



THE LAND; ITS
LORD AND
SACRED LORE

By BENNETT J. LOOMIS

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SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME

THE LAND; ITS LORD;
AND
SACRED LORE

THE STORY TOLD IN VERSE OF THE LIFE OF THE
LORD JESUS; THE LAND WHERE HE LIVED;
HIS PRECEPTS, PARABLES, AND SIGNS OF
HIS AUTHORITY; AS STUDIED IN
JERUSALEM PILGRIMAGES OF
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

By BENNETT J. LOOMIS

SECOND EDITION

REVISED WITH INDEX AND NUMEROUS ADDITIONS
AND ILLUSTRATIONS
ALSO
"A VISION OF PARADISE"
AND
DRAMATIC SCENES
FROM
THE LAND OF PATRIARCH AND PROPHET

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DEDICATION OF FIRST EDITION

TO

REV. JOSEPH CLARK, D. D.

THE VERSATILE WRITER, AND CONSECRATED, TIRELESS,
AND MOST EFFICIENT BIBLE SCHOOL ASSO-
CIATION SECRETARY,

THESE PAGES

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

TO

MY MOTHER

CYNTHIA SPENCER LOOMIS

SUFFIELD, CONNECTICUT, 1802
JEFFERSON, OHIO, 1863

IN GRATEFUL AND LOVING REMEMBRANCE.

“Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.”—John 1:29.

“But as many as received Him, to them gave He the right to become the children of God, even to them that believe on His name.”—John 1:12.

“For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.”—Luke 19:10.

“These things are written that ye may believe, that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God, and that believing ye may have life in His name.”—John 20:30.

“Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.”

“Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.”

“Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth.”

“Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled.”

“Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.”

“Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.”

“Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God.”

“Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.”

“Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for My sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in Heaven. For so persecuted they the prophets that were before you.”—Matt. v.

The Prince of Peace

THE bloody deeds of lurid war
Have often moved the poet's pen;
The rumbling of the conqueror's car
And trains of exiled, captive men.

My Muse shall tell, in artless verse,
The story of the Prince of Peace:
His words, and deeds of love, rehearse,
Who would all captive souls release.

Christ came not, as in later days,
Came knight in armor clad
To aid a princess, in distress,
And strike oppressors dead.

No 'squire to wait His word had He;
No brazen helmet wore;
No shield from Vulcan's armory,
No spear or sword He bore.

No Arab steed of famous blood,
Caparisoned for war,
When He would go forth waiting stood, ,
A warrior's weight to bear.

He trod the way with sandaled feet—
The rough and dusty road—
Content the slaves of sin to meet,
And bear away their load.

For this shall great cathedrals rise,
In honor of His name;
The cross, His emblem, pierce the skies,
And men His praise proclaim.

And summoned by the deep toned bell,
Men throng the sacred fane;
And organ peal and anthem tell
The glories of His reign.

And He, of life and death the Lord,—
Hope beckoned, where He went;
And sin and wrong, before His word,
Were doomed to banishment.

The Pilgrimage*

THE broad Atlantic we had crossed:
We were eight hundred strong;
United in a pilgrimage,
With prayer and joyous song.

Madeira, old enchanted isle,—
Warm words of welcome came,
From Christian brethren stationed there,
To call men "in His name."

Gibraltar, word for lasting strength,—
A kindred people here,
Beneath the symbol of the cross,
Gave all our hearts good cheer.

The story of old armored knights
Was told us on the way,—
Their Christian zeal, courageous fights,
Against the Moslem sway.

Historic Malta, peaceful lay,
No war cloud in the air,
One spot we thoughtfully survey,—
St. Paul was shipwrecked there.

Tradition points us to a cave,
Once St. Paul's winter home.—
Unbroken, was his spirit brave,
While on the way to Rome.

One morning, on a quiet sea,
We sailed past St. Paul bay,—
A scene of hero, storm and wreck,
Did Memory portray,—

A broken ship, a frightened crew,
One man alone, unawed,

* The pilgrimage to the World's Sunday School Convention, Jerusalem, A. D. 1904.

Restrains the sailor's rashness through
A promise from his God.

Three hundred men less twenty-four,
Cast, struggling, in the sea,
The waves to land and safety bore—
The captive, and the free.

With lecture and with comradeship,
We coasted the great sea,
To Athens and the Grecian gulf,
A goodly company.

While brightly shone the April sun
We climbed the Hill of Mars;
And heard, where sat the Athens court,
Of life beyond the stars.*

Byzantium's old-time capital
We had explored, and seen
The Sultan's palace, Golden Horn
And all that passed between—

Had sailed the blue Ægean Sea
That laves a hundred isles,
Till we had come to anchor where
The sun on Carmel smiles:

Were driven over Gihon brook,
Along Esdraelon plain,
To Nazareth and to the lake
To inspiration gain.

Then came that long to be remembered morn—
The converse, prayer, and praises upward borne
In sunrise meeting, gathered by the sea,
The vibrant "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me."
So had that day in sacred scenes begun;
And it had left, when twilight hours had flown,
Such impress of the land, and of its Lord,
As in these pages I would fain record.

* Sermon by Dr. Potts on Paul's theme at Athens, "Jesus and the Resurrection."



BENNETT J. LOOMIS

A Seaside Meditation

DEVOUT, a pilgrim from his land afar,
 Sits musing, on a sunny Sabbath, where
 Green hills look out upon the little sea,
 To Christians ever dear—sweet Galilee;
 Sits musing, where full twenty centuries asleep,
 In blood cemented dust their tragic story keep.
 From youth, a dream this hour and scene have been;
 Till now the years have passed, three score and ten.
 Fond memories of lessons childhood learns
 Here blend with all the eager eye discerns—
 The story of the men of faith of old
 That by the hearthstone oft were read and told
 A nation's birth, rise, glory and decay,
 While prophet, judge and priest and king bore sway;
 Till One had come to serve, by suffering,
 By seers foretold—a Prophet, Priest and King.

White birds float idly o'er the placid lake;
 No jarring sounds the restful silence break;
 The sun beams brightly, blue the waters deep;
 Beyond, the rugged shores rise rude and steep.

Still on the land, its Lord and sacred lore—
 On these would thought, entranced, persistent pore.
 A world of varied contrasts here behold—
 Of busy mart, and peaceful shepherd's fold;
 Of melting summer heat, and winter cold;
 Of modern steam and steel, and ruins old:
 A desert wild the eastern boundary,
 And on the west the world's great central sea;
 Here deep and shadowed glen, there sunlit peak;
 Here verdant blooming vale, there mountains bleak;
 Bright fountains forth their sparkling water send,
 And lure fresh flowers from a thirsty land.

Beside the treeless wilderness
The husbandmen their vineyards dress;
And fig trees crown the terraces;
Fair fields old olive orchards grace;
Quaint plows their shallow furrows trace;
Where buried cities found their tomb
Palms thrive, and oleanders bloom:
Near crags and caves, fit hermit home,
In pastures fresh, brown nomads roam.
The stony path leads to the plain—
Wide billowed sea of waving grain.
The Terebinth—the sturdy spreading oak
Gave shelter where the Lord to Abram spoke:
The sycamore, low branched, inviting stands:
Zaccheus there received with joy the Lord's commands.

II.

THE RIVER JORDAN.

The crooked Jordan rushes past
Its rocky banks in frantic haste;
Through tangled growth of shrub and barren tree,
The turbid waters go to the Dead Sea—
The haunt of every untamed beast and bird,
And serpents vile, the mazy shores afford.
Wild birds of prey in circling orbits fly,
And from the hills is heard the jackal's cry.

And this, the tiniest of seas,
Has moods of strife and moods of peace—
Calm as a sleeping babe today;
Last night wind tossed in wave and spray.
And here is every climate known
In temperate and torrid zone:
And, written everywhere abroad,
"True are the oracles of God."
Here sat a Herod on the throne;
Here, weary, walked The Holy One.

III.
RUINS.

Along the water edge are strewn
 Old broken columns lying prone;
 And scattered blocks of chiseled stone,
 Mementos of man's work o'erthrown.
 Grey ruins, old Crusader towers,
 Mark where have fought fanatic powers:
 Here Moslem, Christian, Romans, Jews,
 In battle poured their blood profuse;
 Impelled by bigotry and greed and pride,
 They fought and fell, and moulder side by side.

IV.
TIBERIAS.

Tiberias, of old renown,
 Sits here, the ghost of Herod's town,—
 His gorgeous palace glittered here;
 His temple vast and theater,—
 A heathen palace, fane and muse,
 Abhorred by patriotic Jews.
 In broken lines, these ruins tell
 How temple, stage and palace fell.

V.
TARACHEA.

Edersheim, Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah; Josephus' Antiquities of the Jews, Book xiv, Chap. VII; Lieuts. Wilson and Warren's Report.

Some furlongs farther down the shore
 Ill fated Tarachea bore
 The shock of wanton, wicked war.
 The waters crimsoned were, and plain,
 With blood of twice three thousand slain;
 Ten times three thousand captives went
 To bondage, shame, and banishment;

Bereft of country, altar, home,
 To serve the gods and greed of Rome.
 To tread with painful steps the *via sacra* where,

In brilliant triumph rolled the bloody victor's car.
 When once The Prince of Peace had passed their way
 They had refused to own His gentle sway.

VI.

GADARA.

Matt. viii: 34.

Beyond the sea, Gadara rose—
 The ruins will the place disclose
 Where lived the men that fed their swine,
 And thrust away the Lord Divine.
 Their tombs remain; the tenants dust;
 All that they strove to gain they lost.

VII.

THE DOOMED CITIES.

Matt. xiii: 21.

Bethsaida, Chorazin heard,
 But would not heed, the Master's word.
 All unrepentant, long ago,
 Bethsaida, Chorazin low
 Were laid; uplifted unto heaven,
 Cast down,—in vain all warnings given;
 And in their condemnation fell
 Capernaum—"brought down to hell."

VIII.

CAPERNAUM.

Exalted was sea-side Capernaum,—
 A busy, trading, proud, emporium.
 There many great and mighty works were done
 By Him, and victories of peace were won.
 Where Commerce vainly reared her gilded throne,
 A doubtful site, the curious are shown,
 Where buried, broken blocks of sculptured stone
 Remain, their glory with the ages flown,
 As He, the Lord, foretold in warning tone.

1

TURKISH SOLDIERS ENTERING JERUSALEM



THE TURBANED TURK, WITH IRON HAND,
RULES ALL OF THIS DEVOTED LAND

IX.

THE TURBANED TURK.

The turbaned Turk, with iron hand,
 Rules all of this devoted land;
 The flag of the false prophet yet
 Floats here, by mosque and minaret—
 A flag of hate—emblazoned there
 A crescent moon, and evening star.
 Five times a day the devotee
 Spreads his prayer mat and bends the knee,
 And, turning toward his ancient shrines,
 His forehead to the earth inclines;
 Responds to the muezzin's cry—
 "Allah is great, I testify!"
 Then turns his robber craft to ply,
 And plunder strangers passing by.

X.

BETHLEHEM.

Ruth; Luke ii; II Samuel xxiii: 15-20.
 Among Judea's hills is Bethlehem—
 "The House of Bread," a far prophetic name;
 A royal rule had there unnoticed birth—
 Unnoticed by the powerful of earth,
 And there the wondrous Man to earth was given,
 Who said, "I am the Bread sent down from Heaven."
 Out in the fields that Bethlehem surround
 The angel song was sung—inspiring sound;
 There faith and constancy reaped rich reward
 When modest Ruth won Boaz's pure regard,
 While gleaning in the fields of golden grain,
 Behind the reapers ranged, a toiling train;
 In their chaste union was the line begun
 Of Jesse, David and wise Solomon.
 From Bethlehem went Jesse's son
 To slay Goliath with but sling and stone;
 And by its gate was David's famous well—
 What courage there was shown old annals tell.

XI.

THE HILL OF ZION.

The hill where stood King David's throne,
 And temple of great Solomon,
 Now held by bloody Moslem hands,
 A witness of dire judgment stands;
 Bears witness mute to many lands,
 What woes upon the sons of Jacob fell,
 When sadly they forsook the God of Israel.

XII.

JERUSALEM.

Genesis xiv: 18—1st Chronicles xxi: 22-26.
 Josephus' Wars of the Jews.
 Miss Edwards' Two Years in Palestine.
 Reports of Lieuts. Wilson and Warren.
 Lieut. Condon's Archaeological History of Jerusalem.

Jerusalem responds to Olivet,
 Of storm and sack and hearths with red blood wet.
 No other height in all the world can claim—
 Jerusalem—the wondrous magic of thy name.
 Thy glory and thy dreary fallen state,
 To quicken zeal good men in every age relate;
 Nor shall the nations e'er forget
 The Light that shone on Olivet.

A trinity of high and rock-ribbed hills
 Had nature set there in primeval days—
 Man came and joined the slopes, and for defense
 Did massive walls and lofty towers raise,

And in the vale the Kidron flowed beyond;
 To East and South and West was set a bound,
 By precipice, and canyons deep, while rose
 Low hills that northward drew the city's foes;
 And caverns vast and dark beneath are shown,—
 Carved in the rock, by men to us unknown;
 And quarries worked by men of Solomon.

There Abram, by Melchizedek, was blest—
 With bread and wine was made a welcome guest.
 Araunah's* threshing floor in David's day,
 High on the rock above the Kidron lay,
 When David came and built his altar there,
 And offered sacrifice of praise and prayer.
 Straightway the fatal pestilence was stayed
 That on the city's hapless people preyed.

That rock, three temples since were built upon,—
 The first by David's son—King Solomon;
 The latest was by wicked Herod built,
 To please the Jews—a monarch steeped in guilt.
 "Dome of the Rock" a Moslem mosque now stands
 Where stood the temple reared by God's commands.

A score and seven times by enemies
 Besieged—o'erwhelmed in fearful miseries—
 And many times razed to the ground
 The walls that girt the city round.
 As many times her walls restored
 According to prophetic word.

Jerusalem, a captive, waits
 Her Lord's return before her gates,
 Triumphant over all her foes;
 When she, redeemed from all her woes,
 Shall joyful sing the welcome song,
 Prophetic, cherished ages long.

XIII.

MOUNT HERMON.

Matt. xvii; Mark ix; Luke ix.
 Outlined against the northern skies,
 Majestic Hermon greets our eyes;
 Distilling dew, and gentle rain,
 To water all the flowery plain.

* "Araunah" is "Ornan" in Version of 1611.

Transfigured there, the Son of God
 With Moses and Elijah stood—
 Essential glory shining through
 The veil that hid from mortal view
 The glory with the Father had
 In Heaven before the worlds were made.

XIV.

MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.

Matt. v-vii.

On Hattin, once the multitude
 Around its Greatest Teacher stood,
 To hear each mild beatitude,
 And warnings of old seers renewed.

XV.

CRUSADERS' BATTLEFIELD.

Story of the Crusaders.

Near where He taught—on Hattin's plain below—
 Crusaders fought and fell in final overthrow,
 Where He had brought His messages of peace.
 When years had passed—well nigh twelve centuries,
 While pope, and Christian kings, in rivalry
 Unholy, strove for worldwide mastery,
 The blood red cross, by fierce Crusaders borne,
 Went down before the Moslem's sword and scorn.
 A hundred years of Christian kings had passed,—
 Rule gained in blood was quenched in blood at last.
 So was fulfilled the saying of the Lord—
 "Who take the sword shall perish with the sword."
 With dark forebodings Islam's sons await
 Their doom foretold—a sanguinary fate.



GREAT, CROOKED, AWKWARD, STRIDING BEAST

XVI.

CESAREA.

Acts xxiv-xxvi.

To Cesarea, by the Western sea,
 In Herod's day, a rich and thriving port,
 A seat of heathen rites and luxury,
 Did Roman kings and governors resort.

To Cesarea, guarded, Paul was sent;
 When enemies against his life conspired,
 There baffled, his accusers were, who went
 To Felix court, by indignation fired.

And Felix trembled, as his prisoner,
 Of righteousness and temperance, with zeal,
 And judgment yet to come, and sure,
 By reasoning profound, made his appeal.

From Cesarea, Paul, a prisoner, sailed,
 For Rome, a thousand miles, by sea, away;
 When Jews with Felix had well nigh prevailed,
 Who would the world's great missionary slay.

XVII.

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

The camel train—in days of yore
 Such carriage fair Rebecca bore—
 Rebecca, Isaac's trusting bride—
 Along this way—romantic ride.

Strange beast, that follows, ill content,
 His path across a continent;
 His breath a groan, his face a frown*
 Or rising up or kneeling down.

* "There is something about the droop of a camel's lower lip which seems to express unalterable disgust with the universe."—Dr. Van Dyke.

Great crooked, awkward striding beast,
That bears the commerce of the East;
He takes his color from the sand,
His shape from broken, hilly land.

"Ships moving on a desert sea,"
Have these been called in poetry;
In form and motion lacking grace,
They fill a useful servant's place.

XVIII.

HIS WITNESSES.

So every mountain slope and peak
Would bear us witness could they speak,
Of great events in word and deed
Whereof in the Old Book we read.
Man builds his monuments in vain;
The hills of God steadfast remain.

XIX.

A LOCAL SCENE.

The stolid Arab rides the plain,
Before the sullen camel train;
Or grasps with steady stroke the oar,
And guides his boat from shore to shore:
He spreads his black tent on the mead,
Where goats and sheep and camels feed;
Unchanged the man, the scene appears
By all recorded lapse of years,
Save where the ready rifle here
Usurps the place of trusted spear,—
The rifle on his saddle bow,
The spear their weapon long ago.

XX.

OLD SCENES RENEWED.

A GAIN beside blue Galilee,
 I conjure scenes from memory,
 The silent sky smiles as of yore,
 The Jordan flows on as before;
 The sea reflects the sky the same
 As when the world's Redeemer came,
 And all the Father's love revealed:
 Still blooms the lily of the field;
 The tares still vex the growing grain,
 Where slopes of Hattin join the plain;
 The mustard seed, of seeds the least,
 Becomes a tree where birds may rest.

And where the sower fain would sow
 There choking thorns spring up and grow.
 All, mountain, river, sky and sea,
 All nature smiling joyously,
 Speak language mystical to me—
 Are tokens of that day when He
 Walked here in gracious ministry.
 I, looking on these scenes, would fain,
 Of Him a closer vision gain;
 With Him a fellowship would claim
 With those who most revere His name.

XXI.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

John i.

Out there, upon the pebbled beach,
 He came, the way of life to teach;
 He taught—to learned schools unknown;—
 In Him the light of wisdom shone.
 The world in moral darkness lay;
 His was the shining light of day.

“The Light of Asia?” Not alone—
 The light of every land and zone:
 In all things wise, no need had He
 To study man’s philosophy;
 Confessed, “A Teacher come from God,”
 He shed the light of life abroad.

XXII.

A HOMELESS MAN.

A homeless man was He who said,
 “He had not where to lay His head.”
 To offer an enduring home
 To wanderers, had Jesus come.
 For foxes, holes; for bird, its nest;
 For Son of man no place to rest.
 He who could all authority command,
 Paid tribute to the rulers of the land.

XXIII.

HIS INVITATION.

Matt. xi: 29, 30.

“A Man of Sorrows and of Grief,”
 He offered burdened souls relief.
 “All weary, heavy laden, care oppressed,
 Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.”
 So spake the Master to the multitude
 Who came to Him, from needy homes and rude—
 “Come take My yoke upon you—learn of Me
 For easy is My yoke, light shall My burden be;
 For I am of a meek and lowly mind;
 And rest in Me, your burdened souls shall find.”

XXIV.

JOHN’S TESTIMONY.

John i.

His name and fame the people knew,
 For John had borne Him witness true
 When envoys from the temple sent,

To John, beyond the Jordan, went
 To learn His mission and intent,
 And question what His baptism meant;
 And John, as Jesus near him stood,
 Proclaimed, "Behold the Lamb of God—
 The Lamb of God, upon whose head
 The sins of all the world are laid."

XXV.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Luke i: 21:26.

In mystery His life began—
 He, Son of God, and Son of Man.
 To Nazareth, of Galilee,
 Went Gabriel the angel; he
 A message from his Lord conveyed
 To Mary, Judah's blameless maid.
 His glory made her sore afraid.
 "Hail Mary! Favored of the Lord!"
 Such was the angel's greeting word.
 "Fear not, thou Mary, I bring here
 Glad news that shall all nations cheer."

XXVI.

SON OF THE HIGHEST.

As Mary pondered—wondered
 What this might mean, the angel said,
 "Fear not, for thou shalt bear a Son
 To sit, a King, on David's throne;
 The kingdom to restore again;
 And He forevermore shall reign.
 Son of the Highest He shall be—
 The most High shall o'ershadow thee,
 The Holy Spirit shall descend,
 To thee life giving power extend,
 And pillowed on thy Virgin breast
 The infant, Son of God, shall rest."

And Mary said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord,
 So be it unto me, according to thy word,"
 And Gabriel, his mission ended, took his flight
 Far upward, past the bounds of mortal sight.

XXVII.

THE MAGNIFICAT.

Luke i: 73.

And Mary, child of David's line,
 Exulting in the heavenly sign,
 In song her grateful heart outpoured—
 "My soul doth magnify the Lord,
 Who, casting down the proud and great,
 Hath raised us from our low estate."

XXVIII.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

Luke ii: 8.

So long ago, so far away
 A Babe was born on Christmas day.
 In Bethlehem this little Child,
 In Mary's arms, her heart beguiled.
 No costly robe this Child awaits;
 No welcome within palace gates.
 Not even in the inn was room
 For Child and mother, far from home.
 A manger and a rocky cave
 To Child and mother shelter gave—
 A stable where the beast was fed
 That Mary rode and Joseph led.
 From Nazareth the twain had come
 To this their father David's home,
 Compelled by stern decree of Rome.

XXIX.

THE ANGEL'S SONG.

Luke iii: 8.

When Christ was born in Bethlehem,
 As Gabriel had bidden them,
 They called Him Jesus—precious name,
 For He to be a Savior came.
 That night the shepherds heard a song
 Of praises by the angel throng—
 "To God be highest glory given;
 On earth be peace, good will from Heaven."
 Afar, afar their voices rise,
 To find a welcome in the skies;
 As floats the melody away,
 The morning star leads up the day.
 The shepherds find, as angels said,
 The Babe in lowly manger laid,
 In swaddling bands; and there adored,
 Devout, their long expected Lord.

XXX.

PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

Luke ii: 22.

Glad Mary, after forty days,
 Her visit to the temple pays.
 With Child and mother, there they bring
 Two turtle doves—her offering.
 Such offerings, from days of yore,
 Prescribed for mothers of the poor.
 With these she meets the law's demand.
 Where priest and altar waiting stand.
 Long there has aged Simeon
 Been waiting for the "Promised One."
 Whose speedy coming long concealed,
 To him the Spirit had revealed.
 As they ascend the sacred place,
 He sees with joy the young Child's face;
 And in his arms he gently takes
 Him, and with deep emotion speaks.

XXXI.

SIMEON'S PROPHECY.

"Now lettest Thou Thy servant, Lord,
 Depart in peace—fulfilled Thy word;
 For Thy salvation I have seen,
 In this long promised Gift to men."
 The seer has come into the border land,
 Where shadows fall of great events at hand.*

His words, prophetic, clear, fortell
 The rise and fall in Israel,
 Of many, by this Child Divine:
 "To Him shall many hearts incline":
 Nor may his words foreboding spare
 The wistful mother, passing fair—
 Her, whom already days though brief
 Have marked, "Mary, Mother of Grief."
 "A sword shall thine own heart pierce through
 And sorrow thy wan cheek bedew."

XXXII.

THE PROPHETESS ANNA.

Luke ii.

Phanuel's daughter Anna, she
 Whose life spans near a century,
 The prophetess who hopeful waits
 His coming to the temple gates,
 With holy impulse testifies,
 "In this Child our salvation lies."
 And oft with zeal she speaks of Him
 To dwellers in Jerusalem:
 While they return to Bethlehem.

* "'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore
 And coming events cast their shadows before."
 —Sir Walter Scott.

XXXIII.

VISIT OF THE MAGI.

Matt. ii: 1.

To Bethlehem, led by His star,
 Came wise men, from the East afar;
 Rich treasures in their train they bore—
 Frankincense, myrrh, and golden store,
 And laid them at the young Child's feet,
 And lowly bowed, in worship meet.
 They sought Him in Jerusalem,
 But Micah's words directed them—
 The prophet who, in days of old,
 His coming, and the place, foretold.

XXXIV.

HEROD'S DUPLICITY.

When first their coming was made known
 King Herod trembled for his throne!
 The hypocrite, and false of heart,
 Called the wise men—bade them "Depart,
 Seek till ye find this new born King,
 And then return to me, and bring
 Me word again, that I also
 To Him with loyal homage go."
 He like a tiger fierce and wild
 Would hunt and kill that little Child;
 They, warned of God not to obey
 The King, go home another way.

XXXV.

FLIGHT TO EGYPT.

Matt. ii: 13.

The stars shone through the shades of night
 On Child and mother, in their flight
 To Egypt, when their weary way,
 With Joseph, through the desert lay;

This Joseph, kingly his descent,
 Who shared with them their banishment,
 Was foster father to the Child
 Now borne by night through desert wild:
 An angel of the Lord of Heaven
 To him, by night, had warning given—
 That Herod feared the guileless Boy,
 And sought the young Child to destroy;
 And Bethlehem bewailed in vain
 Her little ones by Herod slain.

