



THE ANGELS OF THE EARTH 

THE ANGELS OF
 THE EARTH 

Wilson MacDonald

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This unique book by Wilson MacDonald, Canada's foremost poet, is a fine example of his characteristic blend of lyric insight and vigorous prose style. Mr. MacDonald, regarding himself in the great tradition of the poet-prophet, has in this inspired volume set down his philosophy in the form of revelations by the Angels of the Earth. It is a lyric expression of the artist's emotions and of his reactions to the adversities which have beset him in his never-ending seeking after beauty and truth.

To complement the literary excellence, the author has executed the whole of the book in his own beautiful hand lettering.

OTHER WORKS BY THE AUTHOR

<i>Out of the Wilderness</i>	1926
<i>A Flagon of Beauty</i>	1931
<i>The Lyric Year</i>	1952
<i>The Song of the Prairie Land</i>	1918
<i>Caw Caw Ballads</i>	1930
<i>Song of the Undertow</i>	1935
<i>Greater Poems of the Bible</i>	1943

THE ANGELS OF THE EARTH

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THE EARTH

Wilson MacDonald

To
Mother
love
Helen.

Wilson MacDonald



May you be one of the few
people who will heed the
advice of these twenty one
Angels of the Earth.

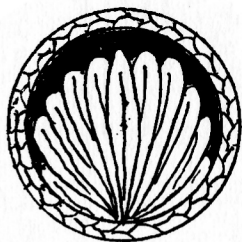
Wilson MacDonald

July 26th 1963

The Angels of the Earth

by

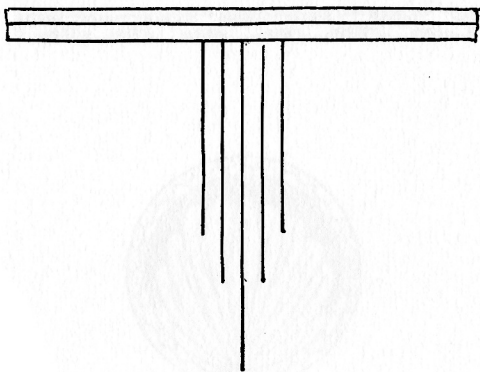
Wilson Macdonald



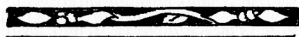
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Script and decorations by the author, 1912

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The Angel of the Apple Blossom



This is the Gospel according to Wilson MacDonald, and it was whispered to me by a company of Angels who roam joyously, and sometimes sadly, upon this strange planet called the earth, an invisible host save to the poets and the prophets and the dreamers among men.

The Angel of the Apple Blossom said unto me as I sat with her, in an orchard, one cloudless day in summer:

"Do not wonder, O Poet, who looks upon my beauty with so great astonishment, for it is the in-

evitable reward of the course that you also have pursued, and will be your crown of ultimate glory if you allow no discouragement or defeat to thwart your purpose. The Lord of the Garden told me that he had made me to be of the greatest service to mankind and his command was that I should achieve great loveliness and great fragrance, and that, having achieved these, all other things should be added unto them.

"But, as I strove to be beautiful, the insect and the worm tried to baffle every effort that I made, and the winds tore the white satin of my robes and the drought brought me thirst and weariness. But, despite all these misfortunes, I never turned back in my quest for

beauty and fragrance. Then, when I had achieved these virtues they were taken from me, and the tide of the white sea of my beauty went out into the invisible waters. But I still strove to create new beauty and new fragrance and the Lord of the Garden was pleased with me because I did not complain over my loss, and he unsealed the womb of my faded petals and brought forth the red-cheeked Child of the Apple; and this child grew to maturity and became a servant to mankind, one of the most honored servants in the great Garden of the Lord."

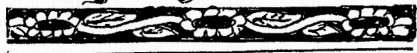
I took down the words of the Angel of the Apple Blossom and engraved them on the tablets of my heart, and no longer, as I

travelled toward the goals of Beauty and truth, did I complain of the lash of the wind or the gnawing of insects at my heart. "I will make these discouragements, which seek to turn me from beauty, into powerful goads which shall drive me to a higher goal of loveliness than any I have hitherto sought," I said.

When beauty departed for a season, I remembered what the Angel of the Apple Blossom had said and it was not long before a Child came forth, out of my sorrow, to minister unto the peoples of the world.

And who looks into the pages of this book sees the face of this Child.

The Angel of the Dark Hood



During one of my wanderings in search for beauty and truth I came to a wood which was darker than any wood that I had ever seen, and over the entrance to this cavern of night was written: "He shall never know the beauty of sound who has not first dwelt in my silence; he shall never know the wonder of light who has not first put on my robe of darkness." And as I read I saw an Angel in a Dark Hood who called unto me to follow her into a deep forest.

So I went with her into the wood and put on the cloak of its blackness, and I felt the fingers of its

silence press against my ears.

All that day and all that night I groped my way through this wood, and with every hour my cloak grew heavier and heavier upon my shoulders, and the silence grew louder and louder in my ears. I emerged from the gloom at the coming of another dawn, and on this side of the forest was another world which was different, and infinitely more lovely than the world which I had formerly known.

I realized now that I had never before seen the true wonder of the dawn. I also learned for the first time how beautiful is the silver key of the morning star as she unlocks the doors of the temple of light.

Now I knew that the words over the portals through which I had enter-

ed the Dark Wood were true words, and I knew what the dark wood meant; and when I came to my hour of sorrow I put on, bravely, my elbor cloak, and I went the sound of familiar voices; and when the hours of my grief were over I noticed for the first time that the robe which I was wearing was now purple and that the old sounds of loved voices had become anthems of transcendent beauty.

And I heard a voice which said unto me: "I know no other way to lead Man to Beauty and Truth than through this Dark Wood."

The Angel which is a little Child



he Angel which is a little Child said unto me, one day, when I was looking, sadly, at a portrait of the Lord of Creation:

"Whose portrait is that?"

And I replied: "It is the likeness of the Lord of Creation, who is my father and thy father."

"I have seen the Lord of Creation," said the little Child, "and he does not look like this picture at all."

Then I remembered who had painted the portrait — that it was not the work of one hand but of countless painters who had lived in the past.

The brush of a poetic painter named Moses and the many emendations

of another limner named Paul were upon it. So I placed my microscope over the work of art and learned that it had been subject to countless erasures, some of which improved and others which changed almost entirely the spirit of it. A daub by Calvin obliterated the smile on the portrait's face, which, under my microscope revealed numerous wrinkles and moles which had been placed upon the features by the brushes of contradicting theologians who knew nothing about the spirit of Him they were painting.

So I took the picture from my wall and cast it into the darkness of night and said to the Angel which is a little Child: "Will you draw for me the face of the Lord of Creation?"

And the Child did not hesitate, nor look up theological rules or art, nor consult the mode of painting of that particular period, but she looked into my eyes, her earthly father's eyes, and painted the hope and the sorrow and the joy which she saw in them, and she caught the curve of tenderness in my mouth, a curve which had become perfect through my love for her, and she painted the brow just as it looked unto her through the eyes of her deep affection.

