



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





# THE MOUTH OF GOLD.

A SERIES OF

DRAMATIC SKETCHES

ILLUSTRATING THE LIFE AND TIMES OF

CHRYSOSTOM.

By EDWIN JOHNSON.



A. S. BARNES & CO.

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO:

1873.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by  
A. S. BARNES & CO.  
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

### *INTRODUCTORY NOTE.*

THE materials for these sketches have been derived mainly from the biographies of CHRYSOSTOM by Neander and Perthes. I have, in some instances, followed closely the translation of the latter work by Hovey and Ford.

It was not till the following pages had been stereotyped that I learned of another biography, recently issued in England by Rev. W. R. W. Stephens, M. A. Its perusal might, here and there, have given a different color to the representation I have made; if indeed I might not have deemed a version in the present form superfluous, in view of the elaborate and highly interesting treatment of the theme by the new volume. I trust, however, that I have not seriously erred from historical accuracy, and that books so essentially different in plan may be mutually helpful in

diffusing a knowledge of one who well deserves to be known and honored always and everywhere.

My aim being to present a condensed and, at the same time, vivid picture of the man and of the scenes and characters that surrounded him, the dramatic form seemed to me suitable. But my little book aspires not to the dignity of a drama. It is only as the title page indicates: *a series of dramatic sketches.*

E. J.

MAY, 1873.

**10**

**S. K. J**



I.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

JOHN, *surnamed* CHRYSOSTOM.

PAULUS, *a young man of Antioch.*

FLAVIAN, “ “ “ *Rome.*

GLAUCUS, “ “ “ *Antioch.*

ACHMED, *an Arabian trader.*

ANTHUSA, *mother of JOHN.*

SCENE.—*Antioch, in Syria.*

TIME.—A. D. 370.

SCENE I.—*The Arcade.*

*Enter PAULUS and FLAVIAN.*

*Paul.* Is it not fair ?

*Fla.* More fair than you had told,  
Or I had dreamed. The Greeks are only just  
When from the brows of candidates at home—  
Athens and Corinth—they withhold the crown,  
Assigning it to this bright Syrian city,  
As Paris gave the golden fruit to Venus.  
Fit appellation joins the name when men  
Do speak of ANTIOCH *the beautiful*.

*Paul.* See where her statue stands, a radiant queen  
Whose feet rest on the rising river-god  
Orontes. Lofty Libanus looks down,  
With fostering love, upon the city's face,  
Like a fond mother on the child she folds ;  
And Taurus, towering opposite, defies  
The harsh North-wind to march his forces hither.

*Fla.* A better safeguard than the circling hills  
Hath set its sign upon yon crag you call  
Mount Silphius, where the royal bird alighting

*Paul.* And yet we lack assurance  
The king of gods can curb the Vulcan crew  
That underneath this soil are wont to work,  
Till the tremendous blasting splits their roof—  
Which is our floor—and we, poor souls, are put  
In fear and peril of an utter fall.  
If piety can save, we are most safe :  
For not alone to Jupiter we pray,  
And to the host who hail him as their head ;  
From Palestine are come the worshippers  
Of Him they name Jehovah, Israel's God ;  
A hundred thousand wear the title fixed  
At Antioch first upon a feeble band  
Who followed Christ: the title blazoned since  
Upon imperial standards, and embraced  
By multitudes throughout the realm.

Tell me

## Why much

As in the swift Orontes meet and merge  
 The waters trickling forth from far-off founts  
 Among the frozen hills, and those that leave,  
 Reluctantly, the flowery meads, and those  
 That plunge impetuous from the nearer heights,  
 So doth our social current sweep all sects  
 And sorts along in frolic motion. See!  
 The stream is swelling now, as with a freshet.  
 The voice of Daphne calls her votaries ;  
 And through this arched and shady way they pour—  
 The Greek and Arab, Persian, Jew and Gaul—  
 Costumes and dialects diverse, but minds  
 Intent alike on pleasure.

*Fla.*

Windingly,

Nor without stain of sordid contact runs  
 Orontes: if report be true, the tide  
 Of pleasure here runs at its wayward will,  
 And not too limpid! [*Enter GLAUCUS.*

*Paul.* Here's a Christian friend.—

Ho, Glaucus, whither bound? and wherefore hold  
 Your course so breezily that lazy barques,  
 As this good friend from Rome and I myself,  
 Are like to be run down by you and sunk  
 Incontinently?

*Glauc.*

Pardon, Flavian;

Your pardon, both; and for my punishment

I'll let the charms that drew me, as with chains,  
Float out of sight. Fortune may send betimes  
This way some other fair for company.  
Oh what were Daphne's fountains, groves and flowers  
Without the light of love revealing them?

*Paul.* Enough of that. But tell us of the race  
Wherein your faction yesterday took part.

“Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum  
Collegisse juvat metaque fervidis  
Evitata rotis palmaque nobilis—”

*Glau.* And you not there?

*Paul.* Nay; for the envious wind,  
Though fervently invoked to waft us up  
From port Seleucia, where I met my friend,  
Fell off, and left us, fretting at our fate,  
To lie inert, while you and all the town  
Enjoyed your holiday.

*Glau.* Rare holiday!  
The sun bade every vapor that could break  
His view withdraw, and with wide-open eye  
Gazed down upon the concave field that swarmed  
With scholars, soldiers, citizens and priests,  
Plebeians and patricians, beauty, youth  
And honor. First the wrestlers played their part;  
And then the rival ranks of green and blue,  
Ranged opposite each other, watched the course.

*Fla.* You wear the green.

*Glau.* And proud am I to wear it.—

Four chariots, burnished bright as Phœbus' own,  
Flashed suddenly upon the field. Their steeds—  
The best of rich Arabia's race—ill brooked  
Restraint till all was ready. Ardent rays  
Shot from their eyes and nostrils. On their backs  
The gilded harnesses sat quivering.  
Each lithe and keen-eyed charioteer braced firm  
His feet, and tugged the reins.

A bugle note !

And, as an arrow leaves the twanging cord,  
Those eager steeds sprang forward. Then uprose  
A shout from all the multitude ; but soon  
Suspense kept silence, while, obscured in dust,  
The champions sped from sight. The cloud of dust  
Recedes and falls. But now another cloud  
Arises. Scarcely seen at first, it grows  
Substantial, growing nearer, moving on  
Amidst a mingled murmur of applause  
And rage. A chariot overturned ! A horse  
Dragging his driver by the tangled reins  
Lifeless, himself a mass of foam and blood !  
I marked, amidst the flying ruin, well  
A badge of blue, and then I lent my voice  
To swell the volumed note of victory.

*Fla.* The charioteer was dead?

*Glau.*

Never again

His skill shall threaten our defeat. The wreck  
Was scarce removed when, following a sound  
Like rumbling thunder, rushed four steeds in sight.  
They rather flew than ran. The foremost pair  
Were decked with green; and at each moment made  
A wider space behind their whirling wheels.  
I wonder if our uproar reached you not  
When, seizing Lucius from his glowing car,  
We bore him on our shoulders to and fro;  
We soothed and crowned the panting steeds, and  
danced,  
And drained such bumpers as the god of wine  
Himself might pour.

The vanquished soon forsook  
The field. And prudently: for some light word  
Of scorn, let fall by them or us, had struck  
Perchance the signal of a bloody strife.  
But why recall the taste of pleasures past?  
To-day holds to our lips a cup brimful  
Of joyance. Come with me to Daphne's bowers.

*Paul.* Our feet shall follow yours more leisurely.

*Glau.* Then, for the present, *Fare ye well.*

*Paul and Fla.* Farewell. [*Exit Glaucus.*]

*Fla.* If all the sect are weighted light as he,

'Tis hardly strange it has outstripped so soon  
Religions older than itself.

*Paul.*

Haply

The next whom we encounter may be one  
Whom other than Olympic strifes inflame—  
An athlete on the philosophic field,  
Delighting in the dust of disputation.  
The web of gossamer is not so fine  
As are the threads these subtle thinkers spin ;  
And in the metaphysic mesh they lie,  
Intent to catch and bind, with syllogism  
And curious lore, the unwary and unskilled.  
Or forth they sally, armed with wits more keen  
Than are the blades Damascus fabricates.  
Amidst the clash of words with words, we hear,  
Confusedly, of Father and of Son,  
Of substance and of essence infinite,  
Of pre-existence and fatality,  
Of angel natures and accomplishments,  
And oh, I know not what of themes too high  
Or quiddities too fine for mortal sight,  
But all the more provocative of zeal,  
As lightest tinder kindles quickest fire.

*Fla.* And have you none of those fanatic men  
Who fly from life to dull monastic cells ;  
Or who from caves and grottoes grim dislodge



The savage animals and reptile tribes,  
To make themselves a tomb-like dwelling-place ?

*Paul.* Oh, yes ; yon hillsides swarm with holy  
monks.

*Fla.* I see approaching us an old acquaintance.

[*Enter* ACHMED.]

What brings thee hither, Achmed, from thy home  
In far Arabia ?

*Ach.* Faith, a camel brought me.  
Upon his ridgy back I rocked across  
The desert, under skies of fire, to find  
In Antioch, a Roman whom I met  
Long since in Alexandria. Wherefore here ?

*Fla.* For pleasure, not for pelf. I'll warrant  
*thou*

Art occupied with thoughts of gain. Tell us—  
We are no thieves—what hast thou in thy pack ?

*Ach.* Stand close, and you shall hear.

Beyond that height  
Which hides a curve in the Orontes, lies  
A little camp. Ten camels crouch beneath  
The sycamores that throw a friendly shade.  
Arbutus, myrtle, bay and fig-tree grace  
The shore that seems thrice beautiful to eyes  
Accustomed to the sandy wastes. My men  
Keep watch, while I within the city search

For some rich dealer who may buy with gold  
My store of myrrh and aloes, grain and gum.

*Paul.* I know the man—a Jew, whose pile of coin  
Would scarce a diminution own, although  
For all thy goods he gave thee twice their worth.  
We'll go together to his dismal house.

*Ach.* Why then I'll show you presently some  
strings

Of pearls, more pure and large than ever yet  
The brows or necks of empresses have worn.  
I wish—in answer to your courtesy—  
Your lady-loves might be festooned with them.

---

SCENE II.—*A Room in Anthusa's house.*

*Enter ANTHUSA and JOHN.*

*John.* Urge me not, mother, to abide with thee,  
But, with thy blessing, bid me seek the cloister.

*Anth.* Bethink thee how the Moabitess Ruth  
Addressed to Naomi, who was her mother  
By marriage only, words unlike to thine.  
'Entreat me not to leave thee'—was her cry;

But thine, 'Entreat me not stay with thee.'

Oh dire fatality of modern days!

The pulse of filial love no longer beats.

*John.* Not lack of filial love forbids my stay;

But loyalty to One whose claim I hold

Superior to every human tie.

