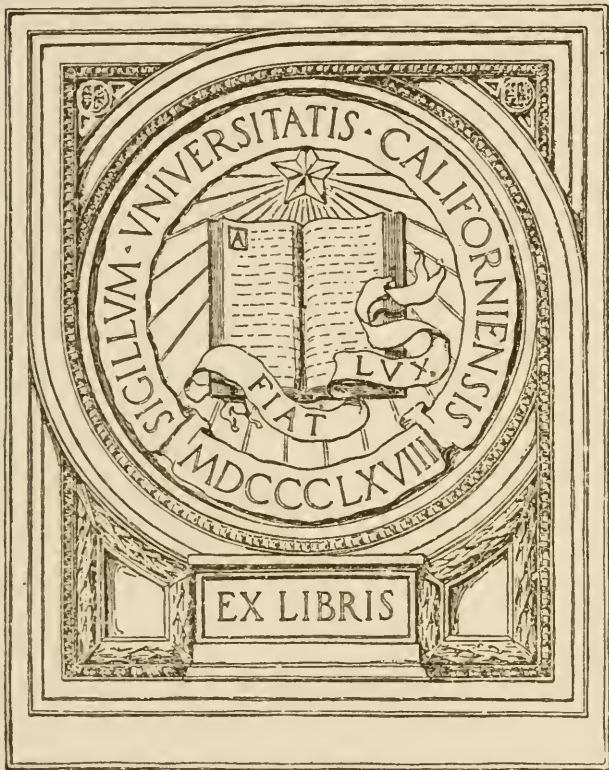


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# THE ANTI-CHRIST

*“That Man of Sin. . . . .the Son of perdition.”*

By

RICHARD HAYES McCARTNEY.

Author of “The Whip of God,” “The Imperial,”  
“Songs in the Waiting,” “That Jew,”  
“The Lady of Nations,” etc.



NEW YORK  
CHARLES C. COOK  
150 NASSAU ST.

Gift of Publisher

70 .VMI  
ALBANY, N.Y.

TO  
THOMAS JOSEPH McCARTNEY

*Brother, of Soul and Flesh—that men call Dead,  
How sweet to me the inspired words that said:  
“Sleeping in Jesus.” Ah, sweet Rest indeed—  
Of all life’s fretting troubles Thou art freed,  
And art awaiting that sweet Coming Day  
When Thou, A Risen Saint, shall come in grand array  
That singing round about The King shall stand,  
To make this Earth indeed a Holy Land.*

*O Brother, of my youth—now with the Blessed Dead—  
I never saw the spot where rests Thy silent head,  
But I know well CHRIST hath it in His care—  
The Bodies of His Saints are precious everywhere.*

*Men called Thee failure—but, perblind they are,  
'Twere like as one saw setting of a star  
And cried out, “Lo, the Light is vanished ever more!”  
Not heeding The Withdrawer can restore.*

*Christ heard Thy singing—and, perchance, amiss,  
Therefore withdrew Thee from a World like this  
To be His Singer in The Age to Come;  
Therefore, in this Age all Thy hopes lie dumb,  
(Dead nightingale who sang forgotten note.)  
And like dead ashes all the songs You wrote.*

*Christ wanted singers, and He wanted You  
Therefore Thy lips in singing should be true  
To Him, and to His cause—Thine earthly rhyme,  
Would only last the passing of this Time—  
And so HE called Thee e’er past manhood’s prime—  
To keep Thy lips for lofty themes sublime—  
To keep Thy singing a most Holy Thing  
Forever linked with praise of CHRIST OUR KING.*

*But in CHRIST'S Age to come, a sweeter note—  
Shall spring from heart and lips—and Thou shalt be  
Clad with the Robes of Gracious Poetry,  
So singing in the Newer, Better Age,  
Thy grand songs written on a vellum page  
That shall not know decay—but Happy Men  
Shall cry with Joy: " O Singer, sing again!"*

*So sleep, my Brother: Lo, yet hand in hand  
We shall go wandering o'er Earth's Happy Land—  
So carolling together, adding to CHRIST'S Praise,  
Together singing through Eternal Days.  
My heart is longing—oh, to stray together  
In noon time splendor of Spring—Summer weather,  
Or when the Winter ice o'er hill hugged lake  
Like happy children we shall glide and skate,  
No season bind us—for our straying feet  
Shall range the plain, the mountain crags of sleet,  
By River broad, by shaded murmuring stream,  
Shall sail o'er seas where island's jewels gleam  
In luscious beauty of both fruit and flower;  
Lo, then a year in straying like an hour,  
To go with fancy, and where fancy leads,  
And everywhere a plenty for all needs,  
Nor fretted by one care for anything—  
For The Provider, CHRIST, OUR BLESSED KING,  
Scatters HIS Blessings with such liberal hands;  
There are no bleak and famine stricken lands,  
But fruit and drink for each respective place,  
Wealth idigenous to each spot and space,  
So that no matter where go wandering feet,  
Lo, place of rest and gracious food to eat.  
No parting, sorrow, sickness, nor unrest,  
Through all the Golden Æons shall be blest—  
And never ending through the golden days  
Our Hearts and Lips be singing to CHRIST'S praise.*



## THE ANTI-CHRIST

*"That Man of Sin . . . the Son of Perdition"*

Come out of the Shadows! The Word hath revealed  
Thy Glory, Thy Madness, Thine Age, and Thy Field,  
The Prophets foretold of Thee ages ago  
Thy Grandeur, Thy Meanness, Thy Might and Thy Woe.  
Bird of Prey! Come forth on Tornado's black Wings  
To rend all The Peoples, The Nations, The Kings.  
Base Man! that The Devil shall use as his own—  
Give Thee as Thy Kingdom—the Earth's Greatest  
Throne—

Chaldean, and Persian, the Grecian, the Roman,  
Such Rule heretofore has been given to no man.  
Thou Absolute! Every Life in Thy hand,  
Aye, Rights of God's Homage in Old Roman Land,  
The Riches all men have be given to Thy use  
To scatter as Thou wilt for ill and abuse.

Thou hast stalked through the Dreams of Prophets  
and Sages,  
Thy lineaments known in the Earliest ages:  
Thou art limned with the pencil CHRIST only could wield  
(And e'er Thou art born—Thy Fate has been sealed.)  
Vile Ghoul of The Human! at Satan's command  
Thou from GOD art accursed—and from CHRIST art  
bann'd.

Thy terrible Life Tale is ghastly to know  
Thou Child of The Devil, so direful Thy Woe  
Unending, forever. Lo, shattered Thy Path  
When CHRIST in HIS Regal and Terrible Wrath

By the Word of HIS lips shall blast all Thy power.  
 Lo Satan, and Thou, shall be crushed in one hour—  
 Then Thou to The Bottomless Pit shalt be driven—  
 Lo, through æons of Ages be never forgiven!

What place shall see the waking of his years—  
 Shall Adriatic murmur in his ears  
 The splendid glory of the tideless sea,  
 Isles of Romance and earliest poetry:  
 Where in the Early dawning of the Race  
 Out of its waters sharp Phœnician's face  
 Breasted the unknown oceans in the chase  
 Of gain and wild adventure—open space  
 Where unknown continents swam to their ken,  
 Trading and plundering for English tin?  
 Some where in Syria will he open eyes,  
 Perchance, where Tyra to the cloudless skies  
 In ancient time sent smoke of sacrifice,  
 And not of beast, nor fruit of tree, nor spice,  
 But Human flesh to Moloch's fiery arms—  
 Children and Maidens fair of rare, sweet charms—  
 'Twere surely fit in such accursed place  
 To have one born—The Scourge of Human Race?  
 A future bold Adventurer to dare  
 High Heaven in Daring—and with Satan share  
 Grim Honors of a Blasphemy so bare  
 There shall not be the like of it elsewhere—  
 So open, so defiant and so base,  
 As ne'er before dreamed by the human Race.  
 Lo, he to sail upon an unknown sea  
 Of ne'er to be forgiven Blasphemy,  
 Lurid—more scorching than Sirocco breath,  
 To those it toucheth 'tis Eternal Death!  
 For he will even Lucifer appall—  
 Even of basest demons—none of all  
 Shall touch his Blasphemy—fore front to stand

Most daring Rebel on both Sea and Land  
That ever moutheth to High Heaven its hiss—  
Full worthy of The Bottomless Abyss!

Do The Scriptures hint of a base born birth  
Where of marriage ties there were surely dearth—  
A Love Child—this we can only surmise.  
But surely most fair to the gazer's eyes,  
A God like figure of the Grecian art  
Both to charm the eye and to hold the heart;  
Perchance, from his cradle his intellect  
Commanded of wonder—and soon respect—  
For his feet seemed set on a royal way  
That won to him knowledge day by day—  
For Talent soon blossomed, and Genius shone—  
His teachers out distanced, his feet alone  
Trod upward and onward with blazing trail  
With never a halting. He did not fail  
To peer in dark depths—and grim heights assail,  
'Til Learning's High Battlements surely won—  
Earth's knowledge his—with his face to the Sun—  
To pluck at the secret of heavenly things,  
His Intellect peering with sweeping wings  
To look in the heart of the Infinite—  
And say to all mystery: Let there be Light!

Perfect in manner and perfect in face,  
While his simplest words had a polished grace—  
To the Wise profound—to the simple plain—  
His words were refreshing like April rain  
As it gently falls on the parched plain;  
Lo, his words would ever a hearing gain,  
An Orator—ever at his command  
The Elegant periods polished and grand,  
Like a sweep of visions that from his tongue—  
As the chimes of musical bells had rung.

Poet! What measures flow from his lips—  
 'Twas Homer—Shakespeare—a world Eclipse!  
 So subtle, so sweet, so grand, so deep,  
 The music of all things in his sweep;  
 And love songs tender, so low, so rare,  
 Apollo indeed himself stood there—  
 For who so skilled in musical note,  
 Such melodies no man yet had wrote,  
 Comedy—Tragedy—all would come—  
 So a World in very rapture dumb!

And then of the Sciences, who may tell  
 Of his wizard power, of his magic spell,  
 For he told the message that Nature spun  
 In her rocks, her seas, in the far off sun;  
 He wresting the secrets by Ages hid,  
 He lifting as 'twere the grim coffin lid  
 Of unthinkable Ages past and dead;  
 He into the light each skeleton led,  
 He clothed the Past as with flesh and blood,  
 Until every mystery understood  
 Of the making of Worlds—their crash—their break—  
 For he made each strata of rock to speak,  
 Relate of its nature, its birth, its death,  
 Of the wonderful creatures which drew breath;  
 Of Ages successive—that followed slow,  
 The rise and the fall—the ebb and the flow,  
 The morning, the noon, and the stealthy night  
 That covered each Æon from Angel's sight.  
 The vaporish, birth—the gaseous whirl—  
 The dropping of moisture—the sea's mad swirl—  
 The cooling, the breaking of heights and plain—  
 Nay—no single process hid from his brain.  
 For Men he created the World again—  
 Fossil and Fish—and grim monsters which strove—  
 Each to his hand as slid in their grove

Analyzed, classified, made clear to man,  
So that very humblest of brains could scan  
Each Evolution of Perfecting Plan.

And then as to secrets of Earth and air—  
The subtler Forces that everywhere  
Like Giants waiting to feel master hand,  
He girded and harness'd to his command;  
Giants of Power that for Ages had played  
Idle and wanton, that so often made  
Mankind afraid of their power and their strength,  
Now at his bidding, and to his intent,  
Docile and servile, and easy to sway,  
With never a murmur, at night and day  
They evermore trod in limited way—  
And laughed as his tasks were only a play.

But the tongue must fail of his worth to tell—  
He made the Impossible—Possible!  
He stood for all manhood—The Golden Prime!  
Lo, had evolved in the rushing of Time  
A Man of Perfection in each detail  
(Most wonderful product of monkey tail.)  
Lo, Manhood had blossomed in Golden Flower,  
Perfect in knowledge and subtle in power,  
A man indeed of Flesh, blood and bone  
And if such thing as a Christly throne  
Then surely *this man* could well occupy;  
For serenely pleasing to human eye—  
Perfection of Intellect, heart and brain  
An Earth-Christ indeed well fitted to reign!

Now what fitting work in this World to do  
That would stamp the Present to Human view,  
A task full worthy of his vast Powers?

Still on the Eastern horizon lowers  
Question that baffled for many an age  
Emperors—Kings—no earth brain can assuage:  
Lo, The Eastern Question still stood out  
Abating of breath to the Statesman's mouth,  
For a spark, a word—and the world ablaze!  
And ever the Orient's subtle ways  
Could neither be fathomed nor understood;  
And swarming forever a multitude  
That hated the sight of the white man's face—  
For he, despising each Orient Race,  
Was all domineering and rough of hand—  
Conquering and parceling sea and land  
As he were the God of The Earth alone!  
Now for centuries held in awe and check  
By red soldier's bullet, and sea monster's deck—  
So sharp and decisive each conquest made  
The heart of the Orient bent afraid—  
And so let white hand and quick brain command  
The millions who cowed to the mail clad hand.

But Science whispered to Orient brain  
And the Wily Japs had not heard in vain—  
Lo, millions awoke with a start to find  
That only a will-o'-the-wisp confined  
Their own mighty forces—if they arose  
Like a thistle down then the white faced foes.  
So Europe awoke with a sudden shock—  
Afraid that the Orient soon would knock  
At the Gates of Europe and enter in  
Like a locust pest. These little brown men  
Whom they ruled with contempt and proud disdain,  
Whom they slaughtered and butchered for golden gain,  
Debauched with their opium, their beer, and gin,  
Aye, Debauched their women, and held their men  
As the very dust clods beneath their feet!

But the little Brown men at last were fleet—  
Learned of their masters—Civilization!  
That bit like a fire in every nation.  
A civilization that shod the feet  
As with iron hoof—and with bristling teeth—  
Of armed swift ranks all begirt with steel—  
With sea roaming monsters grim death to deal—  
A Civilization that yet will bring  
To Europe—of Fire—Sword and Suffering!

So Europe cried out for a buffer state—  
To stand between them and Orient Hate.

His eagle eye had beheld the chance,  
To Check the Orient's wild advance.  
The Valley of the Euphrates lay,  
Prize worth the winning in battle fray—  
The Richest Country beneath the Sun—  
He would build the City of Babylon!

So Europe went mad at the vast design—  
The thought to the head like a fiery wine,  
Came the yellow gold as in one vast stream—  
Ah, soon it was more than poet's dream—  
So out of the sun dried brick and slime,  
There rose a better than ancient time,  
A City that blossomed in Golden Prime!

Go shake from thy bare limbs the graveyard's dust,  
Go comb from thy locks the sand and the rust,  
Then like Beautiful, Deadly Flower to burst  
Shedding fell essence to make Earth accursed!  
Come out—spring up from marsh and brick and slime,  
From Graveyard of wickedness sin and crime  
To blossom—Fairest City of all Time!  
'Tis Lucifer that calls thee from thy bed

Long on thy beauty ghouls and worms have fed—  
 A stench in all men's nostrils were thy dead,  
 As creatures foul that were uncoffined.  
 The Richest granary of Earth laid waste,  
 The bravest Arab ever made wild haste  
 From spot where Bel's ten thousand Priests once  
 prayed.

The Richest granary—but men afraid  
 To till, or sow, or reap three hundred yield;  
 Lo, nettles and the scorpion's brood in field  
 Where once grew all the fruits the earth brought forth.  
 For centuries a place where wild beast sport  
 All undisturbed by the grim hunter man,  
 A spot where on The High Gods put a ban,  
 Made desolations e'en in summer time,  
 With swamps of stagnant water and grim slime—  
 'Til, tho' men knew it was a fruitful place,  
 And four fold reapings blest a little toil,  
 Yet still afraid of such accursed soil,  
 To barren stretches turned more happy face.  
 But Lucifer is calling—have no fear—  
 He hath been whispering to Western ear  
 The Gain that hideth in thy rich, moist soil,  
 And promiseth, that for a little toil  
 There is a Great abundance and a spoil—  
 Past comprehension in corn, wine, and oil.—

'Tis Lucifer is calling—not amiss—  
 Upon thy body he shall plant a kiss  
 Of Grand Revival.—Thou shalt surely rise  
 Beneath the blue and pearl of thy skies,  
 A City most magnificent to see,—  
 And all Earth's great ones surely come to Thee.  
 For Lucifer still loves thee as of old  
 And never yet has his grim love grown cold;  
 He loved thee in thy passionate wild youth,



For thou a Rebel to GOD's blessed Truth  
Hung from thy battlements the flag of Hate—  
Aye, flung defiance in the God-head's face.  
Forgetful of The Flood that sweep the Race  
Like flies from off the earth in little space—  
Full knowledge of GOD's Wrath did not abate  
High Handed wickedness, that set afire  
By foul Idolatry the wild desire  
Of guilty passion—'til the slime of sin  
Covered the children, women, and the men,  
Until licentiousness had reared a brood  
Who could not see in virtue any good:  
So surely Satan loveth Thee and Thine  
For ever foe to anything Divine.  
Oft hath he striven to rouse thee from disgrace,  
In Alexander's, and Napoleon's face,  
He dreamed he saw the shaping of his ends—  
He fain had made them renovating winds  
To sweep miasmas and foul stench away,  
And make thee blossom in a regal sway;  
To wake the sleeping ruins of each Court  
Where now the Scorpions, the hyenas sport;  
The chambers once so beautiful to see  
So stately in their carved imagery,  
Where beauty wed to lust held open arms  
To wrap its worshipper in subtle charms  
Of a Religion passionate, intense,  
Which fed the eye, the ear, and every sense,  
With a debauchery whose stench and slime  
Men scent as yet a down the stretch of Time.

