



AN
HISTORICAL
POEM.

BY

W. A. Buckley

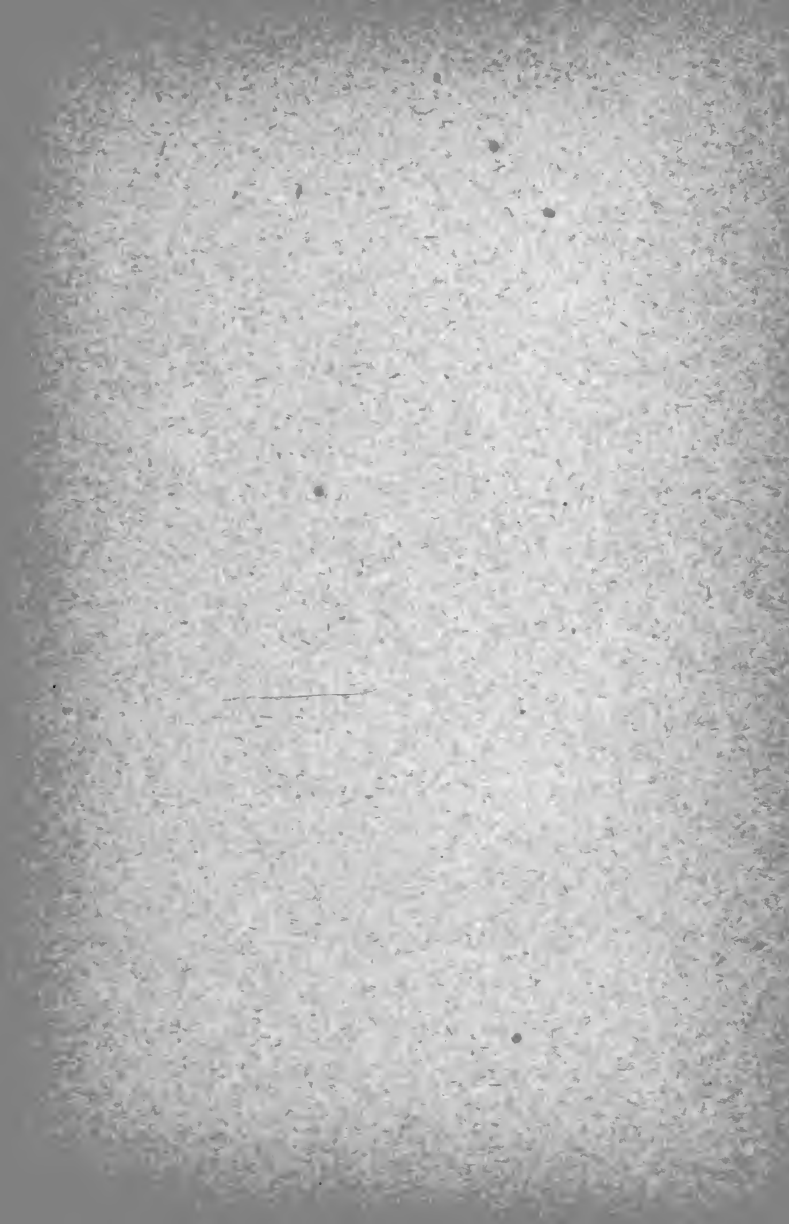
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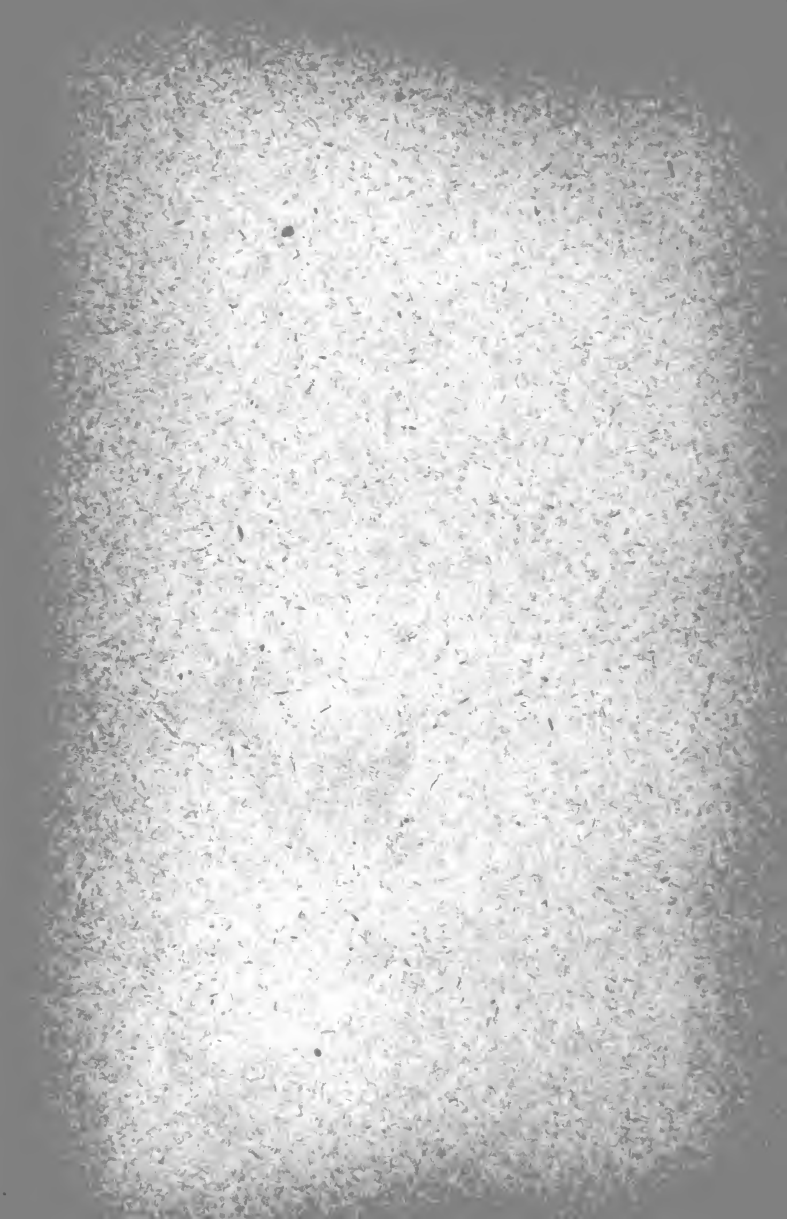
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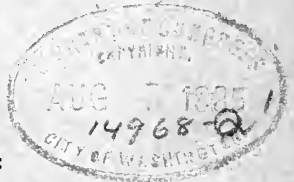
AN
HISTORICAL POEM;

DESCRIBING

THE PROMINENT CHARACTERS OF EARLY TIMES
FROM OFFICIAL RECORDS, WITH COMMENTS.

BY

R. WILBUR HINCKLEY.



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P R E F A C E .

To readers of all zones and climes,
We humbly dedicate these rhymes ;
Hoping that age, manhood and youth,
May accept all as sacred truth.
The highest records in our reach,
We've read, that we the truth might teach.
The germs of truth, in all our toil ;
Will produce largely in good soil :
The larger part, though not our views,
Is a terse hist'ry of the Jews.
If you should wish to know the rest,
Peruse our book, if not the best ;
You will find on its every page,
Marks quite peculiar to the age.
When you complete it, then confess ;
Our race is destined to progress.
We have done all we undertook,
Written, and published well the book ;
You cannot judge, with wise precision,
'Till you have read the whole revision.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

IN this Poem, the Author has aimed to follow grammatical rules; although in some parts of the work exceptions may be found in order to improve the accent, and add harmony to the rhyme. His object, is not only to present an early record of the race, and the prominent actors of antiquity; but to show by comparison, the improvements made in the polity of modern nations. As the poem is continuous, the only reference is our index of subjects. Prominent subjects not found in the index, may be found by those given, contemporaneous with the subject desired. While many of the Author's comments, on prominent characters, may at first appear rather sharp and pointed; the reader will find, by the present standard of justice and right, that they are mostly admissible. It is the earnest desire of the publishers, that this Poem may lead its readers, to "The Book," that they may be able to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

THE PUBLISHER.

A HISTORICAL POEM.

ADAM. ENOCH. NOAH.

WE here present in a brief space,
The early hist'ry of our race.
We will not differ in our plan,
But, present Adam the first man :
That we may not the reader grieve,
Allow him one a helpmeet, Eve.
They did not long alone remain,
But had a son, they called him Cain :
And, soon another, Abel true ;
Whom wicked Cain in manhood slew.
Had it occurred in this our day,
Cain would have hung ; it is our way :
But, he was simply marked by God ;
Then took a wife way down in Nod.
Dear reader, do not ask of me,
To show to you her pedigree.
Well, time rolled on when Enoch stood,
A perfect man, both just and good.
Then lived a preacher Rev. Noah ;
With sons in all an even four :
The hist'ry shows they all had wives ;
He built an ark to save their lives.

Well, on a day they all went in,
To 'scape the' deluge caused by sin :
He put on board, his sons and wife,
With pairs of all things having life.
He was shut in, now understand
By the Almighty's own right hand.
The way it rained was perfect sights,
Continuing forty days and nights :
The water rose in truth or lie
Till it was more than five miles high ;
It was the greatest freshet known,
In this or any other zone.
After long weeks the ark did rest,
On top of Arrarat's tall crest.
The hist'ry of this early age,
Is quite obscure on every page.
For the first time said by the Jews ;
The rainbow shed prismatic hues.
One thing, all temp'rance men deplore,
Occurred, in the long life of Noah ;
He sowed, he planted tree and vine,
And from his grapes, he made strong wine ;
One day we learn that his nude trunk,
Was seen by Ham—Noah was drunk.
From this brief hist'ry we infer,
'Tis human for mankind to err :
And from this rule, none need attempt,
Even a preacher, to exempt.

The antediluvian times we trace,
Covered one third of all the space :
Still, little of it can we know,
Because it was so long ago.
From Noah the trunk, with branches three,
Sprung the whole race, as all agree :
Some think the curse of Ham, a mark,
Which made his offspring rather dark ;
Climatic changes, modes of life,
With some are held as causes rife.
We will not argue here the case,
Of different shapes and hues of face ;
But, proceed with historic pen,
To sketch the lives of earth's great men.
Abram, appears in early age,
As a good man or even sage ;
He started out in early life,
With Sarai his sweet beauteous wife ;
He taught her with himself to lie,
To Egypt's king—they might not die :
But Pharaoh gave them good advice,
And sent them off genteel and nice.
(George Washington in early youth,
Would distance Abram as to truth.)
His next encounter, we all wot,
Was with his nephew, Mr. Lot :
Lot settled, that he would remain,
On Sodom's low and sinful plain.

While Abram with his herds and flocks,
Sought pasture on the hills and rocks.
The neighborhood that Lot was in,
Became quite noted for its sin:
To save it, there were not good men,
Sufficient found, not even ten.
A message came for Lot to flee,
With all his loved ones, only three;
With much delay, in peril strife,
They got away to save each life.
So stringent the command we find,
They must not even "look behind."
A pillar of salt stands "to this day,"
Where Lot's wife did first disobey.
The cities of the plain went down,
And waters covered each burnt town:
We think their former cites may be,
The bottom of the low Dead sea.
Lot, in the conflagration's roar,
Was safe within the walls of Zoar:
But, soon we find him in a cave,
A drunken man, his daughter's slave.
These evils we can plainly trace,
To Mrs. Lot, who fell from grace.
Sarai, though barren, void of life;
Was certainly a thoughtful wife;
Of her free will and own accord,
She gave Hagar unto her Lord.

The result was as she desired :
Soon jealousy, her soul inspired ;
She turned the mother out to die,
The son also, we know not why.
We have not time or even space,
The life of Ishmael here to trace.
True, Sarah in her old age won,
She brought forth Abraham a son ;
Isaac, (or Laughter) was his name,
Who soon became a man of fame.
Abraham was tempted it is said,
To burn his only son when dead.
He went next day to Mount Moriah,
With son and wood to make the fire,
When on the mount, he raised his knife,
In the act of taking Isaac's life—
Just then, he raised his eyes and spied,
A ram at hand, by its horns tied.
The spirit tempting him then knew,
That he had faith—the ram he slew,
And offered it in Isaac's stead ;
These facts we think you all have read.
All must agree to this—to wit :
The sequel was a lucky hit.
Abraham near the close of life,
Sent far away for Isaac's wife.
The story is superb to tell,
Of sweet Rebecca at the well.

Let it suffice that here we say,
She went to Isaac right away.
The patriarch Isaac and his wife,
Led a long peaceful happy life.
Each had a favorite in a son ;
Paternal affection was not one.
Esau, the eldest had the right,
To heir the property, in spite
Of Jacob, who was, the mother's choice ;
He gave heed to Rebecca's voice,
And won the blessing of another ;
Even the birthright, of his brother.
It was obtained through a disguise,
Adroitly planned, backed up by lies.
After the finale of this scheme,
Jacob in Haran, had a dream ;
He saw a ladder tall and high,
And, angels on it, he did spy ;
When he awoke, as men do now,
He made a bargain—business vow ;
If, in his mission he were blest,
He would pay tithes on things possessed.
On that same day in love he fell,
With Rachel at the Haran well.
His cousin, was well formed and fair ;
With rosy cheeks and auburn hair.
Jacob and Laban made a trade,
By which he could possess the maid ;

The former, gave seven years of life ;
To Laban, for his choice of wife.
The time though long quite quickly fled
When his loved Rachel he would wed.
On the first morn, judge his surprise,
When he had opened well his eyes ;
It was not Rachel—Oh ! how queer,
It was her elder sister, Leah.
He took to task his mother's brother ;
For giving him to wife another.
The Bethuel stock was quite replete,
With artful cunning and deceit ;
But, Jacob settled up the strife,
By duplicating time for wife.
After long years of trial scorn,
By Rachel a son Joseph was born ;
And later still, another true,
Came Benjamin, the younger Jew.
Jacob and Laban, at this stage ;
Made a new contract, as to wage.
The former, had the brown of sheep,
With speckled cattle for his keep.
With hazel, poplar, chestnut rods,
Jacob astonished ancient gods ;
The result of these arts we find,
Gave him the best of every kind.
The last agreement made, we trow
Was this—Jacob in peace might go :

He went : but, Laban with great odds,
Followed ; in search of his lost gods.
The thief was Rachel, Jacob's wife ;
Whose native cunning saved her life.
Jacob was filled with anguish, fears ;
He soon must meet one wronged for years—
His brother Esau on the plain ;
The thought stung him with grief and pain.
While he o'er night at Penuel stayed,
'Tis said he wrestled and he prayed :
But he prevailed, Israel his name ;
Soldier of God, how great his fame
By Schechem, son of Hamor wild,
Israel's daughter was defiled :
The damage was atoned first rate,
By the great Prince, and all the state ;
It was expressed, it was decreed,
If they partook of Israel's creed ;
They might avoid such sinful rows,
And lawful make their nuptial vows.
Three days elapsed, when the male train ;
Of this doomed city were all slain :
Simeon and Levi, drew their dirk,
And did perform this brutal work.
They stole their wives and children all,
Things having value great and small.
Hist'ry you see repeats itself ;
As, conquerors mostly seek for pelf.

Jacob now lectured them severe,
Because his soul was filled with fear.
Dear reader, we have not the time,
To here record the list of crime ;
Of Judah, or of Onan mean,
Or, Tamar ; in the record seen.
We simply make just one remark,
She gained her object in the dark ;
And, by her native mother-wit ;
Judah was powerless ev'ry whit.
The record shows people do win,
Although in life, they may have sin.
The sons of Jacob, by four mothers ;
Were twelve in all, and, known as brothers.
Joseph, was Rachel's oldest son ;
He had Jacob's affections won ;
Benjamin, was the younger brother ;
Whom Jacob loved, because of mother.
A coat of many hues it seems,
He made Joseph, a boy of dreams ;
At length, a jealousy arose,
Which made the elder ten his foes ;
And, soon their hatred ran so high,
They cast him in a pit to die.
But, milder counsel did prevail,
They drew him out and made a sale.
They made up then, a shameful lie,
Convincing Jacob he did die.

