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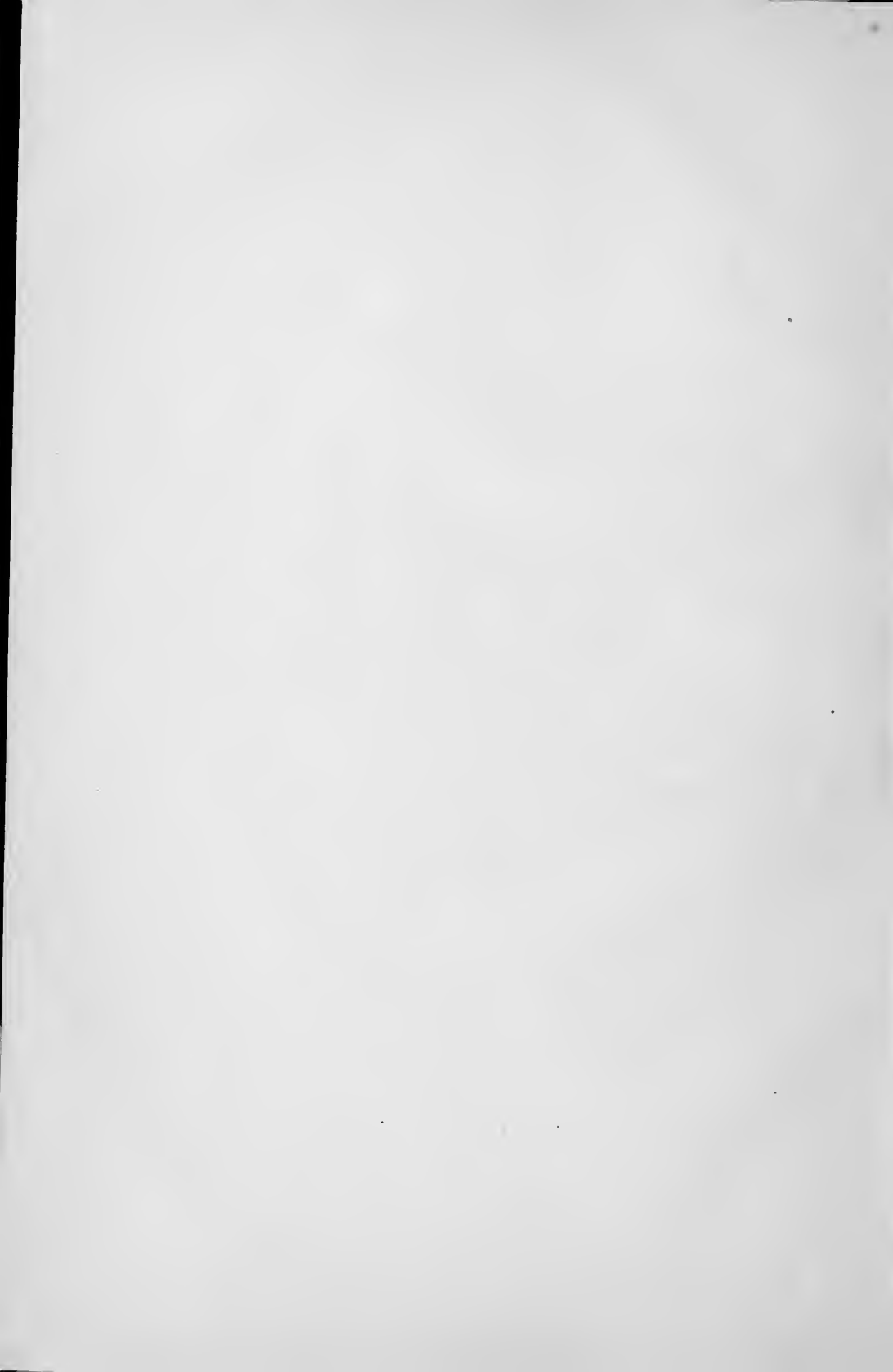
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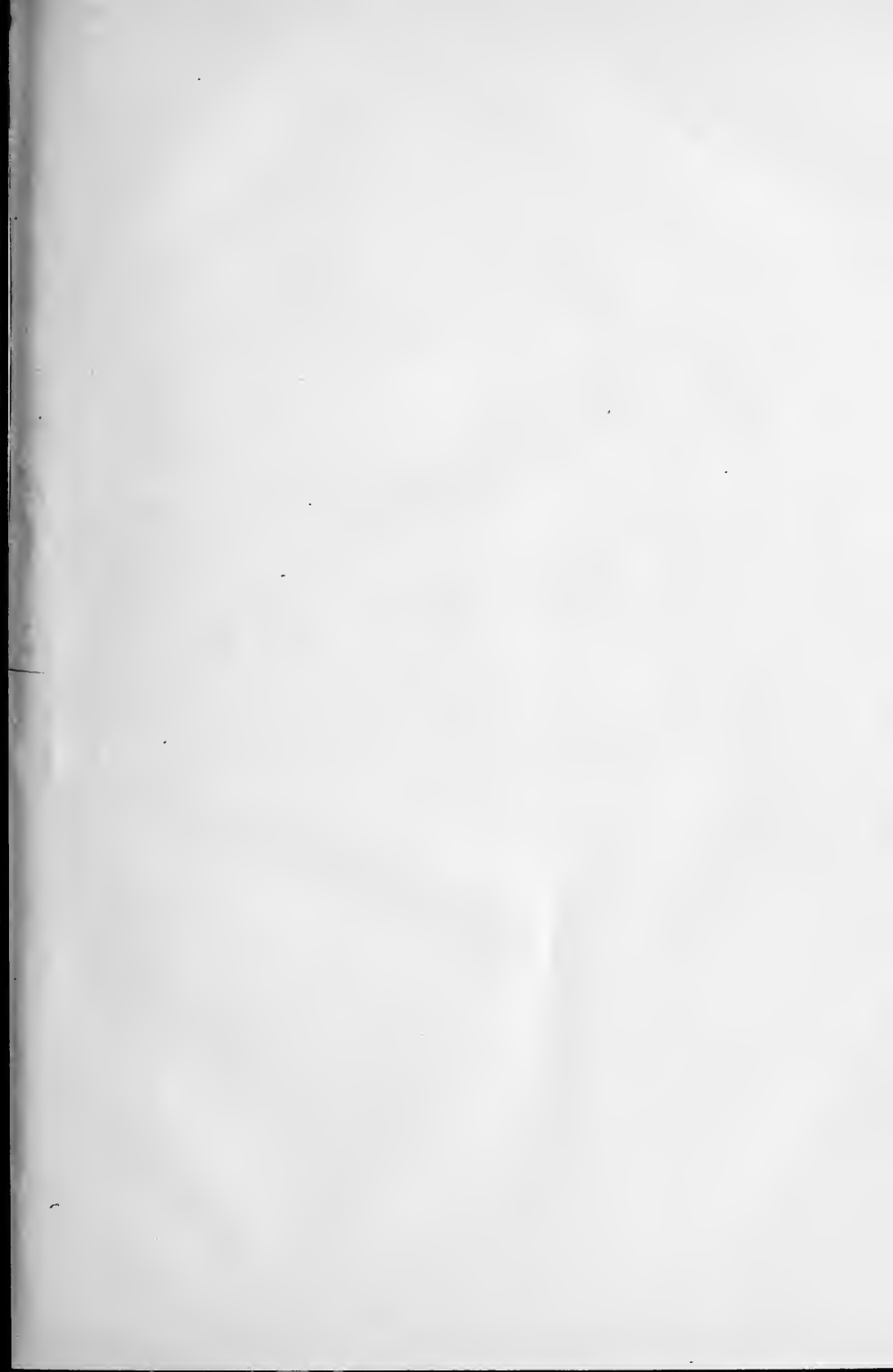
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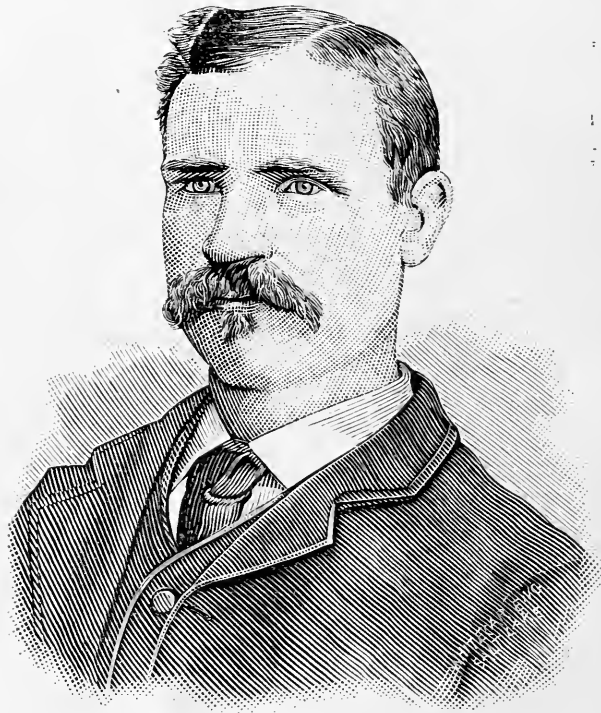