XXXVI.

MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS.

Matt ii: 16

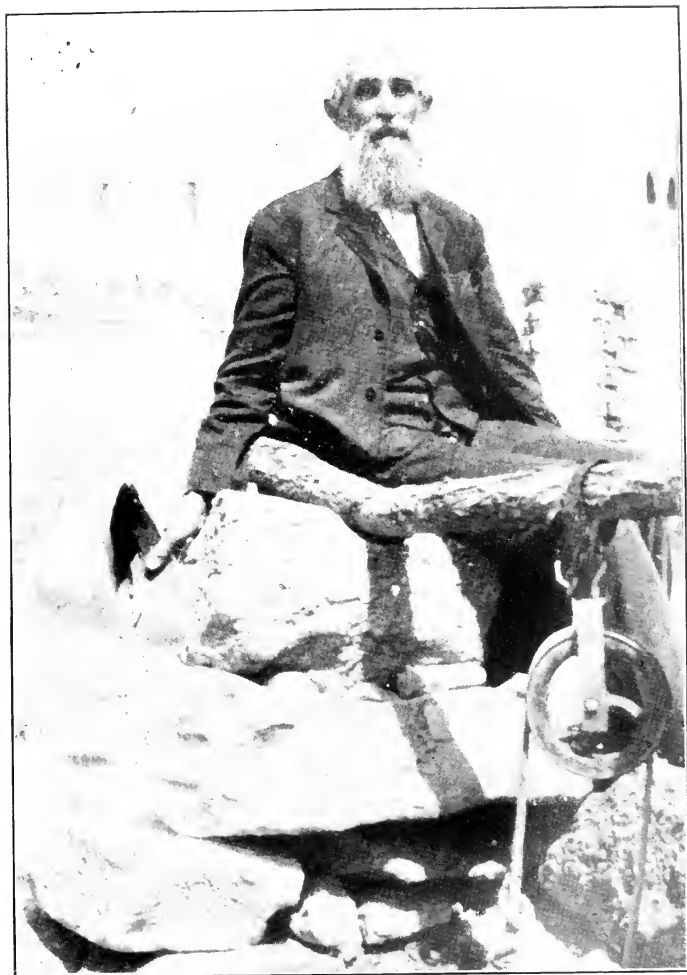
Rude soldiers dash the children on the ground,
 And piercing cries and futile prayers resound.
 The wail of Rachel, weeping sore,
 The prophet heard, long years before,
 In mourning for her children dead,
 Refusing to be comforted.
 So early hate, and plot began
 Against the Christ, the Friend of man,
 The land whose ruler sought to slay
 The Hebrew babes in Moses' day,
 Gives Jesus shelter from the fate
 Devised for Him by Herod's hate.

XXXVII.

IN NAZARETH.

Matt. 11:19; Luke iii.

Far was their journey to the north,
 At Herod's death, when going forth,
 They came to Nazareth to dwell,
 Till He was shown to Israel.
 To guardians obedient,
 His youthful years serene He spent,



AT THE REPORTED WELL AND SHOP OF JOSEPH

Nazareth

By Joseph's side; with saw and plane,
 A toiler's task did not disdain.
 He learned His nation's history,
 In childhood, at His mother's knee.
 From hills that Nazareth surround
 His vision sought the world's far bound—
 The nearby, wide, wide, western sea;
 And eastern lands of mystery:
 His thoughts with deep foreboding ran
 On all the tragic life of man.

XXXVIII.

IN HIS FATHER'S HOUSE.

Luke iii: 15-30.

He sought the place of public prayer
 And read the Law and Prophets there;
 At twelve, in God, His Father's house,
 The nation's temple, Jesus bows:
 He questions learned teachers, there,
 With youthful zest and thoughtful air;
 His spirit, and His answers wise,
 Fill all beholders with surprise.

XXXIX.

HIS FATHER'S WORK.

When homeward moves the household train,
 He lingers in the sacred fane.
 "Why hast Thou dealt so with us, Son?"
 Says Mary, chiding in her tone—
 "We sought Thee, sorrowing, three days."
 But He replies with filial grace:
 "How is it that ye sought for Me?
 And wist ye not that I must be
 About My Father's business?" Still,
 Obedient to parental will,
 In Joseph's work He bears a part,

(All this is writ in Mary's heart.)
 In stature and in wisdom grows
 Of God, and man the favor knows.

XL

A VOICE FROM THE DESERT.

Matt. iii; Mark i.

Mid northern hills, obscure, unknown,
 To man's estate has Jesus grown.
 "A Voice," in Judah's wilderness,
 Has called the nation to confess
 Their sins, repent, and learn
 Messiah's coming to discern.
 With waiting wearied—hope deferred,
 The people wondered, as they heard—
 "Was this Elijah, sent again,
 Rebuking kings and warning men?"

"Think not," the desert preacher said,
 "Descent from Abraham to plead;
 From all your evil ways return,
 A fire unquenched the chaff will burn."
 And multitudes submission gave,
 And yielded to the cleansing wave;
 And when of One to come he spoke,
 They thought to break the Roman yoke.

XLI.

JESUS AND THE BAPTIZER.

Matt. iii: 13; Luke iii: 21.

Unstained by sin, naught to repent,
 To His life mission Jesus went.
 Four days He journeyed, where His way
 Along the winding Jordan lay,
 Till at Bethabara He stood,
 Before the Messenger of God—
 The messenger, sent to declare
 His coming, and the way prepare.

XLII.

THE DESERT PROPHET.

O F priestly birth, of courage rare,
 In vestments clothed, of camel's hair,
 The while a leather girdle, round
 His loins, secure his mantle bound.
 On locusts and wild honey fed,
 As one in desert places bred;
 With unshorn beard, and searching eyes
 That drew their strange light from the skies;
 John linked old covenant and new,
 And to the Jordan thousands drew,
 Baptizing all who came to hear,
 And yield themselves with heart sincere.
 But, when he saw his Lord draw near—
 "I've need to be baptized of Thee,"
 He said. "And comest Thou to me?"
 "It doth become us"—Jesus says—
 "Thus to fulfill all righteousness;
 Then suffer it to be so now,"
 And John must needs his Lord allow.

XLIII.

HIS BAPTISM.

Matt. iii: 13-17; Mark i: 9-11; Luke iii: 21.

Edersheim *Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*. Book II,
 Chap. XII. Geikie's *Life of Christ*, Chap. XIV.

The parting waters, like a grave,
 Received His form; then back they gave
 Him—consecrate to die for men,—
 In emblem buried, raised again.
 He bowed in prayer, by Jordan's side—
 When, lo! the heavens opened wide;
 The Holy Spirit, like a dove,
 Appeared descending from above,

And rested on Him—from that hour
 Abiding with Him evermore.
 Then spoke the Father from His throne—
 “This is My well beloved Son.”*

XLIV.

TEMPTED OF THE DEVIL.

Matt. iv: 1-11; Mark 1: 12.

Luke iv: 1-3.

The Spirit sent henceforth to bless
 Now drives Him to the wilderness.
 He meets, in Judah's desert lone,
 And overcomes the Wicked One.
 He waits before His Father's face
 In solemn fast for forty days;
 The wild beast, seeing Jesus there,
 Goes, peaceful, to his bloody lair.

By hunger weak, from fasting long,
 He met the foe, with spirit strong.
 The wily tempter came and said—
 “Command that these stones be made bread.
 Art Thou the Son of God indeed?
 Command, and satisfy Thy need.”

* Rev. W. S. Dowling, Chairman Executive Committee, Home Missions, El Paso Presbytery, and pastor Presbyterian Church, Barstow, not accepting the authorities above quoted, has, at the suggestion of the author, kindly offered the following as an alternative description:

For priestly consecration now
 To Jordan's brink He comes for form,
 Where John with dripping hyssop's bough
 His priestly rite stands to perform,
 And as the Baptist doubting stands,
 And humbly questions, then believes,
 The Lord for righteousness demands
 Baptismal rite, and this receives.

But Jesus answered: "It is shown—
 In sacred writing is set down—
 Man shall not live by bread alone,
 But by the Word of God made known."
 Threefold assault the devil made;
 And thrice was bruised "the serpent's head."
 His triumph waiting angels see,
 And joyful bring their ministry.

XLV.

FIRST DISCIPLES.

John i: 35-51.

Returning from the wilderness
 In all the Spirit's power and grace,
 His first disciples, taught by John,
 Hail Him as David's promised Son.
 These—Andrew, Simon, Philip, John—
 Behold His ministry begun:
 And Philip called Nathaniel—
 The guileless Son of Israel.

XLVI.

MARRIAGE AT CANA.

John ii: 1-11.

With them at Cana, as a guest,
 Where lack would shame the marriage feast,
 He mingles in their social joys,
 And, harkening to His mother's voice,
 He turns the water into wine,*
 And seals His mission as divine;
 He blesses with His presence there
 The union of the wedded pair.

* "The conscious water saw its God and blushed."

XLVII.

CLEANSSES THE TEMPLE.

John ii: 13-26.

His heart consumed with holy zeal,
 He journeys to the sacred hill;
 The money changers turn and flee
 When Jesus, scourge in hand, they see;
 As they in wild confusion go,
 He has no need to strike a blow.
 He cleansed polluted temple courts,
 Where traders made profane resorts!

XLVIII.

NIGHT SCENE WITH NICODEMUS.

John iii: 1-21.

By night, to Nicodemus showed
 What grace the Father hath bestowed—
 That "God so loved the world He gave
 His only Son the lost to save,
 That whosoe'er on Him believes
 By Him eternal life receives."
 And warning words He uttered then—
 "Take heed! Ye must be born again—
 Born from above, nor else can ye
 God's everlasting kingdom see."
 By water and the Spirit given
 A birthright with the saved in Heaven.
 As softly blows the evening breeze,
 That whispers to the yielding trees,
 Ye hear the sound, and no one knows
 Or whence it comes, or whither goes;
 So does the Spirit life impart,
 And new create the earthborn heart.
 As Moses, in the wilderness,
 The brazen serpent high did raise,
 So must the Son uplifted be
 To give to faith sin's remedy.



JESUS THE TEACHER (RABBI)

From the Celebrated Statue by Thorvaldsen (Modern)

XLIX.

TEACHES AND BAPTIZES.

John iii: 22-42.

Awhile apart, near Judah's bound,
His voice is heard—a welcome sound,
To hearts by patient waiting tried
For One to come long prophesied.

Awhile, apart, in field and grove,
He told them of the Father's love,
Proclaimed the Gospel message clear—
“The kingdom of your God is here.”

And there by fountain, pool and brook,
On sunny slope, in shaded nook,
The hearers, gladdened by the Light,
Confessed in the baptismal rite.
His early called disciples here
The sacred rite administer.

And, day by day, drawn by His fame,
With longing hearts, the people came;
For, bowed beneath the Roman sway,
Their hope in a Great Leader lay.

L.

AT JACOB'S WELL.

John iv.

In hill-crowned Nazareth, home of His youth,
He would proclaim His life-transforming truth.
On foot He journeyed northward, for two days;
Like piercing arrows shot the sun's hot rays.
Through old Samaria,—a toilsome way,
Of rocks and hills His rugged pathway lay.
For through Samaria He needs must go—
Samaria His nation's ancient foe—
Along a path that winds by rocky steeps,
He goes hard by the hill where Samuel sleeps;
Till, near the place of Joseph's burial,
He, wearied by His journey, sits by Jacob's well.

What nature in her lavish bounty yields,
The ripened harvest, waving in the fields,
Had drawn the reapers to collect the grain,
That man must still by toilsome labor gain.

His few disciples went away to buy,
For Him, and them their daily food supply.
A woman of Samaria drew nigh.
(Such custom of that country long had been.)
She came for water for the thirsty men;
Erect, her pitcher poised upon her head,
The tired stranger and the scene surveyed.
"Give Me to drink," the Master meekly said—
With calm and gentle speech made His request;
His hearer never dreamed of such a Guest.

Moved by a nation's deep antipathy—
"How is it? Thou, a Jew—ask drink of me!
A woman of Samaria," replies
She with amazement pictured in her eyes.

"If thou didst know the gift of God, and who
It is has said 'Give Me to drink' to you,
Thou wouldst in haste such gift from Him implore;
For he who drinks that water thirsts no more;
Who drinks this water—he shall thirst again,
The water I would give forever shall remain
A living fountain springing in his breast,
This had I given hadst thou made request."

The woman, humbled by so great a claim,
Herself, in turn, a suppliant became.
"O Sir! give me this living water now
That I thirst not, nor hither come to draw."

And then, responding to her deeper thought,
He told, that He Messiah's message brought—
That He truth of the promised kingdom taught,

That God is Spirit—temple dim,
 Man need not seek to worship Him,
 For every worshiper sincere
 God's temple rises everywhere;
 "The time is coming—is here now—
 When in all places men shall bow."

Ere He had ceased, her lesson learned,
 Her pitcher left, she homeward turned.
 In haste she went the tale to tell
 Of Him who met her by the well.
 "Come see a man"—in wonder said—
 "That told me all I ever did!"
 And trooping forth at her strange word
 Came many men to seek the Lord.

LI.

NOBLEMAN'S SON HEALED.

John iv: 46.

To Cana, where "the blushing wine"
 Became His first prophetic sign,
 Beseeking, came a nobleman—
 "Come heal my fever-stricken son."
 Two days—his home Capernaum—
 The father, for relief, had come;
 A plea of need his only cry—
 "O Sir, come down, ere my child die."
 And Jesus answered, "Go thy way;
 Thy son doth live." And from that day
 And hour they saw the son revived,
 And he, and all his house, believed.

LII.

JESUS LEAVES NAZARETH.

John ii: 12.

From Nazareth, of doubtful fame,
 Down to Capernaum He came;
 With Mary and His brethren, He
 "Not many days" dwelt by the sea.

LIII.

AT THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

John vi.

Again He goes up to the temple, there
 The nation's sacred festival to share.
 Beside Bethesda's pool and sickly throng
 A palsied man has lain and lingered long—
 Has lain and lingered long, with no friend near,
 With kindly word and needed help to cheer;
 For him of all the anxious waiting train
 The healing waters are disturbed in vain.
 'Twas said an angel came and stirred the pool,
 And he who entered first was there made whole.
 Oft as the waters healing virtue show,
 He sees another in before him go.

"Wilt thou?" the Master questions, "be made whole?"
 (So often speaks He to a troubled soul.)
 Despairing is the sufferer's reply—
 "No one to help me, Sir, have I."

"Arise, take up thy bed and walk," Christ said.
 And straightway leaping up the man obeyed—
 Took up his couch and joyful went his way.
 Because all this was on their Sabbath day,
 The Jews, conspiring, sought the Lord to slay.

LIV.

JOHN IMPRISONED.

Matt. iv: 12; Mark i: 14; I Kings xix.
 The second Herod seized upon
 The desert prophet, faithful John—
 That John who like Elijah came,
 In spirit and in power the same.
 Macherus' walls frown gloomily
 From cliffs above the bitter sea;
 A palace and a jail combined,
 There reveled king with wanton joined,
 While John in darkened prison pined.

When Ahab ruled in Israel,
 Elijah fled from Jezebel;
 Now Herod sat upon the throne—
 Herodias would murder John.
 The tripping of the dancer's feet
 Has toppled Justice from her seat.
 No more are heard the herald calls,
 Now stifled by deep dungeon walls.
 Quenched is the "burning shining light"
 That shone on Judah's troubled night;
 Stilled is the voice that had made known
 The coming of the Promised One.

LV.

A YEAR OF OBSCURITY.

Obscurity has marked the passing of the year
 Since Jesus came forth from the desert drear,
 Where, from His consecration He was led;
 And where His foe was met and vanquished.
 Since His unheralded, alone return
 To Jordan, and John's faithful witness borne;
 When turned four fishermen from Galilee
 To hear His invitation, "Come and see"
 The "Signs," He has in quiet places wrought;
 And sacred lessons in the country taught;
 His healing words and acts of kindness shown
 Now bring Him to a year of great renown;
 And well He knows how brief will be
 His year of fickle popularity.

LVI.

PREACHES AND TEACHES.

John vii: 1.

Now Jesus walked in Galilee—
 Closed His Judean ministry.
 His call resounded through the land—
 "Repent—God's kingdom is at hand!"

LVII.

AT CAPERNAUM.

Luke v: 11.

At Nazareth rejected, spurned,
 His footsteps to the seaside turned;
 An exile from His early home,
 He tarries at Capernaum.
 The people gathered on the strand,
 Where Simon's boat lay near the land.

LVIII.

FIRST SERMON BY THE SEA.

Matt. iv: Luke v.

The night had passed in fruitless toil;
 The sea refused its wonted spoil;
 The idle boat the Teacher bore.
 The hearers gathered on the shore,
 Intent to hear His words, but more
 Intent to know His healing power.

He told them of His reign of grace;
 His kingdom and its righteousness—
 A kingdom long by seers foretold—
 By men of faith, from days of old:
 A kingdom, wide of boundary
 Through time, and in eternity:
 Where Mercy dwells with Equity;
 And everlasting peace shall be—
 A kingdom they might all attain
 Who yielded to His peaceful reign.

LIX.

FISHES CAUGHT AND MEN CALLED.

Luke v: 1-4.

Now, when the teaching hours were past
 At His command the nets were cast;
 The day in worship well begun,
 Before the setting of the sun
 Is crowned with bountiful increase,
 Drawn from the treasures of the seas,
 As Peter and his brethren reach,
 With teeming nets, the solid beach.
 Now, "Follow Me," He said again,
 "I will make you fishers of men."
 Forsaking all for Him alone,
 Went Andrew, Simon, James and John.
 Their nets, their boats, and their loved lake,—
 They gladly all for Him forsake:
 When twelve apostles He shall call,
 Their names shall lead the honored roll.

LX.

A DAY OF WONDERS.

Matt. iv: 18-22; Luke iv.

In synagogue He now appears,
 In answer to the hope of years.
 An unclean spirit cried aloud,
 And fain had Christ as Lord avowed.
 But Jesus bids him "Hold thy peace
 And leave the man; thy raving cease."
 The demon heard, released the man,
 And far the fame of Jesus ran.

LXI.

CENTURION'S SERVANT HEALED.

Matt. viii: 5-13; Luke vii: 2-10.

A Roman—a centurion—

The favor of the Jews had won:
 Had built a synagogue where they
 Might read the law, and teach and pray;
 Their elders, therefore, made appeal
 To Jesus that He come and heal
 The captain's servant, nigh to death,
 "I'll come and heal him," Jesus saith.

"I am not worthy of this, Lord"—

The Roman pleads—"but speak the word
 And he shall live." "So great thy faith
 Thy prayer is heard"—The Master saith.
 His word went forth with healing power,
 Restoring health from that same hour.

LXII.

MANY CURED.

Mark iv; Luke ix.

In Peter's house the mother lay—
 Hot fever burning life away;
 Christ raised her from her bed of pain,
 And health and strength came back again,
 And, rising, she went joyously,
 To serve in household ministry.

That Sabbath, when the sun was set,
 They gathered in the public street
 And laid their sick ones at His feet;
 And at His healing touch and word
 These rose and walked, to health restored.
 His touch could cleanse foul leprosy;
 Could cause the helpless blind to see;
 His word could cause the lame to walk,
 The deaf to hear, the dumb to talk;

The paralytic felt again
 The throb of life in every vein;
 While gracious words of sins forgiven
 Gave peace of mind and hope of Heaven.

Departing to a desert place,
 All night, alone with God He prays.

LXIII.

TEACHING TOUR OF VILLAGES.

Mark iii: 19; Luke viii: 5.

He taught in all their villages,
 And healed their many maladies,
 Fulfilling ancient prophecies
 That He "should bear their sicknesses."

LXIV.

WIDOW'S SON RAISED.

Luke vii.

When men bore from his mother's home
 Her only son, robed for the tomb,
 He came and stood and touched the bier—
 "Young man, arise," He said, and here
 The widow at the gate of Nain
 Receives her dead, alive again.

LXV.

CHRIST FORGIVES SINS.

Mark viii.

When wayworn, weary, Christ has come
 To shelter of a friendly home,
 Soon crowds, impetuous, fill the room;
 A sick man, palsied, borne of four,
 Is brought where throngs obstruct the door.

To give their earnest faith a proof,
 They raised him to the lowly roof;
 They break the roof and gently lower
 Their burden to the cottage floor.

And Jesus, seeing their great faith—
 “Forgiven are thy sins,” He saith.
 The Pharisees His power disown—
 Exclaim, in muttered undertone,
 “Who can forgive but God alone?”

LXVI.

MOCKERS REBUKED.

Their covert malice Jesus sees,
 And thus rebukes His enemies:
 “Or easier is it to say,
 Forgiven are thy sins today,
 Or, Rise and bear thy bed away?”

“But that yourselves the truth may know,
 What power forgiveness to bestow,
 The Son of Man hath here below”—
 He, turning to the palsied, said,
 “Arise, and carry forth thy bed.”

And lo! straightway the man arose,
 And went forth as an athlete goes;
 The people joyfully applaud,
 And glorify the Lord their God.

LXVII.

CARES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Matt. xviii: 1-3; Mark x: 13-16; Luke ix: 47, 48.

When mothers brought their babes to Him to bless
 He took them in His arms with kind caress:
 Of such the Kingdom is of Heaven, He said,
 And laid His hand in blessing on each head.
 “Turn ye and like to little children be;
 Or ye shall in no wise that Kingdom see.”
 His grace to human life a luster lent
 With words of wisdom works of mercy blent.

LXVIII.

PRAYS BEFORE THE DAWN.

Matt. x; Mark v; Luke ix.

Arising long before the dawn
 He went away and prayed alone.
 And when the morn its light displayed
 "All men are seeking Thee"—they said.
 They thronged Him in their villages,
 For healing of their maladies.
 Such grace and virtue Jesus had
 That demons from His presence fled:
 While little children at His knee
 Heard words of kindly sympathy—
 "Forbid them not to come to Me.
 Of such shall God's own Kingdom be";
 He opened oracles of old
 Their sacred meaning to unfold.
 Twelve men "apostles" He enrolled
 That they should go as witnesses
 Of all His words and works of grace.

LXIX.

TWELVE APOSTLES CHOSEN.

First Andrew, Simon's brother, came,
 Then Simon—Peter now his name,
 And James and John—when first enrolled
 By Jesus "Sons of Thunder," called;
 (These two were sons of Zebedee,
 The four dwelt by Lake Galilee.)
 And Philip and Bartholomew,
 And Thomas, questioning but true,
 And Matthew, once as Levi known,
 And James of Alpheus the Son;
 Thaddeus, too, best known as Jude,
 And Simon, zealous for all good;
 Last Judas, in an evil day,
 His Worthy Leader to betray.

LXX.

SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Matt. v, vi, vii.

HIS sermon on the mountain side
Now stirred the nation far and wide.
There, drawn about the Teacher's seat,
Were gathered thousands at His feet,
To hear what blessings are bestowed
On him who walks the narrow road—
"The poor in spirit"—they are given
The Kingdom glorious of heaven;
And they that mourn; the Savior said
"The mourners shall be comforted."
"The meek"—men deem of little worth—
Have for inheritance the earth;
"Who hunger, thirst, for righteousness,
They shall be filled," the Teacher says.
The merciful obtain mercy;
The pure in heart their God shall see.
The peacemakers, God's children are—
Shall never lack the Father's care.
And they whom wicked men distress,
Because they stand for righteousness,
In His own kingdom God will bless,
And all who shall revilings take—
False evil speech for Jesus' sake,
Salt of the earth, indeed are ye.
If salt becomes unsavory,
Men cast it out as worthless; then
'Tis trodden under foot of men.
Light of the world ye are; so then
"Let your light shine before all men:
They, seeing your good works, thereby,
Your heavenly Father glorify."

MOUNT OF BEATITUDES



HIS SERMON ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE
NOW STIRRED THE NATION FAR AND WIDE

LXXI.

LAW AND PROPHETS.

Think not the law or prophets, I
 Am come among you to destroy.
 Not to destroy I come, but will
 The prophets and the law fulfill;
 Nor shall one word or letter be
 Made void of law or prophesy.

LXXII.

THE LAW INTERPRETED.

The righteousness of Pharisees
 Will not suffice your Lord to please:
 His eyes behold adulteries,
 In evil thoughts, and lustful eyes:
 In causeless anger murder lies.
 And condemnation waits on each
 Hard, railing word, and bitter speech.

Ye who your filial claim would prove,
 To God, your Father, throned above,
 Hate not your enemies, but love.
 On them bestow your care in need.
 If naked, clothe; if hungry, feed.
 So shall ye be God's sons indeed.
 Upon the evil and the good,
 Your Father makes His sun to shine;
 On just and unjust has bestowed
 The early and the latter rain.
 Be perfect, therefore, e'en as ye
 Your heavenly Father know to be.

LXXIII.

CONCERNING PRAYER.

Be ye not like the hypocrites, for they
 Love in the synagogues to pray;—
 Or standing at street corners, when,
 They may be heard and seen of men.

When thou wouldst pray, thy chamber enter; there
 Shut to thy door and offer up thy prayer;
 And that thy Father sees in secret know;
 And openly, He will reward bestow.

