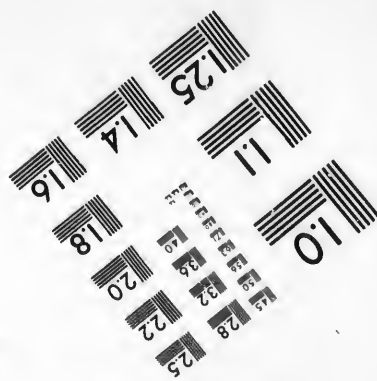
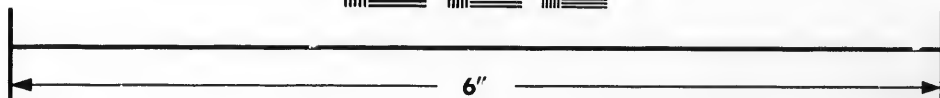
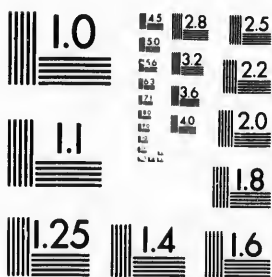


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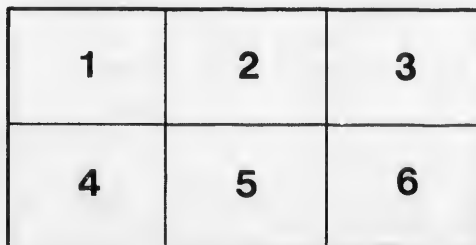
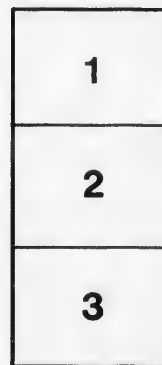
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## PREFACE.

**IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED THE  
HEAVENS AND THE EARTH. Gen. Ch. I. v 1  
IN SIX DAYS JEHOVAH MADE HEAVEN  
AND EARTH Exodus xx Chap 11 v**

WHEN GGD created Adam, his physique and functions were complete and mature, Superseding and being independent of the laws of generation.

If judged by established laws of procreation; if debated upon by a board of Physiques. What would their decision be? Could they believe? Would they admit even the remotest possibility of a fact lying quite beyond their comprehension?

When GOD Created this stupendous Nebula of the Milky Way. When, on that Evening, which began the First Day of those Six Days of Creation—GOD commanded—Instantly came forth this immense Starry System. Created, with its laws, magnitudes, positions, orbits, velocities,—in that moment of birth. Those multitudinous globes, all or many of them, like the Earth, enclosed in water. "THE SPIRIT OF GOD hovering upon the face of the waters." Creation of Light cosmical, completed the First Day.

On the Fourth Day GOD constituted the central Orbs Suns. Permanently fitted to be conservators and distributors of light and heat. On the Sixth Day GOD made Adam in His own image, Completing the great work.

## PREFACE.

Heaven and Earth were now magnificent and perfect, The sky, sparkling with stars, known to be so distant that hundreds of years would be required for the transmission of their light to earth if brought forward by the laws of diffusion. Yet all in action glorious, as if long completed.

On the Seventh Day GOD rested—and was refreshed,

Adam, who was created the Sixth Day—Days of twenty four hours each, passed the Day of Rest and died at the age of nine hundred thirty years.

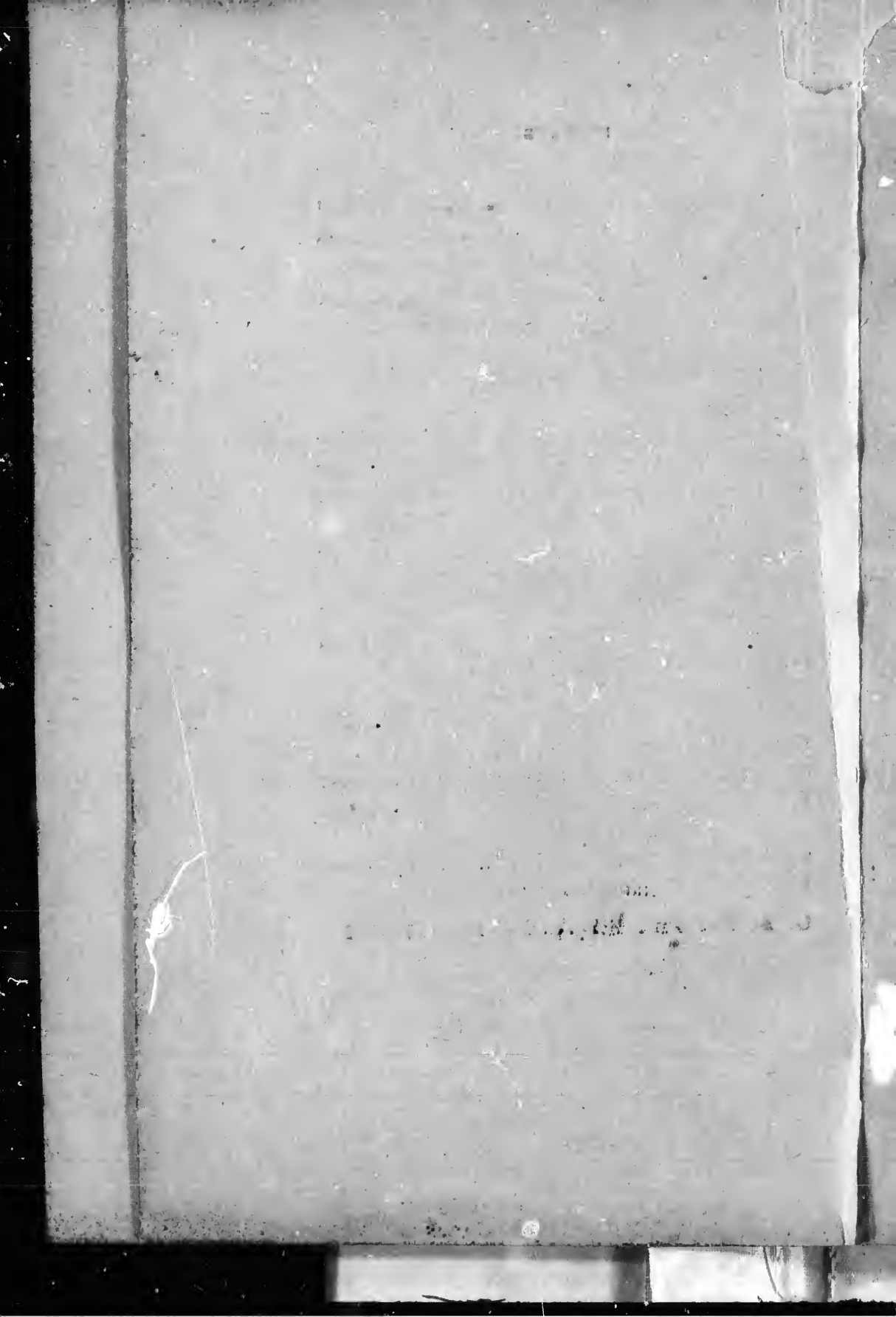
The labours of science and all its skeletons of creation, as in the case of Adam, are nugatory.

