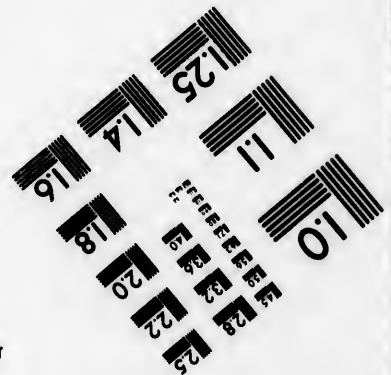
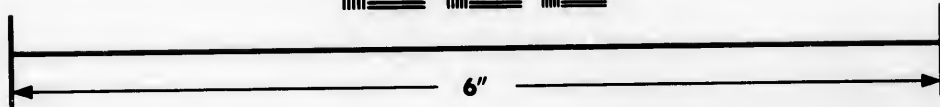
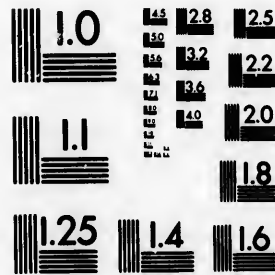


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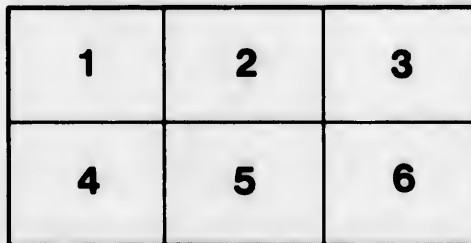
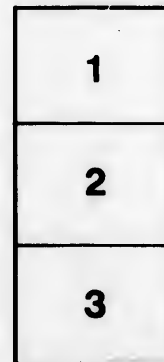
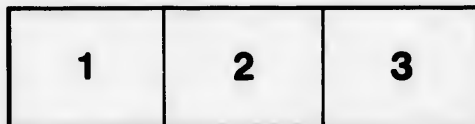
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THE DRAMA OF THE STARS

BY

C. L.

# THE DRAMA OF THE STARS



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# THE DRAMA OF THE STARS

## Part I.

### THE PICTURE ON THE SKY

#### 1

A lonely campfire in the western wilds  
And never sound of insect, beast, or bird,  
To break the stillness of the wilderness,  
Chain upon chain of hills lay all around  
From base to summit clothed with mighty pines,  
That made a twilight of the brightest day,  
While at my feet lay spread a tiny lake  
Whose waveless waters like a magic glass  
Reflected back the glories of the woods,  
So evening closed and sunset passed to night.

I flung myself upon a fragrant couch  
Of scented boughs, hewn from a neighbouring pine  
And thoughts untrammelled roved back to the past,  
Was I a coward to have left the fight?  
Was I a coward to have fled for peace?  
To these fair woods, when thousands fell and died  
Along the wayside in the race of life,  
A race for wealth? nay often but for bread,  
Was life a blessing or a bitter curse  
To countless poor who toiled in city dens?  
Long years of weariness and cruel pain  
And then the darkness of eternal night,  
So gazing at the star strewn vault above  
I pictured how, in myriad ages past  
The fiery mist was kneaded into worlds;  
And to what end, to make more breeding grounds  
For bitter misery, for burning pain?

If this the end, better by far in peace  
Had mist wreaths slumbered for eternity.

There the whole question hinged, could it be proved  
Beyond all cavil and beyond all doubt  
There was another life beyond the grave,  
The poor could wait with patience their reward.  
But if the grave closed all in dreamless sleep,  
Fierce pain from birth to death and naught beyond,  
The wondrous worlds that people endless space  
Are like the damned spirits Dante saw  
Whirled onwards by the fiery blasts of hell,  
While every pulse beat of the ether bears  
To the four corners of the universe,  
The wail of some poor soul in mortal pain.

Then with bowed head I wept and prayed aloud  
That if behind this veil of darkest night  
Lay hid from human eyes, a conscious force,  
Working for righteousness, so that all pain  
In some mysterious way would meet reward.  
I humbly begged for but one gleam of light  
To aid me in my earnest search for truth,  
And so beneath the pines I fell asleep.

2

I stood upon the world when it was young,  
In the full heyday of its buoyant youth;  
The pathless forests of the west were gone  
And in their place a rank luxuriant growth  
Of giant tree ferns and of graceful palms,  
A tropic vegetation bathed in light;  
The tangled wealth that nature only yields  
To those fair lands where fiercely burns the sun;  
On our cold earth such scenes as these lie hid  
In fairy islands of the summer seas.  
And as I gazed entranced I humbly knelt  
As Linné knelt before the field of gorse  
Whose golden blossoms carpeted the wild,  
And worshipped at the shrine of nature's God.



Out from the forests of the waving fern  
I saw them come, men of that ancient race  
Who lived on this old world when it was young,  
Before the earliest dawn of history.  
The curtain falls, the mists of ages hide  
The story of those long forgotten years.  
No parchment scrolls pass down their name or tribe;  
Of how they lived and suffered, loved and died,  
And passed into the silent shades of night;  
The night that falls at last on all mankind.  
The only records that have reached our day  
Are the poor weapons chipped from flinty rocks,  
With which they fought the tiger in his lair  
And the fierce monsters of that early world.

Out from the forests of the waving fern  
The long procession slowly wound its way,  
Until they reached an altar built of rock,  
Close to the place where I unseen had stood.  
And round the stone in widening circles formed,  
These rough rude men, their women and their babes  
Bowed down in homage to the God of life,  
Bowed down in homage to the God of day  
The glorious sun, whose burning rays were flung  
In golden halo o'er his worshippers.

Then from the inner circle one stepped forth,  
A leader among men, the tribe's high priest.  
Upon his head the snow of age had cast,  
The silvery whiteness of life's winter time.  
His left hand rested on the Altar stone,  
The other raised and pointed to the sun,  
A noble figure filled with love divine,  
This earliest man who spoke to men of God.

"To-day my children is a solemn feast,  
A feast of gladness for your God returns,  
Who for long months lay hid in caverns dark,  
Now treads his northern march to light your homes  
And with his smile to ripen harvest fields,  
So will you store for winter, golden grain,  
To give you food through the long dreary nights

When He who rules the glory of your day  
Sinks down to rest, as you lie down to sleep,  
And as you wake when shades of night are past  
With strength renewed, to labour in the field,  
To hunt the deer, or search the heaving flood;  
So when long night is past and dawn has come  
In His majestic splendour wakes your God".

"My children while you slumbered I have worked,  
Striving to read the wonders of the sky  
And why upon the azure vault above  
In those strange mystic signs the fire points burn;  
Twelve signs are they that light the awful road,  
Where rolls the burning chariot of your God,  
To mark the advent of your God's return  
To-day above you is the sign of peace,  
For lined in flame on the eternal dome  
This picture shines, the figure of a lamb.  
And thus I read this message from the sky;  
That in those distant ages yet unborn  
A messenger shall come from God who gave  
Of whom this lamb is type of love and peace.  
Yea he will come to stay your jarrings wars  
And lead the nations of the earth to rest".

"And now my children bring your gifts to Him  
Who gave you all, of your abundance give,  
Not sparingly, but as you have received  
So render back a portion to your God."

Bright burned the flame upon the Altar stone  
As the long line of silent worshippers  
Passed slowly by, each bearing in his hands  
Gifts from the field, the forest, or the flood  
And one I saw who cast upon the flame  
Some specks of yellow metal he had found  
Upon the slope of yonder rocky hill,  
While tracking to its cave a wounded bear.  
Little he thought that hunter of the past  
When first his fingers touched these golden stones,  
That this same gold should in the future years  
Bring to the earth a bitter blighting curse;

The curse of cruelty, the curse of blood,  
Until at last, the people in their wrath  
Would rise to arms and break the glitt'ring chains,  
The chains that bound them helpless in the dust.  
Then like the snow, no larger than a hand  
That falls from mountain crest, at first so small  
But ever growing, 'till the valley reached  
The roaring avalanche will crush the world.

Home through the forest of the waving fern  
The long procession slowly wound its way,  
And then the fern boughs closed and all had gone,  
All save the priest still kneeling by the stone.  
So long he knelt in silent ecstasy,  
The hours sped by and softly fell the night  
And through the gath'ring darkness shone the stars.  
Where swept the zodiac stream of jewelled light  
On heavens' vault the sign of Aries burned.  
Then rose the priest, his trembling hands upraised  
As one who strives to pierce beyond the veil,  
And from his lips I heard these whispered words,  
"The picture on the sky, the Lamb of God".

3

Swift changed the scene, I saw the ancient Nile  
Sweep through the rice fields to the tideless sea  
And there in Egypt cradle of the creeds,  
Was played again the Drama of the Stars.  
The Drama of the Stars, but not the same  
As worshipped by those people of the past  
At the stone altar on the fern-clad hill,  
For now the mystic pictures of the sky  
Had left their starry frames, their thrones of light,  
And so descending came to dwell with man.

Star of the eve and star of early morn:  
Planet of love that rises from the sea,  
Fair Aphrodite with the salt spume flung,  
From off the tangle of thy golden hair.  
All the long ages that this earth has rolled

On its vast journey through the realms of space,  
Goddess of love, the magic of thy spell  
Has cast a glamour o'er the souls of men.  
What fervent prayers by altars in the wild  
First tore thee, fairest jewel from thy crown,  
"Till like Cecilia in the legend old,  
The force of love has brought an angel down.  
The nations of the world have seen you play  
In different names one part upon the stage,  
That stage that links us to the heights above,  
Goddess of love, the Drama of the Stars.  
Goddess of love, thy radiant form has cast  
One beam of light across the darkest lives,  
For hidden deep 'neath old mythologies  
The face of Venus shines through all the creeds.

I see thee now naught altered but the name,  
Isis (Light, Light), light of immortal love,  
Clad in celestial azure of the sky,  
Type of the everlasting "Yes" of God.  
Beneath thy feet the moon and round thy brow  
The starry clusters of the zodiac shine.  
Thine eyes with mother's love gazed on a child,  
A little babe that slumbered in thine arms.

What voice was that that smote upon my ear  
And stirred the pulses of my dreaming brain?  
Like the still voice the prophet heard of old,  
Amid the storm-beat crags of Sinai.