City of vastnesses, widely outspread—  
Surely England's London may hang its head—  
What are its millions when compar'd to thine—  
The Darling surely thou of The Divine!  
Grandest of Cities that the human eyes

E'er saw 'neath the blue, and the pearl of clear skies ;  
Not here of poverty, blighting, nor ban,  
But City as arranged by God like plan :  
No alleys, vile mews, like festering sores,  
No putrid masses with leprous pores ;  
Broad streets which run from a centering square  
With Palm trees of shading, and wholesome air ;  
Here no sewers all foul with fetid breath  
Spawning with fever and welcoming death,  
Kept healthy and pure with Euphrates' tide—  
Through a thousand streets the sweet waters glide  
With current all swift—a grand scavenger—  
Filth with this City may never confer ;  
Here no squalid houses, for none may build  
But on given lines as *The Prince* had will'd ;  
And the house pulled down as a noisome thing  
Did it stray hand breadth from his fashioning ;  
And woe to the builder if his deceit  
Made not the humblest dwelling complete,  
As the Prince had ordained so it must be  
And e'en death may follow contumely ;  
So that every street had its own design  
Unvarying even the long sky line—  
No hovels abutting sky scrapers tall  
But the long façade and height of the wall  
Ran as to a level along the street—  
The artistic eye and the sense to greet.  
For the Prince would show to the human Race  
Life well worth the Living, and not disgrace,  
That Earth was indeed a joyous thing,  
Not a burden of pain and suffering,  
But all must stand in one vast Brotherhood  
For the common weal—for each creature's good.

Lo, A Commonwealth—with one single end—  
The strongest one should the weakest defend—

So that all men stand on a common base—  
Thus equal each dot of the human race.  
A conception grand which won human heart  
And each leaped up eager to take his part.  
The craftiest soon wise enough to see  
That here was no place for dishonesty,  
For no graft could blossom in this new land—  
Lo, this wise Prince ruled with an iron hand—  
'Twas woe to the thief, the fraud, and the cheat;  
Lo, the hands of Justice precise and fleet  
And short was the march to electric chair—  
For never a prison or jail was here—  
It was either swift death or banishment  
For wrong doer—the rich, the poor, were sent  
Swiftly out on some public work to toil,  
So that none had a chance again to spoil  
A brother within the Cities vast ways—  
And surely this law had the poorman's praise—  
And honor, and Glory, and grandeur won  
For Queen City of Earth—Great Babylon.

Lo, the City with bounds advanced in strength—  
'Twould seem that The Human had one intent,  
To build this Babylon, make her fair;  
And as she waxed great so did all men share  
Of her riches, her pleasures, her costly things.  
So The Human rushed to her sheltering wings  
To partake of her splendor, and goodly fare,  
For each toiler's hand could her bounty share;  
For none in Babylon needed of bread,  
The toiler well housed, well clad and well fed,  
No crying for work—for the toiler's hand  
Found plenty of work in the fruitful land.  
But no tramps, nor loafers may here abide  
For labor to all men was soon supplied;  
And shirkers of work soon found 'twas in vain

In Babylon's beehive long to remain.  
For the willing hand and the willing brain  
There was ever an ample boon to gain ;  
Ah, the City indeed in every wise  
To the poor man surely a paradise.  
At last on the earth the poor man had found  
That Brotherhood was no mere empty sound—  
For glad was the heart that eye could see  
That here was the purest Democracy !

For every comfort the human may crave  
The Great Heart of Babylon freely gave,  
For music, and art, and the rarest things  
Were free to the poor as well as to Kings,  
Paid actors and singers from public purse—  
No best for the rich nor for poorer worse—  
But Theaters open and free to all,  
No cheap, nor tawdry, nor rough music hall,  
But buildings magnificent, stately, grand,  
The rarest from artist and sculptor's hand ;  
Where the public came at its own accord—  
The Artisan welcome, as well as Lord,  
And the Lady's maid could with mistress hear  
The songs of the Greatest of Artist here ;  
'Twas beggar and King together sat down  
Enjoying actors of highest renown.  
Here was no homespun nor shabby of dress,  
No foul, ragged garment—flag of distress—  
For the wages given to artisan's hand  
Were ample the richest dress to command—  
The Law imperative, none dare transgress  
Of cleanly appearance suitable dress  
At public places the law was severe,  
Censors of Public watched all who appear—  
To taste and refinement a homage tend  
Naught the most delicate taste to offend.

A welcoming home for handy of craft  
 But never a place for brain of graft ;  
 A welcoming home for the man of toil  
 But never a place for thievish spoil ;  
 For Death, and Dishonor, were quickly won  
 For the Lazy and thieving in Babylon.  
 No anarchist here in any guise—  
 For woe to the mind that would criticise  
 The Laws of City in any line  
 More sacred were they than the Laws Divine.  
 Newspaper quibble or scurrilous sheet,  
 Would here but a minimum of warning meet,  
 A warning once given, cast lightly aside,  
 Came the vengeance quick—“*Lo, the world is wide—  
 If things not suitable, then take your way,  
 But in Babylon never an instant stay!*”  
 So here was no quibble for Law suspense,  
 No glib of tongue Lawyer to make defense—  
 The Breaker of Law—stood defenseless, mute :  
 “*We never invited you here in sooth,  
 The Imperative Law you must obey,  
 No Breaker of Law shall in Babylon stay!*”  
 The Laws were simple—so commonly plain—  
 That Lawyers never could quibble or strain,  
 So for them little hope of speedy gain.  
 It simplified things in wondrous way  
 No murmuring now of the Law’s delay,  
 And the path of Justice was none too long,  
 Nor planted with flowers for doers of wrong.  
 And sentimentality dare not bring  
 Its smiles, and its flowers, and worshipping,  
 Transgressors of Law were no heroes here—  
 The Public of Law had a holy fear.

And this made the Prince more popular still—  
 And the Peoples bowed to his Princely will—

For the breakers of Law stand wide apart—  
 In the social scale—but the same bad heart—  
 The Richest transgress in imperial way  
 With a sense that none should dispute their sway;  
 And the very poorest to feed their vice  
 Are never in words, and in actions nice,  
 So the highest and lowest are mostly found  
 Transgressor of Law. On the middle ground  
 Are people who fain would obey the Law—  
 They seek the maintainance and not the flaw—  
 In Equity's presence would they abide,  
 The such did in Babylon's Prince confide,  
 All believing he sought the one sole end,  
 To simple Justice an unswerving friend:  
 Most surely the fruits from their toil showed forth  
 They were not victims of Tyrant sport—  
 But Prosperity blossomed in Babylon's Court.

Nor Religious Bigot may here abide—  
 "The world is vast—and its spaces are wide,  
 Go worship your God where ever you will  
 But in Babylon's ways you must keep still,  
 Nor annoy your neighbors with any creed,  
 For this is The City for Helpful Deed!  
 Be you Christian, or Jew, or what you may,  
 To Mahomet, or Budda, a homage pay—  
 Be it ever so truthful, or mass of lies  
 That the silliest mortal should devise,  
 Whate'er its color, what ever the rite,  
 Be it foul as hell—or clear as the light—  
 Be it immoral—or most quaintly pure—  
 Be cult of the rich, or cult of the poor,  
 The Law careth not—and will take no heed  
 If within closed walls you proclaim your creed.  
 But never to creed, nor to any rite,  
 Shall you to win of a proselyte—

For Banishment surely to fret a friend  
And if persistence—then quick death may end!"

So Religions flourished as blades of grass—  
A House for the Joss, a House for The Mass,  
Aye, places of worship for every creed  
That did from God, or The Devil proceed.  
Yet quietness reigned supreme and complete  
With never a conflict in any street,  
To grieve a neighbor by act or word  
In praise of Devil, or praise of THE LORD—  
Thus Neology surely its ends had won  
A Blossoming Garden in Babylon.

CHRIST had kept silent two thousand years—  
So men hailed HIS second coming with sneers;  
Soon from the churches a venomous hiss  
Voiced demons, who came from the deep abyss  
Croaking in houses of learning where  
Young Students learned of THE CHRIST to despair—  
As to man's redemption by CHRIST's shed blood  
A Horrible Doctrine—misunderstood  
By The Apostles. THE CHRIST but a man  
Most Glorious and Wonderful Mind to scan,  
Yet still but a mortal of common birth—  
No more a God than the Sons of the Earth.  
So slowly but surely the Error spread  
From the Universities' blasphemous head  
To the weakest pupil—so men went out  
Preaching a Gospel of Common Sense Doubt—  
Telling of Errors on God's Blessed Page—  
Of the myths of the Patriarchal age—  
Of Deceiving Priests who with skillful lies  
Cast mosaic dust in the Jewish eyes—  
Robed in the antique the lies newly born—  
Holding Ezra up to contempt and scorn

Passing his forgeries out as GOD'S Truth.  
 So in their daring they made CHRIST in sooth  
 Either Deceiver, or one most Deceived,  
 For CHRIST in Moses most surely Believed,  
 Called him a witness and quoted his Words  
 As they were truly the word of THE LORD'S:—  
 Then what a dilemma—as CHRIST had received  
 The base lies of Ezra then CHRIST was deceived!

Tho' men had sorrowed and women had wept  
 Yet CHRIST still the unbroken silence kept,  
 Tho' fervent and oft' the cry, "LORD, *how long!*"  
 'Til HIS coming became a jest of song.  
*"The Centuries filled with unanswered prayers  
 That never ascended the golden stairs,  
 But lost in the rustle of angels' wings,  
 And the twanging of Harpers' golden strings!"*  
 So Atheist sneered—as the days went by  
 And never HIS Oriflamme lit the sky—  
 Nor had HE made known by one single thing  
 That HE ever heard of men's worshipping.  
 And so slowly years past, age after age,  
 With only the silent GOD's written Page  
 To tell of HIS mercy, and love, and peace:  
 But HE never was seen by human face—  
 Like Baal of Eld—was HE slumbering?

The Rash in the church had been numbering  
 Of the year of HIS coming—so at last  
 When times they appointed had slowly past  
 And never HIS voice nor HIS trumpet rang,  
 Lo, into the heart of the Church there sprang  
 Keen men who with devilish insolence  
 Declaring the Doctrine of Common Sense;  
 From the bosom of Church fell men arose  
 Who truly became CHRIST'S deadliest foes!



For, alas, the Professor's College chair  
 Became most surely a vile scorpion's lair.  
*"The Godhead of Christ is only a myth,  
 A will-o'-the-wisp that Deception had lit!"*

Preachers with insolence, almost sublime,  
 Demanded that Ezra's forgery crime  
 Should hold men's allegiance—men should receive  
 A Book that was written the World to Deceive—  
 These liars of so called Biblical Schools  
 Thought men of the street were only poor fools—  
 Scientific lying they dared to declare  
 Alone was The Truth—Truth not found elsewhere.

The men of the street with laughter and jeer  
 Turned to such pleading an atheist ear,  
 A Common Sense view, to them it was clear:  
 A document crowded with myths and lies  
 Was certainly such as men should despise—  
 For who was to judge wherein it told truth?  
 Let the ministers judge—they were in sooth  
 Parcel of Hypocrites preaching for bread—  
 Manhood too long on deception was fed—  
 The Bible, its God and its Christ surely dead.  
 And so if indeed we evolved from an ape,  
 'Twas time that men did from a Godhead escape—  
 Be Freemen so scorning the lies of the priests  
 Who at our expense have good dress, and good feast—  
 To the bats and the owls their thraldom we cast—  
 We are free from their God and His Christ at last—  
 We are human, within us strong appetites—  
 Preachers tell us to curb with doctrine and rites—  
 The Decalogue—Ezra's denouncing of Sin  
 Just a priest trap, to catch fool poor men within!

If context before and behind are but lies—  
 Then surely the Decalogue we may despise,

Give free reign to passions and never restrain!  
 Those preachers of lies have been ever man's bane,  
 Conceited, contemptible Drones of the Race,  
 Fit subjects to hold in contempt and disgrace,  
 Deceivers of poor men—too lazy to toil—  
 Their pleadings for Goodness a venomous coil  
 And tissue of falsehood—*'Do good for good's sake!'*  
 Is a maxim whereby they fain would partake  
 The best of the fruits of our toiling and stress—  
 They are Cheats, Defrauders—and are nothing less."

So Faithless, and Creedless, The Man of the Street,  
 Soon trampled all thought of the CHRIST 'neath his feet,  
 Despising, rejecting God's Own Blessed Page  
 As myths, misconceptions of earliest age.  
*"Believe in a God! a God who was dumb,  
 That ne'er spoke to Human—and never would come  
 For their pleading, or praying. Men made—cast aside  
 As work of no moment—nor did God provide  
 A way of acquaintance, nor caring to know  
 How works of His fingers were faring below—  
 Or at best amused with the puppets He made!  
 With listlessness watched them in misery wade—  
 Their laughing, their crying, their striving, their dying,  
 Their cheating, defrauding, deceitfulness, lying,  
 And whether befouled, or from foulness exempt,  
 They only from Him had contemptuous contempt."*

So thinking, The Human, with nothing to gain  
 Of Godhead—bent ever his heart, and his brain,  
 To feed on his fellows—to getting of gain  
 Absorbed every fiber of being and soul,  
 For only by getting was won the control  
 Of that which brought pleasure—and pleasure became  
 The coveted thing to possess—tho' by shame  
 Could only the cup of the Pleasure obtained,

What matter the price if the goblet be drained—  
 The basest of animal passions were fed,  
 The highest and noblest instincts were dead—  
 And selfishness—self—and what self may desire  
 Were the aim, the end of life's passion and fire.  
 Veneering of Culture all soon has scaled off—  
 It was sneer for the good—for virtue a scoff—  
 A rapid descending to depths of vile thought  
 'Til bizarre Erotic of sinning was sought.

So prey for the Demons, who came from Abyss  
 Befouling men's souls, tho' they whispered of bliss—  
 So entered the Human—and dwelling therein  
 To woo and to tempt men to blasphemous sin:  
 So thus demon possessed were millions of men.

Ah, surely the ghosts of High Critics aghast—  
 The seeds they diligently sowed in the past  
 Had borne a fruitage a stench to high Heaven  
 That never through ages of ages forgiven—  
 Woe, woe, woe unto them, and woe evermore,  
 Their forefathers Cain, and Balaam, and Core,  
 For they had been clouds without moisture of rain  
 That wild wind had driven in pathway all vain,  
 Trees bringing forth blossoms—but withered the fruits,  
 Without fruit, twice dead, as plucked up by the roots;  
 Raging waves of the sea with blackness and gloam  
 Their boastings as vain as the froth of the foam;  
 Wandering stars that the Blackness of Darkness for-  
 ever  
 Shall wrap and enfold—to whom light shall come  
 never.

And Europe now morose, a fretting sea  
 Of weary, wan, eye bleared humanity—  
 Ah, Europe sodden from the thankless toil

Filling War chests from indigent, thin soil,  
Grew sullen in their hopelessness—ah, grew  
A questioner of GOD—and all things true.  
So tired and weary of a life's long load—  
Fed with black bread—a hovel for abode—  
With rags for covering—no hope ahead—  
Began to ask: "Were it not best be dead!"  
The Love of Fatherland died in their soul,  
They grew to hate their Kings, and state control,  
War Chests had every year a large maw,  
So hedged around by legal, kingly law,  
More careless of men's sufferings each year,  
'Til taxed black bread, the glass of wine, the beer,  
With higher taxes than the year before!  
The War Chests ever crying, "More, still more,  
To guard The Fatherland, to hold at bay  
The mightier War Dogs that with neighbors bay!"  
Until the Fatherland a hated thing  
And men more loud in cursing of their King;  
And as from God he claimed the right to rule,  
And seeing that God's Priesthood but the tool,  
That sleek Catholicism blessed the hand  
That marred and desolated neighbor's land,  
And Protestant joined in the self same cry,  
To the Eternal Majesty on high  
To strengthen hand to take a brother's life—  
To strengthen hand to wage death dealing strife—  
And ever more the Socialist would ask:  
If God were such, to aid in such a task—  
Could men wish that such God indeed extant!  
Was not this Godhead but the well paid rant  
Of Priest to make them fear—obey the King—  
Then God the cause of all their suffering.