I took up the finished painting in my hands and saw it was the face of what I would have been in my noblest moment of yearning, for that was the face which the Child saw.

Then I lifted my brush and drew

my own conception of the Lord of Creation, and as I did so I followed the methods of my Child, for I did not borrow my pigments from theologies, nor from creeds but took them from the storehouse of love.

My portrait of the Lord of Creation is on every page of this book, but you will never be able to behold it until you have torn from your wall that conception of God which ten thousand contradictory painters have defaced with their daubing brushes.

And I said unto the Angel which is a little Child: "Thank you for this key with which you have unlocked for me the doors of the Kingdom of love."

The Angel of Tolerance



The Angel of Tolerance led me to a house which had many doors, and at each portal stood a man who shouted to everyone who passed: "This is the only door through which you can enter into the Kingdom of God."

So I passed through this portal and found a great number of people in a vast room on whose walls were crosses and scripts and edicts and creeds, but there was no evidence anywhere of the Kingdom of God, for in that Kingdom there are neither rich nor poor, nor hatred, nor jealousy, nor war-ice; yet all these evils were here.

So I went from the Great House and entered the second door, being assured

by another doorman that only inside this room could be found the Kingdom of God. But within it I saw neither the face of God, nor felt the love of God, so I knew that His Kingdom was not there.

Then I entered the third door and the fourth door, and I continued my pilgrimage of entrances until I had reached ninety-nine rooms, but not in any one of them did I find that Kingdom which I sought. Yet the guard at each entrance had insisted: "Within this room alone shall ye find the Kingdom of God."

So I came to the last door and before it was a man who was silent. To him I said: "I am looking for the Kingdom of God."

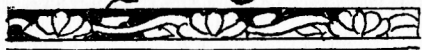
"It is not a hard place to find," answered this man in a voice that was

strangely musical: "Enter at this door, or any other door of this building, and you will behold the Kingdom of God, but not unless you come through these portals with the Kingdom of God in your own heart."

"Many people have never entered any door of this House of Religions, and yet know the Kingdom of God. It was a Carpenter from Nazareth who said long ago: "The Kingdom of God is within you."

Then the Angel said sadly: "The Kingdom of God is hardest to find in those churches which claim that their doors are the only entrances to Heaven."

The Angel of Learning



I had waited, day by day, at the gates of a great university in order that I might obtain a glimpse of the Angel of Learning, for I had been told that her favorite haunt was in this noble pile of stone and marble. Then, weary of my fruitless vigils, I wandered into a country meadow, where a group of pines were chanting the first rituals of the world, and here I met the lady whom I had long sought. To my surprise she carried neither book nor manuscript, and that book which men have so long associated with learning was not in her eyes.

"I suppose you know all about everything that has happened since the foundation of the world," I said.

"I never was very good on facts, nor have I been able to remember all the famous dates in history," was her surprising answer.

"I have heard that you speak every language," I continued.

She laughed: "I am not a linguist. There are too many tricks and superfluous rules in every language for me to waste my time over most of them."

"I have you not read all the famous literature of the world?" I persisted.

"I have not," she said decisively, "but I have read all the inspired writings of men. Great literature is a stream of clear-running water. The famous books of the

world are often cess-pools and he who reads them uneducates himself.

"Do you not know everything about the speed of light and the orbits of the stars?" I questioned.

"I know less about such things than does the average college sophomore. I know, however, that the stars do really 'sing together', a fact that is infinitely more important than the speed of light or the mileage between Algol and Mars," she replied.

"And they call you the Angel of hearing." I murmured in amazement.

"When men begin to know that learning has little to do with statistics then will the real spirit of hearing enter into their hearts," said the woman.

"The greatest botanist is he whose love for the aroma of the lily-of-the-valley, the vivid flame of the poppy and the serene, rich glory of the bergamot, is the strongest and most sincere. The greatest mathematician is not he who has probed most deeply into calculus and her allied brood, but one who can throw his triangles, cubes and logarithms and all the other implements of Mathesis into a cauldron and melt them into a liqueur for the soul."

"Is Science all in vain?" I queried. "Do you not admire the great Einstein?"

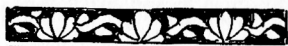
"I do admire him," she answered heartily, "but not for his little-pretty thing called 'Relativity'; but

because he, like Abu Ben Adhem, loved his fellow men. In my circles Albert Einstein, the humanitarian, is more honored than Albert Einstein, the scientist.

"What is hearing, then?" I cried.

"If the beauty of the morning calls you early from your bed, it is a sign of learning; if the rage of a storm delights you it is proof you have learned how lovely is majesty; if you can show courtesy to a comrade it proves that you have learned the dignity of kindness; but only when you have risen to a pinnacle from which you can say: 'All men are my brothers,' are you ready to receive the Royal Cap and Gown of hearing from my hands.

The Angel of the True Records



As I walked along the street of a great city I passed a woman who was carrying a large rolled parchment under her arm. I immediately turned and followed her and when I came up to her I said, "Who are you and what is that ponderous scroll which you are carrying?" She did not seem surprised or annoyed at my question, but answered me with the look of one who loves a seeker after knowledge.

"I am the Angel of the True Records," she said, "and this parchment contains the names of all the murderers who dwell

or have dwelt in this city."

Then she opened the roll, and there were written thereon names of people from every walk of life and their number was legion.

"Surely," said I, "there could not come as many murderers from any one city. Have these men and women all been tried and convicted?" The woman smiled, but her smile was wan and heavy with sorrow.

"The worst of the murderers of the world are seldom brought to trial," she said.

Then she showed me a seemingly endless list of names, and there were only a few of them familiar to me, or about whom I had learned in the history of my country's crime. So I pointed to

the first name on the list and I asked;

"Whom did he murder?"

"He killed, and is still killing, many people," she replied. "He is a manufacturer of refined and de-vitalized foods."

I then laid my finger upon the second name.

"This man saved his country many millions of dollars by refusing the demand of a few agitators that all level crossings should be abolished. But every dollar he saved was at the cost of a human life."

My finger slid down to the third name.

"This is the name of the man who is president of a great store. He sent countless girls into the slow death of prostitution by

cutting wages below the level of living."

"The fourth?" I inquired.

"He is a cigarette manufacturer," she replied. "He has shortened the lives of countless men and women in this city. Slow suicide is his method."

I came to the fifth name and the Angel said: "This is the name of one of the most honored surgeons in this city. The public does not know as I, the Angel of the True Records, know how many of his fatal operations were unnecessary or how many people are in their graves because he sought to make medical science a closed corporation and denied all other methods of therapeutics. The number he has murdered is

proof of the folly of all closed doors."

My finger paused at the sixth name.

"This is the name of a man who plunged his country into war."

At the seventh name a look of contempt supplanted her former look of horror.

"This is the gossip and liar whose methods of killing are the most cowardly of all," she said.

