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THE
BAPTIST TROPHY

1876

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE
BAPTIST TROPHY:

A

CENTENNIAL POEM ON RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

BY REV. G. A. LOFTON,

Centennial Agent of the Baptists of Tennessee.

*"Freedom of conscience, unlimited freedom of mind, was, from the first, the Trophy
of the Baptists."*—BANCROFT.

MEMPHIS:
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1876.



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DEDICATION.

To my WIFE and BOY—my partners in the privations of the Centennial year—this unworthy effort is dedicated. These are my Jewels.

Though symbols dark the Cross invest
Of sacrifice, the Christian's test,
Yet Cross is set, in bright device,
With radiant Gem, the Pearl of price,
Which sparkles deep in saddest hearts,
And shades dispel, the Cross imparts.
Beneath that Gem which lights my gloom,
These Jewels, too, my cross illumine ;
Though burdens sweet their worth bestows,
Yet smiles of light from each one glows,
Which break with Faith's unsullied ray,
On darkest night, as brightest day.
Their luster beams with odors sweet,
Which soft exale from Hope replete,
And, pray'r perfumed, my life embalms,
Mid foulest breath, as purest calms.
And tender flames their virtues breathe,
By Love emit, which round me wreath--
That warm my heart in weakest hour,
And give my life their charm of power.
Oh, Heaven, keep these Jewels, mine,
Them deep within my heart enshrine ;
And worthy, let me daily prove,
Their brightest glow of purest love.

PREFACE.

The author of this little production does not claim to be a poet, nor is he writing for poetic reputation. Hence he does not come before the public "with fear and trembling" for the critics—many of whom are "*failures*" in everything, save to find the faults, or to suppress or mar the excellencies, of a work. THE BAPTIST TROPHY, as it is styled from Mr. Bancroft's expression, is the result of odd moments of thought, thrown off amid the momentary recreations of an arduous work in the Centennial, during the last few months. While the work is not intended as a serious *poetic* production, it is written in verse, with the view of condensing, in single stanzas, and in as simple and popular form as possible, many facts and arguments, usually embraced in the ampler pages of prose. Many of these stanzas will be easily memorized, and will not soon be forgotten. The conception and plan of the work correspond with its design; and, upon the whole, it is a discussion of Baptist Principles and History, from the standpoint of Religious Liberty, in a new garb of the subject, the novelty of which, it is thought, will elicit a wider reading, at least, among the Baptist fraternity. Be it understood, however, there are here no claims to profundity or *poetry*. To Christ is consecrated what little of good the effort may accomplish in a simple and popular way. To Christ is also confided its imperfections. His critic eye will pass them by, or correct them, if necessary, under the sanctifying efficacy which, in his mercy, he may give to the humblest expression of his Truth.

THE AUTHOR.

Jan. 1st, 1876.

THE BAPTIST' TROPHY.

PROLOGUE.

“First, I thank my God, through Jesus Christ, for you all that your faith is spoken of throughout the whole world.”—*Romans i. 8.*

I.

How oft have others sung the fame
Of heroes great that won a name,
By trophies reaped from fields of gore,
Or laurels wrung from tomes of lore ;
By science swept proud nature's course,
On lightnings chained or iron horse ;
With “glassy eye” the stars surveyed,
And blazing fields of light essayed ;
Or turning yet with subtler skill,
The Microscope, more wondrous still,
That gazed on worlds yet hidden deep
In single drop that millions keep,
And thus from mote gained richest store,
And honors plucked from kenless shore !

II.

O wondrous Art of human mind,
From wide extremes, to glory find!
And varied, too, and rich the themes,
Which show thee great in these extremes!
One foot on land and one on main,
Thy left hand grasps in drop of rain,
A world of life that bursting opes
Infinite still before thy 'scopes.
Thy right hand yet far reaching grasps
The Universe, and boldly clasps
The starry girt of quenchless light,
An endless chain, round endless night;
And sweeping back through azure home,
The star dust treads of boundless dome!

III.

How vast this field of nature opes
To Fame's exhaustless, deathless hopes!
Yet wider still that mental sweep,
Where Speculation's endless deep,
Evolving worlds, that inward turn
On stars and suns, that inward burn
On seas and lands, that upward beam
On blazing skies that downward gleam—
That, radiant, burst, with glory fraught,
Refulgent orbs of human thought :

Or, breaking loose, from Image train,
 Creations spring from human brain,
 That vaster fill the airy heights,
 Where Fancy takes her lofty flights,
 And crowns the mind with deathless name,
 That titles thus the Poet's fame.

IV.

How varied, wide and fruitful teems
 The field of Fame's exhaustless themes,
 Where thousands roam, who never die!
 Though greater names neglected lie,
 And grander themes are still unsung,
 Than ever yet attuned the tongue,
 Or woke the strains of human lyre,
 Or caught the flame of poet's fire,
 Where brighter sweep o'er fields of time,
 On moral range, our deeds sublime!

V.

Let others sing of earthly themes,
 Of human deeds, of fading dreams;
 But mine a nobler task shall be—
 To Freedom sing, and "LIBERTY!"
 A "PEOPLE" too, whose humble name,
 Though buried oft in tears and shame,
 Immortal wreathes a spot'ess fame;
 Whose history long was writ in blood,

By others drawn—a crimson flood,
 Though never yet did Baptists stain
 Their robes with blood of human vein.
 Though every age hath wrought them woes,
 And every land hath bred them foes;
 Though every hand hath forged them chains,
 And every law decreed them pains;
 Though every creed, by all the same,
 Them martyrs made—a “common game;”
 Though Baptist lot has ever been,
 To “suffer” thus at hands of men;
 Though bitter yet the tears they weep,
 And agonize the Truth to keep;
 They never yet did Persecute,
 A golden truth which none refute!
 And “pled” for all a “Conscience free,”
 The noblest boon of Liberty;
 Yea, pled for *all*—for even those
 Who breathed on them their direst woes!

VI.

And in this great Centennial year
 Memorials proud shall Baptists rear,
 Which mark the *Past*, their sacrifice!
 The *Present* prove, that they are wise!
 The *Future* tell, in thunder tones,
 Eternal truth, “what mean these stones.”

VII.

A century full hath swept away,
Since Freedom sang her grandest lay—
Since bathed in blood of Martyrs free,
This land gave root to Freedom's tree,
And broke, at last, those tyrant chains
Which fettered low these proud domains.

VIII.

Heroic saints this glory gave—
Reflected bright on each great wave
That rolls on Time's eternal deep,
In tears the Ages e'er must weep—
A freeman's trust, which Baptist keep
With vigil guard which ne'er shall sleep—
With sleepless watch that e'er must be
The priceless ward of Liberty.

IX.

Oh, Church of God, be then awake!
Thy robes of wondrous beauty take,
Equip thyself in arms of light,
And bear thyself in battle bright;
Thine honor pledged, thou nobly stand,
As Freedom's host on this thy land,
And rear to Truth a pillar high,
Which towers alone beneath the sky.

X.

No giddy Piles we rear in vain,
Of blood or pride or guilty gain—
No Pyramid's ambitious base,
To Folly built by slavish race—
No Vendome heights that dazzling tower,
To tell, at best, of fallen power ;
But Truth shall lift, in every State,
Her solid shafts, to EDUCATE,
By memories past of nobler deeds,
Which teach us e'er that Freedom bleeds,
Incarnate e'en, when Virtue bears
The Cross of Truth through burning years—
That darker grew the crimson tide,
By ages long enlarging wide,
Till flooding here, this genial soil
Absorbed the "blood" of Martyr's toil,
And burst the seed, prolific, free,
Which bore the Tree of Liberty.
But grander still, these shafts shall rise,
To Educate us for the skies ;
With base of rock and book and brain,
And spire of thought, the future train ;
Reward us, too, when glory capt,
Surviving worlds in ruin wrapt,
The Judge shall come to mark, their height—
Old Error doom, and crown the Right.

THE
PERFECT LAW OF LIBERTY.

“And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. * * If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.”—*John viii. 32, 36.*

“For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.”—*Romans viii. 2.*

“The glorious liberty of the children of God.”—*Romans viii. 21.*

I.

Amid the rugged ages past,
There rang the Gospel Trumpet's blast,
When Jesus first on earth proclaimed
“The captive free,” from bondage chained,
And wrote in blood on Calv'ry's tree,
“The Perfect Law of Liberty.”

II.

O, Freedom true, thine edicts all
In blood are writ, since human fall;
By Paschal type thy crimson stain
From Israel solved dread Egypt's chain,
And Jesus' blood, with Mercy's pen,
So freed a world of hopeless men.

III.

And Jesus' word with mighty stroke,
 The claims of legal bondage broke;
 And civil bonds and ritual bands,
 And kingly craft and priestly hands,
 And Infant Rite and aged vow,
 Before the Gospel Scepter bow.

IV.

The life of Law is servitude,
 For legal "works" are turpitude;
 Coercion, too, the awful rule,
 That underlies the legal school;
 And Infant Rite, the primal mode,
 That bound the child to Moses' code.

V.

In Law behold the "Fed'ral Head"
 That swayed the "rod" with terror dread;
 And fiercer still, see "Church-and-State"
 That flashed the sword's unpity'ng fate;
 For Sinai's curse the Heathen sweeps,
 And erring Jew but helpless weeps.

VI.

'Twas right in Law, when thus enforced,
 When Church and State were undivorced;
 Where parent, priest or king controls,

In type, the destiny of souls,
And symbolize in faint array,
The wrath of God in Judgment day.

VII.

But Jews beheld the counter light,
That mellowed Sinai's awful height—
In types which clothed in gorgeous ray,
That typic Church of ancient day ;
And promise heard, in echoes free,
That Sinai pealed on Calvary.

VIII.

They saw a church that power plies
By Argument, that Force denies—
That Law exalts by might nor sword,
From Cæsar free, by Spirit's word,
Where birth from God—the Spirit's "seal,"
Is entrance right that rites reveal.