Use not vain repetitions when you pray,
 As do the heathen, for they think that they
 Shall be for their much speaking better heard,
 When bringing their petitions to their lord.
 What things ye need your Father knoweth well
 Before ye ask, or your desires can tell.

LXXIV.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Matt. vi; Luke xi: 2.

Therefore, when ye would seek your Father's care,
 Be ever this the manner of your prayer:
 Our Father, who in Heaven dost hear,
 Thy name be hallowed here as there;
 Thy kingdom come; on earth Thy holy will
 Be done as all above, Thy law fulfill.
 Give us this day our needed daily bread,
 That body, soul and spirit may be fed;
 As we forgive our debtors, so may we
 For all our debts forgiveness find with Thee.
 From all temptation be Thou our defense,
 And from all evil, Lord, grant us deliverance.
 The kingdom, and all power divine,
 And glory, Lord, be ever Thine.

LXXV.

HAVE TRUST IN GOD.

Let not tomorrow vex today
 With anxious care for needed bread.
 Behold the flitting birds—how they
 Are by your Father's bounty fed.

For raiment why take anxious care?
 Or say, perplexed, "What shall we wear?"
 Consider how the lilies grow;
 What grace, what hues, their forms pervade.
 In all his glory Solomon
 Was not like one of these arrayed.

Consider, till this day has flown,
 The morrow's evil all its own.
 Wherefore if God so clothe the flower,
 That for but a day flourisheth,
 Shall not your Father much the more
 Clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Seek first the kingdom of your God—
 His kingdom and its righteousness,
 And all these things by Him bestowed,
 The pathway of your life shall bless.

LXXVI.

VARIOUS PRECEPTS.

Swear not at all—an evil way,—
 Let all your speech be "Yea" and "Nay."
 If thy right eye or thy right hand—
 If these shall make thee to offend—
 Cut off the hand, pluck out the eye,
 That would thy hope of life destroy
 If thou refuse such surgery.
 Far better is it thou shouldst go
 Maimed into life, than dwell below,
 In burnings of the world of woe.

LXXVII.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not thy brother even in thy thought,
 Lest thou thyself be into judgment brought.
 What measure thou dost mete shall be
 The measure surely meted out to thee.

The beam from thine own eye remove,
 Ere thou thy brother's faults reprove.
 Give not thine alms before the eyes of men,
 With trumpet sound, their vain applause to gain;
 In secret do thy works of righteousness—
 Your Father sees, and openly will bless.

LXXVIII.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

And ye in all things unto others do
 As ye yourselves would have them do to you.
 Herein is all the word of old complete;
 Herein the law and all the prophets meet.
 Do not thou let thy left hand know
 What alms thy right hand doth bestow.

Give not your holy things to dogs unclean;
 Nor cast your goodly pearls to swine obscene,
 Lest, trampling under feet your jewels rare,
 They turn on you again, and rend and tear.

LXXIX.

THE BROAD AND NARROW WAYS.

Wide is the gate, the way to death is broad.
 And there go many in that downward road;
 Because the way that leads to life is straight,
 And only entered by a narrow gate.
 With earnest striving seek that ye may gain
 An entrance here, where many seek in vain.

LXXX.

WISE AND FOOLISH HEARERS.

Matt, vii: 24.

With many added precepts He
 Taught men as with authority—
 "Who hears My precepts and obeys
 Is like a wise man, who would raise
 His house, deep founded on a rock,

Secure against the tempest shock.
 The rains descended, and the wind
 With angry floods its force combined;
 Against that house in vain they beat—
 Built on a rock, a safe retreat.

“Who hears My sayings to refuse,
 Is like a foolish man would choose
 To build his house upon the sand,
 That could not storms and floods withstand.
 The rains descended, wild winds blew,
 Floods came, and into torrents grew
 And beat upon that house until
 With a great fall the fabric fell.”

LXXXI.

HE SPEAKS BY AUTHORITY.

These sayings ended all who heard,
 Astonished, pondered on His word;
 For quickly they discerned that He
 Taught as one in authority;
 And not as scribes who only taught
 Doctrines from old tradition brought.

LXXXII.

LEPER CLEANSED.

Matt. viii: 2.

He left the mountain for the plain,
 And thousands followed in His train.
 A leper came and on his knees
 Craved cleansing from the foul disease.
 In humble speech expressed his faith,
 “Lord if Thou wilt Thou canst”—he saith.
 With healing touch and gracious mien,
 He says, “I will, and be thou clean.”

Straightway the man arose and stood,
His flesh renewed and cleansed his blood.
"Go now and do what Moses lawgiver bade.
Show thyself to the priest," the Master said.

And all the people hearing, saw
That He revered and kept The Law.
When further lessons He would teach
He led the concourse to the beach
Of that bright little inland sea,
Named from the country, "Galilee."
An idle boat the Master bore,
With thronging hearers on the shore,
Intent to hear His gracious words, but more
Intent to know and feel His healing power.

LXXXIII.

SEASIDE PARABLES.

Matt. xiii; Luke xii.

NOW on the shore the thousands stood—
 An eager, thronging multitude.
 There, on the quiet sea, afloat,
 His pulpit was a fisher's boat;
 "The Word of God" His lofty theme,
 The psalmist's and the prophet's dream.
 That day by many parables He taught—
 Surrounding scenes suggesting higher thought,
 Truths of His Father's kingdom, and His own,
 By daily life in house and field were shown;
 He would His hearers' heart and conscience reach
 By simple word and phrase of common speech.
 He told them of His reign of grace,
 His kingdom and its righteousness—
 By prophets and in psalms foretold—
 God's messages from days of old—
 And now proclaimed as near at hand,
 To claim the homage of their land—
 A realm of love within enthroned;
 With God, His Father, Sovereign owned.
 Through all that long to be remembered day
 With wise discourse He showed the upward way.

As mustard seed becomes a tree,
 The kingdom in its growth shall be;
 Or, as men see the grain appear—
 "The blade, the stalk, and the full ear."
 The merchantman sells all and buys
 The goodly pearl at costly price;
 Another straightway buys the field,
 Where precious treasure is concealed.

LXXXIV.

THE SOWER.

The sower, going forth to sow,
Good seed on every side will strew.
Some seed falls by the wayside, where
The fowls quick seize it for their fare.
So Satan comes, with cunning art,
And steals God's message from the heart.

When seed among the thorns is thrown,
Thorns choke the plant ere it be grown;
Oft when the gospel call is heard,
These thorns spring up and choke the word;—
Deceitful riches, lust of gain,
Cares of this life destroy the grain.

Seed sown on hard and stony soil
Will not reward the tiller's toil;
Sprung up in haste, it withers soon,
Before the scorching heat of noon.
Men will with joy the Word receive,
And willingly the Truth believe;
But burning persecutions rise,
And all their faith within them dies.

When seed is sown on fertile ground,
A ripened harvest shall abound;
Men gather when the tale is told,
A thirty to a hundred fold.
When good and honest hearts receive,
And keep the word, the seed will thrive;
Abundant shall the harvest be
When gathered for eternity.

LXXXV.

TWO CLASSES IN JUDGMENT.

As men draw fishes from the main,
 The bad reject, the good retain,
 So angels, in the judgment day,
 The wicked turn to doom away.

LXXXVI.

TARES AND WHEAT.

The tares and wheat together grow
 Till harvest time, when reapers go
 And reap and bind the tares to burn—
 The wheat into the garner turn.
 So, when the present age shall end,
 The angel reapers will descend
 And gather all things that offend
 And cast them down where flames destroy;
 The righteous shall shine forth on high,
 As shines the sun in midday sky.

LXXXVII.

STILLS THE TEMPEST.

Matt. viii; Mark iv; Luke viii.

All day with fervent zeal He spoke,
 His voice alone the silence broke.
 When twilight crown of gold and crimson wore
 Friends with Him launched out for the farther shore—
 The twelve with Jesus, in a quest
 For quiet scenes, for needed rest—
 Or did the Master beyond see
 A captive soul to be set free?
 Lulled by the gentle rippling of the deep,
 The wearied Teacher finds repose in sleep;
 Reclining on a boatman's pillow hard
 As fishermen and tired seamen fared.

A sudden wind portends a stormy gale—
In haste the watchful seamen lower sail;
And grasp with sturdy strength each one his oar;
To reach with stroke of oaken blade the shore.
Tumultuous billows onward progress bar,
While hides from sight the friendly guiding star,
Thick clouds obscure the moon's pale light
And deepen darkness of the night.

While 'round Him roars the raging sea,
The Teacher slumbers peacefully:—
The waters their frail bark invade.
In terror they invoke His aid:
Complaint is mingled with their prayer—
"We perish, Master, dost not care?"
They rouse Him from His quiet sleep—
And He rebukes the angry deep.
The wind and waves obey His will
When He commands them—"Peace, be still."

So quickly has been changed the scene
From frightful blast to air serene,
The parting clouds unveil the placid sky,
And shining stars in all their brilliancy.
The raging billows sink away to rest
And quiet reigns at His divine behest.
What man is this—the wondering sailors say—
Whom even winds and stormy seas obey?

LXXXVIII.

DEMONIAC OVERCOME.

THE morning dawns, the voyage o'er,
 They land upon Gerasa shore;
 Forth, howling, from his foul abode
 Among the tombs, a maniac strode;
 Distaught, and naked, night and day,
 So fierce no one might pass that way;
 No iron chain or brass refined
 The demon man could safely bind,
 For oft in fetters bound had he
 The fetters broke and gone forth free.
 He haunts the gruesome caves at night;
 His wailings all the land affright;
 He cuts himself with knives and stones,
 And rivals the hyena's groans—
 Hyena's howls, that nightly raves
 With horrid laugh among the graves.
 "A legion" holds the man in thrall,
 His shrieks the passersby appall;
 But when the Son of God he sees,
 He falls in terror on his knees.

LXXXIX.

DEMONS' PRAYER HEARD.

Matt. viii; Mark v; Luke viii.

Unwilling to release their prey,
 They cry to Jesus for delay;
 "Thou Son of God, torment us not
 Before the time Thou didst allot;
 Nor cast us down to the abyss—
 Abode of beings in distress."

Severer had the vision been,
 To evil spirits, had they seen
 The light of holiness and grace
 That men oft saw in Jesus' face.

Along the hills and uplands green
A herd of feeding swine is seen—
Two thousand of the groveling crew,
Abhored by every pious Jew!
For in their law was plainly seen
Such flesh denounced as meat unclean.
Their fate the demons quick discern
In Jesus' manner, grave and stern.
They pray permission of the Lord
To go into the unclean herd.

And He said, "Go." And as He said
The word, into the swine they fled.
The herd ran madly down the steep,
And perished—drowning in the deep.

The man, now clothed, in his right mind,
At Jesus' feet in peace reclined:
And prayed his new found Lord and Friend that he
Might henceforth dwell in Jesus' company:
But Jesus said, "Go, tell thy friends
How great the grace thy God extends
To thee: How great His mercy shown
Before whose face thy foe has flown."
Straightway, he goes and witnesses
For Jesus in Decapolis.

The tale told by the herders of the swine
Strikes every sordid owner to the heart,
And they, not caring for His works benign,
In haste beseech the Master to depart,
In beasts unclean they traffic, and because
Of this are broken health-protecting laws.
And He, rejected by swine-loving men,
Leaves them, and goes to Galilee again.

XC.

ALL CLASSES REPRESENTED.

THE people all are waiting for Him here,
 And with glad welcome His homecoming cheer;
 For only yesterday they heard Him teach
 And wondered at His grace of work and speech,
 By many tongues His presence noised abroad,
 The needy go to Him by every path and road.

With sightless eyes these grope their darkened way;
 Those halting come, to chronic plagues a prey;
 And others, helpless, borne on couches are;
 And all the idly curious are there.

Here little groups that mourn for Judah bound,
 Confer, "Have we in Him The Leader found?
 Messiah, promised long to come and dwell,
 Among us and deliver Israel?"

And spies attend—Scribes from Jerusalem,
 To aid the rulers in accusing Him:
 Alert to charge false teaching or ill deed—
 Already in their hearts His death decreed.
 These learned members of the Jewish court
 Give to the Law their study and support.

With measured step appear the Pharisees,
 In brodered robes, and broad phylacteries;
 The self-appointed guardians are they
 Of all the rules tradition says obey.
 These watch with ever-growing jealousy
 The wonder working Man of Galilee:
 And, self complacent, look upon the scene
 Pathetic, of "the common and unclean."

With longing looks the lepers stand afar
 And cry "unclean"—Hope striving with Despair.

With wistful gaze a youth appears,—among—
And yet, not of—the anxious pushing throng:
Whom Jesus healed, unseen afar, the only son
Of him whose prayer of faith the cure had won.

A widowed mother tells them “This is He
Who raised to life my only son for me;
When men had borne him forth for burial;
Behold Him that He doeth all things well.”

The fiery zealots, patriots extreme,
Equipped for fight, look on and madly dream
Of overthrowing hated Roman power,
And seeing David’s throne set up once more.

With turbaned heads, and flowing robes, and slippered feet,
The unofficial, well-to-do, each other greet—
With gestures by tradition sternly bound,
Accustomed speech, and gravity profound—
Salaam and motion all prescribed by rule,
As children do by rote, things learned at school.
Such salutations caused the Lord to say—
“As ye go forth salute none by the way.”

The Sadducee, agnostic of his day,
Is here, cold moralist, blind to the ray
That sheds its light beyond life’s earthly bound,
And gives the faith inspired, the peace profound,
Content with wealth and honors of the state,
He knows no god but Nature, Chance or Fate;
The Resurrection life, by Jesus taught,
Whose words have hope to all the lowly brought,
And all His ministries, he sets at naught.

With flowing beard and hair unshorn and long,
The thoughtful Nazarite surveys the throng.

XCI.

"ECCE HOMO."

And He to whom is drawn the wond'ring gaze
Of multitudes from all life's varied ways,
The man of noble brow and gentle mien,
Scarce thirty years of this world's life has seen.
A countenance compassionate and kind,
Where sorrow stricken souls a solace find,
Dark eyes that penetrate the inmost part
And move to penitence the erring heart;
His visage marred as other ne'er has been,
The scars of grief from bearing others' sin,
In robe by custom worn by those who teach—
A firm authority attends His speech.

Alluring is His calm, persuasive voice—
"Turn from your sins and in the good rejoice,
Reject false leaders who themselves are blind;
The pure in heart alone true vision find."
His lips speak only truth and righteousness—
"I come to seek and save the lost and bless,
Inspire with hope the lowly and distressed,
And bid the weary 'come to Me and rest,'
Proclaim glad tidings of the Father's love,
And seal by signs My mission from above."
His words give life, have power the sick to heal,
And none for help in vain to Him appeal.
In Jesus all the manly graces blend—
Redeemer, Healer, Teacher, Guide and Friend.

XCII.

THE HEALING TOUCH OF FAITH.

WHERE all their woes upon the Master pressed,
 A feeble woman sought Him, sore distressed;
 Twelve weary years, forlorn and sad, has she
 Been bowed by grievous inward malady;
 For drugs, and doctors, "all her living paid,"—
 Nor drugs nor doctors the disease allayed.

But now had come the Healer to that shore,
 And hope within her heart revived once more.
 She mused,—“This Rabbi’s healing power is such,
 If but the border of His robe I touch,
 A healing current will flow out to me
 And cleanse me from this dire infirmity.”

Behind Him, in the crowd, she timid came;
 Put forth her hand and touched His garment hem:
 At once she knew the plague within subdued,
 And all the currents of her life renewed.
 And, knowing all, “Who touched Me?” Jesus says.
 The woman, trembling, hastens to confess
 Her touch, His cure, before all witnesses;
 And He, with ever-ready graciousness,
 Commends her faith, and bids her “Go in peace.”

XCIII.

JAIRUS’ DAUGHTER RAISED.

Matt. ix; Mark v; Luke viii.

The household joy, the blithe and winsome maid,
 Is brought, and in the darkened chamber laid.
 And notes of wailing voices fill the air,
 That Death, remorseless, claimed a child so fair.
 Within that chamber Jesus, bidden, stands,
 Takes in His own the cold and lifeless hands;
 The father and the mother, weeping, gaze,
 Expectant, on the placid, palid face.

The chosen three, attending on their Lord,
 Await the Master's life-compelling word.
 He speaks: "Talithi cumi, maid, arise,"
 And straightway Life unseals her lustrous eyes.
 The maiden wakens from her dreamless sleep,
 Sits up surprised, beholding those that weep.
 He speaks again—His work divine complete—
 Commands that they provide that she may eat;
 And where was heard the mourner's doleful cry
 Resound the notes of chastened, tearful joy,
 That gladness follows sorrow's bitter hour:
 That death is vanquished by the Savior's power:
 That He has opened outward wide this day
 The gate that captive held the monster's prey.

XCIV.

PALSIED HAND HEALED.

Matt. x; Mark iii.

As wont, upon the Sabbath day,
 To synagogue He leads the way.
 Behold a man with withered hand—
 "Forth in the midst," Christ bids him stand;
 And now—"Stretch forth thy hand," He said,
 And healing came as he obeyed.
 With blinded eyes and hardened heart,
 The scowling leaders stand apart.

XCV.

PHARISEES CAVIL.

The Pharisees with envy cry:
 "Beelzebub is His ally;
 By Him He makes the demons flee—
 In this the works of darkness see."
 His answer is a stern demand,
 "How, then, can Satan's kingdom stand?
 If he against himself contend,
 Then Satan's kingdom hath an end."

XCVI.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

Matt. xii; Mark iii: 28.

“So great the mercy shown of Heaven,
 All sins of men shall be forgiven
 But sin against the Holy Ghost.
 This sin marks one forever lost;
 Nor ended in this world his doom,
 Nor ended in the world to come.”

XCVII.

THE WOMAN AND THE PHARISEE.

Luke vii: 36.

The publicans and sinners heard,
 With trembling joy, His gracious word.
 Once at a pharisee's request
 The Master went to be his guest.
 As custom bade, the food was blest—
 So had their fathers at each meal
 To God, their Lord, made their appeal;
 As is the manner in the East,
 Reclining, they began their feast.
 A woman came and washed His feet
 With contrite tears—her sins were great—
 But Jesus was compassionate.

Forgiven much, great was the love
 The penitent had come to prove.
 Her flowing tresses she applied
 Until the sacred feet were dried;
 Pressed kisses on the weary feet,—
 So meekly pardon would entreat;
 And costly ointment on them poured—
 A grateful tribute to the Lord.

XCVIII.

PARABLE OF TWO DEBTORS.

Within himself then judged the pharisee,
 "A prophet this man surely cannot be—
 A prophet must indeed have straightway seen,
 Her touch pollutes—is touch of the unclean."
 His inmost thought, the Master quick discerns
 And on this judge an eye of pity turns—
 "Simon, somewhat I have to say to thee—"
 He said. "Rabbi, say on," replied the pharisee.
 "A debt two servants hopeless owed their Lord.
 To both He freely did release accord;
 The one but fifty pence, his debt confessed;
 The other owned his debt five hundred just.
 Both freely he forgave. Which one will prove
 Their gracious benefactor most to love?"
 "This I suppose," replies the ready host—
 "The man to whom he has forgiven most."

"And Simon, thou has rightly judged,"—replies,
 The Master—"And herein, the meaning lies—
 No water for My tired feet you brought,
 No kiss of welcome, gave with friendly thought,
 This woman, with her tears did wash My feet,
 With humble kisses did My coming greet.
 So greatly has she loved—thou see'st, even—
 For this her many sins are all forgiven."
 Then to the penitent He turns and saith,
 "Depart in peace—accepted is thy faith."

XCIX.

JOHN'S MESSAGE TO JESUS.

Matt. ii: 2; Luke vii: 18.

To John, in Herod's prison, rumor came
 That rulers all rejected Jesus' claim.
 John, calling two disciples, bade them, "Go,
 Inquire of Jesus—tell Him John would know—
 'Art Thou He that should come, as we believe,
 Or look we yet another to receive?'"

And Jesus answered them, "Go and show John
 What things, before your eyes, are shown—
 The lepers cleansed, the blind their sight receive,
 The deaf are made to hear, the dead to live,
 And here are made to walk the halt and maimed,
 And to the poor glad tidings are proclaimed.
 And tell John, blessed every one shall be
 Who shall not find cause of offense in Me."

C

CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Psalms xxiii; John x.

His mission often Jesus told,
 By striking metaphor and bold,
 Oft drawn from oracles of old.
 So, when the Jews renewed their strife,
 He said, "I am the Light of Life";
 And when they pressed Him sore, He said:
 "I am come forth, the living bread.
 I am the Good Shepherd; I give
 My own life that My sheep may live.
 My sheep will hear My voice and know,
 And, with Me, out and in will go—
 In pastures fresh, feed and repose,
 Securely kept from all their foes.
 The hireling, when the wolf he sees,
 Because he is a hireling, flees.
 The wolf will come and tear the sheep
 The hireling, false, has failed to keep.
 And other sheep I have enrolled
 Them will I bring, all to one fold—
 One fold, one Shepherd, there shall be—
 One flock, of all who follow Me."

"I am the door; the way is plain:
 By Me alone men entrance gain—
 The thief, the robber, seeking prey,
 Will climb up by some other way."

CI.

THE WOMAN'S LOST COIN.

Luke xv.

SIMILITUDES, in His discourse,
 And parables, the truth enforce;—
 With candle and with urgent broom
 The housewife lights and sweeps her room,
 The lost and valued coin to trace
 And bring it from its hiding place:
 And, with her piece of money found,
 She shares her joy with all around.

CII.

THE LOST SHEEP.

Luke xv.

The shepherd goes and seeks the lost
 By desert waste and mountains crossed;
 Secure the ninety and the nine,
 "The lamb astray," he says, "is mine."
 Unheeding darkness, storm and cold,
 With joy he brings it to the fold.
 So angels 'round the throne rejoice
 At one repentant sinner's voice.

CIII.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Luke xv.

The prodigal has wandered far
 To alien lands; has wasted there
 His father's bounty, till, in need,
 He fain on husks with swine would feed.
 By hunger pressed, where prone he lies,
 Ashamed, he says, "I will arise
 And go unto my father, where
 His servants eat, with bread to spare;
 Repentant, will my sins confess
 And only ask a servant's place."

The father's ever watchful love
 Discerns him while a great way off;
 Compassionate, with willing feet,
 He runs the erring son to greet.
 Scarce has the son his sins confessed
 When, all the father's love expressed,
 The kiss, the ring, the robe, the feast,
 The shoes, his welcome home attest;
 Notes from the banquet hall resound—
 "The dead alive, the lost is found."

CIV.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS THAT JESUS TAUGHT.

The righteousness Christ taught began
 In love to God and love to man—
 A righteousness born from within;
 Not pious words and secret sin,
 Not formal rites and hearts unclean,
 Not prayers and alms in public seen.
 All outward washings are in vain
 To cleanse the man from inward stain.

CV.

DIVES AND LAZARUS.

Luke xvi: 19.

Proud Dives lived in lordly state,
 In purple and fine linen sat;
 Fared sumptuously every day,
 While Lazarus, unheeded, lay,
 Diseased, in rags, before his gate,
 And in his misery he ate
 Crumbs fallen from the rich man's plate.
 Moreover, dogs came from the street
 And licked his sores—his hands and feet.

Poor Lazarus, life's trials o'er,
To Paradise the angels bore.
Proud Dives, all life's pleasures spent,
Sank to his place of banishment—
Hell's dark abode, where flames torment:
And seeing Lazarus afar,
In Abraham's consoling care,
He cries to Abraham in vain—
"Send Lazarus to soothe my pain;
One drop of water let him bring,
For in this flame I'm suffering."

Swift fell on him the answering voice:
"Remember, son, thou hadst thy choice
In thy life time of earthly joys,
While Lazarus had evil things,—
Such are the changes Justice brings.
In comfort he, in torment thou,
Have your appointed places now.
Besides, there is a gulf that lies,
Dividing Hell from Paradise.
No one that deep, dark gulf can cross,
From us to you, from you to us."

And Dives, moaning in his pain,
Beseeches Abraham again:
"Bid him to my five brothers go
And warn them of this world of woe,
That they of all my father's race
Come not into this dismal place."

"What Moses and the prophets wrote
They have; if they believe them not,—
Nor would they heed," the patriarch said,
"Though one came to them from the dead."

CVI.

PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.

Luke xviii: 1.

Two men, upon a certain day,
Went to the temple courts to pray.
Self righteous stood the pharisee
And proudly prayed: "God, I thank thee
That I am not as other men—
Not even as this publican.
From vile offenses I abstain,
Twice every week a fast maintain;
Full tithes I pay of all my gain."

The publican, who stood afar,
Smote on his breast and made his prayer
With downcast eyes—for mercy prayed,
And in his prayer confession made.
"Be merciful to me, a sinner," cried
To God, and he was heard and justified.
And, going home, a light from Heaven,
Shone in his heart of sins forgiven.

CVII.

CHRIST WEARIED.

CHRIST spent His days with Want and Care,
 For haggard Want was everywhere;
 And often night winds bore His prayer,
 Where mountains their great altars rear.
 Cold dews of night lay on His head
 As there for sinful man He prayed.

CVIII.

A HELPFUL SAVIOR.