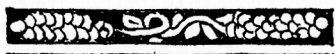
The ninth name was that of the owner of tenements which had been builded like a pack of cards.

Then followed a list of many thousands of names. Noting my wonderment the Angel said unto me:

"These are the apathetic. Apathy is a more destructive weapon than hatred. It has killed a thousand people where hatred has killed

one. The haters, however, are punished while the apathetic go free. But, when my day of judgment comes, their punishment shall be greatest of all."

The Angel of the Lonely Ways



And as I walked along a crowded city street I looked upon an Angel who was clad in a green cloak and upon her head was a blue hood, and her feet were sandaled with wild flowers, and she put her hands upon my shoulders and said; "Follow me."

And I followed this Angel through a dark tide of humanity and I saw her touch the shoulders of many men and women, as she had touched mine, but among all those, who felt the petals of her lovely and tender fingers, only two persons followed the Angel with me, and one was a vagabond, and the other was a

blind man, who said:

"Dear Angel, I know you are very beautiful, because you revealed your loveliness to me when your fingers touched my shoulder; gladly will I follow you."

And the vagabond said: "I will follow anyone whose feet are sandalised with wild flowers."

So we three followed the Angel to a wood far from the city and when we were seated on the first Oriental rug of the world our guide poured for us the yellow wine of the poplar, and the red wine of the maple, and the crimson wine of the sumack, and the burgundy wine of the oak, and after we had touched our lips to each glass, she said unto us: "I am the Angel of the lonely Ways and no man has ever tasted the Wine of

Beauty or the Bread of Truth save those who have followed me, even as you have come with me this day."

Then she told us truths which would have seemed incredible to us had we heard them before we had tasted the Wines of Beauty, but which now seemed natural and easy of acceptance.

"No one has ever caught the rich flavour of the Bread of Truth who has not first tasted the Wines of Beauty or who has been unwilling to follow me into the lonely Places."

"How can we become true followers of thee, O Angel of the lonely Places?" I asked.

"He who would be a true follower of the Angel of the lonely Ways must go first into the silent places and then come back to the loneliest place of all,

which is a city street, and he must touch
folk upon the shoulders, even as I
touched you, and he must not be dis-
courage^d because only one in every host
follows him, but he must take whoever
will accept his invitation out into the
wood, and wet their lips with the Wines
of Beauty, and then sewe to them the
Bread of Truth, even as I have sewed
you."

The Angel of the Idarwest



There was once a gardener whose heart was full of love, whose mind was wisdom and whose hand scattered kindness. But this husbandman was the only gardener in a great valley whose soil was sterile, year after year. He faithfully prepared his ground, and he sowed the choicest seeds in it, and he watered it with his own hand, and yet, when summer came his acres were almost barren, while the lands of all his neighbor gardeners were heavy with the products of the earth.

Year after year his acres prod-

uced only enough to keep him from starvation. Yet he sowed his seeds as carefully each spring, and watered them as faithfully as he had done at first. Finally he called in an expert and bade him make a test of the soil on his lands.

The essayer found the loam to be the richest in the valley and he complimented the gardener on the quality of his seeds and on his expert husbandry.

The man did not complain for many years, although the temptation to do so was becoming greater with each disappointing crop from his soil. He could not understand why his neighboring gardeners, who sowed inferior seeds on ground less fertile than his

acres, and whose husbandry was indifferent, were blessed with luxurious crops year after year.

At last his discouragement became too great, and he sat down under a great tree and wept. Endless failure had become, at last, too heavy for him to bear.

When he looked up from his weeping he saw an Angel standing by him, and her words were as comforting as the rains of April: "O faithful husbandman, I have come to praise you because of the fertility and luxuriance of your gardens. There is no gardener in all this valley like unto you."

"Please do not heap insult unto my sorrows," pleaded the man. "This is more than I can bear."

"I am not speaking in ridicule,"

said the Angel gently. The garden-er ceased weeping and listened.

Then the Angel transported him into a high country, and here he beheld the most luxurious gardens that he had ever looked upon.

"This is your garden," said his guide, "and its blooms are never-fading and eternal. The seeds which you sowed so faithfully on earth were too immortal for the gardens of the world, and were transported to these acres for your eternal good."

"But why do my fellow garden-ers, who husband poorly, and whose seed is inferior to mine, behold their acres on earth heavy with harvest?"

"The seeds which they have sown are always productive of temporary

results," said the Angel. "They sowed envy, selfishness, avarice, hatred and pride, while you have sown tolerance and love — two seeds which seldom bring a rewarding crop on earth."

Ere the gardener could thank her, the Angel of the Harvest was gone.

The Angel of haughtier



sat in my room one evening, and the beauty of silence was like a cool drink to my soul. While I was sipping this delicious beverage, which is so seldom tasted and enjoyed by the lips of man, I heard, through the walls of my neighbor's apartment, a strange, raucous medley of sounds which was continually punctuated by a throaty outburst of wild guffawing, and I knew that it was wise-crack hour on a great broadcasting station in a great land.

I tried to shut out the sounds, which were like blasphemies to my beautiful silence, but they could not

be stilled, so I shut my eyes and when I opened them I saw standing in my room a woman who was clothed in the gayest of garments and I saw that her face was buried in her hands, and that she was silently weeping.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I am the Angel of laughter," she replied, "and I am weeping because the sweet sound of mirth is nowhere to be found in all the world."

"Listen," I said, "and you will hear continuous laughter coming from the rooms of my neighbor."

"That is not laughter," she protested, as she clapped her hands over her ears. "There is nothing so unlike laughter as these sounds I hear."

Then she took me by the hand and led me along a city street and into

a room where sat a group of unhealthy-looking, sad-eyed men who were writing furiously and who passed out their feverish words to another group of men who spoke them into microphones. After each note was read I heard that same wild guffawing which I had heard through my neighbor's walls, and I noted that this came from an audience of men and women who had gathered here for the express purpose of guffawing at anything and everything which they heard.

"Who are these men who are writing so madly, and who are these men who proclaim their borrowed wit to this strangely responsive audience?" I asked.

"These are ghost-writers and fabulously-paid radio stars," she

replied. "With their coming the last sound of true laughter has departed from the world." And the Angel of laughter again put her hands over her ears and wept.

When she had dried her eyes she led me into a theatre and here, like the staccato of a machine-gun, I heard the continuous sounds of wisecracks, and the same horrible guffawing of men and women over anything and everything that was said.

"Come with me and I will lead you to the first grave of humour," said the Angel, and she led me into a room where a host of children were poised in grotesque positions while they read flaming papers and comic books, passing from one to another to feed each child's unsatiated

desire for more.

"These children shall never know how lovely is the sound of true laughter," she said sadly. "These pages have taken away the taste for true humour from their hearts. Tomorrow they will guffaw in the theatre and by the radio and T.V., and they will call for a flow of wisecracks which ceaseth never."

When she had said this, the Angel of laughter wept more bitterly than I had yet heard her weep, and nothing which I could do or say seemed to console her.

