

# The Better Part

In Metre

By

SHELDON LEAVITT

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"Martha, Martha, you are anxious,  
and trouble yourself about many  
things; but only a few are neces-  
sary, or rather one. Mary has  
chosen the good part, and it shall  
not be taken away from her."

— *Jesus Christ*

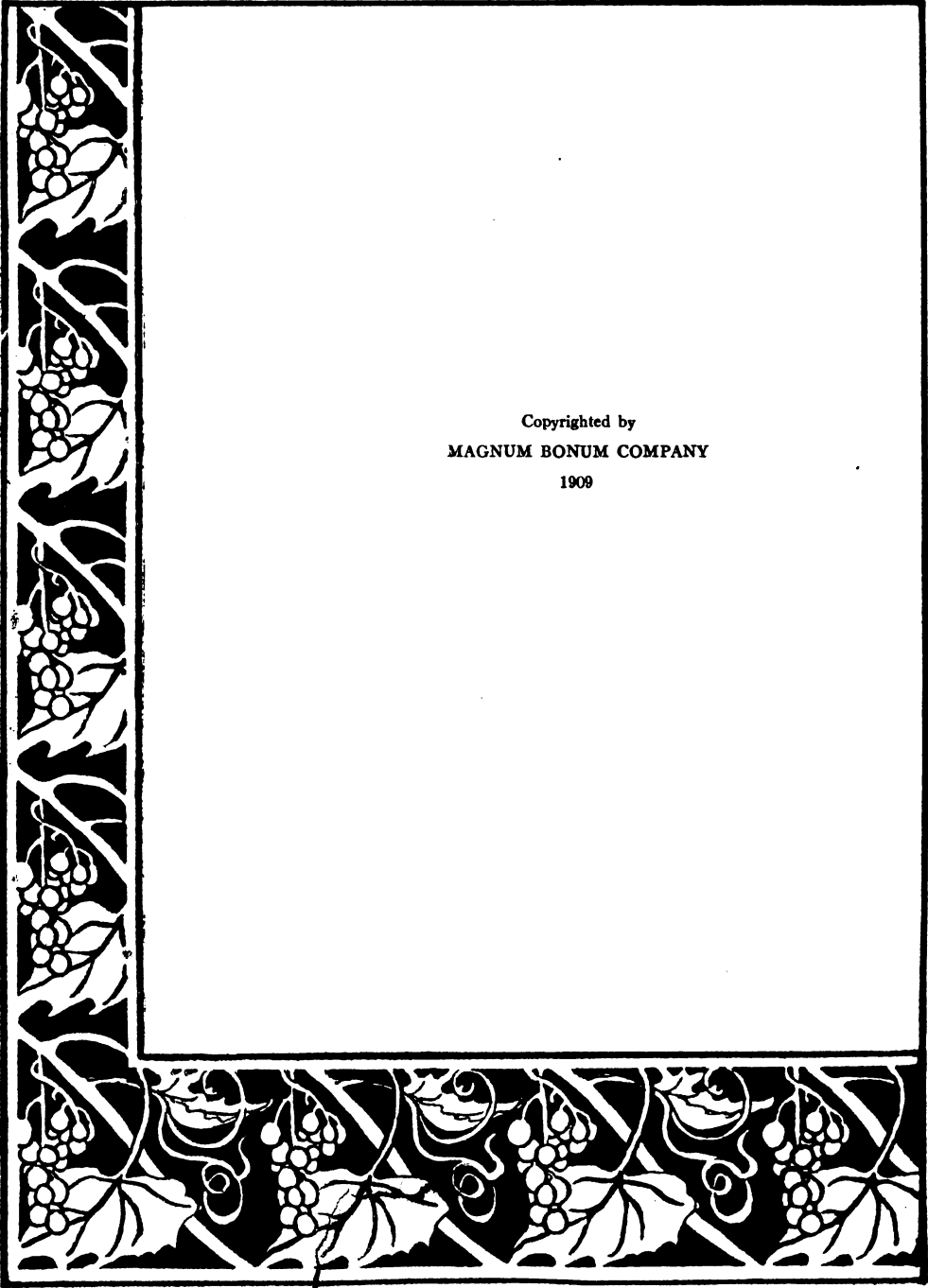
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THE MAN OF GALILEE

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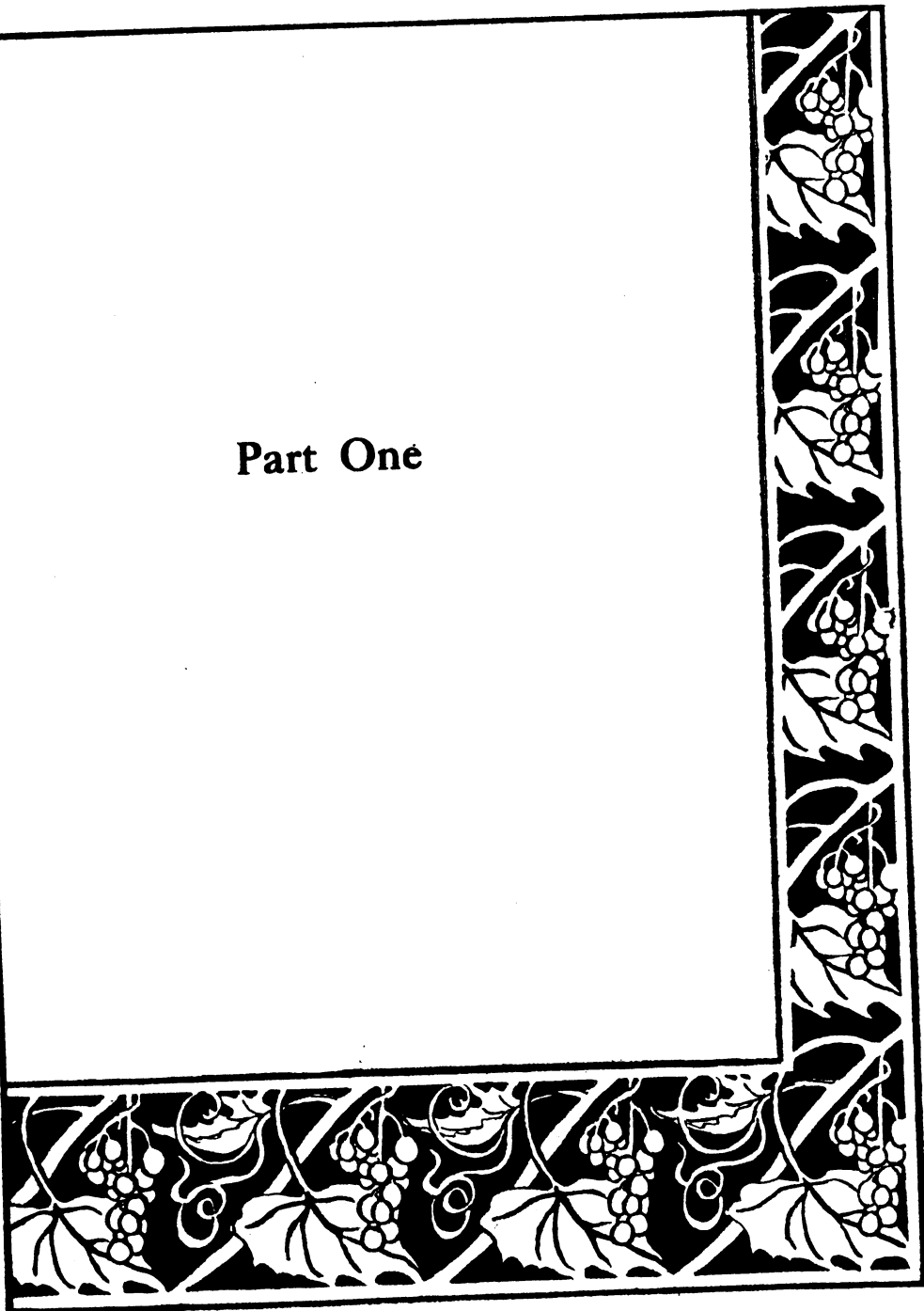
To those who Love  
With Human Sentiment  
Outmeasuring Life and Ease,  
These Lines I Dedicate.

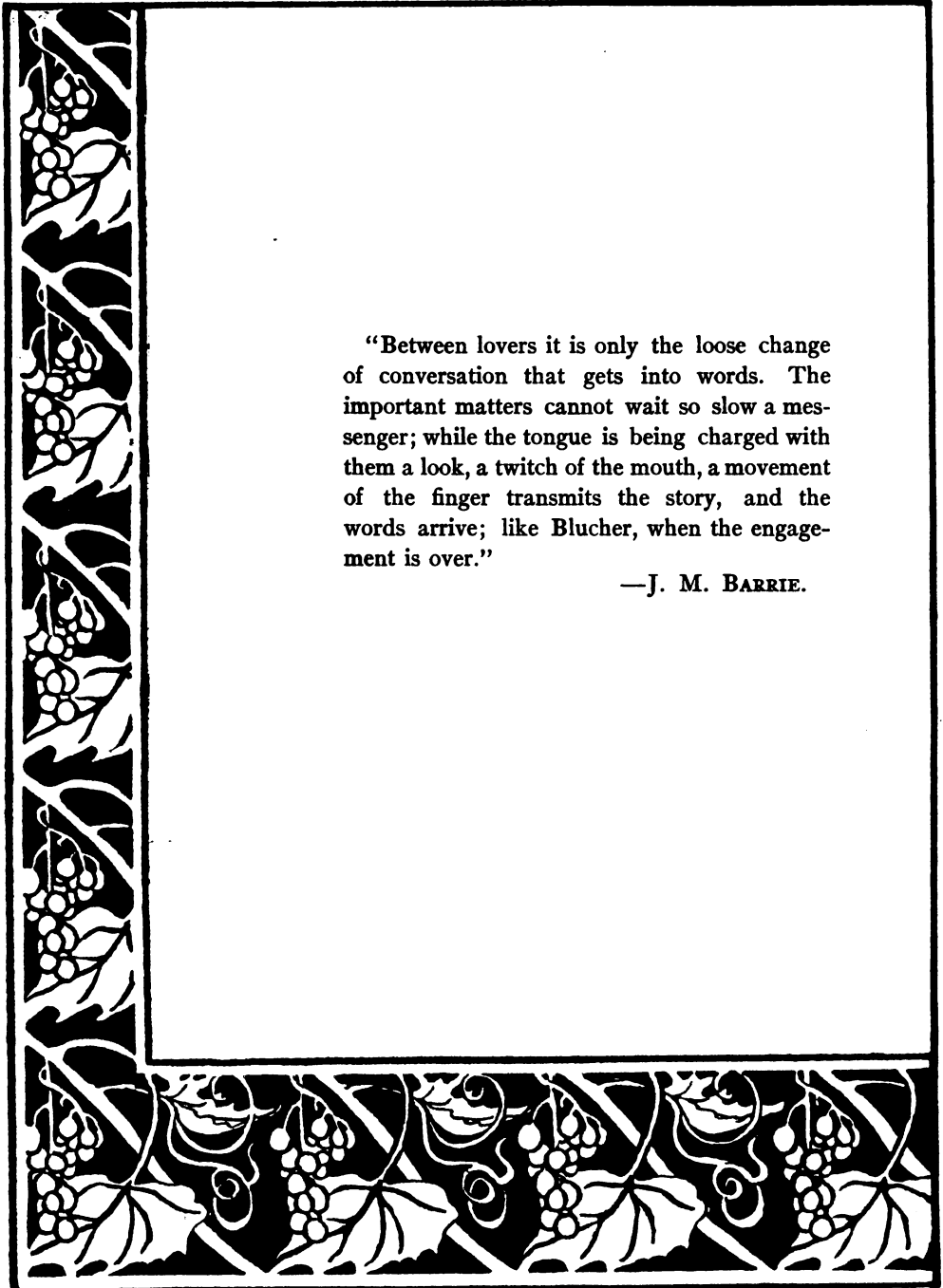
Sheldon Seaver

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## Part One

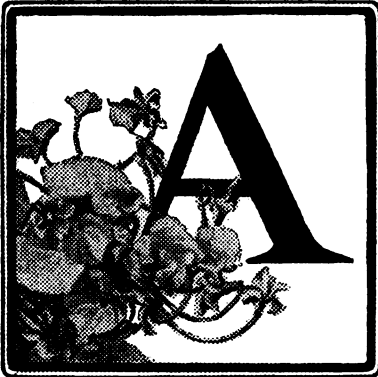




"Between lovers it is only the loose change of conversation that gets into words. The important matters cannot wait so slow a messenger; while the tongue is being charged with them a look, a twitch of the mouth, a movement of the finger transmits the story, and the words arrive; like Blucher, when the engagement is over."

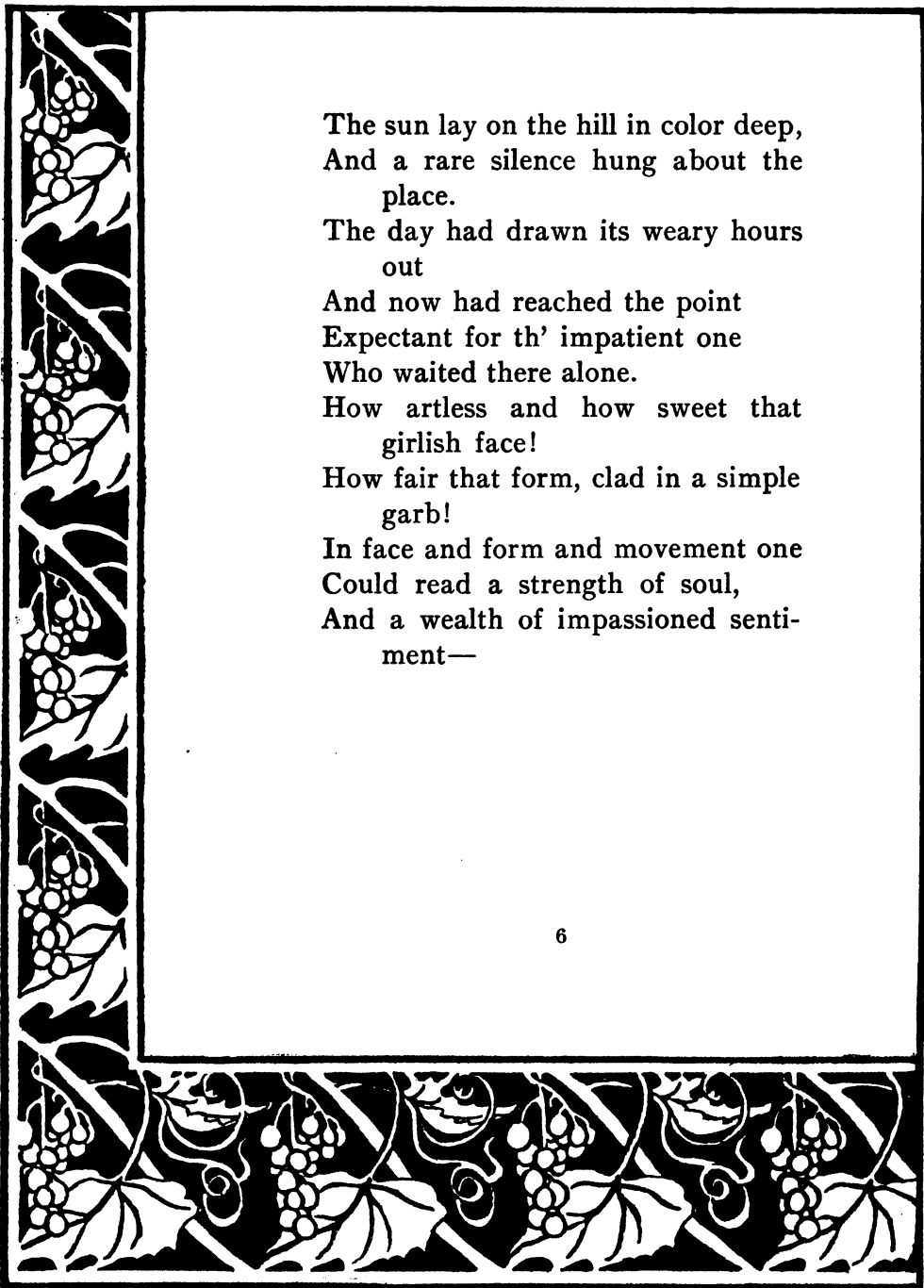
—J. M. BARRIE.

## The Better Part



N H E B R E W  
maiden's eyes,  
with l a s h e s  
long  
And dark, intent-  
ly peered  
Along the path  
that swept with  
graceful curve  
About the hill and  
soon was lost

To view, as back and forth she paced  
Upon the roof of a small house  
Within the little town of Bethany  
An afternoon of long ago.



The sun lay on the hill in color deep,  
And a rare silence hung about the  
place.

The day had drawn its weary hours  
out

And now had reached the point  
Expectant for th' impatient one  
Who waited there alone.

How artless and how sweet that  
girlish face!

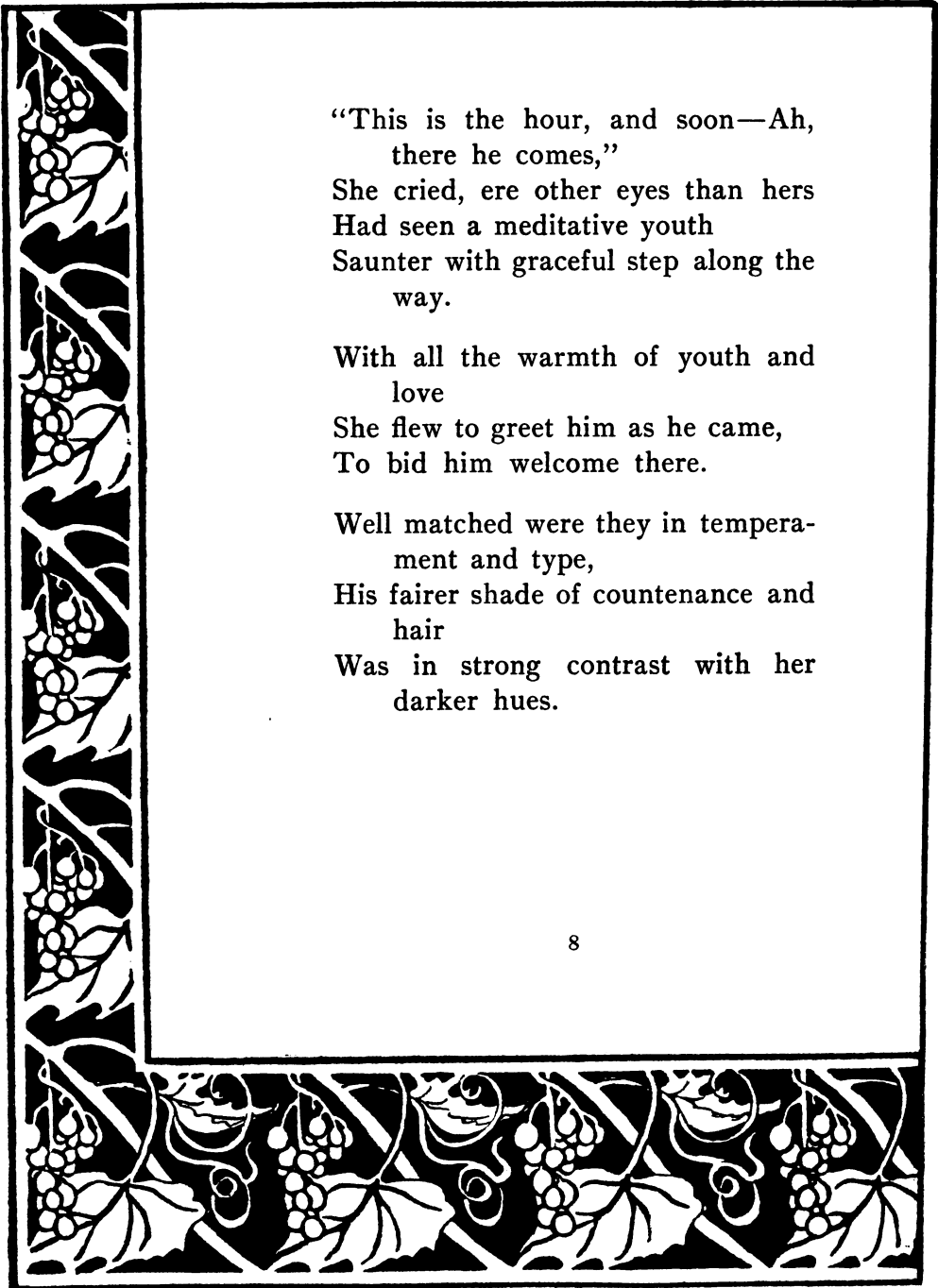
How fair that form, clad in a simple  
garb!

In face and form and movement one  
Could read a strength of soul,  
And a wealth of impassioned senti-  
ment—

Hall-marks of royalty which Nature  
gives  
Most sparingly.

The restless step was held half made  
Whene'er a human form appeared  
Upon the path, in hope that it should  
be  
The figure of that plebeian youth  
Whose nature, touching hers, had  
roused  
The fires of a deep love.

He oft had come along this very way  
And waved her greeting as he came.  
"He will not fail me I am sure,"  
She murmured as again she paused.



“This is the hour, and soon—Ah,  
there he comes,”

She cried, ere other eyes than hers  
Had seen a meditative youth  
Saunter with graceful step along the  
way.

With all the warmth of youth and  
love

She flew to greet him as he came,  
To bid him welcome there.

Well matched were they in tempera-  
ment and type,

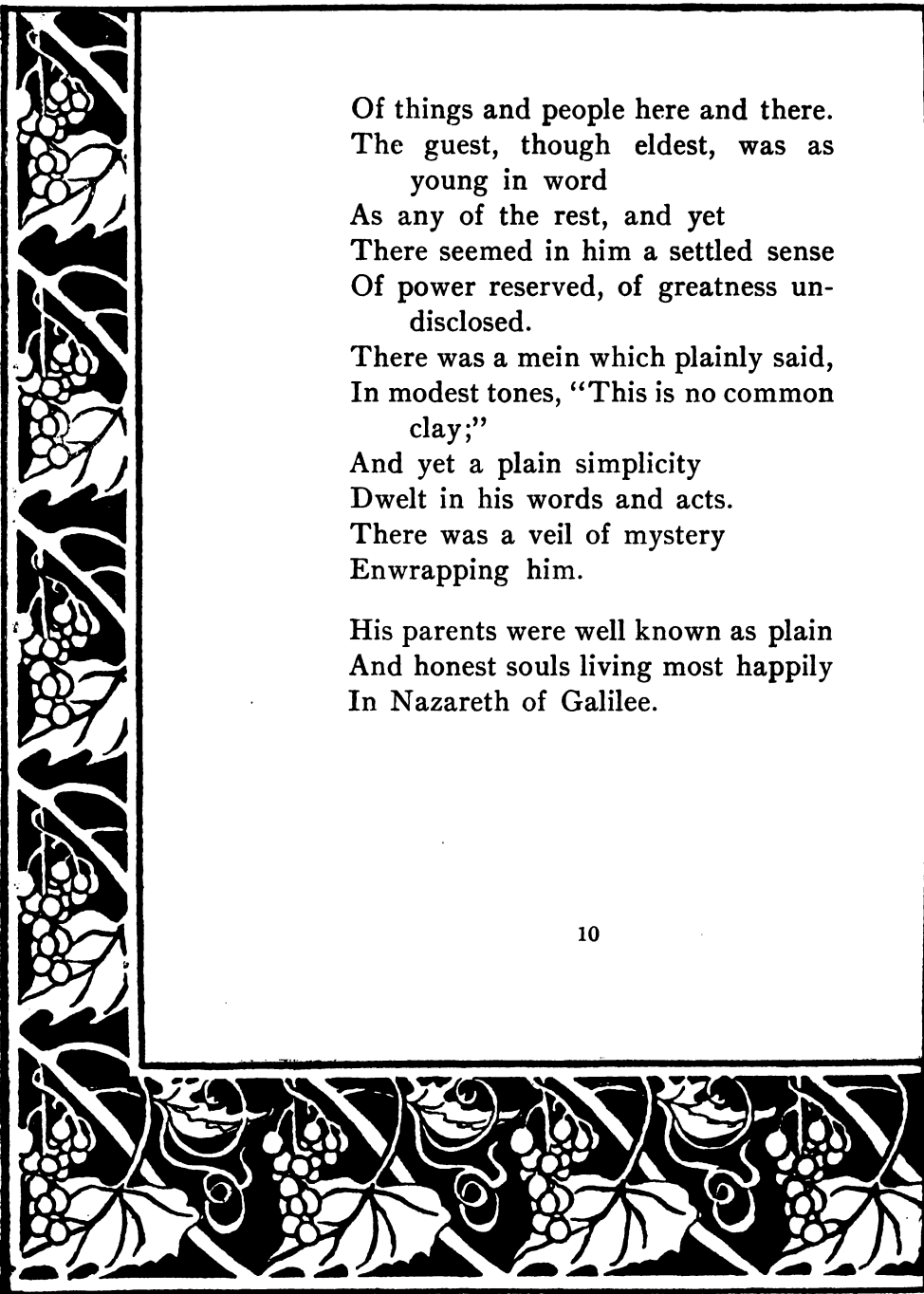
His fairer shade of countenance and  
hair

Was in strong contrast with her  
darker hues.

We see them there e'en now, his  
soulful eyes,  
Blue as the vault of heaven,  
Reading the lines of sentiment  
In that expressive face.

