

THE STORY OF MAN

By Gustave Wurslin

1. In ancient times, when Man began to think and wonder
About the sun, the moon, the stars and anything he could not understand,
He named a God for wind, the water, light'ning, thunder,
And everywhere he gazed and pondered, stared, while superstition stalked the land.
And just as cruel as nature's sudden terrorizing,
The sons of Man could punish Man, they ravished, tortured, slaughtered, killed their kin,
To please their gods, they clung to human sacrificing,
They worshiped magic heathen pranks, and any other evil was no sin.
2. But slowly came the dawn to Man like daylight breaking,
The dawn which woke his slumb'ring soul and drove away the clouds and ghostly night,
So joy, new hopes and courage filled his heart still aching.
The world looked new to him, his mind was clear, his day had come with brighter light.
And now he learned to praise the sky and stars, abounding,
He welcomed rain and sunshine for his crops, he blessed the wind which blew his sail,
And hailed at night the moonlit trail, astounding.
The fire too became his friend and served for many things to his avail.
3. And all this softened, brightened, broadened human thinking,
And Man was happy then, while clinging to his home and soil, which mothered Man,
The precious soil, he tilled from morn till night was sinking,
And so he earned his needs in food and clothes for all his fam'ly, kin and klan.
As generous nature aided freely his existence,
So thankful Man was loving nature dearly, grasping firmly in his thoughts,
That everything that grew and all to his assistance,
Was only handywork of one Almighty and no heathen gods.
4. The sons of Man rose high in culture, arts and trading,
A paradise of happiness was spreading far and wide to every land.
The rights of Man were law itself, with hatred fading,
There were no rich and poor, and all like brothers, sisters, working hand in hand,
And Man knew then, there was a God above the living,
Who judged his deeds and weighted his sins, who guarded him until the last of breath,
And shielded rights, released repented wrongs, forgiving,
And led them all to lasting peace, eternal life and glory after death.
5. There are two shiny metals, gold and silver, tinkling,
And as the story now goes on, Man craved to own and hoard the coins of gold.
Soon everybody liked and sought the metal's jingling,
There was a scrambling chase, and gold became the greed of young and old.
So gold was changing Man, his mind and feeling,
He longed to live in luxury, he dreamed of riches as his goal,
He spurned the many warning voices, still appealing,
No more he loved the ways of nature, words of God—and shut was now his soul.
6. Such was the downward trend of times with every nation,
Two thousand years ago, when Romans ruled the ancient world from sea to sea.
Victorious Roman legions forced the abdication
Of foreign kings in every subdued land, relentless, deaf to plea.
Jerusalem was one of Roman late dominions,
When Pontius Pilate ruled in Caesar's name, but wisely stayed a friend of priests,
Respecting their religious rites and old opinions,
He held the Roman yoke supreme and did not care about the native feasts.
7. Then came from Nazareth a Jewish youth with teaching,
And showing cleaner ways to live, preparing for another life beyond.
His name was Jesus Christ, the mastermind in preaching.
He loved the poor and wretched sick—of brazen, heartless rich he was not fond.
And so he travelled, restless, fearless, seldom sleeping,
Along the rocky roads, from town to town, he found no lasting place to stay.
His route was lined with crowds, bewildered, often weeping.
He blessed them, preaching, tore the icy cover off their soul and made them pray.
8. When Jesus spoke, his Godly shining eyes were flaming,
He scorned the lust for sin and gold, with thundrous voice he told a world gone mad,
To shun conceit, deceit,—repenting and ashaming.
He read the ten commandments, warning loud about a reck'ning soon and sad.
He chased the peddlers from the temple gates, still raving,
Reminded too the priests of fakes and faults, which earned him fast their wrath and hate.
They envied Jesus for his courage, danger braving,
They feared him yet, with patience marked their time to find a way to seal his fate.
9. So Jesus preached a stainless life—contented, praying,
A simple, cheerful life, which bares the hidden soul and shapes the human mind.
And never ceasing, firm, he told the world still flaying:
Alone the soul, if cleaned, redeemed, can live, when death will leave the shell behind.
From far and farther came the surging throngs, still growing,
To hear the master speak, they brought the news of Jesus Christ to every home.
And verily—a wondrous light, forever glowing,
Had come to Man and like a revelation spread to every land and Rome.
10. When Jesus said, he is the Son of God, his Father,
He told the truth, as he, with teaching never heard, has set a world aflame,
What long before no prophet could accomplish rather.
There is no equal to his words and deeds—and nothing can outlive his name.
How can we mock the Holy Ghost, the Heaven's Glory,
Which as an unseen power poured on Jesus all those messages from God,
We love to read and read again in Jesus' story
And truly, God alone has sent those words—and millions stood for them and fought.
11. It is in human nature—hiding truth and reck'ning,
It is so easy, telling lies to please the crowd, excusing vice and sin.
But if it comes to vital things, the conscience, beck'ning,
Will never rest, will shut the tongue, and in the end, always the truth will win.
And Jesus knew, that those in power at his living,
Were fearing his unflatt'ring truth and hated him with bitter scorn and wrath.
He saw the ending of his life—and his upgiving,
But wished the fruit of his enlightening, eternal words would live through death.
12. So came the darkest day—the day so sad and fateful,
When framing, angry priests, accusing Jesus graftily the emp'ror's foe,
Denouncing him as outlaw, traitor never grateful,