Then I stole up beside her and gently whispered in her ear: "Barkis is willin'."

At my words her sobbing ceased, and the old wonder of laughter made music in the air. "Thank you, thank you," she said. "Now I know that humour has not utterly departed from the Earth."

The Angel of little things



There was once a man whose shoulders were heavy with the weights of many failures, and he set out one morning, as usual, in his life-long hunt for the Angel of the Great Rewards.

He had not gone far when he met a woman who was dressed so simply that no one seemed to be aware of her presence. Neither would he have noticed her had she not called to him: "My friend, you seem to be searching for something or somebody. Perhaps I can be of help to you."

The man looked at her plain clothes and at her unattractive face and

he replied: "You can be of no assistance to me. I am searching for the Angel of the Great Rewards."

"I knew you were looking for her," said the woman quietly. "Many people are out this morning and every morning looking for this Angel whose eyes, they have been told, are diamonds, whose garments are costly satins and whose fingers are yellow with gold. But no one has ever found her who did not first walk with me. . I am the Angel of little things."

The man looked at the Angel a second time and saw that her eyes were lovely with light, and he said: "Whither thou goest, I will go, and whatever thou commandest, I will do."

Then the Angel of little things

took him to an acre of land which was covered with debris and filth, and she said in a low voice: "When you have made this place clean and sweet come back to me and I will find other work for you to do."

"But what shall I be paid for this task?" asked the man.

"There is no pay," answered the woman, and before he could reply she was gone.

The man gazed at the chaotic acre of land and turned away, but as he did so the memory of the beautiful eyes of the plain woman came to him and he went into the field of filth and worked until the place was as clean as a country meadow.

He has scarcely finished this work when the Angel of little things came back with more work and

heavier tasks, which the man performed without complaint. When he had completed the last of his labours, he said: "O, Angel of little things, when shall I meet the Angel of the Great Rewards?"

As the woman did not answer he looked up and saw an Angel of great beauty: her head was bound with a circlet of stars and her eyebrows were two rainbows; but her eyes were the same as the eyes of the Angel of little things, and the woman said: "I am the Angel of the Great Rewards."

"Where, then, is my reward, O Angel?" cried the man.

The Angel did not answer but took the man's hand and led him back first to the acre which he had rescued from a chaos of dirt. Here

he saw red-cheeked, happy children playing, and old men and women sunning themselves on benches which fronted a paradise of flowers.

"Here is my pay," said the Angel of the Great Reward, "and it is the only money which is negotiable in the Kingdom of God."

The Angel of the host Delights



There was a man whose eyes were full of disappointments and whose lips continually nursed complaints. "There are no pleasures left to me on earth," he said, "for my heart was long ago drained of its last vestige of mirth."

As he complained, he was approached by a woman who was so unobtrusively garbed that she never would have been noticed in a group of smartly-gowned ladies.

"Where have you searched for pleasure, my friend?" asked the woman.

"In the theatres, on my radio, on my television set, and in every arena of sport," he answered. "Where else

could I go in search for pleasure?"

"I am the Angel of the host Delights," said the woman quietly. "Would you care to come for one day with me into a world which you have never seen? Meet me by the fountain on the City Commons tomorrow morning at five and I will take you into my Kingdom of the host Delights."

"But what delight can there be in rising at so early an hour?" questioned the man.

"Will you come or will you not?" asked the woman abruptly. "Others are waiting to accompany me if you refuse my offer."

The man still hesitated and then, as the woman was about to leave him, he told her that he would meet her at the fountain, on the Commons, at five o'clock the next morning.

On his way to the rendezvous the following day he was overcome by a new feeling for this was the first time he had ever done anything so much against his inclination, and there was a certain exaltation in such an innovation. Dawn was just lifting her golden fingers above the rim of the earth and the morning star was calling upon her to arise, and Mars had cast his red rose upon the waters to show that he approved of her coming.

The man took the first deep breath that he had taken in years, and he had never tasted wine with the bouquet of that inhalation. Then, in one moment, was spread out for him an extravagance of color which made it seem that he had never looked on color before. "I

never knew that dawn was like this!" he said.

He had now reached the fountain, and when he had looked at the woman who had called herself "The Angel of most Delights" he saw a new loveliness in her eyes which he had quite overlooked at the first meeting with her.

"A man who has not often seen the Dawn is on the wrong road to happiness," said the Angel.

"The poet has said:

"God loves the best of all His men
who wake to meet His dawns,
who rise to greet with ordered soul
His miracle of birth."

The woman then led the man into a garden. "I would like to show you the rose and the bergamot," she said.

"But I have seen these flowers

many times," he protested.

"You have never seen the rose or the bergamot," she contradicted.

When they entered the garden the woman motioned him to be seated and they never moved from that bank of grass nor spoke another word during that morning.

"We can leave now," the Angel finally said, "for I perceive that you have at last seen the rose and the bergamot. Thousands of people come into this garden but few have ever seen a flower or truly breathed its fragrance."

The man would have lingered but the woman said, "I have many other lost delights to show you." And she led him where children were at play and where shepherds were singing as they watched

their flocks.

During the noon hour they pastured their upward eyes on a blue meadow and studied the hieroglyphics of the clouds.

"Man has forgotten to look at these symbols of glory," said the woman. "Clouds are among the most precious of all the lost delights of the world."

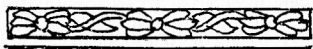
She then took her comrade to a waterfall, nor would she permit him to depart until his eyes had seen the silver trumpets flashing in that liquid chorus of water; and to a thousand other lost delights she introduced him, the last of all being the evening star—the bravest of all the rebels of light which had refused to yield to the supremacy of darkness, for it was first to

rebel.

"You have searched for pleasure in sound," she said, "but no man ever found pleasure in sound who had not first known it in silence."

The man reeled home as one drunken from an old wine which he had overlooked in his cellars, and he walked daily forever with his new friend, "The Angel of the host Delights"; nor did he ever complain again over his inability to find pleasure upon earth.

The Angel of Consolation



A physician to the body receives great honor from men but a physician to the soul is always hated, and sometimes crucified.

Thus spake the Angel of Consolation to me when my heart rebelled at the indifference and contempt and hatred which men had shown toward me because I had given them the Anodyne of Beauty for their souls.

"Humanity," said the Angel, "has a much higher regard for the body than for the soul. If a cure for cancer were found the discoverer would be honored above all men (if the cure was quite orthodox). But when poets or prophets offer leaves of healing for the more deadly sarcoma of the soul

their reward is ridicule and crosses."

"Why is this," I asked.

"The secret of this indifference," she replied, "lies primarily in the fact that not one mortal in a thousand is fully convinced that he has a soul. Word of mouth does not prove this conviction, but actions do. If a person were completely convinced of the immortality of his spirit he would be much more concerned about the health of his soul than about the health of his body. A fool alone would neglect his soul if he were certain that he had one."

"What must I do to convince man that he is immortal?" I asked.