The sister and the brother of  
This maiden fair greeted the guest  
Cordially, for they had long been  
friends.

A happy family this, beneath a  
humble roof.  
The mood of all was full of cheer;  
A vein of pleasantry ran through all  
speech.  
They chatted on an hour, as do the  
young,



Of things and people here and there.  
The guest, though eldest, was as  
young in word

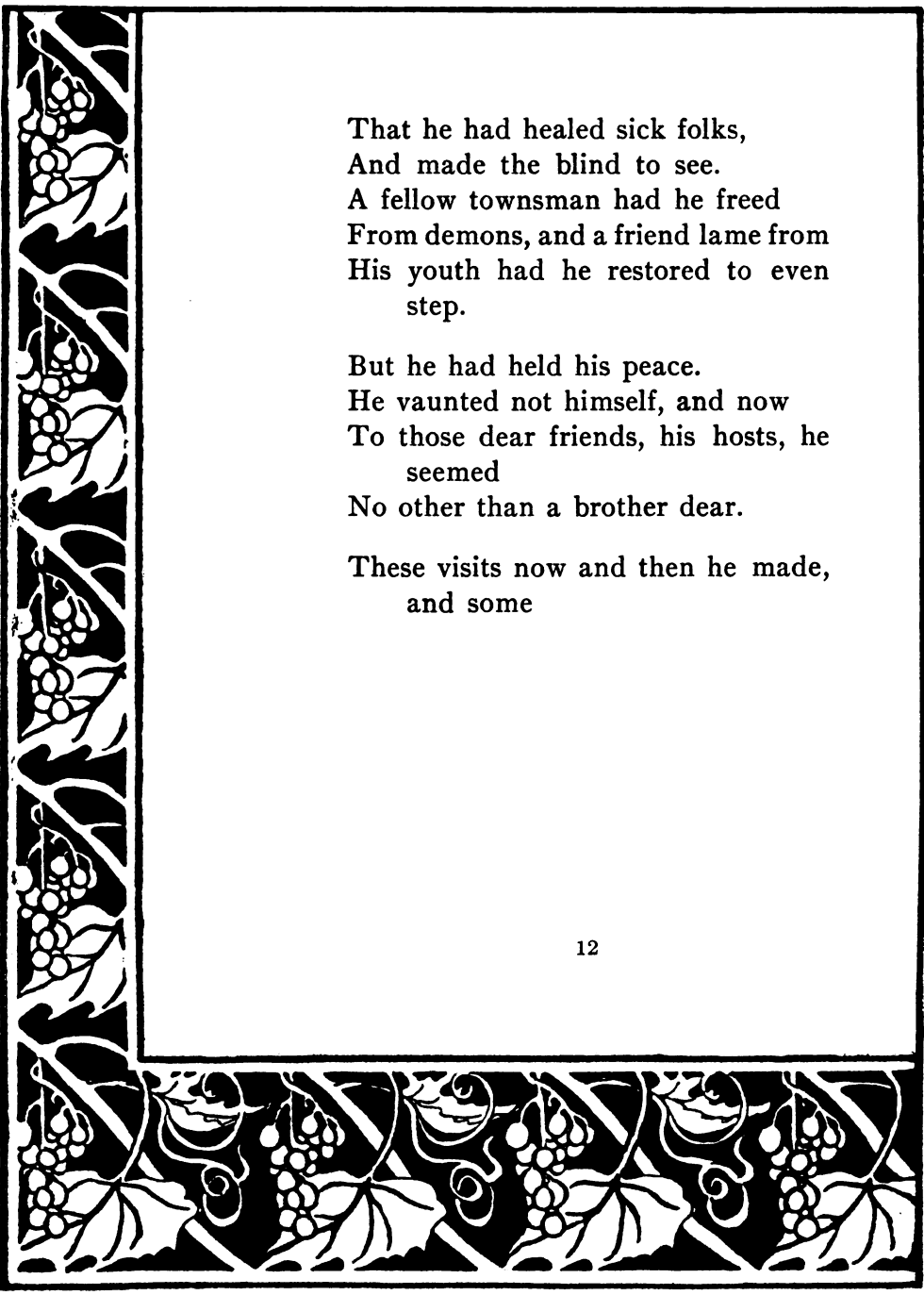
As any of the rest, and yet  
There seemed in him a settled sense  
Of power reserved, of greatness un-  
disclosed.

There was a mein which plainly said,  
In modest tones, "This is no common  
clay;"

And yet a plain simplicity  
Dwelt in his words and acts.  
There was a veil of mystery  
Enwrapping him.

His parents were well known as plain  
And honest souls living most happily  
In Nazareth of Galilee.

'Twas said this son should some day  
    be a king,  
Though where his kingdom was to be,  
Or when, had not been told.  
Some said 'twas but a mother's  
    foolish pride  
Had given out the word; but others  
    held  
That God had named him Jesus as  
A mark of royalty.  
'Twas also said that he had been  
In solitude for many months;  
That he had been among Egyptian  
    seers  
And learned the secret of their  
    powers;




That he had healed sick folks,  
And made the blind to see.  
A fellow townsman had he freed  
From demons, and a friend lame from  
His youth had he restored to even  
step.

But he had held his peace.  
He vaunted not himself, and now  
To those dear friends, his hosts, he  
seemed  
No other than a brother dear.

These visits now and then he made,  
and some

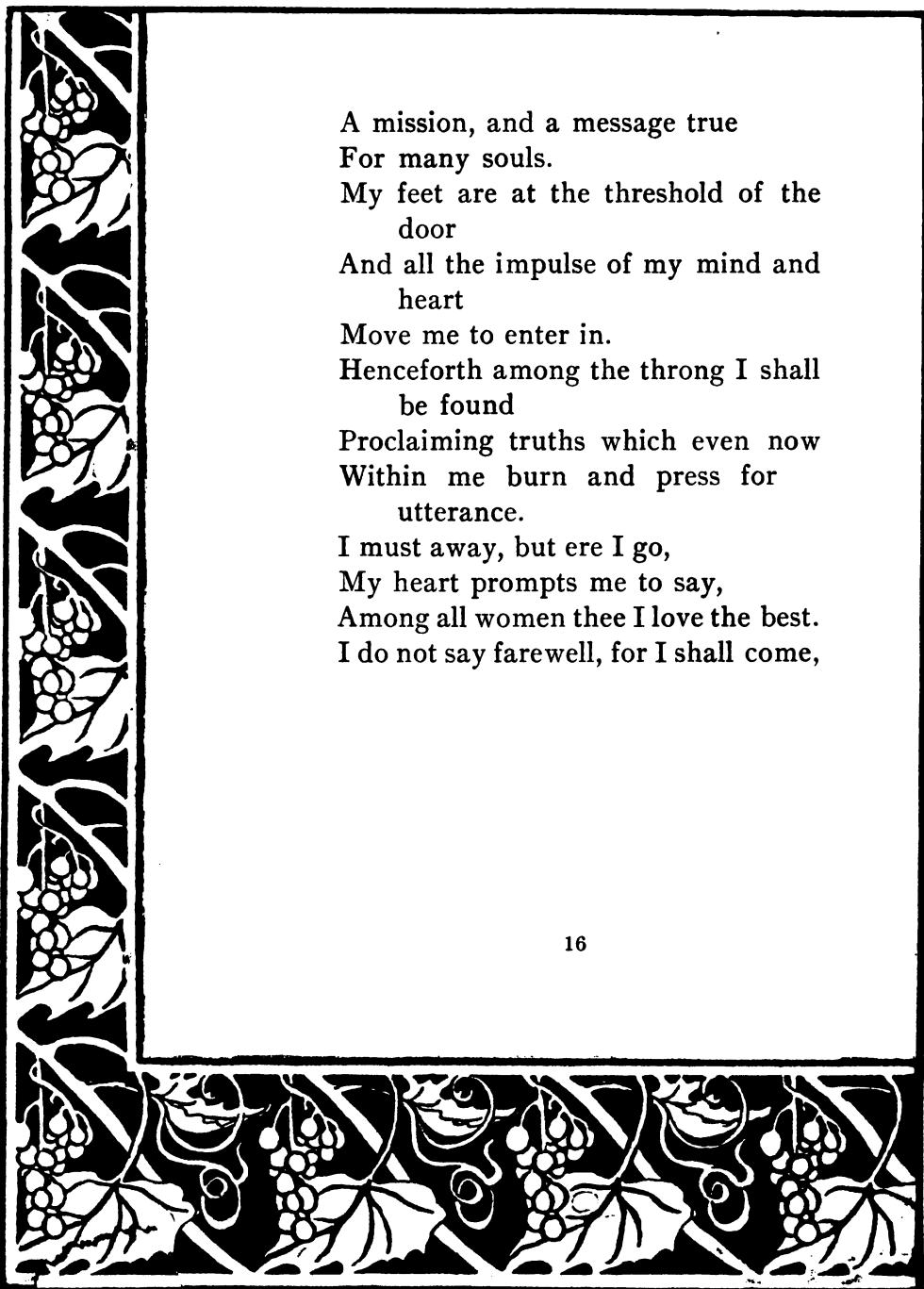
Had said that he and Mary lovers  
were;  
And so they were, in truth.

This was a happy visit, like the rest,  
And on a certain morrow, as the sun  
Hung over the horizon yet an hour,  
He left them with a fond good-bye.  
But ere he went, Mary and he  
Stole to the roof for a brief talk alone.  
They sat in silence for a time,  
As lovers love to sit,  
Not listless but enwrapped in reverie  
Absorbing and profound.  
The stillness of the hour and of the  
town



Gave emphasis, and made his words,  
Which voiced the thought that broke  
the pause,  
Impress her heart indelibly deep.  
“Mary, my dear,” he said, “oft do I  
find  
My heart drawn hitherward, and oft  
My feet would ardently here turn  
Where I have ever found a peace and  
joy  
Not elsewhere known.  
But I must tell you plainly, dear,  
My life has been unfolding to an end,  
A purpose, as the leaf unfolds  
And then the bud and flower.

My manhood, into which from callow  
youth  
That had no meaning to my friends,  
I now have come, unto me certifies  
the task  
My Father's will has laid upon my  
heart.  
My time has now arrived, and I must  
work  
While it is day, for soon the night  
will come.  
You do not understand, nor I.  
But there is laid on me a sense of  
power  
And purpose which bespeaks



A mission, and a message true  
For many souls.  
My feet are at the threshold of the  
door  
And all the impulse of my mind and  
heart  
Move me to enter in.  
Henceforth among the throng I shall  
be found  
Proclaiming truths which even now  
Within me burn and press for  
utterance.  
I must away, but ere I go,  
My heart prompts me to say,  
Among all women thee I love the best.  
I do not say farewell, for I shall come,

It may be oftener than before,  
To escape the press, and rest.  
I go, and God be with you, Love!"

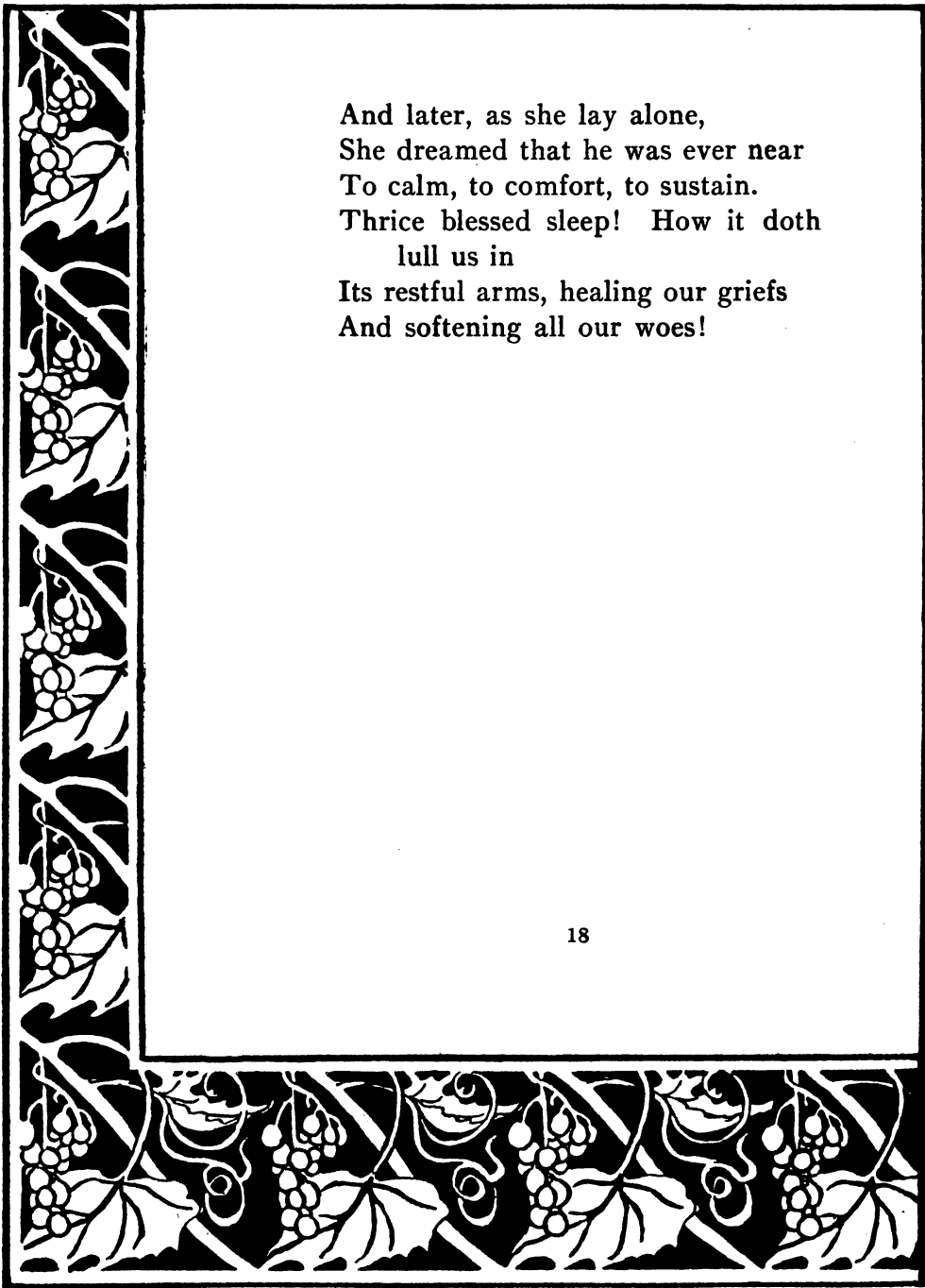
And he was gone.

She heard his manly step along the  
way.

A maiden sat alone, tearful, forlorn,  
Brooding in silence on the days to  
come,

So somber and so sad.

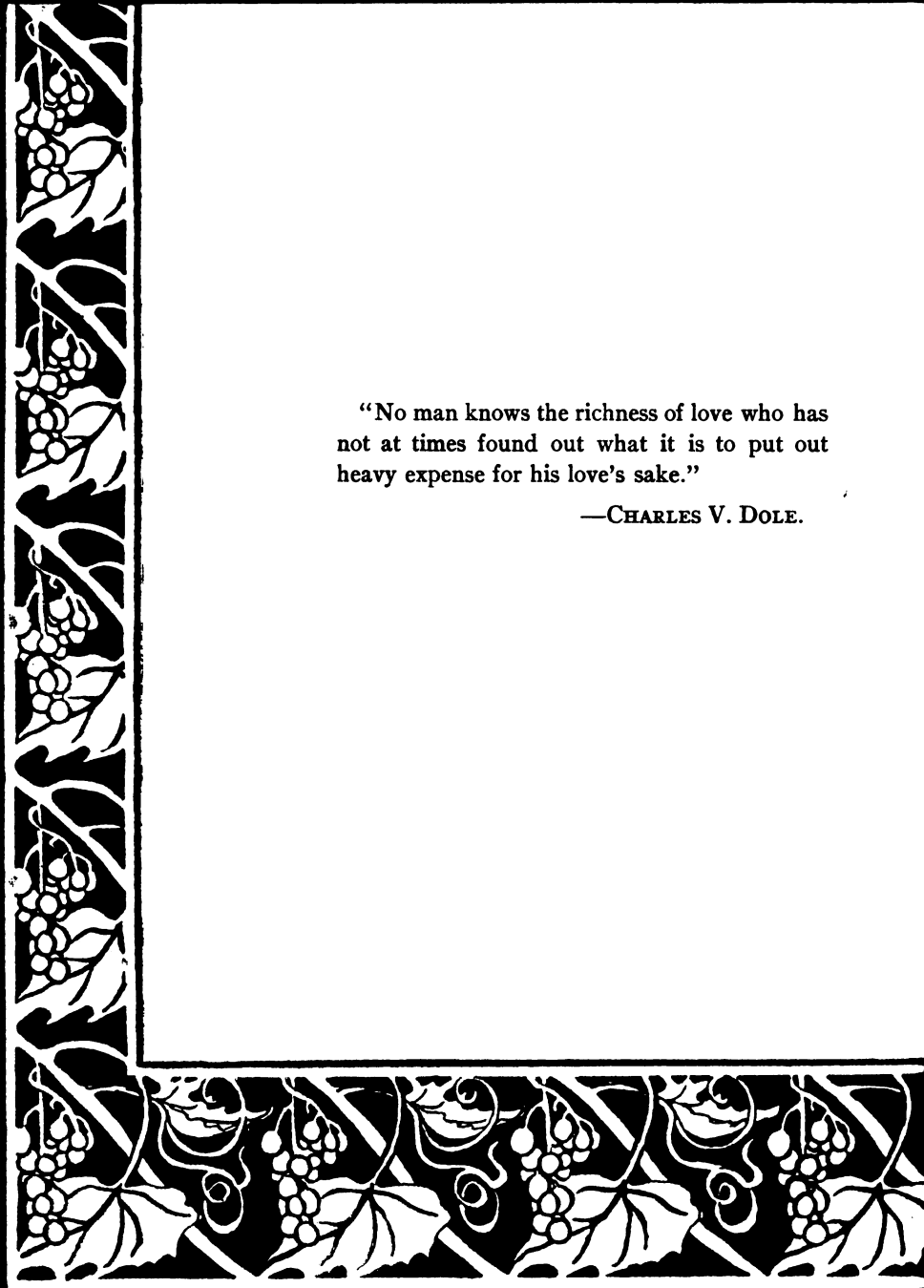
Then, as the curtain of the night  
Fell softly down and shut her in,  
Rising, with heavy heart, to go,  
"His mission shall be mine," she  
said.



And later, as she lay alone,  
She dreamed that he was ever near  
To calm, to comfort, to sustain.  
Thrice blessed sleep! How it doth  
    lull us in  
Its restful arms, healing our griefs  
And softening all our woes!

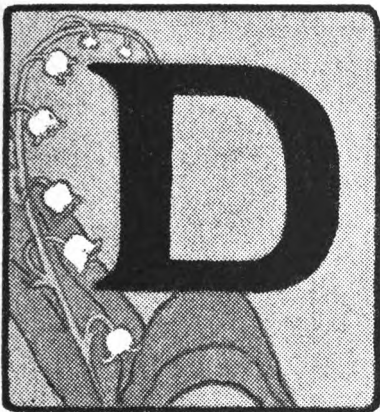
## Part Two



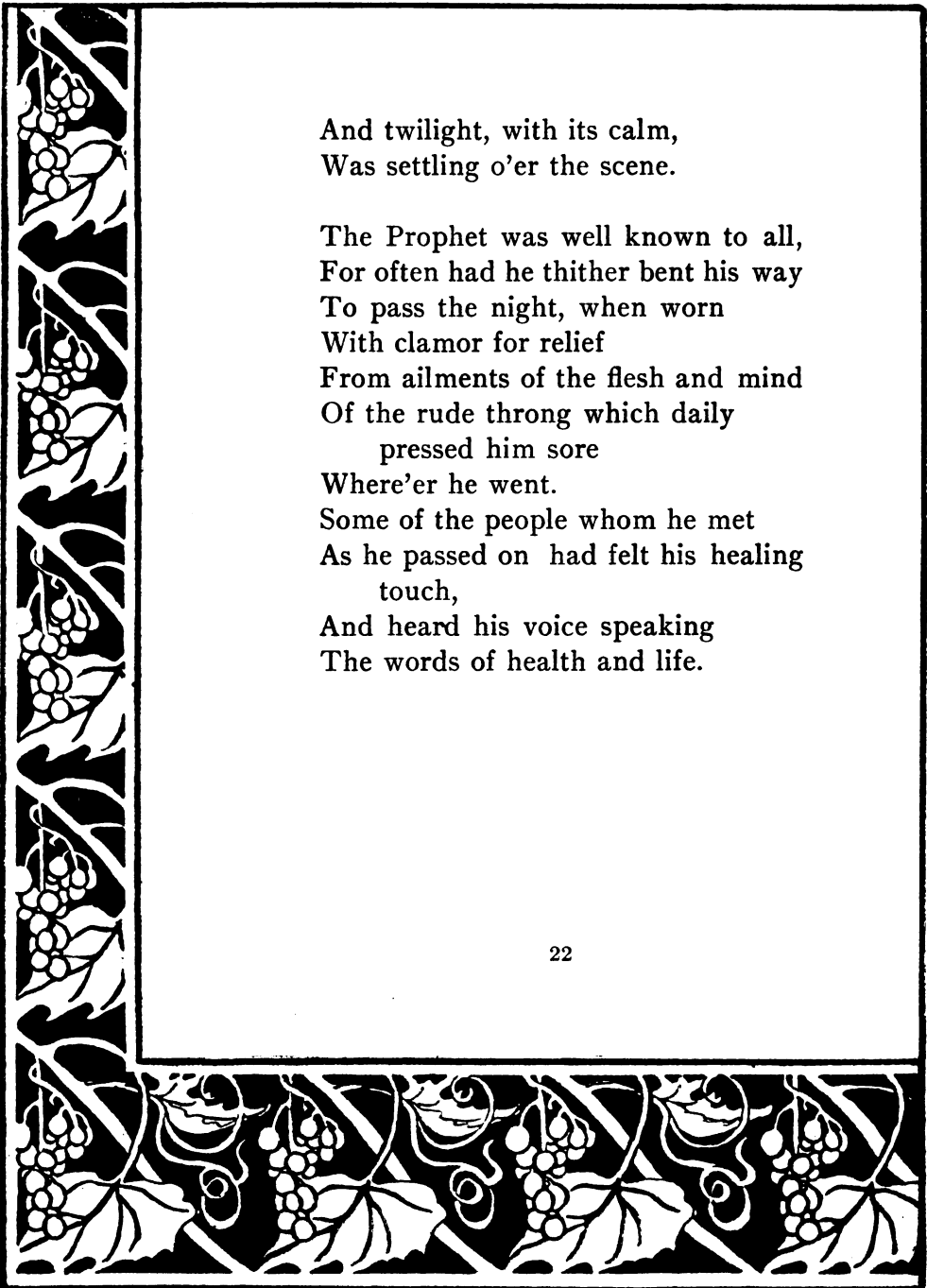


"No man knows the richness of love who has  
not at times found out what it is to put out  
heavy expense for his love's sake."

—CHARLES V. DOLE.



USTY and travel-  
worn they  
came,  
Jesus and his dis-  
ciples, Peter,  
James  
And John leading  
the way,  
Unto that hamlet  
in the Judean  
hills,  
Which nestled  
close beside Jerusalem.  
The summer sun had sunk  
Behind the pink horizon, thus  
Assurance giving of a bright return;

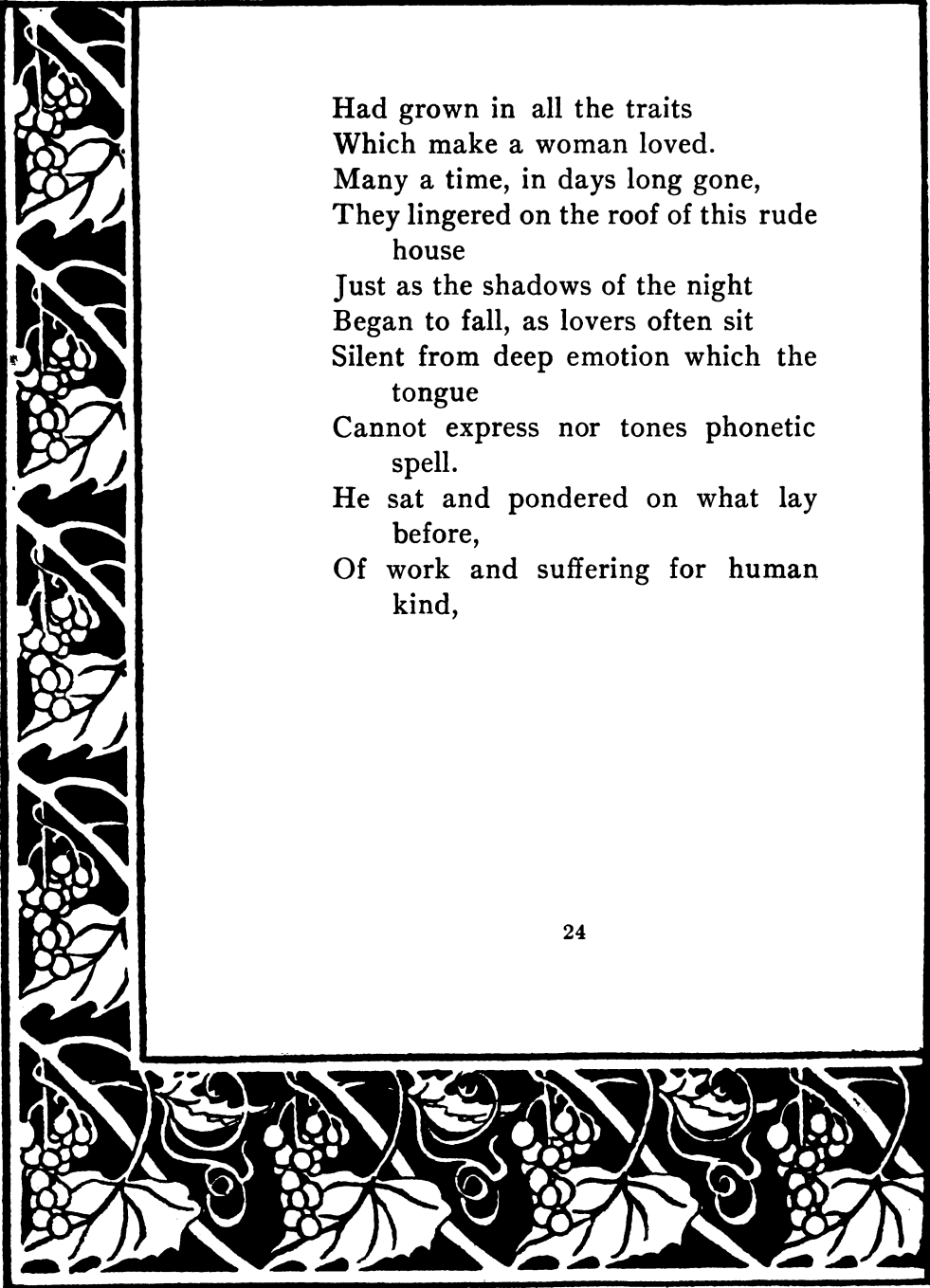


And twilight, with its calm,  
Was settling o'er the scene.