Nothing of all those inscrutable glories existed previous to that evening on which those Six Days began. No chaos. No star dust. Nil.

As Heaven and Earth shall pass away, and GOD will make all things new. It seems probable that the great work of Redemption is not confined to this globe alone. But extends throughout the immense Nebula.

Our Starry Clustre is but a link continuing a vast, perhaps an uncountable number.

G. A. HAMMOND. Kingslear Mar. 22 1903





AN  
INQUIRY.

— "IN A MOMENT—  
IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE!"

BY

George Arthur Hammond,  
AUTHOR OF

THE INDIAN GIRL. MONCACHTAPÉ. THE TRIFFIQUER.  
THE HARP. THE LAKE OF TEARS. ON THE STRAND.  
QUEEN VICTORIA'S OLIVE TREE, AND OTHER POEMS.  
THE STORK FLYING EASTWARD.  
THREE VOLUMES IN MINIATURE.  
A SERENADE. THE TWO OFFERINGS.  
THE RECLUSE: A CANZONET.  
THE PHANTOM BOAT: AN ICON. FOSTER MOTHER'S STORY,  
JASSOKET AND ANEMON: A PHILOSOPHIC RAMBLE.  
RAYON: AN IDYLLIC VAGARY.  
NEVADA'S PETRIFIED TREE.  
PILLAR OF WITNESS.



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**MOSES VERSUS MODERN THOUGHT.**

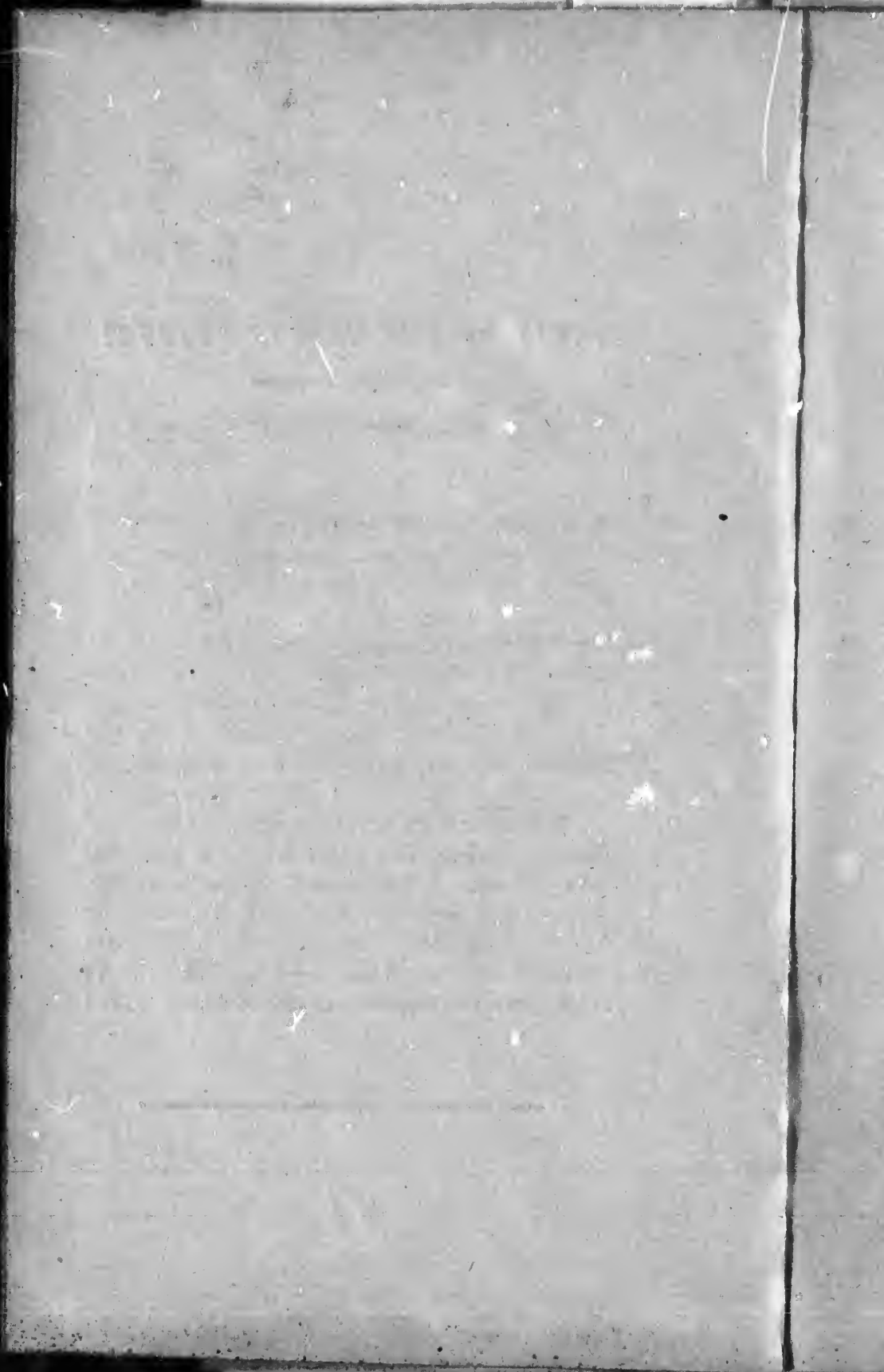
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ON that Evening, the Beginning of the First Day of Creation, at the Command of GOD, the Heavens and the Earth, the great Nebula of the Milky Way, with all its myriads in place and in motion—Spheres monstrous and lesser—each with its impetus—instantly were CREATED.

