards heaved the sea  
Upon the sunken land again, and drenched  
The lower firmament, that poured in floods.  
Then was the earth to its beginnings cast,  
But for the saving ark, floating above  
A drowning world. How plain and beautiful  
The symbolism was of Christ, the ark:  
The raven of despair no more returns,  
The white winged dove of peace the olive branch  
Brings in, the rainbow arch of hope appears.

That host, more than half blind, that follows them,  
Out of the prehistoric ages comes.

As they who travel in the wilderness  
Often are in the umbrageous twilight lost,  
And wander here and there, or far away,  
Or follow their own footsteps round and round,  
And fall, it may be, near their longed-for home,  
And in the dimness of their vision see  
Awful creations of their fancies fright,  
The strange and the miraculous; so these,  
When history was by tradition kept,  
Or by the ancient honored bard was sung.  
Listen! as now he leads the mystic hosts,  
In dithyrambic chant, with sounding harp,  
In blindness he is feeling after God.

Most ancient ones harken,  
And hear the voice of ages past;

Of one who is not young;  
Who saw the beginning of the nations.

When the line was stretched on Calnah;  
Upon the deep foundations;

When time was old before the days of Sargon,  
Or the days of Naram Sin;

And the dust of ages covered them,  
And buried them in ruin heaps.

Then Ur-Gur, the mighty, built upon them;  
Above the temple walls of Naram Sin.

His palaces Bur Sin restored;  
His name upon the stone is carved.

And then Kudur Nakhundi destroyed;  
And hordes of Elamites broke in pieces.

Here stood the towers of heaven,  
On which the wise men walked,  
Their heads among the stars.

And now the sons of the gods  
Took them wives of the fair daughters of men,  
And there were born unto them giants.

Then Nimrod the mighty hunter  
Slew the fiery flying serpents,  
Slew the dragon in the marshes,  
And the wild beasts in the forests ;

Builted walls around the cities,  
In the kingdom of the river ;

Gathered the tribes and tongues together  
And formed them into kingdoms.

As the waves upon the ocean  
Leap high in exultation,  
Then fall into the lowest depths,  
So rise and fall the nations.

Their idol gods are broken.  
Where, O where is the God of Gods?  
O where is the Supreme One?

No beast was ever yet so powerful,  
But there is one that is stronger.

---

The water also quenches the fire,  
On the rocks are the billows broken.

Even the reign of the sun is divided,  
And the nights and days are equal.

He retires to his house in the South,  
And winter destroys his gardens.

The clouds overcome his brightness.  
There is only ONE who is supreme.

See you those ancient and venerable men,  
They follow close behind the mystic age,  
Like stars along the mists of the horizon,  
The three great wandering patriarchal kings,  
Chosen progenitors of Israel?  
To faithful Abraham the promise was,  
"In thee shall all the nations of the earth  
Be blessed"; to its fulfillment now he comes.  
On the same mountain, where the blessed Christ  
Made of himself an offering of love,

Isaac the son was offered by consent.  
Jacob a ladder saw, of slanting rays,  
At Bethel set against the heavens, bright way  
On which the heavenly spirits came and went,  
Image of Christ, the true and living way,  
That bringeth heaven to earth, and earth to heaven.

Behind these honored fathers are the tribes,  
Extending backward to the far extremes ;  
Among them is the wise Melchizedek,  
Priest of the heart, without insignia,  
Or robe or mitre, crowned of God alone ;  
Of the eternal he is Minister,  
In every age and land the soul's high priest,  
And in that sanctuary ministers  
With constant offering of precious love  
And incense dear to God of prayer and praise.  
And here the humble and the great alike  
Are honored by the presence of the Lord,  
In every heart that's pure the sacred fire  
Consumes the offering.



He is the king  
Of righteousness, the king of Salem — peace,  
Which is the constant joy of being right.

O Peace of God! Thou blessed summer land!  
Beyond the cloud and storm and stress of life,  
Thy never setting sun of love creates  
Eternal noon; the day dew of thy grace  
Makes ever fresh the pleasant fields; and there  
The ravenous beast is in our nature tamed,  
And with the mammal lies in sweet content:  
The reptile sports with guileless innocence.

Melchizedek has come to crown the Christ,  
After his order, the perpetual priest.

Aaron, this priest of nature, followeth  
In dress of scarlet, blue, and gold: adorned  
With fringe of pomegranates, and golden bells.  
A breastplate set with precious stones he wears;  
This the inscription on his mitre's front,  
"HOLINESS TO THE LORD." He is the priest,  
Ordained of form and ceremonial rites;

He has his place when right and true; but false,  
He is a horrid and blasphemous lie.

The living plant sends forth its leaves and flowers  
And fruits; lacking the life it is a dry,  
Unsightly, and decaying form; and so,  
The visible must show the inward state.

Behind him is a gowned processional  
From every nation under heaven come,  
To lay their mitres at the feet of Christ.

Nor was their influence slight to bring the world  
Forward to this auspicious time, when man  
Shall have one sacrifice of perfect love,  
To be a world-wide witness to the truth.

Rejoice! Rejoice! the singing prophets come!  
Isaiah leads the glad procession on;  
Beside him Virgil, bard of Mantua;  
Unshamed the Elect beside the Pagan walks—  
And even the idolatrous; for all the world  
Expects the perfect man to lead the race

---

Out of the darkness into heaven's day.

And thus they sing, as they had sung before,  
One as a bird awakened in the night,  
The other hails the coming of the dawn.

\*

A virgin shall conceive, and bear a son.

\*

The virgin enters into Saturn's reign.

\*\*

A heavenly branch shall grow from Jesse's roots.

\*\*

A generation now descends from heaven.

\*\*\*

For unto us a child is born, a son  
Is given; he shall be called the Wonderful,  
The Counselor, the Great and Mighty God,  
The Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.  
And he on David's throne shall ever reign.

\*\*\*

Do thou but smile thy purest, sweetest smile,  
The boy is born the iron age to end ;  
At last the universal golden age  
To usher in ; the sun in heaven is throned.

\*\*\*\*

Say ye to them that have a fearful heart,  
Be strong, be not afraid, behold your God  
Will come to recompense, restore and save.  
His reign of peace shall never have an end.

\*\*\*\*

The golden months begin their yearly round ;  
No trace of guilt or thrall of sin remains.  
He leads the life the gods have given him.  
He knoweth the inhabitants of heaven,  
Is known of them. He rules a world at peace.

\*\*\*\*\*

The wilderness and solitary place  
Shall blossom, fair as the full bosomed rose ;  
Even with joy and singing shall rejoice.  
The beauty of the trees of Lebanon,

The fruitfulness of Carmel and of Sharon,  
The glory of our God is given them.  
The thirsty desert shall be filled with pools  
And running streams ; the swamps are pasture land.

\*\*\*\*\*

For thee, sweet boy, unforced, the earth shall pour  
Her presents forth, the ivy, foxglove, bean,  
Smiling acanthus, and Assyrian spice.  
Breeze waves shall run across the fields of wheat,  
And purple clusters on the brier shall grow,  
Hard oaks exude the sweetest honey dew.

\*\*\*\*\*

The lamb and wolf, the leopard and the kid  
Together in the grassy fields lie down,  
A child shall lead them with a cord of vines ;  
The calf and the young lion, and the cow  
And bear together feed ; the ravenous beast  
Is satisfied to eat the tender grass.  
Then with the asp the sucking child shall play,  
Even upon the Cockatrice's den.

\*\*\*\*\*

The goats shall carry their full udders home,  
Nor shall they fear huge lions in the way ;  
Nor ever in thy grassy cradle hides  
The poisonous snake, or plant of fatal juice.

\*\*\*\*\*

Judah and Israel shall no more contend ;  
United, they shall bind their enemies.  
The wind shall smite the length of Egypt's sea,  
Also the river with her seven mouths  
Is dry. In these a highway shall be made,  
To bring God's people to their promised land.

\*\*\*\*\*

Yet for a while, under this virtuous show,  
Some of the sin and guile of old remains ;  
Such as shall prompt adventurous men in ships  
To tempt the ocean's fickle god too far,  
Or shut their cities in with massive walls,  
Or plow their fields. A second Typhys comes,  
A second Argo, heroes again contend,  
Again Achilles shall be sent to Troy.

\*\*\*\*\*

And He among the nations shall be judge,  
Rebuking sin; then shall they beat their swords  
To plowshares, and their spears to pruning hooks;  
Behold the nations shall learn war no more.

Prepare a highway for the Lord our God,  
Exalt the valleys, and the hills make low,  
The crooked straight, and the rough places smooth.  
The glory of our God in him appears,  
He makes the blind to see, the deaf to hear,  
The dumb to sing, the lame to leap for joy.

\*\*\*\*\*

But afterward, in his maturer years,  
The ship shall quit the sea; the ground produce  
Without the harrow, or the pruning hook.  
At length the oxen from the yoke are freed;  
The wool assumes rich color on the sheep.

O Son of Jove, look on the sea and earth  
Outspread beneath the azure dome of heaven.  
Behold how they rejoice in that bright age.

Homer and Hesiod are there; they too,  
Sing of the glories of the golden age.

And Job pours out the longing of his soul,  
"O that my words were written in a book,  
Engraved with iron in the enduring rock!  
I know! I know that my Redeemer lives!  
And He shall come and stand upon the earth,  
And when I shall awake from earthly sleep,  
After my body is destroyed by worms,  
God clothed in human flesh shall I behold."

Old Ossian, wearing wreath of oak doth sing,  
"The storms are darkening in thy misty hand;  
Thou takest the sun in wrath, and hidest him  
In clouds; afraid are the sons of little men.  
The showers descend. But when thou comest forth  
In mildness then the morning breeze is near  
Thy course; the sun laughs in his fields of blue;  
The grey stream winds along the pleasant vale;



The bushes shake their green heads in the wind;  
The roe doth lightly toward the desert bound."

But as the spirits thron'g the glowing path,  
We only catch the fragments of their songs,  
"Behold the days shall come, saith God the Lord,  
That I will raise me up a righteous branch  
Out of the root of David; justice shall  
He execute; his name shall be the Lord  
Our Righteousness."

"Thus saith Jehovah, I  
Will plant a branch upon the mountain top,  
A goodly cedar with its spreading boughs  
In which the fowl of every land shall perch."

"One shepherd shall be over all the sheep,  
Even like David; they shall be no more  
A prey; even the forests are secure."

Then Michael the prince withstood our foes,  
Rescued his people from their enemies;

The Savior King on Zion shall appear."

"But in the last days it shall come to pass  
Zion above all hills shall be exalted,  
And all the nations shall flow into her."

"O daughter of Jerusalem, rejoice  
And shout, behold your king! Lowly and just  
Comes unto thee upon an ass's colt!"

What need we more, all time doth testify,  
From when the new-born world was wrapt in clouds,  
Until in heaven's glory it appears.

## BOOK IV



### ARGUMENT

In this fourth book a further account is given of the assembly on the mountain of transfiguration, describing the procession of the kings; the twelve legions of angels, their orders, and meaning, and whence they came; also the arrival of the glorious Cherubim: lastly the sevenfold divisions of man's nature. In all of these the advancing orders of spiritual progression are shown.

In that procession of the kings, all rule  
And all authority is coming on,  
From him who with brute force and courage brought  
The weaker to his will, unto the time  
Of God's anointed kings — ordained to rule.  
And in that purpling train are emperors,  
And governors and presidents and chiefs  
And patriarchs and judges, legislators,  
All they who led in the advancing life.  
Each bears his symbol of authority,  
Or staff or sceptre, wreath or crown, to grace  
The glorious triumph of the son of man.  
Night breezes in their phantom banners stir,  
Once they did hold the loyal subjects' hearts.

And had been followed even to wounds and death.

Under that flag, with lion couchant, comes  
David, and all his princely retinue.  
He knows the crowning soon to be upon  
This mount, will make his line perpetual.

And they who bear the emblazoned bird of Jove,  
Are Tribunes, Emperors, of mighty Rome.

And those who walk beneath the golden crown,  
Are the wise rulers of the Golden Isles.

Beneath the silver crescent moon, you see  
The proud and ancient line of Pharaohs.

Flaunting the dragon in his crimson folds,  
Are the celestial rulers of Cathay.

Bearing a blazing sun in azure field,  
Are half forgotten kings of Babylon.

In that procession some were wise and good,  
And some were monsters drunk with human blood,  
Some rough and barbarous drank wine in skulls,  
And some were weak and cruel in their fear;

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But all are coming now to give him rule,  
Whose right it is to reign the King of Kings.

Beneath an ensign all of purest white  
Follow the many uncrowned kings of earth.  
Their better kingdoms were the hearts of men.  
Although they had not all essential truth,  
They upward led in the progressive way,  
And were inspired thus far of God; Buddha,  
Confucius, Lycurgus, Socrates,  
And many more.

Others who never felt  
The breath of fame, poor and unsung they were,  
Yet ever did the duty nearest them.  
Unknown of men, well known they were to God.  
Their motives, clarified of selfish taint,  
Unstimulated by applause, were pure.  
Lovingly, patiently, giving their lives  
In humble spheres, they unremembered fell  
Into the common dust; brightest they shine  
Of all.

High o'er the mount a banner floats

A blood red cross in wide, pure argent field,  
Touching each vantage point with crimson light.  
O ignominious sign! Ensanguined cross!  
Within thy crimson halo, O how strange!  
The ugly is more hideous, the fair  
Most beautiful! The greatest love is told  
In greatest sacrifice for those we love.  
O Sorrow, blessed is thy ministry!  
In travail we begin our mortal life,  
And with a wail we first begin to breathe;  
We pass to the immortal life under  
The gloomy arches of the sepulchre;  
And all reward is joy in sacrifice.  
Has love indeed no other gate than this  
To enter heaven's kingdom?

Now, O Muse,

Point out the legions from the distant spheres,  
Not flying down from heaven's pearly gates,  
But from the regions of the starry fields  
They come. These lights have left their azure depths,

And fill the earth with sparkling radiance.  
These are the twelve great legionary guards  
The Father sends to guard his honored son.  
And they, in honor of the son of man,  
Human appearance also have assumed.  
As by one thought, in perfect unison,  
They by the spirit of the Living God  
Are moved, the blinding flashes fill the heavens.  
Tell me their ancient names and whence they came.

Far to the west the bright ELRISCHA see,  
The leader of the twelve celestial hosts  
That mark the glowing highway of the sun.  
His native seat is on that orb we see,  
Where ancient seers beheld two fishes swim  
The deep. One touch of his ethereal spear  
Loosens the grasp of winter on the earth.

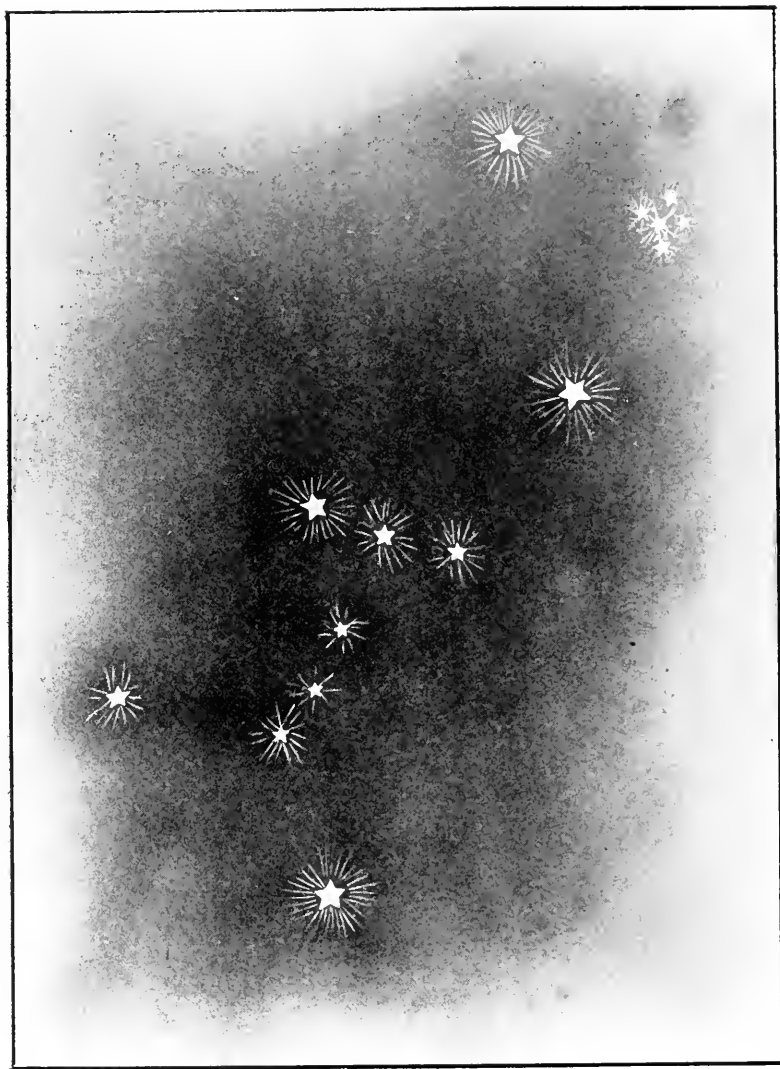
Yonder, behold ALMAAC as he moves  
Before his glittering legions on the south.  
Scarce by his azure drapery concealed.

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He is the very symmetry of strength.  
Three stars, one blue, one yellow, and one red,  
Are in his towering helmet's front alight.  
They represent three suns, that in his realm  
Glow with prismatic colored light; and here  
Distinguished by the colors are the days;  
The yellow dawns upon the setting blue,  
Red follows yellow, blue succeeds the red,  
Making each day of a peculiar hue,  
This constitutes the week. The varied tints,  
The seconds, minutes, and the hours, define.  
These lights and shades make life a color dream;  
The floating clouds are poems in their tints;  
And every drop a brilliant rainbow holds;  
With ever changing colors bloom the flowers.  
Here, in this region of supreme delight,  
The summons of the Lord Almaac found.  
His countenance so beautiful makes glad  
The smiling earth, and all the shining heavens.







*Rigel, Magnificent  
Draped in his azure robes, his massive form  
Towers into the heavens. Did he but shout  
The startled earth would wander in her course.*

Yonder is SIRIUS; his helmet shows  
The brightest star, as it is nearest us,  
Yet is so far it has no parallax;  
And light flies swiftly for a thousand days  
To reach our earth. His throne of light is here.  
He, like Jehovah, knows the secret heart.  
He scans the heavens and earth and lowest depths;  
And sly deceit, though in the darkness hid,  
Or clothed in angel guise, he soon detects.

See UNUK, on the north he leads his hosts;  
Their blazing ranks are in the distance lost.  
He bears a single star upon his breast,  
Its solitary light shines farthest out.  
His legion came from where a single sun  
Has ample space for many other suns.  
Unuk, immense, would shade the earth entire.  
His giant stride would be from world to world.

Before that dreadful center, RIGEL shows;  
With shining foot advanced he standeth armed.

His scabbard with three stars hangs from a belt  
Of three. His realm, where giant forces work,  
Is where their winds would sweep away the earth  
As though it was a flying leaf, and floods  
Would overwhelm it as a little thing.  
Rivers are oceans ; islands, continents ;  
Oceans and continents illimitable.  
One of their suns would our horizon fill.  
Here the inhabitants have size and strength  
Proportionate. RIGEL, magnificent !  
Draped in his azure robe, his massive form  
Towers into the heavens. Did he but shout,  
The startled earth would wander in her course.  
And at his awful rush, the hosts of men  
With armor and with arms, and chariots  
With horses, would in bloody ruin pile.  
One stroke of his archangel sword would cleave  
The earth, its mountains, and its depths of rocks.

Further along the line the swift ALTAIR,  
Behold how graceful, yet how rapid moves.

Two wings, upraised, extend above his head,  
Two wing his feet, and two each hand. His words  
Oustrun the lightning when the thunder follows,  
And yet his presence overtakes them soon.  
How rapid move the swiftly circling worlds  
Within the province of the swift Altair ;  
Ere you could say "a thousand miles," the space  
Is passed. Their suns burst into day, and pass,  
All in the compass of an earthly hour ;  
Their years are little longer than our months.  
As you have seen the moon with silver sheen  
Glide through the flying clouds of windy March ;  
So the celestial bodies move across  
Their heavens ; and all requires the quickest haste.  
The blessed swift Altair doth execute  
Mercy, as well as justice ; warning gives,  
And promises fulfills ; and drops more swift  
Than meteor to do the will of God.

There VEGAEL with loveliest grace adorned,  
Moves with the rhythm of perfect harmony,

As doth his legion, or in unison,  
Or else responsive, or in sweet accord.  
He came from that celestial region where  
The ear is so attuned, so delicate,  
Even the music of the spheres is heard,  
The singing orb in the ascendant leads.  
Nor change of day or night or seasons there,  
But change of melody. And all the range  
Of passionate desire is musical;  
And worship is exalted hymn of praise.

O Vegael, thy golden sceptre wave,  
The fierce and cruel beast in us shall fawn,  
Even the raging tempest turn to calm.

Look now, far to the south, Great ZUBBENEL  
Holdeth aloft the starry balances,  
Wherein the worlds are weighed in equity,  
Regarding not whichever way they turn.  
The stern archangel and his flaming hosts  
Unmoved and upright stand, with forward gaze;

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Thy never asked or needed mercy, hence  
Are stern, inflexible; for whence they came  
Untempered justice reigns supreme; the sword  
When drawn is never sheathed, but ever flames  
A warning; only to the wicked are  
These angels dreadful; to the righteous one  
Justice is mercy. Over this sinful world  
Is held aloft the flaming two-edged sword;  
Soon fair-faced mercy flying out of heaven,  
Will bow her head to the descending stroke.  
But in that province of obedience  
Justice alone is most divinely fair.