The Prophet was well known to all,  
For often had he thither bent his way  
To pass the night, when worn  
With clamor for relief  
From ailments of the flesh and mind  
Of the rude throng which daily  
    pressed him sore  
Where'er he went.  
Some of the people whom he met  
As he passed on had felt his healing  
    touch,  
And heard his voice speaking  
The words of health and life.

Simon the Leper lived only a turn  
away,  
And Lazarus, whom he had called  
Forth from the tomb, lived with  
His sisters at the end of the  
Short pathway into which his feet  
now led.

For many years  
This brother and these sisters had  
Been knit in closest sympathy  
And dear companionship  
With this man who by all  
Was said to be a coming king.  
The neighbors said that Jesus loved  
The handsome Mary, who



Had grown in all the traits  
Which make a woman loved.  
Many a time, in days long gone,  
They lingered on the roof of this rude  
house  
Just as the shadows of the night  
Began to fall, as lovers often sit  
Silent from deep emotion which the  
tongue  
Cannot express nor tones phonetic  
spell.  
He sat and pondered on what lay  
before,  
Of work and suffering for human  
kind,

Which from the pleasures of domestic  
life

Would him debar.

His mission to mankind seemed stern,  
So much of sacrifice did it involve.

His human love—yes, human love—  
Welled up in all its energy,

Though never for a moment had it  
power

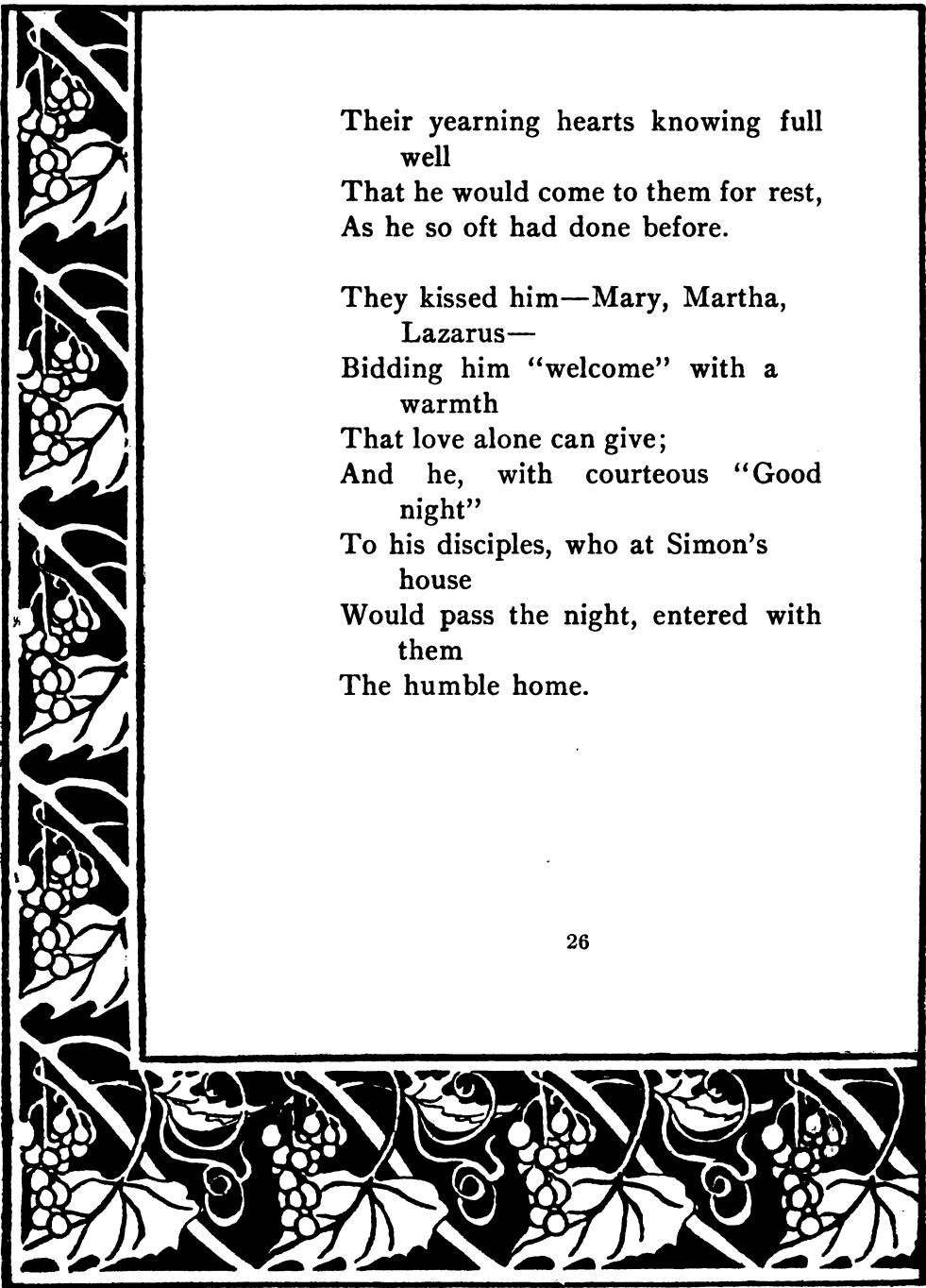
To change his purpose to fulfill

His destiny;

And yet that human love, in being  
shorn

Of full expression, suffered much.

The little family a welcome gave  
Ere he had reached their humble  
home,



Their yearning hearts knowing full  
well

That he would come to them for rest,  
As he so oft had done before.

They kissed him—Mary, Martha,  
Lazarus—

Bidding him “welcome” with a  
warmth

That love alone can give;  
And he, with courteous “Good  
night”

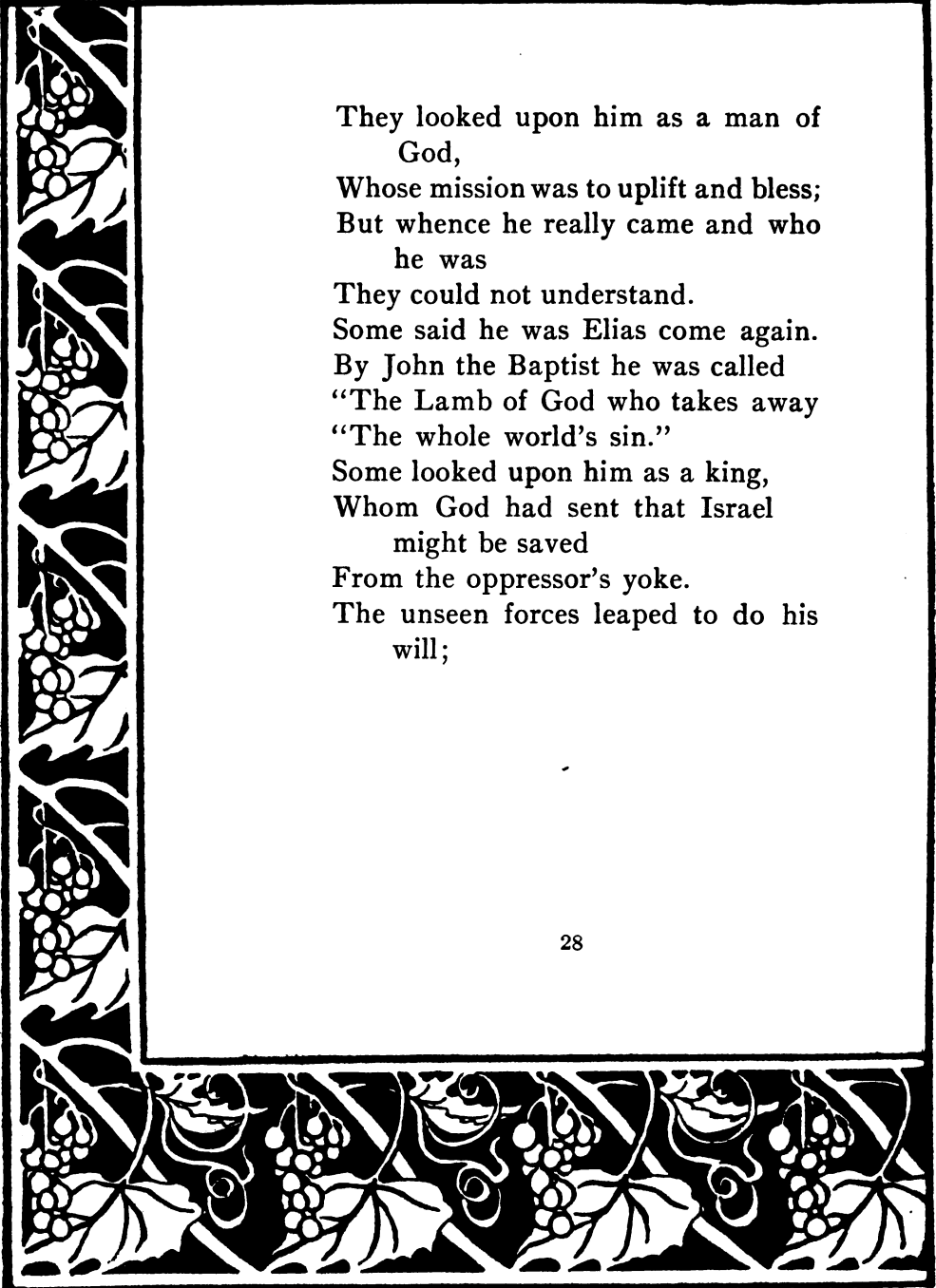
To his disciples, who at Simon’s  
house

Would pass the night, entered with  
them

The humble home.

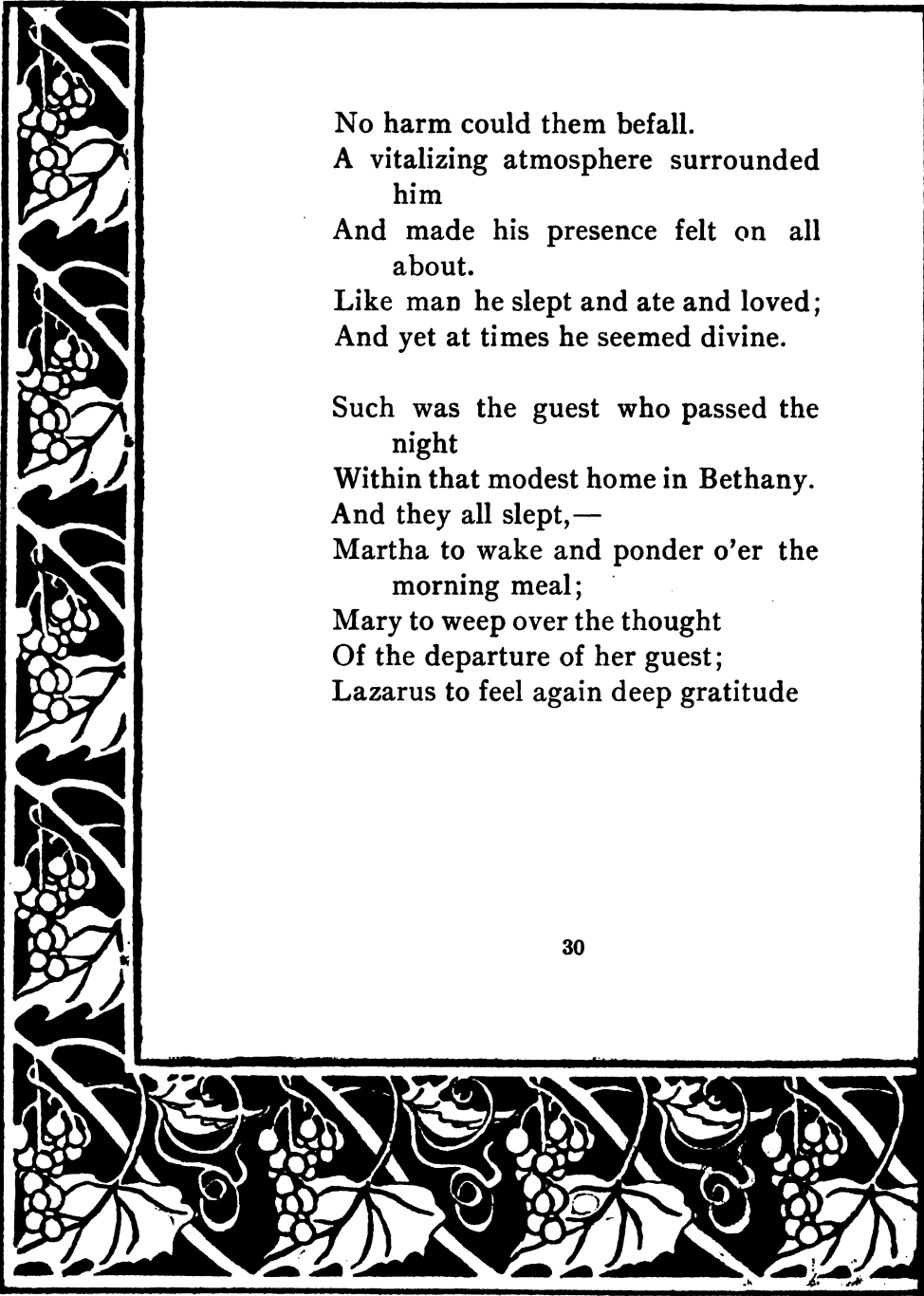
Events which had o'ertaken them  
Since last the honored guest  
Had slept beneath the roof  
Now sheltering him, were lightly  
    touched upon,  
And then the smoky lamps went out  
That all might rest until the morn.

These humble friends knew not how  
    great  
Was he who slumbered there t h a t  
    night.  
They knew him as a lofty soul,  
Replete with power. They knew  
    him as  
A sturdy friend who loved them well.



They looked upon him as a man of  
God,  
Whose mission was to uplift and bless;  
But whence he really came and who  
he was  
They could not understand.  
Some said he was Elias come again.  
By John the Baptist he was called  
"The Lamb of God who takes away  
"The whole world's sin."  
Some looked upon him as a king,  
Whom God had sent that Israel  
might be saved  
From the oppressor's yoke.  
The unseen forces leaped to do his  
will;

Lazarus himself he called forth  
From the dark tomb where he had  
lain for days.  
They raised their eyes to him in awe,  
Believing him God-filled and heaven-  
inspired;  
And yet they sensed in him a love  
So human, so man-like,  
That he to them could be no other  
than a man.  
That which he touched was hallowed  
by the touch.  
His presence was magnetic—all per-  
suasive,  
His mein was royal and  
His look betokened dignity of soul.  
When he was there they felt secure; '

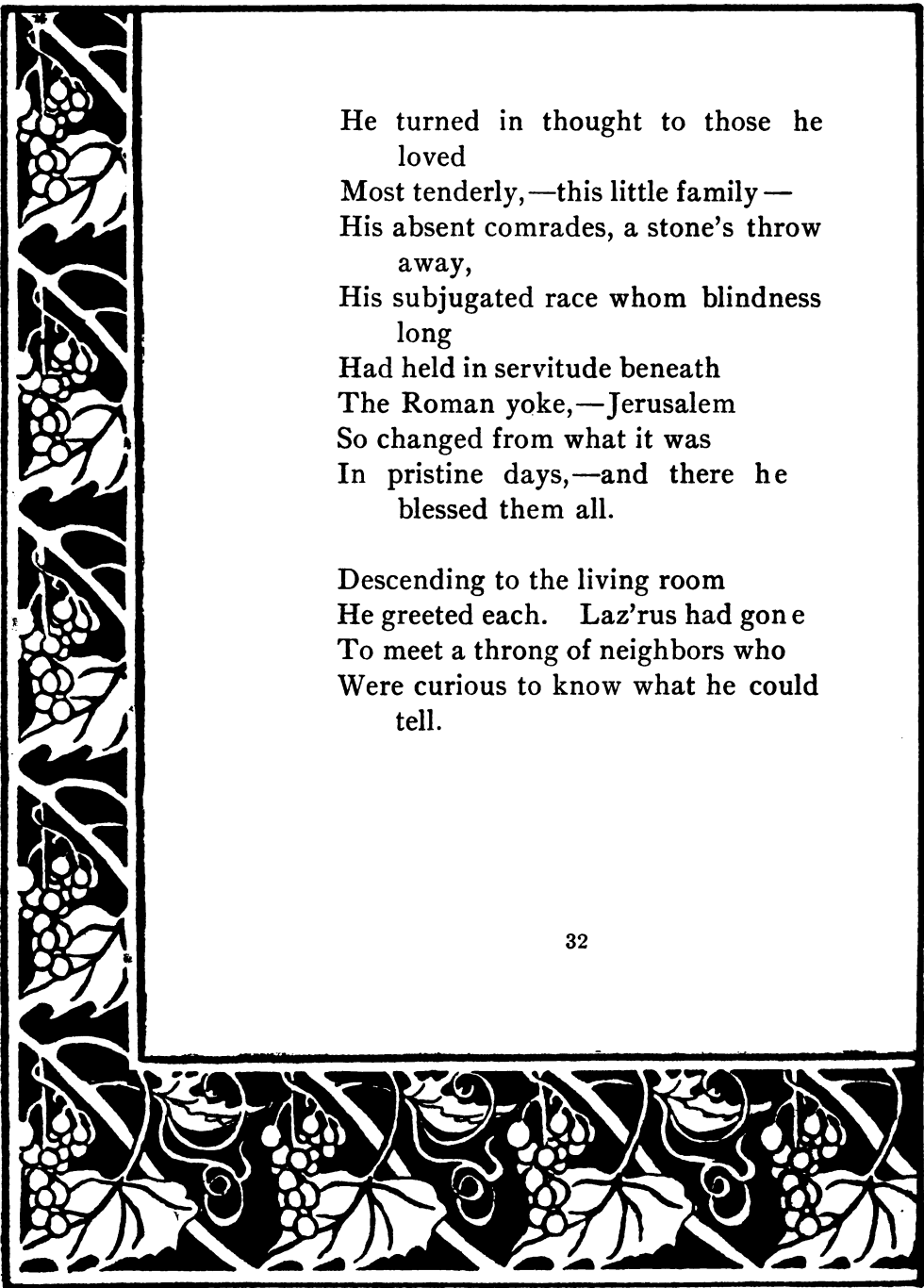


No harm could them befall.  
A vitalizing atmosphere surrounded  
him  
And made his presence felt on all  
about.  
Like man he slept and ate and loved;  
And yet at times he seemed divine.

Such was the guest who passed the  
night  
Within that modest home in Bethany.  
And they all slept,—  
Martha to wake and ponder o'er the  
morning meal;  
Mary to weep over the thought  
Of the departure of her guest;  
Lazarus to feel again deep gratitude

For being called back to life,  
And Jesus to resume with patient joy  
The mission he was sent upon.

The morning sun rose o'er the hills  
That hid Jerusalem from this  
Secluded spot, in all its beauty.  
Early had Jesus left his cot  
And sought the roof, there to com-  
mune  
With his own Self, sublime,—  
The very Father who within him  
dwelt.  
And, as the light broke o'er the hills,  
He lifted up his eyes and blessed the  
day  
Coming to him so auspiciously.



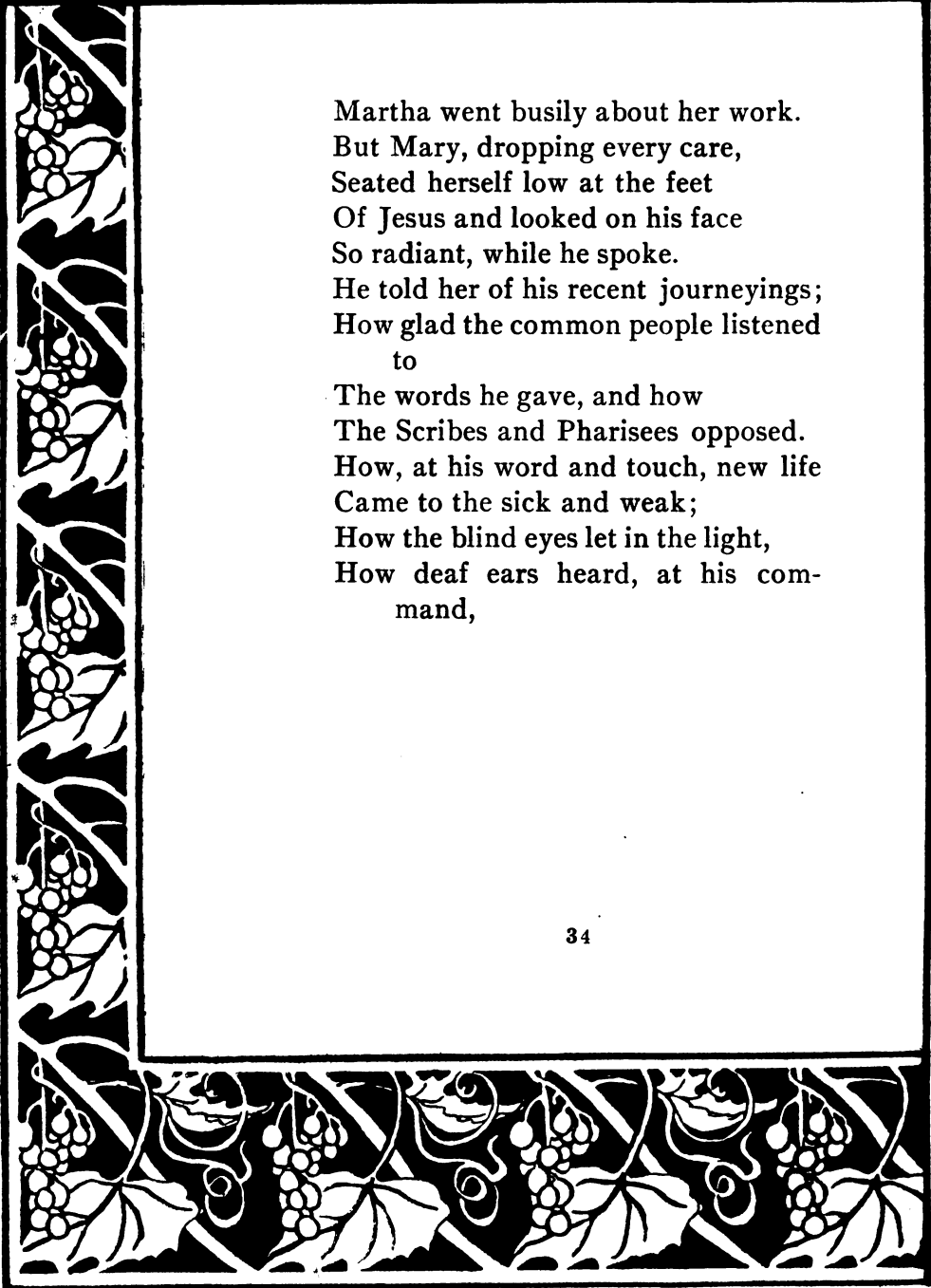
He turned in thought to those he  
loved  
Most tenderly,—this little family—  
His absent comrades, a stone's throw  
away,  
His subjugated race whom blindness  
long  
Had held in servitude beneath  
The Roman yoke,—Jerusalem  
So changed from what it was  
In pristine days,—and there he  
blessed them all.

Descending to the living room  
He greeted each. Laz'rus had gone  
To meet a throng of neighbors who  
Were curious to know what he could  
tell.



MARY






Martha went busily about her work.  
But Mary, dropping every care,  
Seated herself low at the feet  
Of Jesus and looked on his face  
So radiant, while he spoke.  
He told her of his recent journeyings;  
How glad the common people listened  
to  
The words he gave, and how  
The Scribes and Pharisees opposed.  
How, at his word and touch, new life  
Came to the sick and weak;  
How the blind eyes let in the light,  
How deaf ears heard, at his com-  
mand,

How the lame walked, and melan-  
choly fled  
Before inspiring thought.