The facts were these, Joseph they sold,
To a vile Arab for his gold.
His master, down in Egypt far ;
Sold him to captain Potiphar.
He proved a servant true and right ;
And found grace in his master's sight.
Now Mrs. Potiphar—a slut ;
Wished Joseph to lie with her, but
He with modesty, then refused ;
For this great virtue, was abused.
At once, through falsehood he was thrown,
Into a prison, there to moan.
He found grace in his keeper's eyes,
And was in future soon to rise.
The king's butler, and baker each,
Had a queer dream and did beseech :
He listened to each pris'ner's prayer ;
And did the dream of each declare.
Friend baker, in three days said he,
Pharaoh will hang you on a tree.
Dear butler, after the same space,
Pharaoh will pardon you through grace.
Two years elapsed, if we are right,
When Pharaoh had a dream one night,
It troubled him, he looked around ;
But no interpreter was found.
The butler thought of Joseph's power,
And sent for him that self same hour.

He gave a full interpretation,
Which made him ruler of the nation.
Seven years of plenty made a store
To bridge the seven of famine o'er.
During this dearth, Jacob forlorn
Sent his ten sons to buy some corn ;
Joseph from them, through questions drew
Their hist'ry, most of which he knew :
He did pretend, it was a lie,
He took them each to be a spy.
He told them when he had seen Ben
He would believe them all true men.
Simeon, as hostage did remain,
Till they should come with Ben for grain.
When they returned with cash and grain,
It caused Jacob much grief and pain.
He grieved for Simeon who did stay,
But more for him the ransom pay ;
His soul was wrapped up in the younger ;
To spare him, worse, than die with hunger.
Judah, with eloquence and grace,
Took up the facts throughout the case,
And won—the father of the Jew
Then swore to take Ben safely through.
Jacob, to soothe the great man miffed,
Sent back first money with a gift.
When in due time we understand,
They met the ruler of the land,

The meeting was, as you may guess ;
When Joseph did frankly confess.
The ten in him saw the frail boy,
Whom they had sold for a mere toy.
His kindness to them there, with Ben,
Stands as a beacon light to men ;
It has that ring of filial love ;
Which placed him in the scale above
Those we may find in distant ages ;
In history known, wise men or sages.
Pharaoh then formed or made the plan,
To load the boasts of every man ;
And sent a train of wagons rare,
To safely bring their young ones fair.
He gave a change for each man's loins,
To B—, three hundred silver coins :
Loaded with treasures ten he asses,
With goods suited for all the masses ;
And ten she ones, loaded with wheat,
Were sent to Israel all complete.
The first thing said, when they arrive,
“Your loved son Joseph, is alive ;
He is the ruler of the land ;
We come for thee, at his command.”
He said, “Enough, I now will try,
To see his face before I die.”
We find the children, wives and men,
Of Israel now, three score and ten.

It was arranged they should remain,
On Goshen's rich and fertile plain.
Here, they did thrive and multiply ;
Soon came the time Israël must die.
He told the fortune of each son,
And then, with him, life's work was done.
The life of Israel, like a glass,
Reflects with clearness as we pass ;
Showing the human and divine,
Mixed up in almost ev'ry line.
His native element complete,
Was artful cunning and deceit.
As we advance, we note a change,
Which gave his life a nobler range.
His sons were destined to create
A royal line in church and state.
In Joseph's life we too may find
Rich gems of virtue, strength of mind,
Which is quite hard to duplicate
In any age or any state.
We find that in his early youth,
He did adhere to simple truth.
When he imprisoned the ten spies,
The plan required the use of lies.
The circumstances of this case
Call for a verdict in his grace.
We find in him a man of worth
A Ruler just, of humble birth.

Four hundred years we skip in brief ;
To other Pharaoh, as chief.
Who knew not Joseph, but his kin
Were now in bondage, and the sin
Of Egypt was now made more rife ;
Depriving Hebrew boys of life.
The mode was quite humane in style ;
It was, to drown them in the Nile.
Amran took Jocabed, his aunt
(The union was unique we grant,)
To wife : they had it seems two boys,
Which added largely to their joys.
The elder, Aaron, was all right ;
The second, hid three months from sight.
It seems the law to drown was running ;
The second child was saved through cunning.
The mother thatched an ark of rush ;
And hid it slightly in the brush.
But, Pharaoh's daughter chanced to spy ;
(Perhaps she heard the baby cry,)
She had compassion on the child ;
And spared the life of Moses mild.
His sister hid in a place near,
Addressed the princess without fear ;
" Shall I obtain a nurse for thee ?"
She soon procured the mother free ;
Who gladly nursed the child so fair,
Receiving wages for her care.

We think this was the shrewdest hit
Recorded in the holy writ.
This Moses, taken from the water,
Became the son of Pharaoh's daughter.
He had great wealth, and learning too ;
And was a prince both wise and true.
When he was forty years of age,
We find him acting on life's stage ;
He slew a native of the land,
And hid his body in the sand.
To Midian, next, he fled for life,
Where he took Zipporah to wife.
In Horeb with his flocks one day,
He saw a sight, not far away ;
A flame of fire came from a bush,
The brave man for it made a push.
But he was halted : " Off thy shoes,
I come to bring you glorious news ;
The Israelites in bondage vile,
Must be delivered in good style ;
You are my agent in the case,
Therefore, to Egypt turn thy face ;
Say to the king, ' Now let them go '
He will not do it, that I know ;
For I will harden Pharaoh's heart,
And he will curse me at the start.
With Aaron as your spokesman chief,
I will bring Pharaoh down to grief.

Will send ten plagues upon the land ;
Bring Israel out with a strong hand.
I'll have my people borrow too,
And never pay them back a sou.”
Moses then went with rod in hand ;
To Egypt, his own native land.
The Israelites found no relief ;
But, through his mission, came to grief ;
Their burdens greater were, and more,
Than they had ever been before.
If you would know all of this fuss,
Please read the book of Exodus.
Our limits won't permit us here,
To give all facts as they appear.
When Egypt's first-born were all slain,
The Hebrews did not long remain ;
But Pharaoh gave consent, you know,
To let the Israelites all go.
When they were fairly on their way,
He followed them ; we think next day ;
With chariots, and horsemen fine,
He overtook the Hebrew line.
The way of march was east, you see,
Which brought them to the wide Red sea.
But Moses smote the waters nigh,
Which opened, and they passed through dry :
The waters on each side then stood
Like walls of metal, or of wood.

Pharaoh and army with their guide,
Followed with pomp and martial pride.
When Israel reached Arabian shore,
Their proud pursuers were no more ;
The waters closed upon them all,
And drowned them there, when they did fall.
The lesson taught we can't discard—
The way of the transgressor's hard.
Ascending high the song of praise,
The host of Israel now raise.
True, they were in a desert land,
But led by an unerring hand :
If any felt thirsty or dry,
They only had to Moses cry,
For, when he smote the granite rock ;
Waters came forth for all the flock.
If any wanted a fresh bite,
Ten thousand quails would on them light.
Their staple, on this desert waste,
Was manna—a sweet wholesome paste ;
Their shoes and clothing, we are told,
For forty years did not grow old.
With all this providence—don't laugh—
They clamored for a golden calf.
Some did but little but to jaw,
While Moses wrote the moral law.
Some, thought they were in a worse fix,
Than when in Egypt making bricks.

By means of sin we understand,
They could not enter promised land ;
With one exception, 'twas their lot
To die, and on the desert rot.
Moses was not exempt, but he
From Pisgah's top, the land could see.
They smote the natives hip and thigh.
As they passed through the towns hard by.
Moses, on Pisgah's lofty top,
There let his mortal being drop.
Where his remains are stored away,
We think, is not known to this day.
Blessings obtained at any cost,
Are seldom prized till they are lost.
This ignorant and sinful crew,
The worth of Moses never knew ;
When he was gone, it was too late
His zeal and worth to estimate :
Well they might mourn for thirty days,
In sorrow retrospect his ways.
He filled for forty years a station
Replete with value to this nation ;
He gave them laws so just and great,
They were a boon to any state
We think that we may safely say,
Three thousand years have passed away,
Since Moses on Mount Pisgah stood ;
His labors live and still are good.

There is a higher law, above
The law of Moses—'tis of love :
Fit for earth's heterogeneous mass,
And will apply to every class.
Next, there arose a mighty one,
One Joshua, the son of Nun.
He sent to Jericho two spies,
Their lives were saved, by Rahab's lies
This harlot, living on the wall,
Had business in her—that was all.
They safely return to recount,
By hiding three days in a mount.
From Shittim, Israel marched in line,
To Jericho, a city fine :
The Jordan river came between,
As by the map is plainly seen.
The order came what they must do,
It was, on dry land to march through.
Twelve stones, taken from Jordan's bed,
Stand a memorial, it is said.
Soon on the western bank they stand,
They now were in the promised land.
But, to possess it must come strife,
Must be a fearful loss of life.
The first to suffer as they go,
Was the walled city, Jericho.
When they approach the city near,
They made a halt—the attack queer,

Was simply marching round each day,
From ram's horns music they did play.
They so continued seven days,
(A mode quite unlike martial ways,)
The last day, seven full rounds they made ;
The seventh closed ; the band then played.
Soon as the ram's horn tune was out,
The troops were ordered all to shout ;
To the astonishment of all,
The walls of Jericho did fall.
All having life were slain within,
Except Miss Rahab and her kin ;
She was rewarded for her lying,
Which saved her family from dying.
There was a feature in this war,
That men of feeling now abhor ;
The order was, kill " great and small
Of all that wet against the wall."
This killing of the women too,
A modern warrior must not do ;
He must not of his foes, steal cash,
His goods, or stock, or even trash.
Progression is a law, we find,
Which elevates all human kind.
We cannot here enumerate
The sufferings of each heathen state
Which lived in ancient Palestine,
When Joshua led the Hebrew line.

Of Joshua, here, we would remark,
He abhorred fighting in the dark ;
That he could have good light to kill,
He made the sun and moon stand still.
The five great kings, their lives to save,
Hid in a damp and dismal cave.
After their people were all slain,
No longer did they there remain ;
They were brought forth, abused, you see,
And then all hung upon a tree.
Then seven other kings he took,
Whose names are written in his book ;
Their subjects, we conclude, were slain,
Since none were suffered to remain.
In short, thirty-one kings he slew ;
Assisted by his valiant crew ;
His orders were, we understand ;
To thoroughly clean out this land.
Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, three,
To each, God promised it you see.
While the command was very plain,
That no old settlers should remain,
Some heathen people were not killed,
With which, old Palestine was filled ;
The Philistines, and several 'ites
Were left to test Israel's rites.
Their office, like mosquitoes small,
To try the patience of us all.

The after hist'ry shows they win,
By causing Israelites to sin.
The object was, in the great plan,
To bring perfection out of man.
To perform this, the moral code
Was given, quite prolix in mode ;
It proved a failure in the end,
All must agree, who truth defend.
We base our own peculiar views,
Upon the lives of ancient Jews ;
They fell far short of the great plan,
As there was not a perfect man.
But to return : Joshua's command
Divided up the heathen land.
'Tis said to be a land, you know,
That doth with milk and honey flow.
Joshua, with age one hundred ten,
Left his command to other men.
The tribes mix up with heathen race,
We find, when we their hist'ry trace.
For forty years they found full rest,
Although they failed to stand the test.
By Moab's king, as it appears,
They were enslaved for eighteen years ;
When Ehud, with a dagger sly,
Smote the fat king, and he did die.
He did perform the job complete,
Though carried out through vile deceit.

Ehud next raised an army when,
Of Moab, slew ten thousand men.
This gave the Israelites a rest,
For four score years, they were well blessed.
Still, Israel sinned again, we've read,
After their chief Ehud was dead.
Deborah, a prophetess, arose ;
Who made her mark upon their foes.
She sent for Captain Barak, when
They raised at once ten thousand men.
They fell upon Sisera's van,
And strange to say, killed every man.
Sisera fled, (so runs the tale,)
But Jael smote him with a nail.
This vict'ry caused Deb'rah to raise,
With Barak, a loud song of praise.
"Blessed above women her so frail,
Who slew the captain with a nail."
After this vict'ry, it appears,
They had full rest for forty years.
Because of sin, the Hebrew clan
Seven years were ruled by Midian.
Gideon, a thresher, then arose,
To thresh the Midianites, his foes ;
He did not think his mission full ;
Till he had tested wet-dry wool.
He raised thirty-two thousand men ;
Of these were wanted only ten.

Ten thousand drank ; three hundred lap :
Gideon with these did Midian trap.
The Midianites and Amalekites thick ;
Lay in a valley by a creek.
Like grasshoppers their host did slumber ;
Their camels too, were without number.
This host was taken by surprise ;
As soon as they opened their eyes
They went to slaying one another,
Their neighbor, or perchance their brother.
In great confusion, fled like fun ;
So Gideon the vict'ry won.
The princes who refused him bread
Lost army six score thousand dead.
And Penuel too, that wicked town,
He slew its men, the town beat down.
Gideon, had gained so much renown ;
The people offered him a crown.
This, he refused ; but said you may,
Give me the earnings of your prey.
The weight of gold we here would say,
Did seventeen hundred shekels weigh ;
Besides collars and raiment fine,
And chains for camels' necks in line.
With gold, he made an ephod rare,
Which afterwards became a snare.
When Gideon was beneath the sod,
They made Baal-berith their god.

Abimelech aspired to reign ;
Of brethren, seventy were slain ;
All save Jotham, who made a breeze,
By his great parable of trees.
Abimelech, (perhaps a fault,)
Took Shechem and sowed it with salt ;
He slew the men that very hour,
With refugees within the tower.
He next took Thebes, a small town ;
And tried to burn its tower down.
A woman cast stone on his head,
And so this wicked judge was dead.
After this several arose,
To judge the people, but they chose
To worship heathen gods all mean,
For which they suffer, as is seen,
Until Jephthah, a harlot's son,
Made a firm vow, if vict'ry won :
"The first of his when he return,
To meet him, should as off'ring burn."
He went forth, we see by the book ;
A score of Ammon's cities took :
The first of his that came to meet,
Was only daughter, ran to greet,
With timbrel and with dances wild.
He met his only lovely child ;
He rent his clothes and told her now,
The substance of his former vow.

She said, "Let me for two months stay,
Upon the mountains far away :
After that time, my bitter cup
I will accept ; offer me up.
Father, I realize just now,
The nature of your late made vow.
Result to either not desired,
But, at the time you were inspired.
Let it by none be once inferred,
That Jephthah goes back on his word ;
But perform fully on your part,
By offering up my virgin heart ;
Two months with my fellows I'll be,
Mourning my own virginity.
After I have ended the wail,
I then will return without fail."
All readers will conclude, we trow,
It was a wise, or, foolish vow.
If any should by inspiration,
Do the same thing, in any nation,
All would with bitterness complain,
And say, "the fellow was insane."
About the close of Jephthah's life,
With Ephraim there was war, or strife ;
Of Ephraim it is known full well,
Forty-two thousand of them fell.
They were all of them in the class
Who pronounced wrong, at Jordan's pass.

Next, Abzan judged for seven years ;
He left his three score heirs in tears.
Next, Elon on the bench we find,
Ten years—he left none of his kind.
Then Abdon, had of sons and lasses ;
Three score and ten mounted on asses ;
And, from the record it appears,
He judged Israel for just eight years.
Through sin, for the next forty years,
They were ruled by Philistine spears.
About this time, Samson arose.
Who first began to smite his foes.
The first great error of his life,
Was, of his foes, taking a wife.
When he went courting on a day,
He met a lion in his way ;
And, this is just the thing he did,
He rent his jaws, as if a kid.
Next when he went to take his bride,
He at the carcass turned aside.
A swarm of bees had took possession,
Were working hard at their profession.
He put his hand forth, and he wrung
A piece of comb, and was not stung.
It was the custom in the East,
For every groom to make a feast.
It seems Samson had thirty guests ;
Who came doubtless, through bride's requests.