"Virgin and child conceived miraculous,  
Daughter of God and spouse of the most High."

And so with regal splendour Isis passed  
Throughout her kingdom by the banks of Nile  
And as she passed, the people of the land  
Bowed down in silent worship and they raised  
Vast temples in the form of pyramids,  
Symbolic in their meaning, for the base  
Is the material plane that rests on earth  
And streaming up the sides the forms of life;

Matter to life, and life to spirit, 'till  
The upper heights are gained, and then at last ;  
The apex of the temple, which is God.

So rolled the years, 'till the appointed time  
That time foretold by sages of the past  
When the sun crossed the girdle of the world,  
Feast of the Passover, the Easter Dawn.  
Three nights before the dawning of that day  
I lay upon the sand and watched the stars,  
And there above the highest temple shone  
In fiery points, the figure of a lamb.

Was it an earthly mist that slowly rose  
From humid rice fields, or a darkness sent  
By power invisible to prepare the way ;  
That darkest hour that comes before the dawn.  
Slowly it rose, the shadow creeping on,  
First blotting out the landscape from my view,  
Then hiding with its undulating folds  
The mighty temples and the mystic sign  
That strove in vain to pierce the gloom, and then  
The eddying mists wreaths closed and all was still.

A whisper as of wind that smote the mist,  
And through the riven veil there shone the sun.  
As like the sea when crossed the Jewish host,  
So stood the walls of night, the light between,  
And standing in that light I saw a cross  
Surmounted by a serpent, and beneath,  
Nailed to the cross, there hung a dying man,  
Uplifted from the earth, the Son of God.

Again I heard the murmur of a wind  
That smote the walls of mist and swept them back  
And through the widening gateways of the night,  
In fast increasing splendour broke the dawn.

Fair Easter Dawn that shed its light of love  
Upon an empty cross and empty tomb.

## 4

So changed the scene, I saw a mountain rear  
 Its hoary summit to the clouds of heav'n,  
 And on its topmost peak there knelt a man,  
 Face buried in the ground, who talked with God.

Far, far below him at the mountain's base  
 A mighty host lay prostrate on the ground  
 Before two molten images of gold;  
 (Fit type of the religion of our day).  
 Little they recked, that in the purer air  
 Of those steep heights, those heights they could not climb,  
 Their leader heard the voice on Sinai,  
 But to their lower senses it was mute.

## 5

The scene is changed from storm-beat Sinai  
 To a fair realm within far India's land,  
 Where groves of graceful palms stood sentinel  
 Around the palace of a mighty king.  
 It was the hour when all things take their rest;  
 The peaceful glory of the tropic night  
 Illumined by the moon, whose silver rays  
 Shone calmly down upon the sleeping earth,  
 Breathing a peace that was not of the world  
 And turning all it touched to fairyland.  
 Unseen, unheard, I passed the arme'd guard  
 And climbed the terraced garden, silent now,  
 But a few hours ago the glitt'ring lamps  
 Had shone upon a scene of joyous mirth,  
 That left its trace on faded lotus wreaths  
 Now cast aside, but which last eve had decked  
 In soft abandonment fair Indian girls,  
 Who for his pleasure danced before the king.

Hushed is the tinkling of the silver bells,  
 The rhythmic beating of the dancers' feet;  
 Hushed are the swaying forms, the twining veils,  
 The magic spell is o'er them and they sleep.

Hushed is the sound of feasting and the clash  
Of bright swords lifted to salute the king.  
Hushed is the brilliant pageant of the court,  
The magic spell is on them and they sleep.

So lay the world at rest, no sign of life  
Save for the honey-hunting moths that hung  
On quiv'ring wings, to sip from jewelled cups  
That clung like lovers' arms round arbour walls;  
A paradise of flowers, symbol fair  
Of the first garden of the human race.  
So passed I on, until at length I came  
To where the ivory gates whose carven scrolls  
A barrier placed betwixt the world without  
And the bright world of love and joy within.  
Most beautiful they looked, those fair white walls,  
Lit by the moonbeams, and I gazed with awe  
Upon the wonders that men's hands had wrought  
In finest traceries and bold designs;  
Carvings of long-dead kings, their wars, the chase,  
Looked down upon me from the palace wall;  
And then, as urged by force invisible,  
The mighty barriers moved on noiseless hinge,  
Slowly they opened outwards to the night  
And at the palace gate there stood a man.  
And then I knew that god-like form that stood  
One foot within the palace, one the wild,  
Was that great Prince who freely gave his all,  
Wife, child and kingdom for the dying world;  
Siddartha, Prince of India, that blessed name  
That o'er the toiling millions of our race  
Has cast the radiance of immortal love.

Two voices falling through the Indian night,  
Two voices striving for the soul of man,  
The voice of gold, the still small voice of love,  
The echoes ringing from old Sinai's crags  
Still ring across the battlefield of life;  
The many hear the brazen voice of gold,  
But to the few the ear attuned to catch  
The love note from the sky, the voice of God.

"Siddartha, Prince of India, madman, pause,  
And do not cast the kingdom from thy hand  
To go on this wild quest across the world  
In search of phantoms, finding naught but death."

"Siddartha, Prince of India, future king  
Of this vast realm, why let another rule  
That which is thine? Back ere it is too late;  
Thy place is on the throne thy father built."

"Hast thou no thought of love for wife and child,  
The clinging arms that last eve fondly twined,  
The baby lips that gently lisped thy name;  
Tomorrow's sun will find them desolate."

"Dreamer of dreams, no morrow wakes from death,  
Then why give all for nothing in return?  
Reward and punishment are idle names,  
So grasp the golden present of thy life."

"With the bright sword thy father leaves to thee  
Carve out a wider kingdom—sea to sea,  
From the far southern cape to Himalay  
And the whole world will hail thee King of Kings."

"Siddartha, servant, friend, I offer thee  
No earthly kingdom and no earthly crown,  
The thorny path thy weary feet must tread  
Leads through a wilderness of sin and death."

"Siddartha, servant, friend, thy love shall build  
A vaster kingdom than thine Indian realm,  
A kingdom guarded not by spear or sword;  
Founded on love and leading up to love."

"Siddartha, servant, friend, the dawn has touched  
The snow clad peaks, though hid in darkest night  
Thy pathway through the valley of the world.  
Come forth and lead thy people to the light."

"Siddartha, Saviour of thy dying world  
Come forth and conquer mighty in thy love,



A King of Kings though clad in beggar's robes,  
Come forth and lead thy people up to God."

Behind him lay his kingdom, wife, and child,  
His palace of delight, where all things vied  
To make Siddartha's life one rose strewn dream,  
Hedged in with arms of love.

Before him lay the desert of the world.

But the great Prince, forsaking all he loved,  
In beggar's robes passed o'er the desert path  
And built a kingdom in the hearts of men.  
Teaching the world as none had taught before  
The law of sacrifice, the law of love,  
Nirvana's peace, the rest eterne of God.

6

Once more a change to where beneath my feet  
Burnt hot the desert sand—Night darkest night,  
Night over nature, night within my soul.  
So dense the gloom, I could not even see  
My outstretched hands, as weary, faint with fear  
I fell upon my knees and prayed for light—  
And then as if in answer to my prayer  
Across the wild rang out a human voice.

The voice that crieth in the wilderness—  
"Prepare you the way of the Lord, make straight  
Through this dark world a highway for your God.  
Come to the waters you that are athirst  
And I will give you drink from living streams—  
I ask no price, no gold in payment—Come,  
My starving people, come to me for food.  
Incline your ear and come you unto me,  
My people hear me and your souls shall live.  
The wilderness and solitary place  
They shall be glad of Him and like a rose  
The desert shall rejoice, a garden fair

Where naught is now but waste of burning sand,  
Upon this suffering world a day shall dawn  
When into ploughshares and to reaping hooks  
Shall be transformed the weapons used to slay  
And o'er the world will peace eternal reign.  
Type of the love of God, the love divine,  
A little child shall lead the nations home."

Behold He comes, the messenger from God.  
Behold He comes, the day-spring from on high.  
Before his face the shadows flee away."

And at those words, "The shadows flee away,"  
A beam of light brighter than noonday sun  
Pierced the black void of night and smote the earth;  
And standing in that light I saw a man.

Jesus of Nazareth the Son of Love.  
This was the figure focussed in the light  
That through the storm clouds beat upon the world  
And strove to turn its darkness into day.

Jesus of Nazareth—Type of purest love  
The world has ever known, will ever know;  
A love you offered free, free without price,  
A love mankind hurled back at you with scorn.

Two voices falling through the Syrian night.  
Two voices striving for the soul of man.  
(The voice of gold, the still small voice of love.  
The echoes ringing from old Sinai's crags  
Still ring across the battlefield of life;  
The many hear the brazen voice of gold  
But to the few, the ear attuned to catch  
The love note from the sky, the voice of God.

"Jesus of Nazareth why vainly seek  
To offer to the world thy gift of love—  
Treading with bleeding feet a path of thorns,  
And for a dream to cast thy life away."

"Will the world thank thee for thy thankless task  
And hail thee King, or lift the hand to slay?"

As fairest flowers from foul corruption spring,  
Men know of lust, but little know of love."

"But bow the knee to me, pass on thy way  
Of triumph through the cities of the world;  
Preach lust and gold, forget thy tale of love  
And Caesar to the slave will worship thee."

"There at thy feet they lay like map unrolled:  
The Kingdoms of the World—I give them thee—  
Go leave thy village home and take the crown,  
But bow the knee to me and worship me."

"Beloved Son, I do not offer thee  
An earthly kingdom or an earthly crown,  
The thorny path thy bleeding feet will tread  
Leads through a wilderness of sin and death."

"Beloved Son, my sheep have gone astray  
From where the crystal rivers of my love  
Flow through the pastures of my Fatherland.  
Be thou their guide my Son and lead them home."

Love is the beggar outcast of the world—  
So sinks the sun behind the clouds of night.  
Love is the King of Kings, the Lord of all—  
So breaks the dawn upon a world redeemed."

"But dimly seen as through a darkened glass  
The lesson of thy love—Misunderstood  
From age to age, until mankind will deem  
Thy life a fable and thy love a lie."