"Continue to offer your leaves of healing for his soul, even if he despises and hates you for so doing. The day may come when his spirit is ready

to take unto itself your anodyne."
"How shall I know the value of my
leaves of healing if men will not try
them?" I asked.

"You shall know their worth by the
rebellious attitude of men toward
them. Man has always hated those
medicines which bring salvation to
his soul. They crucified a man
who offered them many leaves of
healing, the most potent of which
were the words:

'Ye are no longer under the law but under
the spirit.'

"They said he was a lawbreaker be-
cause he uttered this magnificent truth."

"I am also despised and hated in
my own land," I said.

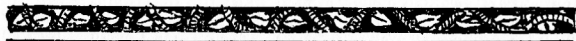
"Then you can rest assured there is
virtue in your leaves of healing. If
your words brought you the love and

the honour of men it would be proof that they were of little value. Mankind has always hated the truth. Be happy and proud then that you are not a poet whom the proud places acclaim."

The Angel then left me, and when she was gone I took the threads of my country's hatred, jealousy, ridicule and indifference, and I wove them into a purple garment, which became dearer to me than any costly robes ever were to a woman's heart.

Some day, apparelled in this garment, I shall walk up proudly and stand before the throne of a King. And that King's throne will be in my own soul.

The Angel of Simplicity



There was a certain Scribe who was held in great honor in academic circles, and by the so-called important critics, but who, in spite of all this favor, felt a constant dissatisfaction with his written word.

"I would like to reach the hearts of the common people of the world," he complained, "but this I have never been able to do."

The studio of the Scribe was the envy of all other writers in the land. It was centered by a beautiful mahogany desk which was surrounded by a library containing every reference book any man needed in this man's

profession. Dictionaries, encyclopedias and books of synonyms were there, and he had a secretary who took from his shoulders all the burdens of research and detail. But with all these aids he had not been able to accomplish the greatest desire of his life, which was to enter the hearts of the common people.

As he was reaching for his thesaurus his hand was stayed by a voice which came from directly behind him.

Turning around, he saw a woman who was arrayed in pure white, the draping of which was lovelier than any garment that he had ever looked upon. She wore no ribbon at her throat or in her hair, and the yellow gold of the earth was not upon her fingers.

"I have noted your discontent for a long time," said the woman.

"Who are you, and why do you ask after my welfare?" replied the Scribe.

"I am the Angel of Simplicity", she exclaimed, "and I am inquiring into your personal affairs because I believe that I can help you."

"My grief," answered the Scribe, "arises from my inability to reach the hearts of the common people with my pen."

The woman looked around the beautifully equipped library before replying. She noted the costly encyclopedia, the vellum-bound dictionary and the well-thumbed thesaurus, and her looks told him more than a volume of words would have done.

After a long silence she said: "Truth and Beauty have always worn my robes. Complexity is the garment of half-

truths and pseudo-beauty.

"What shall I do?" asked the Scribe.

"Go out into the open places," said the woman, "and learn the language of clarity and simplicity.

Take your lessons from the clear shining of the stars, from the cloudless acres of the skies, and from the clarity of mountain streams.

"No man, save a dilettante, will ever drink a cloudy mixture when a flagon of sparkling water is his for the asking."

"It is too late for me to change my style of writing," protested the Scribe. "Too long have I been a Disciple of Obscurity."

"If your desire to reach the heart of the common people is great enough" said the Angel, "the trans-

formation can be made almost instantly. A Scribe, named Jesus, clothed all his truths in the simplest language he could command:

'Consider the lilies
how they grow:
they toil not;
neither do they spin...'

"Shakespeare plucked one of the loftiest stars from the heaven of truth when he wrote:

'This above-all:
to thine own self be true...'

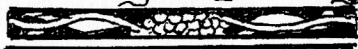
"Let these examples be models before your pen, and you will soon reach the heart of the common people."

The woman vanished, and the man went out into the sunlight; nor did he return to his library for many weeks. Then for months he avoided his former haunts — the Authors'

Club and the Society for Advanced Metaphysics — and, when the urge to say what was in his heart came like a flood over him, he wrote a new song, and, to his joy, it was heard and loved by the common people. But his friends of the Academy and his confederates in the Authors' Club banished him from their councils and tore the insignia of honors, which they had given him, from his breast.

An hundred years went by and the Academicians of that later Day met with the Common People to honor the memory of this Scribe. Grudgingly they were forced to admit that the judgment of the Common people of his day had been right.

The Angel of Might



here was a man who was so ardent an admirer of the Angel of Might that his greatest desire was that some day he might meet this Angel of the Earth whom he pictured as Hercules in build and a man with a voice like thunder and whose words were tempered like bars of steel.

Year after year passed but the greatest wish of his heart was not granted so he resigned from his business and started on a journey which he vowed would not be halted until he had met, face to face, the Angel of Might.

He had not proceeded far when

he heard a voice say: "Whither goest thou?"

"Is that any concern of yours!"
he replied rudely.

"This may be of more concern to me than you think," said the stranger quietly. "You are looking for the Angel of Might and I believe that I know his present whereabouts."

The worshipper of Might looked at the speaker and noted that he was a slender, dark-eyed man — a splendid example of the type of a human being that he most despised. The soft voice and gentle manner of the stranger irritated him beyond measure, and he would have brushed him aside contemptuously had he not been intrigued by the stranger's assertion that he knew where the Angel

of Might could be found.

Before he could reply, however, he was asked: "May I venture to inquire in what places you expect to find the Angel you desire to see?"

"I have secured permission to enter fortifications, munition factories, atomic-research plants; and I have letters of introduction to admirals, generals, and the most powerful of the world's politicians. Surely, in one of these places or with one of these people, I will find the quest of my heart."

"You will not find the Angel of Might in any of these places or in the company of any of these people."

"Where then shall I find him?"

"I am the Angel of Might," said the man quietly.

The lover of Might took one more

look at the stranger and then broke out into uncontrollable laughter.

"Ha, ha; ho, ho!" he cried "You—the Angel of Might! You surely are the prince of jesters."

The man said no more, but as he walked away he started to sing a song of his own making, and it was as beautiful a song as ever had been sung since the world began.

There was a power in this melody that no man could resist, save the mortal whose soul was past redemption, for it was a perfect mating of beauty and truth.

Against his will the man followed the singing stranger, and soon other folk were lured by the glory of this troubadour's song until a

great multitude marched like an army behind him. When he reached the city the police and the military came out to stop his singing, but they too fell under the spell of the lyric stranger's song.

When they had arrived at a great common the singer ceased his song and bade all his followers to be seated while he spoke to them. "Friends," he said, "I am the Angel of Night. With my song I have made many wars to begin and caused many wars to cease; with my voice I have enthroned kings and with my word have I sent them into exile. I sang battle-songs in Judaea which put out the light of life in a million eyes and for this I am heartily sorry. I chanted a rune as I watched my sheep move

like the swaying plumes of flowers on the hills beyond Jordan, and I have no sorrow or regret because I chanted this song, for its power has gained momentum for over three thousand years, and it has more followers than any general ever had. Then he sang in a rich voice:

“The Lord is my Shepherd;
I shall not want;”

“I sang other songs from a cottage in a little camp of souls called Ury and these runes toppled the superstitions of creed and race from their thrones more quickly than all the armies and navies of the world could ever have done.”

