



*The Saviour of the World*

Volume 2

# HIS DOMINION

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Charlotte Mason

This edition published 2026  
by Living Book Press  
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ISBN: 978-1-76153-856-8 (hardcover)  
978-1-76153-867-4 (softcover)

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# The Saviour of the World

Book 2

*His Dominion*

*by*

CHARLOTTE M. MASON

“His dominion shall be...  
Unto the world’s end”





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*Christ as King of Kings* JAN VAN EYCK

“Thou, then our strength, Father of life and death,  
To whom our thanks, our vows, ourselves we owe,  
From me, Thy tenant of this fading breath,  
Accept these lines which from Thy goodness flow,  
And Thou, that wert Thy legal Prophet’s muse,  
Do not Thy praise in weaker strains refuse!”

SIR HENRY WOTTON



## Introductory

THE idea, which appears to be gradually developed in that portion of the Gospel history dealt with in the first volume of this work, is embodied in the memorable declaration of the men of Samaria—this is indeed the Saviour of the world—with which *The Holy Infancy* closes.

That “He is Lord of all,” the dominion, supremacy, the universal authority of our Lord appears to be the salient idea in this second volume. A careful study of the section here paraphrased leaves the reader convinced that the authority of our Lord was that attribute by which the Jews were during this period of the Ministry (between the first and second Passover) most profoundly impressed: and it may not be unprofitable to bear this fact in mind at a time when our conception of Christianity is lowered through a tendency to disregard the *Authority* of our Head.

The writer ventures to repeat some of the remarks which prefaced *The Holy Infancy*, adding this further plea for a rendering of the Gospel History in verse—that possibly the *incomparableness* of our Lord’s Personality and Teaching could not be better exhibited than by even a feeble paraphrase (in verse) of the records we possess in the Gospels. Any life and teaching less than divine would shrink into insignificance if every recorded incident and saying were subjected to such treatment.

We are at present in a phase of religious thought when a

synthetic study or the life and teaching of Christ may well be of use. If we could only get a *whole* conception of Christ's life among men, and of the philosophic method of His teaching, His own word should be fulfilled, and the Son of Man, lifted up, would draw all men unto himself.

It seems to the writer that *verse* offers a comparatively new medium in which to present the great theme. It is more impersonal, more condensed, and is capable of more reverent handling than is prose; and what Wordsworth calls "the authentic comment" may be essayed in verse with more becoming diffidence. Again, the supreme moment of a very large number of lives—that in which a person is brought face to face with Christ—comes before us with great vividness in the gospel narratives; and it is possible to treat what we call dramatic situations with more force, and, at the same time, more reticence, in verse than in prose.

Indeed, the gospel story offers the epic of the ages for the poet who shall arise in the future, strong in faith, and meek enough to hold his creative gift in reverent subjection.

We know how the Tate and Brady version of the Psalms wrought a great religious revival, not only in England, but throughout Western Europe; we know, too, how Marot's Psalms fired the hearts of the Netherlanders to their heroic resistance. If new presentations of the Psalms have effected great things, what may not the Church expect when a poet shall be inspired to write the epic of Christ?

It may be said, we have the whole story in the Gospels, and cannot hope or desire to improve upon that which is written. But this is true, also, of the Psalms; no poet's version can equal the original; a version in a new form is a conces-

sion to human infirmity, but we know how arresting a new, though inferior, presentation is; no one can read the Gospels in another tongue, though in a poorer translation, without new convictions, new delight. For these reasons, the writer ventures to hope that a rendering in verse which aims at no more than being faithful and reverent may give pleasure to Christian people, may help to bring out the philosophical sequence of our Lord's teaching, and throw into relief the incidents of His life.

The writer, at any rate, experiences in the study a curious and delightful sense of harmonious development, of the rounding out of each incident, of the progressive unfolding which characterises our Lord's teaching; and perhaps some measure of this entrancing interest may have found its way into this little volume. If this attempt send any one back to a more diligent and delighted perusal of the sacred text, its end will be fully accomplished, for then it will prove an aid to meditation in the closet and to teaching in the class.

The scope of this work, *The Saviour of the World*, is to cover each incident and each saying in a single poem, blank verse or rhymed stanza, according to the subject. The poems follow one another in a time sequence, but each is distinct and separable. Therefore, though the work will, God willing, continue through a series of little Christmas volumes, each volume will be complete in itself and independent of the rest.

The writer begs to acknowledge her great indebtedness to the REV. C. C. James's *Gospel History*, combining the four Gospels (in the words of the Revised Version), which she has followed for the chronological order of events.



VOLUME 1: THE HOLY INFANCY

ANGELS and prophets had long searched in vain  
Those mysteries, now, for wayfarers writ plain:

How Christ was born in Bethlehem of pure Maid;  
How to three kings His Rising was displayed:

How holy Simeon blessed him and foretold  
His Mother's grief, He, sacrificed and sold.