Where Jesus walks the sons of sorrow wait;
 Or in the field or at the city gate.
 Now in the place where public prayer is made
 And souls forlorn have come to seek His aid;
 Now where with joy is spread the ample feast,
 And Sadness comes and sits—unbidden guest,—
 His life is all to sacred service given,
 To teach, and heal, and point the way to Heaven.

For this shall men in later ages raise
 Great temples, dedicated to His praise;
 And daily shall resound the chiming bell,
 Melodious the organ anthem swell;
 And willing hands shall light the altar flame,
 Men chant in praises high to His dear name;
 From hearts devout incense of praise shall rise
 In grateful homage to the bending skies.

CIX.

DEATH OF THE BAPTIST.

Matt. xiv: 3-12; Mark vi: 14.

John goes courageous to a martyr's fate,
 A victim of Herodias' relentless hate;
 Before the bloody axe the seer lies down,
 While unseen angels bear his jeweled crown.
 His loved disciples bear him to the tomb,
 And then with their sad tale to Jesus come.

CX.

FIVE THOUSAND FED.

Matt. xiv; Mark vi: 20; Luke ix: 13; John vi: 1.

And Jesus, wearied with fresh grief and toil,
"Come ye apart," He says, "and rest awhile."
They row their little boat away by night
And land beyond in early morning light;
In rural scenes they seek a kind retreat,
Where He in peace may rest His weary feet.
But men, in troops from all their villages
Around the lake, across the Jordan press,
To seek Him even in the wilderness.
And going forth their needy crowds to greet,
Christ kindly welcomes them to His retreat;
Unmindful of fresh grief and weariness,
All day He toils that He their lives may bless.

All these have come to Him in eager haste,
Nor gave a thought to shelter, food or rest;
When now draw near the closing hours of day,
They must not hungry, fainting, go away.
And Jesus, with a tender shepherd's care,
Bids His disciples food for all prepare.
They find a lad among their company
Has brought of bread and fish a small supply.
Five thousand men, and many families,
Recline in ranks and goodly companies
Upon the grassy carpet green,
Their canopy the vernal sky serene.
Five loaves He blessed, and fishes small,
And broke, and gave, and fed them all.
The gathered fragments from the meal—
That none be lost—twelve baskets fill.

CXI.

WOULD MAKE HIM KING.

When crowds, around Him gathering,
 Would take by force and make Him King,
 He sent the twelve in haste away,
 And sought the mountain side to pray
 In shadows of departing day.

CXII.

JESUS AT EVENING PRAYER.

John vi: 15.

Far from the haunts of men He bows
 In God His Father's greater house;
 The lofty ceiling, gemmed with stars,
 Bends o'er the Son in evening prayers.
 The call a hungry throng to feed
 Told Him anew of man's great need;
 And in His hour of weariness
 The tempter of the wilderness
 Had come again his lures to press—
 From thorn and cross and shame to turn aside
 For throne and crown and robes of earthly pride.
 From twilight till the morning watch alone,
 His prayer goes up before The Father's throne,
 And He who said "Come unto Me for rest,"
 Has perfect peace abiding in His breast.
 He rises with a spirit calm, serene—
 And lo! the foe has vanished from the scene.

CXIII.

CHRIST WALKS ON THE SEA.

John vi: 19.

The little lake lies far below.
 Distressed the toiling sailors row—
 Against the gale and in the dark,
 The twelve apostles row their bark,
 While wildly sweeps the wind on Galilee
 Behold the Christ comes walking on the sea;

Beneath the half-moon's clouded rays,
 He seems a specter to their gaze.
 They cry aloud and are dismayed.
 "'Tis I," He says—"Be not afraid."
 His presence quelled the mutiny
 Of roaring wind and raging sea.

CXIV.

PETER'S PERIL AND PRAYER.

Matt. xiv: 28.

"Bid me"—impulsive Peter cried,
 Before he saw the sea subside—
 "If it indeed, my Lord, be Thee,
 Bid me come, walking on the sea."
 And He said "Come." And at His word
 Went Peter down to meet his Lord.

But when he saw the billows rise,
 And fixed on them, not Christ, his eyes,
 He feared—"Lord save me!" sinking cried.
 And Jesus drew him to His side
 Secure. "O thou of little faith,
 Why didst thou doubt?" the Master saith.

CXV.

CHRIST THE LIVING BREAD.

John vi.

With morning came the multitude;
 And when, for bread, they still pursued,
 He told them of the living food—
 Himself, the Bread sent down from Heaven,
 True Manna, for believers given.

CXVI.

CHRIST DESERTED.

From that time many went away
 And walked no more with Jesus; they
 Had followed Him for earthly gain,
 And now of "sayings hard" complain.

CXVII.

FIDELITY OF THE TWELVE.

“And will ye also go away?”
 He asked the twelve on that sad day.
 “To whom, O Rabbi, shall we go?
 Words of eternal life hast Thou,”
 Was Peter’s answer, “and we know
 Thou art the Christ, Thou art the Son
 Of God, Thou art the Promised One.”

The suffering surround Him still,
 To claim His care and healing skill.
 No one who came for help to pray
 Was ever turned unheard away.
 The lepers healed and purified,
 No more alone, apart, abide;
 No more by men repelled they roam;
 But share again the joys of home.
 The deaf, the dumb, the lame, the blind,
 In Him their great Physician find.
 Disordered minds in Him find peace;
 From demons find a glad release.

CXVIII.

HEROD ALARMED.

Such tales to Herod’s ears were brought,
 Of many “signs” by Jesus wrought,
 The guilty monarch feared and said—
 ‘Lo! John is risen from the dead
 John, who baptized, whom I have slain—
 ‘Tis he—has come to life again:
 Therefore those mighty works are done
 By him”—so spake the bloody one.

CXIX.

HEATHEN BORDERS VISITED.

Still yearning for sweet privacy,
 Christ wends His way through Galilee
 To Tyre and Sidon's boundary;
 By Tabor and the Mount of Blessing,
 And Nazareth, and Cana, passing
 Familiar scenes of youth, until
 Beyond the bounds of Israel.

CXX.

A GENTILE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Matt. xv: 21; Mark vii: 21.

Awhile withdrawing from the public gaze
 Within a friendly house the Master stays,—
 Not long abides; so far His fame had spread
 That "He could not be hid"—the people said;
 A gentile mother seeks Him in sore grief,
 Beseeching for her stricken child relief,—
 "Lord, Son of David, hear, and mercy show;
 Release my daughter from her demon foe."
 Impatient, the disciples say—
 "Rabbi, Rabbi, send her away;
 She follows after us and cries."
 From both the Lord withholds replies;
 Great is her sorrow, brief her prayer,—
 "Lord, help me." Still does Christ forbear,—
 "It is not meet," at length He gently said
 "That we give to the dogs the children's bread."
 "Truth, Lord," she answers, "yet the dogs may eat
 The crumbs that fall about the children's feet."
 Her faith prevails; while this the Lord commends,
 With unseen force the demon forth He sends—
 Relieves the maiden from her unclean foe—
 The mother from her bitter cup of woe.

Her faith had faltered not, and pleased the Master gave,
 The boon she came so earnestly to crave.
 Here, as on far Gerasa shore,
 One sign He wrought, one and no more.

CXXI.

IN DECAPOLIS.

Now, passing Sidon's boundaries,
 He preaches in Decapolis,
 Along the rugged eastern shore
 Where Jordan's waters outward pour:
 To eyes that never thrilled with light
 He brings the ecstasy of sight;
 He speaks "Be opened" to deaf ears;
 The healing words the sufferer hears;
 His touch awakes mute lip and tongue
 To move in praise, by speech and song.

CXXII.

FOUR THOUSAND FED.

Matt. xv; Mark viii: 1.

Though wild and desert is the place,
 The people throng Him for three days,
 Held by His love compelling grace.
 With fishes few, sev'n loaves of bread,
 Four thousand hungry men are fed;
 The gathered fragments from the meal,
 That none be lost, sev'n baskets fill.

CXXIII.

RENEWED OPPOSITION.

Mark viii: 10.

Their little boat glides out once more,
 Across to Dalmanutha's shore—
 Far south, in His loved Galilee,
 This region borders on the sea.

Awaiting are the Pharisees,
His ever watchful enemies.
And while He still would heal and teach,
They hinder with contending speech,
Demanding that a sign from Heaven
Of His authority be given.

Their stubborn unbelief He knows;
They seek not light, but to oppose.
"Three days and nights was Jonah held,
In the sea monster's sides compeled.
So must the Son of Man," He said,
"Three days and nights in earth be laid."

CXXIV.

PETER'S CONFESSION.

Matt. xvi: 16.

BEYOND the Jordan and the sea,
 And Cesarea Philippi,
 A long and weary journey He
 Now makes to northern solitude,
 Where spies and foes will not intrude.

Here Peter his confession makes
 And Jesus for Messiah takes;
 As he had made it on that day,
 When many turned and went away.
 From Christ a benediction fell
 On Peter, who had learned so well
 The truth the Father had revealed—
 The truth from flesh and blood concealed—
 "The gates of hell shall not prevail,"
 (He said, who knew foes would assail—)
 "Against the church I build upon
 'The Rock' in thy confession shown."

CXXV.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Matt. xvii: 1; Mark ix: 2; Luke ix: 28.

Where snow crowned Hermon meets the gaze,
 With chosen ones, all night He prays.
 There, swift from their celestial home,
 Have Moses and Elijah come—
 Great lawgiver and prophet bold
 That taught and warned the men of old.

Of His decease they talk with Him—
 Awaiting at Jerusalem;
 His nearing triumph, by the cross,
 O'er Satan, Death, and earthly loss.

With countenance and raiment bright,
 He stands transfigured in their sight,
 While speaks the Father from His throne—
 "Hear Him, My well beloved Son."
 And with the voice, a shining cloud
 O'ershadowed them—supernal glowed.
 In awe the three disciples bowed:
 The splendor of the vision gone,
 These—Peter, James and loving John—
 Behold no man, but Christ alone.

Though Peter long would linger here—
 Would fain three tabernacles rear,
 Not long the Master may abide,
 In glory, on the mountain side.
 A world of sin awaits below,
 And He returns to bear its woe.

"If Thou canst help," He hears a cry,
 "Oh, save my demon haunted boy;
 To Thy disciples I have brought
 Him, but they could not cast him out."

CXXVI.

DEMONIAC SON RELEASED.

Matt. xvii; Mark ix: 24; Luke ix: 37.

The nine disciples, baffled, stood
 Before a gazing multitude;
 Their faith had failed them in an hour
 When most they needed all its power.
 The demon shrieked—a horrid sound—
 The youth lay writhing on the ground.

And, seeing all the father's grief,
 The Lord rebuked their unbelief:
 "O race perverse, O faithless race!
 How long ere My forbearance cease?"

Thou spirit dumb and deaf," He said,
 "Come out of him." The fiend obeyed—
 Sore rent, and left him as one dead;
 But Jesus raised him to his feet,
 Released, restored, his cure complete.

"Lord, why could we not cast him out?"
 They said. "This power cometh not,"
 The Master, sighing, said.
 "But when with fasting men have prayed."

CXXVII.

IN GALILEE.

Luke xi: 53.

Again in Galilee He taught
 And miracles of healing wrought.
 The Pharisees again pursued
 With buffetings and sayings rude,
 To drive away the multitude.
 They pressed upon Him more and more;
 And meekly their assaults He bore.

CXXVIII.

LORD OF THE SABBATH.

Matt. xii; Luke vi: 1.

While passing through the fertile fields,
 Where God for man the harvest yields,
 There Jesus' hungry followers
 Pluck for their food the ripened ears,
 And, rubbing in their hands the grain,
 Their breakfast make. The Jews complain
 That rules, by their tradition spoken,
 For Sabbath conduct these have broken.
 "Man was not for the Sabbath made;
 The Sabbath is for man," He said.
 "The Son of Man due homage pay,
 Lord even of the Sabbath day."

CXXIX.

TEN LEPERS HEALED.

Luke xvii: 11.

Ten lepers see Him from afar,
Their plaintive pleadings pierce the air;
Compelled to shun abodes of men
And cry aloud, "Unclean, unclean!"

"Go, stand before the priest," He said,
"And do the things that Moses bade."

And, straightway going to obey,
The ten found healing in the way.
The ten were healed, but only one
(And he was a Samaritan)
Returned to Jesus, glad to raise
His voice in gratitude and praise.

Then sadly spoke the voice Divine—
"Were not ten cleansed? Where are the nine?"

CXXX.

FORGIVENESS ENJOINED.

Matt. xviii: 21.

NOW, as they journey, Peter speaks—
 Instruction from the Master seeks.
 "How often, Lord, dost Thou command,
 That I forgiveness must extend
 When oft my brother shall offend?
 Shall seven times the limit be?"

"Not until seven times, I say to thee,
 Must he, repentant, be forgiven;
 But unto seventy times and seven."
 These words to Peter were addressed
 And by this parable impressed.

CXXXI.

THE UNGRATEFUL SERVANT.

Before his lord a servant came—
 Ten thousand talents, lawful claim,
 Confessed—all overdue;
 A bankrupt, as his master knew.

"Let him be sold—all that he hath—
 And payment made," the master saith;
 "Wife, children, goods include."
 So spake his lord, with power endued.

With terror seized, the debtor falls
 Upon his knees; for mercy calls—
 "Have patience yet awhile with me,
 And I will pay it all to thee."

Compassionate, his lord relents;
 His hasty judgment he repents—
 Forgives the hopeless debt and frees
 The suppliant, still on his knees.

Released, he meets, as forth he goes,
 A fellow servant, one who owes
 A hundred pence and cannot pay;
 And seizing him while in the way,
 "Pay that thou owest," he demands,
 And fierce before his debtor stands.

"Have mercy—I will pay the debt,"
 His fellow servant pleads, and yet
 He would not heed his debtor's plea,
 But cast him into jail till he
 Should pay the debt. Now does his lord
 To this hard creditor award
 Strict judgment for his wickedness—
 That he shall pay, by due distress,
 His debt, or be in prison made
 To stay till that great debt is paid.
 Like judgment shall the man receive
 Who does not from the heart forgive
 His brother all his trespasses.
 Law of the kingdom strict is this.

By two and two He sent His heralds forth,
 The twelve at first, then seventy South and North,
 To heal the sick, to teach man in His name,
 And everywhere Glad Tidings to proclaim.
 When these returned to Him with joy they say,
 "The demons even, Lord, our word obey."
 "Not that the demons will obey your voice,"
 He said—"But that your names are writ in Heaven rejoice."

CXXXII.

FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

John vii: 2.

The Feast of Tabernacles drew
 To sacred rites the pious Jew,
 And when the temple courts he sought,
 There Jesus came, and healed and taught.

The people harken, Jews oppose—
 The rulers ever were His foes
 Since first He drove their trading horde
 Out from the temple of the Lord.

CXXXIII.

CONSPIRACY OF THE RULERS.

John vii: 2.

The magnates high in church and state
 Beheld with envy thousands wait
 Where Jesus taught—the loud acclaim
 When Jesus to the temple came.
 They called their council and conspired,
 Unheeding what their law required;
 Unheard His cause, vain all reply,
 They judged Him and condemned to die.

CXXXIV.

NICODEMUS IN THE COUNCIL.

John vii: 50.

When honest Nicodemus tried
 To turn the threatened blow aside,
 They only answered to deride.
 "Doth our law judge a man unheard?"
 He said—a just and wise man's word.
 They answered only, "Search and see;
 No prophet comes from Galilee."

They sent their officers to take
 Him. Jesus in the temple spake.
 His dignity and kindliness,
 His winning words and worthiness
 Inspire the servants of the law
 With wonder, and restrain with awe.
 On Him, who only spake to bless,
 How could they bring death or distress?
 Not yet the powers of darkness gain
 Their cause; when won, won but in vain.

CXXXV.

THE LIVING WATER.

John vii: 37.

When came the last great festal day,
 With shoutings near and far away,
 And waters from Siloam poured,
 And loud hosannas to the Lord;
 Processions round the altar go
 Sev'n times, as erst at Jericho.
 Then Jesus stood and cried aloud,
 To all the vast and surging crowd—

“If any man thirst, come to Me
 And drink of living water free,
 And in his breast shall ever flow,
 Life giving fountains I bestow.”
 When flaming torches lit the night,
 He saw, and said, “I am the Light:
 Because he hath the Light of Life, shall he
 Not walk in darkness who hath light in Me.”

CXXXVI.

NEVER MAN SO SPOKE.

“Why did ye not bring Him?” demand
 The rulers when return the band.
 As one the posse answer makes—
 “Man never spoke as this man speaks.”

When fiercer contradiction grew,
 And they would stone Him, He withdrew;
 But thoughtful hearers pondered—
 “Might not this be the Christ indeed?”

CXXXVII.

WOMAN CHARGED WITH ADULTERY.

John viii: 3-11.

Where, in the temple, Jesus daily taught,
 The scribes and pharisees before Him brought,

A woman, who, they all alleged, had been
Convicted of an act of deadly sin.
The partner of her guilt they had not brought,
But his offense, it seemed, regarded not.

By Moses law she should be stoned—they said—
“What sayest Thou?”—but He no answer made.
His presence drew a silence, deep, profound.
He stooped and with His finger wrote on the ground.

With downcast eyes their prisoner, alone,
Stands in the midst; no mercy have they shown.
Upon the Master still with eagerness,
Her enemies for a decision press.
Deliberation in His manner plain,
He writes His record in the dust again.

He groaned in spirit while He wrote
Restrained—as though He heard them not.
No sentence wrote on parchment scroll
Against that trembling troubled soul.

But in His emblematic deed
The Master's thought they fail to read.
They still demand—“What dost Thou say?
For Moses said ‘the guilty slay,’
'Twas he declared that we should stone,
Without the camp, the guilty one.”

He fixed on them His earnest gaze;
That read severe each eager face;
Then spoke in no uncertain tone—
“Thou without sin cast the first stone.”
A moment dazed, they stood before
Him; then the eldest sought the door.

Accusing Conscience witness bore;
And each one, as he felt its power
Went out, convicted in his heart;
Till Jesus saw them all depart.

The while that sin stained soul had heard
A voice of love; and owned Him Lord;
And when the silence Jesus broke
By no harsh words the Master spoke,
From fatal sentence He forbore;
And bade her "Go, and sin no more."

His wise ancestor, Solomon,
A knowledge of the heart had shown
When he displayed a naked Sword;
But Jesus showed it by a word.

CXXXVIII.

MAN BORN BLIND.

John ix: 1.

A man born blind was led to wait
Where Jesus passed the temple gate.
His touch made clay a healing salve,
He said, "Go, in Siloam lave."
The man obeyed, received his sight—
Day dawning after years of night.
Returned, he boldly testifies
That Jesus gave sight to his eyes.

The Pharisees, who still pursue
With spiteful zeal, attack anew.
Unmindful of sweet mercy's claim,
His Sabbath ministry they blame;
And, in their madness, even dare
"The man's a sinner" to declare.

The touch that gave the blind man sight
Has turned his spirit to the Light.
He met their cold, unfeeling plea—
“One thing I know, enough for me—
I once was blind; I now can see;
The man must a true prophet be.”
And ever so: The touch Divine
Has been to hearts a potent sign
That Jesus is the Son, with power
To heal and save in every hour.

CXXXIX.

IN PEREA.

John x: 40.

BESET by such malignant foes,
 Beyond the Jordan Jesus goes
 Where, buried in the watery grave,
 He, long ago, example gave,
 To those who would their faith profess
 "Thus to fulfill all righteousness";
 With words of healing, saving power,
 There waits His fast approaching hour.

CXL.

THE RICH YOUNG RULER.

Luke xviii: 18.

A rich young ruler ran to Jesus, kneeling
 "Good Master," he said in low voice appealing,
 "Tell me—by what good deed—what act of merit,
 I may, assured, eternal life inherit?"

"Why callest thou Me good? For there is none
 Good, only God. He is the Holy One—
 If thou wilt enter into life, this do:
 Keep thou all the commandments thou dost know."
 So Jesus answered under Moses' law.
 Still would the young man further lesson draw.

"Which Lord? Thy teaching I would fully know;—
 And in the way of life securely go."
 "These well-known precepts of the law obey.
 Due honor to thy father, mother, pay;
 Do not commit adultery nor kill;
 Do not defraud thy fellow man or steal;
 And thou thy neighbor as thyself shalt love;
 All these by constant daily life approve."
 "All these have I kept, even from my youth"—
 The young man answered Him with conscious truth.

AT THE JORDAN



"IT DOETH BECOME US," JESUS SAYS,
"THUS TO FULFILL ALL RIGHTEOUSNESS."

“And now what lack I yet?” With bowed head
 He spoke as humbly seeking to be led.
 The earnest seeker Jesus saw and loved;
 And deeply was the Master’s spirit moved.
 “One thing thou lackest; wilt thou perfect be?
 Sell that thou hast and come and follow Me.
 Sell that thou hast and give it to the poor;
 And thou shalt have in Heaven a treasure store.”

Then sorrowful, the young man, when he heard,
 Arose, and went away, and left the Lord.
 His great possessions held his heart in thrall;
 And closed it to the Savior’s gracious call.

Great sorrow fills the Master’s gentle heart
 That one so near the kingdom should depart.

“The camel may as easily,”
 Said Christ, “Go through a needle’s eye,
 As one who trusts in riches gain
 An entrance into Heaven’s Domain.”

“Astonished, the disciples cry—
 Who then can be saved, Rabbi?”

And gazing earnestly on them,
 This answer from the Master came:
 “With man it is impossible,
 And yet with God all power does dwell.”

CXXI.

DEFORMED WOMAN HEALED.

Luke xiii: 10-16.

As oft, upon the Sabbath day,
 In synagogue Christ taught The Way;
 Gave lessons from their sacred lore,
 By prophets penned, long years before.

A woman listened all attent—
 Deformed she was, her frame low bent.
 The Master suffering could trace
 In furrowed cheek and withered face.
 He speaks with ready sympathy—
 "Thou'rt loosed of thine infirmity."

At once erect she fills the place
 With songs and shouts of grateful praise.
 While all around with her rejoice,
 Discordant is the ruler's voice:

"Six days," he says, "appointed are
 For labor and for every care;
 Six days, for work, in house and field;
 In them come hither, and be healed."

"Thou hypocrite," the Lord replied,
 "When thou thine ox or ass untied
 And led it out this day to drink,
 Didst break the Sabbath—dost thou think?
 Shall not release for her be found
 Whom eighteen years has Satan bound—
 A daughter true of Abraham?"
 And all His foes were put to shame.

CXLII.

SILENT COMING OF THE KINGDOM.

While Jesus yet abode in Galilee,
 Came questionings from scribe and pharisee,
 Who thought the kingdom must be drawing near—
 "God's kingdom—Rabbi, when will it appear?"
 "God's kigdom cometh not," the Master said,
 "With observation—outward signs displayed:
 Within you He begins His gracious reign;
 For Him in outward sign, men look in vain."

CXLIII.

COVETOUSNESS CONDEMNED

Luke xii: 13-22.

A young man seeking only gain,
 Once came to Jesus to complain:
 "Speak to my brother, Lord, that he
 Divide th' inheritance with me."

"A ruler and divider who
 Hath made Me," Christ said, "Over you?"
 "Of covetousness all beware
 This parable attend with care."

CXLIV.

THE RICH FOOL.

Luke xii: 16.

A rich man's grounds great harvest bore,
 He had not where his goods to store:
 Nor would he give them to the poor.

Within himself the miser thought—
 "This will I do—my barns are not
 Enough to hold when all is brought,

The harvest waiting in my field;
 But I will tear them down and build
 Me greater ones; and all the yield

Of acres broad will there bestow;
 And say unto my soul—"Soul, know
 Enough for many years hast thou.

Consider this and take thine ease:
 Eat, drink, be merry, all is peace.'"
 But God, whom he sought not to please,

Showed him how brief was his control.
 God spake to him and said, "Thou fool,
 This night will I require 'thy soul.'

Then whose shall all these riches be,
That thou hast gained so carefully—
That thou hast said belonged to thee?"

This lesson Jesus taught to all—
Like judgment will the man befall
Whose heart is on his wealth bestowed,
Who therefore is not "rich toward God."

CXLV.

DROPSY CURED.

Luke xiv: 1-6.

Invited by a Pharisee
To dine with him one Sabbath, He
Sees in the waiting company
A man, whose swollen limbs and frame,
His ever quick compassion claim.

And, turning from the table where
Awaits Him hospitable fare,
He questions learned doctors there—
(These Pharisees and lawyers are)
"And is it lawful do ye say—
To heal upon the Sabbath day?"

They silent sit with no assent;
They venture not an argument.
And while He speaks the word that heals,
His placid manner scarce conceals
The indignation that He feels
For hypocrites—beholding these
Who, on the Sabbath would release
An ox or sheep in pit cast down
While man distressed no help is shown.

CXLVI.

HUMILITY TAUGHT.

Luke xiv: 7-11.

And seeing with what eagerness
 Men to the highest seats would press,
 Thus His disciples He addressed:
 "When thou art bidden to a feast
 Go not to take the highest place;
 Lest thou, compelled, thy steps retrace
 When cometh a more honored guest
 And, yielding to thy host's request,
 Thou with confusion in thy face,
 Begin to take a lower place.

