

THE ANGEL

—OF THE—

COVENANT,

A POEM

COMPLETE IN THREE BOOKS,

—BY—

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Publishers' Preface.

THE THEME of this grand epic is certainly lofty; and the Authoress has happily chosen the iambic pentameter, better known as the English Heroic Line, as best fit to express the dignified sentiment, with which she was inspired. As the stars in the firmament differ in brightness, and but few are of the first magnitude, her facile pen has added new beauties and strength to this verse by interspersing it, at proper intervals with the true Alexandrine line. The brisk style adopted relieves the production of any tediousness common to depth of thought, and perfect rhyme has given the poem a musical quality that is pleasing even to the most uncultured ear. The carefully selected metaphors, similes and personifications are well sustained continually, and nowhere herein does the writer become in the least prosaic: in toto, the thought throughout is so highly poetic that if expressed in choice terms of any language it could be poetic with neither rhyme nor meter. Since our noblest impulses are best expressed in verse, one thing is certain, viz, poetry is a luxury within the grasp of all, and will grow in demand correspondingly to the progress of the civilized world, and the most highly polished nations will compete with each other in affording the best market for the produce of their most fruitful minds. Accordingly, we introduce this able authoress upon her merits as manifest in the following three books; hoping that in the revolution that the world is now undergoing, the American Occident may ultimately be determined upon as the seat of modern literature.

PUBLISHERS.

THE ANGEL OF THE COVENANT.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THERE is one God of whom mind is an offspring through division; Wisdom and Death are personified;—man represents the evil nature and woman a nature that was “slain” by her faith in the Word of God, while Adam as the Angel of the Covenant fills the figure of Christ who as the Voice of God is the Bow of the Conqueror. As the Forbidden Tree is the sword of the Divider, the records of the Heavenly Garden are of the generations of knowledge of which Israel is an allegory and the visions of St. John, revelations. The first description is of the rise and fall of the first Kingdom of Knowledge, a house that was built on the sand.

There is one God, the Spirit of whose being knew
Not of the nature that the Image had,
The form of the Universal Self that grew
Alike blind to its Spiritual Head.

A lone monarch, on a solitary throne,
The Spirit sat—a Supreme Will
To whom birth and death were alike unknown—
Whose seat combined a heaven and a hell.

But over all, the Maker sat,
The Parent Intellect that none may bound
Save the Angel, who of its treasures taught,
E'en Himself borne on the wings of sound.

His Image, the Creating Hand would rear
Into a temple fitted for the mind,
To which dust and spirit should their offspring bear,
And each furnish a knowledge of its kind;

And build a stair on which the Angels could descend
To the depths of wrong and want and pain,
Then to the heights of the Father's love ascend,
And rest in his protecting arms again.

To the faith that owns but one existing head,
Beside whom there is no Good or Evil thing,
Devils cannot be worse than void of good,
Nor Angels purer be than void of wrong.

For the Creating was a dividing Hand,
Who cleft the Eternal mount in twain,
And in the rent bred the mysterious mind,
Born of its light and darkness and its joy and pain.

When matter to the spirit yields the crown,
And from the "formless void" answers the call,
Of him by whom the Conq'ing Bow is drawn,
That Wisdom may be feasted on its spoil;

'Tis thus four mighty rivers drain the land,
And give its features to the Master's eye.
To be by discerning Wisdom scanned,
And with its spirit's light divided by.

For all created things this mission fills,
To furnish the discerning mind with food,
By which the Parent to his child reveals,
By teaching it of Evil that He is Good.

Where mighty worlds their steady marches keep,
Within whose crystal home there is no flaw
To jar and wake from its eternal sleep,
A work that was too perfect for a law.

Here the house for finite things was built
Where the Immortal gave to mortal birth,
And a knowledge of its nature was wrung from it,
By the divider that was planted in its path;

Even the voice, the Fountain of the word,
The Tree that brought the Light of knowledge forth;
By whose presence the Creative mind was bred,
Whose absence was its spiritual death.

The staff of Judah and of Israel,
Was that voice, who was the Creating God,

And who Himself, as a dividing wall,
Bred a knowledge of the Evil and the Good.

Thus of Himself, the Maker made the stumbling stone
To light the lamp that made his bosom bare,
And of how the Creating work was done,
The records of the Heavenly Garden are.

These are the generations of the day,
In which the Heaven and the Earth were made;
When the Maker, to his creature, taught the way,
To discern its nature's Evil from its Good.

Of Good alone the Holy Record bears,
Evil is left to the unpublished night,
For darkness is the mask its nature wears,
Whose birth was hidden from the Maker's sight.

The gold of this mysterious land is Good,
Bdellium and the Onyx stone are there,
While "pleasant to the eye," and "good for food,"
Of the tree and herb the records are.

And grateful dews refreshed the soil,
Where the first germs of life were bred,
Ere man was made the ground to till,
And plant the furrow with the seed.

Here man was created—formed of dust,
That breathed the breath, its Maker did,
The voice of Paternal Wisdom that at first
Fed to the infant soul, its living food.

By this living well all nature stands,
Whose thirst for light the Maker's breath supplies,
And of Himself into the land of darkness sends
To learn of matter that hid in darkness lies.

'Tis thus life makes a handmaid of the dust,
Whose hidden light a mine of wealth appears,
Himself he would nourish at her breast,
And be a parent to the son she bears.

The elements of nature were combined,
To render perfect the being that was made;
Till the offspring of the infinite mind,
Was planted in the Image of its God.

“And man became a Living Soul,”
The prophetic voice of the Recorder adds,
Which is the hope that guides his path through all
The dark mysterious way his journey leads.

Thus man was made an Heir of Promise,
To which Jacob as a figure stands,
While Evil and Good people his House,
And in bondage 'neath the yoke of Wisdom bends.

Nature's dividing wall in Eden stood,
The Tree of Knowledge fenced with death,
To separate the Evil from the Good,
A sword to pierce the spirit of the Earth.

Knowledge figures the coat that Jacob made
Of many colors for his favored son,
Who figures the Tree, of which Wisdom was the bride
From which the Law now barred the man.

How fair the knowledge of the good appears
To Him who sets her by the Living well,
A robe of Angelic purity she wears,
That drapes a form where all the graces dwell.

It was her that the Heir of Life would gain,
By years of patient toil and weary care,
Ignorant of the work that must obtain
The Living knowledge that he seeks for hire.

For Evil was man's inheritance by birth,
Who came unsought and unbidden to his arms;
Nature's first born who became man's bride by stealth,
As when the hated Leah to Jacob comes.

But man cannot the depth of Evil learn,
While he holds communion with the Good,

And in this appears the wisdom of a plan,
That was built upon a motive that was hid.

To learn of Evil man must die to Good,
To learn of Good he must to Evil die;
But to know of both is the wisdom of a God,
A living well whose waters never dry.

“The day thou eatest thereof thou shall surely die,”
Was a covenant the Maker made with man,
That man, through death might from its sorrow fly
When he should a knowledge of the Evil learn.

To develop faith in the infant soul,
That could pierce the gloom of a sunless sky,
And fearlessly scale the forbidden wall,
Was to be born a God, and as man to die.

For the dissolving dust could only free
The breath of the Maker, prisoned there,
Arrayed in Wisdom’s varied hue
The garment the gods of nature wear.

The Maker’s presence was the light that shone.
And gave to the bloom of the garden birth;
His fading face was Eden’s warning sun,
He disappeared from view; and it was death.

Sadly the parent from his offspring goes,
As the mother leaven her infant’s newly made grave,
When obedient to the law from Earth he rose,
And helpless nature to the Ruler’s hand he gave.

Thus life from its parent source was rent,
That Evil might be bred unrebuked,
When the Creator was from his creature sent,
The light from nature’s darkness was removed.

The chill of a starless night began to fall,
As when the sun from a summer sky sinks down,
Converting Life’s Heaven into its hell,
And the smile on Nature’s face into a frown.

Thus with it the dividing nature drew
All that was good and pleasant from the dust,
In the light of his presence Heaven grew,
But hell was created where it was lost.