IX.

For Jesus stands in bold relief,
The Rock of God—our sure belief!
Nor seeks of man by earthly power,
His cause to aid in feeblest hour ;
For Truth's the "sword" that Freedom wields,
And Righteousness that radiant shields.

X.

Then freedom give to all alike,
 Let Turk, or Jew, or Pagan "strike;"
 And Infidel his engines charge—
 By science false his arts enlarge,
 By Argument the truth must stand,
 But fall it must, if Force command.

XI.

Though Truth is crushed 'twill rise again;
 Defeated oft, 'tis sure to win;
 When bruised most, it purer grows;
 And stronger proves by hardest blows;
 And starved it is, by flatt'ry fed,
 Though healthy grows by being bled.

XII.

Ah! agitate—old Nature's cure—
 That keeps the ocean bright and pure!
 No truth can fear, in love, to greet
 Discussion fair—no foe to meet;
 And Revolution's orb must turn,
 Lest Freedom's stars should cease to **burn**.

XIII.

There is a peace delusive steals,
 A silent frost the heart congeals,
 When Zion reaps the "woe" of "ease."

And devils mock her dread disease ;
 For thousands die, though devils sleep,
 When churches cease to toil and weep.

XIV.

Then agitate ! with high resolves ;
 The living world in storm revolves ;
 Beware the calm, deceitful seas,
 All full of wreck and dread disease ;
 'Mid "travail" oft true peace we see,
 Alternate calms of agony !

XV.

The Jews of Faith this Church beheld,
 In wonder far by faith impelled ;
 Afflictions "chose," in type before,
 The "Recompense" in future store ;
 "Reproaches," too, of Christ esteemed,
 The body marks of Church redeemed.

XVI.

They saw afar each heathen dome
 That melts before the Gospel "Come,"
 And nations rise, in glory clad,
 Old Jewry saw, and Hope was glad ;
 And saved was he that gladly saw
 By Faith, that rose above the Law.

XVII.

And Parent saw, by Gospel free,
 His child must "bring" in liberty;
 The seedling trained, by faith at home,
 In "nurture" drinks the Savior's "Come;"
 And "grafted" in Christ, by faith alone,
 Each act, by *grace*, in *rites* his own.

XVIII.

No "Federal Head" doth Grace allow,
 Save Jesus Christ, our Adam now;
 No parent here—no *fleshly* child,
 But "Heir of God," the undefiled;
 The Kingdom new cannot embrace,
 Save these alone—the new born race.

XIX.

There are no "babes," save those of Truth,
 Nor sex, nor age—immortal youth!
 Nor "ashler rough," of varied size,
 The Temple founds, or edifies;
 But "living stones," and "polished" bright,
 The Church compose, by *faith* and *rite*.

XX.

How dread the Rite that violates
 The Church of Grace which contemplates
 No Infant rule—save that we see

In Fam'ly laid,—the Nursery,
Where "Fathers" teach their children free,
"The Perfect Law of Liberty."

XXI.

To think, believe—to feel, to act,
For *self*, in Truth, is Gospel fact
Which Grace bestows, of all, the first,
Instead of Law, where man is curst;
To circumcise, is now to free
The "Heart" by "Law of Liberty."

XXII.

Despotic Rite! that *fashions* creed,
By *varied* rule, on heart that's freed—
Which robs each child that Symbol bright,
By Faith its own, Baptismal Rite,
The type of Truth, where mirrored, see
"The Perfect Law of Liberty."

XXIII.

'Tis in this Rite begins the rule
Which underlies the despot school—
The "Root" of Rome, her "Pillar" deep,
Which symbolize the slavish Sheep,
Whose Lambs are "sealed," in legal line,
By "Mark of Beast," the modern "sign"!

XXIV.

'Tis vain the question silly sought :
 How children are to Jesus brought ?
 How saved by Truth, to them unpreached,
 If dead before discretion reached ?
 'Tis "Blood" that saves, *in them the more*,
 If die they must, untaught before.

XXV.

'Tis blood in Grace that ratifies
 The "Cov'nant New"—and satisfies
 The dread decree of legal fate,
 If die we must in infant state;
 But Jesus calls the Children home—
 And "Suffer" them, saith He, "to COME."

XXVI.

"These *little* ones"—and "*such*" alone!
 By Faith, *below*, the Kingdom own;
 For "circumcised in Heart," they "**see**"
 "The Perfect Law of Liberty;"
 And Parents must, as Parents old,
 To *Jesus* "bring" their tender fold.

XXVII.

"'Till John, The Baptist, was the Law
 And prophets" old, with not a flaw;
 "Since then" the Gospel flag's unfurled,

“The kingdom preached,” “not of the world;”
 And Jesus reigns, by rite nor sword,
 To keep or propagate his word.

XXVIII.

“The Gates of Hell” now potent move
 Against this peaceful reign of love,
 That Sin may fix its despot heel
 On human Hope and Freedom’s weal,
 And still in ages chain the soul
 To Satan’s car and dread control.

XXIX.

Ere long these “Gates” usurp the reins,
 By Church and State new forming chains,
 By Infant Rite—by Force inferred,
 Convenient change—by Law preferred;
 When Pagan darts no more avail,
 “The arm’r of light” is forged their mail.

XXX.

In vain hath Jesus made us free,
 If Church and State in one agree,
 Or in the Law the Gospel finds
 A single bond for gracious minds;
 From babe to sire—from fool to sage—
 Volition’s free in youth or age.

XXXI.

Alas! the Jews, for once outdone,
 When Christians do to Moses run
 To find a Church—to force an end—
 To burn a Saint—a Creed defend—
 And whence, at first, our martyrs all,
 From Baptist John to zealous Paul!

XXXII.

Which way we look through Reason's range,
 In earth or air—in Nature strange,
 From vulture's flight to hum of bee,
 From lion's roam to insect glee,
 Within the law of every sphere,
 Old Freedom's reign is everywhere.

XXXIII.

No shackle dread the bee-hive binds,
 Though honey bee the honey finds;
 The drone must die, no honey makes,
 The Queen presides, no freedom takes;
 For freemen true are bees the best,
 That *duty* make their sovereign test.

XXXIV.

The waves of ocean loosely lash,
 And ether currents freely clash;
 By action each itself keeps pure,

Or else by loose cohesion sure,
 Th' electric power from latent storm
 To each restores corrective form.

XXXV.

But Man, of all, his orbit strays,
 And rivets deep his slavish stays ;
 Unlike the brute, or planet, free,
 To roam the fields of Liberty ;
 From bondage *loosed* he would return,
 For Egypt's flesh-pots still would yearn.

XXXVI.

To govern self is Gospel rule,
 Develop self, the Christian school,
 To chasten self by action free,
 "The Perfect Law of Liberty ;"
 And each to bless and build the whole,
 The golden Canon of the soul.

XXXVII.

The Church of Christ no despot needs,
 No Prophet, Priest nor human creeds,
 For Jesus reigns—the Spirit guides—
 And each a "King and Priest" presides,
 By that alone, which makes us free,
 "The Perfect Law of Liberty."

XXXVIII.

Ah! Christ alone free gov'rnment gave,
 For Kings and Priests but rule the slave ;
 Except in type, no lawful crown,
 No Kingly robe, or Priestly gown,
 Is worn by man, by right his own,
 For King and Priest is Christ alone.

XXXIX.

Old Israel once, her bondage broke,
 Did, rebels mad, the Lord provoke ;
 The Desert crossed, the Jordan passed,
 Of freedom tired, ungrateful asked
 Of God, *the* King, *a* king of men—
 And Saul in wrath He gave them then.

XL.

Though God, in *type*, did kings reflect,
 Yet kings, in fact, doth God reject ;
 By "right divine" no king can hold,
 But God alone, the King of old ;
 Each man by HIM is sovereign—**free**,
 Within "the Law of Liberty."

XLI.

Rebellious thus, the *Type* of old
 Doth symbolize the Gospel Fold ;
 For, ages past, the Christian freed,

Hath sought a Pope and Priestly creed ;
 With tyrant hand, usurped the sword
 And human law, for Jesus' word.

XLII.

Concentered power was Israel's aim,
 Like nations round to get a name ;
 Forgetting God, their Power of all,
 Like other nations, doomed to fall ;
 And Churches blind that Power sought,
 Shall crumble yet, to weakness brought.

XLIII.

E'en "Moses' Law," bestowed in wrath,
 But leads us to the Gospel path ;
 And, ages gone, the "axe" hath cleared
 The typic "tree" which Moses reared ;
 The "*Olive*" springs from Jesse's "Root,"
 That bears the "first" and "holy fruit."

XLIV.

"New" Gospel "wine" "old bottles" break,
 Nor wine of Law the Church must take ;
 For "older" wine, as Jew would say,
 The "better" is of Moses day ;
 "New bottles" now "new wine" must hold—
 The GOSPEL TRUTH in GOSPEL FOLD.

XLV.

The Jewish Church with legal heart,
 Though clad in robes of typic art,
 With Church of Christ, by Gospel free.
 Can never have identity—
 Save that which marks in "image" dim,
 As shadows shape each trunk and limb.

XLVI.

Then Hagar's sons to bondage born,
 By "bondage" rite of Law forlorn,
 In type "out cast," as shadows, flee
 Before the dawn of Liberty;
 And Judah's Heir the Scepter wields,
 And Sarah's Church *our* freedom shields.

XLVII.

The Kingdom's come! so long foretold!
 Set up by John, the Baptist old;
 On Jordan's bank its Law revealed,
 In Jordan's stream its Oath he sealed—
 Repentance, Faith—Baptismal Rite—
Emblazoned John's escutcheon bright.

XLVIII.

The Baptist here with single stroke,
 The double rule of bondage broke;
 The Gospel plan the first construed

On middle ground, by us pursued,
That Parent's blood to infant gave
No Gospel Rite—nor rites could save.