How out of Egypt did God call His Son  
That all the prophets figured might be done.

How, simple Child, He dwelt in Galilee  
That simple folk His light might daily see.

How to Jerusalem in His twelfth year  
He went, before Jehovah to appear:

How there He shed His light, a duteous Boy;  
To keep the law his errand, not destroy.

How eighteen years of meek submission, then,  
Prepared Him for His labours amongst men.

*His Dominion*

*How He went out to John to be baptized  
And John in Him a Greater recognised.*

*How in the wilderness for Forty Days  
He bare assaults of Satan. Give we praise!*

*How in Cana He made the water wine  
That men should see of life in Him a sign.*

*How in Jerusalem quick drave He forth  
The traders and their wares—of how small worth!*

*How Nicodemus heard of that new birth  
Wherefrom grown man as little child comes forth.*

*How journeying north to Galilee once more,  
He sate and taught that Woman heavenly lore.*

*How all the men came out who heard His fame,  
And, SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD, did Him  
proclaim.*

*These things have we considered as we might  
And hence would meekly follow in His light.*

BOOK I

*Authority*  
*(Manifested and Recognised)*

“He is Lord of all.”



## I

### *Christ heals the Nobleman's Son*

ONE further stage trod in His heavy Way  
(Stage marked by signpost bearing Name of Grace,  
THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD), the Christ goes forth  
In Galilee once more: Himself hath said  
That not amongst His own hath prophet praise;  
He came to the Jews, and they received Him not:  
In Galilee a rumour went abroad  
Of His advance, and all the people wait,—  
Had they not seen signs in Jerusalem?

Again He came to Cana, where was shown  
That sign of water sudden turned to wine.  
A nobleman was there, by office held,  
A Jew attached to Herod Tetrarch's court,  
A Sadducee, belike, as courtiers were:  
Now, in Capernaum lay sick unto death,  
This man's young son: "Lo, here, the prophet, come  
"From Jerusalem, men's mouths proclaim of God.  
"Might a man's son be snatched from jaws of death  
"By such an one wielding the power of God—  
"If God there be—and here, a case to test:

"If God there be, and if God pity men,  
 "He will not let my young son's life blow out  
 "As lamp in th' wind—ne'er to be lighted more."  
 He came to Christ, and, all his pride forgot,  
 Prostrate, besought Him for this one dear life  
 As a man prays to God, nor ever knew  
 His prayer, offense; who wonders seek and signs—  
 "Tis not for these to know the power of God.

"Nay, ye *will* not believe except ye see  
 "Sign for amazement." Ever as He goes,  
 The Saviour of the World, in casual way,  
 Drops word of our Salvation, links of chain  
 Let down to draw us from nether hell  
 Which is but our own self to itself left;  
 "To believe is to be saved, but ye must *will*;"  
 "*I will*," we cry, and haste to make resolve,  
 Spin ropes of sand can bear no work-day strain,  
 Because we give not that is asked of us;  
 Act of attention, not act of resolve,  
 The high demand; think we upon the Lord,  
 His ways of sweetness and His words of power,  
 Lo, we escape hell-fire, consuming souls  
 Aflame with desire for things that good they hold,  
 Fleeing their Peace the while! Attention, Soul!

The man knows not he is rebuked of Christ;  
 If e'en he hear, he heeds not: "Sir," he cries,  
 That father in distress, "Pray, Sir, come down,  
 "Or while I plead my young son will have died!"

And His compassions fail not: "Go thy way"  
(Thus friendly spake the Lord to the poor man)  
"Go thy way, thy son liveth:" meek he goes,  
Hushed all his pagan clamour for a sign,  
The word of Christ enough, once seen, His face.  
He went his way down to Capernaum;  
And as he went, his servants came with news,  
"The danger's o'er, thy young son is restored!"  
"When came the change?" he asked; no longer now  
His cherished child has sole place in his thought;  
"At seventh hour yesterday the fever passed."  
The father saw, at that same seventh hour,  
Him suppliant, and Christ compassionate;  
And faith in flood came surging o'er his soul:  
Not signs nor wonders now, but only Christ,  
His heart desired; and that day and the next  
The Spirit stirred in the dry bones of his life;  
New birth had come to him; Christ had he seen;  
Old things, ambitions, rancours passed away;  
And home he went, simple as a little child,  
To embrace the son given back at word of Him  
In whose hand is our life. His servants saw  
a new man in their master; heard at large  
How child of all their hopes had been restored;  
And at the master's flame each lit his torch:—  
Lo, here a house, the first that served the Lord!  
The child,—cried he "Hosanna" with the rest?  
The man believed—what was it he believed?  
Nothing can act, they say, but where it is:  
Then what had acted on the sick boy's frame,

Driven forth his malady, restored sweet life  
At word of Him who spake? And who was He?  
He might not put in words the thing he knew—  
this Galilean noble; in dim sort,  
“GOD IS A SPIRIT,” was revealed to him,  
“Who goeth where He listeth, none to see:  
“And He that spake the word, was He True God?”

