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THE
LAST DAY

•A POEM

BY

RAM SHARMA.

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I DREAMT a dream of wondrous phantasy,
Such as asleep or waking ne'er before
So stirred my heart's pulsations, or transfixed
My mind spell-bound to what I saw and heard.
Oh ! that I had the mighty gift of song
Like him, the bard divine, on whom the Nine
Their choicest blessings pour'd—immortal Vyás*,—
Who waked of yore the many-sounding harp,
In bursts of grandest harmony sublime :—
Then might I hope to sing in numbers fit
The lofty theme my humble Muse inspires !

Methought the last, the awful day came on,
Big with the fate of man and countless worlds—
The day on which the self-styled lord of earth,

Author of the Mahabharat, the greatest Epic in the world.

I stood on th' edge of dread Eternity,
All motionless and in amazement lost,
And pow'r of utterance locked as in a trance,
Where the mind wakes and but the body sleeps.
The panorama vast of varied worlds
Lay like an ample page before mine eyes,
All deeply stirred, as if they knew and felt
It was Creation's dissolution day.
Terror, like some huge bird with sable wings
Outspread, now brooded o'er the face of things ;
A lurid hue—nor light nor darkness—veil'd
The scene, as 'twere the shroud of threat'ning doo
The sun himself, the moon, and starry spheres
Appeared all shorn of their effulgence bright ,

'Twas a fit prologue to Pralaya's* dread
Tragedy, awful past all power of speech !
Prakriti—Universal Mother—looked
As though to an idea she must fade
Away, absorbed in the primal shell,
As when the Manifest unconscious lay
All locked in Param Brahma's† close embrace,
When hark ! the trumpet's dread and furious blast,
Piercing all space with deaf'ning clangour shrill, .
Demands in voice of thunder loud—" Give up
The dead ! Ye graves ! Ye elements ! that hold

* Annihilation of created things.

† The Supreme Being—the First Cause.

Matter which once was life—give up the dead !^c
 Again—again is heard that mighty blast,
 Till earth and sky a deepening echo fills,
 And lo ! a form in mid-air now appears,
 Bright with the radiance of ten thousand suns,
 Shedding confluent streams of dazzling light.
 'Tis the eternal Judge Unspeakable !
 The Trinal God-head in His Oneness blest !
 Blest Unity in holy Trinity,
 By triple band of Gunas* manifest !
 And round about Him shine the nine Great Lords,†
 Four score Sidhs and four,‡ and twelve Mystic Paths§—
 But dim revealed i' the Apostolic number—

* Qualities of the Deity. They are three in number, viz :—*satya* or goodness, *raja* or passion, and *tamas* or darkness.

† The Novenity of the Yogis.

‡ *Siddhas*, Saints or Elders of heaven.

§ *Dwadash Panthas*. This, rightly understood, gives the clue to the identity of esoteric Christianity with Yogoism. Alas ! for the ignorance of Hindu and Christian bigots on this momentous subject.

The Prajapatis,* and celestial Rishis,†
And angels,—spirits pure of perfect light.

Not far from throne of awful Justice stands,
With his great Book in hand and flaming sword,
The Angel who records all mortal deeds ;
While hosts of cherubs bright, in arms celestial,
Crowd the bright vault of heav'n to execute
Decrees judicial of their Sovereign Lord.
Nature beheld the Tribunal Divine
Aghast, her heart all quiv'ring with affright ;
The earth and sky to their foundations shook ;
Old Ocean sank into his inmost caves ;
And, with his empty hour-glass, Time stood still.
Louder and louder still the trumpet sounds :—
“Ye elements ! Ye graves ! give up the dead !”
Obedient to the call, the elements
And sepulchres disgorge their cold contents :

* Supernal Powers presiding over Creation, reckoned to be ten in number corresponding to the ten quarters of the Universe.

† Sages.

But oh ! how changed, though now revived,
From what in flesh they were, when they did walk
The earth in all the spurious pride of clay !
The prison-house and discipline of Death
Are truly, sternly chast'ning ! Fancy drops
Her colored glass, and man beholds himself
In all his naked imbecility.

Innumerable as the ocean sands,
The spirits o' the resuscitated dead,
Like frozen streams bursting their icy band,
In swelling numbers soon appear in sight.
They come ! they come ! like armies vast of ants,
Or like unceasing billows of the sea,
Wave after wave in endless following !
Patricians and plebeians, rich and poor,
Princes and peasants, rulers and the ruled,
Tyrants and slaves, philosophers and fools,—
Commingled all in one promiscuous throng—
Flock to the awful verge of Time and Space.
O Death ! thou art indeed a leveller !

THE LAST DAY.

Thou strippest monarchs of their jewelled crowns,
Their purple robes, and golden rods of sway ;
Robbest the bloom from Beauty's blushing cheeks,
And the soft lustre from her witching eyes ;
'Tis thou reducest mighty, splendid earth,
Alike with what is deemed ignoble clay,
Into vile, paltry food for crawling worms !
Alas ! that thy stern lessons should be lost
On man, though taught him with an iron tongue !

Yonder they come, the spirits of the dead,
All mute with anxious fear or conscious guilt,
All but the good and true—th' Elect of Heaven—
To whom His will had been a guiding star.
O Pride ! where now thy scorn, thy haughty mien,
Thou who wast wont to spurn the lowly ones
Of earth, the sons of Toil and Poverty ?
O Wealth ! where now thy much-lov'd golden hoards,
Those hoards incarnadined with human gore—
The wages vile of villany and sin ?
O Tyranny ! where now thy rod of sway,

THE LAST DAY.

Thy iron heel which, drunk with pow'r, upon
The necks of thy weak brethren thou didst set ?
Vile caitiffs ! tremble for your cursed souls !

The charnels now have cast up all the dead,
And re-awakened Man awaits his doom.
Say, heavenly Muse ! of that vast throng who stood ?
Who fell ? who stood firm as a rock, or who
Fell, like some column hoar with age, from sheer
Rottenness, down into the yawning pit ?

In sweetest accents breathing music's soul,
First the Recording Angel bade the good
And true,—the lights of sanctity on earth—
Step forth from that vast concourse of the dead.
And forth they stepped, a glorious band, in peace
And holiness and light devotional
Enrobed ; they moved like Hesper beaming mild ;
Their eyes were upward turn'd ; their looks reflected,
As in a mirror clear, a tranquil soul.
Oh ! tranquil as the ocean's breast when not
A breeze the waters stirs, a gentle swell

THE LAST DAY.

Alone expressing Gratitude's sweet throb .
Theirs were the kindly charities of life,—
Mercy, benevolence, and sympathy—
Which knew not any tribal bounds of hill
Or rill, nor wider ones of sea or mount ;
But scorning all the bars of land and sea,
They the whole world in loving folds embraced :
Not that false, hollow, cruel Love which mocks
With idle words, while deeds the iron soul
Betray, but Love as true as His who bled
Upon the Crucifix for fallen man !
Theirs was Humility, not such as veils
The outward form in mask of lowliness,
While rages fierce the flame of pride within,
But such as—felt along the heart—o'erflows
In meekness true of mind and mien and speech.
Justice was theirs, that held in even balance
Self and the world, and gave to all their due,
And no distinction made 'tween man and man.
Religion was theirs, not mere lip-professed,
But heart-cherished, and proved by righteous lives

And works, where Love of God and Love of man—
The dual Love without which either's vain—
Commingle shone in happy union blest.
And oh ! when earthly pow'r was theirs, 'twas not
The meteor's blaze at night al^lominous
Of coming evil, or the lightning flash,
Whose dazzling glare preludes the fearful bolt ;
No, 'twas the solar ray which 'lumes the world
With light and life and hope derived from Heav'n !

The saintly host in kneeling posture lay
With clasped hands, and in devotion rapt.
A halo now each holy brow invests,
Brighter than brightest diadem of kings,
As the Eternal Perfect Judge decrees
Translation of the blest to bow'rs of bliss !
Rejoice, Salvation's heirs ! your trials o'er,
Receive the well-earned guerdon of your faith !