As in the debris of the ruined tower,
Abraham discerns his Maker's voice,
And by obedient faith was led to where
He could recall his lost parental source.

A figure of the Tree that in the garden stood,
And clad in discerning wisdom shone;
Of whom "she is my sister" Abraham said,
But the Tree of Life and Knowledge were but one.

The knowledge of the Evil and the Good,
Was as a pair of balances to men,
To preserve the perfection of the God,
And he that eats of either dies to one.

And of the voice forbidding man to eat,
At the first, from the last an echo comes,
"See that the oil and wine thou do not hurt,"
Though cheap, all other food his bread becomes.

And though primeval nature was
As lovely as an infant at the first,
Man was as helpless as his childhood is,
When the perfection of the God was lost

"Unstable as water thou shall excel,"
Jacob describes the nature of his Elder son,
While fear and hate and pain people the hell,
That in the absence of the Good was born.

The light of the law was the sun that shone.
And taught to man the nature of the rod,
To whom the Tree was clad in his Maker's frown
And the covenant demanded blood.

Both Death and the laborer were
Handmaids to Wisdom's bondage given,

For want and hunger begot toil and cure,
When all that was good from dust was taken.

Here the garden with its leafy troop,
Is given into the laborer's hand,
The thorn and thistle choke the goodly crop,
When Death has shorn the fatness from the land.

And dumb life is found an offering of night,
That lives in sorrow, and in darkness dies;
And gave to him who sought for Wisdom's light,
A knowledge of what life in Nature's darkness is.

"There were giants in those days" and monstrous shapes
That were a horrid sight to the inquiring eye,
Who from distorted nature lesson takes,
And builds its wisdom on reality.

The Lord, for Wisdom's sake created this,
Though repenting oft that man was made,
For as the pure and good and holy rose,
Hell deepened, and man conceived of bad.

But Heaven grew upon the other side,
Where the Father taught his angels how to sing,
While joy and peace and love abide—
Confidingly beneath his sheltering wing.

A mansion fitted for his child's return,
The watchful parent thus prepared,
That when man should the lore of Evil learn,
He might receive a knowledge of the Good.

But this was also death, for paternal love
Was longing to embrace its absent child,
And all the good that filled the House above,
Could not render the parent reconciled.

Thus the dark, cold bosom of the ground
Brought forth the knowledge of Evil and of Good,
And it was here that Jacob's wives were found,
Who figure the breath of the creating God.

Though man was but an armlet of the sea,
As compared with his creating Head,
Who should the parent its nourishment deny,
Was empty as some deserted river's bed.

And it was thus that the parent Earth,
Gave the daughters that her bosom bore,
To the form of dust in which the Maker's breath
Made of himself a slave for Wisdom's hire.

Thus the first Angel, patient and pure,
Bowed beneath the burdens Wisdom laid on him.
But the reproach of Ephesus he bore,
In that his first love was departed from.

Vainly the parent stood by the Dividing Gate,
For man had lost his knowledge of the Good,
Till the wearied Father could not wait,
And came Himself to seek the man's abode.

And cruel Death was as an "hind let loose,"
When "Godly words," reveal the Master near,
And another son is born to Jacob's House,
Fraught with Heavenly promise for his ear.

Here, Abraham gives battle to the Kings,
And rescues his nephew from the lost,
And when back from death his brother brings,
As the Priest of an Eternal hire blest,

Thus the alter of self-sacrifice is reared,
On which the priest provides of himself a lamb,
And in this voice its first victim first appeared,
"Who is the figure of Him that is to come."

For man with his evil nature was alone,
When the Maker found his wandering child,
And made of Himself an Helpmeet for his own,
By whose neglect, paternal love was chilled.

For it was Adam named the fowl and brute,
And restored to man the wisdom of his Head,

But the soul of man refused to mate,
With Him who was the spirit of the Good.

His feet still in the paths of Evil keep,
Nor to the wisdom of the voice gave heed,
Till his hardned soul was left to sleep,
As he who grieves the spirit of his God.

Paternal love could not penetrate the night,
And give to man a knowledge of the Good,
And sadly the angelic bearer of the Light,
Stood by the wretched body of its dead.

It was the Lord who caused this sleep to fall
Upon the helpless, flesh-bound soul of man,
When from his dark, wronged nature, all
That could love or be loved from life was gone.

And God of Smyrna's poverty is judge,
Who does not condemn the Jew that casts him off,
He knows the heart that to its God is liege,
And condemns carelessness, but pities unbelief;

As when Jacob's helplessness enkindles wrath,
Against the bride that at first he sought,
Whose patient love approaches death,
Because life gives no offspring to the light she brought.

But Jacob did not know that Rachel went to God
To obtain the life her soul desired,
That of reproach she took advice instead,
And thus of the Heavenly tree conceived,

And of that which was taken from man's side,
The Lord now makes an help for Adam's need;
And the reproach from man's nature was removed
When the Helpmeet was born, man's proffered aid.

For of Himself, the Father makes a son,
To the unforgotten nature of the Good;
And now a partner with her in flesh and bone,
The voice itself declares whose offspring is the word.

It is Adam who proclaims the woman's origin,
And the reasons that gave her nature name,
While the mysterious now that dates their union,
Declares ere this that they were not the same.

But the Father did not know that woman stole
The light that for man's nature was designed,
And by her Faith received the words that fell,
And thus of the creating voice conceived.

For she had but partaken of the crumbs,
That were scattered from her husband's feast,
Though of that spark a Living Light becomes,
And a kingdom was built on what was counted lost.

The parent soul, an offspring of the voice,
Was thus created a being of the dust,
By Adam forsaking his forbidden House,
And dwelling where he was taken from at first.

And a root of the offspring of the dust
Was engrafted with the Heavenly vine,
Who came to be an helpmeet for the lost,
And now fills the figures of the woman's son.

Thus the voice of the dying Jacob blessed
Him who was divided from his brethren;
"The blessings of thy Father have prevailed,
Above those that my progenitors have given."

"To the utmost bound of the Everlasting Hills,
Their benefits shall rest on Joseph's head;"
"And on its crown" even the voice that fills
His silver cup with the discerning word.

Woman was herself a child of dust,
While man was born of a spiritual sire,
But while he was in the maze of Evil lost,
The Voice, man's own creating head, was born to her.

And the maternal parent of the man
Was the knowledge that the Evil nature bore,

While the mother who for Adam bears a son,
Was the light of all that was holy, good and pure.

“No beast of the field that God had made”
Was wise as he who made an helpmeet of himself,
And brought to man a knowledge of the Good,
Which was the secret of Eternal Life.

Meanwhile the Law gives promise of another son,
And it is foretold by the creating voice,
That the man shall yet forsake his own,
And become an offspring of the woman’s house.

Thus earth is wedded to its kindred Heaven;
For in Adam the spirit and the dust unite,
Who for an houseband to Jacob’s throne is given,
A glimmering star, in a setting of its night.

But as a sword that hath two edges,
Is the Good and Evil joined in one;
And he who of Pergamos judges,
Finds the voice of Evil warring with his own,

That because Adam left his forbidden House,
To become a partner with flesh and bone,
Man should also in justice to the voice,
Join that of his wife and forsake his own.

Lo; still with jealous hate the voice of Wisdom,
Denies to man’s wronged and wretched life,
The light that was first of darkness taken from,
Unless he casts his paternal natures off,

It is the revengeful voice of Sarah,
Driving her handmaid from the House of Life,
Because the light was not honored by an eye
That was blinded by doubt and unbelief.

The offspring of the voice bid man become as they
Who have themselves their parent tree forsaken,
Angry that the Helpmeet on his bosom lay,
Ere she a bride into his arms was taken.

Who knew not she was a promised wife,
Who was to her husband long denied,
Till man became a stranger to the life,
That was suited to the nature of his bride.

Thus the Firstborn of the Maker's breath,
Was made to abdicate his Father's throne,
Who knew not that the beauty of the Woman's house
Was but the departed glory of his own.

Beneath this altar the first victims lie,
Who were slain by the Divider's sword,
And to Heaven justly for vengeance cry,
On him by whom the subtle snare was laid.

