The Song Celestial

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The Song Celestial

Howard Colby Ives

1938

Illustrated by FRANKLIN KAHN

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To Riswanea

PRELUDE

’Tis not from sages, nor from learned books

That man gains wisdom. In his secret breast

A Chamber lies wherein he sometimes looks

And listens. There his troubled soul finds rest,

And there, if he adores, his life is blest.

The gloomy dust which rises from men’s minds,

In their eternal search for certainty,

Obscures the spirit’s vision, and so blinds

The eye of heart that, failing Truth to see,

They grope and wander in perplexity.

But sometimes - Ah, that blessed, unwarned hour!

The dust is scattered by a mystic breeze:

Upon man’s heated mind there falls a shower

From Fount Celestial, and his heart finds ease

Which only God can give - Such hours are these.

HOUR ONE

ARGUMENT:

Man desires God with all his heart, and in its secret Chamber holds with Him high converse. He asks God why He hides from him; says that he seeks with telescope, microscope and in the mind, but in vain. God warns him that He is not thus to be found but, rather, in the Spiritual Universe, His Home. Man asks how he may find this Universe of God and hears that all the Prophets have come to men as Guides to the way of true Life. Man complains that the Prophets have always been slain by men: how, then, can God's love be found in men's hearts? He is told that the true Man, is not mirrored in the lower self of man but in his true Self which is mirrored in the Prophets themselves; that man's vision is too limited to judge correctly the long history of the race from cell to man, much less the immortal life ahead of him. Man sees no certainty of life beyond the grave for death seems victorious. God assures him that the thought of death as the end of life is superstition and reassures him. Man is content.

Man Speaks:

WHY dost Thou hide Thyself from me, O God?

Where'er throughout the ages man hath trod

His mind and soul hath sought Thee. All in vain!

He can but hope and trust: but I would know.

I search through far-flung depths of stellar space;

I grope adown the labyrinths of mind;

I peer into each microscopic place

And find all else: but Thee I cannot find.

God Speaks:

IT is not I who hide, 'tis thou art blind.

Thine insight is so dimmed thou canst not see

That My Creation's Book revealeth Me;

That every atom is an open door

Inviting thee to enter and explore!

What dost thou hope to see

When thou goest seeking Me?

A Face? A Voice? A word writ on the sky?

If I should speak who art thou to reply?

If I should write some guiding Word to men

Could they interpret My Supremest Pen?

For is thine eye so keen, thy mind so sure,

That when My Spirit moves thee, and I lure

Thy longing soul afar

To probe the mote and star,

Thou canst in such wise hope to limit Me

Who doth surround what mind and eye can see?

Canst thou thus find Me Who both far and near

Create? Who causeth all things to appear

And them inspire? Who willeth dawns to break,

And rivers flow, and suns their orbits make?

Such futile search shall surely be unblest.

What then, My son, didst thou desire to prove?

Canst thy frail mind encompass thus My love?

O son of Love! For thee can be no rest

Save love for Me and calm upon My breast.

Wert thou through all eternity to seek,

And through immensity of space to roam,

Thy spirit shall no foot-hold find,

No answer to thy questing mind,

Except to My command thou shalt bow down;

Unless My Love thou wearest like a crown,

And find in meeting Me thy spirit’s home.

I am not far from thee but ever near:

Listen to thy heart’s whisper: "I am here.”

There lies but one soul-step ’twixt thee and Me:

Take that one step into Eternity.

That Life; is now if thou that step wilt take

And from thy temple vigorously shake

The ragged mantle of mortality.

For that My royal robe I offer thee,

And bid thee share My Eternality.

Man Speaks:

THESE things have I from youth been taught, O Lord
I know this as I know some Sanscrit word
A learned man once taught me. Ah, but still
I seek and find Thee not. I find not God
Within my heart, nor in the star nor clod.
’Tis Thee I want: O, pray that need fulfil!
A fire glows ever in my yearning breast
Which only knowing Thee can quench. No rest
Nor peace I ask, no mortal anguish shun,
Could I but purchase thus the vision clear
Of Thee. Not words about Thee: I have done
With words. For this no price nor pain too dear.
God Speaks:
O THOU of visions twain! The outer eye
Close fast and open wide thine insight keen,
Then thou shalt see that I had just begun
Creation when I made the moon and sun,
The earth, and all thine outer eye hath seen.
My Universe of spirit is so vast,
So filled with beauty and with Light supreme,
That when men glimpse It they all lightly cast
This world aside: a barren, ugly dream.
Man Speaks:
O GOD! O God! The world I sense is all
That I can know. Thou gavest me a mind
Which honestly I use: yet there’s a call
Resounding in my heart which bids me find
A higher world. O help me: I am blind!
God Speaks:
THE heavens of My Mercy are so vast;
The Oceans of My Bounty so unbound,

That never hath a soul besought unblest,

Nor any seeker but hath surely found.

It is for this that all My Prophets came

That They might lead men thither, and man's claim

To paradise, which like celestial fire

I lighted in his heart, substantiate.

Not temples to My Glory dedicate

Nor prayers from sullied lips that supplicate,

Do They desire, nor can with Me prevail.

My Prophets came that every fleshly veil

Be rent between man's soaring soul and Me,

And he, in his Reality, be free.

Ah, once again celestial songs assail

Man's heedless ear. When will My Children rise

And cast aside their leaden-heavy chains,

And all their egocentric, earth-born pains,

And soar, detached, in My resplendent skies!

The whale by seeking cannot find the sea;

The eagle, soaring high

Against My blue-domed sky,

Finds not the air, nor can thy mind find Me

Who in thy heart of hearts is truly thee.

About thee and above, beneath, within,

Thy mystery am I and thou art Mine.

No flight avails: nor height nor depth, nor sin,

Nor death, nor hell can part thee from My Love.

My lamp thou art and I the Light within,

Know this, O servant, as the swallow knows

The air: the fish the boundless seas they rove;

The leaf the wind which by My order blows.

Man Speaks:

HOW can I know this, God, when all I see

Seems fiercely bent on crushing petty me?

That very wind on which the swallow flies

Haply resounds with some doomed sailor’s cries.

God Speaks:

DOST thou, then, seek My love for selfish gain?

Did I not hear thee say no care nor pain

Would be too great a price to see My Face?

Yet when a little I withdraw the veils

That thou, through suffering, may tread the place

Of Holiness, then all thy courage fails.

O son of man! The love that is sincere

Seeketh to prove that love through sacrifice.

Look how the merchant seeks year after year

For goodly pearls. The pearl of greatest price

Once having found all lesser pearls are naught.