XLIX.

When Pharisee his Rite demands,
He holds him thus to Christ's commands :
Repentance first, that righteous shows,
And Faith in Christ, whose coming knows ;
Nor think to say—as thousands now,
Who Abraham *their* father vow !

L.

'Twas not in rites of Pharisee,
In reason cold of Sadducee,
By wealth nor power the first to mould,
In pomp nor form the free-born Fold ;
With Jesse's Root it downward sprung,
And "olive" branches upward flung.

LI.

Within the heart of millions lost,
The helpless masses suffering most,
This reign of Jesus fixed its hold,
And fram'd the Poor the Gospel Fold—
The Power above—Theocracy,
The Law below—Democracy.

LII.

O "Perfect Law," and changeless pure,
The Code of Christ which must endure,
Untouched by man, or angel worse,
As ark of old—an awful curse !
For "cursed" is he that tempting breaks,
Or to it "adds," or from it "takes."

LIII.

This "Perfect Law" is only rule
Of Faith and Practice—Gospel school ;
So simple, yet, that none can err,
Who Truth and Law alone prefer ;
Exhaustless, too, no age hath reached
The endless themes infinite preached ;
And sovereign more the world makes free—
"The Perfect Law of Liberty."

THE
WOMAN IN THE WILDERNESS.

“And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and three score days.”—*Rev. xii. 6.*

“And the dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ.”—*Rev. xii. 17.*

I.

'Tis Sarah's sons, the Freeman's trope,
The high born Church of Heavenly hope—
“The Woman free” that gave us birth,
In travail long hath peopled earth,
Alone in tears, unfurled on high
The Freeman's banner to the sky.

II.

O wonder thou, in Heaven first!
Where radiant glories round thee burst;
O clothed in light, the sun thy robe,
Beneath thy feet, the moon's fair globe,
And circled stars refulgent gem
Thy regal brow with diadem!

III.

Thou "Mother Church"—Jerusalem "*free!*"
 Though "*barren*" long, it is by thee
 This barren earth must living teem,
 By thee the world must God redeem;
 Thy travail now is but begun,
 With *Liberty*, thy first born Son.

IV.

And now the wild is long her home,
 The cave, the den, the mountain dome,
 And martyred millions is her woe,
 As here she flees her "Dragon" foe;
 And Heav'n alone is refuge free—
 The "Manchild's" home of liberty.

V.

In vain she wept in Afric wood,
 Europ'an plains but drank her blood;
 The Apennines and Alps in vain
 Could bar or break the scarlet chain;
 To reeking flames and tortures bent,
 The Gospel Church to slaughter went.

VI.

Numidian groves in echoes free,
 Donatus thrilled with liberty;
 Eternal Rome but felt her stroke,

When Papal crowns old Arnold broke ;
And Gaul and Spain did long rejoice,
When Freedom woke De Bruy's voice.

VII.

And Holland heaved and Germany,
With Baptist throbs of Liberty.
Though Muncer, Mantz and Menno weep,
Though peasants slain, by thousands sleep,
Teutonic hills eternal stand,
Memorial stones to Freedom's band.

VIII.

Before a Luther ever spoke,
Or Papal bull or scepter broke,
In every age, in every land,
The Church of God had made her stand,
And there a Freeman's banner gleamed,
With what a Luther never dreamed.

IX.

Before a Luther ever breathed,
To conscience free there was bequeathed
The right divine of Faith and Will ;
And bright along each glen and hill,
There stood arrayed in armored light,
That serried host in Freedom's fight.

X.

What though the Reformation breaks,
And Rome beneath a Luther shakes !
His midnight lair he scarcely strayed,
That ages dark had deeply laid—
The lion freed from horrid den,
To crush the bones of freer men !

XI.

How deep hath Error fixed her bed
In hearts by Superstition fed !
No crime so great, or falsehood bare,
That staggers not at conscience' glare ;
But Error's logic endless grows—
Poetic e'en with human woes !

XII.

Though good or wise or great the mind,
If still in vital errors blind,
No lie nor vice, by demons held,
So rules this race, by sin impelled ;
Nor half so fierce in Trial's hour,
As Truth pervert in human power.

XIII.

The will of God a Saul essayed,
His zeal the Church in havoc laid ;
So Luther bound, a Calvin burned,

A Zwingle drowned, a Baxter spurned,
 And Henry, Knox, by various creed,
 To crush the Baptists, all agreed.

XIV.

By Church and State, like Rome of old,
 By Infant Rite, the mother's hold,
 By writ and sword, the Harlot's bands,
 The blood of saints is on their hands ;
 And Rome in symbols, dark and dread,
 Is written on each Daughter's head.

XV.

In vain does Wyckliffe free the light,
 Or Tyndale break the veil of night,
 That hid the word of God so free—
 "The Perfect Law of Liberty ;"
 Their ashes though, became the seed
 That scattered wide the Freeman's creed.

XVI.

In vain a Busher writes his "Plea,"
 Or Milton sings the Church is free ;
 A Bunyan pines in Bedford "den,"
 And Smithfield fires light England's glen ;
 'Tis Freedom shrieks on every gale,
 As Baptists plead from every jail.

XVII.

But Cromwell thunders o'er the realm,
 The Independents seize the helm;
 And warring Priest and Presbyter
 Are victims of the Conqueror;
 The Baptists breathe awhile with hope,
 To find old Cromwell but a Pope.

XVIII.

But Mayflow'rs wings are on the breeze,
 As she from Persecution flees;
 Yet ere the far off West is reached,
 Her freedom Persecution preached;
 For there on waste of waters free,
 In schemes of Church and State agree.

XIX.

How true it is wherever found,
 If infant mind by rite is bound,
 As Hagar's son, to bondage born,
 Did Isaac mock—his freedom scorn,
 So "*now*" this Persecution finds
 A home in kindred church or minds.

XX.

Oh! Infant Rite, thou fiery curse!
 Thou martyr's scourge! and bondage worse!
 That shackled ages dark and wild,

With superstition of the child—
That robs the soul's volition free,
Thou "Root and Pillar of Popery!"

XXI.

'Tis Inference, Religion's crime!
Dividing man—distracting time—
The "sword" of strife that Jesus told,
Should strike among the sheep and fold;
In earth should bring our greatest woes,
And rend our house with fiercest foes.

XXII.

No inf'rence, God, as *law* reveals;
From inf'rence, too, all law appeals;
The law that binds the conscience free,
Must be the "*law of liberty*;"
And "*perfect*" too—so plain a rule,
As to be seen by e'en the "fool."

XXIII.

From thence the Pope, the Priest, the Mass,
The Bishop's rule, the Elder's class;
Coercion here her ritual finds,
And *legal* rite for infant minds,
And Church and State—by Jesus free—
To blight the hopes of liberty.

XXIV.

From thence it was when christians bled,
 For *self* alone old England fled,
 That with a bond for other names,
 Still on this shore to forge our chains ;
 Columbia felt this dreadful shock,
 When Mayflower struck old Plymouth Rock.

XXV.

And oh ! is not Columbia free ?
 The only land of liberty ?
 Where roams, at will, the savage wild,
 Old Nature's free and simple child ?
 "Not yet ?" the bleeding Woman cries,
 "Not yet," the God of Truth replies.

XXVI.

In vain, alas ! from King or Pope—
 Reformer e'en—did we find hope ;
 From Jordan old to English Thames,
 From Gallic Seine to Western James,
 The Woman travails in the wild,
 Nor refuge finds to shield her Child.

XXVII.

The dungeon still and banishment,
 New forge her chains of punishment ;
 New England jails and whipping posts,

Virginia fines and taxing hosts,
By Infant Rite and Force inferred.
Upon the Church is here conferred.

XXVIII.

'Twas thus in wild and cave and den,
Or hunted down by hound and men,
As slaves of old their masters fled,
Our fathers ate their bitter bread;
And learned in jail, or covert hid,
"Communion close!" not then *forbid*.

XXIX.

How ill the grace of those who vaunt
Their charity, and Baptists taunt,
When scarce a hundred years ago,
No church on earth but scorned us so,
Communion had corruption been,
And sacrilege our Freedom then!

XXX.

Oh! thus a hundred years or more,
The scourge of Church and State we bore;
The rule of blood—"more bloody still"—
Here bound the soul to human will;
But dawn of day at last awakes,
The horrid wand of darkness breaks!

XXXI.

Though every age hath wept in blood,
 The Woman kept her "witness" good ;
 The flag of Freedom never trailed,
 The fires of Truth have never faded ;
 In ashes deep the Martyrs lie,
 But deeds immortal never die.

XXXII.

Old Busher's "Plea" yet moves the will,
 And Milton's song is burning still,
 And Smithfield fires and England's jails,
 Italian groans and German wails,
 Are potent tongues that terrors break
 On tyrant thrones, and errors shake.

XXXIII.

'Tis not in vain that Martyrs burn,
 Their tombs are not the mouldering urn ;
 Eternal Truth and Freedom live
 On every shore, by every wave
 That bears the soil of words and deeds,
 And Churches burst their pregnant seeds.

XXXIV.

Eternal Truth succession keeps,
 By Practice too, that never sleeps,
 A people has, that Practice hold,

To keep the witness of the Fold ;
 Or else the "Gates of Hell" prevail,
 And Truth and Freedom both shall fail.

XXXV.

From Abel down, the righteous Line
 Hath never broke 'mid dark decline ;
 Though narrow oft the channel grew,
 And shallow draughts the river drew,
 Yet higher rose succeeding sweep,
 As onward rolled the swelling deep.

XXXVI.

Though Israel oft, in type, grows small,
 By ritual sunk—by idols fall ;
 Though captive oft, or smit by foes,
 Yet Zion lives o'er all her woes ;
 Her Practice kept mid Babel towers,
 Nor "Remnant" lost mid darkest hours.

XXXVII.