MENKAR, the huge of bulk, amidst his hosts,  
Stands like a snow-capped peak above the range.  
Their ranks are not so dense, but scattered wide.  
His vast extent of kingdom is the scene  
Of many new created worlds. His power  
Is ponderous.

Now to the left of these,

See happy ARIDED. Far in the depths  
Of space there is a region where the stars,  
To us, make the appearance of a cross,  
But to the old astronomers, a swan,  
As if it floated down the milky stream.  
In all that system is the greatest joy.  
Inspired of the divine philosophy,  
Their thought is all for other's happiness.  
This is the universal law of love,  
Only in giving all, we all receive.  
O blessed state! O happy spheres! where sin  
And selfishness are never found to mar  
The life, and therefore sorrow is unknown.  
O happy Arided, do thou but wave  
Thy golden wand, and every shadow flees.

And now, behold of spirit kings the chief,  
Immortal Michael and Mishael,  
Greatest of the archangel hierarchy,  
The servants, yet commanders of the whole.  
For at the first (I ask not when that was,



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For one could know eternity as well,  
And aeons could not measure time since passed,  
Millions of cycles is but young compared ;  
In the beginning, of themselves is meant —  
They are no nearer to eternity.)  
Within an ample space, twin suns were made,  
With double worlds revolving in their light.  
These were the nuclei around which turned  
Many twin suns and their attendant spheres.  
Nor need this center have sufficient size  
To hold by gravity their weight combined  
In their appointed rounds, for all are kept  
By nice adjustment of momentum and  
Position of attraction ; so the whole  
Is governed by the parts, the parts by all,  
In perfect and eternal harmony.  
Right model of a true republic this,  
And now within this ancientest of realms  
Are evolution's grand accomplishments,  
The endless way of the Omnipotent.

For those who live within these glorious realms  
Obtain complete control over themselves,  
And over all the worlds on which they dwell,  
Also hold converse with their neighbor spheres.

Behold! The two archangels move as one,  
Bright gemini of heaven! Their legions march  
In ranks of two and two; and everything  
Is duplicate, their power is doubled thus,  
Their wisdom twice as great, their love increased  
By two, their peace is like two rivers joined,  
Their joy as if a bursting fountain from  
Another fountain rose. Now Michael  
And Mishael, with the united strength  
And glory God is pleased to give to them,  
Have come to lay them at the feet of him,  
The perfect Son of Man, the Son of God.

The Cherubim! The Cherubim! Behold!  
See, in the northern heavens those wondrous lights!  
Thousands of wings ingleam the feathery glow,

The light grows to a dazzling radiance,  
High over all outspread enormous wings,  
And earth is fanned, as with the breath of heaven.  
Four dazzling wheels, wheel within wheel, appear,  
And dreadful in their height; they are so placed,  
The awful chariot of God turns not;  
And as it goes they sometime touch the earth,  
Then bound and roll beneath the firmament.  
Nearest the earth are borne the images  
Of the four orders of begotten life,  
Facing the north, the south, the east, the west;  
And these are hidden by the sheltering wings.  
Upon their heads they bear a jasper throne,  
Encanopied with rainbow firmament.  
Seated upon that throne, the form of man,  
Robed in supernal light, with jeweled crown,  
Would make the sun a darkened spot appear.  
And as the man directs the vision flies,  
So suddenly it moves, the tardy light  
Is left behind; and dreadful thunderings

The blinding flashes follow, as the voice  
Of the eternal God. Now o'er the mount  
They stand with folded wings. In heaven and earth  
Silence ensues, to hear that human voice  
Proceeding from the mighty Cherubim.

“Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! Ye of earth,  
And farthest come! Worthy occasion calls,  
Where man will enter by a covenant  
Into the highest heaven of the immortals.  
To human thought the way is long and hard,  
And filled with deepest tragedy. Up from  
The lowest form of life, by birth and death,  
By the assertive power of the best,  
And guiding spirit of the life in Christ,  
The confines of the perfect life are reached.  
Even the entrance gate is low and hard,  
And he will by the greatest sacrifice  
Enter the highest realm, and leave the gate  
Ajar, that all at last may hither come,

To live with him in sweet accord of love  
And work. The waiting moments ages seem,  
Yet God, and earth have waited, O so long.  
Worthy! the crown of everlasting life!"

And then, to open vision could be seen  
That all the wings and wheels were full of eyes,  
Which can discern the inmost heart. O Muse,  
What mean the forms the Cherubim assume.

"These eyes, are wisdom; wheels, are certitude;  
Wings, are celerity; the rainbow, hope;  
The throne, is universal sovereignty,  
And he that sits thereon, the Son of Man;  
That all pervading light, God's spirit is;  
And their unswerving going, is the law;  
Thunder, the warning that He gives; their wings  
Folded, His peace.

O marvel not that man,  
Enthroned upon the highest Cherubim,  
With glory and with honor will be crowned,

Only a little lower was he made,  
In him shall the Creator honored be.  
His sevenfold nature reaches from the dense,  
Upward to God, pure spirit, infinite,  
Eternal and Omnipotent ; these grades  
Are triune sevenths, the universal scale ;  
Like as the seven-branched candlestick of lights  
In all these natures witnessing they come.

First, Matter, simple or combined, includes  
Them all ; herein is birth, herein is death.  
The earthly bodies then important seemed,  
While in them man could apprehend no higher,  
But in effects ; as in the moving leaves,  
And water waves, he knows the unseen breeze  
Is passing ; whence it comes, or where it goes,  
He cannot tell ; so was the spirit known.

Second, the grosser form is laid aside,  
He lives in the Ethereal Medium.  
Unbound by gravity, in subtile grace,  
It fills all matter and pervades all space ;

In it the swiftly flying light is winged,  
And lightning leaps with an impatient bound ;  
In it is life, the Life, the glorious wheel  
Involving wheel. Thus as the density  
Decreases, energy increases, even  
To the Omnipotent.

Third, more refined,  
Pervading matter and the ethereal  
Is what you know as Instinct, near to thought ;  
Intelligence it is in lower sphere.

And fourth, pervading all below is where  
Reason doth sit upon his golden throne :  
And Memory, and Judgment, Choice, and Will  
Are ministers.

Fifth, comes the blissful seat  
Of the emotions. Love is standing near  
The open door of heaven here, and through  
The inviting portals sees the sea of glass,  
And in its depths the glory of the throne,  
The trees of evergreen, of healing balm,

And many kinds of fruits.

And then the sixth,  
Is of refinement almost infinite ;  
So very subtle, ether seemeth gross ;  
And swiftly flying light, laggard and dull.  
In this pure medium, as monitor,  
The angel of your being, Conscience sits.

O'er all, immortal and enthroned, is God  
Incarnate. How the eternal, undiminished,  
Imparts Himself to individuals  
Unnumbered, only Himself can know.  
But thus is man an image of his God  
And Father ; given personality,  
Though finite seems, has immortality.  
So constituted that the inner man  
Is manifested in the outer form.  
In any of these states we do not die,  
But cast the shell and live in higher realms —  
Kingdom of heaven, the home of light and life.  
Like as the butterfly, with breathing wings,  
Passing from flower to flower in the free air,



Has left the dull cocoon ; so he shall leave  
The outer shell, enter the wingéd life  
Of freedom and unfailing bliss.

And now,

Are congregated on the mount all forms  
Of these, or will, where that one perfect man  
Will take the vow to fight the final duel  
To the death. Clad in the panoply of heaven,  
His girdle truth, breastplate of righteousness,  
Sandals of peace, the full orbéd shield of faith,  
And helmet of salvation, spirit sword,  
Two-edged, flaming ; he will strike off the mask  
Of grinning Fallacy, or Satan if  
You will ; drive his deceitful legions back —  
The cause of all man's disobedience  
And woe — into the bottomless abyss  
Of dark oblivion.

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# BOOK V



## ARGUMENT

“After six days,” says the Gospel narrative. In this, the most important of creation’s weeks, in which Jesus makes preparation for his exaltation, the disciples are abiding at Capernaum. In their assemblings they make note of some of the important events of his life. Mary, the mother of Jesus, as the most competent witness, gives them some account of his early life. John relates what the Master told him of his temptation in the wilderness. Peter speaks of the calling of his disciples. The book ends with a preparation of the mind for a rational acceptance of the wonderful works of Christ in the sixth book.

Jesus, six days before this day of days,  
Had with a strange emotion left the twelve,  
And they wondering watched him go until  
The Galilean hills hid him from view.  
Then had they gone into Capernaum,  
The home of Jesus, and their own, and there,  
This week of all creation’s weeks, abode,  
Awaiting his return. And meeting oft,  
What could they think or speak of, but of him.  
They chose this interval to write a plain  
And truthful history. For without use

Would be his incarnation, teaching, work,  
And sacrificial death, were they unknown,  
Or only by tradition handed down,  
Obscured by myth and fable fanciful.  
Matthew and John were chosen scribes.

One day

The blessed Mother Mary sat with them,  
For being his, they were to her as sons,  
No other knew so well his early life;  
And then the natural is most delicate,  
And the apparent rose is quite as chaste  
As the drooping violet. Concordia,  
Beloved wife of Peter, sat with her.

Mary was saying, "In the month Elul,  
I sat alone, till very late at night,  
Reading Isaiah's prophecy; the lines  
Strangely impressive seemed. The consciousness,  
As of a presence near, lifted mine eyes.  
There stood an angel, bending as if he  
Would read the passage too. He said, 'All Hail!

Thou highly favored! God is with thee! Blessed  
Among women art thou! And then noting  
My troubled look, he said, 'Mary, fear not,

Lo, thou shalt bear a son, and call his name  
Jesus; he shall be great, and shall be called  
Son of the Highest; and the Lord shall give  
To him his father David's righteous throne;  
Over the house of Israel shall he reign,  
And of his kingdom there shall be no end.'

I said to him, 'O how can these things be?'  
The angel said, 'Even the Holy Ghost,  
Even the power of the Most High God  
Shall overshadow thee, therefore the child  
Shall be the son of God.' The seraph gone,  
There came the blessed overshadowing,  
My life upspringing in supernal bliss.'

John said, 'Thus far we have the items down.'  
Mary, with queenly modesty proceeds,

"Caesar made a decree to tax the world.  
Joseph and I went up from Nazareth,

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And we must even go to Bethlehem.

He was a noble prince of David's line —  
I rode, he led the beast so patiently,  
Jostled aside upon the crowded way,  
Although a king in heart and his own right,  
He bore it all for me, and I to him  
Was queen. We tarried at Jerusalem  
Almost a day. I saw him give the priest  
A single turtle dove, brought from our home.  
O royal heart, thine offering should have been  
Ten thousand bullocks to the altar flames!  
Ere we arrived at Bethlehem 'twas night;  
The inns were full, the stable cave must be  
Our lodging place; before the crunching beasts,  
Upon the provender, our humble bed.  
Being so tired we could have slept at last,  
Had not the babe of promise here been born.  
Good Joseph wrapped him in his swaddling clothes,  
And laid him by my side. We were aware  
Of peering faces, and of voices hushed.

Soon their dim forms we saw kneeling around;  
Bowling their weathered faces in their hands,  
They wept, and even prayed unto the babe,  
And praised the Lord. When they arose to go,  
Joseph inquired; I heard one answer him,  
'As we were in the fields watching our flocks,  
An angel of the Lord came over us,  
The glory of the Lord shone round about,  
And we were sore afraid; the angel said,  
"Fear not, I bring you tidings of great joy  
Unto all people; for unto you is born  
This day, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.  
And this shall be a sign to you; behold,  
In David's city ye shall find the babe,  
In swaddling clothes, and in a manger laid."  
And suddenly was with the angel all  
The multitude of the heavenly hosts, that sang,  
"Glory to GOD in the highest, and on earth  
Peace, and good will to men." And said to us  
That we should find the babe in Bethlehem.'

Then the rejoicing shepherds went their way.  
These things I long have treasured in my heart.  
Soon as we might we left the stable cave,  
And yet we dwelt awhile in Bethlehem.

Joseph was keeping watch outside the door.  
I heard him say, 'A royal caravan  
Comes up the highway from Jerusalem,  
Bearing three ancient, wise, and kingly men.  
From the far distant east they must have come,  
And by their hasting may have lost their way.  
They come this way! I hope they mean no harm.'

Outside, I heard the camel's muffled tread,  
Shuffle of feet, and hum of voices low.  
Three slaves, carrying precious things, came in;  
Three venerable men were following;  
They came and bowed their faces to the floor,  
Together rose, each in his golden cup  
Blew up the sacred fire, sprinkled thereon  
Powdered frankincense, pleasant smelling myrrh;  
Three times they waved their incense toward the north,

And toward the South three times, three toward the west,  
Three times they swung their censers to the east.

And then, the eldest took a golden rod —  
Upon its top a little globe was winged, —  
And clasped it tightly in the infant's hand;  
Then kneeling all, they seemed to pray to him,  
And in an unknown tongue chanted a hymn.  
One, rising, held aloft a silver star,  
Pointed to it, then to the new-born babe;  
I thought I saw the infant almost smile.  
And then they gave him many precious gifts  
Of gold, of frankincense and myrrh; then bowed,  
And with their faces turned to him, retired.  
Their costly gifts a special providence,  
For Joseph's frugal store was almost gone.  
And being warned of Herod's jealousy  
And wrath, we needs must into Egypt flee,  
Until his death; when back to Nazareth  
We came and dwelt. And the child Jesus grew  
In stature and in wisdom day by day."



Thomas, who had a questioning mind, then said,  
"Stories are told of childish miracles,  
How barren fields blossomed with starry flowers,  
And unwinged animals would soar the heavens,  
The birds would trill their songs in human speech,  
The trees bent down their branches to his hand,  
At his command dull stones would move and speak,  
And bursting springs would bathe his childish feet,  
And cherub angels for his pleasure sang —  
The wonderful in telling loses not."

The blessed Mother Mary answered thus,  
"Not so, he lived a natural human life,  
Much more than we, because a perfect life.

The happy Christ-child never laughed or cried,  
We cry with pain, or to enforce our wants;  
He needed but to smile, to open up  
The deepest fountain of parental love.  
Laughter is like the crackle of the thorns  
Beneath the pot.

Jesus was great and good

In smallest things, as well as in the large.

God's estimate is on the doer, not

The deed. Nothing he did unworthy seemed."

Philip, who had the most of learning, sayeth,

"The Scribes and Pharisees have asked, 'Whence hath

This man his knowledge, never having learned?'"

Then she, "He knew, simply because he knew,

As God doth know; newness of life he is,

Of Him direct.

He too was studious,

From every source drew wisdom for his work.

He read the works of nature as a book;

Would take a little pebble in his hand,

And read to us its history, through fire,

Tempest and flood; would take a little seed,

And tell — but could not make us understand —

What was the life, and how it grew in kind.

He reasoned upward from the cause to fact;

We from the fact attempt to find the cause.

He knew the life in animals and man,

How it creates, maintains, the living forms.  
And well he knew derangement and disease,  
And therefore the most potent remedies."

Then Philip, who had the most of learning, said,  
"Prescience we know is first and reason's base,  
And knowledge from its source direct is best —  
If understood; so their objection fails,  
And only shows him great. Knowing the laws  
Of nature, also keeping them, with no  
Inheritance of evil taint, he lives  
A painless life, and free from every ill;  
And every thought, passion, and appetite  
Is pure and good, — not faint and colorless —  
For wisdom and heroic self-control  
Give strength and heavenly beauty to his life.  
And perfect love — he does not will to love,  
His soul is love, just as the sun is light —  
Is seen in every act."

Concordia asked,  
"In any wise did he not disobey?"

Mary replied, "We never gave command;  
A wish, expressed or shown by us, was law  
As far as right.

O, these were happy days,  
His life the sunshine of a pleasant day,  
No fret, or worry, as we mortals have —  
Short sighted ones — but peaceful trust in God."

Then Matthew from the roll looked up, saying,  
"Good mother, may we have an incident  
For record that will show his character?"  
And she, "Jesus was only twelve years old;  
We left him at Jerusalem, and knew  
It not, until we camped at eventide.  
We neither ate nor slept in our wild search;  
In all the city throngs no trace we found.  
Three days of wild alarm, despair, we sought.

At last we in the temple found the child,  
Sitting among the Doctors of the Law,  
Asking and answering questions of the law.  
The aged at his wisdom were amazed,

And learning in the scriptures. Seeing him,  
I cried, 'O son, why so hast dealt with us?  
Father and I have sought thee sorrowing.'  
He said, 'Why did ye seek for me elsewhere?  
Ye should have known, I in my Father's house  
Would be.'"

Philip again, "Your question well  
Was answered. They who gather knowledge long  
And constantly will gather very much.  
The word of God is an unfathomed sea,  
And most of it is in the awful depths,  
And but a little on the surface waves;  
What wonder that they wondered much, to find  
The youth had knowledge of its lowest depths.  
Loved Mother, tell us more of how he lived."

Then she, the blessed mother of our Lord,  
"In his apparel he was neat and clean —  
No ornament; the equal pride was shunned  
Of gaudy dress, or roughly singular.  
The heavenly beauty of his face and form

Was at the pinnacle of nature's art,  
And no adornment further could receive.  
His auburn locks, of David's royal type,  
Were always kempt, and hung about his neck  
In beauteous charm of ivory-white and gold.  
He ate and slept with regularity,  
Labored for strength, as for the maintenance.

Oft have I seen him look for hours into  
The heavens, speechless before its mysteries.

These things I long have treasured in my heart,  
And yet the mystery is deepening still."

John, the beloved, answered soothingly,  
"Although he teaches us from day to day,  
Only a little can we comprehend.  
Yet there will come a time, he said to us,  
When we shall know and understand his life.  
Until that time, we still will follow him."

Here, Mary and Concordia withdrew  
Unto their humble homes.

And now the twelve



*Of! have I seen him look for hours into  
The heavens, speechless before its mysteries.*





Of their own observation spake and wrote  
Upon the sacred rolls.

“On Jordan’s banks,”

Andrew was saying, “that eventful day,  
Five of us, Philip, Peter, James, and John,  
Disciples of the Baptist, stood with him,  
Jesus the Christ, so pure and beautiful,  
Came to the ford; and he strange contrast was  
To shaggy John with hair and beard uncut,  
And coat of camel’s hair, with leather girt.

The Baptist, knowing him the worthiest,  
Would be baptised of him; Jesus forbade.  
The sacred rite performed by John, he saw  
The mystic spirit-dove of purest white  
Burst from the dazzling heavens, and descend  
Upon the Christ; heard the commission given,  
‘This is my well beloved son, in whom  
I am well pleased.’

And with the dove, Jesus  
Was also gone. ‘Why did he leave the earth

So soon?' I asked. But later on, we learned,  
The spirit led him to the wilderness;  
What there occurred he afterward made known —  
The very thought of it would make him pale —  
How in his soul utmost temptation wrought.  
Little there was to eat, he cared for less,  
So taken by his contemplation, led  
Without another thought or care, but how  
His mission to begin and carry on.  
Though afterward, a hunger gaunt and fierce  
And ravenous, like to the beasts that prowl  
The wilderness, pursued him cruelly.  
So to his fevered, anguished brain, the stones  
Upon the ground resembled loaves of bread.  
He took one up, then cunning sophistry,  
The reptile source of every evil deed,  
By the extreme of hunger reinforced,  
Tempted, 'And if thou be the Son of God  
Say to this stone, be bread; thy mission test;  
Starving, thy work shall end ere it begins.

To perish with the means of sustenance  
In thine own hand is self destruction. You  
have fasted forty days, the end is near.'

Then by the wisdom and the strength of him,  
First perfect man, he to the tempter said,  
'Bread feedeth not the real life of man,  
That is sustained by union with the Lord.'  
He knew temptation seeks the weakest part,  
A point minute and hard to be discerned;  
The dangerous waters find the small crevasse.  
He saw that selfish use of higher power  
Would lift him from the realm of human life.  
Therefore as man his mission would have end.  
If others were to trust in God, then why  
Not he, even in dire extremity.  
And here he met and vanquished selfishness.

Evils are not so easy to defeat,  
Though often driven away, often return,  
And upward from the beastly nature swarm.  
Jesus for guidance knelt in silent prayer.

This thought came at the most deceptive time,  
‘Now is the Passover, the temple courts  
Are thronged — from every nation under heaven.  
If I should stand upon its pinnacle  
Before them all, when every eye was fixed,  
And as the Son of God proclaimed should leap  
From thence, if by the angels wafted down  
Unhurt, would I not stand acknowledged then  
Of all?’ The perfect man, as other men  
Shall sometime be, the evil in the thought  
Discerned, and said, ‘Presumption! Barren display!  
Can man presume that God will change his laws  
To suit each individual desire?  
Confusion worse confounded would ensue.  
God has eternity, before, and since,  
In which to answer every prayer is made,  
Why therefore need the supernatural?  
Jesus again hath gained the victory.

And yet temptation foiled, followeth still.

One typical temptation yet remains.