For very joy, and with that joy distraught,

He hastens to the market-place and sells

All that he hath that he may buy that pearl.

He selleth all: not lesser pearls alone,

But home and fields. He selleth all he hath

That he may for those withered gods atone.

And note the moth. It flutters 'round the light

Though its frail wings be singed. It loves that bright

Consuming flame more than ephemeral life.

These count it not a sacrifice to give

Their all if, giving, they receive far more.

If thou in My Companionship shouldst live

Perchance that bliss would cheapen all thy store.

And dost thou think, O stranger to the Friend

That there is room within thine inmost heart

For Me, the Whole, and any lesser part?

If thou wouldst know Me, know none else but Me:

If thou wouldst love Me, lesser loves deny.

If thou shouldst die in Me I'll live in thee:

For this, My son, wouldst thou not gladly die?

The steed on which man journeys to My Love

Is pain, since 'tis through pain he longs to prove

His love. No loss can do My lover harm

Since underneath he knows My tender Arm.

He travels through the Garden of My Love

And plucks the hyacinths of Knowledge sweet,

And enters to My Union with sure feet.

He listens with Mine Ear and hears the dove

Of Paradise, and with Mine Eye he gazes

Upon the wonders of My World. He razes

Every mountain with the hand of Might

Stretched from the bosom of Omnipotence.

At every moment with Mine insight he

Becomes informed of some new mystery;

With every passing hour

He demonstrates My Power

And gone is all his earth-born impotence.

His life he gives to Me with every breath

And never counts it sacrifice. The fires

Of hell are cool and he finds life in death

For he hath merged with Mine all his desires

And to submerge his will in Mine aspires.

Man Speaks:

SUCH things are far too high for my weak mind

Or heart to compass. Lord, how can I find

This Path that leads to Thine Abode? How gain

The strength, the will to be that which I fain

Would be? To do that which I yearn to do?

The souls who thus attain are sadly few.

I look abroad upon Thy world and see

That man is bent on everything save Thee.

Nor heart, nor mind, nor will contains Thee, God!

Beneath his cruel feet Thy sacred sod

Is spread with empires wrecked. In Thy blest Name

He drags Thy saints and heroes to the flame,

The rack, the sword, the dungeon and the cross.

He gains no whit: he findeth only loss,

And yet he blindly goes his way. He strews

The earth with bones of innocence. The news

Of daily crime and lust befouls the page

Of history. He vents his filthy rage

On every brother man. He lifts the rod

Of hate in home and church, in court and mart.

He seems to hold all hell within his heart

Not Thee - not Thee! Is this Thy Will, O God?

God Speaks:

THY speakest thou of "man”?

Thy heart’s page scan.

Is Christ thus listed, the true Son of Man?

Man is not Man because of wealth and fame,

Nor yet because he calls upon My Name.

Not learning nor refinement marks true Man:

He’s only such when he conforms to plan

Divine, and with My attributes adorns

His temple: for the true Man ever scorns

The beast within, the relic of his long

Ascent from primal cell. His triumphs throng

That Path which led from mineral to man.

And dost thou dream that thy blind eyes can scan

That journey vast, thy mind give judgment plain

Of gain and loss through aeons long of pain?

And how much less art thou fit to discern

Thine age-long future which My plans concern?

Yet do I love thee who darest question Me.

It is My Voice within thee that dost call;

It is Mine Eye which earth’s dread sorrows see;

It is Mine Ear which hears the Wail of thrall.

Man Speaks:

MY age-long future? What do these words mean?

I see death stalking all the world: He takes

The high and low. The tree of life he shakes

Remorselessly and man drops from the scene.

He pays no heed to pleading nor complaint:

His cold hand strikes the sinner and the saint.

The heart of mankind bleeds and, bleeding breaks.

Man is - is not. He lives, and then - hath been.

The Lords of Life assure me of a bliss

Beyond the skies and I would fain believe:

But learned men scoff sneeringly at this

And snatch from me the faith I would conceive.

"What is the sky?” they say, "'tis empty space

stretching away illimitably far.”

They point to Arcturus, that distant star,

And tell of "Light Years” while I hide my face,

Nor dare to dream that I could find a place,

A home, in that vast gulf. I vainly pray.

My hopes allure me while my fears betray.

God Speaks:

O SON of man! Death have I made for thee
As tidings glad: at its approach why flee?
That darkness have I for thee kindly made
A beckoning glory, not a threatening shade.
Why dost thou screen thee from this splendid light
And close thine eyes, insisting it is night?
Look thou with keenly penetrating eye:
Canst thou in all My Universe descry
A trace of death? ’Tis change thou seest here
A change which leadeth but to life again:
Death is a superstition born of fear.
Think how the unborn babe would fear the pain
Of parturition. If he could foresee
That venture vast would he not be aghast?
Would he not say that life can nowise be
Outside his mother’s womb? " ’Tis her life blood
That nurtures me; it is her heart that beats
In mine; my very life is in her breath;
Tear me from her! Ah, that, indeed were death!”
Yet, could he think, were he not wholly blind,
Within his very being he would find
A proof most plain of wider life to be.
For, in his organs, forming in the womb
Is evidence that soon he will be free
To use them. Even so it is with thee,
For, in the matrix of this world thy part
It is to build thy future life; thy heart
Of love to warm; thine insight keen attend;
Thine ear instruct; thy limbs to service bend.
Thy world, compared to Mine, is more a tomb
Than life. Thou shouldst prepare thee to ascend.

For, in this transient tavern now engaged

Thy hunger for true life is not assuaged.

O son of man! In very truth thou art

Of My Dominion an eternal part.

Can My Dominion ever be destroyed,

Or cast into a ghastly, boundless void?

Then in unchanging love for Me abide

That thou mayest in My Paradise reside.

Man Speaks:

MY mind is now at peace. O most kind Lord,

How can the heart of man withstand Thy Word?

But I would fain know more. O, may I say

All in my mind? May I presume to lay

Before Thee all my thought? O, tell me, pray

Still more that all concealed things I may prove!

May I, then, ask relying on Thy love?

God Speaks:

SAY ON, dear son, thy questionings are Mine.

’Tis I have placed this longing in thy heart:

I yearn My secret wisdom to impart

That thou mayest gain a Knowledge all divine.

In this great Day things hidden are revealed.

What hath been whispered in the closet now

Is shouted from the housetops. Naught concealed

Lies buried, for My Revelations flow

A thundering torrent. I have taken man

Into My secret councils and My Plan

As ne’er before disclosed. It is the season

When I with man in wisdom clearly reason.

Investigate Reality and ponder,

And thy blind eyes shall open to My Wonder.

