

FILIOQUE
AN
EPIC OF
THE
CHRIST

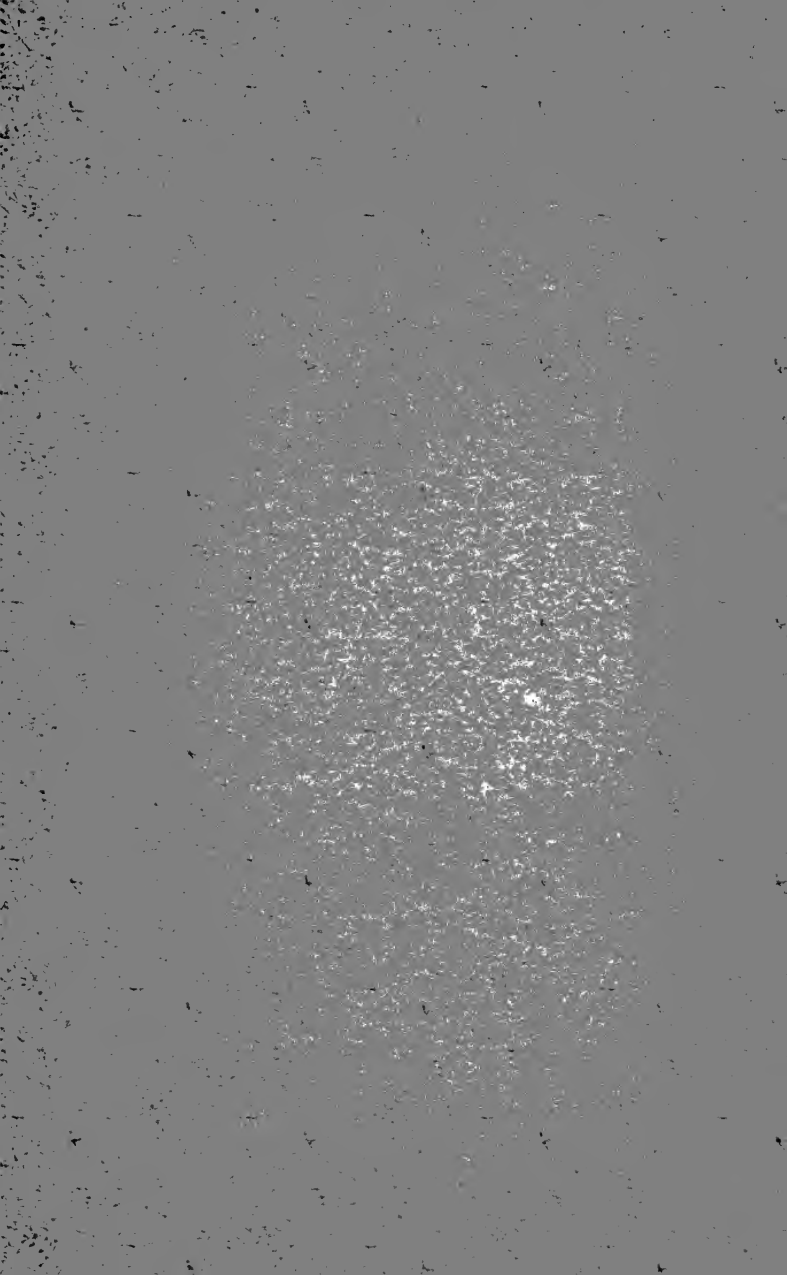
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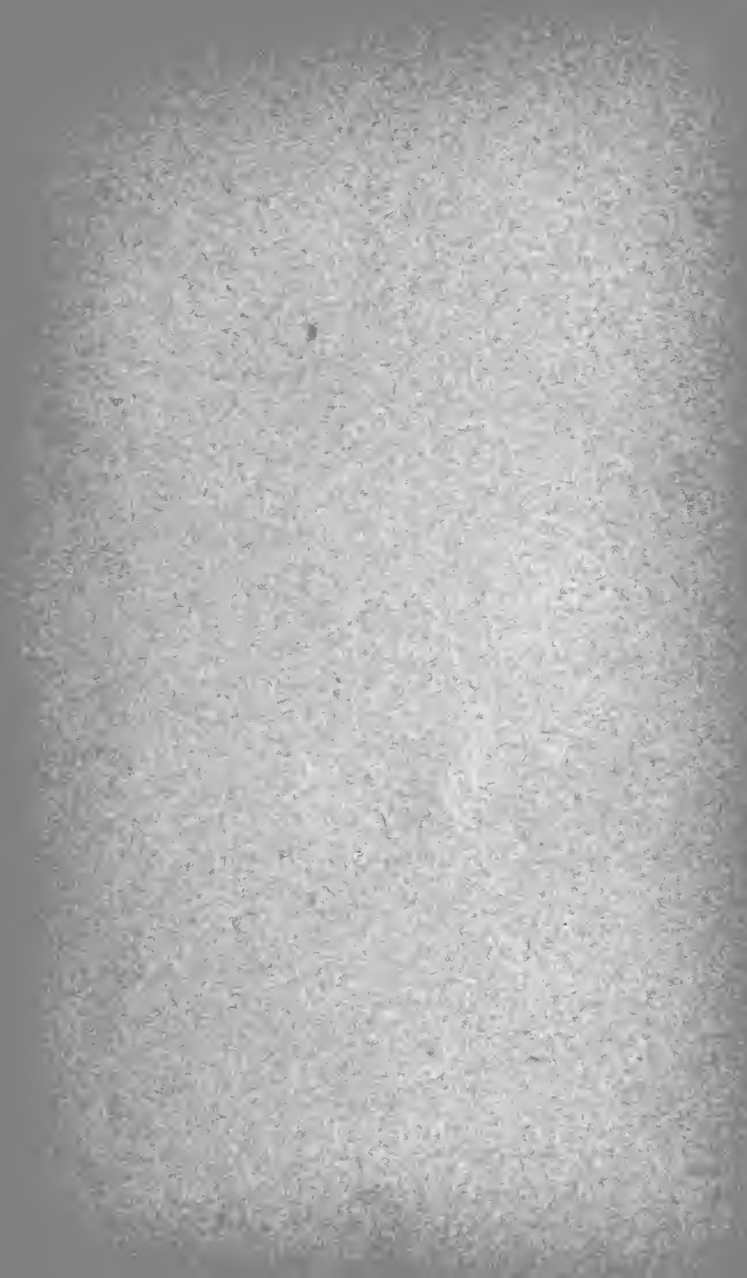
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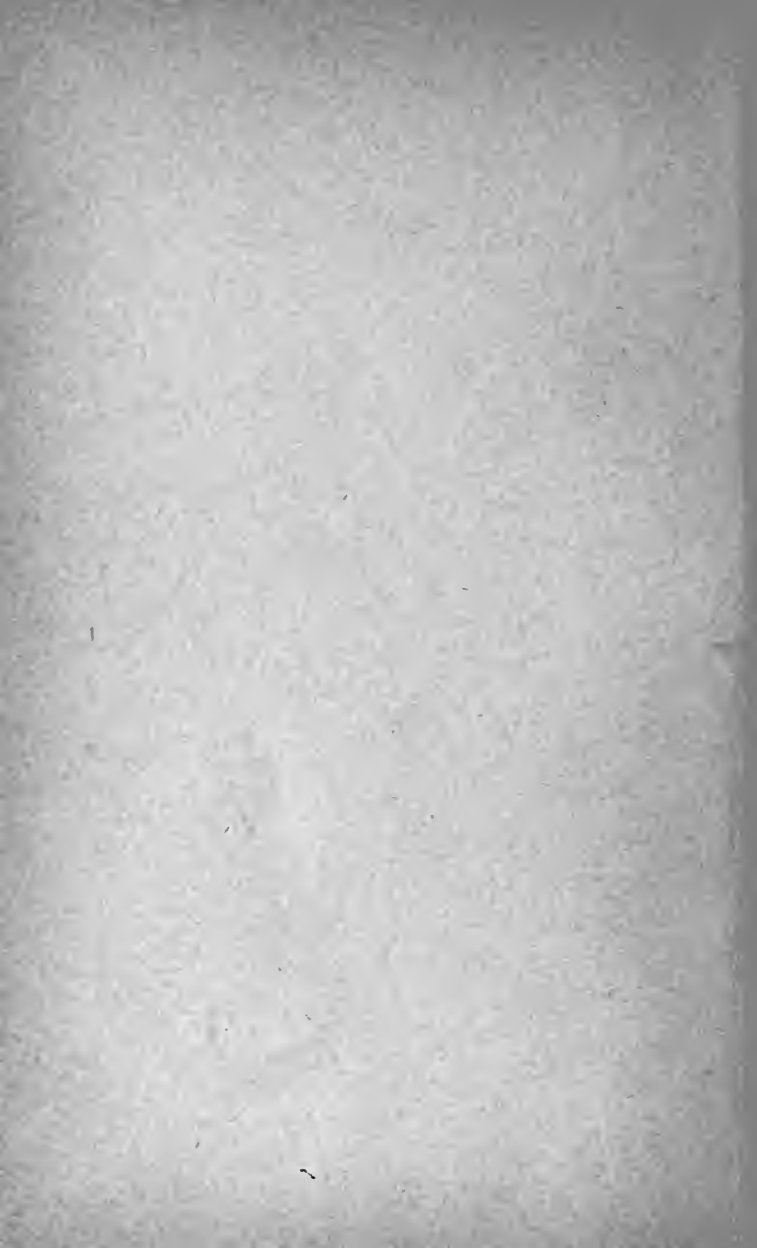
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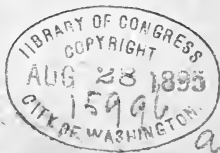




FILIOQUE

AN
EPIC OF THE CHRIST

.. BY ..
FRANK G. ELLETT



D. D. ...
J. B. ...
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BY
FRANK G. ELLETT.

John F. Eby & Co., Printers,
Detroit, Mich.

Dedication.

TO MY OWN PARENTS;
TO NANCY HANKS LINCOLN, THE MOTHER OF THE
GREATEST AMERICAN; AND TO THE MEMORY OF
MY BELOVED INSTRUCTOR, PRESIDENT
JAMES MCCOSH, D. D.,

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

Frank G. Ellett.



INTRODUCTION.

Exile for truth, 'mid Alpine thoughts,
Grasp now thy staff—the helpful pen—
And make thy journey o'er the heights
To find the long-sought common good.
Invoke no muse, but boldly climb,
Since Omnipotence guides thy way,
And yields a truth that calls the world
To rise and shake her long-felt ills
Down trembling to eternal graves.

Let toiling hands in all the world
Be ringed anew in jeweled blessings;
And hearts bent low 'neath fallen hopes
Be loosed, and rise to life again.
Let souls in gloomy prison-cells
Have doors and sunny windows made
In each dark, overhanging wall,
Till everywhere from fleshy hearts
The grandest, brightest scenes draw out
Each child of man, pure reveler,
At peace with nature, and with God.

Let truth and wisdom so increase
That mortal's view of life and death
Have no part with beast or devil;
Let oughtness rise, a fire-lit cloud
From out the stormy sea of time,
And spread its light on all the way
That marks the rugged course of man;
Let every man with love for man
Grasp nature's grinding wheels in turn,
And clear a highway through the grave,
A source of joy to every one.
Free make that road from human wrecks,
And all dark pits, and heavy grades
That stay the upward march of man.
If master workmen toil withal
To prove their way alone is right,
Lift high as signals of their worth,
The poet's praise, the sculptor's shaft,
And cleave the future with their names.

Should earth-foundations prove too frail
On which to rear the way of life,
Then bend high Heaven down to earth
And swing the span above all time;
That man may pass, nor suffer loss,
On to homes and joys unending.

As one would take a broken vase
And join each fragment part to part,
A broken edge now for a guide,
Now half a broken twig or flower,
Thus working, see it whole again:
So let us gather from the past,
Which speaks to us some fatal crash
Of perfect work or perfect plan,
And fitting this to that, here, there,
A great life wrecked, a life complete,
One nation's rise, another's fall,
New worlds revealed beside the old,
Fates, fancies, follies on all sides
Seize with the grip of iron hands
And hold them close till all can see
The very best that might have been,
And learn and make what yet may be.

If chance, or fates, or gods, or men
Have played at bowls with nations past,
And rolled them up and down, now here,
Now there, along the shores of time,
Then lightly sent them spinning off
To course no more, forever broke;
If weary grown in awful sport

Of swinging blood-dyed boundary lines,
While orphans starved and widows groaned;
If now the nations that survive
And towering hold the long-tried world,
Have sides no longer dripping blood
And robber hands no longer fixed
On lands by right another's home,
Then let all eyes be quickly turned
To nature's great, rich harvest fields,
Forgetful of the scanty sheaves
Gleaned by another's honest toil;
Let nation now by nation stand
And speak as Gods "That He who strains
His neighbor's bounds shall surely curse
His life with vengeance of a world."

If from the far and silent past
Black, shaggy beasts of night have come
And plowed the earth, that deadly seeds—
Fiend-planted—soak and sour the soil
That noxious weeds might poison all;
Or have the fates pushed off some belt
And left the flying, whizzing wheels,
While nature's grist is badly ground,
Bringing dearth and woe, death to man;

Then let the lights of these new times
Flash over all and mark the ill:
It being found, let hardy hands
Fill pit and build, fix belt and toil
To right the wrong, till all the past
Is out of debt and all the mills
Grind well the harvests of all times.

Are nature's freight trains just come in
With stores new made, unthought before;
Have steam and lightning since the first,
With all their stores of wealth hitched fast,
Plied on and on around the world
Without a hand to stop or switch
Or station where to rest or turn?
Have they unguarded often pulled
Beneath the light of Egypt's skies;
Or else, belated dared at noon,
To brave the open eyes of Greece,
Or thunder on through streets of Rome?