He now proposed to them a bet
Of thirty sheets and garments nett ;
The proposition seemed quite fair,
They had the time, seven days, to spare.
The riddle he them gave was this :
(If we in mem'ry do not miss)
“ Out of the eater came forth meat,
Out of the strong there came forth sweet.”
The seventh day, these guests decide
To have her aid, or burn the bride.
She went to Samson then in tears,
As she was filled with fright and fears.
“ If you love me, you will do well,
At once this riddle to me tell.”
He told her, and, on the same day,
She gave the entire thing away.
“ Had you not with my heifer plowed,
My riddle you could not avowed.”
He went at once to Askelon, when
'Tis said he slew just thirty men ;
He took the clothing of this set ;
Like men of honor, paid his bet.
He left his wife with a kind friend,
And went away some time to spend ;
When he returned, with a fat kid
For her, the father did forbid
That he should go and see her face,
But take her sister in her place.

The friend in whom he did confide,
Had taken to himself the bride.
He then was mad as he could be,
And took revenge, as we shall see.
Three hundred foxes, then at hand,
He coupled with a large firebrand
And sent them through the ripe wheat land.
The flames spread with a gentle breeze,
And burnt the wheat, the vines, and trees.
The wife and father, now in turn,
By the Philistines had to burn.
He smote them then, both hip and thigh,
And in this slaughter, scores did die.
It seems this war against one man,
In earnest had now just began ;
Three thousand Jews (Philistia's wards),
Bound Samson with two strong new cords.
As Philistines bore him away ;
One thousand of them he did slay :
He found the jaw-bone of an ass,
And pitched into the heathen mass.
Samson is next at Gaza seen,
His consort was a harlot mean.
Philistines thought it was an hour
In which, they had him in their power.
At midnight, he escaped the hosts,
By carrying off the gate and posts.
Samson is next in Sorek seen,

Making love to one Delilah mean.
We call her mean, she was a tool,
And made of Samson quite a fool.
After enticement of great length,
He did reveal his seat of strength.
At first, he put her off with lies ;
But when she won, he lost his eyes.
In Gaza's prison now, alas !
He lay in fetters made of brass.
Samson was brought (the records say)
Forth, on a certain festive day,
That he might make them joy and sport ;
Was brought within their temple court :
At length he asked to have his hand,
Laid on the posts the house did stand ;
They yielded to his mild request,
But soon his scheme was manifest ;
The blind man's plan was rather rash,
To bring the house down with a crash.
At this his death, he killed far more
Than he had ever slain before.
From the old record it appears,
He judged Israel twenty years.
During the time he held his station,
He was the back-bone of the nation ;
Diff'ring from others, every where ;
Strength, not in muscle, but in hair,
His wondrous gift did Israel share.

His life was an enigma sure,
In many things he was impure.
He broke the law in choice of wife,
(The first grand error of his life ;)
Betting, an act it is quite true,
That all good men refuse to do.
To meet an illegal demand
Thirty must suffer in the land.
The moral we may draw from all,
Large crimes grow, from a sin quite small.
In every act, be just and pure ;
On this foundation all are sure.
Micah was, it seems, a favorite son,
Much silver of his mother won.
A founder, skilled in his own trade,
For Micah, a fine image made.
In short, his house was full of trash ;
Which cost him a large sum in cash.
It was the fashion in the east,
For men of wealth to have a priest.
This fashion is in vogue, they say
With many wealthy men to-day.
As Israel was then without kings,
The government was run by rings ;
What e'er was pleasing in their sight,
They did perform, and called it right.
When Micah first with gods begun,
He had a priest in his own son :

Till he found one seeking a place,
One of the legal priestly race.
The priest thought sure that he was sent ;
And Micah too, was quite content.
The Danites now had discontent ;
Five men by them as spies were sent ;
They called on Micah by the way,
And stayed all night with him, they say.
They inspected Laish, and Zidon too ;
Soon came in strength to put them through.
Their strength was six hundred in line ;
Equipped with swords, and spears so fine.
They called on Micah first, we see,
And stole his priest, and jewelry.
This caused the priest at first to wonder,
He soon rejoiced at their queer blunder.
After they left for a short space
Micah with neighbors made a chase ;
The Danites say, "What aileth thee,
That you should cut up such a spree ?
Be silent, or we'll take thy life,
Destroy thy household, and thy wife."
Micah, as he in force was weak,
Returned to his robbed house quite meek.
They then took Laish, their desire ;
Killed all, and set the town on fire.
In short, they had it their own way,
As might does at the present day.

Now we will turn our eyes from Dan,
And put them on a certain man ;
A Levite, we do not adore.
His concubine was a fast goer.
When she had run four months as fast,
He sought her in a social cast.
They made up, in a friendly way ;
And stayed with sire till the fifth day.
They left—and first at Gibeah,
A town of Benjamin, they say :
When they were seated in the street,
None gave them welcome, or did greet ;
Until an old man, Ephramite,
Beheld them in the pale twilight,
He said to them, “ Pray let me know
Where you came from and where you go ? ”
“ I came from the Mount Ephrim, I
Have been, to Bethlehem—Judah nigh.
Here am I, sir, as you can see ;
Because no man receiveth me.
I have enough for mine and beast,
There is no lack, not in the least.”
The old man said, “ Peace be with thee ;
Let all thy wants lie upon me.”
He took him in, as his own guest,
The Ben'ites gave them here no rest.
Now comes a record the most mean,
That any reader e'er hath seen.

These sons of Belial cry and shout
To the old man to bring him out.
He tried with them to make a truce,
Giving the women for their use.
The stranger then his mistress gave,
To be their consort and their slave.
The old man's daughter did escape,
The other met with deadly rape.
They did abuse her to their fill,
She was found dead on the door-sill.
The next morning these travellers pass,
The dead woman upon an ass.
When safe at home, he took a knife,
And cut the body without life.
Then sent the pieces, twelve in all,
Through all the coasts, the carriers call.
The people rose up as one man ;
E'en the remotest, unto Dan.
Four hundred thousand with swords bright
Came out the sons of Ben to fight.
They marched on Gibeah by lot,
To slay those sinners on the spot.
Twenty-six thousand Benites strong ;
Were raised, to uphold the great wrong,
To these, add seven hundred more,
Of slingers, (one was worth a score,)
The result of the first day's fight,
Was much against the cause of right.

Twenty-two thousand did remain,
Of Israel's men, among the slain.
The second day, laid in their gore ;
Were found just eighteen thousand more.
The third day, Benjamin, through flight,
Was cut up badly before night.
Twenty-five thousand, all complete,
Were killed, their cities melt with heat.
Men, women, children, all were slain,
Also their stock upon the plain.
Six hundred left, of the male stock,
Just four months hid, in Rimmon's rock.
The men of Israel, in this strife,
Swore they would not give Ben a wife.
The camp of Jabesh-gilead, fair,
Failed to report, in this affair ;
So Israel chose twelve thousand men
To go and smite this camp, and then
Save only virgins pure in life,
These give to Benjamin to wife.
Four hundred would not fill the bill,
Two hundred single, were left still.
These were permitted, at a feast,
To take a bride, without a priest.
This plan, 'tis said, worked like a charm ;
Each stole a wife without much harm.
The sequel was, they all returned
To Gibeah, their city burned.

Dear reader, pause, and plainly see,
The full result and misery,
Produced, by brutal act and strife,
Depriving concubine of life.
Of Israel, and of Benjamin,
There fell sixty-five thousand men,
The loss of children did exceed
The loss of males—with wives they need.
The Israelites, in this sad strife
Of Benjamin, they killed each wife.
All of the Jabesh camp were slain,
Except the virgins, they remain.
One hundred thousand, less or more,
Of children were laid in their gore.
The gen'ral features of this war,
From moral stand-point, we abhor;
The moral bearing of this fight
Is more of shade, than of the light.
Most we can see in this sad strife,
Is theft, with fearful loss of life.
If we ponder this period o'er,
Its lack of morals we deplore.
With all the facts that we may gain,
One thing to us must seem quite plain.
Mankind have now in their possession,
A principle, showing progression.
When we review man's moral tone,
Though still a pigmy—*he has grown.*

A famine came, we understand,
While judges ruled the Hebrew land.
An Ephrathite, the fam'ly four,
Removed to Moab's plenteous shore,
As Moab had plenty of grain ;
For ten years, there they did remain.
During this time the males all died,
Elimelech, and sons beside.
The sons were tired of single life,
So both in Moab took a wife.
Of all this family so fair,
Three widows only were left there.
Naomi, the oldest, we have read,
Addressed the younger, this she said :
"Return now, daughters, to your place,
Where you will no more see my face."
She kissed them—with loud voice they cried,
"We will return with thee, with pride."
Naomi quotes her barren state ;
If otherwise, they long must wait.
Orpah did then at once depart,
When Ruth, opened her constant heart ;
"Entreat me not, for I will go ;
I cannot part with thee, I know.
Where'er thou goest, so will I,
Nothing shall part us till we die."
They went to Bethlehem to stay,
Where they arrived, we think in May.

The first day's work of Ruth is seen,
In barley fields, the heads to glean.
She chanced to go in Boaz' field,
Her labors here made a good yield.
But, to her joy, and great surprise,
She found great favor in his eyes.
He said, "Go not into another ;
I am a kinsman of your mother.
Here with my maidens in this one,
Stay, till the harvest is all done."
The joy to her of this first meeting,
The friendly spirit of his greeting,
Caused her upon her face to fall,
Which shows her modesty to all.
"Let me find favor in thy sight,
I'll strive to show you I am right."
This foreign maid, before forlorn,
Ate with the reapers, bread and corn.
And after dinner it was seen,
That she went forth, the field to glean.
(Men were commanded by their lord,
To careless reap, for her reward.)
The result of her first day's beat,
Was just one ephah of fine wheat.
She went to mother right away,
Gave her a hist'ry of the day.
Naomi gave her daughter Ruth,
His pedigree, it was the truth.

With him to flirt, would be no sin ;
As he was nearest of her kin.
“Boaz,” she said, “is down to thresh ;”
Now go for him, do not be rash ;
I’ll tell thee, daughter, what to do,
And trust you will approve my view.
Wash, and anoint thyself with oil ;
Put on thy raiment, free from soil ;
When he’s through drinking, then draw nigh ;
And note the place, where he doth lie.
Then, in your costume, clean and neat ;
Remove the cover, from his feet.
If you will carry this out true,
Boaz will tell thee what to do.”
So Ruth went down unto the floor,
Did what Naomi said ; no more,
When he lay down after his feast ;
He was quite merry, say the least.
Ruth came unto him rather sly,
Under his cover she did lie.
At midnight he addressed the maid,
(He had awoke and was afraid ;)
Who art thou ? was the question meet,
Addressed the maiden at his feet.
I am Ruth, thy kinsman near,
Spread thy skirt o’er me, do not fear.
He said I will meet thy desire,
Still, there’s another kinsman nigher.

The wish thou dost to me unfurl,
Comes from a good and virtuous girl :
Tarry to-night, it shall be well :
Thy wish, I will the nearest tell ;
If he refuse to do his part,
I then will press thee to my heart.”
So she lay down till morning light,
And then did softly take her flight.
In her large veil, without much parley,
He rolled up six measures of barley.
She took the gift, as we have read,
And straightway to her mother fled :
Then gave the facts, just as they were,
“Of all the man had done to her.”
Naomi was much pleased, no doubt,
The way her mission had turned out :
“Sit still, my daughter, that is all,
Till thou know how the matter fall ;
Boaz will take no rest to-day,
But test your case without delay.”
As soon as Boaz did arise,
He went, as Naomi did surmise ;
He saw the nearest kinsman, then
Called out the elders, only ten.
“I will,” said nearest, “take the land,
Cannot accept the widow’s hand.”
So from his foot at once he drew,
And to Boaz he gave his shoe.

Then Boaz to the elders said :
“I take the place of my kin dead ;
Will now redeem all of his land,
And will accept his widow’s hand.”
He straightway took Ruth for his wife ;
They led a peaceful, happy life ;
Their union was blest with a son,
(The record only gives them one :)
Was nourished by Naomi’s hand,
And trained by her unerring hand.
His name was Obed ; (serving God,)
Whose seed, in kingly courts have trod.
If you would for the line inquire,
He begat Jesse, David’s sire.
David, you know, was Israel’s king,
A famous warrior, and could sing.
All men of note in their own time,
Must be presented in our rhyme.
We will return to former day
Of Ephraim, present Elkanah.
Performing legal rites was rare ;
Of wives, he had a single pair.
Peninnah was a fruitful vine,
Hannah was on the barren line.
She had her lord’s affections won,
But still she prayed to have a son.
When she was at the yearly feast,
She was accused, by the great priest,

Of being drunk, when in despair,
She was engaged in silent prayer.
Said Eli unto her, "How long,
Wilt thou be drunken? It is wrong."
"I am not drunk," she meekly said;
"But, am engaged in prayer, instead.
A woman, in deep sorrow now,
I have just made a solemn vow.
If I may be a fruitful wife,
My son I'll dedicate for life."
The priest replied, "In peace, now go,
As you desire, may it be so."
Hannah arose, was pleased and glad,
Her countenance was no more sad.
Hannah went home, it seems, with joy,
In due time had her asked-for boy.
Samuel (asked for) was his name,
One destined to attain great fame.
When he was old enough to wean,
Before Eli they both were seen.
Husband, and wife, with one accord,
Dedicate their son to the Lord.
Hannah in song her voice did raise,
Unto the Lord, with thanks and praise.
To Elkanah, three sons she bore;
Besides the one, asked for before.
Also her daughters, just a pair;
Were model women, wise and fair.

Hannah came yearly to the feast ;
She brought a coat for the young priest.
Eli, it seems was a good man ;
While evil blood in his sons ran.
They stole, 'tis said, all that they could,
Of off'rings, which they thought were good.
The women, at the temple door,
Were all insulted, less or more.
Eli rebuked them for their sin,
But all in vain, he could not win.
The lesson taught us in this case,
Should prove a blessing to our race :
Each parent should, in early youth,
Inculcate love of justice, truth.
They should, in short, make sons obey ;
And from all evil turn away.
Many are like priest Eli, mild ;
They spare the rod, and spoil the child.
One thing we learn from observation,
That the good men, of every nation,
Date good impression to the child,
As taught by loving mother, mild.
But, to return with due precision,
The young priest had, one night, a vision.
He heard some person call his name,
When, he at once to Eli came.
"Here am I, for thou callest me,"
"I called thee not—what can it be?"

When Samuel did lie down again,
His name was called once more so plain;
“Here am I; for thou didst call me.”
“Lay down, my son.” What can this be?
For the third time he heard his name,
When he again to Eli came.
Eli perceived, and understood,
That he was called by spirit good;
And posted him, in his reply
To say to spirit, “Here am I.”
When Samuel had lain down once more,
His name was called twice, as before,
Like honest boy, who nothing feareth,
“Speak, Lord, for *now* thy servant heareth.”
The spirit told him all in fine,
What should befall the Eli line;
His sons as priests should not remain,
And more, that they would all be slain.
When, in the morning, filled with fear,
He unto Eli did draw near,
“Samuel, my son, what is the thing
The spirit did unto thee bring?
Don’t hide from me a single bit,
But tell me all, yea, every whit.”
He told him all as there he stood.
Eli replied, “The Lord is good.”
Here in this hist’ry stick a pin,
We find a young boy who did win.

These elements in early youth,
Were, purity and love of truth.
Such make the men we highly prize,
While the reverse, we all despise.
Samuel was good, was just and sound ;
"None of his words fell to the ground."
Throughout the length of Israel's land,
His fame as prophet long must stand.
Throughout the ages, on the earth,
All good men will esteem his worth.
Through his long life, as in his youth,
He was devoted to the truth.
Israel had with much meekness bore,
For years Philistia's yoke, though sore.
Now they some preparations make,
If possible, their rule to break.
At Ebenezer first they try,
Where four thousand of Israel die.
The next they now, we here remark,
They sent to Shiloh for the ark ;
When it arrived, they shouted, sang,
With joy supreme the whole camp rang.
The Philistine host was filled with fear,
They soon mix with it courage, cheer.
In the next fight they did do well ;
Of Israel, thirty thousand fell.
The ark they also took, we note,
And Eli's sons (the priests) they smote.