One by one forth they stepped with noiseless feet,
That scarcely seemed to touch the solid earth,—
Forth they stepped, to receive from lips Divine

The golden Judgment which promoted them
To thronèd seats among the Pow'rs of heaven.

● Now gleams a radiant vision on my sight,—
A startling joy such as the rapt adorer
Thrills when the light first flashes on his soul.
A glorious figure, wearing heavenly
Peace like a zoneless garment richly wrought,
Comes softly on, attended by three Graces,—
Charity, Love, and Faith. These from his birth
Abode with him as no unworthier co-mate
Or less pure than the denizens of heaven,—
Their native home—and made his hallowed name
A household word in Bharat's sunny land.
And in that presence bright I recognise,
With swelling heart, the Indian Cræsus whom
True holiness with lowliness combined,
And rarest self-lessness of soul sublime,
Transmuted into perfect saint in flesh.
Rich unto bountifulness in all gifts
Of fortune—birth, wealth, rank, and influence,—

He made but little count of these as such,—
Nay, feared and shunned them as dread Maya's* toils,
Spread out to hold life in suspended death.
And this fair globe was but a pyrotechnic
Dome unto him, a beauteous—glowing joy
This moment, but black cinder e'en the next.
For in the spring of life the wisdom hoar
Of old-world sages overshadowed him,
And well he knew the microcosm we call
Our body—with its circling seas and isles
And rushing rivers and its vales and hills—
Is but a wilderness by savage beasts
Infested, and we all are killed all day
Long by the self-same beasts,—our passions wild.
And long he strove to kill the savage beasts,
And long he fought the chiefest of them all—
Desire—a myriad-headed monster fell—
That, like the fabled Hydra, fast acquires
From seeming slaughter but a two-fold force.

* Illusion.

But still the flesh gave them a refuge sure,
And still the world their vital strength maintained,
Till, in his hardest struggles, baffled oft,
He tore himself from home and all its ties,—
The gilded fetters we call household loves—
From friends, and all the world's entanglements.
And he resolved—his debts in works discharged—
In lonely fight to overcome the beasts,
And burn them out and out in sacrifice
On God's true altar in the purest heart.
Thus, armed with shield of Faith and Voiragya's*
Pilgrim staff, lone he wandered from his kind—
His God his all in all, in him and all—
A *paribrajak*† freed from wordly bonds,
At peace with all, but with himself at war,—
The stony ground and bare his downy bed,
And the cerulean sky his canopy ;
And he lived—when, indeed, occasional

* Abandonment of the world.

† Religious wanderer.

Pauses in his continual fasts permitted—
 On voluntary doles of charity,
 Austere like one of Christ's own chosen Twelve.
 At last, near sacred Jumna's dark blue stream,
 In sight of Brindabun's far-glitt'ring shrine,
 He triumphed o'er the beasts—yea, triumphed o'er
 The Serpent* that in three folds and-a-half
 Coils round the Adam in our inner self ;
 And there, amid the coil's song and peacock's
 Joyous dance, won deliverance from flesh,
 And passed through death to everlasting life !^a

Among that saintly host, with thrilling joy
 And pride, I see the bold Reformer, who
 In darkest times flung off the yoke of Falschood ;

* The allegorical account of Adam and the Serpent in the Bible, and the mythological account of Hercules and the Dragon guarding the golden apples of the Hesperides, have an explanation well known to Eastern Initiates. There is more in these accounts than meets the eye, a deeper significance than is attached to them by superficial observers. They only who have unravelled this riddle have in their possession the true key to the great problem of life. Reader ! you have the mystery here presented to you in a nutshell, — its solution is well worth the serious attention of the wise.

THE LAST DAY.

And, putting on the panoply of light,
Brought bright-eyed Truth from her secluded home
Amidst Himālaya's eternal snows
Back to his native plain, from whence she had
In terror fled, all scared by hateful rites
Revolting of a hellish superstition.
Filled with the learning of the East and West—
An intellectual Samson in the midst
Of Philistines grov'ling in ignorance,
And fallen from their simple ancient faith,—
He consecrated, with unflinching zeal,
His mighty mind with all its gifts and powers,
Its wealth of knowledge spoiled from hoary Time,
Its deepest thoughts, and fondest—brightest hopes,
To the sole service of his God and kind.
O ! noble life with noble deeds replete !
'Twas thine the glory and the grace and joy
To save thy country's new-born buds from slaughter
On th' altars of a fell idolatry,
And widowed female hearts—all warm and throbbing
With full-blooded life—from the blazing pyre !

THE LAST DAY.

Thine the still higher glory to erect
God's church—pure from abominations foul—
On the strong rock of Nature's revelation,
Which ne'er deceiveth, understood aright.
Alas ! among thy following, in these
Degen'rate times, there be who, wandering
From the true God, transfer the worship due
To Him, from Him unto His creature man,
And impiously exalt a finite thing—
A crawling worm—unto the perfect glory
And wisdom of the Infinite Creator !³

Next see he comes, with smiling looks benign,
The grand old man, who left his sea-girt home
In the far West, to spouse Philanthropy
In fair Bengala's grove of champac bright ;
Who fondly—passionately clave to her,
And only her, thro' weal and woe, in health
And sickness, and thro' good report and evil,—
Unchanged and changeless with the ceaseless whirl
Of self and passions' bustling stir around !

THE LAST DAY.

For he re-lit the lamp of Knowledge, where
Her crystal light had been for ages quenched,
And all his heart and soul and means employed
In serving self-lessly an ancient race,
Borne down by wars and robber-hordes, and pining
In the deep gloom of Freedom's longest night.
His life was but a stream of golden deeds,
A white page undefiled by blur or blot ;
And so he left a blessed name behind,
A name told on the heart's own rosary !
Methinks I see a merry troop of boys
Gathered round him, the centre of their sports ;
And as the fun goes round, loud ringing peals
Of elfin laughter greet each sprightly prank
The little folk—spring-flowers of innocence—
Invent, to speed the joyous hours away.
And he the while views them with glistening eyes,
Or joins them in their sports, more blithe and gay
Than ev'n the merriest, playfullest of them ;
Or now and then, as they fall out, decides
Their little suits, and harmony restores.

Blest spirit ! hallowed be thy name, and cherished
In kind remembrance to the verge of time !⁴

See ! see ! a saintly form now greets the sight !
See him advance with noiseless steps and soft,—
All glorious with heav'n's holy—blessèd light,
And breathing peace and good will unto men !
Tho' placed on fortune's summit high, nor pride
Nor ostentation his demeanour marked,
Nor lust of power e'er stained his gentle soul ;
But evermore he lived a spotless life,
As pure as his, Creation's earliest Heir,
What time the Father of mankind in Eden
Dwelt,—happy in his wedded love, and love
Of Heaven, ere the Fiend in serpent's guise
With the fatal fruit lured him to his fall.
With well-poised mind and passions held in check,
He nobly worked at Learning's precious mine,
And gave the world the golden key that opens
The treasures locked in Sanscrit speech divine.
Oh ! where—where shall ye find his peer below ?

Death ! render back the glorious dead, to grace
Once more the world with his example bright !