The work of furnishing and completing, in Daily Scenes were carried forward. On the Fourth Day, the Stars throughout the Clustre were lighted. On the Sixth, the stupendous Work was Finished. And GOD rested the Seventh Day.

When the ALMIGHTY amidst the terrors of Sinai proclaimed, that in Six Days HE made Heaven and Earth, and Rested the Seventh Day. And wrote it with His own Finger on Stone Tables. Who shall dare—even to dream—that GOD did not mean what HE said—did not mean Days at all, but something else, though HE said Days !

---





*"What manner of Man is this, that even  
the winds and the sea obey Him?"*

*"HE commanded and they were created."*

A N

# I N Q U I R Y .

Book First.

**A** R M E D with the shielding shadow  
of the Ages,  
Exultant in the phrensy of proud  
dreams,  
Behold Conjecture, as the knight of Reason,  
Propounding grave decisions and decrees.

And is there no ulterior authority,  
Midst the impenetrable shadows, nothing?  
No stream of light from the far vanished times?  
No record? Is there nothing—nothing—nothing  
To lay the Phantom of philosophy?

The spirit of a false Philosophy,  
The arrogance of limited enquiry,  
The luxury of guessing and world-building.  
The insolence of bloated emptiness.

(6)    **A n I n q u i r y .**

The pride of blindness inexcusable.  
The romances of creative fantasies.  
Solve, no thou canst not, the grave theme of origins  
Sources and ultimates alike defy us,  
The secrets of Creation are reserved.

And is there nothing? Yes, a light far shining,  
An ancient Roll the sacred Word of God.  
This wondrous Book—the sole authority—  
Shines through the closed recesses of the past.  
Reveals the genesis, supplies the date,  
Of heaven and earth and all that they contain.  
Heaven which includes the countless starry hosts  
Of our great Nebula the Milky Way.

But Reason with Conjecture as its Staff.  
Dares to annul the history Supreme,  
By sophistries, evasions, blank denials.  
By mystery of figurative expression.  
By making it entirely visionary :  
A picture which the great Lawgiver saw.  
It stood before him, a grand panorama,  
Condensing myriads of sullen ages.  
And he beheld, and noted his impressions, ]

Is then the sacred Roll not history ?  
Are those Seven days not days at all but periods ?  
And metaphorical the whole account ?  
The entire history then must be allusive.  
Prophetic symbols—and not of the future.  
Mere symbolisms—not plainly written fact ?  
Is not the charge dishonoring and perverse ?

Although a day prophetic be used  
For periods of short or varied length,  
For simply an estate or destiny,  
For future time indefinite. Not here  
Has prophecy a place, but facts, facts only.  
The record is historic, not prophetic.  
No epic of creation, vague, heroic,  
With condensation of vast periods  
In terms that specify a literal day.  
The records of geology, are simply  
Records not understood—and signify not.

WHAT? Shall that plain historic pointed theme  
The emphatic tablet of the Great Creator,  
The sacred record of His six days work,  
Be relegated to the cave of phantoms,

(8) An Inquiry.

Be falsely metaphorically treated.  
With visionary basis superadded.  
A meaning just? No! false and variant,  
By every test and principle of logic.  
Yes a dire contradiction, dread denial,  
Approved, alas without a twinge or scruple.  
By men who should denounce the wicked foist.  
False—futile all solutions scientific,  
Utopian fumes that blind æsthetic pride,  
Announcing potent systems of formation,  
Arguing self-efficient nature's plan,  
In the round phase of her analogies.  
In schemes progressive through the sullen ages.

It is not proved that this fair world of ours  
Was myriads of ages in formation.  
Much less, that it was made of dust impalpable  
By mere activity of laws innate,  
Yes processes absurd impossible.  
It is not proved that geologic ages  
Can be computed by the dip or structure,  
Of strata prime or sedimentary.