HOUR TWO

ARGUMENT:

Man’s longing still unappeased, and God having encouraged hint to ask until all doubts are set at rest, Man asks how he may find God in the created world. After a brief direction as to how man may find a key to such search God tells him that a Guide is necessary, and that such Guides have been provided: at which man is rejoiced and demands His Name. He is asked if man is sure that he would recognize his Guide if disguised in lowliness and hidden beneath Iniman clouds, and whether man is willing to sacrifice all and follow him when found. Man is overwhelmed but still unsatisfied. He asks regarding "Judgment Day” and "Heaven” and "Hell”. God explains these symbolic words.

Man Speaks:

ANON I heard Thy heavenly accents say

That every atom is an open door

Inviting me to enter and explore.

This door is closed to me: unclose, I pray.

God Speaks:

IN MINERAL and plant, in beast and man,

Thou mayest discern the working of My Plan

Which hath one aim: that I may fully be

Revealed to every heart that seeketh Me.

Cohesion, growth, the senses and the mind

Are the four steps which through the cycles wind

That from the void of non-existence may

Existence come, and that My Love may find,

Some far-off Day, its full expression. Nay,

That I Myself may tell man’s ordained story

In Man, the very temple of My Glory.

For, in this gloomy and disastrous age

Man may perceive, if he will scan My Page,

The secret of Creation. There is he

Told of My Wisdom: for Humanity

Hath borne indeed its noblest fruit; My Love

Disclosed in Man his Lord, that he may prove

All things and thereby with My aid may reach

The summit of the truth I fain would teach,

That all man’s probing eye and mind can see

Hath but one purpose: to uncover Me.

By every grain of dust shall man be told

Of Me. The rushing wind shall cry: "Behold!”

The still, small Voice within his heart

Shall whisper low: "I am of God a part.”

Lo all things, from their silence shout aloud!

My Voice falls from each bright or lowering cloud

My Trumpet peals from every star and clod:

"There is no God but Me - but Me no God!”

Why else should I create, O son of man?

In My eternal Being hid I knew

My love in thee and framed a gracious Plan,

Age-long, in which I might My Self re-view

And see My Love expressed in Form and Power.

Thus through the ages, countless hour by hour,

Have I in It made known My Love; to Man

Revealed My Beauty. "Be!” My Will but spake

And My beloved Creation came awake

To mention Me.

Wherefore love only Me

That My Command may summon thee to Be.

Man Speaks:

O GOD! The spacious picture is too vast!

My struggling mind entangled in the net

Of all the differing teachings of the past

In vain strives to get free. I pray Thee let

Me penetrate the clouds still hiding Thee!

Of what avail can all these marvels be

If still they are enigmas unto me?

God Speaks:

PERCHANCE, My son, thy strivings are too great:

Let now thy frenzied agonies abate.

It may be thou shalt find all thy alarms

Are struggles in the folding of My Arms.

If thou abandon self and love but Me

My hastening Love with joy embraceth thee:

But if, content with self, thou lovest Me not

My Love is vain, since in thy heart no spot

It finds to rest.

Let fevered strivings cease,

Upon each soul who follows guidance - Peace!

Man Speaks:

THOU knowest that I love Thee, blessed Lord!

My thirsty heart is drinking in Thy Word,

This water which is life. A stranger I,

Returning to my Home Supreme. I cry

Aloud for help. Where shall I find a Guide

To lead me through this thorny desert wide?

God Speaks:

IF THOU in some vast wilderness shouldst be

And longing for thy home, what wouldst thou do?

Wouldst thou not seek a height, if but a tree,

Whence thou couldst all surrounding country view?

And if a lofty mountain thou couldst climb

Thou wouldst not grudge the bleeding feet, nor time

However weary, if thy long-lost home

Thou thence mightst glimpse, and need no longer roam

The wilderness, and to thy fireside come.

If, then, thou seekest a Guide unto thy Home

Eternal turn unto the mountain peaks

Of men, that by their counsel thou mayest come

To what thy heart desires and thy soul seeks.

For never have I left My world without

A Witness unto Me. Their mighty shout

Hath summoned men alway unto My Path,

The straight and narrow Path that to their life

Of freedom leads. Their wisely severing knife

Cuts all earth’s bonds. To him who, listening, hath

But heeded Their sweet call, of all most sweet,

And hath with girded loins, and eager feet,

And heart courageous, trod this Path, he comes,

He surely comes to Me his Home of homes.

If thou My Holy Spirit then wouldst gain,

And to the world of Certitude attain,

Join company with those blessed Noble Ones

Who through the rolling ages have like suns

Illumined men and nations. They have quaffed

Of My Immortal Chalice. They have laughed

Disdainfully at all this world could do:

For, dwelling on the topmost Heights, They view

The Promised Land. They quicken all the dead

Within the tomb of self. O let them lead

Thee to thy destined Home - My Pleasant mead!

Man Speaks:

AH, HOW my heart responds to every word

Can I, then, really find a Guide, my Lord?

A very Man, who wisely in mine ear

Shall whisper all my spirit longs to hear?

Who is He, God? Where is He? That I may

This instant rush and all my problems lay

At His dear feet? The wind is not so fleet

As I shall be. My inmost heart’s aflame!

Tell me His Name, O God! His Name! His Name!

God Speaks:

O HEART presumptuous! O thy hasty word!

Is it so easy, then, to find thy Lord

Amongst thy fellow-men? If Him you find

He may not be at all unto your mind.

Perhaps a murderer as Moses was;

Perhaps a camel-driver, friendless, poor;

Perhaps a peasant workman, fatherless,

Despised and scorned, forsaken of all men.

Wouldst thou, then, that He was thy Guide, be sure?

And wouldst thou recognize His glory then?

And if thou didst it may be He might ask

Of thee some difficult, some mighty task.

He might renunciation seek of thee:

Might say, "What wilt thou sacrifice for Me?

Art thou prepared to face the worldling’s scorn

That thou mayest into My new Life be born:

Prepared to shun the song thy fathers sung

And seek sole guidance from My rapturous Tongue?”

For when My Messengers to any age

Bring My new Law, They cancel every page

Writ by the past except the page of Love,

For this is writ on Tablets firm as rock

Unchanging, ageless: and Their hands unlock

With love the door that to My Kingdom leads,

Blest is the soul who Their injunction heeds.

They speak not as the scribes, with learned lore

Culled from the out-worn teachings of the past,

Which leave men darker than they were before,

As blind lead blind.

They speak not as men speak.

In accents wise and yet sublimely meek

They tell of what I whisper to Their soul.

