Small thought those slothful damsels had their rout,
Hither and thither hurrying, gowns ungirt,
Lamps swinging lightless, and th' uncared-for cry,
'Oil! Sisters! lend us oil!' should thesis give
For fable of the Wise and Foolish Ones;
The souls that wait and watch; the souls that drowse
Letting Life's wick burn down; till midnight comes,
And here's the Bridegroom, with his feastful friends,
But, look! no light! and entrance quite forbid!
'Watch, therefore,' spake He, 'for ye know nor day
Nor hour.'

"Yet most He loved to teach of Love.
Wherefore the tale was of a certain man
Dwelling—(we know him)—by Tiberias,
That had two sons. And one, the Prodigal,
Had asked his portion, gathered it, and went
To some far country where he wasted all
In riotous living; till the ill times fell,
And he had nought, and herded swine and filled
His belly with the husks. Sitting at meat
In Simon's house, our Master took this tale,
And featly decked it forth with Wisdom's wealth,
Relating how that son 'came to himself'
And cried: 'I will arise and go unto
My Father, and will say that I have sinned,
Sinned against Heaven, and, Father! before thee,
And am not worthy to be called thy Son,
Only thy hireling servant! Make me that!'
Then he arose and came. And, oh! what heart
Throbbed not among us, while the Master told
Tenderly,—meaning all the world to hear,—
How—yet a long way off—his Father saw,
Saw him, and had compassion; nay—and ran,
And fell upon his neck, and kissed the boy
Mouth to mouth, Father's lips on Son's lips pressed,
Staying his words of sorrowful self-blame
With dear impatience; leading us to learn
That God's love runneth faster than our feet
To meet us stealing back to Him and peace,
And kisses dumb our shame, nay, and puts on
The best robe, bidding Angels bring it forth,
While Heaven makes festival; for Angel's meat
Is happiness of man.

"In such wise, He—
Plucking his themes, as Syrian girls pull flowers
To spell dear names, and speak the gentlest words,
From common wayside things in Galilee—
Taught us by Parable."

The Indian cried:—
"Thou Wise One! who didst sojourn in the Wild;
And feed the swine from fairest hands; and ache
With hunger for thine own fine food of Truth,
With waste of Love and Life; and didst arise,
And find forgiving arms, and take that kiss
Silencing shame! Now doth thy bright soul wear
A better beauty than dead Pappus saw,
Or love-sick Prætors! Whence are words to thank
These words which teach me where thy Jesus filled
The leaf of wisdom in, and wrote for men
The Name Lord Buddha would not say nor spell?
Sweet stories, nathless, might thy servant cite
From Buddha's lips; teaching, as these do teach,—
By speech of Ganges, not of Galilee,—
How good seed grows to good, ill seed to ill,
Secretly; and the Treasure of the Law
How well it is to buy it at World's cost,
If all this World were chrysolite, and ours;
And how Death is not—being new life masked,
Lest we long over-much to die, and lose
Purpose of Earth:—but Change, forever Change!
From seed, by darkness, to the blade again;
From life, by rest and recompense, to life,
From forms, by Karma, to some other form;
Which wheel shall whirl, till the awakened soul
Like a caged callow eagle, passion caught,
Knows itself; and, indignant, spreads its wings
For that unbounded quiet where is Home.
Thus did Buddh teach; and high Ahinsa's rule
To do no wrong, but bear wrongs patiently;
Yet this to conquer Ignorance; to break
From sense; to find that farther, truer World
Which shines—thou sayest it—beyond the seen.
Yea! This to serve the self, and save the soul,
Reaching Nirvâna; where what seemed so dear,—
Love—lieth dumb as Hate; Life dead as Death;
And the vast voice of endless ecstacy
Is silence, and its Day eternal dream.
Who reigneth at that centre of the cirque,
Him named he not, nor would he lift to Him
Prayers which were vain, if th' All-knowing loves
If th' All-Loving knows. Denying not,
Affirming not; but finding no Word fit
Saving the Wordless, the 'Immeasurable.'
But thou, reporting from thy Master's mouth,
On that Void stretching from thought's farthest flight
As far into the purple deeps of Night
As the last star—and farther—dost inscribe
This mighty name of 'Love,' and biddest believe
Not law, not fate, not fore-ordainèd course
Hath moulded what we are, and built the worlds;
But living, regnant Love; dimly discerned
In glories of this house of Earth we own,
Paved with green meads and seas, and roofed with Heaven;
Dimly discerned in lovely shows that live
To whisper lovelier wonders; youth and strength,
The light of lustrous limbs, and laughing eyes,
Man's might and woman's beauty; clouds and flowers;
Jewels and birds; and all fair things to use.
Nor will thy matchless Master have this Love
Marred any way by evil; any whit
Hindered by hating. Hate and evil hang—
So must I gather—but as darkness hangs,
When dawn, which broadens, is not rosy yet.
It shall not fail to gleam, dispelling glooms.
And, for the lingering of that Sun of Love
Which is to brighten all, 'tis Night! we dream!
And Time and Doubt portions of that false dream!
Nor would thy Master have one little life
Forgotten of this Love divine. He sees
His Father's universes clustering close
Round the poor bird which dies—to minister
With winds that fan it, and with dews that bathe;
Those viewless forces, holding worlds at work,
Subservient to the meanest thing in life
And death, and after dying. Therefore more,
Much more to Man, Earth's Lord, and King of things.
Also, who enters—if I gather well—
Into this kingdom, in thy Master's train,
Hath, for its secret, not to love himself;
Nor seek to save himself; nor—lonely—wend
Over dead duties and affections slain,
Toward such Nirvâna; but to cherish still
His neighbor as himself; and save his soul
By losing heed of it, in heedful care
That all his doings profit men, and help
The sorrowful to hope, the weak to stand;
With heart, soul, mind and strength loving this God,
Whom yet I reach not, tho' the foot of thought
Treads step for step with Christ in Galilee.
How fits with such a God the loveless strife
Of all things living? In the jungle, look!
What slaughter! and without it not a meal
For the young vultures, or the tiger cubs.
Nay, over all thy Realm of Love this rules:—
Each slays a slayer, and in turn is slain.
How fits with Love, this, and the wrongs of men
Too desperate for any right to atone;
The woes too hard ever to recompense;
The dried, but dreadful, unforgotten tears;
The agonies intolerable, yet seen,
Yet suffered (thou didst say) so by that Power
Who tends the little bird, but gives it o'er
Helpless and piping to the Falcon's beak?
If these things need not be, doth He not pay
With His poor Earth? Shall it not fling Him back
His after bliss, indignant? If aught lets,
And He that made them cannot help his Worlds
Or, only by slow schemes, and painful paths—
Shall we not scorn to call Him powerful;
Or ask to see Him nearer, and know more?"