It is not proved by all the mines of bones  
Of monstrous broods, reptilian and herbivorous,

(9)      A n   E n q u i r y .

Dug from the sands and clays of Wyoming,  
Midst washed out start'ling rocky skeletons,  
Marking the vanished old Jurassic sea,  
That millions of ages have elapsed since when  
Those wondrous creatures cropt the lucious cycad,  
Or fed on other forms reptilian.

For scope of ages or of epocha,  
There is but one authority—one only:  
The Maker and Creator of the earth,  
Earth and the heavens, and all which they contain.  
And in the Book of Moses they are written.

Not six mellineums yet have rolled their toils,  
Since yonder glorious sun first lit the skies ;  
Since the magnific canopy of heaven,  
Clustering with stars and sands of the Pale Path,  
Blazing with glories inconceivable,  
Inserutably to human wisdom rose.  
Formed by a sovereign mandate from on high,  
Simply commanded by the mouth of God,

No myriad years, no dust of nebulae,  
No forms contrived from rudimental chaos,  
Furnished material for the hand of God.  
HE SPOKE—at ouce in glorious perfection,  
Nature arose with all its attributes.



(10)      A n   E n q u i r y .

In Six Days only, six true days of ours,  
Six revolutions of this little globe:  
Twentyfour hours each day—no fraction over:  
In those Six Days was built by God Almighty,  
Our Starry Universe, the Milky Way.  
This wondrous Nebula of scope immense.

What inconceivable spaces.    What vast orbs.  
Midst them our sun is one of the small sands.  
Work worthy of THE KING the INFINITE.  
Who faints not, nor is weary.    But then rested.  
God rested at its close and was refreshed.

Great Volume—Book of God, the God of truth.  
Go Savants, build a world, it will be easier  
Than to annul that Book. O marvellous Book.  
True light of Heaven, God's greater Luminary,  
Thrown in the midnight of this fallen world.  
There all was dark, dread and inveterate.  
The witness of this Roll is in itself.

Eager to dissipate and waive the facts,  
Narated by the King of Kings, and mould them  
In forms absurd..    Alas for human reason.  
God's dazzling acts it doubts and falsifies,

(11)

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(11) An Enquiry.

While shamed and baffled by His simplest work  
It casts aside the only history,  
Or supplements it all unwaranted,  
With systems monstrous and untenable.

Acknowledge, yes they must that heaven and earth  
Glorious and unmistakably exist.  
But how from old vacuity they rose,  
Simply by self-emited energies—  
This is the problem that demands some study,  
Comprising facts to beprovided for.  
And lo! a marshaling of absurdities.  
But any scheme to set aside the Bible.  
Alas, that sensible and cultured men  
Sit tamely and permit such stuff to be,

What? Did God merely will His vast creations,  
Just simply formulate stupendous schemes,  
Sitting quiescent on His secret Throne,  
And patiently expect the lagging effort  
Of blind conglomerating agencies,  
To furnish forth the work with all its lustre?

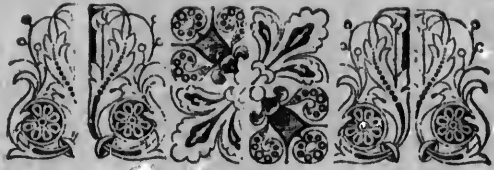
So God is said to speak, but never does!  
O sage discovery of romantic scie ice.  
How liberal how extravigant of eons!

(12) An Inquiry.

Marshaled with pomp before the Book of God.  
Yes God is said to speak, but never speaks.  
Except in metaphoric euphony.  
He, silent King of Kings, He wills but speaks not.  
Infinitesimally divided matter,  
Is what He builds great worlds of, and disposes  
By laws, in silence slowly operating!

O wretched nonsense, stupid and perverse.  
What grave dishonor done the Word of Truth,  
Yes by expounders who believe in God,  
But else can not interpret those Seven days,  
And hope for countenance from the infidels.

Alas! how difficult for human reason,  
To credit or accept the single fact,  
That God Creates, that God indeed Creates.  
That what He makes He **MAKES**, and nothing prior,  
No chaos, dust, or infusoria,  
No countless years—nor any thing whatever,  
Precedes or supplements Almighty Power.



*"No man hath ascended up to heaven, but  
he that came down from heaven, the Son  
of man, which is in heaven."*

*"Whither shall I flee from Thy presence?"*

A N  
I N Q U I R Y .

Book Second.

**X** N D A I L Y S C E N E S ,  
amidst admiring hosts,  
Monarchial ranks and retinue of  
Heaven,

It pleased The Lord JEHOVAH to exhibit  
The glory of His power in the Creating  
Of the great Clustre of the Milky Way.

And to distinguish with surpassing favour,  
This little Globe. Which in comparison—  
It with its Sun are lost amidst the splendor  
Of mightier orbs in the deep Nebula.

The Heavens and Earth, and then the blissful  
Light.

Were the prime acts of that sublime First Day.

At once, at the command of God Most High,  
 On that First Day the inconceivable Clustre  
 Of the great Nebula, the Milky Way,  
 In all its multimyriads came forth.  
 Balks great and small. Velocities that mark  
 Time and duration. Severally distinct.  
 Each with its special mould and destiny.  
 Its stores of wealth. Its hidden energies.  
 Each in true orbit and computed place,  
 In the great scheme of the vast measured heavens.

Thus were the worlds in rayless gloom created.  
 Suns, to be crowned with glory, yet unlighted.  
 Great orbs, and primaries and secondaries—  
 No glimmer rested on them.