But would'st thou with true honor meet,
 Go thou and take a lowly seat.
 Be not too eager to aspire;
 Till he shall say, 'Friend, go up higher.'
 Then all who sit with thee shall see
 What honors are bestowed on thee.
 He that exalts himself shall be abased.
 The humble heart shall be to honor raised.

CXLVII.

WHOM TO INVITE TO A FEAST.

Luke xiv: 12, 13.

When thou a dinner or a supper dost prepare
 That others come and in thy bounty share,
 The rich, thy friends, thy neighbor well bestowed
 Call not—who will requite thee with like good.

Go call the poor, the lame, the maimed, the blind,
 Who can not give thee recompense in kind.
 The resurrection of the just shall be
 The certain recompense bestowed on thee.

CXLVIII.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Luke x: 30-37.

A lawyer would His teaching try—
Intent himself to justify—
“Who is my neighbor?” he inquired.
And answer from the Lord desired.
This parable The Master gave,
For answer to the question gave—

“A certain man went forth, to go—
Down that rough road to Jericho.
And passing on his way along
A band of thieves he fell among;
Who beat him, seized his goods and fled.
And left him naked and half dead.

A priest came by, saw where he lay
Gave but a look and went his way;
Likewise a Levite coming near
Passed on and gave the man no care.

Those went their way, then came a man,
(And he was a Samaritan),
Who saw the sufferer and ran
And raised him up with gentleness;
With oil and wine his wounds did dress,
And caused him to the inn to ride,
And walked supporting by his side;
Provided him with needed care,
And left him safely resting there.”
“Who is my neighbor?”—questioned—
“Go thou and do likewise,” Christ said.

CXLIX.

MARY AND MARTHA.

Luke x: 38.

TWO sisters dwelt in Bethany,
 With Lazarus, their brother: He,
 The Teacher, there found sympathy,
 There Martha served with housewife care,
 While Mary chose her portion where
 His voice in counsel she might hear.

Then Martha spoke—by cares oppressed—
 Appealing to their honored Guest—
 “Speak to my sister, Lord, that she
 Share in the household toil with me”
 Then spoke their all discerning Lord
 To each, alike, a kindly word:—
 “Martha, I know thy many cares,
 Thy love for Me, no labor spares.
 One thing is needful; that good part
 Has found a place in Mary’s heart;
 And, Martha, her wise choice I say,
 From her no one shall take away.

CL.

A SORROWFUL SUMMONS.

John xi: 3.

A word to Jesus from these friends reveals
 Their faith in Him who every sorrow heals;—
 “He whom Thou lovest, Lord, is sick”—it tells.

For He, himself the Son of Man, will share
 The ills that all the sons of men must bear.
 And He who often soothed another’s woe
 Himself the weight of human grief must know.

Yet friendship waits; and Jesus for two days,
 The present work to finish, faithful stays:—
 Two days! and Lazarus He knows is dead.
 “I go to wake him out of sleep,” He said.

Alarmed, the twelve the Master would restrain—
 "The Jews would stone Thee, Lord, from this refrain."
 He hears their protest; all unmoved thereby,
 The call of Sorrow heeding, makes reply—
 "The work of Him that sent Me while 'tis day
 I do; night comes and will all labor stay."
 Courageous Thomas answers loyally
 "Then, let us go that with Him we may die."

CLI.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

Mark x: 46-52.

Through Jericho His pathway lies,
 To reach His place of sacrifice.
 Blind Bartimeus hears a cry—
 "Jesus of Nazareth goes by,"
 "Thou Son of David, help," he cries;
 And Jesus gives sight to his eyes.
 Rejoicing in the heavenly ray,
 He follows Jesus in the way.

CLII.

ZACCHEUS THE PUBLICAN.

Luke xix: 2-12.

The publican, Zaccheus heard
 With joy His faith assuring word—
 In answer to his contrite vows,—
 "Salvation cometh to this house."

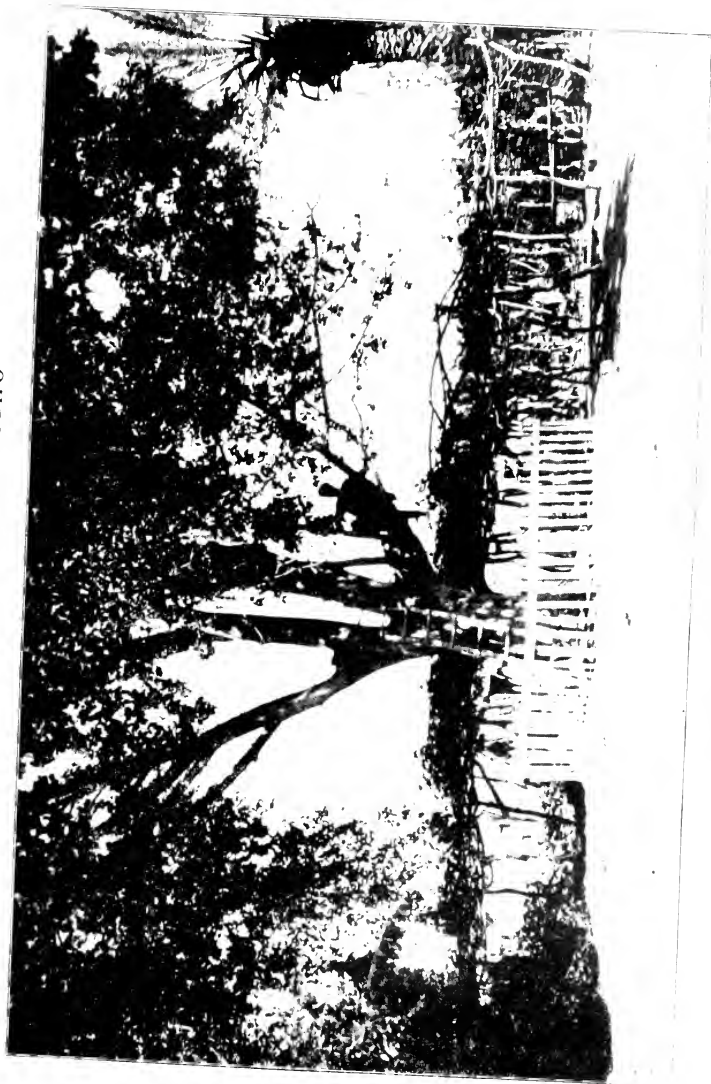
CLIII.

PARABLE OF THE POUNDS.

Mark x: 46-52.

And, as the people gathered near
 This parable He utters here—
 "Ten men received ten pounds to test
 Which man will rule ten cities best.
 Who gained ten pounds, ten cities gained.

SYCAMORE AT JERICHO



THE PUBLICAN, ZACCHEUS, HEARD,
WITH JOY, HIS FAITH ASSURING WORD

Who gained five pounds o'er five he reigned.
 Whose pound was in a napkin hid—
 All that he had was forfeited."

CLIV.

JERICHO TO BETHANY.

The path was steep, and rough and long,
 And wound the desert hills among;
 From Jericho and Jordan plain,
 His place of sacrifice to gain.
 With spirit firm to suffer there,
 Upon a cross He first must bear;
 He went before, while followed near,
 The twelve oppressed with sudden fear.

CLV.

AT THE GRAVE OF LAZARUS.

John xi: 17-44.

With them, He stood beside the grave
 Of Lazarus—a hillside cave.
 "Hadst Thou been here," the sisters cried,
 "Rabbi, our brother had not died."
 "I am the Resurrection," He
 Replied, in words of mystery.

"In Me the living never dies—
 By Me the dead to life arise."
 Four days, in death's embrace had slept
 The friend He loved, and "Jesus wept."
 "Take ye away the stone," He said—
 The stone that on the tomb was laid,
 And willing hands at once obeyed.
 Then to His Father, God, He prayed—
 "I know Thou always hearest Me,
 Because of these I prayed to Thee."

Then, "Lazarus, come forth!" aloud
 He called before the wondering crowd.
 The dead revived, and, from the gloom,
 Came forth in habit of the tomb,
 Bound hand and foot (they buried so).
 "Loose him," said Christ, "and let him go."

CLVI.

THE ANOINTING AT BETHANY.

John xii.

In Bethany, six days before,
 Men killed and ate the Passover,
 In Simon's (called "the Leper's") home,
 To hold a social feast, had come,
 The friends of Jesus. Graciously,
 He mingled with the company,
 Though clouds hung o'er His path that day,
 That nevermore should pass away,
 Till in the sepulcher He lay.

And Lazarus, to life restored,
 Was there, reclining by his Lord;
 There Martha served, with useful deeds,
 In quick response to all their needs;
 There ever faithful Mary brought,
 A gift her loyal heart had sought,
 Of ointment that a prince might bring,
 To coronation of a king:
 Rare oil of spikenard, costly, pure,
 In alabaster cruse secure.
 She broke the vase and the perfume
 Arose and filled the spacious room:
 With lavish hand upon His head
 The consecrated oil she shed:
 Nor deemed her task of love complete
 Until anointed were His feet;

Nor paused until her flowing tresses
Had soothed His feet with chaste caresses.
The gathered guests in wonder gaze—
So strange an act would all amaze.

Offended, Judas cried, in haste
With hands upraised, "How great this waste
This ointment might have brought, I'm sure,
Three hundred pence to give the poor."
Not for the poor did Judas care,
But he the common purse did bear,
And took the coin entrusted there.

Her thought The Master understood,
And said "She hath done what she could;
The poor are always with you where
With them your bounty you may share;
But Me ye have not always here;
Why trouble ye the woman? She
Has wrought this goodly work on Me—
Anointed Me for burial:
This shall be her memorial;
Where e'er My Gospel is made known,
Shall this be told that she has done."

And when, for us shall come the final day,
With all life's thoughts, and words, and deeds
reviewed,
What happiness for each to hear The Master say,
As Mary heard, "Ye have done what ye could."

CLVII.

JUDAS PLANS TREASON.

John xiii: 2; Matt. xxvi: 14.

And Judas, baffled in his greed,
Goes out to plan a traitor's deed—
For thirty silver pieces small
Betray his Lord, and sell his soul.

CLVIII.

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

Matt. xxi; Luke xix: 29-40; John xii: 12.

CHRIST had one day of triumph when
 He heard the shouts of fickle men,
 As on a lowly beast He rode,
 Where oft in dust His feet had trod.
 A nation's festival is near.
 Jerusalem has drawn to her
 Her sons from near and far away
 To celebrate the fateful day
 When Moses led their fathers forth
 To found a nation in the North.
 A shout is heard on Olivet,
 Such shouts of old, a hero met.
 Behind, before, on either side—
 "Hosanna! David's Son!" they cried;
 And spread their garments in the way
 And hailed Him King for but a day.
 With these, from far off Galilee,
 A great and goodly company,
 From out the city portals came,
 And joined in praise and loud acclaim;
 For far and near the word had spread
 Of Lazarus raised from the dead.
 These went before, while followed those,
 And joyfully their praises rose—
 "Hosanna, hosanna," they cry—
 "Great David's Son is passing by."

And palms were waved and branches strown
 As they would escort to a throne.
 "Rebuke them!" cry the Pharisees.
 "The stones would cry out, if but these,"
 The Master said, "should hold their peace."

Unmoved by all their wild applause,
 He sees the shadow of the cross—
 That cross that shadowed all His way;

With horrid arms to hold its prey:
That cross whereon ere this week end
His pierced body shall extend.

Jerusalem stands, temple crowned,
With walls and towers girded round.
There stood a thousand years ago,
His father David's kingly throne,
Now vacant for the Promised One.

CLIX.

A VISION OF DESOLATION.

Luke xix: 41.

Where Olivet looks to the west,
He pauses, weeps, by grief oppressed.
Jerusalem, her walls and gates,
Before Him stands. What doom awaits
Her palaces and sacred fane,
He sees with inward vision plain—
Her walls and gates by foes o'erthrown,
Her fane and palaces cast down;
Her sons and daughters in the dust
Despoiled and slain by Roman lust.

The violated virgin's piercing shriek—
Self-slain for shame, relief in death to seek;
The plundered houses, gardens desolate—
No pity for the poor, no ransom for the great;
By her unburied dead the mother moans—
Her little children dashed against the stones.
Where proudly Judah's kings were crowned
Dark desolation sits enthroned.

CLX.

CHRIST WEEPS OVER JERUSALEM.

And Jesus weeps—a Patriot's tears,
At vision of those dreadful years.
"Jerusalem!—Jerusalem!"

Thy children! I had gathered them—
 How oft, as under sheltering wings!
 And ye would not; nor knew the things
 That make for peace. How sad your state!
 Your house is left you desolate.”
 In presence of the vision grim,—
 What all the loud applause to Him?

CLXI.

REJECTED BY THE RULERS.

No welcome meets Him at the gates
 From priest or ruler. Those magnates
 Behold the scene with hate and scorn,
 As on the air the shouts are borne—
 “Hosanna to great David’s Son
 Who comes to sit on David’s throne.”
 Amazed the city throngs enquire—
 “Who comes, such homage to inspire?”
 “The Prophet Jesus”—shout in glee
 The multitude—“from Galilee.”

CLXII.

THE CHILDREN’S GREETING.

Matt. xxi: 15.

The children, in the temple, sang;
 In festal song their voices rang.
 As Jesus to the portals came
 They sang hosannas to His name.
 Their songs the jealous Jews displease—
 “Rabbi,” they say, “dost Thou hear these?”
 And Jesus answered, pleased to hear
 The children His brief triumph cheer:
 “Have ye not read, in ancient lays,
 From mouth of babes God perfects praise?”

CLXIII.

SECOND CLEANSING OF THE TEMPLE.

Matt. xxi: 12; Luke xix: 45.

He cleansed the temple courts again,
Drove out the greedy, trading men,
Cast down the instruments profane
That made God's house a place of gain.

"My Father's house, the house of prayer—
This ye have made a robbers' lair.
Take these things hence, your traffic cease."
Then taught and healed and left in peace.
In Bethany He found repose,
Secure from all His plotting foes.

CLXIV.

TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE.

WHAT time the sun, with vernal ray,
 Gives equal length to night and day,
 Oft as returns the springtime, when
 The paschal lamb was brought and slain,
 Christ came into the temple, where
 Did pious hands the lamb prepare.

And now had come the final week
 When, in the temple, He would speak.
 His teachings, ominous, portend
 A people hastening to the end.
 Bid His disciples watch, prepared,
 As servants, waiting for their Lord.

CLXV.

TRIUMPH BY THE CROSS FORETOLD.

John xii: 20; Luke xx: 21.

His parables He now resumed,
 And spake as to a nation doomed;
 His passion and His death foretold
 In speech direct and figure bold.
 When told of the inquiring Greeks,
 Serene and confident He speaks—

“We would see Jesus,”—they had said—
 By Andrew and by Philip led.
 A group of thoughtful men they are,
 Who come to worship, from afar,
 By Messianic vision stirred:
 The fame of Jesus they have heard—
 The potent name henceforth to be,
 The first in all man’s history.
 To Him their coming is a prophecy
 Of world inclusive victory—
 When, not His Jewish race alone,



JESUS EMBRACING HIS CROSS

From the Famous Statue by M. Angelo (Medieval) The original, of marvelous expression, is in the Church of Mary Sopra Minerva, near the Pantheon, Rome.

But nations, all His rule shall own.
 Again The Cross before Him stands—
 To be His sign in many lands.

“A grain of wheat remains alone,
 Except it die—is fruitful grown,
 When in the earth men cast it down.
 If I, from earth, uplifted be,
 I will draw all men unto Me.”

“With troubled heart what shall I say—
 ‘My Father, save Me from this hour,’ pray?
 But for this very cause I came.
 My Father, glorify Thy name.”

Then from the cloudless heaven fell
 A voice that Jesus knew full well—
 “I have both glorified,” It said,
 “And glorious it shall be made.”
 Few understood of all who heard
 The Father’s answer to the Lord.
 “An angel spoke to Him,” the hearers said;
 And others, dull of heart, “It thundered.”

CLXVI.

THE WICKED HUSBANDMEN.

Matt. xxi: 12, 22, 23.

His parables forbode the fate
 Of rulers and the Jewish state.
 They hear, with angry, startled gaze,
 This—uttered in these closing days:—

His vineyard planted, wine press set,
 With walls and watch towers complete,
 The owner goes to lands afar
 And leaves his vineyard to the care
 Of husbandmen, the fruits to share.

The season of the fruitage near,
 His servants, duly sent, appear,
 His vintage portion to receive.
 The husbandmen against them strive;
 Assault, and beat, and stone and wound,
 And leave them, bleeding, on the ground.

"But they will reverence my son,"
 He said, and sent him forth alone.
 "This is the heir," they, wicked, say—
 Ill treat, and cast him out, and slay.

Prophetic this symbolic word—
 The Jews reject and kill the Lord.
 Those murderers will God destroy;
 The vineyard others shall enjoy.
 "Rejected by the builders, One
 Becomes the chiefest cornerstone."

CLXVII.

NO WEDDING GARMENT ON.

Matt. xxii: 1-14.

A king had made a marriage feast
 In honor of his son; each guest,
 Invited, turned in scorn away.
 When told, on the appointed day,
 "Come, for all things I have prepared,"
 No one for his rich bounty cared.

With insolence they all replied—
 This one his oxen, that his bride,
 His farm another, one a trade—
 With one consent excuses made.

The king, with indignation moved,
 That these had all ungrateful proved,
 Sent forth his servants in new quest
 And gathered many a willing guest,
 Until they thronged the banquet hall
 With joy for such a royal call.

But one unhappy man was there—
 One guest perverse, refused to wear
 The wedding garment,—such the lord
 To all who came would free accord.

CLXVIII.

CAST OUT.

His lord whose grace he would reject
 Rebukes his folly and neglect,—

“Wherefore didst thou come hither, friend,
 Without a wedding garment on?”
 And he was speechless to defend
 His failure; and, swift judgment shown,
 Was into outer darkness thrown.

CLXIX.

PARABLE OF LABORERS IN A VINEYARD.

Matt. xx: 1-16.

The owner of a vineyard seeks for men
 To work, at morn, at noon and once again
 Out in the market place; an idle band
 Of men, as day is waning, useless stand.
 “Why are ye standing idle here all day!”
 “Because no one has hired us,” they say.
 “Hard by, my vineyard waits for working men:
 Go ye while daylight lasts and work therein
 At time of reckoning when ends the day
 With what is right will I your work repay.”
 They enter in and add their labor where
 From early morn did men to toil repair.
 All toiled until the setting of the sun;
 And when the labor of the day was done
 All that had entered at the master’s call
 Found that he gave the same to all.

CLXX.

THE TWO SONS.

Matt. xxi: 28-31.

Of his two sons a certain man would prove
 Their loyalty, respect, and filial love
 To them the father said "Go, stay,
 And in my vineyard work today."
 "I go"—said one; but he went not,
 "I will not"—said one without thought,
 But afterwards he did repent,
 And to the ordered labor went.
 "Which one," said Jesus, "Did fulfill,
 In what he did, their father's will?"
 "The second"—those who heard replied:
 And so did Jesus, too, decide.

CLXXI.

PARABLE OF THE TALENTS.

Matt. 24-14.

A man would journey to a distant land;
 And thought some months or years abroad to stay:
 He called his servants, gave to each command
 Concerning duties while he was away—

To each, according to ability,
 For use, a certain sum of money gave—
 To one five talents, to another he
 Gave two, another one, that each might have

And use for gain while he, their lord, was gone.
 Long time the master tarried—left the three
 To use the talents, so in trust bestowed;
 And in his absence all of them were free.

At last, returned, the time of reckoning came;
 "Five talents, lord, thou gavest me," replied
 The first, with joy—well had he used the same—
 "Five more I bring that they have gained beside."

The second also met his lord with joy—

“The two thou gavest to my hand,” he said—
 “Gained other two as them I did employ;
 Thou gavest two; I bring thee four instead.”

With sullen look, slow step, and heart of fear,
 The third his talent in a napkin brought;

“I knew thou wast a man hard and severe,—”
 He said—“That reapest where thou sowest not

“And gatherest where thou, lord, has not strewn;
 I was afraid, and buried in the earth
 Thy talent; here I bring to thee thine own.”
 So saying brought he his one talent forth.

His lord refused that servant’s foolish plea—

“By thine own words shalt thou be judged”—he said
 “Because austere, and hard, thou knewest me,
 Thou shouldst the greater diligence have made.

“And put the talent where men offer gain
 That, when I came, I should receive mine own
 And increase; take the talent from him then
 And give to him whose five to ten have grown,

“And cast him out where outer darkness reigns.”
 Then on the faithful servants, both, their lord,
 For all their diligence, and honest gains,
 Bestowed rich gifts and honors, their reward.

CLXXII.

BARREN FIG TREE.

Matt. xxi: 18.

One morning Christ walked down fair Olivet
 While yet the foliage with dew was wet.
 A fig tree near His path inviting stood
 As if to offer to the hungry food.

But when for fruit the Master looked in vain,
 He taught for those around a lesson plain—
 The barren tree, as though His voice it heard,
 Shrunk, withered, died at His denouncing word.

CLXXIII.

THE SADDUCEES SILENCED.

Matt. xxii: 46.

To Sadducees, who, vain, denied
 The resurrection, He replied—
 "The power of God ye do not know,
 Nor yet the Scriptures, what they show.
 They who accounted worthy are
 The resurrection life to share,
 Are not to be in marriage given,
 But are as angels are in Heaven."

"Sons of His resurrection power
 Are sons of God; they die no more.
 But that the dead are raised up see
 By Moses, at the burning tree.
 God called him there, and said, "I Am
 The Lord, the God of Abraham;
 God of the living, not the dead—
 By Him was this to Moses said."

CLXXIV.

RENDER TO CAESAR AND TO GOD.

Matt. xxii: 15-22.

Herodians and Pharisees
 Unite as Jesus' enemies;
 Approach with studied phrases fair,
 And questions fashioned to ensnare:

"Rabbi, we know," their speech began,
 "Thou carest not for any man,
 But speakest always what is true,
 Unmindful of what men may do.

This question answer, tell us, pray,
Is tribute lawful—shall we pay
At Caesar's call? What dost Thou say?"

He grieved at their hypocrisy—
"Ye hypocrites! Why tempt ye Me?
The tribute money let Me see."
They bring a Roman coin impressed
(Denarius) with Caesar's crest.
"Whose image, superscription, here?
Both Caesar's, ye say? Then, with care,
To Caesar render Caesar's own;
The things of God to God alone."

CLXXV.

JUDGMENT OF EVIL RULERS.

Matt. xxiii.

The Master's manly spirit saw with pain
And righteous indignation, not suppressed,
Hypocrisy, extortion, greed of gain
In priest, and ruler; wrongs go unredressed:
On scribes and pharisees His condemnation fell—
"How can ye—brood of vipers—find escape from hell?"
Strange, startling sentence to such woes express
From lips that ever, elsewhere, spoke with grace.
The answer of the culprits came in that wild cry,
In Pilate's court—"Away with Him—and crucify!"

CLXXVI.

TWO CLASSES OF HEARERS.

Men found Christ in the place of public prayer.
To meet Him, friends and foes resorted there:
These came to plot, to palter and provoke:
Those sought Him for the gracious words He spoke.
Self-satisfied these were, by envy stirred;
Those oft found healing in His vital word—
An earnest all of what mankind should see,
Concerning Him, in every passing century:
Men hear His words, gain only what they seek—

Proud cavillers, or trusting souls, and meek.
 "Savior of life" to these; "of death" to those:
 So does the sacred oracle disclose.

CLXXVII.

A LAWYER ANSWERED.

Matt. xxii: 23-33; Mark xiii: 28.

A lawyer questioned: "Which command
 Is greatest? We would understand."
 "The Lord thy God—one God above—
 With all thy heart, Him shalt thou love,
 With all thy mind, and strength, and soul.
 This first commandment leads the whole."
 So Jesus answered. "And besides,
 The second like to it abides—
 Thy neighbor as thyself shalt love.
 These law and prophets all approve."
 "Rabbi, well Thou hast answered;
 These two are first," the lawyer said.

CLXXVIII.

ENEMIES SILENCED.

Matt. xii: 46.

In every strange and trying scene
 Christ wore a look benign, serene.
 Such weight His every answer bore,
 They dared to question Him no more.

CLXXIX.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Luke xxi: 1-4.

Beside the temple treasury
 Christ sat, the varied gifts to see.
 The rich, of their abundance cast;
 The widow's farthing was her last.
 "More than they all she gave," He said—
 "Gave all her living—all she had."
 And so in wise discourse was passed
 That day, in temple courts, His last.

CLXXX.

DISCOURSE OF CHRIST ON OLIVET.

Matt. xxiv: 15-28.

THAT evening, ere the sun was set,
 As wont, He sat on Olivet.
 Beyond the Kidron Valley rose,
 With walls defiant of all foes,
 Jerusalem, rebuilt, restored—
 He, David's Son, her rightful Lord.
 And there and scarce a thousand yards away
 King Herod's temple stood in grand array.
 The rays of the declining sun
 Resplendent on the temple shone—
 Shone, bathing with effulgence rare
 Green hill, and vale and fountain fair.
 "See, Rabbi, what great buildings!" cried
 The twelve with patriotic pride.
 "The lofty columned porch behold!
 The temple roofed with shining gold."