"Wise Friend!" She sighed, "that which thou sayest now
Was—over-eager—said. One of our Twelve—
One golden morning when the Earth seemed His—
By reason of those glorious works—and Heaven
A Garden parted by the Blue, whose key
Hung at His girdle—pressed Him close, and spake;
'Show us the Father, Lord!' But he replied,
With grave eyes looking greatly past our light,
'No man, at any time, hath seen Him! None!
Nor shall ye see Him nearer than by Me
Who am His Son!' And, on another day,
Spake He, 'So long hast thou been with me here,
And not yet known Me, Peter? Who hath seen
Him that was sent, hath seen the Sender?' Sir,
We did suppose—what thy large learning holds—
The Unnamed thereby shewn the Infinite,
Incomprehensible, Unspeakable,
Forever and forever unapproached,
And yet forever and forever near
In loving immanence; revealed on Earth
Doubtfully, as the minds of parents are
To ungrown children; most of all revealed
In days and deeds, in holy life and death,
And new life after death, of Christ Our Lord.
But manifest—so did we read Him—here,
In whatso mirrors Love, the nursing Dove
Fasting to feed her couplets; the lone ewe
Battling against the eagle for her lamb;
The eagle's self, fierce to find meat to bear
Back to her nestlings; and the peasant-sires
Toiling that little ones fare well at home;
And mothers with the suckling sat their breasts;
And children tending joyously the old;
And he who helps the poor, and he that shares
Last measure of dates in the mid wilderness
With one that starves;—each tender deed and true,
Each word, thought, sacrifice, which helps the world,
By loving kindness, use, and charity;
Nay, 'even one cup of water!' thus He said,
'Given in My name' bring glimpse of God, and lead
Nearer and nearer to the Heart of Love.
Which shall be justified, when all is known
And the Eternal Wisdom whispers, glad,
Its secret to the Soul, laughing to learn
Death was so friendly, and the toils of life
So fruitful for all living things; and pain
Seed of long pleasure; and our worst of woes
So like the foolish anguish of the Babe
Whereat the Mother, loving most, smiles most.

"Moreover, not by narrow Reason's ray
Shall this be ever compassed, but by light
Larger and brighter, shining from the heart.
And in the house, once at Capernaum—
His Twelve disputing who was first and chief—
He took a little child, knit holy arms
Round the brown, flower-soft boy; and smiled and said:—
'Here is the first and chiefest! If a man
Will be the greatest, see he makes himself
Lowest and least; a servant unto all;
Meek as my small disciple here, who asks
No place, no praise; but takes unquestioning
Love, as the river lilies take the sun,
And pays it back with rosy folded palms
Clasped round my neck, and simple head reclined
On his Friend's breast.'