Still some, the few, did well their parts,
Who reared on time's uncertain sands,
The high-rock piles, ablaze with light,
The poet's heart and master pen,

The palace, cottage, blessed home,
The "mine" and "thine" of right and wrong;
All grand they shine and lead on now
To higher works, to higher plains,
A help to all who seek the truth.

But wherefore wander up and down
Among the works thus done by man?
The thought that shook the shouting host
First dwelt, secure, within a man;
Having weight and worth, it stirred
And overrode all else, then broke
From out his breast, seized other hearts,
And leaping on from man to man,
It flashed at last before the world
Exalted power, the people's voice.

Thus all great deeds and all the good
Arise in hearts, and pass the flesh
To cheer and bless a waiting world:
A blaze is offspring of a spark,
And Heaven waits unwhispered love,
While Hell expires 'mid crashing worlds,
Then hope we for some common good

To clothe and bless the race of man:
Seek not the crowd or nation's voice,
But find its source, some simple soul,
Impregnant with earth's common need—
The common need whose bounds are fixed
Beyond all time or sweep of space.

Like apish jib or sparrow chirp
Beside a swelling tide or flood
Seems any voice or any thought,
Wrapped up in heart or brain of man,
To dry the floods that sweep our years
Unless, perchance, till now all men
Have faced some high, dark, flinty wall,
And, hurled against its jagged rocks,
Have called this, "life;" and graves and tears
And broken forms, "our destiny."
Should it be thus to simple sight,
To mortals looking but one way,
While all behind is lake and field
Where endless summer feels no years—
Then should some man, some barefoot boy,
Call, "Look around," and lead the way,
And all the world turn after him,

One thus could speak and rescue all:
So must it be. The truth shall come,
Aglow with boundless stores of good;
The way once found, the heart and hand,
With muscles tense, must dare to move
In face of foe, in spite of fear,
Straight to the haven of all rest.

For life, as seen by mortal eye,
Swings on a thread twixt day and night:
This mile we slowly course along,
While mocking voices shout, "'Tis Hell,"
Or call some breath of joy "sweet Heaven."
Another mile is past in ease,
Then breaks the storm, within, without:
Crushed down by ills we think the birds
Mere blinking devils sent to mock
Our trials by contrasted ease,
Their music laughing at our woes;
The genial sun and stars above
Dancing mists that mock our lowly graves.
Thus good and ill unite as one
To pelt lone, weary, orphaned man
As down the stormy streets of time
He smiles 'mid tears, hard lashed by fate.

Thus, scarce resolved that life is woe,
He hears again another strain:
"A friend Omnipotent draws nigh;"
His heralds tell of life and joy,
The birds and stars, the sun and sky,
All whisper of His boundless love,
And promise good, eternal hope.
So on we drift through Hell or Heaven:
Then comes a call, "Where is small odds,
The rub's by what one is driven."

For conscience wronged will pour out wrath,
Or, being loved, will shield its friend;
Despised, will weary leave its post
And give the soul to fear and death;
Honored, guard him night and day,
Pour out its light on all life's way.
Man makes it saint, or fiend, or slave,
To serve in love, or rule in wrath:
As slave, it wakes one from his sleep
To tell him all his evils wait,
And, tho' unasked, must sup with him;
As fiend, it smites the mother's face,
Held by love 'mid memories' stores,
Forbids the longed-for smile and kiss,

And crowds her back in bitter tears.
The little child long cold in death
We fain would lift in fancy's arms,
But fiendish conscience hurls it down
And bids one think of nights of lust
And forfeit of all tender love.
As saint, it soothes the burning brow
When sickness shuts outside the world;
In health it spreads its grandest scenes
And calls us into noble ways;
Restores the lost, recalls the dead,
And makes a Heaven here below.

Thus much is taught, however God,
Or fate, or chance may rule all things—
The stars, and suns and distant worlds—
And call us "creatures, things of law;"
Why white or black we have no voice,
Born poor or rich it is the same,
No might of ours could ever change
A "now" to "then," recall a past,
Or hurry on a slow to-morrow.
Thus, tightly wedged 'twixt walls of time,
We have our task, a single one,
A conscience for eternity.

Chance I defy to do me hurt,
For chance herself must rest on chance;
Ten million nothings, waiting turns,
With none to rule or call the roll,
Bids me step in and govern all,
Declare myself an uncrowned god
Just come, a first and final cause.

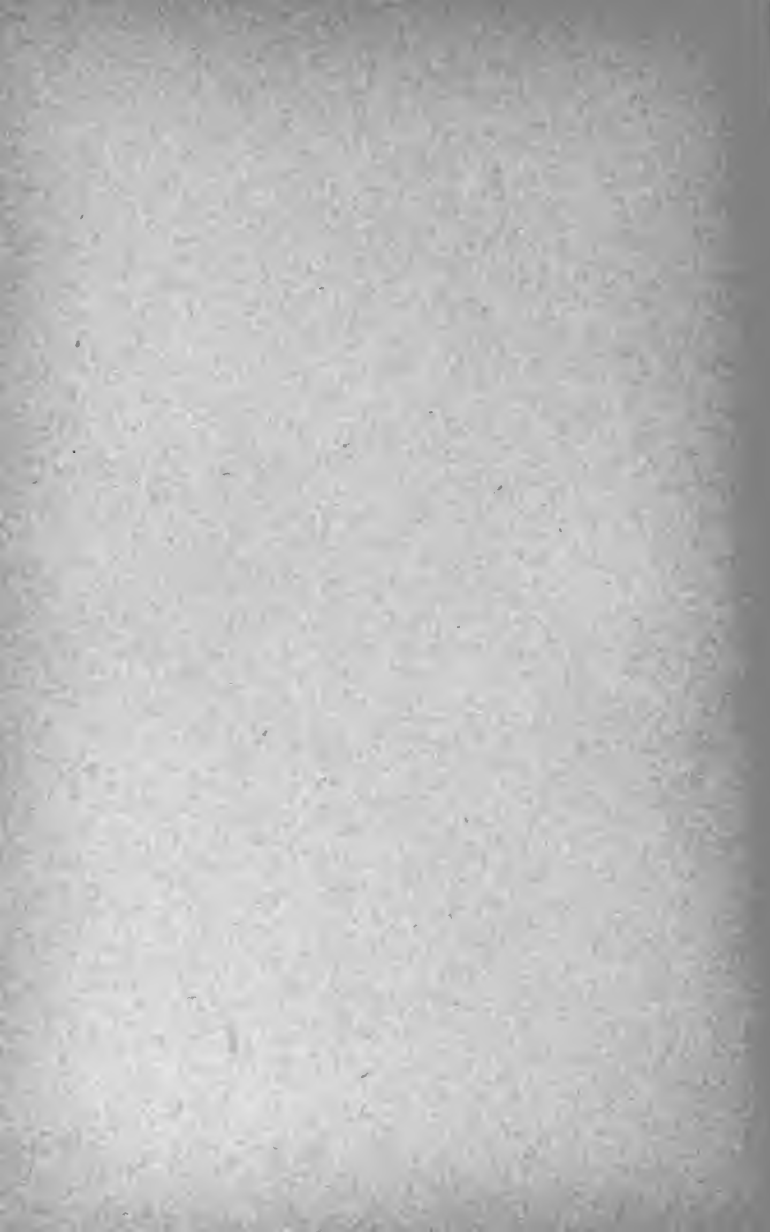
Fate, well wrought plot, I still can hope,
It leaves me to myself to be
God or devil with a kingdom.
This life is good, when I am good,
The next is naught, if I am naught.
Well laid plan, joyous in and out,
A pinch of life, then all is o'er.
But fate works blindly, crashing all,
No perfect ends, none such as I.
I, born of fate, make fate a god;
Moulding brain and eye, heart and palm,
And lifting Heaven's arch above me—
Proofs of a friend in whom to trust,
A fate that thinks and sees and loves
Is nothing short; with power thus
To mould out worlds, we call it God.

Mayhap some bounding chip has spun
From off some workman's ax and struck
The open eye of human faith
And left the race blind in the light.
When once the wound is healed quite
We'll all look up again and see
The blessed light, the smile of God.

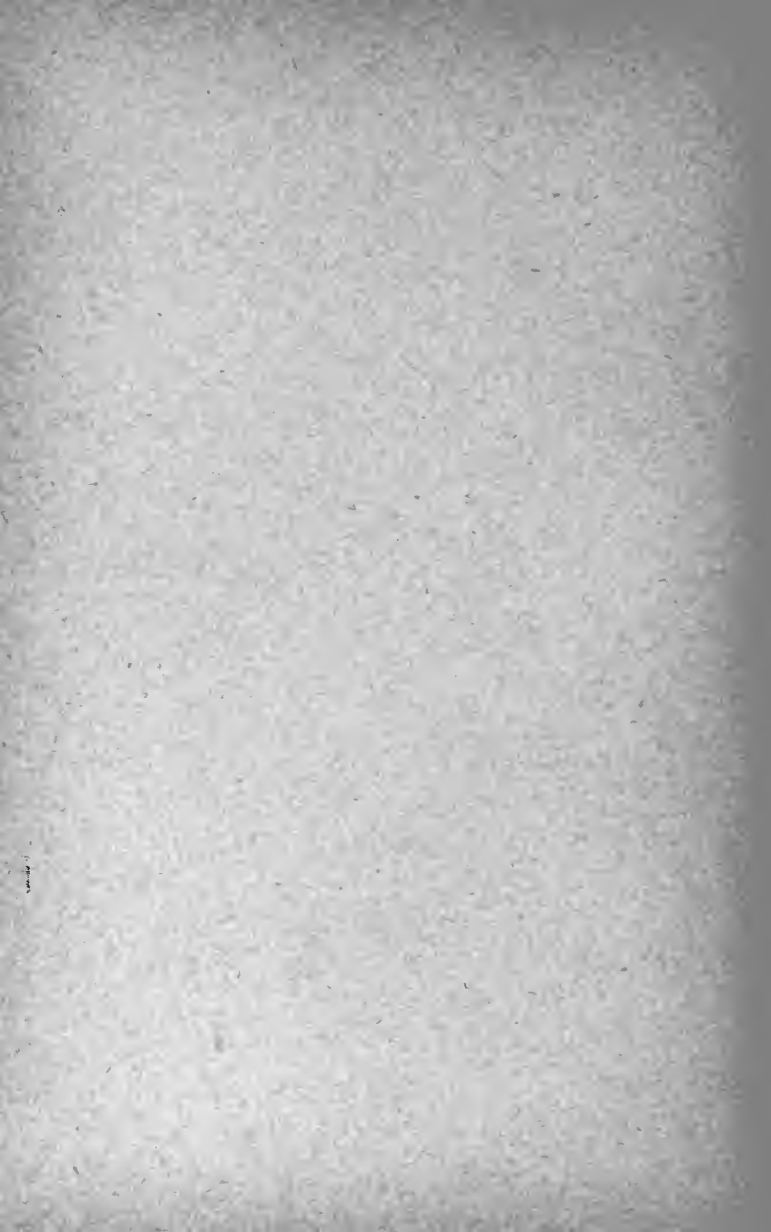
To find the Truth, come, make a search
Among the musty trunks of time.
Break open locks, throw back the lids;
With careless hands, yet clean and true,
Throw out to light the old and new,
Facts of all ages, styles and make.
Failing here, among man's poor works,
To find the treasure needed most,
Seize every crust of earth and sky,
And make the very darkness speak
True answer to life's mysteries.
For, by the stars that seem to shine,
I know the earth, with priceless freight,
And surely thou and I are here.

Whence matter came, through whom care
not,
But "why-a-man" speak every tongue,

Why bends his back to loads of ill?
Wherefore the need of scalding tears?
Wherefore long to live—dread to die?
Can groans evolve long-needed ears—
Then God's must hear the slightest breath,
And from their ears secure a voice
And answer man this just "wherefore."
This world of birth or first of life,
Old Earth, the mother of our race,
Closely moored by world eternal,
The gang-plank down, secure and broad,
A way for all to endless life
Is what we seek; or else we hope
This world renewed, all ills cast out,
Still may be moulded into Heaven,
And life's elixir keep us all.



FILIOQUE



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BOOK THE FIRST.

Some years ago the New World's side
Turned slowly into breaking day,
While Autumn leaves came dropping down
Like lightest snow from out the sky.
Among the rocks of Sussex hills,
A mountain boy was perched on high,
To welcome the first signs of day
And share the breath of time near Heaven.

He had no longing to be great,
No childish dream of glory,
But felt the life-exalting truth
That One is God and God is good.
He thought the falling leaves could speak,
That angels came to visit him;
The rough rocks were his castle-rest,
The sunlight wore a friendly smile,
All being seemed alive and kind,
While resting thus on Nature's breast,
Her arms entwined about the boy;
His soul grew strong beneath her touch,

His will broke through the net of law,
The vault of time gave way to him,
His spirit passed the door of flesh
And stood upon eternal shores.
He saw his body still on earth;
The rocks and trees and rising sun
Were not as shades or flying clouds,
But looked as real perfect forms.
His mortal hand he quickly caught
Within the hand his spirit bore.

Thus in two worlds, two selves in one,
Each fully conscious of the other,
He saw the narrow "now" of earth
To distant ages swiftly roll,
Unfolding all the farthest past
And reaching out o'er time to come;
While on through space his vision sped,
Nor found a limit save at will.
Nor failed the courage of the boy
While standing thus exposed to view;
He met the gaze of those long dead,
And saw that naught of Earth is lost,
But made to people the eternal.
Each life, each joy, each tear or smile,

Have place to fill in course of time.
All present time of Earth is birth,
A rising up from being not,
And passing on to endless day;
All death but ending of a task,
Mere dew-drop shaken from the flower.