CLXXXI.

JERUSALEM'S FALL FORETOLD.

Matt. xxiv.

And Jesus, with prophetic ken,
 Revealed the future to them then;
 When hostile armies from the west
 The hill of Zion would invest;
 The twanging bow that winged the flight
 Of deadly arrows in the fight;
 The catapult, with stunning sound,
 Strong ramparts battered to the ground.

Dire pestilence, with darts unseen,
 Drives terror to the hearts of men;
 Gaunt famine prowling in the street,
 Till rapine makes the woe complete.
 The city hasting to its fall,
 Till none are left of great or small.

Of all their goodly homes bereft,
 "No stone upon another left."
 "When ye the gathered armies see,
 Leave all, and to the mountains flee.
 And that your flight be not in winter, pray.
 And that it be not on the Sabbath day"
 These sayings ended, Jesus stood,
 And silent the doomed city viewed.

CLXXXII.

VISION OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Matt. xxv. Mark xiii: 3.

Then Andrew, Simon, James and John,
 Communing with their Lord alone,
 Besought Him—"Rabbi, tell us when
 Shall be these conflicts among men;
 What sign Thy coming shall attend,
 And when the present age shall end?"

And solemnly the Lord replied:
 "Let no man turn your steps aside.
 Before the coming of that day
 False teachers will lead men astray,
 And many coming in My name,
 'I am the Christ' themselves proclaim.
 And many hearts they will deceive;
 For many will their words believe.
 If it were possible Mine own elect
 They would deceive; while they the truth reject,
 Believe them not; give their vain words no heed
 For danger lurks where their false teachings lead.
 When they shall say, 'Lo there! Lo here,
 Ye may behold the Christ appear;
 Lo, He is in the wilderness;
 Lo, He is in the secret place!'
 Believe them not; go not their way.
 Deceivers and deceived are they.

"False Christs and prophets false shall rise,
 And signs and wonders mark the skies;
 The sun no more the earth shall light,
 The moon refuse to cheer the night.
 The stars shall from their places fall—
 These signs the sons of men appall.
 In divers lands the earth shall shake,
 And wars and desolations make
 The hearts of men to fear and quake.

"In patience, then, possess your souls;
 Your Father sees, and He controls.
 When all these signs men's hearts shall try,
 Lift up your heads with holy joy;
 Know your salvation draweth nigh.
 As shines the lightning from the East
 And flashes forth unto the West,
 So, sudden, swift and seen of men,
 The Son of Man shall come again."

CLXXXIII.

PARABLE OF TEN VIRGINS.

Matt. xxv: 1-13.

Then shall the kingdom likened be
 To this young festal company:
 Five foolish virgins, and five wise,
 With lamps await the herald's cries.

An escort for the bridegroom, they
 Have come with light to cheer his way.
 The wise with oil are well supplied;
 The foolish ones no oil provide.
 The bridegroom tarries, and they sleep
 While watchmen their night vigils keep.

At midnight sounds the herald's call—
 "The bridegroom comes! Go meet him all."

The wise, with lamps all shining bright,
Go forth to meet him, with delight.
The foolish, failing to prepare,
Depart in darkness and despair.
The door was shut while they would buy.
"Lord, open unto us!" they cry.
"I know you not," the lord's reply.
"Too late! Too late!" the night winds sigh.

CLXXXIV.

CHRIST JUDGING MEN IN HIS KINGDOM.

Matt. xxv: 31.

NOW, onward, still, the view extends
 To where the Son of Man descends.
 All holy angels, swift attend;
 By ranks and ranks their way they wend.
 The King, now seated on His throne,
 In glory, makes His judgments known,
 And holds the solemn grand assize
 On deeds of all the centuries.

Before Him all the nations stand.
 Now separate to either hand,
 As in the field the shepherds keep
 The goats divided from the sheep.

Before that solemn vast array
 The King shall to the righteous say:
 "Ye blessed of My Father, come;
 Inherit your eternal home,—
 The home for you prepared and made
 Before were earth's foundations laid.
 For I was hungry, and ye stood
 With open hand and gave Me food;
 Was thirsty, and ye drink supplied;
 Was naked, ye did dress provide;
 A stranger, and ye sheltered Me
 With cheerful hospitality;
 Was sick, and ye brought healing balm;
 In prison, and ye faithful came."

The righteous answer, wondering:
 "Lord, when saw we Thee suffering,
 Athirst or naked, hungering;
 Sick, or in prison languishing?
 When came with Thee our goods to share,
 And gave Thee raiment, food and care?"

The King shall answer graciously:
 "The least of these My brethren ye
 Have done this for, and so for Me."

Then to the wicked, sentence dire—
 "Depart into eternal fire,
 Prepared aforetime for the host
 Of Satan and his angels lost.
 For I was hungry, and no bread
 Ye gave to satisfy My need;
 Was thirsty, and no drink ye brought;
 Was naked, and ye clothed Me not;
 A stranger, and no open door
 Ye set My weary feet before;
 Was sick, in prison, and yet ye
 Came not with soothing ministry."

And then shall answer, in dismay,
 The wicked, and, appealing, say:
 "Lord, when saw we Thee needing bread,
 Or thirsty, and refused Thee aid?
 When saw Thee naked, in distress,
 And did not shelter give nor dress?
 In sickness or in prison when
 And ministered not to Thee then?"

The King shall answer from His throne:
 "To these My brethren ye've not done
 These things; neglecting them, have ye
 Refused this ministry to Me.
 Those into life eternal go;
 The wicked to eternal woe."

CLXXXV.

WATCHFULNESS ENJOINED.

Mark xiii: 30-35.

"Watch, therefore, for ye know not when
 The Son of Man shall come again.
 At midnight, cockcrowing or morn,

May be the time of His return.
To you I say, and unto all,
Watch and be ready for His call."

They linger long in shades of Olivet
Beyond the distant sea the sun has set:
In musing moments brief, the soft twilight
As fades the day, afar, leads up the night,
The Queen of Night rides up the East in state,
The glowing constellations round her wait.
She leads them forth to light the solemn scene,
Where speaks of final things, the Nazarine.
Here oft at evening they had met—
These hours, these words, cannot forget;
These often will discourse inspire
When men the solemn theme require.

CLXXXVI.

NIGHT SCENE.

Exodus xii: 29-31.

Now, from the temple over there,
Thrones that had come from near and far,
To sacrifice, and evening prayer,
Have scattered to their places, all,
To wait the herald's morning call,
And dream of wonders that befell
The going forth of Israel;
When, innocent, the paschal lamb was slain
That Jacob's Sons safe in their homes remain
When the destroying angel turned aside
Where, at the door he saw the blood applied.
Azrael, dark plumed angel winged his flight
Past every Hebrew home that night;
With every house in Egypt called to mourn,
In cottage or in palace, the first born.

CLXXXVII.

THE UPPER ROOM.

Matt. xxvi; John xiii, xiv, xv, xvi, xvii.

CHRIST loved His own,—a faithful friend,
 He loved them even to the end.
 His hour approaching near, He drew
 Apart by night His chosen few,
 Together in a borrowed room,
 For Jesus had no earthly home.

He laid His flowing robes aside,
 To humble their ambitious pride;
 And, washing the disciples feet,
 Taught them that he who serves is great.

The twelve, when in the upper room that night,
 Contended, even in the Master's sight,
 Which one among them should the greatest be.
 He saw their want of due humility
 And told them—"He it is who serves the best
 That in My kingdom stands before the rest."

CLXXXVIII.

JUDAS DETECTED AND DISMISSED.

John xiii: 4-30.

With them He ate the paschal feast,
 While dangers round His path increased.
 The traitor's hand is on the board,
 Of Judas, who has sold his Lord.
 Dishonored in his Master's sight,
 He left the room—"and it was night"—
 The darkness, type and counterpart
 Of blackness in the traitor's heart.

CLXXXIX.

THE LORD'S SUPPER INSTITUTED.

Matt. xxvi: 26; Luke xxii: 14; John xiv.
 That night in which Christ was betrayed,
 While yet the triple board was laid,
 Christ took the loaf and looked to Heaven
 For blessing on the portion given;
 Then broke the bread and poured the wine
 And gave for a memorial sign:—
 "Take, eat ye all, and see," He said,
 "My broken body in this bread;
 All drink the bruised fruit of the vine—
 My flowing blood see in the wine:
 And keep in your remembrance true
 My life blood is poured out for you."

CXC.

CHRIST'S LAST DISCOURSE.

John xiv.

They linger while their Lord portrays
 What waits them in near coming days.
 "Mine hour has come that I depart:
 For this hath sorrow filled your heart.
 I go while you awhile remain,
 Till I shall come for you again."
 "Why may we not go with Thee now?"
 Said Peter, with an anxious brow.
 "Believe me, Lord and Master, I
 Am ready for Thy sake to die."
 So spake they all; nor thought how soon
 He would be left to stand alone.
 "Wilt die for Me?"—The Master said—
 Who, in that hour the future read—
 "This night before the cock crow twice
 Thou, Simon, wilt deny me thrice—
 Shalt thrice deny thou knowest Me."
 Then calmly this discourse spake He:

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye
Believe in God; believe in Me.
I go where many mansions are—
My Father's house; I will prepare
A place for you, that ye may be,
On My return, at home with Me.
And whither, and the way I go,
Ye know; the place, the way ye know."

"Where Thou art going, Rabbi? Nay,
We know not. How, then, know the way?"
Thus Thomas. Jesus makes reply:
"The Way, the Truth, the Life am I;
By Me men unto God draw nigh."

"Show us the Father," Philip saith,
"And it sufficeth for our faith."
"So long have I been with you, Philip," says
The Lord, "and thou not known Me all these days?
He that hath seen Me hath the Father seen;
In Me the Father is revealed to men.
The works I do, the words I speak—
They are the Father's, whom ye seek."
"How is it, Lord, that Thou Thyself would show
To us and not unto the world also?"
Thaddeus Judas this inquiry makes;
And, gazing fondly on him, Jesus speaks:

"If a man love Me, he will keep My word;
Him will My Father love, and I, your Lord,
Will with the Father come, and Our abode
Will make with Him—your Father and your God."

CXCI.

THE TRUE VINE.

John xv.

"I am the Vine, the branches ye;
 No fruit ye bear apart from Me.
 Abide in Me, My word obey,
 And God shall hear you when ye pray.

"Have love for one another; so
 Shall all men My disciples know.
 My perfect peace with you I leave;
 Not as the world doth give, I give.
 The Comforter, a faithful Guide,
 Shall come to you—with you abide,
 And bring to your remembrance true
 All things I have commanded you."

CXCII.

PRAYER FOR THE DISCIPLES.

John xvii.

These words spake Jesus, and this prayer:
 "Guard, Holy Father, guard with care
 All these whom Thou hast given Me;
 As we are one, so may they be
 Forever one with Thee and Me.
 Give Me the glory that I had
 With Thee before the worlds were made.

"Eternal life their portion be—
 Eternal life is knowing Thee,
 And Jesus, Thine Anointed Son,
 Whom Thou hast sent to make Thee known.
 And, Father, keep all who receive
 Their word and shall through them believe;
 And, Father, now I come to Thee—
 Have done the work Thou gavest Me."

CXCIII.

IN GETHSEMANE.

Matt. xxvi: 30-46; Mark xiv: 26-42; Luke xxii: 39-46;
John xviii: 1-13.

HE leads them to Gethsemane:
Beneath the spreading olive tree
His soul is bowed in agony.
He meets the powers of darkness there,
And on the chilling midnight air
Is borne His thrice repeated prayer:
"This bitter cup, My Father, spare."

Submission breathes in every tone,
The bloody sweat drops falling down;
He prays—"Thy will, not Mine, be done."
There, in the moon-cast shadows dim,
An angel comes and strengthens Him.
The chosen three, a watch to keep—
Not faithless, but too wearied—sleep.

He does not chide, but gently speak—
"The spirit would: the flesh is weak."
Where Kedron's quiet waters go
They answer back the torches' glow
Of rudely armed and eager men,
In midnight march across the glen.

CXCIV.

THE ARREST.

Mark xiv: 44.

Lo! Judas, with a motley horde,
Appears; betrayer of his Lord.
"Hail Master!" and the traitor's kiss
Shows Jesus to His enemies.
With swords and clubs, and dark design,
They seize upon the Man Divine.



HE LEADS THEM TO GETHSEMANE

CXC.V.

PETER'S BRAVERY.

Luke xxii: 31.

Awakening, Peter, at the sight,
 Draws sword, and says, "Lord, shall we smite?"
 Waits not for answer; but instead,
 He wounds the high priest's servant's head,
 "Suffer thus far,"—the Master said:
 And turning then to Peter says:—
 "Put up thy sword into its place;
 For all who take, shall perish with the sword."
 (So is it violence has its reward.)

Christ adds, "The cup My Father giveth Me,
 Shall I not drink it?"—Filial loyalty!
 And straightway, with a healing touch, the Lord,
 The servant, Malchus' severed ear restored,

Then, in a moment, all His friends have gone;
 And left Him with His enemies alone.
 Were He to pray, then would The Father send
 His Son twelve angel legions, to defend.

CXVI.

PETER'S DENIAL AND REPENTANCE.

Matt. xxvi: 69-75; Mark xiv: 66-72; Luke xvii: 55-62;
 John xviii: 25-27.

To Annas first, they all resort;
 And hale Him in their Jewish court:
 Christ stands arraigned, while yet 'tis night;
 Deprived of every lawful right:
 But Peter follows Him afar,
 Up to the high priest's palace, where,
 He enters with the throng to see,
 What shall the end of all this be.

And as he sees his Lord, before
 The haughty court, and councilor,
 His vaunted courage, quickly flies,
 His Lord, he thrice with oaths, denies.

The crowing cock reminds him twice,
 Who said, "Thou shalt deny Me thrice."
 And Jesus turned and looked upon
 Him. Peter, when he thought thereon,—
 The warning words, that Mem'ry kept,
 Went out and bitterly he wept.

CXCVII.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

Matt. xvii: 24-26; Luke xxii: 25; John xix: 1-6;
 Mark xv: 14, 15.

At early morning of that fatal day,
 To Pilate's court, the rulers lead their prey.
 And fiercely accusation they prefer
 Before the heathen, Roman Governor.
 Base envy would put Christ to death;
 Detraction, joined with poisoned breath,
 Fanaticism led the way,
 And Avarice came to betray.
 Though Pilate, in the judgment hall,
 Could find in Him no fault at all,
 Injustice yielded to the cry
 And clamor shouting "Crucify!"
 When Pharisee and Sadducee,
 Impelled by blinding bigotry,
 Against Him gave their urgent voice—
 The thief Barabbas their vile choice.

CXCVIII.

A WOMAN'S PLEA.

Matt. xxvii: 19.

Amid that clamor and the reckless strife
 Of men conspired against the Just One's life,
 A voice of mercy claims the ruler's ear—
 A woman's voice—would he but deign to hear.
 From Pilate's wife, the urgent message ran:
 "Have naught to do," it said, "With that just Man."

“For I have seen, in visions of this night,
Such prophecies as did my soul affright.
It seemed that He sat on the judgment seat,
And there were His foes compelled to meet
His frown, more terrible than that of Mars—
So changed from that meek, lowly look He wears.

“And thou and they, with consternation, heard
Death sentence from His lip as King and Lord.
I saw His judgment seat become a lofty throne:
And Him their King and Lord did all the nations
crown.”

In that dark hour of innocence betrayed
Her voice alone was heard His cause to plead.

CXCIX.

THE FATE OF JUDAS.

Matt. xxvii: 3-8; Acts i: 16-18; John xix: 19-22.

Remorse drives Judas to despair,
He has no plea for Mercy's ear.
Will rather death and darkness dare;
The blinding bribe, the wage of sin,
Is cast away, a thing unclean.
Too late repenting, Hope has fled;
And joy and all of faith are dead.
Self hanged upon a treacherous bough,
He falls a loathsome corpse below.

By conscience driven first he came—
Where met the partners of his shame—
“See I have sinned,”—confession made,
“Blood innocent I have betrayed”—
Before the priests and rulers cast
The hated silver down in haste.

“And what is that to us,” they said,
“See thou to that”—as forth he fled.
With this “The Potter's Field” they buy—
The field where strangers buried lie.

CC.

CHRIST IN HEROD'S COURT.

Luke xxiii: 6-11.

Dismissed by wicked Herod, with disdain,
 Christ, set at naught by Herod's serving men,
 Still uncondemned, while still the Jews complain,
 In pilate's court is hailed to stand again.
 In royal purple robe the soldiers have arrayed
 Him. And in derision bow before Him
 A crown of piercing thorns press on His head,
 Smite on the cheek, and in pretense adore Him:
 Blindfold Him: hail Him King in heartless glee—
 "Who was it smote Thee?"—bid Him "prophecy:"
 And after all this bitter mockery
 And dreadful scourging, lead Him out to die.

CCI.

A PROPHETIC IMPRECATION.

Matt. 27.

And Pilate washed his guilty hands in vain—
 Consenting that the Sinless One be slain.
 "On us and on our children be His blood"—
 Self sentence shouted they, nor understood
 They how their imprecation would—Alas!
 Fall on their race as generations pass.

CCII.

UNCONSCIOUS FATAL PROPHECY FULFILLED.

Josephus Wars of the Jews.

Book vi, Chapter 6 to 10—And other Historians.
 Scarce had that generation passed away
 When Roman camps around their city lay;
 In vain is built and manned the double wall
 In vain, with frenzied zeal, men fight and fall.
 The wall is scaled; a gaping breach is made
 And hand to hand they fight, and blade to blade.
 Nor age nor sex the Roman legions spare
 The plunder seized the Roman legions share.

The streets with streams of human blood are red
 Where mourners wail for their unburied dead
 Before the mother's eyes her little ones,
 Impaled on spears, are dashed against the stones;
 Foul birds of prey the dreadful carnage scan;
 And fly to feast upon the flesh of man;
 And in a carnival of blood and flame,
 Jerusalem a heap of dust became.
 Sedition, born of madness, forced the foe,
 Against his will, to lay the temple low.
 The fane and all its sacred courts defiled
 By heaps of slaughtered Jews and aliens piled.
 The fathers bade the Romans crucify
 The Messenger sent to them from on high
 The sons, by Romans are led out to die
 And on three thousand crosses hang impaled
 The sons of those who that sad day prevailed.

CCIII.

LED TO CALVARY.

Led forth along the doleful road
 Compelled to bear the heavy load
 Beneath the cross He, fainting falls;
 And yet no voice for mercy calls
 Amid revilings of His foes
 The cruel scourge falls in thick blows
 Till fearing lest their victim die
 Ere they inflict full misery
 They seize a stranger in the way—
 One Simon of Cyrenia—
 And on his back the burden lay.

CCIV.

GOLGOTHA.

CHRISt stands alone; betrayed, denied,
 Delivered to be crucified;
 On Golgotha He seals with blood
 His mission as the Son of God.

CCV.

PILATE'S ACCUSATION.

This accusation Pilate traced
 And on the cross above Him placed—
 "This Jesus is of Nazareth,
 King of the Jews"—the writing saith.

In Hebrew, Greek and Latin writ,
 That all who passed might ponder it.
 The rulers and their Victim, he
 So joined in double irony
 An unintended prophecy.
 Stung by their ruler's angry jest,
 The rulers hasten to protest;
 They hasten to protest in vain:
 The hated writing shall remain.
 "What I have written I have written"—he
 Replies in tones of bitter mockery.

CCVI.

SEVEN WORDS OF CHRIST.

Matt. xxvii: 46; Mark xv: 34; Luke xxiii: 34, 43, 46;
 John xix: 26, 27, 28, 30.

Nailed to the cross, His dying prayer
 Goes up to God, the Father's ear
 His cruel enemies to spare—
 "Forgive them, Father, for they know
 Not, in their blindness, what they do!"

The passersby, with railing word
 And wagging heads, deride the Lord—



ON GOLGOTHA SEALS WITH HIS BLOOD
HIS MISSION AS THE SON OF GOD

“Thou who couldst in three days destroy
And build again the temple high,
Now save Thyself; come down!” they cry.

Chief priest, and haughty counselor,
In robes dishonored, stand before
The cross that tells their victory:
And join in taunt and mockery.

The thieves, that hang on either side,
Turn, in their torment, to deride,—
Against the Friend of Man allied
The outcast and the men of pride.
The soldiers voice a rude disdain
For One too gentle to complain,
Yet strong their buffetings to bear;
“And sitting down they watch Him there.”

Unawed by that rude Roman band,
Near by the faithful Marys stand
In helpless grief; they may not plead
One word to stay the horrid deed.

Far off a weeping company
Of women, friends from Galilee,
And they of nearer Bethany;
And men healed by His ministry
Of palsy, blindness, leprosy,
In anguish look upon the scene—
Christ crucified, two thieves between.

He hearkens to repentant cries,
And to the contrite thief replies—
“This day we meet in Paradise.”

He gives to John's devoted care
His stricken Mother, watching near:
His home with Mary John will share.

To her He says, "Behold thy son!"
 "Behold thy mother," says to John.
 He left this legacy alone.

He had for friends no earthly store;
 The simple raiment that He wore
 Beneath the cross was gambled for.

Now darkness, coming over all,
 At midday, spreads a midnight pall.
 Hark! From the cross a plaintive call—

"Eloi lama sabachthani!"
 "My God, My God!" in anguish He
 Cries, "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

The end is near. "I thirst," He said.
 No cooling drink His thirst allayed—
 They gave Him vinegar instead.

Here ends the awful tragedy.
 "My Father," He prays trustfully,
 "My spirit I commend to Thee."

'Neath shadowed, sympathizing skies
 He bows His head; "'Tis finished!" cries
 The gentle Sufferer, and dies.

CCVII.

THE FINAL SCENE.

Matt. xxvii: 45-55; Mark xv: 37-41; Luke xxiii: 41-49.

The temple veil is rent in twain,
 Old Mount Moriah moans in pain;
 Still over all does darkness reign.

The scene the Roman captain awed:
 "This truly was the Son of God,"
 The stern old soldier said and bowed.

From opened graves of sainted men,
The dead came forth, alive again,
Reviving when their Lord was slain.

The day of Sabbath rest is drawing near—
A day His Jewish enemies revere,
And guard with jealous, superstitious care:
The ghastly bodies of their victims mar,
They say, and taint the sacred Sabbath air,
If these be taken down while yet alive
The zeal of friends may their frail breath revive.
And soldiers go to put to speedier death
The hanging thieves and Man of Nazareth.

A prophecy of olden time, of Him had spoken,
And said, "A bone of Him shall not be broken,"
And these—the prophecy to them unknown—
Withheld from smiting Him whose life had flown.
With crushing blows the robbers' legs they smite,
And pass Him by with quick averted sight.
Death did not stay the piercing spear:
And blood and water issued there—
A healing fountain, flowing far.

CCVIII.

THE ENTOMBMENT.

Luke xxii: 41-49; Matt. xxvii: 57-60; Mark xxiii: 50-53;
John xix: 38-42; Isaiah liii.

Before the Roman governor
Went Joseph; that just counselor
Had not consented to their deed
When Jesus' death they had decreed.

He goes to Pilate, bold to crave
The body for an honored grave;
And Pilate, angered at the Jews,
The pious wish did not refuse.

Arimathean, Joseph's tomb,
 Is nigh at hand; ere night has come
 With Nicodemus' willing aid
 His broken body there is laid.
 A hundred pounds, by weight, they bring
 Of spices, love's last offering.
 Myrrh, aloes, and fine linen wrought,
 And swathe His form with tender thought.
 And there where none had laid before
 Fulfilled a prophecy of yore.

CCIX.

THE FAITHFUL MARYS.

Mark xv: 47; Luke xxiii: 55.

The faithful Marys see the place
 With breaking hearts and tearful gaze.
 They, too, will tender tribute pay
 When ends the sacred Sabbath day.

A victory for wickedness,
 And Cruelty had won the day;
 And He who only spoke to bless
 And lived for others' happiness,
 Enshrouded, cold and silent lay.

CCX.

THE DAYS OF DARKNESS.

The powers of darkness triumphed then,
 Allied with evil minded men.
 That none to steal the body dare,
 A Roman guard is stationed there;
 The great stone set to close the door
 Is sealed with emblems of Rome's power.

Three days and nights good men in gloom
 Are left—their hope in Joseph's tomb;
 The Roman guard, the stone, the seal,
 To hold Him bound could not avail.

CCXI.

THE RESURRECTION.

Matt. 28; Mark xvi; Luke xxiv; John xx.

WHEN dawned the third, the promised day,
 An angel rolled the stone away
 And sat upon it in celestial light,
 With glowing countenance and raiment bright.
 The conscious earth stirred in its depths profound,
 And frightened guards fell prostrate to the ground;
 And Jesus, Conqueror of Death, arose,
 Forever victor over all His foes.

And often, during forty days,
 His friends rejoiced to see His face
 And hear again His words of grace.

CCXII.

APPEARANCES AFTER RESURRECTION.

Matt. xxviii: 9; Mark xvi; Luke xxiv; John xx; I Cor. xv.

To Mary, in her blinding tears,
 Before the tomb He first appears
 And with a word dispels her fears.

He meets the women who have come
 To His anointing, in their gloom,
 And find, surprised, an empty tomb.