• And now I see a noble figure cast
In highest beauty's mould, whose lofty brow
Bespeaks a pure and lofty soul within.
He looks the image bright of Clemency ;
And as he moves, lo ! Peace attends his steps.
When a fierce hurricane swept o'er the East,
And men hurled Reason from her tott'ring throne,
With cheeks unblanched, stout heart, and iron nerves,
He curb'd their passions wild, and firmly check'd
War's blood-hounds in their merciless career ;
And thus from ruin saved a classic land,
And fair Humanity from lasting shame.
Oh, baleful days ! whose memory still sends
A thrill of horror through the circling veins !
Oh, stormy days ! when lacerated Peace
Lay all but lifeless upon Mercy's lap,
And Virtue—Innocence—Religion's self,
Like storm-kiss'd flow'rs, with consternation shook ;

While, with infernal merriment, hell laughed
To find another hell produced on earth !
In that dread saturnalia of blood,
This righteous statesman stood revealed in all
His moral grandeur ; violence and rapine
And lawlessness fled at his stern command ;
He brought down Mercy from her heav'nly bower,
And Justice's sword tempered with her dew !⁶

And now appears another form in sight,
As the young day-god's morning smiles benign,
Diffusing joy and happiness around.
By his white vest and sacred cincture known,
See the famed Guebre by Philanthropy
Ennobled,—great beyond all earthly titles,—
His country's pride and glory of his kind !
Descended from the Pilgrim Fathers who,
Driven by Moslim bigotry and hate
From their ancestral home amidst the roses
Of fair Iran, had built a newer roof-tree—
A safer hearth on India's pearly shore,

THE LAST DAY.

He was a later Hatem* of his race,—
One in a million—nay, one for an age—
A bright oasis in the human wild—
A millionaire, indeed, in worldly wealth,
But richer—nobler far in wealth of heart !
The millionaire's no more ; the good man lives—
Grateful as Love, as Charity immortal—
In his beneficent endowments rich
For the relief of varied forms of want
And woe, sad dower of mortality.
For, like the sun he worshipped, in the East
First gleamed his bounty,—then spread to the West,
Embracing hemispheres twain and all races
Of men and all creeds in its cheering light.
Is gold, indeed, the bane of worldly bliss
As some good men hold ? Why, all earthly good
Is evil, if not rightly prized and used !
Not in its essence, but in our own hearts
The difference lies : it is the soil that makes

The greatest philanthropist of classic Persia.

THE LAST DAY.

Or mars the fruit. See Helen's ravishing
Beauty with Trojan Paris' lustful eyes,
And well may Ilion totter to her fall.
Power in Nero's or Caligula's
Hands, is a mighty instrument of ill ;
In Constantine's, a blessing to the world.
E'en so this noble Zoroastrian used
The lavish gifts of fortune unto him
But as a trust for his poor fellow-men,
To save and bless—to strengthen—lengthen life
By gen'rous mindfulness and tender care.
He laid, in sooth, a golden girdle round
The globe of mercy—love—benevolence.
And now as forth he stepped, celestial music
Rained down in nectarine show'rs from above,
In token of angelic joy serene
At triumph of that spotless, radiant soul !⁷

Look where he comes ! the Rishi from beyond
The western main, whose tranquil looks serene—
Breathing the silent music of the soul,—

Bespeak the Arhanth victor over self !
A brother of the light,—with sympathies
Wide as the prairies of his native land,
Him not the false glitter of modern life—
False as the sun-set gilding of the clouds,—
Nor whited sepulchres of Western thought,
Containing lifeless forms of hope and faith,
Could captivate and hold a willing thrall.
From the far West he spied the blessed light
Shining serene Thibet's sacred heights ;
The Light,—the Light of Asia—
He took his eager steps,
In quest of Truth's own fountain head
Leaving home and friends for a wider home,—
A larger brotherhood beyond the ties
Of birth and blood, whose limitations were
The mundane world and Universal Man.
O golden life ! so full of golden deeds
Of loving kindness to thy lovèd East,—
Her debtor and her creditor in one !
O noble brother ! though not of thy race

And faith, an ardent love of Truth impels
A stranger in these rude but honest lines
To pay his humble tribute unto thee,
Whose manhood merged in angel-hood below !
Oh ! this fair world would be a Devachan—*
A second Eden 'gainst the Serpent closed,—
If self-lessness and purity like thine
Were commoner among our recreant race !⁸

And next, behold ! in purity enrob
The great Proconsul comes, illustrious Captain
Of Peace, who, by the magic force of truth
And love, won victories before which pale
The bravest deeds of heroes great in arms.
Lov'd Conqueror of Hind, whose warrior host
The kindly virtues were ; whose strongest arms,
The sword of Justice and Minerva's shield ;
Who made his pow'r the Ægis of the weak,
The fairy handmaid of Humanity !
Alas ! as jackals bay the orient moon,

* Elysium.

THE LAST DAY.

E'en so did evil tongues and wolfish hearts
Pursue him ruthless from a blatant Press.
For he regarded all with equal eye—
All human beings, whether bond or free,
Ebon or white, or purple-robed or ragg'd.
And the world's creeds and races, which divide
The world, were unto him but variations—
Most musical in their discordance wild—
Of that compass of notes, whose diapason
For all time is—Man's Brotherhood in God !
Inspired by noble purpose high, he scorned
The mazy ways and crooked zig-zags loved
Of modern state-craft, and right manfully
Chose the straight path of justice, righteousness,
And truth. For this offence—this monstrous sin,
The Boanerges of the West, at head
Of all the brawling virtues of the times,—
Selfishness, arrogance, and avarice,
Race-pride, and blind contempt for others' rights,
Madly rushed on him, thund'ring forth their wrath
At him for being good and true to all.

THE LAST DAY.

E'en so a nest of deadly cobras dart
Their fangs at fall of rustling leaf or sound
Of softest fool-fall,—e'en with such blind rage
They hiss, and shake their hooded terrors dread !
But heedless still of Faction's froth and foam,
With God above, and Conscience clear, he held
The balance strictly poised 'tween man and man,—
Calm in the midst of passions' wildest storms—
Serene like Bhishma* on his arrowy bed.
Blessèd ruler ! who, from the Slough of deep
Despond, a nation raised to life and hope ;
And made the rod of pow'r the merry may-pole
Round which Contentment, arm in arm with all
The arts of Peace, in jocund measure danced !
Blessèd ruler ! whose throne was in the hearts

* One of the greatest heroes of the Mahabharat. Saving Lakhsman, Rama's renowned brother,—who represents the highest Aryan conception of chivalry, knightly purity, and fraternal love—there is not, perhaps, a wiser, braver, brighter character in the whole range of history or fiction than this warrior-sage of divine Vyasa. His death scene is a marvellous picture of the serene beauty of a lofty soul under carnal sufferings of most uncommon severity.

THE LAST DAY.

Of men ; whose crown, a continent's warm love :—
For royalty with him was loyalty
To Truth and Faith that only Godward looked—
Kingship a wider kinship with his kind,—
A nobler, purer, holier sentiment
Than worshippers of self may ever know !⁹

Lo ! yonder comes a saint in light, who was
On earth a nation's loving joy and pride,
And whose untimely loss was widely mourned
As a bright light that's quenched when needed most.
For I behold the Moslim Minister
Who, during Reason's deepest *nirvana**
In his loved fatherland, when blood in streams
From slaughtered millions flowed, and ancient thrones
And dynasties renowned were rudely wrecked
In a tornado-blast of passions wild,
Guided, with hands unnerved and matchless skill,
The Vessel of State safely thro' the rocks

* Annihilation.

And whelming billows of an angry sea.
Illustrious Statesman ! who best understood
The golden rule of royal rule, to govern
Men firmly when he should—nay, sternly when
He must, but always with unfaltering
Justice and righteousness and earnest love,
Solicitous but for their truest weal.
He was, indeed, a ruler born, not made ;
And statesmanship that looks ahead and deep
Within, was as inherent in his being
As fragrance in the rose, or solar love
In queenly lotus. Power in his hands
Was as the full-grown tiger's paw,—it bore
Its velvet for the loyal and the good,
But certain death for lawless, godless men !
How he unmasked Diplomacy's false front,
Laid bare her heart with all its cunning arts !
How Faction quailed, and rising turbulence
Grew still and calm at his keen, eager glance !
But higher, greater far than skill in rule,
Was his stern self-repression nobly grand !