Then God said :

Let there be Light. At once transcendent light  
 Illumined every sphere, and lit the spaces,  
 Varied in tone and power. But unallotted  
 To the great central orbs for distribution.

With myriads of others, on that morn  
 Our globe rolled waste and empty and submerged  
 In swathing waters. But enlocked within it  
 Lay the rich stores provided for our use.  
 Gold, silver, copper, other metals many,

And Iron, the Anak God bestowed on man,  
And gems. And mighty energies deep hidden,  
To be brought forth at their appointed times,  
And for the occasions God provided them.  
And there, vast stores of coal and lakes of oil,  
The precious gifts of The Most High to men.  
And the first day of miracles was closed.

The Secoud day, the Day of Atmospheres.  
The glorious firmament's supreme expansion.  
God built the lucid circumambient air,  
The arched and lofty Skies, composed and  
changeless.

Lifted them from the waters of each globe.  
Those exquisite expansions of the heavens,  
For mellow sunsets and for golden dawns.  
The field of nimble lightnings rains and clouds.  
Of beauty and of mercy and of terror. ———

Softly the waves of a bland zephyr beat,  
Redolent grateful, charged with precious odors,  
From healthful blossoms prodigal and lovely.  
Under the joyous flights of radiant wings,  
Refrains and tropes and carols of gay birds :

But what is that which more than song delights us?  
 'Tis the swet voice of a beloved one talking!  
 That speech is music full of song and pathos,  
 Each tone all rapturous melody excelling.  
 And God thus formed on that high Second Day,  
 This marvellous element for many uses,  
 Hooding the new born sphere. O priceless boon.

Smoothly rotating Earth brought Day the Third.  
 Waste and undimpled, naked of all forms,  
 A globe enwrapped in the remaining waters.  
 And now archaic sages, kings profound,  
 Seraphic escorts and angelic legions,  
 In countless groups and cortages of splendor.  
 Throughout the spacious Nebula were thrilled,  
 All hierarchs of Heaven:

See! at God's word,  
 Proud mountains rise broad valleys low descend.  
 And the great waters gather in deep seas.  
 The dripping cliffs, the mountain chasms agape,  
 Ponred forth their salt libations to the flood.  
 As the bare surface, of the globe oblate,  
 Was broken, and its strata set aslant,  
 In mountains huge and banks, and rocky dells.  
 Sparkling with gems and many metals precious.

Again God speke. No sooner from His lips  
 Fell the command, than, lo the transformation !  
 Upon that sphere so litchless waste and empty,  
 Rank forests rise in rich diversity.  
 On hill tops, tufts and single trees, and ranks  
 Verging slow rivers and choice ridge locked valleys  
 But lo what wondrous trees, what drooping boughs  
 Laden with mellow and inviting fruits !  
 What hills, what fields, what valleys redolent,  
 Filled in a moment with all precious things.  
 Shrubs, grasses, herbs, and flowers most exquisite  
 Louding the air with delicate perfumes,  
 The aroma of mingled multitudes.  
 A ravishing amazing spectacle.  
 God's crown of vegetation — Earth's Regalia.

Were not those acts repeated in the compass  
 Of the great Nebula throughout, as well,  
 With infinite diversity and form,  
 In every several sphere ; 'midst the delight  
 Of the admiring sons of God, who witnessed ?  
 And the Day closed amidst ecstatic soenes.

Now the Fourth Day. Serene the recent Skies  
 In all their myriad orbs basked in the light,  
 The exquisite golden radiance, which pervaded



(18)      A n   I n q u i r y .

This Universe of bodies numberless,  
Imperial Clustre of the Milky Way.

As yet no central points distributed  
The blissful radiance, noting periods.

God—has He spoken? Lo! behold! behold!  
The Heavens are kindled—bursting into flame.  
Thousands on thousand vasty beyond count:  
Suns, satellites and wandering wisps, array  
In light exultant, light the myriad toned.  
The inconceivable the wondrous light.  
From centre to circumference the Clustre  
Burst forth wltH dazzling glory in a moment.

Yes, on that day, the sun the moon the stars,  
The centrals of this mighty Nebula,  
Burst forth with dazzling splendor. Myriad suns,  
Fountains of light and heat, distributed  
The various tinted tides empyreal.  
Midst the adoring armies who beheld  
The King of Glory at His wondrous toils.

And thus the heavens with countless globes was  
garnished.

With moons and suns and comets devious.  
Myriads of stars, as if arrived from journeys

(19)      A n   E n q u i r y .

Of ages : So supreme in perfect fulness  
Are the completed works of The Most High

Day closed upon the wide spread emerald verdure  
Clothing the sumptuous valleys and the hills.  
Lavish in bloom and fruits in every stage.

Looked the Great King, the Lord of Life, and saw  
How good, how bounteous    But with none to feed  
At the delicious tables of His love.

The Fifth great Day of days, with set of sun  
Throughout the starry canopy led forth  
Exultantly a new emphatic joy.  
Moon and the stars, the ordinances of heaven,  
Entranced the gloom contemplative and jeweled.

Till rose the sun in overwhelming splendor.  
In myriad worlds by myriad suns repeated,  
But with the glory of variety.  
Each in its grade to its design conjoined.

Amidst the streams of the rotating heavens,  
Diversity of periodic motions,  
Earth was the honored index, and earth's days  
The measure of those Days of the Creation.

Thus, midst ineffable eternal glory,  
On that First Day, before material light  
Filled the expanse immense and measureless,  
At the command of The Almighty King,  
Came forth the multiplicity of globes  
Which fill the spaces inconceivable,  
Of the grand Clustre of the Galaxy.