A man of Benjamin was sent,
With dirty head, and garments rent,
To tell Eli, now dim of sight,
The result of the last day's fight.
He bore the death of sons, but mark,
For when informed about the ark,
He fell backward, off from his seat,
He broke his neck—died in the street.
His son's wife too, this news a thud,
Killed her, as she had I-chabod.
The Philistines took the ark of God,
From Ebenezer to Ashdod.
They set it up, in Dagon's court,
Where the next day was seen some sport.
Dagon had fallen on his face;
But they returned him to his place.
The morrow, Dagon they behold,
Lying upon the door threshold.
He was now in a woful trim,
The finny part was left of him.
The lords in council, that day met,
To Gath they sent the Hebrew pet.
The men now had, by fits and starts,
Emerods in their secret parts
The ark was next to Ekron sent,
With it, the same disorder went.
When much of their people were slain,
They did not wish it to remain.

Seven months rolled on with death and grief ;
They called their priests, to give relief.

“ Shall we this ark retain or no ?

We hate to be tormented so.”

“ If you return it, and would mend,
With it an off’ring also send.”

“ What trespass offering shall we give,
Since we are anxious still to live ?”

“ Five golden emerods, the same,
Of golden mice, our gods of fame,
Send these with ark, on a new cart,
Drawn by two cows, unbroken, smart.”

They soon put all in fine array,

And sent the whole in cart away.

This stricken wicked heathen nation,

Made now an off’ring and oblation.

It does seem strange or rather odd.

That they should try an unknown god.

They were afflicted, deep and sore,

And must do something, to restore

Their safety, from a bad complaint ;

As hypocrites, they played the saint.

They tried it, as experiment,

Though doubtful if they did repent.

Fifty thousand three score and ten

Were slain, one day among the men.

Because they did in the ark peep ;

This slaughter made the people weep.

For twenty years the ark was still
With Abinadab, upon the hill.
About this time (it was a wonder),
The Philistines were smote with thunder,
While Israel pressed them in the fray,
And with great slaughter won the day.
Israel, soon as the fight was done,
In Ebenezer raised a stone.
While Samuel judged Israel through life,
Philistines were in constant strife.
When he was old, through his own grace,
His sons judged Israel in his place ;
They walked not in their father's ways,
Perverting judgment, in those days.
The fruits of their bad conduct bring
The elders, to request a king.
This displeased Samuel, they say,
It caused him then and there to pray.
The Lord said, "They've rejected me :
Have not at all rejected thee ?"
Samuel then, in prophetic style,
Presented their king's actions vile.
"We will now have a king o'er us."
He granted it, to save a fuss.
There was a man of Benjamin,
Whose son the crown was soon to win.
Saul, the son of Kish, was tall ;
To him the sceptre was to fall.

One morning Kish said to his son,
"Take now thy servant, only one,
And go among the tribes and masses,
To find, if you can, our lost asses."
They traveled long in towns hard by,
But not a single stray could spy;
Saul thought to return now was best,
When humbly his man did suggest,
"In this town lives a godly man,
He can inform us, where they ran."
Saul said to him, "We have no bread,
In cash, have not 'a single red'."
The man said, "One-fourth shekel I
Will give to him, then let us try."
At length, Saul did consent to go
And see how much the seer did know.
The maidens whom they chanced to meet
Told them to hasten up the street
And meet him, e'er he did arise
To offer up the sacrifice.
When they unto the city came,
They met the seer, the man of fame;
Saul said, "Pray show me the seer's place,
I wish to meet him face to face."
Samuel said, "I am the seer;
Go up with me; you need not fear.
Eat thou with me to-day and morrow,
As for the asses have no sorrow.

Three days ago, they were all found,
And are at home, both safe and sound."
Samuel, knowing well God's plan,
Addressed still further this young man.
"Saul, give attention unto me,
Israel's desire, now rests on thee."
Saul said, with wonder at this call,
"My tribe and family are small."
Seer took him "to the parlor small,
Where thirty guests were found in all.
The cook, when Saul was in his seat,
Gave him a shoulder trimmed to eat."
What else he ate we cannot say,
Only, with seer he dined that day.
Early next morning on house top,
They communed briefly, then did stop,
When they were passing down the street,
The servant, passed ahead quite fleet,
Seer took a vial, from a thing,
And there anointed Saul as king.
He gave him, in prophetic style,
What would occur in a short while.
"When all these signs have come to thee,
Go down to Gilgal and meet me."
All that the prophet said proved true,
Things he commanded, Saul did do.
Saul became then a diff'rent man,
And was one of the prophet's clan.

Seer called the people out one day,
And met them at the town, Mispeh.
He told them plainly at this time,
Asking a king was their great crime.
He caused the tribes to all appear,
And Benjamin, to come quite near,
It seems that during this parade,
That Saul was certainly afraid.
Saul now was missing, sure enough,
“He hath hid himself ’mong the stuff.”
But when they found the missing Saul,
He was a head taller than all.
Seer said, “Behold your choice in ring!”
The people said, “God save the king.”
Then Samuel sent them away,
Each man to his own house that day.
But Saul to Gibeah returned,
With him a band whose hearts had burned.
The sons of Belial, ’tis said,
Despised Saul, and brought him no bread.
“How shall this man save us?” they say.
(You know it is the same to-day,
There always is, a certain ring
That will oppose in ev’ry thing.)
But Saul was soon to prove his skill,
And thousands of vile Ammon kill.
Nahash, the Ammonite, one day,
In camp by Jabesh-gilead lay.

The Gileadites said to Nahash free,
“Now save our lives, we will serve thee.”
“I will agree, if each will give
Me their right eye—then all may live;
The reason I your eyes encroach,
To lay on Israel a reproach.”
A respite of seven days was made,
The case before Israel was laid.
A messenger at once did call
At Gibeah, and there told Saul.
As he came from the herd of sheep,
He saw the people mourn and weep;
“What aileth thee, that thou dost cry?”
The tale was told of Jabesh nigh,
His anger was so very great,
He killed an ox, and then his mate;
He cut them up in pieces small,
And sent them 'round as a war call.
This was the message sent by Saul:
“Those that refuse to come shall fall.”
Three hundred thirty thousand men,
Reported to him there and then.
The next day in companies three,
He gained o'er Ammon victory.
Samuel the hosts to Gilgal bring,
There reanointed Saul as king.
He preached to them his last farewell,
And plainly did their evils tell.

The people did, we say in brief,
Promise to turn o'er a new leaf.
The next battle of note was won
By Jonathan, Saul's oldest son ;
The garrison he smote, they say,
Was of Philista, in Geba.
This caused them, as the records state,
To raise an army very great.
Thirty thousand chariots fine,
Six thousand horsemen in the line :
Beside a multitude, we see,
Equal to sands upon the sea.
When Israel saw this great display,
Their courage failed, the records say ;
They were distressed, they hid in pits,
In caves, and scared out of their wits.
Saul, it seems, was in Gilgal then,
With a few weak and trembling men ;
He tarried seven days, the time
When he committed a great crime.
His men were leaving very fast,
He called for offerings at last ;
He thought there was no harm, at least,
If he should act the part of priest.
When he had the last off'ring burned,
Samuel just then, 'tis said, returned.
He said to Saul : " What hast thou done ?"
Saul said, " I've burnt an off'ring, one."

Seer said, "You've done a foolish thing ;
This seals your fate, you are not king :
Soon one will rise to take your part,
A man after the Lord's own heart."
The Philistines were without fears,
As Israel now were without spears ;
Saul and Jonathan had a sword,
The rest could nothing sharp afford.
Philistia erred in this, their course,
In raising then so large a force
To come against a foe so weak,
Having no arms, of which to speak.
It seems that Jonathan and man
Went up one day, and met the van ;
They slew twenty for their first share,
On just one-half an acre square.
We find now, that these heathens shake ;
In fact, there was a slight earthquake.
While Saul and men were at their post,
They heard a noise in Philistia's host ;
Call now the roll, soon as you can.
Jonathan was absent, and his man.
Philistia, in their fear and fright,
Against each other then did fight.
It was equal to one, you know,
The battle of old Jericho.
The traitors in Philistia's camps,
Began to kill the heathen scamps.

At this stage Saul and man turned in,
The way they slew them was a sin ;
Even the cowards who were hid
Had courage, and the same thing did.
It seems that Saul cursed ev'ry man
That aught did eat, in the whole clan.
Jonathan, his son, some honey lapped,
Through ignorance was thus entrapped ;
Whether this morsel helped him fight,
It surely gave to his eyes light.
Jon'than said then, "Had we all eat
Our vict'ry would have been complete."
The victors slew sheep of the spoil,
And ate at once, steak without broil.
This thing displeased the pious Saul,
And he required an ox of all ;
He built an altar there, 'tis said,
And offered on it, for each head.
Saul said, "Let us go down to-night
And kill them all before daylight."
No orders came to go, 'tis said,
So we presume they went to bed.
The next day they enquire again ;
Still their enquiring was in vain.
The next day they all cast a lot,
The people were found guilty not ;
When Saul and Jonathan did try,
The son was guilty, he must die.

The people vetoed this decree ;
Jon'than was saved, as you will see.
No doubt the masses thought it right,
Since he was perfect in their sight.
Remember Jonathan with one,
Had a decisive vict'ry won.
No doubt chariots, and horseman thick,
Tried to escape by double quick.
Numberless multitudes that day,
By various means, melted away.
In diff'rent ways, the Lord had slain
Those heathen men, but few remain.
The Lord preferred through agents two,
To start the fray, and then pursue ;
When others came into the fight,
Who killed Philistines till the night.
The weapons used, we cannot tell ;
One thing we know, they did work well.
A favorite weapon shepherds bring,
Were round smooth pebbles and a sling.
Saul's enemies were on each side,
He took the field in martial pride.
He fought Moab, and Ammon too,
The kings of Zobah he put through.
Philistines now were oft perplexed,
When Saul turned to them they were vexed,
Still they kept up a constant fight,
As long as he to rule had right.

Samuel, now old and filled with years,
Once more upon the stage appears.
He said to Saul, "Now understand,
I have for you the Lord's command :
"Go smite Amalek over there,
All having life, you must not spare."
Saul took two hundred thousand men,
(Besides of Judah he took ten,)
With these he smote Amalek's wing,
But took alive Agag their king.
He saved alive all of their sheep,
With the best cattle he did keep,
He saved alive the best of all,
And slew imperfect and the small.
When Samuel knew about this thing,
He went in sorrow to the king.
He said, when he had come quite near,
"What is this bleating which I hear?
The whole now Saul I understand,
You failed to do the Lord's command."
Saul said the people saved the fair ;
To make an off'ring fine and rare.
Said he, "I've sinned, it was their choice,
I listened to the people's voice."
Seer said to Saul ; "You've sealed your fate,
You can no longer rule the state ;
Obedience alone will win,
Your disobedience was a sin."

Seer said to Saul, "Before me bring
Your pris'ner saved, Agag the king."
Then Samuel hewed Agag to pieces,
With this his visits to Saul ceases.
Seer mourned some time, 'tis said, for Saul,
Then he received a special call.
He went to Jesse's house one day,
Son's pass before him in array.
Jesse had seven sons in all;
The most of them were fair and tall.
David, the youngest, was away
Attending sheep, upon this day.
Samuel straightway sent for him.
Quite fair in countenance and slim
Was he who just came from his toil;
The seer anointed him with oil.
A good spirit on David fell,
An evil one with Saul did dwell.
Saul's servants saw, as he did revel,
That he was possessed of the devil.
Then they besought him they might bring
Some one to play before the king.
The plan at length was fixed upon;
To send for David, Jesse's son.
Jesse 'tis said, loaded, an ass
With bread, a kid and wine to pass.
Thus David came to Saul and stood,
He loved the youth, as he was good.

Saul sent to Jesse and did pray,
That he would let the young man stay.
The Philistines gathered a host,
At Shochoh in their camp to boast.
The men of Israel also stood
On a mount opposite, in wood ;
The vale of Elah could be seen
Between the armies, fresh and green.
The champion of Philistia's clan
Was one Goliah—a tall man.
He was nearly ten feet in height,
With helmet and his armor bright.
His robes were first class, *cap a pie* ;
No one his equal now can see.
He came down to the Hebrew clan,
And said, "Send to me your best man
That we may settle up the fray,
By single combat in this way."
Saul was dismayed, and Israel too ;
And if we say afraid, 'tis true.
David, it seems, had left the sheep
Awhile, for other hands to keep.
He took some food then in his hand,
As father Jesse did command.
Then great Goliath came in pride,
And all of Israel's host defied.
David now asked of them what will
One get, if he this heathen kill ?

“The king will make him rich through life,
Give him his daughter for a wife.”

This David's brother, Eliab heard,

With anger fierce his soul was stirred ;

“Why camest thou down hither, brother ?

Did you leave sheep in care of other ?

I know thy pride, and foolish prattle,

Thou hast come down to see the battle.”

It seems that Saul then heard the clatter,

And saw at once what was the matter.

David, to king, said on this line,

“I will go fight the Philistine.”

“You cannot go, sir ; no, in truth

He was a warrior from his youth.”

“I slew a lion and a bear

Which came one of my lambs to tear.”

Saul said to David, “You may go ;

In justice, I cannot say no.”

Saul dressed him up in armor bright,

And fixed him up well for the fight.

When he at first essayed to go,

Returning soon, to Saul, said, “No,

I never proved your rig, O king !

But I have proved this humble sling.”

(A man, we find, in any station,

Must have at first an adaptation ;

Then he must work in his own way,

To have his labors richly pay.)

With staff, and sling, and stones in scrip,
He started on his duel trip.
When the Philistine saw the boy,
He looked upon him as a toy ;
“Am I a dog? just see our odds.”
He cursed him by Philistine gods.
“Come thou to me, thy flesh to beast
This day I'll give them you, for feast.”
David replied, “I have no fear,
For I will smite thee now, right here ;
This day I'll take thy head from thee,
That this assembly may all see,
That vict'ry comes not to the strong,
Provided they are in the wrong ;
I'll show them all, it may seem queer,
Right may win without sword or spear.”
He put a pebble in his sling,
And hurled it at the heathen king.
The missile struck his forehead well,
And then the giant warrior fell.
He drew the giant's sword, 'tis said,
Slew him, by cutting off his head.
The sequel was—Philistines run,
The Israelites, the vict'ry won.
When David came in from the fight
Abner brought him to the king's sight ;
Saul asked him what his name, and place,
David gave him his lineage, race.

Saul took him to himself that day,
And would not let him go away.
Jonathan and David then made
A cov'nant of a friendly grade,
The twain were in their friendship one ;
Superior to father, son :
Their affection, like that of wife,
Whose love runs parallel with life.
When they were passing on the street,
The women did the victors greet.
They sang, and danced before the king,
Who did not like the words they sing :
"Saul hath done well ; him we adore,
But David hath slain ten times more."
Saul at a glance perceived the point ;
He knew his reign was out of joint.
He was quite wroth, the records say,
And trembled for his rule that day.
Next day - the devil was in Saul ;
David to play then had a call.
Saul cast a javelin twice, 'tis said,
Hoping to smite the young man dead.
The fact was, David he did fear,
He knew full well his end was near.
By way of truce, to end the strife,
Saul gave him Merab for a wife.
David replied, "Who am I ? state,
That I should have a royal mate."

When the time came Saul changed the plan,
And gave her to another man.
It seems Michal, Saul's daughter fair,
Fell in love with young David there.
The thing pleased Saul, this will I do,
So Saul said, "Take one of the two."
David supposed it was all fair,
While Saul regarded it a snare.
David with modesty replied,
"I have no dowry, for a bride,"
Saul said, "I know you're kind and true,
I will deal mildly now with you.
If you will slay, one hundred foes,
Then off at once the wedding goes."
Saul was a hypocrite, we say,
He thought the foes would David slay.
But the young man at once arose,
And slew two hundred of his foes.
He brought their foreskins in full tale,
Which paid twice over for the sale.
Michal loved David at first sight,
But Saul feared him, as well he might.
He said to Jonathan one day,
And to his servants, "David slay."
Jonathan, in whom he did confide,
Told David, so that he might hide.
Saul and son met in field one day,
There son unto the king did say :

“Let not the king in this sin be ;
David has not sinned against thee.”
He told him how he bravely fought,
And of the good to Israel brought :
“I trust, dear father, you will pause,
Sin not against him without cause.”
The son did here his object gain,
David, he swore, should not be slain.
Jon'than soon met his loved in heart,
And did to him this news impart.
He then at once, David did bring
Into the presence of the king.
Philistines soon made war again ;
David went for them with his men.
He slew them with a slaughter great,
And then returned to his estate.
An evil spirit possessed Saul ;
For music, David had a call.
While he was playing with his hand,
Obedient to the king's command,
The wicked sinner (we may call),
Tried there to pin him to the wall.
The way it was, we understand,
He had a javelin in his hand,
Which he cast at him as he sit,
But failed the minstrel then to hit.
David made then a rapid flight,
And was in safety found that night.