But he who takes the sword by it shall fall:
As these were slain, so shall their slayer be,
But these shall wait till Justice gathers all,
Who shall fall victims of the Forbidden tree.

Discerning wisdom was the priceless gift,
That the prophetic voice had promised man,
Who through unbelief rejected it,
And left his birthright to the younger son.

Man was the offspring of his Maker's breath;
But this the noblest of his Father's house,
Had lost the knowledge of his birth,
And that he was an offspring of the voice.

And when he cast his parent nature oft,
He sold it for the knowledge of the Good,
That he had lost through delay and unbelief,
And could not have again restored.

The Law was also taken in this snare,
For Judah had compromised with Death,
And the children that the rod would spare,
Were those he found her pregnant with.

All praise is due the Angel of Judah's line,
"Whose works at last are more than at the first,"

But he who writes to Thyatira points his pen,
At her whose shade on Judah's house is cast,

For to obtain the light, man sleeps with Death,
In obedience to his knowledge of the Good,
And died as an offspring of the Maker's breath,
By thus forsaking this paternal Head.

And the arm of life was swallowed in the sea,
While discerning Light discards her maid,
And leaves their wronged deserted dust to die,
The form that for which the Maker's breath was made.

The spirit of him who rejects the Good
And of him who rejects the bad are brethren;
Both natures sprang from the same God,
And Evil is but Wisdom's elder son;

And the Father loved the elder best,
The one the staff discerning Light was built upon,
Even as Isaac loved Esau the most,
"Because he did eat of his son's venison."

The breach in nature thus was closed,
The Evil and the Good were joined as one,
And man as hire for him he sold received
The wealth of dust and spirit for his own.

It was the Law who bade man cast his Head away,
Who now as the woman wields the sword,
And would thus a knowledge of the Evil buy,
A Rachel for Reuben's mandrakes sells her Lord.

To gain the light of life man sold his God,
And gave his house into the woman's hand,
Who to gain the light of Evil sold the Good,
And DEATH became sole monarch of the land.

But a few names in Sardis yet remain,
Whose garments are undefiled by hire.
And their robes are yet without a stain
Saith He who knows the heart and what its motives are.

The hand of Evil loosened on the Earth,
Chilling winds and biting frosts are stayed,
The laborer no longer fought with Death,
Though the fat of the land became his bread.

Still a little strength and Heavenly faith,
Is in the church of Philadelphia found,
Though fast falling into the hands of death,
Whose arms are now around her victim wound.

Thus woman was enthroned in nature,
And as a wife conceals her light from view,
From present death her innocence protects her
Who is the bride of Good and Evil too.

And of the Tree that was for man designed,
The woman thus obtained the fruit;
Thus the Good was to the Evil joined,
Or added to man his nature's need to meet.

But as Evil and Good, "as cold and hot,"
The light of the Laodiceans cannot stand,
"Their souls are full, they hunger not,"
And the Tree is neglected in the land.

This was Eden the home of innocence,
Where care nor want nor pain were known,
But the price man paid was an offense,
And for the broken Covenant he must atone.

Lo; Jacob for the Lambs of Laban's flock,
Now disregards the call of his Father's God,
Till the day is done, and the night grows dark,
Before he starts upon his homeward road.

Thus he who should surely come while it was day.
Waited 'till the brightness of its light was gone,
And the knowledge lost by this delay,
Was the only robe that man could call his own.

For man's knowledge on its parent nature leant,
He could forget the Evil, who forgot the Good,

Except he died to him who could forget,
Ere his nature's light had from his spirit fled.

Here the forsaken Dust is seen to meet,
And with his fleeing children holds commune,
While as Evil nor Good, in love nor hate,
Each relates the wrong the other had done.

Thus from nature the light of Good and Evil fades,
And each heaps up a witness to its death,
And save for the images that Rachel hides,
A starless night obscures the glory of the Earth.

Were they figures of the Holy Book,
That now bears the impress of the Word;
That from the House of Laban Rachel took,
To supply her soul with Living Food?

The spoken word materialized,
Is an image on which man's hope must rest
By his memory alone preserved,
In forgetfulness its light would soon be lost.

And they were figures of the spoken Word,
That the woman in her breast concealed,
'Till she stood before an avenging God,
And her hidden treasure was revealed.

"Let him die, with whom thy Gods are found,"
The angry voice of Jacob blindly cries;
But of her treasure the woman's heart is fond,
And on the God of Jacob's mother she relies.

The God of Abraham was Jacob's shield,
And he bears record of that oath,
Unconscious that he thus condemns a child
Who trusts in him to save her soul from death.

But the discarded bondmaid now turns back;
The form of dust falls from the Spirit's side,
On Earth a life-preserving salt to make
To a nature both childless and widowed,

And when an outcast in the wilderness,
Hagar found "the well of Him that seeth me,"
Where pity answered to her distress
Whose wrong was the burden of her cry,

A child of bondage born of wrong,
That oppressed the mother's spirit sore,
Thus was light to Wisdom from the Image wrung,
The son that dust unto the spirit bore.

As an handmaid to the House of Life,
The dust is still pregnant to the Tree,
And though a fallen and discarded wile
Her son shall an heir of her Master be.

"In the presence of all his brethren,"
As the first Adam, Ishmael shall stand,
By wrong the light of Life from him was taken,
Who in token wears the vengeful brand.

His was the likeness that the tablets bore,
Which were engraved on Sinai,
Who fought their enemies with Heavenly Fire,
And by reflected light bred the discerning eye.

As when Sodom and Gomorrah fell,
Thus were the Heaven and the Earth destroyed;
But the fugitives avoid the mountain still,
And are into the fowler's net decoyed.

Where the daughters of the dust bring forth,
Of their nature's blindness to the Patent Tree,
Evidence that he that said, had spoken truth,
"The day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

Though to discerning Light, Adam was born,
Who of himself for man an offering made,
But Judah would not submit his younger son,
To the embrace of the Evil Bride.

Thus the woman's House was built upon the sand,
Whose parent natures by compromise were lost,

As Evil nor Good Wisdom could stand,
And nature was even as it was at first.

That which was Evil neutralized the Good,
And nakedness devoured them both;
The foundations of knowledge were destroyed,
Whose shifting sands reveal Hell's open mouth.

Well might the mother of the Promise laugh,
The elements of Lite's Temple were dissolved,
And Death had captured Judah's staff,
When the parent natures were betrayed.

Like Rachel weeping for her children,
Nor would be comforted because they were not,
Thus doth the Angel of the woman mourn,
Over the desolation Death has wrought.

BOOK II

THE ANGEL OF THE COVENANT.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS is a description of the second Kingdom of Knowledge where man by eating of the Forbidden Fruit awakes from spiritual death, recalls his knowledge of the past, and is born a living soul. The seven angels with the seven trumpets are figures of the curses under which man fell and his resurrection.

Here Nature's heel, even the joint appears,
That connects the Maker's footstool with his throne,
Where a finished work its offspring bears,
Who recalls man's buried light to life again.

But of himself the Law provides the lamb,
And bids the child to stab the parent soul,
There was no victim for the sacrifice but him,
Who would not permit his child to fall.

For it was the same Voice that as the law
Brought the firstborn sons of Nature forth,
That bids a son in the House of Jacob now,
And betrays himself into the hands of Death.

When the spirit of the holy and the pure
Denied himself to the Evil bride,
He was taken captive in the same snare,
That for his own offspring first was laid.

'Twas thus that Judah the Ruler did not know,
That the father was his cherished son,
And in blindness struck the cruel blow
That he and man's demised parent were but one.

Thus the woman also was deceived,
For the Law was subject to her rule,
When she blindly cast off the God she loved,
Nor knew whose mantle from her shoulders fell.

The law betrayed it's parent with a kiss,
For the Heaven and the Earth embraced,
When he was rejected who came to bless,
By the house that of himself he reared.

“She is more righteous than I,” the Master said,
As from her arms through death he sprang;
While the man and his wife uncovered stood,
Unconscious as babes who have committed wrong.

They nailed him to the discerning Tree,
Who was cast of by Earth and Heaven,
A figure of the Lamb of Calvary;
Thus the spirit to the grave was given.