*Anth.* Yet Mary's son, whom death alone removed

From her whose soul was pierced with pain, left not

The widow childless. Mortal agony

Could not divide his thoughts from her. I see

To-day his look of tender pity fall

Upon another woman, and I hear

His voice address a well-beloved John:

'Behold thy mother!'

While my bridal robe

Was bright, Death folded it away forever.

The meek and matron robe was mine ere yet

The years of youth were fled; but when he fell

On whom I leaned so lovingly, I clung

More close to one who wore his image dear.

'This little one,' I said, 'will be a man

When life with me has passed meridian.

As bees lay by in store for days of dearth,

I'll treasure up in him all precious things

Of strength, of knowledge and of piety:

So, in my weak and wintry season, want  
Shall touch me not.' Alas! thou wouldst defraud  
And leave me twice a widow. Wait, I pray,  
Till my removal hence shall break thy bonds.

*John.* My mother, this is not like thee. My boast  
Has been that thou wert strong and full of faith,  
Afraid of nothing but of sin. Full well  
I know the story of thy life—a life  
Made up of sacrifice for God and me.  
Though princely suitors came, they kneeled in vain  
To win a heart pre-occupied. Thy home—  
An isle of peace amidst a sea of sin—  
Was kept for me, and here my mind was moulded.  
As Moses trod the halls of palaces  
And learned the lore of Egypt's heathen schools,  
Yet kept the love of country and of God  
A mother's lips and life had breathed upon him,  
So fell away from me the arguments  
Of Pagan teachers and the charms of vice,  
Because I felt my mother's nobleness  
And purity. Libanius himself,  
My tutor, filled with scorn of Christian truth  
And fired with proselyting zeal, exclaimed,  
Before the miracle of character  
Like thine, 'What mothers do these Christians  
have!'

*Anth.* Thy praise is sweet, but sweeter is thy presence.

*John.* Should I unlearn the lesson thou hast taught,

And turn my back upon the chosen goal?  
Ambition marked for me a shining track :  
By learning and by eloquence to win  
The meed of praise and rich emolument  
Within the forum. Soon I found what arts  
And fallacies and modes unclean pollute  
The fane of justice, taint the name of law,  
And make the advocate himself too oft  
The criminal. In sorrow and disgust  
I turned away, resolved henceforth to be  
CHRIST'S advocate. The purpose thou didst bless.

*Anth.* But wherefore seek in cloistered solitude  
To serve the Master who himself was found  
In synagogues and in the market-place,  
An open publisher of truth?

*John.* To quench  
The fires of sensual passion in ourselves—  
To scourge our pride and appetite—to prune  
The branches, that the fruit may thrive—is not  
The better part of service this? But thou,  
My mother, little can thy pure heart know  
How stern the task imposed on grosser nature,  
When it would conquer earthliness and rise

Superior to self. I would have leave  
To fight upon a vantage ground.

*Anth.*

I doubt

The advantage, oh my son ; for so it seems  
To my poor thought as if a nation pent  
Within itself should breed intestine strife  
And feverish anarchy ; whereas if set  
Confronting foreign arms, the factions all  
Would league, to subjugate the common foe.  
Disease but seldom dares to strike the man  
Who comes to conquer it : more oft it seeks  
The fugitive who yields to craven fear.  
To govern, not exterminate the powers  
Our Father gave, I deem the soul's high province.  
The cross indeed is ours, but needing not  
That we should seek for it nor fashion it :  
In daily duties will its form appear.

*John.* I know not if the life monastic be  
A cross in such a time, when riot reigns  
With revelry, the State is stirred with strife,  
The church itself is filled with worldliness,  
With love of power and love of pleasures vain.  
Well might we covet, as the Psalmist did,  
'Wings like the dove that we might fly to rest.'

*Anth.* Beware, or selfishness will steal and claim  
The guise of virtue. Christ came down from rest  
And residence celestial, here to toil

And die, that he might better a bad world.  
He bids us follow him ; but sends a Dove  
To brood with wings of comfort o'er our hearts  
And bear us oft in spirit home to rest.  
Enough, till he shall call us hence forever.

*John.* I yield : and yet if in retiracy  
And prayer and study of God's Book, the years  
Might pass till I should hear the call divine  
As Paul, the Apostle, heard it when he left  
Arabian solitudes to preach the Christ,  
So might I hope to be the minister  
Of greater good to men.

*Anth.* I thank thee, Lord!—  
Hadst thou, my son, from this thy youthful home  
Gone forth to make a new one and a dearer,  
My fondest earthly wish had been fulfilled.  
'Tis well : I question neither God nor thee.  
Do thou His will. But oh, 'tis not His will  
That I should lack the solace of thy face  
And daily speech, till human love is lost  
In love divine. Then, filial duty done,  
Thou shalt be free, and God will show thy way  
And crown thy life with good.

*John.* Of such a mother,  
The Lord help me to be a worthy son ;  
And late receive her to His Paradise !





II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

CHRYSOSTOM, PAULUS, GLAUCUS.

CÆSARIUS *and* HELLEBICHUS, *Judges.*

MACEDONIUS, *a Monk.*

SOOTHSAYER, Officers, Rioters.

SCENE.—*Antioch.*

TIME.—A. D. 387.

SCENE I.—*The Market-place.*

*Enter* PAULUS and GLAUCUS.

*Paul.* Whence is this preacher whom the general  
voice

Declares a new Demosthenes ?

*Glau.*

'Twas here

In Antioch his youthful years were spent ;  
Not heedlessly, like ours, but hovered o'er  
With love and counsel, as with angel wings.  
Like Samuel in the temple, he grew up  
A priest ; the robe his saintly mother wrought  
Of pure example and of precepts wise  
Investing him. Of older men he seemed  
The natural ruler ; but refused to wear  
The name of bishop, and retired, when death  
Had ended filial duty, to the cell  
And cave. And now, as one who wandered far  
To rob the hills and strain the streams of gold  
Returns to spend his princely store, so he  
Comes back to utter words so affluent  
With wisdom and with grace, the multitude  
Proclaim him CHRYSOSTOM, *the Golden Mouth.*

*Paul.* They say he deals with dialectics less  
Than with the life?

*Glau.* Why yes, the chemistry  
Of light, or what the difference precise  
May be between the beams of sun and moon  
Doth not so much concern his thought as that  
The light may penetrate the world, to cheer,  
Reprove and purify.

*Paul.* Amidst the throng  
Whom this new Orpheus with his music charms  
Are met, they say, the human butterflies  
And bees who once to gather sweets, and air  
Their robes of gauzy grace found full employ.  
But strange above all else that Rumor tells  
Is this: that Glaucus, gayest of the gay,  
Forsakes full oft the theatre, the grove  
Where dance the nymphs around Apollo's statue,  
The chariot-race, and every scene that once  
Enchanted him, to hear the homilies  
That pour persuasion from the Golden Mouth.

*Glau.* For my apology hear him thyself.

*Paul.* I will, upon occasion fit; and bid  
The giant who subdues you all o'erthrow  
My hard and skeptic judgment if he can.

*Glau.* A giant not in stature, if in mind;  
Nor are his words as blows to break the will,

But rather rays that melt the feelings, fire  
 The purpose, and consume the dross of self.  
 But yesterday the great assembly stood  
 Responsive to each glance his eye shot forth,  
 The changing thoughts that fell, like light and shade,  
 Upon his lips, or lent his voice its tone.

*Paul.* Pity such power were not employed to  
 quell

The rising waves of mutiny, that now  
 Do join the earthquake and the dearth to mar  
 Our state and spoil our dream of peace.

*Glau.* This was the very upshot of the speech  
 He gave us yesterday : ' Forbear,' he said,  
 ' The loud applauses fit for theatres ;  
 But lend the meed I covet fervently :  
 Arrest the rioters—the idle mob  
 Of miscreants who supply for paltry pay  
 The noise that dancers and that demagogues  
 Delight in, and to whom the rude revolt,  
 The clamorous cry, the clash of arms are sport.  
 Say not, oh citizens, that prudence shuns  
 To make of these vile men sworn enemies.  
 The Baptist made an impious king his foe,  
 But prudent silence had been cowardice,  
 Than which the true man sooner chooses death.  
 Nor say *the matter is not mine*, as Cain

Cried out "Am I my brother's keeper?" Each  
Is keeper to the rest, and all are bound  
To keep the commonwealth from injury.  
If you that hear would undertake the task  
You should compel from Pagan and from Jew  
The cry: "These Christians saved our capital!"  
Nay, let one man be charged with holy zeal—  
His influence alone shall change a city!'

*Paul.* I would the eloquence had wrought so well  
That bonds and banishment had rid our streets  
Of all the curséd crew ill-fortune sends  
To vex and do us harm. [Enter SOOTHSAYER.

What say the stars,  
Whose eyes prophetic scan events to us  
Yet unrevealed?

*Sooth.* Of late the omens all  
Are full of ire; the planets move perturbed,  
And every augury gives note of evil.  
What wonder if the ancient gods do frown  
When some new-fangled faith disputes their throne,  
Destroys their altars, and instead of us,  
Their ministers, admits an upstart race  
Of Christian sorcerers and Jewish jugglers?  
But hark! what sounds are these? Already seems  
The car of retribution rolling near.

[*They retire. A mob enters.*

*First Rioter.* Throw down the statues, and treat them as you'd treat the men they stand for.

*Second Rioter.* Why then here goes my sledgehammer against the portly legs of the Emperor, to bring him down from his airy grandeur, that he may make obeisance to his mother earth.

*Third Rioter.* Man and wife are one, they say. 'Tis fitting the Empress should share the fortunes of her high and mighty lord, as, no doubt, she has shared his counsels and has had a hand in laying these outrageous imposts upon us. [*Beats down the statue of the Empress.*] Your Majesty, how like you a lowly life? For fear the rest of your body should be scornful toward your battered and broken limbs, I'll proceed to deal a few blows promiscuously. Zeus! these magnates are made of stuff that almost defeats the force of iron.

*Fourth Rioter.* Next comes this brazen Governor, who, when we march to his mansion and implore that he will abate the tax, whines out that he is only a subordinate, and must do the bidding of the higher powers. Down with thee, tool of tyranny!

*Ringleader.* Clear the ground of the whole impertinent tribe set up here in the heart of your city to remind you that you are slaves.

*Mob.* Down with oppression!

*Ringleader.* Down with the taxes!

*Mob.* Down with aristocracy!

*Ringleader.* So far, well. Now make a circle and we'll have a song:

Said the Big Man who sits  
On the wonderful throne—  
'Do you know, my dear spouse,  
That the silver is gone?  
I'll send down to the South  
To those Antioch kine,  
And supply the sad drouth  
From their udders so fine.'—

*Wait awhile, little man, and we'll show you the trick  
How the Antioch kine give their milkers a kick!*

Said the woman—'My lord,  
Get enough now, I pray;  
I've not had a new robe  
For a week and a day:  
And those Antioch dogs  
Lean they may be and lame,  
But in forests and bogs  
They'll find plenty of game.'—

*Wait awhile, little woman, perhaps you are right,  
But the Antioch dogs think their teeth made to bite!*

Quoth the Governor—'Heu!  
'Tis a pitiful case:  
I must fleece my poor subjects  
Or else lose my place;  
But the Antioch sheep,

Though they bleat, must be sheared;  
With the rich favor keep—  
Nothing then need be feared.’—

*Wait awhile, little man, you may witness some fun;  
For the Antioch sheep think their legs made to run!*

Quoth the princes—‘’Tis vain  
To deny sober facts :  
We were made just to rule  
And the rest to be taxed.  
And those Antioch mules  
Are most handy and tough—  
Only mind these two rules :  
Starve and beat them enough.’