Whom marks he coming, tall, sad-faced,
Yet clothed in peace; some noble man,
Unmarked by pride, or pomp of dress;
No crowds attend on either hand.
He stands out tall, and now his face,
Deep lined and kind, is plainly seen;
The dark hair, piled above his brow
Seems clouded canopy to turn
All eyes to look and study his,
For in their lustrous deep appears
A master soul 'mid sunny skies
Contending with a night of sorrow;
The kindling light rests on his brow;
He seems upheld by some great thought,
And, as divine, about to speak,
Then, silent, slowly walks along
Into the council chamber here.
He, first of all the ages, come

To join with those whom God's own Son
Has called to meet on shores of time.
Grandly he stands, a martyr-crowned,
True, noble man, the New World's Son,
Close now beside the mountain boy.
Their common country and the good
Unite their hearts and hopes as one.
Denied the touch of mortal clay,
He, Lincoln, locks his eager hands
And, smiling kindly, greets the lad.

Here at the council chamber now,
Here where all the centuries pass,
Time's greatest heroes thus are come:
Here Abraham and David meet,
While Augustine beside them stands;
Elijah, too, a welcome shares,
And Moses' face beams, as the light,
On Paul of Tarsus drawing nigh.
Now slowly up the centuries,
With Calvin walking arm in arm,
Comes Edwards to the waiting scene.

Such cheerful greeting, all are friends,
Such noble mien, such kindly hearts,

Earth to Heaven can yield no grander;
Here wisdom gathered in its might,
Her virtue centered in her power,
The glory was enough for God,
They waited for His only Son.
Nor in this place was rich display
Of gold and jewel-vaulted halls,
Nor towering domes 'mid sun-lit sky,
But rocks eternal, moss-grown, rough,
A grassy mound, a fallen tree;
A cool, gray sky, flecked with clouds,
An earth-scene fixed in endless day.
The truly great need no gilt frames,
The more cut loose from all around
Their own outlines command the view.
Thus Moses and Elijah sat,
Calm, noble, god-like, mighty men,
Grown wise in council of the earth,
And taught in all the ways of Heaven.
There, grouped along the shore of time,
All wait the hour, the Son of Man.

Not from His throne at God's right hand,
With Heavenly hosts attending,
Nor o'er the streets of gold or pearls,

With hallelujah shout or song;
No curtains rolling back and flash
Of spectral lights, no ghostly God,—
But slowly up the mountain side
Of death-worn earth the Master comes.
All rise to greet with hand and kiss
The Christ of Earth, the King of Heaven.

Here love divine, all free to reign,
Poured on each heart her richest praise;
But Heaven's glories beamed on high
When, stooping, Jesus kissed the boy.
That kiss was love, that touch was law,
The pure boy-soul put on the flesh;
The hardy mountain boy, awake,
Sat close beside the King of kings,
Calmly hearing, thinking, watching,
A chosen envoy to the earth.

What voice! what looks! what noble lives!
Would that all men of earth might see;
Then scales of lust and evil thought
To darkest night would fall and die,
And leave the soul as white as light
For very shame to look on sin.

Not as some Satan, lately cast
Down to the lowest bed of Hell,
His arm uplifted demon-like,
But calmly stood the Son; His face
Firm, noble, bright with kingly grace;
His smile a benediction seemed
Worth years of highest joys in Heaven.
He knowing all, yet speaks as man:
“How fares the work in Beulah Land?
How fares it with the blessed city?”
For answer to His spoken words—
His wish who made revolving worlds—
The great sky-vault rolled half way back
And lo! the mansions He prepares
Stood out to those in council met.
Each man, as king before his throne—
Nor awed the least, tho’ justly proud,
For kings were they—stood viewing all
The busy scene. To distant stars
Swift angels sped for purest gems;
Strong chariots drawn by prancing horse
Went coursing o’er the distant hills
Away to mountains ledged with gold,
Or home from seas, shore-lined with pearls.

In grandest curves for countless miles,
High towering over shady groves,
Great lofty domes were seen outlined,
Ablaze with myriad colored gems,
All grandly set in white and gold.
From out a thousand palaced squares,
O'erspread with grass of richest green,
Where crystal fountains gush in song,
'Mid trees that clap their hands and sing,
Rise shafts of pearl through vines of gold
To catch the light of endless day,
And pour it down on all below.
There birds among the shady bowers,
Their light wings flitting through the trees,
Make love through richest strains of song;
Through cool, sweet shades Earth's tawny
king,

His lion-face all lit with smiles,
Aglow with love for nature changed,
Stalks, welcoming a snow-white lamb
That hides within his shaggy mane
Its tender face, while thus at play.

Along cool walks of garnet blocks,
Inlaid with squares of purest gold,

Sweet waters run and flowers grow;
The waters murmur songs of love
To flowers saved from frost and time.
Fair maidens clothed in robes of white
Complete the scene on every hand—
Now grouped to join some fountain song;
Now quite alone on seat of gold,
To con some book of angel lore,
Or read a story from a rose;
Now singing for some snowv dove,
Perched near and calling for a song,
While deft the fingers trace designs
In book of plans for mansion homes
Preparing for some new-come friend.
Far to the right as bird could fly
Spread city, town and country grand,
Filled with joys but named in Heaven.
There countless angels work with men
To build in love another home
For each lost home to child of Earth.

The Master gazed, transfigured was,
And all Heaven's host beheld Him there,
And, breaking forth in praise, they sang,
"Hail to the Christ, the blessed King."

Thus all Heaven echoed with His name;
His throne before the glassy sea
Bent to the Lord, long waiting Him;
But mingling with the scene above,
Its beauty, glory, joy and praise,
Came, faintly whispered from the world
A mother praying, "Save my boy."
The sky-vault turned again and closed;
The Man of Sorrows, Christ of God,
Stood counseling with sons of men.

The Prince of Peace: "Dear Brethren,
mine,
I come from Earth, her joyous scenes,
Her walks of pain and death and sin;
As simple man I move unknown,
And often stand by worshiper
Whose heart is pure and just and true,
Oft hear the cant of hypocrite
And charge him for his death-bought lie.
Oft as a teacher I have gone
To lands that sit in darkest gloom
And told them of the dying love,
Their purchased right to endless life.
Thus have the years rolled on and on,

And now the time is nearly come
When all our works of Earth and time
Must be complete, all sin cast down,
And sky and Earth roll as a scroll,
Death cease and tears be wiped away.

The will of man sin yet contests,
Holds with her strong, seductive wiles,
But wisdom gains her victories.
And now at last all things must speak
To show each man that I am He,
And since the first have done all well
To win nor break a mortal's will.
Mark now the boy. Place in his hand
The chain of truth from out my plans
That lifts the world up to the light."

Thus much He spoke and took His way,
The only God to practice good,
King of all kings to serve as King.

FILIOQUE.

BOOK THE SECOND.

As sat the Christ, a lad of twelve,
To learn of man, yet knowing all,
So now this boy took counsel from
The lips of those long counted dead,
Immortals on confines of Heaven.

First, Abraham—the vigor of
Eternal youth coursing through his
Temple body—arose to speak,
His lips attuned for endless praise;
He stood like granite pile for strength,
His people's features deeply cut
In each least outline of his face;
His eye aglow with very Truth—
Truth flashing with the rays of Love,
As glint the jewels here and there
From out his robe's deep snowy folds:

“Long distance, friends, by help of God,
I have journeyed through His will
Since first Jehovah bade me go
A pilgrim from Chaldean Ur,

And on to Canaan and to death.
My life and works for ages past
Have been far down the shores of time,
Where Earth's great multitudes have passed
From fear and death to the eternal.
This now I speak for men of Earth,
Close-curtained in the tents of time:
The grave gets but the flying dust,
Death's steady hand lifts but the door
And points to life's unsetting sun
Fixed in the noon of endless day.

The first day yet securely bound,
Strewn with plans of cosmic glory,
Swings out from time's eternal wall,
And all the joys of Eden wait
For man to gain what once he lost.

Oft have I sat in sweet converse
With Noah 'mid his flood-lost age,
Whose fear of more impending wrath
Fled through the promise made to me:
'All families'—Thus there we taught
That God must keep in course of time,
The promised blessing e'en to them.

We saw great Adam and his times,
Half doubting through the lapse of years,
The single promise of 'the seed'
And bruising of the serpent's head.
Yet I could tell the many years
Which tried our longing waiting souls;
Of struggles 'gainst the sinful heart,
Of wars 'gainst man's relentless foes,
Fought o'er the hours or plains of time,
To lift God's promise over all.

Enough to know the Light did come,
With right to lead and strength to save,
For Christ, the promised help of God,
At last drew near to rescue all.
Alas! not all, for some would not,
But rather chose reward of sin;
And still they linger, as of yore,
Locked in rusty chains of hate,
Galled by the evil done on earth,
And crushed by loads still piling high.

Fixed as the hills their wills are set,
God's promise in their icy hands,
Eternal hatred in their souls,

They wait with fiendish hatred now
The rolling of time's awful scroll.
These few, far off along the shore,
Where space sinks into endless night,
Are but the drops whence rolled the flood
That learned to know and praise the Lord.

The sons of Egypt and of Ur
Are known no more in darkness there,
But one in purpose, one in praise,
They now enjoy the only good,
And with the millions lost to Earth
They work Jehovah's blessed will.

But, friends, too long I speak of them,
My message speak I for the Son;
Say, child of Earth: Jehovah reigns,
His mercy sleeps not while He wakes,
His promise stands, 'All, all shall be.'"
The father ceased. Truth felt his power,
The noble form seemed clothed divine,
His face aglow with perfect love,
He vanished, passing as the light
Swept from the shadow of a cloud;
They were alone. He was with God.

The sky around sped far away,
While northward all the ages past,
Upheld on time's unyielding plains,
Broke forth as land from out the mist
And brought their storied works to view,
Not least of these Mosaic times.

There was the wilderness of sin,
There high o'er all were Pisgah's heights
And mountain of the written law,
There lay the land of corn and wine
And rolled old Jordan's waters still.

Strange scenes yet linger here to tell
Of man's hard battles fought with sin.
All those who fell a prey to lust,
While marching through the wilderness
To 'scape in life from Egypt's bonds,
And left their bodies to the dust,
Had gone, scarce knowing of the change
That bore them from their mortal ills
To where immortals wake in time.
Each looked the same, each felt alive,
But wondered at those counted dead.
The smitten first-born took his place

With all who perished in the sea,
And joined their arms 'gainst Israel.

The chosen people, all who fell,
Yet living, prayed their God to send
His fire or Moses to their aid.
Their fears and hate at last gave way,
Since sword nor spear could do them harm,
For sword went whizzing past the flesh,
All harmless as a bird in air;
And flying spear, aimed at a man,
Fell broken, ringing on the ground.
Since man once dead and living here
Has body safe from every ill,
All sorrows couch within the soul—
Greed, lust and hate keep up a Hell,
Love and its works make, too, a Heaven.
Thus all along the time-built shore
Were scattered monuments which tell
The victories of love o'er hate.

There, too, God's ways are clearer made:
That Israel should drive out all—
Frail mothers and their helpless babes—
All doomed to feel His dread decrees.

E'en Hittite, childish innocence,
Has right to call for aid from love,
Alike from God or sinful man.
At God's command the angels came,
Forestalling every dreaded blow,
And caught each soul from pain and death
And gently passed it on in life.

The righteous curse on Moses laid
Was tempered well with tender love,
For while Earth's Canaan knew him not,
Great hosts looked up to Pisgah's top,
God sending him to lead them on
Into the land that knows no death:
There Moses learned with all the just
The awful curse of endless life,
Helpless to cure or smite the wrong.
Long time did Moses seek to bless
And prove them come to endless day,
Nor broke the truth, tho' Abraham
And Pharaoh declared to them
That all had come from life on earth.
But soon they counted death a dream
And Earth a thing that ne'er had been,
And went about their foible toils:

Here ruined walls and fallen roofs,
There broken pillars, polished stones,
Half finished road-beds tell the tale
Of greed withstanding God's commands;
For far away there ever shone
The light of Heaven against the sky,
And angels oft were heard to sing,
"Leave all and seek for Paradise."

The lad saw there an aged man
Whose greedy heir had hating watched
A thousand years to see him go
And leave his rich estates behind;
'Mid palace walls the son would skulk,
And work his plots to kill his sire,
Or chain him in some dungeon cell;
While moved the father, bound by greed,
Mumbling—cursing both wealth and son.

Behind a high o'ertowering rock
For ages past two men have stood,
Both murderers, in anger locked,
Their knives are raised, their wrists are
 caught,
They wait for doom or to desist.

Oft angels from the gates of Heaven
Have sung of love and called in vain;
E'en Christ has stood by them and said,
"Ye must forgive to be forgiven;"
And told them of the life of love
And all the joys that wait its laws.
Their eyes aflash with deadly hate,
They stand as rock, one wish, to kill.

Those hidden in the rocks away
For lustful pleasures linger still,
Tho' now four thousand years have passed
Since first their sin enchained them there;
Their fires light up the murky caves,
While bats fly past and snakes crawl near,
And dust and slime are spread on all.
They love the dark that shuts them in,
And sit nor stir, since through the eye
Their souls burn in the ceaseless flame;
Nor will they move till rocks shall break
And angry hurl them down to death—
The second death, where God is not,
Or hope can throw a single ray;
Where evil works all unrestrained,
And lost souls love the prince of sin.

They mock in rage the curse of God
And rave at all who love the good;
Their highest aim Hell's lowest walks,
Their greatest joys each other's woes.

There yet is seen the temples built
By Egypt's great priest-ridden hordes,
Who on their way to the One Good,
Yet stopped to serve their earth-born gods.
There still appear few mummied priests,
Lone, spectral, moving here and there
Among the great deserted halls;
They stare with awe at God's own word
Blazing from out their temple walls,
Where angels wrote in fire and gold
God's great command: "Thus saith the
Lord,"

Burns in the eye, rings in the ear,
To call them on to hope and life.
For all who enter into rest
Within the walls of Beulah land
Bear on their hearts His written Law,
And every soul complete in Him
Is debtor to the Master's word.