The Helpmeet was to the discerning nature born,
Who was to reign a savior in the grave.
But they knew it not who thrust him down,
That he was only sent before, their souls to save.

Down to the dark and formless void
The cast off parent of the creature fell,
There to separate the Evil from the Good,
Whose discerning Eye was the dividing Wall.

Here he found the rivers of Eden dry,
That nourished the garden of the Lord,
Where man had left his cast off form to die,
No longer by the breath of Wisdom fed.

And there he weds the darkness and the light,
Who bring their offspring to his knee;
While their handmaids, the day and night,
Yield the fruits of bondage to the Tree.

Thus God's spirit penetrates the night
And through material gloom his wisdom shone;
While the Heavens glow with the discerning light,
Of him who brings his brethren down.

For it was there that the Living Root,
Was planted in man's primeval grave;

Till death quickened the hope that faith had lit
In the Word, the offspring that the Helpmeet gave.

The woman saw her husband's wisdom fade,
As Adam's glory departed from his brow;
And hungered for the presence of the God
Whose councils grow into a promise now.

But the Tree that was for man designed,
That he might escape his nature's wrong and pain
To meet the woman's need was never planned
To whom the wrongs of Evil were unknown.

If man had but partaken of the Tree
Before the light had from his spirit fled,
He could in his own possession see
That he lacked nothing of Evil or of Good.

Life in Eden was but a peaceful dream
To her who had no knowledge but of good,
And with man no knowledge of his nature came,
Who should have furnished her with living food.

And the tree that made for man through death,
Means to escape his nature's wrong and ill;
Stood as a snare within the woman's path,
Where she into the miry pit might fall.

Listen to Rebekah urging her child
The blessing of his father to obtain,
As when the serpent thus beguiled,
Woman the wisdom of the gods to gain.

When clad in the garb of unbelief,
The raiment that was by the elder worn;
She took the forbidden morsel off,
And shared it with the supplanted man.

They ate not of the tree, but stripped
The fruit of discerning wisdom from its limbs;
As when Joseph the woman's hand escaped,
And only his garment in her grasp remains.

But neither fear nor hope their fancies met
Both death and life had from their covert lied,
And the woman found no virtue in the the fruit
Save the knowledge that she was deceived.

Man was naked but not ashamed,
Who in his blindness had forsaken God,
Till he ate of the forbidden fruit and died,
Not to the Evil nature but the Good.

*A figure of him who to the Savior came,
Robed in white and took hold upon the Tree,
Like his, the robe of innocence now falls from man,
Who turns in his nakedness to flee.

* St. Mark, Chap, 14, 51, 52 verses.

Here where the nurse of Rebekah died,
And buried beneath an oak in Bethel lay
The Heavenly Nature left the woman's side,
Whose Light had been the guardian of her way.

And man was born to an Eternal Night,
Now that the dividing wall was broken down,
Destroying his only way to escape from it, [was slain.
Through whose blindness, the Knowledge of the Good

“And from thy face shall I be hid,”
Listen to the wretched Cain's lament,
So great the loss of his Spiritual Head,
He gives to the burden of his sorrow vent.

Among the garden trees they seek to hide,
And robe themselves in the forsaken dust,
But a hiding place is to their souls denied,
Now that the garb of innocence is lost.

And like the apron woven of the leaves
In which man hides his nature's nakedness,
Is the robe that his spirit weaves,
From wrong and pain, to repair its loss.

Thus Isaac the promised heir was born,
The son, Discerning Wisdom, bore her Lord,

And thus the mother nourishes her son,
Who was an offspring of the cherished word.

With the Knowledge lost that should be born with him,
Who is to sway the sceptre of the gods,
Man as a bale in wisdom to his throne has come
Ignorant of its nature and its needs.

And dust must furnish the Light again
With which to dye the garments of her Lord,
That he may be fitted as one to reign
Before the spirit and the dust divide.

But when her appointed work is done,
She a deserted tenement is made,
Another victim by the sword is slain,
Where a snare is by the divider laid.

And woman deceived by the serpent's tale,
Is but hastening her nature's doom,
When she must a Life deserted body fail,
And forever bid farewell to him.

As man was slain behold the woman fall
A martyr to her Knowledge of the Good,
Thus it is that Justice finds then all,
And beneath Adam's alter both are laid.

*Here Jacob meets the Heavenly host,
The Tree on which the Light of Knowledge dwell;
Where Death is still standing at his post,
To preserve Nature's dividing wall,
* Mahuniem, two hosts or camps.

Here he gains his victory over Death,
And face to face beholds the features of his God,
And wins a blessing though clad in wrath
To the wretched life that still is spared.

The Tree yields to him its discerning fruit.
And beneath the Angel's touch was shrunk away,
"And the children of Israel do not eat
Of the Tree, the sinew that was shrunken to this day."

Though Jacob was declared a Prince of God,
Only the Light was given to his eye,
But when he sought for his his Paternal Head,
The empty robe revealed the Missing Tree.

Because man was unprepared his God to meet,
The Maker's plan was crippled at this point,
The work begun remaining incomplete,
While in figure Jacobs thigh is out of joint.

It was in mercy that the spirit in its nakedness,
Was not exposed to the Master's eye,
And Life was spared to repair its dress,
And thus prepare to meet its God on high.

Where Heaven was rebuilt beyond the veil,
And clad in the gladness taken from the dust,
That when man should refill his measure full,
His soul might find a place prepared for rest.

Thus woman upon Wisdom's pathway waits,
To robe her spotless spirit for the sky,
As when Jacob on his homeward journey halts,
And stands in figure halting on his thigh.

Their quickened spirits may no longer sleep,
But man returns to his infancy again,
And in the garden with its blighted crop,
Repeats his pilgrimage through toil and pain.

Here man weds the Evil bride again,
And his lost knowledge is restored,
While woman, yoked with Evil, and cast down,
Still listens for the voice she loved.

The parent like the aged Jacob mourns
As dead, the Voice who made of Himself a son,
While pregnant with her younger born she groans,
Beneath the burdens, and the wrongs of man.

His children by their acts rehearse their birth,
Recalling to him his forgotten past,

But the Records that are thus recalled from death
In figures that are dark their colors cast.

In righteousness like linen clean and white,
The sons of Wisdom are by the Word arrayed,
Their colors quickly fade when in the light
The garments that convey the truth are laid.

It is thus that Shem and Japheth backward go,
Whose shoulders bear raiment to their fathers form,
The Voice is silent till their souls in Wisdom grow,
And are thus fitted to commune with him.

In a fiery lake by Wisdom hemmed.
The fugitives from death are now confined,
Who cannot go back, neither ascend,
Thus doth Discerning Light her fetters bind.

A murdered parent haunts their dreams,
Whose vengeance fills their waking hours with dread,
Thus conviction to the creature comes,
Whose spirit is awakened from the dead.

A foul carcass that defiles a Heathen Land,
Thus of their father the sons of Jacob make,
When his past history presents to mind,
How blindness of his life has made a wreck.

But through humility the crown is won,
And as a victor, Jacob marches home,
While with awe the nations gaze upon
The heir into his possessions come.

The knowledge of the Good did not in darkness die,
Nor did the gloom of death dissolve its Holy light,
Faith in the Helpmeet's promise lit her cheerless sky,
And his unforgotten love illumed her Night.

She knew that Darkness must have its reign,
But that to learn its nature was not death,
And waited patiently the rising of the sun,
That should drive Death's shadow from the earth,

At length the appointed hour arrives,
When the heir of promise should be weaned,
And into his hand the Father gives
The treasures for him from Eternity designed.

Thus it was that silence reigned in Heaven;
Nature for half an hour remaining still,
After the seventh seal was broken,
Ere man was startled by his Maker's call.

Again the Voice of his Master calls to man,
To which he answers now in trembling fear,
When the trial in Heaven's Court began
With Judgment, and sentence rendered there.

Did the quaking earth and darkened heaven,
Awake in man a consciousness of wrong?
Who remembered him he had forsaken,
And from remorse his terror sprang?