"And at another time,
When the pleased Mothers of the Lake would bring
Their infants to his knees, to touch that hand
Which touched the hands of angels, and to take
Blessings from lips which spoke for Heaven—those Twelve
Rebuked them, knowing not. But Jesus said:—
'Suffer the little ones to come to Me!
Forbid them not! Heaven's Kingdom is of such,'
And then went on:—'Whoso shall not receive
The Kingdom as a little child, that Man
In nowise entereth in?' Friend! should we err
Deeming He meant the simplest souls see most?
Is there not wisdom in the witless Babe?
New coming to this life so wonderful,
Finding, without his pains, without his will,
The tender Mother waiting, the sweet stream
Of breast milk flowing and his soft place made,
With sunlight for his days and stars and moon
To gem the curtains of his sleep; and flowers
To tempt his feet to walk; and birds to teach
Carols of country joy, when we would sing;
The child doth question naught, but takes this wealth
Lavished upon him in the dawn of life
With quiet, opening heart, glad to be glad.
So doth he grow and learn; yet shall not learn
Ever a higher wisdom than to cling
Close to the loving bosom kept for him,
Content to trust, careless to understand."
The gray sage said, with wrinkled brow bent low,
"Great is thy grace, oh, Lady Miriam!
Right surely hast thou won for those true lips
Learning's last word! 'Tis written in our books
Of Parabrahm, to shame all pride of mind,
'He is unknown to those who think they know;
And known to whoso know they know him not.'
Yet, as thy fair speech ran, much wondered I
That, teaching now this Heavenly Love hath head
Of all flesh living; how we sons of men
Lie in its lap, all children, dear alike,
Elder and younger; near and far; white, black;
The Jew, the Greek, Syrian, Sidonian,
Arab, Egyptian; nay, and Indian;
Thy Jesus did not quit, some little while,
His slender world shut here, those peasant hearts
Poorly perceiving Him; those narrow brows
Knitted against Him in false Nazareth;
And that proud, bitter murderess on the hill,
Slayer of Prophets, red Jerusalem—
Which, as we heard, did spill His blameless blood.
Why wended not His holy feet to them?
To us? to any? who had listened well;
And, glad with light of such bright missioning,
Crowned Him a King indeed, and given Him Earth
To fill and foison with His Father's will?"

She answered:—"Once, from green Gennesaret
Passed He, with certain, to the neighboring coasts
Of Tyre, and would not have that any knew,
But could not veil His greatness. Thou hast seen
Perchance—or from far travelled merchant heard—
How stately sits, how strong, how beautiful,
That city on her Island of the Sea,
Tyre of the temples; girt with mighty walls,
Which glass themselves like rocks, majestical,
In the green wave laving their feet; filled full
With ships that come and go—white birds of the sea,
Flown from the farthest verges of the earth,
Spreading or folding wing; and noise of oars
And ropes, and singing of the merchantmen.
There stood He, on the stair of Melicerth—
God of the city—while there came and went
Folk, as I think, from all the East and West;
Another world of men and women; loud
With traffic, and strange tumults, and new tongues;
And gay with many colored garbs. We saw
The thronged streets paved with coral; booths and shops
Bursting with store; long strings of camels; slaves
Bearing red jars of byssus, sealed for Rome;
Hewn cedar logs for Greece; honey and oil,
Barley and balm and calamus; great bales
Of gum and cassia; with blue broidered work.
And Tyrian girls danced by, before His eyes,
Clad in the purple peplums, beating skins
Of drum and cymbal, wreathed with myrtle flowers;
Singing their wild way down to Ashtoreth,
The hundred breasted Goddess of the Moon,
Worshipped with blood. Mild stood the Master there
Watching the busy bright hued heathen life,
With eyes like those sea waters, showing half,
Half hiding the deep Wonders underneath.
Whom, as He gazed, with who shall tell what thoughts?
A woman in the Greek dress did accost,
Plucking His robe and crying:—'David's Son!
I know thee masterful and merciful.
Have pity on my child! A devil rends
Her tender flesh; but Thou, if Thou would'st come,
Could'st heal, and bring thy servants peace and weal?'
Then He, grieved for the gilded wickedness
Of that fair city, fain for Galilee,
Answered: 'First must the children's mouths be filled!
It is not meet to take the children's bread,
And cast it to the dogs!' At that, her eyes
Flashed with quick wit of anguish; and she cried:
'Truth, Lord! but crumbs fall, and the dogs may eat
The children's leavings!' Then beamed forth anew
That high look on His face, which comforted:
'For this thy saying go in peace!' He spake,
'Thy little Maid is healed!'

"And she was healed!"

## BOOK V.

## THE LOVE OF GOD AND MAN.

Next day, within the House at Magdala,
Sitting in fair discourse, the Indian said:
"I know that thou must pass to bid me see
Thy Master done to death by evil men,
Blind to the light, in hard Jerusalem.
I think that thou wilt tell how—'ere He died—
(Who could not die—thou sayest—and did not die,
If thou hast seen Him living, being slain)
He took back, twice and thrice, those keys from Death
Which lock the gates of darkness on mankind,
Till, when His own hour came, Death ministered
Meek servitor, leading that holy soul
Thither where it must go, and willed to go,
So He might finish what He was to be;
In all things Man (thou sayest) yet, in all things
Divinely touching Heaven, fulfilling life,
And conquering ('twas thy word) the Unconquerable.
Now, gracious Lady! since these things be strange,
And 'tis a new day which my dim eyes see
Broader and brighter than could shine, I deemed,
Till Buddh came back; humbly I pray of thee,—
Who dwelled'st near this light, and hast this light
Large in thy happy eyes, and pure and clear
In thine assurèd spirit—make more plain
What was thy Master's teaching; with what Law
Set He the old Laws by? Whence take ye all—
Whose faces met His face,—the calm, the joy
Of such strong comfort as I mark, and praise,
And marvel at, and fain would understand."