But even They tell not the Story whole,

For men cannot receive it. Many things

They would reveal if mankind had the wings

To soar with Them to Where, beyond men’s sight,

And hidden from their searching mind,

I dwell, veiled in pure Love, behind

My seventy thousand barriers of light.

"What go men out to see when they’d behold

A Prophet?” Was the question asked of old:

"A reed by breezes shaken?”

Aye, a Reed -

An empty Reed, and shaken by the Breeze

Of My new Revelation. Such are these,

The Guides of men, They speak My Word, indeed.

Blest are the souls who to Their Beauty look,

And whom the Fragrance of My Union shook,

And to My Day-Spring turn. My Blest are they

Who from their darkness glimpse Eternal Day

And rise amongst the dead to mention Me.

For they have resurrected from the tomb

Of self: no longer captive in the womb

Of Nature they are now sublimely free,

And all desires fulfilled in meeting Me.

To every age My Prophets speak of Me;

To every cycle give what men can bear.

My Trumpets They who call men to be free.

They call all men: but to My chosen Few,

Who heed My clarion Trumpet when they hear,

New Heavens and earths disclose.

These nothing fear

But, hoisting their heart’s anchor, which hath clung

With passionate attachment to the clay

Of mortal perishings, all bravely steer

Their ship of life into My Course.

These brew

Celestial nectar from earth’s horrid stew;

They make of their heart’s blood a vintage rare

For My loved lips. They turn their backs on all

Which heretofore held their whole lives in thrall.

By Alchemy Divine their souls transmute

The brass of this earth-life into the gold

Of My eternal Kingdom, and the lute

Of life, which men have seldom learned to play,

By harkening to My Chord -

My harmonizing Word -

They tune to My Celestial Symphony,

And all earth’s discords into rhyme transmute.

These are My angels who on Me attend

When My Hour strikes and I My Throne ascend

In Man; when on the clouds of heaven I come -

(The clouds of flesh and circumstance which hide

The light of lights where They and I abide)

These hold aloft My Royal Banners; these

Unfurl My virtues to My favoring Breeze.

Lo, I have use for man as he needs Me.

In him have I deposited the gems

Of My pure wisdom. All the good that hems

The garment of hi$ life to make it fair

Is born of Me. Guard well these Pearls and share

Them not with those who crowd earth’s trough - the swine!

Thou art My Treasury! These Pearls are Mine!

This garment, woven of Severance, adorned

With these, My Jewels, is the wedding robe

Which those invited to My Feast must wear.

The hearts to clay and water long suborned

Must banish all this transient, narrow globe

Holds worthful, and their selfish fingers tear

From all they only yesterday held dear.

When from this world’s dark matrix thou art free

What hath that stifling room to do with thee!

To man My Spirit have I thus consigned

That he may aid in what I have designed.

My Kingdom’s governed by pure hearts alone:

Such are the dear companions of My Throne.

Man Speaks:

O MY dear Lord! My head is in the dust!

How can I bear the glory of Thy Truth!

But I must further ask: I must! I must!

If I would win Thy bliss and banish ruth.

The questions through my mind pour as a flood

Of water through a broken dam comes pouring,

And deadly doubts rise chilling all my blood.

These doubts still keep my earth-bound wings from soaring,

And I would shake them off. Thy too-great Light

Must needs be tempered to my mortal sight.

My hard heart needs more breaking

If I would be foresaking

Self and the world to seek my longed-for Guide,

If I would seek Him and none else beside.

I quaff the seven seas while yet my thirst

Is unallayed. My bosom is aburst

With joy from listening to Thy rapturous Song,

But, natheless, I'm as thirsty as before.

Impoverished, I for more treasure long,

O, pour upon me all Thy blessed store.

Is there yet more, my Lord - yet any more?

God Speaks:

HOW many are the fears and doubts that loom

On one who enters to a dense-dark room!

Where find his food? Do enemies lurk here?

His every stumbling step is trod with fear.

But if his groping fingers find a light

How quickly all his groundless fears take flight.

My Light hath shone upon thee from the Mount

Of Holiness, illumining thee. Ask then

My son, until thy darkness flees away

As night recoileth at the dawn of day.

How gladly will I unto thee recount

All mysteries, all secret, hidden things,

That on My aiding, My supporting wings

Thou mayest the Heights of Certitude surmount.

Man Speaks:

ANON I heard Thy heavenly accents say:

Blest are the souls who rise amidst the dead

Attaining to Thy Union: but I've read

That this can happen on Thy Judgment Day

Alone. Enlighten my dense darkness, pray!

God Speaks:

EACH DAY is Judgment Day: but comes a Day

Of Days when I Myself in Power rise

Amongst the dead and open ready eyes

Unto My Glory.

In the atmosphere

Of faith in My past Prophets these have died

To self, the world and all but Me beside.

Hast thou not heard? "Those who in Christ are dead

Shall meet Him in the air.”

These nothing fear

For they shall know Him when He doth appear,

No matter what His Name or Birth or Nation;

No matter what may be His earthly station,

For from the sea of Names they long have fled.

They know Him by the shining of His Light,

As those whose eyes are open see the bright

And cloudless sun: for the benign bestowing

Of His great bounties, like the sunlight flowing,

Declare Him. He hath Names unto the knowing.

Their spirits meet Him, their long-promised One:

With man’s interpretations they have done;

Their longing hearts in Certitude find rest;

They recognize My Song and seek My Nest.

It is by this, of all My tests the Test

Supreme, that men are judged. I judge them not:

Man is himself the judge and his own lot

Decides: for he who turns away from Him,

My Chosen One, is thus discarding Me

And all My Messengers throughout the dim

And endless past. But those who see beneath

The veils which cloud the mirror of My Sun,

And in His breath My Holy Spirit breathe,

And in His Face, My Face, adoring, see,

And follow Him, obeying His Command,

Have found Me and My Love. My Promised Land

They have attained

These birds of paradise

Hear My Celestial Song and swiftly rise

To meet Me. They can never any more

Be satisfied to flit on low-branched trees.

Their home is high, with Me. They, singing soar

And fling their joyous wings into My Breeze,

And high above earth's transient, petty things

They shake its dust from sun-lit flashing wings.

But those poor earth-bound birds which chirp

And twitter their unreal imaginings,

And eagerly with clay besmear their wings,

And hence are all incapable of flight,

Seek in this mire their petty grains of food.

These rashly dare My Power to usurp

Of Judgment. On their heads be their own blood.

These seek to turn My Day-Spring into night;

They cloud My radiant, all-embracing Light

With literal interpretation. Vain

Are they of this, the melancholy cloud

Raised by their scratching feet.

They proudly stain

My glorious Morning with their raucous crowing,

And speak of Heaven and Hell as their bestowing.

