

**THE WORLD'S
PRAYER (REVELATIO
REVELATA)**

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The world's prayer (revelatio revelata) by L. P. Gratacap

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L. P. GRATACAP

**THE WORLD'S
PRAYER (REVELATIO
REVELATA)**

REVELATIO REVELATA
THE SUPREME TEST

THE WORLD'S PRAYER

(Revelatio Revelata)

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IN A FUTURE LIFE," "THE WORLD AS INTENTION,"
"THE SUBSTANCE OF LITERATURE"



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AF



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*Wilt thou show wonders to the dead? Shall the
dead arise and praise thee? Selah.*

*Shall thy loving kindness be declared in the
grave? Or thy faithfulness in destruction?*

*Shall thy wonders be known in the dark? And
thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?*

—PSALM LXXXVIII

I cannot understand either the frame of mind that shrinks from extinction, nor that which professes to anticipate and believe in it. I should not be surprised if after all the Egyptians were right, and the death of a man were the birth of a soul. But (like my namesake, Joey) I want to know: and supposing this to be the case, are we always to live on under a burden of old griefs constantly accumulating at compound interest, for ever? Or will a time come when the onrush of some inconceivable Dawn will brush aside the cobwebs of the unsatisfactory past—even the pleasures Memory has turned into pain—and put the shocking old house in order for an interminable Day?

—*Joseph Vance.*

Will my tiny spark of being
Wholly vanish in your deeps and lights?
Must my day be dark by reason,
O ye Heavens, of your boundless nights,
Rush of Sun and roll of systems,
And your fiery clash of meteorites?

—*Tennyson.*

For in this earthly frame
Our's is the reptile lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed.

—*Wordsworth.*

Could we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier rills and meadows low—
Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cavel,
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us—
Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or, there by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only,
This weary, mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?

—*Stedman.*

It is a miserable thing for a question of truth to be confined to mere presumption and counter-presumption, with no decisive thunderbolt of fact to clear the baffling darkness.—*Wm. James.*

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