Sitting thus at his feet, this child  
Of love drank in his words,  
Filling with admiration as he passed  
From scene to scene in the recital.  
She uttered not a word, until,  
After a pause, he said:  
"Of all that I have done, nothing  
Has left a keener sense of joy  
In my own heart than raising from  
the tomb  
Our brother Lazarus."

"Ah, Sire," she said, as her hand  
reached

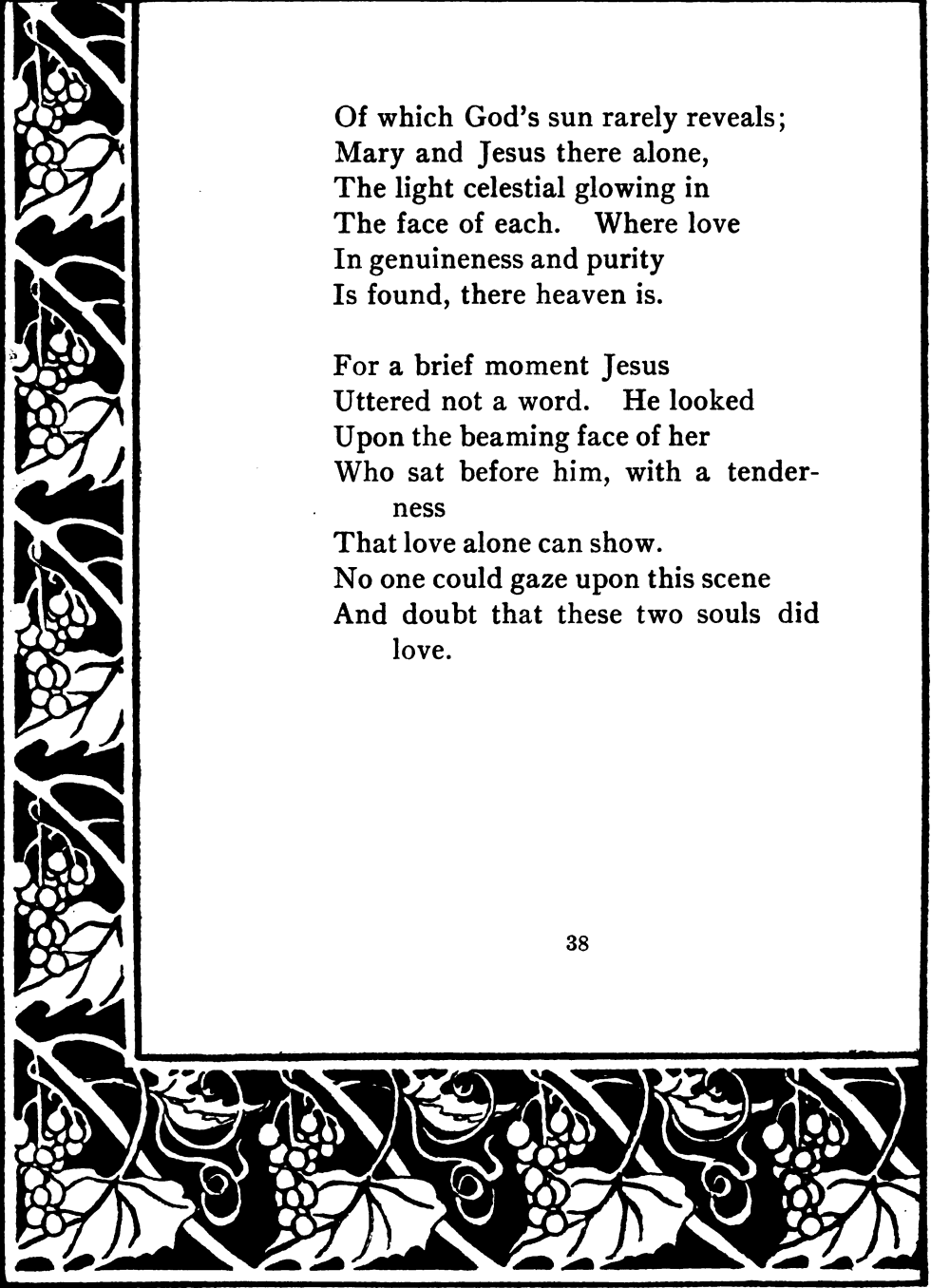


For his, and the tears filled  
Her large brown eyes, "You were so  
good to us!  
Why we should thus be singled out  
And thus so honored by thy dear  
Companionship and aid, I do not  
know;  
But, my dear Sire, our warmest  
thanks  
Are yours. Command me and  
My very life for you  
I would with joy lay down.  
I tremble when I hear the muttered  
threats  
Of those who love you not.  
Ah, can it be that men would harm

A hair of one so good and kind?  
Of one who seeks but to uplift  
And bless humanity?  
If I were but a man I fain  
Would guard you night and day  
And parry every thrust of word or  
sword.

But I a woman am, only  
A weak and timid woman whom  
Those savage beasts would trample  
on  
And spurn."

The morning sun shone through  
The open door and spread upon  
The floor a flood of light.  
It was a scene of love, the like

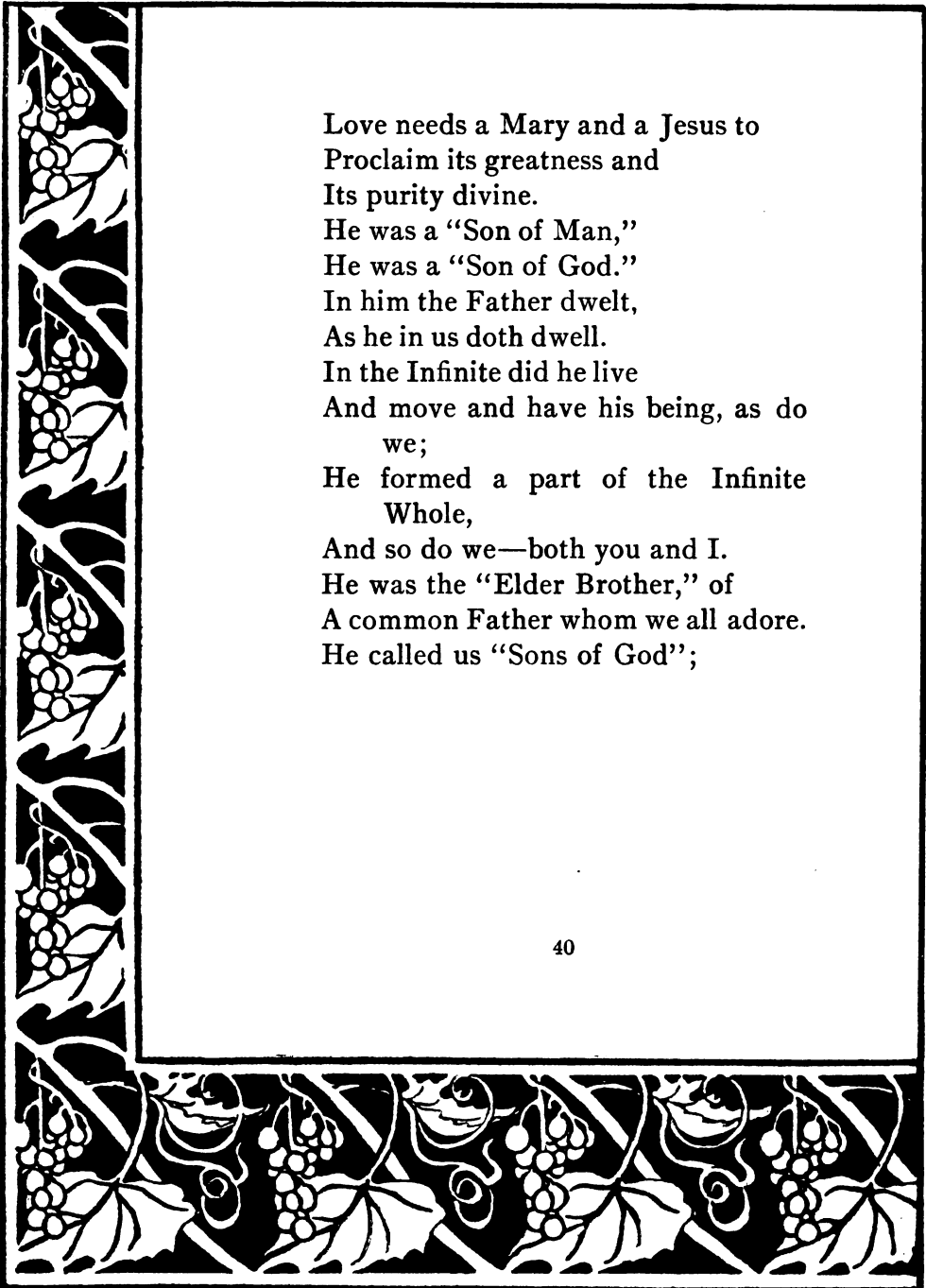


Of which God's sun rarely reveals;  
Mary and Jesus there alone,  
The light celestial glowing in  
The face of each. Where love  
In genuineness and purity  
Is found, there heaven is.

For a brief moment Jesus  
Uttered not a word. He looked  
Upon the beaming face of her  
Who sat before him, with a tender-  
ness  
That love alone can show.  
No one could gaze upon this scene  
And doubt that these two souls did  
love.

Love should be raised above  
The zone of physical desire,  
Of admiration of the face and form.  
It should be sublimated by  
The spirit and made pure and sweet.  
Creative in its impulses,  
Let its creations seek the higher  
    planes,  
For thus it is emancipated from  
The selfish and the gross,  
And set on high, a thing  
To worship and adore.

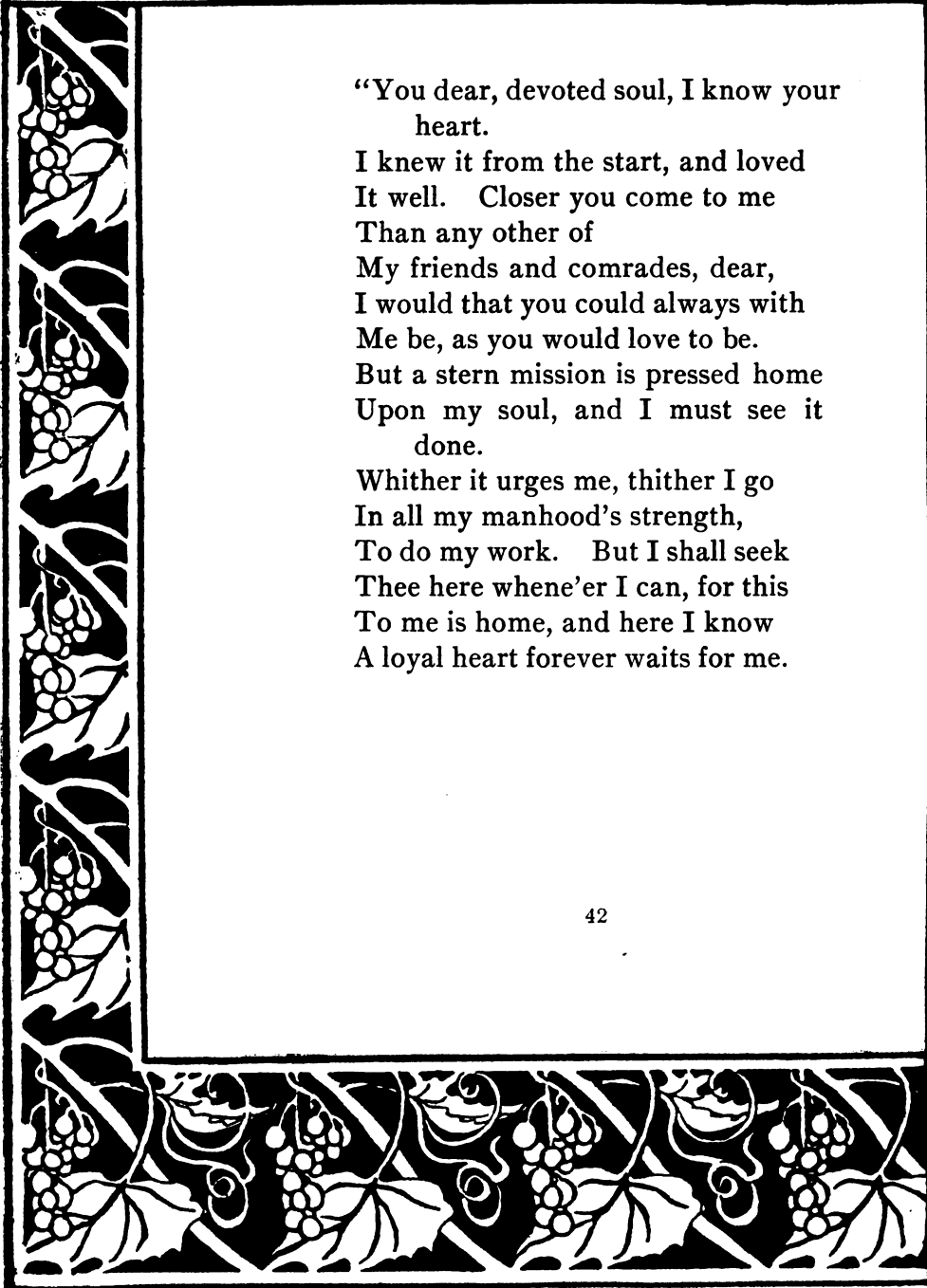
'Twas such a love that moved the  
    Son of Man  
Toward Mary, and it well became  
His station and his work for human  
    kind.



Love needs a Mary and a Jesus to  
Proclaim its greatness and  
Its purity divine.  
He was a "Son of Man,"  
He was a "Son of God."  
In him the Father dwelt,  
As he in us doth dwell.  
In the Infinite did he live  
And move and have his being, as do  
we;  
He formed a part of the Infinite  
Whole,  
And so do we—both you and I.  
He was the "Elder Brother," of  
A common Father whom we all adore.  
He called us "Sons of God";

He saves us by his life and word of  
truth,  
Not by his death.  
Both "life and immortality  
Are brought to light" through him.  
He taught the power of faith  
To overcome the world and raise  
Man to his true estate.  
Beelzebub they called him,  
Denouncing all the truths he taught.  
Whole truths he spoke, but men  
See only half, and call him "God,"  
And, though extolling him, do not  
Conform to what he taught.

And then he said, to the expectant  
maid,



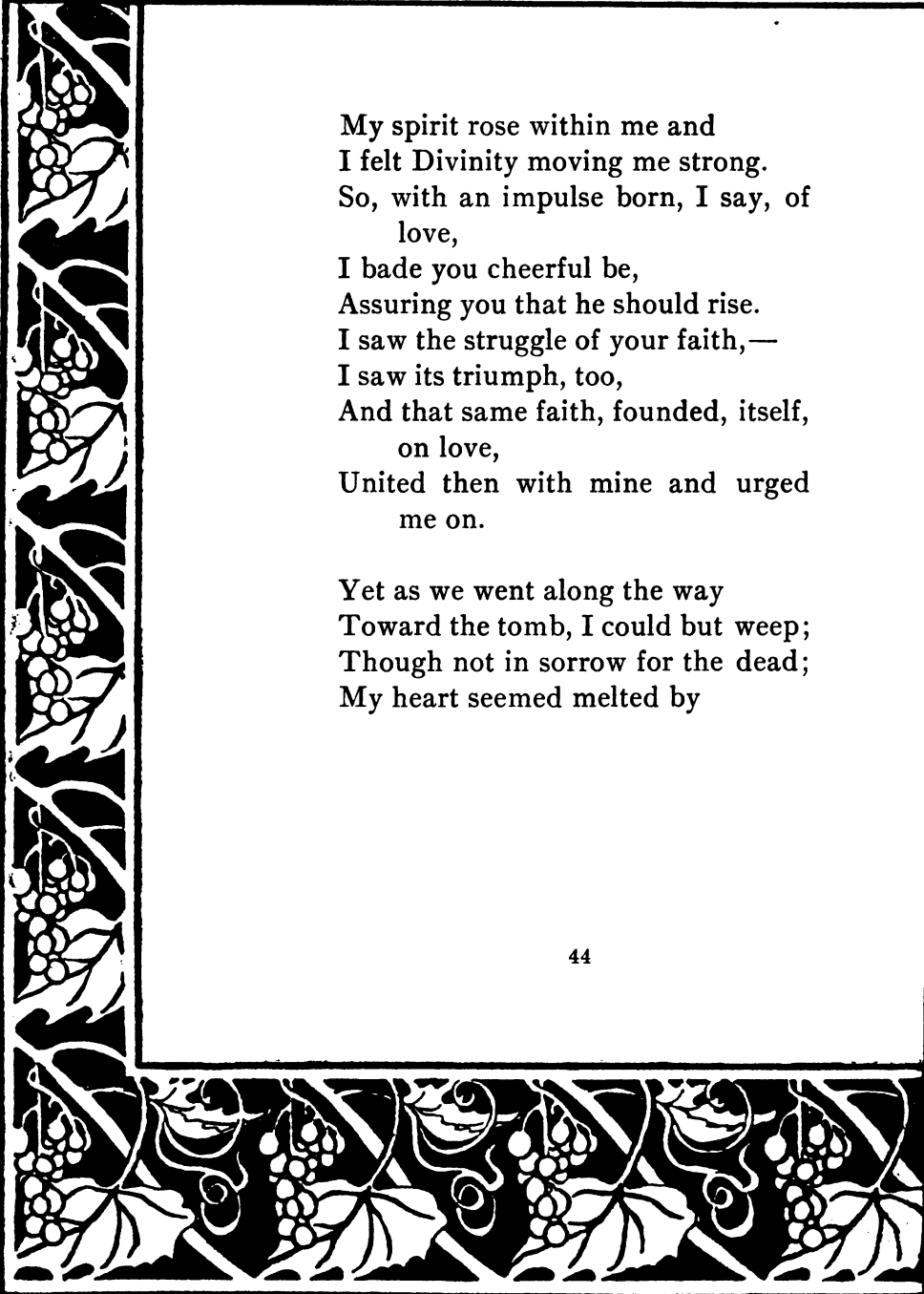
“You dear, devoted soul, I know your  
heart.

I knew it from the start, and loved  
It well. Closer you come to me  
Than any other of  
My friends and comrades, dear,  
I would that you could always with  
Me be, as you would love to be.  
But a stern mission is pressed home  
Upon my soul, and I must see it  
done.

Whither it urges me, thither I go  
In all my manhood's strength,  
To do my work. But I shall seek  
Thee here whene'er I can, for this  
To me is home, and here I know  
A loyal heart forever waits for me.

Now let me tell you, what to none  
I've told, the story of thy brother's  
    rise  
From out the grave."

"Love was the motive power," he  
    said,  
As on her head he laid a gentle hand.  
"I loved your brother Lazarus;  
I knew his kindly ways,  
His sincere heart, his love for you  
And Martha, and I knew  
How sore bereft you could but feel.  
My own heart bled when first I  
    heard  
That Death had seized him.  
But then, in childlike faith,



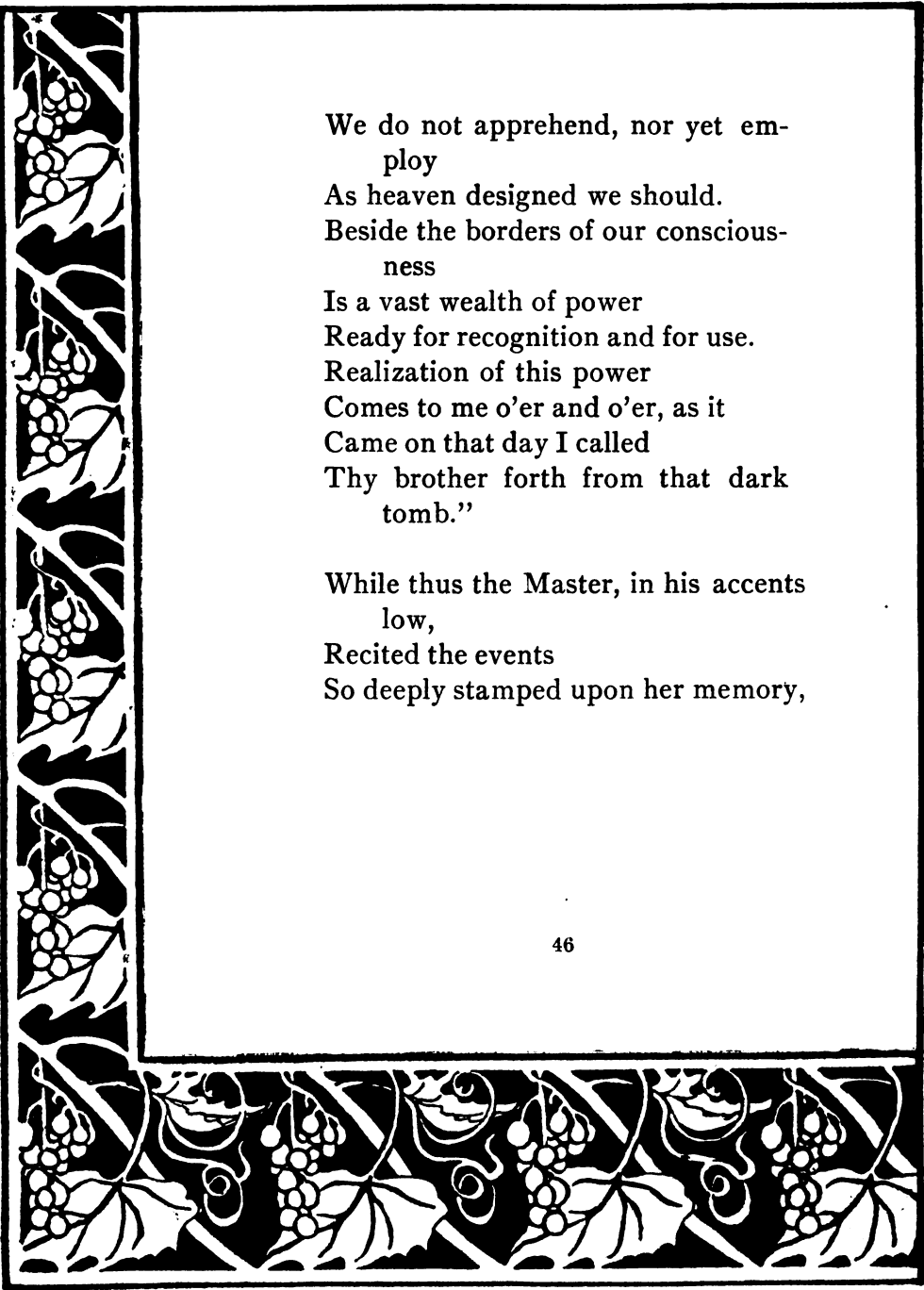
My spirit rose within me and  
I felt Divinity moving me strong.  
So, with an impulse born, I say, of  
love,  
I bade you cheerful be,  
Assuring you that he should rise.  
I saw the struggle of your faith,—  
I saw its triumph, too,  
And that same faith, founded, itself,  
on love,  
United then with mine and urged  
me on.

Yet as we went along the way  
Toward the tomb, I could but weep;  
Though not in sorrow for the dead;  
My heart seemed melted by

A burst of human pity and regard.  
Thought of the unnecessary woe  
That lies upon the human heart  
And weights the body with infirmi-  
ties

Came in upon me like an avalanche,  
Until again I felt like crying out  
In deeper earnestness,  
'All ye that labor and are overborne  
With burdens of the flesh and mind,  
Come unto me and I will give you  
rest!'

As we went on a consciousness pro-  
found  
Of power arose in me.  
The Energy Divine within us, child,




We do not apprehend, nor yet employ  
As heaven designed we should.  
Beside the borders of our consciousness  
Is a vast wealth of power  
Ready for recognition and for use.  
Realization of this power  
Comes to me o'er and o'er, as it  
Came on that day I called  
Thy brother forth from that dark  
tomb."

While thus the Master, in his accents  
low,  
Recited the events  
So deeply stamped upon her memory,

And opened to her view  
His innermost experiences,  
Worshipful adoration filled her soul.  
To her he was Divinity in human  
    form;  
She worshiped at his shrine;  
She loved as ne'er before;  
She loved as only woman loves—  
With all her might and mind and soul.