Each in position, each potential, perfect,  
Each with its strict appeals of place and motion.  
All in conformity with the laws established,  
In the design of the Great Architect.  
Each several globe containing all supplies,  
Apportioned, closed and hidden in its volume,  
Re-agents latent, energies unique,  
Suiting the varied purposes decreed.

And the great Clustre, filled with myriad  
movements,  
Gigantic energies—yet uncompleted—  
Launched forth amidst stupendous monuments,  
Sailed off in its position in the train  
Of the vast scheme of Starry Universes.  
Works of The Mighty Builder in the Past.



*"Thus the Heavens and the Earth were finished, and all the Host of them."*

*"ALL things were made by HIM."*

A N

# I N Q U I R Y .

Book Third.

**F** I F T H, — 'twas the Fifth of those  
most wondrous Days.  
At God's command, lo, in a twinkling see!  
Swarms fill the seas with all varieties.  
Great whales are spouting in the briny deep.  
Monsters terrific, and flecked serpents lithe,  
Proud lift their heads and lash the foamy floods.  
What puzzling life! Some with electric powers,  
Wondrously furnished to condense and store,  
And use at will the marvellous element.  
Some luminous in the sea beds miles below,  
Bearing mysterious lamps unfed with oil,  
To guide their pathway in the gloom profound.  
Pressed by a weight immense. Recumbent floods  
Present no obstacle to the God of power.

(22)      *A n   I n q u i r y .*

With forms that stun, with wide diversities,  
The Great Creator furnishes His worlds !

Ocean—it swarms with objects of low life.  
Bivalves and wave born creatures armed with  
    shields.

Such dainty painted shells, such chisled grace,  
Exquisite forms in vast variety.

Crafts how minute, and beauty microscopic.  
Toilers that build the sedimentary beds,  
Exquisite atoms, which disordered Physics  
His made heraldic in its futile raids.

And lo, the wondrous flora of the seas !  
As in a picture of bemocking beauty,  
What marvellous enchanting witchery,  
In flowers that are not and yet seem but phantoms  
Yes, living and half sensitive, but fixed  
In fascination strong and marvellous. ———

And now admire the glory of One word.  
God's Feathered fowl—lo, rich varieties !  
Equipped with instincts, each imperious,  
Impulses and demands imperative.

See, some gigantic. There the lost *Dinornis*,  
And huge compeers. There the great Auk. And  
many

That served their purpose, and subsist no more.  
Even though uncouth, terrific or grotesque,  
Yet each exemplifying taste consummate.  
And skill that tosses incompatibles,  
As with abandon of high merriment.

And there the Ostrich, proudly plumed and  
speeding

With wings that aid it in its rapid course,  
But lift not into the cloud bearing air.  
Storks and the Ibis in their varied species:  
The Eagle and the Vulture with their class.  
The Falcon. Raven and the boding Owl  
Each with its roll of numerous relatives.

The Nightingale, the Whippoorwill, night singers  
With—O what flights of rapturous tiny Birds,  
Such flute notes clear, such chants, such love  
songs mellow!

Charming—amazing, with surpassing beauty.  
▲ glorious retinue, God's dappled flock s.  
Decked with imperial distinguished favour,  
In all varieties, howe'er equipped.

(24)      **I n   I n q u i r y .**

Created in a moment, are God's Birds.  
Each class exultant in full plume and glory.  
None left to flutter, none must learn to fly.  
All faculties are perfect and attired ;  
Full graduated—not a whit to learn.

How glorious is our Father in the Heavens.  
Send up the loftiest thought of God—It falls!—  
Dead as an arrow shot to reach the sun.

**AFTER** the softened splendors of the night,  
Now midst the vaulted sapphire sky superb,  
Lo ! Morn, dew sprinked, Princess fair, regaled  
With flights of lovely birds and carols charming,  
Crowned by the Sun, trips laughing o'er the hill.

Tis the Sixth Day, most glorious and final,  
Of those most wonderful and thrilling days .

Thus far God's instituted works proceeded,  
Men dub them, natural—as if that nature,  
By some innate peculiar evolution,  
Accomplished by its independent skill,  
The mysteries and metamorphoses,  
Which have occurred, mauger all contradiction.

For explanation limps, but hobbles on,  
Sore from the cobble stones that guard the truth

Thus far in our fair globe —And none the less  
The Nebula throughout, like preparation,  
In many portions and in many forms,  
Proceeded, witnessed by admiring hosts.  
The princely retinue, the strong, the exalted  
In light and wisdom. And the honored ancient,  
Who may have witnessed similar creations,  
Amidst the mighty wonders of the past.

Thus far had God the Almighty Son replenished  
Waters with life. Earth with all precious fruits.  
Trees shrubs herbs flowers, multitudinous.  
But something still seemed lacking. Lonely yet  
As if in expectation, were the glades,  
And grateful glooms that whispered in the groves.

Lo at JEHOVAH'S VOICE, as in a vision,  
Out of the earth all marvellous creatures rise!  
The formidable, terrible, the tame.  
The monstrous the minute, the swift the slow.  
A colony of a kingdom most immense,  
Formed in a moment by the spoken fiat  
Of the Great King in that Sixth glorious Day. ■



Lo what perfection! Each established form,  
 Munificently answering its design.  
 With glance as of a future. Metonymic  
 Of changes radical and saddened times.  
 Lion, Hiena, Tiger, Leopard, Bear:  
 To such God gave the juicy herb. Though after,  
 Made to partake the Alien's bitter doom.  
 But there is promise of a thousand years  
 Of restoration, and creation's rest.

