Title: Quatrains of Christ

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QUATRAINS OF CHRIST
By GEORGE CREEL
Preface by JULIAN HAWTHORNE

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Bend on this wonder world a clearer eye,
Hark closer to the soul's prophetic cry,
Thrill with the happy song of growing things,
And read the promise of the star-set sky.

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TO MY MOTHER
WHOSE TENDER LOVE AND
INSPIRING COMPANIONSHIP HAVE
BEEN EVER PRESENT
PROOFS OF GOD'S
GOODNESS
PREFACE

It is strange that the Christian world should have been in need of exactly such a book as this,—that after nineteen hundred years of Christianity we should lack a simple and straightforward reaffirmation of the truth of the Christian faith. Christ has been much patronized of late,—has been coupled in a sentence with Buddha and Confucius and other alleged saints and Messiahs of the past; but a man has been wanting to say that he is nothing less than God in the flesh,—Son of God as well as Son of man,—the Lord Incarnate, come to redeem us from our sins. Mr. George Creel comes forward to supply this deficiency; there is no evasion or compromise in his speech on the subject; his is the faith of the Early Christians, before the sectarians got to work on the plain-spoken, sublime records of the Divine Life on earth; he leaves scepticism on one side, and philosophy and the Higher Criticism on the other, and makes straight for his goal. His belief and testimony are as naive as that of a little child,—except we be as whom, we “can in now wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.” He has little concern with arguments; he appeals to the interior witness of the adoring heart. This is what the world needs, and no part of the world so much as that which calls itself Christian. His utterance is as free from the apologetic note as it is from acerbity and
browbeating. He has felt the truth himself, deep down in his soul, and he cannot do otherwise than give it forth with all his soul and strength. He speaks not in contentiousness but in love. The living waters have touched his lips, and he longs to have others drink as he has drunk. He holds up the wonderful and radiant story before our eyes, and summons us to receive its glad tidings with worship and joy. The Lord has come down to earth; and through his lineaments, which we have mocked and disfigured, the light of His divinity shines unquenchable; and the very disfigurements are proof of the indwelling and emerging Perfection.

More than a thousand years after the Crucifixion, there was born in Nishapur, in the Far East, a gentle but cynical soul called Omar Khayyam. His experience of life distilled itself in a sort of kindly pessimism, and was embodied in a series of quatrains which lived their day and were forgotten, until, fifty years ago, an Irishman of kindred culture and temperament translated and remoulded some of them into a subtle and musical poem which embodied the eloquent philosophic despair of the last century. But it was not till long after Edward FitzGerald's death that the genius of an American artist, Elihu Vedder, gave his verses fame and wide recognition. The English Rubaiyat has ever since been conspicuous on the drawing-room table of