Man Speaks:

THY HEAVEN and Hell, O God! Thy Hell and Heaven!

How hath my spirit wrestled with these words!

How hath my wistful mind their meaning riven.

And for their fuller explanation striven!

I vainly seek to understand The Lords

Of Life have seemed to speak of streets of gold

And pearly gates, where saints forever dwell

In heavenly mansions.

And, again, they've told

Of fiery pits whose flame is never quenched

And gnawing worm dies not, where fools behold

Their endless doom because they rashly sold

Their capital of Life for fleshly lust,

Or fame, or some vain heritage of dust.

How often hath my childhood's spirit blenched

Before this horror! O my God! Pray tell

Me of this mystery of heaven and hell!

God Speaks:

O QUESTIONING lover! Couldst thou only know

One millionth part of what Love's gifts bestow

On man, to answer this would be no task,

Nor such vain questions wouldst thou need to ask.

Know this, my son, thy Heaven is My Meeting

And separation from Me, Hell.

These fleeting

Doubts and fears I bid thee put away:

This is My stern Command to thee, Obey!

Dost think that when My longing lovers call

To Me, and for My Holy Spirit pray,

That they do so for any hope of bliss

Or fear of doom? One only fear they know:

That from My Presence they should banished go;

One only hope, My garment's hem to kiss.

The fragrance of that Garment's holiness

Hath so intoxicated them with love

They seek for sacrificial ways to prove

Its purity. What pain hath hell in store

Compared with exile from My Loveliness?

What joys can heaven offer them that's more

Entrancing than My smile and fond caress?

These comrades of My Everlasting Throne

Seek Me for Love alone: - for Love alone.

The symbols which My holy Prophets used,

And which man's ignorance hath so abused,

Were used to show what absence from Me meant

And found no words sufficed that vast intent.

Perforce They used the language which They found:

But through ephemeral words They sought to sound

Eternal meaning. Read thou them aright,

And pray that I will open inner sight,

And thou shalt their significance perceive

And all the world's interpretations leave.

These sing Celestial songs to deafened men;

They write Celestial Truth with My pure Pen

For purblind men to read. But man translates

Their Scroll of Love to satisfy his hates.

Men gaze through tinted glasses on My Book

Of Life and see their own imaginings.

They might have soared among Celestial things,

They might on stars and mystic beauties look;

They might have used My gift of such strong wings

To soar: but they prefer to flit around

The underbrush and hug the sordid ground.

On men I have bestowed a priceless gift,

The love of beauty, but their selfish lust

Hath spun a web which binds them to the dust.

On Beauty’s Self they gaze, but cannot lift

Their hearts, so clouded by corroding rust,

Above the ground where shifting shadows are,

And through dark spectacles they stare

Unblinking at the splendrous Sun

Of My pure Prophet and pronounce it - dun.

They strain out gnats and swallow camels whole

And, doing thus, they lacerate My soul.

I say to thee again, and yet again:

My universe holds naught but love. I send

Upon the world the pains men see

But that they may be driven unto Me.

If earth held every joy would men attend

When to their hearts I call, or ever bend

Their footsteps, straying in the easy road,

So broad, and to their blindness blithe and sweet,

Into My narrow road?

They call it "wrath”

When I would urge My sheep into My Path,

And prick them sharply with My loving goad,

And beckon them to rest their weary feet

In Pastures green and My cool waters greet.

Wouldst thou, then, gladly sin and suffer not?

Wouldst thou find every transient, earthly spot

So satisfying to thy pride to be

That thou wouldst never think of seeking Me?

I tell thee, O My son, If thou couldst know

The happiness, the peace, I would bestow

On thee if thou wouldst listen to My Voice,

Thou wouldst not think of any other choice,

Nor dream that these fast-fleeting, shadowed days

Have any purpose but My love and praise.

Man Speaks:

THY LAMBENT words dispel my sombre fears,

And yet, alas, the lonely, striving years

Spent on the vain imaginings of men

Still cloud my vision, and the altar fires

Of my cold heart feed not its high desires.

This world is like a nightmare pressing round

With many spectres grim. My daily need,

Even when not fostered by a selfish greed,

Demands a constant, agonizing toll.

How can my longing, my aspiring soul

Seek Thee and Thee alone? These earthly chains

So fetter me and bind me to the plains.

Anon Thy animating Voice did say

That I must from the tomb of self arise

And soar with Thee into the blissful skies

Of Thy desire. How can I thus ascend

When this world's shackles 'round my limbs still bend?

God Speaks:

WHY THINKEST thou that I have made so fair

This world and showered on all My tender care?

Didst never hear of lillies and of birds

Which toil and spin not and yet never need?

And dost thou dare to dream that My pure seed,

The topmost point of My creation, man,

Is left outside the all-enclosing span

Of My protecting, My providing Hand,

Or that for him alone I have not planned?

Nay! Know that I have destined unto man

A fate so high he could not even scan

Those Heights with his earth-clouded eyes. He feeds

His spirit with a food which conquers death.

All creatures saving man find their life’s needs

Completely met when they are warmed and fed:

But in man’s timeless spirit I have bred

Eternal Life and I have breathed My Breath

Into his nostrils. He can never rest

Until his head is laid upon My breast.

HOUR THREE

ARGUMENT:

Man asks concerning the problem of endless toil and fear of poverty. God explains the dignity of work if done in the spirit of service, using Nature's service as an illustration. Man fears that if he serves alone he will be trodden down by selfish men. Hence, he is told an entirely new World Order is necessary and that His hosts are now building it. Man thinks this a dream, seeing no signs of this new Order. God assures him that His Command has gone forth and must be obeyed. He is also told that all who work for Right are in His Armies, whether they outwardly acknowledge Him or not, and that He has a Chosen Few who will lead His Hosts to victory. Man is .at last convinced and dedicates his life to the search for, and obedience to, His heavenly Guide. God promises His aid and confirmation.

Man Speaks:

THY WORDS have brought a calmness to my soul

Not known before: but yet I still am wide

From understanding. All around me roll

The strifes of men who put their selfish pride

And bodies’ need above all else beside.

And I too feel the pressure of my need;

I have aspired to more abundant life.

Should not man eagerly this longing feed

And seek the full enjoyment of this world

Wherein he hath, without consent, been hurled?

God Speaks:

UPON the sweetness of pure servitude

Man’s spirit feeds. I have adorned the face

Of Nature with this Truth: who of this food

Eats not can in My Kingdom find no place.

Behold the sun: it asks no pay nor praise

Yet see: its service makes thy nights and days!

And even the grass, in humble service sweet,

Makes all the earth a carpet for thy feet.

