

PHILO: AN EVANGELIAD

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Philo: an evangeliad by Sylvester Judd

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SYLVESTER JUDD

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EVANGELIAD**

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BY THE

AUTHOR OF "MARGARET; A TALE OF THE REAL, AND IDEAL."

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SCENE — *A Village.*

Philo. WHERE are you going, Charles? Come,
walk with me.

Charles. Of latest style of prints, my wife
bade me

Get samples.

Philo. I am looking for a stranger;
A secret intimation draws me out;
It is no steamboat traveller, I ween,
But from the moon, or otherwheres. Who turned
The corner just now? Let us search the streets.

Charles. You are no dotard, Philo, yet methinks

Your words the dotard play. Why pant, as you
Were standing mast-head in a burning sun,
Watching for winales? Keep to what's palpable;
Let mysteries alone.

Philo. Therefrom may rise
Our hope.

Charles. Why this to me? I have no hope.

Philo. That you may have. The sky hath a
rare glow,
And summer-showers its beauty on the world:
Might it not ray intelligence to us,
Or one of its inhabitants send forth
To visit?

Charles. Woe is me! In her de laine
To see an angel, my dear wife would swoon.
The mystery of merchants' packages
She longs to handle. You are too well bred
Philo, to disappoint a woman's wish.
Good-by; be pleasure yours, and folly too,
If such it is; and mine — to do my errand.

Philo. Beneath the trees he stands, — it must
be he, —

Fast by the church. What there attracts his eye?
No antique saints, or welkin-aping dome.
An open belfry, and four heavy walls,
Are the sum total. Let me speak to him.
Hail! sky-descended, — such thy look imports, —
A mortal welcomes thee, as mortal may.

Gabriel. Unto a certain Philo I was sent,
Who has his lodgings hereabouts. My name
Is Gabriel.

Philo. And I am Philo called.
In vision of the night I heard of thee,
And was constrained to look for thee. The times,
Indeed, do hardly promise such a good;
Yet this, the steadfast compass of my faith,
That Israel will be redeemed, the Fall
Reversed. In words familiar, yet
Sincerely put, I hope I see thee well.

Gabriel. The upper blue, through which I
fared, was cold
And moist. Secured in our peculiar vest,

I sailed it heedless. Yonder sky appears
As years ago, when we prepared the bed
Of this great globe ; not great indeed to one,
A traveller through the starry ways, and who
Has seen the central orb of all, and spent
A century exploring base of His
Appropriate seat ; that dazzling, central vast,
Which mocks your science, and confounds survey ;
God's own, and over-viewed by God alone.
How excellent the alchemy that turns
The turbid mist and cold vacuity
To azure day, and golden purpled eve !
Such was my reverie as you approached.
I came last night near the first cock-crowing ;
Traversed the streets ; none were abroad, no lights
From windows shone. I set me on these steps
To see the planets rise, and galaxy,
Whose creamy flood my swimmer-pinions pierced.

Philo. How gladly we had been thy host,
 bestowed
Our hospitality, like those of old,
With all the ardor of a modern heart !

The gospel rule will have us entertain
The stranger ; we an angel too had found.
Gabriel. I have no lack. Love is my food,
my bed,
And roof. Love is my wing, my impulse love,
And soul and circumstance, my joy and prayer.
In love I dwell in God, and God in me.
Not otherwise is seen the great Unseen ;
And the high host of us, in love, all dwell
Together, brother, sister, cherubim.
Heaven, stars, time, place, and their inhabitants,
Subsist in love — as love itself in God —
Wherethrough these maples leaf, and those thick
clouds
Their lustre draw. In love are visitors,
Attendance, ministry, and fellowship ;
Sphere answering to sphere, and heart to heart,
Within the Soul of All, concentrical ;
To seraph, seraph speaking, musical
And glad ; inaudible to sin alone.
Truly I nothing crave, but that you love,
And mortals all ; whence it shall come to pass,