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THE  
WORKING GOD

AN ASCENSION CAROL,

1893,

IN ANSWER TO

ROBERT BUCHANAN'S

CHRISTMAS CAROL,

1892.

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*“What I crave with all my heart and understanding,—what my very flesh and bones cry out for,—is no longer a Sunday but a week-day Divinity, a working God, grimy with the dust and sweat of our most carnal appetites and passions. \* \* \* \* And no clear revelation do I get of such a God outside the personality of Jesus Christ.”*

[HENRY JAMES, Senior, 1869.]



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# THE WORKING GOD

AN ASCENSION CAROL, 1893

In answer to ROBERT BUCHANAN'S Christmas Carol, 1892

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I accept the doom appointed  
At thy word, O wailing bard ;  
I am still the Lord anointed,  
Lord of work ; and work is hard.

Think not that my task is finished :  
On the Cross 'twas but begun :  
Toil is mine and undiminished  
Till the æon's setting sun.

When I cried, "'Tis consummated !"  
'Twas the first and greatest fight  
Which I won when earth, belated,  
Nearly died in desert-night.

'Twas the night of hell I conquered,  
Back the course of ages turned,  
And the ark of man I anchored  
Where my glory-beacon burned.

Man was left alone to struggle  
With the dark and angry tide ;  
Fiends of night were free to juggle  
For his soul until I died.

Neither tarried I nor hastened :  
Man had never truly known  
Who and what he is, till chastened  
By thus being left alone.

When at last his need was utter,  
When his passions, thunder-rife,  
Naught but doom and death did mutter,  
Then he learnt he was not life.

I am life, and like the seasons  
Is my manifested glow—  
Winter, summer ; and for reasons  
Only seers and poets know.

Wail not over wars and bloodshed  
In my name; for ere I came  
Was a more terrific flood shed  
In the adversary's name.

Not besieging, but beseeching  
Do I gird the human will;  
And my soul is one outreaching  
To attract it higher still.

In the whirlwind of the nations,  
On the battle-cloud I ride:  
Cosmic are the vast gyrations  
Of the planet's rising tide.

From the shore I look to seaward,  
And the generations roll  
Onward, love-ward, and to me-ward  
In the City of the Soul.

Should again the shaggy savage  
Overflow the human shore  
With the tempest of his ravage,  
Like the Gothic ones of yore,—

Deeper far shall work the leaven  
Than your Europe brought to pass,  
Now my kingdom of the heaven  
Energises all the mass.

Not from Tiber to Euphrates  
Are the seeds of empire spread ;  
But the pregnant planet great is,  
Great with me, the life that bled.

As from Roman wrecks I moulded  
Earnest England, fiery France,  
So from mightier wrecks unfolded,  
Shall the human standard glance.

Alexander crossed not Ganges :  
His was but a soldier's dream :  
*Now* the life of races ranges  
West and east a single stream.

When that union was beginning,  
To the North I sent a seer,  
Bade him chide my church for sinning,  
Bade him say that I am here.



He proclaimed the desolation  
Of my doctrine on the earth,  
But he also saw salvation  
And a harvest after dearth.

When he spake as one in vision  
Of a judgment-year of doom,  
Meaningless amid derision  
Sank his prophecy in gloom.

But the hand of history, pointing  
To that very judgment-year  
Tells you that the new anointing  
Then and there did e'en appear.

From that very year emerging,\*  
See the Indian Empire come,  
East and West together urging,—  
Ah! the scoffer's voice is dumb.

There I laid the deep foundation  
Of my reign that is to be,  
Nation joining unto nation  
For the final harmony.

\* 1757.

With whatever diminutions,  
By whatever pangs of pain,  
Through whatever revolutions,  
Forge I the electric chain.

In whatever martyr-story,  
Through whatever wrath and wrack,  
Robed in universal glory,  
I am coming, coming back!

A. J. E.

PHILADELPHIA : Ascension-tide, 1893.

## WALKING ON THE SEA

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How have I seen the peace of heaven  
Come into eyes that else were fierce  
When they confess the Godhead given  
To Him whom men forever pierce !

How have I seen the scorn of hell  
Come into eyes that else were sweet  
Of those who 'gainst the light rebel  
Rather than that high hope repeat.

What manner of man indeed is He  
O'er whom the fiends and angels wage  
War ever, and who walks the sea  
Of love and hate from age to age ?

A. J. E.

