

**THE REVELATION
OF ST. LOVE THE
DIVINE**

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The Revelation of St. Love the Divine by F. B. Money-Coutts

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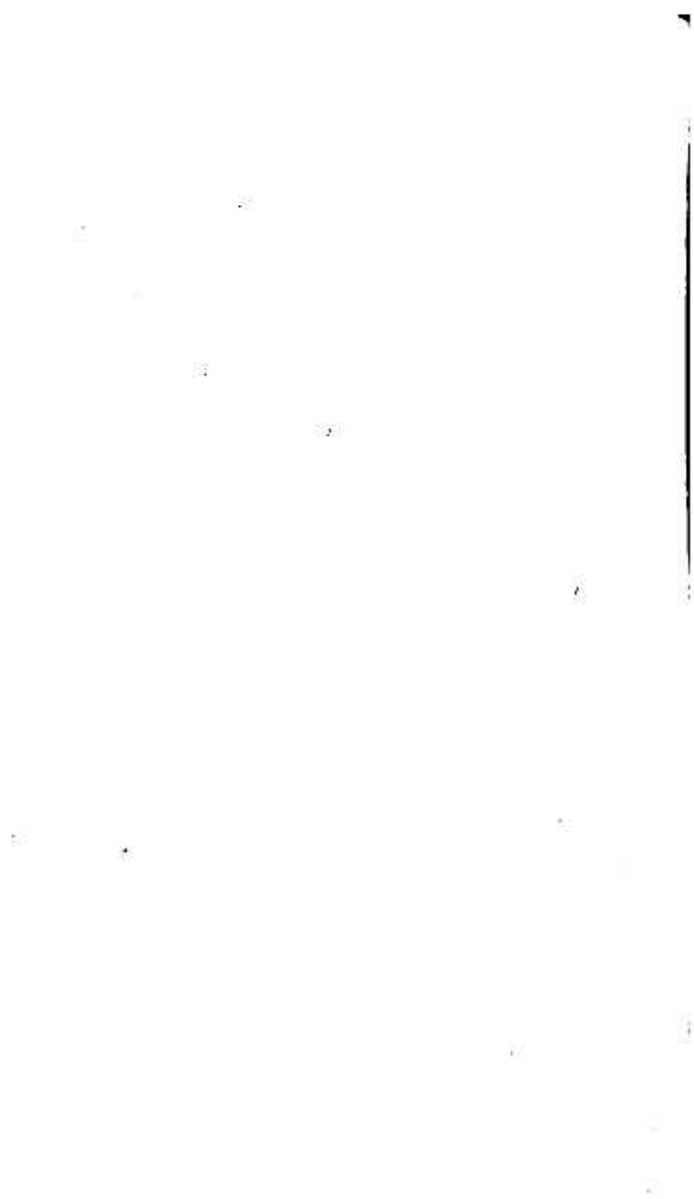
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The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.
The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.
The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.
The nakedness of woman is the work of God.

William Blake.

Prisons are built of stones of Law,
Brothels with bricks of Religion.

Ibid.



“I comprehend a love so fiery hot,
It burns its natural veil of august shame,
And stands sublimely in the nude, as chaste
As Medicean Venus.”

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Yea : lust insults, but love transfigures, sense ;
And lust has veils, but inwardly is nude ;
Love is the child unshamed, and lust, the prude ;
Love human is ; lust, angel in pretence ;
Familiar love can never give offence ;
Self-conscious, anxious lust is ever rude ;
For lust is only love's similitude,
Distorted image of true excellence.





Be all the blight of God's immediate ban
On savourers of poison at the feast
Of Love, the bridegroom! For as beast from man
Immeasurably far, as man to beast
Indefinitely near, so small the span
From love to lust, so wide as West from East!