Absorbed in meditation, Jesus sat,  
And in his clear imagination saw,  
As prospect from a lofty mountain height,  
The kingdoms of the world; the continents  
He scans, with inland lakes, and winding streams,  
Their mountains purpled in the distant haze,  
Green hills where flocks and herds contented graze;  
He sees the dim horizon of the seas,  
And many islands with their wave-washed shores;  
He looks upon the city spires and roofs,  
And the thick-masted harbor's busy mart;  
Out of the city gates the serried ranks  
Are marching forth, in glittering array,  
Clad in the showy panoply of war.  
Great moving fields they are of shining spears,  
And rushing throngs of gilded chariots.  
With shout, and clanging shield, and trumpet blast,  
They go to meet the bloody battle shock.

All this he in a moment's time beheld.

This thought suggested to his kingly heart,  
Was by an adversary, if you will,  
'If I should use the power is given me  
These warring nations to unite in one,  
By me princes should rule in judgment, and  
In equity; the nations then would beat  
Their swords to useful plowshares, and their spears  
To pruning hooks; and war would be no more,  
And all the earth be conquered into peace.

Now, only this will be required of you;  
The cares of state, of wealth, and power, are great,  
Your time and interest must be entire.'  
In this, the Christ sees that the hollow peace  
Is but a treacherous shell, enclosing round  
The seething fires of passion, pride, and power,  
And makes the task only more difficult  
To lift the individual into  
His high estate. Only the warmth of love  
Can reach the units of the race, to melt

And mould them into one, in likeness to  
The perfect man — conformity of love,  
Kingdom of heaven on earth. In every thing  
Divinest evolution works God's will.

Jesus, using the written word again,  
Replied, 'Hence, Adversary, worship God,  
Him only shalt thou serve.' And then came rest,  
And angel ministry."

Silence followed

The words of Andrew. Speechless they, to see  
The perfect wisdom of the Son of Man.  
Peter as ever was the first to speak,  
"We saw him coming from the wilderness.  
The Baptist cried, 'Behold the Lamb of God!'  
Four of us followed him, leaving our nets."  
And here their session ended for the day.

\* \* \* \*

Now, O Divinest One, Sweet Muse, lead thou  
With steady flight, the high ascent of faith.  
We leave the earthly mists of doubt and fear,

If we may reach a more exalted plane.

Here drop thy wing, and let our timid feet  
Rest on this solid rock of truth awhile,  
On EVOLUTION.

Body, soul, and spirit,  
In sevenfold unity together rise,  
To God's ideal finally are brought;  
Finite intelligence to infinite  
Is joined, in this supreme accomplishment.

Therefore the message by a messenger  
Was sent, also a perfect pattern given;  
And Christ alone has perfect worthiness.

Now, Virgin One, another upward flight,  
Even to here. Guard thou with fluttering wing  
The dizzy edge, whilst I this truth explore.  
Again the rock is CHRIST. None other had  
The highest wisdom, love, and power; wisdom  
To know the truth though error should be e'er  
So plausible, to whom the wondrous laws  
Of nature, secrets of the Lord, could be



Safely made known, having wisdom and love  
To only use the power for good. Now Christ,  
By the Jehovah Father's knowledge given,  
Did work the works of God, or miracles  
If you prefer to call them so. Know ye  
That miracles to-day, to-morrow may  
Be natural.

Now, Heavenly One, thy plumes  
Outspread, fly to the summit of this faith.  
Over this height we dare not look below,  
For awful are the depths below our ken.  
This rock is, WE SHALL ALSO BE AS GODS.  
Can we not now perform things wonderful?  
As Jesus said, greater than he had done?  
Can we not talk across the ocean wide?  
With glass explore the outer depths of space?  
And even weigh and measure distant worlds?  
And read the hidden secrets of the rocks,  
Great mausoleums of the earliest life?  
And may not life itself be understood?  
Are not diseases more and more controlled?  
Science is learning what was known to Christ.

Believing soul, look up! Behold the wide  
Horizon shows the hemisphere entire.  
Spurn with thy feet the sordid earth, and rise  
Into the freedom of the cloudless heaven.  
Thy wings shall soar at last the atmosphere  
Of perfect faith. Harken, the voice of God!  
The words are spoken also unto YOU,  
"THIS IS MY SON, IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED;  
FOR THOU ART WORTHY TO RECEIVE HONOR,  
AND MIGHT, HIGHEST DOMINION; COME THOU UP  
AND REIGN WITH ME, EVEN FOREVERMORE.

AMEN! AMEN!"

# BOOK VI

## ARGUMENT

The disciples continue their personal recollections of some of the most important events in the life of Jesus which had occurred up to this time. Only types of his many mighty works are given to show the power that will be in complete knowledge and wisdom.

The spirit is a harp of golden strings,  
The angel strikes the symphonies of heaven,  
And earthly fingers touch the minor chords  
Of sorrow and of sympathy. In Christ  
They all vibrate in perfect unison.

The glowing sun rose o'er the eastern hills,  
And looked with sparkling joy across the lake  
Of Galilee. The twelve again had met  
At the many roomed house of John, beloved.  
Always impetuous, Peter first began,  
"Let us begin now with his ministry;  
Some of the most important points we first  
Recount." Then John replied, "If everything  
That Jesus said or did were written down

'Twould fill the world with books ; minutes to him  
Were treasure store of opportunity."

Often we look upon the flower, admire  
Its form and color, and inhale the sweet ;  
The botanist doth analyze the same,  
And knows the name and purpose of the parts,  
Calyx, corolla, stamen, pistil, stem ;  
So the disciples took the known events  
And dwelt upon their varied incidents.  
Sincere Nathaniel was next to speak.

"One healing most impressed my memory.  
That day we journeyed near my former home,  
Where lived Gemali, crippled from his birth.  
A sweeter character I never knew,  
So patient, thankful, kind ; often 'tis so,  
They who have least to enjoy, most thankful feel ;  
Souls that are sorely tried, most patient are ;  
Hearts the most needy, have the most to give.  
He was beloved of all, we neighbor boys  
Would bring our treasured toys for his delight.

His parents more in his affliction loved.  
Learning our going would be near their home,  
I gave them word. O, I can ne'er forget  
The yearning look upon Gemali's face,  
Upturned unto the Christ's; his parents, too,  
Watched every move; the waiting seemed an age;  
And tears of sympathy ran down our cheeks.  
Jesus alone stood calm, as if his heart  
Felt not the mute appeal, though afterward,  
We knew he waited for their faith to grow.  
He slowly to the helpless man drew near,  
And took him by the hand, and bade him rise.  
The thrill of life flies through those shrunken limbs  
And feet. He stands! The parents hold him up,  
He knoweth not to walk. Will sudden joy  
Make him forget? Not so! Gemali turns  
And kneeling, worships Christ in thankfulness."

Then James, addressing John, his brother, said,  
"You know our sweetest cousin Zereda,  
How she was stricken with the leprosy.

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A loving mother she, of that high type  
That is of Solomon so highly praised.  
So fair, so kind, so true.

So ardently

She loved her little family; of all  
The world, why she was smitten, tried our faith.  
I went to see our cousin afterward,  
From her own lips the painful story heard.  
She noticed first a spot upon her hand  
That would not heal, with tendency to scale.  
The dread of leprosy haunted her thoughts,  
And as a sheeted spectre in her dreams  
Would not be laid. Even to know the worst  
And be resigned would be a rest to her.  
'Go to the priest, for he alone is judge,'  
They said to her. Then she her little ones  
Would see, and clinging Love would Hope embrace;  
But Fear, at last, dragged her unwilling steps  
Unto the temple gates; then Love, again,

Called her; she started to return, and met  
The thought, am I a child of Israel,  
And disobey the law? For Moses knew  
Even my darlings might be smitten too.  
She straightway sought the priest, held out her hand,  
Intently, silently, looked into his face  
To read the earliest intelligence.  
He said, 'My daughter, it is leprosy.'  
Too stunned for tears, she turned at once to go.  
Thoughtful of home, she stayed her faltering steps,  
'Tell them where I have gone — my family,'  
She said, and drew her veil about her face,  
Passed out and down into the vale of tombs,  
And there abode. And when at evening time  
The ghostly shadows crept across the floor  
Would crouch against the wall, stony and cold  
As human sympathy. A living tomb!  
Only the still, cold, dead can rest therein!  
Hers is a living death; breathings of joy

Are passed, the ghastly form of life remains.  
O God! would there be sin to make an end?  
And she, exhausted with her sorrow, slept.  
O pitying heaven! and dreamed she was at home,  
And saw her little children at their play,  
And heard their merry prattle in their play.  
And then, through cramp and chill, the vision changed,  
Yearning, she stood outside the door concealed,  
And heard her darling little one cry out,  
'I want my mamma. Where my mamma gone?'  
Awakened by the anguish in her heart —  
The light of morning in the cavern shone —  
She, staggering, passed into the waking joy  
Without. There is a sorrow that can make  
Joy seem a mockery. She sat beside  
The food and drink was left her in the night.

'A man approaches on the narrow path!  
For I had told the loving Christ of her,  
And he had sought her at the earliest dawn.



'Unclean! Unclean! He heareth not. Unclean!  
Unclean! Unclean! He stayeth not his steps.'

She covered up her face until he pass.

'Daughter,' — heaven never heard a sweeter sound —  
'Can'st thou believe?' Dead hope was raised to life  
And led with hastening wing her faith to him.

'Yea, Lord, thou art the Christ, the Son of God.'  
'Thy faith hath made thee whole.' He took her hand  
And gently bade her rise.

And then she saw  
That swollen leprous hand, in his, grow smooth  
And soft and beautiful; and felt the thrill  
Of life pulse through her veins; her bloodshot eyes  
Grew clear and bright; her dry and parched lips  
Flushed as the petals of the dew-washed rose.

She would have hastened home, and mother love  
Would lend her wings; but kneeling at his feet,  
She looked into that countenance divine,  
Her bosom heaved with higher, sweeter love.  
And he passed on; she rose and hastened home.

Joy springs from sorrow ; heaven is over hell ;  
Our sorrows are unwelcome blessings oft.  
We hasten not to port when winds are fair ;  
He through the stress would guide the shattered bark  
Into the haven of eternal peace."

The doubting Thomas sayeth, "Why is faith  
Required? For without faith he healeth not."  
John, the beloved disciple, made reply,  
"Saving belief seemeth a mystery,  
And yet no more than other natural law.  
The healer claims to hold the power of God,  
To be the Father's representative:  
Without belief in this we cannot ask ;  
But loving faith lays hold upon this claim,  
And makes a definite and strong appeal.  
Answer is sure, or God is not supreme,  
Or loveth not, or he is not the Christ."

Bold Peter said, "When the tempestuous waves  
Were breaking o'er the ship — you know the time —





*Again we spread the sail, and dipped the oar  
In the still moonlit waters of the lake,*

The demons of the hills hurled the wild storm  
Upon the maddened sea. Through the bared masts  
Shrieked the wild terrors of that awful night.  
The rudder loosed, the useless oars were dropped,  
We hopelessly clung to the plunging ship.  
The weary Christ lay in the hold asleep.  
Fright and despair drove us at last to him,  
Crying, 'Lord, save us or we perish.' He  
Arose and calmly viewed the elements.  
To us he said, 'O ye of little faith,  
Why are ye fearful?' Then, to wind and cloud  
And water, 'Peace, be still.' There was a calm!  
Again we spread the sail, and dipped the oar  
In the still moonlit waters of the lake."

Philip, with analytic mind, spake then,  
"Jesus the Christ honored a little faith,  
As doth the husbandman his tiny seed;  
He plants and cultivates it carefully,  
Expecting growth and harvest plenteous.

Out in that desert place the multitude  
Hungered; how little did we realize  
At first, how he could multiply the loaves  
And fish, to feed a hundred companies  
Of fifty men, and have twelve baskets full  
Remain. He with almighty power *o'erleaps*  
The sowing and the gathering, the toil  
Of threshing, grinding, and the baking; so,  
The watery birth, and growth, the net, the coals;  
Creates direct the satisfying food.  
How could the little tendrils of our faith  
Take hold of this, so foreign to God's way?  
But we began to pass them out, and faith,  
As did the loaves and fishes, grew with use.

Judas, the financier, came forward then,  
And said, "This is all fine to talk about,  
But I, small thanks, who keep the treasure box,  
Know we must something more substantial have.

Sometime when he into his kingdom comes,

Some other and not I, will chosen be  
The Premier of the treasury; but know,  
To keep you all from beggary, I plan  
And save; yet Jesus will not take reward  
Of any man. That nobleman, whose son  
Was sick, was ripe for any charge was asked;  
And came himself beseeching Christ to come  
And heal his son, was lying at the point  
Of death, and Jesus put him off with talk  
Of faith. Thus far 'twas right to hold him back  
For more reward, till he with frenzy plead,  
'O, Sir, do come, before my child shall die.'  
Now was the time for me to ask of him  
A contribution to our worthy cause;  
But Jesus spoiled my opportunity  
By saying, 'Go thy way, thy son shall live.'  
So he has bread to spare, we hungry go."

Simon Zelotes earnestly replied,

"O shameless one! The nobleman believed

And all this house." Judas, unheeding,  
Went on, "Remember that centurion,  
That gentile dog, kenneled in this our land  
Given to Abraham and to his seed,  
He for a dying servant cared so much?  
How came his soldier heart so merciful?  
Ashamed to come, the Elders of the Jews,  
Subservient, he sent, beseeching him  
To hasten there before the servant died.  
Our Master never hurries, as you know.  
They urged the Roman's worthiness, 'He loves  
Our nation, built for us a synagogue.'  
Christ should have seen that he had wealth to spare.  
But he is so deliberate, we met  
Another company of friends, who said,  
Although their master had authority,  
He felt not worthy that our Lord should come  
Under his roof; but speak the word alone,  
His servant would be healed, and so it was.



Our trouble had been all for naught, our chance  
Was gone."

And then impetuous Peter said,  
"Satan, wouldst thou exchange the gift of God  
For gold? Charge an admission at the gates  
Of heaven? Know this, although all wealth is **His**,  
The standard of the realm is precious love.  
Commercial Man, our lord hath need of thee;  
Yet I beseech of thee, sell not thy soul  
For greed of gain; for in the coin of heaven  
The poorest may be rich; the richest, poor.  
Did not the Master say, he had not found  
Such faith as this, no not in Israel?  
Gentile and Jew alike receive of him.  
Better than gold he gives unto the poor.  
He heals the poor blind beggar, by the wall  
Standing all day with importuning hands.  
Imploring pity by those sightless eyes.  
Right in the midst of beauty, light, and joy,  
His life is shut in darkness absolute.

Think of the joy that comes of sudden sight!  
Would money now the treasure buy of him?"

Now John, with a poetic temperament,  
"The blessedness will not compare with that  
Light-burst of love, that shows the Father God  
In nature, revelation, and in grace.  
They have a blind, and creeping, wingless faith,  
Who ask alone for things of time and sense,  
And in the groveling and the earthly stay.  
Those others have the clear-eyed, bright-winged, faith  
That wafteth to the mysteries of God,  
In which alone is perfect happiness.  
Think you the poor, blind, deaf, demoniac —  
O pitiful! could aught be added more?  
Had not in reason greatest cause for thanks?  
Even the claim of faith was by his friends.  
After the cure I saw him lying limp.  
Some said, 'Alas! 'tis better he is dead,  
For what was life to him? But he arose,

Seeing, and hearing, rational, though dazed,  
Restored he was to this short earthly life;  
How little in comparison it was  
To that immortal reason given him.

Ambitious conquerors lead through their streets  
The fallen foe in chains, with trophies from  
Their pillaged homes and shrines.

The Son of Man,

The heir to David's throne, the Prince of Peace,  
The lion of the tribe of Judah comes,  
Joy and salvation to his people brings,  
And even love unto his enemies;  
Gives blessings to the poor, sight to the blind,  
And hearing to the deaf, strength to the lame,  
And healing to the sick, life to the dead.  
How glorious his everlasting reign!  
O ye majestic mountains bow your heads,  
O ancient hills fall down; and valleys rise;  
Prepare a way for his triumphant feet,

The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords!"

Then avaricious Judas, "King, indeed!  
They would proclaim him king, he would not so;  
Rejects all offers, wealth, or power, or fame.  
And loves the weak, the poor, and the despised.  
Would Jesus king of beggars be, forsooth?

Then James the Less, "The proclamation hear,  
'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to  
The waters, he that hath no money come;  
Yea, buy and eat; come ye, buy wine and milk.  
Like as the snow and fruitful rain come down;  
So shall the issue of My words go forth.  
Ye shall go out with joy, be led with peace;  
The mountains and the hills exult in song.  
The trees shall clap their hands, instead of thorns  
Shall come the fir, instead of briars shall come  
The myrtle tree. The name of God be praised!  
These blessed signs shall never be cut off.'  
Mark you, the precious things of God are free;

He hath no need, we nought with which to pay.  
Canst thou buy anything of God, the air,  
The glorious sunshine, or the fruitful rain,  
A tree, a flower, even a blade of grass?  
All that you have and are belong to him.  
O poor and foolish man, think you to buy  
The gifts of God that in salvation lie;  
The healing, and the love, the peace, the joy,  
Yea, heaven itself? These freely offered us,  
Are often not received.

Jesus proclaims,  
'Come unto me all ye that labor, and  
Are heavy laden, I will give you rest;  
And take my yoke upon you, learn of me;  
For I am meek, and of a lowly heart,  
And ye shall find rest unto your soul;  
My yoke is easy and my burden light.'

Then spake the greater James, brother of John,  
"Ah, that recalls the miracle at Nain.

As we were drawing near the city gate,  
A funeral cortege of the poor drew near,  
One stricken woman following the bier,  
On which the body of her son was borne.  
Grateful are mingled tears of sympathy,  
Her grief a desert, lonely, desolate.  
Of late, but one young sturdy tree remained,  
To spread his shading branches over her,  
An only stay against the storms of life.  
And as the vine with all its branches pruned  
She clung the closer to that one support;  
And he was dead. Jesus, beside the way  
In silence bowed, awaited their approach,  
Moved by the sorrow of the mother heart,  
For he would draw the monster's venomed sting,  
And wrest the victory from the ruthless grave.

He touched the bier, and they that bear it stood.  
He to the bent and weeping mother said,  
Even to her, he said, 'Weep not.' And she,

Though faintly, said — for I was standing near —  
'Art thou the Christ?' He laid the face cloth from  
The dead man's face — A vacant tenement!  
The window blinds are closed, the doors are shut,  
The empty rooms are silent, cold, and bare,  
The occupant is gone, has moved away;  
Though not so far but Christ can call him back.  
He said, 'Young man, I say to thee, arise.'  
He that was dead arose, sat on the bier.  
Quickly to her, 'Mother, receive thy son.'  
With arms about her child, trembling with joy,  
They kneel in thankfulness before the Christ.

Another time we never shall forget;  
Jairus, ruler of the synagogue,  
Fell down upon his knees, beseeching him,  
'O Jesus, come unto my house; my child,  
My only child is dying; come, O come,  
And she shall live.'

As Jesus went, some one

Amidst the throng his garment touched in faith,  
And he must stop to bid her go in peace.  
There came a message from the ruler's house,  
'Your child is dead, the Master trouble not.'  
And Jesus overhearing, said to him,  
'Fear not, only believe.' When we had come  
Into the house, all were bewailing her.  
Christ bade them cease. 'She sleeps,' he said ; they laughed  
In scorn ; too well they knew that she was dead.

The mother turned the sheeted covering ;  
We saw the lovely blossom of the home ;  
Her hair was still upon the pillow spread ;  
Except the pallor you would think she slept.  
Is dreaded death indeed so beautiful ?

As when the gardener lifteth the flower  
Out of the earth mould where it hath sprung up,  
Thinking to plant it in a sunnier spot ;  
And if the bed whence it was taken seem  
So bare, would he return it to its place ?



Not since the world began has it been so ;  
But Jesus took the white, cold hand,

‘I say

To thee, Maiden, arise.’ And she sat up,  
And Jesus bade them give her food.”

And now,

O Heavenly Muse, we cannot stop to tell  
Of everything the apostles wrote and said.  
The greatest, mightiest work Christ came to do  
On earth, until his kingdom comes, will be  
To save us from ourselves, to lift us from  
Our lower natures, give the deity  
In us complete control, “Kingdom of Heaven,”  
He said. As he was, so, God-men to be,  
We shall abide in him, and he in God,  
And God abide in us. Thus only men  
We are, true, perfect men, as was designed  
To be the outcome of the single cell  
Of life.

## BOOK VII



### ARGUMENT

Sometime during the six days in which Jesus was secluded in the cave of Zidkijah (consecration) a session of the Sanhedrin was called to consider what should be done with Jesus. The execution of their decision, although it seemed to be successful in crushing him, proved to be in line with his purpose.

The Jewish Sanhedrin, authority  
Supreme, in solemn conclave had convened;  
Around the great rotunda was reclined,  
Whose lofty dome on seven pillars stood.  
From a great brazen bowl, in apex high,  
The oil descended to the golden lamps,  
Sole light. No windows were there, and the door  
Had now been closed and barred. The Epistyle  
And frieze, the panels, and the columns shone  
With vines and pomegranates of beaten gold.  
Pictured mosaics in the floor were wrought,  
Of many scenes most pleasing to the race;  
Proud Pharaoh is by the sea o'erwhelmed,  
The ark is through the parting Jordan borne,

The walls of Jericho in ruins fall.

