

The gates in number as the Zodiac signs
Stand open wide by night as well as day;
No hoarded gold, no thieves break through to steal,
What need of iron bars where Christ is King?

And as entranced I heard a voice that said
"Lo God shall wipe from every eye the tear;
There shall be no death, nor pain, nor sorrow;
For with the night these things have passed away."

Then to the radiant being by my side
I asked how this could be. "No sorrow, death,
For this was but the common lot of all,
While man in mortal frame still walked the earth."

"My brother and my friend, where Jesus reigns
Christ is the life, these things have passed away:
Sorrow and pain are naught, are lost in love,
For death is but the gateway to the day!
True are the mystic words of bye gone age;
No night is there, nor any need of sun;
For bright within each man the Christ light shines,
And that which came from God, will lead them home."

"From yonder spire that soars above the town
There proudly floats the ensign of the world;
Like jewels bright see how the letters burn,
What is the legend writ upon the flag?"

With shaded eyes I gazed, but gazed in vain;
"The distance is too far, I cannot read."

"Only three words my brother and my friend,
Three words that heralded your planet's birth;
When matter rushing into life awoke,
The stars of morning sang that God is Love."

An open doorway in a city wall;
And o'er it carven in the living rock
As symbol of that creed so long misread,
The zodiac sign that lighted up the road
To early man by altars in the wild—
The picture from the sky, the Lamb of God!