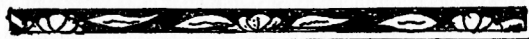
The man then sang another song and the great multitude caught up his words and when he had finished they shouted and embraced one

another in great joy.

And the Angel of Might said to the people as he prepared to depart:

"If you ever seek me again do not look for me in those places where men say I dwell for you will not find me there."

The Angel of Compensation



In a country, which was noted for its beautiful women, there dwelt a spinster whose face was blessed with scarcely one redeeming feature.

Her skin was sallow, her eyes were devoid of lustre, and her hair possessed not one hint of a woman's crowning glory.

The woman was so aware of her repulsiveness that she avoided people as much as possible. She had no lover, and very few were her friends. "Alas, I am an ugly weed in a garden of beautiful flowers!" she wailed.

"There is no need for you to be, always, an ugly weed, as you call yourself. You can be as lovely as any flower in your garden," said a gentle voice to her, one day as she shut herself

up in her room, in order to avoid the unwelcome eyes of the world.

Looking up, she saw a woman whose features were as plain as her own, but who seemed to be far more fascinating than any woman she had ever seen.

"I am the Angel of Compensation" was the stranger's greeting, "and I have come to you that you may know the secrets of beauty. If you will listen to me I will make you as beautiful as any woman in your land.

"Are you a surgeon?" asked the woman in amazement. "I have already consulted one of this profession, but he told me I was beyond the skill of his plastic surgery."

"My results are not achieved by knife or medicine," said the visitor. "They may be laborious, but they are

not painful. And I assure you that I have never known failure where my teachings have been followed."

"I will try anything that gives me hope of possessing even one fragment of beauty," said the woman, and in her voice was a new vigor which almost frightened her.

"Ah," cried the Angel, "there is already a new tone in your voice and a new look in your eyes and a new color in your cheeks."

"I will do anything that you ask me to do," pleaded the woman.

The Angel walked across the room, and her movements were as graceful as the swaying of tall lilies or the bending of pampas grasses. When she was seated the room seemed to be filled with muted music.

Then the Angel talked and her

words took the plainness from her face, and gave unto her a look of surpassing tenderness and beauty. She spoke about many things, about science, about poetry, about music, about religion, about men of genius and about little children. Her voice was as musical as a morning bell and her silences were like vespers.

"I have never seen anyone so lovely as you are," said the woman.

"You can be as lovely to all people as I seem to be lovely to you," said the Angel as she rose to depart.

Six months passed by and the once unlovely woman walked with her lover under the canopy of a sky which was Mediterranean blue.

"You move as gracefully as you float-
ing cloud," he said.

In her reply there was the music

of words, for she had learned how
beautiful a human voice can be.

"O, my beloved," she answered.

The Angel of Wisdom



ne of the Seven Angels of Wisdom said unto me: "Come with me and I will show you the most evil of all the nations of the earth, and when you have seen this country I will give you a glimpse of that nation wherein dwell God's chosen people."

I followed the Angel and my heart was full of wondering as to which was the best and which was the most evil nation

The most evil of peoples will undoubtedly dwell in one of those savage countries in the far East, thought I, and God's Chosen People will most surely be the citizens of my own beloved nation, just as my country's newspapers declared.

I expected to be transported immen-

mediately across the seas to some strange land, but, instead, I was led by the Angel up into a high tower — so high that it looked over all the countries of the earth.

“I will now show you the men and women of the most wicked country upon earth,” she said, and as she did so she waved a wand and there appeared immediately on a great plain below the tower all the evil people of the world.

I looked down and my first surprise came when I saw how many were the people from my own country and even from my own city, in that vast concourse. My amazement increased when I noted how few were the evil faces from the savage regions of the earth. Yellow men, black men,

bronze men, and white men were in that multitude but it seemed to me that the greatest number of these people came from those countries which had claimed to be "God's chosen people."

The Angel waved her wand and the vast army of evil peoples disappeared, and where they had stood were assembled another multitude.

"These are the citizens of the most righteous country in the world. That country is composed of the good people of all lands under the sun."

I looked again and beheld a priest and a rabbi standing amid a group of fierce-looking savages, and I saw men in prison garb who were talking freely with

judges and with other men of
impeccable standing. But I noted
that few of the leaders of the world
were in that assembly of peoples,
and that a vast majority of the
multitude were men and women
who were hated and despised by
their fellowmen. I saw a few who
had bought old clothes at my door
but I failed to discern the Hebrew
who was the chief prop of the
Synagogue in my city. I saw a man
whom I once heard cry, "God be
merciful to me—a sinner!" But
I had failed to discern the face
of the preacher in that man's
church. I saw a man who had
stolen bread and clothes, but the
judge who condemned him was
not to be found anywhere in that
great legion of men and women.

I descended from the Tower with the Angel and was approached by a soldier who handed me a uniform and said: "Put on this uniform. We are fighting the most evil nation on the earth." So I put on the military garb, and the first person that I slew was this soldier who had given me the uniform for I remembered seeing his evil face when the Angel of Wisdom showed me, from the Tower, the evil people of the world.

Two Angels Meet



As I was watching a cathedral of white clouds, whose stones had been quarried from the dews of that lovely morning, I was approached by a woman who was wandering here and there aimlessly, but who had a great wonder in her eyes. She put out her hand to me in a friendly way for she had observed me for some time and was delighted that any mortal in this dreamless age could look so long and so lovingly at the white trimmings of the sky.

"I am the Angel of Dreams," she said, "but none of my dreams ever seemed to come true. I have

searched everywhere for some one who could tell me wherein I have failed to make real my dreaming."

"Please name me some of your dreams," I asked.

"I dream of the day when every child on earth will have a wide meadow in which to play - a meadow yellow with buttercups, and splashed by the foam of white daisies."

"A beautiful dream," I answered.

"But tell me more about your dreams."

"I dream of a day when in all the world there shall be neither rich nor poor."

Then she related to me many of her other dreams and yearnings, and each dream seemed more beautiful than the last.

"This would be a perfect world if your dreams should come true." I said to

her as she rose to depart.

"Alas, alas!" she cried. "That can never be."

Some weeks later, as I was again pasturing my eyes on the harvests of heaven I was saluted by a woman whose shoulders were as broad as those of a man and whose arms and legs were of Amazonian strength.

"I am the Angel of Action," were the words with which she introduced herself to me. "I have often watched you as you sat looking at the heavens, and wondered what joy you could get from looking at so uninteresting a sight as a bank of clouds."

"My daily hour with the clouds is the foundation of all my material success," I said. "If I fail to

look into the heavens for even one day everything that I do or touch suffers from this omission."