On an exalted throne, of seven steps,  
Sat Annas, president. Beside him rose  
Two alabaster pillars, hung about  
With golden ornaments of rich design.  
His hands rested upon two lion's heads.  
Upon his right hand sat the Abethdin,  
The Hakam, with his roll, upon his left.

A golden bell called them to stand in prayer.  
Some raised their hands, and uttered pious words,  
Some bowed their heads in deep humility;  
Often our worship is a form, or worse,  
Hypocrisy; men often are deceived,  
God never.

Then, a silver bell began  
Their session. Annas stood before the throne,  
"Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Elders of Israel,  
The Abethdin will the indictment give."  
Caiaphas, the vice president, then read,  
"Most August Sanhedrin, our solemn charge,

By many witnesses confirmed, is this —

*Jesus, the Nazarene, of peasants born,  
Declares himself to be the Son of God,  
And yet, against the holy temple speaks,  
And says he could rebuild it in three days.  
He desecrates the holy Sabbath day.  
Also derides the Lord's anointed ones.  
Persuades the people to proclaim him king.  
And with Beelzebub's deceptive arts,  
He leads the people wheresoe'er he will.  
His guilt is falsehood, treason, blasphemy."*

Annas then said, "Arise and take the oath."

The Hakam raised his hand, administered  
This oath,

"As ye shall answer to the judge  
Of all, the verdict in this case shall be  
Accordant with the law and facts set forth.

Further, what ye shall hear within these walls  
Shall never be made known to any man.

If we these pledges violate, then, we  
Will never ask for mercy on our sin."

\*Annas, with noble presence, stood the while,  
Clad in the flowing vesture of the priest.  
Beneath his mitre fell his whitened locks.  
Across his forehead the inscription read,  
"HOLINESS TO THE LORD." Upon his front  
Sparkled the jeweled breastplate of the tribes.

He said, "The door is barred, your oath is taken  
So all may speak with perfect liberty.  
Our law forbids that any be condemned  
Unheard; Jesus was cited to appear.  
Needless to say, this self appointed king  
Will not acknowledge your authority;  
Only when brought by force will he be here.  
Meanwhile our people as the stubble dry  
Await the spark; the times are perilous,  
And peace is strained — the boding lull before  
The awful storm, the dreadful interval

---

\* High priest through courtesy of Caiaphas.

Before the torch awakes the sleeping flames.  
We fear the people, also for them fear,  
Therefore enjoin the strictest secrecy.  
Nearest the front, in the most honored seat,  
Sits Rabbi Issachar, both wise and good.  
His head is whitened for the reaper's hand.  
The wisdom of experience gives us care;  
Ignorance hath opinions; learning, facts.  
Let him be first to speak."

Then, Issachar  
Stood for awhile in the expectant hush,  
And in his saintly features were expressed  
The truly pious thoughts of many years.  
He said,

"Elders of Israel, I speak  
Not to condemn, nor to acquit, but seek  
To know the truth. As Jesus is not here,  
Justice requireth candor in our words.  
First, to the proof he gives to justify  
His claim. He says, 'fulfills all prophecy.'

Searching the temple records, we have found  
He truly comes of David's royal line,  
Was born in Bethlehem, not Nazareth.  
These minor points of prophecy must be  
Fulfilled; fail in the least, you fail in all.  
And yet the certain proof is in himself,  
In word and deed and in accomplishment.  
For many sons are born in Bethlehem,  
And many too are in the royal line.  
He says with emphasis, 'The works I do  
They testify of me.' He means their power  
And wise beneficence, are attributes  
Of God, and are not of Beelzebub;  
Therefore his father is Jehovah God.

Nature is wonderful, has secrets great,  
If fully known would show the Infinite.  
The true Messiah shall be worthy found  
To wield this power that seems miraculous,  
And only given to the worthiest.  
If Jesus shows this power, I leave to you,

I argue not.

I open out my heart;  
See, it is written over with the law,  
Even the margins with the Mishna filled.  
O take the pen of truth, engrave thereon  
The one word, LOVE, and that shall cover all.  
O God, ere I go hence grant me but this,  
The expectation of the world shall come  
To teach us perfect holiness in Thee.

O Brethren! Brethren! judge not hastily,  
If this should be of man, it comes to naught,  
But if it be of God, no power in earth  
Or hell can hinder it; ye will be found  
Fighting against your God."

His words have end,  
And there is quiet, as when evening  
Prolongs the closing of the ardent day.

Then, Rabbi Simeon slowly rose, and stood  
Awhile in silent prayer. Narrow he was,





*Then, Rabbi Simeon slowly rose, and stood  
Achile in silent prayer. Narrow he was  
And angular, slim faced, with forehead peaked*



And angular, slim faced, with forehead peaked.  
His solemn piety for public gaze.  
He prays upon the corners of the streets.  
The tithes of which he boasts are tribute paid  
For widow's robbery, are orphan's tears.  
Hypocrisy, the foulest fiend of hell,  
And haggardest, had stolen the robes of heaven.

“Elders,” he said, “and Scribes, and Pharisees,”  
His words intoned with solemn drawl and cant,  
“The accusations brought against this man  
Are very serious. The Mishnah says  
Although the harvest should be overripe,  
And rain be threatening, thou shalt not reap,  
Gather, nor thresh, upon the Sabbath day.  
One holy morn I went into the fields,  
I saw the twelve disciples of this man  
Gather the heads of wheat and rub them out,  
Double infraction of the law was this.

He neither fasts nor prays. In Simon's house  
He with unwashed hands did sit at meat.

A scarlet woman of the town stole in  
And with her tears began to wash his feet,  
And wipe them with her hair; and sobbing, kissed  
And kissed them shamelessly, and with perfume  
Anointed them. (This washing he prefers.)  
And he confessed to Simon afterward,  
That she a sinner was, and then blasphemed,  
In saying that he had forgiven her sins.  
These awful and condemning facts are true,  
And many more. What need we further speak?"

Then Joseph, the directly opposite,  
Arose; a model of the wealthy man,  
Not arrogant, but kind and affable.  
He gave, expecting not return, and more  
Expressed his helpful sympathy in deeds.  
Than words; his wealth a stewardship. He had  
No artful cunning, yet prudent and wise,  
His wealth increased. The silent man, aroused,  
In his directness is most eloquent.  
He said, "Moses excused necessity,

And Jesus says the Sabbath is for man.  
Now the disciples plucked and ate the grains,  
By hunger pressed; also, occasion gave  
Their Master to explain the Sabbath true,  
The day that is by our traditions robbed  
Of God's intent.

Our brother's piety  
Is shocked because the sinful penitent  
With her uncleanness kissed those loving feet.  
Nay, nay, pollution has a deeper source,  
Even the heart; outward observances  
And washings cannot change a wrong desire.  
And shall we, by the justice of the law,  
Strike Mercy down? Murder sweet Charity?  
In this hard world is there no place for tears?  
And in this house of God can one be found  
Who dares to lift his hand to heaven and say,  
'I have not sinned in thought or word or deed?'

Impotent man, rave through thine hour of life,  
Important to thyself; but know, that God

Has purposes beyond thy reach to harm,  
His throne on mercy as on justice rests.  
Broken is he who falls upon that stone,  
And crushed to powder he on whom it falls."

Then Rabbi Ephraim was called to speak.  
A Scribe he was, and Doctor of the Law,  
Was learning proud, stickler for precedent,  
Strained at a gnat, swallowed a camel down.  
He gesturing, said,

"Law is immutable,  
Admits of no excuse, of mercy or  
Necessity. Is Jesus wise, then why  
Should he be caught in an emergency?  
Nay, nay, his claim is false or plainly shows  
A prearranged intent to violate  
The law; slight choice there is in either case.

Again, is charity to be displayed  
Alone at public feasts, her rosy cheeks  
Bedaubed with painted harlotry, and streaked  
With bawdry tears of public penitence?

Whilst he with bitter epithet condemns  
The virtuous Scribes and Pharisees, he, so  
Unlike a prophet, loves to be at feasts,  
And dresses well; of water makes good wine —  
An easy miracle, same jars were used.  
Directly I interrogated him,  
Why he and his disciples did not fast.  
Listen to his reply — and he unwed —  
‘Why should the people with the bridegroom fast?’  
Your own deductions make! This libertine  
More than a prophet claims to be, even  
The Son of God, and able to rebuild  
Our glorious temple in three days. And yet  
When we did plainly ask of him a sign,  
Would be a certain witness to his truth,  
Needless to say, he utterly refused.  
If such he is, why trudge the dusty roads,  
Poor and despised of men? The prophet says,  
His name shall be called Wonderful, the Prince  
Of Peace, the Counselor, the Mighty God.

Upon the throne of David he shall sit,  
And of his government shall be no end.

Hear ye the gospel of this Nazarene,  
'Blessed the poor, and ye that hungry are.'  
'Blessed are ye if hated by all men.'  
'Woe to the rich, and those with plenty filled.'  
'Woe to the joyous and the popular.'  
Between Isaiah and this Jesus choose."

Annas, the president, arose and said,  
"The officers are here to make report."  
And then to them, "Why brought ye not this man?"  
Officers — "Never a man spake like this man."  
The Pharisees — "Are ye also deceived?  
Have any of the rulers that ye know,  
Or any of the Pharisees believed?  
But this people who knoweth not the law  
Accursed are."

Nicodemus — "Doth our law  
Judge any man, before he has been heard?"  
Voices — "Art thou also of Galilee?"



Search ye and look, for out of Galilee  
No prophet shall arise."

Annas — "Silence!

And hear ye what the Ruler has to say.

Nicodemus — "Justice is dispassionate.  
Blindfold she holds aloft the balanced scales.  
Let us be calm, and of a reasoning mind;  
Thus may all danger be averted best.  
Nothing convinces an unwilling mind.

As Rabbi Ephraim says, God is indeed  
Unchangeable, as also are his laws,  
And yet, the selfsame law may hurt or bless,  
According to our attitude; such as  
The strict commandment of the Sabbath day.  
It may be made a time of holy calm,  
Sacred communion with the Lord our God,  
A blessed period of heaven on earth;  
Or may be fettered by the galling cords  
Of hard and overstrict observances;  
For restful peace, may give perplexity.

Now listen while I calmly say to you,  
He may be right, and all of us be wrong.  
Corruption grows with time, like mold and rust.  
As moss upon the temple stones would grow,  
So our traditions may in time have grown  
Upon the sacred text; and we must guard  
The truth, as we protect the temple walls."

Voices — "Shame! Blasphemy! Would you destroy  
The temple too?"

Nicodemus — "Now will  
I boldly speak. By your traditions ye  
Have made the law of God of none effect,  
Killing the spirit ye do mar the form.  
Think ye the priests profane the Sabbath day  
Who laboring, offer sacrifices? Think ye  
That David sinned, to eat the sacred bread?"  
And if your beast be fallen in the pit,  
Will ye not help it out upon this day?  
Hear me ye shall, and kill me if ye must,  
But I will cringe no more; be yours the shame.

One charge, and only one, we will admit,  
That is, with sinners he associates.  
Yes, like the sun doth shine on all alike,  
Sleeps in the smiling dimples of the queen,  
Kisses the unwashed beggar's grimy cheek;  
So will the Christ give light and cheer to all.  
And a Messiah who refused to help  
The weak, and cheer the sad, and raise the low,  
Would have small mission in this world of ours.

Ye charge, 'Derides the Lord's anointed,' Nay,  
If there be hypocrites, of them he speaks  
As whited sepulchres, not the sincere.  
If wolves are hiding in the woolly fleece,  
Of them he warns — no cry if none are hit.  
If such among us are, let them repent;  
For faithful are the wounds a friend inflicts,  
Traacherous, the kisses of an enemy."

Voices — "A Nazarene! A Nazarene!  
The mask is off, he is a Nazarene!"

Annas — "Is our authority defied?  
Outside, the Ruler will be prudent; here,  
He has the utmost liberty to speak."

Nicodemus — 'Proclaims himself a king.'  
And so he may, as king of Israel,  
(All who prevail with God, the meaning is.)  
So shall his throne be in Jerusalem,  
(Founded in peace.) How self opinioned, blind,  
To see, in this small, conquered province all  
The world; our city, the metropolis  
Of God. He has created of one flesh  
All nations of the earth. And we indeed  
Have been honored custodians of His truth.  
He chose our obstinate, exclusive race  
To be His treasure chest; and He will save  
It, if He can; and He will surely break  
It, if He must.

The gift of God is love;  
The gift of love is self; so Jesus gives.  
His heart and brain, his feet and hands, his time

And strength, to love's demands are sanctified;  
And unto love he would subdue the world.  
His kingdom is not bounded by or shores  
Or lines; but in the human heart and life  
He ruleth by this ever potent love.  
And everywhere and openly he says  
His kingdom is of heaven, not of this world.  
And this high realm of righteousness and peace  
Includes all kingdoms and all kings, therefore,  
There is no place for jealousy and war,  
Where love becomes the universal law.

    If he consent — ye could not otherwise —  
That ye should take this life, this show of love  
Would be complete, and give him greatest scope  
To live in every life, in wisdom, love,  
And power divine. I had an audience  
With him at night, when he had time to talk.  
He emphasized, 'Ye must be born again  
Of water and of spirit into this,  
The highest epoch of humanity;

The last great kingdom of the life; he said,  
'Kingdom of heaven.'

Go place your puny hand  
Upon the ocean, soothe its troubled waves;  
Or grasp the lightning of the thunder, and  
Rebuke the hurricane; go bid the sun  
Sleep in his ocean bed, forgetful of  
The waking dawn; expect thou not to stay  
The kingdom's sure increase."

Voices — "Treason!  
Treason! He would proclaim this Jesus, king!"

Caiaphas — "Noble Annas, bid them hear."

Annas — "Is this a rabble or a court?  
Have we not said there should be liberty?"

Caiaphas — "Hear! Most Reverend Patriarchs!

The eagle soars and gazes on the sun,  
Nor sees the serpent crawling to its nest;  
So, often are the good and great and wise  
Not practical. The learned Rabbi, whom  
We love and honor, hath ideals high;

But in his artless nature sees not craft  
In others. See the cunning in this man  
Of Nazareth; he violates the law,  
Then says, 'And am I not the lord of law?  
Who shall require the king to give account?'  
Bankrupts his slender treasury to feed  
A thankless multitude; requireth faith  
Before, not after healing; worse than all,  
He leads the discontented multitude  
With the false hope that he will be their king.  
Caesar is king! Under the Roman yoke  
Our people gall and chafe, only await  
The opportunity to cast it off.  
Then will the Romans come and take our place  
And nation from us. Wait? Why should we wait,  
Only to see the spark cast in the flax?  
Nay, let us quickly stamp the danger out.  
Wisdom is of her children justified.  
I say it is expedient that one  
Should die, rather than all the people perish.

I see the awful horrors of a siege,  
Famine so dreadful that the mother eats  
Her child; and sweeping flames devour your homes.  
I see the temple's blackened walls thrown down,  
The sacred vestures from the priests torn off,  
In the mad fury of our enemies.  
Alas! Alas! I see your loving wives,  
Your weeping daughters, and your noble sons,  
Sold into wretched slavery, scattered,  
And peeled, and torn, a by-word, and a hiss.  
Your fathers, mothers, slain before your eyes.  
Are we advised to calmly wait? and why?  
Listen! Only a high flown sentiment.  
The time is now, before the Roman bird  
Sweeps down upon us from his lofty perch."  
Caiaphas, overcome, resumed his seat;  
For he had seen a vision true; also,  
Unknowingly, had uttered prophecy.

A storm was raised, as when Euroclydon



Sweeps over the ungovernable sea ;  
For all around, the great rotunda rang  
With tumult, wild and fierce, and clamorous.  
The Hakam rang the silver bell, both loud,  
And long — of no avail ; the golden bell  
They dare not disregard. As when the waves,  
After the storm, reluctantly subside  
So did their passion drop to sullenness.

The vote was taken, alas ! alas ! alas !  
Three balls alone were white ; their meaning, LIFE ;  
And sixty-seven were black ; their meaning, DEATH.

Ended this battle waged in heaven ! 'Twas fought,  
Not with seraphic sword and spear and shield,  
Neither armed chariot and foaming steed,  
Nor yet thick arrow's dreadful canopy,  
Nor with high mountain upon mountain piled,  
Piercing the heavens, nor with archangel shout,  
Nor loud artillery belching horrid flames,  
Nor giant angels hurling wooded hills,

Nor yet the Father Deity hurling  
The blinding, crashing, rolling thunderbolt  
Upon His enemies, driving their rout,  
With hideous ruin and combustion down  
Into the blackness of despair and death.

Nay, all of this but feebly represents  
In figure, that unseen contention waged  
Of evil and of good, for mastery,  
Within the real heaven, the highest realm  
Of spirit life in man. Seeming defeat,  
Our God will turn to glorious victory.

## BOOK VIII

### ARGUMENT

Jesus, having left his disciples at Capernaum, enters in to the cave Zidkijah, (one who consecrates) and there remains for a sacred week, in preparation for his coronation and glorification.

The first Adam — man in his imperfect state — is vulnerable to temptation. The second Adam — man in his perfect state — is shown to be invulnerable.

Jesus the life, only begotten son,  
The Deus laid aside, became a man,  
A man as men are, only strong and pure,  
Like body, soul, and spirit, like desires,  
With pure emotions, thoughts, and purposes.  
And as a man was to the utmost proved;  
So, touches us in perfect sympathy,  
The grasp of love by which to lift us up,  
Into the highest realm of earthly life.

While yet this world was but in God's intent,  
He purposed this, and vivified the cell,  
The germ and potency of every life.  
Although uncounted ages shall have wrought,  
And earthly forms have birth, and growth, and death —  
Utmost duration is alike to God,

He keeps no time, eternity is His —  
At last the Christ begins immortal life,  
Developed into perfect worthiness.  
For this he enters to Zidkijah's cave,  
Before the entrance parts the curtained vines,  
And steps into the lonesome silence dim,  
Is in the Mountain's sheltering bosom held.

His earthly life has passed through every stage,  
Ties of affection have their strongest hold,  
And human interest is at its height ;  
His consecration now can be complete ;  
With understanding he can choose the way.  
A week for such a work seems all too brief ;  
And yet he is so very, very tired  
On the hard floor he first reclinés in sleep.  
Weary, so weary, not of toil alone,  
But more of blindness and of bigotry,  
Ingratitude and sordid selfishness,  
Even of those who knew and loved him most.



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Spirit, reveal the awful mystery  
Of what was felt and willed and thought and done  
Within Zidkijah's secret cave; even  
The perfect consecration of the Christ  
Unto a cruel and a shameful death.

Jesus awakened from his sleep, refreshed,  
Sat on a stone, his face bowed in his hands;  
One half-breathed word sobs from his anguished heart —  
"Mother" — of human speech the tenderest:  
As when the stricken, mournful harp gives forth  
One louder note of wail, or sighing wind  
Breaks with a cry upon the haunted night.  
Is it the trembling hand of Love herself  
That holds the bitter chalice to his lips?  
No enemy could give anguish like this,  
No other love exquisite pain like this.  
Hear his half uttered words, saddest of time,  
"I love thee! O, I love thee! Mother dear!  
Thy fainting feet press to the hill of death;

Between the mocking earth and frowning heaven  
Thine angel-promised son is hung. I see  
Thine arms, on which the crimson drops have fallen,  
Embrace the awful cross. 'Twas said, a sword  
Should "pierce thy soul" — forgotten in the joy  
Of honor promised him. And I must hold  
That sword; aye willingly must make the choice,  
Nay joyfully. I have a right to love  
As other men. Father in heaven, is not  
My life enough, and she be spared the grief?  
Could she not come to Joseph and to Thee?  
Would not the cup be full without her tears?  
Was not her heart more tender to our pain  
Than to her own? No sacrifice too great?  
Her tender touch an angel ministry?

And why should heaven require the offering?  
O thou, whose tender heart with pity bleeds,  
Is there no pity found for thee?

And then,  
As if to smother out and crush his thought,



The fondest memories of his early home  
Crowded upon his soul, the dearest spot  
Outside of heaven — though often said, inside  
Is nearer truth — Love's sacred treasury.  
He sees the picture soft and beautiful  
Behind the mellow, purple, haze of time ;  
The once familiar rooms, and bush, and tree,  
The garden path, the outlook on the hills,  
And the dear presence of his loving friends.  
Again as on a Sabbath afternoon,  
Upon the floor, beside his mother's knee,  
He looks into her sainted face, and hears  
Her read the sacred scriptures from the roll ;  
And hears her speak with rapturous joy, of what  
The angel said to her ; the joy of it  
Has borne her up through all the waiting years.  
The force of love divine is lost because  
We have denied to Jesus all the strength  
Of human love ; to know the sacrifice,  
Think of your own loved home and family.

The cave-imprisoned light began to fade ;  
Jesus must rest, and yet the day not pass  
Without the sure and certain victory.  
This admonition pressed into his mind,  
Distinctly as if uttered audibly,  
"Love's perfect offering must be entire."  
He said, "I gladly make the sacrifice."

Another dawn crept on the double gloom.  
Temptation in the angel guise of Love  
Again presents itself, as Jesus was  
Reclining on the cavern's barren floor.

In dearest memory he sees the home  
At Bethany; that Mary was as pure  
As she of Nazareth. Here loving smiles  
Of welcome ever greeted his return.  
Now, as he turned his face unto the wall,  
His finger touched the coat without a seam;  
Mary had woven it. The snowy threads  
Were like the purest fibers of her heart.