And if no God—or but a brutal God  
Who ever loved to wield chastising rod—

Away with such a fellow from their thought!  
Swiftly and suddenly a change was wrought  
In minds of men—the brute within awoke—  
The laws of man, and God, were quickly broke,  
And Anarchy in Europe won the sway,  
The Kings, and all their minions swept away  
As in a night!—The Devil had his aim  
To gain in putting King and Priest to shame,  
And every Nation shaken by one thought,  
To one fell End the mind of human brought.  
Lo, not a church in Europe but the flame  
Of wreck, and ruin, and destruction came,  
The grandest of Cathedrals, whose high name  
Linked to each land as jewels of its fame,  
Inwoven in the hearts and the desires  
Of sainted Mothers and of noble sires—  
Saw maddened Furies rushing round their walls  
With blazing torches—lo, the red flame crawls  
From groin—from rafter of the stately nave—  
O'er all its beauty did the fierce flame lave—  
Making all Europe brilliant in one night.  
And still a quicker ruin to invite  
The vast explosion of the dynamite,  
While in the blaze the Guillotine stood out  
To silence King, and noble, priestly mouth.  
The human, like a beast, had tasted blood  
And every City saw the hot, red flood  
Flushing the sewers—'til man preyed on man  
Without conception, rule, or any plan  
To guide the Furies let loose by the Devil.  
Surely the Demons at this hour had revel  
That they had hungered for six thousand years—  
They wallowed as in blood and human fears—  
Europe of place of worship was bereft,  
Nor Protestant, nor Catholic was left.  
For without reason was the human slain,

The shrieks, the groans, the agonizing pain,  
 Seemed music to the demons tempting men  
 To blasphemy, to murder, daring sin  
 Undreamed of by the human thought before;  
 The human learned a deeper, deadlier lore  
 Of foul Iniquity—more direful hate  
 To blast the human—make earth desolate.  
 Vast desolation and more daring crime  
 More brazen to high heaven—than in all time  
 Since man's beginning. Governmental Powers  
 Shattered—abolished in a few short hours.  
 Men never had conceived they were so base,  
 Demon possession of the human race  
 Filled them with treacherous and fearful hate  
 To their own fellows—they were not afraid  
 To slay the Mother, Father, boy, and maid,  
 'Til all a weary of the slaying stood—  
 Brutes soaked and dripping with the human blood.

And then—of sudden came awakening hour—  
 And men called out for Governmental Power—  
 Some mighty hand to stay this feast of blood—  
 And straightway in the eyes of Europe stood  
 The One Sole Man that could their homage gain,  
 The demon whispered Counsel not in vain,  
 The Happiness of Europe could be won  
 Alone by Him—The Prince of Babylon!

Europe stretched out an eager open hand—  
 Each nation eager that their native land  
 Should renovated be by such an One  
 Who brought to life the Stately Babylon.  
 Lo, Europe's Hope alone was fixed on Him,  
 Why not have Cæsar's ancient diadem  
 Crown such an one—He more than human wise!  
 And so, as swift as lightning from the skies,

As quickly spread the thought from man to man—  
Not one dissenting voice against this plan.  
Except some “fellows of the baser kind,”  
Who still had Christly worship in their mind,  
But now were such a miserable lot  
All men despised, hated, and heeded not.

To Europe came The Prince of Babylon,  
And never since creation had been One  
Receiving such a welcome from the heart—  
From Beggars to the Princelings all took part  
With a munificence of glad display  
Surprising to The World—from day to day  
'Twas as a blaze of Glory in his path —  
The fiery Anarchists forgot their wrath  
And foremost to give honor at his feet.  
The Capitals of Europe were ablaze,  
The every night more brilliant than the days,  
Festooned and arched were every house and street  
In prodigality ne'er seen before,  
The cost not reckoned where his footsteps trod,  
No greater honors had he been a God  
Could they have given—Nations could do no more.  
From tenement and hovel came the crowd,  
Who in their very joy could well have bowed  
Their bodies where his horses pawed the street,  
Their very lives seemed scarce an offering meet  
To show their honor, their respect, their love.  
Where ever spot his banner floats above  
Was sacred to the populace—no guard  
Except where love had hungered to retard  
Was needed here to keep him safe from harm.  
His Princely form, and face, had such a charm  
That men and women loath to let him pass—  
All round—behind—before—a shouting mass  
Of men and women—crying—laughing—mad

With zeal, with joy, with pleasure wildly glad.  
 Fair maidens wondrous beautiful were there,  
 Their only covering their splendid hair,  
 Naked before him—strewing roses rare  
 Along the street. 'Twas music everywhere—  
 And white robed acolyte with censors threw  
 The rarest perfumes as if morning dew ;  
 And the great singers only were too glad  
 To go before his horses all unclad  
 With glories of the Bacchanalian rite—  
 The dancing feet more noiseless than the light.  
 And noble dames all glad, with music led,  
 Despised the curtains of the marriage bed  
 So as to boast they had been kist by one  
 Whom all were eager to shower favors on.

And Paris—maddest City of them all !  
 Clothed with purple every vacant wall,  
 Festooned with flowers, with pearls, and precious  
 things,  
 From poorest, as from richest, offerings,  
 Extravagance not reckoned in the cost,  
 All sense of wild extravagance was lost,  
 Or thought too paltry to be reckoned with—  
 Even the poorest house in City lit  
 With colored lights, and draperies, and flowers.

And was it then the European Powers  
 Sent their Ambassadors of High Estate  
 Upon the Prince of Babylon to wait,  
 List to his councils, and record his will,  
 As he appointed Kings who were to fill  
 The vacant thrones—in Ancient Roman World.  
 Lo, at His feet the battle flags were furled  
 And he spoke of a universal peace,  
 Proclaimed aloud one universal plan,



For ever more the battle curse should cease  
And Nations shout the Brotherhood of Man.

Now the Hague Council triumphed in their views!  
And the Prince granted what the Kings refuse,  
Long had they battled in the cause of Peace,  
They had been calling on the Kings to cease  
The making of munitions for grim war.  
And since the Prince of Babylon had come  
To Europe's cry—all nations did abhor  
The thought of ever hearing the war drum  
The dogs of war should ever more be dumb.  
Hague's Peace Commissioners (euphonious sound),  
Wise men so called, all learned and profound  
In theories for the Government of men—  
They had not reckoned on three letters—SIN!  
Their wisdom scorned the thought of such a thing—  
Their wild imaginations took swift wing  
To height of fallacy—they had forgot  
That sin was in the world—their foolish rot  
Of universal Brotherhood were themes  
That made them silly in their foolish dreams  
Of Peace—when CHRIST who could bring Peace alone  
They rudely thrust HIM from HIS Princely throne,  
With studied insolence His claims ignored,  
And by their foolish warpings had restored  
Once more the Golden Age of Peace to man.  
Ignoring CHRIST they brought their little plan  
Before the nations—claiming to be wise—  
The Peace Commissions in the World's eyes  
Well fitted to give counsel and propose  
How gates of Janus would for ever close.  
And so for years the Counsel met at Hague  
Like wise old owls—their theories often vague,  
High sounding platitudes, and solemn words  
Oftimes like foolish chattering of birds—

For they who talk of Peace and let CHRIST out  
Have never of GOD'S wisdom in their mouth!  
CHRIST is the Prince of Peace and without HIM  
The world for Man a charnel house all grim.  
Such men of high renown in their own land,  
Learned, with Eloquence at their command,  
Their souls equipped as with a fiery zeal  
To end the age of battling with steel;  
Yet without wisdom of the Heavenly Word  
Their prided Common sense was most absurd!  
Casting the Guidance of THE CHRIST aside,  
With Reason, Common Sense, their only guide  
They were the Blinded Leaders of The Blind!  
For without CHRIST no Peace the World will find:  
So all well chosen periods and strong words  
As useless as the chattering of birds.  
And Nations all unheeding went their way  
Building great armaments of deadly fray  
To be prepared against the coming day,  
For while Kings to the Hague sent learned men—  
And to their platitudes cried out, Amen!  
They never countermanded any order  
Withdrawing war dogs from their neighbor's border—  
Nor outing Furnace blast of cannon's making,  
They spoke soft words, but never a forsaking  
Of building monster that would master seas,  
Of training men maneuvers for the field,  
Each one afraid if neighbor did but sneeze,  
So diplomatic lies that well may yield  
A double meaning if too much were said.

What Kings like those by Hague's conclusion led—  
Nay by the block!—there was not single King  
Who thought the Hague would ever blessing bring;  
Such gatherings were only a pretense—  
Though ravings beautiful, grand, intense,

Men judged they only wanted common sense.  
But when the crafty Prince of Babylon  
Had all of Europe to his theories won,  
And he had crushed out anarchy's red rule,  
His subtly made Hague his willing tool.  
For, Lo, his words were full of golden Peace!  
'Twas only common sense that wars should cease—  
Unarming of the nations—battleships  
Should lie unarmored along the quays and slips—  
Soldiers and Sailors turn to arts of Peace  
Make them producers—so that soon would cease  
The War debts, and the burdens laid on man—  
The Councils at the Hague the wisest plan!

And Europe heavy laden with war tax  
Hailed as a blessing ought that would relax  
Their labors, bitter for the many years,  
Hailed Him as Saviour with their happy tears!  
Lo, sounded out the shouts of praising laud,  
From Prince to beggar all men did applaud  
The wisdom of his council—War must cease!  
Hague bowed its head and called him Prince of Peace!

A catch word, and all Europe rang with it,  
Peace doves upon War banners came and lit,  
It was indeed the great millennial time—  
War was an outrage, against man a crime,  
The rifles, bayonets, and keen blades of steel  
Were beaten into plow shares—with swift zeal  
Grim cannon melted back in furnace blast  
To bridges, girders, pillars, and the like recast;  
All war munitions changed to peaceful things.  
Soon Western Europe governed by Kings  
Without war armament of any kind.  
And, Lo, with hidden cunning in his mind  
He counceled to hold Russia in grim check,

And glorious cause of Peace not made a wreck,  
To hold in Asia Minor a strong force,  
And line of Battle Ships should have a course  
Of watching in East End of tideless Sea.

And Europe cried—that only one could be  
Commander of War Forces. So he stood  
Captain of forces upon Field and flood,  
Soldiers and Sailors on both Sea and land  
Were absolutely under his command.

Then came that question old—yet ever new—  
Could the Prince solve the riddle of The Jew!  
Over three thousand years the world had held  
The Jew in bondage—and they could not weld  
This Race among the Races and lose trace  
Of this, the ever hated Jewish face—  
He sat in feast and famine by their side,  
Their pastime was to hate, and to deride,  
Through all the centuries their hands were dyed  
By the red blood of Jew—who would not down—  
In spite of hate of rabble, and of Crown;  
They lived as like to felons in foul cells  
But still, no matter where the place he dwells  
He flourished and grew fat on Gentile gains,  
Tho' not allowed to cultivate the plains  
Yet still his grasp upon the fruit of fields—  
And in the market place forever wields  
The Whip of Gold above the Gentile head,  
He in the art of trading all men led—  
This Jew that would not down for lash nor bribe,  
This money getting, holding, hoarding tribe,  
Were very locusts in the Gentile sight—  
To spread a desolation and a blight.

Lo, in the past The Prince had even been  
The best of friends The Jew had ever seen—

He had invited Jews to Babylon,  
Indeed His great Prosperity was won  
In the quick way his welcoming was met  
By The Jew gold—and by the pace they set.  
Jew won renown in Babylon's great Mart—  
So gladly to him turned the Jewish heart  
For they were stricken by the anarchy—  
And through the whole of Europe one may see  
The burned walls of homes and factory  
Where late the Jews had flourished like bay trees—  
And now a quake and trembling of the knees,  
For knowing well they were a race accursed  
They never knew how soon new storm would burst  
With such a fury they could not withstand.

And so their hearts turned to their ancient land—  
To Prince they raised the supplicating hand—  
(Perchance in secret promised to him gold  
If he the messengers of hate withhold.)  
So may he not then counsel for their fate  
Let Palestine he reckoned as a State—  
He would protect, and he would hedge them in,  
So that no future deeds of theirs should win  
The hatred and contempt of Gentile Race;  
Confine them as it were to their own space.  
Not future thorns to prick the Gentile's side,  
Nor be a bur on Gentile's trading pride.  
Surely His Plan was quickly ratified—  
Behold Him then Protector of the Jews—  
For neither Jew nor Gentile did refuse  
His counsels, for he stood to every mind  
The Wisest Man that all the world could find.

AND SO THE COVENANT OF SEVEN YEARS!  
Surcease of Gentile hate and Jewish tears—

Perchance, the Jewish People quickly went  
 From every spot of Europe's Continent,  
 'Til few the thousands who were left behind  
 As fret or jar upon the Gentile mind.

After that visit—never more the same—  
 His Heart was bitter with the thirst of Fame,  
 E'en Babylon's vast Glories now grew tame.  
 He thirsted for the glory that there springs  
 Forever to the warring of Great Kings :  
 He nursed a thirst that only Blood could slake  
 With ruin and dead bodies in its wake ;  
 Visions of conquest ever more arose—  
 Conqueror, triumphant o'er his foes ;  
 The Peaceful Arts lost glamour to his eyes  
 In heart, and brain, in thought, such did despise  
 The flapping wings War Eagles spread abroad,  
 Now to his eyes more worthy to applaud.  
 No more the student of the Peaceful arts  
 By which he won the homage of all hearts ;  
 Now Book that knowledge of Great Wars imparts,  
 The acts of mighty men of valor so impressed  
 That to his soul, and mind, there was no rest  
 If not perusing on the lettered page  
 Of the great masters of each warring age.  
 In secret did he ponder—not to one  
 Did he betray what his soul fixed upon ;  
 So while his mind upon Great Warrings fed  
 Men dreamed it was for pastime that he read,  
 In this midnight forsaking of his bed  
 To pore o'er tomes by which he may be led  
 To victory—escaping blunder that became  
 Old Warrior's downfall—oft their death and shame.

In building up of Glorious Babylon  
 He had in Peace the highest trophy won—

She may increase in men, in brick, in gold,  
 A vaster realm of Glory yet unfold—  
 But the enlargement of this splendid Gem  
 Could bring no greater Glory now to him.  
 Yet after all, when all his Glories said,  
 To what high place had all his Glory led—  
 The very highest word of honor paid—  
 He only stood, "THE GREATEST KING OF TRADE!"

A Trader! this name surely stung his pride!  
 Tho' Rhapsody had almost Deified  
 By Poet's Praise—because his works renowned  
 Throughout the world—His the best City found  
 Wherein the trader faster multiplied  
 His paltry gain. Nor had the Poet lied  
 In praising his munificence to art—  
 In beautifying counting house, and mart.  
 Yet trader still—and for his trading praised—  
 By each historian, many statues raised,  
 But every statue had some trading hint!  
 This thought throughout his inmost spirit sent  
 Rebellious pride—and so with proud disdain  
 His soul revolted that the trader's gain  
 Was wrapped around him like a garment grim—  
 And through it every mortal looked at him.

Would he be simply "Trader" to the end—  
 And he unable during life to rend  
 That hated appellation from his name—  
 And what tho' Babylon had won great fame  
 Would she continue on, the very same  
 Great Mistress of the Nations—ages shower  
 On her munificence and royal dower  
 Of vaster splendor—would not envy come  
 Out of its den when his great brain death dumb;  
 Would not the Nations of the Earth combine

To wreck her glory—drink her golden wine,  
Wrecking the golden chalice he had wrought.  
It was to him exceeding bitter thought  
That she, the City who from grave yard came—  
From olden Babylon of perished fame—  
Once wasted by grim Time and other foes—  
Tho' from her grave more splendid City rose—  
Could not this golden City of his pride  
Be dashed to pieces and the foemen ride  
Their horses through her ruined gates and courts;  
Could not again wild asses hold mad sports  
Where now men walked in reverence and awe  
Abashed at each great building which they saw;  
Would the hyena and the Jackal bark,  
Aye, all the doleful creatures of the dark,  
For meat and plunder—prowl about the place  
Where now his palace lifted lace like grace—  
The bittern make cry—the Owl her nest—  
Where now at night he laid him down to rest—  
And where broad streets are now—be marshy place  
Where frogs may croak and rodents haunt and chase—  
The fountains where his Women now undressed  
But spots where doleful creatures of unrest  
Would in Night watches send out dismal cries!  
And in his dreaming oft-times would arise  
Chaldea's plain as he had once beheld—  
Against his wishes, lo, he was compelled  
To see in vision—ruinous, wild plain—  
Rubbish of bricks—and miry place of clay—  
And marshes made by river, and by rain,  
With scum of foulness resting there alway—  
As drear, and desolate, and weird, a place  
As ever cast a shadow on man's face—  
And as it was once—ah, would it be again—  
His heart was shivering in bitter pain!  
And what was that, that crazy Christian said—



Another Jonah through the streets he fled,  
 In sackcloth clad, and ashes on his head—  
 But everyone in Babylon had heard—  
 His crying, as with gladness clad each word :

*“Woe to Thee, Babylon! War and fire shall rend!  
 Christ in great wrath shall surely make an end  
 Of all thy Glory, sure destruction send!  
 Woe to Thee, Babylon, and all thy race!  
 Christ shall envelop Thee in dire disgrace!  
 His wrath eternal crush thee, Babylon!  
 And of thy millions shall remain—not one!  
 As Sodom and Gomorrah felt His ire—  
 So Babylon shall crumble in His Fire  
 Of grim destruction—lurid smoke arise  
 To tell that Babylon in ashes lies.”*

What if that Christian felt the lion's paws,  
 What if his flesh torn by their cruel claws—  
 What if his bones were crunched between their jaws—  
 He left behind that thrice accursed cry  
 Now echoing in ears, and would not die!  
 What if his words indeed not a base lie—  
 And Babylon be shattered once again—  
 Wild desolation sit upon her plain—  
 With Fire from Heaven instead of blessed rain—  
 What had been once, could surely come once more—  
 Tho' pride rebels—and ever thoughts deplore—  
 His Babylon be as she was before  
 Drear heap of ruins—desolate, sad shore!  
 Ah, could he meet JEHOVAH face to face—  
 Just to come nigh HIM for a little space—  
 Surely to show contempt and give disgrace  
 He would have spat a spittle in CHRIST's face.  
 He felt that JAH could laugh at Him indeed—  
 What tho' in agony the heart may bleed

And all the froth of cursing come to lip,  
 How useless such for, lo, a few years slip  
 And all his splendid Glory vanishing—  
 He in few hours detested, putrid thing—  
 And others take his place to win or blight—  
 And suddenly before his frenzied sight  
 There stood a lonely figure of affright—  
 Himself! an unclad spirit of The Night!

