

The Story of God

by Gustave Wurslin

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1. Behold the Sun, the mighty star, so bright and glowing,
Which gives us light and holds the life of everything on planets and the Earth.
As time and space in one Eternity are flowing,
So God made rays of light, to reach our tiny sphere and create nature's birth.
But still the Universe is dark, while stars are shining,
And dark is too the space between the Sun and planets, spinning onward fast.
And when at night, we sing to moonbeams' silverlining,
We yearn for Mother Sun, which after shadows brings another day at last.

2. There is a lesson from the Sun and starlight gleaming.
We learn by it, that Earth by only facing Sun, will have the light and day,
While otherwise the night keeps us asleep and dreaming.
So nights and days are taking turns according to rotation axis' sway,
And what tremendous truth in these gigantic forces!
To know that we can have the blessings and the splendor of the distant Sun,
Alone by turning to the origin of sources,
Which is the Mother Sun, that keeps, controls the planets in their course and run.

3. And while the Void is lit with stars in countless number,
There is another darkness, which the mighty Lord knows how to overcome.
It is the path of human fate, uncertain, somber,
Since Man, his mind still primitive, left jungle-land, with gripping fear and glum.
He struggled hard and well, his thoughts through dark yet groping,
And bravely fought his way with club and spear,—he saw his brood improve, increase.
His goodluck climb became his cheer, belief and hoping.
He slowly learned to master beasts, to cure and handle sickness, sores, disease.

4. Divinity has choosen Man as tool and setter,
To mould and shape this globe, to plant and build, construct, invent, achieve the best,
So human brains would conquer elements and matter.
Indeed, there should not be a limit, cultivating arts—for science no rest.
And Man was made to learn and study, toil creation,
So after death his soul may travel overyond, where only spirits dwell.
Who guard eternal cycle—Void's rejuvenation,
Through conscious atoms rule the space—the Lord's realm and not the devil's hell.

5. All Humans would have vanished long ago and perished.
Without the help of God—providing leads like light from Heaven in the dark,
So Man could live, his brood be safe, be clad and nourished.
To struggle through and win, he should not often suffer want and hunger stark.
He stood his own since dawn of time and later age.
All glacial periods—killing beasts, destroying nature—failed to ruin Man.
And earthquakes, wars and floods, diseases, fire's rage,
Proved him superior, showed how God has fondled Man—protects him, what He can.

6. When Man was cold and beasts relentless kept him haunted,
He had to live in caves, which then for many hundred years became his home.
But Man was firm and keen, he struggled on, undaunted.
He bravely ventured out to hunt, where otherwise he could not play and roam,
He had to better things—he settled down to thinking,
And God, who never has forsaken Man, stepped in the darkness of his cave.
He stirred his thoughts, He fanned his courage sometimes sinking,
He made him strike with rock some leaves—the flame sprang up—and Man began to rave.

7. The Fire—truly was a gift to Man from Heaven!
The Fire taught him how to light and swing a torch against invading beasts.
The Fire—many blessings it has freely given!
The Fire—warmed the cave of Man, it made him cook his meals, that turned to feasts.
And soon he learned to make of clay his pots, utensils.
In Fire's glow and ashes' heat, he melted ironore to knives and tools.
He craved for written words by using rods as pencils,
And trying now to read their runes, we know, those primitives have been no fools.

8. The Fire was a leading light for human progress,
So Man could build and hold his supremacy over beasts in many lands.
It saved him from the nature's wilderness and rawness,
It made him develop his brains and turn his limbs to useful feet and hands.
As slowly Man went on to till and plan and ponder,
He learned that future meant for him to stand and fight against so many odds.
And then he made the greatest things for him to wonder—
With Fire's might he hammered plow and sword, the pride of ancient workers' thoughts.

9. The Plow—it is a symbol meaning peaceful tilling.
It is a sign of blessings too and happiness through labor in the field.
If Man believes in work, is cheerful, ever willing,
The sturdy Plow will be his friend, so Mother Soil shall have a crop to yield.
And harvest brings his mind in touch with nature's calling,
Thus cannot miss enjoying flowers, meadows' green and breezes through the trees.
The singing birds aloft teach him to sing, while stalling.
And sounds from grazing sheep and cattle give the undertone for melodies.

10. The Sword—a sound as sharp as blades of steel for battles,
And ever since a Sword was swung, it took a gruesome toll of human life.
It left among the vanquished—misery and chattels,
While even victors mourned their own depleted ranks with discontent and strife.
Thou shalt not kill—is Heaven's wish and solemn order,
And means the conqueror, and aggressor—going out to slaughter, take and rob.
But if the enemy has crossed your country's border,
Defend your soil, your home and honor—grasp the sword and fight with help from God!