True follower of Mecca's holy Prophet,
He waged a ceaseless Jihad all thro' life
Against the Kafir passions in himself,*
Devoting self to God, his prince, and country.
Such was the man, and such his priceless worth !
But villainous intriguers from without .
Plotted his fall, e'en they who owed him most—
And strove to pluck the laurel from his brow,
And blacken his fair fame before the world.
Verily, these had their reward ! But God's
True love removed him sudden from their malice,
And so withdrew from Orient skies a star
Of purest lustre, leaving all the land
To darkness and to prowling beasts of prey !¹⁰

And now comes one who, in a madding world
By passions torn, and full of jealousies,

* How grossly has this noble doctrine of the great Prophet been perverted by his ignorant followers ! But such is the common fate of all great truths expressed in mystic language, and esoteric Hinduism, in especial, has suffered most in this respect.

And all uncharitableness—amidst
The juggles of diplomacy, the pranks
Of power, and summersaults of clowns in brief
Authority enrobed,—all calmly, quietly,
And silently much noble work achieved
In loyalty to Conscience and his God.
Ah ! who now cares for either ? Politics
Knoweth no God, and, surely, 'tis no man's
Business to mind the other ! And doth not
The world without both get on all the same—
Nay, better far without such hind'rances ?
What more clear than that Vice in purple shines,
While Virtue goes about in sorriest rags ?
So reason Vanity Fair's blind frequenters !
Villainous inference from premise false !
But spurning the vile Gospel of the damned,
With ken beyond the hazy—fleeing present,
And fixed unalterably on Jehovah's
Blazing throne,—on the Christ that bled for man,—
He thro' the weary years did consecrate
His mind and all its powers to his kind.

A dauntless Knight ! he battled gallantly
For his weak brethren in an alien land,
And smote the smiters with a heavy hand,
His potent pen, e'en like Ithuriel's spear,
No falsehood base, or unctuous hypocrisy
Enduring. Champion, lover, friend of Truth !
Such life as thine, so good and beautiful,
So full of love and human-heartedness,—
Springing up from midst influences vile,
Like a white lily from wild sedge and slush
Is truly sweet and grateful to the Lord !¹¹

I then saw one, in radiant spirit shape,
Who was in flesh his country's star of hope,
When black Despair spread o'er the luckless land
Her fun'ral pall :—the fearless Patriot,
Who, 'midst the rage of violence, the clash
Of races, and the wreck of kindly virtues,—
When Vengeance held her bloody orgies wild,
And Reason's voice was drowned in passions' din—
Championed his country's cause in brave, wise words

That shook the fiend out of infuriate hosts.
The peasants' warmest friend, he cleared their fields
Of the deadly plant which their tyrants sowed
By force and fraud, and watered with their gore,—
The plant which furnished Commerce with her cake
Of blue,—to them, the wedding cake of Death !
Tho' fortune smiled not on his humble birth,
His lines tho' cast in rough and rugged ways,
He nobly won his country's grateful love
By glowing zeal that scorned all thought of self,
And rare devotion to her sacred cause ;
Unchecked by penury, or frowns of power,
Or taunts of titled fools,—those finikin
Fops that, like summer insects, buzz and buzz
Their vain importance in the sunny hour,
But vanish fast before the darkening sky.
Alas ! the times do sadly need his aid !
Power leagued with an unholy Press attempts
To crush improvement in the bud, and germs
Of progress sown by kindly, fost'ring hands.
Oh ! for his polished wit and potent voice

THE LAST DAY.

To whelm with burning shame and infamy
The votaries blind of the Golden Calf—
The children of Beelzebub, who seek
To build their empire on the blasted hopes,
And ruined freedom of a clime, still bright
In her decline, and queenly in her bonds !¹²

And now I see another form advance,
In whose bright lineaments I recognise
The man of God, who served his God and Church
With all his heart, far in a foreign clime,
Where myriad death-forms hover in the air,
And a torrid sun spreads death with his beams.
But resolutely he held on his way,
The idol of warm young hearts that he led
Up to the light which never leads astray,—
Hearts that clave unto him right faithfully,
Thro' good report and evil, thro' all changes
Of fortune, 'midst disgrace and persecution.
For, oh ! too rashly for purification

THE LAST DAY.

Within his Church he strove at Duty's call,
And so a Martyr's fate was his reward.
His brethren in Christ in his sorest need
Abandoned him e'en like a castaway
To the wild breakers raging—surging round.
The evil-doers all were flushed with hope,
And banded faction, like a leash of hounds,
Sprang on their prey ; and man-made law robbed him
Of all, and last gave him a prison cell :—
Nay, an abode, forsooth, of luxury,
As 'twas called by *his* Pilate jestingly !
Such were the trials of the Christian knight—
The sturdy champion of his lovèd Church—
The ardent soul intolerant of sin !
But in his darkest hour, when friends fell fast
Away, and foes relentless smote him sore,—
Amid a world's scorn—pressed down by the weight
Of his great wrongs—reviled—humiliated
E'en in the very Sanctuary of Justice,—
His faith in God and goodness bore him up,
Victorious in defeat—triumphant o'er

Despair—struggling but for his cherished prize,
A high place at the right hand of the LAMB !13

. All Nature brightened as the saints advanced,
And thus a voice benign addressed the host :
“ Servants of God ! Your duty done and trust
Right nobly filled, ascend to heaven, and be
For ever ranked among Celestial Powers !”
On angels’ wings up-borne I saw them rise
In air, like some bright exhalation sailing
Upward, blaze on blaze, higher and still higher,
When amid golden songs of morning stars
And jubilee divine, they vanished out
Of sight,—each spark in its own Parent Flame,
Each wandering ray in the Fount of Light,
Th’ individual in Universal Soul !

II.

A wondrous spectacle next met my sight,
That, from faint outlines shadowy, became
All vivid with the semblance of the real.
Methought I saw a self-revolving globe
Hung, like Bellerophon's horse, pendulous
In mid-air, 'twixt this earth and cope of heaven.
Here never day arose nor sable night,
Crowned with her rich tiara of bright stars ;
But evermore a misty grey instead
With melancholy pallor stamped the face
Of things ; while th' ambient air breath'd ceaselessly
A sigh as though of grief and penitence !
This middle region is the Kama Loca
Of Aryan seers, so named of them, because -
All fruitless passions, unfulfilled desires,
Abortive lives and vanities, are here
Put to purgation in awakenings stern.

THE LAST DAY.

And now a multitudinous host came
In sight, unhappy souls check'd in their upward
Flight,—indifferent good, yet not enough
Daring to be damn'd : scoffers, fops, and flirts.
All that wooed bliss in vanities below,
All that sought heav'n in hell of worldly cares,—
Ambition's card-house, or Alnaschar's dreams ;
Hunters of titles sedulous to pass
As purest gold their worthless pinchbeck stamped
With the hall-mark of Power ; epicures
In miserable self-indulgence lost ;
Wits who pursued the lanthorn of the marsh,
Instead of sacred Truth's effulgent light ;
And holy priests by calling, not in heart—
Unblushing brokers 'tween high heaven and hell.
All these, a countless throng, were sternly doom'd
To Kama Loca by Heav'n's just decree,—
There, with sad penitential tears, to wash
Out the defilements of their tainted souls.

Among that miserable host I saw

THE LAST DAY.

A melancholy shade, who idly fumbled
With an old musty scroll, while big round drops
Of burning tears fast trickled down his face.
'Twas he ! the thirsty ghoul of lifeless tongues !
Hierophant of profitless Inane !
The Pundit and the Zany both in one !
Ay,—Learning's nameless, graceless beast of burden,
That sedulously shunned her flowery paths,
And ranged instead her barren wastes, defiling
The precious nectar of her crystal springs.
With eager zeal the tree of Knowledge fair
He sought, but, mole-like, burrowed underneath,
Working assiduous at the tangled roots ;
Nor one glance upward cast, nor strove to pluck
The Amaranth that in rich clusters hangs
On the boughs, and with fragrance fills the air.
He viewed the gorgeous palaces of Art ;
Trod classic scenes of thrilling interest ;
Beheld majestic temples—sacred fane—
Nay, entered the very Holy of Holies ;
But, all unmoved by beauty or by grandeur,—

THE LAST DAY.