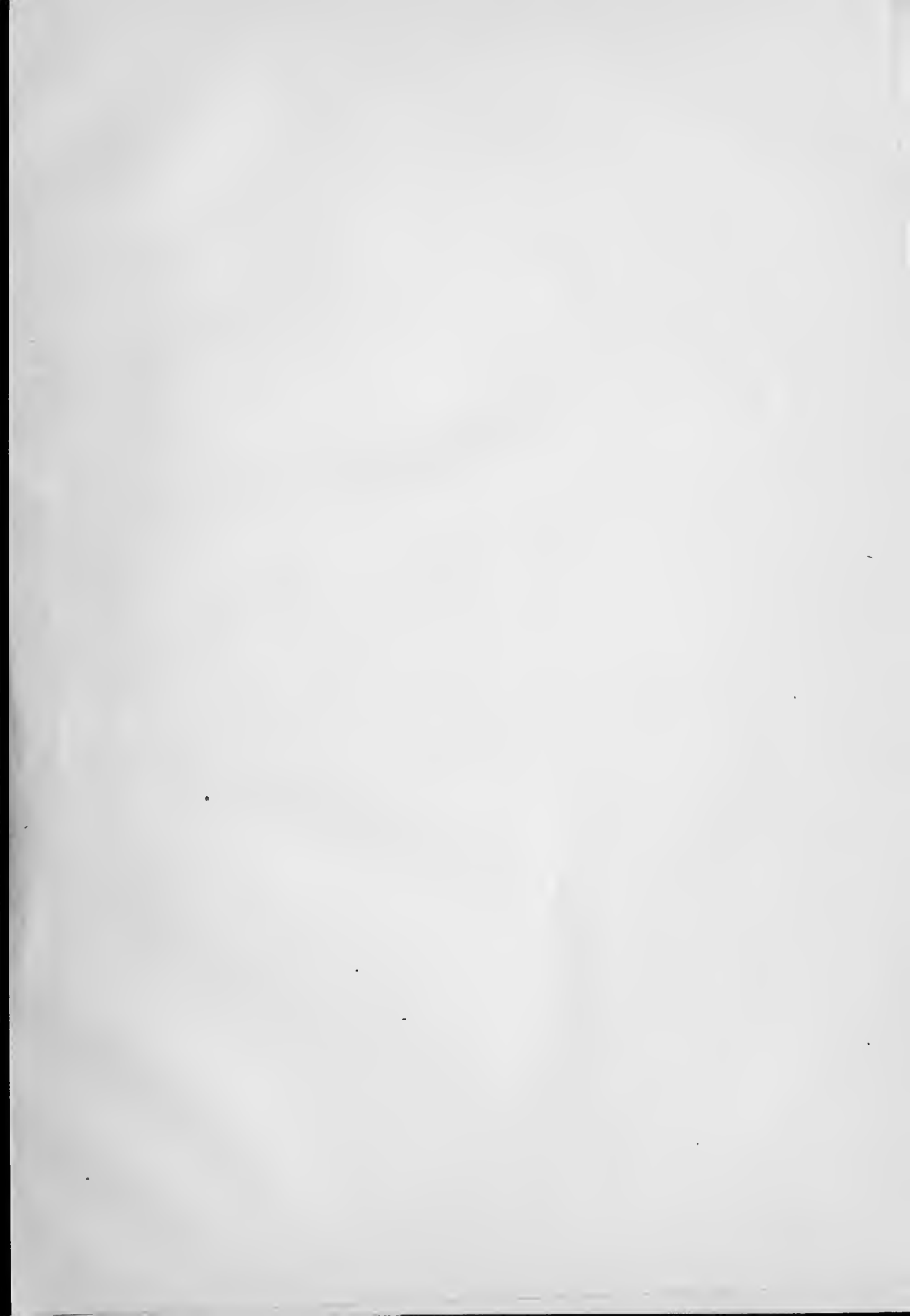


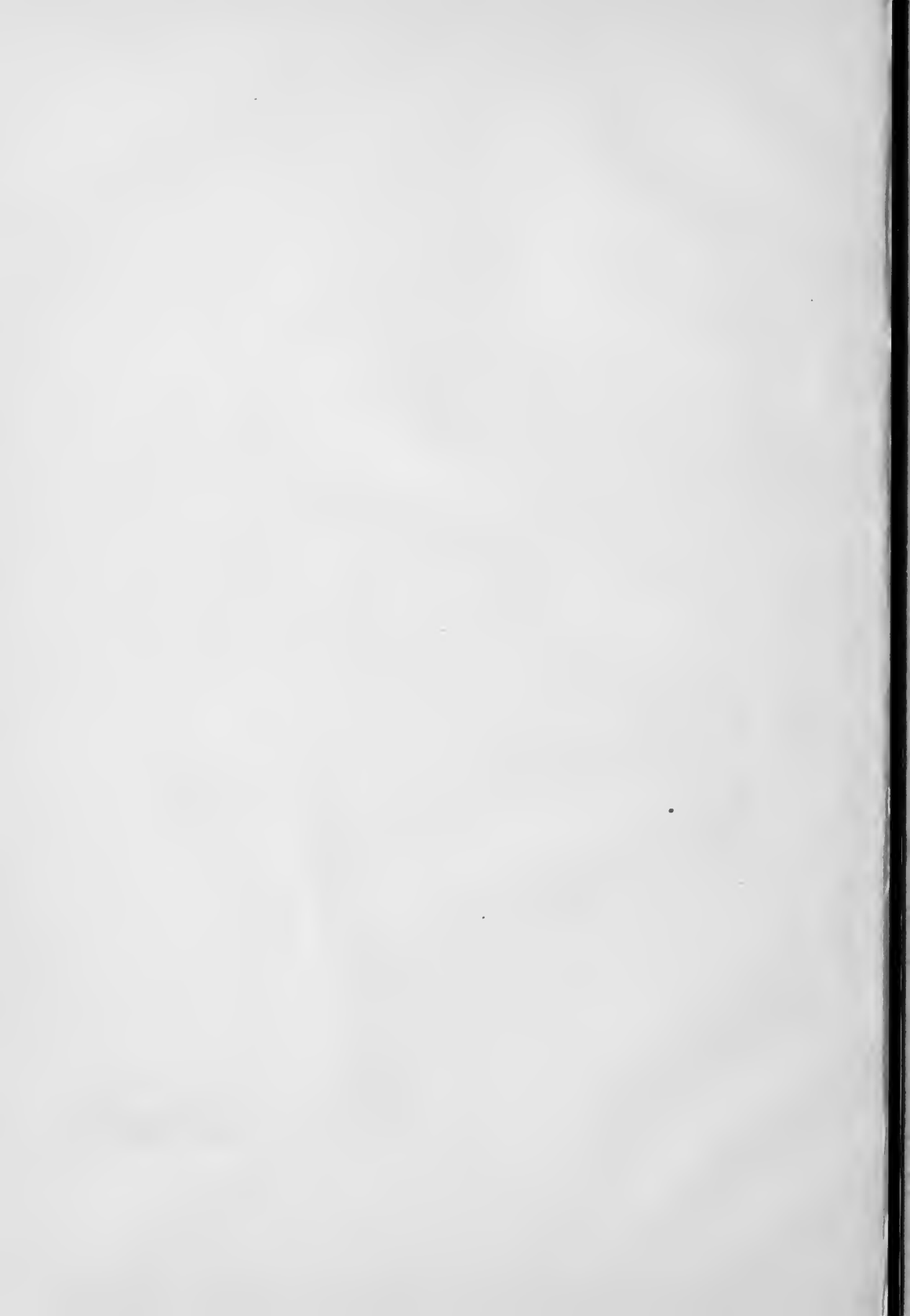




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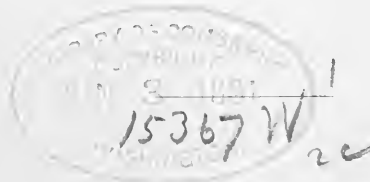
GOSPEL FEET,

— FOR —

The Monest-in-Heart.

33

✓  
BY EDMUND RICHARDSON



SALT LAKE CITY:  
Cannon Publishing House.  
1891.

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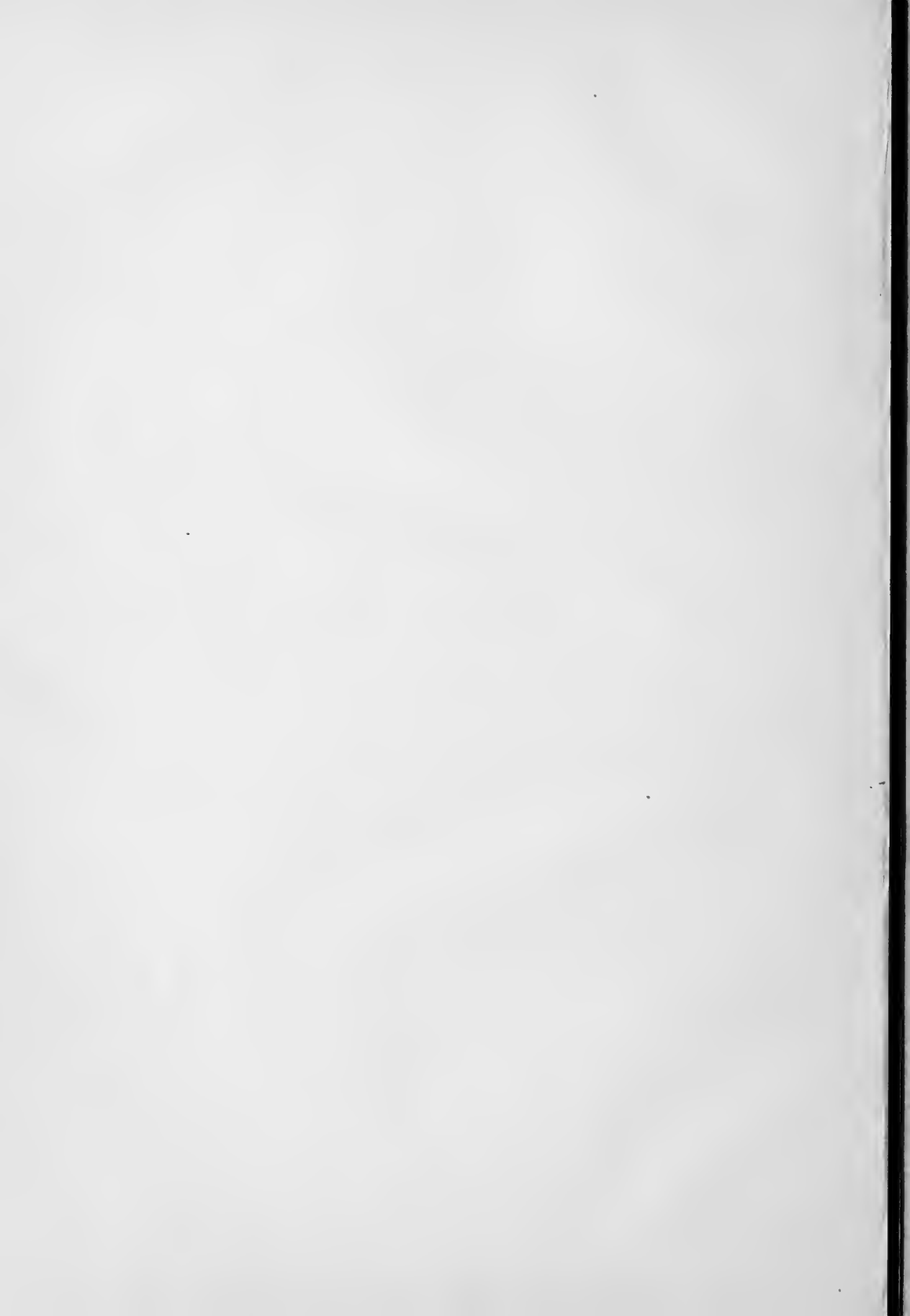
TO

*THE HONEST IN HEART,*

In the hope that they will find in the following pages  
some of the principles of truth and morality, set forth in a  
somewhat attractive form ; this little volume is

DEDICATED,

BY THE AUTHOR.



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# FOOTPRINTS OF GOSPEL FEET.

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## THE EXILE'S MEETING.

*A True Incident.*

1. THE way was bright with nature's smile;  
But nothing could his thoughts beguile;  
Nor squirrel's leap, nor speckled trout,  
Brought from the boyish lips the shout :  
Though strange, wild birds broad shadows  
    cast;  
And' wilder deer went bounding past ;  
The grand old woods had lost their charm;  
For ever pleadingly he laid  
His hand upon the driver's arm,  
And "Faster, faster", ever prayed.