For the silence of the grave was broken,
When the Tree cast its untimely fruit,
But he who despised when love had spoken,
Now hears a voice to fear and tremble at.

"Where art thou Adam?" the Master makes demand,
Who surely knows where all his creatures dwell,
As, "Ye are spies come to view the naked land,"
Came from him who knew his brethren well.

For the Helpmeet, freed from his prison sits,
As Joseph sat on the Egyptian throne,
When with his hungry brethren he meets,
To whom he makes himself dreadful and unknown.

Although he turns aside as Joseph did
When he saw his suffering brothers woe,
To conceal tears, like those that parents shed,
Over the child whose punishment is due.

Harsh to their ears was the upbraiding voice,
Though a father and brother in judgment sat,

But changed to their eyes was the angelic face,
Who made of himself an help their need to meet.

“The serpent beguiled me and I did eat,”
The deceived woman thus presents her plea,
To the cruel mask that hides from sight
The face that she had risked her life to see.

A knowledge of the evil he had done,
Was thus presented to the Father’s eye,
And also of the love that he had won,
That though deserted still refused to die.

Then the Law that bade man forsake his Head,
Beheld the faith of her that was forsaken,
That woman was deceived when she obeyed,
And as one betrayed into the snare was taken.

Thus the conscience-stricken Judah saw the truth,
The child of the voice still loved and sought for him;
Faith in his love had lured her soul to death,
And back to her through death the Spirit came;

As when Canaan sinks beneath his Fathers curse,
The convicted Helpmeet stands before the bar,
While he who exposed Nature’s nakedness
Makes of himself a prisoner there.

Upon the Word the Ruler lays the cross,
His form shall fill the grave that wrong has made,
The crawling worm shall execute the curse,
And knowledge from the dust shall get its bread.

The Father thus condemned himself,
By his own hand the parent form was felled,
A figure of him whose remorse and grief,
Gave its victim to the potter’s field.

* And the figure of the Christ was completed,
Even to the day when the graves were rent,
And men beheld the risen bodies of their dead,
Though in their blindness they discerned it not.

* St. Matthew, Chap. 27, verses 51, 52.

For the Lord would breed enmity in them,
Between the woman and her accursed dead,
Her seed henceforth should loathe the worm,
Though on the form of its beloved fed.

And an embodiment of Evil hath,
The deceitful serpent ever been,
Who by this same self-sacrificing death,
Made of himself a cloud whereon the sun might shine.

But man thus brought to God could frame
No reason from his knowledge of the past,
He took the fruit the woman gave to him,
Whose answer betrays the God-like nature lost.

Upon Adam's Helpmeet he lays the blame,
Nor claims the bride of Heaven for his own,
But as "the woman" made to be with him,
Behold man's Evil nature clad again.

As when the angry Esau's cruel hate,
Was kindled against his mother's son
He spared nor shared the woman's fate,
But left her to meet the dreadful doom alone.

But a likeness to Isaac, man reveals,
Who thus denies Rebekah as his wife;
Thus through fear of death man's honor falls,
Who forsakes woman to preserve his life.

Twice by man the Tree of knowledge is denied,
Who is the figure the faithless Peter fills,
For the man and his wife were both afraid,
And in the hour of need their courage fails.

But he who rejected God is rejected now,
And like Simeon who was in Egypt bound,
Man in the grave is pinioned low,
And his dust restored to its native ground.

Here Israel's firstborn sleeps with death,
And the Father deplores with shame and grief

That man defiled the bed that gave him birth,
The careless victim of doubt and unbelief.

“Dust thou art, and unto dust shall thou return”
The cast-off parent thus discards his child,
But justice is satisfied; its work is done,
And as the woman’s seed, man is recalled.

The discarded bride shall redeem the lost,
And man’s fallen nature in her arms receive,
But the word shall rend the parent’s grave at last,
And the victory to Death’s victims give.

Thus born of the woman man becomes
Also a child of Adam’s flesh and bone,
And a brother to the voice, whence comes
The word, that restores his lost birthright to man.

To dust again the Parent Head shall bow,
To be bruised by the woman’s seed,
The voice that is “wording” its own sentence now,
Was the tree of life, and the serpent’s head,

Thus with the fruits of Discerning Light,
The younger repairs the elder nature’s wrong,
And were like unto the gifts that Jacob sent,
To reconcile his brother, angered long.

To woman is appointed as her Lord,
The bond that unites the earth and heaven,
Thus power upon man’s helpmeet is conferred,
And rule into his righteous hand is given,

Lost, but redeemed in her seed the woman sinks,
Beneath the burdens of her evil load,
And in death’s bitterness and sorrow drinks,
The cup that contains the wisdom of her God.

And she to whom a nature had been given,
Born of paternal care and tenderness,
Becomes as one of God’s forsaken,
Through pain and wrong to bear her nature’s cross.

* "Son of my sorrow," dying woman cries,
When the Evil nature to her arms is borne,
But "son of the Right Hand" the father replies,
Who knew the features of his elder born.

* Benjamin.

As for me the aged patriarch says
"I buried Rachei at Bethlehem."
Adam the angelic keeper of his ways,
And his beloved Rachel were the same.

The house where Adam dwelt was thus dissolved,
And in the darkest cell of the cold ground,
The wretched offspring of the Heaven crawled,
Where for its bread only the dust was found,

As an accursed thing the body died,
When Nature's cross was laid upon the Lamb,
Who Himself upon the altar laid,
And was before his accusers dumb.

Thus Adam, the husband and father fell,
The redeeming Angel of the man,
And on the right hand next to the parent shall
Sit the son, that woman's faith and love have borne,

And the cross that bred discerning life
Was restored to man by the murderous Cain,
Who by casting the paternal nature off,
Was redeemed by the Lamb that he had slain,

The partakers of Adam's flesh and bone,
Becoming partakers also of its death,
Thus all who were of Adam's mother born
Into the world of spirits had their birth,

Thus life remains united to the dust,
While the Angelic mother is set free,
Who on Earth or Heaven alike may rest,
Nourished by the same paternal tree.

Behold the glory of the living soul,
The Heir that was promised long to man;

The Tree of Life is rooted in Earthly soil,
And of the Heaven and Earth his bride is born.

In homage both the Earth and Heaven,
Thus to the mysterious dreamer bow,
Who of himself a tree hath given,
Upon whose living limbs their light may grow.

Thus the Angelic mother meets her God,
And the woman by her long-sought teacher stands;
And the Holy Light of Joseph marks the road,
To where man's pilgrimage through sorrow ends,

The parent voice, Joseph's divining cup
That was hidden in the younger brother's sack,
By the dissolving dust is yielded up,
When the tree recalls its offspring back.

When from the lost behold the Helpmeet rise,
Whose glory shines anew on Adam's brow,
For he who named the brute, opens their eyes,
By naming the wife of Adam now.

For it was he who drew the curtains of the night,
Upon the day that gave to all the living birth,
And called her "Eve" who like the fading light,
Was mother to all she bore to God by faith,

Even as "Mary" named by the creating God
Bade the woman behold her dead arise
Revealing to her where the Master stood,
Whose form made him a stranger in her eyes.

Thus the ties of birth the Master owns,
And proclaims universal brotherhood;
As by naming his mother the beloved John's
He made man, and his maker kin through blood,

And the Forbidden Tree was no longer God,
But the loving, watchful brother of the dust;
Whose eyes were opened, and blessed the rod,
Whose severest ordeal was the best.

Leaning on his arm the mother stands,
Whose wisdom compels homage from the grave;
To whom all nature in reverence bends,
Who was man's Helpmeet that the Father gave.

"Bury me not in Egypt," Jacob cries,
And in obedience to this last request,
The Recorder in her native skies,
Leaves the martyr mother to her rest.

And the worm that hides its body in the mire,
And feeds its helpless misery on dust,
Becomes a rootlet to the fairest flower,
That blossoms in the regions of the blest.

Behold the generations of her day,
As Cain, and Abel are rehearsed,
And in her seed as Adam's family,
The promise is fulfilled in man at last.