"Then as the lightning's flash that rends the sky,  
So the true story of thy wondrous love  
Will weave the letters of one blessed name—  
A name to herald in the age of peace."

"Son of my love, in ever narrowing curves  
The spiral path round which thy love will trend  
Leads ever upwards to the sun-lit snow—  
One fold, one shepherd and one God of love."

Spirit of love incarnate in a man,  
Spirit of love that left the shelt'ring light  
To lead His people through the wilderness;  
From outer darkness, to the perfect day.

But ere the echoing footsteps died away  
I heard a voice that drifted from the stars—  
"Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased,  
The love eternal that I give the world."

Jesus of Nazareth I saw you rest  
One summer's eve, a child upon your knee,  
A little fair haired boy whose soft blue eyes,  
Gazed into your's with childhood's trusting love.

One baby hand was tangled in your beard,  
The other clasped around your bended neck,  
The while you read this lesson to the world,  
"Of such a love is Heaven's Kingdom made."

I stood beside you at the marriage feast,  
The Eden ray that lights our weary world,  
And saw the miracle that love had wrought,  
For love had changed the water into wine.

Jesus of Nazareth, the precious words  
That fell from your pure lips, were like the pearls  
Cast before swine and trampled in the mire,  
Cast before swine that turned again to rend.

I heard the answer when the Ruler came  
Asking the way to gain eternal life.  
"Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,  
In Heaven find the treasure lost on earth."

"Easier for laden camel to pass through  
The city gate that's called the needle's eye,  
Than for a man encumbered with vast wealth,  
To climb the narrow path to paradise."

"By giving to the poor you lend  $\delta$  love,  
Through love you lend to me—I will repay—

And like the grain that's cast upon the flood  
A thousand fold to you it will return."

"I was an hungered and you gave me bread,  
Sick and in trouble and you came to me,  
I was in prison and you gave me aid,  
And what you did to these, you did to me."

Before her judges see a woman stand,  
A woman who has sinned, the sentence death,  
Poor broken toy, played with and cast aside,  
Lust satisfied, pass onwards to the night.

But Jesus with his finger wrote on sand  
And as he wrote, the men who came to slay  
Passed on and read, then slowly one by one  
Their heads bowed down with shame they crept away.

"Let him who has not sinned cast the first stone,"  
So ran the words, but they sufficed to tear  
The mask from those self righteous hypocrites  
And left the woman at the feet of love.

"Who drinketh of earth's rivers thirsts again,  
But drink ye of the waters that I give  
And ye shall never thirst, for it will be  
A fountain springing to eternal life."

Hosanna to the King, the King of Love,  
He rides in triumph through the city streets,  
With waving palm boughs and with garlands crowned,  
For one brief hour His people worship Him.

For one brief hour, and then the darkness falls,  
No moon, no stars, black darkness of the night;  
The garlands withered and the flowers dead  
And in their place springs up a crown of thorns.

Jesus of Nazareth, I saw you kneel  
In a lone garden as the twilight fell,  
I heard your bitter cry of agony,  
The travail of your soul with anguish torn.

To cool the burning pain that racked your brow,  
I saw you press your head on the damp grass  
Beneath the olive trees, while from your face  
The sweat like blood drops fell upon the ground.

And then I heard that piteous prayer for help,  
That prayer since prayed by thousands of mankind,  
Bereft of hope, hands lifted to the stars,  
Who've knelt beside you in Gethsemane.

"My Father, must I drink the deepest dregs  
Of this dark cup of the world's misery.  
Fainting and weary, I implore thy aid.  
Not my will, Father, but thine own be done."

"In love I've labored for the human race,  
Sinless through love to save them from their sin;  
And the reward they offer me is death.  
Not my will, Father, but thine own be done."

"My Father, I am weary, give me rest  
And give me strength to face the last dread hour,  
The shadow of the cross is on my soul.  
Not my will, Father, but thine own be done."

"Son of my love, press onwards to the end,  
The path is rugged but the goal is near,  
The darkness of the night will soon be passed  
For beyond Calvary there breaks the dawn."

"Beloved Son, immortal love must pass  
Through the dread valley that the world calls death,  
But thou wilt write upon the riven tomb,  
The gate of death is but the gate of life."

"A little while my presence will be veiled  
From thee, my Son, but only for a time;  
For on the cross thy dying eyes shall see,  
Through the rent veil, thy Father's face again."

I saw the prostrate figure on the grass  
Rise up transfigured in the light of love.

For the last time I heard those whispered words,  
"Not my will, Father, but Thine own be done."

Softly they shone, those jewels of the night,  
Upon the garden of Gethsemane,  
Where love had fought the last great fight of all  
And passed His hour of bitter agony.

Softly they shone, those jewels of the night,  
The self same scene that I had gazed upon  
In the forgotten ages of the past,  
By the stone altar on the fern clad hill.

Softly they shone, those jewels of the night,  
As I had watched them from the desert sand,  
Weaving their mystic symbols in the sky,  
Above the temples by the banks of Nile.

Softly they shone upon Gethsemane,  
Whisp'ring to man from out the Zodiac signs  
The Drama of the Stars, that oft told tale,  
The Picture on the Skv. the Lamb of God.







## Part II.

### THE GOD OF GOLD

#### 1

Not out of Egypt hast thou called thy Son,  
But out of Egypt with her azure robes,  
Jewelled with Zodiac glories of the sky:  
Yea out of Egypt hath thy daughter come.

I see thee now, naught altered but the name,  
Mary the Queen of Love, that ideal form  
That links man's lower nature unto God,  
And then as if to make love's chain complete  
In Mary's arms there lay a sleeping babe.

"Virgin and child, conceived miraculous,  
Daughter of God and spouse of the most High."

So, clad in regal splendour, Mary passed  
Throughout her kingdom, and the world bowed down  
And worshipped, yes, the very men  
Who in their hearts had slain the God of Love  
Now raised upon Love's Throne, the form of one  
Who in the Drama of the Stars of Night  
Had played the self same part in varied names,  
Through the religious systems of the world.

So, clad in regal splendour, Mary passed  
And where the Tiber flows she made her home,  
And there above the altars of the church,  
Immortalized by many an artist's brush,  
Immortalized by carvings wrought in stone,  
The goddess Venus and the Sun god reigned.

And so the changing seasons floated by,  
Like pictures formed upon my dreaming brain

They passed, the history of all the age  
A repetition of the gold god's curse.  
The nations of the world I saw them rise  
And in their youth they often promised well  
But only for a time, the foul disease  
Of superstition, linking arms with gold,  
Like fevered blood that courses through the veins,  
By its own fire consumed them and they fell.

The God of Love, was this the power that swayed  
Through the long centuries our suffering world?  
Was this the power that lit the flaming pile?  
Was this the power that taught mankind to use  
The rack, the gibbet, and the tortur'ng wheel  
To bring His creatures nearer to the throne?

Brought nearer to the throne, the light of love,  
Nay rather far, the curse upon the land  
Drove back the nations for a thousand years  
To the barbaric ages of the past,  
And there uplifted on his cross of stone  
The carven image of the Christ looked down,  
While at his feet like rav'ning beasts of prey  
Men fought and slew, until the bloodstained soil  
Could drink no more and the red mist rose up  
In one long prayer of vengeance, up to God.

The church of Christ, rather the church of hell,  
The church of love, these demon worshippers  
More like the men who fed the furnace flames  
There in old Carthage, 'neath the brazen god.

"E pur si muove"—Yes the world sweeps on,  
Though puny man may strive with iron bands  
In vain to stay its progress to the light,  
In vain to stay the breaking of the dawn.

"E pur si muove"—Yes the world sweeps on;  
Bruno, Galileo, brothers-in-arms,  
Two men against a host, two men who gained  
The victory,—Brave pioneers of truth.

"È pur si muove"—Bind him well with chains  
That frail old man, you ministers of Christ.  
Spare not the rack, make him confess a lie,  
But all in vain, the world it moves, it moves.

"È pur si muove"—In the Piombi cells  
Let Bruno pass his years of death in life,  
The martyr's ashes still will spread the tale,  
In spite of man the worlds of God move on,

"È pur si muove"—Watchword of our race,  
The shades of night are made by man alone.  
"È pur si muove"—Yes, the world sweeps on  
Through the dark shadows, onwards to the day.

So the dream pictures formed and so they passed,  
I heard the voices of the starving poor,  
One prayer of long unanswered agony  
Rise up to heaven by the cold white Christ  
That hung above the altars of the church,  
And there had hung these many weary years.

I heard the rolling thunder of that storm  
When in their wrath the people rose to slay,  
And strove to tear the gold god from his throne,  
But failed. Yes, though they beat with bleeding hands  
Against the iron of their prison house  
And called the lurid ray of light that crept  
Through the closed dungeon bars that hemmed them in  
The light of liberty, the dawn of day,  
In vain the death carts rumble through the streets  
And the axe falls alike on friend and foe,  
Poor slaves, blind leaders of the blind, you but  
Cast down one tyrant, then with bended knee  
Place on the gilded ear another god  
And fling yourselves beneath the grinding wheels.

2

So closed one century and dawned the new,  
But not to rest beneath the voice of love;  
How many years of pain had passed away

Since shepherds watching on the Syrian hills  
Had heard the angel voices from the sky  
And seen the radiant star, that led their feet  
To where the love light of the universe,  
The light of God, fell on a sleeping child.

So closed the night upon a hundred years,  
So broke the blood red dawn upon the new;  
Fed by men's passions, how the battle raged  
And 'neath the clash of steel the canons roar,  
The still small voice, the whispered voice of love,  
Was lost amid the tumult of the world.

Thus the long pathway of my dream had wound  
From forests dim of prehistoric days,  
Where echoed far the woodman's axe of stone  
And further, earliest birthday of our race  
When on the loom of nature units wove  
Into strange forms the proto-plasmic stream,  
That ever mounting up life's ladder, changed  
From simple forms to complex colonies;  
Building the trunk and limbs of that vast tree  
Reaching from protozoa up to man.  
And so stands man, enthroned upon the dust  
Of humbler fragments of organic life;  
Is this the prize now topmost peak is reached,  
The grave behind us and in front the grave,  
When single cells met in their first embrace,  
The deathless monad cast its life away.