Saul sent a man to David's house
To watch, as a cat would a mouse ;
The king's order was, that he might
Kill David by the morning light.
Somehow, posting, to Michal came,
She knew he was soon to be slain.
And like a kind and loving wife,
Found means to save her husband's life.
She from a window without guard
Then let him down into the yard.
David was now in a good shape
From this fiend Saul to make escape.
She put an image in the bed,
With pillow of goat's hair, for head.
When Saul's messengers came quite thick,
She simply said, "David is sick."
No one can blame her thus to lie,
To save the life of one to die.
Saul said, "Bring him to me on bed
That I may smite him till he's dead."
The messengers went for the man,
And soon found out the shrewd wife's plan.
Saul said to Michal, "Why hast thou
Deceived me so? I almost vow
Since you have aided him this way,
To disinherit you to-day."
Michal then told another lie,
"I sent him that I might not die."

She said this that Saul might infer
That David had then threatened her.
History does this day unfold ;
To save a friend lies have been told.
When David fled from Saul, so wroth,
And dwelt with Samuel at Naioth,
Saul sent three times, his bands to take ;
Samuel of them did prophets make.
At length he went himself to try,
When he also did prophesy.
David left Naioth, and did wend
His way to meet his bosom friend.
The saying's true, "a friend in need
Is certainly a friend indeed."
It was quite true in David's case ;
He was strengthened by his friend's grace.
Jonathan then laid out a plan
Through which to save this hunted man ;
He also caused David to swear,
In future, he would his house spare.
He then arranged for the three morrows,
When he each day would shoot three arrows.
The custom was at each new moon,
Each royal member must be soon,
And at the feast fill up his place,
Unless he was excused through grace.
The first day, Saul, while he did eat,
Took note of David's empty seat ;

He said nothing of what was seen,
But thought that David was not clean.
The second day he asked his son,
About David, the absent one.
Jon'than then made him, this reply,
(Of course we know it was a lie.)
David said, "Let me go, I pray ;
And with my fam'ly dine to-day.
My brother hath commanded me ;
Please let me go, I ask of thee."
I granted his request through grace ;
Therefore you see his vacant place.
Then Saul was mad as he could be :
"Go fetch him now at once to me ;
Be diligent at once and try,
I say to you *this man must die.*"
Jonathan said, though all in vain,
"What has he done, thus to be slain ?"
Saul cast a javelin at his son ;
By this he knew what must be done.
The son in anger left his seat,
'Tis said he did refuse to eat.
His grief was great for David seen ;
As well as for his father mean.
On the next morning he went out.
Appearance, as a hunting scout.
The reader knows full well the plot,
Why he and lad went for a shot.

When he let his three arrows fly,
David was hid in hearing high.
The signal came, they did agree,
"Is not the arrow beyond thee?"
He sent his instruments by lad,
Jon'than remained, still feeling sad.
David arose out of his place;
The friends again meet face to face.
They kissed each other and wept more
Than ever two friends did before.
Their former cov'nant now renew,
And then in sorrow both withdrew.
David as tramp out of a job,
Called on the high priest down in Nob.
While going did soliloquize:
"I must like swindler tell some lies.
I must have bread or I shall die,
Arms too, I need, for both I'll try."
Ahimelech thought his story true,
Gave him five loaves of bread called shew.
('Twas holy bread, made without yeast,
Intended only for a priest.)
And while an Edomite was near,
He asked the priest for sword or spear.
Priest said, "I've nothing in this line,
Except Goliah's sword so fine."
David said, "It will fit me pat,
There is, indeed, no sword like that."

This Edomite, Doeg we mean,
Soon after this with Saul was seen.
The result was, as it appears,
Saul sent to Nob, for all the seers.
The priests in all were eighty five,
(Abiathar, escaped alive,)
Saul sentenced them all now to die,
He said, "Slay them," to footmen nigh.
But they refused to do the job ;
Then Doeg slew the priests of Nob.
All things in Nob then having breath
By wicked Saul were put to death.
This great calamity we trace,
To a young swindler with fine face.
The high priest was not much to blame ;
He knew David as man of fame,
Did not know of king Saul's decree,
Or David to save life must flee.
Saul's judgment was supremely weak,
Was almost fiendish, so to speak.
Another factor in the case,
Was the tale-bearer, a disgrace.
In ancient days, some justify
Men who were guilty of a lie.
But in our time, we're glad to say,
The use of such means *will not pay*.
We feel it is our duty here,
To show the facts as they appear.

Our comments brought to reader's sight,
We wish to found on justice, right.
David then, to escape Saul's wrath,
Went to Akish, the king of Gath.
When he saw that he was known there,
He was afraid, filled with despair ;
And played the part of fool, madman ;
Then to the cave Adullam, ran,
Here to him did his kinsmen press,
And others, who were in distress ;
All those who were badly in debt,
And those with pockets clean to let.
O'er these he was made captain then,
In all "about four hundred men."
Went to the king of Mizpeh, where
He left his parents in his care ;
They dwelt in safety, we are told,
While David was in his stronghold.
In Keilah, the Philistines then
Prepared to rob the threshing-men ;
David went down at once to battle,
He smote them, and he took their cattle.
When David was in Keilah town,
Saul with his troops came marching down.
He thought to get him sure as Mars,
The town was fenced with gates and bars.
The high priest told David that day
He was not safe if he should stay.

With six hundred men in a whiff,
He started for the wilds of Ziph ;
Here Jonathan met him once more,
They renewed cov'nant as before.
The Ziphites were a heathen race,
And went as spies his haunts to trace ;
Saul and his men, in warlike tone,
Found David on a rock in Maon.
David and men were filled with fear
As Saul's command compassed him near.
Just then a message came to hand,
"The Philistines invade the land ;"
It was his duty, then, of course,
From David to withdraw his force ;
When Saul retired, David's force lie
In wilderness of Engedi.
Saul took a host, three thousand men,
Encamped, one night, in cave or den ;
When Saul and men were sound asleep,
David with his did slyly creep,
To leave a token of their flirt,
Cut off a piece of the king's skirt.
When Saul went out by morning light,
David came near, but not to fight ;
He loudly cried, "My lord the king,
Against me why thy forces bring ?"
I do not wish to seek thy hurt,
In proof, behold piece of thy skirt.

I have not sinned against thy poll,
Then why wilt thou destroy my soul?
If right should judge 'twixt me and thee,
The verdict would thy servant free.
Whom hast the king come out to fight,
Against a dog, or fleas that bite?
Justice will cause my case to stand,
Deliver me out of thine hand."

When David closed the king replied,
(He wept, it cannot be denied:)

"Is this thy voice, David, my son?
You have o'er me the vict'ry won.
Thou art more righteous far than I,
I am not fit to live or die.

Now well I know, your rule will stand,
In future o'er the Hebrew land.

Swear now to me this very day,
That when you rule, you will not slay
My sons, and thus destroy my name,
For I know you will rise to fame."

As was requested David swore,
Then Saul returned, he fought no more.

About this time a prophet died,
One in whom Israel did confide.

The seer the people loved so well,
Was the old prophet Samuel.

The people all lamented sore,
When judge, priest and seer, was no more.

There was a man in Maon great,
Perhaps, the wealthiest in the state.
Three thousand sheep were in his flock,
One thousand goats increased his stock.
As he was shearing sheep one day,
(His name was Nabal by the way,)
David sent out two men to greet,
And say to him, in language neat,
"David sends greeting to thee, peace,
While thou art shearing off the fleece
He sends to thee and all that's thine ;
His message we bring thee in fine.
David has guarded all thy band,
Send him a gift now by our hand."
"Who is this David, Jesse's son?
I think him not a mighty one.
There are many servants this day,
Who escape from their master's sway."
When they returned empty we see,
David was wroth as he could be.
Four hundred then were in his clan,
He gave a sword to every man ;
This Nabal will know who we are,
Nothing of his with life I'll spare.
A young man told his beauteous wife,
Who then took means to save his life.
It seems Nabal was known just then,
As one of those important men,

Known as a son of Belial mean,
Some of this class to-day are seen.
Abigail then made haste and took
Two hundred loaves, which she did cook
With mutton, and some splendid wine,
Also parched corn and raisins fine ;
Five hundred cakes of figs quite neat,
Made up her gift, full and complete.
She laid her gift on asses sly,
(Nabal was ignorant, though nigh.)
She soon met David with his clan,
And straightway bowed before the man.
She said : " Let this iniquity be
Upon thine handmaid, even me.
Let now, my lord, thine anger cool,
Nabal, my husband, was a fool ;
Accept this blessing I have brought,
Grant the forgiveness I have taught."
She with a long, prophetic strain,
Did deeply his attention gain ;
She said his fortune, on the wing,
Would quickly make him Israel's king.
" I now conclude by asking thee,
When this takes place, remember me."
Then David said to her quite free,
" Blest be the spirit which sent thee ;
I bless thee for thy kind advice,
It saves me from much guilt and vice.

Hadst thou not called to make it right
He would have died e'er morning light ;
I should of his, both great and small,
Slain all that wet against the wall.
Go up in peace, to thy house free,
I will obey and accept thee."
When she returned to Nabal's feast,
She found he was "drunk as a beast."
Next morning he was sober quite,
She told him all by morning light ;
His heart died in him, it is said,
And ten days found poor Nabal dead.
His wife in weeds did not remain,
As David did the fair one gain.
When he first for the lady sent,
Mounted upon her ass she went.
It was a point in David's life ;
He won a fair and loving wife.
He soon took Ahinoam another,
Who was not handsome as the other.
When David run to save his life,
Saul gave away his former wife.
About this time, Saul, in a miff
With a strong force went down to Ziph.
He pitched his tent three thousand strong,
David and Abishi came 'long,
And went into Saul's camp at night
To reconnoiter, not to fight.

The king and men were sleeping sound,
Saul had his spear stuck in the ground
Near to the bolster of his head ;

Abishai said, "I'll smite him dead."

David said, "No, you may draw near,
And steal his water cruise, and spear."

David with cruise and spear in hand,
Then left the slumb'ring hostile band,

When from a hill top far away,

He waited not for dawn of day,

But cried aloud to distant foe.

(We think he wished to let them know
By whom the cruise and spear did go.)

He took Captain Abner to task,

For not guarding king, spear and flask.

"Come over with a flag of truce ;

And get the king's lost spear and cruise."

Then Saul knew David's voice, and said,

"Is this thy voice, my son David ?"

David replied, "It is, O king !

Why this large force against me bring ?"

He now preached Saul a long discourse ;

Who was converted then, of course.

As he blessed David there with grace ;

And then returned unto his place.

The vict'ry was as cute or pert,

As the one when, he cut Saul's skirt.

David now, with his men and wives,

Went down to Gath to save their lives ;
David of Akish asked a grace,
Who gave him Ziglag for a place.
The record shows he then preferred,
To dwell there just one year and third.
David and men went out one day,
Three diff'rent nations they did slay.
They slew the men and women fine,
Saved sheep with oxen and the kine.
He also saved camels and asses,
And all the raiment of the masses.
When they returned, Akish did say,
"Where hast thou made a road to-day?"
David spoke of three, on south side,
In all of it please note, he lied.
(David had learned one thing quite true,
The killing all, would leave no clue.)
Akish heard David's story through,
And set him down as good and true,
He thought that he and men were clever,
And, would be his servants forever.
This war was, note, in such a shape,
A single "ite" did not escape.
They all were killed, women and males,
So they in Gath could tell no tales.
This total cleaning out of kind
In modern wars we do not find.
In this, we now are far behind.

About this time Philistia's host
Were formed in line throughout their coast ;
The object of each flank and wing
Was to combat with Israel's king.
David with them came out to fight,
But was vetoed by lords at sight.
They ordered him to leave the clan,
Then, marched for Ziglag, every man.
When they reached home on the third day,
Their former town in ashes lay ;
The Amalekites, one of the crew
Or nations which David had slew.
(There must have been another nest
Who were not slain among the rest.)
When David slew all hip and thigh,
All having life, both far and nigh,
These Ziglag victors were humane,
Women and children were not slain.
David and men then on the spot,
Knew not the status of this plot.
His men wept bitterly with might,
They thought to stone David that night.
When David did the high priest call,
He said they would recover all.
The Amalekites, he killed all dead,
Except four hundred which had fled.
He took their booty and their scrip,
All they had taken on the trip.

That which pleased them we here recall,
Was to regain their fam'lies all.
Four hundred men had to fight rough,
Two hundred stayed to guard the stuff.
Some thought the latter should not share
In all the spoils, except men there ;
But David settled up the strike,
By giving to each man alike.
Much of the spoils of his command,
Were sent to elders of the land.
Now we will here devote some space,
This last Philistine war to trace.
Saul at Gilboa saw the host
Of the Philistines on the coast.
He was afraid, his heart did quake,
And straightway did inquiry make.
But when the priests made no reply,
He did a clairvoyant try.
Or else a medium, the same,
The witch of Endor was her name.
When Saul did come to her by night.
To learn results of coming fight,
She thus addressed the incog. Saul,
(When he with other two did call,)
"Whose spirit shall I have appear?"
He said, "That of Samuel, the seer."
She said with fear unto the man,
"King Saul hath slain all of my clan."

“Wherefore dost thou trap me and try
A snare for my life, that I die?”
Saul then did swear by the great king,
Naught should befall her “for this thing;”
Soon as the seance had began,
And she beheld the spirit man,
Her eyes were open, she saw all:
“Thou hast deceived me, thou art Saul.”
Saul said to her, “Be not afraid,
Go on with business at your trade;
What sawest thou? What form is he?”
“An old man mantled comes to me.”
Saul recognized, then, Samuel’s ghost,
And humbly stooping, bowed to host.
The ghost then asked, “Why can this be,
Why hast thou at this time called me?”
Saul said, “If you would know the cause,
I am in the Philistine’s paws.
Have consulted my prophets all,
But have no answer, great or small;
I knew that thou wast wise and true,
And you could tell me what to do.”
Ghost said, “I cannot tell thee more
Than what I have told thee before;
Thy sceptre’s taken from thy hand
And given to David’s command.
The reason of all this, I say,
Because you did not Am’lek slay.

Now the Philistine arms will win,
Because of this, your heinous sin ;
Will slay your sons, and also thee ;
To-morrow thou wilt be with me.”
Saul fell straightway upon the ground,
In him was fear and weakness found.
When he came to, they did entreat
That he would take some food and eat.
The medium slew a tender veal,
And made some cakes, of flour or meal.
So Saul and his two men did eat,
And then went forth into the street ;
The armies met that very day,
The Israelites were chased away.
It turned out as seer’s ghost had said,
Saul and his three sons were all dead.
The valiant men of Jabesh yearn
Till they this royal quarto burn ;
Their bodies, crisp as coal or salt,
Were then interred within a vault.
In reading Saul’s life, we may trace
Some striking features of our race.
At first the humble shepherd small,
When Samuel first did on him call.
Notice the changes it did bring
When he was made Israel’s first king :
In sin and jealousy did revel,
And was possessed of a mean devil.