Now none may tell of the hour, nor the place,  
 When the Prince met Lucifer face to face,  
 Who offered the Prince what CHRIST had refused  
 And the spirit of daring in Prince infused.

Perchance, on high roof of Palace he stood,  
 At his feet the City's voluptuous flood  
 Surrounded—and far as the eye could behold  
 Were Palaces—Structures—The Rivers like gold  
 Swept through the vast streets, rushing down to the sea,  
 Past magnificent Quays where shipping may be—  
 For every seaport which looked at the sun  
 Had surely its sea craft at Great Babylon!  
 Lo, league upon league stretched the City away,  
 Like jewels of splendor her palaces lay—  
 And his Palace surely the jewel to eye  
 The legend had sped: "*It had dropped from the sky  
 A gift of the high Gods to Babylon's Prince.*"  
 Such Palace may surely have well come from thence—  
 No such building as this had e'er seen the sun  
 The Jewel of Glory of Great Babylon,  
 For costly and rare was each stone, and each gem,  
 That Commerce had gathered and given to him—  
 To shower on him glory, and honor, and love,  
 Of all of Earth's leaders he stood far above,  
 Without Peer in the world—so brilliant his brain—

No question was asked for solution in vain—  
 The past and the future seem mapped to his eye—  
 And glittering wisdom in every reply ;  
 No "sentence too dark" that he could not explain  
 'Til men fairly worshipped, "*This Man with God  
 Brain!*"

As on Palace roof there—His heart thrilled with  
 pride—  
 Well may it—for round him on every side  
 The fruit of his toiling—the fruit of his brain—  
 He found it a bare and a desolate plain—  
 And now it stood there as his brain had conceived :  
 (Far off it was only as fancy had weaved  
 The thought—the conception—once foolish to spin  
 Such dream of wild fancy to common sense men—  
 But earnestness—daring would not take a nay!  
 The yesterday's dream—now brick—marble—to-day.)  
 And millions beneath him completed his thought—  
 And he to completion his dreaming had brought—  
 There stood his great City—her marts and her ships—  
 Had put all the Cities on Earth in Eclipse.  
 As maker and breaker of values he stood  
 Of the fruitage of earth, the fruit of sea flood,  
 The value of everything under the sun  
 Was based on the prices of his Babylon.  
 His hands held the values of color and race,  
 The white, and the black, and the yellow man's face,  
 Grew sad at his frowning, grew glad at his smile.  
 And woe to offender, tho' subtle in guile,  
 That dared to hold lightly the prices he made,  
 'Twere best not be born than cross him in trade.  
 Not a wind but wafting the sail craft to him—  
 Brought merchandise varied—and costliest gem—  
 More ships at his great quays their white sails unfurled  
 Than the ship craft of all the rest of the World.

Of sudden he started—who stood in his sight—  
 Most wonderful Being—Majestic in Light—  
 So glorious of face, and of form, and of dress,  
 This Being the High God, aye, surely not less!  
 All speechless in wonder he tremblingly gazed,  
 His eyes, and his senses were surely amazed:  
 No artist in rapture conceived such a face,  
 A grand, stately figure all perfect in grace.  
 His robing seemed jewels with wonderful sheen;  
 In wildest conception man's brain had not seen  
 Such Being magnificent, glorious, complete,  
 From brow so majestic, to gem covered feet.  
 All silent he gazed, and his tongue could not move,  
 Was this but a phantom soon shadow to prove—  
 Amazement had tongue tied—he could only gaze—  
 'Til eyes grew as blinded before such a blaze—  
 He trembled and shook at the sight of this One  
 That dimmed all the Glory of Great Babylon!

But his heart gathered courage, for, lo, on that face  
 There was glad smile of welcome mid majestic grace,  
 And the words that were uttered became to his ear  
 The most exquisite music that mortal may hear:

“Prince! Fear Not! I come for thy good not thy ill—  
 Thou my favorite son—and son thou art still—  
 I led thee, and nursed thee from hour of thy birth,  
 Have made thee the highest, and noblest of Earth!  
 Without me thou couldst not have conceived The  
 Thought

Of Babylon's splendor—nor fingers had wrought  
 Such structures of glory—thy life in my care  
 Has conquered the foes that had made thee despair;  
 Each hour of thy life I have stood by thy side,  
 Have won for thee Glory, and Honor, and Pride.  
 Lo, Thou wert but earth worm had I not upheld

And my Power the forces of nations compelled  
To give Thee their strength, their glory, their power,  
I've girdled, and guided, and fed, from birth hour.  
Lo, now I am come, Prince, to make thee Divine—  
If Thou unto my hands thy being resign!  
Now Prince of a City—but 'tis in my hand  
To give thee the whole world to thy sole command—  
The Prince of all Princes—the King of all Kings—  
Every spot of the earth where light spreads its wings  
The Nations, the Peoples of Earth, and of Sea,  
Shall give to thee honors of a Deity.  
Prince, Behold!" And, lo, at Satan's command  
To the eyes of the Prince as tho' near at hand  
Most wonderful vision—the earth seemed to lie  
Grand picture before him—most clear to the eye  
Panorama of Continents vast, all complete,  
All the glory of nations was spread at his feet,  
The millions—the millions of women and men,  
Their homes, and their places, stood out to his ken,  
The glory, and splendor of nations flashed out  
From the East, and the West, the North, and the  
South,  
The gold, and the silver, the flocks, and the kine,  
Exotics of tropic—the northland's brave pine—  
The populous Cities—all—all standing fair—  
The wealth of the whole of the great world there!

And then the voice ringing: "*Behold, all is Thine,  
And all men shall give to thee Honors Divine,  
All servile all Peoples to thee bend the knee  
If thou falling down, as Thy God Worship me!*"

The Prince drunk with glory as it had been wine  
Kissed Lucifer's feet—and Hailed Him Divine!

And may we conceive that in that fatal hour  
 Proud Satan revealed to the Prince his vast power,  
 And opened his eyes to the world hid from men,  
 Brought Lucifer's myriads before Prince's kin.

*"Be open the eyes of Thy Spirit! Behold!  
 The myriads on myriads—the numbers untold—  
 That worshippeth me—Prince, behold them and see  
 If I am not worthy of Godhead to thee!"*

So all of a sudden the Prince was aware  
 That legions of spirits were everywhere.  
 He looked down from his place, Lo, at his feet  
 Uncountable demons were thronging each street;  
 And millions of dwellers of Babylon strode,  
 Tho' knowing it not, yet each demon's abode—  
 Aye, demon possessed—were the women, and men,  
 As mere pawns in the game of folly and sin.  
 And, lo, around Lucifer stood a vast train  
 Of magnificent Beings all owning his reign.

His chieftains were many—their splendor was  
 great—  
 Renowned in their bearings and high in estate—  
 The Princes of Demons—magnificent things  
 That well may have claimed the great homage of Kings.  
 Behind them retainers that filled all the air—  
 Where ever he turned—they stood everywhere—  
 His senses bewildered—he had not conceived  
 Of this grand unseen world—had never believed  
 (Tho' GOD had proclaimed it)—the vast, vast array  
 Of splendorous Beings—like sands of the sea—  
 Had eyes not been opened this glory to see  
 A glory more brilliant than sun at mid-day.

And then another wonder to his eyes  
 The Demons parted—and he saw arise

From the Euphrates flood four Demon Kings,  
Whose motions were more rapid than bird's wings,  
So terrible in fierceness and in strength  
They may not fail no matter whether sent.  
And, lo, behind them tier on tier rose up,  
Like steam that cometh from a crater's cup,  
Dense in their numbers, darkening e'en the sky,  
A wondrous host before his quaking eye—  
Horsemen were they for battle and affray—  
Surely to eye a terrible array—  
Breast plate of fire, of jacinth, and brimstone,  
Lion headed horses snorting death alone—  
For brimstone, fire, and deadly smelling smoke  
From their fierce mouths in direful venom broke,  
And tails like scorpions lashing to and fro,  
Hissing their venom, and death dealing blow,  
They were invincible and Deadly Foe.  
Spoke Lucifer: "O, be thou not afraid  
As long as I am near to give thee aid,  
All power on earth is mine—I give it you—  
Only be faithful—to my worship true—  
And all these myriads ready to thy hand  
Whereby to conquer, sky, and sea, and land.  
Go forth to conquer, gird thy loins for war,  
And every nation near and all afar  
Shall bend the knee obedient at thy word.  
But let not name of Christ be ever heard,  
He is alone the foeman—in thy way.

But with my forces—with this vast array  
Thou shalt be conqueror and bring to naught—  
Leave not in mind of man one Christly thought.  
Go slay whoever bears the Christly name,  
To them be ignominy, and death, of shame,  
Slay and devour nor leave one tongue alive  
That to a mortal may Christ's name revive.

Stay not the fierceness of thy Royal hand,  
Mortals and demons are at thy command,  
Slack not thy vengeance—in my regal cause,  
And thou shalt surely win my sweet applause,  
All that I have most surely shall be Thine—  
To men and Demons thou shalt be Divine.  
Thou art no longer Prince of Babylon  
But Lucifer's Dear, Only, Honored Son!  
None shall be higher—Highest God thou art—  
Conquering go forth, O Son, of mine own heart!"

And at a sign from Lucifer—the host  
Of high ones, who held Satan's highest post,  
Fell on their knees and shouted praise to Him—  
While Satan on Prince's brow put Royal diadem.

Now strong in Satan's strength—his heart afire—  
His soul possessed one aiming, one desire,  
His being called aloud for World wide fame,  
Scarlet in color lit by battle flame!  
'Twere as his nostrils longed for the blood scent—  
His eyes would see battalions torn and rent  
In battle rout—his mouth had thirst for blood  
Instead of flowers, he would have mire and mud  
Beneath his feet—the sweep of battle field  
Would to his senses sweeter perfume yield,  
His eyes were fixed on Cæsar's vacant throne—  
Most surely he would claim it as his own  
And all his brain was busy with the thought  
Whereby a road would lead to what he sought.

So feigning that he had received a slight  
From Egypt's King—he hastened to the fight.  
No longer on his flag the Ephah blazed  
And on the fold whence it had been erased  
The Double Headed Eagle flapped its wings—



A challenge to the World and its Kings.  
 Quick, sharp, decisive was the Battle blast,  
 For unaware was Egypt she had cast  
 A slur upon the Babylonian Prince—  
 She had no time to act in self defense—  
 His fleet was in her harbor—and his men  
 Of valor flooded Cities of her land  
 E'er she had time to raise an armed band—  
 All easily this victory to win.  
 And feigning still upon some false pretext  
 They had said something his great mind to vex  
 Syria and Greece—bent homage at his feet—  
 Fearing his armies and his mighty fleet—  
 And so, three Kings allegiance to him gave—  
 The Flag of his dominion o'er them wave.  
 And Europe all astounded rubbed their eyes  
 As one from sleep awakening in surprise  
 But not with terror—'twas delight to them  
 That he had won a triple diadem.  
 And "*Cæsar! Cæsar! Cæsar!*" was the cry  
 That ran along the European sky.  
 Who like to him in all the world around—  
 Surely no Kinglier one the human found  
 To sit in Cæsar's place to rule and reign—  
 It was the Public Cry none dare restrain—  
 Kings of His choosing knew rebellion vain.

With Peaceful trophies had he come before  
 But now not even *Fool Hague* dare deplore  
 War Banners flapping blood folds to the breeze.  
 Lo, were not three Kings down upon their knees  
 And seven more were bending at his feet—  
 The Populace with acclamations greet!  
 The Man of Blood has ever homage won,  
 The Populace to cheer him ever run;  
 The Conqueror most pleasing to the eye;

So as through Europe he again passed by  
The Populace more wild than e'er before,  
And glad, wild hearts, with their glad faces bore,  
A welcome truly springing from the soul,  
This man indeed had absolute control  
O'er mind, and heart, and fortunes, to command—  
Their darling wish to own his ruling hand.

The crowning of this Cæsar—who may say  
Of the glad homage paid to Him that day  
All the great ones of Europe at his feet—  
His splendor and his triumph was complete—  
Such brilliant gathering—the gems, the gold,  
Had values of a figure never told—  
Past computation cost of wild display  
Three Continents kept Royal Holiday,  
Such laughing, cheering, feasting, drunken throngs,  
The Cannon's Salvos, music, and fierce songs,  
Who dare protest—what face dare to look sad?  
The World in such a Carnival went mad.

Lo, the vast World was mouthing of His praise—  
Each Foreign Nation to him honor pays  
Sending Ambassadors with fulsome words,  
For not a Nation dared to cross their swords  
With this Great Cæsar—and indeed his worth  
With Joy was recognized by all the Earth,  
For all sucked gold from Babylon's broad breast;  
Lo, He The Greatest One on Earth confessed,  
And words once coupled with JEHOVAH's name  
Now from the lips of Oratory came  
Bald, boldest blasphemy to crown his fame.

And then a deadly hate within him rose  
In the wide World none dare to be his foes,  
No Nation in the World may hint a slur,

Yes, there was one, a mangy, yellow cur,  
Whose joyous bark was heard across the World.  
What flag was this the cursed Jews unfurled—  
JEHOVAH'S-David's ensign on their height  
When but one flag should greet the human sight  
In Cæsar's vast possession. Insolence,  
And had those people but such little sense  
To pray his presence—his most august face  
To see the opening of their Temple place.  
So then a venom surely brewed in Hell  
Upon his spirit, soul, and being fell,  
But cloaking all the venom of his hate  
He swore within his heart, that the Jew fate  
When his deep vengeance on their head should fall  
Would every soul upon the Earth appall.  
He gave the messengers but honeyed phrase—  
Then to Jew heart indeed were joyful days—  
And they would give a welcome to their guest  
That all the World would surely say was best.

Lo, when the Jews returned to Fatherland  
A stream of gold was joined to worker's hand—  
And Heaven itself had opened treasure trove  
JEHOVAH surely smiling in HIS love.

Lo, now the former and the latter rains  
Were breaking softly on the Jewish plains,  
And all the World beheld a fruitful land—  
Giving a hundred fold to toiler's hand.

Cities sprang up and blossomed over night,  
The once brown, bare and barren land a sight  
Of gracious fruitfulness of wheat, and wines;  
And, lo, the wealth of new discovered mines  
Filled all the world with envy at their wealth;  
It seemed on every spot where Jew now dwelt

Had like a fountain burst to give them gold—  
Each spot a spring of riches all untold.

And, Lo, there blossomed upon Zion's place  
A Temple Glory that the human race  
Had ne'er the like beheld—e'en Babylon  
Mid all her Glories—no such Glory won.  
Again the Ancient Ritual men saw  
A strict observance to Mosaic Law—  
Again were beasts to brazen altar led—  
Again the High Priest hand upon their head—  
Again the life went out as life's blood shed—  
Again the morning and the evening lamb—  
Again the singers praising The "I AM!"

Tho' Nations rife with curiosity  
Came to Jerusalem the sight to see—  
Yet Gentile's mind revolted at the thought  
That the Shed Blood Redemptive grace had wrought.  
But as The Prince stood silent to this thing  
As Jew beneath the shelter of his wing,  
The Gentile tongue was silent as they gazed  
At the Most Holy, for it fairly blazed  
With jewel splendor set in beaten gold—  
No thin veneer with hidden stone beneath—  
From Capstone to the floor beneath the feet  
Of JAH'S Own House the eye may not behold  
On any other than the jeweled gold!

Cæsar at last came to Jerusalem—  
And Europe's great Ambassadors with him—  
A gathering of splendor—high estate—  
Around about His footsteps ever wait.