2. "Why haste?" the driver asked the boy,  
Why not such sights and scenes enjoy?  
The boy replied: "Here in this wild  
My father waits to greet his child;  
My exiled father, soft of heart,  
Forced from his dear ones all to part,  
Because, forsooth, I am his boy;  
Because two wives, instead of one,  
His coming filled with holy joy:  
'Tis long since he has clasped his son.
3. The driver cracked his ready lash,  
And cliffs and trees sped past like flash;  
And soon the mill burst on his sight:  
"There stands your father—honor bright."  
The quick eye leaped the face to scan;  
"That! no, not he that bearded man."  
As flitted o'er each face, his eyes,  
No semblance of that look could trace;  
The pent-up sobs essayed to rise,  
And bitter tears began their race.

4. The driver stooped with troubled brow;  
His name is Haymore, sayest thou?  
"Yes," sobbed the boy, "O, take me where  
My father is; he is not there."  
"Here, Will! Go tell that man to come,  
I've something here for him from home;"  
The driver watched the message given,  
And calmed the sobbing boy the while;  
That bearded man came as one driven,  
Each rod between them seemed a mile.
5. Why seemed that exile's breath so short?  
Why laid his hand upon his heart?  
At sight of that lone, stranger boy,  
Who seemed bereft of all earth's joy.  
He gently moved the chubby hands,  
Then almost sank upon the sands,  
While hope's bright glow took ashen hue;  
"Your pardon, boy, I am too free;  
I have a son, almost like you;  
I—thought, perhaps, his face to see."

6. That voice ! 'Twas like electric thrill,  
The boy's pulse throbbed and then stood still,  
As coldly turned his joy aside,  
Fresh springs of grief seemed opened wide.  
The honest driver stood amaze,  
From each to other turned his gaze;  
"What ! don't you know yourselves ?" he  
cried,  
"How shall I make them know each other ?  
How show each who is by his side ?"  
"Boy, tell him all about your mother ?"
7. Hope sprang afresh with eager start,  
The blood anew leaped from each heart,  
The lip, prepared with loving tale  
With ear expectant, could not fail;  
And mention of those names beloved  
Brought climax that might stone have moved.  
The key was touched, the chord gave sound,  
That filled two souls with harmony,  
The blissful theme, the air was found,  
That waked their hearts to ecstasy.

\* \* \* \*

8. O Time, though faces thou canst change,  
The hearts of Saints canst not estrange,  
And, though we may be far apart,  
We know there throbs a loving heart  
Somewhere, for us, while life shall last,  
And when this bitter woe is past,  
That faithful heart, if beating yet,  
Will greet us throbbing still with love ;  
Or if its sun of life has set,  
'Tis faithful still to us above.

*Mexico, August 15th, 1890.*

## NAMELESS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

*In Two Cantos.*

INVOCATION.

1. "Now sing, my muse, of saintly deeds,  
Of courage tried by Satan's power,  
Of faithful hearts in time of need,  
And faith in God in trying hour.
  
2. "For I am weary, worn with strife,  
And persecution's dark clouds lower ;  
Bright hope from round my hearthstone flees;  
Come, cheer me by thy magic power.
  
3. Bring bright examples for my way,  
Of patient, suffering, saving man ;  
And sing in unaffected strain."  
Invoked, the syren thus began :

## CANTO I.

## THE TRIAL.

1. IN southern clime, far from his home,  
A stranger youth pursued his way,  
Along a lane with leafy dome  
He tired toiled at dawn of day.
2. Nor heeded he the beauty round,  
The day's bright dawn—the wooded way—  
The velvet green spread on the ground—  
The feathered songsters' morning lay.
3. Not that his soul too narrow was  
His Maker's works to glorify;  
Grim hunger's pangs were ample cause,  
For hunger dulls the poet's eye.
4. The day before, with humble air,  
His conquered pride oft asked for food;  
In vain, for known his errand there  
They drove him off in vengeful mood.

5. Full many a dark reproach they hurled,  
And cruel taunts his soul had borne,  
And many a lip with scorn had curled  
At mention of where he was born.
  
6. He laid him 'neath the starlight's kiss  
To dream again of friends and home,  
But hunger gaunt denied such bliss ;  
Compelled him farther on to roam.
  
7. "Once there, they'll give me food," he said ;  
Then mantled high the blush of shame  
At thought again to beg his bread ;  
He—one who bore his father's name.
  
8. When once before he stemmed the tide,  
Two souls had dared the public scorn ;  
Their southern \*hearts had opened wide :  
From them he hoped for food that morn.

\*—Southern hearts. In ordinary cases hospitality is a marked characteristic of people who dwell in the south.



9. But ah ! what met his gaze that dawn,  
As footsore on his way he toiled.  
A skull and cross-bones ! rudely drawn,  
And underneath—how he recoiled—
10. His own bright name ! and words below.  
He read the warning through, and then—  
And am I then condemned as foe  
By these misguided, blinded men
11. Whose names are here? And, by the way,  
They pledge themselves to do the deed,  
If I but pass this board today.  
Shall I go on, or warning heed?
12. Just then the doubt-dispelling sun  
A sheen flung on each dewdrop there,  
Each leaflet danced for day begun ;  
The grove was filled with radiance rare.
13. The sight made faith and courage one.  
“I am a messenger of light,”  
He said, “sent forth like yonder sun  
To drive away the gloom of night

14. "From off men's souls, and shall I turn,  
Nor warn these souls of coming woe,  
That sacred light and truth they spurn?  
Thus play the coward! Never! no!"
15. As firmly on to meet his fate  
He strode, his handsome face aglow,  
A wealth of foes that lay in wait  
Sprang out to seize and bring him low.
16. His manly fight was fierce, but vain,  
For when, ill-fed the springs of life  
Unequal struggle to maintain,  
Can valor hope to win the strife?
17. With wonder and surprise they viewed  
His lordly mien, his kingly air,  
His soul their triumph still elude,  
As bound and bleeding stood he there.
18. "A warning fair do you neglect?"  
Spoke one with locks that time had hoared,  
Who seemed born to command respect.  
"How dared you pass that fatal board?"

19. They marked the keen, unfaltering eye,  
The firm, unyielding answer given,  
They long remembered his reply:  
"No coward finds a place in heaven."
20. Amazement then a respite gave,  
But baleful fires gleamed in their eyes;  
Soon hell-born hate began to rave;  
Its flood o'ercame their short surprise.
21. His life is forfeit. Let us wreak  
The vengeance due. Make way! Give room!  
Although life's current fled his cheek,  
He calmly waited there his doom.
22. His trust above, he faced their ire,  
Prepared to die as best he could,  
As worthy of his noble sire,  
Erect, unquailing, there he stood.
23. "Hold on! let's whip him first," one cried,  
"Let's tame his soul before he dies;  
The wretch is equal to his creed;  
Let's quench with tears those flashing eyes."

\*  
APOSTROPHE.

1. Religious hate, thou worse than fiend,  
What canst thou not descend to do ;  
When devils hide their heads for shame,  
Still seekest thou for horrors new.
  
2. The tear, the moan, for thee are food,  
Thy malice gloats o'er sorrow's breath,  
Thy joy a victim's wail, thy grief  
To lose one freed by kinder death.
  
3. Dire persecution, falsehood's shafts,  
Loved ones made strange,\* the martyr's  
    blood,  
Are not enough to glut thy rage,  
For added wrongs come like a flood.
  
4. She paused 'aghast. Thought's train had  
    shown  
The tyrant on proud reason's throne,  
With kindness, pity, mercy dead;  
The heart of man thus turned to stone.

\*—Husbands and wives separated.

5. "O man," she sobbed, "how blind, how weak,  
To be thus led by Satan's band  
The hearts of loving wives to break,  
And fill with sorrow all the land."
  
6. Our tears and sighs were mingled then,  
At man's dark hatred so insane.  
"O Muse," I begged, "renew your strain,  
Perhaps 'twill ease this leaden pain."

## CANTO II.

## VICTORY.

1. LIFE'S fluid ebb'd and flow'd by turns,  
The shame, the agony 'twould bring :  
A whipping by his fellow-man,  
O shameful, dreadful, cruel thing.
  
2. His soul arose in silent prayer  
For help to stand this added test;  
"Far better death at once," he thought,  
"But still my Maker knows what's best."

3. They tied his hands above his head,  
They bared his skin to feel the blow,  
And scoffed the while. I blush to tell  
That man should ever stoop so low.
4. The arm of hate then dealt the blow  
On tender skin. "My God," he cried,  
"Distressed, I call on Thee for aid,  
I ask none from all else beside."
5. Then in an instant through the wood  
A lovely vision burst to view,  
With cheeks aflame and bated breath;  
A fairer girl he never knew.
6. As mists before the morning sun,  
So vanished angry passions there,  
And shame replaced the glare of hate,  
The whip uplifted, staid in air.
7. He gazed in wonder. Yes, 'twas real,  
For gasping for her breath she spoke,  
O father, neighbors, save his life!  
O friends, my heart is almost broke:

8. "To think that you could thus maltreat  
A human being. Oh. for shame."  
A silence fell upon the group,  
While each on others cast the blame.
9. "My child," he of the hoary locks  
Now forward came, "what dost thou here?  
This man must answer for his crimes."  
"His crimes?" "Ay, crimes, my child, most  
dear.
10. "My sisters lost, their sons astray,  
And now, O heaven! my daughter, too!"  
One low, despairing moan she gave,  
The anguish of his soul she knew.
11. "Light of my life, my joy, my pride;  
My father! hear thine orphan child!  
Thy daughter is not lost, but saved;"  
She knelt and pled in accents wild:

12. "Have mercy; don't condemn unheard;  
I ne'er till now beheld his face;  
To save thee from an awful crime,  
Thy daughter came unto this place."
13. "Thy teachings long, thy precepts pure,  
Think'st thou that lies could soon erase?  
Think'st thou that vileness in the heart  
Of daughter thine, could find a place?"
14. "Put on his clothes, and let him speak,  
Grant this one boon." The father heard,  
He saw the outstretched pleading hands;  
The upturned face. He gave the word.
- \* \* \* \* \*
15. A new light beaming in his eyes,  
Once more he stood before the herd;  
At least one hushed, afflicted heart,  
Prayed God to bless him with His word.



16. Before he spoke, he prayed and sang;  
The words he uttered in his prayer  
Are sacred; do not ask for them:  
The hymn then floated on the air.

## HYMN.

1.        Swift flies the hour  
            Of Satan's power,  
            He must make haste or fall;  
            A willing horde  
            To do his word  
            Stand ready at his call.
2.        The wicked fear  
            The time is near  
            When God shall take command,  
            With rage insane  
            They fight. In vain,  
            His judgments are at hand.
3.        But His elect  
            Must now expect  
            Sore trials every day;  
            They must be pure,  
            And firm endure,  
            And keep the narrow way.

4.     The demon Hate  
       Now lies in wait  
To tempt them if he can;  
       Of him beware,  
       Avoid his snare,  
For hatred ruins man.
5.     When wrong is done  
       A greater shun,  
Don't hate the doers too;  
       Though they're unkind,  
       Still bear in mind,  
       "‘They know not what they do.’"
6.     With meekness sweet  
       Your trials meet,  
And bravely stand the test;  
       O lift the eye  
       On Him rely,  
Our Father knows what's best.