There were the ox the kid the trophied lamb,  
 Camel prophetic of the desert sands,  
 Provided for a coming time of toil.  
 The Horse, the braying Ass, the mute Giraff:  
 Serpents and Worms in all their varied forms.

And Insects wonderful, God's marvellous creatures  
 Of what equipments, what queer forms and makes.  
 Dragons and monsters terrible—but caged  
 In the strong fosse of stern delimitation.  
 A modicum of thought, a soul of life,  
 Informs and actuates each artisan,  
 And sets each living atom on its train.  
 And with electric vigor spurs the wings.  
 Ever so minute. Occult intent supplying  
 Each class and group with tireless industry.

[23]      A n   I n q u i r y .

Glorious and magnified in all His works,  
The tame and the tremendous, great and small.  
Wisdom and might and grace unsearchable,  
Are signet:— seals on every work of God.

But now the crown'ng act the marvellous sequel!

LET US MAKE MAN, GOD SAID, IN OUR  
OWN IMAGE.

And then—not by command, as God before  
Built Nebukæ and instituted Ranks.  
But with His hands, His blissful hands He  
    moulded

The kingly image of Himself. Completed  
In beauty and mysterious qualities.  
And breathed into his nostrils Life    O rare  
Amazing dignity, unbounded love.  
And Man became, in body soul and spirit,  
The image of his Maker, and a god.

Through the completed Clustre rolled the shouts  
Of admiration, and exultant joy.

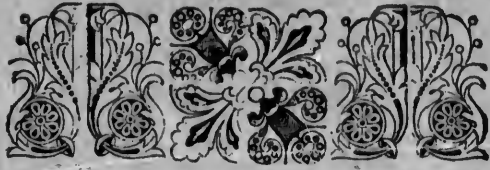
Adoring Dignitaries, Kings and Rulers  
Mighty Ones of the Royal House of Heaven.  
And suns and moons and wandering wisps of light,  
Exalt their Maker.    Earth and Heaven respond.

(28)      A n   I n q u i r y .

Life, animal and intellectual,  
Throughout their spheres, in all their offices,  
Attest and glorify the King, who there,  
An evanescent soul bestowed on all  
The many Orders. But in Man completed,  
With reason, wisdom and enquiry regal,  
With impulse to divide and to accomplish,  
Festooned with romance and imagination,  
His spirit not a vapour but a power,  
With gift supreme of immortality.

Deep thro' the mighty Clustre swelled the thrills  
Of admiration and exultant praise.  
With peals of trumpets and of cornets swelling,  
Pipes, harps and all melodeous instruments.  
The lofty symphonies of heavenly choirs.

Great are Thy works, they sung, King, Exceilent.  
Creator. Wonderful. Almighty. Highest.  
In wisdom hast Thou made them all. Thy glory  
Shines in the least and greatest. We adore Thee.  
O Father infinite—High Holy One.  
O Son of God—the Word—High Holy One.  
O Spirit of Truth and Light—High Holy One.  
THREE—yet but ONE. Omnipotent Creator.  
We shout before Thee, radiant in Thy love.



*"In My Father's House are Many Mansions"*

*"My Father worketh hitherto and I work."*

*"Even the hairs of your head are all numbered."*

A N

## I N Q U I R Y .

Book Fourth.

**L**O! WITH excessive glory tremulous,  
Night, cloudless—almost—grandly  
overarched  
Leads its stardusted pathways marvellous  
through the deep spaces of the soft blue heavens,  
There, thrilled with salient points of isuing flame,  
Numerous groups, disposed in antique figures,  
With Oriental meanings, blaze as signals,  
On the near verge of measureless spaces planted.

What Token old is that, which midst these  
splendors  
Glow's unobtrusively?—It seems not of them;  
But dropt, from inaccessible altitudes,  
Into the studded girdle of Andromeda?

Pale is that Object, oval, and emitting  
A glow as if from live effulgence closed  
Within a film, and struggling in its cage.

Sages from early days have noticed it ;  
And possibly conjecture may have climbed  
Into the vast consistency, aloft  
The stars of the dim pathway of the heavens.  
But now we know not. For research can never  
Fathom the science of those ancient Men.  
Or guess or estimate the ripened wisdom,  
Fostered and garlanded with centuries.

With all our boast and nice appliances,  
Even yet our skill may be inferior,  
To that of some great Master of those days.  
Yes, if a Newton or a Herschel modern,  
Can learn, contrive and actuate results,  
And theories surprising, in brief span,  
Think you the Searcher of long centuries,  
The mighty genius by deep toils equipped.  
Empowered to choose his aids and to construct  
Deft and discreet and ruler of his toil,  
Fertile in theories, open to conviction,  
Can be o'ertaken in these foamy days ?

[31)    A n   E n q u i r y .

Though science now may borrow from the gleanings  
And sample gatherings of the stunted summers,  
Allotted to the magnates of last times.

In those first days the glorious heavens were  
mapped.

And the great periods and precessions hidden,  
Computed, and notations handed down.

The splendor of those ages and their lore,  
Were swept by the great Deluge from the earth.

Deluge?—Our sapient scientists have brushed,  
With their great rational besom the great Flood  
From the unerring archives of the past.

Filling in ages and catastrophies,  
Of which they dream. With wild absurdities  
Of ice clad epochs. To make void The Record,  
Or blur the enclitics by the hills engrailed.