So all the wondrous forms of life that grew  
In brilliant hues the garden of the world,  
Clad like the poet's lilies of the field,  
Were wrought from cleavage of a single cell,  
But whose the master hand that drilled these cells?  
These raw recruits from formless life that crawled  
On the young world, and marshalled them and led  
The atoms onwards, upwards, up to man.

As life first started on its upward road  
By simple cleavage of a single cell,  
So must we trace before all records writ

On parchment scrolls, or graven on the rocks,  
The cleavage of a cell, striking a chord,  
Within the half developed brain of man.

In those old forests of a bygone age  
The key note fell, when the first savage knelt  
Yes blindly knelt before a power unseen,  
In humble adoration of the sun.  
This was the cleavage of the single cell  
That as the thousand ages ran their course,  
Took complex forms and like the looms of life,  
Wove the religious systems of the world.

Thus we can trace the building of the creeds,  
But where the hope of life beyond the grave?  
So through the void of space the earth rolled on,  
Freighted with tiny moving specks of life,  
But living dust, yet dust that suffers pain,  
That lives in darkness longing for the light,  
Lost on the ocean of eternity.  
This suffering dust, this dust that we call man.

As some poor shipwrecked crew in southern seas  
In a frail boat, cast eyes where madness lurks  
Over the circle of the leaping waves,  
Looking for land and rescue, finding none,  
So now these microscopic specks that live  
On this small earth whirling through outer space,  
Cast dying eyes o'er the eternal sea,  
But look in vain, they find no other shore.

In one indignant wail of protest rose  
The voice of matter like a furnace blast,  
A wail of agony, of burning pain,  
Rose from the earth and filtered to the stars.  
No land in sight, then why has man been formed?  
A clever puzzle like a young child's toy  
To piece these living atoms into shape  
Endowed with consciousness, and to what end?  
Why like the children's toys just flung aside  
To rot and perish in a dust heap cast,  
While with fresh atoms hooked and newly joined  
The chemist nature fashions other toys.

So the world stands beside an open grave  
With shattered idols, and a God that died  
When first the brazen tube pierced through the night,  
And by the light of stars man read his doom.  
From that old time when glasses roughly framed  
First showed the wonders of the midnight sky,  
And slowly as the glitt'ring scroll unrolled,  
Told the true story of the earth to man.  
'Till now where in its glory proudly reared  
On that lone peak by Californian seas,  
The giant lense whispers that oft told tale,  
Changed yet unchanged, the Drama of the Stars.  
Unchanged they shine those wondrous stars of space,  
The countless suns that lighten unknown worlds;  
Changed are the thoughts of man since he who wrote  
In the old book, "He also made the stars."  
Then my dream fancies rolled back to the past  
And once again I saw the fern clad hill,  
That soft spring night, the lifted hands, those words,  
"The Picture on the sky, the Lamb of God."

Is it in vain these many thousand years,  
That man has strove upon the vault of night  
To read with wearied eyes grown dim with tears,  
The finger tracings of Almighty God.

Was it the voice of God that softly fell?  
That out of chaos moulded gardens fair?  
An Eden for the children of His love  
And love walked with them in the eventide.

Was it the voice of atoms wildly clashed  
As homogeneous matter woke to life?  
And flaming vortices from parent sun,  
The labour pangs that heralded our world?

Space endless space, the light from yonder star  
That on the ocean leads the sailor home,  
For years has traversed the vast realms of space  
And only now its beam has touched the wave.

Space endless space, of matter forming worlds,  
Of new born worlds rejoicing in their strength.

Of dead worlds sleeping in their icy shrouds,  
Space endless space, yet nowhere room for God.

"And nowhere God,—Lo God is everywhere."  
The whisper of a voice within my soul  
Like wind kissed harp strings, or the breath that stirs  
The orchard leaves before the summer dawn.

"Dreamer of earth! like him who in the past  
Would not believe until his fingers touched  
The nail marks and his trembling hand was thrust  
Within the wound the soldier's spear had made,—  
Faint not nor weary in your quest for truth,  
When morning dawns the veil will drift aside  
And you shall look upon the face of Christ,  
And know that round you are the arms of love.  
Watch well the mystic symbols of the night  
And see in living light how they will twine  
Forming one name, with love knit chains to draw  
The toiling world around the throne of God."

"Peace they cry now while yet there is no peace;  
Men point with pride to temples built by hands,  
To marble palaces where dwell their rich  
While at their feet gapes wide the mouth of hell.  
'Tis but the calm before the rising storm  
Is yet to come, the travail of the world  
And in their hour of fiercest agony  
Men will seek God as none have sought before."

"Dreamer of dreams, the centuries have rolled  
To your own day, see how the God of love  
Is made a bye-word and a mocking jest  
While men bow down to idols made of gold.  
Fear not, press onwards in your quest for truth  
The darkest shadows come before the dawn;  
But soon the rising sun will light the world,  
The perfect glory of the Christ of God."

And so through the dark ages of the past,  
Man's footsteps writ in blood, the curse of gold  
With thunderclouds of fast approaching war,  
I stood at last in London of our day.

One voice is falling on the world today  
 The voice of gold, the voice of love is dead,  
 The lower note from Sinai's rocky crags  
 Still rings across the battlefield of life,  
 But the soft whisper from the heights above  
 Is lost for ever to the soul of man.

In Christian London as in ancient Rome  
 The game is played, though not with swords and nets  
 And gladiators pass before the god,  
 That god of gold that rules our heathen land;  
 And as the stricken lift their dying eyes  
 Up to the benches where the judges sit  
 They see the turned down thumbs that seal their doom.  
 "Good morrow Caesar, we are here to die."

For God is dead, passed is our childhood's dream,  
 The name of Christ a bye-word and a jest;  
 From raving beasts of prey men shape their creed,  
 "The devil take the hindmost of the world."

Is this the final outcome of the race?  
 The poison seeds that man from nature culled,  
 Learning the lower lesson from the brutes,  
 The fit may live, but the unfit must die.  
 Nature's selection, potent factor in  
 The life race of our world, so Darwin taught  
 That great long hidden truth, thus nature works  
 With humbler animals but not with man.  
 Would it were so, for now the purest love,  
 The hardest toilers and the bravest lives  
 Lay hid forgotten, while the crowd applauds  
 Some cunning trickster with his stolen gold,  
 Letters of gold upon a blood red page,  
 So we spell out the story of our day;  
 Strike off the gilded fetters of the slave,  
 Men hamper nature and so hamper God.

But be consistent, twine your knotted cords  
 Around the cross, then hurl it clanging down  
 In broken fragments on the temple floor;



Jesus of Nazareth your dethroned King,  
So perishes love's dream, the ideals built  
By early man and clad in varied guise  
The fairy tales when our old world was young  
Have left us this, the fragments of a cross.

Yet men were happy with their fairy tales  
For death to them was gateway of the day;  
With eye of faith they saw their palace home  
Waiting for them, the children of the King.

But men have grown too wise for fairy tales  
And castle building in the realms of space;  
Heirs to a kingdom, this is their reward,  
A dreary workhouse and a pauper's grave.

Is this the end? Can nothing bring to life  
Our long dead hope, or will some prophet's voice  
Sweep o'er the valley 'till we see them clothed  
The dry bones of the creeds with flesh and blood.

How many in our London of to-day  
Pray for the night as a brief rest from pain,  
But all too soon, the light that scarce can pierce  
The smoke grimed alley bids the toilers wake,  
Accursed they labour in a cruel world  
These poor weak failures in the race of life,  
Day follows day and pass the weary years  
From sunless childhood to the night of death.

So in the dreary farce of life they toil  
To earn the fuel, scarce enough to heat  
The throbbing life flame of that might force  
Working the complex toy that we call man,  
Sometimes the fuel fails, the furnace flame  
Dies out exhausted, so the wheels of life  
Slowly run down and then two lines we read  
About a death from hunger in the streets.

So London lay, the city of my dream,  
As I had known it in the long past years  
When as a unit in that busy hive,  
Myself had toiled amid my fellow men.

For a few hours hushed were the babel sounds  
The eager voices of the struggling throng  
As the last echoing footsteps died away  
The night had fallen and the city slept.

The temples of the god were caged and barred  
With iron bars to guard the treasure room,  
That holiest of holies from the sight  
Of the poor starving children of the street.  
Poor children of the street, no room for you  
Within the palace courts where gold is king;  
Bind these weak failures, cast them from the gates,  
No hope from heaven and no hope from man.

No hope from heaven! yet above the mist  
I heard the voices of the midnight bells,  
Whispering again the story of the stars,  
"Peace upon earth, on earth good will to men."

'Twas Christmas eve, fair fingers deftly twined  
The ivy leaves that decked Apollo's shrine,  
With floral gems they hid the sun god's cross;  
Shorn of its terror, shorn too of its love.

Poor children of the street no room for you,  
This is no place to come in beggar's garb.  
Your rags might soil my lady's dainty robe  
And priests of Christ smile on the rich alone.

Ring outward to the night that well worn lie  
"Good will to men," the birthday of your God  
Will see men kneeling there before the cross  
Whose only thought to rob their fellow men.

So with the bells pass outward to the night  
That legend old, the virgin and the child;  
Leave men alone to fight, to rob, to slay,  
And Jesus Christ, but fragment of a dream.

Still it rang out the music of the bells  
Their message to the night, but as they rang  
The key note changed, that broken link of love  
And then they tolled the passing of a world.

Before my dreaming eyes it swift unrolled  
The farce and tragedy of London life,  
That painted mask we call society  
And 'neath the tinsel show the crimes of hell.  
Civilization, hollow mockery,  
Of masqueraders with a name assumed,  
While leprous forms like signposts point the way  
The decadence of London as of Rome.

Love's legend of the past, the Christmas bells,  
The love dream of the ages, God in man;  
Fair music of the long forgotten years  
Whispered by bells across the winter snow.

I stood once more within an English church,  
A church well filled, though not with starving poor,  
But filled with those who tread the easy road  
Reserved for the elect, the favoured few  
And chosen servants of the demon god  
Whose golden sceptre smooths all gradients down,  
No thorns or briars, fair beneath their feet  
The pathway of their lives across the world.  
A flower decked cross and crown devoid of thorns,  
A creed made easy for its worshippers.  
May be not quite the path their Master trod  
Through dark Gethsamene to Calvary;  
A road too rough to suit my lady's feet  
And so the church makes rugged places smooth.  
Poor fools, who think you see the face of Christ  
Through incense clouds of mumming ritual.