Shall man alone, defying My wise Plan,

Demand a price to serve his brother man?

When man attains the station of re-birth

Into My Kingdom’s Love no more shall dearth

In midst of plenty curse the race of Man:

The meek shall then inherit all the earth.

Man Speaks:

IF I AM MEEK men tread me in the mire.

My spirit longs to serve none else but Thee,

But how can I be humble and aspire

To servitude? This world imprisons me.

O help me, God, My soul longs to be free!

God Speaks:

THROUGHOUT My universe I have ordained

The Law of Energy. Lo! All things work.

Age-long My toiling spheres have not complained

Nor, slothful, sought their heaven-born task to shirk,

Yet note their endless travail. And behold

The atom! Here a universe unrolled

In miniature before thy wondering eye:

Its bright electrons see, they ceaseless ply

With noiseless speed and not a jot abate

Their toil, that they may aid Me to create.

Thus doth the universe acknowledge Me

And in its constant toil do reverence.

’Tis man alone who in his work doth see

A means for selfish gain. To penitence

For this dread sin against My Love I called

Him by the scourge of crime and poverty,

That through his suffering he may wiser be,

And know work as a means to worship Me.

Lo, how the whole world now doth stand appalled

Before the wreck such wantonness hath made!

This is My bounty, making man afraid

Above all else to brave My chastening Rod:

Hence My Command to "Fear the Lord thy God.”

Hast thou not heard how My dear Son of old

Once said: "My heavenly Father works alway

And I must also work”? He never sold

His service, nay, He toiled, but not for self:

Fie scorned, as all My lovers scorn, the pelf

The world so craves. My Love He gave away

And gained a wealth surpassing all man’s gold.

If men could read the deep significance

That hidden lies in each small circumstance

And thing material, they’d spend their days

In seeking It and swelling paeans raise

That all My works My Love and Wisdom praise.

See, I created gold! The ages tend

Its making, that to mankind it may lend

True worth and beauty. With the fire men test

Its purity: all dross is burned away

That it in men’s affairs high part may play.

Then with this gold, so sought and loved as best

Of all earth’s gifts, which feeds each fond desire;

In this world-lust, this all-consuming fire,

I test man’s purity of heart to see

If he loves worldly riches more than Me.

This is gold’s deepest purpose. If men read

Its lesson well it satisfies the need

Of hearts eternally and is the seed

Of Life Celestial, not the passing meed

Of toil spent with the spendthrift day.

The soul possessing Me possesseth all,

Deprived of Me he is of poor most poor.

Why will not man for this great bounty call

And heedless pass all this false world’s allure?

Man Speaks:

MY LORD! How may I find Thee in my toil?

My heart leaps with new ecstasy to hear

That labor may no longer be to moil

And sweat beneath the awful lash of fear:

Ah, what a royal crown might Labor wear!

God Speaks:

HOW SWEET is work, an attribute of Mine!

Shall man deprive himself of this divine

And sacred gift? Again I call to thee

And all men: seek in servitude the wine

Of Union.

If thou wouldst My lover be

Pour all thy love on men; if thou wouldst find

True wealth of joy to thine own joy be blind;

If thou wouldst fill thy barns with harvest store

See that thy brother men shall have still more.

O give and all to thee shall then be given.

How vainly men for self have fought and striven

Throughout the ages! Is it not enough?

Come, build on earth the Kingdom of My Heaven!

Thus shall earth pour her riches in men’s hands;

To him who gives My stars give in their turn;

From one Ray of My Generosity

Such Suns of generosity shall rise

That men, shall look on men with glad surprise

And wonder that it took so long to learn.

The splendor of this luminosity,

Which from My Sun shall pour upon all lands,

Shall bathe My people in Celestial light,

And all their terrors, creatures of the night

Of Self, their poverty and shame, the bands

Of steel which made their sordid toil a curse,

Shall, like all phantoms of the dark, take flight

And men shall find in work their truest prayer,

The fruits of which they all together share.

This is the law of all My universe.

Man Speaks:

O MY DEAR LORD! There rises in my breast

A passion to obey. My heart confessed

Long since this truth but fear witheld the deed

To match my faith. But now I surely know

That from this high Command the waters flow

Which bring to men all beauty that will feed

Both mind and body, and it satisfies

My longing soul: yet still there cankering lies

A fear deep in my heart. If Thy Command

I fearlessly obey, alone I stand

Or with a paltry few. The feet of men

Who pay no heed to Thy Supremest Pen

Shall tread me down: I cannot stand alone,

I too must struggle for my paltry bone.

God Speaks:

THIS IS THE DAY of Unity: My world

Is one. The banners of all strife are furled

And all the hosts of hatred are dispersed.

Not yet is this apparent to those eyes

Which, blinded by past follies, yet are cursed

With dreams that still injustice may prevail:

But some there are, where'er My Falcon flies,

Who labor for the oneness of mankind,

And these shall rise, are rising even now

To build My New World Order. They shall find

A host assisting them. They cannot fail:

My Unity disunity lays low.

Man Speaks:

O BLESSED ONE! 'Tis this fair dream of dreams

Thy Prophets long have sung: yet now it seems

More dim and far than when Their Vision gleamed.

God Speaks:

A DREAM! That is a maggot of the night:

My Prophets only knew My Promised Day.

'Tis man who dreams: his nightmares shall take flight

Before the dawn of My supernal Sun,

Of which My wealth is only one bright ray,

For man shall find My Kingdom hath begun

When he hath banned the Self which he hath dreamed.

To all My world I call: This is a Day

The light of which beyond the noon-day sun

Is sanctified. It is the Day foretold.

See how the nations late so proud and bold

Are humbled in the shadow of their doom.

Their councils are in tumult; earthquakes roar

As the oppressed of men toss in the gloom,

And threaten those whom late they bowed before.

My Messenger hath come with healing wings

And sword of Justice. To all wrong He brings

Destruction; to the Right triumphant sway.

This is the meaning of My Prophet’s Word:

"Behold the Great and Fearful Day of God.”

My Trump hath blown: My Holy, venging Sword

Hath cast the mighty from their seats. The sod

So long drenched with the blood of innocence

Shall bloom again. The time for penitence

Is past. My Justice and My Love shall reign

And earth shall be a paradise again.

Bewildered are the learned and the wise

Of this world, and the nations tremble sore

To their foundations.

But those blessed eyes

Which kept awake and watched that they might see

And greet My coming, these My Name adore

And write upon their hearts My high Command.

They take My Chalice from My generous Hand

And drink with joy, their pure hearts all aflame,

And cry aloud in every Prophet’s Name:

"Praise be to Thee, our long-awaited Lord!

