

By that which cleanses gold, the fire of wrath.  
Foul weeds consumed, the soil made fit to bear  
In Eden purity, the flower of love.  
How came this mighty change upon the world?  
What voice had bid the howling tempest cease?

As if divining my unspoken thoughts  
My guide replied—"As lightning flash that rends  
The midnight sky, so came the truth from God;  
The second coming of the Son of Man."

"My brother and my friend, no records live  
Of that far time when God in Christ first came  
Upon your world. As life's ascending stream  
Strove from its low environment of flesh  
To read the pictures on the vault of night,  
Jesus came down to what was scarcely man,  
In matter crucified and led the way  
By slow degrees; as from the primal cell  
Man was evolved, so from this primal love  
Unfolded was the higher self of man.  
Can you not read the hidden mystery  
Beneath the parable—I tell you that  
Many a savage by his fetish shrine  
Has worshipped Me, and has not known My name.  
The god of gold that ruled your world was true;  
Christ was the myth and life a dreary farce,  
Religion but a fashionable cloak,  
Six days for theft, a few short hours for God.  
And yet men wrote and argued that without  
This constant struggle, man would swiftly drift  
Back on an ebbing tide, losing the place  
That he through seas of blood had strove to gain.  
If there was naught beyond but atoms joined  
To other atoms by a juggling chance;  
Then might you fight upon your mimic stage  
Until the battle of your life was past.  
Blind, leaders of the blind, who could not see  
That evolution on material lines  
Had played its part, leaving the brother force,  
The higher self to meet the lower man.