Thoughts of the past came surging through my brain  
As in my dream, within the empty church  
I stood alone, praying for light to read  
The mystic riddle of the endless age.

What has the life of Christ done for mankind?  
Ask of the bye-gone years, see how the church,  
That church founded on love as say the priests  
Has left a crimson trail across the world.

Ask of the past you wise ones of the schools,  
In vain you seek to trace through dim records  
The men who wrote the legends wove around  
That life on which you formulate your creed.  
Ask of the past, where are the witnesses?  
A letter to a Roman Emperor,  
Forged lines across the page of history;  
And then the curtain of the twilight falls.

If you could wander through the early years  
Of that lost century, vainly would you seek  
Along the margin of the silver lake  
Or through the corn fields of the Syrian land.

In vain from those old towers on David's walls  
Your eager eyes would search the winding paths  
That through the olives lead to Bethany,  
And search in vain for He would not be there.

In vain through village streets of Nazareth  
Your footsteps echo in a fruitless quest.  
He is not here who wielded saw and plane  
The Christ we worshipped at our mother's knee

In vain we kneel beneath the orchard trees  
Stricken, bowed down by grief unbearable;  
Hopeless we seek what we can never find,  
That promised Saviour of a fallen world.  
"We would see Jesus," tell Him of our love,  
If we are blind, beg Him to give us light;  
All, all in vain, lost is our childhood's dream  
In the dull whisper of the vanished years.

Is the lost Jesus of our early days  
Only a lofty ideal built by man?  
But sun born phantom of the misty past,  
Star picture stolen from the midnight sky?  
The virgin and the child, that link of love  
That underlies the creeds of every age,  
Seek as we will how can we hope to find  
Myth in Osiris and the truth in Christ?  
So the long line of gods sweep to the night  
And still we follow on the tangled skein,

Until they end, maybe we think they end  
In the full glory of the rising sun.  
The parent of our earth like the old god  
Devours the children he has brought to life,  
Love but a dream, hope lost in burning worlds,  
From hell cast forth and gathered back to hell.

Is it all false that wondrous tale of love?  
Told by a mother in the golden days,  
About that love far greater than her own,  
The love of Jesus for a little child.

No sun myth legend but the love of Christ  
Shone in that mother's eyes who gently led,  
The little feet to tread the narrow road  
The little lips to lisp a well loved name.  
And then those stories of that region fair  
The children's kingdom in the promised land,  
Where death was not, but love was all in all  
And Jesus Christ would be the children's friend.

If this be false then darkly falls the night  
On weary mourners with tear streaming eyes,  
Bid them find hope in sun myths of the past,  
Their bitter grief would laugh your words to scorn.

"I am the resurrection and the life"—  
What can the world give in exchange for this;  
Beyond the ocean certain hope of land,  
"Where God shall wipe the tear from every eye."

Yet through the realms of space the wild song rings  
From crawling reptile up to burning sun,  
For all we know from sun to God himself,  
Of youth, of manhood's prime, decay and death.

God, if you live, pity your dying world,  
The pulse beat of the universe is pain,  
Its utmost goal the darkness of the grave,  
"We would see Jesus," lead us to the light.

The scene changeth to where a London hall  
 Was filled from floor to ceiling with a crowd  
 Of eager listeners, the first time they heard  
 The story of the Drama of the Stars.

The speaker was a woman and she held  
 Through the long hours the audience entranced;  
 Without a note, a pencil line or book,  
 As one inspired, she spoke before her world.

Subject—Comparative Theology—  
 The way that science traces human life  
 And tracks it back to the dividing cell  
 So must we take the ritual of the creeds;  
 And then with scalpel and dissecting knife  
 Lay bare life's fount, its hidden systems map  
 Until by slow degrees the student learns  
 How 'neath the covering of outward flesh  
 The forces work that have built up the whole.  
 For now the wondrous microscope has shed  
 On embryonic life, the light of day,  
 Proving that every tiny germ of life  
 Starting from single cell climbs up the path  
 Repeating in itself ancestral types  
 By organs fleeting, rudimentary,  
 That point far back to the forgotten time  
 When full developed they had swayed the forms  
 Of some uncounted fore-runners of our race,  
 That in the pre-historic ages past  
 Had lived on our old world when it was young.

Science 'tis true is in its infancy,  
 But placing metaphysics on one side  
 We do know something of effect and cause  
 And so by hands well trained can demonstrate  
 What are called proven scientific facts.  
 'Tis not the fault of science if the herd  
 Elect to walk their world with blinded eyes  
 Groping like moles, fearing to see the sun.

With all its imperfections science stands  
A lighthouse founded on the rock of truth;  
Each stone is tested, clamped and firmly bound  
And if found wanting in solidity  
Rejected. Thus the slow proved stones are laid,  
While from the highest tower raised by man  
The search-light flashes over land and sea,  
Its radiant beam exploring endless space  
Wresting its secrets from the Universe;  
Telling of metals hid in burning stars,  
And dimly tracing how the unknown force  
Builds the bright suns and systems ruled by suns.

Science has struck the fetters from the slave,  
Science has given liberty of thought,  
But fights not like the armies of the world  
To slay and plunder: its great victories  
Have not been won mid sound of clashing arms  
Contending hosts and thunder of the guns,  
But in the solemn stillness of the night;  
A silence broken only by the sound  
Of clock that drives the mighty telescope.  
Against the motion of the rolling globe,  
Until (like o'er the vale of Ajalon  
Rested the orb of day) the stars stand still;  
As the great lense weaves from the ancient light  
Pictures of worlds, of suns, and nebulae,  
The awful mist beneath Orion's belt,  
Rifted Andromeda and Lyra fair,  
While the bright rings of glory circling round  
The planet Saturn, makes to poet's thoughts  
A throne eternal for eternal God.

But science deals not only with the great  
With pygmy atoms as with giant suns,  
The sister tube has opened a new world  
To pioneers of nature's wonderland.  
'Tis here we come to that dim borderline  
Twilight of life, where even science stands  
Perplexed in doubt as to which kingdom owns

These one celled units, as in merry dance  
They pass across the bright illumined field,  
The fairy circle of the microscope.

What is our taught theology in church?  
An untrimmed lamp, a flick-ring rush light flame  
Hung in an ancient tower, whose rotting planks  
Can scarce withstand the shock of winter gales.  
Science, Religion, how can they combine  
In common cause to work for good of man?

Can the bright form rejoicing in its strength  
Claim fellowship with that weak trembling thing  
In bloodstained garments and with legends hoar,  
The fairy relies of a bye-gone day.

There is one way and but one way alone ;  
So let the church take heart, with axe in hand  
Cleave down the structure to the living rock  
And from that rock commence anew to build.  
Then like the gold that in the furnace flame  
Is freed from dross, so will the church of love  
The dead past purged, straightway triumphant rise ;  
Then and then only will the two be one.

Religion, Science, founded on a rock,  
Across the sea of life hand clasping hand.

When we have cast to earth this ancient pile  
How to commence the building of the new?  
The church of love, some happy day to bring  
This reconciliation to the world.

In the same way we class organic life  
So must we class the creeds, not hedge around  
Events which happened in the Syrian land  
And place them out the pale of argument ;  
But work like science, take them as they stand  
Religious systems of the whole wide world.  
Not say your own is right, your brother wrong,  
Study with care the outward likenesses,



Then delve with skilful hand and sharpened knife  
Below the surface, 'till at length you come  
To the one cell from which the whole has sprung,  
The riven cell that has evolved the creeds.

Writ in the early chapters of the Book  
We read a legend of the dawn of love,  
How God in pity for man's loneliness  
Cast him to sleep and from his riven side  
Created love to be his comforter,  
Companion of his exile through the world.

An allegory founded on a fact  
Though oft misread, misquoted in the past,  
But science now illuminates that page  
And in its light we see the hidden truth.  
How in that early world where man was not,  
The unknown force, that we for better name  
Call nature's God, parted the dual sex,  
The dual sex that owned one covering  
And thus the burden of organic life  
Was shared divided, as the lowly forms  
Partners together where before was one  
Passed up the winding path that led to man.

Like shafts of sunlight through the waving fern  
Fell on the earth the tropic dawn of love.  
Only a cave in pre-historic past  
But love shone through the crannies in the rocks,  
And lit the heaven of a woman's life;  
A mother bending o'er her first born child.

From matter upwards passion flower of love  
Its root on earth, what wonder that it grew  
Until the topmost boughs reached up to God,  
Twining their glory round th' eternal throne.

So sprang the Jacob's ladder to the stars  
And men in dreams passed up the golden steps  
That pierced the void of night, and swept beyond  
The burning gateways of the rising sun.  
And then a poet's fingers touched a harp

Whose strings vibrating sang a legend fair  
Of how that God who had created man,  
In pity looked upon His fallen world,  
So God looked down, and so immortal love  
Smote on the seed deep hid in Virgin's womb,  
Without a human mate, stirred into life  
The embryonic germ the single cell.  
Conceived miraculous, God's finger wove  
Those tissues undefiled by earthly sin,  
While angel voices from the midnight sky  
Rang out the love note of the universe.

The love dream of the ages can the church  
Claim this for Christ alone? this golden thread  
That mid the complex forms of many creeds  
Shines through the thunder clouds, Love's guiding star.

Mother and child, trace backward to the past  
From far off Bethlehem to banks of Nile,  
Where Isis played the part that Mary plays,  
Favoured of God, the Virgin Queen of Heaven,  
The tale was told in the old Aztec land,  
Beneath fair Indian palms and by that light  
Where Magians knelt to the eternal flame;  
Key note of the religions of the world,  
Of perfect love incarnate in a man,  
The Virgin and the Child, the Son of God.

Take next the mighty lesson of the cross!  
The Christian cannot claim this sign alone;  
Thousands of years before our era dawned  
In many lands this sacred symbol shone:  
Above the earth, to the four points of heaven,  
That mystic symbol of eternity.