Those silent influences subtly felt—
He but took casts of broken bricks and stones,
And measured mouldings hoar with countless years !
He sought the fount of light, but only drew .
Away the fire-fly glow that shimmereth
Through the deep gloom archaic of the past !
Oh ! not for him the nectar stored within
The nut ! the outward husk was all his share !
Vain life ! a worthless book of empty words,—
A bladder of mere wind,—a poison bag,
When self conflicted with another's cause,—
A showy, fruitless *Sheora**—nothing more !
A moral squib that whizzed and whizzed a while,
And then went out in endless, hopeless night !
Vain life ! unredeemed by one noble thought—
One gen'rous deed that lifts man from the world
To the pure empyrean of the soul :

* An Indian tree remarkable for its luxuriant growth, but bearing
neither fruit nor flower.

THE LAST DAY.

'Twas Self throughout, from cradle to the grave—
Self first, Self midst, Self last, Self void of end !¹⁴

Oh ! how unlike his purer, worthier, greater
Compatriot who, risen from the ranks,
By wealth of mind ennobled Poverty
Itself ; who sowed in gloom and reaped in light ;
Successful tiller of the richest fields
Of Knowledge ; noble builder of the dome
Whence Science spreads her living influence
O'er his father-land ; kindly healer,—saviour
Of suffering humanity by Art
Instinct with heavenly mercy, love, and grace !¹⁵

I then saw one, who, in that congregation
Of the unblest, kept from the rest aloof,
Affecting still the loneliness he loved
On earth. And he wore many Protean shapes,
And, like Will with a wisp, dilated now,
And now contracted, now clear and more clear
Grew on the sight, and now as in a haze

Vanished away. Miserable shade !
Still playing at bopeep to startle fools,
As was his wont and constant trick in flesh.
For, then, his life was a ceaseless whirl
Of change, impelled by constant restlessness—
A fluttering thing ever on the wing—
An idle dream—a fruitless energy.
He courted Fortune, but when glittering heaps
Of gold she strewed around his path, he like
The beggar in the story closed his eyes,
And blindly passed them on. Philosophy
He fondly wooed, but it was Caliban
Suing for beautiful Miranda's hand,
And soon the comic interlude was o'er.
He dallied with the Muses, and, indeed,
Dallied long, but alas ! they drove the rude
Intruder forth from their enchanting bowers,
Offended at the harsh, discordant strains
His tuneless lyre in hideous bursts produced.
The stars, too, were his love, and much he strove
To con the lessons charactered in light

THE LAST DAY.

On the blue vault above, but great Orion
Frowned upon him ; red Mars but redder looked
At him ; the Rishis all upbraided him ;
And Lyra mocked him with a broken string !
But, undeterred by failure, still he sought
To pierce the shell of earth, and reach their spheres,
Till down he came all bleeding,—wounded sore—
Like to a caged bird that vainly strikes
Its little beak and flutt'ring wings against
Its prison bars, to find its eager way
To freedom and the open air of heaven.
And, last, he wooed Religion,—last resort
Of restless minds—but clasped Despair instead,
Sad mistress of souls that repent too late.
For Brahma 'gainst him closed his golden egg ;
Vishnu kept him off with his whirling disc ;
Shiva's dread trident and his threefold flaming
Wrath scared him away ; Buddha—of this world
The life and light—to him denied his grace ;
Even the Cross had no balm, nor had Dhatri,
The Virgin Mother of the Universe—

THE LAST DAY.

“ Clothed with the sun, and the moon at her feet”
True solace for one, who ne’er understood
The loftiness sublime of lowliness,
The moral grandeur of stern self-repression !
Poor fribbler ! changeful as the fickle moon,
Yet ne’er, like her, attaining to his full
Of the Good and the Beautiful in life !
Thus, baffled in his cherished aims and hopes,
And far too proud to mingle with the herd,
Or court the hollow friendship of the great,
Studious he held aloof from all the world,
E’en as a solitary cliff that stands
Apart from all its kindred hills, exposed
To the rude winds of heav’n, and evermore
The sport of clouds that play around its breast.
Oh ! what a sad, abortive life was his !
The meanest thing hath still its use ; but he—
Charity ! o’er his frailties spread thy veil !⁶

With heavy heart I next beheld among
That melancholy host, one who in flesh

THE LAST DAY.

Had labored ceaseless for the common weal,
With earnest zeal unbought by wealth or power.
A literary Quixote full of noble
Thoughts nursed with bile ! An Asian mystery !
A dark horse to his friends and foes alike !
A loving heart with an eternal grin !
For, with rare gifts of mind by culture 'riched,
Unsound he was, as all that knew him knew ;
And the small rift within his magic lute,
Put all its dulcet music out of tune.
A Hindu Moslim ! he but revelled oft
In Epicurean dreams of houris fair
On turbid Hugli's, or wild Megna's banks.
A twice-born Aryan ! yet he shunned the light,
Which is the soul's life and illumination ;
And fondly loved to act the *mlech** unclean,
Wearing with greater pride his Hindu Kush
On his head than the sacred thread across

* A man of impure habits. The word would seem to be identical with Lamech, the sixth descendant of Cain, according to Genesis. He is said to have "slain a man to his wounding and a young man to his hurt."

His breast, and looking more a bandit fierce—
A lawless robber of the desert wild—
Than son of one of Bullal's Table Round !
A loving brother and a patriot true,
'Twas still his chief delight in flesh to scan
The mores in the eyes of his fellowmen ;
And from their niches in Fame's temple hurl
His country's dearest idols ruthless down.
Most amiable office fondly filled !
E'en Virtue shrank from his caresses warm,
The ursine hug and the envenomed kiss.
Alas ! Cynicism marked him for her own,
And thus he failed in all his loves and hates ;—
If *that* be failure where the end was same—
An answering antipathy from all !
And now what a sea-change has come o'er thee !
See ! thy large, lustrous eyes with tears are dim !
Thy chiselled features shrivelled up, alas,
Like air-bladders when all the air is gone !
Thy flowing locks which once, in masses soft,
Fell on thy shoulders, now erect they stand

THE LAST DAY.

Like to a Gorgon's snaky tresses dread !”

And then I saw another spirit there,
Encased in form too slender for his heavy
Load of grief, sending forth sigh after sigh
In deep repentance for a life mis-spent,—
For splendid means and chances thrown away
Of serving God and kind right loyally.
Ah ! he was Fortune's favorite child in flesh,
Dowered with wealth and ached to the lips ;
And men unheired themselves to swell his hoards,
That grew and grew in still augmenting piles
In answer to his wish for more and more.
And honors came to him from honor's fount
And, higher than ambition craved, he rose ;
But higher and still higher as he rose,
He grew but less and less in peoples' eyes.
For the plausible friend, who had his ear,
Still, like the Serpent old in Paradise,
From the Tree of Life kept his heart and hand,
And tempted him instead to pluck the golden

Apples that Mayah in her Eden grows,—
To utter ruin of his peace and bliss.
And this same honest friend oft carried tales
Against his kith and kin and truest friends,
And so made his home but a gilded woe—
A shining misery—a sun-lit iceberg—
A splendid isolation shared by none.
Yet what a beauteous night-piece was his mind !
How rich with fancy's coruscations bright !
How vivid with wit's sparkles exquisite !
The softness—liveliness of tint and touch
How delicate, how charmingly delicious !
But on a nearer view, by light of day,
The glows grew dim, the graces disappeared,
And the heart by a long-drawn sigh expressed
The deepest disappointment of the eye !
For not to him belonged the virtues that
Adorn the flesh—nay, give divinity
To perishable dust,—the iron will
To do and dare all perils for the right,
The fortitude that fearless bears the Cross

For fellow-men, the sympathy that melts,
And charity that overflows, at sight
Of woe ; but soft, silken civilities,
Elaborate inanities, bright smiles,
And pretty turns of thought, and glittering play
On words bespeaking culture, taste, and perfect
Bringing-up. Thus the fascinating pose
And butterfly sheen of the world were his,
And the parrotry of a tuneful mouth,
Which blew but bubbles in the empty air.
For, like the Maelstrom, was his inner self,
And drew each surging wish, each rising thought
In circling eddies back unto himself.
Alas ! his warmest kiss of amity
Was as the north wind's freezing osculation ;
And the rich pearls of speech he shed, the spurious
Offspring of other than the mother heart !
Alas ! amidst his boundless store, the fear
Of want enhanced the crave for more and more,
And closed his golden coffers 'gainst his kind,
And heaven's golden portals 'gainst himself !⁸

III.