Amazed, and glad, and swift they ran—
 Such tidings bore as never man
 Had heard since earth her course began.
 He meets with Simon Peter, who
 Henceforth will stand, rocklike and true.

CCXIII.

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

Luke xxiv: 13.

That day, as two disciples walked
 To Emmaus, of Him they talked,
 With thoughts disturbed, in tones of grief,
 As if to give their hearts relief—
 To disappointed hopes a prey;
 When Jesus joined them in the way.
 Such change the cross and tomb had made
 They knew Him not; but Jesus said,
 "What troubles you? What is the source
 Of this your sorrowful discourse?"

And they in turn thus question Him:
 "A stranger in Jerusalem
 Art Thou? And all these things hast Thou not known
 That have in these last days been done
 Concerning Jesus—Him of Nazareth—
 A Prophet, by our rulers put to death?
 On Him our trusting faith and hope did dwell
 As One who should deliver Israel.
 Besides, this day have tidings come that said
 That He, entombed, had risen from the dead."
 Then answered them their risen Lord,
 With earnest, faith commanding word;
 From Moses, Psalms and Prophets to them gave
 That He should be delivered from the grave;
 That He, Messiah, suffering, should crown
 His work with fadeless glory and renown.

When, on the week's first day, all come
 Together in the upper room,
 He meets them, at the eventide,
 And shows His wounded hands and side.

Again, with words of peace, He stands
 Before them; shows His side and hands;
 And doubting Thomas sees and hears,
 And Christ as "Lord and God" reveres.
 To James, one of the chosen three,
 Was granted an epiphany.

He meets the seven on that shore
 Where He had called them years before,
 And calling them back from the deep
 Bids Simon Peter "Feed My Sheep."

When to the mountain they repair,
 Lo! He, before, is waiting there.
 Five hundred, gathered in one place,
 Rejoice to see His well known face.

CCXIV.

THE GREAT COMMISSION.

Matt. xxviii: 19, 20; Mark xvi: 15; Luke xxiv: 48, 49;
 Acts 1: 8.

Ere His ascent He gave command:
 "Go, teach, baptize, in every land;
 And teach them to observe and do
 All things I have commanded you.
 Far as your labors shall extend,
 Lo! I am with you, to the end."

CCXV.

THE ASCENSION.

Luke xxi: 50; Acts 1: 10.

When He would leave them finally,
 He leads them out to Bethany;
 And there, a parting blessing given,
 Is taken from them into heaven;
 From Olivet's oft trodden height
 A cloud receives Him from their sight.

CCXVI.

HIS RETURN FORETOLD.

Acts i: 11.

While there they stand, in great amaze,
 And long and silent upward gaze.
 Two men, in raiment white, appear
 And speak in words of hope and cheer.

“Ye men of Galilee, why stand
 Ye gazing toward the heavenly land?
 Know that the day is coming when
 This Jesus shall return again
 In manner as ye saw Him rise
 Above the cloud and earthly skies.”

CCXVII.

SONG OF THE CELESTIALS.

Lord, when thou didst ascend on high
 What glories filled the Heavenly dome,
 When myriad myriads of the sky
 Rejoicing sang Thy welcome home;
 When patriarchs and prophets old
 Saw Thy redeeming work complete,
 And tuned anew their harps of gold
 And songs, their Victor Lord to greet.
 That day celestial gates, wide open thrown,
 Received High Heaven's returning First Born Son;
 While angel voices in melodious anthems rang—
 “Lift up your heads ye everlasting doors,” they sang—
 “Lift up your heads, and let The King of Glory in—
 The Victor over Death and all the hosts of Sin.”

CCXVIII.

AFTER RESURRECTION APPEARANCES.

Acts vii: 56; ix: 4; xviii: 9; xxii: 21; xxiii: 11; 1 Cor. xv: 8.

Not seldom in those after years
 The Savior, glorified, appears.
 Ere Stephen won a martyr's crown

The opened heaven to him was shown,
 And Jesus, standing by the throne
 And in compassion, looking down.

He came and with a gracious call
 Appeared to persecuting Saul
 When, out on the Damascus road,
 He was revealed the Son of God.

When in the temple courts Paul prayed,
 The risen Savior came and said—
 "Depart—proclaim in distant lands,
 My resurrection and commands."

When Paul in wicked Corinth taught
 Christ came and words of comfort brought,
 He came and lit, with cheering ray
 The cell, where Paul a captive lay:
 "Fear not"—He said, "for thou shalt bear
 My message into lands afar.
 Though bound in chains, in spirit free,
 Shalt testify in Rome of Me."

CCXIX.

VISION OF JOHN.

Rev. I.

To John, in Patmos isle, was given
 A vision of his Lord in Heaven,
 Where, seated on His Father's throne
 He reigns as God's eternal Son.
 On every side a mighty throng,
 Ten thousand times ten thousand strong;
 From every land, of every tongue,
 Extol His name, in lofty song.

The isle called Patmos is a lonely isle;
 The sullen sea surrounds on every side,
 What can the helpless prisoner beguile,
 Who scans that briny barrier, deep and wide?

As morn and noon and eve, in thought profound,
 He walks alone along the level beach
 He sees, far out to the horizon round
 The circling seas the bending heaven reach;

By fiat of a Nero, he is held confined—
 Nero, whose judgment speedily is drawing near.
 The tyrant never can the spirit bind;
 And Patmos is to John a Bethel where
 He sees, in glowing visions of the mind,
 And hears his risen Lord His messages declare.

The century is drawing to a close—
 Begun when One in Bethlehem was born;
 From this lone isle a note of triumph goes,
 To cheer His friends; His enemies to warn.

CCXX.

MESSAGES AND PILGRIMAGES.

LONG since the men who saw His day
 Have passed from earthly scenes away.
 Wide as the world His words have flown,
 With messages to every zone.
 And men, in all the centuries
 Have found in them the way of peace.

And pilgrims come, from lands afar,
 And bow in adoration here,
 And all His gracious words recall—
 His words of peace and life to all;
 Inspired by sea and shore and skies
 That greeted their Redeemer's eyes.

CCXXI.

INVOCATION.

Rabboni, Prophet, Lord Divine, ,
 When pilgrims come, as to a shrine,
 Here, where Thy glories forth did shine,

Look on the scene with smile benign
 And still each heart, as stilled the sea
 When Thou didst walk on Galilee;
 When wind and wave attentive heard
 The voice of Thy commanding word;
 When, by Thy gentle footsteps pressed,
 Rebellious seas retired to rest.

Thou who didst feed Thy little band,
 That drew their full nets to the land
 When they had toiled in vain all night,
 But saw Thee in the morning light;
 Come, stand again upon this shore,
 And feed Thy children, as of yore;
 Grant each aspiring heart's request,
 And answer, "I will give you rest."

And as each cloudlet, rock and tree
 Is mirrored in this placid sea,
 So may Thy life reflected be
 In every heart that turns to Thee,
 Till pilgrims all are gathered home
 And joy to see Thy Kingdom come.

CCXXII.

THE GARDEN TOMB.

Outside of the Damascus gate,
 Perhaps two furlongs, come,
 Near Jeremiah Grotto wait,
 Before a Garden Tomb.
 Our yearning hearts would fain believe
 That here we see the place
 That did our Lord's pale form receive
 And hold three nights and days.

No stone the portal keeps, no need
 Is there of seal or door;
 The vault no longer holds its dead.
 And friends weep there no more.

Approach, and stoop, as Peter did,
And John, and look within.
On that cold couch of stone was laid
Man's offering for sin.

We know outside the city wall
Our Lord was crucified,
And in the rich man's tomb was laid,
Near where He bled and died.
This open sepulcher, anew,
Recalls that third day dawn;
And Mary hurrying to view,
By deep devotion drawn.

The Angel's sympathetic voice—
"Woman, why weepest thou?"
The answer choked with tearful cries
That scarce her words break through.
The presence of her risen Lord
Makes manifest that here
None other voice than His reward
Devotion so sincere.

"Mary"—glad tidings in a word
"Rabboni—is it thou?"
And could a volume more record?
Her heart is witness now.
The vision fades! we look around.
On blooming flowers and trees:
And turn away, in thought profound,
That spans the centuries.

PART TWO



THE LAND OF PATRIARCH
AND PROPHET

STORY OF CREATION.

IN Genesis has Moses told
 The Works of God in days of old.
 "In the beginning—" long ago—
 God made all worlds, above, below.

Naught came by Chance; naught came by Fate;
 But God did heaven and earth create.
 The earth was waste and void—around
 Lay darkness on the deep profound.

Where vast the barren waters sweep
 God's Spirit moves upon the deep.
 God speaks: "Let there be light," He said;
 "And there was light" and darkness fled.
 His first great gift bestowed,
 God saw that it was good.

God spake again and, dome like, bent,
 Above the earth The Firmament
 Dividing waters on the earth
 From waters that gave clouds their birth.

God spake again. At His command
 The waters fled and left the land;
 And life appeared—herb, grass and tree
 Clothed all the earth from sea to sea.

The fourth day, at the Word Divine,
 Sun, moon and stars came forth to shine,
 And separate the day and night,
 And guide the seasons in their flight.

God spake again—the fifth day fair—
 And moving life filled sea and air—
 The sea with fishes, great and small;
 The air with birds and flying fowl.

The sixth day saw God's work complete;
With beast and cattle, small and great,
And, crowning His creation plan,
God made, in His own image, man;
And from man's side, close to his heart,
Formed Eve, man's lovely counterpart.
For God had said, His love and wisdom shown,
"It is not good for man to be alone."

When all His works in order stood,
God saw that they were very good.
Creation week draws to a close,
And brings the Sabbath for repose.
God hallowed the seventh day and blest,
And gave the day to man for rest.

Creation morn! How bright it was!
When all God's works obeyed His laws.
The morning stars together sang;
And heaven with hallelujahs rang.
Then all the sons of God, for joy,
Did shout—extolling The Most High.
And man and all the sons of earth
Showed their Creator's glories forth.

CCXXIV.

ISAAC AND REBECCA.

Gen. xxiv.

NOW Abraham, the patriarch, had ceased
 To strike his tents, and lead a nomad's life
 In Hebron dwelt—his herds and flocks increased
 Near by the cave where slept his "Princess" wife

A hundred leagues away and more
 Bethuel lived—son of Nahor—
 Nahor, to Abraham allied—
 His brother who in Haran died.

To Haran Eliezer came—
 The aged liege of Abraham.
 Ten camels formed his stately train
 That halted on the eastern plain.

Far had he come—a weary ride—
 To seek for Isaac here a bride;
 Ere yet the evening shadows fell
 He waited by the wayside well—
 A fountain where at eventide
 The maidens with their pitchers hied.

Near by the well the camels kneel;
 While o'er the land the shadows steal.
 The pious steward breathes a prayer—
 "Thou God of Abraham, declare,
 When maidens to this fountain speed,
 The one for Isaac's wife decreed.
 Behold I stand before Thee here
 To know Thy purpose, and revere.
 Let her whose words of kindness blend
 With acts of kindness to befriend
 Thy servant, and the camels be
 The one appointed, Lord, by Thee."

Jehovah hears his trustful prayer;
Rebecca comes, a maiden fair;
With step elastic, winning grace,
"The law of kindness" in her face;
Her pitcher filled, oft and again,
She pours out drink for beast and men;
While Eliezer stands assured
The object of his quest secured.

Him Laban and Bethuel greet
With welcome for his master meet—
"Come in, thou blessed of the Lord,"
For guest and men they spread the board;
But ere their bounty he partakes
With quiet dignity he speaks:

"When Isaac would a bride betroth,
They bound me by a solemn oath
Not from the heathen would I bring
One who should wear the marriage ring
But from his kindred she should come
To be the queen of Isaac's home."

"To Abraham the God of heaven
Great riches and a son has given;
Among his kindred, God my Guide,
I seek for one for Isaac's bride;
I saw God's hand in what befell
When came Rebecca to the well.
I but fulfill a solemn vow;
With Abraham deal kindly now.
The maiden's hand will ye bestow,
Or else I rise and farther go."

Persuasion speaks in every word.
They answer, "This is from the Lord."
When all inquire, her choice to know,
The maiden answers, "I will go."

The liege had won the maiden's heart
 With jewels wrought by Eastern art,
 And story of a chieftain great
 Whose son and heir a bride did wait.
 And how when he had prayed to heaven
 She came as though in answer given,
 And how when all was understood
 Their families were of one blood.

Now falls the curtain of the night,
 With rest for all and visions bright.
 The morning brings auspicious day,
 The liege will go without delay—
 "Hinder me not but speed my way."
 With jewels, maids and nurse and dower,
 Rebecca goes to come no more.
 Her heart has leaped the desert wide,
 And longs to be by Isaac's side.

CCXXV.

REBECCA'S DEPARTURE.

A vacant seat and vacant room,
 Are henceforth in Bethuel's home.
 No more her smile shall light the way,
 From early dawn to closing day;
 Her voice no more make glad the hours;
 Her hands no more caress the flowers,
 No more her ministries engage,
 To soothe the sick and solace age;
 To spread with grace the household fare
 And make the wants of all her care;
 And gently lead the upward road,
 That tends to Heaven and to God.
 And other hands the pitcher bring,
 At twilight to the faithful spring;
 And maidens meet and gossip there,
 Of her whose fortune came from far.

CCXXVI.

THE MEETING.

Far in the west for many days
Walked Isaac with expectant gaze,
Walked in the fields to meditate,
And Eliezer's coming wait.

Till once, ere shone the evening star,
He saw in the horizon far
The camels—all too slow their feet—
And hastened forth his bride to meet.
She like an eastern princess sate,
Veiled as became her virgin state.
The long, romantic journey made,
Here rests the tired cavalcade.

The camels kneel, and all descend,
Her maids and Deborah attend;
And he, the faithful seneschal,
Who hastens all the tale to tell—
All he had done and what befell;
And Isaac loved Rebecca well.

Where Sarah's vacant tent is spread
The two with simplest rites are wed;
And Isaac's heart is comforted
Long bowed with grief for Sarah, dead.

Ere long twin sons their fondness claim,
Each one to bear a lasting name;
Esau and Jacob from that home
Go forth two nations to become.

Contented Isaac day by day
In paths of peace pursues his way;
The tent his home; his world the fields,
His joys, the joys that nature yields.

The shepherds life with each day's close
Brings peace of mind and calm repose;
While silently time passes o'er—
A hundred years and eighty more.
The Hebron cave his tomb supplied,
There sleeps Rebecca by his side.

A hundred years and seventy-five,
Did Abraham in honor live,
And Isaac joined with Ishmael
To give him solemn burial.

In Hebron is a sepulcher—
Prepared when Sarah died, for her.
And Abraham is buried there;
And Isaac, long desired heir.

CCXXVII.

JACOB AND JOSEPH.

A GAIN God's promise is renewed
To Jacob in the solitude,
Where fleeing far from Esau's hate,
He finds at Bethel heaven's gate.
By night and darkness curtained round
His pillow hard, his couch the ground;
In dreams he sees a ladder rise,
Its topmost step above the skies;
And angels on swift errands go
From God above to man below.
There the Eternal One appears,
And with His word the pilgrim cheers.

In Laban's field he keeps the fold,
In summer heat and winter cold;
Content for his dear Rachel's sake
Long years a servant's place to take.

Peniel's near to Jabbok ford;
There Jacob struggled with his Lord
All night until the break of day.
"I will not let Thee go away,
Unless Thou bless me"—Jacob cries.
The blessing comes as darkness flies,
Prevailing Prince he there became
And Israel henceforth his name.

Sold by his brothers, Joseph goes
A slave to Egypt; him God chose
To be a ruler in that land
With signet ring from Pharaoh's hand,
And save the people from the dearth
That seven long years distressed the earth.
Before him all his brethren bow—
Forgiven wrongs done long ago.

To Egypt when sore famine pressed,
Was Jacob borne as Joseph's guest.
His sons, their sons and all their train
Find food and rest in Goshen plain.
Twelve sons of Jacob dwell awhile
In that strange land where flows the Nile.

As Joseph's years and state increase
His brethren tend their flocks in peace.
As Jacob's days draw to a close
He finds in Egypt's vale, repose.
Age gives him vision far and clear
The patriarch becomes a seer;
And Jacob sees, in Judah's line,
A Scepter and a Prince divine;
And unto Him shall loyally
"The gath'ring of the nations be,
His law-givers shall never cease
Till Shiloh comes, the Prince of Peace."
The years of Jacob's life are given;
They number seven score years and seven.

CCXXVIII.

ELIJAH ON MOUNT CARMEL.

MOUNT Carmel standing clothed in living green
Holds back the tossing sea, with brow serene—
The sea, that goes out westward till its main
The Pillars of great Hercules restrain—
The sea that spreads abroad its azure wave,
The shores of three great continents to lave.

Where fleets and navies of the nations meet
In peaceful commerce or in war's dire heat,
And that six hundred leagues afar extends and more
To where Atlantic's billows beat the rock-bound shore.

On Carmel's summit, once, an altar stood
Built for the worship of Jehovah God—
Abandoned when came Israel's evil day,
As scattered stones a shapeless ruin lay.

On Carmel once was set a tragedy
Surpassed in all of old world history
But by the awful scenes of Calvary:

Long had King Ahab and his heathen Jezebel
By evil deeds, and counsels, troubled Israel.
Had broken down the altars of the Lord,
And slain Jehovah's prophets with the sword,
Foul idols worshiped—Baal and his queen
Adored with offerings and rites obscene;

To them had kindled sacrificial fires;
And by base rites had fed their base desires—
Burned Israel's babes in Moloch's horrid flame;
And drowned their piteous cries by wild acclaim,
And beat of drums; with acts too vile to name.
Forsaken was Israel's God, who had
Their fathers out from cruel bondage led.

From Gilead, beyond the Jordan stream,
Elijah, prophet, called "The Tishbite," came—
A rugged man he was—reared in the hills
Where God, its Lord, the whole horizon fills.
Of simple garb; sincere, direct of speech,
Such men, of old, were sent God's ways to teach.

Before Ahab Elijah stands:—
Waits not the earthly king's commands,
Because of Jezebel inspired wickedness
The sinful nation suffered sore distress.
Three years, with neither rain nor dew,
Have shown the seer's prediction true,
While over valley, hill and plain
Dearth, death and desolation reign,
And now the prophet comes to bring
A challenge to the faithless king—

"Where Carmel sentinels both land and sea,—
Make trial there who Israel's God shall be—
Before the nation's host require
A god that answereth by fire."

The prophet's daring challenge has gone forth
And roused the nation east and south and north,
And summoned in their Lord Jehovah's name,
To Carmel's summit eager thousands came:
And Ahab, dupe of Jezebel, his queen,
In royal state surveys the stirring scene.

To them appeals Elijah with commanding voice,
"Ye sons of Jacob, make this day your choice:
Jehovah, choose or Baal: let it be
That god that here, by fire shall answer me."
And all the gathered host of Israel,
Shout their assent—their answer, "It is well."

Four hundred two score priests and ten
Had come as Baal's serving men,

Allied with them four hundred prophets of the grove,
That day against th' undaunted Tishbite strove.
Beholding all these enemies arrayed—
"As ye are many, I but one—" Elijah said,
"Ye first your altar build;
Prepare and on the fireless altar lay
Your gift: then call upon your god: demand
That he his fire on your oblation send."

They build their altar; and their victim flay
And lay thereon: To Baal loudly pray—
From early morning till the day's decline
They cry, "O, Baal—hear and send the sign."
They scan perplexed the unrelenting skies,
While unconsumed remains the sacrifice.
They cut themselves with knife and lance,
Leap on the altar and around it prance
And shout and sway in grotesque dance.

Elijah mocks their ill-directed prayers,
The while God's ancient altar he repairs—
"Your god's asleep! bid him awake:
He should—with all the noise you make:
Cry louder! He's a god you know:—
How can he treat your worship so?
Perhaps he journeys! Call him back,
Or else he goes wild game to track."

And now has come the time of evening offering
When Israel were wont their gifts to bring.
Exhausted by their obscene revelries
The priests their cries and vile contortions cease.
All Israel look on and hold their peace.
And Ahab, from his chariot seat,
Sees all that marks his own defeat.
The thousands there are witnesses
Of their defeat, and hopelessness,
The triumph in Elijah's tone—
He standing there, elate, alone.

The ancient altar of the Lord
Rebuilt, to symmetry restored,
He bids attendants slay and bring,
And lay thereon, his offering.
Three times they pour a drenching flood
On altar, victim, trench and wood.

The voice that erst with fierce derision glowed,
Goes up in prayer before Elijah's God—
"God of our fathers, from Thy lofty throne,
Hear me, and send Thy fire of witness down,
That these may know that Thou art God alone,
And hast commanded this that I have done."

In answer swift from cloudless skies
A fire descends upon the sacrifice:
Nor water poured on wood and trench
Has power the living flame to quench,
And all the people cry aloud—
"Jehovah is the only God."

The lying prophets flee in vain.
Their blood flows on the thirsty plain.
Their treason and their sin are great,
The sword of justice will not wait,
And Kishon murmurs to the main
Red dyed with blood of Baal's prophets slain.
Then, swift along Esdraelon vale,
King Ahab drives his chariot to tell
The doleful tale to waiting Jezebel.

The crowds have gone their homeward ways:
And now for rain Elijah prays.
Six times his servant looks in vain
For signs along the watery plain.
The seventh a cloud lifts from the main,
No larger than the prophet's hand,
Increasing, waters all the thirsty land.

Before the storm, King Ahab drives
 His chariot, and onward strives.
 His kingly word could not avail
 To save deluding priests of Baal.
 Before him runs, and not less fleet,
 Elijah as with winged feet,

To Jezreel, the monarch's seat.
 Along Esdraelon's plain they speed,
 A wondrous flight of man and steed,
 To reach the lofty palace gates
 Where Jezebel impatient waits;
 Awaits her willing dupe the king
 And what the tidings he will bring.

CCXXIX.

ELIJAH'S CAVE.

On Carmel now a cave is shown
 Tradition tells the world, is one
 Where once Elijah lived alone,
 Ere Baal's hosts were overthrown;
 Within there stands an altar where
 Men meditate and kneel in prayer;
 And there betimes they celebrate
 Elijah's valor and the fate
 Of Baal's worshipers; but own
 A greater than Elijah—One
 Who met and vanquished Death alone—
 With cross, and chant, and candle flame,
 Their slain and risen Lord acclaim.

CCXXX.

CRUSADERS' CASTLE.

A grim old ruined tower marks the place
 Of Crusaders' last stand at Carmel's base;
 With frantic zeal their final battle fought,
 Their strife for conquest here had come to naught.

CCXXXI.

ASKEILON AND THE ANAKIM.

The stern and rugged hills above,
 And walls built high thereon
 And beating surf, and rocks below
 Protected Askelon.

There, like their beetling, towering hills,
 The Anakim arose,—
 A giant race of mighty men—
 A terror to their foes.

The hills remain, and Askelon;
 The surf still beats the shore;
 The lofty Anakim are gone;
 Their tribes molest no more.

CCXXXII.

SAMPSON AND DELILAH.

Judges xv.

The arts of Delilah a triumph gained.
 Betrayed, the giant long in bonds remained.
 Philistine lords joined in a great array,
 To hold, before their lord, a holiday.
 They led their blinded captive out in scorn,
 To make them sport—to see his case forlorn.
 Beholding thus their humbled enemy,
 They filled the air with shouts, and songs and glee;
 His strength returns; he prays and bows his head;
 The pillars shake; a mighty effort made,
 With all his mockers slain, lies Samson dead.

CCXXXIII.

MOUNT TABOR.

Judges iv.

Mount Tabor, faithful sentinel,
 Keeps watch above Esdraelon vale,
 That stretches to the western main—
 The world's oft tented battle plain;

There many mighty armies met,
 And all the earth with blood was wet.
 Soil, so enriched, bright flowers bears;
 With them the sky its luster shares,
 Blood currents from old warriors flow
 And give their bloom a ruby glow.

Once Deborah, from Tabor's height,
 Saw Sisera's great host in flight,
 When, from its chosen vantage, she
 Sent Barak forth to victory.
 The warrior sought the tent of Jael,
 Her firm hand drove the fatal nail.

CCXXXIV.

MOUNTS EBAL AND GERIZIM.

Joshua xxiv.

Mounts Ebal and Gerizim stand,
 Twin summits, in Ephraim's land;
 The newborn nation, gathered
 By Joshua, were thither led,
 To hear the law of Moses read—
 The blessings and dark warnings given,
 With trumpet blast—(so ordered Heaven).
 And all the people when they heard,
 Replied, "Amen!" with one accord.

CCXXXV.

SAMARIA.

I Kings xvi: 24.

Samaria! there Omri built his capital
 And Ahab ruled while ruled by Jezebel;
 Where Naaman, the Syrian,
 For healing from Damascus came,
 Drawn by the seer Elisha's fame—
 Samaria in ages past has been
 Of famine, drought and siege the scene;—
 A ruined colonnade, to passers by
 Is sole reminder of her old time luxury.

CCXXXVI.

MOUNTAINS OF MOAB.

Gen. xix.