Laid hands on him, dispersed his friends, attracted mobsters for the plotted show.
And dragging him to court, insulting Christ the Saviour,
The mob, so easily incited, never scenting right where wrong is done,
With lust and shouts for blood, unconscious of behaviour,
Impressed the highest Roman judge, who let them finish what they had begun.
13. So Jesus went to Golgotha, betrayed, forsaken,
They nailed him to a wooden cross, to die as martyr, sacrifice to Man.
And when he gave his soul to God, the earth was shaken,
While sudden darkness came with wind so cold like some gigantic, unseen fan.
The ancient world was shocked and learned about the story,
So many doubters turned their mind and changed their life, repenting sin and wrong.
And many saved their soul for God and Jesus' glory,
Eternity was now their goal, as life on earth is never lasting long.
14. The star of Jesus cast a light, forever shining,
His followers retold his words and spread the gospel everywhere and far.
The holy Bible has become the silver lining
On darkest clouds of strife, despair, decline and human misery ajar.
Christianity became the lead of every nation,
And every law—so moral, habits, arts and any human deed and thought
Are bearing strong the will of Christian inspiration.
Thus ancient Rome came crumbling down—there is no life without the truth of God.
15. And still, since Jesus died, a martyr, suff'ring, bleeding,
As centuries were rolling by, the Christian people left the path of right
And often spurned the Lord, denied the Saviour's leading,
Preferred the larger road of sin, for gold and land returned to war and fight.
But high above the human erring, weaklings' falling
Is standing firm the cross of Christ—a rock of ages—thunderproof and bright.
And always yet we hear his voice—eternal calling,
And pointing clear the narrow path of Christian love and life—to God and light.
16. Again to-day, the Christian faith is badly shattered,
When came as aftermath of war, depression—holding fast the human race.
Most countries, short of funds and crops, resources battered,
Are grappling hard with crime, starvation, labor strife, and still the worst to face.
Despairing mobs, with nothing else to loose, when trying,
Are reaching for control, as nation leaders, bare of wits, have failed to lead.
While women, children, cold at home, are starving, crying,
The wisest of us all are late to find a way of helping those in need.
17. Forgotten are the memories of sheer privation,
Endured by pioneers of long ago, who struggled, broke for us the ground,
Developed agriculture, building up the nation,
While settlements became the towns, so industry could flourish all around.
And Man believed in God, in modesty, contentment.
The joys of life then came to him in simple ways and happy, cheerful mood.
The crimes were scarce—for graft and vice, there was resentment.
Detesting idle, lazy hands, he lived to work and earn his clothes and food.
18. But times have changed, and so has Man—his mind and living.
You see religion often cast aside, while greed for gold has conquered Man.
He claims his share, believes in taking, not in giving.
He craves for comfort, easy life, he wants to spend and reach for what he can.
This state of mind will ruin Man, deprived of vision.
Humanity must learn and realize, that Man again must find his soul,
By coming back to God, his Son and holy mission,
So he can fight all misery of time, depression and its haunting toll.
19. And science, the pride of knowledge, missed as bitter failure,
To help our struggling, lead the way in Man's despairing, greatest, vital fight.
Yet true enough, as pioneers in searching valor,
The scientists forged ahead and gave civilization undreamed rise and height.
With instruments and implements, improved and clever,
They followed streams of atoms, measured accurately every distant star.
They scrutinized the origin of Man, as never,
For proofs and links, they studied many species, long extinct, from near and far.
20. And still with all their great discoveries, inventions,
They could not grasp the end of void, where is no bottom, top, no left, no right.
And who denies the wiser will of God's intentions,
If Man can't see the smallest part of matter, lacking reach of human sight,
And while the scientists tell with boisterous elation
About the million years of evolution—time ahead of human thought,
They stopped and missed the most important revelation,
That Man is missing link between the lowly matter and the mind of God.
21. Instead of being led to evil contradiction,
As challenge—thrust against religion, better leader since the rise of Man,
The scientists should have used the science as true conviction
In God's belief and hope for life in Heaven, better yet than Bible's ban.
How small is Man, his thoughts and earthly, daily struggling!
How tiny is the globe, on which we live, amidst the void, the endless space!
How useless tries the scientists' dogma, grappling, heckling,
To pierce the Universe, which mocks their theories, their thoughts a hopeless haze!
22. Divinity came not alone as Bible preaching,
There is infinity of space, infinity of time—the Gate of God,
At which the scientists knock with knowledge never reaching.
They cannot understand, that only Soul can come to him and not their thought.
And so the fight goes on, what should assume the leading.
But those with God in mind, do not rely on science, they choose the Saviour's way.
They are the salt on earth, by trust in Bible reading,
They finally will win and lead the world to happy life—to work and pray.
23. And even those who never had the Saviour's blessing,
And never heard the words of God, will feel his touch, when death is stepping in,
That last of living hours—no missing and no guessing,
As everybody has to die, to free the soul and pay the price for sin.
And as you lie in agony, still trembling, shaking,
The memories of past—your deeds and spoken words—are flashing through your mind!
Your eyes, regretting, now imploring, breaking,
Will see a glimpse of Heaven—God has claimed your soul—your ashes stay behind.