And was the High Feast set on that fell day  
When Cæsar's voice rang with majestic sway—

Cried to High Priest:

*“Take these foul things away—  
Your sacrifices and your blood I loath—  
Jah! is no God—and never let your throat  
To him sing praise—As I am God alone—  
And seated in Jah’s house on jeweled throne  
Let your Priests come and shout to me your praise—  
Now let you singers glorious anthems raise—  
To me, The Lord alone, and only me,  
For there be no God higher than I be!”*

A wild astonishment swept every face—  
They look on Him and surely there was grace,  
And majesty, and might, and God like mien,  
And suddenly upon his face was seen  
*“A light that was not of the land or sea.”*

And suddenly there burst tumultuously  
In all the air around (no form to see)  
As mighty hosts were thundering their praise—  
And unseen hands did quickly, safely raise..  
That all may see, The Prince high in the air—  
To Temple’s highest pinnacle he went  
Mid gazer’s wonder and astonishment—  
And louder, mightier, then waxed the cries  
Crashing like thunder voices in the skies—  
The Earth vibrating in that joyful sound—  
And then descending—safely to the ground—  
The gazing multitude fell at his feet  
With cries of joy, and praise, and prayer, to greet—  
He stood supremely Fair—as with bowed head  
The many thousand knelt and worshipped.

Then Cæsar’s Prophet showed his glorious face,  
Proclaiming:—*“Here the God of Human Race!  
That He who will not worship shall BE SLAIN—*

*This once Jah's House shall be the Holy fane  
 Where He shall sit upon his jeweled throne  
 That all must worship Him, and Him alone!  
 He is their Christ, Their Man-God, Lord and King,  
 And he who dare refuse such worshipping  
 A vile blasphemer—and must surely die!  
 Now let no dog tongue move, none dare deny!"*

And then to show The Prince indeed Divine  
 He miracles performed, and many a sign  
 Of wonder. Here no trick, nor slight of hand,  
 But full insight that all may understand  
 Here was their God—in truth and not in name—  
 He brought from the high Heaven living flame  
 Of fire that scorched and blasted where it fell—  
 Here were true miracles, not magic spell,  
 Here unbelief was dumb—no faith—but sight  
 In the full noontide of a summer's light  
 He brought consuming fire from place on high!  
 Each eye beheld it coming from the sky—  
 Here sight and common sense compelled belief—  
 Nor were the miracles of time so brief  
 That sense of trick, or fraud, or cheat may find  
 The smallest lurking corner in the mind.

As here Humanity in joy now wept  
 The Glorious news around the world was swept—  
 The demon hosts lurking in human breast  
 His Godhead and His Majesty confessed—  
 And demon led Humanity was brought  
 To own Him God, in act, in word, in thought.

And, lo, His Images were multiplied—  
 Grossest Idolatry on every side—  
 Idols of wood and stone, silver and gold,  
 Carved to His image—and so men behold

Again upon the earth as days of old —  
 The Image and the Worshipper again.  
 And he who worshipped not had deadly pain  
 Of ghastly torture—anguish every breath—  
 And surely as a happiness came Death.

Lo, stranger still, for in Jerusalem  
 A Glorious Image did they carve of Him—  
 And, lo, the Image was a living thing—  
 A Perfect Image of their God and King—  
 And high on Temple Pinnacle was raised  
 As wondering thousands stood amazed and gazed,  
 The Image spoke as living oracle—  
 And this the message from his lips that fell:

*To Peoples, to the Earth's remotest end,  
 This message—this command and Law I send—  
 All creatures must acknowledge him as God—  
 Each creature on the sea, on earthly sod,  
 The rich, the poor, the bondsman and the free,  
 Must by their words acknowledge Him to be  
 Alone their Lord and God! who disobey  
 The Minister of Wrath shall surely slay.  
 That all and each may show true loyalty,  
 Upon the brow or on right hand must be  
 His royal mark—so when you sell or buy  
 Display the royal mark to every eye—  
 And neither buy nor sell but to the one  
 On whom the Royal mark is branded on—  
 To unbelievers—bread and life deny—  
 Lo, all who disobey shall surely die!"*

Lo over Europe ran the swift command—  
 His number on the brow, or in right hand,  
 The number of their God—who disobeyed  
 Under the rod of vengeance quickly laid.

The Followers of CHRIST now stricken sore,  
And thousands upon thousands meekly bore  
The anguish and the buffeting of pain ;  
Aye, thousands upon thousands quickly slain—  
Three Continents a charnel house indeed.  
They fled to dens and caves in their dire need,  
To mountain fastness, morass, lonely place,  
And bread was scant, they dare not show their face,  
For if the mark of Beast beheld not there  
The prison house and grave! so wild beast's lair—  
Wherein to lurk—far better there to fight  
With wild beast for the bone—for human sight  
More terrible than beasts to meet their ken—  
For truly savage now were Beast marked men.

Hunting of men with bloodhounds on the trail—  
Had GOD not sheltered them there soon would fail  
To be a single daring Christian left—  
Europe of Christianity bereft!  
But now came miracles of Heavenly aid—  
Strengthening of souls, so men were not afraid  
Of speaking boldly in THE LORD CHRIST'S name  
When taken prisoners; so the sword and flame  
Again had Martyrs as in Early Days,  
The cross, the gibbet, and fagot blaze,  
And the arena's sands once more were red—  
The wild beasts maws on Christian flesh were fed—  
While laughed the gazing populace to see  
The loathsome creatures hold blood revelry—  
See crouching beasts upon the human spring—  
The hated Christians cowering in the ring  
The men, the women, and the infant child—  
Rent, torn to pieces, for the beast all wild  
Kept hungry for days that appetite  
Be keener for the victim in their sight ;  
Off' when the wild beast gorged with human blood



Lay down, or mingled where the Christians stood,  
 Keen arrows sent upon unerring way  
 To wound the beasts to madness, not to slay—  
 To make them savage from their cruel pain  
 'Til not one left—but every Christian slain.

And then fell on the world an Evil time—  
 Humanity to lips were steeped in crime  
 With sense of purity entirely lost—  
 And every sense of honor lightly tossed  
 From out the human as a worthless thing,  
 It seemed as all things holy took to wing—  
 And left all filth and nastiness behind,  
 A poisonous fungus was the human mind  
 Where in the blackness of the darkness dwelt—  
 Darkness of sin so thick as to be felt—  
 Where every loathsome demon came and dwelt—  
 A creature of vile thoughts that ever kept  
 A ribaldry of sin—and never slept  
 As glorying to live in loathsome depth.

For the New God gave Passions a full rein,  
 (The Ten Commandments now were held all vain—  
 Poor silly laws that kept the human in  
 The narrow bounds—that this, not that, was sin—  
 That the great passions of the human breast  
 Must to their very death be all suppressed)—  
 For Passions made for joy and for delight  
 Not held in check—from touch, from taste, from sight,  
 It was not wrong to gaze on woman's charms—  
 To hold the joy of beauty in the arms,  
 Revel in thoughts rare beauty would inspire,  
 Not quench in fasting and in prayer, desire!  
 No harm to steal if you of quicker brain  
 Than he of whom you did a prize obtain—  
 No harm to lie if bitter was a truth—

And as to murder, was it harm in sooth  
 To free a sufferer from aching pain—  
 'Twere surely better oft some one was slain  
 Than that he bar your pathway, 'twas his gain—  
 To rend the flesh and set the spirit free—  
 And as to that Jah called adultery—  
 A word that surely now was obsolete—  
 No man had right a woman's heart to greet  
 In Wifehood—without giving her the right  
 To enjoy all men pleasant to her sight—  
 No married bonds of Love should be a chain  
 And woman's right to love or to refrain—  
 Adultery on womanhood no stain.  
 And as to neighbor's goods—why for should he  
 Have more than you—'twas only trickery  
 In grasping no doubt that which made him rich—  
 And therefore if your fingers had an itch  
 For ought of his—it was no harm to share  
 His houses, cattle, and his women fair.

And so the olden laws were cast aside—  
 Were only words to laugh at, and deride—  
 And anarchy of morals the result.  
 In fact was introduced a nameless cult  
 That those who joined in every act should do  
 What Jah said not to do—the human grew  
 In wild lasciviousness of thoughts and act  
 More low than very lowest beasts in fact.  
 So cheating and defrauding grew a pace  
 'Til honesty ashamed to show her face,  
 For honesty a jest—like wild beasts men  
 Strove with each other sharpest brain to win—  
 Outreaching and defrauding stalked as bold  
 As simple honesty in days of old.  
 And yet large trading never was so brisk,  
 Each trader knew there was a certain risk

In all transactions—but it seemed to each  
 A “trick of trade” if one did over reach.  
 It was “the game”—that daring men could play—  
 The weaker men and cowards swept away  
 Within the maelstrom and the rush of trade—  
 Men murdered Righteousness and were not afraid.  
 Who told the truth—if lies would do as well—  
 None hesitated a base lie to tell  
 If aught gained in the telling—and so men  
 For gain, for pleasure, or for spite, to win,  
 Held truth a very burden to the tongue—  
 Burr of disgrace that to their nature clung—  
 And smoothest liar had a high renown—  
 High praise—“*The foremost Liar of the town!*”

But why relate the follies of the Race—  
 O'er Roman land in every spot and place  
 The greatly honored they that set the pace  
 To practice what of old—men held disgrace.  
 Humanity was Rotten to the core—  
 The lowest demons surely were no more  
 Debased, degraded, abject, not more base—  
 Than those who once were called—A Christian Race.  
 In fact the Demons were amazed to see  
 The filthy depths of man's depravity—  
 And all the air was full of blasphemy!  
 For never since the spirit brain was made  
 Was Blasphemy as This Earth-God brought forth—  
 E'en Satan's self may well have been afraid.  
 To listen to the outrage, and the sport,  
 Made of JEHOVAH—laugh, and sneer, and taunt!  
 Which well the lowest depths of Hell may haunt  
 But this Beast-God all mouthing not afraid.

Yet Jehovah was silent and no finger laid  
 On Beast for any Blasphemy he said.

He let the Human without HIS restraint  
 Show all the venom and the direful taint  
 Of Sin within the Human heart and brain—  
 HE would not hinder, HE would not restrain,  
 The Devil in his mastery o'er men.  
 Yea, they must drain the chalice of all sin,  
 Drink to the dregs—nor leave a sip behind,  
 Now let the hate of Satan and man's mind  
 Blossom, as to perfection without flaw,  
 Let sin triumphant be the only law!  
 And all Sin's wishing fully satisfied  
 So that no deed of sinning be denied,  
 To show to all created Beings to what end  
 Unhindered evil would most surely trend  
 Wrecking all order, seeking no redress,  
 Thus make of earth a howling wilderness!

What cloud is this upon a sky serene—  
 What cry is this that ringeth sharply keen—  
 What rift is this in Earth's sweet music note,  
 What message this from a rebellious throat!

From Palestine again the note of scorn!  
 In every age this Jew has been a thorn  
 To rankle in the Gentile heart and brain—  
 Nor even now their venom can restrain  
 Here at the table—Feast of Nations spread—  
 A Family of Nations eating bread,  
 With each heart beating in glad unison,  
 A score of Nations mingling as one,  
 A Feast where many people seek sweet rest,  
 Behold, once more the old, unbidden guest  
 With tale of lamentation and of woe,  
 With prophecy JEHOVAH would bestow  
 Most dire Destruction on the Gentile Race!

Well may men shriek that this is out of place—  
Tho' men have suffered meekly in the past  
But now this threatening must end at last!  
Go tell these Jews that Europe, in one breath,  
Demand at once these WITNESSES face death!  
If not then to the Jew be warning given  
That even should JEHOVAH come from Heaven  
HE shall not save with all HIS boasted might—  
Most certainly the Gentile hand shall smite  
To wreck and ruin every Jewish place,  
Nor leave to breathe one of the Jewish Race.

For, lo, of sudden in Judea's land  
Two Witnesses in Temple structure stand—  
JEHOVAH's messengers sent from His Face  
With message both to Jew and Gentile race!

Who were they? and all soon the rumor spread—  
Behold, two men arisen from the dead!  
Perchance, that their own Moses one of them—  
The other lived when Israel's diadem  
Rested on Ahab's brow—Elijah—he  
Prophet of Israel's apostasy.  
Grand men were they but with no tinge of age,  
Grim centuries in vain beat with their rage—  
The forms all stalwart—with the strength of youth—  
Time left not on them touch of hand, nor tooth,  
And in their eyes the vigor of the sun.  
Surely all quickly, breathless audience won—  
A mighty multitude who crowded near,  
So when the Jewish leaders did appear  
They straightway told the message that they brought,  
And surely here no mincing words that sought  
To curry favor of a single one  
From Beggar to the King of Babylon!

They told how dawning now the Latter Days—  
 And from the page of old Prophetic Lays  
 They culled the messages of long ago  
 Proclaiming lamentations and dire woe  
 To burst upon the world, and on the Race,  
 The Race that mocked JEHOVAH to HIS face—  
 Gentile and Jew HIS ONLY SON had slain,  
 Laughed at HIS CHRIST, had held HIS claims in vain—  
 Nor would they have JAH'S SON o'er them to reign.  
 The Reckoning hour at last had surely come,  
 JEHOVAH and HIS CHRIST no longer dumb—  
 The ending of the Gentile Age all nigh—  
 The Roman Empire in its last fell phase  
 Of grand Apostasy in these fell days  
 Fully revealed to every human eye.

This one whom men called Cæsar was the Beast  
 Of Daniel and Apocalypse to stand,  
 The entire Roman World at his command  
 Would worship Satan as their Lord and King,  
 Himself—The “wild-Beast” be proclaimed Divine—  
 While the False Prophet would their praises sing  
 And with great miracle and luring sign  
 Would blind the nations to the bitter end.

And now were here the days of Jewish woe—  
 The “*Time of Jacob's trouble,*” they should know  
 None could deliver them but GOD alone!  
 So HE had sent this message from HIS throne—  
 For surely HE was yet their GOD and Friend.  
 This message to the highest and the least.

*Lo, who so ever worshipeth this Beast,  
 His Image—or receive his marking brand  
 Upon his forehead, or in his right hand,  
 Shall drink the wine of GOD'S eternal wrath—*

*Wrath without mixture hissing in the cup—  
CHRIST'S unmixed indignation shall drink up,  
And swift destruction blast him from Earth's path—  
Lost in the Pit—from whence is no return—  
In fire and brimstone ever more to burn—  
Smoke of their torment ever more ascending  
Eons of Ages—which shall have no ending!*

And now the nighthour of the Jewish age  
Clearly set forth upon Prophetic Page—  
But he who trusts JEHOVAH and HIS CHRIST  
Shall be preserved through Antichristian rage—  
And in few years shall be the Royal tryst  
Of THE LORD CHRIST and Israel's chosen Race—  
THE KING at last shall come unto HIS own—  
All Israel gathered to their ancient place  
Never again to be disturbed from there.  
Times of refreshing for earth, sea, and air,  
HE shall bring with HIM, and on David's throne  
Shall rule the world, and making wars to cease—  
So for a thousand years the universal Peace.

Who can conceive of mad astonishment  
Like trees in storm Rulers of Israel bent  
With anger, hate, and dread their spirit rent—  
Only one third believed the message sent—  
And fierce and fast wild words of anger thrown  
Against the two who had cursed Cæsar's throne.  
The rulers mostly, with an ashen face,  
All terror stricken to have such disgrace  
Cast upon Cæsar, let their wrath flow out  
Grim malediction winged words of mouth—  
Seize them and stone them, was the angry cry,  
But when to do such bidding men rush nigh  
The Witnesses threw up the warning hand:

*“Back, men of Israel, from place we stand,  
Or be GOD’S vengeance surely on each head,  
Who touch our garments surely shall expire,  
Our words shall surely bring consuming fire!”*

But some despising of the words they said  
With words of fury rushed on to their death—  
As willed The Two—a fiery flying breath  
Seemed from their words the rushing foe to greet—  
Alas, they soon were numbered with the dead,  
For, Lo, but heap of ashes at men’s feet!

Still others with wild oaths of vengeance rushed  
To burn to ashes—so their fury hushed.

Then consternation—and the angry flood  
Of men fell back from where alone now stood  
The Witnesses who were in sackcloth clad.

And some poor souls who were in deed most glad  
JEHOVAH had at last long silence broken,  
And the two Witnesses indeed HIS token  
That Israel would surely be redeemed,  
And not in vain the prophets wrote and dreamed,  
They crowded round the Witnesses with tears  
Of blessed joy—without the thought of fears  
And clasping Witnesses by hands and dress  
Laughed happy tears of glorious happiness.

And now was Israel a divided Race—  
Two thirds afraid that truly this disgrace  
Cast upon Cæsar would his wrath arouse,  
So they that did of Cæsar’s cause espouse  
Took Counsel to suppress outgoing news—  
For surely life and fortune they may lose  
If this indignity to Cæsar known,



Then quickly Jewish Leaders overthrown  
 For blood, life blood, and surely such alone,  
 Could for so dire an insult e'er atone.

And surely Jewish Rulers sore afraid—  
 No matter what the means their craft assayed  
 They could not shut the mouths, or slay their foes—  
 Assassins tracked their steps for deadly close  
 But ever failed—and when the hundreds sent  
 They were no nearer to their fell intent—  
 Who ever came anigh or touched their dress  
 Became a heap of ashes—so distress  
 Made rulers frantic—and they knew not where  
 To turn for help in this their grim despair.