11. And when the latest glacial period had receded,
The vegetation, beasts and birds were following the trail of empty space.
While icefields, snowstorms to the poles again retreated,
A milder climate lured the immigration of the daring human race.
The wand'ring hordes spread ev'rywhere and soon were parting,
The human stock was splitting then in various races, changing features fast.
Another leaf of human history was starting,
As races subdivided into nations, finding all their land at last.

12. Some nations lived in happiness on agriculture,
Some stayed with hunting, some preferred the trading on the sea and overland.
And yet amidst this peace, there was a real vulture.
It was those pirate nations, breeding war, despising peaceful work by hand.
And true enough, the sword with terror wrote the story
Of warring ancient nations many thousand years ago, forgotten now.
The ruined tracks of their destructive, unsung glory,
Gave Man the slogan: Might is right! And so the sword would win, and not the plow.

13. Of course, those ancients had religion and some worship.
They clung to heathengods and magic wonders, fitting well their state of mind.
Without much anguish, conscience, any mental hardship,
They too believed in living of the spirits, after death left dust behind.
And just as rude and raw their habits, was their thinking,
They slowly came to understand the ways of right and wrong, of good and bad.
Their soul was sleeping yet, while dawn of day was winking.
The world looked often dark to Man, who forged ahead with courage ever glad.

14. There is no herd of sheep without a head for leading,
So nature wills—and nature is a law of God through all Eternity.
As time went on, the human race increased its breeding.
The nations' borderlines came close but did not bring a world-fraternity.
And God, who saw them strive to be the foremost nation,
Stepped in again, by weighing all achievements, human sins and tune of soul,
Advanced Judea then through Moses' revelation,
And Moses clearly understood his task, to lead his people to the goal.

15. The Jews—the sons of Israel—the chosen people,
Which Moses, feeling God's intentions, guided safely to the holy land—
Had left behind the pharaohs, declining, feeble.
While Egypt, torn by paganism, turned its fertile soil to desert-sand.
The Jews—who followed gladly prophets' inspiration—
Renounced the heathengods, believed in one Almighty, life beyond the grave,
Judea, sound in moral, was a happy nation,
While living off God-given soil, on cattle raising—nothing else to crave.

16. While God is smiling, Peace is spreading law and order,
So Man can work, and women toil at home—if's Peace what countries badly need.
The trust from neighbors rests on Peace along the border,
And only Peace will give the time to plant and reap the crops, so all can eat,
The Peace develops arts, the sports, the science and trading.
When Peace is lasting, children grow in health and cheerful mood—the parents' pride.
And everywhere is happiness, with poorness fading,
So Peace is really for Man a paradise of laughter and delight.

17. When Man lived off the soil, he had not much to worry.
The soil gave him supply in food and clothes, besides his health and peace of mind.
But many humans tried—and later then were sorry—
By dropping plows, to live in town and leave their happy freedom far behind.
For easy money, easy work—they chose the city.
And some succeeded, faring well, while others drudged along in poverty,
To find themselves alone and bare of friends and pity.
It's citylife, which brought to Man the discontent, the crime and misery.

18. It's crowded towns and citylife, which breeds disruption,
While splitting far apart the nation—bitter then each side a hostile camp.
And like volcano-clouds aloft before eruption,
A shroud of hatred darkens Peace—you hear the marching soldiers' dull tramp, tramp.
Humanity has never learned from ancient races,
Which would not recognize, respect the sacred rights of Man, endowed by God.
Civilizations perished, leaving little traces,
When justice was refused, the helpless chained—and downed the freedom of the thought.

19. Judea was not spared from turmoil, war and chaos,
As many times, some enemies from near or far attacked their native land.
But always rose amidst this nation trusty heroes,
Against whom no invading foe could fight to win or even last to stand.
When Caesar ruled in Rome and trained his mighty legions,
About two thousand years ago, he stretched across the sea his conqu'ring arm.
Judea fell, becoming one of Roman regions.
The Jews, subdued, at last then saw their freedom gone with glum and great alarm.

20. The Romans brought Judea worries and privation,
And still her fate was only part of human misery and sheer despair.
That gripped the ancient world and foremost every nation,
Enslaved by Rome, which in those days no people could oppose, attack or dare.
An endless chain of wars, with conquests evergrowing,
Was making history and gave the Roman Caesar undreamed rise and height.
A steady stream of loot and captives, homeward flowing,
Then swelled the wealth of Rome, which glorified the enemy's exhausting plight.