17. His weakness now became his strength,  
His long fast gave him faith and power;  
There came a flood of eloquence  
Commencing like an April shower.

18. He told them of the gospel plan,  
The purpose of our Father God,  
That not one righteous soul be lost,  
That ever this fair earth has trod.
19. Baptized in water—saved by faith,  
And living works, repentant man  
Begins the great eternal round,  
Just as our Lord Himself began.
20. He told them of the prophet boy,  
Whose hands the great foundation laid,  
On which to build the Lord's own Church,  
In latter days. He then portrayed,
21. The pure and holy life to lead,  
Celestial glory to receive,  
The lesser glories they obtain  
Who sin, 'or practice to deceive,'
22. The persecution sure to come ;  
"Who follows Christ must pay the price:"  
He dwelt at length on virtue's worth,  
And deprecated every vice.

23. At first the father's face was set  
In rigid lines, cold, hard and stern.  
The daughter watched those lines relax,  
She marked the tide begin to turn.
24. Then joy her heaving bosom calmed,  
And hope shone in her mild blue eye;  
As strong emotions rent his soul:  
Full well she knew the reason why.
25. The speaker ceased. The father rose  
While tears were coursing down his cheek;  
" 'Tis truth sublime, I long have sought,  
But O how blindly did I seek !
26. "O friends we've hated 'Mormons' long  
A 'Mormon' now behold in me;  
Saved by a daughter's faithful heart;  
O friends, the stranger must go free.
27. "O what a wretched lot were mine;  
Had heaven not my purpose foiled,  
I thought to rid the earth of pest,  
To hinder work divine I toiled !

28. "A murderer! O horrid thought!  
The guilt of Cain *my* torment made!  
My Savior's teachings all forgot,  
How far from meekness I had strayed."
29. His, not the only heart was touched,  
But he it was that took him home;  
And gave him comfort, and good cheer,  
Nor wished him farther on to roam.
30. Her arms around her father's neck,  
The happy girl the secret told;  
"A month ago, by chance, unseen,  
At aunt's, I heard him thus unfold,
31. The precious truth: it won my soul;  
News of his coming also reached  
Mine ears, this morn: I sought for thee  
To hear the saving truth he preached."
32. He stayed that day, and preached at eve,  
For him the harvest came next morn;  
As saving waters o'er them rolled,  
He felt too little he had borne.

33. How strange the ways of Providence!  
The bitter hatred oft is made  
To pave the way of souls to grace,  
Who, otherwise, might long have strayed.
34. And Satan thinks to stop the work;  
He only drives the chaff away;  
Without his opposition fierce,  
The work would dwindle and decay.
35. Unpopularity repels  
The knave, the rogue, the lewd, the vain;  
And only pure in heart can bear  
The cross, with all its dreadful train.
36. And souls, in hour of trial, find  
Responsive chord in other breast,  
That, but for persecution's touch,  
Might ever have remained at rest.

37. His duty called; he now must go,  
Again to mingle in the strife;  
The parting came: he took her hand,  
And thanked his Savior for his life.
38. Their eyes then met: their liquid depths  
Told tales that were remembered long;  
Affection's pure enduring ray  
Had thrilled their hearts, like angel's song.
39. A short time since, a lovely place  
In Utah saw a wondrous throng,  
Who came to greet a youth and maid  
Of whom you've heard in humble song.
40. His mission o'er; his labors done,  
He then could tell her of his love;  
She is his own—forever his,  
Made so by power come from above.
-

41. "But Muse," said I, "the Elder's name;"  
"O, pardon," thus she closed her strain,  
"As nameless you have known his worth,  
'Tis fitting he should so remain."

LOST:--A RIVER IDYL.

1. A YOUNG man stood upon the brink  
Of that great river, whose majestic flow,  
Provides a thirsty gulf with drink  
Fresh brought from northern fields of ice and  
snow.
  
2. In pensive mood, he came to think,  
And listen to its murmur soft and low,  
And view the grandeur of that link,  
Between the stormy north and Mexico.



3. There as he grasped its width with awe,  
And watched its measured pulse-beat come  
and go ;  
Its bosom heave as with a sigh, he saw,  
He sudden sensed its murmur as of woe.
  
4. Surprised he stooped, it licked his hand  
So like a living thing, with fond caress ;  
Its life-like motion as it laved the strand ;  
Conviction grew ; and Fancy added stress.
  
5. Again that sigh. He strained his ear  
And caught a sound as of a smothered sob ;  
Each wavelet glistened with a tear ;  
His heart in sympathy began to throb.
  
6. "O, Stately Stream, with hoary head  
Reared high amid eternal snow and ice !  
Thou King of Rivers, crowned, 'tis said,  
Among the hills and dales of Paradise !

7. "Stunned by thy greatness, here I stand,  
And wonder why thy tears should ever flow ;  
Why sorrowest thou as through the land  
Thy Maker's mandate to fulfill, dost go."
8. Those myriad voices that before  
Had murmured on 'mid ceaseless whirl and  
    splash,  
Now seemed subdued in gentle roar,  
Confused at first, as wont to naught but clash.
9. But guided by superior will,  
The softened roar was tuned to mournful  
    speech ;  
The river's voice, majestic still,  
In liquid cadence thus his soul did teach :
10. "O Image of my Maker dear  
Whose fond heart fain my cause for grief  
    would know ;  
A river's love and sorrow hear,  
And know that grandeur cannot banish woe.

11. When I was formed the earth was fair,  
The joys of Paradise my waters knew ;  
Nay, start not, Eden was my care ;  
My arms' true names are in your Bible, too.
12. For here, in this once thrice blest land,  
Was fixed the cradle of your fallen race,  
And great events wrought by His hand,  
Unjustly credited to other place.
13. And yet, the Fall is not my grief,  
For well I knew that man must taste of sin,  
Ere he could cope with that fell thief  
Temptation ; or a crown of glory win.
14. And when I saw him driven out,  
And all the earth became so dull and drear ;  
Hope that his race would soon the tempter  
rout,  
And bring those blessings back, my way  
would cheer.

15. Years passed, and sin ran riot here ;  
It seemed as if hell's jaws were opened wide,  
To swallow all on earth most dear,  
Till one there came in might who stemmed  
the tide.
16. He gathered him a noble band,  
He taught them not with God's commands to  
toy ;  
They built a city in my land ;  
I almost bounded from my bed for joy.
17. That lovely city was my pride ;  
Its fruitful fields were gladdened by my wave,  
Its children prattled by my side ;  
Thrice dear its every spire, dome, arch and  
nave.
18. In all its sacred precincts 'round,  
No strife was heard, no wordy war's sad din ;  
Of wrongs endured, no plaintive sound :  
For they an edict framed to banish sin.

19. There all, with love, the tempter foiled,  
Save one poor soul—the leader's son who  
fled ;  
There each for others' welfare toiled ;  
Earth smiled and Plenty raised her drooping  
head.
20. Contentment checked ambition's flood ;  
No statesmen vied to fickle rabble please ;  
There warriors panted not for blood ;  
Nor misers slaved and sighed for hoarded  
ease.
21. Hypocrisy there lost its name,  
None went to church for fear of fashion's  
lash,  
Nor charity professed, for fame ;  
The tongue with heart's impulses would not  
clash.
22. Proud Folly fled that blest abode,  
Their dress was what neat nature asks of all;

Fool Fashion dared impose no load ;  
No homes were mortgaged to provide a ball.

23. There Hospitality held forth,  
No cold, stiff welcome was the stranger's  
fare ;

With chair beside the genial hearth,  
His hopes, his joys, his sorrows, all would  
share.

24. "Class," "Station," no distinction found,  
For Egotism lost itself in love ;  
All cleanly, all on rudeness frowned,  
And modesty esteemed as from above.

25. But through neglect some arts they lost,  
For lack of locks the burglar lost his trade ;  
For lack of pride no flirt's head tossed,  
For lack of "case," the 'quibbler's craft ill-  
paid ;

26. For lack of scorn, none nursed revenge,  
For lack of doubt the skeptic lost his sneer ;

For lack of shame none hid its twinge,  
For lack of crime, gone gallows, cells and  
fear.

27. O happy were their peaceful days ;  
'Twere worth an age with jealous turmoil  
rife,  
To live one day with them, and gaze  
Upon the pleasant scenes of Virtue's life.

28. The pious prayer at early morn,  
The pleasant meal where cheery hearts com-  
muned,  
The daily self-set task, love-born,  
Toil's roughness smoothed by carols lightly  
tuned ;

29. Fair science lending labor aid,  
Rich knowledge yielding virtue copious  
draughts,  
Art, Muse and Music servants made,  
The mind of man to higher planes to waft ;

30. Dumb helps rejoicing in their care,  
Birds, fishes, fowls and beasts, familiar  
grown ;  
'Round Virtue's throne grew mild the air ;  
The sun as if it smiled, more softly shone.
31. O why not lead a life like theirs ;  
Begin where mutual love no fault can see :  
Soon all, like them, can mock sin's snares,  
And even childhood's merry rout, agree.
32. But oh ! though there, sin's wiles were vain,  
Mankind elsewhere, they could with ease de-  
coy ;  
The tempter used this willing train,  
The peace of that loved city to destroy.
33. First jeers and scoffs from all sides hailed ;  
These, Piety and Love's bright armor turned ;  
Next, Argument before them quailed ;  
Then hatred's fire with deadly malice burned.



34. The nation's choice, O shame to tell,  
Made vicious laws, their peace to sore assail;  
They, wicked and corrupt as hell,  
Enacted holy marriage to curtail.
35. "A heierarchy rules there," they cried,  
"That slavish priesthood must at once submit.  
Home's sanctity is crushed," they lied,  
"'Tis relic for barbaric ages fit."
36. Fines, prisons, confiscations, thought  
To fill them with foul hatred in return ;  
But no, not so could they be caught,  
Their eyes and hopes to heaven began to  
turn.
37. One morn I heard a still, small voice ;  
It bade the city from its woes arise,  
Lift up their hearts, in Him rejoice,  
In joy begin their journey to the skies.

38. It rose, with soil, trees, fields and grain,  
And left that restless gulf I since have fed ;  
The world, from where in lust they'd lain,  
Arose, and terror-wild, cried, "Zion's fled!"
39. The very earth then shook with grief,  
For naught but sin and strife was here below,  
The very ground sued for relief ;  
He promised soon to wash away its woe.
40. The prodigal, that erst had fled,  
Too late returned to eat the fatted calf ;  
He tardy learned that ashes dead  
Fill pleasure's gilded cup, full more than half.
41. He stood and saw resplendent shine,  
The city he had once despised, with shame ;  
O may his agony be never thine,  
As in despair, he called his father's name.
42. "O father, mother, all who know  
My name, and fame of former happy years ;  
O am I doomed 'mid sin below,  
To grovel in this vale of shame and tears?"