A queen, in queenliness, artlessly sweet,  
And she had chosen the better part, to be  
A golden vessel at the fount of love.

Is love unworthy in the worthiest?  
Sacred attraction of affinity,  
Is universal, transcendental too.  
And love is to be loved, is in degrees;  
Jesus loved Mary, Martha, Lazarus.  
And their secluded home was his retreat;  
When at Jerusalem, the slanting sun  
Would always see him wend his way across  
The face of Olivet. He hears again  
The pleasant voices of his friends; and they  
Must suffer by his ignominious death.  
No earthly pang can equal that we feel  
For those we love. Jesus was not above  
Temptation; conquest of the world might be  
In the destruction of his enemies,  
Not by the way of sorrow and of shame,  
The painful, slow beginning of the course

Of evolution in the highest life —  
Great sacrifice of love made doubly hard  
By love herself. Again that sentence pressed,  
“Love’s perfect offering must be entire.”  
“Father, Thy will not mine be done,” he said;  
And he had rest.

With halting steps the day  
Returns. Leaning against the rocky wall,  
With bowing head, Jesus is thinking now  
Of those whom he had chosen from the world.  
No rest for him in dream or waking thought.  
His earthly friendships all were clamoring.  
His twelve disciples who had left their all  
And followed him, believed the saying, “If  
Ye suffer, ye shall also reign with me.”  
Dominion they expected and desired.  
Most often faith is holden by desire.

The expectation and the prophecy  
Arose from every nation under heaven  
That he would be a Prince and reign on earth.

And could he hurtle them from such a height?  
From such a glory cast their dazzled eyes  
Into the utter darkness of despair?

Jesus is at the parting of the ways;  
On one is honor and authority  
And home, and love, and righteous government.  
Jerusalem the golden shall be crowned,  
And greatly Israel rejoice in him.

This way, at first, is level, smooth, and wide,  
Winding through flowery fields, embowering trees.  
No other man, if blessed with ample power,  
But would have chosen this to be the best,  
The speediest and most direct highway  
To the accomplishment of his designs.  
Jesus in wisdom sees it has no end.

That other way is narrow, rough, and steep,  
And crosses dreary mountains, misty vales.  
On it are aching wounds of piercing thorns,  
Injustice, shame, contempt, and loss of friends;  
Beside it looms the cross: the sepulchre

Is in its gloom. But, O, the joy to which  
It leads! A world redeemed to the divine!  
He said, "Father, Thy will not mine be done."

A slender beam of morn escapes the vines  
And shows the wearing lines upon his face,  
Awaking him, as loving mother's kiss.  
Thereafter, Jesus stood with folded arms,  
And in the secret wisdom of the just  
Looked through the pages of his earthly life.  
As he, begotten of the Father God,  
The Life, had through the untold ages wrought,  
Beginning at the first corporeal cell,  
The various forms of living things and man;  
So he himself was humbled to begin  
His human life at the primordial germ;  
And in the virgin womb these forms assumed,  
Until the breath of lives, a human soul  
Was given, and he was born a helpless babe.

Again divinest evolution works

And at the barest instinct doth begin,  
Grows through the early years of infancy,  
Even to childhood's happy innocence.  
Jesus the bible allegory reads,  
"Eastward in Eden was a garden set,"  
The happy orient of earthly life.  
And here, without a sin or care we spend  
The happy years; and without labor eat  
Abundant fruit; and for the plucking, grow  
The brightest flowers. Four rivers water it,  
Gihon, the stream of bounding joy, bursts forth;  
Pison, exuberant, filleth the banks;  
Hiddekel runs as swiftly as the hours;  
Euphrates floweth ever clear and bright,  
Sweet paradise of no imputed wrong!  
But in the midst the tree of knowledge grows,  
Bearing two kinds of fruit; and one is sweet  
And good for food; the other, fair to see,  
Is bitter ashes in the eater's mouth.

Adam the ruddy, Eve the mother type —  
Naked because they lost the hairy coat —  
Began to eat of the forbidden fruit;  
They knew and did, they knew and yet did not;  
And thus were driven forth into a world  
Of difficulties, thistles, thorns, and briers,  
Of sweaty toil, sorrow, and pain, and death.  
The angel conscience stands with flaming sword  
On the retreating hills of their return,  
For they have entered moral law; and here  
Begins the laboring ascent of man.

Jesus by actual experience  
Knows only good, of that alone partakes,  
And wise and strong, he is our champion,  
And from the safer Paradise expels  
The reptile tempter.

Shame-faced Morn again  
Appears; and with a deep and yearning love  
He knows the imperfections incident  
To man's development, the slow advance



Out of his low beginning in the beast,  
Whose hard and rough environment requires  
A savage cruelty, anger in man  
It hath become, the mother hag of crime  
And horrid murder, till ensanguined earth,  
Wet with a brother's blood, cries out to God.

And following, he sees that lawful war  
Is no less wicked than the midnight stab.  
Earth has no hell equals the battle field,  
Strewn with the maimed, the dying and the dead.  
And murder by the law is no less crime,  
The bloody cloak of persecution oft,  
Inventive in its cruelty. Along  
This sanguinary path he follows up  
To zeal, which in his realm will be transformed  
To ardent love, the outcome of this force.

Again he sees the lowest form of love;  
In living nature 'tis the strongest law,  
By it a cell is to a cell attached,

And every life is nurtured and produced.  
For love, the flower its tinted beauty spreads,  
With fragrant pollen woos the kindred bloom;  
For it the beasts ferociously contend,  
And man in endless turmoil stirs the world.  
The prize of beauty brings upon the race  
"Woes numberless and into hades sweeps  
The many souls of men, and leaves their limbs  
A prey to dogs and vultures."

Jesus sees  
That up from this must grow the family  
And home, even the higher range of love  
Divine.

Low down in beastly greediness  
He seeks the roots of avariciousness;  
Up from these poisonous roots groweth desire,  
On which the sweetest blossom, hope, is set.  
It strews the path of life with cheer, and grows  
The fairest on the very brink of death.

And from the bitter root of fear doth spring  
The brightest flower, and the divinest fruit  
In earth and heaven, love perfected.

He sees

The real war in heaven, contention waged  
Of good against the evil from beneath.

Up from that wild untrodden wilderness,  
The beastly nature, hordes of evil come.  
For centuries the battle has been joined.

Fabled, the gods would leave their blissful seats,  
In doubtful battle to contest the field  
With heroes; heavenly armor scarce protects  
The form divine, and god with god contends:  
But here, Omnipotence makes victory sure;  
Not anything can thwart His will, and make  
Devil of angel, driven down to hell  
To form a hideous realm opposed to heaven.

Evil is ever conquered to the good.  
Perfect the law, also unchangeable,  
Perfection altered must be for the worse;

And therefore justice is its certitude ;  
Mercy is teaching of obedience,  
Not "vengeance satisfied," nor "wrath of God  
Appeased," neither "His loving favor bought."  
Law is impartial, sequence always good,  
If disobeyed the benefit is lost —  
Eternal loss, there may be other good,  
But never this. God threatens not, but warns,  
Is ever kind, the loss is of themselves.  
Justice and mercy, law and truth are one  
With him ; vengeance and wrath only express  
The dire extreme of consequence ; though God  
Must bear the great responsibility,  
And needs must make the right prevail at last,  
Man, a free moral agent, must bear his.

Jesus looks back across the dim and long  
Forgotten ages, sees the race but young,  
And filled with wondering credulity,  
Creation's forms and forces worshipping,

In groping, wondering idolatry,  
And he, the perfect, God-begotten life,  
The highest nature of the race assumed  
To manifest the Father's attributes;  
That man, beholding, might become like him, —  
In admiration be transformed. And more,  
His blessed spirit he would give to all;  
As in the well known process of the graft,  
The scion to the native root is joined;  
So, bound by faith his nature shall be theirs.  
Or as in likeness to its father grows  
The child, so they shall grow to be like Christ.

And as the blessed Savior sees all this,  
Angel could not the yearning sympathy  
Express, crushing responsibility!  
For he alone must lift the sordid world.  
Could Atlantean shoulders bear such weight?  
The crimson blood pressed through his straining heart,  
And oozed from every bleeding pore. His soul

Cries in an agony, "O, Father God,  
If I should fail!" though hardly doubt expressed.  
Jesus had resting in this other thought,  
The past and future the Almighty holds;  
Only the narrow present can be mine.

At last the final day of days appears,  
The genesis of human character.  
Of its importance Nature gives no sign,  
Earth unastonished speeds her trackless round,  
Or turning brings the accustomed night and day.  
Nor omen in the earth or sky betrays  
The hour is born of all historic time.  
One hard and bitter throe of pain is felt,  
"I am the life, I came unto my own,  
My own receive me not, refuse to hear.  
The light, the joy, the love, they have refused,  
And heavenly love the world will not receive.  
And it is not my bitter enemies  
That wound me most, but mine indifferent friends.

And O, to see men suffer and my aid  
Reject. But ye would not! But ye would not!  
And generations still shall come and go,  
And men will struggle on with selfish aims,  
While heaven spreads all above them, unobserved.  
And must these sorrows longer follow them?  
O God, to banish faith and hope would make  
Their lives unlivable, and certain death  
Most pitiful. If these their fragile barks,  
Laden with all their precious things, go down  
In the mid ocean of eternity,  
And if the waters of oblivion  
Shall close, and leave no trace, how could the heart  
Endure bereavement? Life with fleeting joys  
Might be endured, how could eternal death?"

And Jesus stood with outstretched hands and said,  
"Father, Thy righteous will, not mine be done."  
I willingly have made thine offering;  
Yet, if I should but raise my finger, all  
Those Legions Twelve, out of the utmost heavens,

Would hurl this earth again to chaos dark.  
Though not compelled, I willingly do yield,  
And suffer Thy malignant foes to wreak  
Their dreadful cruelties; for other's guilt  
Will suffer, innocent; will placidly  
Allow the triumph of mine enemies;  
And bear the disappointment of my friends;  
Will with unworded silence be condemned  
To death; see justice murdered in her seat;  
Will wear the crown of thorns; be scourged and mocked;  
And worn and faint carry the heavy cross.  
I feel the nails crush through the quivering flesh,  
And feel the jar tear on the gaping wounds,  
And O! the agony of hanging on  
Those fevered wounds, six hours of awful pain,  
For death when most desired alone delays.  
Their mocking challenge I will then endure,  
And even then will pray, "Father forgive,  
They know not what they do." And with a cry



My heart shall break, and life is born of death.

God could not make a terrible mistake.

The final outcome of all life shall be

Commensurate; if measured by the cost

Eternity alone can measure it;

At last, my universal reign shall be

In perfect light, and love, and peace, and power,

And every knee shall bow, and tongue confess."

Now God the Father, glorified in him,

Receives the consecration of the Christ,

THE GENESIS OF PERFECT LIFE IS PASSED.

## BOOK IX

### ARGUMENT

Jesus from his consecration in Zidkijah's cave returns to Capernaum. He instructs his disciples in the knowledge of the kingdom, both before and on their journey to the mountain of transfiguration. Arriving there in the evening, he takes Peter, James and John and ascends.

Jesus emerges from the cloistered cave  
Into the free and open air of heaven,  
The mellow stillness of a Sabbath morn.  
Exalted mountains catch the ascending light.  
Green hills, and fertile vales, and checkered plains,  
Like his own spirit were in calm repose,  
After the week of wearing toil and strife.  
The plow and yoke beside the furrow rest;  
Beneath the palms the caravan reclines;  
In all the land a hallowed quiet reigns,

Accordant with his spirit's inward peace,  
In union with his father's righteous will;  
And here alone is satisfied repose.

Straightway he journeyed toward Capernaum;  
And coming there he sought, and found the twelve  
Were seated in a grove beside the sea,  
And sitting down he taught them quietly.

Although the great and pivotal event  
Of earthly history awaited him,  
He with the utmost calmness spake to them.  
Hurry implies a former negligence,  
Or fears to trust a future providence.

He said to them, "Men say, lo here, lo there;  
'I say to you, the kingdom cometh not  
With observation. Not time or place is heaven  
Or hell; but ye the one or other are.  
The Kingdom of Heaven is love; and word and deed  
Are for another's good or happiness,  
And not denied to those that do you wrong.  
Wisdom divine is also given, or love

Might be a harm ; and it is blessed peace,  
The constant, sweet serenity of joy.  
I am this Kingdom, and I come to you  
To manifest this perfect, heavenly love.

In every soul of man good seed is sown,  
And growth is everywhere the law of life.  
The faintest aspirations may arise  
To heaven ; just as the tiny mustard seed  
Grows to a plant in which the birds may lodge ;  
So may you in this blessed state improve.

And as a whole, this Kingdom shall increase  
Until the world redeemed to love divine  
Is heaven.

The leaven hidden in the meal  
The better will express the inward change,  
Even the very nature of your being ;  
I said, three measures of the meal, to show  
That body, soul and spirit are made light  
And sweet throughout."

The loving John here asked,  
"How may we know?" Jesus replied, "Ye know  
Ye are alive by consciousness, and by  
Activities; likewise, we know we love  
By the impressive consciousness, and by  
The loving words we speak, and deeds we do.

Two other parables I gave to show  
The value of the kingdom of heaven to you;  
The merchant is commended for his wise  
Resolve to sell all that he had and buy  
The precious pearl. Again, the woman felt  
Such interest seeking the coin was lost;  
How sad from the eternal life to lose  
A single joy. Uncover every mine,  
Gather the precious jewels everywhere,  
Gain all the treasures of the sea and land,  
Call every house or foot of land thine own;  
One moment of this heaven is worth them all.  
There is no outcome worthy of a life  
But heaven. The harvest of unrighteousness

Is mildew, blast, and blight. The truths of God  
Are like good seed, the souls of men the soil  
In which the seeds are sown ; and all may have  
The sunshine of His love, and dews of grace  
Alike, the soils alone are different.

Some like the trodden wayside will receive  
And on the surface hold, a prey to all  
Light winged emotions.

Some are stony ground,  
Of shallow natures, there the gospel truth  
Is happily received, and quickly starts,  
Yet under tribulation's scorching heat  
It withers soon.

Evil as well as good  
Doth grow the rankest in the richest soils,  
That often waste their capabilities  
In growing thorns and briars and useless weeds,  
That choke and smother out the useful plants ;  
So cares and worldly interests destroy  
The growth of truth, no heavenly fruit will be.

Some seeds will fall on soil prepared and good,  
Deepened by the heredity of time,  
The dry, hard paths of habit broken up,  
And by the plowshare of the spirit turned;  
And here the harvest will be bounteous,  
Although the husbandman has enemies  
That sow the tares of evil even here,  
And these he will allow to grow until  
The final garnering.

In silent worship,  
Communion of desire and love they sat;  
And Jesus prayed within his inmost soul,  
"Infinite Love, whose tenderest regard  
Is for this world, the tiniest speck in all  
Thy boundless universe; who slightest not  
The smallest part of smallest thing thereon;  
And even sent thy son as man, that he  
Might fully know man by experience;  
So that the sympathy might be complete,  
Also that man might know Thy spirit self.

The sacrifice is not alone for time,  
Or for this world, eternity shall know  
Thy love is infinite, unmerited;  
Is also given unto the unworthiest.  
In all Thy perfect will I am conformed.  
And though to manifest that love, I go  
Forward to sorrow and a cruel death,  
Thy will be done, I willingly obey."

Arising, Jesus bade them follow him.  
With even step and calmly dignified,  
He went before them on the camel road  
That winds across the quiet Sabbath hills,  
Skirting the shores of deep blue Galilee.  
The sun was overhead before they passed  
Bethsaida, and then Magdala by,  
For on the holy day their gates were closed;  
Jesus and his disciples journeyed on —  
For he was ruler of the Sabbath day —  
Until they came unto a pleasant grove,  
In which there was a well Isaac had digged;



And here they rested for their noonday meal.  
Peter descending brought up thence a jar  
Filled with refreshing water, dripping, cool.  
They spread their frugal meal of bread and fish,  
And Jesus blessed, and brake, and gave to them;  
About the gospel Kingdom the discourse  
Renewed, saying, "I am the life, the pure,  
Essential life descended out of heaven,  
From God. He that receiveth quickening  
Of me shall be refreshed, his thirst allayed  
As by this water fresh and cool; and I  
Will be in him a fountain springing up  
Unto eternal life.

I am the bread  
Of heaven, the nourishment of spirit life.  
By loving faith ye shall partake of me.  
If ye shall greatly hunger and shall thirst  
For righteousness, ye shall be filled, refreshed  
And satisfied; your consciousness shall be  
A welling vein of everlasting joy,  
A satisfied content and sustenance.

The kingdoms of the earth are one, as one  
Together rise in their development  
By slow and irresistible advance.  
All are the modified originals  
Growing in adaptation for the last  
And highest realm, where all their meaning find.  
The animal or sentient stands above  
The vegetable; here the vertebrae  
Is but the stiffer stalk or stem improved;  
The limbs are only branches moved at will,  
The lungs perform the office of the leaves,  
The alimentary organs, of the roots,  
The procreative, purpose of the bloom.

The doors of all divisions open up.  
The gospel kingdom is the rational,  
The true and natural development  
Of all below; not supernatural,  
Though from below incomprehensible.  
Above, is comprehension; and beneath,  
Is faith. I from this higher sphere have come

The great example, or the archetype,  
Kindred embodiment, that man may see  
The height to which this kingdom may extend."

And when the ever-blessed Prince of Life,  
Had spoken truly of the mind's and soul's  
Development; instinct he would have shown  
As godlike reason's crude original;  
And dim volition, that inspired the first  
Faint motion, as the basis of the will,  
To God's eternal purposes conformed,  
Able the worst temptation to resist.  
And soft impression, that the touch repeats,  
Would show to be the germ of memory.  
Shy confidence, that trusts another near,  
At last will grow into that saving faith  
That trusts the eternal future to his care;  
And winged hope first stirs the feeble will.  
The first attraction that the cells unite  
Will grow to love, that fills the highest heaven.  
All in this kingdom the fruition reach

Of every early and imperfect state  
Is incident to its development.

“How difficult it is to speak to you  
Of heavenly things, who hardly understand  
Material images and parables.  
Ye truly think yourselves above the low  
Idolater, whose undeveloped mind  
Requires the tangible; ye, too, must have  
The temple with its symbols and its rites,  
And ye must worship, pray in metaphor.  
Ye think of God and heaven as earthly forms;  
And yet the time is coming, and shall be,  
When purest spirit shall be tangible,  
And love and truth shall be most literal.”

Philip, who had much learning, said to him,  
“Master, how can we fully comprehend,  
When language fails? You teach our lips to say  
‘OUR FATHER,’ and you also speak of ‘HIM.’  
The highest word ‘ELOHIM’ is the thought

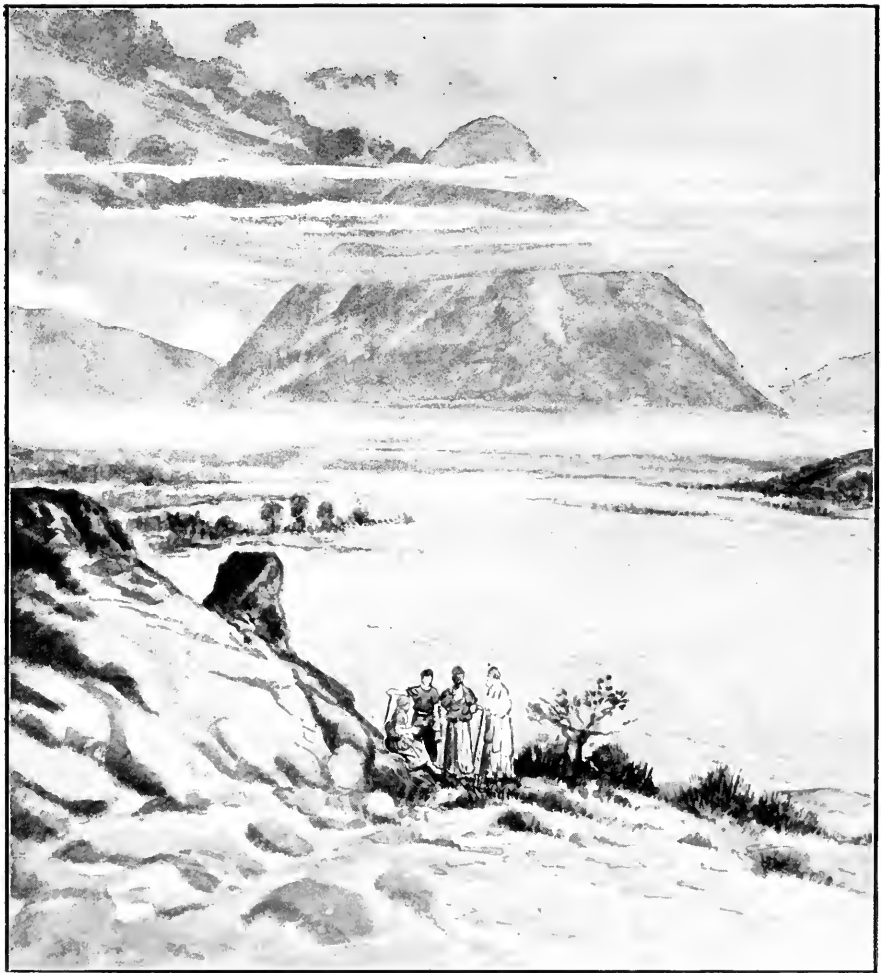
Of our extended selves; and 'HEAVEN' means  
A better earth above the sun and stars;  
'ANGELS' are winged embodiments of men."