The Angel then his Calendar produced
Of rank offenders 'gainst the King of Kings :
Endless the scroll, and black with guilty names !
Foul murderers, who shed their brethren's blood,
By fury urged, or bastard fame, or gold ;
All miscreants, whose power in their claw
And sinew lay, and who used it, alas !
As savage beasts may, to the infinite
Harm of mankind ; smooth-tongued diplomatists,
Who juggled artfully away the truth
From solemn pacts and treaties ; ministers
And placemen, who abused their public trust
For private ends ; adulterers ; chicaners ;
Nay, all—all violaters of divine
And moral law, in that black list were borne.
There stood they on Eternity's dread brink,
Bending beneath the load of conscious sin ;—

THE LAST DAY.

Despair in their looks, and their limbs all shaking
With fright, like aspen leaves before the gale.
And now as awful Justice cast His eyes
On the unholy record, presently
There shot forth dazzling flames of wrath Divine ;
And all aghast with fear, as lightning-struck,
The craven ranks of Crime fell prostrate down,
And wept hot, scalding tears of deep remorse.
Unutterable anguish rent their souls,
And loud they yelled for mercy unto Heav'n.

For mercy? vain unprofitable suit !
Ye tyrants ! who, in your mad hour of might,
On earth a heavy hand relentless laid,
Trampling your fellowmen as soulless worms—
Sue ye for mercy, that shewed it to none ?
Ye law-makers ! who framed unequal laws—
All crude and irritating—from mere love
Of change, or from ambition of a name,
Or at the beck of Pow'r, or Faction's call ;
And legislation made an engine dread

THE LAST DAY.

Of gross oppression, and a fruitful source
Of misery to the voiceless, helpless poor !
Ye judges ! who dealt one law to the weak,—
Another to the strong, and stained the ermine
Of Justice with corruption's darkest hue,
Turning her balance into ill-poised scales,
Where private feelings, and seductive tales
Of interest outweighed the righteous cause !
Ye proud ! who walked the earth like little gods,
Great in your own conceit for wealth and rank
Inherited, or won by scurvy means ;
Who witnessed human woe with tearless eyes,
Nor fed your brethren when they starved, nor clothed
The naked shiv'ring in the wintry blast ;
But always spurned all honest sons of Toil,—
Less fortunate indeed, but nobler far
Than ye, because more rich in all the heart's
Affections and the virtues dear to God !
Ye hypocrites ! clad in religion's garb,
Who ministered in steepled church or mosque,
Tabernacle or temple fair—with God

THE LAST DAY.

On your lips, Satan in your souls—who, leagued
With sinners, still upheld th' unrighteous cause,
And crushed the good beneath your iron heels,
Sedulous to set man on man for sake
Of Faith to do the Devil's work on earth !
Ye hircling scribes ! of spite and malice full
And all uncharitableness, whose pens,
Steeped in venality and gross untruth,
In sland'rous falsities against your neighbours
Dealt, and fomented tribal hatred curst,
And discord dire, where harmony should rule ;
Who, to your base and servile instincts true—
Oblivious of the brotherhood of man—
In praise of despots loud hosannas sung,
Nor raised a single cry for suffering men !
Seize, Horror ! seize on these, thy lawful prey,
With iron grip and petrifying looks,
Nor free thy hold till their vile souls are seized
By hell's more frightful brood of Horrors dread !

Who comes now like a guilty creeping thing,

THE LAST DAY.

His limbs all tremulous with deep dismay,
And horror in his looks and black despair ?
The Caledonian boar ! who gored the East,
Trampling beneath his feet her ancient thrones,
Her jewelled crowns, and every sacred pact,
Till ravished faith in terror fled the land !
Ambition's haughty minion ! whose earth-hunger
Ne'er knew its fill, though gorged with State on State
By force and fraud from weaker neighbours taken !
The ruthless robber ! whose fell hands nor conscience
Nor the world's reprobation could restrain
From spoiling woman's trinkets, orphan's all !
The madman bold ! who rashly built his power
On the awful marge of a thin-veil'd crater
Which, with explosion terrible, soon burst
Out, vomiting red ruin, redder death !
Where now, O tyrant ! thy vile adulators
Who spurred thee on to thy infernal crimes ?
Lo ! forkèd lightnings flash across the skies !
Hark ! crash on crash terrific thunders roll,
In wrathful token of thy final doom !¹⁹

THE LAST DAY.

Amongst that miscreant crew, methought I saw
A ghastly figure old, whose night eternal
Had not too soon begun in sightless orbs,
Which well bespoke anticipated doom.
Why cower thee thus—thus with dastard fear ?
Why tremble those limbs reeking still with crime ?
Where that unblushing front and haughty mien,
Transgressor bold ! of thy poor brethren feared ?
Why shrinks that soul black with iniquity
And lust of gold which, like the drunkard's craving
Insatiate, only made thee long for more ?
What 'vail those hoards which formed thy cherished care,
Those acres wide thou deem'dst thy highest heaven ?
Hark ! curses loud and deep resound in air !
Hark ! widows' doleful wails and orphans' cries,—
For ev'n their little all by force despoiled—
Now rise before the Judgment seat in proof
Most damning 'gainst thy deeply guilty soul !²⁰

Next I saw, towering above the rest,
A lean, lank form supreme in self-remorse

For golden opportunities misused,
And kingly trust betrayed for party ends.
For oft in flesh he cried Christ ! Christ ! and yet
Sneered at Christs' doctrines, laying down the rule
Of Christ-like life in thought, and word, and deed.
Those teachings, in his view, were beautiful
Theories by pure unworldliness conceived,—
Most excellent to preach from solemn pulpit,
With solemn countenance and surplice on—
But in real life with gravest dangers fraught ;
For statesmanship. that was stained with the bridal
White of the Sermon on the Mount, instead
Of the purpled hues of the working world,
Was, he held, policy run mad. It was
The fault of Jesus' precepts that they made
The feeling heart a powder Magazine,
Which the least spark of love might soon explode ;
And he, Sir Solomon, hence wisely set
Prudence to keep sentinel o'er his heart,
That no explosive burst of gen'rous passion
Or kindly sympathy, might e'er disturb

The rigid tone and balance of his mind.
Thus when gaunt Famine came upon the land,
And Floods and other mighty evils dread,—
That always come in train of godless rule—
He consulted his Delphic Oracle,
Philosophy, and all his Sybilline
Scriptures, and coldly told the sufferers—
The houseless, hungry, naked poor—to look
To the far future to redress the present.
As a bird, whose nest has been by a serpent
Robbed, maddened with deep grief and burning rage,
Hovers in circling flight the reptile o'er,
And, darting down with quiv'ring bill, assails
The hissing foe ; so hovered o'er his head
The Genius of the land he had misruled ;
So, darting down, she fiercely smote the wretch
With a wand sharp as countless scorpion's stings !²¹

And close to him another recreant shade,—
His evil counsellor and fatal friend—
In abject terror crouched, as though he fain