"I have been growing more dissatisfied with my work day after day. I have erected the largest buildings anyone ever built and I have made the greatest ships that ever sailed the sea - but there is something lacking in everything I do," replied the Angel.

"I saw failure in your eyes when I first looked into them," I declared.

"Come and sit with me for a few days during my dream hour and I think you will find out wherein you have failed."

The Angel came and sat beside me day after day and her restlessness, which was great at the

start, grew less and less with each visit. Then one day the Angel of Dreams was about to pass by, and I called to her.

"I want you to meet my friend, the Angel of Action."

The two women shook hands, and when the Angel of Action looked into the eyes of the Angel of Dreams, a great new joy came into her heart, and when the Angel of Dreams felt the strong hand-clasp of the Angel of Action she knew for the first time that her dreams would now come true.

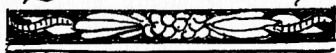
The two Angels sat looking at the clouds during my entire feast hour and then, arm locked in arm, they hurried away.

Within a few years the foam of white daisies was splashing in

the faces of countless children, and there was neither a poor nor a rich man anywhere to be found on the earth. The alleys of the cities had all become streets, and the streets were avenues, and the houses and the temples were now all so lovely that their size was never noted. There was no longer any word about the length of a ship, but there was much talk about her graceful sailing and her safety and the dark beauty of her sea-washed hull.

And these two Angels walked together on the earth for a thousand years.

The Angel of Imagination



As I proceeded along a city street one lovely autumn day I passed a man in a white uniform who was gathering up the leaves and whose broom was cleansing the pavements with a holy and beautiful gesture.

My attention was called to the man because he was singing at his task, and my wonder grew when I learned that his song was 'He Miserere', the incomparable operatic number from Verdi's 'Il Trovatore'.

There was something so unusual in this man that I stopped in my walk and watched with a fascin-

ated eye the rhythm of his broom,
and as he gathered up the leaves
I heard him intone the words of
the poet, Shelley:

'Pestilence-stricken multitudes; O thou
Who chariotest to their dark, wintry bed
The winged seeds where they lie cold and
(low--

I passed other sweepers of the streets
of my city during that walk, but none
of them, save this one, had a song
on his lips or a dream in his heart.

Then I heard a voice and, turning,
I saw a woman who had hurried to
my side that she might talk with
me.

"I think I can answer the ques-
tion which is perplexing your heart.
You are wondering why this work-
man alone had a song on his lips
and a dream in his heart."

"Indeed, I have been greatly puzz-

led," I replied.

"I am the Angel of Imagination," she said softly, "and only this one man, of all those workers whom you saw is willing to listen to my voice."

"Are there many people who do hearken to your suggestions?" I asked.

"One in ten thousand of the workers of the world has my song on his lips and my dream in his heart."

"Where do you find these men who are willing to listen to you?" I inquired.

"I find them in all walks of life," was her answer. "A plowman, singing behind the dark-curling of fragrant loam often listens to me, and when he does so, he

SEES the breaking of an alabaster
box beneath his plow wherever it
MOVES,

"A fisherman beholds beyond the
shining of his nets the silver-shoul-
dered Proteus rising from the green
waters of the sea. A barber SEES
in every patron's head the curls of a
prince or the hair of a poet or prophet.
A carpenter hears fugues under his
plane's gliding and the sound of
the drums of victory in every stroke
of his hammer. The housewife SEES
in her row of shining pots and pans
a silver sea on which she can daily
sail to Arcady. The cobbler sings
softly, for every shoe that he makes
is for the feet of a Christ. There are
even banker's who have listened to
my voice, and who learn to forget
the gold in their vaults for the

gold bars of dawn, and the green
on their bank-notes for the verdure
of meadows."

"Tell me more, tell me more," I
cried.

"One word of mine will raise a
cathedral over the crude chapel of
a peasant, will make a symphony
out of a common song, and will
light up a few seemingly common-
place words until they shine like
a galaxy of stars."

The woman departed and, behold,
I saw a new heaven and a new
earth.

The Angel of Understanding



As I walked in a northern country I saw a blonde-haired Norseman smite a dark-eyed hater because the man, who consorted with southern swars had, as a salutation of greeting, kissed the northerner on both cheeks. And as I walked in a southern country, I heard the sneer and taunt of a son of the tropics, and this ridicule was heaped upon the head of a Norseman because his gestures seemed cold and unfriendly to the southerner."

It was the Angel of Understanding who spoke these words to me, and I could see that she was greatly grieved over the misunderstanding

between man and man, and between
nation and nation, on this Planet of
little Understanding.

"This is the cause of all our wars
and riots and strikes," she said.

"If there were understanding, none
of these things could happen."

"I would like to go with you on one
of your pilgrimages and find out
just how much misunderstanding
there is on this planet called the
Earth," I said.

"The opportunity to learn this
will not require much travel, for
there is an assembly now in session
which is composed of peoples from
nearly every country in the world.
Let us visit this representative body
and I will soon show you how thor-
oughly misunderstanding separates
the men and the nations of this

Earth?"

So I followed the Angel and sat with her for one week in the palatial hall where the representatives of all nations met, and at the end of seven days I came away realizing that there was no such thing as understanding to be found anywhere upon the earth. Some nations exhibited less understanding than did others and, strange to say, the representatives of the countries which were supposed to be the greatest were the blindest and the most prone to misunderstanding.

The principal speaker of the proudest country continually looked at the sins of all other countries through a telescope which he held in reverse when examining the

sins of his own land. His mouth was continually frothing with the words "liberty" and "freedom", while his every action betrayed the insincerity of his tongue.

I had carefully watched the raising of hands when the members of the Assembly were given the test of a vote. Day after day, no matter what the issue, I saw the same hands voting like stunged automators, together. If the question arose, "shall we eat apples?" then twelve hands would vote "Yea" and six hands "Nay". If the issue substituted the words "Dog-meat" for "Apples", twelve hands would still say "Yea" and six hands "Nay". Why they voted at all remains a mystery to me.

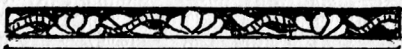
"I have seen enough of this child's play," I said to the Angel. "I could

pick seven children from a kindergarten whose understanding would be greater than the wisdom of these men. I can see no hope for mankind."

"There is one hope and one alone," cried the Angel. "It will come when men and women realize that the politicians of the world are not, nor ever were, the leaders of men. The poets, the prophets and the dreamers could lift us out of this house of chaos in one day, and not until they are called to the seats of the mighty will we ever have understanding. A poet has prophesied that day."

"I sing this song that you may know me better; that I may know you better; for now is the day at hand when we shall behold the dust of all our broken idols, our false gods paving the streets where lusty mortals walk chanting the hymns of Barbarity and her hosts."

The Angel of Belief



And I looked and I saw a woman who was descending a path from a high mountain. When she came down to the plain whereon I was standing I beheld her face, and there was a look of wonder upon it such as I never before had seen on the face of any man or woman in the world. Her eyes were alert to every glory of the universe, and they roved from a flower, which leaned in friendliness across her path, to a cloud which carried a cargo of light across the sky.