43. O am I so unfit to live  
And labor in that blessed holy land ;  
That I may not my poor aid give  
To His great Work, with that loved, happy  
band ?
44. Must my descendants be corrupt  
While theirs are pure as spotless angels  
bright ?  
Must I, who might with Gods have supped,  
Joy only in vile, sensual man's delights ?
45. Must I, until life's latest breath,  
Far from my sainted dear ones all, remain ?  
O come on wings, thou welcome death !  
And bring me respite from remorse and pain."
46. Kind Pity ne'er on grief could frown ;  
There came a voice that thrilled his inmost  
nerve :  
" My Son, think not that death can drown  
Sin's sorrow, or repentance' ends may serve.

47. Methuselah, Thee I will reserve  
On earth, a link in Priesthood's holy chain ;  
When man shall my commands observe,  
This glorious city will return again.
48. In godly sorrow, go thy way,  
Proclaim my Word in this afflicted land ;  
In self-denial, watch and pray ;  
So, may'st thou spotless in my presence  
stand."
49. Not soon the City passed from sight,  
Long, long it lingered in the nether air ;  
Its brilliant, steady, mellow light,  
Seemed waiting, hoping man would shun the  
snare.
50. It saw the Lord His promise keep,  
To wash away the stains of wicked man ;  
It saw the ark sail o'er the deep :  
Man's ways in other lands, it still would scan.

51. And when on Shinar's plain they sought  
By wrongful means to reach the city's bliss,  
The Lord, confusion 'mong them wrought ;  
The city wandered farther after this.
52. Through long years drear, far from this  
sphere,  
It staid, 'till when Messiah came to Shem,  
It hovered near its Master dear;  
Men call it since, The Star of Bethlehem.
53. But, since the Lord made pain His choice ;  
That time when angels mingled smiles and  
tears ;  
When suffering bade all earth rejoice ;  
Its image never in my wave appears.
54. And still I wait for that blest time.  
When earth shall blossom and no more be  
sad ;  
When man shall put away all crime,  
And Zion will return, in splendor glad.

55. And still I'm waiting, waiting still ;  
Another nation round me has grown great,  
But wickedness stalks forth at will ;  
Men's hearts seem calloused for a dreadful  
fate.
56. The people on my bosom borne  
With oaths, carousings while the time away ;  
I sadly sigh, " not yet," and mourn  
My city lost, my cheerless, dreary way.
57. O why, instead of looking up,  
Thinks man on self alone from day to day :  
In haste to quaff dull pleasure's cup,  
He throws himself and all the world away.
58. Again the earth quakes with its grief,  
Again the ground sues for relief,  
O Lord, who seest our distress,  
Prepare the world for righteousness."

*Aug. 15th, 1890.*

## ANTE-PRINCIPIA.

## CHAPTER I.

DIVINE, eternal goodness, let me sing  
And bring its light to view of erring man,  
That he, perchance, may better understand  
The wisdom of the Source from whence we  
sprang.

And while I sing a theme so great, so grand,  
Let me pronounce those sacred names with awe:  
With reverential tread let me draw near  
The majesty of God and His great Son.

---

At dawn of heaven's most eventful day,  
Within the inner court of hope's bright home,  
Where glory shed its brightest ray divine,  
Where hallowed notes of love's sweet music  
thrilled

And breathed its sacred welcome on the air,  
Stood waiting heaven's King. Lo! grace and  
peace

Beamed from His presence. He it was of whom  
The angels sing this song in chorus grand:

He is our Father. From His hand  
The seasons roll, the years are sown,  
Beneath His eye all creatures stand,  
His ear can hear the humblest moan.

In Him His children may confide,  
His love leaps over time and space,  
O'er all their sorrows He has sighed;  
But mercy may not all erase.

For we must suffer to be meek,  
Must sorrow ere we willing be,  
Must feel despair ere we will seek  
To conquer pride, or bow the knee.



Then Hail to wisdom, might and love  
Whose lustre ages cannot dim !  
Give praise to Him who reigns above,  
He is our Father. Hail to Him !

Alone ; He waited for a coming One,  
While He whose frown could crush the universe,  
Now wore a sad, sweet smile. Thus some great  
cloud

When tinged with glory by the setting sun,  
So seems to smile despite its present loss,  
In hope of a more glorious to-morrow.  
For Him a sun of dearly cherished hope  
Was setting even then; but wisdom His  
To make His secret purposes bring forth  
For other days and times. Anon He knew  
The coming sad of One He loved indeed,  
And nearer as in haste that loved One came,  
That holy music breathed a tinge of pain,  
And consolation trembled on His lips,  
And vied with rapture to be first to greet.

There came, with seraph step, a form that flits  
Through angels' dreams. Lo! Heaven's own  
loved Queen!

Who seemed to borrow from His brightness, till  
All heaven brighter at Her presence grew.  
Of Her the angels sing in chorus sweet:

She is our Mother. From Her hand  
We took the joys of former youth;  
She taught our childhood precepts grand,  
And guided in the ways of truth.

Sweet pity dwells within Her breast,  
And leaps forth at Her children's wail;  
The sin-sick soul will there find rest,  
And love whose depth will never fail.

Her trust sublime in Father wise,  
Is deathless as eternity;  
O let Her children all arise,  
And bless Her proud maternity.

Then Hail to pity, love and trust,  
That to His will makes no demur !  
O, give Her love and praise; 'tis just;  
She is our mother. Hail to Her !

Then spake their eyes, a holy joy undimmed  
By that great sorrow welling from their hearts,  
While thus our Mother in grief-stricken tones :  
“O Thou in whom my trust alway abides !  
Canst thou some grain of comfort give me now ?  
Our children ! Are they lost that have rebelled ?  
Tumultuous they cavil at thy will,  
Inveigh against the wisdom that agreed  
On some wise law in council yesterday.

O, blind indeed are they, and hard of heart  
Who cannot see in Thee omnipotence  
Twined with affection, pure, and deep and strong,  
And guided by rich wisdom on its way.

O, how could they so soon forget the past,  
The tender, loving, soul-endearing past,

Whose legion voices whisper duty's way.  
 May I still hope for them?"

Then spake our God :

"O Thou Eternal Fountain of my joy !  
 Be comforted! for never shall the soul  
 Be fully lost, that wishes to be saved.  
 How often has thy Mother's love remarked :  
 'Our children are not even two alike!'  
 Some worthy are of station like to ours,  
 While some must taste of horrible despair  
 Ere their proud souls will heed our second\* law,  
 Obedience, (by which we all are here;)  
 And some perhaps must go to punishment  
 Far worse than death, till sin has made amends.  
 You know we had with one accord agreed  
 That first-born Jesus worthy is to reign  
 O'er that new earth, where we their souls will prove.  
 While yesterday we counseled o'er the plan,  
 There came proud Lucifer, our wayward son,  
 To ask that he be granted that high place,  
 For that he would save more; would all men save;

\*—See note.

Explaining that he would mankind compel,  
To yield obedience to him and right.  
I then anew unfolded to his mind  
That first\* eternal law, whereby all souls,  
Are free to do their will with their own selves.  
Like blazing meteor across the sky,  
Our son shot from my presence full of wrath.  
We then decreed, through his deep rage and hate,  
To try our children in their first estate;  
Withdraw my spirit's counsels from them till  
He tempt them; that the proud might fall and not  
Have glory in that Kingdom with the meek;  
And as there must be opposition fierce,  
To prove the nobler ones among the just,  
We will let those who fall oppose the right  
While that new earth is peopled with our race.  
Thus, while they think to mar the holy plan,  
Their ire shall only further Justice' ends.  
Grieve not for them, for they are in my hands;  
Instead, rejoice in these dear, faithful ones,

\*—— See note.

Who dire ordeal now bravely, nobly, pass;  
For once my spirit quite forsakes the mind,  
Hell's tortures enter in; bright hope takes wings;  
Wild doubt and dread despair by turns enslave:  
Then only innate goodness can resist  
That guile, whose flattery and sophistry can please.  
But Jesus comes. To-day will further try  
This faithful host, that each his worth may prove."'  
While thus in holy love their souls communed,  
A being came, and knelt before them there,  
Who seemed the very image of the King.  
Of Him the angels sing in chorus glad :

He is our Brother. From His hand  
Were dropped our blessings while on earth ;  
His care fills all the teeming land,  
Regardless of man's faith or worth.

But when in faith man seeks His truth,  
Then joy is His all doubt to chase,  
And blessings add; for all He doeth  
Is for the welfare of our race.

His meekness triumphed over sin,  
His grace disarmed death's agony,  
His truth the Gospel brings us in,  
To heaven's immortality.

Then Hail to meekness, truth, and grace !  
Praise them all tongues in sacred hymn;  
And trust in Him who saves our race;  
He is our brother. Hail to Him !

Then as He knelt and raised a wan, sad face  
That lacked the lustre it was wont to wear;  
That voice that now can all earth's creatures thrill,  
Thus faltered forth; "My Father and my God  
Why hast Thou thus forsaken us?" To which  
The Father's own soul-healing tones replied:  
"For your eternal good, my well-beloved.  
Till now my children knew not their own selves,  
Much less the Holy Spirit's aid and worth.  
Then how could they this precious knowledge gain,  
Except an hour of weighty trial came,  
Wherein their souls deprived of my support

Might learn its worth, and their own course decide,  
Nor could my love exempt one single son;  
For God must first, all equal trial give,  
And as so nobly Thou hast borne the test,  
Stand Thou at my right hand, by right and tell  
Thy Mother what has lately come to pass;  
But first receive anew the Spirit's seal ;'  
And laid His hand upon that meek bowed head.  
Then blazed transcendent glory 'round the brow  
Of Him who God delights to own and bless;  
Then lighted that mild eye anew with joy,  
And grateful words thanked Him who chastens,  
that  
He may more fully, further, teach and bless,  
While glowed that face and form again a God's.  
Past then the first few moments of new bliss,  
Obedient the Son told o'er that fall :  
"While yester-eve we joyed in happy throng,  
Unmindful of the Comforter, the source  
Of all the pleasure beings may receive ;  
A sudden dread assailed, each sense was seized,



A world of doubt burst into every soul,  
Unthought of care oppressed the sinking mind,  
And Thou and home seemed endless way removed.  
I shuddered when I saw another's face,  
For there sat throned grim, hideous despair.  
No more my brothers seemed like Father here,  
No more my sisters minded me of Thee.  
It seemed as if fell darkness chained the soul,  
And new and wild impulses drowned the will.  
Then Lucifer, our brother, came with news,  
On which he dwelt in eloquent harangue.  
He said it had just been decreed that all  
Who will not do just so, while on the earth,  
Will be condemned, and may not be reclaimed;  
That all must risk eternal weal or woe  
Dependent on the grace and worth of one,  
Whom all know is no better than the rest;  
That such dependence is unfit for souls  
Of beings so intelligent as we;  
And that we must unite in firm demand  
That glory be not wrested from the host,

And heaped upon the head of one so frail.  
Then I, in sorrow, begged him to desist,  
And heed his every word would wound the soul  
Of Him whose laws could never be unjust;  
And further I would have persuaded him,  
But some he had already deftly won;  
These drowned my voice with hisses, cries and  
    groans,  
And clamored that he should be heard—speak on.  
Then as he spoke, light seemed to darkness turn,  
And darkness seemed the light, for right looked  
    wrong;  
And only they that loved the Father more  
Than their own selves, are faithful from that hour.  
One-third, afflicted by their own sad state,  
Lamenting some, the loss of that proud host,  
Do still await the Father's holy will.  
With them I had yet been, but that a gleam—  
A breath faint whispered 'Come', and I am here.  
O Father! may they not, like me, receive  
Sure recompense for all they suffer, soon?"