And Church of Christ, tho' Dragon breathes—
 Thy "Remnant" girds with fiery wreathes ;
 Though ages long thy blood hath wept,
 Thy God's "Commands" thou faithful kept,
 And "Testimony"—bright and free—
 Did Jesus give alone of thee.

XXXVIII.

Did not a page of Hist'ry mark
 Thy living line through "ages dark"—
 Though whelm'd in flood of "Dragon red,"
 And hid in wild, obscure and dread—
 Thy record true thy God foretold,
 In witness double of the fold ;
 And what thy foes wrote not of thee,
 Was writ before in Prophecy.

XXXIX.

Though hid beneath th' Atlantic sweep,
 Yon Cable lies, obscure and deep,
 The batt'ry's test the proof controls,
 That linked alike are kindred poles ;
 So Truth applied—the Gospel test—
 Each end of line but proves the rest ;
 The Gospel shows the line is clear,
 From Baptist John to Baptists here,
 If ages dark, the Woman "free"
 The witness kept, of Prophecy !

THE
VICTORY.

“And the earth helped the woman, and the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed up the flood which the dragon cast out of his mouth.—*Rev. xii. 16.*”

I.

In every age hath Freedom bled,
And every land hath Freedom fled,
Till on Rhode Island's rocky shore,
Though banished, rose to flee no more ;
For vanquished here, her shriek would be
The dying note of Liberty.

II.

For Liberty a Williams pled,
For this alone New England fled ;
And deep in yonder wild afar,
Mid savage home with gates ajar,
A refuge found from Error blind
That Freedom crushed, of human mind.

III.

Sequestered spot, so dear to man !
Where Truth escaped from Error's ban,
And reared on Time's pedestal tall,
A Freeman's shrine that ne'er should fall,
Where ages still shall faith inspire,
And kindle, aye, true Freedom's fire.

IV.

There Clarke of old, from England brought
The Charter true that Freedom taught—
First gave to man each sacred right
Which God bestowed, though not of might ;
And free in each, by separate code,
Here Church and State secure abode.

V.

Though small, at first, the fountain be,
Whence gushed the floods of liberty,
Yet o'er the West they sudden broke,
Till Cont'nents felt their thunder stroke,
And toppling fell each tyrant throne
That shaded then this virgin zone.

VI.

New England fills her prisons vain,
Or whips a Holmes on Boston plain ;
Virginia vain old Ireland "smokes,"

Or lays on Craig her galling strokes ;
 The crisis comes, when England's crown
 And England's church must crumble down.

VII.

And now the notes of war resound,
 And thund'ring armies shake the ground ;
 'Tis Freedom strikes for homes and fires,
 For Altars free—and God inspires
 His Church of old to strike for thee,
 Thou "Perfect Law of Liberty."

VIII.

For civil Freedom all do strike,
 For home and Country—all alike ;
 For Altars free—there are but few
 Immortal, yet they will be true,
 And give to Fame's eternal hand
 The Baptist TROPHY of this land.

IX.

From Baptists then a Jefferson learned
 Democracy; and Madison burned,
 And Henry breathed, their living fire,
 And Washington their truths inspire ;
 And linked with men like these they sought
 Their pledge of Freedom, dearly bought.

X.

On Monticello's sacred heights,
Whence Genius took her lofty flights,
Yon Sage of old, whose hand must trace,
The Charter free, of human race,
But drew his theme from Baptists poor,
Who wrote in blood this Chart before.

XI.

And Madison, diviner wrought,
Their spirit bold, the deeper caught—
Unfurled aloft their banner bright,
Defended brave their ancient right—
And nobly struck from Freedom's chart
E'en "Toleration"—fiendish art!

XII.

With soul on fire, old Henry pleads
The Baptist cause that struggling bleeds,
And burst the bonds that shackled then,
The giant arms of mighty men—
And tyrants pale before his glance,
And melt like snow before his lance.

XIII.

And Washington, our Country's sire!
Whose genius saw and felt their fire,
The last of all, but not the least,

Their conflicts sore his counsel ceased ;
And o'er their cause—the nation's shield—
His mantle flung, their Freedom sealed.

XIV.

Oh! hot and fierce this strife of years,
When Baptists wept in blood and tears !
Relentless still, they faltered not,
Till every State expunged the blot
Which marred its code with legal shame,
And Freedom crushed that Baptists claim.

XV.

'Twas thus that Earth, with gentler heart,
Than Churches born of Priestly art,
The Woman "helped" in darkest age,
Though fiercely waxed their holy rage,
And pious plied their schemes of woe,
That Earth alone could never know.

XVI.

No engine dark—of devils hate!
So scourged this earth as Church-and-State ;
No evil yet, this world hath cursed,
As "Christianity reversed ;"
No cruelty is so refined,
As Bigotry by Law enshrined.

XVII.

And stubborn now the tyrants yield,
 And "dying hard," each act repealed ;
 The army first by law we reach,
 Where Baptists fought, but could not preach ;
 Then prisons, stripes and taxes all,
 And " Church-and-State," together fall.

XVIII.

Dismantled Church in ruins laid !
 But Presbyters at length essayed
 Establishment for all, the same,
By law enforced, that each might claim ;
 And each and all, save Baptists then,
 Petitioned, urged this scheme of men.

XIX.

How strange indeed the contrast now,
 Which Presbyters, when free, avow !
 When England's Church the law controlled,
 The Presbyters with Baptists hold ;
 But free, they sought, by law enforced,
 The creed we had from law divorced.

XX.

The dying struggle now must cease,
 Virginia give her cherished peace ;
 The Baptists now thrice armed for fight,

Petitions hurl from vale and height,
And Presbyters in battle slain,
Their field no more shall e'er regain.

XXI.

For Freedom true the Baptists stood
Alone in toil—alone in blood;
And ages red with slaughter left
Them friendless still, of *all* bereft,
Till in this land their precepts free,
A cradle wove of Liberty.

XXII.

Virginia's free! her Baptists won!
But Freedom's work is just begun;
A Backus pleads New England free,
And Congress begs for Liberty;
Though Adams scoffed—a Stiles did threat,
The Congress glows with promise yet.

XXIII.

A score of years already past,
Since War had rung his rudest blast;
Each State now pled for conscience free,
But found no clause for Liberty
Within the Constitution's roll,
That freed the flesh but not the soul.

XXIV.

The Baptist Clans in Goochland meet,
The Constitution's not complete ;
Petitions bold from Freemen press—
Besieging Chief, and States address ;
And lo ! the grandest Trophy past,
Their noblest triumph is the last.

XXV.

Their glory's now at last attained,
As inch by inch the Baptists gained ;
Though suffering much, yet much they sought,
Believing God, they shrank at naught—
The Nation's Code eternal stands,
Amended thus by Baptist hands:*

* "Congress shall make no law; establishing articles of faith, or a mode of worship, or prohibiting the free exercise of religion, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition to the general government for a redress of grievances." .

THE
EMANCIPATED CHURCH.

“Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.”—*Gal. v. 1.*

“But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light; which in time past were not a people,”—*1 Peter, ii. 9.*

“And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints.”—*Rev. xix. 8.*

I.

And now the Woman's agony o'er,
Her Genius clasps this virgin shore;
Her Dragon foe at last o'ercome,
She leaves, for aye, her desert home,
And finds at last a refuge free,
Her “Manchild's” home of liberty.

II.

O Church of God, thy hands are bright,
Thy virgin robes are spotless white ;
Adult'rous stains nor blood of saints,
Nor blot of shame thy history paints ;
Though dark thy fight in every age,
"Thou'rt fair, my love," on every page.

III.

Yet forward still and onward free!
Thy watchword be "soul Liberty ;"
Thy Trophy here an Empire vast,
Hast conquered Time and won the West ;
Now o'er the East thy genius move,
And backward reap the world by love.

IV.

Thy trials yet but surely burn,
For Satan shifts his arts by turn ;
When force and hate no longer kill,
He deeper strikes by subtle skill ;
The bear that eats the fold or hive,
First hugs its victim when alive.

V.

Ah ! Popularity ! Religion's bane,
And Freedom's blight ; the poisoned vein
That swells the Church by fashion made,

And colors Truth with lib'ral shade,
Yet inward shrinks and putrid rots
By fleshly pride and carnal plots.

VI.

'Tis Truth alone that sows in tears,
That reaps her toil by Trial's years ;
Religion, Science, in Art the same,
Her Trophies won are wrung from shame ;
And oft the lot of Freedom's tree
To bloom the best in poverty.

VII.

Though vice and falsehood blush or pause
To tread the "*weak*" or win applause ;
'Tis error bold that pompous rides
On waves of craft, or pop'lar tides ;
That good may come doth evil use,
In fraud, or blood, doth power abuse.

VIII.

True, now and then, old Truth upheaves
Volcanic stream that whelming leaves
The world, by time to sink involved
In crust, again by time dissolved,
When Truth again shall deeper burn,
To quench old Error's night in turn.

IX.

For Truth's declined in every age,
 Yet higher rose, successive stage ;
 And Freedom's failed by every hand,
 Till bursting here from native land,
 She backward rolls in waves of light,
 To quench the chains of Eastern night.

X.

But God doth move in myst'ry's way,
 A thousand years are as a day ;
 Though slowly—yet in haste he keeps
 His level way—nor ever sleeps ;
 And in the soil of darkest age,
 His steps petrific mark each eage page.

XI.

He chooses, too, the vessel weak,
 Confounds the wise, exalts the meek ;
 By feeblest means upbuilds his cause—
 Profoundest ends by simplest laws—
 Afflictions dread and lot obscure,
 Are Freedom's crown and nursery pure.

XII.

Oh Suffering ! Religion's guest,
 The witness of the Truth and blest !
 There's little great or wise or good,

But sprang from tears and sighs and blood ;
There is no gain without a loss,
And glory's vain without a cross.

XIII.