But who can tell the battles fought,
The struggles of this long-ago?
How demons armed, from endless night,
Climbed into time and fought with God,
Their spoils His children and His name.
Great mountains piled upon His word
Or overlaid with darkest lies
And whispered then, "Thus saith the Lord."
The very heart's blood mixed with hate
And filled the eyes with gravel doubts
To blind and bleed with unbelief.
E'en Moses drove from rock to rock,
Till by the brink of dark despair
All powers of Hell came rushing on
To crush him down with loads of ills;
Great mountains crashed, as flashing steel,
Above the one hell-hated man,
While torrents made of liquid rocks
Came pouring down along the sky;
All friendly angels fled away,
He felt forsaken e'en of God.
Ten thousand fiends, all armed with hate,
Rushed down against this wretched soul
And hoped to break faith's flashing sword
With massive cakes of icy doubts,

And bind him then blind to his God.
The angels wept. The race of man
Seemed lost to light should Moses fall,
A prey to hate, 'mid doubters' gloom,
Down, down to night of unbelief.
God reigns. There stood His Christ as
man

Beside the wounded fainting soul.
Christ's look of wrath was calm as night,
When silent stars and moon appear
Above some quiet, peaceful lake;
He raised His hand, the demon host
Sank helpless, lead-like into Hell:
The molten rocks stood firm again,
And peaceful spread the mountain scene.

None but the books of God contain
The works of all those years ago,
Of growing faith and growing love
In beaten slave and selfish prince;
Of parents seeking for their child,
But his slayer always finding,
Till wrath burned out and love rose up
And gave them far more perfect joy,
Their child, and slayer loved as son.

Here armies marched—not knowing death
Was past when Earth was left behind—
While counter-marched their watchful foe
A hundred years, to learn at last
No death can blast immortal souls.
Hate—only death confronting man—
At last relaxed her hold on them,
And soldiers, clasping friendly hands,
Marched on to lands of endless peace.
The hunter in the hottest chase
Pursued his bellowing hounds, or
Else stood at watch, while far away,
Immortal game, devoid of fear,
At play with sporting pack, was drawn
To pleasures waiting all in Heaven.

Here beasts of prey, past Earth and death,
Crouched and leaped upon the deer,
But ever failing, soon were changed,
And with the lamb and little child
Journeyed o'er the plains together.
Here birds of song, and scavenger,
Learned love and shared its many joys,
And flew as mates to paradise.
Tho' yet one finds some savage hawk

Perched high above a shady glen,
Its cold eye fixed on stony search
For harmless bird or creeping thing.
Within its sluggish heart long years
Some snapping devil hides away,
And blinking with its black rat-eye,
Croaks o'er its power, defying doom;
With hellish pride it swells itself,
Thinks Satan ruling Earth and sky,
But not, in fact, so great a king.
Poor little devil, all thy pride
And all thy sway, and all thyself
Is hid beneath the wing of bird;
So must thy kind at God's command
All skulk and hide and rule alone,
Their dupes; not men, but snakes and bats
That crawl and fly through caves of Hell.

Deserted cities tell their tales
Of unbelief o'erruling all;
The rich and poor, the good and bad,
Once crowded there. Contented they,
Though tunds were blasting just below
To undermine the works of time;
For demons labor, night enthroned,

With thunder storm and burning flame,
To upturn all that rests above
And hurl it down to gloom and woe
Ere God can work His sovereign will
And save all from the final flames.

The day of wrath, revealed by fire,
Great rolling clouds of oil await
Beneath the stretch of endless years.
There oft is seen above the dark,
Unfathomed deep, seizing at the
Veil of time, a rolling sea of
Leaping flames, by hellish torch ablaze,
To send destruction, 'gainst God's will,
Into the kingdom of His Son,
Where men sleep through the awful times.

In marble halls and gardens fair,
Where moved in pride the rich and gay,
Moses often pleading told them
How, trembling on God's providence,
These dangers hovered over all.
With holy pilgrims oft he went
Beyond the rocks and dunes of time,
As safe conduct to endless joy
Within the city built of God.

There journeyed holy men to teach
The way of life. King David walked—
Lord Buddah by his side—and told
Of highest good and highest hope;
But not one stony heart gave way,
To Moses, David, Buddah none,
Till God spoke out the hour full come
When sin's dark riddle must unveil
And David's Lord should rescue all.
Thus years rolled on, and grew the throngs,
While wealth and pride were piled on high,
And fairly hid the lamp of God
That marks the way for all to Him.
King David's words unheeded fell
Within the grand and princely halls
Reared by "the wisest of his sons."
The very birds to Heaven bound,
Tarried, singing in his palace.
It now deserted, useless stands,
Flowers and fountains bright with May,
No hands entwine, no eye beholds,
The songs and shouts have died away.
Thus scene and scene mark all the years
Along the way of time, long past,
But list to Moses, him who walked
And taught along each rocky hour.

FILIOQUE.

BOOK THE THIRD.

From those vast scenes of barren years,
All the wrecks and finished toils,
The lad withdrew his long-charmed gaze,
To mark the mighty man of God
Who reached the law from Heaven's walls
And passed it down to mortal man:
"When up the sides of Pisgah's heights
I weary climbed by God's commands,
Deep stuck the point of sorrow's shaft
Within my shrinking, fainting soul;
Long stood I there to mark each spot
Where Israel would brave God's will,
And dare to tread the evil way.
I praying stood, awaiting death,
When Abram's hand was placed on mine,
And kindly spoke the father: ' Son,
I long have prayed and watched for Thee.'
So tenderly had God transferred
The mystic Pisgah of old earth
And placed me here, secure in time,
I knew not when I passed through death.

A thousand and five hundred years,
As marked by slow revolving Earth,
I toiled to show the way of life
To every age of fallen man;
To sons of Ethiopia,
Who wandered lost, though in the light;
To Chinese hordes, a countless throng,
Grouped with India's every caste;
To hosts unnamed from out the west—
The west long hidden from the east—
For nations born and lost to Earth
Have ever rolled like waves and fell,
Now up to find the shores of Heaven,
Now down as tho' to rise no more,
But ever pouring from the Earth
A countless host, to people time
And, God willing, rest in glory.
All records left of them on Earth
Have long ere this turned into dust,
Or, lapped by clouds, been lost in light,
Drank up by ray of thirsty sun.

But O, the weary, thankless task!
Tho' Heaven lit the distant view,

Sin's charms were strong, man's heart was
hard,

The law was firm, Hell would not yield,
No hope appeared for one poor soul.

At last I felt the scourge of Hell,

But Jesus came and stood by me;

No word He spoke in just rebuke

'Gainst my weak faith in midst of doubt,

He only smiled and kindly said:

'At mid-day, on yon earthly mount,

Elijah comes to counsel me

And talk of my decease. Come thou.'

O, fellow counselors, such love!

What joy rolled through my very soul!

All Heaven seemed to dwell in me

Who then first knew the Master's work

So soon to bless all ages past

And all my mission toils to end.

The law that sealed all people's doom

Was placed on Him—flowed in His veins.

Man's courage oft full test can find

In meeting foe 'gainst heavy odds,

But God, in Christ, His courage proved

By laying down Omnipotence

And, as a man, facing His foes.
All glorious the Master fought
Alone, to save the fallen race;
Defeating death, he rescued all
From under law, by sinless life;
With life His own by right as God,
And life His own by right as man,
He purchased peace and life for all
When dying on the awful tree.
Still rich in life, He rose again,
And bade His people ever live
And share with Him the home above.
The very moment Jesus died
The new-life power I felt within
And hurried down the distant shore
To tell the news to careless souls
And those who longed to see His day.

But now I cease. My message this:
All distant ages, held in sin
And under law awaiting death,
God in His Christ now hath redeemed.
The Christ adown the ages came
And called on all, 'Believe and live.'
The news went forth and demons fought,

But fell before the Prince of Peace.
Thus pride and hate and greed and lust
And all the ills that fetter man,
Fell, broken, where His hand was seen,
And all who looked on Him in love
Set out upon the perfect way,
And long have helped to build for Him
The blessed city of our God."

His hand uplifted, silent stood,
Sinai's hero, grand, kingly—good;
His eye fixed on some unseen joy,
As tho' he saw the face Divine.
That single look, that holy face,
Once seen by mortal's hiding sin,
Would freeze the marrow in their bones
And make them cry, "I'm watched of God."

He looked upon the mountain boy
As one would look on slightest thread
That binds a case of jewels fair.
Tho' wise in all redeeming love,
Tho' chiefest of the counselors
To tell of law and saving grace,
Tho' often face to face with God,

Still, overcome with holy grief,
He faltered: "Child, O Israel."
Such grief unlocked a flood of tears
And dimmed each beholding eye—
That moment Moses disappeared,
But not the sin of Israel.

As one might seek some Alpine height
And gaze far off upon the south,
Italian skies dreaming above,
The landscape sleeping far below;
Thus sit and muse, till hidden scenes
Come rolling up from out the past—
Armies, kings, and buried cities
Fast anchored in the ocean air,—
Till fancy whispers: "All the world—
Ages past greet thy open eyes;"
So broke the scene o'er Sussex hills,
Where Heaven's council had come to teach
The will of God and justify
His ways to souls of truthful men.
All rocky heights and mountains' trend,
Gurgling brooks and swelling oceans,
Birds, beasts and every creeping thing,
Each farm and field and browsing herd,

Village, town and city grand,
Each man, and place in all the world;
A glorious sight! Earth's icy poles
Like jewels glinting in the sun;
Her belt of green, rich tropic growth,
Clasped around by silver oceans;
Lakes and rivers, laughing waters,
Like sun-lit mirrors through the day
And caskets filled with stars by night;
The moving trains, with belching breath,
And ships, lone seabirds, far from land,
Spread out unbroken to the view,
Scenes long hidden from immortals,
Now stand before each counselor.

Last seen by David when of old
He watched the day from Palestine,
And with the day passed on from earth
To place whence mortal ne'er returns,
Now looks he for Jerusalem,
His own beloved, long-hidden home.
Jerusalem how marred, now changed!
Now stained with blood of Him, Divine;
Around her walls man's highest hate
Has poured his wrath as angry waves

Break on unyielding coast-line rocks;
Jerusalem, beloved of God,
And cause of Christ's most bitter tears;
Best known to Earth, to Heaven best,
The spot of earth where sands of time
Once touched, through Christ, eternal
 worlds;

The one dark place, deep veiled by God,
To hide from Heaven and His own face
The crowning height of human sin
And hardest throe of dying love.

Elijah looks for Carmel's height
And mount of the transfigured Son,
His face aglow with perfect joy,
Recalling God's unbounded love
In sending the great sacrifice
To melt the rocky human heart
And dry the fountain of all tears.

The eagle eye of sturdy Paul,
While marking sights of temples gone,
From Corinth, Athens and from Rome,
The church of Christ in all the world,
Pointing day and night to Heaven's king,

Flashed o'er the world to mark each change,
The world he left, the world he found.
He stood as some triumphant prince
Before a conquered, waiting world;
Then changed his look, confronting sin,
And marking battles yet to come,
He seemed to feel the crisis on,
And tide of war to rest in Him;
He, half forgetful of himself,
Looked his defiance of all sin,
And forward stepped as to the strife.
More calmly viewing, Augustine
Reached out a kindly hand to him—
The touch was voice of God's decrees.

This world-wide stage, our present times,
Each justly measured, good and ill,
And marked the blessed works of God
Among the daily walks of men.
Then beamed a light where clouds had hung
Before a window in the sky,
And happy angels smiled and sang:

“ Rejoice, O Earth, all nature sing,
And all Heaven cry aloud for joy.
Can evil rule, can virtue fail,
Since God in Christ now rules on high?

Speed the kingdom of our Lord,
Bear the truth to every land,
Now doth he triumph over all
Tell of His glory, sing His praise."

Thus the song; the clouds rolled back
And shut the casement of the sky,
Yet scarcely was the singing heard
By counselors close viewing Earth.

Not Russia's grief for dying Czar
Or German hosts prepared for war,
No nation's glory, wealth or shame;
But on a lowly, dying couch,
A mother's arm embraced her son;
The room was small, the window dark,
In prison toiled the felon sire,
The woman's strength was nearly gone,
She gathered all her fragment life
And whispered "Jesus, save my boy."
There stood a man, a helpful friend,
Close holding her poor, shrunken hand,
And stooping breathed upon her son.
That breath was love of God poured out
From lips of the Eternal Son
Whose throne, long empty, Angels saw
And wondered where the Master toiled.

Great tears stole down o'er Lincoln's cheeks
And all his soul was stirred by love;
"O, Christ," he said, "That's being king
In highest sense of Earth and Heaven.
There David and Elijah knelt,
While Paul reached out a pleading hand,
And Augustine bent low to hide
The love that filled his kindly heart,
There Calvin hid his face and wept,
And Edwards whispered: "Blessed Lord."

The lad at loss, not knowing what
These mighty men of God now saw,
But little dreamed it was that Friend
Who oft had sat and talked to him,
He whom the hosts above adore.

The Christ saw all. A tender smile
Lit up the face of the great King,
And in that look earth's varied scenes
Were to immortals veiled again.
The sombre heights 'neath Heaven's arch
Await once more the counselors,
And David first the silence breaks:
"Friends, God is good. Such blessed gift!

A Lord to love and succor man;
All Heaven's treasures, all its hosts,
Are naught beside the only Son,
The Son, full measure of God's love;
But O, the sight on every hand!
Earth's awful freight of sinful man!
Since now Messiah long has come,
And Hope no longer has to wait;
What wretched marks of sullen toil,
Insane religions scourging men,
The vilest pleasures, vilest hopes,
Art made to blush as sensual thing,
Her steps oft led 'mid massive walls
Which hide the sky and bury man;
As though all time were given him
To play the angel for a while
And weary grown to be a devil.

I hoped to see the veil back drawn
And death and hell cast to the deep,
While Earth and Heaven gave forth a shout
And hailed the Christ the Lord of all.