Jesus replied, "I censure not, the state  
Of man's development will not permit.  
Even idolatry is natural,  
As the expression of the lowest mind.  
The lower forms of the material life  
Remain long after higher forms appear:  
So shall the grosser thoughts of life endure,  
Until the engrossing flesh is laid aside.  
Know ye, that God is spirit infinite,  
And by the spirit we must worship Him,  
Such worship only most acceptable."  
And then the Master plainly said to them,  
"This kingdom, as the treasure in the field  
For which a man sold all he had and bought,  
Is priceless; or is like the goodly pearl,  
Worth more than all the merchantman possessed.  
In it the value of the world is found;

For it the Father gave this earth a place,  
And swung it in the wide celestial fields ;  
And every moment of its history  
Finds an accented meaning in this realm ;  
From it all other values are derived.  
So shall the son of man, with all his saints,  
Come in the clouds of heaven, and shall receive  
The earth, his bride, so beautifully adorned  
That heaven shall ring with shout and glad acclaim.  
For you shall reign in me, and I in you,  
Not in a mystic sense, but actual,  
And with a real, true authority.  
For knowledge and invention shall proceed,  
Under the teaching of benevolence,  
Until the laws of nature understood,  
Even the human spirit known so well,  
Ye shall be able to control yourselves,  
And also govern your environment.  
So shall ye reign as kings and priests of God."

After long silence Jesus prayed aloud,





*On the extreme rose Tabor's sacred mount.*



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“Father, for them I sanctify myself,  
That they be also sanctified with truth.  
Neither pray I for these alone, I pray  
For all who through their word believe in me,  
That they may all be one indeed, as Thou  
O Father, art in me, and I in Thee,  
And that they also may be one in us;  
To the intent that all the world believe  
That Thou hast sent me, and the glory given  
To them shall make them one, as we are one.  
And I will be in them, and Thou in me;  
So that they all are perfected in us;  
For Thou hast loved them, even as me.  
Father, I will that them Thou givest me  
Be with me where I am; that they behold  
The glory Thou hast given me. Thy love  
I had ere the foundation of the world.  
O Righteous Father, glorify Thy son,  
That he may also glorify Thy name;  
As Thou hast given him power over all flesh,

That he should give eternal life to those  
Whom Thou hast given him; and this is life  
Eternal, that they know Thee as the true  
And living God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou  
Hast sent. I glorify Thee on the earth;  
And now, O Father, glorify Thou me  
With Thine own self, the glory that I had  
Before the world was made. Hallowed Thy name!  
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth,  
As in the heavens. Amen.”

And they awhile  
In thoughtful and respectful silence sat.  
Then Jesus, rising, said, “The time draws near,  
Let us go hence.” Coming into the way,  
He went as he would go to Nazareth.  
They followed him, though greatly questioning,  
What could it mean? And on the Sabbath day?  
Why go to Nazareth? Had he not preached,  
And in their synagogue had made the claim  
That ancient prophecy was now fulfilled?

Had not familiar friends rejected him,  
And tried to cast him from the precipice?  
Did they not know himself and family?  
Acquaintance made his glory blasphemy,  
Would he go thither to destroy the town?

Jesus turned south. Is it Jerusalem?  
Their hearts leaped at the thought! Will he be king?  
In David's city crowned? Something they knew  
Important was ahead of them.

At last,  
Fertile Esdraclon's plain before them spread.  
On the extreme rose Tabor's sacred mount,  
High and apart; its purple outline pierced  
The distant azure. What the Master saw,  
The vision uninspired may not behold.  
Above this mountain, honored most of earth,  
Spirits are coming from all time and space,  
From far celestial fields have sped their flight,  
And mighty Cherubim and Seraphim,  
Those Legions Twelve of mighty guardian hosts,

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Also the sevenfold spirits of the race,  
And all that to Love's coronation come.

But the disciples saw only the mount.  
They wondering waited the developments.  
Nor would they be surprised if he should bid  
The setting sun to stay his downward course,  
Or check the rising moon; expectancy  
Was at its height. The look upon his face  
Was seen that day on leaving Jordan's ford,  
Baptized with water, now to be with fire.  
The Christ descended to the twilight plain.  
At last great Tabor's shadow they have reached.  
Upon the twelve there came a strange, wierd fear,  
They felt the unseen spirit's influence.

Jesus chose only Peter, James, and John,  
To further go, but would assure the nine;  
Awhile, remained to give the parting word.  
He never lacked for time, had aught to spare.

“Abide ye here, we to the mountain top

Ascend, and will return to you at morn.

The mission of our going hath concern  
Hereafter; the world cannot receive it now,  
In many centuries it may. Some one  
Unheralded and humble may arise  
On whom the spirit shall be poured, to give  
True meaning to these hidden mysteries.

These three can witness to the simple facts."  
Turning to Peter, James, and John, he said,  
"Follow thou me."

Already night had cast  
Her darkening shadows on the mountain path  
Up which the Master and the three ascend.  
Silent and wondering they follow him,  
Watching at every turn his mystic form.

The Master, by the spirit led, ascends  
The tortuous way; and neither hastens he,  
Nor hesitates, unmoved, with mind serene,  
He goeth to receive the crown of crowns,  
God-given to men.

## BOOK X



### ARGUMENT

Jesus and the disciples, Peter, James, and John, having ascended the mountain, the eyes of the three were opened to see the glorious assemblage awaiting him; they hear the universal encomium of the perfect man. After the placing of the Legion Guard, Moses and Elijah talk with him about his decease at Jerusalem; then they all advance along the way that the reverential spirits have opened for them to a central court formed of glorified spirits, where Jesus, as the perfect embodiment of the perfected life, is acknowledged and crowned of heaven.

Spirit, the open vision give, to see  
The awful glories and the mysteries  
Are in the crowning of the Son of Man.  
Jesus, the Christ, stood on the mountain top;  
The three were humbly kneeling at his feet;  
They only saw the deep blue heaven of stars;  
They felt a trembling awe, but knew not why.

Jesus above them leaned, he touched their eyes.  
Glory supreme! Glory ineffable!  
The mountain and the heavens are all ablaze  
With forms of living light!



*Behold! Behold the Man!*





“The Christ! The Christ!”

And all the Sons of God assembled there  
Shouted for joy, “Behold! Behold the man!”  
Earth in her singing orbit also joined  
In unison, and all the shining stars  
Together sang in blissful harmony,  
And the Cherubic voice amidst the throne  
Uttered the glory of the perfect man.

“Behold the Life, completed and complete!  
He is the altogether lovely one;  
Bright as the sun, fair as the full-faced moon,  
Perfect in feature and in form he stands.  
In his pure lips the breath of early morn,  
From his anointed locks fragrance exhales —  
Beauty’s extreme. So full of grace and truth,  
Well pleasing unto God, angels admire.  
And saints adore. Complete in body, soul,  
And spirit, honored son of God Most High,  
Alpha, Omega, of the world’s design,

He is the glory of creation's week.

That life in the beginning was with God,  
Was God; for him, by him, the world was made.

For life is power, life is intelligence;

He is the outcome of that energy,

Perfect in him, in others manifest.

Now this conception is expressed of God

In human flesh, to dwell with men.

Know ye

That wisdom is unknown to ignorance,

Neither can death know any thing of life,

Spirit of spirit only is discerned.

Like unto like can only be declared;

So God, in man, must be made manifest;

Men also shall become the Sons of God,

Beholding the invisible; seeing,

By spirit light, supernal radiance.

The ardor of that blaze unbearable,

Filling the heavens above the mountain top,

Reveals him in his native element.  
Reason is highest intuition here,  
And prescience like to God's, who reasons not,  
But knows entire; therefore he cannot have  
False premises, neither conclusions warped  
By wrong desires, but knows as he is known."

And all the Sons of God assembled there  
Shouted for joy, "Behold! Behold the Man!"  
Earth also in her singing orbit joined  
In unison, and all the shining stars  
Together sang in blissful harmony,  
And the Cherubic voice amidst the throne  
Uttered the glory of the perfect Man,  
"Behold the Man! Strong, stalwart son of God!  
He conquers all disease, all sorrows flee,  
He overcometh every evil thing,  
Or fault or wrong that in man's nature works,  
And even Death and Hell he binds in chains.  
This perfect man is with all knowledge filled —

Forbidden once; the secrets of the Lord  
Are his; for he shall rule in righteousness,  
Entrusted with the awful power of God,  
Whose laws are written in his mind and heart.  
Not princely, but he is a prince indeed;  
He with the Sovran ruler is conjoined  
Ruling in atoms and immensity."

And all the Sons of God assembled there,  
Shouted aloud for joy, "Behold the Man!"  
Earth in her singing orbit also joined  
In unison, and all the shining stars  
Together sang in blissful harmony,  
And the Cherubic voice amidst the throne  
Uttered the glory of the perfect Man,

"Behold the Man! He paradise restores,  
Even sweet childhood's Eden innocence;  
Rivers delightful running fresh and full  
Water the pleasant garden of the soul,  
And falls thereon refreshing dew of grace,

Warmed by the sunshine of the Father's love.  
On every tree groweth delightful fruit,  
The tree of knowledge most inviting bears.  
The tender dove nesteth among the branches;  
The peaceful lamb grazeth among the lilies;  
The lion also feedeth on the grass;  
The serpent and the child together play;  
Nothing shall harm in all that holy place,  
There is no guile in all that loving nature.  
Behold the Man! The infinite design,  
The perfect pattern of a finished race.  
Before the rock foundations of the earth  
Were laid, he was the offered innocence,  
He was the motive in creation's work."

And the admiring throng assembled there  
Ascribeth glory, majesty, and might.

Now did the reverent multitude divide  
And leave before his feet a dazzling way  
Across the mount, and into starry space,

Like as the sun, looking between the clouds,  
Maketh to earth a slanting path of light.  
And in that throng were highest Cherubim,  
And Seraphim, and principalities,  
And powers, archangel ministers of God,  
Immortal legions from the provinces  
Of heaven, and many spirits of the earth.

Out of these blazing walls as sparks from flames  
Came forth the leaders of the Legions Twelve,  
Advancing two and two, attention stand.  
With dreadful fear the solid mountain shakes.

Elrischa means the blessedness of God,  
Almaac represents the beautiful,  
And brilliant Sirius is His watchfulness,  
Unuk declares unending amplitude,  
The glorious Rigel His magnificence,  
The swift Altair the execution shows,  
Sweet Vegael harmonious purposes,  
Great Zubbenel the justice of His laws,  
The giant Menkar is immensity,

And happy Arided, the joy of God,  
Michael and Mishael, the eternity,  
All these are at the perfect Man's command.

And then were other two, spirits earth-born,  
Came straightway down that avenue of light,  
As honored most of all the race of men.  
Permitted they to talk with him even  
As unto God. One represented law ;  
One, prophecy. And Moses calmly walked,  
Elijah with the ardent zeal of fire.  
They stand! Amazed to see a perfect Man!  
They kneel, though little men esteem him not ;  
Virtue unto itself is only known.  
The Son of Man, whose prescience was divine,  
Knew Moses and Elijah, said to them,

“The last and greatest covenant will have  
The witness of the old, nor jot of law  
Shall pass until they all shall be fulfilled.  
Moses, thy God upon Mount Sinai,

The angel of the ancient covenant,  
Gave unto thee the ceremonial laws,  
They have their meaning in the kingdom new;  
Gave thee the tables of the moral law,  
Foundation of the perfect law of love;  
And gave to thee the tabernacle plan,  
That was the pattern of the greater house,  
Not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Elijah, thou, peering through mist of years,  
Rejoiced to see the dawning of this day.  
And thou didst call with fiery energy  
Thy people to repentance, entrance door  
Into the last and highest realm of man,  
Wherein to-day his nature shall be crowned."

And here the Savior ceased, and they entranced  
Still heard the heavenly music of his voice.

Moses as first addressed, was first to speak,  
"O thou, Great Prince of Life, the Life of lives,  
A **type** of thee was Abel's sacrifice;  
After, in all religions, as in ours,



Is the blood offering, as made by fire ;  
Unknown to angels is the mystery.  
Nor yet would I presume to speak of this,  
Did not the Holy Spirit move me thus."

Elijah's eyes were fixed, as long ago,  
His fiery spirit was in vision rapt,  
As tensely bent, beneath his shading palm,  
He peered into the awful mysteries.

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! I see  
Thy double sacrifice, offered at once ;  
The Paschal lamb is by the altar killed,  
The Lamb of God is slain outside thy gates.  
Outside? Outside thy gates? Thou hast no part?  
Alas, his blood is on thee as thou saidst!

I see that broken form which thou hast marred,  
Those hands, so bruised and torn with cruel nails,  
Are pleadingly outstretched to all the earth.  
And on that aching brow a crown of thorns,  
Those golden locks, clotted with precious blood,

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Those shoulders, gashed by the inhuman scourge,  
Those agonizing eyes, appeal to heaven.  
O hear that pleading, anguished cry for help!  
'Eloi! Eloi! Lama Sabachthani?'  
Above the din I hear the mocking cries,  
'Others he saved, he cannot save himself.'  
'Now let the king of Israel descend.'  
'Here, let him drink this vinegar and gall.'  
'Let be, and see whether Elias comes.'  
'Come, help thyself and then we will believe.'  
And from the nearby crosses comes the wail,  
'If thou be Christ, O save thyself and us.'  
Dim is the halo of the stricken brow  
In the Egyptian blackness of that gloom.  
Well might the heavens refuse to look upon  
A scene like this. And now the frightened earth  
Trembles as with a dreadful earthquake chill,  
'Rending the temple veil, bursting the graves,  
Whose ghostly spirits shudder in the gloom.  
O hear! A loud, heart-breaking cry to heaven!

'Father, to Thee my spirit I commend.'

Thy head doth forward fall, and thou art dead,  
And so is faith and hope; but love still lives  
To mock thy followers."

Jesus serene

And undisturbed waited unto the end,  
Then in a quiet voice uttered these words,  
To Moses said, "Thy thoughtful words are true;  
For all the blood offered in sacrifice  
Doth represent the perfect life in me,  
As given to man: the life is in the blood.  
In man the animal shall be subdued,  
To spirit life be made subservient."

Then to Elijah said, "As anciently,  
Thy lips are touched with living coals of fire.  
I know the portion of the Son of Man  
In the New Covenant, Testament in Blood.  
On him the mighty labor has been laid  
To lift the ascending human race into  
The highest realm. The sorrows he endures

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Are such as would be man's eternally,  
Should he remain in his imperfect state.  
These must I feel to fully sympathize;  
My love is perfected through suffering;  
And God in me and I in them is made  
Unbroken circuit of a perfect love.  
These woes I for the race of men endure,  
Not to 'propitiate the wrath of God,'  
Neither 'avenging justice' to avert,  
Nor yet 'eternal retribution' stay;  
But out of necessary consequence  
To lift the struggling race.

'Anger and wrath,'

'Vengeance and fury,' spoken of our God,—  
Monstrous if literal — to barbarous minds  
And ignorant, express the strenuous  
Intent of law against the ill, and for  
The good. Our Father and our God is love;  
Love only can awaken other love,  
Her torch from her own flame always alight.

No offering can be to love but self ;  
Therefore I freely give myself to love,  
A willing offering."

When Jesus ceased,  
A wondering silence reigned throughout the hosts,  
Then, he began again in words like these,

"It is expedient that I should go,  
Only a little while must I remain  
Bound in the narrow limits of the flesh.  
But in the Omnipresent Spirit's power  
Must soon abide in every heart and life,  
And make this love omnipotent to save."

Moses in meekness said, "Savior, we know  
The sacrificial law requires the lamb  
Perfect to be, no spot or blemish found  
Thereon; nor yet the sprinkled blood can make  
Perfect the comers thereunto; thy blood  
Sprinkling our evil consciences doth make  
Us clean indeed."

Then Jesus answereth,

“A three-fold type is the blood offering,  
Meaning divinest mercy, grace, and truth,  
And signifies a strict obedience ;  
For not the least of blessedness will God  
Deny to those who now obey His law.  
Transgression always has its consequence ;  
Nevertheless present obedience  
Hath full reward ; no vengeance is in love,  
And mercy is divinely infinite.”

Elijah now a brighter vision saw,  
And said, “I see ! Thy limp and pallid form  
By loving hands is taken from the cross,  
Washed and enbalmed, wrapped in its cerements,  
Laid in an unused sepulchre near by,  
A heavy stone is rolled against the door,  
The stone is sealed and Roman soldiers watch,  
Who never sleep on guard ; they watch the night,  
And through the Sabbath day, and it is night ;  
And death and hell hath seeming victory.  
The dawn ! The dawn ! nay, nay, two angels bright

Burst through the crystal firmament ; now they  
Descend and roll the heavy stone away ;  
Before their power the soldiers deathlike fall.

See! See! Who comes unbending from the tomb?  
The Christ! The Christ is risen! No other lay  
Therein. I peer into the empty tomb,  
The folded grave clothes and the napkin lie.  
The sublimated body of the Christ —  
Mine was by sweeping chariot of fire —  
Is spiritized, ethereal essence now,  
And of the universal medium ;  
So has the freedom of the universe,  
The omnipresence of creation's Lord.  
He to his heavenly Father has returned,  
Who dwelleth everywhere, and so can be  
In every loving soul, wherever found.  
At death, in person he the spirit greets,  
Welcomes into his paradise of joy  
And peace forevermore. This power divine  
Is given him without restraint, even

To glorify himself and all of his.”

Then Jesus said, so that the many heard,  
“I am the resurrection and the life;  
He that believeth in me, though he were dead,  
Yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth  
And believeth in me shall never die.”

Moses the great and stern, but meek and good,  
To Jesus said, “Behold the wonderful  
Resources of our God; to guard against  
Intrusion He has called from distant spheres  
Legions of angels; called as witnesses  
Spirits of men of every age and clime,  
Two of the ancient covenant of law  
And prophecy, and these three in the flesh.  
All are to seal this Testament of Love,  
Giving to man his great inheritance.  
AND THIS NEW COVENANT YOU FREELY MAKE?”

Jesus with quiet voice replied,  
“I Do.”

Redeemed! Redeemed! The World Has Been Redeemed!



Approving light flashed through the waiting hosts,  
The earth, and heavens with dazzling glory blazed,  
Their distant lights extinguished in that flame.  
In the sixth nature of our being spread  
The wide extent, from world to distant world  
The glorious gospel flew, and widening  
Forever through eternal space and time,  
Pulses anew the living light of love.  
For at this place and time was made complete  
The final sacrifice, done in consent.  
From his imperfect nature man is saved,  
Unto creation's glory is redeemed.  
And that which follows in the after days  
Is but fulfillment of this covenant.

“Loving Omnipotence” — our language fails —  
We have such words as God, and Thou, and He,  
Misnaming the unnameable. No thought  
Can comprehend the incomprehensible;  
And yet Thy offered grace reveals to us  
Thy nature, which we Abba Father call.

O Angel One, now touch my mortal lips  
With fire, that I may but a little tell  
Of truth.

JESUS, exponent of this love,  
In triumph walked along that shining way,  
At either hand the prophet and the seer,  
The three honored disciples following ;  
The twelve great leaders of the legions made  
An escort worthy. Ever as they pass  
Along that glittering avenue the glow  
Of joy increased of spirits reverent ;  
Erect, intent, the watchful angels stood,  
That nothing interfere ; the Son of Man  
Must be entirely free.

And now, behold,  
Over the center of that mountain stands  
A great rotunda made of spirit forms ;  
Pillared around that circle stood the twelve,  
Backed by the serried ranks of heaven ; and those  
Most honored formed a firmament above,

Alive with glint of wings, and trailing robes,  
And flash of crowns, and joy of waving palms.  
Exalted in that dome's meridian  
Was set the crown of heaven; each jewel gave  
Its primal color to the perfect rays.  
And every priceless gem set in that crown  
Exceeds the glory of ten thousand suns,  
On which no human eye at all might look.

But Jesus underneath that diadem  
Received the glory of its heavenly light.  
His face outshone the dazzling noonday sun,  
His raiment was so glistening white and pure  
No Fuller on the earth could whiten it;  
His hair was whiter than the sun-bright snow.  
The three were mortal could not look on him,  
A misty cloud of light came over them,  
They saw him in this tempering radiance,  
And gazing on him feared to see their Lord;  
And startled heard a voice as from the cloud,  
Saying, "This is my well beloved Son,

Hear him." They see him kneeling, hands upraised  
In prayer, though not in supplication now,  
But in communion with the Father God  
In thanks and praise that he was worthy found.  
Silence for half an hour there was in heaven;  
For Man was lifted to the seventh sphere,  
Even into the godlike nature raised.

Then was the sound of many voices heard  
As ocean's waves resounding on the shore,  
Or as the jarring thunder of the heavens,  
And saying, "Alleluia! Honor, power,  
Are given to Man, and every living thing  
In heaven and earth and underneath the earth,  
Or in the sea, are glorified in him.  
Salvation, riches, blessing, glory, give  
To him that sitteth on the eternal throne,  
The Innocent, forevermore. AMEN!"

And the sixth nature of our being thrilled  
The message out, from sphere to distant sphere.  
Swifter than thought, answer of joy returns,

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“The Infinite will raise less than a worm” —  
The meaning literal — “to share his power,  
Wisdom and love.” What knowledge else could fill  
The universe with rapture like to this?  
To love the lovely is an easy thing,  
As holy Cherubim and Seraphim,  
But only God could love unto Himself  
Such as the life began, making them sons  
Like to the blessed Son of Man, who kneels  
In light and joy and love ineffable.