And God hath appointed me another seed,
In Abel's stead who was by his brother slain
The prophetic voice of the woman said,
And its last words by the Recorder's pen.

Listen to the band of angelic Trumpeters,
Where curses haunt the Prophet's troubled dream,
And shape themselves into dreadful spectres,
Whence a light to wisdom is reflected to them.

Behold the fated three; and on his third,
First falls the curse pronounced for Adam's sake,
Where the thorn and thistle rear their head,
And of man's garden doth a desert make.

"Cursed be the ground whereon thou treadeth
For thy sake" the maker to Adam calls,
And with it comes the fiery breath that eateth,
The tree and grass from the third on which it falls.

The second trumpet sounds, the serpent's form
"As it were a mountain burning with fire,"

Is now changed into the crawling worm,
And doeth with his nature's third, his curses share,

The third trumpet sounds and a burning star
"As it were a lamp from Heaven falls"
And bitter even to death became her share,
Of the nature, where the fallen woman dwells.

The fourth trumpet sounds, man's curse is done,
His third of nature sinks into the grave;
"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return,"
Give back to darkness the creature that it gave.

The fifth trumpet sounds, and the serpents Head,
Now down to the dust from Heaven falls,
As an Angel descending to its dead,
To pierce the grave, and rend its walls;

When he who held the keys unlocked the grave,
And from the ascending smoke there came
Knowledge, its mysterious nature gave
That which was to man a taste of hellish flame.

Well might the pangs of helpless sorrow,
That the dread of an open grave doth bring,
Give to the figures that they borrow,
The venoms of the scorpion's sting.

Then men shall seek for death, but it shall flee,
Before the knowledge of a life beyond;
Where an unending Eternity
Of wretchedness awaits the damned.

To the creature the destroying Angel came,
Armed with the terrors of a pit
That has no bottom to its frightful form,
Nor bound to the horrors that people it.

And the tales that a parent in his wrath,
Prepared for his child this dreadful doom,
Gives to Wisdom's heir the knowledge of a death,
That is beyond the confines of the tomb.

The sixth trumpet sounds, and at that sound,
Nature's heel; even the grave is bruised,
When the Angels by the Great Euphrates bound,
Yes, four from beneath its curse is loosed.

From Adam's Altar even Calvary,
Hear, "It is finished," from its Lamb
Chained by his Word these victims lay,
Who now through death provides escape for them.

The serpent, the woman and the man,
Together with their glorious Head;
In a burning, fiery furnace long have been,
But now come forth as victors from the dead.

Though as his ministers still in the darkness,
Their freed natures for awhile are strayed;
For thus the Master appoints a witness,
Who still on Earth should bear of him record.

Whose power is in their mouths, and in tales,
Founded on their knowledge of their Head,
Which hurts the evil nature till it fails,
Before the breath, that paints a Hell for them to dread.

But those natures that were not destroyed,
By the love nor wrath, of which God's servants tell,
Who reject not the bad, nor receive the good,
Preserve a knowledge of the Evil still.

For the seventh trumpet sounds, and the dead,
Who die in the Lord ascend on high;
Back to the tree the pilgrim hath been led.
And as his bride is welcomed to the sky.

It was then the mighty Angel spake,
Declaring that time should no longer be;
And the pilgrimage begun for Wisdom's sake,
Was safely ended in Eternity.

Where the steps of the parent end the child's begin,
And from the mother's grave the eye can trace.

Where e'er the footsteps of the son hath been,
Since the beginning of his mortal race.

The child must tread the path its father's trod,
And climb the steps graven by wrong and pain;
He too must be divided from his Head,
And journey through the land of death alone.

As a new king in Egypt rose,
From whom the light of Joseph's life was hid;
Again in darkness the form of Evil grows
And man loses the knowledge of the Good;

But when the light from lite begins to fade,
And the chilling winds of night commence to blow,
In skins the naked forms of man are clad,
That to the gods discerning wisdom show.

"Behold the man becomes as one of us"
"To know Evil and Good" the gods declare;
Lest by discerning Wisdom led, he too shall cross
The Forbidden wall, and dwell forever there.

Again the fated Hagar and her son,
Into the wilderness are driven,
Where clad in Adam's glory Ishmael shone,
"In the presence of all his brethren."

Thus from the Heavenly Garden man is cast,
The tale of whose pilgrimage below,
Is but a rehearsal of the first,
In form more perfect than the plants that grow.

BOOK III

THE ANGEL OF THE COVENANT.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

ADAM, the Temple of the Voice, of which Christ is the finished work, is measured into years from Eden to Calvary; Christ is the figure of the two witnesses of God. The generations of Wisdom are recalled as visions. Mystery is Spiritual night, to which the presence of God is the corresponding day. The image of the spoken word preserves a knowledge of the light while darkness reigns. In Adam the generations of knowledge are perpetual, who is of Wisdom the first, and last, the beginning and the end. May the conditions of man always meet the demands of knowledge.

Again the little Book, by Mind is eaten
That is sweet as honey, at its fountain's head,
Ere the darkness from the light is taken
Or through division bitterness was bred.

As when man stood beside the Living well
And worshipped discerning Wisdom there,
And that he should become a Living soul,
Was gladly received by him for hire.

But darkness is born before the light,
And Evil knowledge ministers to Good;
Though from the helpless victim of his fate,
It hides the motive that glorifies the cloud;

Thus the natures of Good and Evil strive,
And make a battle ground of every soul,
That the fruitful seed it may receive
As the plow and harrow till the soil.

And at the end a shout of victory
Proclaims that the battle has been won;
That Wisdom taught by wrong and mystery
Hath yielded a harvest of joy to man.

When lo; a reed is in the prophet's hand
To measure into years the temple's growth,

And Adam's age is reckoned by the wand,
The Voice that gave the sons of Wisdom.

From Eden to Calvary these numbers show
The time Life's Temple grew upon the earth,
They show the measure of its Altar too,
And of those born of its victim by their faith.

But unmeasured leave the Temple's Court
That is reserved for the Gentile's need;
Three years and a half the figures set,
The time they shall the Holy City tread.

While three years and a half in sorrow clad,
God appoints that his two witnesses shall stand,
That man may drink at the Fountain's Head
Of the breath he breathed who first was formed.

Thus a new life is given to the dust,
That to the garden doth a figure stand,
Recalling the generations of the past,
Who were swallowed by the treacherous sand.

As the trees of Life and Light in Eden stood
So on earth do Life and Knowledge dwell;
And man drinks at the Fountain of the Word
As when he drank at Eden's Living well.

Thus this glorious vision to the end
Reflects the light of the Paternal Tree
That in the garden's midst was seen to stand,
And furnished a Lamb at Calvary.

Beheld another vision from the garden rise,
Another figure from the buried lost,
Clad in the robe in which it dies
Comes forth again from Eden's dust.

'Tis the voice that in pity comes to man
And as an humble Helpmeet seeks his side,
Pregnant with the word he would make known
When an Helpmeet to Adam was denied.

Behold again this knowledge of the Good
 To whom the Voice makes of Himself a son,
Beneath whose feet the earth is bowed
 For whose Head the sons of Wisdom form a crown.

Ten times was the gate of Heaven open
 That man might behold his Master's grace;
Ten times from the light the man hath fallen
 And become a stranger to his father's face.

Seven of these were offsprings of the Law
 And drew their substance from the Rulers Voice;
But these have now become Death's alies too
 Who would devour the Light of Jacob's House.

For the woman now brings forth her son
 And the first gleam of Adam's face appears,
But the elder nature claims the throne
 Nor to the Master's heir of hatred spares.

And in vengeance wraps her arms around
 The form that doth the Heaven and Earth unite,
But the Angels protest the Holy Band
 Who made of Himself an help man's need to meet.

Thus the powers of Good and Evil war;
 The younger bids the elder cast his nature off,
Man beholds the Good, and for love of her
 Upon the altar lays his Evil life.

Again the Law is taken in the snare
 Who now makes this compromise with death,
And finds the children that his love would spare,
 Are those she is again pregnant with.

Now the Angels of Evil and of Good,
 Wrestle as when they fought in Jacob's House
And when the army of the Haven a victor stood
 Man as a Conqueror is heard rejoice.