Would hide his guilty self in deepest bowels
 Of the earth, dark—dark as the midnight gloom
 Of his own mind,—away from the fierce blaze
 Insufferable of the Tribunal
 Divine, now flaming wrathful from the skies.
 This was the daring, impious wretch who flaunted,
 In words of swelling vanity, his faith
 In the wily Dragon, that Serpent old,
 And worshipped the Beast that had the lion's face
 And came out of the sea, saying, "who is
 Like to the Beast? who can make war with him?
 Behold! the nations of the world obey
 Him, and all tongues and peoples fear his claws;
 He leadeth them into captivity,
 And killeth with the sword, and maketh the earth
 His hunting ground. Who can withstand his rage,
 When he is roused, and roars, and shakes his mane,
 And whisks his tail?" In utter disregard
 Of all the creeds and lessons of the ages,
 And God's own Revelation to the just,
 This miserable sinner formed a plan:

Of miserable sinners like himself,
And boldly, vauntingly proclaimed brute force
As title absolute to special rights
And privileges in the social hive.
And he held Might to be the truest Right :
The sword, expounder sole of moral law ;
And justice,—righteousness,—religion's self,
The idle dreams of mad philosophers
And madder saints, which only maudlin fools,
Not knowing better, to their bosom hugged.
E'en killing was no murder in his view,
If Cain were an Apostle of the Beast ;
And rapine, robbery, and rape were acts
Of grace, under this Dispensation new—
This new Apocalypse of modern John !
Thus drugged with opium, weighted false with starch,
He dug his own pit, leading to the lake
Of molten sulphur, where the wicked bear
Th' unutterable torments of the damned !²²

And who comes yonder from that Godless throng,

With downcast eyes and faltering steps reluctant,
And a dilapidated lyre in hand ?
'Tis he ! The jackal sprung from lion's loins—
The later Anubis of Aryansthan,
Who, perched on glorious Akbar's jewelled throne,
Misruled the nations to their grievous harm,
And king-craft trail'd thro' mire and mud and blood
Of countless hosts. Alas ! that power should
Ever be placed in such unworthy hands,
Steeped to their sockets in iniquity,
Paralytic for good, yet strong for evil !
For he could only bow and scrape, and twirl
His limbs with grace, and shine in splendid masks
And mummeries, and get drunk as a lord ;
Nor less his skill in weaving jingles gay,
Or using glozing words to cozen men.
Light-headed trifler ! Coronetted clown !
As like to Akbar as a tiny glow-worm
To the full-orbed, effulgent queen of night !
Thersites wielding great Ulysses' bow,
Or Sancho clothed in Kaiser's dignity,

Or Abou Hassan dealing penal stripes,
And lavishing gold from Al-Raschid's throne,—
This were a noble spectacle, compared
To this ignoble, tricky, frisky Puck's
Hideous mockery of imperial rôle.
His reign was but a nine day's madness wild !
A deep intoxication of unreason !
A carnival of passions unrestrained !
And Virtue, shrieking, fled his impious court ;
The angry skies refused their bounteous rain ;
The flaming sun drank up the liquid life
In streams, and wither'd up the young, green life
In fields,—the life of life of man and beast.
And he, the mad liberticide, the while
Upon his neighbours waged most wanton war,
To rectify, for sooth, his butts and bounds
And, nearer home, the ruthless Thug, on plea
Of State Necessity,—the plea of tyrants,
Whose coward consciences at their own shadows
Start,—smothered liberty of thought and speech
And robbed the people of their only means

THE LAST DAY.

Of saving life and all from lawless men
And beasts ferocious of their jungles wild,
And last, to crown his infamy supreme,
Grand shows he held, and gorgeous pageantries,
Durbars of state, and fields of cloth of gold,—
Mere pyrotechnics ending in a whiz—
When Death, in Protean shapes of Plague and Famine,
Was holding in the land his revel high,
His masquerade of grim mortality !
And now, alas, each moment was to him
A crowded age of woe, each beat of heart,
The light'ning stroke of Conscience rudely stirr'd !
Ah, miserable sinner ! canst thou not
Blot out thy past, or drown its sadly tragic
Memory in Oblivion's darkling stream ?
But none can with impunity infringe
God's moral law ; and come it will, or soon
Or late, Guilt's punishment in measure meet.
For NOW is but HIFREATER'S seed, and when
We've shed our fleshly case, life runs on still—
E'en as the later birth of older being—

THE LAST DAY.

Controlled by Karma,* which, like to a boa's
Terrible folds, inexorably binds
All finite beings to its stern effects,
So that all surely reap as they have sown !²³

With terror seized, and stricken with remorse,
Thus waited they unutterably sad,
Those heirs of deep damnation, when a voice
From heaven thundered forth their penal doom :—
“ Go, recreant souls ! who from your God all fell
Away, and worshipped Self—vile Self instead,
Making your brutal lusts the rule of life ;
Who were a scourge and pestilence on earth,

* *Action.* According to Aryan philosophy, the diversity of condition in human life is not a mere accident, but the inevitable result of Karma in a previous existence. The present is a natural development of the past, as the future will be of the present. It must, however, be remembered that the motive power of Karma is the Free Will with which we are endowed ; and hence, though the present is as it were preordained by the past, it is in our power, by the exercise of Free Will, to regulate the future in the present.

THE LAST DAY

False to your trust, and heedless of His law ;—
Go, recreant souls ! to your appointed home
In the dark pit's unfathomable deep !
Celestial ministers of Justice ! hurl
Them down into the fiery gulf of hell,—
There amongst horrid sights and sounds of woe,
Tortured by agonising memories,
To mourn, in deep despair, their cursèd fate !”

I woke, and lo ! the phantoms of the brain
Fast disappeared like morning mists before
The rising sun ; but still my bounding pulse,
And throbbing brow, like ocean's swell, when storms
Are o'er, bespoke the agitation wild
Of mind and brain, caused by this wondrous dream.
Oh ! that the warnings and the lessons stern
Which, in these feeble strains, my lay conveys,
Were deeply graven on the minds of men,
Too apt, alas ! to drown all serious thoughts
Of life and death and interests eternal
In fleeting pleasures of this transient life !

Were those interests rightly understood,
Would Pow'r and Wealth and Learning use their gifts
Save in promoting human happiness ?
Oh ! that we laid to heart those golden precepts
Of him, the lowly, holy, perfect Christ,—
To love our neighbours even as ourselves,
To turn the left cheek when the right is smit,—
Casting off evil passions from our hearts,
And a New Jerusalem building there !
So might we shun the error of the worldly
Wise, that still blindly isolate His creatures
From the Creator, tho' He is in them,
And they in Him, and we are but parts
Divided of the Universal Whole !
So might we, by repression of the flesh,
Unmask the true divinity in us,
And like the sandal wood that grows most fragrant
By being crushed, become all living souls !

NOTES.

I. The identity of Christianity with pure Hinduism or, rather, Yogism, as practised by true Indian ascetics—not the brawny, loud-tongued vagabonds who, smeared with ashes, and with matted locks, are to be seen in important centres of population in India,—will forcibly suggest itself to any unprejudiced thinker, who carefully studies the numerous points of resemblance between the two. A few of these points are briefly indicated here in the hope of awakening the reader's interest in the inquiry.

I. The birth of Jesus Christ, according to the Gospels, was attended with certain phenomenal circumstances. Similar phenomena are also said to have attended the birth of every great Yogi of whom we have any account,—of Buddha, Puran, Sankara, Kabir, and Chaitanya. These phenomena are of course here referred to merely by way of analogy, and not with the view of claiming in any way the reader's belief in their authenticity. But the most significant circumstance connected with the birth of Christ was the appearance of *the wise men from the East* in the house where he was born. *Yogis* are admittedly *the* wise men of the East. And their presence in Bethlehem at the time will be intelligible to all who care to study the traditions connected with the rebirths of the Grand Llama of Thibet.

II. The perfect blank in the life of Jesus Christ from his infancy to his thirtieth year, would be inexplicable except on the supposition of his having served his novitiate during that period. Twenty-four years is the usual period of *chelaship* among Yogis, during which a novice is required by the rules of the fraternity to practise absolute self-effacement

Having regard to the fact that Yogiism is the primal faith of the human race, being the repository of the highest esoteric truths regarding the mysteries of life and death, and the relations between matter and spirit—the seed-creed, in fact, of all the great religions of the world—and that its members are to be found in nearly every country, it is not unnatural, perhaps, to suppose that a born ascetic like Christ spent his early years in their society, fitting himself in their secret places for the high mission which he came to fulfil.