# BOOK XI



## ARGUMENT

Overcome by the glories of the TRANSFIGURATION, Peter, James, and John fall into inspired trances or prophetic dreams; are "heavy with sleep," the record says. Their visions are of the future of the kingdom of heaven. Peter sees its development in the church, James in that of government, John in general human accomplishment. Those of Peter and James are given in this book.

The eyes of those who yet were mortal, dazed  
And spent, could gaze no more on him so loved.  
And still the glory of his presence beat  
Upon their eyelids closed, so that they fain  
Would hide their faces in the shading earth.  
Heavy and overcome with sleep, they dreamed  
Visions inspired of what would come to pass,  
The final evolution of the race,  
The Christ TRANSFIGURED in its history.

Now Peter, who thereafter was to hold  
The triple golden keys, of faith, of love,  
And of confession, to the spiritual doors  
Of the true church, in raptured vision saw  
That did beseech to be himself, with others,

Assembled in an upper room, devout  
In prayer and praise; the Master too was there,  
Though of the world unseen; he also sees  
Great cloven tongues of fire descend on each,  
Enduing them to preach the word with power.  
The spirit fire has melted them with love  
Into one spirit, purpose, and desire.  
By this new nature all are unified  
To do in love the perfect will of God.

In this he knows the infant church is born,  
Accordant with the earnest prayer of Christ.

He notes the city streets below are thronged  
With the devout of every land and tongue,  
That to the yearly Passover have come.  
He marks the spirit-filled descend to preach  
The crucified and risen Christ to them.  
Himself, as though another, leads the way,  
And fearlessly before his enemies  
Proclaims the power of the Christ to save.  
Jesus is ever standing by his side,

Is by three thousand souls this day received.  
And even they that crucified him quail  
Before his presence ; vainly they had thought  
The Nazarene no more would trouble them.  
Now, risen from the sepulchre he works  
In mighty power, the Spirit witnessing  
In demonstration of his truth.

Again,

The first disciple, in his vision saw  
The early church assembled, worshipping  
With prayer and song and glad experience,  
The loving Jesus also in their midst.  
They are not gowned, but dressed in common garb.  
The secret room is plain and unadorned.  
In breaking bread, and reading from the word,  
And works of charity, all are employed.  
And each, as by the Holy Ghost ordained,  
Does what he can ; the greatest he who serves.  
In honor each the other doth prefer.  
Their every action, by the spirit moved,



Is in its demonstration and with power.  
Their worship and their fellowship is in  
Simplicity and faith and earnestness,  
Equality and liberty and love.  
Riches of Christ they more esteem than gold,  
Or friends, or honor, yea than life itself.  
He sees for Christ they joyfully receive  
The spoiling of their goods, and suffering  
Do covet, even martyrdom. Of such  
As these he sees the Apostolic Church,  
A little flock, go forth among fierce wolves.  
The shepherd gives them care as they have need.  
He sees them scattered by the bloody fangs  
Of persecution into other lands,  
Across the distant mountains and the seas  
Bearing the light; one life illumined, lights  
Another life, and ever widening thus,  
The bright Evangel is to fill the earth.

Jesus, the matchless preacher, goes with them,  
As everywhere they go preaching the word,

Upon the streets, in highways and in byways,  
In the homes, not in obtrusiveness,  
But seeking for the opportunity,  
To many in the synagogue, or on  
The river's bank, or join themselves to one  
Upon the desert road, in caves and dens,  
Deserted pits, and gruesome catacombs,  
In dungeons dark, in favor or in chains,  
Or slain with sword, or torn with hungry beasts,  
Or sawn asunder, tortured on the rack,  
Or in the flames, or on the awful cross ;  
Always rejoicing they are worthy found  
To wear the martyr's crown.

And O, what zeal,  
What courage, patience, hope, and charity,  
Is by the Holy Ghost inspired in them !

He sees the persecutor stricken down,  
As toward Damascus he is journeying,  
Seeking the murder of the innocent.  
To him, blind and astonished, Jesus calls ;

And he becomes a light, a blazing torch,  
To light the darkness of the gentile world.

He saw, in farthest lands, churches arise,  
To which the people on the first day come,  
New Sabbath Day, to hear this gospel preached.  
On sacred desk is laid the word of God;  
Here is the altar sanctified with prayer  
And praise and song; here Christ in spirit meets  
The humble worshipper; here kneeling humbly  
Souls are into the kingdom born anew,  
Of light and love and peace and joy.

And now

The sleeper's spirit leaps to see that Rome,  
The proud and cruel conqueror of the world,  
Is conquered by this overmastering love.  
On spire and dome the gilded crosses rise;  
Pagan idolatry is overcome;  
The humble man of Nazareth, despised,  
Rejected, crucified, from Jupiter  
Wrenches the golden sceptre of the heavens,

And all the gods and goddesses dethrones.  
His virgin mother sits in Juno's seat.  
Neither cloudcapped Olympus, thundering,  
Longer remains the heaven of the gods.  
Old Neptune from his pearl-lined car is hurled,  
No more his trident rules the watery depths.  
From Pluto, grim, inexorable, the keys  
Are wrested by the enemy of death.  
Nor dreaded Cerberus affrighting barks,  
Guarding the awful gates of hell; Jesus  
With torch of love illumines its horrid shades.

    The Naiades and Dryades have fled,  
Leaving their sylvan haunts of vale and stream;  
    The Nereides forsake their coral caves;  
The Oreads no more of Ida called;  
Lares, Penates, flee the hospitable hearth;  
Lemures, Furies, Gorgons, Hydras dire,  
No more the superstitious mind affrights.  
All of these vain imaginings relax  
Their hold upon the thought and life of men.

These visions of the great disciple passed  
In leaps of centuries, the periods  
Of evolution in religious thought.  
No more the altar smoke ascends to heaven  
From grove or hilltop or from costly shrine;  
One perfect sacrifice is now for all.

Alas, he sees success has perils great,  
For what is precious will the robber tempt.  
Now Pride and Selfishness, Intolerance,  
And Pomp and Show, and Worldly Influence,  
And Wealth and Power, seize and usurp the church.

Nor is he wholly pleased to see the change,  
When heathen mummeries and ritual  
Are grafted onto Christianity.  
Magnificent cathedrals imitate  
The pagan temples, with buttressed walls and high,  
Ornate with spire and parapet and dome,  
Gable and battlement, and pinnacle  
With gilded cross, and figured cornice rich,  
And golden architrave, and ornate frieze,

Great transept choir and nave, high galleries,  
Arched ceiling, columned aisles, alcove and niche,  
Dim cloistered crypt, chancel and gilded rail,  
And golden altar with its crucifix,  
And lighted candles set in candlesticks  
Of gold. He sees the gowned processional  
Of mitred Prelates bear the honored cross,  
And golden censers of sweet incense swing.  
He hears the solemn chant of vested choir,  
And deep-toned thunder of the organ pipes.  
Strange contrast to the first simplicity!

Yet the Apostle grieved not overmuch,  
To see this pride of pageantry and form —  
Worship by images, making the eye  
An aid to thought. The purposes of God  
Are served, as in idolatry before,  
That worshipped attributes — rough scaffolding  
To build the temple true and beautiful.

Then the disciple saw in every land  
Plain meeting houses rise. Here many come

For worship, only by the spirit moved,  
Again the earliest simplicity.  
And everywhere the watchman loud proclaims,  
"The just shall live by faith." "The Holy Ghost  
Shall give the witness to his saints."

And yet,

After the many centuries have passed,  
He notes the perfect life is far away.  
The shadows of the past obscure the light,  
And superstitious dogmas, narrow creeds  
Fetter and cramp the souls of men, as yet  
Not capable to follow of themselves  
The perfect light of truth, but wandering,  
Would license make of liberty. Also  
He hears them speak and sing and pray in slow  
Comparisons, or light winged metaphor,  
The vital truth obscured by imagery:  
And yet their low development requires  
This aid. The advancing Christian world is like  
A traveller benighted, on his staff

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He leans, until the morning clears his path.

With rapt astonishment the sleeper notes  
The gradual progress of religious life;  
How every thing on the ascending way,  
Pleasant, or seeming adverse, helps to rise;  
Beginning at the cross, where love is born  
To love divine; passing the open door  
Of that new sepulchre, is met the joy  
Of heaven; standing beneath the outstretched hands  
Of the ascending Lord, his blessed peace  
Is given; and by the Holy Spirit's gift  
Is faith; and dreadful persecution gives  
Courage and fortitude, longsuffering  
And patience; also labors arduous  
Harden the sinews of their spirit strength;  
Display and ceremony, symbols, rites,  
Increase their reverence, attention gain;  
So that by reformation's torch they may  
With true devotion seek the hidden truths.  
Now in his sleep he cries aloud, "I see!



Worship will be in feeling and in thought,  
Not superstitious awe of mystery,  
Nor nothing knowing, neither everything,  
Yet faith needs not to be irrational.  
The soul shall find eternal ecstasy  
In adding treasures to its wealth of truth,  
For love is infinite, and God is love,  
And man receives from the eternal source  
Full mete of his enlarged capacity.  
This is the ecumenical decree  
All will accept. For now the human soul  
Becomes the temple beautiful and grand.  
Upon her golden altar purest rites  
Of love are ministered." And here he sees  
Jesus in his transfigured glory come:  
And all the clouds of heaven are glowing saints.  
Then with ecstatic joy the sleeper cried,  
Amen! Amen! Amen!

\* \* \* \* \*

James, the disciple lying nearest, saw,  
Also in panoramic vision, scenes  
Of future progress in the governments,  
Where earthly kingdoms, as the many waves  
Upon the mobile ocean, rise and fall;  
Ever in that ascending tide the ebb  
Is more than overcome.

His dream began,  
A troubled sleep of horror and affright,  
Blackness of darkness shut him in, except  
The faintest halo of a figure strove  
Against the midnight gloom, hanging it seemed  
Upon a cross.

“O Master! Master! Thou?”  
He cried. Then would his stricken heart have stopped  
And quickening breath had not again returned,  
Had an assuring angel not appeared  
And said, “This life shall be the central point  
Of history; the past will here have end,  
And future time shall have its date; this now,

Its only worthy present shall become,  
True axis of the world of life and love.

The lord of being came unto his own;  
His own received him not, but made of him  
A perfect sacrifice. But woe to them  
By whom he goes!

The cruel hand of Rome,  
By Israel, was used to crucify  
The lord of light and life and truth; that hand,  
Invoked in the extremest cruelty,  
Returns upon themselves. And now behold,  
The cup of their iniquity is full.  
Where stood the cross the Roman legions camp.  
The Nation, gathered to the Passover,  
Is shut within, and starving, stark, and mad.  
The hand that smote, is surely smitten too.  
Judgment regardeth not high walls and towers.  
Then James out of his sleep cried out, "The Walls!  
They fall! See! Smoke! The city is on fire!  
O hear the awful din of shrieks and cries,  
And dying groans, curses and shouts, and stroke

Of sword, and crash of falling walls! O see,  
The temple is on fire, the flames leap high  
And swirl in angry clouds the reddened smoke!  
God smiting them for their impiety."

And then the attentive angel said to him,  
"Not so, He adds no horror to the scene,  
And still would gather them, as tenderly  
As doth a hen her tender brood, but they  
Will not. Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
Why will ye suffer such calamity?"

The Merciful did then withhold the sight  
Of other cruelties, rapine and blood,  
The ruin and dispersion of his race;  
Slaughtered, and sold, scattered, and peeled, and torn,  
A byword, and a hiss, no land their own,  
No government, but everywhere a Jew.  
As Jesus said, 'Tarry thou till I come;'  
Sad meaning of his words, 'BUT YE WOULD NOT,'  
The witness sorrowful unto their truth."

Another, and a cheering scene appears.  
He looks across the western sea, on Rome,  
The great barbaric Mistress of the world,  
Beneath the purpling sun of Italy,  
How beautiful and how magnificent!  
She needs not walls, legions invincible  
Her guard. Along her ways are passing kings  
And royal embassies from every land;  
And on the countless masts that throng her port,  
The flag of every nation floats.

Thither

The angel pointing said, "Three hundred years  
Only have passed since Christ was crucified  
By ROME; and over pinnacle and dome  
The emblems of that cross are glittering.  
Here in this awful sodden mass of greed  
And superstition, lust and cruelty,  
Barbaric splendor, pride of pomp and power,  
The leaven of the gospel has been placed.  
Above her Legions floats the labarum —

Strange sign by which to conjure victory —  
Once ignominious cross, emblem of love  
In sacrifice; that blessed name enwreathed,  
Whose birth was promised peace, goodwill to men,  
Who neither strove, nor cried, grand and serene;  
Who said, 'Seek not your own;' and bade them love  
Their enemies, O strange anomaly,  
Is made the banner of relentless war;  
As if the very strength of love was turned  
Against herself.

Now see Byzantium,  
Upon the glorious margin of that sea,  
Girdled with empires of religion, law,  
And intellect, beside the blue Aegean,  
Upon the Golden Horn, the fairest spot  
On earth, as by the ancient prophet seen,  
Divides the universal sovereignty;  
And Grecia, land of intellect and art,  
Is conquered by the lowly Nazarene.  
For truth, unarmed, is irresistible.

Another hundred years are passed, look now."  
And the disciple, trembling in his fear,  
Inquired, "Spirit, O why does God permit  
Those wild barbarian hordes to devastate  
And to destroy all that has been achieved?  
As locusts they are pouring from the North,  
Across the sunny fields of Southern lands,  
No human power can stay the awful tide;  
As a destructive storm they sweep, to bend,  
And break, and flatten in their path.

And then,  
The angel soothingly to him replied,  
"Life is intelligent creative force,  
The offspring sole of the Almighty Love,  
Is the eternal genesis of growth  
In reproduction of its kind, will reach  
Its highest state on earth in human life.  
Nations are individual aggregates;  
Their laws of life will therefore be the same.  
All have their special use, that use fulfilled,

Their energy declines, and death ensues.  
The rich fruition of the Roman state  
Is law ; of Greece, the mind's development ;  
Judea gives the true religion birth.  
And each, of further growth incapable,  
Will pass.

        Within that northern wilderness,  
These wild and unprotected savages  
Are taught of Nature, in her roughest moods,  
Courage and strength and fortitude ; also  
Are taught equality — her benefits  
She ever doth impartially bestow.  
Another doctrine of the Christ is wrought,  
The greatest, he who is the worthiest."

        And even as he spake, four centuries  
Have passed into the first millennium.

        Again, the soul of James is filled with fear,  
"Behold, O Spirit, hordes are following hordes ;  
Rout following rout, of strange and motly bands.  
Women and children, armored men, on foot,



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Or mounted, or in carts, or chariots,  
Like swarms of flies are pouring from the West.  
As on the banners floating over them,  
They wear upon their backs a crimson cross.  
With mingled hymns, curses and cries they come.  
Angel, explain, why are they coming here?"

And him the angel answered tenderly,  
As one whose sympathies are greatly touched,

“Promise of heaven and fanaticism  
Urges them on to free the Holy Land  
Of infidels. Their superstitious minds  
So venerate the soil on which the Christ  
Hath walked, they miss the spirit of his life ;  
And prize the wood of his true cross, and stones  
That held his three days’ sepulchre, more than  
His charge, bidding them love their enemies.  
These leaving justice, mercy, truth, and love,  
Would strive for sainthood in these wild crusades.

Hard blows will be required to break the thrall  
Of superstition from the race of men,

And free the mind to reverence the true.  
The hated infidel, though more humane,  
Will deal the blows shall liberate the world.  
Be not afraid to see the crescent rise,  
The cross come down ; fear not the Saracen,  
And Ottoman ; for they who take the sword,  
Shall perish by the sword ; and love and truth  
Alone will ever be invincible.  
And Brahminism, Buddhism, and Moslemism,  
Confucionism, are subterranean steps  
That the Christ Spirit in the world must take,  
From low and dark idolatry, to reach  
The temple beautiful, ablaze with light  
Of the eternal and completed life.

Again the moving vision shows armed knights  
Are riding to and fro in honor's quest.

Thus he the mentor of the truth declared,  
"The iron hand of tyranny, relaxed,  
Has left the world in seeming anarchy  
And petty strife. And in these ages dark

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The gallant knight rides forth, with skillful lance  
And trusted sword, in tournament and fray,  
To right the wrong, defend the innocent ;  
His puissant arm alone protects the weak.  
And this the guerdon that the world receives  
The chivalrous regard of womanhood."

Now lift your gaze across the sea and land ;  
An island of the greater ocean loved.  
Appears. Here the great chart of civil rights  
Is wrested from the royal arrogance.

Look farther on across that ocean wide,  
Behold a glorious hemisphere entire,  
Great continents in the wide oceans kept,  
To be the coming home of liberty.  
The glowing sun, upon his western way,  
Looks o'er its mountain walls, and wide extent  
Of fertile plain, its many winding streams,  
And rivers flowing full ; and looking back,  
Along the hither ocean's trembling waves,

Smiles on the western, high, and rocky walls.  
A ship across the hither ocean sails ;  
The heaven sent breezes waft her to the West.  
Ocean rejoices in her many waves,  
And ever following the sun, that ship  
Beareth the righteous seeds of destiny,  
To plant them in that rich and virgin soil ;  
No civil and religious caste to thwart  
Their growth.

Now, look again upon that land."

And James replied, "O wonderful! I see  
The hills and valleys of that continent  
Are of the forest and the jungle cleared ;  
Gardens and farms are rich and beautiful ;  
Hamlets and schools, churches and villages,  
Cities magnificent, are in this land  
Between the distant seas."

The angel said,  
"See you that banner floating on the breeze,  
Long waving bars of red and purest white ;



*See you yon banner floating on the breeze  
The joyous breath of heaven is in its folds.*



Mark in its field of blue are many stars ;  
Emblem of union and of liberty.  
High on the staff the royal eagle perched,  
Has plumed its wings for empyrean flight,  
Not as the ancient Roman falcon, gyved  
For conquest, but to guard the people's rights."

Then James, "O now I see this hemisphere,  
In the far ocean was reserved to be  
The cradle of religious liberty."

The angel said, "The true millennium  
Think not has come, the way yet long and hard ;  
The conquest of the world is far away.  
The kingdom of the Christ is not complete,  
Until each individual shall be  
The government, in wisdom capable,  
In love united to the central power.  
The rule supreme of heaven in highest law.  
Then shall the glorious kingdom of the heart,  
Be the united kingdom of our God,  
And of His Christ, in true conformity  
Of union and of strength. Then Christ shall come

In the clouds of heaven, with angels and with saints.  
On an exalted throne of liberty  
And love, set over all the earth, then we  
Shall reign with him forevermore. AMEN!



## BOOK XII

### ARGUMENT

The first half of John's vision is allegorical. He first narrates his vision of idolatry, then of worry, of the wild state of the unregenerate heart, of greed, and of appetite. At last the great and decisive battle of Armageddon is fought, in which every evil thing is swept away by the power of true enlightenment.

The second half of the book is literal, showing how the world shall be when the kingdom of Christ has fully come. The book ends with the charge of Jesus to secrecy until he has raised the world to a comprehension of these mysteries.

John, the most loved because most loving, was  
The first disciple to be overcome  
By the effulgence of the honored Christ,  
For all too ardent was his loving gaze.

He afterward in the Apocalypse,  
In a prophetic mystery, concealed  
For future times the glories of that day.  
This is the vision that he now beheld,  
Told by himself.

"I saw this great round world

(253)

By unseen thread of love's attraction held,  
Around its constant yearly orbit swing,  
Dated from Christ's nativity; and still,  
Through the enfolding drapery of cloud  
The shadows on the earth were deepening;  
The gospel light was crimsoned in its gloom,  
And made a ghastlier obscurity.

The old world creatures that I saw therein  
Appeared more hideous. One dreadful bird  
Had great protruding eyes that restless turned,  
As one who fears he knows not what, and sees  
Too much, but nothing rightly sees, and stares  
With shrinking fear and dread at common things.  
And it was hideous, almost featherless,  
Its wide, enormous mouth was wide agape  
To swallow every thing was put therein.

Then one so fair he seemed the son of God,  
Stood by me, saying, 'You abhor yon bird,  
From egg of reptile superstition hatched —  
Idolatry.

But see the feathers start  
Shall plume his flight above the sun and moon,  
Even above the realm of worship; yea,  
It shall the heaven of adoration soar."

A second look into the darkness showed,  
Unseen before, a cloud of insects winged,  
Of every color, yellow, red, and blue,  
And black, their wings a strident minor sing.  
I saw them brushed away as gauzy things,  
And yet they would persistently return,  
With tiny stings their poison would inject,  
Until the fevered frenzy of the brain  
Did paralyze and kill.

Slowly, a great  
And mighty Spirit from the earth arose;  
Its spreading wings were of such wide extent  
The globe entire was fanned; these dreadful clouds  
Of Christ-forbidden worryings were swept  
Away, and let the blessed sunlight in.  
Filling that infinite serene of light,

That spirit floated in a sea of peace.  
The angel's name, I heard, was "Righteous Prayer;"  
The twain of wings wherewith it flew were trust  
And gratitude.