"Swift is the heart to seize"—Mary replied—
"Slow is the tongue to utter things so high!
Had'st thou walked once with Him in Galilee,
Seen His face once, once, from His lip divine
Heard those commanding, certain, kind, clear words
Which answered ere we dared to ask, and spake
Straight to the thought, as if our souls went stripped,
Or wore for raiment crystal;—thou had'st known,
As we did know, who loved and followed Him,
He was in all things such as we were—Man;
Yet, being Man, in nowise like to us;
Oh! no more like than yonder pine blossom—
Dropping its sudden plumelet from the crown
To spread and feather into golden rain—
Is like the root, the stem, the branch, the leaf
Whence, all at once, it burgeoned. Thou had'st known
How speech must fail, seeking to circumscribe
The purport of His mighty message here
With unavailing words; as if one dipped
A hand to empty deep green Galilee
Only, if yet again that Voice could sound,
Itself would be its own interpreter,
Lifting thee to those heights of Love unseen
Where dwell our spirits, safe above the clouds;
Would light thy gladdened eyes with what lights ours
Through life, through death, into the bliss beyond.

TO GOLGOTHA.

"Yet, for thy sake, and for His sweet Name's praise, I will essay:—

"Once, at Jerusalem,
While eager multitudes drank in His words,
The Sadducees had questioned Him, and asked
Touching a Jewish wife, whose husband died
Leaving no children; and, by Moses' law,
The second brother took her; and, again
Dying, the third; and so the fourth, and fifth,
Down to the seventh. Last, the woman dies
Childless of all—of all the equal spouse.
'Whose wife, at resurrection, shall she be,
All seven having her, and issue naught?'
So posed they, mocking at the Life to come.
But Jesus shamed them; showed them Holy Writ—
Forever in their false mouths—proving God
Lord not of dead but living; bade them know
Better His power, and plan, and mystery,
And multitudinous mansions of Love's House;
And this world little, and high Heaven so large
Where neither marriage is, nor mortal wish,
Nor selfish, lying tongues, speaking false speech
Of love; nor eyes that lose their lustrous light
With tears and vigils; nor the dread to part
Which, under warm gold of Love's folded wing,
Makes lovers shudder; nor true love mistook,
Nor ill love entertained; nor ever doubt,
Where destined spirits meet; nor ever death
Of love new born, heart folds abandoning;
But love undying, undivided, pure,
Perfect; in finer bonds, and nigher, bound;
Dearer delights and deeper joys; free souls
Linked as the Angels are, whose breath is Love;
And, for their sex another wonder.

"One
Which was a Pharisee, said,—tempting him;
Or, happily, learning Moses shrunk too small
To fill the vast new splendors opened so—
'Tell us the chief commandments of the Law!'
Then, as a jewel merchant spreads forth gems,
And takes, from all his treasures of the Deep,
The two great gleaming pearls of all the pearls
To set them, matchless, in the encircling gold
Shining apart;—from all the Law He plucked
These two chief precepts, sternly answering:—

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

"'This is the First and Great Command,' He said:
'And like unto it that which followeth it.'

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

"'All the Law hangs, and all the Prophets hang
On these Commandments,' spake He, 'on these two!'
So did our Lord, out of their own mouths, judge
Those hypocrites, telling how this Life makes
Veil and dim vestibule of larger life,
Eternal, boundless; and what statutes twain
Sway the commingling Realms so manifest,
Wherein who loves his brother, seen and known,
Loves God Unseen, Unknown; and who, by faith
Finds the far Father in the close, sweet Son,
Is one with both. Yet Faith, ofttimes he taught,
Was nowise bare believing; since belief
Comes hard or easy, as winds go; and He—
Not once ungentle to bewildered minds
Seeking for truth and fearful lest they take
A wrong road in the maze—spake graciously
Even to one who, craving mercy, cried:—
'Lord! I believe! help thou mine unbelief!'
What Faith He asked of those entered in
The slave may have in bondage, if he lifts
Eyes of sad hope; th' unlettered hind may have,
Who, at his toil, hungers for better bread
Than what toil buys; the little child may have,
Content to love and trust; all souls may have,
Which, when the light shines, turn themselves to light
As field-flowers do; and, like the flowers of the field,
Are glad of the great sun for the sun's sake;
And, being evil, are for good; being weak,
Will give what thews they own for Righteousness,
Will lay what gifts they may at Love's fair feet,
And follow, with quick step or slow,—through faults,
Through failures, through discomfitures, through sin,—
The march of that majestic King whose flag,
Distant and dim, they hail, and with true hearts—
Though will be wilful and though flesh b weak—
Burn to obey. These are Heaven's men-at-arms
In van or rear; informed or ignorant
Of whither battle rolls, and what shall prove
Its issue; and, for them, whether high spoils
Of victory at last—the Leader's eye
'Ware of their wounds—or some forgotten grave,
Where they that gained Him glory sleep unnamed:
Always to orders loyal, standing fast
In what post be assigned: in life and death
Right-minded, but not blameless; loving God
With lowly heart; and earnest, striving soul
Which trusted, seeing darkly; loving man
For brotherhood, and God that lives in man;
Such have the faith, to such is much forgiven.