Though Absalom, my wayward son,
Held to my lips the bitter cup,

Ingratitude—most cursed drug,
Distilled by fiends in lowest Hell—
Yet but a drop fell to my lot,
While millions dip the bitter draught
And demons shout in hellish glee,
'Drink, thou Christ, Thy purchased tears,
Thy little ones now wait on Thee.'
O, could the world but see the all
Of sin's great curse laid hard on him,
And know the word—'Long-suffering.'

Scattered my people, forsaken is Zion,
Jerusalem held by might of the foe,
My Lord an exile, disowned, forsaken,
My people, alas! Alas, is it true?
Messiah rejected—Hope facing the night—
Ever, forever expecting,
The darkness to give her the light.

Think not to find external pomp
In one come down to be thy King;
His robe is sackcloth for thy sins,
His spices, ashes for thy griefs,
He needs no crown to make Him King.

Learn wisdom, daughter of Judah,
Riches and might to Solomon came,
His kingdom is lost as a whisper,
Or dew-drop caught up in the sun.
Absalom fought the dread serpent
On time's long-cursed eternal shore;
Solomon, blinded by glory,
Laughed at the thought of a foe,
Built his palace of pleasure—
Still silent and death-like it stands.
The Master's hand alone could save
And free him from his time-worn chains,
The lust of pride, the lust of life.

God only leads where men are true,
He moves along the Christian lines
And marks you over with the foe.
Behold these times now call for work,
Work in the faith that Shiloh reigns—
Join hand to hand with all the good
And from God's footstool drive the bad;
For Heaven's council is for war,
Thy weapons, Truth and Faith and Love.
Should Christians shun thy offered help,

Then think on Him, O Israel,
Who all day long held out His hands.

Build Zion's walls with deeds of love;
Each human heart, new warmed with hope,
Swings near the wall, the polished stones
All fitted for the homes in Heaven.

The temple where Jehovah reigns
Let mortals know is Heaven's highest,
The Holy place, a Christian heart;
Love lights each passage, window, door,
And shines alike from God and man.
The veil was rent by bleeding hands,
And the true Light breaks on the world—
Gentile, Scythian, Bond and Free,
Must see and feel and walk as one,
The living seed has life by Faith,
The law of life is one with death:
Die daily here, and life from God
Springs eternal within the soul."

FILIOQUE.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

As one would stroll 'mid springtime joys,
And list the drowsy hum of bees,
The birds' sweet carol, plaintive, gay,
Borne arm in arm with rich perfume
Down through the boughs of pink and
white,

Old orchard trees in bride's attire,
Then start before the ready coil
Of man's long-creeping serpent foe;
So jars all sin on those long used
To Heavenly joys where ills come not.
No sadder sight can sin reveal,
Of all her varied wrecks of woe,
Than mortal sitting by his tomb,
His fingers dried to rattling bones,
His skull devoted to the dust,
The winds of death a steady moan
Around the tenement of flesh,
Yet heart slow pulsing hate, hate, hate.

For hate, sharp-quilled and full of thorns,
A-drip with poiſon, filth and blood,
A red-eyed monster seems to them,
Seizing sweet and kindly thoughts
Between her long and narrow jaws,
Crushing joy and trust and love,
As tiger gnashing helpless fawn.
Her stench shoots up to sun's hot flames
And seethes in lowest fires of Hell;
She points to angel, shouts "A beast,"
And once in Heaven would ruin all.

Hate has no form to know her by,
But turns into ten thousand shapes
To suit her need or demon will;
Now stalking lion, maned with snakes,
She treads the midnight line of Earth;
Now plunging through volcanic flames,
She warms her blood for Nero's heart,
And when he lights the martyr piles
She leaps from mountain-peak to peak,
A monster wizard, mocking Heaven.
On battlefields again she walks,
And hissing, points at wasting forms
Of men laid low in hateful war—

War planned and bloody at her will;
Now mad to frenzy at long peace,
She calls her trusty whelps of night
To dip their long bat-wings in blood
And drive the nations into war.

“Bleed, German, for thy fatherland!”

Then hisses, “O thy glory, France!”
Now cries, “Great Czar, awake, awake!
All time’s vast glory rests on thee.”
Now speeds into the Christian Isle
Calls “Arm, fair Mistress of the Sea;”
Hate sturdy demons calls from Hell,
Great stalking shadows, shaped like men,
And armed with strength of Hercules,
To seize and drive Earth’s potentates
To lift their hands and speak for war.

God sternly watches from His throne
Man’s treatment of the Prince of Peace;
Decrees, that war means one mad plunge,
Consuming all the kings of Earth,
Their blood dried up, their thrones but dust,
And men of peace to rule the world.

Nor does hate always growl and snarl,
And wear her darkest tell-tale forms,

But flees from out the direst curse
And steals along up to a smile;
Her robe of night she often leaves
And dons the brightest light of day.
Down in her soul she packs all hell,
And seals the door with sweetest smile;
Her jaws at midnight drip with blood,
And lightly kiss by light of day.
Hate, monster mother of all sin,
Once overcome, forever chained,
All creatures doomed or even damned
Would rest in love, forever good,
And find a rest with God in Heaven.

Thus David saw the teeming world,
Where once he filled the air with song,
And hurled the Truth against the false,
Clothing the soul in robes of light,
Which drops unfolding from his psalms.
As spoke the Father long ago.
When burning suns sprang from His word,
So speaks "The Lord my Shepherd is,"
And lights the dying Christian's way.
It melts the icy rising fears
To cool, sweet draughts of cheering hope,

A gem from Heaven for human brows,
Truth come from God for every tongue
And solace for each troubled heart.

King David's shepherd bids him haste,
And lo! there comes a chariot bright,
With ivory, gold and gems,
By milk-white horses swiftly drawn,
Fast coursing down around the peaks
And passes of the crystal clouds;
A noble horseman, all aglow
With joy, salutes his waiting Lord.
A moment: David sweeps away,
His coursers driven by King Saul.
As up the steep they roll along
To highest Heaven, David's home,
An angel choir comes out to greet
The singer, loved of Israel.
Bathed in the light, their lovely forms
Along the cloud-rocks near his course
In varied groups, now here, now there,
Their harps of gold and robes of white
Blend with the light of cloud and sun.
They shake their harps and showers fall
Of roses all along his way;

They touch one chord, then David sings:

“Hear, O Earth, let Israel sing,
No longer wait the coming King;
His home all Heaven now prepares,
Send treasures Earth, send trustful prayers.”

Then all the harps breathe sweetest strains,
And angels softly sing with him:

“We wait the last of Earth to sing
The grandest chorus of our King,
‘The King of kings and Lord of all.’”

Elijah, then by right of time,
Next thought to speak, but had no voice,
Filled by the thoughts that charged his soul:
The world as seen with Moses when
They came to meet the Christ as man;
The Earth that was, and is, and too,
The perfect world that is to be;
And beautiful this vision grew,
As all the glories of the Christ
In time's great æons swiftly pass.
He thought how He alone had wept,
Last man, except the faithful few,
Whose knees had not once bent to Baal;
Alone on Carmel stood for truth,
While round him moved the priestly throng;

They come from palace of a king,
While men of God hid for their lives.

Now glorious nations girt the world,
All rich in cities new and great,
While spire to spire in every land
Calls out the glories of the Lord;
The world now rolls beneath the sway
Of pen and plow, of trowel and spade,
Whose votaries serve no base gods;
All nations now their ships prepare
To meet the cruisers of the skies,
And open trade in ports unknown.
Elijah viewed the works of God,
And, rising in the council, spoke:
“Ye men of God, boy messenger,
Hear what the Father would reveal,
Which I, when called to meet with Him,
Within his secret chamber heard,
He speaks it for the waiting world:
First of the Christ spoke the All Wise,
That ever thus, before all time,
He was with God and God in Him;
They made the world as garden spot
Of every world, the land of choice;

Here God withdrew from mind of man
His overruling hand or will,
And gave the creature power to choose,
To love, to trust, that childish faith
Might revel on in perfect peace
And yield its service all to Him;
Then fully grown, as perfect man,
To stand above the scale of being,
And face to face, confer with God;
Or, moving on through starry worlds,
Seek out the glories of the Lord.

And should man's will to evil turn,
God thought to lead him upward still
And bring His creature richest joy;
To save them from the fruits of sin
And make them as the only Son;
All nations, kindreds and all tongues,
To pass the bounds of mother Earth
And unimpeded course through space
And sail at will from shores of time;

Nor would he break a single will,
Or give a vantage over one,
But each must share from Him alike

A Father's gift to all mankind.
A choice have all; He seeks to win
Consent from men to make them kings;
He shows them evil through commands
Which, being broke, reveals the sin
To dimmest eyes of all offenders.

He offers to the heart kept free
From breaking single thread of law,
While walking o'er the net of time,
The glorious prize which Christ now gives,
Not for our works but just His grace,
An endless life in highest Heaven.
But man, borne down by weight of sin,
Breaks the law with every breath;
God by a word can cast out sin,
But first must break the sinner's will,
Then leave the net of law still broken.
Since will of man has chosen wrong,
God must enforce not mend this law,
Else where is God and what is law?
His justice overrid by love,
Leaves Him imperfect as a God,
Unfitted for His courts above.
One lack in God sets bounds to Him;

A flaw in justice or His law
Would mark a limit to His love.
God's perfect plans speak perfect works,
A Hand as true as perfect mind.

Thus bound by law man's curse was sure,
We had no hope except in love,
God's only Son, to fill the law,
Man's only merit choosing life.

I stand to say each promise made
And attribute of God or work
The Christ of God has proven true.
He entered life through perfect law,
Justice, Love and Mercy calling,
And underneath the race of man
He placed the everlasting arms.
Grew as a man—and strictly kept
Nor ever marred the laws of life—
A germ, a child, a youth, a man,
All free from death. Perfect He stood,
Transfigured, or completely grown,
A sinless man, revealed to us
Upon the sacred mount, yet God.
'Twas there His love, His boundless love,

For man was seen; since, standing there,
Another step would lead to Heaven,
And crown Him, only perfect man
And as God's Son, supreme o'er all.
He talked with us of His decease,
And sent new hope adown the past.
First Champion of all o'er sin,
The Father longed to press Him there
Into the bosom of His love;
But Christ turned down the rocky slope
To meet His death and save the race.
Our message to the hosts in sin
That waited hope beyond the grave
Sent joy or dread to every soul,
But later came the Risen Lord
And smote the chains of galling sin
And led the way of all to Heaven.
All glorious now the work is done
In those remotest darkest times,
And demons prowl, dejected, sad,
Gnashing on the barren wastes
Where every trace reveals the Christ
As Victor, Saviour, God and Man.
My warning: Shrink not from thy task,
Till all thy work is nobly done;

Remember Christ turned back to die
Tho' Heaven's glory bade Him come home.
His likeness springs from like action,
Forsaking all to rescue man."



FILIOQUE.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

Elijah scarce had spoken thus
When flashed the rocks with tongues of fire,
And peals of thunder wrapped in clouds
Came rolling on along the sky;
All Heaven seemed about to fall
And Earth to split and drop away,
But God, who dwells in purest light,
Was not in cloud, earthquake or fire.
Upon the council fell a light
That cut its way across the clouds.
God's horsemen came; Elijah passed
This shining portal of the storm
Which closed and melted all to light
Behind the upward speeding train.

Then Paul, the former slave of Christ,
Stood forth to speak the word of life:
"Sirs, men of God, it well becomes
Us standing here before the lad

To speak as to the waiting world,
Since we are come at God's command
To speak His will, unfolding all
That man may know of the unseen.

“All, all has changed since Jesus came;
Man now no longer journeys on
Through middle planes of earth-like scenes,
Death behind, the self immortal,
And choice still left of hell or Heaven.
Now all is changed: The river time
Curves sharp around Old Zion's hill,
And tho' death means joy to the good,
Safe landing on the shore of Heaven,
A glorious welcome by the blest;
The dying of the wicked man—
One hearing Christ oft speak within,
In spite of church, in spite of love,
The voice of conscience and the good,
Dies still rejoicing in his sin,
Without desire of being pure—
All such still tarry in their tombs
To wait alone the Judgment day.
Alas, this fate let mortal dread,
For, tho' the body knows no pain

And easy holds its felon chains
While burns the steady lamp of hope,
Still sleepless he must suffer all
The throes of shame for wasted years.
Alone, low-bending in his cell,
A gloomy twilight, silent, gray,
Ever light, still forever dark;
He feels his ills a just desert,
Nor would he move tho' Angel came
To lead him on to richest joys.

“As fiend in Hell, or saint above,
He fills his place, this lowly arch,
This step between the Earth and Heaven.
And all his woe of waiting there
He knows prolonged by sinful man
Who holds the time of Judgment day—
When man shall choose to fulfill all
Then God will fix at once the day,
And all retained by chains of sin
Will with the good arise and come
To witness love and justice beam
In face of Father and the Son.

“Nor does God's will now bind men there
Within the archway of the grave;

The chains are those earth-forged by sin,
Their links cry ever shame, shame, shame,
And bind them skulking, naked there,
Tho' life-boats wait them, near at hand;
For boats ride o'er the swelling tide
By shores of time's great border stream.

“How beautiful the Christian's death!
Wherever God may call them, ‘Come,’
From cottage, palace, land or sea,
All feel new life surge in the heart
And fill the body with its glow;
Each wakes to life beneath his arch,
A palaced chamber on time's shore,
And has his best loved meet him there
Just come with boat to pass them on
To all the joys of homes above
That wait the pure, the rich in hope.
His loved ones' joy cannot be told,
Long waiting on the distant shore
To hear some watching angel call,
‘Prepare thy boat, thy kinsman comes
To be with thee and Christ for aye.’
No sting has death to souls in light,
No sting has death to called in Christ,

Its only gloom is from earth's side
Where loved ones wait or sin still rules.

“I've watched great fathers come from
Earth

When fell the lot to baby hands
To sail the boat to other shore;
Oft wives and husbands; sons, daughters,
Brothers, sisters, friends and lovers,
Every best-loved gives first greeting;
Blest welcome to those lost to Earth
And now forever found of Heaven.
Thus the first drop of rejoicing
Reflects the world that waits beyond,
For all are known, all are lovers,
In land where law is one with love.
Nor do the angels call the names
Of those who hide till Judgment day;
Nor wait their friends since but in Christ
Is friend or loved one ever known,
For sin and shame destroy all ties,
And empty ride the useless boats
That God in love prepares for all.