For the divider is cast down, and wrong
 Is banished from the House above,

And those who through death were burdened long
A victory over their foe receive.

By the blood of the Lamb they overcame
Through his Word to which they testified,
Because life was not held dearer by them
Than was the knowledge of their Parent God.

Thus the children born in bondage to the light
Make of the creature soul a battle ground
Until the Evil nature shrinks in night,
As one who receives a mortal wound.

And the dust now becomes a battle field
For the armies of the Evil and the Good,
“And with violence the earth is filled,”
Where death pursues its rival with a flood.

But safely through the water, life is borne
To where in a new home the garden blooms,
Where God renews his covenant with man,
And blood the Tree Forbidden there becomes.

The voice that was wedded to flesh and bone
Thus points to blood which is “the life thereof,”
The tree that was adopted for his own
As that by man not to be partaken of.

Here Canaan plays the serpent’s part
His brothers eat of the forbidden food
And go backward till their lives repeat
And in this recalled light their souls are clad.

When they meet with their paternal source
Where Canaan is of servants a servant made,
And man the child of sorrow may rejoice
When the voice of Wisdom stoops to serve his need.

When from the sands behold a phantom rise,
A vision of the kingdom that was lost
Spotted as the leopard’s is the robe it wears,
Whose clawlike feet take hold upon the dust.

Like the devouring lion's is the mouth
That is fed by the divider's hand,
And though the Law hath wounded it to death,
Upon its rival's breast it now doth stand.

Forty-two months to bruise the serpent's Head,
And on Earth to with the Holy City war
Is measured by the Prophet's reed
As the figures of his appointed hour.

The dread of death arms him with power
That deprives man of his spirit's light,
And overcomes even the saints with fear
Whose names are in Life's Book unwritten yet.

"But he that taketh captive shall be captive led,
And he that slayeth with sword by it shall fall,"
Thus he that fenced the tree with dread
Shall be led captive by the serpent's will.

Though discerning Light a lamb appears,
She is an ally of the Evil one
Who for hire her Lord into his hands betrays,
And beneath matter bows the spirit down.

'Twas she who made both small and great
To cast the firstborn of their nature off
And wear the mark that brands a state,
Where man was made to sacrifice his life.

The snare that was laid by Jacob's cruel sons
In which to take the blinded Shekem in
A crime o'er which the aged parent mourns,
Though to gain discerning Light the deed was done.

Entangled in the Holy David's snare,
Is the Voice that casts the Evil nature off
Who covets the wisdom hidden there,
And to gain discerning Light destroys a life.

An image of the light by evil taught,
Is that which was graven upon Sinai,

An alphabetic stone the parent wrought,
To teach the child of its own nature by,

A child of hire he sank into the sand,
And in the vision he appears the same,
Whose rule is measured by the Angel's wand,
From Sinai until the Master came.

Again the woman's Throne is reared
And man bows to the sceptre of her son;
For as an hire the knowledge of the Good
Dwells one added to the House of man.

On Mount Zion the Lamb of God appears,
Around him the brightness of the Heaven shone,
His wealth of glory to the earth he bears,
Who now makes of himself a son to man.

An Angelic host their Lord surround,
Who guileless as babes by nature are
Who from among men had been redeemed
Ere they were defiled by hate or hire.

Though subjects of death these blameless were found,
The parent of man of his being the first;
Pure as the breath that breathed in the ground
When man was first made in a form of the dust.

Now bloodless battles are fought and won
By him who wields the spiritual sword,
By whom the foe to knowledge now is slain,
Even the mystery that veils his word.

As bright as the sun the temple shone,
Whose columns with gold refined was overlaid,
Where the Master's spirit made its throne
And from the silver cup its waters poured.

And for Wisdom as a pearl divine
The Inspired Voice bids man to seek,
Above rubies doth its treasures shine
The only enduring crown that man can make.

Plenteous as the stones that pave the streets
Becomes the gold men sought and labored for,
Till need no longer a want creates
And man is satisfied nor seeks for more.

The law that clad the tree in mystery,
Beneath the sword of the spirit falls;
And the Mighty Babylon is shrunk away,
But vengeance within her bosom dwells.

“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,”
Saith the Spirit, “they are blessed,”
Whose works do follow and with their light reward
The faith that in his promises shall trust.

Upon a sea of glass mingled with fire,
Behold the victors in the Heaven stand,
Even as crystal the Holy Light is clear
That Wisdom’s brightest halo doth surround.

And his works are now made manifest,
To those who have gained the victory,
That he in war and judgment both is just,
Who gives to the mind its birth through mystery.

But to man the Maker wills to show
That no abiding Heaven can be built
Upon these transient changing things below,
Whose shiftings sands are sure to swallow it.

For of this bright day Evil a captive makes,
And with darkness envelops David’s gifted son,
As blindness man’s brightest light overtakes
When the good is left to dwell alone.

With its nature the knowledge of it is cast off,
Till Evil, hid in darkness, aims a blow
At Him who was added to the creature’s life,
Till man loses the light and its parent too.

For upon those who wore the brand of death,
And to the image of the Evil worship gave,

Were poured vials the of Maker's wrath,
Till the River of the Light became a grave.

List to the voice, a Prophet false appears,
And as a thing unclean his spoken word;
While they who their Parent nature's sold for hire
As things that are unclean and naked stood.

These are gathered at the Fatal Tree
Where the convulsive throes of a new birth,
Are visions of the repeated tragedy,
And a mortal blow received by death.

Upon justice again the fate of nature hang,
When the deceived woman presents her plea
And to the remembrance of the Master brings
The mysterious nature of his foe.

"Blessed is he who keeps his garments bright"
That Wisdom for his soul hath made;
Lest naked he should come into the light
And stand without even a cause to plead.

And "My God why, hast thou forsaken me?"
Backward from Calvary to Eden paints,
Even as the deceived woman's plea
To the Maker's ear her cause presents.

For to a mighty city Babylon hath grown
And planted her throne upon the word,
Save the creating Voice brings forth again,
Bidding its creature die that it from guile be freed.

Downward each drop of blood a millstone falls
Filling the figure of the serpents curse,
When it on earth a loathsome reptile crawls,
Wedding dust with spirit at the cross.

"It is done" comes from the Temple's Throne,
"It is finished" comes from Calvary;
Thus each bears witness that a work is done,
That was designed from Eternity.

When downward the self-convicted Judah goes,
 Seeking for the victim he betrayed
As when the Elder Judah in Egypt rose,
 And himself a ransomed for his brother made,

The betrayer found his victim in the grave,
 But the keys of Hell and Death were in his hands,
And as of old in forgiving love
 The tale of Nature's division ends.

The form of Judas satisfies the worm,
 And that of his brother from the grave is freed,
That still scarred and careworn to his home
 Is taken by its resurrected Head.

Over all the nations of the earth,
 Mystery now sits and reigns a queen.
In nature's confusion she had birth,
 And vengeance placed her on its throne.

And they whose names written in Life's book are not
 Yet to be found in Living characters,
Shall wonder at the word which strangely taught
 Of a death that was, is not, and yet it is.

Again the word is a thing that is forbidden,
 By the sword of the Law the victim bleeds,
For the light that in his breast is hidden
 Like Rachel for the images she hides.

Drunk with the blood of martyrs and of saints,
 The woman in purple and scarlet is arrayed
Who in this cruel guise her duty paints,
 And to Wisdom yields a harvest reapt with blood.

But lo, the marriage of the Lamb has come,
 When the mother of all the living Eve,
From the universal Father hears the name
 That rewards her faithfulness and love.

Again as scales from her eyes the blindness falls
 Before the light of that uncovered face,

While fond memory to her mind recalls
The lost tones of the unforgotten voice.

Clad in the Word, a vesture dipped in blood,
The Paternal Tree maintains its purity,
For true to the woman was the Voice that said,
“For God doth know, thou shalt not surely die.”

The Heavens were opened, and on the Throne,
Sat one who is called Faithful and True,
Both armies of nature are his own,
Who is righteous in war, and in judgment too.