"It may be there shall come in after days—
When this Good Spell is spread—some later scribes,
Some far-off Pharisees, will take His law,—
Written with Love's light fingers on the heart,
Not stamped on stone 'mid glares of lightning-fork—
Will take, and make it code incorporate;
And from its grace write grim phylacteries
To deck the head of dressed Authority;
And from its golden mysteries forge keys
To jingle in the belt of pious pride;
And change its heavenly cherishing tenderness
To warrant for the sword, the chain, the flame,
Lending hard Hate the sacred seals of Love,
And crying: 'Who believes not, perishes!'
It may be some that heard Him day by day,
Lacking the ears to hear, or losing hold
Of larger thought—perplexed interpreters—
Shall, in the times to be, do Him much wrong
With right intent; saying our sweet Lord taught
Dark tangled schemes of sad salvation; God
Making Earth ill; which went awry; was lost
For sin; was forfeit to the wrath of Heaven;
Which—for it must exact a victim;—slew
The Son of Heaven Himself, willing and free;
And, by His blood, self-shed and innocent,
Washes Earth's sins away, propitiates
That hungry anger of the offended Law.
So I have known some teach—nay, faithful ones—
Reciting solemn sentences, and words
Of sorrowful foretelling, when he know
How Love, for love of Love, must die, to prove
Love never dies; no more than Heaven extorts
Sin's satisfaction from glad pangs of Love.

* * * * * * *

The Buddhist said:—
"I hear thee tell me plain how Jesus taught
Life beyond this life, timeless, infinite;
As little parted from the world we see
As day-time is from dream-time, when we drowse,
And think 'tis night, with sunrise on our lids.
Taught that our sorrows are but children's frets
Because there bends, o'er seen things and unseen,—
Swaying that Kingdom which hath Love for law,—
A Father's hand, bountiful, pitiful,—
Known by the Son's hand, which we reach and touch,—
His true Name being nameless; conquering
Slowly—for reasons—all things to himself.
Also that whoso will may enter in—
Now and forever—to full freedmanship
Of Love's fair Kingdom, having Faith, which is
Not wisdom, understanding, creed, belief,
Not sinlessness—by Yogis vainly sought
In deedlessness—but earnest will to stand
On Love's side; eager heart to see the Good
And serve the Good, and hail the Light, and help
The spreading of the Light; aiming to grow
'Perfect as He is perfect.' So the dew
Globes on a grass-blade; shaped as is the Star,
Shooting star's rays, obeying star-like laws!
Now do these lucent words kindle a lamp
Brighter than what we took from Buddha's lore!
He bade us spurn Self, set the self aside—
Ahankara—seek always to sink back
Safe to the Infinite; and, for such end,
Break from the sense, with all its sorceries;
Forego delights, disdain what most men prize,
Life's light allurements, tender things of Time,
Soft lips of love, sweet lisp of little ones
Making heart's music in the house: praise, fame,
Wealth, domination. But thou showest us
The subtle spirit, making good its way
From world of sense and self to selfless world,
Not by hard stress of lone philosophies,
Nor scorn of joys, nor sad disparagement
Of life and living things as shadows vain;
But—nearer road and now!—by heart to see
Heaven closest in this Earth we walk upon,
God plainest in the brother whom we pass,
Best solitudes 'mid busy multitudes,
Passions o'ercome, when master-passion springs
To serve and love and succor. Ah! the dream!
Full fair, could it but last in waking hours!
Could men but hear the Angel's song anew
And learn to sing it, making 'Peace on Earth!'"

"Sir! but it lasts!" she said—"with whoso sees
As we have seen and heard. No dream at all,
But simple, glad, and easy Verity!
Souls, 'ere they soar, ask help,—to spread a wing—
From firm ground here: th' ideal real, the dream
True in the daylight. But with Christ to love,—
With Him to show us what lay lost in us—
Man by His Birth, God by His deathlessness—
For His sake all the race of men grows great;
Old laws are spent! What need command us more,
With crash of Sinai's thunder, not to rob,
To murder, covet, bear false witness? Those
Were chains for Hatred;—Love is done with them!
Love, standing with the children, at His knee,
Spells the new lesson that the neighbor wronged,
The poor left comfortless, the foeman slain,
Were kinsmen used unkindly, lovers lost;
Being one household, with one Father, God,
One eldest brother, Christ. 'How often, Lord!
Shall one offend me, and shall I forgive?'
Asked Peter: 'until seven times?' And He said,
'Seventy times seven pardon!' Not the sin!
He made no peace with that! The pure in heart
Alone see God: and very terrible
Blazed his bright wrath 'gainst all the wrong-doers,
Oppressors of His poor, self-lovers, scribes
Who darkens knowledge, sinners loving sin,
Impenitent. But, when he turns, turn thou!
And, if he shall not turn, hate him no more
As though Christ had not come, a second time
To break those stones of Moses, and to write
On every shard of his enlargèd Law
The new, great, golden Statute:—What ye would
That men should do to you, do ye to them!"
"So taught Lord Buddh," the Indian said—"but I
Hail larger teaching here. It shall not be,
Henceforward, that the wise man reins his wrath
For quietness of mind, self-mastery,
Or high disdain of who offends,—being held
Only some shadow in the phantom-nautch
Of Maya, some illusionary show
Of sense-life;—but, because Love's tolerance
Fulfils the law, and self would wrong itself
Hurting the wronger, who is kin to self."