*Wait awhile, little men, for when you say Go !  
The tough Antioch mules may presume to say No !*

*Ringleader.* It grows dark. I know of sundry piles of timber and rags that would burn well and give us light enough to see within the very walls where live the lofty ones whose *consciences* will not let them join the enterprize. How much sweeter the sound of that word *conscience* than of its synonyme—*cowardice*.

*Mob.* Give us torches and we’ll illuminate.

[*They set on fire several dwellings of the rich, but are attacked by the military ; some of the leaders are arrested, and quiet is restored.*]

*Paul.* I think we now may venture forth ; the storm That sent us here for shelter is o’erpast.



*Sooth.* Haply the shower is over ; but the storm  
Is just beginning : In the transient lull  
Let us consult discretion and fly home.

---

SCENE II.—*Outside the church of Chrysostom. A  
multitude, among them PAULUS and GLAUCUS.*

*Glau.* We shall not get within the crowded walls :  
But here his voice may reach us.

*Paul.*

Listen now.

*Chrys.* I warned you, citizens—myself forewarned  
By influence from above—in vain. A gang  
Of aliens brought the pestilence of vice  
To rage and ravage here. Unwise and weak,  
We put them not in quarantine, and here  
Behold we lie as men decreed to death.  
Imperial wrath aroused may swoop with wings  
Of war upon our city, and may fix  
The talons of its vengeance in ourselves.  
But I upbraid you not. I bid you prove  
Repentance now by courage and by faith  
That lifts the soul above tempestuous times.

I bid you hope. The Emperor, though quick  
To anger, is not hard of heart. To him  
Already flies our bishop, Flavian,  
Whom years, and feebleness, and heavy cares  
Would keep at home, but love for you impels  
To try the argument with Majesty.  
His holy countenance and snowy locks  
Will plead ; and in his voice will blend the tones  
Of pathos and authority, till ire  
Within the royal breast will yield to pity.  
I bid you hope ; for here may each and all  
Address the MAJESTY on high, who turns  
The hearts of kings, as streams that run not straight  
From goal to goal but yield to many a check  
And channel. See what cause for gratitude  
Amidst our grief, for now no more the church  
Is vacant, while the street is full ; no more  
The voice of sinful revelry confounds  
Our songs of praise ; nor seems the Sacred Word  
An empty sound. As when a tempest broods  
Dark o'er the deep the wandering craft take heed  
And turn their prows and set their sails to seek  
Safe harbor, till the roadstead void and still  
Becomes a populous and vocal place,  
While all the sea is desert—so the haunts  
Of vice and idleness, the very marts

Of industry are left to solitude  
And silence, while the sanctuary finds  
Not room enough to hold its guests, and truth  
Reverberates in every conscience. Now  
There needs no tongue to tell the vanity  
Of wealth ; for while the rich, distracted, run  
To make some safe deposit of their goods,  
The light-equipped are ready for the march.  
Oh let the lesson live in memory ;  
Nor think that gold can bribe the King of kings  
And bid the day of dissolution welcome.  
When prayers are answered and the peril past  
Let not your hearts forget their vows and turn  
Again to vanity.

*Glau.* The air is stifling :  
Come, let us walk and talk together.—Well,  
What thought you of our famous preacher, John ?

*Paul.* Of him I thought but little ; of the words  
He uttered much and of the faith sublime  
That animates his soul. The piety  
That gives such triumph over trouble seems  
Of priceless worth and sprung from truth divine.

*Glau.* 'Tis like my Paulus thus to speak, in spite  
Of prejudice. I would that mine had been  
The true translation of the word of Christ,  
To teach my friend the way and truth and life.

*Paul.* Of late I saw and felt a something new  
And not of earth, whene'er I met with thee.  
The gayety was gone, but in its place  
Appeared such tranquil joy and purity  
As if a babbling, effervescent rill  
Had lost itself within the bosom broad  
And deep of some bright lake wherein the heaven  
Doth look to see another heaven.—What means  
This noise of wailing and of prayer that grows  
More loud as we approach the Hall of Justice?

*Glau.* The judges whom the Emperor deposes  
To find the fountain-head of mutiny  
Sit daily in the Hall, to try with words  
And tortures all who are accused, or whom  
They reckon cognizant of the affair.  
The great and small, the rich and poor are seized  
And held in durance ; while, without the court,  
A crowd of sad petitioners pour forth  
Their tearful lamentations and their prayers.

[*Enter Officers.*

*First Officer.* In the name of Theodosius, Emperor,  
we arrest you for treason.

*Glau. and Paul.* We are no traitors.

*Second Officer.* Ha ! you cannot skulk under a lie  
as you skulked in the shadow of the arcade, after  
taking part in a high-handed outrage. A few turns

of the screw will be likely to quicken your memories and squeeze out of your lips a little truth.

*Second Officer.* Along with you !

*Glau.* A better One than we, and for our sake,  
Endured the lot of shame and suffering :  
The thought of Him shall bring relief to pain.

[*They are taken into the Hall. Enter the street on horseback the judges ; a company of monks, with Macedonius at their head, meeting them.*]

*Mac.* Alight, oh servants of an earthly lord,  
And hear the mandates of the Lord of heaven !

*Cæs.* If with the sword and spear thou didst presume

To stay our progress, or didst use the name  
Of human potentate to give thy word  
Authority, the answer should be made  
Of scorn and steel ; but in thy coarse attire  
And wasted form and sanctity of mien  
We recognize supreme prerogative.

[*They dismount.*

*Mac.* Suspend the sword ; and bid your sovereign think

Although a master he is but a man ;  
And those whom he arrests are men, whom God  
Hath made in his own image. If, to break  
The brazen statue of the Emperor

Be criminal, what greater crime to break  
Remorselessly the living statue formed  
In likeness of the Lord ! A little gold  
Will mould again the now demolished brass,  
But with what price shall grief restore the lives  
That rash revenge so easily destroyed ?

*Cæs* and *Helleb.* Your words are oracles, and till  
they reach  
The royal ears and bring response, our work  
Shall have an intermission.

*Mac.*

Pax vobiscum.

[*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE III.—*The Church on the morning of Easter.*

*Enter Bishop* FLAVIAN, CHRYSOSTOM, PAULUS,  
GLAUCUS *and people.*

*Chrys.* When o'er us hung the heavy clouds of  
fear

I bade you praise the Lord, the ever good,  
Nor suffer faith to fail. The clouds are past ;  
The skies are full of cheer ! As when the hearts  
That seemed but dead and sepulchred with Christ

With him arose, rejoicing over death,  
So, on this Easter morn, our spirits spring  
Elastic from the darkness into light.  
When first the hand of retribution fell,  
The great and rich—in other days so proud  
And potent—thought alone of speedy flight  
And safety for their goods: but men unknown,  
Unarmed and poor, save for their faith in God,  
Made haste to bring us help; they stayed our doom,  
Then vanished back from unfamiliar scenes  
To their accustomed hills and trees and caves.  
As angels came they, and as angels went.  
And now returns, to crown our festival,  
The shepherd who, to save his flock, deemed not  
His own life dear, but braved the boisterous seas,  
The wintry cold, the Emperor's kindled wrath.  
As Moses pleaded, 'Save the people, LORD,  
Or let me perish with them!' So hath he,  
Our father Flavian, implored for us;  
And not in vain; he brings this royal letter:

[*Reads.*]

'The Lord of worlds for our sake took the form of a servant; and for those who nailed him to the cross he prayed: "Father, forgive them!" What great thing is it if they who are mere men forgive the injuries inflicted by those who are their fellow-servants? The Emperor freely pardons the offences of his Antioch subjects, in the hope that his clemency may not be

lost upon them and that he himself may find mercy with the  
Supreme Monarch. THEODOSIUS, Emperor.'

[*Outbreak of joy.*]

Let gratulation rise to gratitude  
And fill the numbers of our Easter hymn.

HYMN.

We sing of a Saviour ascended.  
On earth once our sorrows he bore ;  
But the shame and the grief are now ended,  
He shall reign and rejoice evermore.  
Hallelujah let us sing !  
Not sweet spices for the dead  
But the palm and sceptre bring,  
Crown the King and Conqueror's head !

He hath broken death's ancient dominion ;  
'Tis no longer a terror to die.  
With the strength of his sky-piercing pinion  
Our hopes he hath lifted on high.  
Praise the Lord of life and light !  
Lo an empty tomb is here ;  
Where the Christ hath winged his flight  
All that love him shall appear.

He has gone to his Capital splendid  
Not as one might the conflict forsake,  
But that we, by his succors befriended,  
May in warfare his triumph partake.



*The Mouth of Gold.*

Praise the source of strength and grace,  
Rich in mercy, clothed with power !  
Though we see not now his face  
He is with us every hour.

When the forces of nature do mutiny,  
When around us are riot and rage,  
When God's law bids us quail 'neath its scrutiny,  
He our sorrow and dread doth assuage.  
For the quiet of our state,  
For the quelling of our fear,  
For our hope and joy elate  
Sing we hallelujahs here !



### III.

#### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

CHRYSOSTOM.

EUTROPIUS, *Prime Minister.*

EUDOXIA, *Empress.*

OLYMPIAS, *A deaconess.*

SCENE.—*Constantinople.*

TIME.—A. D. 398.

SCENE I.—*Room in the Royal Palace.*

*Enter EUTROPIUS and EUDOXIA.*

*Eut.* My pretty Empress, I have caught and caged  
For thee a singing bird whose fluent notes—  
Albeit sometimes sharp and shrill—might move  
The envy of the Attic groves. Commend  
Thy servant's zeal and make his gift right welcome.

*Eud.* Arch plotter, what new feat hast thou accomplished?

*Eut.* Oh nothing to be named beside the feat  
That won me reputation.

*Eud.* What was that?

*Eut.* To teach an orphan maiden, young and fair,  
Her place upon a height imperial;  
To teach an Emperor her charms to choose  
In place of hers to whom he was betrothed—  
The daughter of his Minister, Rufinus;  
And when the proud Prime Minister returned  
From Antioch, flushed with hope which he had bought  
By bloodshed—when the wedding-day was come  
And all the city blossomed forth in joy,  
And myriad eyes, half-dazed with splendor, turned

Expectant toward the great Rufinus' house—  
To pass that stately mansion by, and bear  
The royal gifts within Eudoxia's door,  
And lead her forth, with her own beauty crowned,  
Amidst the chorus of a populace  
Admiring and amazed ; and so to see  
The orphan queen of more than half the world !  
Live I an age and with invention vex  
My days and nights, never another prize  
So rich shall compensate my pains.