Who joined the Witnesses were Cæsar's foes!  
 But will and craft would quickly conquer those,  
 And so the Ruler's hate went out to them,  
 They should feel vengeance, swift, and keen, and grim;  
 But here again hopes shattered by defeat  
 Their failure quickly visible, complete,  
 They were immune—as guarded by strong hand—  
 Who could invisible a power command  
 That held each person sacred who had laid  
 Their hands in Witnesses, and not afraid  
 To renounce Cæsar and his deadly power.  
 Ah, but the Rulers' terror in this hour  
 Was very bitter—and their hearts all quailed,  
 For all their thoughts, and acts, and hate had failed.

Grim "*Troublers of Israel*" at first,  
 But now the fury of all Europe burst  
 On the Two Witnesses—for they had laid  
 On Europe famine's curse—and they had made  
 Determined opposition to The King—  
 Tho' even demon ridden there would cling

To hearts of men a haunting of wild fear—  
 Why did their Great King let those men appear  
 So openly defiant to his sway—  
 He did blaspheme and threatened he would slay  
 But why indeed this terrible delay—  
 Why did he keep away from Jewish land—  
 Tho' he sent warriors of high command,  
 Ofttimes empowered secret assassin's hand ;  
 Yet The Two Witnesses unfearing stood  
 Tho' round them cursed a fury maddened flood  
 Of Jew and Gentile with unbated breath,  
 By Fair or foul, to rend or blast to death.  
 But how were men to conquer such grim foes  
 They never hungered—never craved repose—  
 But ever, ever, wandering to and fro—  
 Men could not make their footsteps fast nor slow—  
 And ever more pronouncing Doom and Woe!  
 The steel, the bullet—and the bomb of hate  
 No power to slay—nor make them to rebate  
 Their bitter hatred to the glorious King.  
 Science stood baffled, could no death shaft bring,  
 They were immuned from Death and Suffering.

Defiance first confined to Jewish land—  
 And surely news at first by his command  
 Suppressed nor hinted at by public press,  
 A local matter he would soon redress ;  
 But when it grew more rampant day by day  
 Thousands of Jews protesting at his sway—  
 Ah, who could can tell the anger of his soul—  
 And were he not in Satan's dire control  
 He had rushed madly in Imperial might  
 To sweep the Jewish Race from human sight.  
 But Satan knew full well he had not power  
 The Witnesses to slay before set hour  
 JEHOVAH had appointed—until then

The Witnesses immuned from hate of men.  
 So Satan held him back from the disgrace  
 Which surely would have come had he dared face  
 JEHOVAH'S Witnesses before the hour  
 JEHOVAH willed for the Satanic power!  
 Surely from Cæsar Satan hid that hour—  
 Yet still must notice such an insult dire—  
 And no doubt Satan did the words inspire;  
 He gave the Jews a little space to slay  
 The Witnesses—if not on certain day—  
 He to Jerusalem would surely go,  
 And in the face of all the Nations show,  
 JEHOVAH'S Witnesses no more to him  
 Than prey to lion tearing limb from limb.  
 Then woe be to the Jews all slack to slay—  
 They surely did all loyalty betray—  
 Lips service only theirs—Jew loyalty  
 Consisted but in words and bended knee—  
 At heart all traitors—and so as traitors death  
 Their lives be forfeited as well as wealth!

Tho' step by step we may not closely trace  
 The Beast's dire way to end of fell disgrace—  
 Yet from the various touches thus revealed,  
 (Tho' some to human knowledge still concealed),  
 On the Prophetic Word some acts are traced  
 In glowing words that can not be effaced.  
*Strange that the books GOD gave to be men's guide  
 Are cast aside in our proud Gentile pride—  
 Daniel, Apocalypse, are held as books  
 That should be read as if by scanty looks—  
 And so the Gentile churches' eyes are blind  
 To their great Mission—and they fain would find  
 The Anglo Saxon taking highest place—  
 Hold ever Israel in dire disgrace,  
 And win the world for CHRIST in their own way.*

*For neither CHRIST, nor the Apostles say,  
 HIS church should win a universal sway!  
 The Church misread the scriptures Old and New,  
 For Centuries a wrong conclusion drew—  
 Led by the Devil—they make daring claim  
 They are to win for CHRIST a world wide fame—  
 Bring all the World to own HIS Blessed Name.  
 With brazen ignorance they proudly boast  
 The Church must press on as a conquering Host  
 'Til all the world is won. And so the fools  
 Have been to Satan ever ready tools  
 To blind themselves and all the world beside.  
 Lo, all God's promises to Jews denied—  
 And so made void the ancient prophecies,  
 Professing churches settled on their lees  
 Dreaming of victory—and not defeat.  
 So Antichristian Days are all ignored,  
 Hidden by Devil's platitudes all sweet,  
 The Jewish Nation ne'er shall be restored!  
 And so professing Churches lurch their way  
 To end in wreck, and ruin, and dismay.  
 CHRIST asked HIS Church to preach the Glorious  
     news—  
 Stating some would accept and some refuse—  
 Proclaim the Blessed Gospel of HIS Grace  
 In every land, to each of every race,  
 That by HIS Blood all Law is satisfied—  
 For each indeed THE LORD OF GLORY died,  
 Salvation is a gift and free to all  
 Who will believe and on THE LORD CHRIST call.*

*'Twas Gospel of HIS Grace and not HIS reign—  
 Nor said by single word they would obtain  
 A victory o'er the World, 'til HIS return!  
 The Church HIS Witness as a light to burn  
 Amid the world's darkness—to abide*

*And wish HIS coming as a Faithful Bride  
Who waited for the coming of her LORD—  
This was her mission—and The Holy Word  
Contains no promise that The Church alone  
Without HIS presence win Earth as HIS Throne.*

Had the Church listened to Her GLORIOUS LORD,  
List to the simple message of HIS Word—  
She had not been the laughing stock of Earth—  
Target she stands for atheistic mirth—  
And brought discredit on the Christly fame—  
Her failure is apparent to all eyes—  
For all her vapid boasting, and her lies,  
That she would conquer in CHRIST'S Blessed Name  
The whole wide world—proves but an empty boast—  
Confusion and dissension mid her host.  
For in late years she kept not even pace  
With the birth rate of olden Heathen Race,  
They multiplied too fast—she lagged behind—  
She may as well have whistled down the wind—  
And so men pricked the gas bags of her boasts  
And there grew questionings amid her hosts—  
A shifting of her doctrines—the dispute  
If the Blood theory were indeed the Truth—  
Were man mistaken to the Great World loss  
As to HIS sacrifice upon the Cross!  
Was HE Sin Bearer upon Calvary—  
Or simply as Example suffered HE!  
Was HE true God—or simply Blessed Man—  
And was this preaching of Salvation's plan  
All foreign to HIS mission and design,  
And simply, early Fathers made Divine.  
And this neglecting of The Flesh for soul—  
The saving of the Soul was that the whole  
One duty of the Church—and what was sin  
A crime—or simple ignorance in men—

And was man fallen utterly—and vile  
Unworthy of God's welcoming and smile.

And at a time appointed, Cæsar goes  
To meet in single conquest these grim foes—  
So to Jerusalem in pomp and state  
Ten Kings and all his Princes, hearts elate  
That these two Witnesses should bite the dust—  
And so the World put a still greater trust  
In Satan's Son—for such he stood revealed.

The Witnesses who knew their doom was sealed,  
That Days of witnessing had run their course,  
Made no resistance to his armed force,  
But calmly with a sterner grandeur trod  
Into the presence of this Base Born God—  
So met their doom—by Anarchist were slain.

Now the Great World as freed from a mad pain  
Burst out in thunder of glad, wild acclaim,  
For this had won to Cæsar's sacred name,  
If that were possible, a Mightier fame!  
The World stood as on tiptoe to rejoice,  
Good cheer, and hearty greetings in each voice,  
And as the wires ran out to tell the tale  
That Cæsar did o'er Witnesses prevail,  
It seemed as if one universal cry  
In mighty thunders ran around the Earth  
Laughter and song, and revelings, and mirth;  
Glad messages were sent from friend to friend,  
All costly presents did rejoicers send,  
And Roman Earth kept royal holiday.

Nor would God-Cæsar lay the slain away  
But openly displayed before the eye—  
Came Nobles, Princes, wealthy men, to see,

The Great, the noble of Humanity,  
 To gloat o'er bodies of the fallen foe  
 As they indeed had been a royal show.  
 And, lo, the third, it was a Gala Day,  
 With vast munificence and great display  
 The Great Ambassadors of Nations came,  
 Saw Cæsar's Glory—and JEHOVAH's shame.  
 For CHRIST a silent Heaven, a silent Earth—  
 For Cæsar it was revelry and mirth;  
 For CHRIST—'twas ignominy and dire disgrace—  
 Lo, not a follower dare show his face—  
 Satan had conquered, reigned supreme o'er all,  
 The Mighty Nations not afraid to fall  
 In worship—adoration to His Son  
 The Cæsar-God who had this triumph won.

Was it high noon—when blasphemy at height,  
 The gathered Kings of Europe at his feet—  
 And the slain Witnesses in all men's sight—  
 God-Cæsar's victory indeed complete.

Lo, not a cloud on the blue Syrian sky—  
 All suddenly came ringing from on high  
 A voice that, trumpet like, smote every ear:  
 "COME UP HITHER!"

Sudden dismay and fear  
 Held voiceless millions—suddenly from bier  
 Arose the Witnesses in life, in strength,  
 And to high Heaven, as on the wind, they went,  
 Followed by awe struck, horror stricken eyes—  
 Then vanished—hidden by the clear blue skies.

Then e'er astonishment had time to speak—  
 Lo! blanched an awful horror on each cheek—  
 'Twould seem as if the very earth beneath  
 Shivering in terror, heaving neath their feet—  
 And a great earthquake held them in its power!

Lo, seven thousand perished in that hour—  
 The mighty nobles, Princes, were the prey  
 Of wreck and ruin on this fatal day—  
 The buildings and their walls rocked to and fro—  
 One tenth of the Great City spread below  
 Its grandeur and its beauty at men's feet.

Then were mad rushings—shouting in each street—  
 Crowds terror stricken and in wild affright—  
 The bravest were most reckless in their flight—  
 And the one thought supreme in Gentile mind  
 To fly and leave this cursed place behind!

Did Cæsar veil his vast astonishment—  
 Sullen and scowling in the rush he went  
 As willing captive—or as one hemmed in  
 By the surrounding horror stricken men—  
 And so in spite of self—upon the plain  
 Gathered his stricken Cohorts once again.  
 But surely not a daring of his fate  
 He sought no more to open City's Gate.  
 Between the Seas was spread the Royal tent—  
 A place of savage anger—discontent.  
 And so the shadow of the evening falls  
 Without a Gentile within Jewish walls—  
 Jerusalem—without a single foe  
 Yet without hope—for on the plains below  
 Tho' shattered now, foes hurry to and fro—  
 The Jewish heart was stricken at the sight.

But suddenly as from the tomb of night—  
 From cellars and from caves brave hearts appeared  
 And with great swelling words their brothers cheered.

*Be men, O Israel—our God is nigh—  
 It was HIS voice that spake from yonder sky—*



CHRIST, the MESSIAH, cometh to our aid—  
 Of Gentile wrath be not your hearts afraid.  
 Up, let us close the gates, and hold at bay  
 The stricken Gentile—for the coming day  
 Of CHRIST JEHOVAH'S Power is surely nigh!  
 So let our hearts to every grief be dumb—  
 Is it not writ: 'Our God shall surely come!'  
 We are all precious in JEHOVAH'S eye—  
 Hath HE not sworn, 'A Remnant shall not die!' ”

And so Jerusalem with trembling hands  
 Closed to its gates—defying Roman lands—  
 Flung from the Citadel of Zion's tower  
 The flag of David, token once of power,  
 Had not that banner flouted many a breeze  
 When their JEHOVAH crushed all enemies!  
 The Flag of David—hailed the setting sun  
 A Herald of the victory to be won!

Like Lion wounded by a rankling shaft,  
 Driven to his doom in spite of strength and craft,  
 Trembling, yet maddened by impotent rage,  
 Blindly determined without hope to wage  
 In bitterness of death with growl and blow  
 Seeking to rend or frighten closing foe,  
 So now was Cæsar from the City driven  
 Swore in his heart, The Jew all unforgiven  
 Should know more than the bitterness of death!  
 And every throbbing of blaspheming breath  
 Poured maledictions on the cursed race  
 With wrath that never once should slack its pace  
 'Til not a Jew upon the world's broad face!

And as he foamed, behold, a message came  
 Smiting his soul as if Sirocco flame  
 Had shriveled all the great hopes of his pride—

He put the message with a sneer aside—  
Tidings like this—a foolish dastard lie,  
Who e'er dictated first should surely die.  
But came another—still another post—  
And on his lips died the imperial boasts—  
And this the tidings: "*Eastern Barbaric Hosts  
Are rushing fast to sack your Babylon!*"  
And so before the setting of the sun  
He knew the Hordes of Asia on their way  
To pillage, plunder, ruthlessly to slay,  
Millions on millions: so the message read—  
From every quarter messages the same—  
The lure of plunder hordes of Asia led  
To bring on Babylon both death and shame.  
Lo, now a double purpose winged his words—  
His heart cried out to hear the ring of swords  
For mightiest War which ever shook the earth—  
His heart rang out in glad responsive mirth—  
Millions should answer to his battle cry—  
His smoke of sacking darken all the sky—  
His horses wading in red human blood  
To lave in such was surely welcome flood—  
His soul cried out for blood shed without stint—  
The gathering of all Europe his intent  
To strike at first the Jews accursed face,  
And after that the Asiatic Race  
Should feel the terror of his mighty wrath!  
When Babylon's wild foes swept from his path  
The whole of Asia should bow down to him,  
And he in truth should wear Earth's diadem,  
For not a Nation, but should be o'erthrown,  
His double headed eagle float o'er throne!

And then his heart conceived a wondrous thing—  
He would show JAH, and Man, he was a King.  
Lo, armed millions should fight men as foes,

While in more dark and deadly, awful close,  
 The Demons should meet Angels in their hate,  
 Then Wrong or Right be driven to its fate—  
 And so JEHOVAH challenged to a fight!  
 Yea, let CHRIST and HIS Angels come to sight—  
 Then such a war as never yet beheld  
 Undreamed of e'en by Satan in far eld—  
 Exterminating war, and that alone,  
 'Twixt himself and THE CHRIST for The World's  
 throne—  
 While Satan and JEHOVAH for the rest—  
 So let their strength decide who was the best.

So over Europe ran his battle cry—  
 All quickly Europe made its mad reply:  
 "To Arms! To arms! The Flower of Europe's Race!  
 Lo, Palestine the first grand meeting place!"

His fretting soul had wished an eagle's wing  
 The strength of Europe to this place to bring,  
 To stamp out of the land all Jewish breed,  
 And not one single soul be left indeed,  
 Child, Woman, Man, not one of them be spared—  
 They in their foolish venom hand had reared  
 To thwart his high designs—and on his name  
 Put stamp indelible that blasted fame—  
 Their blood alone could wipe out such a shame

Lo, Satan sent his messengers abroad,  
 Deceiving with their lying and base fraud,  
 Telling the Human, that the Glorious hour  
 Was near the dawn when Lucifer's Great Power  
 Would crush JEHOVAH in a fatal close!  
 JEHOVAH and HIS Angels, men's fell foes,  
 Be driven to grim disaster and defeat;  
 In a short time Demons and Angels meet,

Then Satan be triumphant—then the race  
 Of men and Demons occupy high place  
 Where now JEHOVAH sitteth, nursing wrath  
 To strike both men and Demons from HIS path!  
 JEHOVAH ever the grim foe of men  
 Would hunt them to despair in preaching Sin—  
 Their pains and aches were pleasant to HIS sight—  
 His aim to hold in miserable plight—  
 HE loved to see their misery and tears.  
 Yea, HE had now fooled men six thousand years  
 Posing before them as their constant friend—  
 Now if HE were—why should not sufferings end—  
 But, lo, six thousands years above men's head—  
 'Twas devastation, suffering, care, dread!

Then up for Lucifer's and human cause,  
 No puritanical, stern, foolish laws,  
 But freedom for The Passions, and full rein  
 To ask all Pleasure and the boon obtain;  
 And men, like Demons, must be free indeed  
 In thought, in word, in daring, and in deed.

“To Arms! To arms!” from heart to lip it ran—  
 Europe became as if a single man  
 Stood for the Nations—with a heart a fire  
 Obeying Lucifer the sole desire,  
 Making his cause o'er everything supreme,  
 From Factory, store, and farm, flowed out one stream  
 Of fiery furies with one end in sight—  
 To aid Prince Satan in this nearing fight.

For Europe when she cast The CHRIST aside  
 Believing not that HE had lived or died,  
 Scouting all thought of GOD-head to HIS name,  
 Aye, coupling to HIS birth a word of shame,  
 Renouncing all allegiance to HIS cause—  
 Apostate to His teachings and His laws—

From lip to lip the fierce defiance flew  
Crying to heaven with mad thoughts quivering :  
*"We will not have this man to be our King,  
We will not have as God this long dead Jew!"*  
HIS CHRIST rejected—GOD kept silent then—  
And let Prince Satan with his lying win,  
The thoughts and the affection of lost men ;  
HE stood as 'twere aside. The Silent One  
To see how far would Satan lead men on.