21. The deathcry of the many thousand mangled, falling.
The whimpering orphans—wild destruction, desolation in the conquered land.
Moved not victorious Rome, while templefeasts were calling
And blood of helpless prisoners of war were reddening arena sand.
When higher culture, sword, ambition are combining,
That country rules the other nations soon, will shape the atlas in the end.
And Roman gods were at their best with grating whining,
Their heathenpriests gave pleasant news, predicting well with glee and open hand.

22. Civilization starts its life, as trees are growing,
Beginning from the soil—its spine, the trunk is holding strength against the storm.
The roots are drawing deep for water, upward flowing.
The trunk is giving moisture to the limbs—the tree is getting shape and form.
And every branch, so every leaf is getting water,
Which is the blood of life for any tree—to grow, to bloom and bear the fruit.
If water lacks from down below—there is no bother.
As Heaven opens up with rain, ahead of sunshine—nature's happy mood.

23. And just like trees—so any upward striving nation
Is starting from the bottom—off the soil—and building first the trunk and spine.
The agriculture—backing Man's civilization,
So all achievements, culture, grow like limbs and branches, leaves and blooming vine.
Through every part of State—the manmade, finished structure—
Must flow the confidence, to bear the noblest fruit, which is—the law for all.
If confidence—as water does in treeveins' texture—
Is giving out—then pray to God, who gives you trust again—so you can't fall.

24. When Romulus and Remus built their ancient city,
The Romans were a happy lot of sturdy peasants, living off the soil.
They forged ahead, enlarged their land—industrious, witty.
They fought the neighbortribes—no other troubles could dishearten them or foil.
They were a proud, ambitious people, independent.
Regardless of their heathengods, their idols' paganism—they loved their home.
They learned to build fine palaces of stone, resplendent.
Their architects and artists sculptured, carved and beautified the ancient Rome.

25. The selfrespect, respect for others' aspirations—
The consciousness of strength—will shape the confidence, to give the finest lead.
It's confidence, the most inspiring guide of nations,
Which mothers justice, shielding poor and helpless, blocking rich and mighty's greed.
It's confidence, which brought to Man his high ideals,
Creating happiness, the love of arts and nature, peace through harmony.
It's confidence, which heals despair, all pains, ordeals.
And carries safe a fighting nation through—in times of war—to victory.

26. For many centuries, the Romans had the leading,
The Roman traders prospered well, their laden merchantships were travelling far.
The agriculture had the nation's careful heading,
The Roman soldiery was disciplined, reliable and prepared for war.
Their legions guarded cheerfully the country's border.
A farflung net of wellbuilt roads and routes connected all the frontierforts.
And everywhere was happiness with law and order,
While foreign nations, eager for Imperial coin, shipped goods to Roman ports.

27. But ancient Rome was doomed to ruin and disaster.
Like all the older nations, Rome ignored the wisdom, how to rule a State.
Rome could not guide her fate, so fate became her master.
And when decay has eaten off the structure, all improvements come too late.
As Rome was climbing to the top of culture's ladder,
Accumulating wealth and easy life, the social order grew a rift
Between the poor and those, who prospered, faring better.
The richer people soon controlled the law—the poorer class was left to drift.

28. You live and let them live—is nature's law since ages,
And any law, which Man has made for all, should bear this fundamental truth.
A oneseid law has always paid the error's wages,
Which is distrust—inviting vices and dishonesty of human brood.
And while the lack of confidence in Rome was growing,
A spell of crimes, corruption spread and stalked through every part of Roman land.
Then came the spirit of revolt, which hate is sowing,
And soon heralded rising storm, which Romans in the end could not withstand.

29. And slavery, shame of Roman culture, then existed.
But slaves have always been a dangermark of turmoil and internal strife.
As stubbornly the Roman law on slaves persisted,
These human chattels met in secret, plotting for their free and better life.
While slaves, the poor and discontented were preparing
To rise and strike, when time was ripe, to smash the social order—take control—
Patricians, ruling Rome, were haughty, overbearing,
Their hearts were turning stone—the wealth and greed for gold was shutting off their soul.

30. The steady progress of the human brains since ages,
As willed by God, has never stopped and carries on to build a better race.
And so civilization during all its stages
Might shape the character of Man, but cannot stem the evolution pace.
When Roman culture reached its highest peak and prospered,
It was the trend of time and mind, why Romans still believed in heathengods
And gruesome, human sacrifice was freely fostered.
The ignorant and poor were awed, impressed with templetricks and magic frauds.