Through jealousy he tried to slay
One his superior ev'ry way.
Among the mean acts of his life,
Was robbing David of his wife.
Killing eighty-four priests of Nob,
We think was his most sinful job.
He swore David he would not slay,
Still broke the same without delay.
To slay mediums was his delight,
Still he sought one you know at night.
When we review his life we can
Behold in him, a wicked man.
His life was one great moral blot,
With here and there a brilliant spot.
Two days elapsed after the fight,
To David, came, an Amalekite.
He told him all about the thing,
And how he slew the fainting king.
"I took his crown and bracelets fair,
Have brought them to you, here they are."
David requited him, 'tis said,
By cutting off the rascal's head.
He sang in anguish and in pain,
A requiem to the mighty slain.
Comparing Jonathan's pure love
With women, he placed it above.
Well might his soul with anguish blend,
In Jonathan, he lost a friend.

David to Hebron did repair,
He was as king anointed there,
Of Judah only, understand,
But not a king, of the whole land.
It seems that Abner, son of Ner,
Made a rebellion, or a stir.
Saul's son Ish-bosheth he did bring,
And over Israel made him king.
Each reigned in peace for a short time,
When peace was ended by a crime.
Twelve from each side came out to play,
Then each his fellow there did slay.
This caused that day a battle sore,
David lost one less than a score.
While of Israel's most valiant men,
Were slain three hundred sixty then.
There was a long war now between
The house of Saul and David seen.
The status of each side we speak,
David's grew strong, while Saul's grew weak.
While this great war was running high,
A scandal came, (it was no lie,)
Abner, chief of Israel's command,
Went for Saul's concubine at hand.
She was a woman blonde and fair,
Who captured Abner then and there.
For their connection, it was sad,
Ish-bosheth, Saul's son, then was mad.

He took his chief at once to task,
And did a direct question ask.
The chief did then at once decide
To take up arms on David's side,
'Tis said the king did not then try
To make his chief any reply.
Abner at once did undertake
A league with David then to make.
David replied, "If you'll bring me
Michal my wife, I will see thee."
David had only three, no more,
He felt a stringent want for four.
(It pains us to record this fact,
Although it shows his business tact.)
He sent to Saul's son, then the king,
Saying, "My own dear Michal bring;
I paid your father his full price,
To keep her from me is not nice."
Saul's son then took her from her man,
Who followed weeping in her van.
In modern times it would seem bad
To take from one, all that he had.
But Abner said to him, quite nice,
"Go back, Phaltiel, 'tis my advice."
Chief Abner went to Hebron then,
Having with him just twenty men;
When they upon the king did call,
He made a feast at once for all.

After the feast, on the same day,
David in peace sent them away.
Joab returned, who was his chief,
These circumstances caused him grief.
Said he to David, "I believe
This Abner came you to deceive."
He left the king, and then made track
And called Abner and his men back.
When he returned, Joab apart,
Under the fifth rib struck his heart.
There, he slew Abner for another,
Yea, for the murder of his brother.
When David heard of the blood spilt,
He said, "On Joab be this guilt."
The king and all the people cried,
Because this valiant chief had died.
After their weeping, then they see,
"As the fool dieth, so died he."
David abstained from meat that day,
The people were pleased with his way ;
In fact, they did all then infer
He did not kill the son of Ner.
Ish-bosheth then did understand
That Abner fell by Joab's hand.
Two brothers, chiefs, took Abner's place,
Who called upon the king through grace ;
As he was laying on his crib,
They smote him under the fifth rib.

They then cut off Ish-bosheth's head,
And with it they to David fled.
"Behold the head of thy great foe,
You will be pleased with it, we know."
He their attention then did call,
To him, through favor, who slew Saul.
And then to these assassins said,
"You've slain a righteous man in bed.
Vengeance comes on you at this time,
You now must suffer for your crime."
By king's command his young men plain,
Fell on the chiefs and both were slain.
They cut off both their feet and hands,
Obedient to the king's commands.
Their bodies hung o'er Hebron's pools,
That men might jeer at the dead fools.
The elders of all Israel made
A league with David in the trade.
They were installed in Israel's ring,
And David was anointed king.
This union did exalt his name,
He grew quite rapidly in fame.
The king of Tyre, by message sent,
An offer to clear him of rent.
His offer was to build, we see,
A house for him with his rent free.
As he was prospered in his store,
He added to his wives still more.

His wives and concubines we say,
In numbers are not known to-day.
Philistia; Israel's old foe, still,
Went for king David with a will.
He met them twice in deadly fight,
And each time put their host to flight.
He brought the force at his command,
Against the nations near at hand.
He smote his foes in ev'ry case,
And gave his enemies no grace.
He thought to favor Ammon's king,
And sent his servants for this thing.
Ammon shaved just half of their face
And sent them back with this disgrace.
They cut off half their garments fine,
In shame they came to David's line.
Ammon with Syria as their hire,
Were humbled under Joab's fire,
In the first action of the strife,
They run like deer to save their life.
But soon they brought another line,
With forty thousand horsemen fine.
With seven hundred chariots still,
All of this host did David kill.
While Joab was away one night,
David beheld a fearful sight.
He was, we think, on his house-top,
(We wish the curtain here might drop.)

A woman fair, as fair could be,
Was bathing quite industriously.
A man of virtue, we here say,
Would from this sight have turned away.
But David, on that very night,
Fell deep in love at the first sight.
Bathsheba fair, wife of Uriah,
Had set king David's soul on fire.
He sent for her, and took her in;
This first we call his minor sin.
He first went with Uriah's wife,
And then he took the husband's life.
His first crime, simply adultery,
His second, murder first degree.
We see at once, in David's case,
How a good man may fall from grace.
When she was told Uriah died,
'Tis said the pretty woman cried.
David at once took her to wife,
To compensate Uriah's life.
David the king, the prince of song,
Now fully knew he had done wrong;
To David the priest Nathan went,
Being by a good spirit sent.
He preached tersely by metaphor,
Which made the king at once abhor;
Nathan then said, "Thou art the man;
The sword shall never leave thy clan."

The judgment of the holy one
Was then pronounced—the deed was done,
David repented now, 'tis said;
The infant in one week was dead.
He mourned over his sin, and life
Of infant dead, by his new wife.
But soon they had another son
Whose only name was Solomon.
David throughout had warlike toil;
He took of foes abundant spoil.
Also the crown, from Ammon's king,
His subjects did with tortures bring,
Under the harrows, axes, saws,
(These heathen were exempt from laws.)
Such modes of warfare in our day,
Would now be stamped a barbarous way.
About this time there was a scrape:
In our vernacular, a rape.
The parties were of royal line,
Were no less sinful, we opine,
King David had a daughter fair,
A virgin, with rich auburn hair.
Her brother Ammon, far above,
For her had more than brother's love.
His subtle cousin formed a plan,
The substance of it (this way ran:
Lay on thy bed and play this trick,
By simply feigning you are sick;

When father calls on you next day,
Simply this thing unto him say :
“Father, I wish thee to command
Tamar to serve me with her hand.”
She came next day some cakes did make,
But he refused the food to take.
The sick man ordered all to leave,
Except his sister, soon to grieve.
He then told her his base desire,
Which she of course did not admire.
“If you will get consent of king,
I will indulge you in this thing.”
His sickness was so great, of course,
He soon prevailed through sheer brute force.
His love for her did soon abate,
Or rather, it was changed to hate.
He then commanded her to leave,
This mandate did the ruined grieve.
She could no longer with him stay,
The lovely girl was turned away.
Absalom met her in her grief,
He gave her brotherly relief.
He said, “Don’t mind it, ’tis your brother,
Although he had a diff’rent mother.”
When David heard of all these things,
He was displeased, like other kings.
Two years elapsed after this fuss,
Absalom called, addressed king thus :

“Let all thy household meet at least,
As I for them have made a feast.”
At length, the king gave his consent,
And all the sons to Absalom’s went.
Ammon with all the royal line,
When he was merry with the wine.
At the command of host that day,
His servants did this brother slay.
’Tis said, “When Ammon was smote dead,
The others got on mules and fled.”
This story swelled upon the wing,
So by the time it reached the king,
“Absalom smote the men in fine,
All of the males of David’s line.”
But soon the fact came clear and true,
Ammon was all the male he slew.
He stayed in Geshur just three years,
When he returned, as it appears.
His manly beauty was quite rare,
With perfect form, and heavy hair.
For two years he remained through grace,
But had not seen his father’s face.
That he might gain this great desire,
Set Joab’s barley fields on fire.
His object won, the king he met,
He was promoted, was a pet.
Especially did grow in grace,
With all the men of Hebrew race.

He was esteemed—had much renown,
When he conspired, to take the crown.
David at once, beat a retreat,
He left the city, and his seat;
Also his concubines, by right;
Which Absalom used, in Israël's sight.
He raised, a mighty host to fight,
His father who, to rule had right.
At length, the host on each side stands,
While chiefs encourage their commands.
David did then his men entreat,
Deal gently with him, if you meet;
Be careful in the combat, strife,
You do not take, the young man's life.
The combat opened, in the field,
Some twenty thousand lives, now yield:
We mean of David's men, that fell;
Of Absalom's, we cannot tell.
On a mule mounted, the son fair;
Caught in a limb, by his long hair.
He was suspended in this way,
Thus Joab found him, and did slay;
This chief then took three darts, 'tis said,
Thrust them through him, till he was dead.
When David heard, the news in brief;
His soul was filled with anguish, grief.
"O Absalom, my son, my son!"
I mourn the evil to thee done;

I rather death had come to me
Than had it come just now to thee.”
Reader, you cannot mete the grief
Of the great warrior, father, chief.
While David was weighed down with woe,
Joab did to the king's house go:
“This mourning for thy foe that fell
Hath brought disgrace on friends as well:
Thine acting showeth to the letter
That thou dost love thy foes much better
Than those who saved thine own, and lives
Of thine own concubines and wives.”
After this lecture, we will state,
David arose, sat in the gate.
We think it brought him out all right,
As he prepared again to fight.
A son of Belial arose;
He raised a band of the king's foes.
The men of Israel, to a man,
Took sides with Sheba, the vile man.
Men of Judah to David gave,
And made a stand against this knave.
In the meantime the king, 'tis said,
Left the ten concubines he'd wed;
He shut them up, but loved them not,
They died as widows—the whole lot.
“To chase the rebel in his ways,
Assemble Judah in three days.

To Amasa, was this command,
Who failed in time, we understand.
Then David sent Joab the great,
To chase the rebels of the state;
The tardy chief, it seems, went on,
O'ertook them at stone Gibeon.
Chief Amasa then took the lead,
When Joab did at once proceed;
As they met Joab's girdle fell,
He said, "My brother, art thou well?"
He took him by his beard, like goat;
He kissed him not; but then he smote
Amasa under the fifth rib;
He died through his deceit or fib.
Through a wise woman, it is said,
The people cut off Sheba's head;
Joab agreed to leave them all
If they would throw it o'er the wall.
Another trouble came to hand,
A three years famine in the land.
This judgment of God came to all,
By former sin of the king Saul.
David to Gibeonites did send,
And then proposed to make amend.
The Gibeonites, we have been told,
Of Saul want not silver or gold;
"We want seven men of the gang
Who ruined us; these we will hang."

David said, "Take them as reward ;
Hang them an off'ring to the Lord."
Then Gibeon took them, hung them well,
No doubt they all with one drop fell.
We have improved in modern times,
In hanging persons, for their crimes.
We take them down, when fully dead,
These seven hung for weeks, 'tis said ;
When David sent about in turn,
And placed their bones all in an urn.
Of Saul and sons, before were slain,
The famine did no more remain.
The Philistines make war again,
In which three giants more were slain.
One of them, as, we may all see,
Distinguished for monstrosity.
His fingers and his toes, each dozen,
Was slain, 'tis said, by David's cousin.
When this last victory was won,
David a song of praise begun.
In beauty and in terseness neat,
Its style was perfect, and replete.
It was quite personal of kind,
Four score pronouns, in it we find.
To make it clear we must confess,
It would be hard to make them less.
Our modern poets now do well,
If they can equal, not excel.

Its greatest merits to this hour,
Is praise he gives a higher power.
We cannot in our brief space quote,
All of king David's men of note.
Adino with a spear did slay,
Of foes, eight hundred in a day.
Dodo, Shammah, Adino made,
The highest chiefs of all in grade.
The closing act of David's time,
He numbered Israel, 'twas a crime.
The canvass shows, when complete then,
Eleven hundred thousand men.
The prophet Gad came to the king,
It was arranged that death should bring
Seventy thousand men to dust ;
Three days the period of this trust.
An altar David soon had built,
Through off'rings settled up his guilt.
As David now was getting old,
He suffered daily with the cold,
They covered him with clothes ; he gat
No benefit, it seems, from that.
They then tried a young virgin fair,
To lie on the king's bosom there.
They brought Abishag to his cot ;
She warmed him, but he knew her not.
About this time there was another,
Adonijah, Absalom's brother.

Who sought in peace to take the throne,
And in this he was not alone.
But Nathan and some mighty men
Called on Bathsheba, 'tis said, then,
And asked her to go to the king,
Show him the fact about this ring.
When you have the king's presence won,
Present the claims of your own son ;
As he has sworn to you so fair,
Your son should be the lawful heir.
The prophet said, "I will come in,
Perhaps we both your suit can win."
Bathsheba filled Nathan's desire,
She found the king *with virgin fire*.
She told him all the facts with speed,
When Nathan came, as he agreed.
Nathan, it seems, now took the floor,
And told him what was said before :
"Art thou a stranger to this thing,
Or was it done by thee, O king?"
The king replied, "Call my wife fair."
She came, and did him rev'rence there.
"Let my lord David live forever :
To me and mine thou hast been clever."
The king said, "Call at once the priest,
I wish a word with him, at least.
Call Benaiah and Nathan ;
I'll give them briefly now my plan.

I wish Sol'mon my son to rule,
To have him ride on mine own mule.
When him to Gihon you do bring,
Let there the priest anoint him king.
When this command is fully done,
Then shout, 'God save King Solomon.'
Then he will be king in my stead;
Though still I live, I'm nearly dead."
With sacred oil, Zadok, the priest,
Did his part well, to say the least.
The people made much noise, to greet
Their new king, when he took his seat.
The thief with guests the crown did steal,
Had just finished a hearty meal.
Joab, the chief, went to the door;
Said he, "What meaneth this uproar?"
A priest at this time happened in,
Said he, "This is the news I bring:
Sol'mon by David is made king;
It may make trouble for this ring."
When he had given all the news,
It made those rebels have the blues.
Then Adonijah plead for life,
Was pardoned, till he sought a wife.
When he through Bathsheba did bring
Suit for Abishag to the king.
When mother came the king said, "Say,
What's thy request? I'll not say nay."

“I ask that Adonijah, son,
And Abishag be now made one.”
“You might as well ask, dear mother,
To give my kingdom to my brother.
By asking me for her to wife,
I swear it is against his life.”
You know this maiden, fair of form,
Was one who did King David warm.
We do not know why king should lie,
And cause his brother then to die:
Unless he wanted her himself,
To put with others on the shelf.
“The days of David now drew nigh,”
That is, the time when he must die.
He charged the king what he must do,
Be strong, be noble, and be true.
He told his son, on the same day,
Of some he thought he ought to slay.
For forty years, he on the wing,
Was more the warrior than the king;
He was a poet fond of song,
True to his friends, though often wrong.
He had a kind and loving heart,
Mourned when he did with loved ones part.
The rules of war, in David’s day,
Were quite unlike the present way.
When he committed sins most dense,
He soon would melt in penitence.

He was devotional in mind,
A loving husband, father kind.
While he in crooked paths oft trod,
He never lost his trust in God.
His motto was, "Though thou slay me,
Yet still, O Lord, I'll trust in thee."
As king he dies, yields up the ghost,
Lives still as poet now a host.
Just here, kind reader, please turn back,
Four hundred years on times past track.
We now propose to change the plan,
And present you a perfect man.
We cannot give the exact time,
When this man lived in all his prime.
His nationality obscure,
Though still his life was very pure.
When Egypt made the Hebrews buzz,
This noted man lived down Uz.
His name was short in all its robe,
We give it to you, then, as Job.
His hist'ry's brief in this our plan,
We know so little of the man.
His ancestors, no doubt, did learn,
Of Abraham off'rings to burn.
He was a herdsman of first class,
And a vast substance did amass.
He had just seven thousand sheep,
Three thousand camels he did keep.