*Eud.* My lord,

You do yourself injustice when you place  
This vaunted exploit highest on your list.

*Eut.* Why what could higher stand ?

*Eud.* To take a slave

Whom masters could not keep, and whom at last  
An officer bestowed upon his daughter  
As one whose cunning hand was fit to braid  
Her flowing tresses and to dress her head ;  
To take this deft and dangerous chattel out  
From bondage and advance him, step by step,  
Till he should reach a round o'erlooking all  
The lords and princes of the land—nay more,  
Should make the throne itself subordinate,  
Enact the policy, and sell for gold  
The offices in all the realm, depose,

Imprison and confiscate, at his will—  
To him who wrought this marvel I award  
The meed of genius unapproachable!

*Eut.* Your majesty is pleased to flatter me.

*Eud.* Do I not know what wily purpose planned  
To make me Majesty? Rufinus, foul  
With murder of my guardian, was my foe :  
If I should rise then he must fall ; and thou  
By lifting me shouldst win the vacancy.  
Because my face was fair and fortune smiled  
The scheme succeeded : I am Empress ; thou  
Prime Minister ; Rufinus—

*Eut.* Stay, I like  
Not well to hear of him.

*Eud.* 'Tis certain quite  
That *from* him thou wilt never hear, unless  
Dead men return to life. The daughter must,  
If still she lives, admire thee much !

*Eut.* A truce.  
Why do you not inquire about my bird ?

*Eud.* Your bird indeed ! He wears a golden name  
And waits to wear the plumage of a bishop.  
I heard to-day of his arrival here.

*Eut.* Not willingly did Antioch give her son,  
To grace the grand metropolis ; and he  
Was proof against persuasion : but the men

We sent had orders absolute to bring  
Him hither, though by stratagem or force.  
A message summoned him outside the town,  
And there a carriage waited. Thrust within,  
His angry questions Why? and Whither? met  
A bland but blind response, till far away  
The city had receded—left to learn  
Its loss upon the morrow, when the ship  
That bore our bishop should her sails expand  
To reach the port that never knew a peer.

*Eud.* 'Twas managed cleverly; and we will make  
The captive so contented he shall sing  
His sweetest notes. No music to my ear  
So pleasing as the eloquence inspired  
By sacred truth. Besides, I do confess  
Our worldly, venal priesthood need the curb  
This rigid hand will ply. Tell him, at once,  
The Emperor and I must welcome him.  
How, think you, will the proud Theophilus,  
Of Alexandria, bear to see a man  
Like this made Metropolitan, in place  
Of one compliant whom he might employ  
To serve his plans at court?

*Eut.* 'Twill vex him sore.  
Bid him attend the consecration here:  
If he refuse to come, or to confirm

The rite, I know a method magical  
To break his stubborn will.

*Eud.* What is the magic?

*Eut.* A certain passage of his history,  
Recorded on a parchment, which divulged  
Would serve his honors like a sudden frost  
That makes the shining leaf a faded rag.

*Eud.* What should I do without Eutropius?

[*Exit EUT.*]

And yet I tremble lest his love of gold  
And power should teach him treachery to me.

SCENE II.—*Room in the Bishop's Palace*—CHRYSO-  
TOM *at study.*

*Enter a priestly attendant.*

*Att.* Olympias, who serves the church so well,  
Desires to see thee.

*Chrys.* Stay, till thou hast told,  
More perfectly than I have learned as yet  
Her character and life.

*Att.* Of noble birth  
And rich and beautiful, she early knew  
An orphan's lot, but learned from Christian lips



The law of piety ; and when, alas,  
A brief-time bride, bereavement broke her heart,  
'Twas even like the breaking of the box  
Of alabaster at the Master's feet :  
For all her store of wealth and richer store  
Of love were made an offering to the Lord,  
And with the fragrance of her holy life  
And kindly deeds the region round was filled.  
The Emperor Theodosius thought her mad  
To make such sacrifice while yet so young ;  
And that her property might bide the time  
Of her recovery, he locked it fast  
Beneath a guardian's key. Her ready thanks  
For such relief 'as left her free to run  
With lightsome step along the heavenly path,  
His purpose changed : he gave the treasures back.  
Which she received indifferent, like some peak  
Aloft that takes the clouds, not drinking them  
But sending lavish currents down to drench  
The thirsty lowlands. Others idly feast  
And flourish on her gifts ; her garb is coarse  
Her fare is meagre and her life a cross.  
Our church has not another minister  
Who serves with self-denial so intense.  
*Chrys.* The church makes men of women ; while  
the world

Makes women those who should be men. The fops  
Who promenade with painted cheeks, curled locks  
And leer of license, give you these the name  
That signifies self-rule and courage, strength  
To do and suffer? 'Twere profanity!  
We'll call the weaklings *women* if the word  
Be not too pure and dignified. And they  
Who in a woman's body bear a heart  
So stout the devil cannot conquer it,  
Nor fear of death nor tortures such as those  
The mother of the Macabees endured  
When in her presence all her sons were slain—  
Oh call them *men* if in that word is power  
To tell what virtue grace divine bestows  
Upon the weak. In Hebrew times there lived  
A race of manly women ; on the steps  
Of Christ and Paul such women waited, true  
When trusted men were false. Thank God He gives  
Us here such helpers. Bid Olympias come.

[Enter OLYMPIAS.]

I greet thee as a woman whom the Lord  
In love hath led to choose the better part.

*Olym.* To thee I yield the reverence due to one  
Who fills with holy zeal a holy office.  
If all were like thee ! But alas, the crime  
Of that bad king in Persia's capital

Who in the golden chalices that once  
Had served Jehovah's temple drank the wine  
Of wassail, is repeated oft by men  
Who make their priesthood servant of their sin.  
Thy predecessor here, Nectarius,  
Too fond of gain and luxury himself,  
Gave not good heed to his subordinates.  
I would not censure ; but thy light hath made  
The dark appear more palpable and sad.

*Chrys.* Lady, I prize thy praise but need thy  
prayers :

Myself a man imperfect, set to rule  
O'er men of envy, fickleness and greed.  
The indolent resent our call to prayer  
That steals an hour from sleep ; the covetous  
Lament their revenues reduced to build  
A hospital for strangers ; and the lax  
In morals hate the hand that would restrain.  
The church scarce more alive than dead—the court  
Corrupt—society a pestilence—  
What wonder if I sometimes cry with him  
Who prophesied in old Jerusalem :  
'Oh that my head were waters and mine eyes  
A fount of tears that I might weep the slain  
By day and night.' Amidst applause I preach  
To those who gather in the house of God

With vain display of robes and retinue,  
And who depart the place to find  
New entertainment at the games, where oft  
With folly meet debauchery and shame.  
I would I were once more an eremite  
Amidst the wilds, less rude to me than pomp  
And vice in Constantine's proud capital !

*Olym.* Flee not, like Jonah, from the call of God  
Who bids thee to this Nineveh proclaim  
His messages of mercy and of woe.  
Nor think thy work in vain : already rise  
A multitude to call thee blessed. More  
And more the bad shall fear thee and the good  
Be comforted.

*Chrys.* Forgive the fretfulness  
That courts reproof from kindly lips like thine.  
I will resume my office and inquire  
What service I may render thee.

*Olym.* My friend  
And father, I would lay on thee the load  
That wealth inherited hath laid on me.  
At once relieve my anxious thought and rid  
My conscience of a snare : for vanity  
Full oft, with cunning malice, whispers me :  
*What merit in thy large beneficence !*  
*As statues stand the chu ches thou hast built,*

*The hospitals by thee endowed. Thy gifts  
To rich and poor are destined to embalm  
Thy memory. Help me to wrest away  
This weapon from the fiendish hand that fain  
Would slay my soul.*

*Chrys.* Thy talent is thine own,  
To use but not transfer. In open fight,  
And not evasively, thy soul must win  
Its amaranthine wreath of victory.

*Olym.* Why then, if thou decline the proffered  
trust

I'll make all comers free to take the store  
Of wealth that cumpers me, till all is gone.

*Chrys.* 'I was an hungered and ye gave me food,  
Was naked and ye clothed me:' how shall Christ  
Address such words to thee if carelessly  
Thou give to those who have enough, and lose  
Thereby the power to help the destitute?

*Olm.* I had not thought of that, but of the scorn  
Which piety should put on earthly goods.

*Chrys.* 'With earthly mammon win a heavenly  
home,'

The Master saith. Full soon the tent will fall  
That gives thy too impetuous spirit shelter,  
And thou wilt need the friends thy charity  
Hath made, to welcome thee within

An everlasting and celestial house.

*Olym.* As if an angel spake I hear thy words :  
Oh teach me alway what is right.

Farewell.

[*Exit* OLYMPIAS.

*Chrys.* [*To attendant.*] If ever thou incline to lose  
thy faith

In human virtue or in heavenly grace  
I bid thee think of her and such as she.

*Att.* I do not doubt thy words to her were wise ;  
But if she follow them and scant the gifts  
That make the rich more rich, resentment vile  
Will couple scandal with her name and thine.  
'Tis history inspires the prophecy.

*Chrys.* I will not think ingratitude so base  
That it can wrong a saint like her unsullied.

*Att.* Heaven justify thy generous unbelief !

IV.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

CHRYSOSTOM, EUTROPIUS, EUDOXIA, OLYMPIAS,  
ARCADIUS, *Emperor*.  
Attendant and Officer.

SCENE.—*Constantinople.*

TIME.—A. D. 400.

SCENE I.—*Room in the Royal Palace.*

*Enter* ARCADIUS *and* EUTROPIUS.

*Eut.* This traitor, Tribigild, with all his Goths,  
From Phrygia is moving like a cloud  
Of wrath ; and Gainas whom we sent to stay  
The storm augments it, joining force to force.

*Arc.* They send a messenger to bring the terms  
Of their withdrawal hence in amity.

*Eut.* I know the terms proposed: Betray thy  
friend ;  
Consent to be a ruler but in name,  
While ruffians and barbarians usurp  
The true authority ; in place of me,  
Accept the minister they nominate,  
And thou shalt have their pledge of peace—a pledge  
Whose worth is weighty as their honor is !  
Make haste to seize the bait, forgetting risk  
Of future vengeance from a man whose wit  
Hath made and may unmake a monarch's fortune.

*Arc.* Content. Prime Minister thou shalt remain  
Though devils join the foes that plot thy fall.



*Eut.* There speaks an Emperor. My deeds shall  
tell

My gratitude. What man can do will I.

[*Exit EUTROPIUS. Enter military officer.*]

*Off.* Your Majesty, the frantic populace  
Are surging at the palace gates. They cry  
‘Down with Eutropius! Give the worthless slave  
To be an offering for the nation’s life!’