Then answered God: "Thine soon shall be the  
joy

To lift them from despondency to bliss ;  
But first, bear Thou my Word to band and flock.  
Say to that fallen band ; ' Unless they yield  
No body shall be born for them on earth.'  
When they refuse ; say to my faithful flock,  
'It is my Will that all who love my name,  
Shall now in might contend with Pride's array ;  
Wield those eternal weapons bright and strong  
Of which they know the use ; and I will bless.'  
Nor is it needless strife, for be there not  
A further trial, none will be content  
With other than the highest lot on earth ;  
But lest the trial be too long and harsh,  
Take Thou the Holy Spirit's Power great,  
With which I now invest Thee, and prepare,  
When time is ripe, to overthrow and hurl  
Rebellion into outer darkness far,  
To place of torment which we will call Hell.  
Take from them all their joys and hopes save one,

That of persuading more to join their ranks  
While on the earth. We will unseen be near,  
To mark those valiant in defense of right;  
For they shall be God's servants on the earth."  
Then swiftly on His mission sped the Son.

## CHAPTER II.

LET subject vary with the scene, and sing,  
Unflinching, faithful, ardent, dauntless, van;  
And coward, vacillating, faithless rear;  
In first great conflict with that haughty horde,  
That sought to dictate and dethrone our God;  
Rebelled against the giver of their life;  
And struck at our free agency, our right.  
Could any falter in a cause like this?  
Stand neutral in the contest for their rights,  
When freedom, love and honor were at stake?  
Yes, many, and their skins to-day are dark,  
And they, like brutes, have felt the master's lash,  
And sighed for freedom many a weary day,

Yet thus and only thus they learn its worth,  
Their Father watches all for their own sakes.  
As all degrees of valor there were shown,  
From lukewarm interest to burning zeal,  
So have we here all shades of human skin ;  
Dark, tawny, yellow, copper, cream, and white ;  
And as all passions played and prompted there,  
Love, anger, fear, self-sacrifice, and gain ;  
So here is every talent and its lack,  
From noblest image of our God to fools.

But of those souls that eager led the van ;  
Who fought for love of Father and of right ?  
Lo ! what bright galaxy of names is there  
Enrolled on high, in burning words, that tell ;  
What legions quailed beneath Seth's fiery glance,  
How like a lion faithful Enoch came,  
What foes despaired where careful Noah fought,  
What wonders wrought where Abram's voice was  
heard,  
Where, side by side, three mighty Josephs rained

Confusion on ambition's soaring plans,  
How three wise John's too made hell's minions  
quake,  
And four great Nephis forced pride from its  
height,  
While Peter, James and Paul, won endless fame,  
And all the holy prophets gained renown.

Who valiant fought for freedom? These the souls  
Who ever have esteemed it while on earth.  
There Washington, oppression's skillful foe,  
First waved his hand to guide brave legions'  
might,  
There Tell's lithe courage leaped to meet the fray,  
To guard that precious jewel for his kind,  
Our La Fayette no doubtful warfare waged,  
But, with De Kalb and Jones, hurled broad  
dismay.  
But farther, where the chance of battle led,  
Mazzini, Mill, and Kossuth, vainly charged  
Till famous Winkelried an opening made,

While Bolivar shed blasting fury on  
The foe that struck brave Kosciusko down.

Say, who for honor struggled fiercely there,  
Led by its star, spurred by its threatened loss?  
These are the kings and potentates of earth,  
Rewarded here by what they toiled for there,  
And taught sometimes, that honor is not safe  
Till love and freedom drive its foes away;  
As witness Elba's famous chief, who thought  
For honor's sake, foul war a "splendid game."  
Thus one Scotch James, and English Charles, too,  
found ;

French Louis XVI—thus the list might grow  
To useless size; let space and time forbid.  
Nor further sing the grand and mighty deeds  
Done when to guard their rights the brave arose,  
And, in the strength of right, laid waste hell's  
plans.

But Satan, with the courage of despair,  
Stung by the thought of all defeat could bring,

While visions of proud empire faded fast,  
Raged here and there, delaying threatened rout,  
Inflaming all his own anew with hate,  
Appealing to their pride to yield not so  
To "servile minions of their Father's will ;"  
And like a fury urged them—drove them on.  
Now roared and raged the fierce contention wide,  
And echoed all the vast blue vault of heaven,  
With words and deeds eternal in their fame ;  
And voices rang with courage, faith, and zeal,  
Or faltered as they tasted hell's despair ;  
And soft hearts paused amid the swelling strife,  
To urge some erst-loved soul to yet obey ;  
Then, disappointed, sought his overthrow.

Lo ! sudden, nerveless fell each straining arm,  
Tongues limp in breathless expectation lay,  
And silence, as a summer morning, fell  
On friend and foe, for even Satan stood  
Amazed, to feel the near approach of power.  
Then brighter than the brightness of the sun,



When in its noonday splendor blazing high,  
Shone He who came, and sweetly smiled on these,  
With smile that fell like summer dew on flowers ;  
But when He turned to them, His frown was  
terrible.

Low cowered they while thus He spake : “ Ye  
who

Have chosen to rebel against our God !  
Bethink ye, how our Mother strove to teach  
Her every child, that true obedience,  
The source of every dignity and power.  
Can ye so soon those God-like truths forget ?  
Go, then, until despair shall teach anew ;  
Vessels of wrath, hence ! to your torment long.”  
As autumn leaves before the dread cyclone,  
Or Arab sands when hot simoon whirls past,  
So were they swept away, and reader, you  
In vain looked round for foes, for they were not.  
Then all that lukewarm, neutral multitude  
Were instant eager to obey His will,  
And sought the foes to freedom far and wide ;

But little recked He of their zeal or pains ;  
For last were they, to taste that joy supreme,  
The bliss of happiness once lost restored.

Let not my earthly tongue essay to sing  
The fullness that no man can comprehend,  
Of that joy felt by all our faithful band,  
When in our midst He stood and gave again  
The Holy Ghost, one of that three our God.  
Of it the angels sing in chorus full :

It is our blessing : From its worth  
The joy of all our blessings flows,  
It was our comforter on earth,  
And it the power by which we rose.

Its purity is known to all  
Who ever felt its presence bright ;  
On earth men oft their conscience call  
Its voice, when urging to the right.

It loves our race, and long endures  
Neglect and slight, ere it forsakes

The erring soul that Satan lures :  
And sorrows when its flight it takes.

Then Hail to purity and love,  
That all our race together knit !  
Praise it whose symbol is the dove.  
It is our blessing: Hail to it !

### CHAPTER III.

LET subject now to grander theme return,  
And sing the words and wisdom of our God,  
On that great day, when all His faithful sons  
Came to present themselves before the Lord,  
To hear His words, and see His mighty arm  
Lay the foundations of the earth and sky.

While thronged the concourse there before His  
face,  
One came among them that with fearful eye,  
In doubt and trepidation looked around,  
As if he felt that he belonged not there.

Anon with effort clothed he all his air  
With seeming boldness, and held up his head  
And in his turn drew near ; pride still his king.  
Him the Omniscient thus beheld, and knew  
The secrets of his inmost soul, yet asked,  
“Whence comest thou?” When Satan thus  
replied :

“I come from going to and fro in hell,  
And walking up and down in it : why not ?  
May not *all* of the sons of God come when  
Their father calls ? or must *one* outcast be ?  
Although he be not worse than others here ?  
For of all meanness that is much the worse,  
That hides itself for sake of paltry gain.  
These fell not, for they were *paid* not to fall,  
But try them when reward is not in view,  
And when they are not overcome with fear  
To disobey Thee ; they will shame Thy name.”  
Then said Omnipotence ; “All pride shall fall,  
And every knee shall bow, and tongue confess  
That God is just ; but justice must be wise ;

And mercy shall be justice' own right hand.  
'Tis well that thou hast come ;—love sweeter  
seems

By contrast with its opposite hell's hate. ”  
So spake He, and the vaunter courage took,  
To witness further while the Father wrought,  
And rolled our system's vast foundations forth.  
Soon earth's beginnings glad began their round :  
Then rang the grand empyrean again,  
For all the sons of God, loud told their joy.  
(Yes all, for even hell's inhabitants  
Hoped to regain on earth their prestige lost.)  
Then, softly floating down the aisles of space,  
Came sweetest music greeting all our ears ;  
For lo ! in joyous grand celestial song,  
The morning stars together sang His praise.

Earth's genesis complete, God called His sons  
To aid the coronation of its King ;  
But while they crowned Him, and joy rent the  
air,

One voice was mute, one eye there looked  
askance,  
Until the moment when Almighty asked,  
Whom should He send as Savior of the world,  
To die in agony for all mankind :  
Thus far explaining to our souls the plan.  
But first spoke willing Jesus, " Here am I,  
Send me," He said, " And help Thou me while  
there,  
And I will save all that revere Thy name,  
But Thine must be the glory, honor, power—"   
" Send me !" exclaimed in haste that other voice,  
" And I will save all men ; none shall be lost :  
My saving plan shall ransom all mankind :  
Give me Thy glory ;—send Thou me. " He  
ceased,  
And looked for approbation all around,  
But all eyes turned toward the new-crowned King.  
" O Boundless Love," they thought, " Our King  
Himself,  
Descend below all things, Himself the Lamb,

To suffer, die for us : ” and when God spake,  
“ We’ll send the First ; ” they swelled the glad  
    acclaim,  
That rolled like ocean’s billows far and wide,  
Then shrank from Satan’s awful face that burned  
With envy, hate, and malice terrible.

Unmindful of Hell’s deep chagrin God spake,  
And gave His worthy Son His charge, and said :  
“ Put man on earth : let all my faithful sons  
Be born of flesh that each may thus obtain  
Through faithfulness a body like mine own :  
While there hide from their memories the past,  
And only through their faith let them behold  
The future, and the blessings that await  
The pure in heart : Expose all men to sin,  
Put appetites within them that will tempt,  
Make labor necessary to subsist,  
Yet somewhat irksome to the mortal frame ;  
Hedge not out Satan and his band,  
But let them tempt mankind at will ;

(And only hinder them from being born,  
And from destroying aught that Thou would'st  
save.)