31. But paganism showed to lose its domineering,
While misery and poverty increased and cleared the Roman people's mind
The ruling classes, deaf to warnings, never hearing,
Combined with templepriests—to feast, forget through orgynights of every kind.
To down the growing discontent and rising unrest,
Patricians sent the people's leaders far away to fight in foreign lands.
So tyrants could relax, while opponents were farthest,
And Rome was quiet—which meant internal peace, as long as law with order stands.

32. The Roman country was comprising many races.
In fact, the whole of white Man's region was controlled or ruled by ancient Rome.
And everywhere, in remote cities, distant places,
Was felt decline of Roman social structure, slow decay of human home.
An atmosphere of dull despair and resignation
Deprived humanity of happy feelings, any hope for better days.
But still there was a vague and steady expectation—
And God has never failed to send through darkest clouds a glimpse of hopeful rays.

33. And millions then, awake through nights of doubt and sorrow,
Had asked the same eternal question, shy: Is there at all a real God?
And with the daybreak's twilight—rising sun of Morrow,
A whisper went from Man to Man: Behold the Sun! What splendor daylight brought!
And see, how nature greets the sunlight, while responding!
The dawning blossoms, raising, open up! The dewdrops sparkle in the Sun!
The mist is fading, gone, like nightmares, shorn of haunting!
And noises everywhere tune in the light—another day has now begun.

34. And just as nature comes to life by facing sunlight,
Humanity must face the truth, which is alone the Lord, who gives us life.
When trust and confidence forsook us, failing outright,
And social order, bare of vision, gave away to grim, internal strife.
A tortured world, and such was ancient Rome, despairing,
Would see the abyss, not the road, and millionfold, a cry from human hearts
Went up to Heaven: Help us! Ease our sorrows bearing!
There came no sign or voice from Yonder—hopes alone remained like flick'ring darts.

35. And where is hope, there will be life—so goes the saying.
The Hope indeed has always been a silent message from the Lord above
To those, who upheld Good and Right—with patient praying.
As justice must survive, if human wisdom could not give to Man that Love,
Which bears the ties of trust and confidence forever,
So manbuilt State may live, when ruins of the older order went to dust.
And God himself will take a hand, to help as never,
By choosing wisely then a real guide to lead—restore the human trust.

36. There had been Hebrew prophets, truly God inspired,
Who foretold long before the fall of Rome, about the coming of a light,
The rising of a wondrous man, who—never tired—
Would tell the world about the needs of time and show the ways of just and right,
The truth of human life, the soul and its survival,
When death steps in, but not as end but starting of eternal, better life.
The coming of this man, the time of his arrival
Would bring an age of happiness, succeeding times of misery and strife.

37. What is the truth of life? What does it mean to mankind?
The first thing you must know, is—you are barely living eighteen thousand days,
Of which—when grown—eleven thousand with your own mind,
As latter part of life, will give you time to think of overyonder ways.
And every day of toiling and of ardent thinking
Should be a steady flow of honest thoughts and deeds, of good will towards Man.
And as your friends increase, while selfishness is shrinking,
Your life shall be a life of giving, not of taking—helping, what you can.

38. So Jesus came into this world of sins and sorrow,
A son from simple parents, persecuted by the cruel Roman law.
When Jesus then was born in someone's manger hollow,
A comet lit the sky—it was the brightest star, which humans ever saw.
It was a sign from God, to show a world still gasping,
That Jesus was to be the chosen man—to lead them all from dark to light.
And like a guiding hand, which falling Man was grasping,
So Jesus led and brought a suff'ring Mankind under spell of Heaven's might.

39. How can we argue to-day, if God was Jesus' father?
As human as He was in life, his name will live forever through his death.
About his birth and origin, we needn't bother.
It's his ideals, setting fast a world aflame, which took the Roman's breath.
He was the man then of the hour—forceful figure—
And conscious of his mission, bravely faced misled, depressed humanity.
He knew the dangers, preaching truth, and yet with vigor,
He taught a cleaner life, to shape the mind and save the soul's eternity.

40. And: Love your neighbor as you love yourself—He shouted,
While his attentive list'ners knelt and often wept, when Jesus prayed and spoke.
So Jesus' words, which those in power mocked and flouted,
Gave hope to those oppressed, enslaved—in Man a new reviving vision woke.
And like a flaming torch—his preaching, sometimes lashing,
Aroused the ancient world, prepared the ground for better days of human fate.
The news of Jesus' words—like magic signals, flashing—
Were spreading fast from Man to Man and showed the road—a brighter era's gate.