[*Enter EUDOXIA, leading her two children.*]

*Eud.* The peril is most imminent! Without,  
A horde of heathen congregate in arms;  
Infuriate rebellion rocks the city.  
And here, within our residence, we keep  
The guilty cause of our calamity.  
By all the loyalty a nation claims  
From thee, its head; by all thy love of life  
And regal state; by all the argument  
The helplessness of children can address  
To move a father’s heart, and by the vows  
That made thee mine, to cherish and defend me,  
I do implore thee give Eutropius up  
To sate the raging appetite of vengeance.

*Arc.* I thought thou didst regard him as a friend.

*Eud.* I feared him, and I felt his subtle skill  
To fascinate whom he would make his prey:  
But lately he has grown so insolent

Of manner and his speech so menacing,  
I hail the tempest that may shake him off—  
The fire wherein this viper may be burned.

*Arc.* My word is pledged to keep him safe from  
harm.

*Eud.* Oh, thou hast pledges earlier and more  
sacred.

Behold the partner of thy throne falls down  
A suppliant at its footstool, and her tears,  
So hot with love's intensity that ice  
Would be inflamed beneath them, urge my suit,  
And, moved by sympathy and fear, these babes  
With bitter cry appeal to thee for help.

*Arc.* Arise ; I am a man, not adamant  
Nor metal to resist such melting pleas.  
Eutropius must die, unless for him  
Escape should open from the frenzied mob  
And unrelenting soldiers to the place  
Where fugitives, though tracked by justice, find  
Security.

*Eud.* Behold the meet reward  
Of cruelty and crime ! The ancient law  
Of sanctuary was contemned by him  
Who fain would find asylum now beneath  
The altar of the house of God ; and when  
Our holy bishop would not yield the lives

This impious slave desired, thy hand was moved  
To sign the law's repeal. The door is shut!  
For him who showed no mercy there remains  
No mercy more. [To the officer.

*Arc.* Assure the citizens  
That their demands shall meet compliance. So  
May peace return to our distracted state. [Exeunt.

---

SCENE II.—*The Cathedral.*

EUTROPIUS *at the Altar.* CHRYSOSTOM *discoursing  
from the pulpit to the people.*

I bade you write on all things *vanity* ;  
On beauty, splendor, wealth and noisy fame.  
But in the peaceful, prosperous days my words  
Were lost, like arrows shot into the sea.  
Lo here a sermon superseding all  
My lips would say. The tree that flourished fair  
Is stripped of leaves and stands a naked trunk.  
Where is the light that blazed refulgent round  
The courtier's steps? Where now the cheers that rang  
Whene'er the race-course or the theatre  
Was graced and gladdened by his presence? Where  
The friends who wafted praises to his power

As incense to a god? It was a dream!  
The light has dawned, the vapor vanishes!

[*To* EUTROPIUS.

Oh man, I mock thee not, but cite thee here  
A witness for the truth. Thou hadst an idol:  
Invoke thine idol, money, now to save thee.  
Alas, it would have murdered thee. The church  
Thou didst revile, its ministry didst menace;  
Its altars thou didst seek to bar against  
Misfortune and misdeed: the first to seek  
Forbidden shelter is thyself! Race-course  
And theatre which thou didst patronize  
Resound the cry: Give up the wretch to death!  
Thy boon companions are thine enemies:  
Thy friends are they who felt thy biting scorn:  
Thy safe asylum is the hated church.  
Oh hadst thou heeded wisdom's voice! but now  
Thou liest abject and undone.

Kind friends,

The world's defeat is triumph to Christ's church.  
Her glory is to shield the weak, whate'er  
The hostile forces that encompass them.  
The people, Emperor and army stand  
Arrayed against this cunning criminal:  
Be ours the task to turn their rage to pity.  
Say not that penitence will not suffice

To cleanse the guilt of his rapacity ;  
Say not his touch pollutes the sacred altar.  
A sinner washed the Saviour's feet unblamed.  
And who is he can pray '*Father forgive  
As I forgive,*' while harboring revenge ?  
Come, while I seek the Emperor, implore  
With humble hearts the King who reigns supreme  
That He will give this trophy to our altar.  
[*Clamor of troops without, crying, 'Surrender the rob-  
ber ! Give him up, or we will raze the house to  
the ground.'*]  
Be not affrighted, for the Lord is here :  
The ship that Jesus sails in cannot sink.

---

SCENE III.—*A Room in Olympias' House.*

*Olym.* How like a solitude the city seems  
Since Chrysostom is absent. As, if rain  
Or sunshine be withdrawn, the earth grows sad  
And sere, though all the elements beside  
Fulfil their functions—we that serve with him  
Do thirst and droop until his beaming face  
Return and on our hearts the showers shall fall  
Of his refreshing eloquence. We chide

The zeal that bade him brave the boisterous seas  
And penetrate the camp of barbarous men.  
And yet how noble and how like himself !  
For vile Eutropius he was moved to plead,  
Till death, decreed, gave place to banishment :  
No wonder that for those who well had served  
The state but whom the angry Goths had doomed  
To die, his dauntless heart should prompt this deed  
Of dangerous enterprise. HAND that dost hold  
The deep and hold the souls of men—kind HEART  
That dost regard our sad solicitude—  
MIND that dost plan the welfare of Thy church,  
Oh give the faithful pastor sure defence ;  
Make Thou his mission prosperous ; give him  
The lives for which his own he perils ; bring  
The wanderer safely, surely home ! 'Tis well  
These walls are trusty ; else my meditations,  
My very prayers, if breathed aloud, would be,  
To men impure and envious, my accusers.  
Oh evil and ungrateful days, when vows  
Of consecration, witnessed by a life  
Of self-denying zeal, impose no check  
On slander. Oh ignoble souls that make  
The purest friendship but a vulgar love,  
As waters dull and darkened do display  
A dull and darkened picture of the sky.

[*Enter Attendant.*

*Att.* Madame, our bishop is come home and brings  
From Tribigild and Gainas pardon free  
To them who wrought no wrong but whom revenge  
For justice done by them condemned to death.

*Olym.* The news is pleasant and I thank thee  
for it.

*Att.* I thought thou wouldst have clapped thy  
hands and cried  
For joy, when even I, who know him less,  
Was half beside myself with ecstasy.

*Olym.* We must not suffer feeling to o'erflow  
The bounds of safe sobriety, nor fail  
In joyful times to think how soon some grief  
May follow and consume our joy.

*Att.* To pour  
Away the sparkling foam from fortune's cup  
And let the liquor cool before I quaffed it  
I should not like.

*Olym.* We will not quarrel, child ;  
Go, you and join the general concourse ; give  
The holy man my greeting. I will see him soon.

*Att.* [*aside.*] She should have welcomed him at  
once,  
With her own lips, and not with mine instead, [*Exit.*

*Olym.* Now, grateful heart, teach thou my lips  
to sing,

Till prudence shall release my tethered steps  
And give me leave, unblamed by jealous eyes,  
To look upon my father and my friend.

From the wilderness and wave,  
From the hosts of armed men,  
He who went the doomed to save  
Safe himself returns again.  
Welcome him !

Rich and potent, whom his voice  
Warns of peril, tells of peace,  
Wins to make the better choice—  
Rank and wealth that ne'er will cease—  
Welcome him !

Ye that pine in poverty,  
Ye that feel oppression's rod,  
Hail your helper joyfully ;  
With thanksgivings unto God  
Welcome him !

Flock, for whom the shepherd cares  
With a thoughtful, constant love,  
For his toils and tears and prayers  
With the glad procession move ;  
Welcome him !

Chosen sharers of his joy,  
Of his labor and his grief,  
As ye prize the high employ  
In his greeting be ye chief ;  
Welcome him !



V.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

CHRYSOSTOM, PAULUS, FLAVIAN, GLAUCUS, OLYMPIAS.

THEODORA, *a Deaconess.*

*Bishops, Officers and Messengers.*

SCENE.—*Constantinople and neighborhood.*

TIME.—A. D. 403.

SCENE I.—*Room in the Bishop's Palace.*

*Enter* CHRYSOSTOM, PAULUS *and* FLAVIAN.

*Chrys.* [*To Paulus.*] To look upon thee is to  
see again

My native city with its hills surrounded ;  
The river winding through ; the long arcade,  
With marble paved, with people dense ; the church  
Where first I found my voice and felt the thrill  
Of thoughts enkindled by the listening throng.  
It is to live again the years of youth,  
Whose memory is tender as the light  
Of evening or the notes of distant music.  
Where is the youth we loved—to me a son,  
To you a brother and a guide ?

*Paul.* You speak  
Of Glaucus ? He who sometime trod  
The treacherous ways of pleasure numbers now  
His prayers within the hollow mountain side,  
And makes his hermitage the haunt of thoughts  
As high above this sensual earth as are  
The paths of eagles over sordid dust.

*Chrys.* A blessed choice—the company of God  
And peace, in lieu of uproar and the strife  
With wicked men ! Why was it not thine own ?

*Paul.* I sought indeed the solitude, but felt  
An impulse such as sent Saint Christopher  
To seek some active labor that might serve  
His God. Not mine, like his, a giant's strength ;  
Yet haply might I ferry o'er the flood  
Some feeble pilgrim to the promised land.  
And therefore am I come, in hope that he  
Who first my errant footsteps led aright  
Will show me now the work that waits for me,  
And teach me how I may perform it well.  
And Flavian, who in Rome the pearl of price  
Obtained, from Alexandrian schools resorts  
To thee for wisdom and authority,  
To help the triumph of the sacred cause.

*Chrys.* I greet you as my brethren much beloved.  
'The harvest fields are white, the laborers few :'  
From far Phœnicia, with its idol groves,  
From barbarous Goths among the German wilds,  
From multitudes of heathen here at home,  
And half-instructed, faltering followers  
Of Christ, the Macedonian message comes.  
Oh were an apostolic zeal the mark  
Of all who bear the name of laborers !

Alas, the idle and the covetous  
Encumber even our too slender ranks.

*Fla.* We would be taught what arguments to use  
With unbelieving and with wayward men.

*Chrys.* All other arguments are weak and vain  
Beside the logic of a holy life.  
The eloquence of speech is mean compared  
With that of conduct. Lo, 'the heavens are still  
But they declare the glory of the Lord.'  
Even to them point not as witnesses,  
But to the new creation wrought in Christ  
Who sets discordant souls in harmony,  
Fills all their faculties with holy light,  
And lifts, above the low and changeful earth,  
A radiant and immortal heaven of hope.  
Not, if your gifts were miracles—to still  
The storm or raise the dead—were ye so armed  
As with consistency. For that which calms  
The rage of passion and dissolves the spell  
That binds the ethereal spirit in the dust  
Doth demonstrate itself as most divine.  
Let proud refinement, with its rhetoric,  
Pronounce apostles and evangelists  
Unfit for seats among philosophers,  
And men of classic lore. A rustic sling,  
The pebble picked from out the running brook,

In David's hand o'erthrew the giant proud  
For all his jointed mail and ponderous shield.  
Celestial power, that nerved the stripling's arm,  
More plain appeared because the means were  
small.