## BOOK VI.

## THE GREAT CONSUMMATION

"If Death"—the Indian said—"be dead, indeed,"
(That sixth day in the House at Magdala)
"Be dead in knowing that one human soul
Once laid this flesh aside, and went, and came,
Taking it up again;—as she avers
Whose deep eyes stayed my speaking yesterday,
Them am I answered! Then thy Master wrought
Better than Buddh, showing the world beyond
Where men shall find their treasures of good works
Laid up on trust awaiting; loss made gain;
The Kingdom come. Unless, in truth, 'twere dream
Thy maid had of the marvels and the Voice,
And thy Lord—of his Knowledge—spake, 'She Sleeps,'
Such sleep, belike, not life nor death, but swoon—
In some dim region where the dying halt—
As locked the senses of thy widow's son
In Nain;—unto this wisest Master know
At eye-glance; and he did but break a trance."

(Mary, who has told him of the raising of Jairus' daughter from the dead, now tells how Jesus brought her own brother Lazarus to life.)

Next, she recited how, that last dread night—
Eve of the Cross—He passed, as all men pass,
Into His anguish—to Gethsemane.
"For it were not to be a man," said she,
"If once, and briefly, and with trailing wings,
Soul did not bid the body fond farewell
At hour when soul comes to the throat, and flits
Glad of past days, and greatly moved to part.
One time must be, in all the lives which live,
When strength sinks into weakness, faith desponds,
And fair hope swoons, and—for a little while—
No star shows where the path winds; not one gleam
From all those promised Angels who have gone,
And know the way, and should be there to make
The Valley of the Shadow safe with hands
Familiar, at first touch, in thickest dark.
He, Sir!"—she said:—"ev'n He: for whom rayed worlds
Watched, with unwinking silver eyelashes,
That sad night of their little sister-world;
He, who had twenty myriad Shining Ones
With golden plumes at poise, fluttering to fly
Swift—if it might have been—to wipe His brow
Clear of the bloody sweat, and comfort Him,
And catch Him to His Kingdom—prayed full sore—
The God consenting while the Mortal shrank—
'Abba! all things are possible with Thee!
Sorrowful is my spirit, unto death!
If it may be, let this Cup pass from Me;
If this Cup may not pass away from Me
Except I drink it, let Thy will be done!'"

And, afterward, the Treason:—the foul kiss—
"Hail, Master!"—and the tender answer, "Friend!
Betrayest thou Me with kissing?"—torches' glare;
Swords, staves; as if to take a thief by night—
The hour, and power, of Darkness. "El'azar
Saw all," she said; "he was the 'young man' there
Following for love, wearing that 'linen cloth'
Whom they did strip and seize." On that, the Priests
The Sanhedrin, the Judgment—(what she told
Heretofore unto Pilate)—Pilate's wrath;
The scourge; the mocking purple cloak; the crown
Jewelled with blood; the path to Golgotha;
The cruel Cross (oh, Tree, which made its wood,
Who planted thee? Did birds nest in thy boughs
And sunshine light thy leaves?); the cruel Cross;
The savage rending nails; the scroll; the sponge;
The cry "*Eloi, lama sabacthani!*" then
His death-word "It is finished!"—and the death,
And spear-blade deep into His dead side plunged,
And the Centurion, crying: "Verily,
This was a Son of God!"]

"Oh! we were fain
For sorrow and for shame"—said Miriam—
"Who stood to see Him die! Never so low
Bowed the bright Sun, stooping to bathe his gold
In whelming waves; never so meek, and lost,
Faded the splendor of the Morning Star
Before that Morning which it heralded,
As He did humble and abjure Himself—
In moment of arriving majesty—
Consenting on the Cross to hang and die.
Had we not seen—did we not know Heaven's might
Servant and succor to Him? plumed bands
Of Presences invisible, intent,
Upon His lightest sighing, loyally,
To go and come, bearing Him embassage?
Oh, measure what a love, if thou canst mete,
The immortal pity of that soul serene,
Pitiless only to its body, firm
To hold it uncomplaining, patient, still,
Close to the Cross; of one mind with the nails,
With the dull, senseless wood—for sake of men,
And great salvation of all flesh to be.
Not summoning once, with one swift thinking thought,
The rescue that had rushed on wings of fire
From North and South and East and West, to aid.
Not suffering once—not when the fever raged
Worst in His veins, and thirst blackened His lips,
And those whom He had come to teach and save
Gave Him no better thanks than bitter gibes—
Not suffering Death—who waited weepingly
For leave to strike—to hasten one small step
Quicker for Him than for the thieves who hung
On either hand! All this to wring no word
From His most innocent and pardoning breast
Except the tender mandate, sadly sighed
To Mary Mother, wailing at His feet;
And the sick gasp, 'I thirst!' and spirit's spasm
'Father! dost Thou forsake Me?' and the cry
Of Victory's anguish: 'It is finished!'"