So when war cloud flushed all the Eastern sky—  
When all of Europe heard his warning cry  
The want of arms now felt in all the West—  
And every man strove for to form the best—  
The pruning hook was sharpened to fierce spear,  
The plows were beaten until swords appear,  
Iron and steel again in furnace blast  
From whence grim cannon were once more recast.  
*Men cursed The Hague, its councils, and its fools!*  
Europe went mad in shaping warlike tools.  
An arsenal was Europe now indeed,  
And Dainty women, giving little heed  
To dress or fashion, took indeed the lead  
Of shaping war munitions of all kinds ;  
Alert and quick in daring and in skill  
Men worked and toiled with iron in their will,  
War and war weapons only on their minds,  
Their labors were titanic in their sweep,  
And not aloof did any woman keep  
The maid, the matron, all had work to do,  
Loving and faithfully they did it too.

"To Arms! To Arms!" Matrons and maidens young  
Sprang up with this wild cry upon their tongue,  
Forgetting modesty—they sold their charms  
To any bidder who would give them arms—

For what was virtue but a silly thing!  
And women justified in trafficking!  
"To Arms! To Arms!" at morning, noon and night,  
Lo, night was banished with electric light  
As men went mad to make them arms of fight.

"To Arms! To Arms!" and willing hearts and hands  
Saved not their toiling over Europe's lands—  
Weapons of warfare every hand prepared—  
In every village furnace stack upared—  
The clack of anvils never died away  
'Twas over Europe one continuous day—  
Night had no shadow with electric blaze,  
Men halted not at ending of the days—  
'Twas one continuous fashioning of steel—  
'Twas furnace blast which ever flushed the sky—  
Men grew titanic, as they did not feel  
The want nor wishing in their bed to lie—  
'Twas fury in the hand, and in the eye,  
'Twas furious, unrelenting, grimy toil—  
Blood at white heat, that ever seemed to boil  
As fed by fire unquenchable, a force  
That held the throbbing nerves in steady course  
Of toiling—oft exhausted brain gave way  
And work of love dropped from the hands of clay—  
But this was dying in a noble cause—  
And never for an instant work must pause  
The work snatched up e'er former worker died—  
While scores of others for the toiling cried.

And now was eager, breathless haste betrayed—  
Embargo on the ships of trading made,  
Crafts of all kind—the largest and the best  
To tiny boat that scarcely rode sea crest;  
But Europe crowded with her fighting men  
The railways ran with ever faster speed,

Unceasing night and day the marching din  
But ships and railways answered not their need.  
Lo, every highway running to the East  
Crowded with carriages—and every beast  
Which could bear men to Palestine's fell shore ;  
And then mixed multitudes of every size  
The like of it shall never be seen more,  
Such rabble ne'er before to human eyes  
Crowded all highways—ever marching feet  
From Cities, towns, and hamlets, from far West,  
On to the East with sullen thunder beat—  
Tho' oft-times faint—yet onward still they pressed.  
Aged had no reckoning, and youth no bound,  
Men, women, children ever pressing round  
The floating banner of their beckoning God,  
Through deep morass, o'er dizzy height they trod,  
Mid hunger, thirsty, with torn and bloody feet.  
A swelling tide where ever cross roads meet—  
Behold from either hand they come, they come,  
With clarion cry and roll of mighty drum.  
'Twould look as Europe vomited her race  
And turned to Palestine the scowling face—  
Whole towns deserted—in some Cities left  
Only sick and dying, infants bereft  
Of mother's thought and care—Mothers outran  
Even the men to be in battle van ;  
If Palestine were Heaven—the rushing feet  
On this fell march could never be more fleet,  
For Demon led was every human breast  
That onward to destruction madly pressed ;  
'Twas very madness such invading host  
Full of their mouthing blasphemy and boast,  
For e'er their feet had reached the distant place  
Their God's trained Soldiers would meet Jewish  
Race—  
Grinding to powder neath Imperial heel.

But useless to such rabble make appeal—  
 Their ever wild, increasing, angry prayer,  
 That they could only meet the Jew CHRIST there  
 And shatter all HIS Angels in their wrath—  
 Their constant prayer that HE may cross their path.

Lo, soon his Cohorts filled The Holy Land  
 On mountain, plain and valley, his command  
 Like locust covered as it were each place  
 'Til all of Palestine one hissing face  
 Set to wild blasphemy and threats of hate.

And like a helpless one, and desolate,  
 The solitary City floated still  
 The flag of David on Mount Zion's hill.

On to his doom the proud Assyrian goes,  
 Thinking no power on earth can now oppose—  
 And should he meet with Heaven in his path  
 He would most surely dare it in his wrath.  
 Nearer, and nearer to Jerusalem,  
 Most hated of all spots on Earth to him—  
 The place of his defeat, and his disgrace,  
 But in his wrath he surely would efface  
 From off the earth, nor leave a wall to tell  
 Where Israel's hated Race had dared to dwell.  
 Ages ago the Grand Prophetic Seer  
 Beheld his pathway—and has shown it clear  
 Marked every halting place along the line—  
 Unerring pathway marked by pen Divine:—

*“He moves to Aiath—and Migron hears his feet—  
 His carriages at Michmash put aside,  
 Crosses the passages where waters meet  
 And for a time at Geba will abide;  
 Lo, Ramah's dwellers surely are afraid,  
 And those of Gibeah have fled away,*



*Daughter of Gallim have wild weeping made,  
 Laish have shuddered when they heard the cries,  
 And O Poor Anathoth in ashes lies!  
 Madmenah is removed, and Gebim in affright  
 Have gathered themselves for a sudden flight—  
 For who can footsteps of dread vengeance stay—  
 And, Lo, at Nob he pitches tents to-day!"*

And, Lo, Jerusalem fills all his sight,  
 The Temple blazing on Mount Zion's height—  
 Lo, as he gazes on that hated place  
 The blood of fury rushes to his face—  
 His hand upraised, and shaken in his wrath,  
 Surely his anger will have fearful path!  
 Hill of Jerusalem, and Zion mount,  
 Shall be erased so that a child can count  
 The stones remaining of the cursed spot—  
 Men shall seek for it, but shall find it not!

O night, The Last of all The Gentile Power,  
 Behold of Wickedness thou art The Flower,  
 The culmination of Imperial Sin,  
 No higher mark shall ever Evil win!  
 Sin all unblushing poured upon the plains  
 The many millions of the army trains,  
 Hailed every passing hour with music strains,  
 'Til Earth's afflictions had forgot all pains.  
 An outer revelry, nor came one thought  
 To mar the madness that the human sought,  
 Untrammelled and unrestricted by one law  
 The dying hours of Gentile Times but saw  
 The maddest revelry all Time had seen—  
 Demons and men—and hard it would have been  
 To tell most daring Sinner of the twain—  
 For sin was now Religion—Holy Rite  
 Not in a corner, but in blazing light.

O City clustering 'round Mount Zion's height  
 What are thy thoughts as pass the hours this night,  
 Lo, every second on clock's face brings nigh  
 The Death from whence impossible to fly.  
 Here surely Gentile Host shall win its end  
 Mid all Earth's Nations thou hast not one friend—  
 The Human helpless—none dare favor thee—  
 Around about thee grim ferocity  
 Destruction and oblivion in thy path—  
 No earth power now can save from Cæsar's wrath—  
 Eyes brimmed with tears—or eyes of grim despair—  
 Look from thy towers to see that everywhere  
 Hemmed in, and trapped—as birds in iron cage—  
 Death throb more sweet than Cæsar's coming rage—  
 Lo, every breeze do on their soft wings bring  
 The hiss of hate—the curse of suffering!

And so shut up to GOD—to GOD alone!  
 For if JEHOVAH come not from HIS throne  
 The Jewish Race shall only be a name  
 No more a people—but a hiss of shame!

With this one Hope—the poor accursed Race,  
 With shambling steps now crowd the Holy Place,  
 And such a weeping ne'er was heard before—  
 And such Earth weeping shall be heard no more—  
 And all night long went up that bitter cry—

But from the Heavens above came no reply!

Day! are you breaking without single cloud  
 To flick the azure of the Syrian sky,  
 Behold, thy splendors burst on that vast crowd  
 That e'er the even tide shall surely die,  
 And neath the feet as crumbling ashes lie!  
 Strange day—no stranger breaketh on man's sight—

For e'er the falling shadows of the night  
 GOD shall HIS work—"His *strange work*," surely do,  
 Heaven, Earth, and Hell, shall have a grand review—  
 The like shall be not any more at all!  
 And at the evening, when the shadows fall,  
 A Blessed Peace shall fall upon the world!  
 Lo, for a thousand years shall battle flags be furled—  
 Right be Triumphant—and Wrong-Doing dumb—  
 Men know at last—

THE PRINCE OF PEACE HAD COME!

O, Sun! at breaking of this fatal day  
 You looked on multitude—a vast array  
 Of men and demons eager for the fray;  
 On poor Jerusalem, like stag at bay;  
 Surrounded as by wild and angry sea  
 Of yelling demons, mad humanity,  
 Implacable their hatreds surely be,  
 Like barking dogs of wild ferocity  
 They circle round with none to rescue thee,  
 Mouth foaming hounds just now held in by lash  
 But at a word—then onward, frantic dash  
 Upon a handful of despised Jews!  
 Lo, every Nation did of help refuse—  
 Each Nation held them an accursed Foe—  
 O Sun! O Sun! hast thou e'er looked below  
 On such a concentration of dire woe!

O many millions of a varied host!  
 The very air vibrating thy wild boast,  
 Fresh from thy drunken slumber open eyes  
 To look thy last upon the cloudless skies!  
 For, lo, e'er battle cry upon thy lips  
 The Heavens around shuddered in strange eclipse  
 From North, from South, from East, and the far West,  
 Behold Fierce birds fly on a strange behest,

Fierce Birds of Prey crowd all the upper air!  
 Men felt the blackness, heard the sharp shrill cries;  
 Wild sweepings of strong wings are everywhere  
 And like to storm clouds cover all the skies.

Surely the Human staggered at the sight—  
 Their spirits shattered in a chill affright—  
 And every heart was bent upon wild flight  
 Cowering beneath this terrible bird-night.  
 To rouse the drooping spirits in men's breast  
 The Demons made of it a sorry jest:  
*"As Gentile lions rend it with their teeth  
 So birds of prey would sup on Kosher meat."*  
 And so the demon's lie won back their strength,  
 Again men's hearts set on the wild intent  
 To be proud Satan's willing instrument.

And then to ape the Blessed Trinity,  
 Lo, to the human sight—that all may see—  
 Satan—His King, and the False Prophet stood,  
 Circling around them were as mighty flood  
 The Principalities and Powers of Evil Thrones;  
 Satan's Great Princes and High Chiefs from zones  
 Of his dominion—all his gathered strength  
 Marshaled a mighty multitude to see  
 And round the King, to aid his mad intent,  
 Europe's ten Kings, with nobles of high state,  
 Princes and statesmen—highest in degree—  
 Bending before him on the servile knee  
 His majesty and glory to inflate.

And still was Heaven silent—not one sign  
 Such Blasphemy was heard by THE DIVINE!  
 Nor in the air rang any voice, nor cry,  
 Earth seemed to be forgotten by the sky—  
 To Blasphemy of Hell came no reply,

JEHOVAH was afar—not surely nigh—  
And demons to the Human boasting made  
That CHRIST was dead—JEHOVAH sore afraid.

A vision not conceived by human mind—  
Forces of Hell and Earth now stood combined,  
Their glory, and their strength, and wrath appeared  
To brave as 'twere JEHOVAH to the beard—  
To challenge THE ETERNAL to the fight—

Behold, Jerusalem, His chosen Place—  
Behold, the Jews, surely HIS chosen Race—  
Now let HIM rescue them if HE may dare!

Who first gave sign to let the trumpets blare—  
Was it the King, or Satan, gave the sign—  
For rang the trumpet call from line to line—  
And as one angry thunder came the cries  
Shouts of defiance to the silent skies.  
Shout of Defiance in JEHOVAH'S face—  
*“On to the Death of the accursed Race!”*  
The circle closes, and still closer pressed,  
Closer and closer—narrowed the steel crest—  
With voices ringing with blaspheming hate—  
Zion, alas, will soon be desolate—  
And not a single Jew to mourn her fate.

The walls have crumbled in the hands of hate—  
The foe is marching through her every gate—  
And yet with madness all supremely grand  
The Jew has met them, fighting hand to hand,  
And every step is marked by blood of Jew,  
And tho' the foolishness of such they knew  
Contention and destruction marked the way  
Where the retreating foot held foe at bay.

Perchance, to watch the slaughter of the Jews  
The onward sweeping foeman did refuse  
The use of powder—was it sword and spear—  
So that the atmosphere be bright and clear  
That Satan and Earth chiefs of high estate  
May watch poor Israel driven to her fate,  
So glut their eyes on misery and pain,  
As they had counted one by one the slain.  
For all unequaled in this bitter fight  
The circling foeman ever drawing tight,  
And smaller still, the circle of grim foes  
As round Mount Zion would be final close.  
Not all were slain—a captive was the prize  
More precious than a dead man to their eyes—  
Once dead the Jew was free of suffering—  
Perchance, rewards were offered by The King  
For victims to grace future revelry,  
Perchance, the thought, victorious host should see  
Torches as Nero lit in long ago,  
And so rejoice in Israel's Final woe.  
E'en now to glut the fury of the Beast,  
To give his eyes a grim and welcome feast,  
The trembling captives led before his eyes,  
Filling the air with bitterness and cries—  
For not a hope of mercy, but torment  
Before he would the life from hand relent.  
Naked, and maimed, and torn from their fight  
Some stood there bravely and not with affright  
Daring the victor to his very face—  
For what was life if Zion's holy place  
Again was desecrated by his feet—  
Nay better Death should follow their defeat.  
And some tho' wounded, maimed and racked with pain,  
Showed by their daring a superb disdain,  
For yet a hope was lurking in the brain  
That prophets had not prophesied in vain—

They knew the word of GOD could not be broken.  
 E'en now they scanned the sky for some glad token  
 That GOD had not forgotten Israel's Race—  
 Had not forgotten Zion a loved place  
 That HE had sworn HE would redeem some day;  
 And surely this far stretching battle fray  
 Bespoke of "*Jacob's Day of Trouble*," Lo,  
 Could Human mortals suffer direr woe!

But still a silent Heaven! and the Jews  
 Did every minute point of vantage lose,  
 Tho' deeds heroic thick and fast were shown  
 Each hindering barrier surely overthrown,  
 Sheer force of numbers steadily that drove  
 Backward the Jew—in vain, in vain they strove  
 Against the billows of steel crested sea—  
 Of shouting Demons and Humanity.  
 The ever pressing, steady, forceful flood  
 Circling around them—'til at last there stood  
 A dwindling few of wide world hated race,  
 Around Mount Zion and the Holy Place!

And still a silent Heaven! and the foes  
 Who from near distance watch that fearful close  
 Waxed loud in mighty shoutings and wild cries,  
 Human and Demons with rejoicing shout—  
 Spake all their malice and their hatred out  
 Against JEHOVAH and HIS livid SON.  
 They surely now a victory had won  
 And richer Blasphemy than ever rung  
 All full of daring pride—on the King's tongue—  
 Words of defiance that e'en Satan 'bashed  
 As from this wild beast King the challenge flashed.

He spat upon JEHOVAH and HIS might!  
 Who was a dastard shrinking from the fight!

And when he ground to powder Zion's place,  
 Nor let one live of all the Jewish Race,  
 Then would he scale high heaven to give War  
 To the accursed JEHOVAH—now a far  
 Shrinking and shivering behind cloudy walls—  
 For this great gathering of the Earth appalls—  
 JEHOVAH knows he neareth to his fall!  
 Yea, verily JEHOVAH yet shall crawl  
 An abject slave in homage at his feet.  
 Prepare thee now—JEHOVAH—come and meet  
 The Human—take this challenge in thy teeth—  
 Thou art a craven, and thy woman CHRIST  
 Afraid to meet the Human in grim tryst.

And, Lo, as if in answer to this cry  
 The light of sun dropped from the azure sky,  
 And like the chilling drop of funeral pall  
 A darkness to be felt was over all—  
 And o'er the *world* an awesome silence fell,  
 Silence, and darkness, vast, and terrible.  
 And who may tell how many moments past—  
 Demon and human stricken and aghast.

Then suddenly rang out a triumphant blast  
*That silenced all the world*—a trumpet tone  
 That never from the human lips was blown—  
 That shook the earth from very pole to pole—  
 And all who heard it sickened to the soul—  
 The listeners lost the power and wish of speaking.

JEHOVAH now HIS *silence surely breaking*—  
 Human and Demon's Power were shattered threads—  
 The trumpet blast loud ringing o'er their heads  
 Shivered, as brittle glass, their fiery hate—  
 Each soul knew it was lost—each desolate,  
 Tho' millions pressing upon every side—



All thought of battle ever in them died.  
Satan, His King, The Prophet, weak and spent  
Dazed as it were in chill astonishment.