“These archways face each son of Earth,
Each has his own to pass or hold;

They pass who trust Christ for His grace,
Or even long to find the good;
For One is good, the One is God,
And Christ is found of all who seek
The Father or the Perfect One,
For all of these unite in Him,
And nothing good is lost to love.

“Aye, when I stooped to meet the stroke
Of Rome’s uplifted falling sword,
Then first I learned the power of Christ,
His glorious victory over death.
I felt no pain, no falling stroke,
But stood at once—eternal life
Leaping, coursing, through my frame—
Within the chamber waiting me,
The light of Heaven streaming in,
And robes of white by unseen hands
Upon me clasped. My mother there
To pilot me across the bar.

“When up the jeweled steps of gold
I led my mother, arm in arm,
My eyes swept in at single glance
The scenes that fill the courts of Heaven.

I felt my strength as though divine,
And laughed at Rome—poor, puny Rome—
Whose sword shook off the dew of earth,
While gates of life were oped to me.
I hurried up the glorious steep
And marked the broad fields of the past,
Where Christ had gone to rescue man,
And going on o'er countless years,
I soon beheld the Master stand
And calling: 'Whosoever will,'
'I am the Way, the Truth, the Life,'
While throngs believed His gracious word,
And kneeling praised and worshiped Him.

I stood and clapped my hands for joy.
The Master, knowing all, soon came,
And hearty welcome gave me there.
Such look had He of perfect love,
And sense of right to rule and save,
One felt Him filled with the divine;
The very Prince of Heaven laughed,
And then I saw that all my ills
Had not been slightest breath of harm,
But good unmeasured, for they gave
Me fellowship at once with Him.

“Long time we labored on and on
Adown towards the oldest day
Where Adam waited for ‘The seed’
To bring the promised life to him.

“O, glorious battles of those times!
All written now in books of gold
And bound in blocks of clearest pearl—
Books for the mansions he prepares,
A pastime for eternity.
Hell’s fiercest demons overcome
By men who held the sword of faith,
And Satan scourged by a mere child
And lashed confused to tears and shame,
Bound in his cell, his might all gone.
His sway on earth is but the growth
Of seeds he planted long ago
Now nourished by the blood of men;
His spirits, Greed and Spite and Lust,
And all their hateful, hurtful train,
Incarnate, still despoil the world,
But subject to God’s higher laws.

“Thus chained in darkness, bleeding, blind,
The pangs of hunger, pangs of thirst,

The chill of death, the sense of wrong,
No harvest of the human race,
But shame for all eternity;
No rabble crew to share his curse,
He suffers on alone, alone,
While all the tears and groans of man
Have turned to drops of liquid steel
And shower on him; his only light,
Their flood that gathers at his feet
And rises, rises to his eyes,
Then slowly ebbs, while chill of death
Pours icy all about his frame
And wraps him in its awful sweat.
A flood that rises, crag by crag,
Within his rock-bound, airless cell,
And only falls when curses change.
Grimly he sits, defying God,
And reaps the harvest he has sown.
But weight of hours and weight of years
Press harder as the ages roll,
And every nerve and every thought
Scarce stifles the one awful groan
Which, heard, would tell the curse of sin
And Satan's conquest and despair.
Thus conquering, the blessed Lord

Swept on and on till all were saved
Who loved and longed to serve the good.

“My works on Earth I saw as toy
By childish hand all badly carved—
My letters and the churches, all,
The Master’s hand had wrought through
me—

I laughed to think of such rough chip
As gift to God for endless life.
And equal worth for all my sins.
Christ saw my heart and empty hand,
My honest value of His blood,
And warmly clasped me to His breast;
He whispered words I dare not speak—
Such rich reward for my poor works.

“Christ preached His kingdom there at
hand;
Sat, too, and taught, ‘Blessed, Blessed,’
And pointed to the lilies fair.
So free, so happy was I then,
Scarce thinking Heaven aught beside,
When Jesus whispered, ‘Come and see:
A joyful welcome to my friends!’

Then passing o'er the plains of time,
So glad was I to be with Him
I scarcely saw when time was past
And we had reached—Earth has no word
To tell of being out of time.
I was by Christ; in glory He,
The glory which He had at first
Exalted, infinite, One with God.
He alone can speak the language
Of all His love, His thought and throne;
All the words of man or angel
Are as voices of the sparrows
Singing Heaven's hallelujah songs.
O, swift the mills of earth to grind
The bread that lasts but for a day;
But Oh, the weary waste of time
To gather bread let down from Heaven
Which strengthens for eternity.
One glance at Christ secures to man
The boundless riches of the Lord:
Should the thin veil be pushed aside
And lowest wall of Heaven shine
On mortal's money-loving eye
Into the hearts that will be rich,
The ships of ocean would stand still,

And seamen, thoughtless of the deep,
Would leap to touch the sunlit wall,
One diamond block worth many worlds;
Trains, neglected by the trainmen,
Would rush to death or fireless stand;
Fruits would perish left untasted,
The fields grow weeds through summer
 days,
And winter storms would mark the end;
Thus man would perish dreaming, looking,
Deeming earth but barren plain.

“But all the walls now built above,
Of gold and jasper, onyx, pearl,
Blocks of topaz, beryl, sapphire,
Would fade to granite, dull and gray,
To the mortal seeing Jesus
In the light of His own Christ-love
Should the Master show its fullness.

“God will smile upon His children,
Extending mercy to each son,
And in kindness offers all men
Highest of the joys of conscience
Or snake-like writhings in its flames,
According as each loves or hates.

“Less of light has long probation,
A clearer light, the less of time.
His children dying never taught,
Christ visits in each chambered cell,
Behind the silent door of death,
Ere there breaks the light of Heaven
Or dread consciousness of their change.

“Thus the Master’s griefs continue,
And by His stripes these souls are healed,
While proudly pharisaic Christians
Share the world with so-called ‘heathen’—
With full baskets never giving
But the crumbs, to fellows dying,
Slow dying for the Bread of Life.
Against all such, hard and selfish,
Judgment frowns while Mercy weeps,
And all love of the eternal
Shall not save such souls from feeling
They are heathen-marked forever.

“Through the reason works the Spirit,
Pointing to the written Word,
Or, before the book of nature,
Marks the call for saving man—

Saving man from death and sin.
So the Spirit, light upholding,
Shows to man the saving Bride,
Since by the church doth God's own arm
Make bare to save the pure in heart,
The little ones, the chosen ones;
Thus in her day she too shall be
Fit partner for the Master's throne:
His Bride; pure as the eye of love,
Kind as the very soul of hope,
Clothed in the wisdom of all times,
The smallest dust or largest star
Of Hope and Trust, of Joy and Love.

“She stands secure upon the Rock,
The one true Rock, the blessed Christ,
While in her hand the priceless pearl
Is not the wealth or pomp of Earth,
The sway of states or scourge of man,
But balm for sin's avengeful wounds
And words to cheer the dying soul.
No blood has ever stained her hands,
But, bending o'er the sinful world,
She drops her wealth with joyful tears,
And teaches men to hope and love.

'But where,' the world will sure inquire,
'Now hides this bride, espoused to Christ?'
Bid men work her works, then will she
Appear and show herself in love.

"His kingdom stood dread foe to Rome,
He, poor, unknown among the hills,
The rocky hills of Galilee,
While Cæsar's glory filled the world:
Christ armed with Truth, Rome with the
sword,
Cæsar, pride, the Christ, humility:
One working grace to bless the earth,
The other hate to fill her graves.

"'They are not gods if made with hands,'
Crushed the temple of Diana;
Thus 'Christ is King,' smote Ancient
Rome—
This truth will work though church should
fall,
The Book be closed and Reason fail,
For more than all: Behold the King!
He from the stones can call His church
And grave anew the Holy Word

Upon the fleshy hearts of men
And light again the Reason's torch
From wisdom's flame that never fails.

“But I must haste—my time is past—
O, that the Christ would call to me
To preach again His blessed word,
I'd go uncalled into His house
And cry, 'Awake, awake for life'!
God's own blest Will I more desire
To do in all things small and great.
The earth is now impregnant with
The laws ordained by God, long since
Revealed in love through His own Christ.
Now fast the flying shuttle, Time,
Weaves in the days and nears the wall
Where time and death and sin must end.
Courage, Christian. Be true and work,
Truth never sleeps or ever stays,
But hurries on to rest in God;
Her fire consumes the dross of time
And leaves effulgent all His works.”

FILIOQUE.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

Thus ending, Paul sat down to wait
His compeers' words: First Augustine:
"God reigns—is good—words rich in hope
For mortal man or demon lost:
For where all power is couched in law,
And law is firmly fixed in God,
There Hope can spread her whiting sail
And wait the breeze from out the deep
Of time's eternal, breathless calm.
A demon's hope for demon's breath,
A dying child and after life,
An angel wing and strength to fly,
The throne of God, the reign of love—
All, all that is, is fixed by Him,
And what is not, is not by law.

"Long sat I at the feet of Him,
Wisdom, Jesus Christ, the only King,
And saw Him touch the million strings
That fill the harp of changeless law.

O, music grand! The thunder crash
Rolled out along the liquid deep,
Climbed high among the shining stars,
And died, at last, a gentle breath
Within the bud of whitest rose,
To wake again in sweet perfume,
Gathered upon the breeze of Heaven.
He strikes again: The light springs forth,
Shoots on from sun to distant star,
Breaks through the clouds, bends o'er the
soul,
Warms loves for God, then dies away
In hallowed thankful words of praise
Which rise to God their trysting place.

“He strikes once more: From dust and
cloud,
From darkest deep rolls forth the flood,
To cool and shape a thousand worlds,
Each teeming with the grandest scenes
Of life—all forms of life but man;
Thus earth and cloud, the stars and sun,
Are moulded by eternal laws;
On earth grew man, the child of law,
The Harper stooped and breathed on him,

And in man then was consciousness
Of doing right, and choice of will,
And all the higher virtues set.

“God’s broken wish, man’s wreck of life,
Alike rang out as perfect law
Can only ring—‘All very good’:
By will of man, lost paradise;
By will of God, the Harper’s death;
For love laid hold the broken law,
The bleeding hands washed off the stains,
And glory past her former bounds
When love smote down the murky hills
And made the creature one with God.
No higher runs the scale of law,
Though sin may tremble on the chord,
Than making place for human will
To choose the right and honor God.

“O! glorious law, that raises man
From being not, to highest life,
To love and joys that never end.
Ah, perfect law, that dooms the base,
Though moving in the courts of Heaven,
To know no rest except in gloom,
Where hate alone can ease their chains.

“But wherefore hate or wherefore hell?
Man alone must find his answer,
Since his fiat gives them being;
For, man willing, God would enter
And by law destroy these evils.
God’s boundless love and perfect law
Tell why He first created man;
While sin and death and hell’s destruction
Show the depths from which He saves.

“The Lord who raised His church on high
By fixed, eternal, perfect laws,
By these same laws of life shall save
From direst woes or chance of fall.

“All laws of love forbid his Bride
To rule on earth with Cæsar’s glove
Upon her white and helpful hand;
Her ways are not to flash with steel,
But sparkle with the dews of Heaven.

“But now the day breaks in the east
And streaks its glory up the sky,
When men shall love, and men shall trust,
And man for man will do and die;

The reign of love o'ersweeps all time,
And law but aids its perfect sway,
Since all begins and ends in God,
For God is love and governs all."

Thus ending, each in silence sat,
Expectant, knowing scarcely whence
Would come a witness of the Truth:
From out the Earth, the deep or Heaven.
A gentle note, but faintly heard,
Seemed born, beyond most distant space;
It rose and swelled, a trembling flood,
O'ersweeping all the mass of being,
Deep calling deep to worship God.
Then all the clouds seemed dropping pearls,
And rubies showered from the blue;
A light unspeakable and pure
Broke then on earth adown from Heaven
Till all the world, within, without,
The souls of men, each one and all,
Were seen as God Himself can see;
And over 'gainst this shining light
Stood One, of life the only source,
And in His hand the harp of law.
All earth seemed lost in deepest sleep,

Nor stirred a leaf nor moved a wave,
All, all was still as very death;
Then ceased the music of the spheres,
Nor fell the jewels, tho' in air,
But paused to hear the word of Christ,
Paused to list the word of God.
He touched the chord of Judgment day,
And all the race before Him stood:
Each act of man in spectral form
Stood out in light, revealing all,
Down e'en to childhood's sports and play.

All called from earth in tender years,
Ere evil days of sin had come,
A multitude, a countless throng,
With silent tread passed by His throne—
Unjudged—and on to Heaven's light.
The full-grown youth and men then stood
Reserved to face their lives and Him:
"Behold me sick," the Master said,
"What hast thou done, O man, for me?"
Each turned of all the countless throng
Nor could one face his life or Him
Whose face was set, stern with justice,
'Gainst those who chose the curse of law.

“Behold me, too, in prison cell;
Who came to me to bless or cheer?”
All looked adown their earthly lives,
The tell-tale scroll of memory.
“I hungry was, who gave me bread?
And thirsting oft, who gave me drink?”
All knew and felt him righteous judge.
His Hand is near the fatal chord
That strikes forth doom on Judgment day,
Sin’s awful harvest, pain and death,
The fruits of lives lived out of Him.
He lifts His hand, His scarred hand,
And speaks: “Thy doom God lays on Me.”
The organ of eternity
In tender, mellow strains spoke out,
And he was past away from sight.
Life on earth once more moved on;
’Twas day and night; man slept and woke,
While Judgment day stole through his
dreams,
Still hidden in the plans of God.

A thousand years of fire-walled Hell
Would speak the soul a welcome rest
From greater woes in courts of Heaven:

To see the Saviour ever near
And feel one had no part in Him,
But only right to sinner's doom,
Would make Christ's smile a scourge of
wrath.