Dim rise the Moab hills afar,
 Along the southern border, where
 They form the fitting boundary
 Of that mysterious Dead Sea
 Whose waters to the ages keep
 Four guilty cities buried deep—

False Sodom, name of infamy,
 Gomorah, sharing guiltily,
 And Admah and Zeboim—all,
 On whom the fire from Heaven did fall.
 All of that border land was rife
 In every age with bloody strife.

CCXXXVII.

THE HIDDEN ARK.

Edersheim: Life and Times of The Messiah.

In Nebo's cavern, secret, dark,
 Tradition said the holy ark
 And tabernacle, sacred tent,
 And altar, of burnt incense, sent
 By Jeremiah, were concealed,
 To be in later times revealed
 When He, The Promised One, appears
 And over all His kingdom rears—
 Till He shall reign, the Prince of Peace
 And war with all its horrors cease.

Another tale inventors of old myths relate—
 That these were hidden deep a-nigh the golden gate
 And wait below "The Rock" in deep profound
 Till Israel reclaims the sacred ground.

CCXXXVIII.

AN UNKNOWN GRAVE.

Deut. xxxiv: 5, 6.

Beyond, in Moab, in a grave unknown,
 The great Lawgiver, Leader, lies alone.
 He knows no monument of brass or stone;
 His loyal heart enduring fame hath won.

CCXXXIX.

MOUNT NEBO.

Thin veiled stands Nebo, prince among
 The lesser peaks that round him throng;
 The heathen named him for their god:
 'Twas there the Hebrew prophet stood
 And viewed, in wide expanse, extend
 The glories of the promised land.

CCXL.

BETHEL.

Gen. xxviii: 10; I Kings xii: 28.

Green fields of growing grain the hill surround
 Where Jacob dreamed and saw in sleep profound—
 In Bethel saw a golden ladder rise,
 Set on the earth, aspiring to the skies.
 The sacred spot was with a golden calf profaned,
 When Jeroboam, jealous of the temple, reigned;
 For there aforetime, in a concourse great,
 The tribes in council and for worship met,
 "The House of God," "the very Gate of Heaven,"
 Were titles by their father Jacob given.

CCXLI.

MOUNT GILBOA.

Gilboa frowns on Jezreel;
 There Saul, first king of Israel,
 In battle fought, and, wounded, fell
 On his own sword—ignoble died:
 Apostate, madman, suicide.

CCXLII.

JOPPA.

Jonah i: 1-4; Acts xi.

From Joppa (Jaffa) Jonah sailed in flight
 To hide in Tarshish from Jehovah's sight.
 Arrested by a frightened heathen crew
 When raged the sea, and fierce the tempest blew;
 By them cast forth, the great sea monster bore
 Him back repentant to his native shore.
 In Simon's house, in Joppa, by the sea,
 Was Peter, by strange vision taught that he
 Call no one common, no one call unclean
 Whom God had cleansed of all the sons of men.
 Great cedars brought from Lebanon
 Were Hiram's gift to Solomon.
 A moslem mosque, unfinished, marks the spot,
 'Tis said, where Dorcas back to life was brought.
 The rocks that face the flashing, foaming sea
 Had place in ancient Greek mythology.

CCXLIII.

ANDROMEDA AND PERSEUS.

Old tales relate that men did bring
 Here, bound, the daughter of a king;
 On these bold rocks they left her bound,
 Where stormy seas assail the ground,
 To wait, in terror her dread doom—
 A horrid death, in youth's bright bloom;
 Before the monster's gloating eyes,
 They leave the living sacrifice.

Against the coming foe arrayed,—
 In hand his dripping battle blade—
 The hero holds the snaky head
 Aloft above the monster dread.
 He slays the tyrant of the seas
 And brings the maiden swift release.
 Such valiant work has Perseus done—
 A kingdom saved; a princess won.

Behold where, in our evening skies,
 Andromeda with Perseus flies
 In circuit wide around the pole—
 Eternal race without a goal.
 Firm in his grasp Medusa's head
 Where Algol's changeful light is shed—
 The queen, the mother, in her "Chair,"
 The king, the father, with them there.

Historic deeds, with classic myths of old
 And sacred story Jaffa's leaves unfold.
 A thousand helpless prisoners of war
 Here murdered by their bloody conqueror,
 Their blood cries out as cried the blood of Abel slain
 Against the heartless deed of jealous Cain.
 Napoleon, invader of that land
 Whom men call "Great," himself gave the command.

CCXLIV.

JERICHO.

Joshua vi; I Kings xvi: 34.

Near where the Jordan's waters flow
 Into the Dead Sea, Jericho,
 The ancient City of the Palm Trees stood;
 By Joshua with trumpet sound subdued,
 Bound by his curse; razed to the ground
 Some centuries, a shapeless mound,
 It rose again, but in the blood of one,
 The daring builder's firstborn son.

CCXLV.

MIZPAH.

I Samuel vii, x-xvii.

Hard by the nation's ancient border line,
 Where Israel and Judah's kingdoms join,
 The rock called Mizpah a wide view commands
 From sea to desert over all their lands—
 "The watch tower" named; where oft the multitude
 On great occasion with their leaders stood.

Here came the prophet, priest, judge, Samuel—
 For two score years held court in Israel;
 And when against Jehovah they rebel,
 Demand a king with strong persistent call,
 With solemn protest he anoints King Saul.
 And here he comes to Saul with warning word—
 “Rejected king art thou, false to thy Lord!
 Because to keep His law thou didst forbear;
 Obedience than sacrifice is better far.”
 The pilgrim looks from Mizpah’s peak today
 And reads the fate of such as disobey.
 In rock built tomb on Mizpah’s breast
 Lies Samuel in his last rest,—
 Last, greatest of the judges all,
 Awaits the final trumpet call.

CCXLVI.

HEBRON.

Genesis: Chapters xxv, xvii, xxiv, xxxv; Exodus: Chapter xiii;
 II Samuel: Chapter v.

There is a cave near Hebron’s vale,
 Of land the first recorded sale—
 To Abraham of old conveyed;
 With fields around, and trees for shade.
 Three generations there have place,
 The fathers of the Hebrew race.

There Sarah first found sepulcher
 And Abraham was laid by her,
 And Isaac, with Rebecca nigh;
 And Jacob there, and Leah lie—
 That Leah slumbers by his side,
 Who took him from his chosen bride;
 While Rachel sleeps, afar, alone,
 Near Bethlehem, King David’s town.
 A Moslem mosque, above the tomb
 Of patriarchs, forbids to come
 The stranger, with a zealot’s care,
 Who does not Islam’s worship share.

Near Hebron, grapes of Eschol grew
 That spies bore forth to Moses' view.
 In Hebron David set his throne
 When first the kingdom he had won.
 Near Hebron grew the famous oak
 Where angels with the patriarch spoke,
 And Sarah laughed to hear it told
 That she should bear a son when old.

CCXLVII.

AJALON VALE.

1 Samuel, xvii:—.

Go westward from the Jaffa Gate,
 Where pilgrims come, and camels wait:—
 Amid the hills Ajalon Vale,
 Was scene of oft told thrilling tale.
 On hills each side were men arrayed,
 With spear and shield and battle blade;
 Young David with a sling and stone,
 Laid low Philistia's mighty son.
 Their champion, Goliath, dead,
 The enemies of Israel fled.
 The youth relying on his God,
 Became a swift, chastising rod;
 And Israel no longer lived in dread
 If old Philistia but reared his head.

CCXLVIII.

GIDEON'S FOUNTAIN.

Judges vii.

In Jezreel—classic vale, is shown
 The fountain where bold Gideon,
 In arms against the Midianite,
 Selected warriors for the fight.
 Three hundred only, stood the test;
 And Gideon dismissed the rest.
 Then with three hundred men by night
 Put all their frightened foes to flight.

Divinely guided Gideon,
 So great a victory had won:
 And Israel reposed in peace,
 Delivered from all enemies.

CCXLIX.

GEZER TOWN AND FORTRESS.

I Kings ix: 16, 17.

Built on a hill, that scanned the plain afar,
 Walled Gezer stood,—strategic place in war.
 Six towns successive rose,—each had its day,
 Then fell before new foes, to slow decay.
 From prehistoric times the hamlet stood,
 With people, weapons, walls, and worship rude,
 Razed often to the ground; then raised again;
 Each time it rose to shelter alien men.

The ancient dwellers sought to please
 Their heathen gods, by base idolatries.
 The spade, deep delving through the site,
 Their buried, blood stained altars brought to light.
 Uncovered lay before the searcher's eyes,
 The charred remains of human sacrifice.
 Their priests poured out, to please their cruel god,
 Profuse libations, of warm human blood.

Insensate worshipers, who gathered there
 To sacrifice, their children did not spare.
 There Pharaoh sent his faithful servitor,
 For years, to rule the land as governor;
 To Solomon, at length transferred his power—
 His royal gift, his daughter's bridal dower.

PALESTINE IN PERSPECTIVE.

(Omission.)

The theme "Palestine in Perspective" has been omitted from this edition to make room for new features, much of it being a repetition of scenes retained.

PART THREE



A VISION OF PARADISE; PRAISE;
SONG; DEVOTION

A VISION OF PARADISE.

A GOODLY land was Eden; there
 Were orchard groves and meadows fair,
 And living waters, laughing by,
 Through grassy glades that charmed the eye;
 And hills and verdant vales between,
 And forest dells, romantic scene;
 And distant mountains, lifted high,
 That seemed the pillars of the sky;
 While on their snowy summits shone
 The sun by day, by night the moon:—
 By day a faith inspiring sight:
 A chastened, restful glow at night
 And singing birds, and star-flecked skies
 With all night's solemn mysteries.

God plants in Eden paradise
 A place of golden memories;
 There makes all goodly trees to grow;
 And month by month, their fruit bestow,
 And, in the midst, the tree that will
 Bear fruit of knowledge, good and ill;
 There bloom all fragrance breathing flowers
 And sweet perfumes pervade the bowers.

There stands the fruitful tree of life:
 There Adam walks, with Eve, his wife—
 The new created pair in dress
 Of innocence and holiness:
 The image of his Maker he,
 Divinely fashioned helpmeet she;
 Nobility and grace here joined
 All virtues of pure heart and mind:

So are united two in one:
"Not good for man to be alone"
Was the Creator's thought expressed
When first their union He had blessed.

The pleasing task to Adam fell
To dress and keep the garden well;
For Nature's riotings of life
Require the prunings of the knife,
And well do gentle hands incline
To train the tendrils of the vine;
The many tinted flowers to tend
And in soft harmony to blend.

In sweet employ their days are passed
Without fatigue or care or haste:
Light duties make the moments light;
No sorrow marks the season's flight;
No rude alarms of storms or foes
Disturb their labors or repose:
No poison ever taints the air;
No beast of prey can enter there:
In perfect love, that knows no fear
The Sacred Presence ever near,
No jarring counsels mar the peace
Where love obeys what love decrees.

They early greet the blushing morn
Whose robes a myriad gems adorn,
The sunlight sparkling in the dew,
Each day the world seems born anew;
While all the birds in paradise
Awake with joyful melodies;
With pleased discourse their way they take
Beside the lily-bordered lake
Where flowing fountains, flashing high,
Fill all the air with melody:
Or rest beneath the wildwood shade

Where mossy banks have couches made,
And quiet waters through the glen
Go softly to their home, the main:
There listen to the Voice Divine
And trace the ever wise design.

Nor wanting are sublimer moods
When, harmless in the far-off woods,
The lightnings flashing forth abroad
Reveal the majesty of God;
And deep-voiced thunders as they roll
With holy awe inspire the soul.

At morn, at noon, at eventide,
From painless toil they turn aside;
Each day with varied fruit supplied:
One tree alone their Lord denied,
One tree their faithfulness to test,
And freely gave them all the rest;
Stern was the warning from on high,
"The day thou eatest thou shalt die."

Rest comes with awe-inspiring night
And every innocent delight;
While oft with hymn or voiceless praise
On their Creator's works they gaze.
If aught they lack 'tis joy that lies
In self-forgetting sacrifice.
If aught be wanting 'tis the bliss
That lies in mutual helpfulness
In times of danger and distress;
For while obedience is shown
Distress and danger are unknown.
Eve knows not yet maternal joys
With romping girls and laughing boys,
Joys Eden never knew await
Man striving in his fallen state,
While many Eden joys remain,

Though mingled oft with care and pain.
More oft they feel what mystic powers
The Spirit thralls at twilight hours,
More oft the deep, star-gemmed expanse,
The vesture of omnipotence,
Holds captive heart, and mind and sense.

Deep in the wood a temple stands.
The walls and spires not made with hands,
The portals wide and lofty dome
Invite the worshipper to come.
Each pillar a great cedar stood,
Like later Lebanon's proud wood,
Festooned and garlanded in green
Were aisles and pointed arches seen.

Where clustered columns graceful rise
And lift the spirit to the skies,
Angelic beings fill the place
With symphonies and hymns of praise.
The happy pair, each Sabbath day,
Here come and their devotions pay,
While unseen choirs in song rehearse
The glories of the universe;
Nor seldom in the passing week
The place for meditation seek.
Celestial spirits minister
And pleased their Maker's voice they hear,
The Sacred Presence ever near.

In scenes sublime like these was given
A closer bond of earth with heaven,
A bond in later age renewed
In grove and forest solitude:
Such was Man's earliest abode
The latest handiwork of God.

The wily tempter in disguise
Beholds them with malignant eyes;
In serpent form fair Eve beguiles
And both of all their bliss despoils.
Fruit plucked from the forbidden tree
They eat, with death their destiny;
Creation shudders at the deed—
That innocence from earth has fled.

So deep is Nature's mystery
Her voice sounds in sad minstrelsy.
Inanimate she feels the throe
Of failure and man's certain woe.
Where winds the moaning forest sweep,
In ocean's diapason deep,
Where surging seas beat on the shore
In solemn cadence evermore,
Where vibrate light Aeolian strings,
Where flutter myriad insect wings,
In autumn's early shadowings,
Where lone the night-bird plaintive sings,
And where is heard the tempest moan
When Autumn's latest days have flown,
All Nature tells in minor chord
How man was lured to leave his Lord.

Their eyes are opened—fearfully—
Their sin and naked state they see.
Their fig leaf aprons witness bear
Their souls no longer virtue wear.
They hear God's voice at eventide,
And vainly from His Presence hide.
The voice, that once was their delight,
Now drives them trembling from His sight.
The voice calls—"Adam, where art thou?"
And shame and terror answer now;
For shame and terror now begin—
Forever henceforth born of Sin.

"I heard Thy Voice, and was afraid,
For I was naked—" Adam said.
"Who told thee thou wast naked?" spake
The Voice to Conscience, now awake,
"Didst eat of the forbidden tree?
Didst think to hide thyself from Me?"

Ere sentence was God's mercy shown,
When man for sin could not atone;
The promise for the woman made
"Her seed shall bruise the serpent's head."

Man exiled from his Eden home
Finds trouble, toil, and death his doom.
The tree of life, to him denied,
Is guarded round on every side
By cherubim and flaming sword,
Lest man should eat and be restored.

The world all vacant where they go,
The "Presence" they no longer know;
And where their labors most abound
There thorns and thistles mar the ground.
Amid the wreck their sin has wrought
This yet remains—consoling thought—
They still are joined in life as one;
And neither treads the way alone;
And Hope goes with the guilty twain—
God's promise is not made in vain—
That One among the sons of men
Shall yet restore all things again,
By Him the sons of men shall rise
To more than earthly paradise.

CCLI.

PEACE, BE STILL.

A storm sweeps down on Galilee
 And frightful darkness hides the skies;
 The trembling sailors scan the sea:
 In peaceful slumber Jesus lies.

The Sailor's skill, the waves defy:
 And leap into the fragile bark:
 "We perish, Master"—loud they cry:
 In terror of the deep and dark.

The Master, wakened from His sleep,
 Surveys the scene, with spirit calm;
 Then speaks—"Be still"—the raging deep,
 Subdued, lies peaceful as a lamb.

O, Thou, whose word could still the storm
 And make the sullen waves retire,
 Speak—"Peace be still"—when fears alarm.
 And quell the waves of fierce desire.

CCLII.

THE GRACIOUS CALL.

The gentle Teacher sat beside the lake,
 And taught; and welcomed each inquiring guest.
 All wondered at the gracious words He spake,
 "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

He knew what trials mock the sons of men,
 By hopes deceived, by vain delusions pressed;
 So winning was His tender pleading then—
 "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

Hard struggling souls, by evil habits bound,
 And vainly striving, by their cords oppressed,
 In His inspiring words release have found—
 "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

The circle widened, as from far they came—
 By all the common ills of life depressed—
 Astonished when they heard His lofty claim,
 "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

So spoke He then: He speaks to us today,
 And in His words of peace are millions blest.
 Rejoiced that they have heard The Master say—
 "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

O, Lord, Divine, we gladly hear Thy word:
 We come, and from the heart, make our request:
 Fulfill in us that promised blessing, Lord—
 "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

CCLIII.

"IN LIFE, IN DEATH, O LORD, ABIDE WITH ME."

I would not live without Thee
 My ever constant Friend:
 My Lord, and my Redeemer,
 I need Thee to the end.
 Thy grace alone can lighten
 The spirit's every load;
 Can all the pathway brighten
 And smooth the rugged road.

I could not live without Thee—
 The way is lone at best:
 The loved who walked beside me
 Have laid them down to rest.
 While Friendship's pleasing voices
 Betimes the spirit cheer,
 Thou art a present Savior—
 The constant, ever near.

Thy presence in the morning,
 Brings hope for each new day,
 Thy presence at the noontide,
 Still lights my onward way:

Thy presence in the evening
 Sheds round a tender light;
 I could not live without Thee,
 Through darkness of the night.

How could I die without Thee?
 All other help is vain:
 The chilling waves about me—
 What could my heart sustain?
 And in that land of glory,
 Of gold and crystal sea—
 Oh! to be there without Thee
 Would not be Heaven for me.

CCLIV.

LAUS DEO—PSALM 148.

Let all the people high their voices raise
 In joyous song, to Our Redeemer's praise,
 Ye sun and moon, and all the bright array
 Above, to Him your worthy honors pay.

Old Ocean, when your tidal waves you raise
 In mighty measure, hymn your Maker's praise.
 Vast seas in rhythmic time beat on the shore—
 "Held in the hollow of His hand—" adore.

Ye solemn mountains, and ye little hills,
 Broad flowing rivers, brooks, and rippling rills
 Ye harvest laden plains, and verdant vales
 Praise Him whose loving kindness never fails.

Let every glowing, snow crowned mountain peak
 For all His mighty acts, His praises speak,
 All fruitful fields, that fill our hearts with joy,
 To Him sweet sounding notes of praise employ.

Brown, desert plains by far horizon bound,
 (Where sprightly creatures fitting homes have found)
 Flower flecked, in purple, blue and gold
 Praise Him whose glories never have been told.

Ye meadows wide, all clothed in lawn like green,
Ye gardens, orchards, hedges, grown between,
Ye vineyards gay with trailing trellised vine,
Praise Him, The Lord, of ever wise design.

Ye gently falling dews of eve and morn,
Bright jewels, that all Natures robes adorn,
Ye winds that cleanse the life sustaining air,
Praise Him who gives His works His constant care.

Ye isles that gem the near and far off seas,
Bright colored flowers and honey laden bees,
Ye flocks that feed and rest in fertile plains,
Praise Him who made, and gives and all sustains.

Ye beasts untamed, that in wild freedom roam,
That make dark forests, rocks and cliffs your home
Among the everlasting hills, abroad,—
All His created beings, praise Our God.

Ye changing seasons, in fixed order going,
To autumn fruitage, from the time of sowing,
And Winter with hearth fires brightly glowing
Praise Him, The Lord, who is the All Bestowing.

Ye fitting birds, to whom the azure fields belong,
Whom He has clothed; in scarlet blue and white,
Your love notes change to more exalted song,
While gayly winging your sky piercing flight.

CCLV.

PRAISE HIM.

Day dawning light, and noontide hour of ease,
Dark thunder cloud, and lightning, hail and rain,
Soft twilight hour, and gentle evening breeze,
And brooding Night, your Author's praise maintain.

Praise Him who fixed the frozen pole
That lured strong men to deeds of daring,
That darkness, winds, and icy seas control
To wrest from Nature her great secret warring.

Ye firey comets in mysterious flight,
Along your orbits rushing, mid the stars
(The nations tremble, and turn pale with fright,
And dream the portent tells of plagues and wars.)

Praise Him whose hand through all the centuries
Holds to your course, along the paths decreed
In unknown, and unmeasured depths of space
Your flaming torches, while your way you speed.

Thou glowing azure, over-arching sky,
Thou earth, with all thine undiscovered deeps,
Where hoarded treasures, all uncounted lie,
Praise Him who over all a watch care keeps.

His are the forest reared cathedrals, old,
By Architect, of ever wise design
With fretted arch of living green and gold
And pillared aisles of cedar and of pine.

In forest depths have men set up a shrine,
With solemn rites have their devotions paid
Sought there the mystery of The All Divine,
Against their enemies invoked His aid.

And men in all the by-gone centuries,
Have seen the wisdom of the One Divine
In woods and fertile fields and fruitful trees,
While over all, bright sun and planets shine.

CCLVI.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

The Lord is my shepherd, my want will supply,
The waters of quietness leadeth me by—
In green, growing pastures down safely I lie.

My soul He restores if the way I forsake
And leads in the pathway His flock safely take—
The path of the righteous for His own name's sake.

Through the valley of shadows I walk without fear,
For Thou goest with me the darkness to cheer—
Thy rod and Thy staff, Lord, they comfort me here.

A table before me His bounty has spread,
Where foes though they gather, shall cause me no dread.
With oil of His grace He anointeth my head:
My cup runneth over, He maketh me glad.

His goodness and mercy shall follow me far
All the days of my life shall witness His care—
His house be my dwelling forever fixed there.

So teach us, Lord, to know our days
That we may ponder wisdom's ways,
The beauty of the Lord, our God,
Be on us pilgrims on the road.

CCLVII.

A MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

COME here, dear child, and sit by me
And listen to my story
Of Him who lived beyond the skies,
And shared His Father's glory.

Hear how His pity, and His love
For you and me was shown;
When from His Father's house, above,
To save us, He came down.

His home was in a paradise
Of trees, and fragrant flowers,
That in a golden city lies
Far from this world of ours.

There flows the bright, life-giving river;
There grow life-giving trees:
There angel harps, and voices, ever
Charm with sweet melodies.

And He, of all that world The Lord,
Saw Sin, and Sorrow here.
He, whom the angels all adored,
Came to this lowly sphere.

And He became a little child,
Born in a rude, dark cave;
That He might rescue us from death;
And little children save.

And so for years He labored on;
Each year His love revealed;
Good news He brought, with cheering tone
And every sickness healed.

He raised to life the little girl;
And stayed her parents' tears,
He cheered the sisters in their grief,
And toil, and household cares.

He stilled the stormy sea; compelled
Foul demons to depart,
Restored the only son to life;—
Made glad the widow's heart.

He said "Let children come to Me."
And those who came He blest;
With Him, in Heaven, they will be
Each child His happy guest.

He said, "Blest are the pure in heart,
For they our God shall see,"
He said, "Thou shalt not hate, but love,
And help thine enemy."

He warned men that a day will come,
When judgment will be given—
The wicked sent to dreadful doom
The righteous saved in Heaven.

He gave to heavy hearts relief
From guilt and all their fears:
And cheered sad spirits in their grief,
Where flowed the mourner's tears.

He taught, and led the way to Heaven,
It is a narrow road;
And they whose sins are all forgiven
Meet there, in His abode.

He gave His life, that we may live;
When we our sins confess,
And trust in Him, He will forgive,
And all our lives will bless.

And He, who knew the human heart,—
How often men forget,
When from the world He would depart,
With His disciples met,

A simple, solemn token gave
Of broken bread and wine,

That they should keep till He shall come—
A witness and a sign.

The Holy Spirit strives with men,
Till He once more shall come,
For He will come to earth again,
To take His children home.

Where rise the "Many mansions" fair,
Where flows the sparkling river,
Where trees their golden fruitage bear.
His saints adore The Giver.

His life and tragic death—the gloom,
Is told—a strange, sad story;
And, risen from the guarded tomb,
He dwells again in glory.

No one, like Him, had come before,
No one like Him will come;
No one like Him our sorrows bore—
Shed light beyond the tomb.

And you, dear child, will you not love,
And, from the heart obey,
The Friend, who waits for us, above,
Where He has led the way?

Of all the glorious names He bore,
Who would from sin release us,
We learn to love these, more and more
"Our Lord, Our Savior, Jesus."

We may not live forever here;
We would not if we could,
With sin and pain and doubt and fear:
There are the wise and good.

When He shall call His children home—
All reunited there
With joy shall to His presence come,
And all His glories share.

APPENDIX.

Heights of Various Places.

	Highest Points
Olivet	2643
Jerusalem	2581
Zion	2537
Ebal	3018
Gerizim	2822
Carmel	1860
Damascus	2473
Hermon	9050

Distances from Jerusalem.

	Miles
Beersheba	42-46
Babylon	530
Capernaum	78-90
Cesarea	50-66
Cesarea Philippi	103-120
Damascus	130-150
Ephesus	100
Hebron	15-17
Nazareth	63-73
Red Sea	240
Tyre	103-125
River Euphrates	300

According to Routes Traveled.

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(The Scripture and other references in each case appear with the text.)

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