Let all this pave the way for doing ill ;  
But counteract this with the Holy Ghost :  
Let none live on the earth without its gleam,  
Unless they shall be proven wholly bad,  
Or by their own acts grieve its light away ;  
Let faith and works determine each one's share  
Of the abundance of its blessings there ;  
Give all men freedom to do ill or well,  
But make true happiness fair Virtue's crown ;  
Make the eternal Gospel known on earth,  
To such as are most worthy of its light,  
In all its fullness ; make it partly known  
To those less worthy : put in all man's creeds,  
Enough of truth to try man's faithfulness ;  
Above all, let this law be known to man,  
That only through his own obedience  
Can he return perfected whence he came ;  
And all who shall be capable of sin



Must, filled with sorrow for their sins, accept  
Baptism by my servants on the earth,  
As testimony of obedience.”

Loud laughed then Satan, full of glee, and said :  
“ Great shall my harvest be ; the fiat stern  
Has now gone forth ; that none, though blinded  
there

Shall here return, except they see to yield  
To law of which they never may have heard ! ”

“ Not so ! ” said Father, “ None shall be con-  
demned

For disobeying law unknown to them,  
But after death they may these rites accept,  
Providing, they are still performed on earth,  
By persons authorized to act instead.

But all on earth shall some commandment hear  
And know though lowly be their station there  
Sufficient of my will to prove their love. ”

Then from the throng, that had attentive heard,  
Came with sweet tones and accents meek this song :

“ O Father while we praise Thy name,  
And honor all Thy wisdom's ways ;  
With thanks for care we could not claim,  
Our voices unto Thee we raise ;

And ask, can not Thy love devise  
Some other means to reach the goal,  
Another route by which to rise,  
Than where affliction's waters roll?

Is there no hope the crown to win,  
Except by feeling Satan's wrath?  
Is there no way to vanquish sin  
But by thus treading sorrow's path?

If not, then at Thy feet we bow,  
And humbly beg to kiss the rod,  
Content forever to allow  
Our trust to live in Father God.”

While smiled He on the host, once more He  
spake,

“ By contrast we can best appreciate

Our blessings: life, health, happiness, and heaven.  
Once we have tasted death, we value life ;  
And so with all the catalogue of ills  
That can afflict mankind while on an earth.  
Thus shall each pain a priceless blessing prove,  
Each sorrow shall enhance your usefulness ;  
And ye shall count your sufferings with joy ;  
For pleasure shall your griefts tenfold repay. ”  
Then joyful, home to heaven went the throng,  
And Satan thoughtful wandered back to hell.

—NOTE : pages 48 and 49. The author thinks neither order nor obedience can be called the first law of heaven ; for were we not first made free to obey or disobey, what need of other laws ?

## TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

## PART FIRST.

1. "O WHERE is true friendship?" I cried in my  
grief;

"Have you ever felt its soft hand?

I mean not the counterfeit, giving relief

While sure of its pay on demand;

But that pure devotion,

As boundless as ocean,

That gives without hope of reward—ever  
grand."

2. An infidel heard me, and scornfully smiled

"Dost seek such 'mong selfish mankind?

A something for nothing—be not so be-  
guiled;

Such never was. Bear it in mind.

For gain, though deceiver,

Must find a believer,  
Ere reason for giving, man's nature can find. ”

3. I flew to a “Christian”; some solace I  
sought ;

He answered, “Such died on the cross :  
But equal perfection to find now, think not ;  
Man's friendship compared is but dross :

Though sorrowful be it,

The wise still must see it,

That here or hereafter, reward or-its loss. ”

4. I turned to a sage in my heart's deep dismay,  
He pitiful shook his gray head :

“ Though generous hearts, and kind acts  
strew our way,

Each one by a motive is led.

But one word permit me,

Though ill it befit me,

Me seems that your longing is selfishness  
fed.

5. Then sadder and wiser my own heart I  
    searched.  
How worthless its contents then seemed !  
My vaunted benevolence selfishness  
    smirched !  
My heart with surprises so teemed ;  
    Love seemed there so selfish,  
    Hope seemed there so pelfish,  
That never of search for true friendship I  
    dreamed.

## PART SECOND.

1. But thanks to the Gospel the treasure is  
    found ;  
It lives in the hearts of true Saints ;  
Yes ! come ye incredulous gather around,  
And listen, while poetry paints ;  
    A picture alluring  
    Of friendship enduring ;  
Of such as for lack of reward never faints.

2. Some vipers crawled into a city of Saints  
In search of more innocent prey ;  
Each hid his true shape, so they heard no  
    complaints,  
And envy induced them to stay.  
    Soon each with his neighbor,  
    Took up his vile labor,  
Fond hearts to deceive, and fair virtue to slay.
3. Neath mask of true friendship the prophet  
    they sought,  
His great heart ne'er closed to that call !  
With something he valued, for bait, he was  
    caught ;  
With like silken cords he was held in their  
    thrall.  
    For recreant never,  
    His whole soul he ever,  
Poured out for his friends, till laid under his  
    pall.

4. Though warned of their nature, hope wished  
for no proof ;  
They thrived and grew strong in his smile ;  
Till vileness, though hidden, brought cutting  
reproof.  
Then turned against him all their guile.  
From thenceforth conspiring,  
They sought never tiring,  
To strike at such check to their purposes  
vile.
5. But, traitor to friendship, he never could be :  
Still faithful, he sought for their weal ;  
But—while heaven censured, could even  
hope see  
Remotest reward for his zeal.  
Yet more, their plans ready,  
“I go to death, ” said he,  
“ Since friends prize it not, why should I my  
life shield.”



## SIN'S REWARDS.

(*Numbers XXV.*)

*ZIMRI to Cozbi :*

O WHO could have dreamed that in Midian breathed  
A being of earth, so transcendently fair ;  
A temptress with form of so perfect a mould,  
A siren whose charm mortal man might not dare.

Whence came, witch-enchantress, those soul-  
chaining eyes ;  
That cheek,-battle-ground of the lily and rose ;  
That dangerous smile's pearl-and-ruby-set throne,  
Whose whisper all good in my heart so soon froze.

Where now, is my hope of reward through the  
grave,  
My children, my wife, my religion, my God ;  
All lost, O thou demon remorse come not here !  
O Cozbi! I live in thy smile and thy nod.

*COZBI to Zimri.*

O prince ! why repine ! we have each other yet ;  
 I too forsook honor, to breathe thy sweet breath ;  
 For rest in thine arms, I gave conscience a sting ;  
 Bade modesty, virtue, and peace, suffer death.

*My* kindred, *my* friends, and *my* home, where are  
 they ?

All, even my soul for my idol I gave ;  
 I thought as a queen to rule over his heart ;  
 Instead, I am only base passion's poor slave.

Lost, lost, to all decency wretch that I am,  
 That ever to flattery's voice heed I gave ;  
 O Zimri ! Once more let us hie to thy tent,  
 Forsaken by thee, I should welcome the grave.

*PHINEHAS.*

Who comes ? O my soul can it be it is he ?  
 Our prince ! our delight ! once our bravest and  
 best ;

Once so pure, and so chaste, now degraded, de-  
based,

In sloughs of deep wickedness, soiling his crest.

His wife ! O that angel, so trusting, so true ;

Shunned, hated, despised, by so wicked a pair !

His God, so contemned under heaven's own blue,

Whose judgments well-merited thicken the air.

My dear ones sink round me; Now Ruth get  
thee gone:

Canst thou, my right arm, nought for vengeance  
avail ?

Shall I sit supinely, while wickedness gloats ?

They shall die, ere their crime can more sorrow  
entail.

Ha ! Fitting position ! Take *that* for your filth ;

Ay ! writhe ! Pleasure crowns not your beastliness  
now ;

So perish for aye, who life's fountains degrade,

Thus branding mankind with shame, deep in his  
brow.

## TO A NEW-BORN BABE.

Child of heaven ! Who art thou ?  
That comest to this lowly place ;  
With guileless lip and sinless brow,  
Beginning life's uncertain race.

Thou tiny spark in life's broad flame ;  
New voyager on the troubled sea :  
I wonder what was erst thy name ;  
I wonder what thy life will be.

At parting on that hidden shore,  
What dear ones bade thee fond farewell ;  
What hearts with hopes and fears ran o'er,  
And tried of tempter's wiles to tell ?

What lips admonished while they kissed  
For that last time, thy stainless cheek ;  
What eyes would fain have pierced the mist,  
To see what changes time would wreak ?

Sweet object of so many cares ;  
What will thy hidden future be ?  
Sin spreads abroad her many snares ;  
Will Duty lead thee from them, free ?

Will these bright eyes grow dull with greed,  
Turn green with envy ; burn with hate ?  
Or will they kindly beam on need ?  
Shine with all passions, truly great ?

Will these wee lips learn Satan's craft  
To shameless hide the sacred truth ?  
Or will they fearless hurl the shaft,  
That slays all error, without ruth ?

Will these hands only toil for self ?  
Grow hard and horny, hoarding gold ?  
Or will their treasures be, not pelf,  
But want relieved, and right made bold ?

Will these feet lead mankind from blame  
Or will they tread the downward road?  
Will this soul win eternal shame?  
Or, reach the bosom of its God?

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### TO MY WIVES.

O wives of my bosom! Ye beings unselfish  
That constantly seek all my joys to increase;  
Who tenderly cling to me sharing my trials,  
Who ever are practicing sweet self-denials,  
Whose magical touch brings from pain sweet  
release.

The pleasure and peace that I feel in your pres-  
ence;  
My blessings, bestowed through the Gospel of  
peace;  
My tongue cannot tell you. And O! the deep  
anguish!

I feel at the thought that I might ever languish  
In error, or sin, till my blessings would cease.  
The charm of true motherhood covers with glory  
The forms that these eyes always see with  
    delight ;  
The eye of a husband with knowledge from  
    heaven,  
To know for what purpose His blessings are  
    given,  
Sees beauty immortal in wives who do right.

They say there are mothers who know not the  
    value  
Of prattling innocence always in sight ;  
O beings who bring me those gifts from high  
    heaven.  
O never do you think 'too often they're given,'  
Let's prize them and train them to do what is  
    right.

The Gentiles declare, they believe that the union  
Of husband and wife, will at death have an end.  
Can it be that no longer we'll care for each other,  
That the love of sweet babyhood mothers can  
smother,

That our natures no longer together will blend?

No! No! let them think if they please that "'tis  
vulgar"

To guard Heaven's mandates on earth, or above;  
We'll wish for bright little ones, here and here-  
after;

Our music shall be, their sweet prattle and  
laughter,

We'll journey through life, hoping always to love.

*June 1st, 1887.*



## “COWARD!”

O MY wronged soul ! how deep thy smart,  
How throbs thy palpitating heart ;  
Thy muscles quiver for the fray,  
Thy blood goes seething on its way ;  
What grisly visions clog thy sight,  
Of blows and struggle, wounds and might,  
Of thrusts and parry, whirl and wheel,  
Of vise-like grip, and and thews of steel,  
Of foe brought low, to well-earned pain ;  
And taught in future to refrain  
From bearding lion in his den ;  
To know a man among all men.  
Thine ears, e'en now, in fancy gloat  
O'er faltering accents from his throat,  
Thy fingers too, exultant feel  
Their wretched victim humbly kneel,  
As, suing for thy pardon dear,  
He trembles with a proper fear.