And Christian truth, that in the forehead smites  
Iniquity, proclaims itself from God  
By reason of its very artlessness.  
Its weakness is its strength ; its shame its glory.  
Oppose malevolence and hate with love :  
The deed of love shall give truth's word effect  
That else were lost, like rain upon a rock.  
Love is the power deific that can make  
Of stony hearts the children of our God.  
Spread its fine net to catch the souls astray :  
Lest with the weapons of rebuke and scorn  
You scare them into regions far remote,  
Forever wandering and forever lost.

*Paul.* What shall we say to those who measure  
faith

By rigid rules of reason, and deny  
Whate'er is broad or high beyond the range  
Of human comprehension ?

*Chrys.* Say that faith  
Is propped by reason, but hath wings to soar  
Above it, as imagination hath

To leave the mathematic bounds of sense.  
And say that he who will not worship save  
A God whom reason comprehendeth well  
Must idolize mere matter or mankind.  
Only the spirit in us worshipping  
The Spirit infinite.

*Paul.*                      And what to those  
Who call themselves 'the pure' and bid the guilty,  
When once they hear the church's censure, seek  
Her altar nevermore, though penitent?

*Chrys.* Say that a sea without a wave to wash  
The shore were less a wonder than a soul  
Without a sin; that they account themselves  
More pure than Paul who styled himself 'the chief  
Of sinners,' and forget the Master's word:  
'Till seven times seventy if thy brother sin  
And turn again repentantly, forgive.'  
But leave the lesson here. I would inquire  
What tidings Flavian from the Orient brings;  
For dire disasters, flying thence, o'ercloud  
And threaten us. Theophilus, whom I  
Forgave for envy, caught in tricks of fraud,  
Raves and invents revenge on every side,  
Like some huge monster of the deep that, mad  
With wounds, the water lashes into foam.  
The monks, who in the Nitrian desert dwelt

At peace, because their leaders dared refuse  
Connivance with his knavery feel his wrath ;  
The charge of heresy is hotly hurled  
Upon them ; fire and plunder spoil their home :  
The sword pursues them into Palestine,  
And to the shore where eighty men embark  
In hope to find a refuge and redress  
With us. Could I their piteous plea withstand,  
I wrote in tears to beg Theophilus  
Would take the offenders back. For answer came  
A deputation to incriminate  
The monks. In turn, they charged Theophilus  
With crimes : and when I would have stayed their  
purpose  
They sought the Empress and implored her help.  
Her heart of tenderness and piety  
Was touched. She promised ; and forthwith a court  
Was summoned—I the judge ; Theophilus,  
My brother bishop, the arraigned.—Heard you  
At home so much ? [*To Flavian.*

*Fla.* And more than this I heard :  
The angry hierarch declares aloud  
Constantinople shall receive him soon,  
But not as one who meets a culprit charge ;  
The tables shall be turned, and *thou* shalt stand  
Thy trial at *his* judgment-seat.

*Chrys.* 'Tis well ;  
I would not be his judge—I fear him not  
As mine.

*Paul.* Integrity is void of fear ;  
But enemies can make the fairest life  
Look infamous. Thine enemies are many :  
The rich whose avarice thou hast rebuked,  
The priests corrupt whom thou hast dared depose,  
And one whose power the throne acknowledges.

*Chrys.* The pious Empress ?

*Paul.* Ay, her piety  
Delights itself in churchly rites and gifts ;  
And thus she veils her cruelty and greed.  
As Herod hated John she hates the man  
Whom royalty nor forms of sanctity  
Can blind to sin.

*Chrys.* The words seem harsh, and yet  
They match too well the deeds that late have moved  
My sad surmise.

*Paul.* Heaven fend from thee all harm !  
But if affliction come, give us but leave  
To share it with thee.

*Chrys.* God be with you both.



SCENE II.—*A street.*

*Enter PAULUS and GLAUCUS, meeting.*

*Paul.* What eye could recognize the Spring-time  
tree—

With all its wealth of leaf and song and flower—

When Autumn ashes cover it? And yet

The face emaciate in this solemn cowl

Brings back to memory one who sported erst

His colors gay, and sang with gleeful voice.

*Glau.* I had forgotten him.

*Paul.* But not thy friend?

*Glau.* Oh no, and least of all the friend who  
found

With me the Best of friends.

*Paul.* And may I know

What brings thee from thine aerie down to tread

The dusty level of this noisy world?

*Glau.* The sounds are sifted that ascend toward  
us :

The notes of common strife and grief and mirth

Fall heavy to the ground from which they sprung ;

But sometimes, clear and loud as midnight bells,

The voices of events do call to us.

And then—as angels, less of earth than we,  
Have visited the rude abodes of men—  
We leave the silent solitudes, the air  
And light that lave the upper realm, to mix  
Once more in scenes renounced. The summons  
came

To me when one I love and venerate  
Was brought beneath the scourge of lying tongues,  
And menaced with the forfeiture of life.  
Our Lord Himself in sorrow's heavy hour  
Would feel assured that faithful friends were nigh :  
And who to Chrysostom should comfort bring  
But we who to his holy teachings owe  
Our comfort here and hope of heavenly life ?

*Paul.* A goodly company assemble now  
Within his residence. Go we at once  
To join our sympathy with theirs.

*Glauc.* What course  
Already hath the scheme nefarious run ?

*Paul.* Of many strands a cunning cord is wove,  
To bind the faithful bishop where his work  
And words will no more rouse the jealousy  
Of rivals, nor the wrath of wicked men.  
Within the dwelling of Eugraphia,  
Whose dress indecorous had drawn the fire  
Of censure from his lips, a conclave met

Of all the malcontents : the venal priests,  
The hireling courtiers and the spiteful dames.  
Imperial favor helped to hatch the plot.  
When all is ready comes Theophilus,  
A train of cleric pomp attending him.  
In yon Chalcedon he hath fixed his quarters :  
But daily to and fro, between the town  
And suburb, swift this spider runs and spins  
His web. At last within *The Oak*—a church  
So named, near by Chalcedon—sits the court :  
The long indictment is unrolled and read.  
Oh wonderful ! The snows of Lebanon  
Are blamed for blackness, and the light of heaven  
Indicted for misleading men !

*Glau.*

What mean you ?

*Paul.* Of heresy, of falsehood and of fraud,  
Of blasphemy, and gluttony and strife  
Is he accused whose life-blood seems composed  
Of self-denial, purity and peace !—  
Here is the bishop's house beside the church.

SCENE III.—*Hall in the palace of the Bishop. A large company of ecclesiastics present and weeping.*

*Enter PAULUS and GLAUCUS.*

*Chrys.* What mean ye, friends, to weep and break my heart?

‘For me to live is Christ; to die is gain.’  
This world is but a market-place wherein  
We meet to buy and sell, and then go home.  
Think not the Master will forget his church  
Or fail to furnish helpers for her need.  
In God, the Lord, forevermore rejoice.

*[Enter deputation from Council.]*

With honors due your ranks I do salute  
The legates of the sacerdotal Council.

*Messenger.* *[Reads.]* ‘*The Holy Synod of the Oak to John: We have received charges against thee of a thousand crimes; therefore, appear and answer.*’

*Bishop Sallust.* We deny that Theophilus has any lawful jurisdiction in this diocese.

*Bishop Serapion.* He himself refused, on like

grounds, to appear at the citation of John : wherefore, if he is ready to correct his reading of the canon, it behooves him to take the place of the accused in this presence ; for ours is as legal a tribunal as that which is set up at Chalcedon.

*Chrys.* The jurisdiction I indeed deny,  
But will defend myself before the court,  
If only they who are my enemies,  
By word and deed pronounced, shall sit no more  
Among my judges to discolor truth.

[*Enter officer of the Crown.*

*Off.* [*Reads*] ‘*Hereby the Emperor orders the Bishop John to obey the summons of the Holy Synod and stand his trial at The Oak.* —ARCADIUS.

*Chrys.* The Emperor cannot unmake the right  
Of the arraigned to claim a trial fair ;  
And not for forty orders will I go,  
Except by force, to let my honor fall  
A prey to malice, under forms of law.

*Egyptian Bishops.* We have an answer ready for this bold and blasphemous declaration ; The Council has decreed, that if the accused fail to appear he shall be adjudged guilty, deposed from office and committed to the Imperial power for the punishment due to high treason.

*Friends of Chrysostom.* To the church ! To the church !

[*They move into the church adjoining. Chrysostom ascends the pulpit and addresses the multitude who assemble.*

*Chrys.* The waves run high, the mighty floods are out !

Yet fear we not ; the Rock is under us.  
Of what should true believers be afraid ?  
Of death ? Their Saviour lives, and they with him.  
Of banishment ? The wide world is the Lord's.  
Of loss of goods ? We nothing brought with us,  
And nothing can we carry forth from life.  
Good friends, be full of courage and of hope !  
Our souls no death nor distance can divide,  
Nor can assaults Satanic shake the church.  
Her ancient foes forgotten, while she lives—  
Her wall shall stand against the present shock  
Unweakened, while the men that seek her harm  
Shall perish. Mine is not an idle boast ;  
I have the pledge of Christ—his note of hand :  
'Where two or three are met am I.' And this :  
'Lo, I am with you till the world shall end.'  
The Rock of Ages will resist the plots  
And powers of hell. Exult and praise the Lord !  
So shall you comfort me, who, for your sake,

Would die a thousand deaths, nor count it more  
Than duty from the shepherd to his flock.

*A voice in the crowd.* A more than mortal courage animates him. Let us organize a guard, and, night and day, defend this sacred house from the violence of those who would rob the poor of their benefactor, and religion of its ablest advocate and best representative.

*All.* Agreed ! Agreed ! Let us organize !

---

SCENE IV.—*The sea-shore below the city. A multitude : among whom OLYMPIAS and THEODORA.*

*Theo.* The sun, that seemed forever swallowed up  
In clouds, with sudden splendor dazzles us.  
Say, will he keep his prosperous course hence-  
forth,

Or soon again be lost to us unhappy ?

*Olym.* Alike in honor and in defamation  
In wealth and poverty, our Chrysostom  
Hath sung the self-same strain of *Praise to God* ;  
And many a soul hath caught from him the song

Unlearned before. I tremble lest on 'one  
So patient and so pure, so full of love  
And thankfulness vicissitude should try  
Its full experiment. A jubilee  
Awaits him now ; to-morrow mockery  
And violence may drive him forth. My fears  
Make discord in the anthem of my heart.

*Theo.* The crowd increases, and the port doth deck  
Its dancing masts with flags and pennons bright.  
A thousand hands a thousand torches grasp  
That of the night will make another day.  
The children come with garlands, and the bands  
Are ready with their most melodious mirth.  
Upon the topmost summit of the tower  
The watchman gazes seaward, if afar  
He may descry the longed-for sail.

[*Enter* FLAVIAN.

*Fla.* [*To Olympias.*] Lady,  
Well met. I bore thy benefactions large  
To those whom famine threatened, and I bring  
A heavier load of thanks from them to thee.