To think that face, once cold in death,
To yield to man the rights of life,
And smitten with ingratitude
While man would not consent to live!
And yet, to leave that look of love
Means parting that is constant woe—
All, all is hell if sin remain
Within the chambers of the soul.
The curse of sin is felt by all
As weight of worlds laid on the breast.
'Tis hell to see the Only Good
Bleed for the sins we know are ours;
And naked stand, with bleeding side,
That we be robed and crowned as kings;
To see him drink the bitter cup
Which we preferred to Paradise;
To feel ourselves poor, foolish, bad,
Forgiven or unforgiven,
At the most but pardoned devils.
But Heaven lifts the sense of shame,

And joy enrapturing flows in
Beneath the smile of Christ the King,
Exalted to God's own right hand
As witness of the boundless love,
Till now long hid in mystery
That we, free born 'neath Calvary,
Are creatures not of shame and law,
But, under grace, the sons of God—
Thus Hell and Heaven both are found
Beneath the cross where Jesus died:
Once reconciled, it beams with love,
But stings the rebel, choosing law,
Who dares to crucify his King,
To brave the strict commands of God,
Debase the noble works of time,
To turn himself again to beast,
Ignore for pottage, paradise;
All, all, for walk in dark and storm
Across the rugged face of earth
And reach the light of world to come
A helpless, weary, wreck of sin;
The cross to such is load of shame,
And speaks but woe far worse than Hell.

Then Calvin, strangely moved by all
He thus had seen and there had heard

Suggesting the great Judgment scene,
Spoke thus—and first to Augustine:
“Thou sayest well the purpose stands,
Nor man on Earth, or fiend in Hell,
Or all about the throne could change,
Yet God is free to turn His hand
At pleasure of His sovereign will:
The ray of light struck from the harp,
Returning after ages gone,
In kindly love from lowly man,
The Father’s arm at any point
In all the distant wanderings,
Could reach and turn unto himself
Unshortened with His glory:
Just so the world awaits his call,
While waits He for the works of man.

“’Twas mine to see His church come
forth,
Tried long by all the arts of sin.
‘The Sabbath made for man,’ from Christ,
Declared for man ’gainst institutions,
And crowned each son with liberty.
Yet man sat slave, chained foot and hand,
While ruled as gods the awful few.

When once again all arms were free
The danger spread on every side,
No one was right, all wrongs were law,
The army of the One True Lord
To pieces broke; each thought himself
One sent to overcome the world.
Our Lord's great prayer, 'To be One,'
Was trampled neath the foot of man—
On little threads of cobweb strength
Men stood and fought to found a church:
Water little thus, or much thus,
Was cause for hottest of discord,
Though grieving heart of Him who made
The waters of unhappy Earth.

“Scarce God's own Hand could save His
cause

From men thus wrangling on and on
Concerning things of smallest worth,
While perished men for the true Bread.
The New World, waiting for the church,
Reached out its arm to the true Bride,
A guide and help for all nations.
Alas! just fears, despite all hope,
The sequel proves too sadly true:

Along the hills I saw the springs
Where living waters always flow,
And grouped about were strong men seen;
Each praised his cup and anxious asked
The weary pilgrim drink with him.
Yet all along the mountain sides
Were pilgrims climbing quite alone,
Their hands outreached, for thirst half dead,
And calling, 'Roll away the stone'—
Beneath the rocks cool water flows,
They hear the sound and seek the draught.
The churches hear the awful cry,
But choose the rivalry of cups
And the echoes of their folly.
How earthy all, God only knows,
And He alone can justly weigh
The greater curse—the chains of Rome
Or freedom of the Reformation.
Yet now the danger seems quite past,
Since every man must be a priest—
A priest unto his sinful soul—
To offer up his will to God,
No man to say him yes or no.

“The wisdom shown in days long past
To organize the church in one

Stupendous power to rule the world,
Let Christians now remember still
May aid his cause to save all men
And put the battle front in 'ray.
Let Rome's great head, like Christ's, come
forth

And teach some good and noble way
That makes each son, by right of birth,
A cardinal whose might is fixed
By what the Father, God may wish;
Thus leaving Christ to set the bounds
Of each man's place in God's great plan.
Should God prefer some other chief—
He knowing best the hearts of men—
Then set the line, give Christ His own,
And let all Rome charge to the fray;
And all the good be arm of God
Down crashing on our deadly foes:
The poorest soldier, sin cast out,
Is greater than the greatest pope
Who shares a world with death and sin.

“My warning: Let all hatred cease,
For hate is evil's only hold
On all that's doomed, all that is damned;

No Christian hating e'er can live
Or taste the joys of paradise.
The hand that overcomes the world
Will love earth's weakest, poorest son;
Forget that Christians differ aught,
But seek your likeness in the Christ;
The goal is faith, all perfect grown
By seven laws: Virtue, knowledge,
Kindness, love—all that Peter names."

FILIOQUE.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

Thus ended Calvin's kindly words,
When Paul and Edwards, Augustine
And Lincoln, bowed their heads with him,
And silence rested over all.
Expectant sat the waiting lad
Lest God or Christ might now appear.

From earth all lips used to prayer
Seemed sending incense up to God,
While Heaven's domes and arches rang
With angel song, "Worthy the Lamb."
The blue sky whispered to the clouds,
"Rejoice, the Christ is on His throne."
Then all in silence still remained
Till far away where sinks the light,
And space a twilight ever holds,
From the abyss, in deepest tone,
Four bell strokes, slowly pealing, rang,
And rolled along from sun to sun,
Unto the farthest waiting star.
Tears coursed adown each startled face

As distant died the awful sound,
And One spoke: "Thus, I mark the hours.
E-ter-ni-ty, E-ter-ni-ty,
How long, O, man, how long, how long?"

True tears and noble of true love,
From lords of earth, the truest, best,
Who stood to warn their fellow man
And speak the will of Him divine,
While strikes the awful death of time,
And mortals, wrapped in robes of sin,
Waste hours rich in things eternal.
Just these four strokes, "E-ter-ni-ty,"
Not one had heard the awful sound
Of time's slow clanging bell before;
Since "three" pealed forth when Christ was
born,
Then hung in silence in the deep,
Wrapped in the dark, till now it speaks:
"The Christ of God sits on His throne."
"Two," spoke the hour of mortal sin;
"One," rang out the first of time
And gave the hours a place in being.
Then Edwards raised his silver voice,
All calmed from fear at rest in love

“Mark how we speak of God’s great might,
His wisdom, plans which from the first
He sealed by force of perfect law;
Thus all believe and all must feel
Who walk at last in courts above.
God’s highest glory was involved
By sinful hand of man, put forth
To wreck God’s plans—defeat His will.

“A perfect God perfection works,
And even devils must be damned;
How then could man’s imperfect hour,
Be perfect made on scroll of time?
But God Himself could find a way;
Which He, when time was fully come,
Revealed to all when Christ was born:
A germ of life in virgin pure
He placed with Hand Divine, and lo!
One fitted for the trying task
Took up the cause of God and man
With fullest strength and perfect right
To save the race and honor God.
The curse first chosen by the world—
To die and perish under law—
Was laid on Him who had no sin.

As man he lived and kept the law
And paradise could justly claim
To fill or people with His sons.
He chose instead His home above,
And prayed that sinners saved might be
Through faith and love, His living seed,
Exalted sons, at home with God;
And highest glory laid on them.
Thus all the past was out of debt
And all in Christ alive could be
To walk with God, to be with Christ
And spend with Him eternity.

“Fast to the throne of perfect Love
He sealed the love of God for man,
Then bore the message down to Earth,
And laid it deep in human hearts
When He was born, the Word of God.
This cable laid, He died and rose,
And filled the world with blessed hope,
Then bore the message back to God,
Thus binding earth to Heaven’s throne.
These cables o’er the dreadful ’byss
’Twixt God and man He thus has swung,
And planked them with the written Word,

God's promises to do man good.
Thus Christ becomes the common bond
That binds the race to the One Good;
The way of Life was laid by Him.
Each nation's fall, all mortal wrecks
That ever cursed the waiting world,
Bear witness to man's awful crash
Adown the rugged steep of sin.
When all seemed lost, and law of sin
Was sealing all in surest woe,
Christ came and showed the open door.

“ Without, men stand refusing all,
While Earth still rots and smokes with fires
That seethe and roll from out the pit:
Infant bodies still are damned
In Earth's hell-fires; while oft are seen
The fiends with fire brands piling high
The awful flames where women lie
And fester, burn and burn and burn.
The walls of sin are builded high,
The flames of vice still shoot and wave
O'er millions cursed and damned in Hell;
The nations, mad like Nero, stand
And watch the awful rolling flames;

The brothel damns the child at home
And burns the wife with eating flames;
While floods of poison sweep o'er men,
A burning ocean, mocking God.
The waves break only by His throne
Or will of man full armed to fight
For cause of Christ 'gainst all the bad.
All evil has its source in Hell,
And its workmen build high the walls,
Fixed, eternal, cursed by God;
And direst woe awaits the man
Who cants of love and winks at sin;
He deep in doom must study truth,
For none can love and be unjust.
The man who burns his child on earth
Must find escape or burn in Hell.

“True friends conceal no needed truth,
But speak it out while tarries time,
Ere it is useless or too late.
My warning: Leave all cavil now
And preach the Christ—Him crucified,
Be one in Him, in Spirit one.
My country, rise, shake off the flames,
Be sober and thy flag shall rise

O'er all the world, and ne'er shall fall,
But ever stand above the throne.
God is good. The evil falling,
Waits the blow of man's strong will.
All lands be one, the earth is small
Since time and space are overcome
By sleight of mind and will of God.
A day involves oncoming years.
A man can do the works of God,
Since human destiny, full grown,
Stirs in time's hot and quickening breath."

A bugle blast from Heaven rolled,
And then from out the nations stood
An army of the purest blood
Earth's hills had ever looked upon.
Roll on, old ocean, above thy din
And all the swell of business life
Breaks singing, as the din of war,
The marshaled hosts of Christ are come.
Maidens fair as any hero born,
Full armed and ready for the fray,
March to the field to win or die,
Their banners stitched with tears and blood,
"The world for Christ, Christ for the
world."

With muscles tense as knights of yore,
Men take the field to smite the wrong
And drive it from the long-tried world,
Or mingle with the blood-stained sands
The sacrifice they owe to Him.

Heirs to the wealth of half a world,
Heirs to all the joy of Heaven,
These soldiers pledge their lives, their all,
To smite the demon of strong drink,
Nor yield to peace till Christ shall stand
The Prince of Peace, His last foe dead.

Now up to Heaven comes the vow:

“My father’s wealth, O, God of love,
Once mine, is Thine; my land estate,
Myself, my all, use for this war.”

Now speaks the Christ, the King of Kings:

“Let sin stand forth, uncloak all shame:”

The hater’s face grows black and fierce;
His nails to claws are quickly turned;
His teeth grow sharp and snap in rage;
Froth hides his lips, his words are growls.

Adulterers no longer have

A cloak to hide their awful sins,
But savagely declare their shame
To any waiting, heeding ear,

Their tongues gone mad, while deepest
shame

Burns at the pride within their souls.

Each murderer turns 'gainst himself,
Seeks out the witness of his crime;
The gambler, robber, stands confessed
Before the loved ones of the home.
All evil hid is brought to light
To face the army of the Christ.
Nor is there shout of Christian cheer,
But pity as the Master felt
When weeping o'er Jerusalem.
And while the wicked feel the wrath
Of the long-suffering Son of Man,
They pray the hills on them to fall
And seek the mountain caves to shut
Their open shame from sight of men—
Their shame long rotting in God's sight.
All evil saw its face revealed,
Reflected in the pure and true.
From man no longer smile can come,
From God what else but wrath awaits?
Now all the hosts of Christians kneel,
And droop offending heads with shame.

Down from the walls of churches grand
Falls skull and crossbone, dripping blood,
The fruits of pride long mocking God
In years yet hurrying from the scene.
The richest organs silent now,
Await deserted aisles and pews;
For pastor, people tarry now
To pray and worship in poor homes,
In prisons, by the sick and sad.

The world's great marts are filled once more,
Men hurry to and fro, but not
To seize and heap the shining gold—
Their mission is to save the world.
The clouds drop 'round the councilors,
Then Lincoln speaks the closing words:
"This scene is worthy of the Christ.
The ages yet to come must view
With true emotion, truest praise,
This world-wide human battle field,
These works of God, these works of men.
No mortal knows the awful task
Of waiting while an evil arm
Grows to its highest grasp of power,
To smite it down, forever crushed.

“According as Christ loves each one
He feels each wrong the greater curse,
The evil challenging His wrath,
While love still draws Him to the rebel.

“But I am come by will of God
To speak of government in time:
God’s kingdom holds the highest rights—
The only right to rule the soul,
Which has no masters but the law.
Still by the right of being wise,
And being chief for doing good,
Men may be kings in serving men,
Forgetting self in serving Heaven.

“That nation most on virtue set,
For peace on Earth, good will to men,
Assisting man to rule himself,
And rich in blessing those who need,
Gibraltar-like shall God uphold,
To teach and mould the common world.

“A nation’s strength is in her men
Made strong by love for cottage home,
Home made secure by law of God

And safely walled in civil law.
That soldier wins who as a man
Makes bare his breast for best loved home
And greatest love for native land.
Not ships of war, or rocky walls,
To vomit deadly fires on men,
To decide a cause in danger's hour,
But man's full soul resisting wrong,
Wrong aimed at him and all he has.

“A world-wide peace and end of war
Can only come when men at home
Learn kindness and the curse of war;
When wisdom weighs a cause of blood
Before the call is made for arms.

“There is one Master of all wars,
Who makes all war-paint and parade
As slightest breath of straying wind.
Mortal man must own His power
Who rules on Earth as God of war,
And gives the battle to the just.
He calls for peace and peace must come;
His tent is pitched where men obey,
Where nations toil and spend their gold,

Enriching all with treasured homes,
And trust to Him uncertain war.