But, O my soul! think! this is not  
The humble meekness Jesus taught;  
The sweet forgiveness need of all,  
The charity of noble Paul;  
This is not how a Saint should feel,  
Let not thy haughty pride so steal  
The guerdon of past self-denial,  
Let saintly meekness meet the trial.  
Go, kneel before the throne of grace,  
And ask for help to soon erase  
From off thy heart, this blot of ire,  
That holier passions may inspire  
Thy thoughts to dwell on something higher.

## TO AN ERRING BROTHER.

LISTEN to the Spirit, brother,  
Warning you that you have strayed ;  
Voice so pleading do not smother,  
Grieve it not nor let it fade.

Right those wrongs in time, my brother,  
Quell that stubborn pride within ;  
Pride and lust are father, mother  
One or both of every sin.

You are sure of pardon, brother,  
Think how none from sin are free ;  
We, from very shame, each other  
Must forgive, when tears we see.

Bravely kiss the rod, O brother ;  
Fear no scoff, nor cry of shame,  
Cowards soonest call another  
By that, to them, dreaded name.

Then, O brother do not waver,  
Stifle not that voice within ;  
But with faith and courage ever,  
Turn, at it's behest, from sin.

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### PENITENCE.

FATHER, I have erred and grieved Thee,  
Shamed Thy love—let mine decay,  
But I now feel what bereaved me,  
O Thou seemest far away !  
Worthy of Thy righteous anger,  
Mercy is there now for me ?  
O forgive my sin, my languor ;  
Help me to draw near unto Thee.

Has Thy love for me diminished,  
While ungrateful I have strayed ?  
Is Thy patience still unfinished,  
By the errors I have made ?

I have caused Thee deepest sorrow :  
Is Thy cheek still wet for me ?  
May I hope from pity borrow ?  
Help me to draw near unto Thee.

Grant anew the sweet communion.  
Of my soul with love divine,  
O restore the happy union  
Of my spirit weak, with Thine.  
Save me from despair infernal,  
Let my sin forgotten be,  
And my cry shall be eternal,  
Help me to draw near unto Thee.

## MY PRISON.

IS SELF a prison? Am I here  
In this small cell forever chained  
A prisoner? Let me reflect  
If other standpoint may be gained.

In bright imagination now  
I view the world through Ellen's eyes.  
But whose imagination? Mine,  
Not hers, finds cause for joy or sighs.

In vain! I cannot from myself  
Escape. What narrow compass this!  
In which to hear, see, feel, and think:  
I thought to taste of all men's bliss.

But I may sympathize with them;  
I need not all my cell doors close;  
Thus make my confines smaller still:  
And I may soften others' woes.

And is the world corrupt or pure,  
As seen now from my prison home ?  
Or is it colored by the lights  
That hang up in my prison's dome ?  
The thought fills me with frenzy. Here  
I must eternally abide ;  
Foul, pure, or holy, 'tis my home ;  
My prison must be purified.





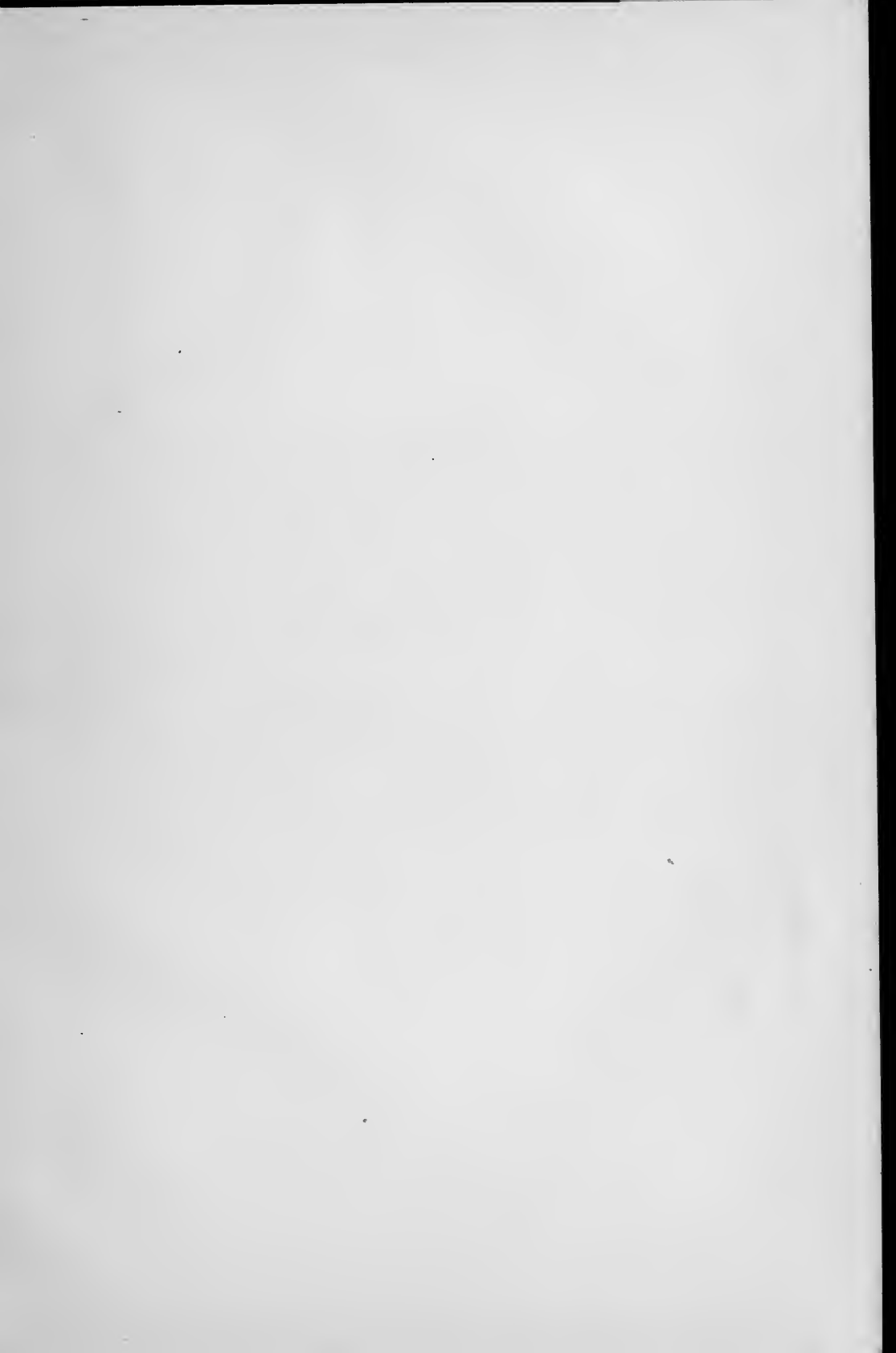
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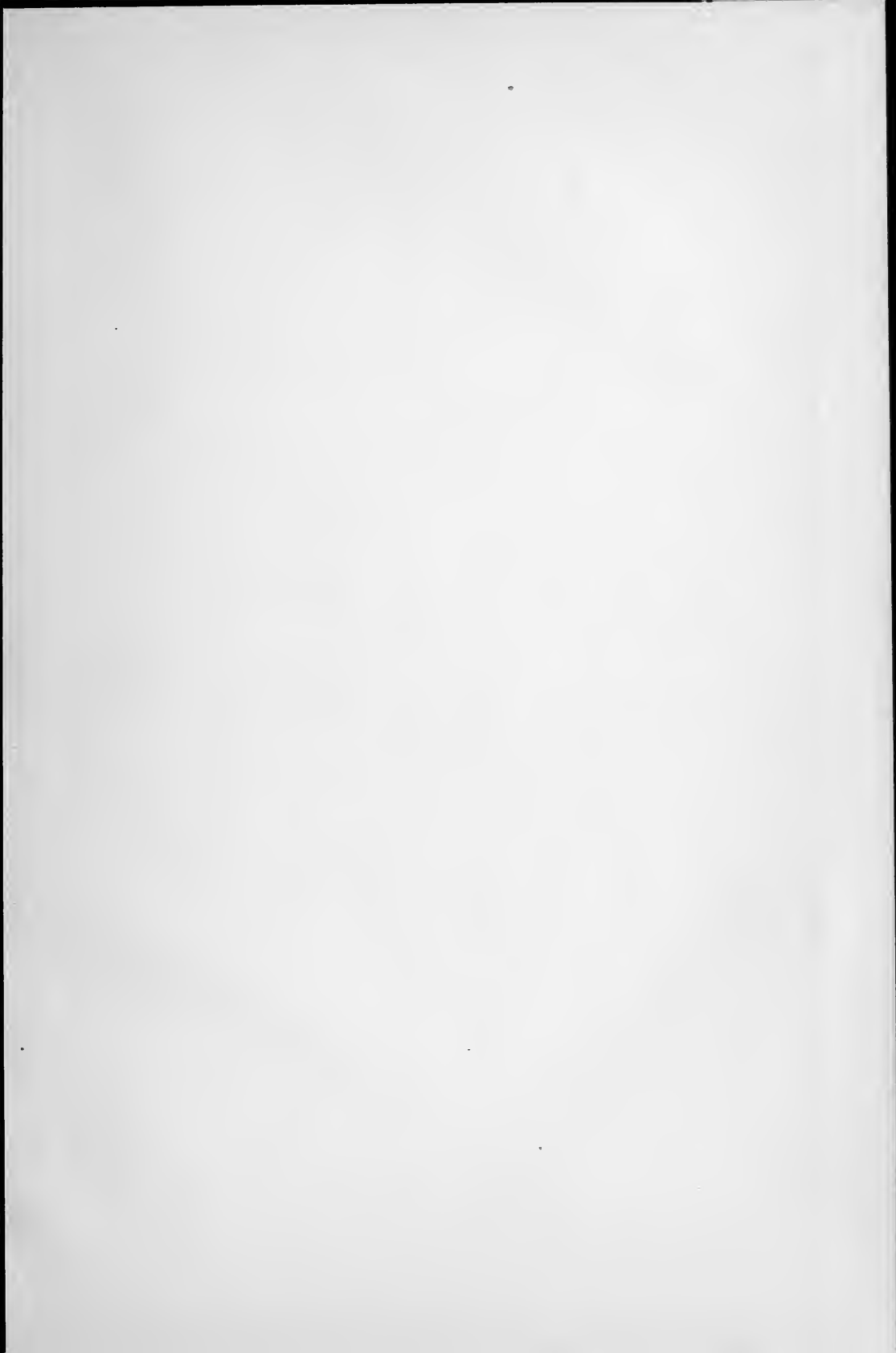
Page 54; between lines 12 and 13, and instead of line 13, read :

One-third of all the hosts of heaven fell  
And now are led by Lucifer apart;  
Two-thirds, afflicted by their own sad state,













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