*Olym.* Thou must consent to bear a burden still :  
For weighty thanks are due to one who braved  
The desert and the flood, that he might feed  
A starving people. Gladly would we hear  
At once the story of the expedition.



*Fla.* Another day ; for now I thirst to know  
The meaning of this scene. On every side  
I ask, and get this only answer back :  
‘ Our Chrysostom comes home to-night ! ’ I left  
A city that was sad, a church whose doors  
Were sealed and guarded to defend the man  
For whom the city now makes festival.

*Olym.* Three days within the holy house he  
dwelt ;

But when he heard that men in arms were sent  
To apprehend him, forth, by secret ways,  
He passed and gave himself into their hands.  
By night—fit darkness for dark deed—they bore  
The prisoner to the ship that o’ er the sea  
Was wafted to Prænētus. Rid of him,  
His foes with loud invectives filled the air.  
But, as a conflagration draws the clouds,  
Their fury wrought reaction and resistance :  
Tumultuous debate drove peace away.  
Nature herself gave utterance to her wrath,  
And made the city tremble in her arms.  
Affrighted conscience woke in many a breast,  
And, as from Pilate’s palace went of old  
The hurried message, ‘ Have thou nought to do  
With that just man,’ so from Eudoxia flew  
A letter full of pleas and penitence.

‘Come back,’ it said, ‘thou holy man of God,  
Whom wicked enemies have sorely wronged.’—

Hark to the signal! Yes, he comes! he comes!  
[*The ship enters the harbor. Chrysostom is received  
with demonstrations of liveliest joy; and a torch-  
light procession escorts him to the church, where he  
is made to ascend the pulpit.*]

Chrys. What shall I say? Praise God forever-  
more!

I blessed Him when I went; I bless Him now.  
The winter and the summer are not same,  
But both unite to fertilize the field.  
The Lord bade me withdraw and brought me back:  
He sent the storm and sends the welcome calm.  
For both alike I bless His holy name.  
Praise God in prosperous times—they shall abide;  
Praise God in adverse times—they shall depart.

LORD of the day and of the dark,  
We glory in Thy gracious Name;  
No wind-blown, evanescent spark,  
It burns a pure and steadfast flame.

Thy name is LOVE, resplendent still  
When prosperous suns expire or glow;  
Its beams the sky of pleasure fill  
And brightly tint grief's tearful bow.

The silver and the sable threads  
Together make life's fabric fair :  
No perfect landscape but outspreads  
Some sober glooms amid the glare.

Oh LOVE most fond and firm and wise !  
Lead us the way Thou choosest well.  
Where'er the changeful pathway lies  
A constant joy with us shall dwell.



VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

CHRYSTOM, FLAVIAN, PAULUS, GLAUCUS,  
OLYMPIAS, THEODORA.

SCENE.—*Constantinople and region of the Black Sea.*

TIME.—A. D. 404-407.

SCENE I.—*The Bishop's house in Constantinople.*

*Enter* CHRYSOSTOM *and* FLAVIAN.

*Chrys.* Again Herodias dances, and desires  
The head of John.

*Fla.* I do not understand  
What thou wouldst say.

*Chrys.* As if to cover up  
The shame of short-lived penitence and fear,  
Eudoxia dares with rites idolatrous  
To challenge Heaven. Beside the church of God  
She rears a silver statue of herself,  
And bids the people bow and do it homage.

*Fla.* Thou wilt not think it duty to protest,  
And on thy head bring down anew her wrath?

*Chrys.* What time the Babylonian King set up  
A golden god in Dura, three brave men  
Let not the seven-fold fires defeat their faith.  
Shall we that live to-day be timorous  
Before an irate woman, but provoke  
With mad temerity the wrath of God?  
My office were a nest of nettles if,  
For dignity and safety, I should teach

My voice to utter aught but truth, or keep  
A treacherous silence.. Nay, this haughty queen  
Shall see her sin though fierce resentment fell  
The hand that holds the mirror to her eyes.

*Fla.* Tis said that hired assassins wait and watch  
To strike the dastard blow.

*Chrys.* And truly said.  
The sanctity of home nor of God's house  
Can lend protection to the man whose words  
Are counted 'troublers unto Israel.'

*Fla.* Elijah fled the rage of Jezebel ;  
Wilt thou not, for our sake and that the cause  
May yet receive thy service, fly the storm,  
And in some foreign harbor furl the sails  
That here so oft tempestuous winds have torn ?

*Chrys.* One only harbor may afford me peace.  
'The servant is not greater than his lord ;'  
The Christ through warfare entered into rest,  
And we must suffer if we will be saved.  
I will not imitate the prophet's flight,  
But wait till violence shall thrust me forth.

*Fla.* The same decree that sends my bishop hence  
Shall give me leave to share his banishment.

*Chrys.* Adversity reveals the faithful friend :  
Yet shalt thou serve me best by serving those  
I leave 'as sheep amidst the howling wolves.'

SCENE II.—*Room in the house of Olympias. Olympias reclining. A package of letters at her side.*

*Olym.* Companions of my weary solitude,  
Ye tell me more than on your leaves is written.  
I look upon you and the past comes back,  
In living pictures dark and tragical.  
I see again that night when sacrilege  
Our holy house invaded, and the songs  
Of Easter-time were turned to cries of fear,  
And the baptismal font with blood was filled ;  
Not as when Pilate at the altar slew  
For crime, but blood of youthful innocence.  
I see the white-robed throng, who with the morn  
Should march with music forth to celebrate  
The risen Lord and their own life renewed,  
By force expelled ; and, as a leaf-crowned oak  
Stripped bare of foliage by a thunderbolt,  
The church at once bereft of worshippers.  
I stand again with all the company  
Of those who serve with Chrysostom, to hear  
His words of farewell and of earnest charge :



Cheerful the tones, but heard by heavy hearts.  
So sound the fallen chieftain's rallying words  
To soldiers who in grief around him wait.  
Again I watch upon the shore where fades  
From sight the sail for far Bithynia bound.  
Again fierce conflagration turns to dust  
The house of God : and we that weep the loss  
Are dragged to court, as the incendiaries.  
The insolent Optatus, in the place  
For judgment made, accuses me in terms  
Of common slander, whose rebuke should burn  
Within the breast and break from out the lips  
That hate me most :—and he who would have helped  
My weakness to sustain the blow, an exile.  
Oh bitter months of persecution, pain  
And grief ! But ye have been my comforters,  
Though oft renewing pain, epistles penned  
In banishment.

Now let some fragrance steal  
From out the store, to raise my fainting faith.

[ *Takes up a letter and reads.*

*' The heavenly consolation comes to me  
As trouble calls. Who would have dreamed, my  
friend,  
That in the storm, begirt with fog and night,  
My little barque should navigate at ease*

*As if in quiet waters ? So it is.  
I only pray thy happiness may be  
Not less than mine.'*

Alas, a sterner storm  
Drew nigh : the sentence came that banished him  
To Cucusus, where torrid summers blaze,  
And winters from the hills blow fiercely down,  
And wild Isaurians devastate and kill.  
Ah, then the wail that from our hearts arose  
His own lament repeated. But anon  
The wonted strain of *Praise to God* came back  
To give us comfort, who in vain had sought  
To tame the lioness who rules the state.

[*Takes a second letter.*

Oh this from Cæsarea brought a load  
Of anguish ; for it told the woful tale  
Of toilsome journey o'er the rugged hills,  
Beneath the blasting sun ; of sickness, want,  
And flight from savage men, where, in the dark,  
Death laid his snares along the rocky slopes.  
Yet gratitude toward God and human friends  
Flows deep and strong through all the painful story.

[*Looks at other letters.*

And these from Cucusus.

[*Reads.*

*' Be not despondent ;*

*Nor exile nor imprisonment nor stripes  
Are worthy to be called calamity,  
But sin alone. Who injures not himself  
Is safe. A little time, and all that mars  
Our fair estate, shall pass away and leave  
To immortality our wealth of joy.  
From earthly help and earthly menacing  
Look unto God, whose ways mysterious  
Are ever merciful. To me, close-housed  
In wintry Cucusus, He sends the gifts  
That solace and relieve adversity.  
Sabiniana and Dioscurus  
Have made a home for me ; and here my thoughts  
Have leave to wander, though my feet are fast.  
To far Phenicia, Persia, Antioch,  
And you that suffer in the Capital  
My frequent words convey my sympathy.  
Nor can the distance, nor the frowning hills  
And hostile hordes deter but some, inflamed  
With youthful zeal, resort to me, as one  
From whom they hope to learn the way of life.  
What cause for thanks ! although the best beloved  
Are far away, and thronging cares do press  
Their suit, sometimes, with importunity.  
Then came the short, impetuous summer heat,  
Two dismal winters and the wild marauders.*

And then disease and tedious days and nights  
 And the dispersion, when in clefts and caves,  
 As they in ancient times of whom the world  
 Was all unworthy, he was forced to hide  
 From the Isaurians, with multitudes  
 Who, closely pent, feared famine and infection.  
 Through snow and ice, by day and night, they  
 reach

The tower of Arabissus, scarce alive.

Alas, I know not if he lives to-day ;  
 And life to me amidst such misery  
 Seems sometimes but a burden hard to bear.

God pity my infirmity ! Again,  
 In silence, I will read this essay o'er  
 Whose lofty argument unfolds the law :

*'No harm for them that injure not themselves.'*

[*Enter Attendant and PAULUS.*

Your looks report no happy news for me.

*Paul.* Nay, lady ; news that gives us all a pang :  
 The hounds that hunt the deer have found again  
 His hiding-place, and drive him forth to seek  
 New covert or to die.

*Olym.* And can no bribe  
 Nor argument at our command restrain  
 These fierce barbarians ? are they so gross  
 In cruelty that they will rather kill

An innocent and helpless man than count  
Whatever wealth we offer them his ransom?

*Paul.* Indeed, I would our dealings were with  
those

We call barbarians: some tenderness  
Within their hearts might answer to our touch.  
But fiercer, more relentless is the rage  
That rules a woman's heart, when all the milk  
Of natural gentleness has turned to gall,  
Than is the violence of tribes untamed.  
Eudoxia cannot sleep while burns the light  
Of this pure life that shows her vanity  
And sin. Not daring to extinguish it,  
She would remove it where its power to draw  
And to distress the gaze should cease: wherefore  
She sends this order:

*'Let two soldiers lead*

*The banished bishop forth to Pityus.'*

*Olym.* Where lies the place?

*Paul.* Upon the empire's verge  
Beneath Mount Caucasus, and on the shore  
Where desolation looks along the sea.  
To such a prison doth imperial wrath  
Consign the prophet who would speak the truth.

*Olym.* Make haste to find what measures new  
may move

This purpose from its bent, or by what mode  
Some succor may be sent ere 'tis too late.  
Oh that my will could break the bonds that bind  
This feeble body down ! Then would I fly  
To rescue him or perish at his side.