"And measure—if the mind can ever mete—
That sorrow of us standing by, who saw
Our Master,—Master over Death and Pain,
Lord of all Angels, and all devils—droop
Unhelped; we who so loved Him, helplessly
Gazing far-off—held from His bleeding feet
By Pilate's spears, and guards of Caiaphas,
And Roman soldiers, casting lots to share
His sacred vestments! Measure what a pang
Tore us, and mocked our faith, and made our hopes
Fall, leaf by leaf; like last leaves, when the blast
Of winter strips the vineyard gray and bare!
Nay, but not mine! Truly, I tell you, Sir!
I loved Him so!—I worshipped so! I knew
So well in inmost mind He could not die,
And would not die, and was not less than God,
And should make good to all, in His good time,
The meaning, and the means, and mystery;
And be that King they wrote Him on the scroll;
That, while mine eyes ran tears too thick to see
His dear face, and my fingers clenched themselves
Into my palms, as if they were the nails
Piercing His hands; I went not otherwise
Than full-assured it would be well at last.

"Yet, measure—if thy mind can measure this—
How lost we stood, defeated, abject, shamed,
Those Twelve—with Judas one: and all the rest
Fled at Gethsemane—and I; and she
Who bore Him; and the woman ministering;
And some poor, few, sad, fearful friends aloof
Afraid to grieve, because of those stern spears;
Shut from the shaking Cross, whispering their woe
Lest Galilæan country-tongues bewray,
And they be known—like Peter—for His sheep.
Only this left of those high-nourished dreams
About the times to follow Galilee
When He should sit upon His Kingdom's throne,
And rule the land, and give to Israel—
The Roman eagles driven screaming off—
Days of King David's majesty again,
Solomon's splendors—more than Solomon's!
Only this left of larger phantasies
When we looked higher—saw Him judging Earth
At God's right hand; aye! by those pleasant fields
Of Dalmanutha, and the green sea shores—
Drunk, like the children of the Bride chamber,
With his new wine of love—begged for the seats
This side and that side of His Royalty,
Over the heads of Angels. And, now this!
For our King's drink the hyssop on the sponge!
For our King's purple the slow trickling blood!
For our King's courtiers the writhing thieves
This side and that! for our King's ministers
Those legionaries with the savage spears!
For our King's praises gibes of passers by!
For our King's throne the cruel torturing Tree!
We—who in those glad days of Galilee
Left all and followed Him; certain and sure
The Angels' song was true, Heaven's joy was come
Visible, lovable, approachable,
In this sweet, well beloved Son of Man;
That we had seen and heard the Power of God
Made Mercy, made Forgivingness, made Peace;
And elemental enemies, and Death,
Dropping their old ill masks to manifest
All things in all the spheres servants to Him,
Lovers of Man, and secret Ministers:—
We to stand weeping there—His sad, shamed Church—
The last scorned ruins of the large scheme planned
To take the whole World by the hand of Love,
And make all flesh One Father's family.
Ah, never since tears rolled—since human hearts
Beat quick with hope, to break in black despair,
Lay Love so wingless, Faith so quite forlorn
As that dread day, on guilty Golgotha!"

She paused—the great drops welling from her eyes—
But lit behind by such a ray as breaks
Across the April rain, and paints the Bow.
"Yet thou"—she said—"who knowest stars in Heaven,
Which are not gone because we see them not,
Shalt learn in that dark hour was clearest shown
The eternal lustre of my Lord's sweet Star.