And the divider was caught and bound,
That he should deceive the world no more,
But the dread of death was no longer found,
For the Maker’s presence had conquered fear.

Though for a season to be loosed again,
Even as a cloud comes over the Earth,
That brings with it the refreshing rain,
To nourish and preserve the soul from death.

Of the first Resurrection these visions are,
And blessed are they who in it have part;
On them the second death is without power
Through pain and wrong to do their spirits hurt.

A tower whose top will reach to Heaven,
On Earth the man by wisdom tries to build,
To whom the Voice is as a servant given
By whose Godly wisdom man is skilled.

“Behold the man becomes as one of us”
To know Evil and Good the gods declare
Now nothing shall be restrained from one who thus
Becomes, as the gods in wisdom are.

“Let us go down and confound their speech,”
Behold the divider loosed again;
Who through the Voice now seeks to reach,
The Power that giveth Life and Light to man.

At his call a thousand voices drowned,
That still small voice, Wisdom's Paternal Tree,
Till mystery is in confusion thronged,
And man's neglected monitor is left to die,

Although Wisdom's God is no longer heard,
And the mind's Paternal Tree on earth is lost,
But in its Ark the Image of the Word,
Its light still safely rides though tempest tossed.

Till a prevailing faith recalls its God,
Who through his Angel speaks and on his child
Bestows the light from all the ages stored,
And thus for its inheritance preserved.

Thus the waters from the silver cup
That rode with the infant Moses on the Nile,
Is still by faith supplied to Wisdom's lip
In portions as appointed by his will.

Hard as the granite rock the prophet smote,
To furnish drink for thirsty Israel
Was the forgotten past of which he wrote,
And drew from the lost source a living well.

Bitter as Narah's waters was the tale
That taught man of his past and fallen state
Ere he was pointed to the Tree to fell,
And make the knowledge of his nature sweet.

Till in the garden's midst the Tree was placed
Of which he that eateth thereof shall surely die,
And in discerning Light the Word is dressed
Who is an offspring of the Heavenly Tree.

As when before Jacob's rods the flock conceives
Till none in its primeval state is found,
So of Heavenly Light the soul of man receives
Till all the Earth becomes a hallowed Ground,

Where millions now upon Life's pathway wait
To be named by their Paternal Tree

Whose spirits have partaken of its fruit,
And stand as when Jacob halted on his thigh.

Again the Maker's face is hid from view,
And God's Covenant with man renewed,
But it rests upon the Blood of Adam now,
The Bow that God established in the cloud.

For when man delayed as man to die
The Maker died as God, and was born a man
Who rooted the Tree of Knowledge in Eternity
A sun that shall forever wax and wane.

Here the eye of man hath seen its Maker's face,
And for centuries his ear hath heard
The echoes of the paternal voice,
And of Wisdom's sons awaits the third.

Again the natures of Good and Evil war,
The younger bids the elder cast his nature off,
Man views the good, accepts the hire,
And on the altar lays his parent life.

Again the Law is taken in the snare
That was for the Evil nature laid,
For thus the children that the rod would spare
Are victims of death and darkness made.

The children born in bondage to the Light,
Make of the creature soul a battle ground,
Until the Evil nature hides in night,
As one who receives a mortal wound.

Again the woman's throne is reared,
And Earth bows to the scepter of her son,
For as an hire the knowledge of the Good,
Dwells one added to the House of man.

And as the beams of the coming day,
Pierce the gloom of a starless night,
The Light first paved the conquerors way,
And man beheld his coming with delight.

But in the dim twilight Evil hides,
The revolting features of his reign,
Till man no longer conscious of his needs,
From the neglected word is seen to turn,

Thus the children lose relish for the food
For which their fathers dared to die,
And lifeless find the embalmed word,
As the form, in the grave of Machpelah.

The hungry soul must for conviction fly,
To where a knowledge of his nature can be found,
And robe in it to meet the Master's eye,
Where penitence and pardon heal the wound.

Still beyond the gate the unfading Eden shines,
And for each pilgrim there is welcome Home,
Where cruel mystery no longer reigns,
For where God is man's perfect day has come.

Here mystery still rides her dreadful beast,
The confusion born of Babel's troubled tongue,
Nor have her cruel machinations ceased,
To mystify the line, twixt right and wrong.

And till this mighty Babylon shall fall
And the clouds from the word shall clear away,
The Son of Righteousness cannot be full,
Or the Living soul behold its perfect day.

Here a remnant of the woman's house still sits,
Clad in hereditary unbelief,
Who are still by their mysterious rites,
Casting the parent of their nature off,

Thus from the generations of the past,
The Lord preserves a monument to Israel,
Whose generations are written in the dust,
That of the gods is allegorical.

Again to Eve there is appointed seed,
When the Parent shall rule upon the earth,

“Mine hour is not yet come,” the Master said,
Giving a promise to his mother’s faith.

“A sword to pierce the woman’s faithful soul,
That the thoughts of many hearts might be revealed,”
Were his reproachful words that on her nature fell,
Though each bitter rind promise concealed.

There was no sword with edge sufficiently keen
To separate the mother from her child,
Save that which the marriage feast was drawn,
And from the mother’s side her son exiled.

Though woman ministered oft to his need,
While he was a lonely wanderer,
As one without a home on earth he treads,
Nor seems to have permitted care from her.

When he had nowhere to lay his head
Would not that mother’s arm have pillowed it;
Had not the divider thus division bred,
That the good might with the evil nature wed?

Though as a daughter of Abraham,
Woman is entitled to the care,
That a dumb brute may from its master claim,
But with the child the mother may not share.

Me said “Must not the children first be filled,”
To the woman who accepted crumbs,
Thus she in her grave through faith conceived,
And through bitter reproach her promise comes,

Man was first formed, nor was deceived,
As was the woman by the serpent’s tale,
But when man’s full measure is received,
There is promise for the house that fell.

To the husband woman’s reverence is due,
And father twin natures added to the man,
Of the Heavenly Tree the lowliest bough,
The vine that drapes the Universal Throne.

His hand hath torn the Evil nature down,
Himself her shield in Danger front is cast,
Thus clad in honor bright the records shine
Of the protecting Angel of the past,

After the woman's fall her nature slept,
Until the offspring of her faith was born,
As first fruits of the harvest that she reapt,
The wisdom of the gods became her son,

For at last the ties of birth the Master owns,
He proclaims a universal brotherhood,
And by calling his mother, the Beloved John's,
He crowned a universal motherhood.

But here let him that is filthy and unjust remain
And he that is righteous and the holy too,
But spare him who as neither returns again
To the native image of which he grew,

For he who bade the flood and Evil be,
Still for their sake assumes life's humblest garb,
And in the helpless babe provides a tree,
Where Knowledge can weave her many colored robe,

Blest before all its fellows is the sense,
That to the creature gives a heavenly world,
And walks with angels in the vast expanse,
Where the Maker's glory is unfurled.

But sight is lifeless as the vacant stare
With which the brute regards the Heaven,
Except the ear provides an open door,
By which its light into the soul is given.

The senses of touch and taste and smell
Are but the eye that upon matter feeds,
And convey knowledge to the creature's soul,
Of what in the gloom of darkness hides,

Thus life drinks a knowledge of its nature in
And a new tree is in discerning Wisdom clad,

Till in number as the stars of Heaven shine,
Becomes the offspring of the Parent God.

And two trees stand in the garden of Earth,
That on the same paternal stem was born
Where the same mother gave to each their birth,
And unites them in the same Head again.

May the Word traverse earth's utmost bound
And draw men into its captivity,
That the tree of life may be no longer found
A babe that doth chained in a dungeon lie,

First and last, the beginning and the end,
The Angel of the Covenant appears,
Wisdom is the creation of his hand,
Who of the Heaven and Earth its temple rears.

And of Wisdom's treasures dug from chaos,
A tower high as the Heaven is found,
No gigantic ruin to dismay us,
But a ladder that rests upon the ground.

Eastward cherubim with their swords of flame,
Of Wisdom's living tree, still keep the way,
While they rear upon Rachel's earthly tomb,
The pillar of the night unto this day.