---

SCENE III.—*Church of St. Basiliscus in the province  
of Pontus.*

*Enter two Soldiers.*

*First Sol.* We ought to have heeded when he besought us to let him remain here till noon before attempting to proceed. Now we have had weary work to bring him back more dead than alive. To force him along was murder.

*Second Sol.* Have a care ! If thou accusest me of murder I may feel obliged to save thee from the offence of lying, by matching deed to word.

*First Sol.* Be not angry ; but I cannot see an inoffensive old man suffer without pity.

*Second Sol.* Pity is for women to feel. A Roman soldier ought to know nothing but to obey orders.

Besides, I like to give these holy people a little taste of hardship. We get kicks and curses enough from those in command : why not, when we have opportunity, pass some of them along to neighbors who are in danger of being spoiled by indulgence? If this woe-begone prisoner dies on our hands, why, we are saved the remainder of a most abominable journey. I'll go to sleep here in the corner ; and you, if you choose, may devote your attentions to your charming patient.

*First Sol.* [*Goes to the chancel where Chrysostom lies, attended by Christian women of the neighborhood.*]

Forgive, oh holy man, my partnership  
In cruelties I could not turn aside.

*Chrys.* I owe thee not forgiveness, but my thanks  
For gentleness and kindest sympathy.  
What thanks are due the Lord, that mine should be  
A fate so like to His who heard harsh words  
From one who hung beside Him, but the scorn  
Rebuked and turned to reverence and prayer  
By one who from the other cross beheld  
His spirit entering into Paradise.

*Woman.* [*To her companions.*]  
Prepare a litter ; that, upon it laid,  
He may be borne within some dwelling near.

*Chrys.* Content; the church of God hath been  
 my home;  
 Here will I die. Last night I saw the saint  
 Whose bones beneath this altar wait the day  
 Of resurrection. As my weary load  
 Of corporal pain fell off in sleep and left  
 The spirit buoyant and unveiled, behold,  
 A spirit glorified appeared and said:  
 'To-morrow thou shalt be with me in bliss.'  
 Kind friends, detain me not: but bring me here  
 The sacred symbols of my Saviour's death,  
 That once again with him assimilate  
 And crucified, I may be ready so  
 With him to rise and reign forevermore.

[*He takes the communion.*

Thank God for this! Thank God for everything!

[*Dies.*

*First Sol.* The words that oftenest left his living  
 lips  
 Seem lingering on them still. That settled smile  
 Hath in it *Praise to God*. Oh women, weep,  
 But not for him: weep for a world whose night  
 Hath lost its chiefest luminary.

*Woman.* Nay,  
 Within my heart a prophecy declares  
 The light, that sometime wandered midst the dark



And damp below, death's hand hath set on high,  
A star whose beams shall shine undimmed by  
years,

And draw the loving gaze of all the lands.

*First Sol.* With solemn ceremonies let us lay  
The body to its rest beside the saint  
Who long hath slumbered here. The time may be  
When kings shall journey to this spot, and beg  
The privilege to bear the dust away  
Whose presence shall enrich the proudest shrine.

---

SCENE IV.—OLYMPIAS' house. *Present* OLYMPIAS,  
THEODORA, and other deaconesses, PAULUS, FLA-  
VIAN, GLAUCUS, and other ministers and friends.

*Glau.* I loved him with you all, nor in my cell,  
That shut from view the multitude of things  
Within the earthly scene, was he forgotten  
Who, on the earth, seemed yet a visitant  
From heaven. I wrestled in my prayers for him.  
But now he needs nor prayers nor sympathy  
Save sympathy of joy ineffable.

*Olym.* But He who wept in grief beside the grave

Of Lazarus, will not rebuke our tears  
For one so brave and good, from earth and us  
Removed. Oh, might we but have been with him  
When through death's valley dark alone he passed !

*Fla.* To me returns the ancient mystery,  
How one who with such fervor served his God  
Should fall beneath the scourge of sufferings  
So keen and multiplied.

*Paul.* ' Whom God doth love  
He chastens : ' choicest gold doth tempt the art  
Of the refiner and the graver most.  
To prove the power of faith, the strong in faith  
Must bear the weight of trials manifold,  
That weak and unbelieving souls may see  
And glorify celestial grace.

*Theo.* ' Whoso  
Doth offer praise brings glory to our God,'  
In darksome night, as well as cheerful day  
The song of praise our heaven-taught warbler sang.

*All.* Lord, teach our souls to sing that harmony :  
Forever make us to rejoice in Thee !

## THE VALLEY OF BERACHAH.

(II. Chron. xx.)

WHEN Judah's foes were all assembled  
Within Tekoa's wilderness,  
On pallid lips the accents trembled :  
' Save us, O Lord, in our distress !'

The answer came, their fears allaying,  
' Ye shall not need to fight to-day ;  
For I Myself, My power displaying,  
Will sweep that hostile host away.'

Forthwith, before the embattled legions,  
A band of singers marched and sang ;  
And through those wild, infested regions  
Praise to the Lord sublimely rang.

What frenzy then and dire delusion  
That haughty, heathen host ran through !  
Brothers and allies, in confusion,  
With sword and spear each other slew.

Till lo, the watchman, far off gazing,  
Beheld an army melt as snow :  
And only spoils of wealth amazing  
And fallen forms the field to show.

In earth's wide wilderness are thronging  
The ranks of evil and of care :  
And oftentimes, sad with fear and longing,  
We pour our plaints in bitter prayer.

Oh could we sing our Lord's sweet praises  
Nor sin nor grief should do us harm ;  
But as, when morn her banner raises  
The wild beasts fly in strange alarm—

Our fears themselves should feel a panic ;  
Perplexity should loose its toils,  
And from the fallen host Satanic  
Our hands should gather happy spoils.

O THOU who art of grace the fountain,  
Help us in praise to find employ,  
Till we ascend Thy heavenly mountain,  
With songs and everlasting joy !



## NOTES.



Page 7.—‘ See where her statue stands, a radiant queen  
Whose feet rest on the rising river-god,  
Orontes.’



ALLEGORICAL STATUE OF ANTIOCH.

[From Conybeare and Howson's *Life and Epistles of St. Paul*.]



Page 7.—‘*Mount Silphius, where the royal bird alighting  
Informed Seleucus here to found his city.*’

According to tradition, the site of Antioch was determined by the flight of an eagle, with a piece of the flesh which Seleucus had offered in sacrifice.—[*See in Conybeare and Howson, vol. i. p. 121.*

Page 8.—‘*the Vulcan crew  
That underneath this soil are wont to work.*—’

The city, some of whose characteristic physical and social features are here pictured, has, during the last year, received an almost finishing blow from its old enemy, the earthquakes.

Page 9.—‘*The voice of Daphne calls her votaries.*’

Through an arcade paved with marble the path led toward Daphne, a pleasure grove five miles from the city.

“The establishment of a Greek Empire in Syria, on the death of Alexander the Great, involved the introduction of Grecian fable and mythology. Of all the fictions that poetry had rendered sacred and beautiful, there was none that experienced a readier or more enthusiastic reception in the East than that which had consecrated the fate of Daphne, and the story of Apollo’s love. The god and the nymph were both adopted by the lively imaginations of their new votaries and

‘that sweet grove  
Of Daphne by Orontes,’

seemed fitter for the scene of such a tale than the cold clime of Greece. Here summer was tempered in its heat by hundreds

of fountains; and an impenetrable laurel shade, that extended for miles, excluded the fiercer blaze of that sun whose worship imparted its sacred character to the place, and made it religious. The games which constituted so large a portion of the sacred rites in Greece were here performed with enthusiasm and devotion. Here, too, all who professed to worship were the votaries of love.”—[*Lempriere's Dictionary*.—Art. *Daphne*.

Page 9.—‘*Here's a Christian friend.*’

It will be borne in mind that as the name of Christianity became popular, many entered the church who were altogether wanting in the pure and self-denying spirit of the Master and his first disciples. The prevalent apostasy rendered such characters as that of Chrysostom the more noticeable and worthy of honor.

Page 10.—‘*From Port Seleucia.*’

The port was at the mouth of the Orontes, while Antioch was a number of miles inland, but accessible by sail through the windings of the river.

Page 12.—‘*The charioteer was dead.*’

The factious spirit and the sporting habit had wrought in Antioch, as elsewhere, a hardness and brutality of feeling under all the guise of gayety; and not seldom the festive games ended in hostile and sanguinary strife.

Page 15.—‘*Anthusa.*’

The mother of Chrysostom is to be ranked with MONICA, the mother of Augustine, as an example of noble qualities and

of what such qualities in a mother may effect for her children, and, through them, for the world.

Page 15.—‘*Libanius.*’

This man was distinguished alike for his learning and teaching talent, and for his ardent championship of Paganism against Christianity. Anthusa seems to have judged—and rightly—that the faith she had inculcated on the mind of her son would only be rendered the more indelible by contact with an opposing faith.

Page 17.—‘*The meek and matron robe was mine ere yet  
The years of youth were fled.*’

The husband of Anthusa and father of Chrysostom was *Secundus*, an officer of high rank. At the time of his death, the son was just born and the mother only in her twentieth year.

Page 24.—‘*They say he deals with dialectics less  
Than with the life.*’

“The Christian orators who preceded him had been addicted to curious metaphysical disquisitions, and to fierce, ever-returning controversies with Pagans, Jews, and heretics, so called. Chrysostom was not wholly free from these defects; yet scarcely one of his predecessors so fully subordinated the subtlety of current dogmatic opinions to the interest of true piety and practical morality.”—*Paniel.*

Page 25.—‘*The rising waves of mutiny—*’

Antioch was under the immediate rule of a Governor, who was appointed by the Emperor at Constantinople. The present

Emperor, Theodosius the Great, had laid upon the city a tax disproportionate even to its abundant wealth. The dissatisfaction was general. It might not however have led to turbulence but for the action of a set of dissolute men who were habitually employed as *claqueurs* at the theatres, and who were ready for any riotous demonstration.

Page 41.—‘*And when the proud Prime Minister returned  
From Antioch flushed with hope which he had bought  
By bloodshed—*’

Arcadius succeeded Theodosius, as Emperor of the East, in the year 395. As he was a weak character, the ambitious Prime Minister Rufinus aspired to be the ‘power behind the throne’ and more than the throne itself. To this end he planned a match between his daughter and the Emperor. But having appointed a certain Lucian to office in Antioch, he was chagrined to find that he had thereby incurred the displeasure of Arcadius. To remedy which error he hastened to Antioch and, upon some pretext, had Lucian arrested and put to death. But so atrocious an expedient signally failed—the beautiful ward of the murdered man being at that moment the accepted bride of the Emperor, through the cunning contrivance of the hair-dresser, Eutropius.

Page 44.—‘*—the proud Theophilus,  
Of Alexandria—*’

Alexandria shared with Rome and Constantinople the honor of being a capital of the Roman Empire. Its patriarch, therefore, occupied a place of large power. Theophilus, the incum-