Not Poverty, nor want of fame,
Can bar or break the Baptist claim ;
Let Kings and Priests their right assure,
By Gospel sign and Truth secure ;
For Church and State are separate, free,
And Naz'reth bred true Liberty.

XIV.

Ah ! Nazareth ! despised place !
Yet home of Jesus, King of grace !
Though scorned by Jew and Greek, the sage,
Yet home of Truth in every age ;
Though whelmed oft in tears and blood,
From Naz'reth springs our greatest "GOOD."

XV.

But everywhere 'tis called a "Sect,"
Is spoke against and all reject ;
But Jesus' sign—his People's too—
Is hate from all, both Greek and Jew ;
Though Pilate 'gainst old Herod bands,
For Jesus' blood they both strike hands.

XVI.

'Tis not a Sect, as many claim,
 Though "Baptist" be the Churches' name ;
 For in that word's prolific womb
 Is hid the death, the liquid tomb,
 The Resurrection's symbol free,
 Th' "all righteousness" of Calvary.

XVII.

And in this word, the Freeman's name,
 Each doctrine, too, of man we claim ;
 Depraved in sin—the soul is dead,
 But dipt in blood, by grace is bred ;
 And risen washed, from sin is free,
 The high born son of Liberty.

XVIII.

This name alone is Cath'lic found,
 All other names by sect are bound,
 That branching show their lineal sign,
 As railway switch its kindred line ;
 For thus from Rome in darkness sunk,
 Some Sects do show their mother Trunk.

XIX.

But two old Trunks, our railway guide,
 Religion's map doth long divide ;
 From Jordan first, in Judah free,

Is laid our track in Liberty;
 But lo! from Rome, with horrid trail,
 Religion sweeps on bloody rail.

XX.

Each "Branch" beside, whate'er the name,
 From this or that most certain came;
 And each the time and place of start,
 Doth mark the point whence each depart;
 Howe'er so far the "Branch" hath run,
 Doth show the source whence each begun.

XXI.

Sectarians! Religion's curse!
 Denounced of God in Church the worse!
 Apollos, Paul, nor Peter dares
 The union break, that God declares;
 Yet Campbell, Knox and Luther bold,
 Do mar the lines of Jesus fold.

XXII.

The name of Baptist then shall live,
 To earth again reunion give;
 Centennials still shall come and go,
 And Freedom's Altars brighter glow,
 While Trophies new shall light the flame,
 That kindles, aye, this sacred name.

XXIII.

To civilize is Baptist aim,
 To lift a world from social shame ;
 Religion, Science, Letters free,
 To govern self in Liberty ;
 Avoid th' extremes of Freedom's reign,
 By anarch's rule, or despot's chain.

XXVI.

Redemption more is Baptist end,
 To free a world—to God ascend ;
 In Jesus' blood this Freedom woke
 The heart of death, by Justice broke ;
 And captive millions, loosed from hell,
 Redemption's song shall endless tell.

XXV.

Oh ! then awake, thou Gospel fold,
 Nor sleep thyself mid errors bold ;
 Coercion, true, no longer burns,
 But Education's art, by turns,
 The subtle skill of Satan proves,
 And now the world he deeper moves.

XXVI.

Though conflicts dread the past decides
 Of God, and Christ, and Faith besides,
 Yet still, "*The Church ?*" a question deep,

Remains to vex the troubled sheep ;
 For sects and rites yet multiply,
 And skeptics learned in scoffs reply.

XXVII.

Old Error blind now educates,
 And *Isms* still no force abates ;
 The devil's skill yet holds its pace,
 When Rome now shifts her Janus face,
 And raises high her banner black,
 With "Education" on its back.

XXVIII.

All Education must be met
 By Education—subtler yet,
 That mind and heart may e'er be free,
 To hold the Truth in Liberty ;
 Develop self must be the rule
 That underlies the Baptist school.

XXIX.

How low, indeed, that vulgar thought !
 Religion's truth must not be taught—
 That preachers now, of God inspired,
 May speak the things of Him desired—
 Nor "scrip," nor "purse," nor studied "search"
 Develops Truth—or builds the Church !

XXX.

O fools and slow ! that ign'rance boast,
 To Truth alike and graces lost !
 As "Prophets' school" the Prophets old,
 So Jesus taught his College fold ;
 "And "Teachers" left, who "WHOLLY *give*"
 Their time to Truth, and "*of it live*;"
 And Gospel canon long he seals,
 And now by *none* his Truth reveals.
 No fools indeed are chose to preach,
 But "apt" and "wise," to "nations teach ;"
 For Truth of Christ—exhaustless mine !
 Like other truth, by "*search*" we find ;
 And Education's noblest art—
 Development of mind and heart,
 That learns us how to *think* and *feel*
 And *teach* the Truth—but not reveal.

XXXI.

Oh ! Ignorance ! how oft we see
 Thine errors blind—thy heresy !
 Not Science false, nor Priestly creed
 Excels thee, save in craft and greed ;
 'Tis *foolish preaching* you construe,
 For "foolishness of preaching" true ;
 And Paul, alas ! you falsely quote,
 That he against true learning wrote.

OUR COUNTRY.

“For they have devoured Jacob, and laid waste his dwelling place. O remember not against us former iniquities: let not thy tender mercies speedily prevent us; for we are brought very low.”—*Psalms lxxix. 7, 8.*

“The North and the South thou hast created them: Tabor and Herman shall rejoice in thy name.”—*Psalms lxxix. 12.*

“Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.”—*Psalms xc. 15.*

I.

And, first, thou fair and Southern land,
That war hath swept with rudest hand,
Where servitude *thy* slavery wrought,
And drenched thy plains in blood for naught,
O tell me how shalt thou be free?
Develop self in Liberty.

II.

Oh! slavish yoke and galling chains,
Where idleness and ign'rance reigns;
Where labor is disgrace to man,
And cotton melts away the land;
And gashed hills and ragged fence,
Betray the want of common sense!

III.

And slavery worse, when noble race
Is crouched beneath the monied grace
Of foreign wealth and mammon gods,
Who work our fields and turn our clods—
Control our wires and own our rails—
And man our ships and fill our sails!

IV.

And slavery worse, when Southern mind,
In Science, Art, can rarely find
A book or chart, or press so bold,
To thrust our thought, by time enrolled,
On future age or foreign Zone,
To make us felt or even known!

V.

Thou storied land—and Baptist field!
Democracy and Freedom sealed
By Virtue here and Honor bright,

That brave defends each sacred right—
 'Tis here intrenched that thou must be
 The last stronghold of Liberty.

VI.

Democracy by thee wast bred,
 And here on tears thou bitter fed ;
 Though foisted here, by others worse,
 Yet learned that Slavery was *thy* curse ;
 Held Church and State must separate be,
 And *wise* and *pure*, to keep us free.

VII.

O land of Hope ! by future blest,
 With all thy faults, thou art the best ;
 With all thy woes, supreme in will ;
 With all thy wants, exhaustless still ;
 Thy woes shall yet thy sorrow cease,
 Thy wants thy wealth shall rich increase.

VIII.

What though the South now wears the yoke,
 Or feels the curse of War's dread stroke ?
 Is robbed of men and wealth and power,
 Or Africs rule this maddest hour ?
 Yet friend of Truth—the crucial test—
 Is Poverty, the last and best.

IX.

'Tis vict'ry oft that brings defeat—
 Mistakes are pearls, that ne'er repeat ;
 Our faults are gems, by timely cure,
 And sorrows tonic keeps us pure ;
 Refined is gold, to flames inured,
 When blessings are by curse secured.

X.

Afflictions deep and punishment
 On chosen ones our God hath sent ;
 But brighter yet our star shall burn,
 When God in peace again shall turn
 Captivity from Southern soil,
 And bless our tears, and blood and toil.

XI.

Thou Sunny South ! thy trials dread,
 Are not in vain ; nor are thy dead,
 Nor dead of foes, who, side by side,
 A million mounds in dust abide ;
 Memorials these, to future day,
 Hath Freedom reared—on "Blue and Gray."

XII.

The cypress wreath that circles now,
 Will laurel clothe thy radiant brow ;
 Thy States, as stars, in azure deep,

In cloudless sky their union keep ;
 And brighter glow with luster free,
 The grandest of the Galaxy.

XIII.

Then upward still, thou sunny land,
 And "know thyself"—thy mission grand ;
 Thou home of *heart* and *brilliant* thought,
 With fragrant suns refulgent fraught,
 The Nursery warm of Hope must be,
 Religion true, and Liberty.

XIV.

Thine Honor breathes the purest air ;
 No *Isms* blot thy banner fair ;
 By "strict construction" thou art moored
 In Constitution—holy word ;
 "Conservatism"—thy watchword free,
 On duty, proves Democracy.

XV.

Though "Rebel" oft thy name endures,
 Yet time is balm that always cures ;
 Great Washington was "Rebel" too,
 Nor fought for *less* nor *more* than you ;
 No crime of fraud—Nepotic schemes,
 Corrupts the past, thy cause redeems.

XVI.

Thy motto this: "We will be free,
 And EDUCATE in Liberty."
Develop self and fertile soil,
 Thine iron hills and springs of oil ;
 Convert thy streams to cotton rolls,
 And make thy *bread*, as cotton bolls.

XVII.

Develop self—to self preserve !
 For grandest cause must thou subserve ;
 Why bleed thy hills—so red and bare !
 Thyself to rob, from year to year,
 By system false, by others wealth
 Which drinks thy toil, by skill and stealth.

XVIII

No wonder 'tis, that slaves are we,
 Nor dream we yet of Liberty !
 We kill our *goose*—our fields we fear,
 To lose the egg, whose *shell* we wear ;
 We live and die in cotton cloth,
 That costs us more than worth of growth.

XIX.

"Enlarge" thy brain O Japheth "white"—
 "The tents of Shem" are thine of right ;
 Thy "servant" Ham, though freed in name,

Develops ne'er, nor will reclaim
 Thy fields now lost, by hire destroyed
 In Freedom now, as slave employed.