41. The price of Sin is death—the price of truth is glory.
But truth must go a thorny path, before it turns into a rainbow trail.
As we can read and learn in Jesus' martyr story.
And still his life of truth would mean for Man a sacrifice to no avail.
So Jesus chose to suffer on the cross, forsaken,
To die and show, that death is only start of life for Man's immortal soul.
Submitting to the raving, angry mob, when taken,
He carried cheerfully his cross and went to death—to meet his God—his goal.

42. The followers of Christ, dispersed and scattered,
Determined and inspired by the gospel—traveled far to every land.
While trust in Roman rule and heathengods was shattered,
The faith of Christ was grasped by many—others followed soon to understand.
To Man had come the dawning of a revelation.
And like the ripples of a magic circle, growing larger every day,
The words of Christ were gripping many with elation.
So even after he was gone—the story of his life made millions pray.

43. A wondrous light had come to Man—through Jesus preaching,
A light—which lit the later, darkest days of ancient Rome, then crumbling down.
A light—which gave the world the master's noblest teaching—
And during nineteen hundred years, this light was guide—civilization's crown.
The early Christians built for Man a rock foundation,
Creating by their new religion cleaner, sounder moral, better laws.
Christianity was soon embraced by every nation,
That saw and understood the light, which meant new life—a future without flaws.

44. A falling nation—like a sinking man, when dying—
Has lost the confidence, the will and grit for standing up to fight the foes.
So when the Huns appeared, on horses swift as flying,
It was not hard for them, to overrun the Roman legions, getting close.
And when the Visigoths came West as new aggressor,
There was not much resistance—ancient Rome had ceased to rule and fell apart
The other nations, freed from Rome, their arch oppressor,
Gave Christian Faith the upperhand—a new and better social order's start.

45. We cannot do without religion, God inspired.
It is religion—baring soul and shaping mind—which keeps us straight and true,
So we can tell the right from wrong, as law required,
And live a life of righteousness—at last may meet our God, when death is due.
Sincere belief in living yonder, daily praying,
Will make us feel, we have a soul, which like a silent, steady guide from God,
Will guard our steps and every word, that we are saying,
And blessings will be ours, if—while on Earth—we cherished honest deeds and thought.

46. And so for many centuries, our Christ's religion,
Has been the living structure until now for many nations on the globe.
The Christian Faith has given root and true conviction
To every law, the education, moral—carries on the future's hope.
The dearest, precious thing, religion has created,
Is Christian Home, where parents teach the children, guarding them at work and play.
So any part of human life, that be narrated,
Is bearing strong the will of God and Christ—if we live up to it and Pray.

47. And while we talk about religion and ideals,
Let us remember too the monks of olden times, who preached to savages,
Who wandered far to brave the dangers and ordeals,
While facing threat'ning crowds—the country often torn by wartime ravages.
Those monks built chapels here and there on roads or hillside,
So many passing by, would stop to pray, and filled with hope, went on their way.
And often such a shrine, with God's intention, foresight,
Became a mighty Catholic church to serve for worship—open night and day.

48. The Catholics indeed have borne the brunt of fighting,
All through the middle age, when ceaseless warfare put the Christian Faith at stake.
And there were times of untold terror, panic fright'ning,
When from the East, the Turks invaded Europe soil, with ruins in their Wake.
But Christian armies always won against aggression,
And finally the staunch crusaders took again Jerusalem by storm.
When many countries were exhausted in succession,
Religion fled to monasteries' solitude—where monks could study its Reform.

49. Then came as parting from the church—the Reformation—
And caused by those, who wished more Bible truth and for the priests a marriage life.
These churchreformers shaped their own denomination,
Putting aside the older law, they ruled that every preacher had a wife.
Their church was called the Protestants for their protesting
And has achieved a lot of good and blessings towards Man until to-day.
The Protestants and Catholics without contesting
Should be like brothers, sisters—God is loving all—no matter, how they pray.

50. And what about the Jews, who came to Europe, fleeing,
When Mohammed was threatening the ancient world with fire and the sword?
The Jews, without a country for the time then being,
Were leaving fast Jerusalem to look for other parts, and wandered North.
The Jews had brought with them a clean and fine religion,
Which wrote for us the oldest chapters of the Bible—noblest book of God.
The Jews, when settled, lived according to tradition,
Becoming useful members of community, for which they toiled and fought.