Praise be to Thee, we cling to Thy strong Cord!

Praise be to Thee, our souls to Thee are turning!

Praise be to Thee, beloved of our heart’s yearning!"

This is the Day for which My dear Son prayed

And taught men thus to pray. He with My aid

Worked for My Kingdom; Its foundations laid

In all men’s hearts with loving servitude.

Man Speaks:

AND YET they basely hanged Him on the Rood!

God Speaks:

AYE, SO THEY DID because My lovely Face

They did not see in His: yet, Lo! the Place

Whereon they hanged Him now is holy ground,

And men now worship Him they crowned

With thorns.

O tell Me why, My son, is this

Unless He held the secret of true bliss,

And that He might impart it He would die

A thousand deaths?

Man Speaks:

MY HEART-BEATS weep aloud!

Was this sweet sacrifice of His in vain?

In all this world of battle and of pain

Where is such servitude, such love as His?

Was it for this He died? For this? For this!

God Speaks:

IN VAIN? In vain! O son of Mine so blind!

Before He mounted Throne men call "The Cross”

Couldst thou amongst them hear or see or find

Such service as is founded on His Name?

Didst never hear of Florence Nightingale?

Or Father Damien? Too long’s the tale

To tell of all the halt, the lame, the blind

Who to His Sacrifice uplift their praise,

Perhaps unconscious of the hymns they raise.

For every nail in Hid blest feet and hands

A thousand thousand in all climes and lands

Have been released from bondage and from pain,

Who to His Servitude ascribe their gain,

Man Speaks:

O THOU KIND LORD! My poor eyes still are dim.

Despite all this do men not torture Him

Afresh each day? They raise false hands in prayer

While with brass feet they trample on His poor.

There is no justice in man’s law,

Nor service in his crowded mart;

No kindness in his greedy paw,

Nor pity in his granite heart.

Why is their path so long and hard, dear Lord?

Deep in my bosom there is plunged a sword

Of sorrow for these souls beneath the pall

Cast by their brother man upon them all.

A joyful song within the poor lies hid

But on their mouths the rich have clamped a lid

Of woe, and from their ashen lips awry

There issues only a despairing sigh.

They’ve raised their throbbing cry to Thee so long!

Why dost Thou not redress this ancient wrong?

God Speaks:

STILL BLIND? If in man’s heart no pity dwell

What is it now that in thy bosom swells?

With every word thy longing soul doth prove

That in man’s heart there resteth deep My Love.

Canst thou not be more patient? Trust in Me!

These million ages I’ve endured with thee,

And waited patiently to hear these words

That now My Breeze is hymning on the chords

Of thy heart’s harp-strings.

Listen, son of Man!

A thousand years are but a moment’s span

To Me Who through the ages toil: and long

For one dear son of Mine to raise the song

Which now in myriad hearts so clearly sings

And from My Heavenly Host triumphant rings.

My kind forbearance made oppressors bold;

My patience negligent their hearts hath made,

Till now the flags of passion they unfold

And ride their steeds to death all unafraid.

But know that I love Justice over all:

None may neglect it who desireth Me.

The hidden secrets of all hearts I see

And mark them well.

The wicked surely fall.

An eagle fierce is now pursuing them

And ordeals dire upon their footsteps tread.

Except they turn and grasp My Garment’s hem

Of justice, they are numbered with the dead.

For while they to their sure destruction ride,

My Spirit, once again enshrined in flesh,

My Very Self, comes hastening to man’s aid

And summons a vast Host, unto His side

To build My Kingdom on the ruined plan

For power which those rabid wolves have made.

The tread of these, My Hosts, shall shake the world,

And make each tyrant totter on his throne.

Look! Even now have they not sternly hurled

A horde of them unto their doom! Now prone

They lie who late their filthy dunghill strode

And blatantly their barnyard triumph crowed.

For all such cocks the last dread hour hath struck.

The vengeance of My marching Hosts shall pluck

Them from their seats. Among forgotten things

Soon - Soon shall they be numbered. Look! Their wings

Have now been clipped: they speedily shall fall

Into the pit they for their brothers dug

And none shall hark nor heed their dying call.

Man Speaks:

THY HOSTS! Thy Hosts triumphant? Who are these,

O God! I see them not. The tyrant seems

Triumphant: When one falls his vacant place

Is taken by another worse than he.

How canst Thou let such huge injustice be!

In vain man dreams of his long-sought release

From slavery to arrogance. His dreams

Of liberty and truth across the face

Of History float like a wraith. It seems

That warfare triumphs, not Thy promised Peace;

Of brotherhood sincere there’s scarce a trace.

God Speaks:

I AM THE LORD of Hosts! My hosts indeed

Are those who from all human ties are freed,

And rise to serve My Everlasting Truth.

Each one of them holds in his righteous hand

A trumpet, sounding loudly in each land

The call to free and more abundant life.

These walk above the world by My Great Name,

And, like a searing, devastating flame

Destroy- the forts of wrong and still man’s strife.

From every human attribute set free

They take commands from Me - from only Me!

See how the shadow moveth when its lord,

The sun, commands. So do My servants stand

And move, and raze and build at My Command.

These rule the world with Justice, My Keen Sword.

My attributes adorn their earthly frame;

Their very names are lost in My Great Name;

Their brows illumined with My Holiness

They singing march all evil to redress.

So hath My Love their total being won:

So hath It through their veins and arteries run,

That every part and limb obeys My Voice:

They can no other for they've made their choice.

When once My servants listen unto Me

They hear none else, for they at last are free

From all dependence on men's praise or blame.

My smile their glory is, My frown their shame.

My Power assists them: one alone pursues

A thousand and ten times that number flee

At threat of two. Before their thundering feet

All strongholds fall as Jericho once fell.

The chains of slaves, the bars of prisons greet

Their shouts and vanish when they sound the knell.

Such are My Hosts. They have bound up their thews

With My all-conquering Omnipotence.

Who can resist them whom My Power endues!

Man Speaks:

ARE THESE, Thy conquering Hosts, now in the world?

If but they would appear armed with Thy Spear

Of Righteousness, and rid the world of fear!

God Speaks:

HAST NEVER heard this parable? Two sons

Were by their father on an errand sent.

One said: "I go," but went not, while the other

Refused to go, but later did repent

And on the mission of his father went.

Which of these two was of the faithful ones?

The wordy one or his repentant brother?

Or hast thou never heard 'twas said of old:

"He that is not against Me is enrolled

Beneath My Banner?"

Now, at last, the Day

So long awaited hath appeared. The scroll

Of the dead past in now rolled up, and soon

A New World Order shall arise. Behold -

I send forth my Command. * * * *

The Tree of Man

Must bear My fruits. He must affirm My Plan.