Can we then argue that these ancient myths  
Worshipped by nations of that early world  
With the same faith the church demands of you,  
Were sent as messengers to light the way  
To that small corner of the central sea  
And herald in the coming of your Christ!

Or that Osiris by the banks of Nile  
With outstretched arms, pointed to Calvary?

"Eat of my body, drink ye of my blood,  
Do this is sweet remembrance of Me."

And you have knelt beside the altar rails  
With hands outstretched in humble reverence  
To take the bread, and press the silver cup  
Against your lips, while whispering a prayer,  
Maybe a prayer for light to guide your feet  
Through this dark world to one beyond the grave.

"The body and the blood of Jesus Christ."  
I speak with reverence these solemn words,  
But we must strive to trace to parent germ,  
Yes even though we seem to dim the rays  
That through the painted windows lights the cross  
And casts a shadow on the Christ of God.

"The body and the blood of Jesus Christ."  
Christian you cannot claim that feast alone,  
Nor can you place a date on that old time  
When early man first kept the passover.

Where is the sun at feast of passover?  
Crossing the line that bounds the southern zone,  
The midway distance of his northern march  
And balanced o'er the world is night and day.

Why wonder that the breath of spring once touched  
The half developed brain of savage man,  
Or from a thousand altars in the wild  
The flames rose upwards to the radiant God.

Spring follows winter, life has followed death—  
Thus creeds are woven on a sun lit loom,  
And so the passage of the orb of day  
Across the girdle of the earth is bound,  
With that great feast, the supper of the Lord.  
In bye-gone days when Montezuma reigned  
Over the Aztec tribes of Mexico,  
Each year a victim chosen by the priests

Was set aside and worshipped as a god.  
It was believed the ruling deity  
Dwelt in this man. At the appointed time  
When he was slain on altar of the sun  
A feast was set, and priests and people fed  
On the man God who for their sakes had died

And ever backward through the mist of age  
Repeated oft, this act of sacrifice,  
And those who fed upon the sacred food  
Received the deity, and they were blessed  
With strength and wisdom and with life that stretched  
Beyond the iron portals of the grave.

Science, Religion, on one hand we trace  
Through the long years the life stream of our world,  
River of life, we never reach the source  
From which they sprang those living atoms charged;  
Dread force that led the monad up to man—  
So with bowed heads, we think it came from God.

From unsolved mystery of dawn of life  
We by deduction pass through aeons dead—  
So vast the road the wealth of figures piled  
Fail to impress themselves upon the brain;  
At length we reach a time when time was not  
And matter slumbered—What the voice that rang  
Through homogeneous mist wreath of the past  
And quickened it to motion and to life?  
We do not know, but think it came from God.

In the same way we trace Religion back  
Through the long years, the love stream of the world,  
River of love, polluted oft by man,  
Yet undefiled in crystal purity  
It shows itself to those who for love's sake  
Follow the windings of the silver stream,  
And strive to track it to the fountain head  
From which it sprang—A mystery unsolved—  
But through the symbols of a hundred creeds  
We see the mystic star, and with bowed heads  
Think that the river somehow flows from God.

From unsolved mystery of dawn of love  
We pass again through aeons of the dead.  
So vast the road the wealth of figures piled  
Fail to impress themselves upon the brain.  
At length we reach a time when time was not  
And matter slumbered—What the voice that rang  
Through homogeneous mist wreath of the past  
And quickened it to motion, life and love?  
A mystery unsolved, yet still we hope,  
For science tells, so far as science goes,  
(Though science is but yet in baby-hood)  
That all life came from pre-existing life—  
So love may come from pre-existing love—  
We do not know, but think love came from God.

Where do we stand, what do these symbols mean,  
We trace them from their parent source the sun  
These lives of love, from Mithra up to Christ;  
Are they but empty signs evolved by man?

If so the world is mad, on a mad quest,  
Pursuing phantom lights that lure men on  
To where the shoreless ocean of the dead  
Mingles its icy spray with burning tears;  
Fantastic figures of a fevered dream  
So stand the iron rocks that guard the strand,  
And booming waters in deep hidden caves  
The only answer to a useless prayer.  
No pitying Father's love, but in its stead  
A snake twined head that turns our hearts to stone;  
No zephyrs wafted from a kingdom blest,  
But foul corruption of forgotten graves.

But is this true? for running through the race  
As deep implanted as the germ of life  
The thought of God, the force that made men build  
These ideal Christs, the Saviours of the world.

This is our only clue, our only hope,  
A slender thread, like Theseus used of old  
To guide his feet through the dread labyrinth;  
So may these winding mazes lead to day.

If this be true, it will not fade or die  
The love dream of the world; but gather strength  
And spread from pole to pole—Founded on truth  
That city built by man but ruled by love.  
But now is heard the clash of arme'd steel,  
The war clouds gather for the coming strife;  
And we who kneel beneath the olive trees  
Are weary waiting for the promised dawn.

"We would see Jesus," and the dawn will come!  
And as neath parables the truth lay hid  
In the old gospel tale, I offer you  
A parable, a paradox of truth;  
"For though the life of Jesus be a myth,  
The name of Jesus yet shall save the world."

5

I know not how the rolling years swept by,  
Nor date, nor time, nor what King ruled the land;  
But this I know, when changed the scene I stood  
Amid a band of armed and desperate men.  
In broken sentences I heard the tale  
How for long months the world was locked in war,  
And as the earth turned slowly to the dawn  
So did the sun of each new day look down  
On bloody strife, until no land was spared  
That was not shaken by the cannon's roar.  
Sated with slaughter, tardy peace was made  
And maps re-drawn, but crushed the people lay.  
Pestilence, famine, how the fiends of hell  
If hell there be, would now hold festival.

Smote on my ear the voices of the street,  
Of vice triumphant and the starving poor,  
A God dethroned and the love of Christ  
But prostituted memory of the past;  
For gold had sought its own and armed its own  
And with its hellish power ruled the world.  
Better the old barbaric days when men  
First chipped their weapons from the flinty rocks.

For then the law of nature was fulfilled,  
The fittest lived and the unfit were slain,  
But gold had warred with nature and preserved  
To curse mankind, with life unfit to live,  
And warped and twisted to distorted shapes  
Fair forms that might have walked the world with God.

They say those doomed to death the gods make mad,  
And so the leaders of the world had been  
For ages mad, they would not read the signs  
Nor see the pit that yawned beneath their feet.  
The poor had truly been with them always,  
But humbled at their feet like Lazarus,  
And grateful if allowed to pick the crumbs  
That fell from Dives' table—Not as if  
They had an equal right to share the fruits  
That this fair world could yield for all her sons.

In bye-gone years, the storm that swept the land  
And strove to tear the gold god from his throne,  
Was not the centre of the hurricane,  
But flick'ring rush light of a nation's wrath,  
As wisps of leaves whirled by the wild march wind  
Through woodland drives, mimic like children's play  
The wheeling storm, that o'er the western plains  
Leaves in its track of death a forest felled.

As the blind giant twined his arms around  
The pillars of the house where lay his foes;  
Bowed outwards with the strength that vengeance gives,  
That house a shapeless formless ruin fell.

There's a blind giant in our midst to-day,  
His hands already grasp the gilded props;  
Civilization's vaunted progress fall  
Accursed of God, back into nothingness.

Why should the cities of the modern world  
Share better fate than those of olden time;  
The scattered sand dunes o'er an Eastern plain,  
That mark the spot where once stood Babylon,  
Beneath the wild sea waves Atlantis sleeps;

In tangled woods fair palaces lie hid;  
A broken column by the banks of Nile,  
And by the banks of Thames a broken cross.

6

I know not how the rolling years swept by,  
Nor date, nor time, but as swift changed the scene  
I seemed to look upon a world in hell;  
Dark day of vengeance that had come to man;  
The fiery vortex of the hurricane,  
Civilization in that sea of death  
Foundered—The freighted ship with lust and gold  
That man had proudly said could battle through  
The wildest storm that ever shook the earth;  
Lured by false lights, no God, no love to guide  
Drifted a hopeless wreck upon the rocks.  
God, how the flames leaped upward to the night!

Borne on the wings of death I heard a voice,  
"Behold in one hour is thy judgment come,  
The cities of the world have cast out love  
Any they have fallen, fallen, and are now  
The homes of fiends and lep'rous haunts of vice.  
Thus they with violence shall be cast down  
Accursed, and shall be found no more at all.

In her no more shall light of candle shine,  
No busy mills, no craftsman at his craft,  
No blare of trumpets and no sound of harps,  
Nor heard the voice of bridegroom or of bride.  
To all the fowls that fly in heaven come  
And gather to the supper of thy God;  
That ye may feast upon the flesh of Kings,  
The flesh of captains and of mighty men.  
The flesh of captains and of mighty men,  
As scattered dust gains on the hills of time,  
Pass outwards to the night like Babylon."

Letters of flame upon the vault of night  
That wove a name long thought an empty dream  
But now fulfilled, that last great fight of all



Against the curse and tyranny of gold,  
Letters of flame above a world in arms;  
Of Armageddon, battlefield of God.

God how the flames leaped upwards to the night  
From a doomed earth in its death agony,  
And I was standing by the cross of Christ  
In a fair temple of that ruined world.  
The light from burning homes in rainbow hues  
Streamed through the coloured windows, one there was  
A picture gem from some great artist's brush  
Of Jesus as a shepherd, with a lamb  
Close folded in his arms, that he had found  
In the far desert and was bearing home.  
As if in mockery, the battle light  
Of Armageddon pierced the form of love.

God how the flames leaped upwards to the night  
That now with fierce embrace had wrapped the church;  
Fell from the roof a stream of molten lead,  
A rain of fire on living and of dead.  
Through the dense smoke clouds I saw writhing forms  
Come surging towards me, with wild staring eyes  
Like souls in torment, faint with fear I climbed  
Upon the cross, praying to God for aid  
And wrapped my arms around the marble Christ.

A miracle, a wonder, for the Christ  
Of stone was changed to warm flesh and blood  
And as a mother soothes her little child  
So in the arms of love I lay at rest;  
All fear forgotten, though beneath the cross  
The battle raged, men fought like beasts of prey.