51. For many hundred years, the Jews have been respected
As peaceful, just, industrious people, clean of mind, in every walk of life.
The Jews, as older culture, could not be expected
To interbreed with any younger race, from which discomfort would arrive.
The Jews, in arts and science, gave lead to every nation,
In trade and industry achieved the best and never lacked their share for Need.
And like a streak of light in times of dark duration,
The Jews have shown the way to Man and given human progress steady heed.

52. The world has changed a lot, since Jesus Christ was preaching,
Most people don't exist on farms, but live on pay in cities for their toil.
With higher cost of living, wage is never reaching,
Most workers merely vegetate and miss the blessings, living on the soil.
Their life became a real struggle for existence,
Some lost the confidence in Man and trust in God through long privation Grind.
While jobless men don't get efficient, firm assistance,
Depression—scourging aftermath of war—is gripping stark the human mind.

53. There is no need for unemployed in lines of waiting,
And if the commerce, industry are not in shape to hire idle hands,
The government must do, what it refused with hating,
And pay them unemployment cashinsurance—give them else the vacant lands.
If common sense cannot-rebuild the shaking structure,
Let's spend the Billions for relief—to settle down the idle men on soil.
It is the wisest thing to heal the gaps and rupture,
Before the pillars and foundation give away to unrest—riots' boil.

54. And what is common sense? You ask me for a lesson?
At first, in early childhood, learn to keep yourself and your surroundings Clean!
And think, before you speak and act, and do no guessing!
Until you pass opinion, go to roots and bottom, without being mean!
Keep each thing in its place and straightened out in order!
Be positive and consequent in words and deeds! Stay firm, but do not bet!
As habit do economize, but be no hoarder!
From source to purpose choose the shortest way, and never ask, what you can't get!

55. It's not alone the common sense, which does the leading,
While we go on to struggle, grieve, almost despair about the daily grind.
When sorrows are a burden, try some Bible reading
Or listen to a sermon, join the prayers, holy mass—to clear your mind.
And hear ye, preachers, priests and rabbis—all together!
It's up to you, to grasp and understand the cause of need and great distress!
Your words shall be like rays through clouds in stormy weather,
If you are bringing back the trust, which people have been losing more or less!

56. And tell the world in clearer words—and without flatt'ring,
It's not on what we live, but what we live for—which is marking Christian Life!
No matter, how much wealth and honors we are gath'ring,
We owe to God a life of good will towards Man—a life of sacrifice.
And then again—it's our soul, which we are saving,
By doing right, to comfort others—giving freely our ample, hearty share.
For any troubles, hardship, worries—we are braving,
We must ask God for help, who will advise us through the soul—his voice—and care.

57. The human soul! How many laughed at your existence?
And still, how often speaks the soul to you, when daily sorrows blur your mind!
And every time your flesh is weak and balks resistance,
Your soul is begging you, to kneel and pray—to leave the worldly sins behind!
You call it them—your better self, subconscious spirits!
It's all the same, combined in one—your soul—that God gave you—will take again!
And character of Man might have uncounted merits!
Without the consciousness of soul—there is no conscience, voice of God, in Man.

58. So Man is struggling towards better lights arising,
And God gave ample time for him to develop his brains and find his soul.
But earthly life is tempting him with sins, enticing,
And Man is only human, stalls and falls behind, while straying off his goal.
The Lord was raising Man with patience and forgiving,
He knew the weaker points of humans—what they fail to reach and what they can.
When Man at ease—forgot the purpose of his living,
A setback came along, and God used nature as a whip, to punish Man.

59. There cannot be progress in human aspirations,
While Man's belief in God to-day is badly shaken, lacking lift and lead.
And during rise and fall of young and older nations,
Morality has shown but very little, slow advance of human breed.
But Man has time ahead to learn and be improving,
Another glacial period waits for us, to freeze the largest part of Earth.
Again that longest winter comes, with glaciers moving,
To shift the human race to warmer climes—and with it only what is worth.

60. The human stock, improved—with glacierfields receding,
Will wander forth to start the cycle of a better Man—to reach the goal.
The Lord will guard the human fate and give his leading,
Until the time has come, when Man at last fulfilled his task and found his soul.
And listen, science! I give this duty your attention!
You prove, what I have known,—that after death the soul is living without doubt.
When you have found the truth, as willed by God's intention,
The human race, deprived of spur to live—will dwindle—soon be dying out.