XX.

If Shem stands still, so Ham goes back
 Eternal on Progression's track ;
 Nor Freedom, Science, Art nor skill
 Will Ham advance, or stand him still ;
 Though slavery was to *us* the curse,
 'Tis Freedom hurts poor Ham the worse.

XXI.

Be kind, O South, to poor old Ham,
 He has no friend in "Uncle Sam ;"
 Be kind to Ham—but this be sure :
 Thy *brain* enlarge, thy *hands* inure ;
 There's more in *skill* and in the *man*,
 Than in his means, or in his land.

XXII.

Then Educate, for Ham will go,
 As Shem, whose tents do melt like snow ;
 'Twas God who freed, our curse to lift,
 And left us thus for *self* to shift ;
 Progressive brain, inventive, grand,
 Must power give to Japheth's hand.

XXIII.

Develop self, both broad and free,
 By none developed, save by thee ;
 By Science, Art—by Wisdom wrought,
 Must take the lead in march of thought ;
 Enrich thy homes, though not by pelf,
 Is law that first develops self.

XXIV.

Redeem thy fields by Husbandry ;
 And learn by skill Economy ;
 Uncap thy mines, and ope thy woods,
 And run the looms that weave thy goods ;
 Retain that wealth thy Country bleeds,
 Enriching him who nothing needs.

XXV.

The Common School thine anchor be—
 Thy goal, the University ;
 Thy middle course, in past pursued,
 But honor gave, and caste, and blood ;
 Which helpless fell by force and skill,
 Though true in heart and brave in will.

XXVI.

Then Educate in bold extreme—
 In Freedom true thy cause redeem ;
Develop self, by labor free,

In enterprise and industry ;
 Then Science, Art and Letters rise,
 Like nightless peaks along thy skies.

XXVII.

O then, awake ! ye Baptists rise,
 And hold, by right, this future prize ;
 And prove, by name, the men of old,
 The high born sons of Freedom's fold ;
 And champions still the future be,
 Of Soul and Civil Liberty.

XXVIII.

Then give to God thy little all,
 And rear, this year, thy Shafts so tall,
 That quenchless beam of endless day
 Shall flood them still in golden ray,
 When night of Time shall break her spell,
 And 'Ebenezers' endless swell.

XXIX.

Then GIVE, for Jesus gave for thee
 His life "that thou shouldst ransom'd be,"
 And bought thee thus from bondage fell,
 And caught thy soul from deepest hell ;
 And gave to thee an Heritage free,
 That thou shouldst have ETERNITY !

XXX.

Then let the great Centennial roll—
Its banner wave from pole to pole ;
Let North and South together meet,
In friendship true, together greet ;
And o'er the bloody chasm filled,
There grasp the hand that lately killed.

XXXI.

Let nations come—their honors bring,
With rapture deep our Freedom sing :
Old Europe struggling must be free,
Our Trophy yet of Liberty,
And feel this throb that shakes the world,
Like fiery deeps from Ætna hurled.

XXXII.

Nor fail the world assembled here,
To see and feel, this hundreth year,
That Christ, of old, this Freedom gave—
That humble Baptists, true and brave,
But won this TROPHY, grand and good,
And plucked alone from tears and blood.

XXXIII.

Then onward still Columbia free
Let ages yet thy Trophies see ;
Thine issues cease and party wars,

Thy strife be healed and bloody scars ;
 Restore again thy maxims old—
 The Constitution's strongest hold.

XXXIV.

But hark ! methinks I hear the knell
 Of Liberty, which breaks from hell ;
 Above us waves a fatal wand,
 Though broke on many a blighted land—
 Yet here the Pope would fix his rule,
 Our Bulwark raze, the Common School.

XXXV.

'Tis Superstition ! Monster dim !
 That trails the earth with darkness grim—
 Yet feels its way by stealthy crawl,
 Which slimes its victims glutined all—
 And swallowed slow with stupor fraught,
 A world is crushed in ign'rance caught.

XXXVI.

Fanatics, too, of other name,
 Would sully now Columbia's fame ;
 In Public School would Bible force,
 Nor Church and State would still divorce ;
 But in the Constitution bind
 The name of "GOD"—by Law enshrined !

XXXVII.

Fanaticism! the Truth insane!
New England's curse—her poisoned bane!
O Land, where all extremes do meet,
Where Radical and Lib'ral greet;
Where Infidel and Christian sit,
By higher law and life are knit;
Progressive, grand—false learned, fast,
A growth like thine, must fail at last!

XXXVIII.

No creed in code, nor code in creed;
No Church-and-State, Columbians need;
No *patronage* must law extend;
Protection must all rights defend;
All Institutes, and men beside,
The State must tax;—for none provide,
Except for those in helpless need,
Whose aid nor wants involve a creed.

LIBERALITY.

“For I know the forwardness of your mind, for which I boast of you to them of Macedonia, that Achaia was ready a year ago; and your zeal hath provoked very many.”—*2 Cor. ix. 2.*

“Moreover, bretheren, we do you to wit of the grace of God bestowed upon the churches of Macedonia; how that *in great trial of affliction*, the abundance of their joy and their *deep poverty* abounded unto the riches of their *liberality*.”—*2 Cor. viii. 1, 2.*

“It is more blessed to give than to receive ! !”—*Acts xx. 35.*

I.

O Baptists, here your mission see,
To guard the tree of Liberty,
With flaming sword that turns each way,
That slumbers not nor night nor day;
From North to South, from East to West,
An Empire's yours—both free and vast.

II.

But "Go to now, ye rich men weep"—
 All ye that do your treasures keep:
 Your moth-eat robes and rusted wealth,
 Your cankered gold, so held by stealth,
 Shall, witness dread, your doom inspire,
 And eat your flesh, like worms of fire.

III.

Then heap not treasure 'gainst your day!
 In heav'n alone your treasure lay,
 Where moth eats not your garments old,
 Nor rust corrupts your cankered gold;
 Where bread upon the waters cast,
 Brings back to toil rewards at last.

IV.

Behold the hire of those who reap
 Your harvest fields, already weep;
 Sabaoth's God these cries have heard,
 And Justice waits th' avenging word,
 To smite your fraud that dark withholds
 Your tithes of corn and cotton bolls.

V.

Ah! shameful hear yon Miser foam,
 That "*charity begins at home!*"
 Such charity no love displays,

For there begun 'tis there it stays ;
'Tis Duty more the home must prove,
Where Charity is naught but Love.

VI.

Alas ! the fool who cannot see,
If this were so, then none were free ;
Had Jesus staid at home above,
'Then none were saved, though great his love ;
Such charity, oh ! name untrue !
Will nothing *give* and nothing *do*.

VII.

The pioneer who ventures far,
To battle here 'mid savage war,
Had never come, with hardy hands,
To silence break of Western lands,
And teach those wild, untutored men,
Though lost in sin, our fathers then.

VIII.

Yon sacred host, in Heaven sealed,
Had never heard the Truth revealed,
Nor swept their harps' seraphic song,
Had Charity not "suffered long,"
Or had she "failed," or "sought her own,"
Or closed her purse, or lived alone.

IX.

How dread indeed that fatal rule
 Which underlies the Misers' school!
"We'll give abroad as full we grow,"
 When full enough they never know;
"If scanty purse, we'll close our door"
 When misers feel they're always poor.

X.

Oh! blind is he who cannot see
 That Truth is rich in Poverty!
 In "widows mite" that "more" is cast,
 Than princes give in treasures vast;
 In Poverty did Jesus give
 That wealth alone by which we live.

XI.

Rich or poor, thy wealth bestow
 Of goods that soon will richer grow;
 Lo, thousands are by Jesus fed
 On fishes few and loaves of bread;
 Though all are filled, returns the more,
 Than poor disciples had before.

XII.

How vain the boast of Baptists heard,
 Of Truth and Grace—of Holy Word!
 Who nothing *do* and nothing *give*,

Yet rich in these by which we live!
 Though "bought with price," and nothing own,
 Their "talents" sink—the Master's loan!

XIII.

Oh! Infant Rite is awful crime,
 That scourged this earth in every clime;
 But thousands here by teachers led,
 Are honest still, by error fed;
 But Baptists sin with Truth in hand,
 And willful break the "GIVE"-command.

XIV.

How awful 'tis that Christ should *want*,
 Or *beg* of those that Truth do vaunt!
 When "mine" nor "self" are e'er denied,
 When lust and pride are gratified,
 Though Jesus owns our corn and wine,
 And sunny hills that verdant shine!

XV.

Oh! Jesus made a SACRIFICE!
 That we might win the living prize;
 But few, alas! that claim the cross,
 Are crucified, or suffer loss;
 Nor one in ten, unbegged, would give
 A groat for Truth, nor by it live.

XVI.

Oh! living crimes—the Baptist three!
 To “*learn*,” nor “*give*,” nor “*do*,” though
 As others oft for error bold,
 Who vaster fields by these do hold,
 When gratitude alone should see
 These bulwarks strong, of Liberty.

XVII.

Thou Antinomian curse of old,
 Which scourges yet the Baptist fold—
 That “*usage*” boasts—Tradition’s source!
 When father’s creed commends thy course;
 That *learns*, nor *gives*, nor *does*, forsooth,
 If money, brains, or work—is Truth.

XVIII.

Behold thy starveling, dwindling Sect
 Who Faith and Works can disconnect—
 The Schism false that reaps its woe,
 Which broke the great Commission, “GO”—
 That left the Fold for naught but “*ease*,”
 But left its taint and dread disease.

XIX.

And thither go, bedwarring curse,
 In Baptist fold, of all, the worse;
 And thither die, as thou wast bred,

In ign'rance born and "stingy" fed;
 And nothing do, as thou dost claim,
 'Till die thou must, without a name.

XX.

O make ye then, God's Kingdom chief,
 His righteous Son, your sure belief;
 Then "all" your ways shall prospered be,
 Your gold increase, nor rust shall see;
 The more ye give, the more returns—
 For gold thus used the richer earns.