And then of sudden before every eye  
Stood out A MAN against the darkened sky!  
A MAN, as if embodiment of light,  
The dazzling splendor stood before their sight  
Exceeding terrible, a living blaze—  
And all that looked knew that before their gaze  
THE CHRIST! ONCE CRUCIFIED ON CALVARY!

Dead silence still—they could but look and see—  
Then rang HIS voice—as thunder on the sea—  
That all the living and the dead would hear!  
And suddenly to Human did appear  
All Glorious Beings from beneath their feet,  
As if the very dust had blossoms sweet  
Of men and women wondrously clad,  
And all the look of CHRIST upon them had!  
Radiantly beautiful up from the grave to spring—  
Out of the very dust were blossoming  
A mighty host of beings wondrous fair,  
Lo, quick as thought fled upward in the air  
And stood behind, in one vast, grand array,  
In garments whiter than the light of day,  
Beings of beauty, grand of limb and face,  
Behind THE NAZARENE, they took their place,  
A host uncountable to human eyes.

Then suddenly there came a new surprise—  
The skies seem rent with shouting—and there came  
Out of the distances—clad as if in flame—  
The armies of JEHOVAH—all the horizon  
Had one great sweep of flashing glory won—  
The sky was full of Beings—Angel Race

Who had come from the distant worlds in space  
 To see the reign of Righteous begun—  
 The Triumph of JEHOVAH'S BLESSED SON!

And, Lo, THAT GLORIOUS SOLITARY ONE  
 As if by steps moved on, and still moved on,  
 Above the heads of the blanched Rebel Host—  
 Upon whose tongues had frozen jeer and boast.  
 As The Two Angels promised long ago  
 To HIS Disciples in their parting woe—  
*Again on Olivet The Blessed Feet!*  
 Quickly responding to a touch so sweet  
 The mountain quivered—parted wide in twain—  
 And in the opening, lo, a valley plain,  
 And so with Heaven, and Hell, and Earth, to view—  
 JEHOVAH HIS strange work began to do.  
 And first to Israel turned His human face  
 To this despised, rejected, and cursed Race,  
 And from his lips there fell the Words of Peace:

*"Come, my People! enter thy chambers here—  
 Come, ye Beloved, ye have naught to fear—  
 As 'twere a little moment hide thy face—  
 I shut the door to this your hiding place,  
 Come, O my People—(ye are mine at last)—  
 Until the indignation is o'er past!"*

And Israel's Race could plainly see before  
 Their eyes, THE ONE they crucified in yore—  
 Beheld the nail print in uplifted hand—  
 And on HIS brow the marks where thorns had  
 pressed—  
 And Faith, and Joy, and Welcome, in each breast—  
 So quickly did they answer His command.  
 Up from the dust the Captives quickly rose,  
 All quickly from their pathway fell their foes,

The men, the women, children, gathered now  
With little words of joy—with joy lit brow—  
And straightway—led by Risen Saints—took way  
To where the new born valley smiling lay,  
And entering one and all, of every age,  
Now safe for ever more from Gentile rage  
Beneath the hand of their Eternal King!  
And, lo, behind them did the portals ring—  
Shut safely in the bosom of the earth.

Then turned HE to the Nations who begirt  
His Holy Land—to ruin and efface—  
Then fell the plague upon the upturned face  
At word of HIS—and, lo, on tongues and eyes  
The strange and wondrous plague upon all lies—  
The wasting of the tongue within the mouth  
So that no word, nor ever more a shout  
Of anger or defiance—and the eye  
Losing the power to see things far or nigh  
Wasting away—from this strange malady.  
A silent host that never silence broke—  
A fading sight—a tongue that never spoke—  
A horror of great agony and pain!  
Gazing in terror from the heights and plain.  
Aye, on each beast of burden that stood there  
That fatal plague was working everywhere;  
A subtle plague that floated in the air  
That blasted millions as with fetid breath,  
And each knew, swiftly coming a grim Death.  
They had no power to conquer nor to stay,  
Their very flesh was wasting from their bones  
Yet never cry, nor shout, nor any moans.  
A wasting of the mighty multitude  
As on their feet each one all silent stood  
And one and all with the swift wasting sight  
Turned to behold THE ONE on mountain height.

Not one of them but surely had been warned—  
Not one of them but who HIS mercy scorned—  
Despised HIM, and rejecting HIM, and lay  
Their petty scorn upon HIM many a day—  
Mocked HIS salvation freely offered all  
With scorn that even Demons did appall,  
Trampled upon the Life Blood that HE shed!  
And willing by free will were they led  
To a conspiracy to thrust HIM down  
From HIS high place—to take HIS GODHEAD'S crown  
To deck the brows of Satan. Now HE stands  
Without Peace offering within HIS hands.  
Surely each one had sinned his day of grace away—  
And with a willing heart joined the array  
Of Demons that would smite HIM from HIS throne—  
So then the crime and sinning theirs alone.  
They saw CHRIST Victor—they no more despise—  
His form—the last thing seen by wasted eyes—  
So they must bear the sins they would not place  
On HIM—Sin Bearer for the Human Race—  
Now theirs—Sin, Ignominy, and dire Disgrace.

So when the daylight faded from their face,  
Blinded—they fell a groping for some place  
Where resting may be found—and pain assuage—  
Then suddenly awoke keen anger and wild rage—  
Each one a fury to his fellow man—  
Blinded they staggered, 'gainst each other ran—  
And soon confusion dire and terrible,  
Powerless indeed the human tongue to tell  
Of that mad carnage—fury uncontrolled—  
Rank after rank against each other rolled  
Using war weapons recklessly and wild.  
Lo, in the hollows soon the dead were piled,  
Trampling on them the blinded living fought  
As each possessed but with one single thought

To fight and slay, and still, to fight and slay  
 Whoever came a near them—none may stay  
 The fury of the other—both confined  
 To sense of hearing—none could foeman see—  
 'Twas ghastly, terrible, grim anarchy.  
 The valley of Jehoshaphat ran blood,  
 Up to horse bridle was the gory flood ;  
 And over all of Palestine as foes  
 The many millions in mad fury close,  
 One with the other in that blinded fray.  
 So smitten by themselves in heaps they lay—  
 And so the Might of Europe passed away !  
 And then the Demons who beheld CHRIST's power,  
 Keen that their doom had come this very hour  
 Helpless and cowered—and fearful every one—  
 Their direst pain that they must look upon  
 THEIR LORD AND MASTER—they would slink away  
 Like rats to holes in terror and dismay.

And now no longer to disgrace the Earth—  
 Nor blight it ever more when its new birth  
 Would glad the sight—and that hour near at hand—  
 Nor should they more pollute sky, sea, and land,  
 But held in bondage to the Latter Day !  
 The Human should no longer be their prey,  
 No more infest the world with their hiss,  
 They should be driven to the deep abyss :  
 And so the Angels from the Christly face  
 Swept them to empty hollows of their place !

The Beast, and the False Prophet, side by side,  
 Looked on that battle—that fierce, angry tide  
 Dashing in blinded helplessness and rage,  
*With naught their own wild terror to assuage—*  
*Groveling as very worms in the dust—*  
 The multitudes in which they put their trust

Like cattle driven to a slaughter place—  
 But not of pride, nor of defeat's disgrace  
 That tortured them—they were as melted wax,  
 Their will, their daring, all their powers relax,  
 And so as weak as water—dire suffering  
 Shook the false Prophet and the dastard King.  
 More terrible than all—THE CHRISTLY gaze  
 Piercing the soul, bone, marrow, in its blaze,  
 The pure contempt upon that Glorious Face—  
 This was the bitterness of their disgrace.  
 And now what was their ending and their fate,  
 Surely but equal to their once grim hate  
 Better to flee, to hide from that calm eye  
 In deep abyss, so terrible a nigh  
 This CHRIST they hated, that they spit upon,  
 And now the moment of their fearful doom  
 No sepulcher on earth—for them no tomb—  
 The earth would vomit them from burial place,  
 Not suffer in its bosom such disgrace.

Lo, in the limits of a single hour  
 Vanished their glory, grandeur, and vast power,  
 An hour ago—so mighty to look on —  
 Now seek their millions—not a living one!  
 And now their boasted glory all was past—  
 And Angel hands into the abyss cast  
 The shuddering twain—no more to come from it—  
 The everlasting burnings of the pit.  
 Then Satan, The last Rebel, stood alone,  
 He made no sign, nor cry, nor any moan,  
 He had beheld his vast imperial sway  
 As in a moment crushed and swept away,  
 Torn as in shreds all vestige of commands,  
 He knew that he was helpless in CHRIST's hands,  
 A sullen slave with an unconquered will—  
 Within his spirit Sin was rampant still—

And caring not for misery he wrought,  
Men's suffering never troubled him one thought,  
With never care, nor thought of a repentance,  
He knew that lingered yet his final sentence.  
As there he stood where he met CHRISTLY eyes  
He knew his final bitterness not near,  
At worst confinement for a thousand years,  
And this far hope enlightened his dull skies  
Making a thread of hope in his great fear—  
His soul in bitterness was nigh to tears—  
Tho' thought of a defiance yet at soul;  
And tho' he questioned not THE CHRIST'S control  
He but a conquered foeman in disgrace  
His one desire—to see not Victor's face—  
So the Arch Angel thrust him to his place.

And so was conquered every open foe  
And CHRIST HIS blessings ready to bestow  
Upon a sin cursed world—with upraised hand  
Spoke but a word, and, lo, o'er every land  
Swept cleansing fires—so making a new world—  
The works of man were to destruction hurled—  
And as a school boy washes from his slate  
The many figures drawn by him of late  
Leaving no mark to tell what had been there,  
So CHRIST JEHOVAH swept sea, land, and air,  
Of their old foulness—caused by breath of sin—  
Making all sweet, new dwelling place for men  
Without the olden curse—and everything  
That brought to man an ache or suffering  
Evanished utterly from off the earth;  
And surely it was changed in this new birth  
And continents, and lakes, and rivers, changing place.  
Then by HIS word upon the Earth's new face  
Sprang up of tree, and shrub, and grass, and grain,  
On mountain, hill and valley, and broad plain,

And kine, and cattle, and the beasts, were there—  
Lo, everything supremely passing fair!

And Palestine expanding far and wide,  
And yet old sights and places one descried,  
Lo, Zion's mountain broadened top and base,  
Where yet should blossom the great Temple Place.  
And now the land was full of water springs;  
Lo, in the trees and bushes joy bird sings;  
And fruit stood luscious on the bending tree;  
And grains were golden waiting hand to reap;  
And in the grass great herds of cattle, sheep,  
Lo, all that heart of man could wish, in sight  
And over all the sweet, calm evening light  
The World was lit with Glory of CHRIST's face!

Then CHRIST swung back the gates of hiding place—

Out Israel rushed to note with glad surprise  
The Glory of the World—and of the Skies—  
Then every face and eye toward HIM turned—  
In their *new* hearts great thankfulness now burned—  
And every voice in mighty gladness cried:

“OUR LORD, OUR KING, OUR SAVIOUR CRUCIFIED!”

And so as CHRIST took up the Earthly Crown  
*A Blessed Peace upon the World came down.*

END



## APPENDIX

FAR be it from me, for one second, to declare that I have covered every detail, or that the picture I have here drawn of The Anti-Christ in detail is correct. I have written only on lines that I think The Holy Scripture warrants. I have not wilfully, nor in an arbitrary manner, tried in any detail to wrest aside from the proper sphere The Written Words. I have tried to present some of the undisputable outlines in consecutive detail; and I hope that I have followed Scripture in the bolder aspects of this Terrible Being. To clothe the skeleton I have used some imagination, and if I have erred, it were not in effrontery, nor despising, of God's Written Word.

But if one study The Scriptures and glean carefully from the Old Testament, the Gospels, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse the reader will be surprised at the mass of detail as to this Being's Biography—written thousands of years antecedent to his future coming, with rather minute detail. *In fact, next to THE BLESSED ONE—CHRIST THE ETERNAL—the Scriptures give this Being the next most prominent part on its inspired pages.*

As to time of his birth the Scripture would lead us to infer it must be some twenty to forty years before the Jews, partly returned to Palestine, make the covenant with him recorded in Daniel 9-27th.

His birthplace—from Daniel 8-23d—one may say, it will be in one of the four divisions of Alexandrian Kingdom—some think from certain passages Greece—others Syria. A hint of base birth in Daniel 11-21st.

That he will be an intellectual person one may de-

wise from Daniel 7-20th—Daniel 8-23d. That he will be crafty, and deceitful, and still an Advocate of Peace, Daniel 8-25th.

The first sphere of his usefulness will be as King of Babylon, Babylon of the Chaldeans, the City and surroundings as described in Isaiah 13, in Jeremiah 50 and 51 Chapters, also the same City of Babylon as recorded in Revelation Chapter 18 (which Chapter 18 to spiritualize is rank foolishness), so that the City of Babylon mentioned as above is not yet Built.

The Prophecies recorded in Jeremiah 50th and 51st Chapters, especially Jeremiah 51—verse 26th, and in Isaiah 13-20th, have not been fulfilled in the *long delayed and lingering* Destruction of the Ancient City of Babylon; for the bricks of the Ancient Babylon have been used for the building of Hilla, which has now some 20,000 inhabitants; and the Arabs do pitch their tents; and from that ancient City Apostle Peter sent out his second Epistle, which Higher Critics would rend from The Bible.

The future City of Babylon will be at least Glorified in Buildings and Wealth by Anti-Christ, for in Isaiah 10-5th and 14-25th verse, he is addressed as "The Assyrian." Its building is near, for Sir Willcocks, the greatest of English Engineers, who built the Assouan Dam in Egypt, thereby multiplying the Egyptian acreage by one fourth, has been hired by the Turkish Government, has been busy for years, and still busy, in Babylon cleaning out the old Canals; expecting to make the Chaldean Plain the Garden of The World in a few years. So one may readily see that Isaiah XIV not yet fulfilled, where the final Destiny is recorded, as also in Jeremiah 50 and 51 Chapters, and Revelations Chapter 18.

That He will be Cæsar of the Old Roman Empire recorded in Daniel 7-24th. That He will subdue three

Kingdoms, Daniel 7-8th and 24th, Daniel 8-9th, and Revelation 13.

That He will pose as protector to the Jews and will make a covenant of seven years with them, Daniel 9-27th. That He will break His Covenant with them in middle of that time—that He will take away the Jewish Sacrifice, Daniel 8-11th, Daniel 9-27th; and be their enemy recorded in many passages of Scripture.

That by the power of Satan He rules the old Roman Empire, declaring himself to be God, Daniel 7-8th and 11th and 25th, Daniel 8-25th, 2d Thessalonians Chapter 2-3d to 10th verse, Revelations Chapter 13.

That a False Prophet shall arise to cause the People to Worship and pay Divine honors to the Anti-Christ, working miracles, bringing down fire from Heaven, causing an Image to speak, etc., Revelations 13-11th to 18th.

That in the City of Jerusalem He slays the two witnesses, Revelation 11-3d to 12th; that after three days an earthquake destroys part of the City, Revelations 11-13th; that he plants his Tabernacles between the Seas, Daniel 11-44th and 45th; that tidings out of East trouble him, Jeremiah 51-31st, Jeremiah 50-41st, 42d, 43d, 44th, Jeremiah 51-27th; the gathering of the Asiatics to destroy his City of Babylon.

That He defies JEHOVAH, Isaiah 14-13th. That Satan sends Demons to gather the People to battle with Jehovah, Revelations 16-13th and 14th. That the Beast, and Kings with their armies, dare to make war on CHRIST.

That they shall seek to destroy Jerusalem; His march against Jerusalem, recorded Isaiah X-24 to 32nd.

That when Anti-Christ's Army takes the City, Zechariah 14-2d, "houses rifled, women ravished, half

the citizens taken captive"—suddenly, "The Lord goes forth to fight these Armies," CHRIST'S feet stand on the Mount of Olives—"the Mount of Olives cleaven in the midst thereof towards East and West." The Jews rushing in the new made valley, Zechariah 14, Verse 5th, Isaiah 26, 20th verse.

The Christ doing "His Work, His strange work," as recorded in Zechariah 14-12th and 13th verses.

Anti-Christ crushed—refused earthly burial—cast alive with the False Prophet to Abyss, Revelation 19-20th, Isaiah 14-19th and 20th.

Satan bound in the Pit for 1000 years, Revelation 20-2d and 3d.

Israel Rescued and forgiven, Zechariah, chapter 12 and 14, Isaiah 35.

The Nation restored, Isaiah 11-10th to 16th verses, and Isaiah 35, 10th verse. "And the ransomed of THE LORD shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting Joy upon their hearts; they shall obtain Joy and Gladness, and Sorrow and Sighing shall flee away," Isaiah 4-3d to 6th, inclusive.

The Earth Renovated, the entire chapter of Isaiah XI; and other passages too numerous to mention. In fact, the Scriptures are crowded with passages as to the Future Glory of the Earth—which Christians would do well to take heed to—their spiritualizing such passages, to say the least of such folly, is dishonoring to The Common Sense of GOD'S entire Revelation as record in The Inspired and Holy Scriptures—and "THE SCRIPTURES CANNOT BE BROKEN."



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