## II

### *Christ teaches at Nazareth and is Rejected*

NEWS comes to Christ of John delivered up;  
And yet the more He went about and preached,  
Urged by the Spirit, throughout Galilee.  
In all the villages men talked of Him  
And in the towns, wherever two or three  
Gathered in a little group;—What think ye then  
Of prophet in our midst who thus and thus  
Hath done and spoken only yesterday?  
There was none other talk in all those parts.

So, as He went from place to place, He taught  
Ever, as custom was, in synagogue,  
An open teaching every man might hear;  
Came He to Nazareth where He was brought up:  
Entering the synagogue on Sabbath day,  
As was His wont, He stood, the usual way  
Of one prepared to read: attendant came  
And brought Him roll of book assigned that day,  
Book of the Prophet Isaiah; straight He took,  
And found the place where it is written, thus:  
“The Spirit of the Lord on me is come;

“He hath anointed me to preach good news  
 “To all the poor; to captives liberty;  
 “Recovered sight to them who have no light;  
 “That happy year when God shall walk with men  
 “To proclaim to whomso’er hath ear to hear.”

The words, how many a Sabbath had they heard,  
 Were new this day, as never heard before!  
 All eyes were fastened on the Reader’s face;  
 And people knew a word had come to them,  
 Not from the parchment roll, but from His lips  
 Of whom the prophet spake so gracious words.  
 And when He closed the book and gave it back  
 To him in attendance, and sat down to teach,  
 Hung they all on His words as very meat  
 Morsel by morsel dropped in famished mouths.  
 “This day,” saith He, “this Scripture is fulfilled  
 “In all men’s ears.” What more, we know not: here,  
 The Secret, had they wit to know. Not eye  
 Fed on the pride of life, nor greedy mouth,  
 Nor grasping hands all covetous of good:—  
 The ear shall carry healing for our hurt;  
 The WORD shall bring good tidings to the poor;  
 Shall loose the bonds of captives chained to dreams;  
 Shall ope the eyes of him who sees amiss,—  
 Sees little things as great, that which is not  
 As filling space and standing in the way;—  
 Shall heal the bruised soul, fretting in chain  
 Of vicious habit corroding the hurt life.  
 They looked for glorious era of Messiah?

Messias is the WORD should set them free!  
And every man bare witness in himself,  
As words of grace, such words as no man spake  
Since the world was, fell, healing, on his ear  
And proved them to his heart the very words  
That all his days he had been waiting for  
As child at show waits for the curtain's rise:  
Hunger, agape, was filled with words of life;  
What matter for the rest when here was all?

Alas for that uneasy sea each man  
Carries in his own breast! Now is the cry,  
“Is this not Joseph's son, the man we know?  
“Who gave him right to move with mighty words  
“And send poor souls away full as from feast?  
“What be his words to us? Away with him!”  
He takes up their own word—common proverb,  
“Physician, heal thyself!” (how good it is,  
Endearing, human, in our Lord to use  
Those pithy texts in which the people wrap  
Wisdom of ages,—glorified by Him),  
“Ye say, not words we want, but do thou here  
“In thine own country where thou wast brought up  
“Such mighty works as in Capernaum.”  
Nay, but, another word of theirs shows cause—  
(Both proverbs issuing from bitter hearts)—  
And He said: “Verily, to you I say,  
“Your own hard word is true; no prophet can  
“Do that for his own, for others he may work;  
“His own will not accept him; goes he forth

“To strangers for the liberal mind, frank trust,  
“Alone makes possible his mighty works.  
“Was it not so of old? In truth, I say,  
“Full many widows were in Israel  
“In days when Elijah closed the heavens up  
“And famine fell on the land: but not to these,  
“To her of Zarpeth, widow of Sidon,  
“Was Prophet sent. And, in Elisha’s day,  
“Israel had many lepers; none was cleansed  
“But Syrian Naaman!” The word went home;  
They knew themselves condemned, a faithless crew  
With hearts too shallow to hold word of God:  
As trees by summer breeze swayed to and fro,  
Hearts of the people but an instant past;  
As trees uprooted, whirled with fury on  
Whither they know not, devastating all,  
The furious crowd uprose and thrust Him forth,  
(Whose words but now had dropped as tender dew  
On hearts burnt up and parchèd of the world);  
Now forth from synagogue, from city forth,  
Proud city, set on hill, to brow of hill  
In headlong passion, brought, to hurl Him down  
That precipice behind the town, whence none  
Could be cast down and live. For what? The truth,—  
Capernaum readier for the Word than they;  
Strangers more graced than Jews, for they were fit,—  
Intolerable truth to men who lived  
Bolstered with national pride, impervious  
To searching words discovering each man’s sin.

How 'scaped the Lord? He, passing through the  
midst,  
Went on His way. We very well know how:  
Just so, through imminent peril, brings He us.  
Christ teaches in Galilee