He must abolish slavery and war.

He must compassion have on all My poor.

He must establish Justice in his gates.

All prejudice, all ignorance, all hates

He must abolish from his inmost part

And love his enemies with all his heart.

He must establish Unity; know all

Religions, races, creeds and flags as one.

Humanity with two wings flies. If one

Be clipped how can My servants soar and sing?

Hence Woman must be free - her slavery done -

That she may fly with man on equal wing.

One language must he learn to speak, that so

The winds of vague distrust may cease to blow.

He must to all details of life apply
The Law of Love. Thus all his social needs
Shall be immersed in My pure Sea, and seeds
Of hatred, born of envy, quickly die.
For economic ills, howe'er involved
Are by the science of My Love resolved.
I have decreed all work to worship be,
And work for service done is love for Me.
Man must all ancient barriers cast down,
Inherited from days when Nature made
Men strangers, pagans, foes unto each other.
All man-made walls that fearfulness hath laid
To keep man from his friendly, unknown brother,
Must nevermore upon My children frown.
Man must upon My Singleness agree;
In all My Prophets see My Unity,
And in Their Meeting know that they meet Me.
For all are but the Trumpets of My Voice
Who in My heart's companionship rejoice,
And bring men to My Kingdom for their choice.
All peoples must a general council call
To form a Parliament of Man, that all
Mankind in friendly conference may meet
And frame a Universal Law for Man,
The Race, based on My Word revealed today.
Blest is the soul who loves and serves his kind,
Not he who loves alone his native land.
Thus all My children gather at My feet;
Thus all conform to one generic Plan;
Thus all, with joy, My Will, not man's, obey.
Men's eyes shall then see Glory, late so blind.

Rejoice! Rejoice! This is My fixed Command.

For Lo! My Day of Justice now hath dawned,

And hell its final wickedness hath spawned.

Man must upon My Spirit now rely:

My Holy Spirit surely will reply

To every call. The veils are torn away

Between the worlds. I talk with men Today.

When men shall hold such conference with love

And true sincerity, (and this they will

For such is My Command) all things shall move

Into an ordered Oneness. I will fill

Their Councils with My Wisdom: I will show

Them how to build My Kingdom on the earth.

I'll smite the rock from whence My waters flow,

And answer thus the prayer they long have voiced.

For, Lo! I bring all men to birth anew:

This new-born race shall bring My Love to view.

These are My strict, inviolate Commands:

My word, once uttered, never void returns.

Behold how now in all earth's climes and lands

This Light, however flickering, yet burns.

All men who love this Light and tend Its burning:

All men who, prejudice and hatred spurning,

Follow Its Gleam, are in My Host enrolled.

All men who have the Universal mind;

All men who limbs of weeping slaves unbind;

All men who for each thought of war do hold,

And firmly hold, a stronger thought of peace;

All men who in their inmost heart enfold

The Christian, Moslem, Jew, and never cease

Proclaiming Oneness; Men who treat the white,

The black, the yellow - each one as a flower
Within My Garden, varicolored light
Which makes My perfect spectrum; all who shower
My Knowledge on the eager minds, (what men
Call science), and who know they have found Me
Anew when any Truth is found, My Pen,
My Pen Supreme, records such loyal men
As of My Host: of such My Kingdom be.
Immutable is this My firm decree.
Those who obey, even to a slight degree,
Are of My called.
But I've chosen a few
Who are My angels. These My favor sue
And pay no heed to earthly praise or blame.
These with their ears have heard My Trumpet clear;
These with their eyes have seen My Signs appear;
These with their lips have called My Greatest Name;
These with My Love have set their hearts aflame.
They carry high My Flags of Righteousness:
My slightest Word they heed and Me confess
Their sole Commander. To their ranks they call
All those who, leaderless, have fought for Me
Unknowing. These I by Supreme Decree
Appoint My Sovereign Commandants to be.
And these shall lead My Heaven-empowered Host
To victory with not a battle lost.
For these are My ordained co-workers, these
My blest redeemers. Not a moment’s ease
They seek; they count no sacrifice too great;
They long for death if thus they may create
My Kingdom on the earth.

My armor bright

Of Faith they have endued; My Beacon Light

They follow.

With My Sword of Love they hew

All enemies down. These are My chosen Few.

For that blest hour which no man knew hath rung;

My angels to man's longing ear have sung;

The Light hath shone from East unto the West;

My wandering birds are homing to their Nest.

The thief was in the house while owner slept.

If only men had prayed and vigil kept

They would have known Me when in Man My Throne

I mounted, and My Light upon them shone.

With My great Besom now I sweep the world

Soon all the flags of evil shall be furled.

The self-called great shall learn how small they are

When My transcendent Oneness they ignore.

All such are likened unto reckless boys

In puddles playing on My sea's vast shore.

Soon they shall hear My venging Ocean roar

And see its waves o'erwhelm their childish toys:

And they themselves be swept to doom so great

That none would stoop to envy their estate.

Man Speaks:

O GLORIOUS LORD! My heart is living song;

At last I glimpse the light for which I long.

My heart bursts with the hope of meeting Thee!

Now all my questions, asked and unasked, flee

Before Thy Mighty Word.

O, may I be

Enrolled with these, Thy chosen ones? May I

Be privileged to die, unknown, for Thee:

Or, self-forgetting, be allowed to live

And all my dedicated powers give

That my own fellow-men no more may lie

In graves of their own digging?

So may Thy

Long-promised Kingdom now be built on earth;

That so in midst of plenty may be dearth

No more, and from all sorrowed, weeping eyes

Shall tears be wiped away, and anguished cries

Replaced by joyous song!

My eager being flies

To seek my longed-for, promised Guide;

Nor is the night so dark nor world so wide

But I shall find Him and His Word obey.

O, Voice of God! Assure success, I pray!

Confer illumination on my day!

God Speaks:

WHEN MAN calls unto Me with heart sincere

As thine, Lo! I become the very ear

With which he heareth My assured reply.

Unto thy eager knock

My Love all doors unlock.

Man Speaks:

NOW TO MYSELF at last - at last - I die!

And, risen to true Life, armed with Love’s sword,

I march beneath Thy banner, nor care when,

Nor where, nor how I meet my shining Lord

Enthroned in Man, for I shall know Him then!

God Speaks:

MY GLORY rests upon thee. On thy head

My confirmations fall.

Before thy tread

All obstacles shall fade and I will lead

Thee to thy heart’s desire.

I grant release

To thee from bondage; from all fear surcease.

To every soul who followeth Guidance - Peace.

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