

An Endless Line of Splendor

Vachel Lindsay, 1913.

Henry Smart, 1836.

An endless line of splendor,
These troops with Heav'n for home,
With creeds they go from Scotland,
With incense go from Rome.
These, in the Name of Jesus,
Against the dark gods stand,
They gird the earth with valor,
They heed their King's command.

Onward the line advances,
Shaking the hills with power,
Slaying the hidden demons,
The lions that devour.
No bloodshed in the wrestling-
But souls new born arise-
The nations growing kinder,
The child-hearts growing wise.

What is the final ending?
The issue, can we know?
Will Christ outlive Mohammed?
Will Kali's altar go?
This is our faith tremendous-
Our wild hope, who shall scorn-
That in the Name of Jesus