“He moulds the Earth into one home,
Each child of man to be His child,
All greed and hate await His wrath,
Since each man’s rights are fixed in Him.”

A breath of air stirred through the trees;
A squirrel leaped from limb to limb;
The wind breathed gently on the lad
Who sat expectant hearing all.
He turned his thoughts by slightest will
An instant from the faces there,
Half doubting all he heard and saw.

No doubt survives where all is seen,
He was alone, and autumn leaves
Dropped gently from their parent stems.

The same great world, to him unknown,
Except the mountains near his home,
Except the village, town and folk—
From whom he shrank with awe and fear—
Except the brooks and fields and rocks,

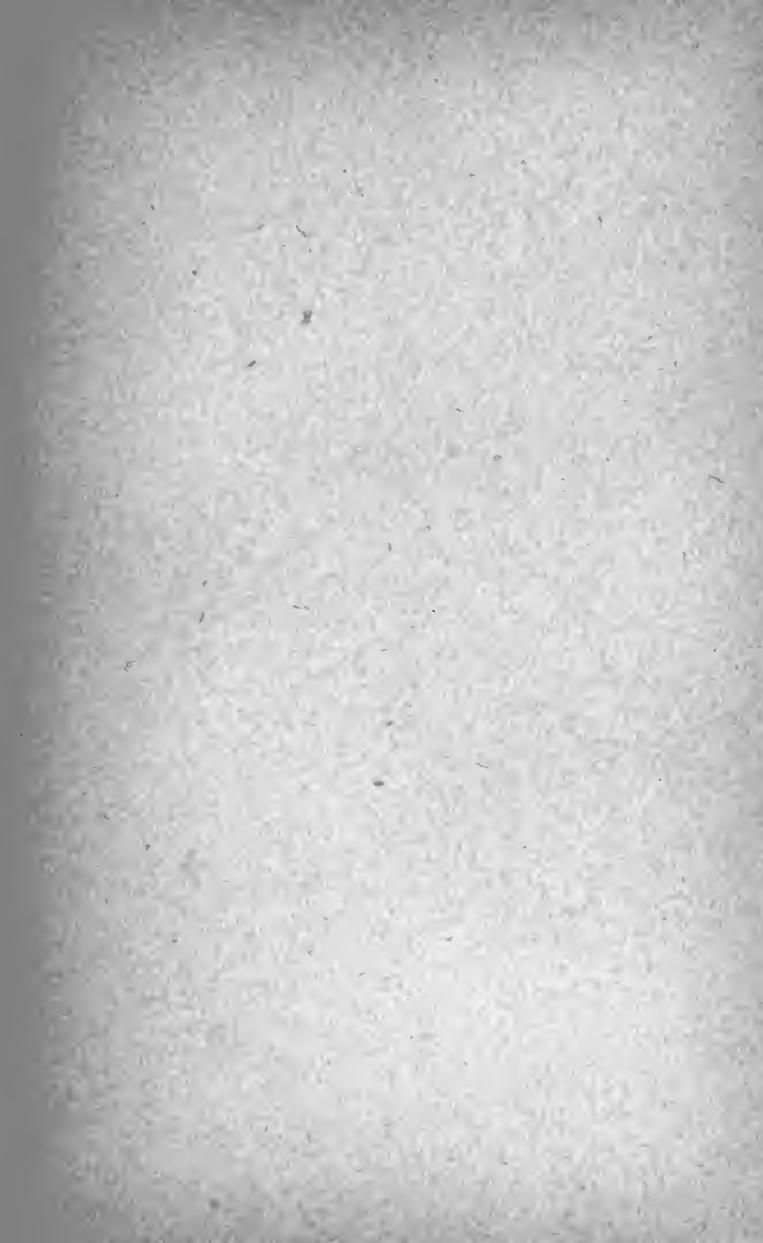
Twixt mountain side and friendly sky;
The busy, teeming, wicked world;
The lazy, hungry, weeping world;
The happy, blessed, hopeful world,
Was yet unknown, but waiting him.

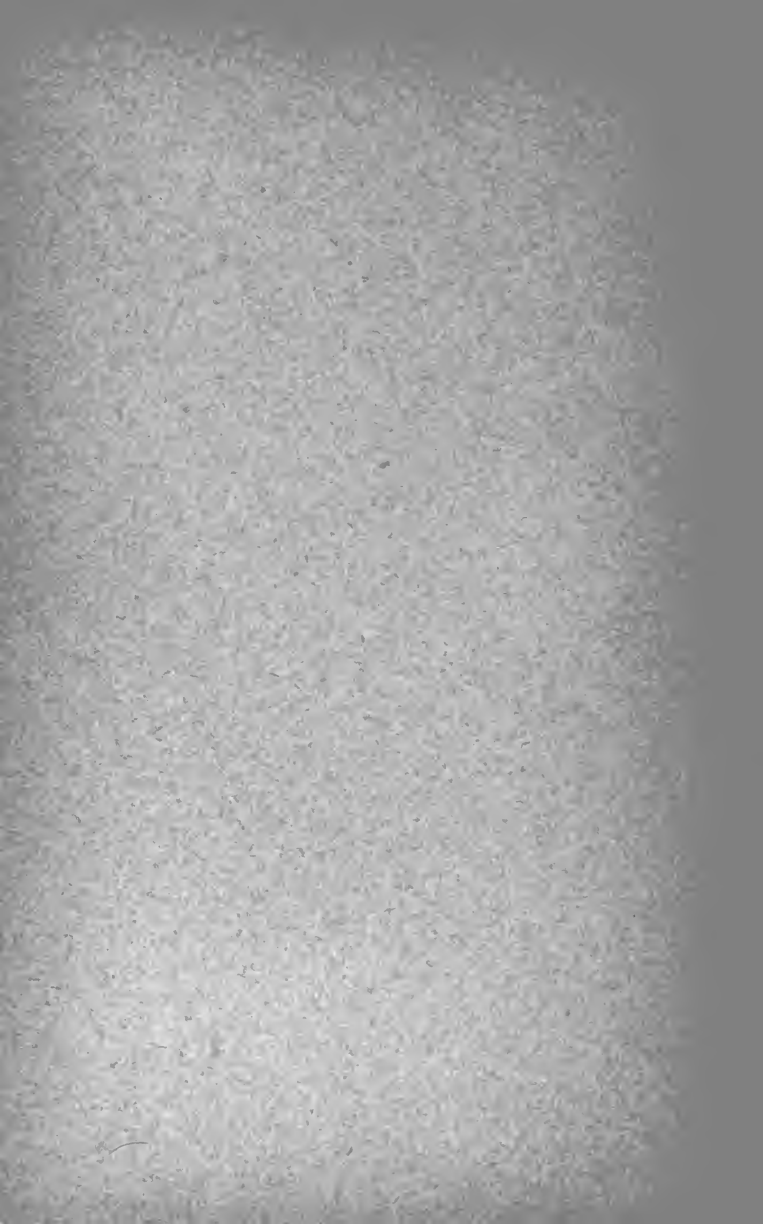
The powers of darkness trembling stood
Before that heart long shut to them,
They only hope to intercept
The message to the needy world.
“A dream,” “mere fancy,” “only myth,”
Like lightning flash assailed the boy,
And all the words in council spoke,
And all the sights revealed in time,
Are torn and scattered in his mind.
His mountain home for weeks is sad,
The mother watches o'er her son
Whose form seems wasting, as with age,
Before some fire that burns in him,
Till, coming to the home one day,
A stranger asked to see the lad,
And, bending o'er the lowly bed,
Whispered: “Fear not—all, all is true,”
And at these words the demon doubts
Were driven, scourged, from out his soul;

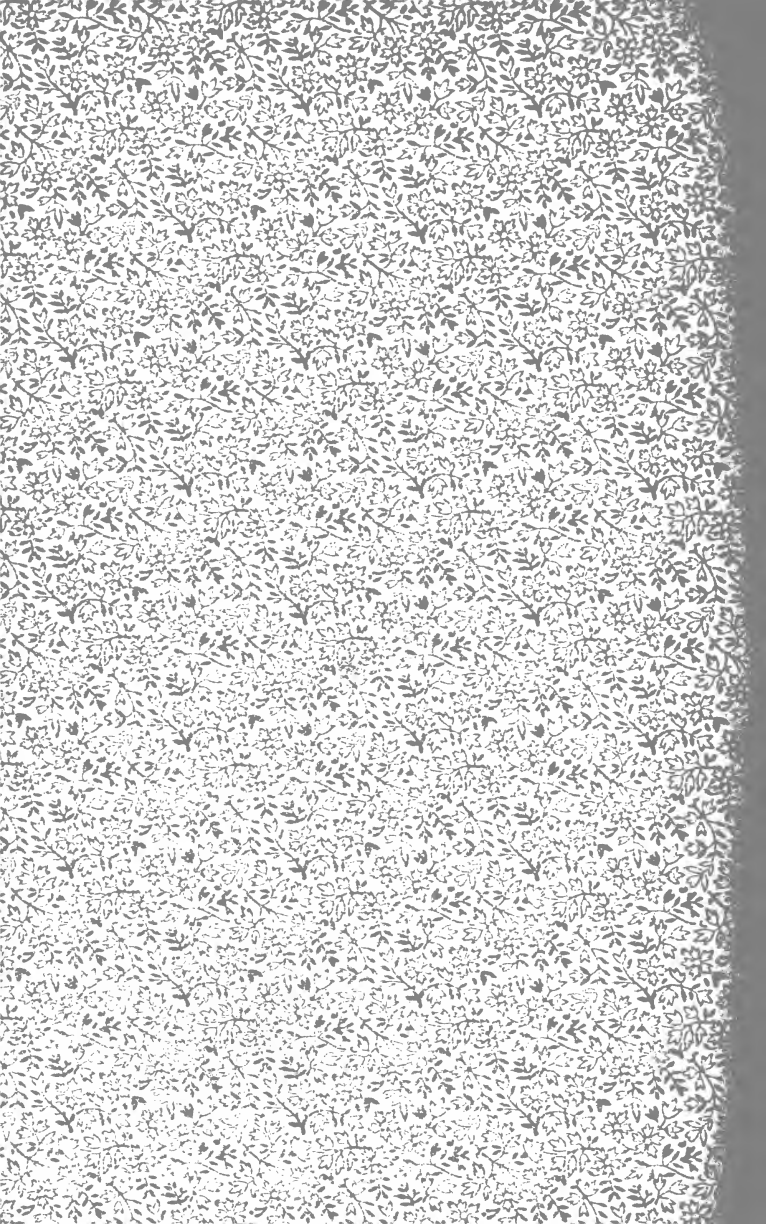
And as the evening twilight fell
Upon the mountain cottage home
The lad held fast his mother's hand
And, from his bed, in gentle words,
Told her all I've written you.

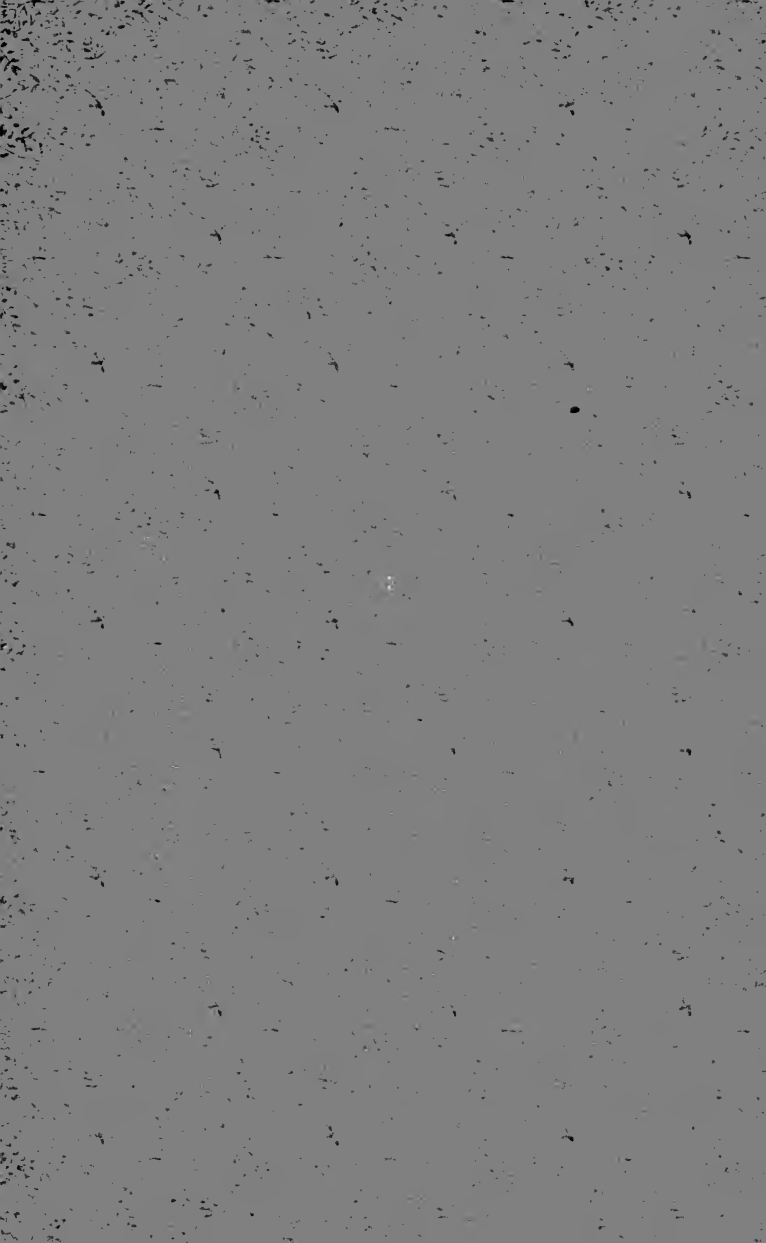












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