But that dim Double Cone, quite unobtrusive,  
Which, as if fallen from unmeasured heights,  
Glowes in the girdle of Andromeda,  
There signalized by three proud burning suns,  
Doubtless was scrutinized by sages high,  
And marked upon the great scroll of the heavens.  
In days before God's primal earth was drowned

(32)      A n   I n q u i r y .

Gleaming from regions inaccessible,  
Far off—yes quite unkin to our true heaven.  
Alone and only.    As a Mentor silent,  
On a dark verge, deep in the wastes of Space.  
Inspiring questions and research inviting,  
Midst stealthy ages from the birth of time,  
While undetectable to open vision,  
Others may hide in the immergent scope,

That opalescent Oval dimly set  
In the rich girdle of Andromeda,  
Stands singly in the gateway of the van,  
Inscrutable, but there a lasting challenge  
Of toil, an impulse for the later ages,  
To penetrate the boundless fields of space,  
Seeking a vista to its hidden hoards.

Though viewless to the unassisted sight,  
Tubes of most patient searchers now descry,  
And chronicle vast archives of the heavens.  
And who shall number them, or limit them,  
Those Universes of The Lord Most High!

From unimaginable distances,  
By lenses crystalline delineated,  
In spectrums thrown upon an optic shield.  
Behold them floating! Countless globes of suns,

(33)      **A n   E n q u i r y .**

They come, vast Nebule, in varied forms!  
As soft balloons of summer blossoms, drifting  
In gloaming shadows. As some lingering wisp  
Of wasted cloud. As spots dim and diluted.  
As specks just visible, or scarce defined,  
Dissolved and lost in the immensity.

What myriads? And every augmentation  
Of telescopic power adds to the issue.  
Resolves them into Clustres of immense  
Splendor and magnitude. The works of God  
Midst the infinities that have gone by:  
Eternity of the past. How overwhelming,  
Inscrutable and inconceivable,  
Stupendous—wonder folding upon wonder!  
Our apprehensions in their pride are fallen,  
Crushed by its glory, blown away in dust.

Then can we grapple with the master thought,  
That, God the sole Creator of all worlds,  
Father and Author of all souls, all life,  
From the rapt seraph to the moneeron.  
Eternal source of wisdom truth and might:  
Is also maker of the very spaces,  
The heights the depths, the dim infinitudes, ]



(34]      A n   E n q u i r y .

The limitless vacuity, in which  
His mighty works are gloriously displayed,  
And His Eternal Godhead manifested.

Of the vast numbers of those starry Heavens,  
Nothing we know, nor dates of their creation.  
But of our own, it pleased The Almighty Father  
To set the date before us and the time  
Whercin He founded this vast Universe.  
Yes, in SIX glorious Earth Marked Solar Days.  
The first six days of this sublime Star Clustre.  
And shown by scenes to the high hosts of God.  
Magnificent with stupendous suns and systems.  
Prodigious impulses of power and speed.  
Nor even less marvellous in the exquisite finish  
Of plant, of life, of objects microscopic.

Completed were those glorious Six Days,  
Closed the exhibits of stupendous power.  
And then God memorized it by a Seventh  
Of signal Rest.    Benign memorial.  
And gave that Day to Men—most precious gift.

Who can survey God's lofty firmament,  
And dream there is no God!    Or dare to utter  
One doubt ?That thriftless doubt itself decries him.

Yet with what labour what persistent zeal,  
 Grave Paleologists assume the quest  
 Of ancient moulds, the wrecks of cities old.  
 Some crumbling brick with slight suspect of marks  
 Tablet of clay, inscription mutilated.  
 Rife cut of something to be fondly guessed :  
 O what a prize ! It nerves Antiquity  
 To spread its wings, and sweep the mythic past  
 For plea to treat with scorn the One great Book.  
 Yes earth and sea are ransacked and convulsed,  
 In quest of something to impugn God's word  
 In the rich Book of Truth of His bestowment.

Geology ! arouse and scrape Earth's surface.  
 Probe the low valleys. Rive the rock ribbed hills  
 Dredge the salt oceans. Climb the molten crests,  
 Of fiery mountains. Count the traveled boulders,  
 And deep erosions. Phantom the Ice ages.  
 Evoke the train led by the deaf Azoic,  
 Profoundly positive but trudging lamely.  
 Adduce the proofs of the stone age. And man  
 The original novice with his scants of progress,  
 Through dragging ages. Plough the dead old Seas  
 The dried up lakes. Secure all vestiges,  
 The least may thrill with formidable years.

Make up t' e periods vast—yet uncounted,  
 Which swept the enormous gasses of creation,  
 With the first tremor of incipient life.  
 Then, in the ardor of exultant pride,  
 Into God's Diamond Crucible cast all.  
 There, tested by the fires intense of truth,  
 Wait for the nugget.—Ah ! your gold is dross.

Amidst such wonders, glorious beyond thought,  
 Those starry systems, vast and numberless,  
 Sailing sublime in the outpoured abyss,  
 In space profound and shoreless. Can it be,  
 Nothing drops out of sight—no—not the least ?  
 The fickle hairs that crown our brows—not even !  
 O marvel amidst marvels. Ought we not  
 Unload ourselves of all anxiety,  
 Sitting with joy at the Great Father's feet.

God who created us, the King Almighty,  
 Whom with veiled faces heavenly hosts adore,  
 Prostrate before Him falling—Holy One.  
 His justice stern no error can allow ;  
 Yet, awful Judge, behold ! in pity and love,  
 He sent His Son to take our fateful bowl,  
 To lift it to His lips—He drank it dry.  
 He died—we lived ! In Him is hid our Life.

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