Pillowed on Jesus' breast I drifted up,  
Up to the peaceful night, the fiery glow  
From burning cities less and lesser grew  
Until it shone no larger than a star,  
A star that marked the lurid mouth of hell.

Alone with Christ, peace rest and perfect love,  
A peace that I had never known before;

So like a tired child I fell asleep  
And then awoke, on my rough bed of boughs  
By the lone camp fire in the wilderness,  
While o'er my head the murmur of the wind  
Whispered its music through the western pines.



### Part III.

#### "THE CHRIST THAT IS TO BE."

##### I

So from my wand, rings through the age I woke  
Or seemed to wake beneath the forest pines,  
The western clearing and the fairy lake,  
A lonely watcher by a dying fire.

Was this the end, that I fallen asleep  
Oppressed with thoughts of our unhappy world;  
Ruled by the strong and for the strong alone,  
And so the dream had come, and this was all,  
I had learnt little, for too well I knew  
That creeds dissected led back to the sun  
And in that funeral pyre the hopes of man,  
Were burned, consumed, by that which gave them life.  
The mystic figure in the ray of light  
Had failed, and so had all these ideal Christs;  
Love but a bankrupt and the cities worse  
Than legendary cities of the plain.  
Be Armageddon true or not be true  
Doubtless mankind is slowly drifting on  
To the great conflict, and like Babylon  
Will lose itself beneath the desert sand.

If it were true, that mem'ry of my dream;  
When from the furnace fires that lit the town  
I was borne upwards to the peaceful night;  
Resting on the eternal arms of love.

If it were true, that promise of my dream:  
That ere the morning's sunlight touched the pines  
I should see Jesus, and my eyes would rest  
On love made perfect in the Christ of God.

The middle watch of night, long hours must pass  
Before the eastern peaks would greet the dawn;  
But it was light as day, the full moon shone  
From out a summer sky unflecked with cloud;  
Reflected glory of the sun that swept  
The ripples on the lake and touched the woods,  
Crowning the monarchs of the wilderness:  
A world of peace far from the world of pain.

I could not rest, was it some unseen force  
That made me rise, and brought me to the marge  
Of that fair lake, and cast me on my knees;  
Waiting for what, I could not give a name.

Waiting for what? I saw a man who came  
From out the shadow of the woods, and passed  
To where the fairy circle of the moon  
Lighted the clearing. Who could this man be?  
I knew full well no hunter of the wild  
Could pass the jungle fastness in the night  
Nor keep the narrow trail, and no one dwelt  
Within long leagues of where my camp fire burned.  
This man was clothed in raiment white as snow,  
And as he trod the margin of my lake  
I thought of Him, who in the oiden time  
Had walked beside the Lake of Galilee.

The promise then was true, and He had come  
In the same likeness of my childhood's dreams:  
As the sweet lips now silent in the grave  
Had pictured Jesus, so He stood by me.

There in the solemn night I bowed my head  
And listened to the music of His voice—  
"My servant and my friend, lo I have come  
Beneath the pines to keep my tryst with you."

I dared not raise my eyes, my trembling lips  
Could only frame those well remembered words:  
When the disciple at his Master's feet  
Looked and believed—"My Saviour and my God."

The voice of Jesus broke upon my ear;  
"Kneel not to me but worship God alone;  
Lo I am come my servant and my friend  
In answer to your earnest prayer for light,  
To lead your falt'ring footsteps to the day."

And so the hand of Jesus touched my own  
And when the scene had changed to topmost peak  
Of a great mountain, where above our heads  
Blazed forth the stars of night, while 'neath our feet  
The mist wreaths rolled like waves on storm tossed sea;  
And there above the world hand clasping hand,  
I stood with Christ on the eternal snow.

The silence broken by the voice of love:  
"Servant and friend, who think you that I am?"  
And fast my burning tears fell on those hands  
Marked still by cruel iron of man's hate;  
"Myth a reality and fable truth,  
Thou art the Christ, Son of the living God.  
As in those long dead days I once believed  
With simple faith in the old gospel tale  
So do I now believe, although I war  
With science, trample under foot cast out  
What I thought proven truths. If I have strayed  
Through winding paths, it was not want of love.  
For I have seen through mists of burning tears  
The valley of the shadow, those I loved  
Have passed into the night, no dawn has touched  
Those iron rocks, no eye could pierce the gloom  
And so I thought them lost for evermore.  
For I have sought for truth, and life, and love;  
But in the chain that links to single cell  
That wond'rous chain from monad up to man  
The living atoms on the loom of life,  
Wove what to me were pictures of the grave.  
I have misread those pictures, that is all.  
For Thou hast come to me my Saviour God,  
Thus at Thy feet I lay my load of care  
My load of sin, knowing Thou wilt forgive  
And lead me home, my Saviour and my all."

"War not with science for the truth is God.  
Think you the pictures on the loom of life  
Were woven but to be a stumbling block  
To those who seek in nature's wonderland;  
Striving to lift their senses from the brute  
And so they lift them nearer to the throne.  
The unseen Christ is ever at the side  
Of those who labour for their fellow men,  
And they are not alone; though they may toil  
Beneath the Southern Cross or Polar Star.  
The truths of science come from Me alone;  
When men applaud some mighty problem solved  
They little think whose hand had held the lamp  
To light the glories of my Father's realm.  
For closer than a brother's clings my love  
To those who love me though they know me not.  
Men may deny, and yet may do my will;  
Men may deny, and yet in that denial  
They have not sinned but only failed to trace  
My Father's pictures to the fountain head."

"Who say you that I am? Look and believe  
And see the hidden truth delved from the sun  
Eterne as God himself. No miracle  
As men count miracles, but only this,  
The veil is lifted; yes that veil so thin  
Its very thinness hid the light from man:  
Blinded in the environment of flesh  
Your eyes are opened, look behold the day."

I saw the figure of the Christ transformed  
To image of myself, a radiant shape,  
Not as I was but as I might have been,  
Not stained with sin and travail of the world,  
But clad in spotless garments white as snow  
And fitted for the palace of his King.  
Whilst I was weary and my eyes were dim  
His eyes looked on me with eternal love;  
A gulf wide as the poles betwixt us two  
Yet we were as one. I was in prison,  
But he was free this being beautiful,

My higher self, my Saviour and my soul,  
And so as lightning flash that rends the sky,  
Through riven veil I grasped the wondrous truth  
The human race in journeying towards the dawn  
Had sought in vain—Christ and myself were one.

On that lone peak beneath the stars of night,  
Across the gulf profound that separates  
Matter and spirit, bridged by hand of love  
That clasped my own, I heard re-told again  
The old old story of the love of God  
Welded through nature to one perfect whole,  
Lifted above the earth, at Jesus' feet,  
I came for rest, I found a lamb to guide,  
And drank the living water from the throne.

"It was the will of God made visible;  
And as the mighty sun hurls back the night  
So matter wakened from its age long sleep;  
God's will and it was light."

"Not out of nothing had these atoms sprung,  
Thus with a hand pierced by a broken reed  
Stands he who wars with God, seeing no guide  
Beneath a barren creed."

"Not out of nothing was a world evolved,  
Transformed, transmuted, 'till in fiery strife  
A burning globe was rent from parent sun;  
Prepared at last for life."

"Spontaneous generation. Men may prate  
That they can play the part of God; as well  
Could they make wings and soar beyond the stars—  
What chemist made the cell?"

"From which sprang life and its imprisoned force  
That led life up to man, God's hand that bore  
The seed transplanted to the cooling earth  
From the eternal shore."

"And where is God? Lo God is everywhere;  
All nature owns His sway, from pole to pole

From meanest thing on earth to utmost star;  
God underlies the whole."

"Impersonal. Can chains material bind  
The force called God? Or shape to human form  
The throbbing pulse beat of the universe,  
Who rides upon the storm."

"Impersonal. You say what hope for man  
In radiant energy, around, above;  
God's pity fell upon the toiling race  
And gave immortal love."

"The torch of life sweeps on majestic  
From earliest germ, yet more than this man craves;  
For to his eyes this lamp that's lit by God,  
But lights forgotten graves."

"So love met man upon the upward track  
Striving with brutes first place in life to win;  
Love showed the golden ladder to the stars,  
The mystic Christ within."

"Peace be at rest, no need to seek without  
With tear dimmed eyes, so weary 'till He come;  
For where you are there bright the Christ light shines,  
Your Jesus makes His home."

"From riven cell has sprung organic life,  
From riven cell of love from God the word,  
And so at Jesus' name you bow the knee,  
To love and life the Lord."

"From riven cell the dual lines ascend;  
The line of matter and from Christ the ray  
That leads you through the shadow of the globe,  
Where breaks the perfect day."

"Matter and spirit, the contending lines,  
Night day, love hate, pleasure and burning pain  
From God cast forth and gathered back to God,  
Diverge to meet again."



"But what is night, though matter hides the sun,  
O'er western lands Apollo's car is drawn:  
A few short hours the eastern snow ablaze,  
With flaming spears of dawn."

"Hate is the serpent neath the heel of love,  
The murd'rous instinct of a savage past:  
But tramp of arm'd steel and cannon's roar;  
Will yield to love at last."

"Without the furnace fire could you know love?  
Pain is the stem around which love is twined;  
The happiest days of earth a memory  
Of pain and love enshrined"

"Could you know love without Gethsemane?  
Beneath the olives, waiting for the day;  
Soft breaks the morn and pain is lost in love,  
Earth's shadows flee away."

"When single cells met in their first embrace  
Immortal units felt the icy breath,  
Of the fierce blast that sweeps from frozen zone;  
The thing that men call death."

"When shadows deepen and the twilight falls,  
The tired hind leaving the furrowed field  
Where he has toiled through the long hours of day,  
Seeks rest that sleep can yield."

"So when the wearied cells have toiled their day  
Upon life's loom; beneath the funeral pall;  
Bowl broken at the fountain cord unloosed,  
Sleep comes at last to all."

"What use of life if death eternal reigns  
O'er crawling reptile and o'er burning star?  
This is the answer that I bring to you,  
Light cometh from afar."

"The same law runs through worlds invisible  
As runs through life upon this lower sphere,  
But they who strive to tread the narrow path,  
Are the unfittest here."