Looking again, I saw  
A forest wild and wide, the dreadful haunt  
Of every cruelty; of ravenous beast  
And every dreaded reptile the abode,  
That through its dank and shadowy jungle creeps.  
I heard the lion's terrifying roar,  
The howl of wolf, hyena's infant cry,  
And jackal's bark, and dismal hoot of owls;  
Woe to the sheep is in its tangle lost!  
Surely the pasture fields will keep their guard,  
Even the fold has need to be secure.

Then as I trembled greatly at the sight,  
The fairest angel that was ever seen  
Came wafting out of heaven in robes of sheen.  
She held a golden glass was polished bright,  
A dazzling crucifix was on her heart;  
Her finger pointed to that wilderness.

As from the coming morn fleeth the night,  
I saw it as a hideous dream depart,  
Leaving the fertile vales in golden dress,  
And sunny slopes of purple clustered vine,  
With peaceful pastured hills, and meadows green.

At once I knew her to be LOVE DIVINE.  
Her lips like petals of the summer's queen  
Opened, and as a perfume-laden breeze  
Her breath brought to me cheering words like these.

"The reptile and carnivora invade  
The higher nature of the human heart,  
And make of it their wild and jungle lair,  
Wherein there steals the cunning of the cat,  
And haughty arrogance of roaring beast,  
Hyena impudence and treachery,  
And terrifying hoot and poisoned fang  
Of envy, malice, cruelty, deceit,  
Of anger, greediness, and vanity.  
Ah, dreadful is the fate of innocence!

Yet the fair golden sun I bear, sometime

The desert of the human heart shall cleanse  
And cheer, and make it blossom as the rose.  
Its sunny fields shall have security  
Of peace, wherein the fruitage of the earth  
Is to the full enjoyed, nothing to mar,  
Or make afraid, in all these holy hills.”  
And still I knew the age was far away  
In which the heart should be so cleansed and blest.  
Over the wide and fertile earth was seen  
Great waving fields of ripened, golden grain.  
Around that harvest was a multitude,  
Some almost starved, with pleading, outstretched hands,  
Begged for enough to satisfy their need.  
For all about this plenteousness were droves  
Of long-nosed, hungry swine, trampling it down.  
Starving themselves, their bristly, callous skins  
Covered unsightly skeletons of greed,  
Long, cruel tusks protruded from their jaws,  
Beneath their heavy ears were cunning eyes,  
And after them their teasing offspring squealed.

Out of the sea I saw a dragon rise,  
The waves fled frightened to their deepest caves,  
The sun was darkened by his wings extent,  
He flew low down along the startled earth,  
And all the swinish herd he soon devoured.  
A voice was heard in heaven, saying, 'JUDGMENT  
Has cleansed the earth of swinish avarice,  
Monopolies and hoarding selfishness —  
The greedy nature of the under world —  
Sweet charity would trample under foot,  
Would turn again and rend. Therefore, behold,  
The terrors of the law persuadeth men.'

Again, I knew the coming of that day  
Must be with gradual development ;  
For over all the earth great breathing holes  
Of Hell broke forth ; the atmosphere became  
A choking stench. Into these gaping pits  
The slaves of appetite unpitied fell.  
Out of these burning craters devils flew,  
Misshapen, horrid things, to hurt the earth.

These fiery vampires held with griping claws,  
And with their hot and poisonous breath destroyed.  
I looked to see how God could wait so long.  
JUSTICE I saw at last — Mercy was spurned —  
Stand on the earth with glittering sword upraised,  
And cry, "HOW LONG! HOW LONG! O LORD HOW LONG!"

Upward to God that awful tempest rose,  
Earth's woes were in the dreadful midnight cloud;  
Her cursings flashed in lightning's fiercest glare;  
And groans in thunders rolled along the heavens;  
All sighs and wails were in the whirlwind shrieked;  
All tears united in a deluge poured.

And then the angel sword of JUSTICE falls,  
Fierce appetite is slain. Mountains and hills  
And loosened rocks are thrown and piled upon  
These pits of hell and alcoholic fumes.  
Brightly the sun of righteousness appears  
With clearing beams, and all the atmosphere  
Is fresh and cool, the birds and flowers awake,  
Perfume and song gladden the earth redeemed.



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And still, I knew this happy, golden day  
Must wait the ages' slow development.

A sight more dreadful met my frightened gaze  
Than ever had been seen on earth before,  
For on the plains of ARMAGEDDON drew  
APOLLYON with his destroying hosts,  
Gathered from every quarter of the earth.  
Nothing remained to harm or make afraid,  
From giant error stalking wide and armed,  
Unto the tiny faults more dangerous,  
Because so numerous and little seen.

The Arch Deceiver and Destroyer led  
His hosts, darkening the plain like storm and night.  
The shield he bore, a mighty hemisphere,  
Frightened the earth entire with dim eclipse,  
His lofty spear gleamed as a baleful star,  
A fiery dragon on his helmet perched.

And in the lightning flashes, I beheld  
MAMMON was following. Of dazzling gold  
His armor was, by all his horde admired.

And in that throng were kings who had no need;  
And beggars too who loved their scanty coin.  
Ashamed I am to say it — there were priests  
Who golden mitres wore, and ministers  
Who loved the fleece more than they did the sheep;  
And there were misers gripping bags of gold.

And following was VANITY, whose power  
Is little less, with peacock feathers stuck,  
And mincing strut, she leads her fickle bands.  
Their gauzy banner scarce could bear the breeze  
That floated it.

And proud AMBITION then  
Upon a prancing charger rode, armored  
With showy panoply; and power was given  
To hurt the third part of the earth.

Then was  
An earthquake; from its fiery rendings flew  
Great clouds of locusts, covering the land,  
To bite and to devour, with poisoned stings  
Like scorpions; and in those awful swarms

Were sins of every kind, of lust abhorred,  
Intemperance and gluttony, and theft,  
Lying and all deceit, and robbery,  
And murder, too; I cannot speak of all.  
Diseases followed in malarial clouds,  
Twisting rheumatics, scorching fevers hot,  
And shaking ague's chill, nausea, and thirst,  
Weak shrunken palsy, painful swollen gout,  
Microbe, tubercular or cancerous.

And over all, DEATH'S sable banner cast  
A shadow dark, and hungry snarling dogs  
Followed, and vultures soared the dark obscure.

Hark! Hark! A voice out of the utmost heavens,  
As through a trumpet blown, saying,

“Behold!

The KING OF HEAVEN rides forth to victory!”

High in the clouds a dazzling throne I saw;  
In the bright halo of that throne was wreathed

The fairest company was ever seen  
Since earth was made. And all the shining clouds  
Glittered with joyous wings of light. Hearken!  
They sing! "The Prince of wisdom, power and love,  
Of light and truth, of peace and purity,  
Of grace and joy, supreme, has come to earth.  
Ride forth! Ride forth, O God, to victory!  
And sin and sorrow shall be driven hence.  
Who conquereth not with earthly armament,  
Not even with the riving thunderbolt,  
But with the strength of true enlightenment."

And then I saw His hosts no armor wore  
But the celestial and embosomed light,  
Proceeding from that blissful source of light,  
To meet the gathered remnant of this world's  
Destructive forces. Yet from that radiance  
The hordes of ARMAGEDDON fled like mist  
Before the brightness of the rising sun,  
Dispersed to be no more eternally.

Then, I the sound of many voices heard,

Would drown the loudest thundering, saying,  
"Now let the Savior King, with all his saints,  
Dwell on the earth redeemed to life and light  
Forevermore, Amen."

\* \* \* \* \*

Thenceforth, my dream,  
Though hard to understand, was literal.

Invention had the lower nature served,  
In superstition, and in cruelty ;  
With toil of millions built the pyramids,  
Great monuments of human vanity.  
And art was made to chisel heathen gods,  
Labor their pillared temples to adorn :  
Was busied making maps impossible,  
Lines in the heavens concentric or oblique,  
The vain deceptions of astrology.  
And history was of the fabulous.  
Sweet Poesy the laurel wreath entwines  
For bloody and inhuman conquerors.

But in the heavenly kingdom, I beheld  
Invention laboring to bless and save,  
Rather than to destroy an enemy.  
Benevolence, utility, and truth,  
Were now her aim. The earth for such as these  
Yieldeth her store of useful minerals;  
The animals are for that use improved;  
And all the luscious fruits are perfected.  
In all the earth I saw invention work  
To break the sweaty curse of toil for bread;  
For now is heard the click of the machine;  
Nor tired reaper o'er the sickle bends;  
Nor mower in the morning whets his scythe;  
And plows in gangs now turn the fertile glebe;  
And harrows winged break up the darkened mould;  
And many iron fingers drill the seed;  
The husbandman rejoices in his work.

Saw I great thundering trains run here and there,  
Spanning upon their level tracks of steel  
The continents; some are long caravans

Of merchandise; some, splendid palaces,  
In which the happy occupants are whirled  
Long journeys in the greatest luxury.

And wondering I saw enormous ships,  
Deep bosomed, and unmoved by wind or wave,  
Like fleetest greyhounds they now cross the seas,  
Dreaded no more.

And then meseemed I stood  
Upon a hill, and it was night, and clear,  
And yet I saw not the familiar stars,  
For moving lights filled all the lower heavens,  
As numerous as fireflies o'er the marsh.  
Only the highest moved in glittering zones,  
For east and west, or north and south they go,  
Collision to avoid. The foremost light  
Of each was clear, the rear was red, the right  
Was yellow, blue the left, above was pink,  
Below was green; so that these shining ways  
With seeming rainbow arches barred the heavens.  
Below, the lights were floating leisurely,

Ascended or descended carefully.

One of these aeronautes wafted down  
To where I stood ; the occupant bid me  
To enter and be seated by his side.  
Then it arose with motion unobserved,  
Unless we looked on the receding earth,  
Or felt the meeting breezes cool. Awhile  
We sat in silence to enjoy the scene.  
When my companion saw my wondering look,  
He said, "You from those ancient times have come  
When man was governed by environment,  
Ere nature had been subjected to him,  
Who, under God has now become supreme.  
Even those ancient desolating storms  
Are harnessed now and made to work his will ;  
Even those wild ungovernable winds  
Are now controlled and willingly obey ;  
The fierce destructive lightning has become  
Docile to labor as the patient ox ;



The desolating floods are made to serve;  
And moist or dry or hot or cold, or light  
Or dark, is had at will. Now you perceive  
The light is so controlled we for awhile  
Will have what would be anciently called night."

Then I with stammering addressed the man,  
"We little dreamed when following the Christ,  
In humble ministry, sowing the seeds  
Of truth — for I was his disciple then —  
That it would come to this. He told us then  
His kingdom was of heaven, and he was come  
From God; that we should also reign with him,  
And greater works should do than he had done.

I see the principles he gave the world  
Have wrought what then would be called miracle.  
The glory of his realm is now made known.  
We saw him on the mount, with glory crowned,  
Accept the government which you possess.

But tell me, Rabbi, what of earthly things  
Did most this heavenly kingdom to advance?"

He, as if pleased to have me question him,  
Replied,

“As is well known, the printed page ;  
There, thought was fixed and knowledge was preserved,  
Was made accessible to rich and poor.  
Christ in the flesh gave utterance to few,  
But through this agency to every man.  
And there, invention and discovery  
With science true had cumulative growth.

Not now fully can be explained to you  
The calculation intricate by which  
The very earth's polarity is changed,  
A weekly as a daily turning given ;  
So that the cheering ardor of the sun  
Is equally enjoyed in every part ;  
One zone blesses the happy earth entire ;  
The seasons are united into one,  
The springing bud, and the expanding leaf,  
The opening blossom and the ripening fruit  
Together grow. The careful processes

By which this giant labor has been wrought,  
In which the mighty forces of the earth  
Are subjected unto the mind of man,  
Are based on sciences that must be learned  
Ere you can understand.

Again we have  
What we have called the Etherscope, by which  
We see, and also can communicate,  
Either around the world or through; even  
To neighboring worlds we have extended it.  
A simple instrument, not more complex  
Than is the eye or ear. We wonder now  
That it was undiscovered for so long.  
Using the ether that pervades all space  
And matter too, in which the light is winged,  
Attraction draws, and spirits pass from sphere  
To sphere, as in their presence we converse  
With such as have like power."

Amazed, I said,  
"Bear with me, Rabbi, if I speak again,

For every thing appears so wonderful;  
Yet I would ask you of your government."  
"We have no kingdoms or republics now,"  
He said, "simply a perfect unity.  
Each person is an independent state,  
The law of love alone controls, unites  
Into the universal reign of heaven.  
I know how strange triumphant love appears,  
To one who lived when love was crucified.

Before the aeronautis came for you,  
Then was I reading in an ancient book.  
It was a history of kings and queens —  
We all are now — and desolating wars.  
The greatest heroes, greatest butchers then;  
The greatest heroes, greatest lovers now.  
Then law protected right of property  
Unlimited; whilst many gave their lives  
In toil for bare subsistence, even that  
Was lacking many times. Then locks and bars  
Must be to keep the treasure safe; but now

To keep us from too generous supply.  
We gain alone to give, and not to keep.  
Treasures of thought, and blessed ministry  
Of the affections are the most esteemed."

Once more I spake, "Vouchsafe to hear again.  
The teachings of the Christ are only now  
Become entirely practical; before,  
They only were the perfect ideals.  
The spirit world was like a gateless wall —  
At least none opened outward unto us,  
And we were torn with sorrow when our friends  
Would pass into the great and dread unknown.  
In vision I have seen that all disease  
Is overcome, and the decay of age  
Can be arrested in eternal youth;  
And even dreaded death will be no more;  
And love is no more hurt by fear of loss.  
"How far does spiritual knowledge now extend?"  
My teacher answered almost eagerly,  
"The apprehension of the spiritual

Is so familiar and so natural,  
It has become a science plain and true.  
You only recognized the fleshly sense;  
Our sevenfold nature we can apprehend,  
And that each nature has a kindred sense.  
All knowledge through these avenues we gain;  
The impulse that recalls impressions made  
Is memory; repeated and combined,  
Is reason; motions they create in us,  
Affection, feeling, sensibility.  
Eternity becomes a treasure store  
Of golden grains, or string of precious pearls  
Unbroken. Ask not of the spirits then  
To scatter them in idle vanity;  
They answer not to curiosity,  
To compliment or selfish interest,  
Or unimportant questionings.

Seek ye

In purity of heart for spirit sight,  
Even of God; in perfect quietude

Hear the assurance that thou art his child ;  
In great desire partake of righteousness ;  
And in their presence feel the spirits touch ;  
Breathe the aroma of their holiness,  
Inspiring sweetest charity and peace,  
And wafting faith, and ever joyous hope,  
And strengthened will, and purpose pure and strong.  
These by our spirit senses we receive  
And hold and can recall at will. This all  
Is now so understood that we recall  
The loved — not lost — as tangibly as when  
We knew them in the flesh." And whilst he spake  
The aeronautis, in the which we rode,  
Swiftly ascended through prismatic lights  
Floating around, and through the aérozones  
Of travel, to the open firmament  
Of the familiar stars.

"Seest thou yon light"

My master said, "of crimson radiance ?  
Simply a brighter star it seems to you.

I see it as a sister world to this,  
Can see and speak with its inhabitants.  
And one whom you so dearly loved is there ;  
The beauteous housing, of a fairer soul,  
You laid with sorrow in the sepulchre.  
In proof of what I say, I will request  
Her long, so longed-for presence here."

AH HEART

OF MINE! There stood my darling Miriam,  
My sweet, my own, just as in earthly life.  
With beaming look of recognizing love,  
I threw my arms about her — and awoke.

Jesus, with Peter and with James, stood near.  
And Peter said, not knowing what to say,  
"Master, how blessed is this place ; let us  
Three tabernacles make ; one make for thee,  
And one for Moses, and Elias one."  
And Jesus said, "My work I must complete.  
Tell ye no man what ye have seen and heard,





*Oh how I  
Or mine! There stood my darling Miriam,  
My sweet my own, just as in earthly life,  
With beaming look of recognizing love*



Until I have arisen from the dead,  
And of my Father have been glorified  
Again; to reign with Him forevermore.

AMEN."

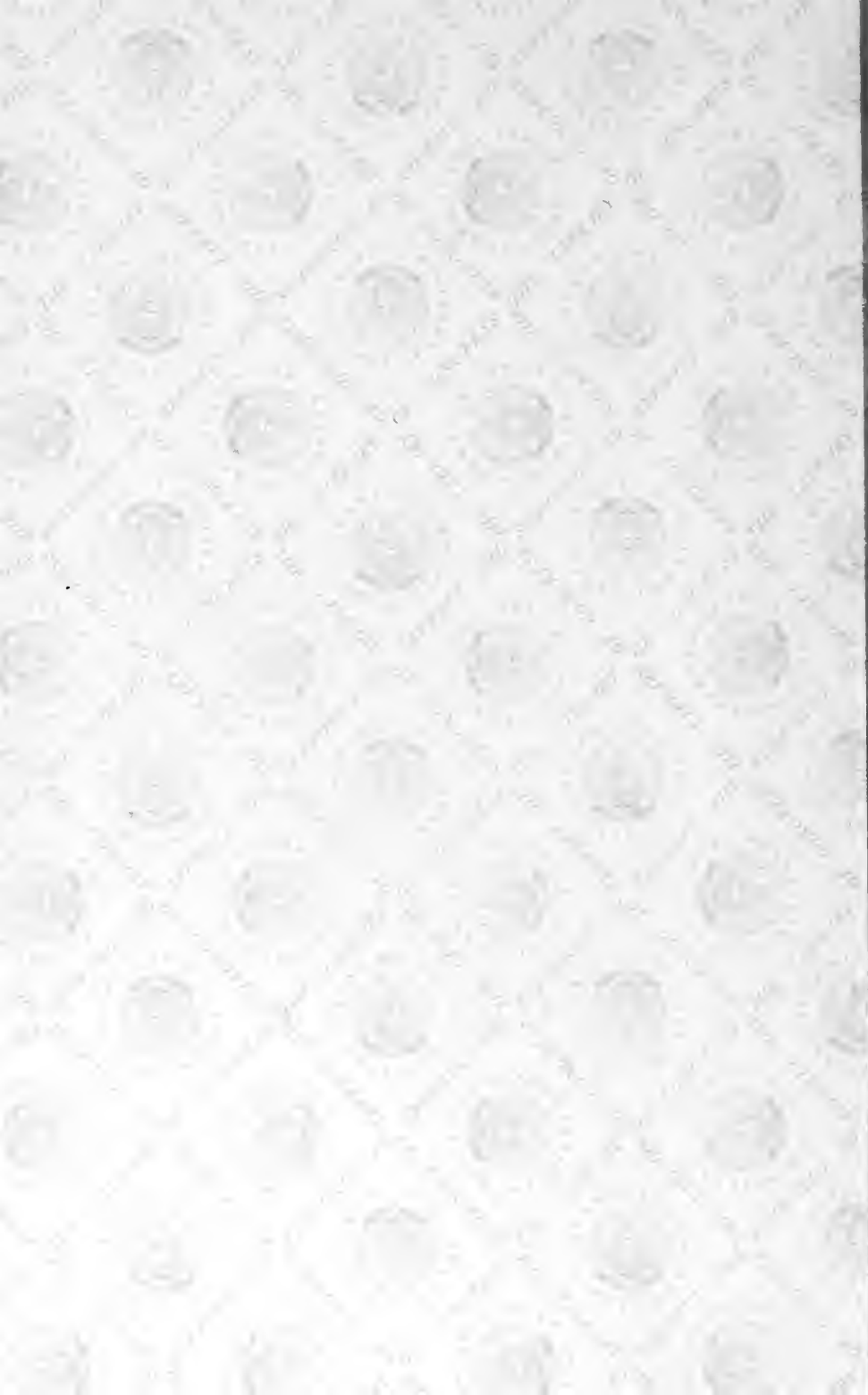
## EPITHALAMIUM

I thank Thee, dearest Lord; the song is grand  
And sweet to me, whatever others think,  
From bursting matin, to the vesper close,  
From youth to age — nay, nay, there is no age  
Of spirit, but an ever growing life.  
Love Song it was, and is, ever shall be,  
Of shout, of carol, canticle, of hymn.  
Thy voice opens the gates of paradise,  
And leads the universal choir that sings  
The blissful and eternal harmonies,  
Gloria in Excelsis! Gloria Dei!  
O Fairest One, for undivided love,  
Thou passeth by wisdom, learning, fame; and thus  
The God of Love is honored most.











## How to Read

## This Book

To those who have become literary inebriates by an excessive reading of the too common light literature of the present time; to those who no longer need the unsightly scaffolding of dogmas and creeds, but have no desire to batter down that which is of use to many less advanced lives; to those who quietly though candidly think for themselves, we come with what we think is an embodiment of the advanced intellectual and religious thought of today.

In order that you may get the most out of the reading of this book, we ask you to read it sentence, a paragraph, a page, or at the very extreme, a book, at a time. You can not cram the mind with any better results than you can the stomach. Always read with an appetite; when that is satisfied, stop, lay the book in a convenient place and at your desire take it up again. In the very beginning we ask you to weigh everything by this standard, IS IT TRUE?

If after you have read it thus carefully you are not a wiser, better, stronger, happier man, if your Faith has not become the substance, if you do not understand God and human life better, you ought to read it again.

In every soul there is at least a seed of heavenly life, a spark of divinity. No soul is totally depraved. Water and cultivate that seed, fan that spark, by acting on right conceptions of duty and obedience.

Every life that is helped by this Book should give God the Glory.

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