III. The above inference acquires special force from the fact that John the Baptist, whom Jesus suffered to baptise him, came from the wilderness, habited in the religious costume of a Yogi when out in his wanderings, with his “raiment of camel’s hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins.”

IV. The ceremony of baptism by water is not a Jewish institution, but one of several Aryan forms of initiation. Jesus, in undergoing it at the hands of John the Baptist, who himself declared his unworthiness to baptise him, practically illustrated his own saying, that he came, *not to destroy, but to fulfil*, since initiation by *gnosis* is an essentially important ceremony enjoined by Yogiism.

V. Christ’s fasting *in the wilderness for forty days and forty nights, immediately after his initiation*, would seem to prove conclusively that he belonged to that high order; for segregation from the world, *for exactly that space of time*, is observed, after initiation, only among Yogis.

VI. The doctrine of the holy Trinity is a purely Hindu one. Only Jesus preached it in its esoteric sense, the third person of the Trinity being a mystery understood only of Yogis and advanced *dashnamis* in India. The Old Testament nowhere mentions Him, and Jesus himself refers to Him in most mystic language. The explanation of the mystery, as well as the Word which was in the beginning, could be given by initiates only to duly ordained *chelas*.

NOTES.

VII. The Apostolic number 12 also furnishes another strong argument in favor of the position here advanced. That number would seem to have been chosen to symbolize the Twelve Paths of the Yogis.

VIII. Yogis are bound to observe celibacy, and so both Guru and Chela, John the Baptist and Christ, were celibates. And they were not only celibates, but true ascetics. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Now mark the instructions of Jesus to the Apostles, when sending them forth to preach :

"Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your Journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves; for the workman is worthy of his meat."

Where are the Christian Ministers who practise such noble self-abnegation, who glorify their faith with such lofty renunciation of the world? But turn to the true Indian fakir, and you will fully realise the picture !

Again, the doctrine of Resurrection is a cardinal article of the Yogi's faith. Death is merely a trance in his view, and the *samadhi* yoga which he practices has for its object the acquisition of spiritual power to overcome that trance.

IX. The Book of Revelation bristles with evidence of the close affinity between Christianity and pure Hinduism. On account of its mysticisms, it is virtually a sealed book to the generality of Christians. Yet to one familiar with the *Kulki* and *Vabhisya* Puranas and with some of the fundamental doctrines of esoteric Hinduism, what are regarded as most mystic passages are clear enough. For instance, take the following passage from Chapter IV of Revelation describing the four beasts round about the throne of God in heaven :- "And the first beast was like a lion, and the second beast like a calf, and the third beast had a face as a man (Mahabli), and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle (Garudha)." These are symbolical of the divine forces, and every Hindu is familiar

with the important part they play in Hindu theology. The Beast of the Apocalypse, the Serpent, and the Virgin, who is fed in the wilderness a thousand two hundred and threescore days, and "nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, from the face of the serpent," can only be intelligible to persons conversant with the doctrines and "ritual" of the Hindu religion. The Beast is *Bhut Bhairub*, emblematic of brute force which, in this material age, is so much worshipped by the nations to the infinite harm of their eternal interests ; the Virgin is the *Bala Sundari* of the Yogis—the Virgin mother of the Universe—*Prakriti* in her manifest form ; the "time, and times, and half a time" signifies the practice of *Pranayam* or the regulation of breath as enjoined by Yogiism ; and as to the Serpent, see note at foot of p. 14.

That Jesus Christ was a great Yogi, will hardly be questioned by any one who knows anything about Yogiism. His birth, his personality, his precepts, and his sufferings, culminating in the glorious Crucifixion, strongly emphasise that fact. Such lives could be lived only by the inheritors of great truths hidden from the world, and constituting the Yogi's esoteric creed. With that mental grasp for which he was so remarkable, Rammohan Roy clearly saw this, and his "Precepts of Jesus" was the result.

2. Krishna Chandra Singha, popularly known in India as Lala Babu. He was the grandson of the celebrated Ganga Govinda Singha, Warren Hastings' trusted friend and financial counsellor. The purity of Lala Babu's life, his public benefactions, munificent religious endowments, and renunciation of the world in the prime of life, have deservedly made his name a household word in India. B. 1781, d. 1821.

3. The great Indian reformer, Rajah Rammohan Roy. Born at Radhanagar in Bengal in 1774 ; died at Bristol on 27th September 1833.

4. David Hare, one of the greatest Anglo-Indian philanthropists, whose eminent services to the cause of education in Bengal, and life-long devotion to the best interests of his adopted country, form a bright page

in the annals of British connection with the East. Born in Scotland in 1775 ; came out to Calcutta in 1800 ; died there on 1st June 1842.

5. Rajah Radhakanta Dev, author of the *Sabdakalpadruma*. This is a Sanskrit encyclopædia of which any age and country might well be proud. For his stainless life, his unostentatious charity, his liberality to men of letters, and, above all, his truly devout character, he is justly regarded as one of the worthies of Bengal. Born in Calcutta on 10th March 1783 ; died on 19th April 1867.

6. Earl Canning, first Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

7. The celebrated Parsi philanthropist, Sir Jamsotjee Jeejeebhoy. Bart. Born at Navsari in the Bombay Presidency on 15th July 1783 ; died in 1859.

8. An American *sadhu* and philanthropist, a true friend of India.

9. An Indian Viceroy, " who revered his conscience as his king."

10. Sir Salar Jang, minister of Hyderabad, the greatest Indian statesman of this century.

11. An Anglo-Indian Journalist deservedly popular for his honest love of truth and justice, his warm sympathy with the Indian races, and his bold advocacy of right, regardless of creed and caste, rank and race.

12. Harish Chandra Mukerji, first Editor of the Hindu Patriot, one of the leading organs of Indian public opinion. A self-taught scholar and sound thinker, his public services to his country during the terrible Mutiny of 1857, his successful exposure of the iniquitous system of indigo cultivation in vogue in Bengal a quarter of a century ago, his warm patriotism, and self-sacrificing zeal for the best interests of his fatherland raised him from an humble position to that of an acknowledged leader of his countrymen.

13. A missionary of the Church of Scotland, loved and honoured for his deep learning, purity of character, and successful labors as an educationist in Bengal, no less than for his heroic sufferings in the cause of truth and morality.

14. An Indian scholar, whose learning, erudition, and rare intellectual gifts, were marred by intense self-love and inexcusable self-sufficiency. "Who would not weep if ATTICUS were he?"

15. A happy contrast to the preceding. A life devoted to science and to letters, to his people, to humanity. A rigid scientist, yet a truly poetic soul, no less remarkable for his modesty than for his intellectual and moral worth.

16. A fool, an arrant fool ! Inordinate self-conceit and a vain affectation of singularity blasted a career which might otherwise have been useful to his fellow men.

17. A gifted man of letters, "of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy." But for his eccentricities and cynicism, he would have held a foremost place among his people.

18. An Indian nobleman, distinguished for his culture, varied accomplishments, and polished manners. A little less prudence, and a little more active sympathy with his fellow men, would have rendered him, perhaps, the most popular man of his day.

19. The British Mahmud, whose spoliations of Indian princes and peoples have justly rendered his name infamous in Indian annals.

20. An Indian land-holder, one of the most unscrupulous and grasping representatives of his class. With intellectual powers of a very high order, he was all the more dangerous to his neighbours and his tenantry.

21. "The evil servant" who, being placed over the household, in his lord's absence, "smote his fellow-servants, and ate and drank with the drunken."

22. A dealer in madapollams and opium and politics, who said, "I am a god", and claimed divine honors and privileges for himself and his.

23. An Indian ruler execrated by the people for his violent measures and grossly immoral policy.