Likewise one thousand oxen fine,
Five hundred she asses in line.
His servants having stock in charge,
Of course, must have been very large.
Please notice he had seven sons,
Also three daughters—lovely ones.
As was the custom in the East,
His sons would often make a feast ;
At such times, they would then invite
Their sisters to come spend the night.
The next day Job would offerings burn
For each of them, in proper turn ;
The reason he advanced was fine :
“ They might have cursed while drinking wine.”
The record then goes on to say,
Sons of the Lord met on a day :
Satan also met them this time,
The old serpent, father of crime !
Lord said to him, “ Where camest thou ?”
He said, “ I have come in just now,
From walking up and down the earth,
Observing those engaged in mirth.”
“ Have you noticed this Job of worth,
This perfect man of all the earth ?”
Then Satan said, “ This man is bought ;
He does not serve the Lord for naught.
You have him completely hedged in :
As he is fixed, 'tis hard to sin.

Should you remove your favor, grace,
 He then would curse thee to thy face."
 The Lord said; "All of his I give,
 Only let thou my servant live."
 With this permission or award,
 He left the presence of the Lord.
 Job's sons and daughters on a day,
 Were drinking in their usual way;
 Messenger came to Job and said,
 "Thy oxen plowing are all dead;
 The asses, and thy servants too,
 Sabeans have slain them, it is true;
 I am alone left now to tell
 The fact that all have this day fell."
 While he was telling the old chief,
 There came another filled with grief;
 "The lightnings of God (do not weep,
 Hath burned up all thy flock of sheep.
 Thy servants tending them so well,
 By the electric current fell;
 I am the only servant left,
 To tell how you are now bereft."
 Then came a third, who plainly said,
 "Three bands of Chaldeans o'er us spread;
 They took the camels all away,
 And all your servants there did slay;
 I now alone am left to tell
 How camels went, and servants fell."

A fourth one came (as you will see,)
With news of sad catastrophe.
“While sons were with thy daughters fine,
At eldest son’s drinking their wine,
A tornado, both fierce and wild,
Destroyed the house and killed each child.
I only am left to tell thee,
Of this awful catastrophe.”
Then Job, ’tis said, at once arose,
“And rent his mantle,” and his clothes,
He fell down on the ground as dead,
And worshipped with a shaven head.
“Naked I came from mother’s womb,
And naked I go to the tomb.
The Lord did give—taken away,
I bless his name, even to-day.”
The sons of God had one more meeting,
When Satan came with usual greeting.
The Lord said unto Satan then,
Whence camest thou? where hast thou been?
Then Satan said, “I left the pit,
To walk on earth, up and down it.”
The Lord said; “Satan, as you ran,
Did you see Job, the perfect man?
Thou movedst me without a cause,
To put him in your wicked paws.
In all he holdeth fast to me,
Perfect in his integrity.”

Then Satan said, "At thy command,
I will stretch forth afflictive hand :
I will devour his bone and flesh,
But will leave in him life or breath.
If you permit me in this case,
Job then will curse thee to thy face."
The Lord said, "It is my command,
Place him under affliction's hand.
Now give him all you wish of pain,
But let his life in him remain."
Then Satan from God's presence went,
With his new license was content.
This perfect man was then smote down,
With painful boils from sole to crown.
When he was covered with these rashes,
'Tis said, he sat among the ashes.
His wife said, "While in pain you lie,
You better curse the Lord and die."
He said to wife, "Thou art a fool,
We must learn in affliction's school.
Shall we receive good things of God,
And never feel affliction's rod?"
In all of this Job now did win,
As from his lips there came no sin.
Job had three friends, claiming their rights,
Came to remain some days and nights.
To mourn with him, affliction probe,
Their object was to comfort Job.

When they far off their friend did spy,
They knew him not, began to cry ;
Rending their mantles then and there,
They sprinkled dust upon their hair.
For seven days they sat on ground,
Spake not a word or made a sound ;"
(We think they neither slept or ate,)
"For they saw that his grief was great."
After this time, the records say,
"With open mouth, Job cursed his day.
He cursed the night, as he was grieved,
When first said, a male is conceived."
He felt as though it would been right,
If he had never seen the light.
This cursing he could not control,
With the great mis'ry in his soul.
He felt that death was surely best ;
When weary souls would be at rest.
Then Eliphaz answered and said,
"Thy confidence, thy hope, has fled ;
To you I say, at once repent :
None perish who are innocent.
At this truth I trust you'll not scoff ;
The righteous are never cut off.
Just what we sow, that we shall reap ;
Remember this great truth to keep.
Shall mortals, made of clay or dust,
Be purer than the God we trust?"

Eliphaz then at length did show,
Corrections are all right, you know.
He was a preacher very fine,
Pearls of wisdom shine in each line.
Like many doctors of our race,
He did not understand the case ;
In him we find this great defect,
His diagnosis not correct.
The strongest point he failed to win—
Convincing Job of his own sin.
Each man, when we come to the letter,
Knows his own conscience even better
Than any outside party can,
E'en if he is a learned man.
Job made his comforter reply,
Saying, he wished that he might die.
All should excuse him in his pain,
Wishing he should not long remain.
We justify his mournful lay,
Saying, "I would not live away."
Next Bildad took the ashen floor,
He preached like first, and something more ;
When at the first he did begin,
He spoke of Job's children's sin.
He preached a splendid sermon there,
To a poor sufferer in despair.
With all his talent and his wit,
He failed also the mark to hit.

Job to Bildad made this reply,
“Man cannot equal, if he try,
The great ‘I AM’ in justice right ;
All flesh is weakness in his sight.
The great Creator whom I trust,
Will soon return me to the dust.
My days are few, let me alone.
I ask for comfort as I groan.”
Then Zophar, the third one, arose,
And dealt the suff’rer harder blows
Than his two predecessors had,
When he was through, poor Job was glad.
Job then replied ; we think it true,
“I have wisdom as well as you.
In knowledge I am not behind
The most exalted of your kind.
Ye are forgers and liars, too,
Physicians which no good can do.
If you will now your preaching cease,
Although in pain, I may find peace.
My trust in God is firm, you see,
I will trust him, though he slay me.
Man that is of a woman born,
His days are few and quite forlorn.
He cometh forth like morning flower,
But is cut down within an hour.
Life is a shadow, we all wot,
Is transient, and abideth not.

To raise the wind you must have breeze,
(No writer can all readers please.)
A clean object you cannot bring
Out of a vile, and filthy thing.
There is some hope of life, we see,
If we should even cut a tree.
It may a sprout or new germ give,
Which will allow the root to live.
Not so with man; he melts away,
He dies, and then where is he, pray?"
Then Eliphaz once more did speak;
He thought Job's logic rather weak.
He thought it was the first great plan,
To have no purity in man.
He then, like artist, further paints
The picture, "God can't trust his saints."
He proceeds also to assert,
The heavens are quite unclean, like dirt.
Man more abominable vain,
Drinketh iniquity as rain.
The wicked man, in ev'ry path,
Is e'er a subject of God's wrath.
He preached to the poor stricken Job,
Through metaphors in beauteous robe.
Then Job in misery replied:
"Your premises are undenied.
But since the coat doth not me fit,
I still refuse to wear it yet.

Troublesome comforters are ye,
Oh ! that you now would let me be.
Were your soul now in my soul's stead,
I could revile you, shake my head ;
But I would only give relief,
My moving lips would stay your grief.
Your company, I mean of late,
Has made me weary, desolate.
Of late, I think that I have been
Put in the hands of wicked men.
God hath, I think, now turned me o'er.
And I am one unbounded sore.
You see, of course, the plight I'm in,
Still I believe I'm free from sin ;
Mine hands, as well as prayers are pure,
Though I am suff'ring, to be sure.
O earth, cover thou not my blood,
While my tears flow as doth the flood.
My witness is in heaven above,
My record is in God's great love.
My friends scorn me, but my eyes pour
Out tears to one whom I adore.
He that hath clean hands and pure heart,
Shall grow stronger from the first start.
But as for you, return just now,
There's none among you wise, I trow ;
I have my bed in darkness made,
I wait the grave, my house where laid.

Corruption, thou art father, brother,
 Worm, thou too art my sister, mother.
 Where is for me a hope, I pray,
 Or who shall see it, can you say?
 Bildad replied in a long speech,
 In which he did his friend beseech
 That he would an end of words make,
 And give the others a fair shake.
 He chides him in the plainest style,
 In counting them as beasts so vile;
 He strove with eloquence to win,
 But failed to convince Job of sin.
 Then Job replied, How long will ye
 Thus vex my soul and torment me?
 Ye have reproached me these ten times,
 Trying to convince me of crimes.
 Suppose the case, that I have erred,
 As you have with such warmth inferred.
 My sin remains on me, 'tis true,
 And not on others, or on you.
 I know that, as you now all see,
 God hath overthrown and compassed me;
 While God on me affliction sends,
 Have pity on me, O, my friends!
 Oh, that you could on my words look
 The same as printed in a book;
 Engraven on the hearts of men,
 Written deeply with iron pen.

This testimony your friend giveth,
I know that my redeemer liveth.
That he shall stand at the last day,
Upon the earth in bright array.
Though worms destroy me 'neath the sod,
In my flesh shall I see my God.
I shall behold him with my eyes,
When all in death are called to rise.
My hope I here have given free,
To all of you who torment me.”
Then Zophar the Naamathite said,
(All in Job twentieth chapter read,)
If so you see the wicked there,
The wicked have a meagre share.
Of all the blessings for the creature,
He sets it forth like a good preacher.
He talked like one who had a call,
Though 'twas not meet for Job at all.
Job did the trio then beseech,
That they would listen to his speech.
When I have made but one remark,
Then you can “mock on” in the dark.
He gave them his experience then,
How some had prospered, wicked men.
How all alike lie down in death,
When they have yielded up their breath.
“How then comfort ye me in vain.
Since you in falsehood still remain?”

Eliaphaz then took the floor,
And spread himself as once before.
He said to God it was no gain,
That a man righteous should remain.
He did beseech Job then to pray,
And do it on that very day.
Job said, "My complaint is to-day,
So bitter I would gladly pray:
Oh! that I knew where I might find
The holy one who is so kind.
Before him I would bring my cause,
Would fill my mouth and would not pause.
I would his answer understand,
And then obey his just demand.
He would plead with me in his power,
And strengthen me this very hour;
If I go forward he's not there;
If backward, I have great despair.
If I seek him on left or right,
He hideth himself from my sight.
When he hath tried me I'll come forth,
Then he will know my real worth.
My foot has trod his steps refined,
His law I've kept and not declined.
I have esteemed his words so pure,
And kept all his commandments sure.
He will perform the appointed thing,
His purpose change not on the wing.

When in his presence I appear,
My soul is filled with slavish fear ;
God maketh my heart soft indeed,
When all his precepts I do heed.”

He then described sinners in classes,
Dwelling always among the masses ;
And then concluded, as we know,
“Make me a liar if not so.”

Bildad replied, as you may see,
Preaching human depravity :
“How can a man be justified,
Born of a woman in her pride ?
The moon and stars are a mere blight,
They are impure in God’s own sight.
How much less man, who is so vile,
Or son of man, a worm in style ?”

To this short harangue Job replied,
Reproving him in symbols wide ;
His metaphors were rich and terse,
And are not found in our short verse.
If you read his whole book you’ll see
Job retained his integrity.

“While breath is in me all complete,
I will not lie or use deceit :
Now God forbid that I should try
To justify you e’er I die.
My righteousness I do hold fast.
I will retain it to the last.”

He gave his enemy a hit,
Comparing him to hypocrite ;
He spoke of wealth in various things,
Material as held by kings.
The subject he presented next
Was wisdom, taken for his text.
Said he, "It can't be bought or sold ;
More precious than fine pearls or gold.
With fear of God wisdom begins,
Leaving off evil ends all sins."
He then bemoaned that very hour
The loss of all his wealth and power.
He then in brief his virtues trace,
When he had wealth and could give grace.
He also spoke of low, vile men,
Who had not wisdom in their ken :
"While I am in this loathsome case,
They spare me not, spit in my face."
He then spoke of great duties better,
Which he performed unto the letter.
As Job was righteous in his eyes,
The three friends made no more replies.
A young man Elihu stood near,
Who preached to the four quite severe.
There was one feature the most sad ;
'Tis said that Elihu was mad.
The anger in him was what fired
His soul ; he thought he was inspired.

He spoke at length in God's behalf,
Mixed up with wheat there was some chaff.
He thought he had a call to teach,
As many now are called to preach.
He said, "My words shall all be true,
Perfect in knowledge I teach you."
We must agree that as a teacher,
He was behind Henry Ward Beecher.
Or hundreds in the day we live,
For cash a free salvation give.
When we look o'er Elihu's time,
His sermon we pronounce sublime.
Poor Job was not converted, though,
Until the whirlwind talked, you know.
We understood in early youth,
Out of this whirlwind came the truth;
The spirit of the Lord was there,
And that made Job right on the square.
If one man should convert another,
A stranger, or perchance his brother,
The work is very badly done,
As oft the convert fails to run;
But when the spirit any hour,
Takes hold of men in mighty power,
Since spirit life is all within,
While in the spirit none can sin.
Job now repented in good style,
Said he, "Behold, now I am vile."

I will no further now proceed,
But will accept the spirit's creed."
Job was converted then just right,
Because he knew the Lord by sight.
The spirit then said to the three,
"My wrath is kindled against thee.
Ye have not spoken of me right,
As servant Job has in your sight."
The spirit told them it would pay,
To have Job for each of them pray.
'Tis said his friends did on that day,
Give off'rings and get Job to pray.
Since they did do the thing all right,
They were accepted in God's sight.
Afflictions of Job had an end,
The Lord did blessings to him send.
His blessings in his earthly store,
Were double what he had before.
He now had fourteen thousand sheep,
Six thousand camels had to keep.
One thousand yoke of oxen fair,
One thousand she asses were there.
His family was just the same,
As when Satan begun his game.
Three daughters and just seven sons,
(Please note they were all younger ones.)
There were no women in the land,
Fair as Job's were, please understand.

Job gave them each a setting out,
Among their brethren round about.
Job lived one hundred forty years
After afflictions, it appears.
Four generations, too, had he,
With pride to dandle on his knee.
Thus Job died, being full of days,
A patient man in all his ways.
'Tis hard a hist'ry to compile
Even to-day in such grand style.
Poetic in a great degree,
It presents truth in mystery ;
The record shows on every line
Footprints of wisdom, deep, divine ;
The human with divine in robe,
We find in the whole book of Job.
By looking over at the start,
We see Satan took active part ;
He acted only by permission,
Job's sufferings, too, were his commission.
The record shows when men are pure,
How much suff'ring they can endure.
His comforters, the human side,
Show weakness in their boasting pride.
You notice first they all begin
To prove to Job he was in sin.
They failed, since Job of course knew better ;
He knew his own heart to the letter.

He begged they would leave him alone,
That he in solitude might groan.
He saw their error, every whit,
And branded them as hypocrite.
The record lacks in this one feature,
The finale of the wise young preacher ;
With antecedents out of sight,
We may conclude that he was right.
Since now the life of Job is done,
We will return to Solomon.
His first business was that to kill
The men expressed in David's will ;
The last of these was Shimei,
Who left his limits, then must die.
Since Solomon was king for life,
He looked around and sought a wife.
His first was king Pharaoh's daughter,
He wed, and to Jerusalem brought her.
At first built for himself a place,
And then his city did incase,
Even Jerusalem with a wall,
That by its foes it would not fall.
Now Solomon loved the Lord, we know,
And so to Gibeon did go ;
Since Gibeon was very high,
A thousand offerings did die.
If in this we make no mistake,
He dreamed while sleeping or awake.

The reader will with us agree,
This dream was a deep reverie.
A splendid prayer he offered there,
For understanding wisdom rare.
The petition he made that night,
Was very pleasing in God's sight.
The reply was, "Wisdom I'll give,
None shall thy equal be who live.
I will add this to thy request,
Riches and honors, all the best.
If thou wilt walk in David's ways,
Then I will lengthen out thy days."
When the good spirit this had spoke,
'Tis said that Solomon awoke.
When he returned, as it would seem,
It was all real, all this dream.
Before the king two harlots came,
(His judgment in this case gave fame,)
The case before the court, as filed,
Each woman had a new-born child.
They both in the same house did dwell,
One was quite careful, did do well.
Three days elapsed, the other maid,
Had hers and careless overlaid.
"At midnight she took her dead son,
And changed it for my living one.
When I awoke to give it suck,
The boy was dead, she on me stuck.