Mary had quite forgotten that the  
    hour  
Of leisure with her guest  
Was putting on her sister, whom she  
    loved,  
A heavy task, so all-absorbed  
Was she in deep communion with

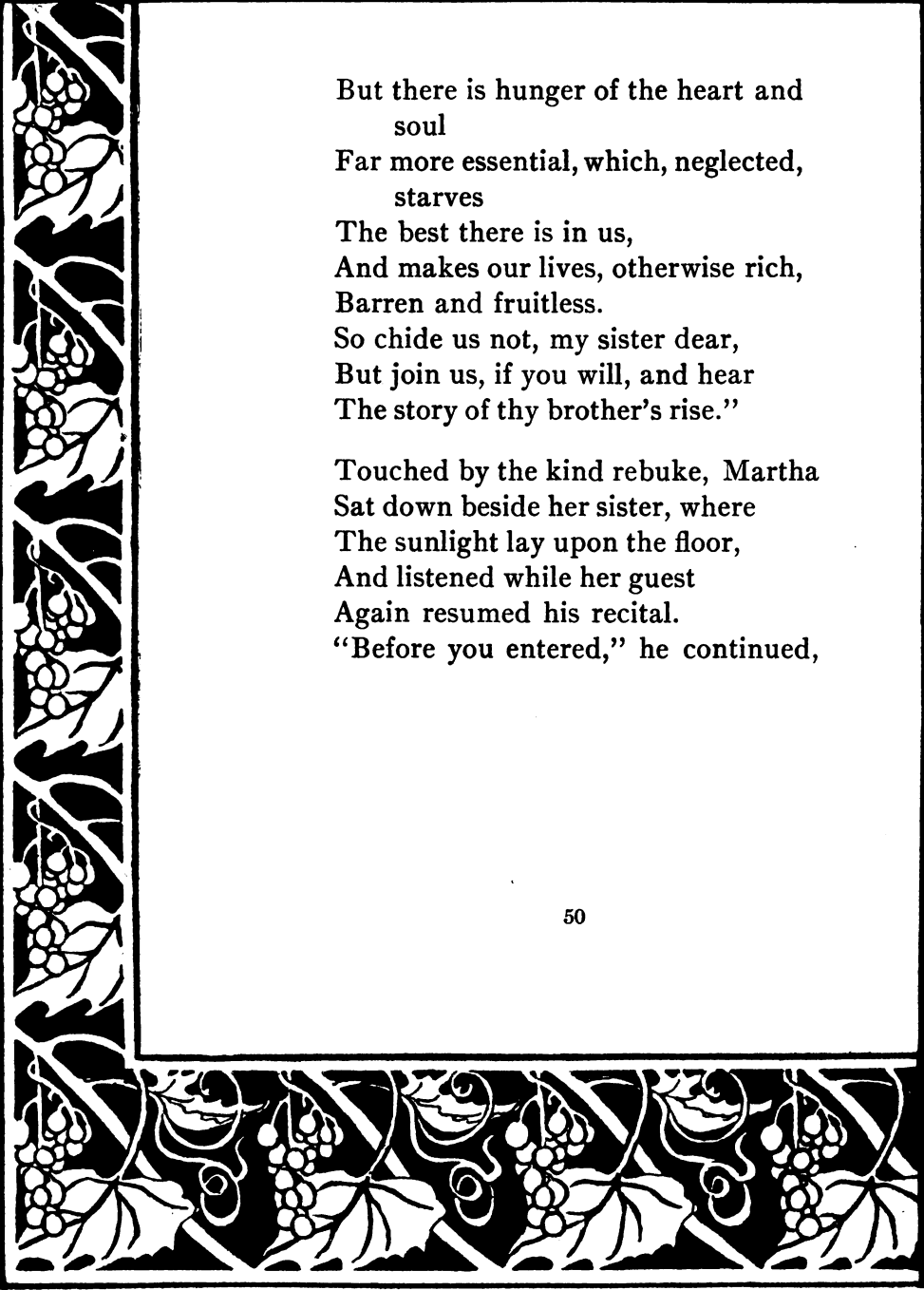


Her deeper self and him she sat be-  
fore.

With hasty step Martha came in  
And said, in petulance, to him  
Who innocently had thrown on her  
More than her share of work  
Among the pots and kettles of  
The little home, her cheeks aglow  
And her voice vibrant with emotion,  
"Why should you keep her, Sire,  
And lay on me the burden of  
The early morning work?  
Carest thou not?"

He looked on her, and, smiling, said,  
"Oh, Martha! Martha, dear! you  
anxious are

And troubled over many things.  
One thing is needful, and your  
    sister, here,  
That better part hath chosen, which  
From her shall ne'er be taken.  
Be not so much concerned about  
The frills and fringes of your daily  
    life,  
But set your heart on higher things—  
The things that last.  
I thank you for the service you have  
    done;  
'Tis needful that we eat and sleep,  
And do the daily tasks pertaining to  
Domestic life, and Mary ever has  
Her part well borne in these.



But there is hunger of the heart and  
soul

Far more essential, which, neglected,  
starves

The best there is in us,  
And makes our lives, otherwise rich,  
Barren and fruitless.

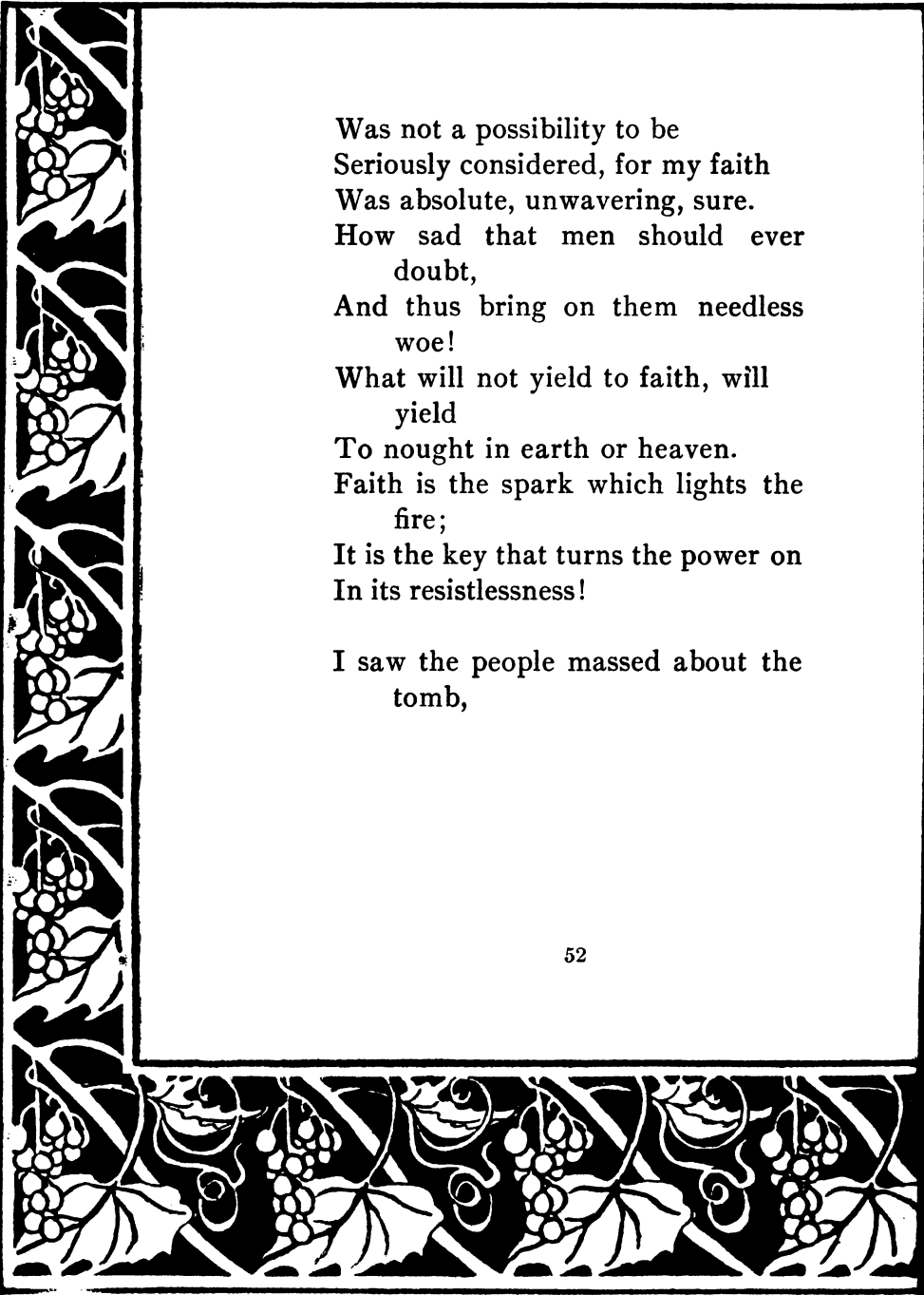
So chide us not, my sister dear,  
But join us, if you will, and hear  
The story of thy brother's rise."

Touched by the kind rebuke, Martha  
Sat down beside her sister, where  
The sunlight lay upon the floor,  
And listened while her guest  
Again resumed his recital.

"Before you entered," he continued,

“To Mary I rehearsed my feelings on  
The way whither you sisters had  
His body carried to the tomb  
Before you sought me out,—  
The way in which our little com-  
pany,  
Bent on relief, that day passed on.

At last we stood before the tomb.  
It was a solemn moment, for  
I knew what it would mean to you  
To have him come forth warm and  
well.  
That his dull ears should fail to  
hear  
My voice, when I should bid him  
rise,




Was not a possibility to be  
Seriously considered, for my faith  
Was absolute, unwavering, sure.  
How sad that men should ever  
    doubt,  
And thus bring on them needless  
    woe!  
What will not yield to faith, will  
    yield  
To nought in earth or heaven.  
Faith is the spark which lights the  
    fire;  
It is the key that turns the power on  
In its resistlessness!

I saw the people massed about the  
    tomb,

Expectant and intent, not knowing  
what  
Effect upon the sleeping one  
The Son of Man could hope to make.

I had no studied method of ap-  
proach;  
Nor scarcely did I know  
The nature of the action to be  
wrought;  
I only knew that I was led,  
And that through me the Father  
would  
A marvel do before the eyes  
Of those who stood about.

I bade them roll away the stone  
Which sealed the tomb, and then



I did not haste, but waited till  
The uprush came, for come I knew  
it would.

Meanwhile I looked about upon the  
throng,

And in the faces there I read  
Emotions deep of sorrow, care,  
Expectancy, appeal and profound  
faith.

I looked at Martha, and at you  
Who never seemed so dear.

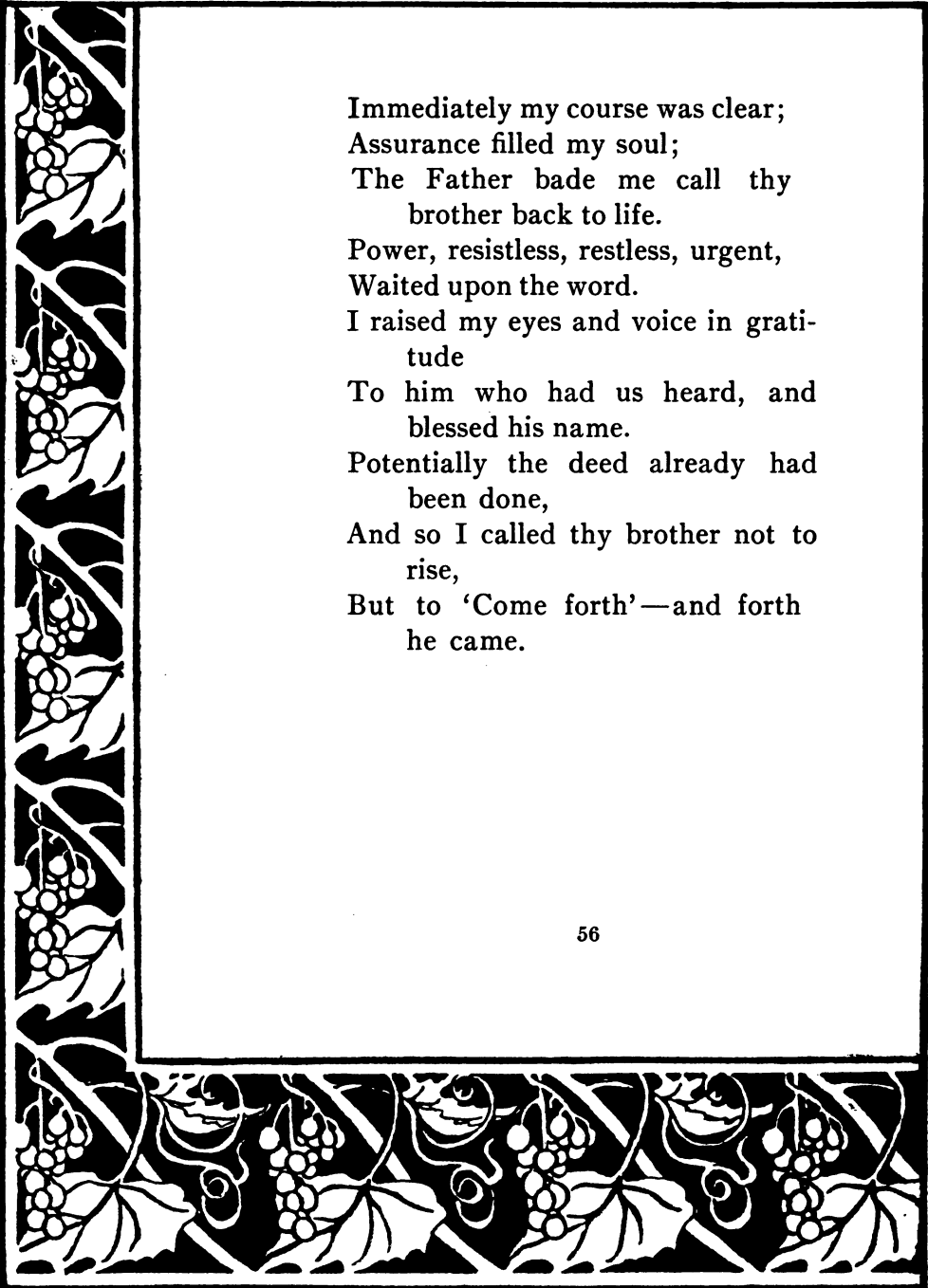
A prayer for help was in the eyes of  
both:

A prayer of faith which reinforced  
my own

And made assurance doubly sure.

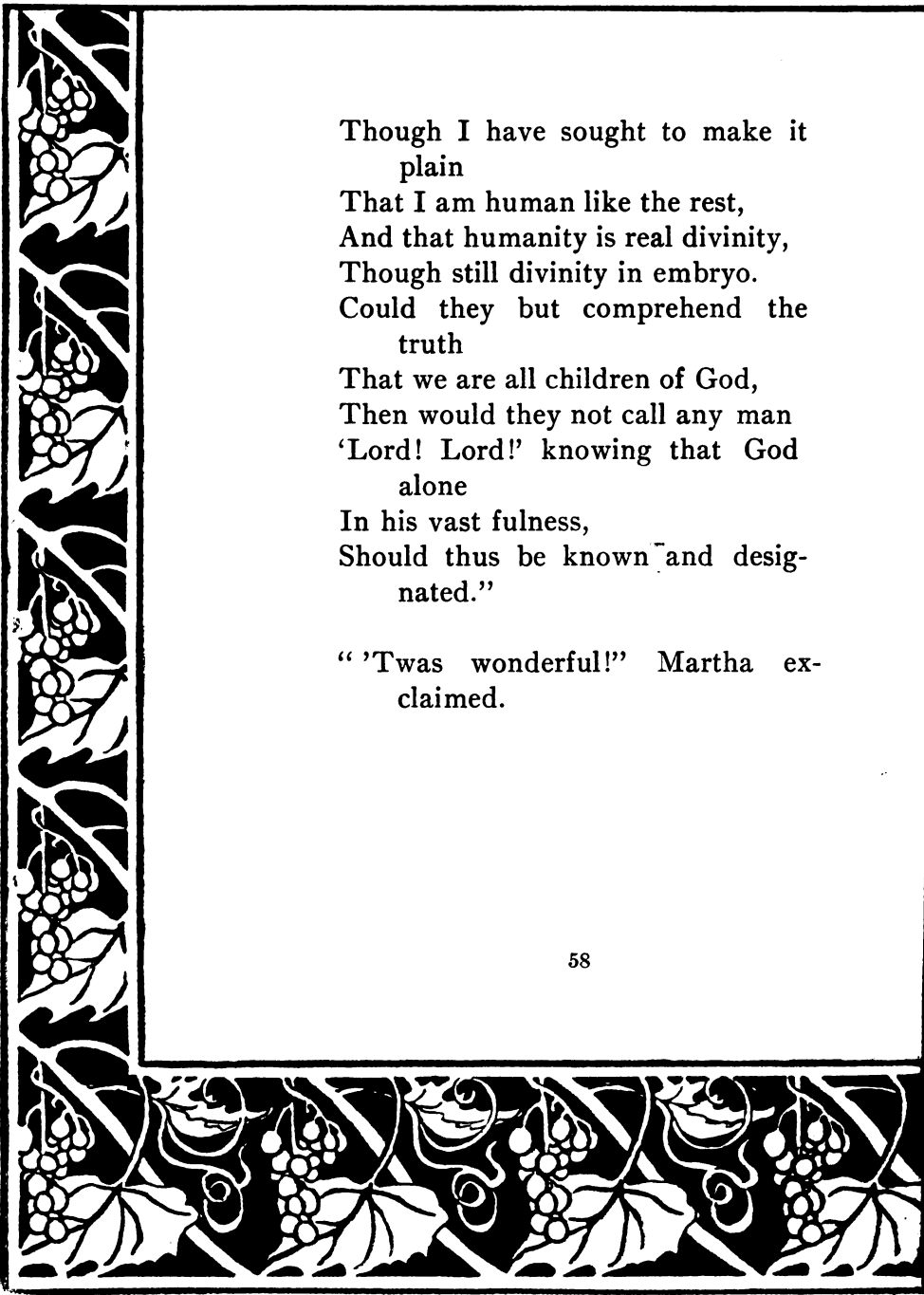


LAZARUS



Immediately my course was clear;  
Assurance filled my soul;  
The Father bade me call thy  
    brother back to life.  
Power, resistless, restless, urgent,  
Waited upon the word.  
I raised my eyes and voice in grati-  
    tude  
To him who had us heard, and  
    blessed his name.  
Potentially the deed already had  
    been done,  
And so I called thy brother not to  
    rise,  
But to 'Come forth'—and forth  
    he came.

Man's thaumaturgic powers  
Are in him, but they are not his.  
It was the Father,—God,—not I,  
Who raised thy brother Lazarus.  
And yet we all are one.  
We do God no dishonor when  
We call the power ours.  
The spirit and the purpose are  
What give the deed its character.  
We cannot mock him, nor deceive—  
He knows our hearts and lives,—  
And he is pleased to see his children  
    show  
Their confidence and power.  
The superstitious and the ignorant  
Persist in calling me 'Lord! Lord!'



Though I have sought to make it  
plain

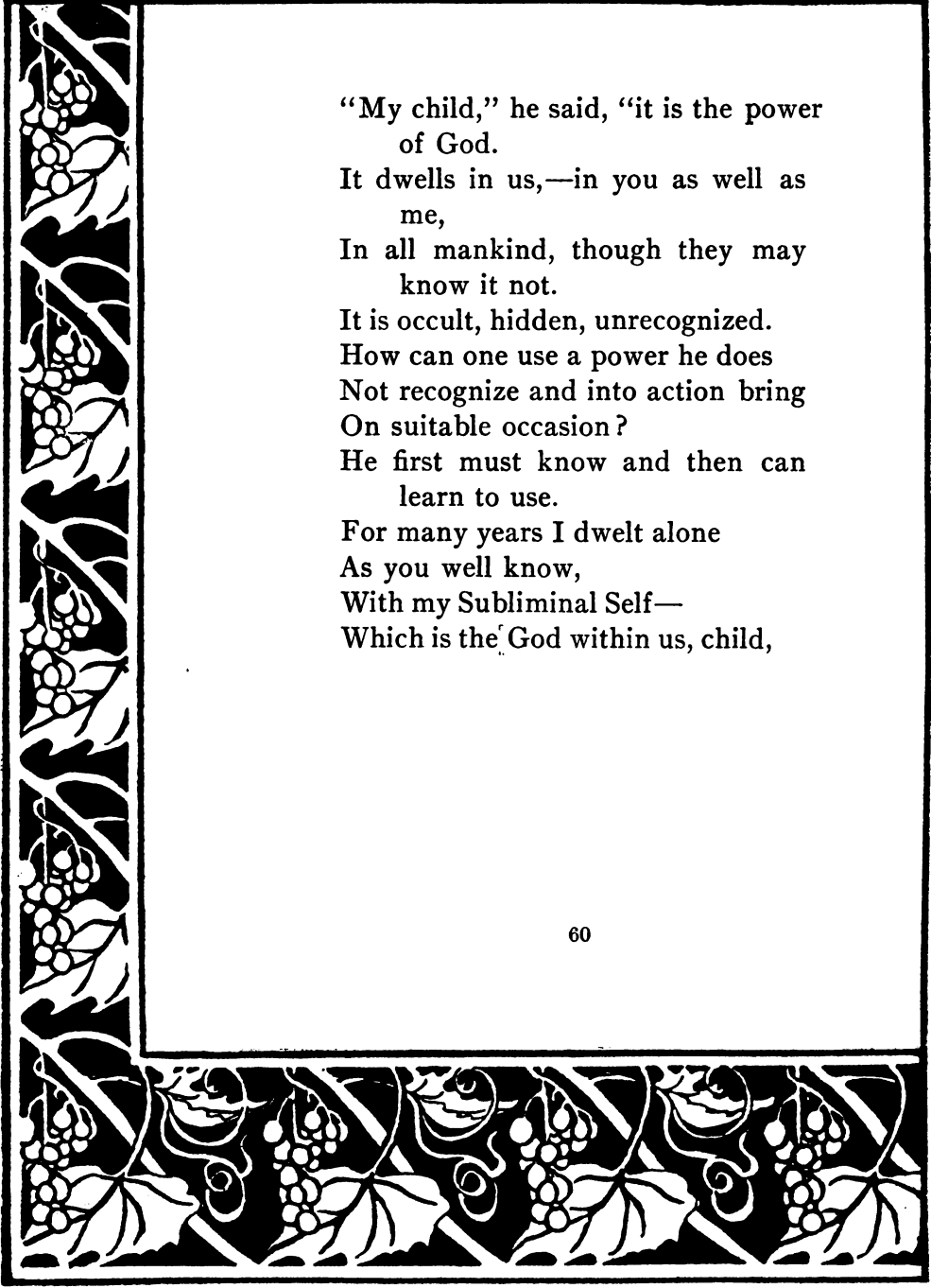
That I am human like the rest,  
And that humanity is real divinity,  
Though still divinity in embryo.  
Could they but comprehend the  
truth

That we are all children of God,  
Then would they not call any man  
'Lord! Lord!' knowing that God  
alone

In his vast fulness,  
Should thus be known and design-  
ated."

" 'Twas wonderful!" Martha ex-  
claimed.

“How came you by this marvelous  
power,  
My Sire?—this power that heals the  
sick,  
Opens blind eyes, gives the weak  
strength,  
And brings again to life those who  
were dead?  
It passes comprehension, Sire;  
What power but God’s could do all  
this?  
We knew you as a youth;  
And, though the people said  
You were begot by God’s own power  
And were a king in embryo,  
We always thought you but a man.”



“My child,” he said, “it is the power  
of God.

It dwells in us,—in you as well as  
me,

In all mankind, though they may  
know it not.

It is occult, hidden, unrecognized.

How can one use a power he does  
Not recognize and into action bring  
On suitable occasion?

He first must know and then can  
learn to use.

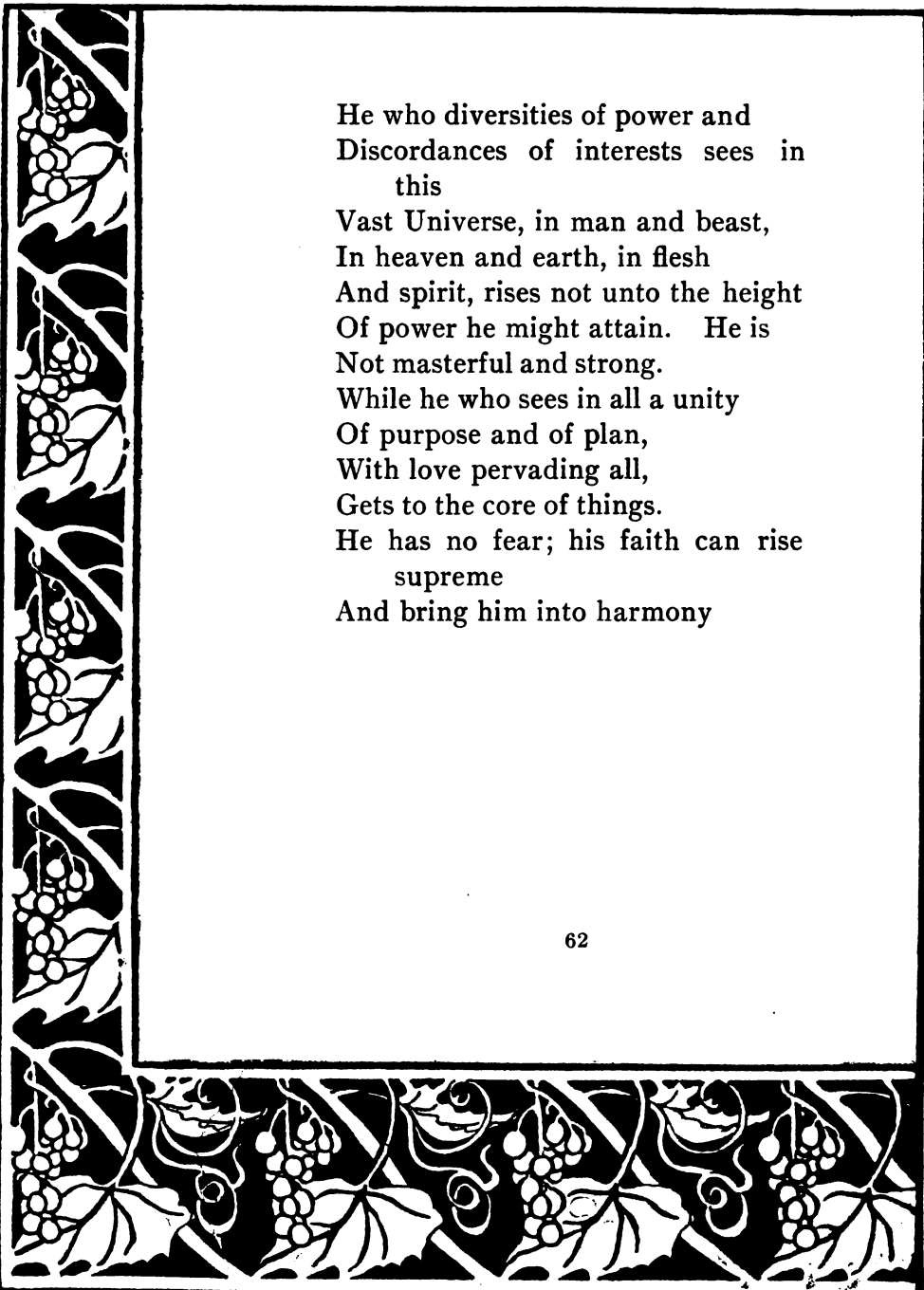
For many years I dwelt alone

As you well know,

With my Subliminal Self—

Which is the God within us, child,

Communing with him, hushing the  
senses,  
Subjugating the body and the mind  
To the one purpose of control.  
He who would aid his fellow men  
And do aright the work designed for  
him  
Must first bring every action well  
Into alignment with his will.  
He must be Master of himself.  
The processes are multiform—  
I cannot here relate them all;  
My power has come through them.  
Ah, most of all we need to know  
The unity of life in all its forms.



