PHILO: AN EVANGELIAD

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649188390

Philo: an evangeliad by Sylvester Judd

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

SYLVESTER JUDD

PHILO: AN EVANGELIAD

Trieste

AN EVANGELIAD.

ar THE

AUTHOR OF "MARGARET ; A TALE OF THE SEAR AND IDEAL."

11.68

BOSTON:

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY.

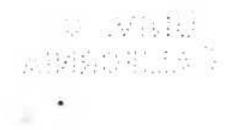
1850.



Entered according to Act of Conpress, in the year 1849, by

SI).VESTER JUDD, JR.,

In the Clerk's Office of the Destrict Court of the District of Massachusetts.



STREETYPED AT THE BOSTON TYPE AND STREETS FOR SUPER-

AN EVANGELIAD.

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.

M70553

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 whales? Keep to what's palpable; Last 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. Wee is me! In her de laine To see an angel, my dear wife would sweon. 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.

4

AN EVANGELIAD.

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,

1*

I sailed it heedless. Youder sky appears As years agone, 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 overviewed by God alone. How excellent the alchemy that turns The turbid mist and cold vacuity To azure day, and golden puriled eve! Such was my revery 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!

6

AN EVANGELIAD.

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 scraph, scraph speaking, musical And glad; inaudible to sin alone. Truly I nothing crave, but that you love,

real fraction of the second second

And mortals all; whence it shall come to pass,