

**CHRISTUS VICTOR:
A
STUDENT'S REVERIE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649548873

Christus Victor: A Student's Reverie by Henry Nehemiah Dodge

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

HENRY NEHEMIAH DODGE

**CHRISTUS VICTOR:
A
STUDENT'S REVERIE**

Christus Victor

A STUDENT'S REVERIE

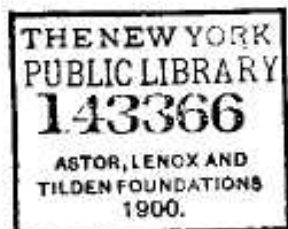
BY
HENRY NEHEMIAH DODGE



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
The Knickerbocker Press

1899—

wt



COPYRIGHT, 1899

BY

HENRY N. DODGE

Entered at Stationers' Hall, London

ROY WEN
DODGE
WEN

The Watcherbocker Press, New York

*World-Saviour, see me at Thy feet
Awe-stricken ; in my hands, for Thine unmeet,
My heart's best treasure dearly bought
With tears and travail, and with trembling brought.
If in this casket Thou shouldst find
Aught to adorn Thy way or help mankind,
Though not frankincense, myrrh, or gold,—
Tribute of star-led caravans of old,—
Take it, O Heart of Love Divine,
And use it as Thou wilt, for it is Thine.*



PRELUDE

SEE on His mother's gentle breast,
The infant Saviour sink to rest;
Soon will she lay His baby head
In peace upon His manger-bed;
Sleep, little Jesu, sleep awhile,
Then bless us with Thy waking smile.

Angels, sing some sweet lullaby,
Soft echoes from the blissful sky;
Sing, angels, sing to all the earth
The story of His lowly birth;
Look, sons of men,—a wondrous sight—
Love new-born, with resistless might!

This dimpled form, so soft and fair,
The burdens of a world shall bear;

These tender feet, so small and weak,
For us, where'er we stray, shall seek;
These little arms outstretched shall be
For all mankind on Calvary.

Wake, Child, the nations need Thee, wake!
The mighty now Thy vassals make;
Subdue their stubborn wills to Thine,
O'ermastered by a touch divine;—
Thy conquering love fierce passions tame
And get new glory to Thy name.

Clothed in love's peerless majesty,
Lead warring nations after Thee,
That following they may find Thy way
To light and peace, and in that day
Forever, at Thy bidding, sheathe their swords,
And hail Thee King of Kings and Lord of Lords!





ARGUMENT

IN an old New England farmhouse a student sits in meditation; a fierce storm raging without, his lamp and fire dimly burning within, his closed book before him, and the skeleton which he has been studying beside him.

Falling into a train of reflection upon the human form, he is led to think of the undeveloped powers and the future life of that being whose frame has long engrossed his study.

After various meditations upon the immortal life into which, as in a vision, he sees an endless flood of souls rising from the earth, his mind is filled with questioning thoughts as to the final destiny of mankind, feeling that an all-wise God whose nature is love, must have designed the human race which He created, for happiness and holiness at last.

The student is overawed by the immensity of the thought and by those teachings of the Scriptures which appear to conflict with such an idea. Whereupon he is led to consider one or two typical passages usually held to support a contrary view, and as his mind begins to rest upon a hopeful solution of the question, other objections of a philosophical character relating to freedom, law, etc., rise to confront him.

After considering these and some other questions to which they lead, and still feeling that Love must in the end be triumphant, in spite of all the vast opposing forces, he appeals to the risen Saviour to show the manner and extent of His victory, that his soul may rest in quiet on a sure foundation.

The Saviour relates to him the experience of His passion as a pledge of His final and complete victory over evil.

Perfect peace takes possession of the student's mind as he hears a chant of triumph sung by the heavenly hosts, hailing the sure victory of love.

The writer's treatment of his subject is but fragmentary, as indeed befits so vast a theme; so vast that it will not suffer itself to be cramped within the formalities of an orderly arrangement, but