He who diversities of power and  
Discordances of interests sees in  
this

Vast Universe, in man and beast,  
In heaven and earth, in flesh  
And spirit, rises not unto the height  
Of power he might attain. He is  
Not masterful and strong.  
While he who sees in all a unity  
Of purpose and of plan,  
With love pervading all,  
Gets to the core of things.  
He has no fear; his faith can rise  
supreme  
And bring him into harmony

With all creative and administrative  
forces.

You asked me to explain,  
And that request I plead as my  
excuse

For this elaboration of the truth.

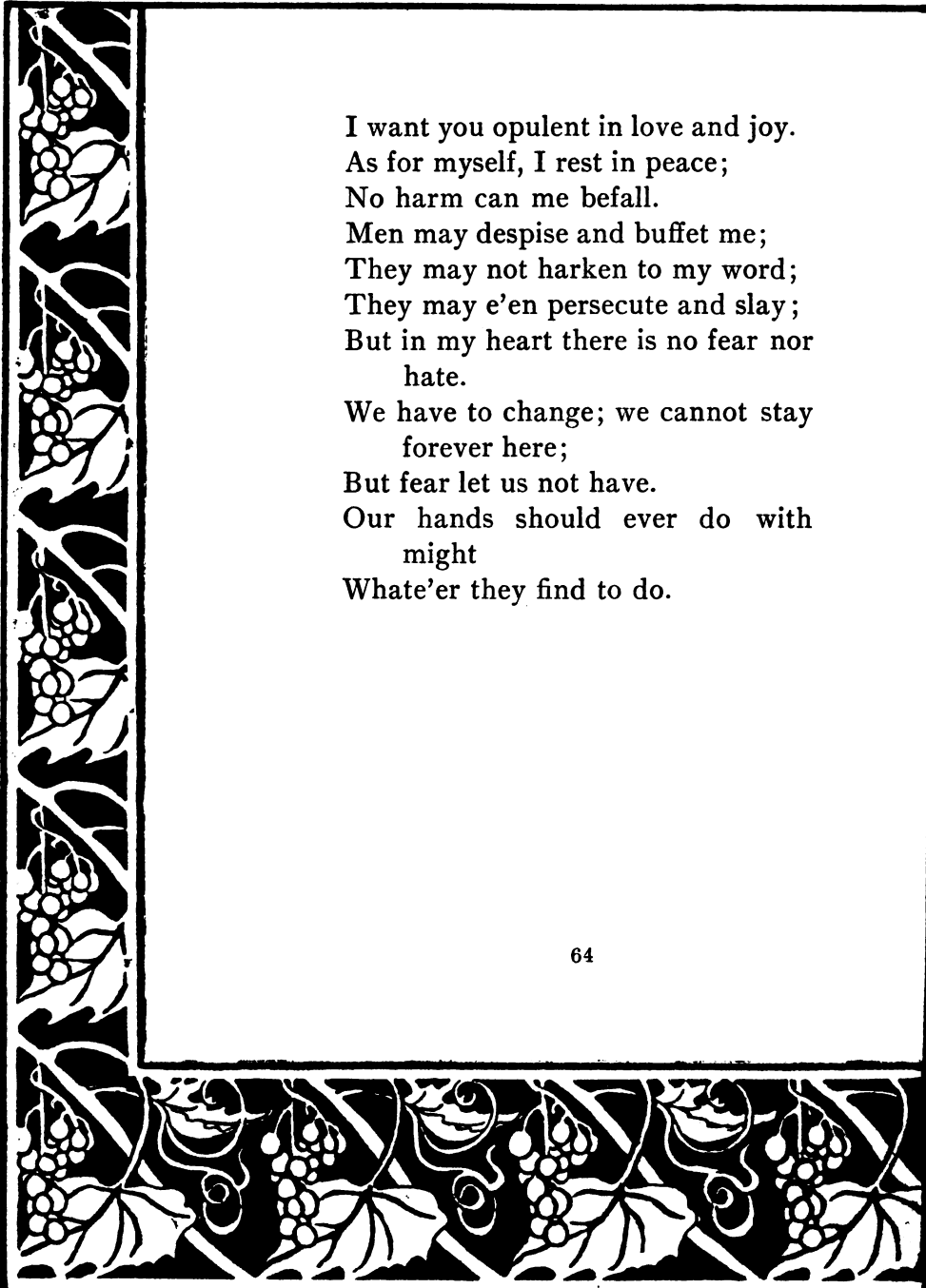
You may not fully understand e'en  
now,

But this I would make clear:

There is no discord in God's realm,  
For God is all, and all is God.

Believe it, and faith then will take  
the place

Of fear and fill your hearts with  
peace.

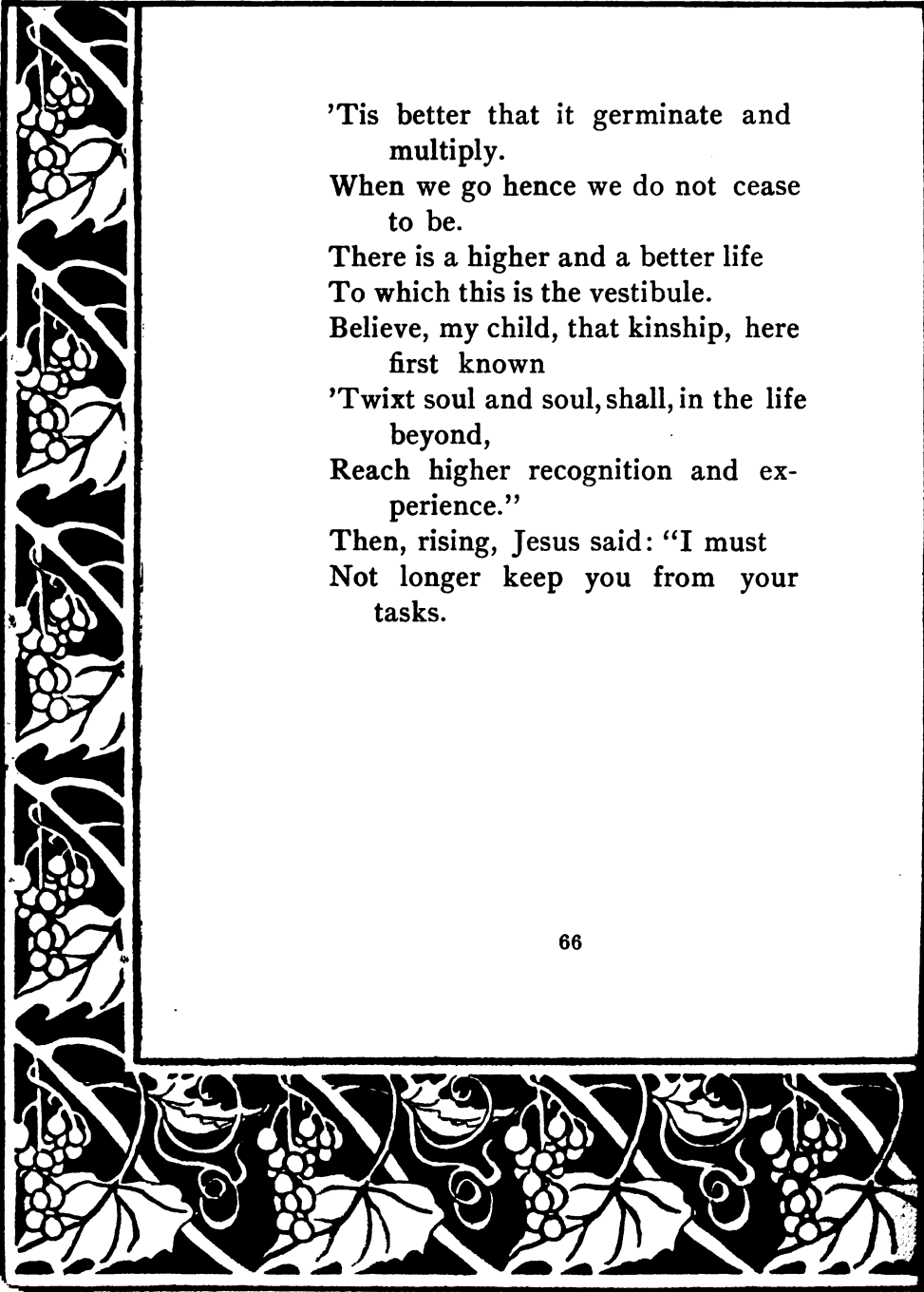


I want you opulent in love and joy.  
As for myself, I rest in peace;  
No harm can me befall.  
Men may despise and buffet me;  
They may not harken to my word;  
They may e'en persecute and slay;  
But in my heart there is no fear nor  
hate.  
We have to change; we cannot stay  
forever here;  
But fear let us not have.  
Our hands should ever do with  
might  
Whate'er they find to do.

Let us, then, worry not nor fret.  
My spirit is not always gay,  
But it is calm and sure.  
I rest not, for this message I  
Must spread while it is day;  
The night cometh, and then we  
rest."

"Dear Master," Mary said, "the very  
thought  
Of death to you fills me with pain.  
You who can raise the dead  
Need not, aye, must not die."

"My child," was his response,  
"A grain of wheat cannot bear fruit  
Except it fall upon the earth and  
die.



'Tis better that it germinate and  
multiply.

When we go hence we do not cease  
to be.

There is a higher and a better life  
To which this is the vestibule.

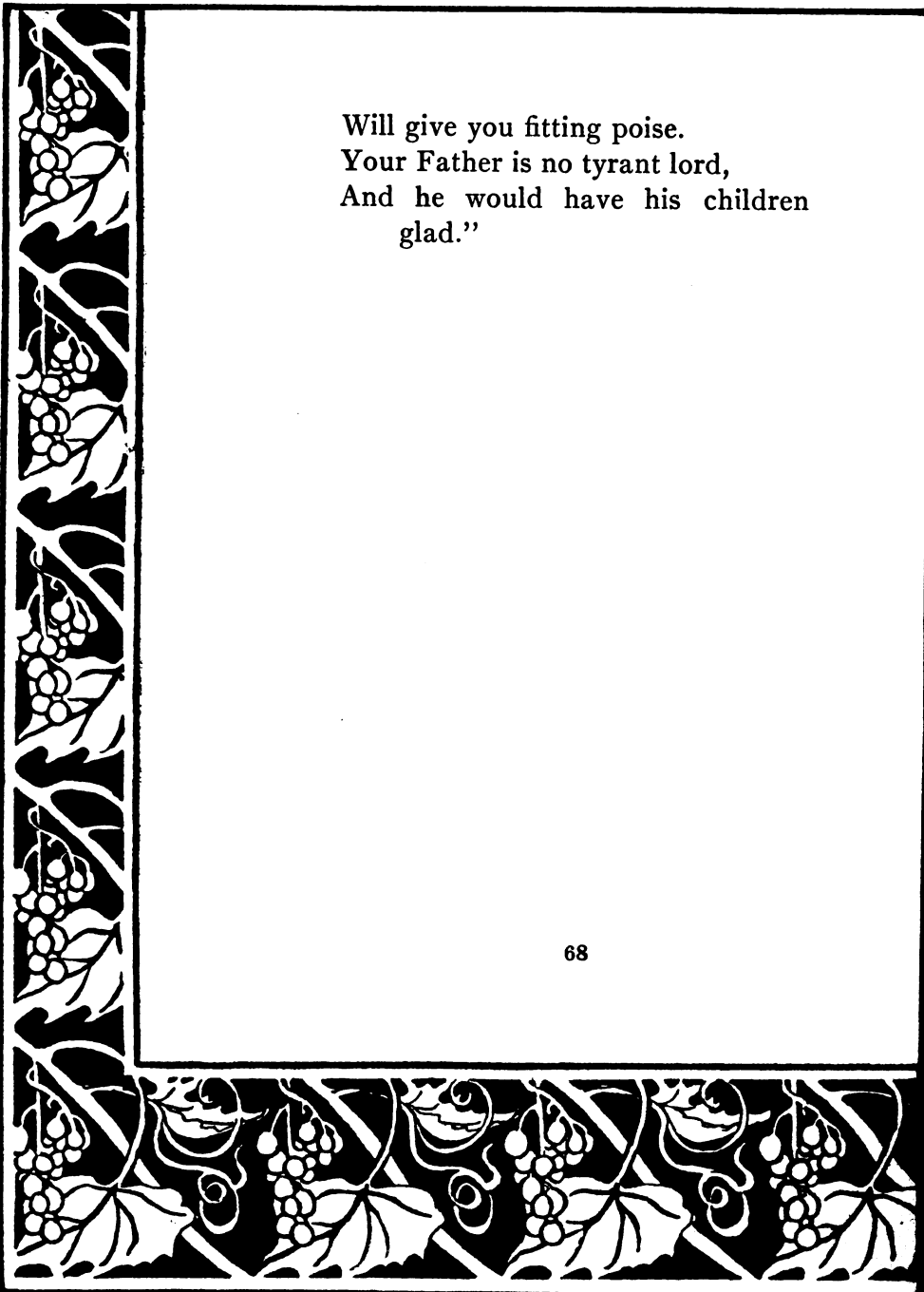
Believe, my child, that kinship, here  
first known

'Twixt soul and soul, shall, in the life  
beyond,

Reach higher recognition and ex-  
perience."

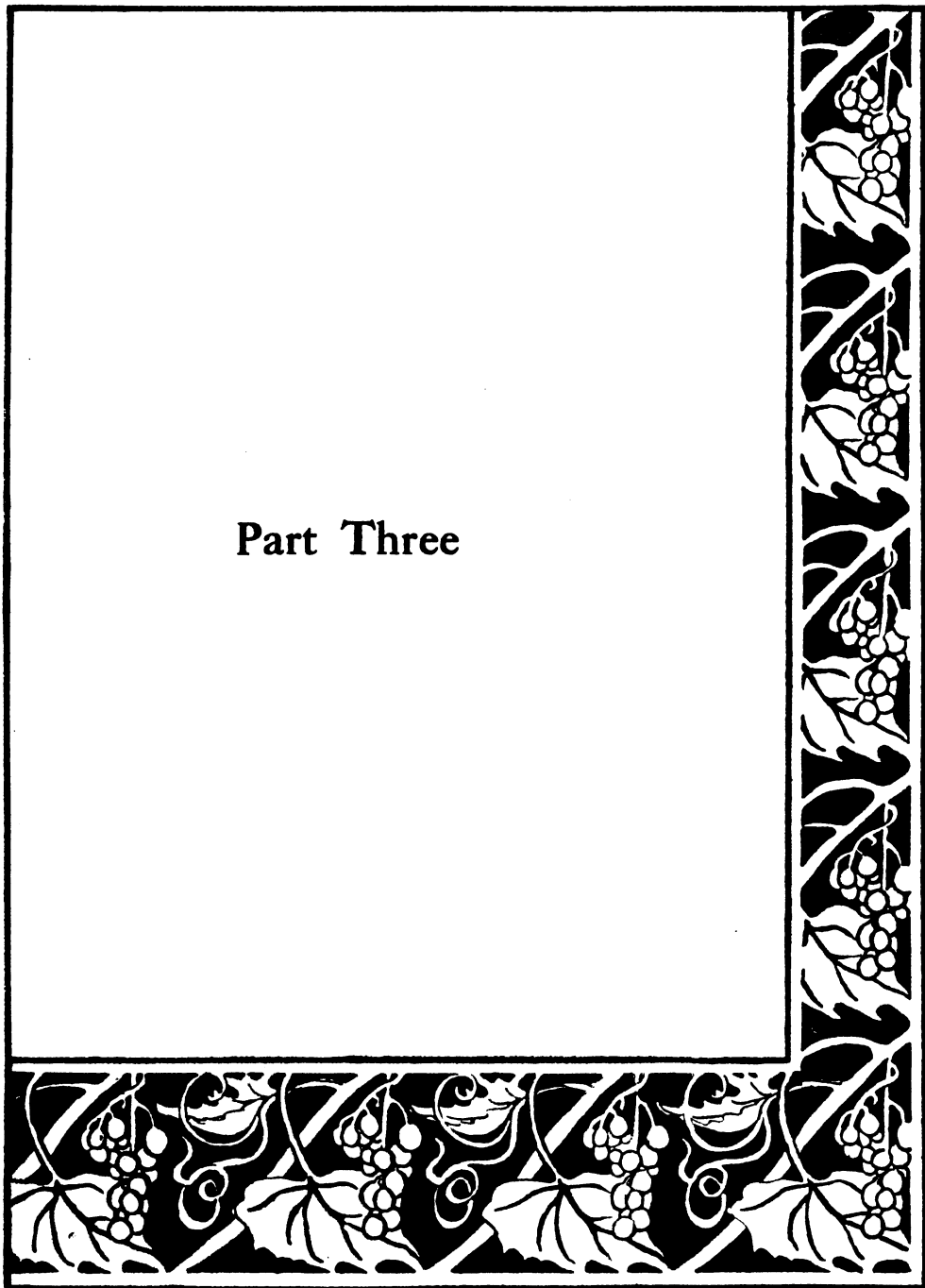
Then, rising, Jesus said: "I must  
Not longer keep you from your  
tasks.

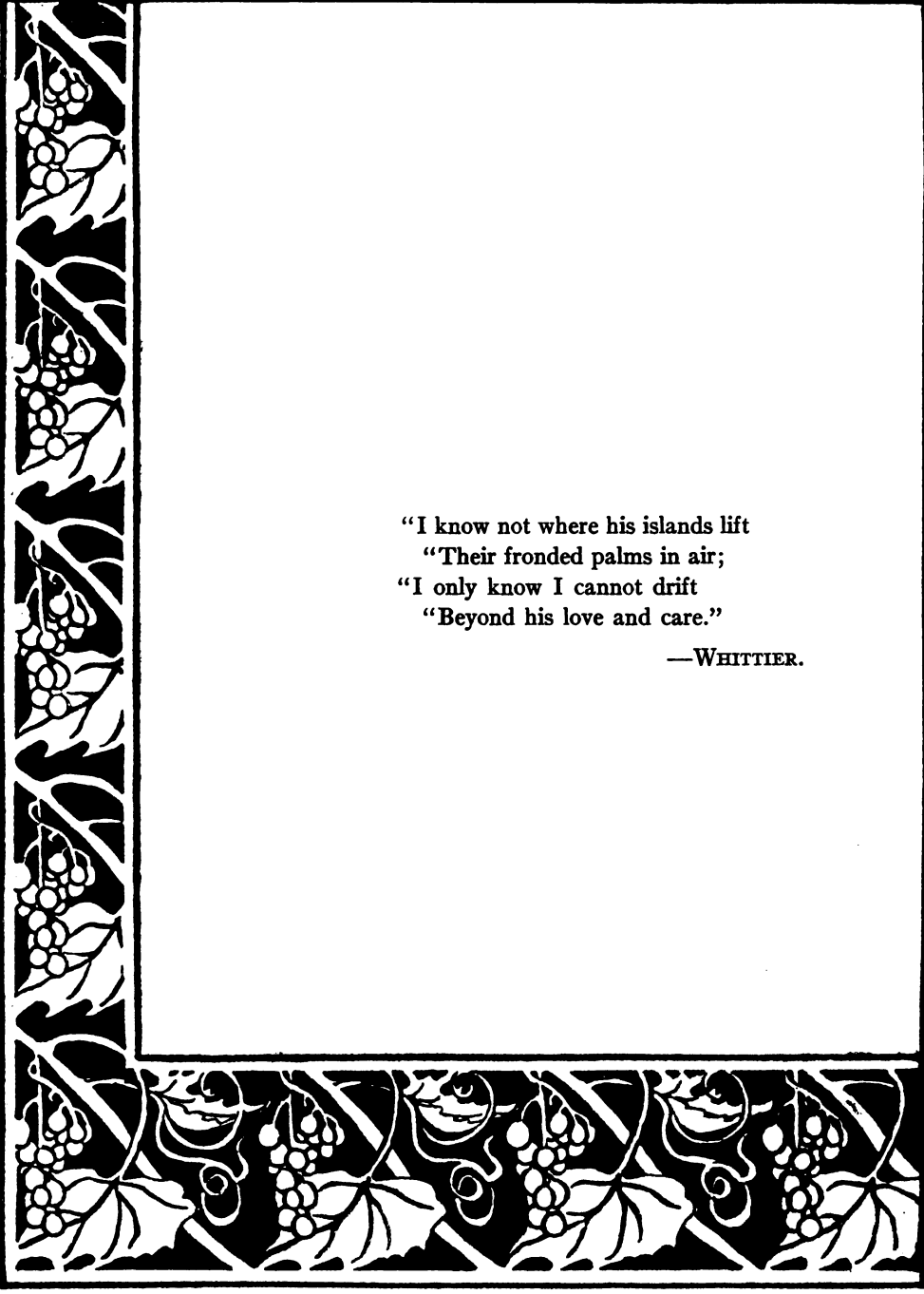
"I would not have you negligent  
And careless of the duties and the  
work  
Pertaining to this life.  
Moreover, sisters dear,  
In being faithful here to all  
Your obligations and your tasks  
I would not have you miss  
The various joys of life.  
Use them as not abusing them  
And they will yield you health of  
body,  
Strength of mind, as God designed  
they should.  
Holding an even balance twixt  
The serious and the light



Will give you fitting poise.  
Your Father is no tyrant lord,  
And he would have his children  
glad."

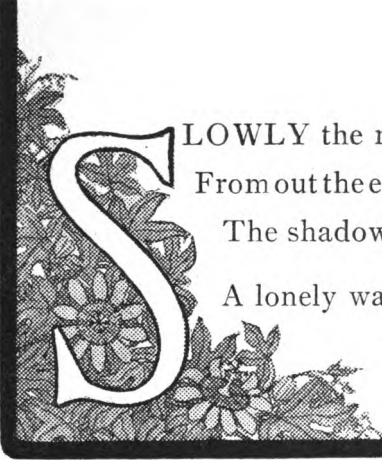

## Part Three






“I know not where his islands lift  
“Their fronded palms in air;  
“I only know I cannot drift  
“Beyond his love and care.”

—WHITTIER.



LOWLY the morning sun arose  
From out the east and scattered all  
The shadows of the night.  
A lonely watcher waited at  
The little home in  
Bethany  
To catch its first  
warm ray.

The hours had dragged their pace,  
And long ere dawn this maiden fair  
had sought  
The roof that she might muse alone  
On him whose welfare dearer was  
than life,



And pray that safety him might wrap  
As in a robe, to shield him from  
The hate of evil men.

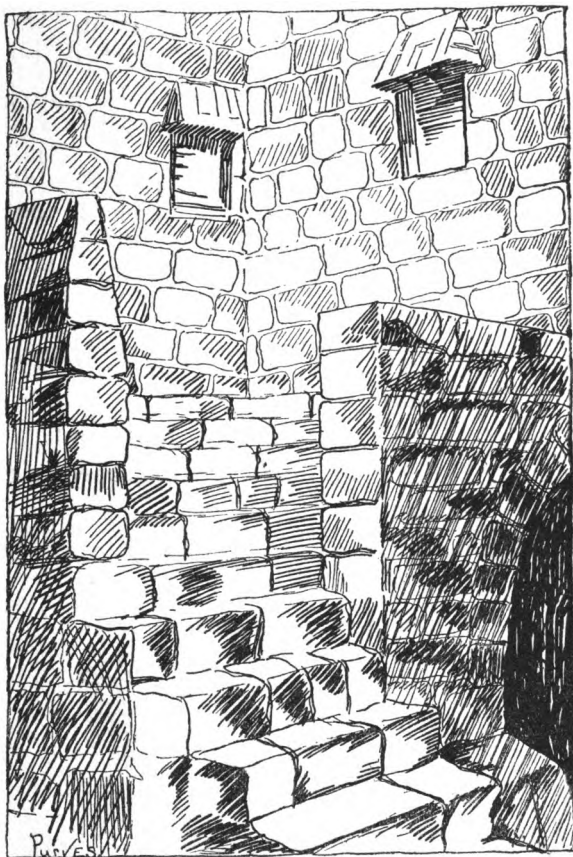
When last he left them with a word of  
cheer,

To eat with his disciples the  
Passover feast, conviction deep  
Had settled in her heart that their  
rude home

No more should claim him as a guest.

