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EVENING TO MORNING

And these fair verdant hills are his domain,
And all these brilliant throngs his servants are,
Who ever do him homage. Let us go
And stand beside him in that pleasant land. "
With that he spread his wings, and I perceived
That I had also wings, and by my Lord,
I sped my course toward the glow of light.
We were borne up by the light moving air,
Among the many throngs that moved therein,
And past among them all and mixed with them,
And soon we came and stood upon the hills,
Below the throne of Life. Now here I saw
A mighty throng uprising at his feet,
From whence they past away. Then said my Lord,
"These are of those who lately came to Death,
And by him being judged, and worthy found,
Now here have come to greet the Lord of Life,
Ere they shall pass whither their wills may tend.
But there are some, and here his voice grew sad.
Who being by that judge unworthy found,
By him are doomed to pass a time in pain,
Sharp bitten by remorse, and deadly grief,
In fearful solitude, and dark despair;
Until such time as being purged by this,
They shall have then new trial. But there shall come,
A time when all are purged, then Life shall strike