XXI.

Could Baptists thus this Truth believe:
 "More blest to give than to receive,"
 That giving thus, our bosom swells
 With measures deep like treasure wells,
 Whose fountains fed by constant rills,
 Exhaustless wealth the heart e'er fills—

XXII.

Could Baptists thus this Truth receive,
 More Trophies rich would yet achieve;
 For giving makes the lib'ral heart,
 And learning lifts the mental part;
 Expanded thus, the Truth awake!
 The Baptists then the world would take.

XXIII.

It is a truth, we clearly show,
 That all the Sects to Baptists owe
 Their progress now—existence long,
 By Schisms past—concessions' wrong—
 Communion false—diffused growth—
 Too stringent PURSE—and mental sloth.

XXIV.

Then Baptists must their field regain,
 Unite each link to Mother-Chain;
 'Tis true, to-day, there's much they've done,
 There's many a Sect that's partly won;
 For Infant Rite and "Church-and-State"
 Are tending fast to meet their fate.

XXV.

There's many now much Gospel hold,
 In spite of errors hoar and old,
 Who once in blood their hands imbrued,
 The Gospel by the Law construed,
 That now the blood of Jesus claim,
 And Freedom, too, their only aim.

XXVI.

O Church of God, unbind thy hands—
 Thy shackles burst, possess these lands,
 These golden gates which stand ajar,

These harvest fields which ripen far,
That welcome thee with open arms,
And fain would break from Error's charms.

XXVII.

Ye Toilers fled! ye spirits bright,
Who shine above yon stars of light—
Great Judson, Carey, Howard, Rice,
Your magic names are pearls of price;
Your mantles drop—your sacred fame—
And kindle high our "mission" flame.

XXVIII.

And Freeman bled! ye spirits bright,
Whose washed robes in blood are white,
Oh! touch our souls with Martyr fire,
And victor's harps our songs inspire—
Donatus, Mantz and Arnold free,
Our hearts exalt with Liberty.

XXIX.

Ye Sages dead! ye spirits bright,
Whose wisdom sweeps yon endless height,
Nor "dimly" breaks this veil of gloom—
Oh! Bunyan, Milton, Gil, illumine
The dreary depths of darkened fields,
Where intellect to ign'rance yields.

XXX.

And Martyrs sped ! ye spirits bright,
Whose suff'rings wreath your God's delight,
Your faith in death, at burning stake,
Our bosoms heave, the nations shake ;
O let us hear your Altar cries
That angels move in yonder skies !

XXXI.

Great God above ! for Jesus' sake,
Thy Church of old do thou awake !
As now thy throne our pray'rs perfume,
With fragrant fire our hearts consume ;
O stir us, Lord, with "Spirit free,"
To nobler Liberality.
Illume our minds, and lift the scales
That blinding sleep o'er sight prevails ;
Inspire the motives, great and good,
That Hist'ry breathes of tears and blood
And noble deeds, this hundreth year,
Thy templed Truth, to lofty rear.

EDUCATION.

“Finally, brethren, farewell. Be PERFECT, be of *good comfort*, be of *one mind*, *live in peace*; and the God of love and peace be with you.”—*2 Cor. xiii. 11.*

I.

Ye Baptists, now a kind adieu—
But fondly this I plead with you :
Expand your *Hearts*—your PURSE, forsooth,
And EDUCATE the world in Truth ;
For earth alone must Baptists claim—
At universal empire aim.

II.

Your Star yet westward holds its light,
Relumes again on Alpine height
And Orient shore ; eternal Rome
Becomes once more the Woman's home ;
And far off isles and Arctic poles
Auroras wrap in Gospel folds.

III.

Your Pioneers have well nigh reached
 The far off fields, ye should have preached;
 From gorgeous East to setting sun
 Thy mission feet have ready run;
 The first to plant, on every shore,
 The Gospel true, not heard before.

IV.

Yet o'er thy track, as that of sun,
 The shades of night have rapid run;
 And darkness fell with thickest gloom,
 On every shore thou didst illumine;
 And as the sun must rise again,
 So thou must wake each hill and plain.

V.

The seeds of Truth lie hidden deep;
 In barest soil they deathless keep;
 Though brooding long the noxious night,
 They'll burst again reviving light,
 That vapors clear miasmal skies,
 Which, foul exhaled, from Error rise.

VI.

O! Ritualism! nightmare dread!
 Which weighs on Time with ages dead!
 Thou Upas shade, whose fatal tree

The world infects that circles thee !
 Thou dazzling cheat that tinsel chains !
 To heartless faith which earth retains.

VII.

Ah ! tell me ye who sadly tread
 The storied dust of Churches dead,
 Why sleep those ruins, famed of old,
 Where Paul once reared the Gospel fold ?
 “*Somewhat* against thee !” echoes faint—
 Th’ incipient doom from primal taint.

VIII.

Yon crumbling piles but poorly tell
 The spot where mighty churches fell ;
 There jackal makes his cunning lair,
 And droning beetles wheel the air
 Ephesian lamp once bright illumed,
 And “*first* love lost” once sweet perfumed !

IX.

And Laodicea’s lofty wall,
 But toppling fell by sinnings small,
 Till, “hot nor cold,” her spirit grew,
 And God, in wrath, the nausea “spew ;”
 And here behold her mournful fate—
 Indiff’rency and luke-warm state !

X.

So Sardis fell—not “perfect” was ;
 And Balaam’s curse sunk Pergamos ;
 And Thyatira drunken, fell
 Beneath the sin of Jezebel ;
 Philadelphia *weak* and Smyrna *poor*,
 The purest stood—but stand no more.

XI.

How much in each that Christ commends !
 The “*few things*” wrought their fatal ends !
 The “*little foxes*” spoil the vines,
 Whose tender fruit the Church entwines ;
 The snow-flakes grind the mountain’s chain
 Which harmless thunders strike in vain.

XII.

’Twas thus, in type, that Israel old,
 So early, often, left her fold—
 Save “*Remnant*” few that lone retained,
 The faith in Truth that e’er remained,
 Nor bowed to Balaam’s curse, or fell
 Beneath the sin of Jezebel.

XIII.

’Twas “*little things*,” and “*few*” that wrought
 Old Israel’s falls with curses fraught—
 A “*wedge of gold*”—a “*woman*” fair

That Sampson robbed of fated hair ;
 Though Jehu strikes with deadly "zeal,"
 Yet *something* left, subverts his weal.

XIV.

Affiliation ! subtlest sin !
 Adultery's crime, where "harlots" win !
 Where few escape—aye, only few,
 In Israel old, or Israel true !
 With softest words and fairest mien,
 Seduction seeks from Truth to wean.

XV.

'Tis thus behind the bloody track,
 Which Baptists trod through ages back,
 The blighting shades of Error fall,
 By Science false, or Ritual ;
 Then Persecution's heavy hand
 Them weaker drove from every land.

XVI.

And others since, of purer name,
 Our honors robbed and noblest fame ;
 The fields have won, where first we sowed,
 And reaped the toil by us bestowed ;
 Where enterprise and learning more,
 Outstrip our zeal on many a shore.

XVII.

The secret is, till hist'ry late,
That Pioneers ne'er Educate ;
And Baptists less, who Truth confide
Their cause alone ; nor turned the tide
Of Error dark which sought their wake,
As on they swept the earth to take.

XVIII.

But Pioneers have cleared our field,
No border wars rude weapons wield ;
The broken soil must now the skill
Of farmer tax to culture still,
Or else, alas ! must emigrate,
And hunt new fields to incubate.

XIX.

'Tis easier far to break the soil,
Than keep it fresh by future toil—
To fight untaught, the warrior red,
Than soldiers drilled to battle bred ;
Though Truth's a sword 'two-edged' fends,
Yet handled ill, 'twill cut its friends.

XX.

O Baptists here your duty see,
To hold your land and Liberty ;
These fields you won must cultivate,

For hold they will, who Educate ;
 The Truth so mighty, "will prevail"—
 But Error's ends by *means* avail.

XXI.

There is no fact without dispute—
 No truth so clear that none refute,
 Where *heart* is sore by conflict wrought,
 And "wish is father to the thought ;"
 And Science false will God attack—
 The whitest page of Scripture black !

XXII.

There's one, forsooth, no hell can see ;
 Another yet, no Trinity ;
 Immersion vain, though plainer still,
 To him "convinced against his will ;"
 The heart's desires convenience see,
 By Inf'rence, Pref'rence, Charity !

XXIII.

The human heart is e'er the same ;
 Deceitful proves in purest frame ;
 Its errors choose in every age,
 And brighter write succeeding page ;
 Till thus , by time, are crystalized
 These Errors hoar of centuries.

XXIV.

How rude the shock that dares attack
 What learning taught through ages back !
 And then old Error's "*honest*," too,
 Which sanctifies her falsehoods true !
 And "feeling" drowns our reason free,
 With Infrence, Prefrence, Charity.

XXV.

Not every one will Baptist be,
 Who clear as light their logic see ;
 "' *Twill do*," says one, of errors foul,
 "No Baptist I !" with bitter scowl ;
 For cross in *all* true Baptists bear,
 A crown of thorns they ever wear.

XXVI.

'Tis Prejudice ! Religion blind !
 That *party* holds though errors find ;
 That stops its ear, when others speak,
 Or hearing, hates, if self is weak ;
 That vict'ry seeks in fierce debates,
 Nor truth at all investigates !

XXVII.

Ah ! Liberty ! so rare !
 With God, o'er all, be honest—fair !
 To set at naught our self and friend,

By "strict construction" Truth defend ;
 And give each doubt to Jesus' side,
 Against the world—thymself beside.

XXVIII.

The World, the Flesh and Satan stand,
 The Baptist foes of every land—
 And Churches, too, by Craft and Pride,
 That premiums give to sin "*aside*"—
 Who power seek and wealth the more,
 And Errors wink—except in poor.