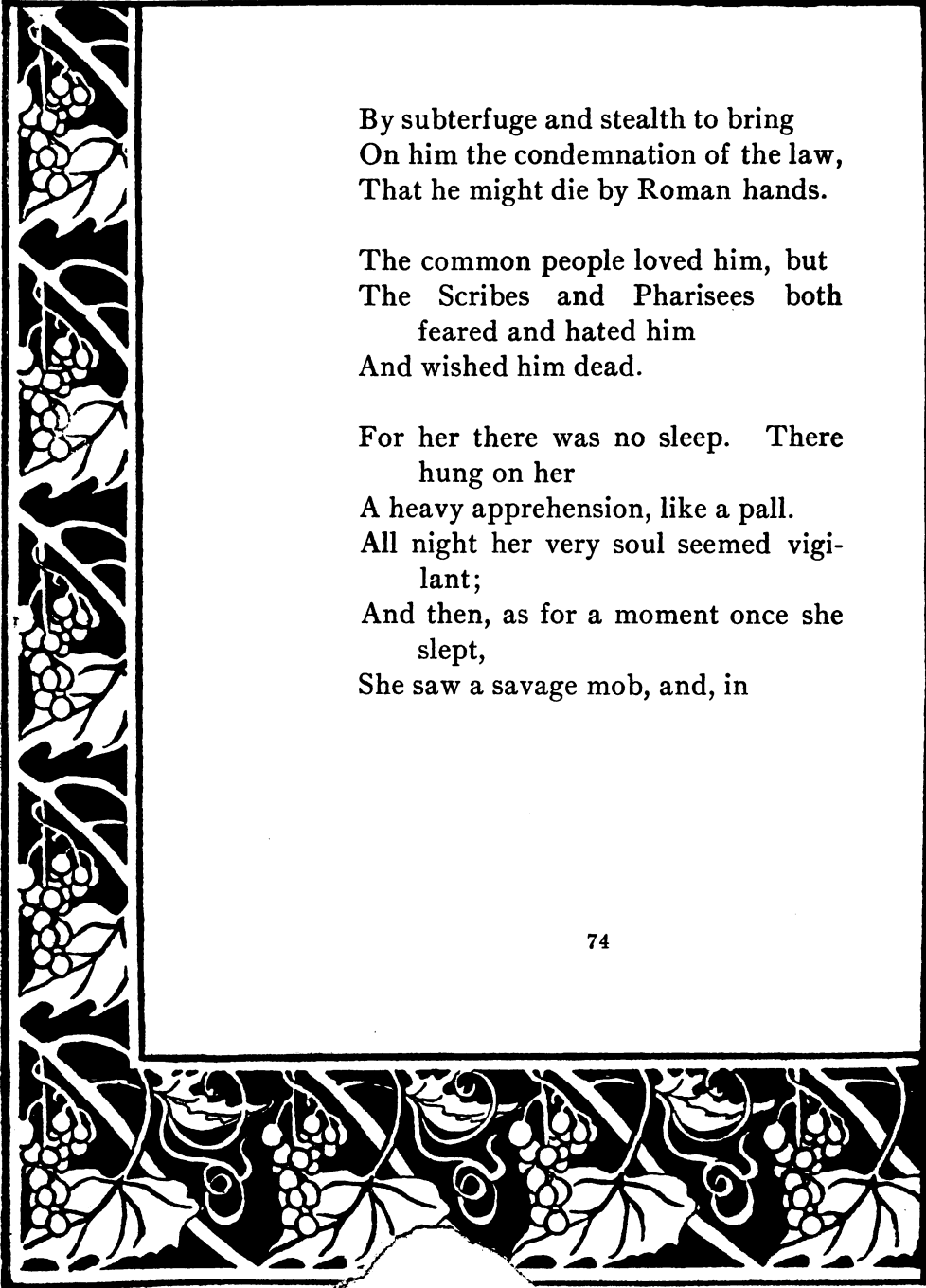
Rumors of wicked plans against  
His life hung on the lips of those  
Fresh from the temple crowd.

'Twas said the priests and elders  
sought



THE WAY TO THE JUDGMENT HALL



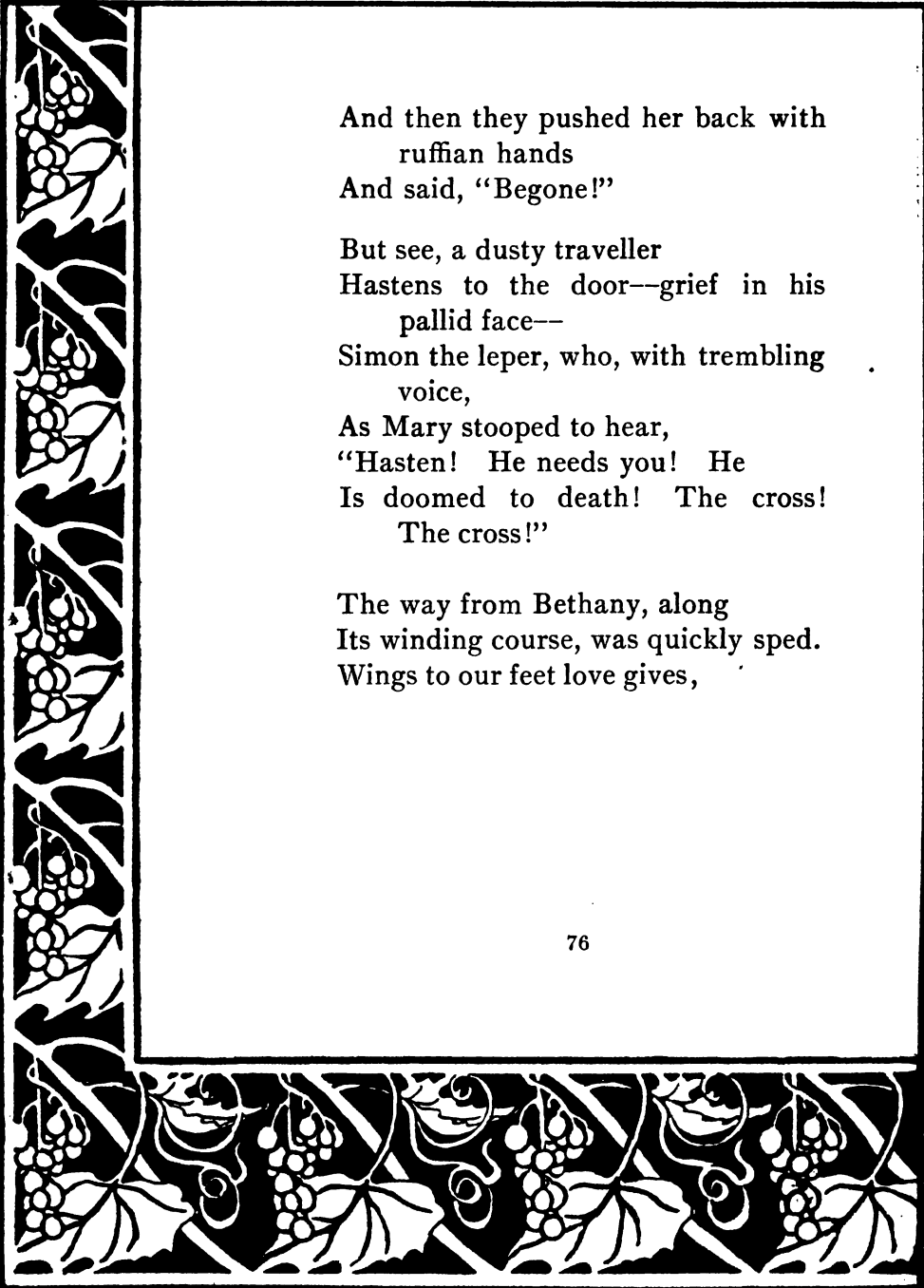


By subterfuge and stealth to bring  
On him the condemnation of the law,  
That he might die by Roman hands.

The common people loved him, but  
The Scribes and Pharisees both  
feared and hated him  
And wished him dead.

For her there was no sleep. There  
hung on her  
A heavy apprehension, like a pall.  
All night her very soul seemed vigi-  
lant;  
And then, as for a moment once she  
slept,  
She saw a savage mob, and, in

The midst, the one she loved  
Replying to their angry looks  
With the same confidence and calm  
She oft had seen, when, in their talk,  
The bitter hatred of the Sanhedrem,  
And what the dire result might be,  
Was uppermost.  
She saw herself pass through the  
crowd  
And seize his hand. She heard her  
words,  
“Jesus, I love thee, and our God is  
near;”  
And his response, “My child, I felt  
thee near.”



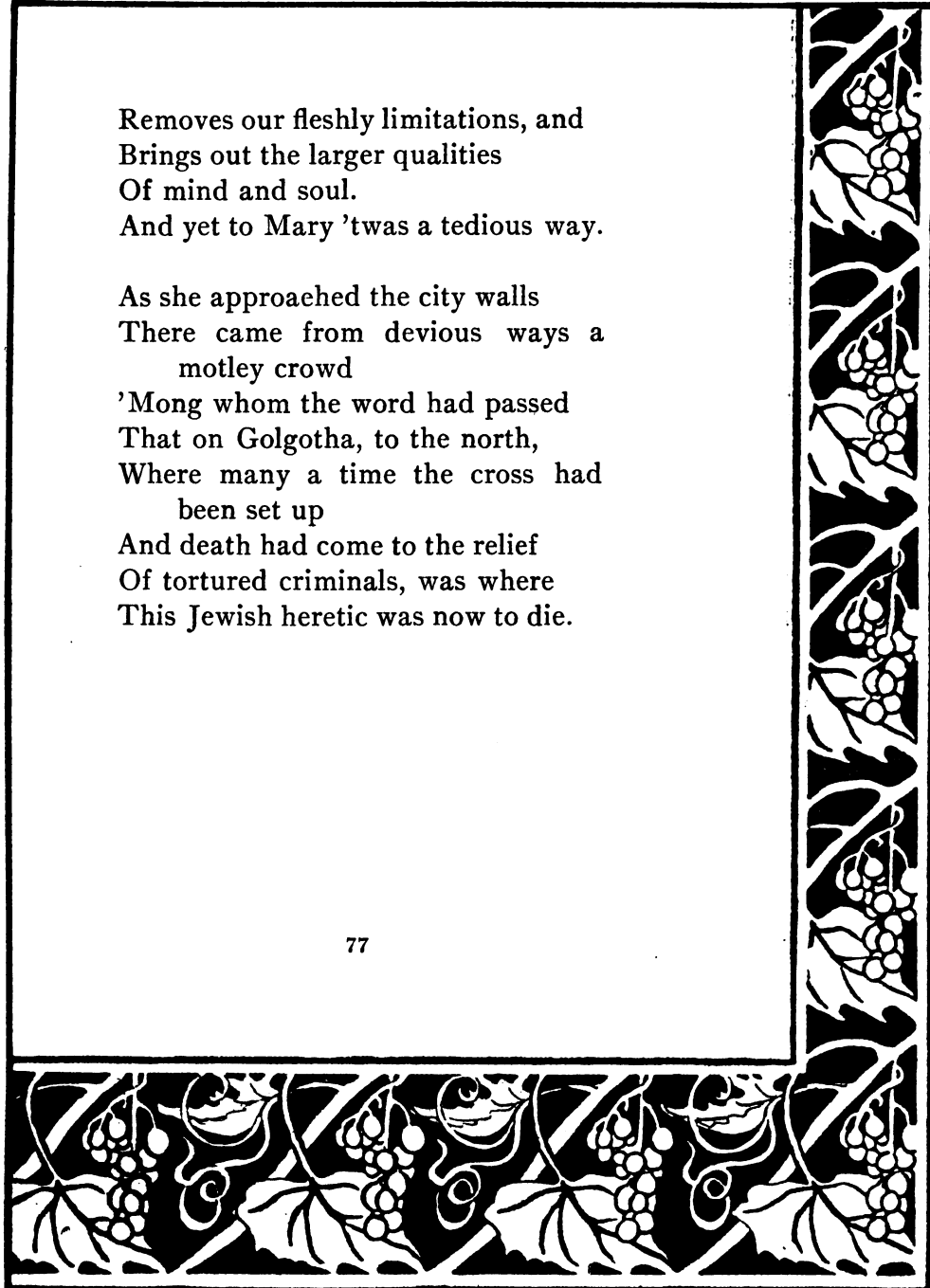
And then they pushed her back with  
ruffian hands  
And said, "Begone!"

But see, a dusty traveller  
Hastens to the door—grief in his  
pallid face—  
Simon the leper, who, with trembling  
voice,  
As Mary stooped to hear,  
"Hasten! He needs you! He  
Is doomed to death! The cross!  
The cross!"

The way from Bethany, along  
Its winding course, was quickly sped.  
Wings to our feet love gives,

Removes our fleshly limitations, and  
Brings out the larger qualities  
Of mind and soul.  
And yet to Mary 'twas a tedious way.

As she approached the city walls  
There came from devious ways a  
    motley crowd  
'Mong whom the word had passed  
That on Golgotha, to the north,  
Where many a time the cross had  
    been set up  
And death had come to the relief  
Of tortured criminals, was where  
This Jewish heretic was now to die.



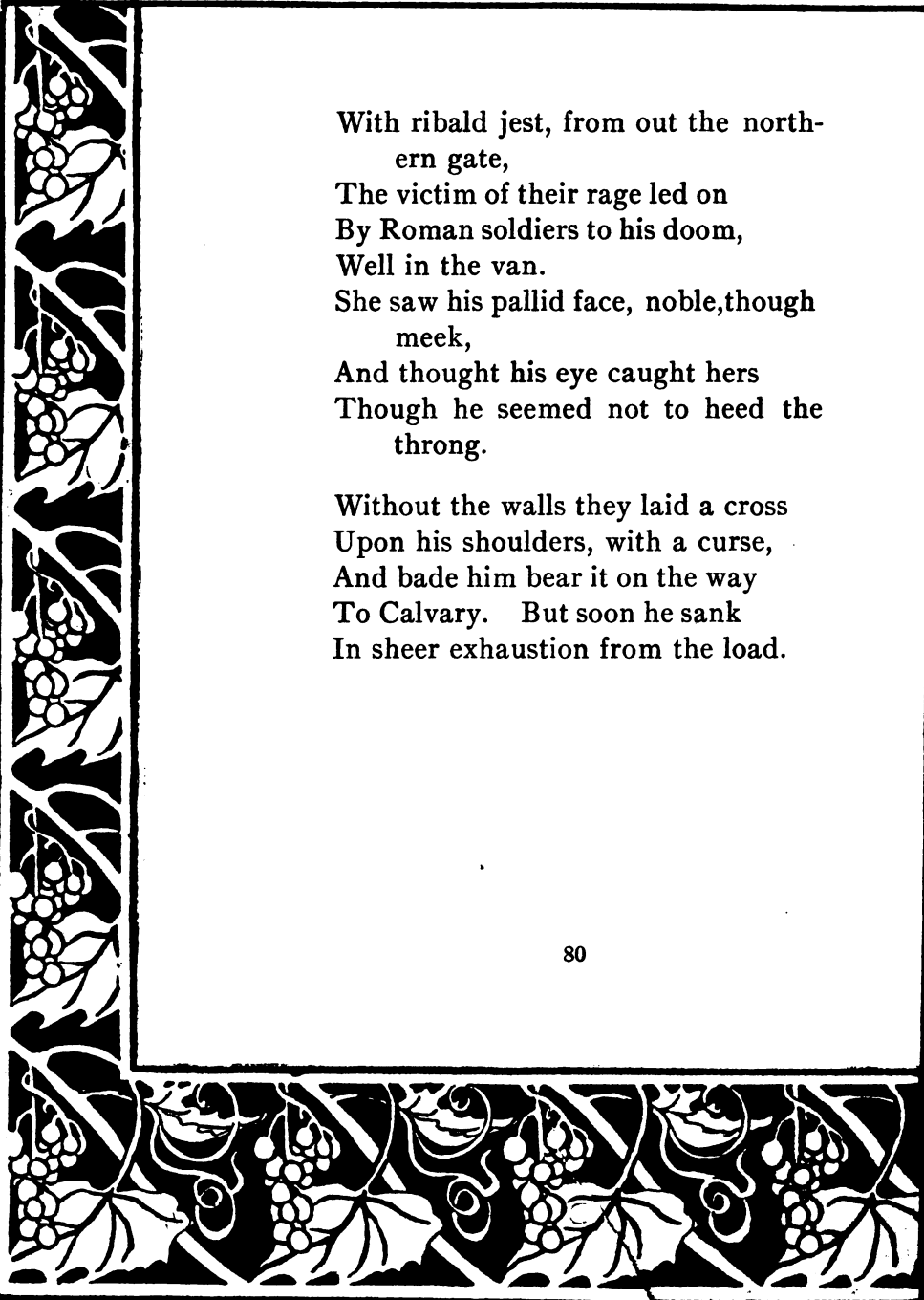


ONE OF THE THROG

By various routes they sought the  
spot:  
Some through the eastern gateway  
hurried in  
And sped along the city streets,  
While others wound their way  
By devious paths outside the walls,  
Too many of them urged by morbid  
sense  
Towards the fateful hill.

Lost in a reverie, scarce knowing  
how,  
The Hebrew maiden reached the  
conducting throng  
Just as the mob rushed forth,





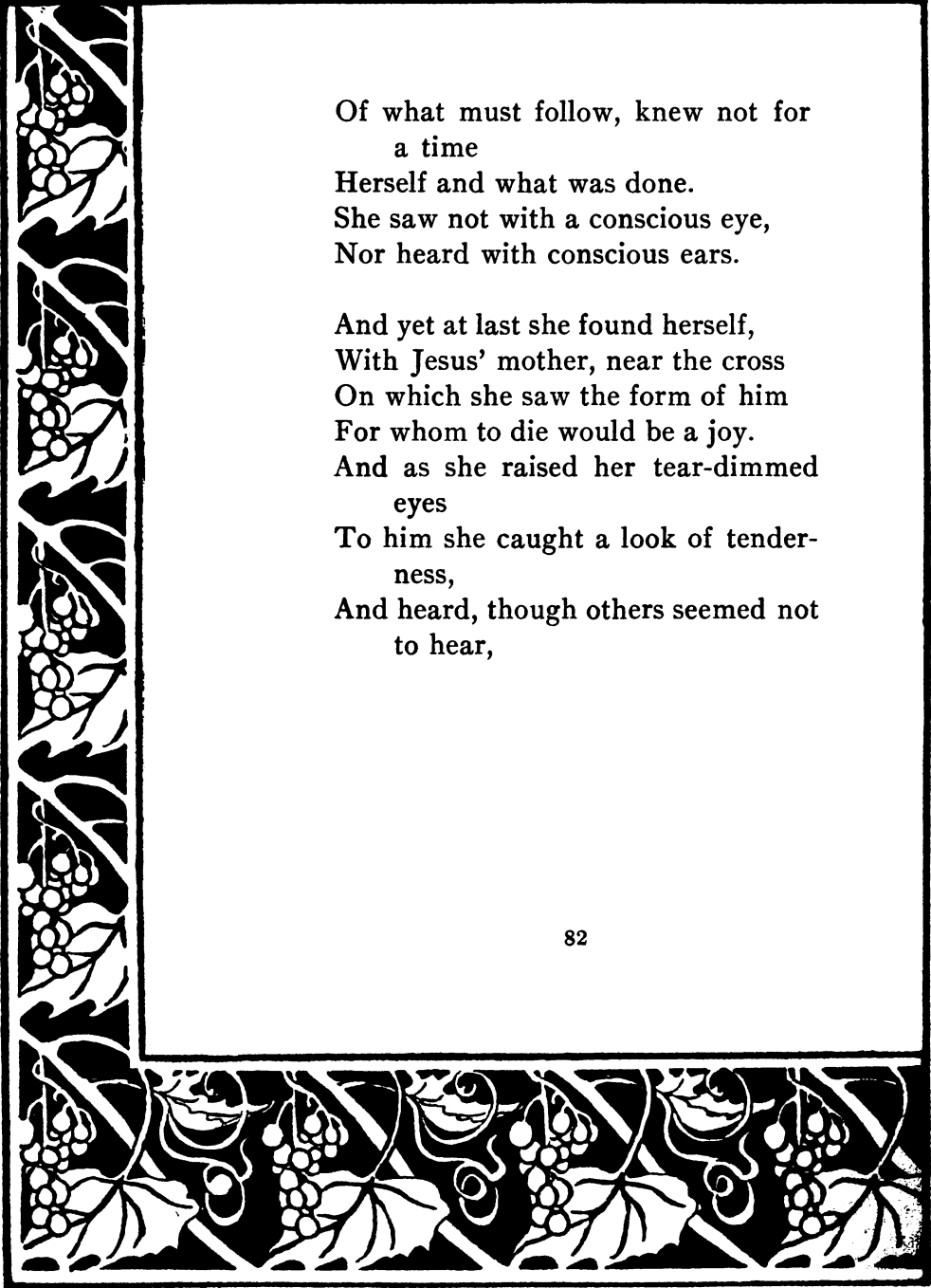
With ribald jest, from out the north-  
ern gate,  
The victim of their rage led on  
By Roman soldiers to his doom,  
Well in the van.

She saw his pallid face, noble, though  
meek,  
And thought his eye caught hers  
Though he seemed not to heed the  
throng.

Without the walls they laid a cross  
Upon his shoulders, with a curse,  
And bade him bear it on the way  
To Calvary. But soon he sank  
In sheer exhaustion from the load.

And, when they found his weary  
frame  
No longer could endure the strain,  
They forced a foreigner to bear the  
cross,  
And hastened on with savage yell.

Carried along as in a dream  
From which she fain would wake,  
Stunned by the sight, the fountain of  
her tears  
Dried unto parching by the heat  
Of the emotions burning in her soul,  
The bruised, grief-ridden girl,  
Sick with the sights and maddened by  
the thought



Of what must follow, knew not for  
a time  
Herself and what was done.  
She saw not with a conscious eye,  
Nor heard with conscious ears.

And yet at last she found herself,  
With Jesus' mother, near the cross  
On which she saw the form of him  
For whom to die would be a joy.  
And as she raised her tear-dimmed  
eyes  
To him she caught a look of tender-  
ness,  
And heard, though others seemed not  
to hear,

In accents suffering could not disguise,  
"I felt you near. Courage, my dear,  
'Tis well!"

And then she knew not what was  
done or said:  
She seemed to dream again of earlier  
days—  
Of sitting at his feet to hear  
Him speak in a melodious tone  
Deep truths her untrained mind  
But poorly understood, but which  
About her threw a spell and filled  
Her sincere soul with joy.  
Memories of former days and fancies  
new



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Sped lightly through her unruled  
mind—

Fantastic thoughts of love, of girl-  
hood times,

Of forms grotesque, of ill-defined  
shapes.

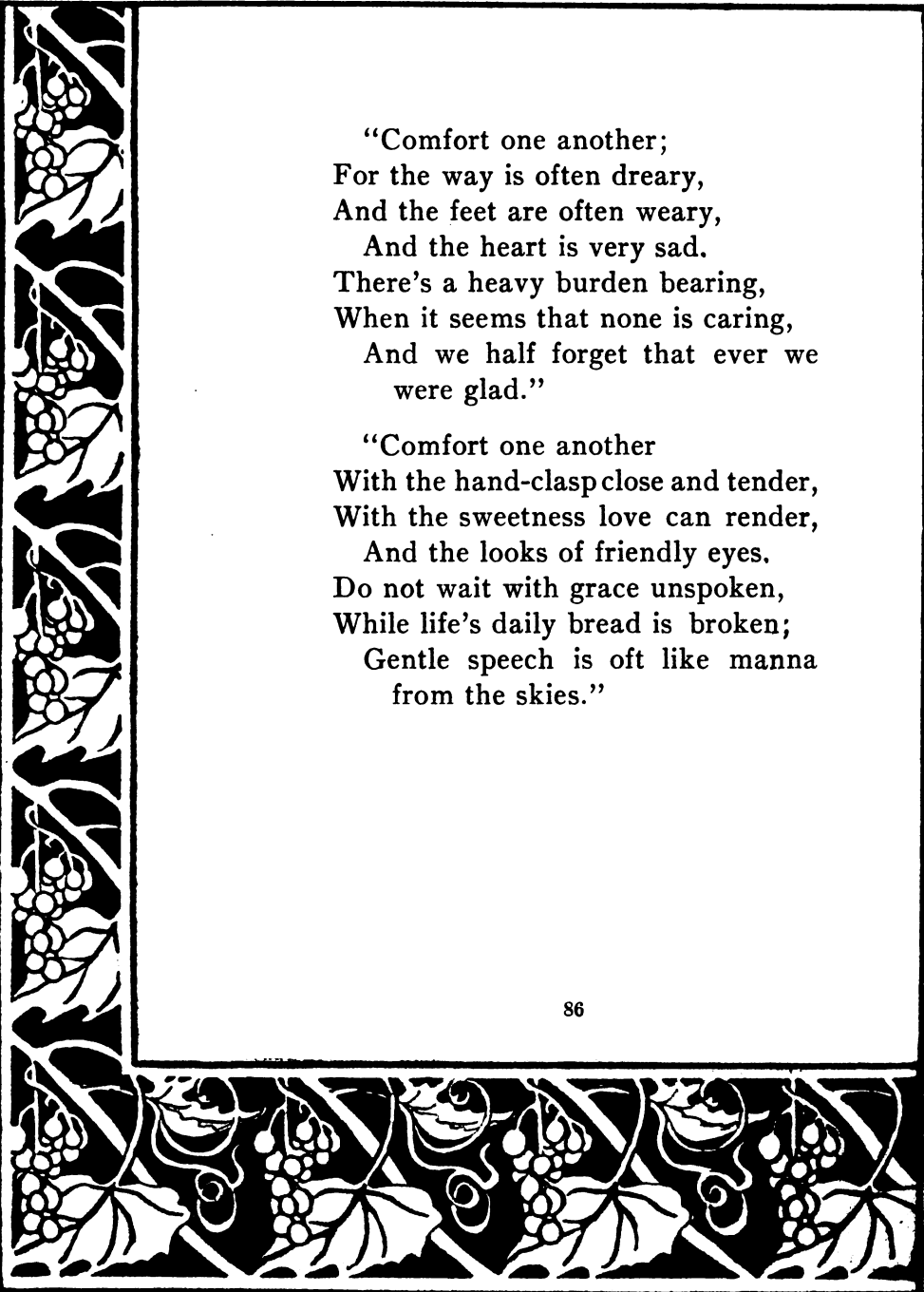
Voices she heard; God spoke to her  
As we are told He spoke to men  
In days sunk in obscurity.