Whenever she looked the adoration in her eyes increased, and it lightened into flame at the face of an unworldly child. But her faith

reached its climax when she heard the words of a poet-prophet which were carried to her on the golden salver of a morning breeze. She knelt by a roadside as she listened and when she rose her eyes were vocal with a great song.

I turned to a comrade and asked: "Who is this woman with the word of reverence in her eyes?"

"That is the Angel of Belief" he answered contemptuously. "She is a silly hero-worshipper whose adoration, however, is never for the important men of the world but for poets and prophets, and other rebels against our glorious institutions. When the greatest of our generals came home from his triumphs in a distant war, and was hailed by all people, I noted no wonder in her eyes, nor heard any

ecstasy in her voice. The tallest building often draws no applause from her hands, but when she passes a man who has been despised by his fellow-men all his days she salutes him. She seems to prefer vagabonds to college presidents and fools to our noble rulers."

The words of the man who had thus ridiculed the woman had an opposite effect on me to the one which the reviewer expected, for I immediately sought out the person whom the man had called, "The Angel of Belief."

It was not long before we met, for she had already started to search for me. "As soon as I know anyone is looking for me I begin to look for him," were her first words to me.

"I would like to possess even a frag-

ment of that wonder which is in your eyes," I said.

"Come with me and I will show you what Belief can do," was her invitation.

I followed her first into a home where a man was reading to his two children and to his wife who was looking up at him with some of that wonder in her face which I had seen in the Angel's eyes.

"This man was transformed into what you now see him to be because of the belief which he saw daily in the eyes of his wife and his children."

Then she took me to a house where a great poet lived, and as we stood looking at the unpretentious little bungalow which was his home, she told me how this man was heartened to write his greatest songs, since his

belief in himself had blossomed into full flower because of that fine faith which a friend had shown toward him and his work.

"The gods are walking amongst us on earth, and happy and useful are the men and women who listen to my whisper in their ears and find a strong belief in something or somebody. The person who reverences a noble idea or a noble man or woman is soon on his way to greatness himself.

"This is my advice to you," said the Angel of Belief, as she was about to bid me farewell; "Choose your comrades from men who believe in you, and that choice will be like a wall of strength about you. For whosoever reverences beauty becomes beautiful, and whosoever reverences goodness becomes holy, and whosoever reverences truth becomes,"

(WISE)

The Angel of love



In one of my hours of dreaming I was confronted by a woman whose face was so full of glory that my eyes were temporarily blinded by the sight of it.

"I am the Angel of love," she said, "and if the brightness of my face is more than your eyes can endure, how much more would be your embarrassment should you come face to face with the Fountain of love, which is God. My light is but as the light of the moon which is reflected from the glory of the sun."

When my eyes had recovered from the first blindness I said

wrote the Angel: "What must I do to gain even a fragment of your glory?"

As if to answer my question in a way that I could understand, the woman beckoned to me to follow her, and she led me to a lovely child and told me to kiss her. Gladly did I do so for the child was winsome and beautiful and gentle.

"To love anything, or anyone, possessing beauty is an elemental lesson in love, and I am pleased to note that you have learned this lesson."

Then she led me to a home in front of which sat a child whose cheeks were like the soiled petals of an unearthy, white flower and whose arms and legs were hideous with sores.

"Take this beautiful child into your arms," commanded the Angel

When she noted my hesitation she looked sadly at me and said: "If the love of my Father and your Father hesitated before throwing his everlasting arms about the most repellant person on all the earth, pitious would be the fate of man."

The light from the woman's face began to thaw the coldness in my heart, and I picked up the sick child and held her in my arms, nor was I mindful of the sores that covered her, and to my surprise the joy that I felt was far greater than the pleasure which I knew when I had embraced the first child.

"There are two kinds of love—human love and divine love," said the woman.

"To love the person whom it is easy to love is human; to love the person whom it is hard to love is divine: the love which is both human and divine is the perfect love. The love of God cannot be measured by his attitude toward his angels but by his love for the least of mankind.

Then she took me into a great church, and I saw her pick up a book of rituals and creeds and tear it into fragments.

"There is no need for creeds or rituals where love abounds," she explained.

We went, then, into a great court of law, and she led me into a room where records were kept of the accumulated laws of all time and she took these official documents, one by one, and cast them upon a fire which was burning there, and she did this until

the last page was destroyed.

"There is need of no law save the law of love."

Our next visit was to a school, where we listened to a teacher who taught weights and measures and boundaries and the dates of events, and the way to use a saw, but who never mentioned the word 'love' in all his teaching.

Then the Angel spake unto the children and she said: "Let your first and your last lesson be about love. Then you will desire to know the boundaries of other countries because of your love for the people who dwell in them, and you will want to learn how to sew and how to use a saw because you have learned that these implements of toil can be used in rendering service to humanity."

We left the school and visited many other places. We went into a hospital and she said unto the sick: "Many of you are here because you or someone else has broken the law of love - and a few are here because your ancestors have transgressed that law."

The last place that she visited was a prison, and when we had looked over a sea of humiliated faces, the Angel spoke, and there was deep passion in her voice:

"These men and women are the clumsy breakers of the law of love. The greatest offenders, however, are not here. These are the hypocritical folk who keep the laws of man and flout the laws of God. They are the arch-criminals of the world."

After leaving the prison the Angel

and I parted, but from that day
onward men and women hid their
faces at my approach, for the light
which was in my eyes blinded them,
even as the glory on the face of the
Angel of love had blinded me.

WILSON MACDONALD

Wilson MacDonald—poet, lecturer, artist, satirist—is as vigorous today at eighty-three as he was forty years ago. A keen athlete for most of his life, Mr. MacDonald still enjoys a good game of tennis, and his vitality is still evident on the lecture platform when he gives readings of his own poetry, often to the accompaniment of his own musical compositions.

The vigour of his writings reflects his rebellion against life's many wrongs. As a lad he rebelled against cruelty to animals, shown by many of the boys at his school. He rebelled against Capital Punishment after watching the black flag raised after Birchall's hanging at Woodstock. He rebelled against war because he always realized its futility. At eighty-three, this gentlest of men still thunders out against hypocrisy, cant and creeds.

What the Critics Say

"I have read a good deal of your poems and I am deeply impressed by their spirit and also by the simplicity and lucidity of your language. I consider you a real artist untouched by the artificiality of the literary fashion of our epoch."

Albert Einstein

(excerpt from letter)

"If any Canadian has the right to the distinction of possessing sheer creative genius, that right belongs to Wilson Macdonald, as a seer and as an artist working in a field of spiritual vision which he has pre-empted."

John D. Logan, M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D.,

in "Highways of Canadian Literature."

"Wilson MacDonald interested me more than anything else in America."

William Archer

"Wilson MacDonald's poetry has an endowment of psychic energy which makes his verse resonant and vibrant, and what pleases me most is that the needles of his very being point to the spiritual."

George Russel (A.E.)