"Unfitted for the race so says the world  
But fitted for my Kingdom. Toil shall cease  
For those poor human failures scorned by men,  
They enter into peace."

"This was my answer to the Ruler's quest ;  
Sell what you have and give it to the poor,  
Unbind cast off the burden you shall find  
In Christ abundant store."

"Easier for laden camel to pass through  
The narrow gate that to the city leads,  
Than for a man to change a life accursed,  
It shapes on what it feeds."

"You ask me why the summer rain descends  
On just and unjust? Why the ripening corn  
Is choked with weeds? You ask why are they not  
Uprooted and uptorn."

"Those who lust gold they have their world's desire,  
But thrust aside, they cannot reach the goal  
Of both the worlds. Behold their Christ light dies  
And with it dies the soul."

"The churches err, they teach immortal life  
As part of man, not knowing what they teach;  
How can cell units hope to bridge the grave?  
It lies beyond their reach."

"Fear not my brother for the love of Christ  
Can rend the sepulchre and lift the stone,  
Making the gate of death the gate of life;  
It rests with Christ alone."

"This is the latent germ, the lamp of love,  
That you can trim and tend, so that its flame  
Will light the life, the path beyond the grave,  
Leading you whence it came."

"This is the gospel of the Christ within  
That binds with nature to one perfect whole;  
This is God's wondrous day spring from high,  
Your Jesus and your soul."

"This love of Christ it has evolved the race  
From living dust above the brutes that die;  
It showed the old man on the fern clad hill,  
The picture on the sky."

"This force unfolding built that ideal line  
Of God like men, reft from the vault of night  
The starry pictures from their glitt'ring frames,  
This was the dawn of light."

"All the religious systems of the world;  
The past, the present, what so'er they be;  
Point not to one creed right the other wrong,  
But in God's love to Me."

"The Queens of Heaven and the Christs of stone  
That line the road along which man has trod;  
Are truths materialised, they pass but leave  
The love that sprang from God."

"The church of Rome it holds the master key,  
Hidden 'neath symbols, covered thick with rust,  
And so men deem its inmost sanctuary  
Must crumble into dust."

"But dust that like Ezekiel's vale of death  
Will rise to life, through mists of burning tears  
Those who have held my love will see the dawn;  
Of peace the promised years."

"This is the riddle of the endless age  
That you have read in western forests wild,  
No need to search through dusty tomes to find  
The pure love of a child."

"This love is Jesus Christ within the man!  
Evolving force that made men's hearts to burn  
With love of God, and form those signs that point  
The way of life eterne."

"Come unto Me you weary ones for rest.  
Come unto Me and drink from living streams.  
Come unto Me My love shall light a land  
Fairer than fairest dreams."

"My brother and my friend go tread your world,  
Fear not if round you dark the shadows fall,  
My love will bear you up and lead you home,  
Your Jesus and your all."

"Dreamer of earth, behold the promised dawn,  
Since your dark days long centuries have rolled,  
The whole wide world swayed by the love of Christ;  
One shepherd and one fold."

"Myth a reality, a fable truth;  
The martyr's fiery death and noble deeds  
Done for My sake ring out from pole to pole,  
The music of the creeds."

"From Mithra up to Christ, fables that live;  
The love dreams of the past, fables that fling  
Across the vale of death a bridge to greet  
The coming of the King."

"The second advent of the Son of God;  
Not as the old poetic legend ran,  
But in the still small voice within the heart  
The Saviour come to man."

"So came the King of Love to rule His world,  
Foretold in the old book by men whose eyes  
Could pierce these symbols, ear attuned to catch  
The love note from the skies."

"Misread for ages as the earth swept on  
Through the dark night bearing its load of pain,  
Swept on to light and hailed at last with joy  
Messiah's peaceful reign."

"The day spring from on high that saved a world;  
Riven the temple veil, the pathway trod  
By man is lighted by that higher self,  
The Christ, the Son of God."

"On Patmos isle the exile saw in dreams,  
Fair jewelled gates flash back the heav'nly ray;  
City of God descending from the sky,  
Land of eternal day."

"A city owning Jesus Christ as King;  
Where God shall wipe from every eye the tear;  
The fiercest pains of earth are lost in love  
And passed is every fear."

"Behold the east where Venus greets the day,  
The star that drew the Magians o'er the wild,  
And built the love dream of a universe,  
Around a sleeping child."

"Brother and friend, the sun of your new day  
Has pierced the mist and rolled aside your night;  
We twain as one will walk the city streets,  
Led by the newer light."

"Behold the sabbath of the love of God!  
Not mythic walls descending from above;  
A city founded on the love of Christ,  
A city ruled by love."

"The marriage supper of the Lamb of God  
Has been fulfilled, passed is the dual war;  
Matter and Spirit linked in Jesus Christ,  
The bright, the morning star!"

I stood with you my brother and my friend  
Through the long watch of night and heard re-told,  
As none had heard before, that tale of love;  
In a new light the Drama of the Stars.

I stood with you my brother and my friend  
Until the day break, when the breath of morn  
Had smote the mists; earth's shadows fled away  
And rose the sun upon a world redeemed.

2

Humanity made perfect, one in Christ!  
For there it lay the city beautiful,  
Lit by the dawn that fired the eastern sky;  
City of God, where love was all in all.

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!

"Zion fair city of the living God!"  
So spake my guide. "Behold she comes arrayed  
As Bride to meet the Bridegroom of her choice;  
Her well beloved and chosen from the world."

An open doorway in a city wall!  
Hand clasped in hand, led by my higher self,  
Beneath the symbol of the Lamb of God  
With Jesus by my side I passed the gate.

One voice is falling on a world at rest.  
The voice of love that touched old Sinai's peaks  
Now sweeps across the pleasant fields of life:  
And over Zion shines the love of God.

Jesus, beneath the magic of your love  
I saw a world at peace, a world redeemed,  
And so the wond'rous paradox was true,  
The life, the myth, Christ the reality.

Jesus, beneath the magic of your love  
Weapons of war were beaten at the forge  
And from them sprang ploughshares and pruning hooks;  
In place of death, to give the people life.  
Evolving force that makes for righteousness!  
That cast the idols down, those deities  
Evolved by man, more cruel far than he;  
And in their place enthroned the God of love.

Jesus, beneath the magic of your love  
I saw the heavy chains of slavery  
Struck from the slave. Love set the captive free  
And gave to each an equal right to live.  
A right to live, in full sense of that word;  
But not to starve in foetid alleys vile  
Craving the refuse crumbs from Dives' board;  
Like a lost soul in Dantes' pictured hell!  
Worse than the fabled hell; bound, crushed beneath  
The wheels of him who rode the gilded car.

Jesus, the magic of your love had wrought  
A revolution in the hearts of men.  
The Augean stable cleansed and purified

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.



The love of Christ knocked at a fast closed door  
Through many a thousand years, until at last  
It slowly opened to the Easter dawn;  
And Jesus entered, Jesus made His home.  
Yes, Jesus entered and the struggle ceased:  
As o'er the world rang out the voice of love  
Calming the troubled sea of human life,  
The Gospel of the Promise— Peace be still!  
The evolution of the higher self  
Borne on the flood swept to a sun-lit sea;  
No shoreless ocean, land beyond the wave,  
And love shone on the everlasting hills.  
Jesus, the nations of the world bow down  
Before that name. The King of Love who led  
His wand'ring people through the wilderness,  
From outer darkness, to the perfect day."

The fairest Temple earth had ever seen;  
Observatory. Laboratory.  
Made one through love, made one through suffering;  
Welded in one, for the divided stream  
Had broken down the barriers made by man;  
Forming one stately river flowing on  
To meet the ocean of eternal truth.

A Temple built by man but ruled by love;  
And one roof sheltered all, yes room for all,  
For round its walls I saw the symbols shine  
Of those old faiths, that now had yielded place  
To the true light that Jesus gave His world.

Thus spake my higher self, my Saviour guide.  
"This was the place where Armageddon swept  
In fiery wrath, o'er a polluted world.  
What God has cleansed let no man call unclean;  
And so the creeds purged and purified  
Were the foundation stones from which has sprung  
A heaven on earth. See where the sun illumines  
That pictured symbol of a poet's dream,  
He who foretold a future age of peace."

And as I looked, the radiant light was cast  
On a fair picture, allegorical .

Of what had come, and under it was writ,  
"A little child shall lead the nations home."

Thus the dark night had ushered in the dawn  
And man had gathered wisdom from a child;  
That truest wisdom love, as Jesus said,  
"Of such a love is Heaven's Kingdom made."

I saw, but seeing scarce could understand;  
How can I paint the scene, what language use;  
I, a poor child of strife weary and worn,  
These the glad dwellers of the Golden Age.

Have you not read what the Apostle wrote?  
How in the buried age of long ago  
Upon a Sabbath morn he was caught up  
Far from the earth, and in a vision saw  
The highest heaven, but his lips were sealed:  
It was impossible for him to paint  
A picture of his dream, so that the world  
Could understand; they would have laughed to scorn.

And as Paul failed, so fails my weaker pen;  
My lips are sealed, it is impossible;  
No language framed could draw that life of love,  
As pure as His who walked by Galilee!

Still in my dreams I see that city rise,  
Still in my dreams I see the nations come;  
From pole to pole, from east to west to lay  
The symbols of all creeds at Jesus' feet.

A note of music like the lost chord wrung  
From out the organ's heart, the Angel's song  
Of peace good will towards men. As yesterday  
To-day, the same forever, Jesus Christ!

And with that name upon my lips I woke  
On my rough couch beneath the western pines,  
Lit by the morning sun the forest lake,  
Reflected back the glories of the woods.

Once more I wandered to the strand and knelt  
On hallowed ground, for yester-night He came

Through the dim symbols of forgotten creeds,  
Beneath the pines to keep His tryst with me.  
The fire swept clearing and the woods beyond;  
A narrow trail covered breast high with fern,  
And even as I looked by light of day  
I seemed to see the fern boughs swept aside  
By one who came to seek a friend he loved,  
As Jesus in the vision came to me.

But all lay silent and I turned to leave,  
My footsteps guided by the rising sun;  
And so at length I passed the winding trail,  
Crossed the divide and reached my world again.

The End.