She walked and slept among her  
friends and kin,

But consciousness was on another  
plane

Of being, and hence she knew not  
what

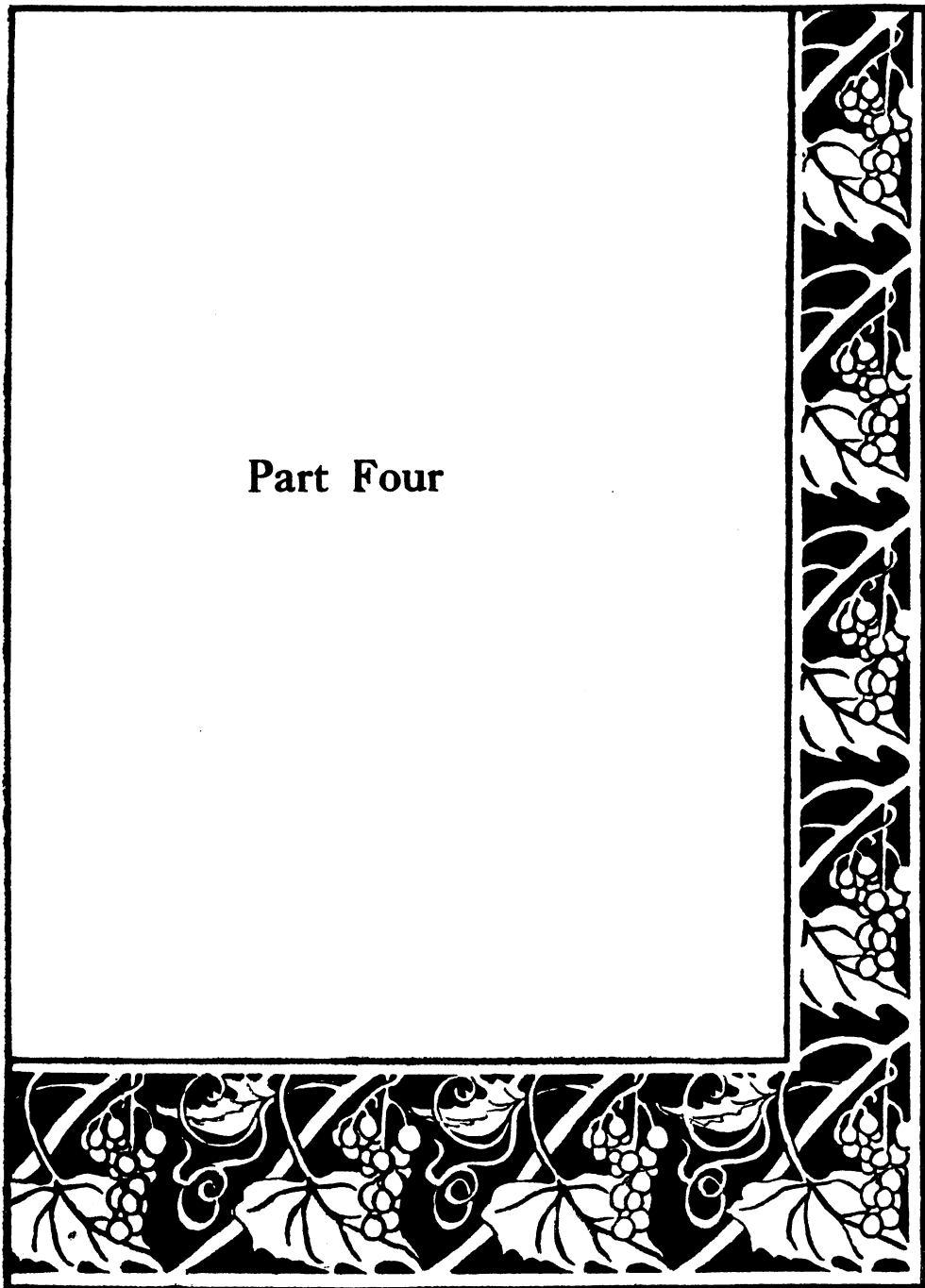
She said or did.

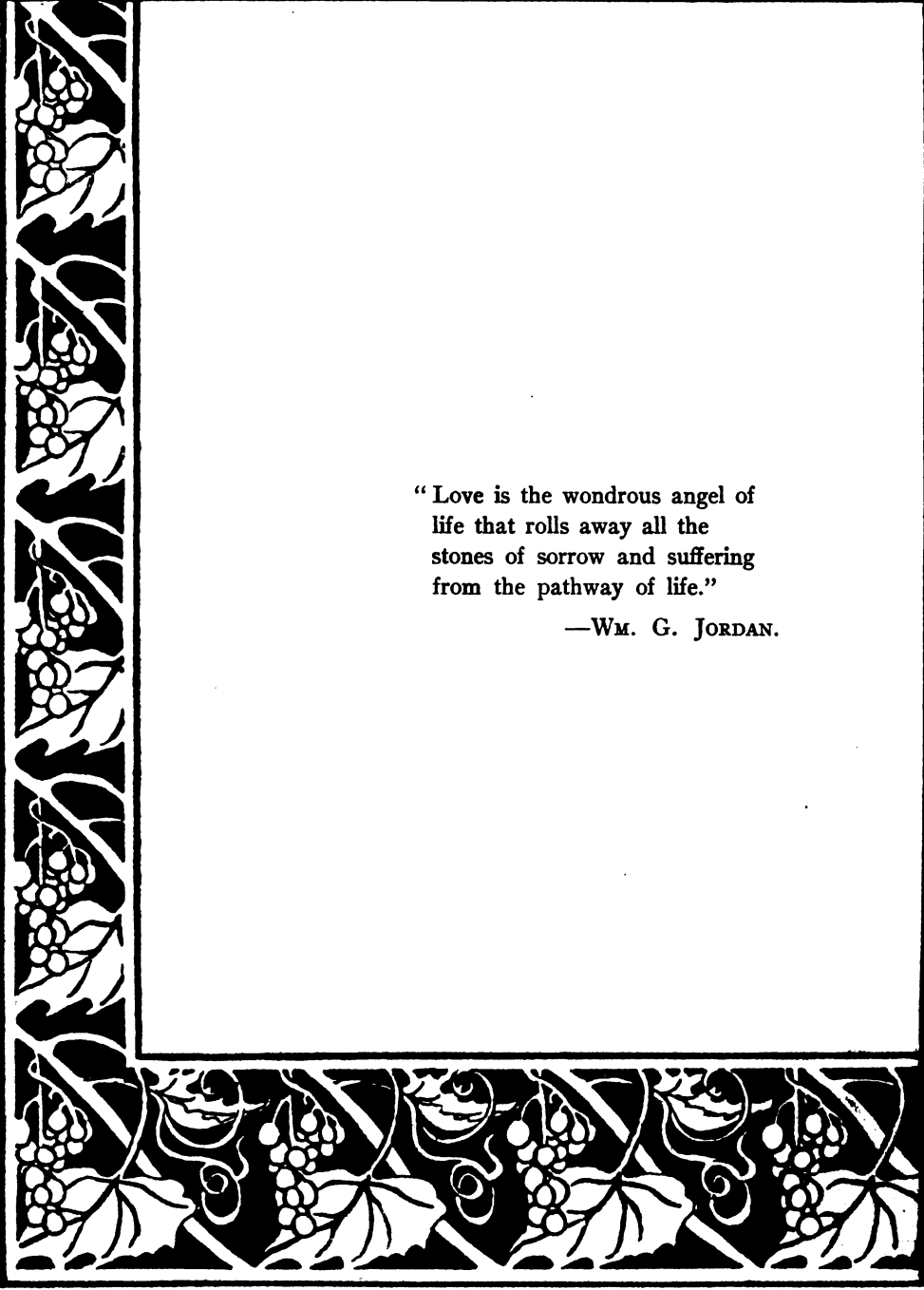


“Comfort one another;  
For the way is often dreary,  
And the feet are often weary,  
And the heart is very sad.  
There’s a heavy burden bearing,  
When it seems that none is caring,  
And we half forget that ever we  
were glad.”

“Comfort one another  
With the hand-clasp close and tender,  
With the sweetness love can render,  
And the looks of friendly eyes.  
Do not wait with grace unspoken,  
While life’s daily bread is broken;  
Gentle speech is oft like manna  
from the skies.”

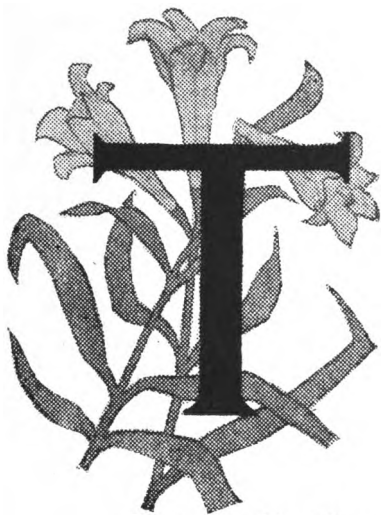
## Part Four





“Love is the wondrous angel of  
life that rolls away all the  
stones of sorrow and suffering  
from the pathway of life.”

—WM. G. JORDAN.

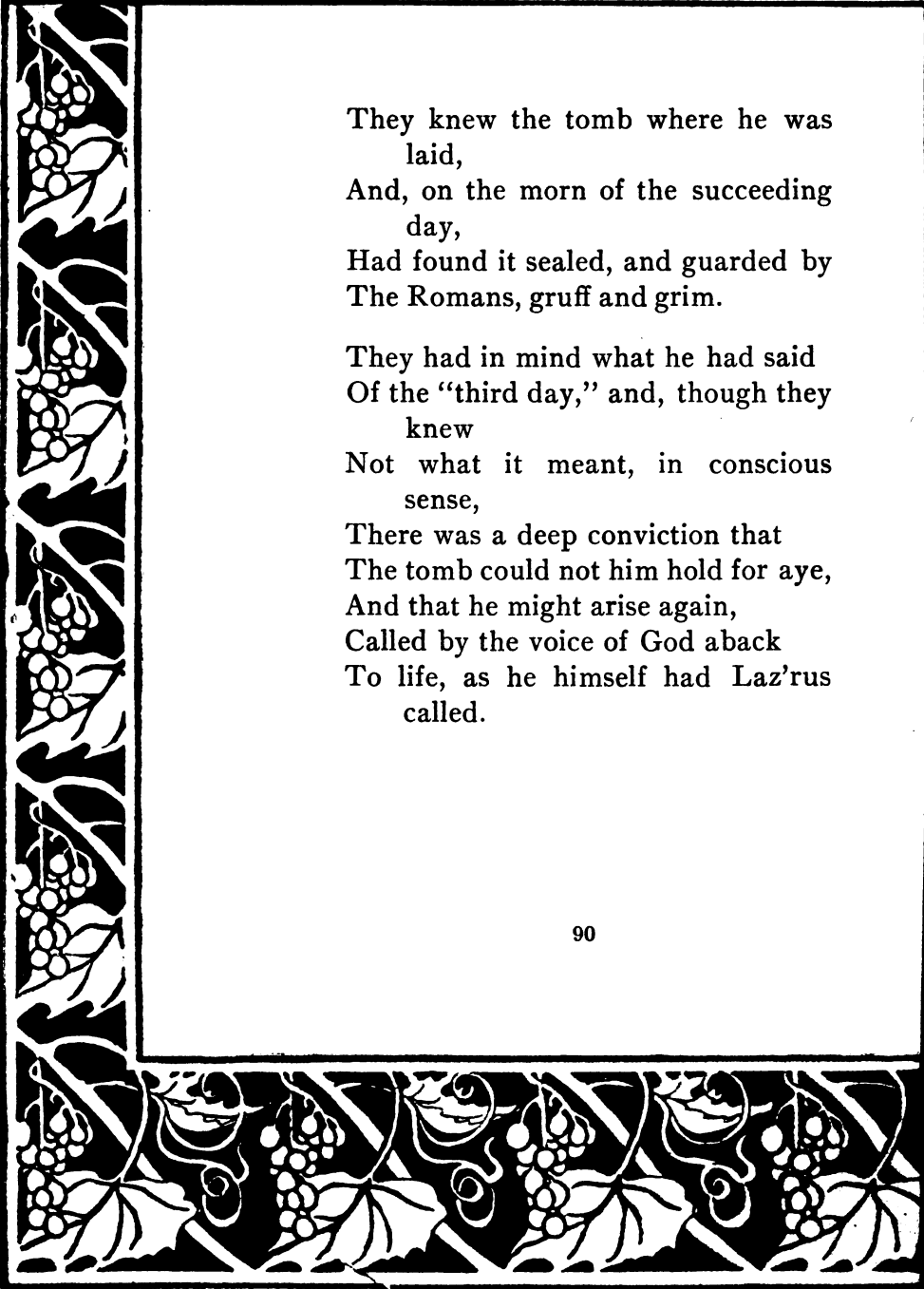


HUS hours passed  
on, and days.  
At home they kept  
her, for  
Without restraint  
she would  
Have wandered in  
the city streets,  
And 'bout the scene  
where last

Her own identity she held.

The mother of her Lord was also at  
The little house in Bethany.  
Mary of Magdala was likewise there;  
And here their griefs they shared  
alone;  
With the coarse world shut out.






They knew the tomb where he was  
laid,  
And, on the morn of the succeeding  
day,  
Had found it sealed, and guarded by  
The Romans, gruff and grim.

They had in mind what he had said  
Of the "third day," and, though they  
knew  
Not what it meant, in conscious  
sense,  
There was a deep conviction that  
The tomb could not him hold for aye,  
And that he might arise again,  
Called by the voice of God aback  
To life, as he himself had Laz'rus  
called.

The little house at Bethany  
Was lighted early on that morn—  
The first day of the week—the third  
Since they had seen the tomb close on  
The form of him so dearly loved.

That first day of the week 'twas  
hoped  
Would prove, as he had said, the day  
on which,  
In life, he should come from the  
tomb;  
And they felt that, with early morn,  
He would appear to greet his friends,  
Proving his Sonship and God's power.

Mary had waked serene and strong,  
Her former poise restored, and joined  
The other eager women—Marys all—  
As they set out in simple faith.



'Twas early in the morn, some hours  
before

The day should dawn, the Marys  
three

Ventured upon their lonely pilgrim-  
age.

The elder had no longer need  
To guard and guide the maiden, for  
Her fancies all had taken wing,  
As do the fancies of a night of dreams.  
A holy calm had settled on her mind,  
And her strong soul seemed recon-  
ciled

Unto the fatal thrust of Fate.

Emotions of a lofty kind make brave  
The hearts of those they fill.  
There was no fear of harm  
As they pressed onward towards the  
tomb.

The pale moon shone upon the way  
And gave Jerusalem a silver tint  
As it lay there before them calm and  
still,

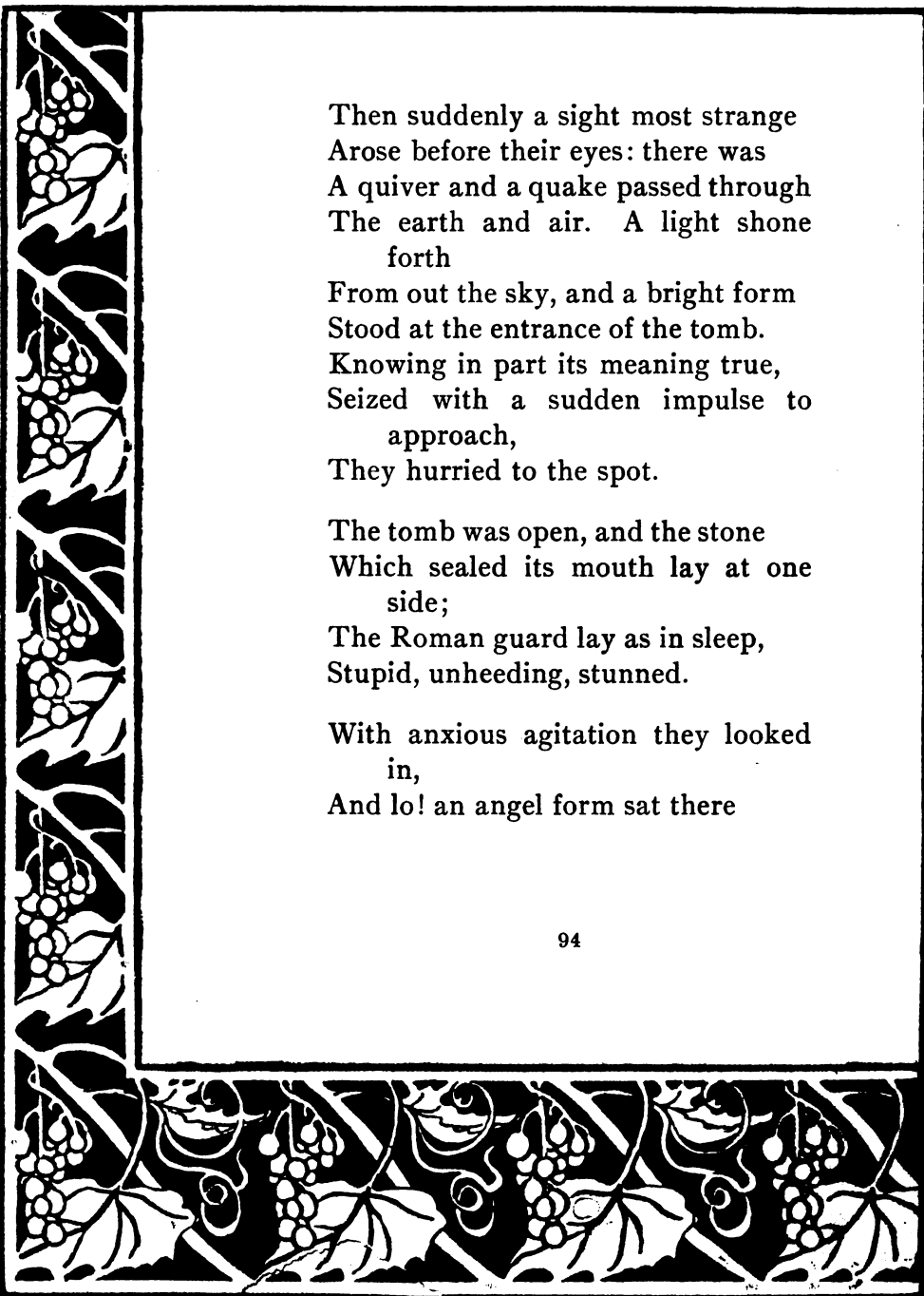
A fitting emblem of the soul  
Of him whose mutilated body lay  
So near its walls.

Before the eastern sky began to light  
Its morning fires, they neared the  
tomb.

The figures of the Roman guard  
Were plainly seen before its rock-  
hewn door;

The soft breeze of the early morn  
Fanned the warm faces of these  
Marys three,

As for the moment there they stood,  
Lone witnesses of what stern Death  
can do.



Then suddenly a sight most strange  
Arose before their eyes: there was  
A quiver and a quake passed through  
The earth and air. A light shone  
forth

From out the sky, and a bright form  
Stood at the entrance of the tomb.  
Knowing in part its meaning true,  
Seized with a sudden impulse to  
approach,  
They hurried to the spot.

The tomb was open, and the stone  
Which sealed its mouth lay at one  
side;  
The Roman guard lay as in sleep,  
Stupid, unheeding, stunned.

With anxious agitation they looked  
in,  
And lo! an angel form sat there

As though in wait for them.  
No other form was seen within the  
tomb.

"Fear not!" the angel said, "Fear  
not!

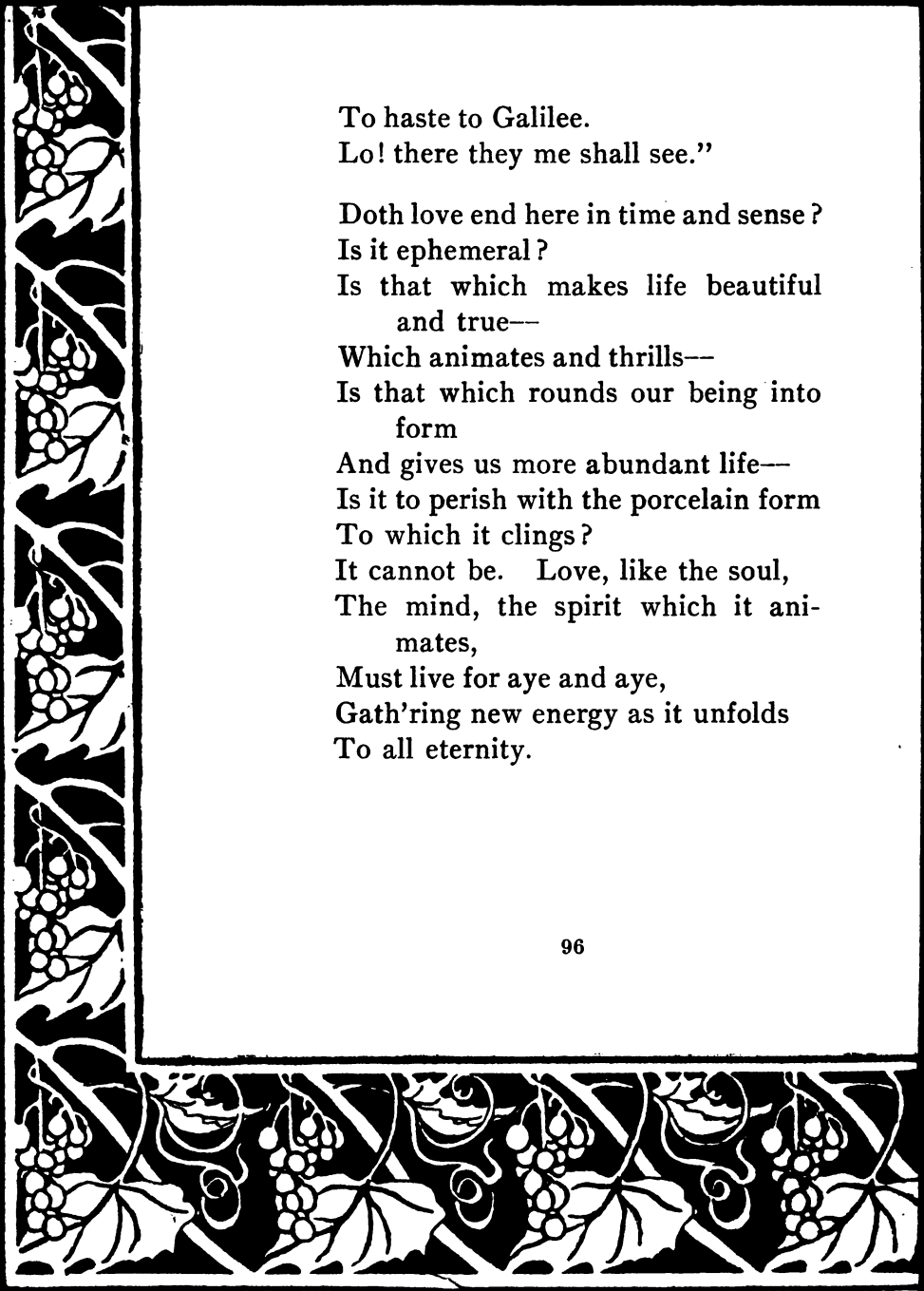
I know for whom ye seek; he is not  
here.

Did he not say that he had power  
To lay his body down and take it  
up?

Go tell to all that he has gone to  
Galilee.

There they shall see him face to  
face."

Turning away in joy the Marys then  
Made haste to carry back the news,  
When there they saw their risen Lord,  
Who greeted them and said, "Go tell  
the rest



To haste to Galilee.  
Lo! there they me shall see."

Doth love end here in time and sense?  
Is it ephemeral?  
Is that which makes life beautiful  
and true—  
Which animates and thrills—  
Is that which rounds our being into  
form  
And gives us more abundant life—  
Is it to perish with the porcelain form  
To which it clings?  
It cannot be. Love, like the soul,  
The mind, the spirit which it ani-  
mates,  
Must live for aye and aye,  
Gath'ring new energy as it unfolds  
To all eternity.