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"Then, while the first day of the week was dark,
Alone I wended to His sepulchre,
Bearing fair water, and the frankincense,
And linen, that my Lord's sweet body sleep
Well in the rock. And, while my woeful feet
Passed through the gate, and up the paved ascent
Along the Second Wall, over the Hill,
Into that Garden, hard by Golgotha,—
The Morning brightened over Moab's peaks,
Touched the great Temple's dome with crimson fires,
Lit Ophel and Moriah rosy red,
Made Olivet all gold, and, in the pools
In Hinnom laid a sudden lance of flame.
And, from the thorn trees, brake the waking songs
Of little birds; and every palm tree's top
Was full of doves that cooed, as knowing not
How Love was dead, and Life's dear glory gone,
And the World's hope lay in the tomb with Him;
Which now I spied,—that hollow in the rock
Under the camphire leaves. Yet, no guards there
To help me roll the stone! nay, and no stone!
It lay apart, leaving the door agape,
And through the door, as I might dimly see,
The scattered wrappings of the Burial night,
Pale gleams amidst the gloom. Not waiting, then—
Deeming our treasure taken wickedly—
I sped; and came to Peter, and to John;
And cried:—'Our Lord is stolen from His grave
And none to tell where He is borne away!'
Thereat, they ran together, came, and saw;
And entered in; and found the linen cloths
Scattered; the rock-bed empty; and, amazed,
Back to their house they went. But I drew nigh
A second time, alone; Heart-broken now
The bright day seeming blackest night to me,
The small birds mockers, and the City's noise—
Waking within the walls—hateful and vain.
Why should Earth wake, the Son of Man asleep?
Or that great guilty City rise and live,
With this dear Lord, dead, in her stony skirts?
Fled, too, my last fond hope, to lay Him fair,
And kiss His wounded feet, and wash the blood
From the pierced palms, and comb his tangled hair
To comeliness, and leave Him—like a King—
To His forgetful Angels. Weeping hard
With these thoughts, like to snake-fangs, stinging me
My left hand on the stone I laid, and shut
The eager sunshine off with my right hand,
Kneeling, and looking in the Sepulchere.
It was not dark within! I deemed at first
A lamp burned there, such radiance mild I saw
Lighting the hewn walls, and the linen-bands;
And, in one corner, folded by itself.
The face-cloth. Coming closer, I espied
Two men who sate there—very watchfully—
One at the head, the other at the foot
Of that stone table where my Lord had lain.
Oh! I say 'men'—I should have known no men
Had eyes like theirs, shapes so majestical,
Tongues tuned to such a music as the tone
Wherewith they questioned me, 'Why weepest thou?'
'Ah, Sirs,' I said, 'my Lord is ta'en away,
Nor wot we wither!' and thereat my tears
Blotted all seeing. So I turned to wipe
The hot drops off; and look! Another one
Standing behind me, and my foolish eyes
Hard gazing on Him and not knowing Him!
Indeed, I deemed this was the Gardener
Keeping the Trees and Tomb, so was He flesh;
So living, natural, and made like man,
Albeit, if I had marked—if any ray
Of watchful hope had helped me—such a look,
Such Presence, beautiful and pure; such light
Of loveliest compassion in His face,
Had told my beating heart and blinded eyes
Who this must be. But I—my brow i' the dust—
Heard Him say softly:—'Wherefore weepest thou?
Whom seekest thou?' A little marvelled I—
Still at His foot, too sorrowful to rise—
He should ask this—the void grave gaping near
And He its watchman; yet His accents glad;
Nay, each word sweet with secret resonance
Of joy shut in it; and a tender note
Of lightness, like the gentle raillery
Which lovers use, dissembling happiness.
Nathless, not lifting up my foolish head,
'Sir,' said I, 'If 'tis thou hast borne Him hence,
Tell me where thou hast laid Him. Then will I
Bear Him away!'"

"What answer came to that?"
Fetching deep breath, the Indian asked—
And she—
Her white arms wide out-raught—as if she saw
His feet again to clasp; her true knee bent
As He were there to worship; her great eyes
Shining with glow of fearless faithful love,
As if, once more, they looked Him in the face,
And drank divinest peace—replied, elate:—
"Ah, Friend! such answer that my sadness turned
Gladness, as suddenly as gray is gold
When the Sun springs in glory! such a word
As made my mourning laugh itself to nought
Like a cloud melting to the Blue! Such word
As, with more music than Earth ever heard,
Set my swift-dancing veins full well aware
Why so the Day dawned, and the City stirred,
And the vast idle world went busy on,
And the birds carrolled, and, in palm tree tops,
The wise doves cooed of love! Oh, a dear word
Spoke first to me, and, after me, to all,
That all may always know he is the Lord,
And Death is dead, and new times come for men;
And Heaven's ways justified, and Christ alive,
Whom we saw die, nailed on the cruel Cross!
For, while I lay there, sobbing at His feet
The word He spake—My Lord! my King! my Christ!
Was my name:—
"'MARY!'

"If I say the Dead
Catch tone of some such melting tenderness
When first their lovers in the new Life flock
And greet and kiss them, telling them sweet things
Of bliss beyond, and Love crowned Conqueror;
If I should speak of children, dreaming ill,
And then grown 'ware it is the dear safe breast
Of their fond Mother which they fret upon!
If I should liken hopeless mariners
Snatched sudden from black gulfs; or men condemned,
Ransomed from chains, and led to marriage feasts;—
With the swift comfort of that instant change,
All must fall short! No language had I then,
No language have I now! only I turned
My quick glance upward; saw Him; knew Him! sprang
Crying: 'Rabboni!—Lord! my Lord! dear Lord!'"

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"When I was fain
To fling my arms around His knees, and pour
My Hair upon His feet, and eat, eat, eat
His garment's hem with kissing; measuredly
He stayed me, saying: 'Touch me not! not yet
Am I ascended to my Father! Go!
Speak to my brethren; say that I ascend
Unto my Father and to yours—My God
And your God.'"
"Was he seen again of men?"
The Buddhist prayed.
"Many whiles!" answered she;
Three times on that First Day, and, afterwards
In his old paths by silver Galilee:
And in the Mountain; where He met His own,
And made their cheer celestial. Last of all
He shewed in full midst of Jerusalem,
Amongst the eleven,—nail-marks on hands and feet
Rose-red, and spear-gash scarring the white side;
And ate of fish and honey from their board;
Then blessed, and led them forth to Olivet;
And passed—as if, they said, a waiting cloud
Received Him out of sight."

"Centurion!"
The Indian cried:—"sat there to see him die:—
Truly the Son of God!"—