XXIX.

'Tis Jesuitism ! pious fraud !
 A fiend within—a saint abroad !
 To compass earth with scheming fraught,
 As serpent wise, though harmless naught !
 Not Rome alone hath claims on thee,
 But Baptists use thy STRATEGY !

XXX.

Within, without—where e'er we look,
 In hidden scheme, or open book,
 In Science false—Religion too,
 Our foes are great, our friends are few ;
 Yon Pop'lar tide against us rolls,
 And Truth, alone, our fate controls.

XXXI.

'Tis here the battle must be fought
 By Education—higher wrought ;
 The Truth must wield her skillful art—
 Enlarge our brain, expand our heart ;
 Must Error rout, our Hist'ry free—
 The Past restore from dark debris.

XXXII.

Nor will it do, to stand abreast,
 But lofty sweep above the rest ;
 The Truth we "*keep*," but Time conserves,
 As balance wheel the watch preserves ;
 To civilize and save the world,
 A standard high must be unfurled.

XXXIII.

'Tis grand enough the Truth to keep,
 But grander still to toil and weep,
 And Trophies true of wisdom reap ;
 For Truth is kept the best in toil—
 Aggression only wins the soil—
 The vanguard reaps the richest spoil.

XXXIV.

O *Labor Omnia Vincit*, rise !
Excelsior, mark a nobler prize !
 'Tis "LABOR," first, that *self* subdues

By learning deep which Truth imbues—
 By virtue brave which makes us free
 In "Perfect Law of Liberty."

XXXV.

And self o'ercome—from license free,
 The world submits, in time, to thee ;
 No foe can stand thy labor skilled—
 By Truth maintained, by Jesus willed ;
 The "yoke" of Christ, if worn by thee,
 Will subjugate in Liberty.

XXXVI.

Three things our God will never bless :
 'Tis *Ign'rance*, *Sloth* and *Stinginess* ;
 The lib'ral soul, the active brain,
 The ready hand, He will sustain ;
 The wicked e'en, who do their best,
 In what is right, are ever blest.

XXXVII.

The Baptists then, by vict'ry freed,
 If Truth they have, should now succeed ;
 But oh ! Success—how fatal sent,
 When Pride and Craft shall Truth relent !
 In every age, when trials cease,
 Our forces wane by each release.

XXXVIII.

But Education—now our scheme,
 In labor, love—in purse and theme,
 From country Church to country town,
 From patriarch to children down,
 At every point a preacher true,
 And learned, and bold, a teacher too!

XXXIX.

But see yon hardy sons of toil,
 Though called to preach, yet dig the soil,
 Nor “wholly” to the Gospel “give”
 Their time, nor wholly “of it live;”
 And yet ’tis they must sow the seed—
 As poorly fed, as flock they feed.

XL.

Without their lambs, yon hardy sheep
 Do monthly meet to pray and weep,
 And feed on Truth—though Truth indeed—
 So scanty give, no flock can feed;
 By weekly food the sheep should live,
 And weekly “milk” their shepherd give.

XLI.

And lo! yon “seedy” pastors try
 To feed *four* flocks that bleating cry!
 For badly fed and seldom too,

The milk they give—so pale and blue !
One flock to each the Savior gives,
And he that feeds it, by it lives.

XLII.

There is a time, of early day,
That Churches poor and far away,
By workers few and scanty means,
Their virgin soil, by self, redeems ;
But Pioneer his mission fields,
When broke and clear, to Pastor yields.

XLIII.

'Tis Education must restore
To Baptists now this truth the more ;
And greater still, that Gospel fold
More pastors had in Churches old ;
Success is sure by Scripture rule
Which underlies th' Apostles' school.

XLIV.

And once again—oh ! sound it loud !
The 'larum peal from little cloud ;
Though fleecy spot, but big afar,
With thunders flash and subtle jar,
That constant shakes, increasing slow,
The temples down which mighty grow.

XLV.

Indiff'rentism ! mediate sin,
 Where dread decay doth sure begin !
 That "Doctrine" true doth hate within,
 Yet swept away by every breeze ;
 That breaks the bond which license frees,
 And scorns alike Theologies !

XLVI.

Each science is by precept bound,
 Religion true in doctrine found ;
 And practice does each precept hold,
 As arts by principles controlled ;
 And woe that Church from doctrine free,
 And positive Theology !

XLVII.

In Iron Age the doctrines reigned,
 And practice was by law constrained ;
 But Freedom now must Educate,
 And each alike must cultivate ;
 Experience, too, must rule betwixt,
 Preserve the poise which God hath fixed.

XLVIII.

Then Educate, th' auspicious hour,
 For Wisdom true alone is Power ;
 Nor might nor main, nor purse nor throne,

Can stand her shock—if true—alone ;
 Then Educate, nor stand “abreast,”
 But higher scale above the best.

XLIX.

Increase thy flame that upward burns,
 Aye, onward gleams and backward turns ;
 Yon Temples build on this *thy* land,
 That WELL ENDOWED, eternal stand ;
 An *Era* mark, thy hist’ry needs—
 That takes the world, is he that leads.

L.

Thine Education, too, must be
 As *free* in *means*, as Truth is free ;
 Let each invest—oh ! nobly give
 To Truth a sum which e’er shall live—
 Yes live, for aye, when Time is o’er,
 And millions learned, shall bless thee more.

LI.

How poor is he, for self that lives,
 Who bleeds the world, and nothing gives ;
 How oft we see his hoarded wealth,
 By *heir* is lost, or swept by stealth ;
 And misers die that earth have gained,
 But Heaven lost, and Hell attained !

LII.

As preachers true, so every one
 A mission holds, which must be done ;
 But Jesus claims of all who live,
 Alike, to LEARN, to WORK, to GIVE ;
 This year inspire these motives great,
 True Baptists move to Educate !

LIII.

If in the past they stood ahead,
 In battle fierce when Freedom bled ;
 And flames and flood and tyrant Force,
 But onward drove their upward course,
 O now, against the might of skill,
 Their course pursue, *excelsior* still !

LIV.

How much they've done the Century past,
 Which marks the ages—and will last !
 But much remains, and vastly more,
 Than ever done, or thought, before ;
 Their numbers vast, by millions swell—
 Their schools and wealth their progress tell—
 Their growth and power their graces prove,
 That mighty men and nations move,
 But yonder cloud, so small but fell,
 Is schism big with wrath of hell.

LV.

Communion free! Discordant brand,
 From hell is plucked by Satan's hand—
 In Churches hurled with burning hiss,
 Where saints should greet with holy kiss!
 Thou Fiend of Popularity,
 And falsely clothed with Charity,
 From Inf'rence born, by Fancy bred,
 Of Pref'rence drawn, on Feeling fed,
 For Folks concerned, instead of Facts,
 Or Gospel Truth, Apostles' Acts,
 And big with bloat, by License free,
 Dost boast, but crush, true Liberty;
 And threaten now, as ages old,
 The Union break of Gospel fold.

LVI.

But Educate in age and youth,
 That "Ground and Pillar of the Truth,"
 As Scriptures teach, by simplest "search,"
 Is God's organic, holy Church;
 By Him "set up," as prophesied,
 And kept by Him and by Him tried,
 Through ages dark of flame and flood,
 Which sealed its claim by Martyrs blood.
 And Educate that Truth must be
 "The Perfect Law of Liberty!"

This Law alone must Church enforce,
 Nor Rites, in aught, from Church divorce ;
 This Truth in all must "strict" construe,
 And "strict" in all must Church pursue.
 And Educate that Rites are free
 Within this "Law of Liberty ;"
 These symbols none without can use,
 And none within, their rights abuse.
 And Educate that Liberty
 Is strong alone in Unity—
 That Sects are crimes by Truth pronounced,
 The curse of earth by God denounced—
 That Church of Christ, in all things one,
 With Schisms false hath union none—
 That God is one, without a Schism,
 One Lord, one Faith and one Baptism,
 One Hope, one Church, one Spirit free,
 A seven fold, grand Unity.

LVII.

Communion false ! with angels high,
 If Angels fail, or Truth deny ;
 Obedience opes the closed door
 To Gospel rights—not reached before ;
 Communion close ! as close forsooth,
 As Church is close, or close is Truth !

VALE.

Ye Baptists then a fond adieu,
And this again I plead with you:
Here guard the root of Freedom's tree,
Thy Gospel hold of Liberty ;
Columbia free from despot heel,
Thy future hope of Freedom's weal.

Be kind to all—familiar too,
With those who bear the Cross with you ;
But GRACE and TRUTH and ORDER old
Must PRACTICE rule of Gospel fold :
With loving heart and open arm,
Extend to all a welcome warm.

Encourage Truth, wherever found,
Though on your own or Heathen ground ;
Though Byron sings—if Truth's his Psalm,
Endorse the song, if not the man ;
For Truth, of all, must be our end,
For Truth, of all, must we contend.
The people, too, of God must love,
For this is proof of birth above ;
But love of Truth is "perfect" — pure,"

For hard it is to Truth endure,
Since "strict construction" is the rule
That underlies the Baptist school.

No Higher Law, nor Higher Life,
Which snaps the tie of man and wife,
Which order breaks and Gospel line,
Which desecrates the holy shrine,
"The Church of God," that keeps secure
The sacred Truth in Symbols pure,
Must enter here by subtle probes,
Adulterous blot the Churches' robes.

To Error stern, be patient—slow ;
Hypocrisy no quarters show ;
But compromise no cause demands,
Where Truth is clear and God commands.

And gently too, the world to win,
Be sure to keep yourself from sin :
For Faith is false that does not prove,
By deed and life, the God we love.
In fine, a rule, the earth to gain,
From sin defiled and Error's chain,
Is LOVE that doth in TRUTH rejoice,
That "cries aloud" with warning voice,
Which "spareth not" when duties call,
Though earth should sink or heavens fall.

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