I tried in vain to get mine own,
Which please the court was three days grown.
Since she would not give it to me,
I now appeal, O king, to thee!"
The king said, "One thing can be done.
Since you both claim the living son.
I will divide him now with you,
Give me a sword, that I will do."
The bogus mother then replied,
"At once, O king the child divide!"
The mother said, in accents wild,
"Don't slay it, but give her the child."
King said to her, "In you I find
The mother, both humane and kind."
As Solomon in fame arose,
We find he was exempt from foes.
From Dan even to Beersheba,
In safety all dwelt ev'ry day,
His wisdom and his brilliant fame,
Had won for him a mighty name.
His wisdom did exceed at least,
All those residing in the East.
He did three thousand proverbs note,
One thousand and five songs, he wrote.
He spake of hyssop and trees tall,
Of beasts, of birds and of things small.
There came much people near and far,
To hear this wise man then a star.

Hiram, the king of Tyre, sent there
A man of note, right on the square.
King in reply wrote, "If you please,
Send me tall cedar and fir trees ;
I wish to build a temple great,
As a memorial of my state ;
Which I shall give of mine accord,
And dedicate it to the Lord."
King Hiram did at once respond,
Of building he was very fond.
Twenty thousand cors of wheat
The king gave Hiram for a treat ;
With twenty measures of pure oil
He gave him yearly for his toil.
He levied thirty thousand souls,
One-third were on the monthly rolls.
These were all sent to Lebanon,
Where they wrought till the work was done.
Seventy thousand burdens bear,
With eighty thousand hewers square.
These were, we think, the exact count
Employed on Lebanon's high mount.
This house, when built, we have been told,
Was overlaid with pure fine gold.
The cherubins, and even floor,
With rich, fine gold was covered o'er.
We will not here give you complete
Description of its parts so neat.

In the conclusion we will say,
It surpassed buildings of that day.
When Sheba's queen heard of his fame,
To his great capital she came.
Her train of camels, laden, bore
To him rich gifts she had in store.
When she met him, right at the start,
She opened then her inmost heart ;
The wise man answered ev'ry thing,
All of the questions she did bring.
When she had seen his wisdom rare,
With the house he had built so fair,
And seen the grandeur of his court,
She said it was a true report.
"I doubted, till I came to see ;
Behold, the half was not told me."
She gave the king, we have been told,
Six score talents, all in gold ;
Of spices, largely from her store,
And precious stones ; she gave no more.
Her bounty did the king inspire,
He gave the queen all her desire.
His yearly talents all in gold,
Six hundred sixty-six, all told.
He made an ivory throne, we're told,
And overlaid it with fine gold.
His drinking vessels were gold, too ;
He thought that silver would not do.

In wealth and wisdom he was far
Ahead of others, stood at par.
King Solomon in all his pride,
As well as strong had a weak side.
His weakness was, we have been told,
Taking strange women in the fold.
The law of Moses in the land,
A simple man might understand.
This wise man certainly knew better ;
He knew the law, unto the letter.
We do not wonder at the start,
Seven hundred wives should turn his heart.
Three hundred concubines, through clatter,
Might turn his head, "that's what's the matter."
The wisest men of ev'ry school,
Often turn out the greater fool.
Some argue that in view of this,
In ignorance is greater bliss.
In Solomon we find a case
In which a wise man fell from grace.
No man in this world ever stood,
Who discontinues doing good.
The golden rule, is all can save,
A wise man if he's passion's slave.
The trouble with him was, you see,
He could not stand prosperity.
The object of this wise man's life,
Who ruled so long and free from strife,

Was first to show what man may do,
Provided he is wise and true.
And then to show how frail the great,
When they transgress the laws of state.
The lessons taught us are sublime,
Both by his wisdom and his crime.
His wisdom shone throughout the ages,
Was seen in earth's historic pages.
His fostering mechanic art,
Gave architecture a fine start.
The builders who with him begun,
Hiram of Tyre, and widow's son,
Have handed down the art, we see,
So perfect in our masonry.
Solomon in numbers did not sin,
Of all the wives which he did win.
It was in quality we find,
Selecting an inferior kind.
To Solomon this truth award,
"A prudent wife is from the Lord."
We may say, when in sin they revel,
"A bad wife cometh of the devil."
The Lord knew, when he first set out,
Exactly how he would turn out.
The same as he knew Job would win,
When his afflictions did begin.
The ruler of the universe,
Gives specimens prolix or terse.

We may from each a lesson learn,
If we have wisdom to discern ;
This wise man's writings were all prime,
Thus far they stand the rust of time.
They come upon us as a spark
From former ages, rather dark.
His proverbs, filled with wisdom rare,
Are a bequest which all may share.
They equal those of any clime,
In ancient, or in modern time.
His precepts, given as a teacher,
In Ecclesiastes, or the preacher,
Show he was rich in wisdom, thought,
That he was free, not bribed or bought.
He saw both sides, the wise, and vain,
Of life, at death nothing remain.
He sums up all after a while,
In just about the foll'wing style :
In book, third chapter and ninth verse,
Begins his creed ; it is quite terse :
"There's nothing better for a man,
Than eat and drink all that he can."
He gives this as a firm command,
Coming, he said, from God's own hand.
By honest labor each should shift,
Accept each blessing as God's gift.
He says if we take up the range.
The laws of God are without change.

He then concludes, to say the least,
It is with man as with the beast ;
They both must fall and come to death,
In other words, they have one breath ;
That man and beast have equal grace,
And both are bound for the same place.
All are of dust, he says quite plain,
And all must turn to dust again.
Who knoweth the spirit of man
Goeth upward ? tell us, who can.
Who knows the fact, to say the least,
Down goes the spirit of the beast ?
Man should rejoice in works with vim ;
None knows " what shall be after him."
He learned in dear experience school,
The wise man's on a par with fool ;
With all his wisdom fails to trace,
What will be after man in space.
In footing up nature's account,
He thus presents the full amount.
God maketh man upright, said he,
But he hath sought iniquity.
No man on earth has now the power
To lengthen out his life an hour.
Sin is the cause we must die for,
" And there is no discharge in war."
Dear reader, we now advise you
To read the preacher's book all through.

The whole is grand, perfect, sublime,
 Superior to our humble rhyme ;
 And o'er his songs with care then look,
 As given in the Holy Book.
 If you should fail to grasp his theme,
 You may get milk if not the cream.
 The beauties of these songs lie deep,
 Still few from them instruction reap,
 Because they do not comprehend,
 The imagery with which they blend.
 The author, like his gifted sire,
 Opened the truth all should desire.
 Each author, as we clearly find,
 Took up themes of a diff'rent kind.
 The latter, in his days of blood,
 Gave forth his praises like a flood.
 In all his psalms this truth we find,
 They are quite personal in kind.
 We find a balm for each soul there,
 In deep affliction or despair.
 His style and zeal we must admire,
 Each thought warmed by poetic fire.
 The writings of father and son,
 In some respects are nearly one.
 While each has this peculiar feature,
 They show the status of the teacher.
 The former through his life did fight,
 To give his nation their just right.

While the son lived in times of peace,
His learning and his wealth increase.
The father sinned in early life,
The way he took Uriah's wife ;
The son fell in his latter days,
By falling into heathen ways.
We find in each the fairer sex,
Were instrument which made them wrecks.
The father did repent in time,
And made atonement for his crime.
The son passed off at a ripe age,
And died a sinner and a sage.
The death of Solomon the great,
Caused a division in the state.
There were two men, both in the ring,
And each desired to rule as king.
Rehoboam, was the winning man,
Who was called on by Israel's van.
(The other leader Jeroboam,
Who did some time in Egypt roam.)
The people said, "Thy father made
Our yoke so heavy we're afraid.
If you will lighten it, 'they say,'
Thyself as king we will obey."
"Depart from me three days," said he,
"And then return; I will tell thee."
The king conferred with the old men,
Who stood before his father when;

They made the king this wise reply,
“If you serve them, you can rely
Upon their service evermore ;
Receive them now, we do implore.”
The king called in to counsel then
His chums, who were, they say, young men.
They said, “O king ! we recommend
This the reply you now should send :
‘ My little finger shall be thicker
Than father’s loins, and even quicker ;
While he with whips did chastise you,
With scorpions I’ll put you through.’ ”
This was the reply the king made ;
They could not trust him, still afraid.
They then went out, so says the book,
And Jeroboam as king they took.
Israel’s rebellion from that day,
Continued ever, we would say.
The king of Judah raised just then,
One hundred eighty thousand men ;
The prophet said it was not right ;
So they disbanded—did not fight.
Israel’s king was of that style,
In short, he was a sinner vile ;
To Ahijah blind he sent his wife,
To ask about his sick son’s life.
When she approached in her disguise,
The prophet knew her, we surmise.

The prophet called her in and said,
“When you return he will be dead.
Tell Jeroboam when you return,
God’s anger doth against him burn.
Since he preferred idolatry,
He can no longer ruler be.
The Lord will smite his great and small,
Yea, all that wet against the wall.
Since he is sinful and not pure,
Will clean him out, as men manure.”
Rehoboam as it now appears,
O’er Judah reigned forty-one years.
The Jews during his entire reign,
Were sinful, or at least quite vain.
Shishak, the king of Egypt, came,
In his fifth year this was his game,
To steal treasures in temple grand,
And all the king then had on hand.
When Rehoboam died it is said,
His son Abijam ruled instead.
Like his own father, he was vile;
For David’s sake he ruled awhile.
Three years he ruled, then he was dead.
His son Asa was king instead.
For forty-one years he ruled right,
And was quite perfect in God’s sight.
The next on Judah’s throne who sat,
Was Asa’s son Jehoshaphat.

Nadab the son of Jeroboam,
Reigned two years, then went to the tomb,
Slain by Baasha at Gibbethon,
Who ruling Israel went on
For twenty-four years when he
Was landed in eternity.
Elah, his son, then took his place ;
His term was very brief in space.
He ruled for two years, it is said,
When Zimri smote his master dead.
(He was a servant without spunk,
Smiting his chief when he was drunk.)
And Elah's children, one and all,
He smote those wetting 'gainst the wall ;
Also his friends, all kinsmen near,
He also slew, it doth appear.
Zimri, the rascal, reigned seven days,
When Omri ended his vile ways,
By burning up king's house and all,
And thus his dynasty did fall.
Two candidates now in the field—
Tibni and Omri, one did yield.
The former died, the latter reigned,
Twelve years as ruler he remained.
In sin he capped the climax sure,
'Tis said he was the most impure.
When Omri slept with fathers dead,
Ahab his son reigned in his stead.

For twenty-two years he was king ;
For him "to sin was a light thing."
'Tis said that he provoked God more
"Than all of Israel's kings before."
Elijah, the prophet, in his day,
Came to the king and this did say :
"As the Lord lives with whom I stand,
No rain or dew upon the land,
For three years from this time shall fall,
Except it comes through my own call."
Then Elijah a journey took,
Going East to the Cherith brook.
The Lord said, "Now arise and flee,
I'll have the ravens there feed thee."
He went, as expressed in God's wish,
When ravens brought him bread and fish ;
Morning and evening he partook,
And drank the waters of the brook ;
For lack of rain, the chief supply,
At length he found the brook was dry.
The Lord now said, "Arise and flee
To Zidon, there a woman see ;
A widow in Zarephath there,
Will with thee her small pittance share."
When he came to the city's gate,
(We might infer the town was great,)
He saw a woman gath'ring sticks,
To cook some meal she had to mix ;

He called her, and he said, "Fetch me
A little water, I pray thee."

As she was going then, he said,

"Bring me a morsel, too, of bread."

"My poverty I'll not conceal :

I only have a little meal,

And just a little oil in cruse ;

To ask of me it is no use.

I came out here to get two sticks,

That I may dress it or may mix ;

Prepare it for myself and son,

And when we eat it we are done."

Elijah said unto her, "Make

At first for me a little cake ;

Then after make another one

For thee and for thy starving son ;

For this the Lord tells me to-day,

Thy meal shall never waste away ;

Thy cruse, oil shall in it remain,

Until the Lord sendeth the rain."

She went, as then the prophet said,

The trio did not lack for bread.

Some time elapsed, the widow's son,

Who had her strong affections won,

Through sickness sore had lost his breath ;

In other words, he was in death.

She then said to the man of God,

"Why lay on me affliction's rod ?"

He said to her, "Give me thy son,"
He took the corpse and with it run :
The same upon his bed he laid,
And then began at once he prayed :
"O Lord, my God, why hast thou done,
This slaying of the widow's son ?
I pray let this child's soul again
Return and in him more remain."
Three times in agony he prayed,
Stretched on the lifeless body laid.
The Lord now heard his prayer all o'er,
And then the soul returned once more.
Elijah then to mother giveth,
And said to her, "See thy son liveth."
She said, "The way you've healed this youth,
The Lord is in thee of a truth."
It came to pass after a time,
Words to Elijah came sublime :
"Go, now to Ahab ; in this dearth,
I will send rain upon the earth."
It had been dry two years or more,
Therefore the famine had been sore.
Obadiah and Ahab now pass
In diff'rent ways, to find some grass.
The former and his men soon met
The prophet, and he knew him yet.
"Art thou that my Elijah dear ?"
"I am : go tell the king I'm here."

“O prophet ! this can never be,
Should you remove he would slay me.
Elijah, from my early youth,
I have feared God ; it is the truth.
When Jezebel the prophets slew,
I hid one hundred : this is true.
With bread and water life to save,
I fed them all within a cave.
I must, indeed, now say to thee,
Should you be gone he would slay me.”
Seer said, “Go now without delay ;
I wish to see Ahab to-day.
In order you may not be slain.
I swear to thee, I will remain.”
When they soon meet Ahab said thus :
“Art thou the man that troubleth us ?”
The prophet said unto the king,
“I am quite faultless in this thing.
Thou and thy father’s house in line,
Have the commandments broken fine.
Now gather Baal’s priests for me,
Let me four hundred fifty see,
With four hundred prophets, all able
To eat at Jezebel’s own table.”
Since three years there had been dry weather,
The prophet’s were all brought together.
They met on old Mount Carmel high,
Where Baal’s prophets soon must die.

Elijah told Israel their fault ;
“ How long between opinions halt ?
If the Lord be God, follow him :
But if Baal, *then* follow him.
I stand alone on the Lord's side,
Let Baal's power at once be tried ;
A bullock then for me prepare,
Give one to Baal's prophets there.
Prepare the offerings the same way,
Lay them on altars here to-day ;
To test the power is my desire,
Of each, immediately by fire.
The true God will our faith inspire,
Who will furnish the needed fire.”
While all around the altars stood,
The people said, “ the word is good.”
Prophets of Baal their gift did sunder,
At early morn, put no fire under.
They prayed till noon, still no fire came ;
Elijah mocked them all the same.
“ Your God is talking, or away,
Perhaps asleep ; call loud, I say.”
They cried aloud, cut themselves bad,
No voice or answer any had.
At eve Elijah said, “ Come near ;
I will repair this altar here.”
He took twelve stones to form the bench,
And round about it dug a trench ;

He placed the off'ring, cut on wood,
Twelve barrels water wet it good ;
The water did the off'ring drench,
And filled completely the whole trench.
When time for evening off'ring came,
Elijah also did the same ;
He prayed to Israel's God aloud,
Even among this sinful crowd :
"Let it be known this day that thou
Art the true God, and prove it now ;
Hear me, O Lord, hear me to-day,
And save this people turned away."
Fire from the Lord at once did fall,
Which burnt off'ring, altar, and all ;
The people fell face to the ground,
When they behold it standing 'round ;
"The Lord is God," the people said ;
"The Lord is God," in Baal's stead.
Elijah said unto them then,
"Take all the prophets, Baal's men,
And slay them in a humane shape ;
Let not a single one escape."
To Kishon brook they did repair,
And slew these Baal prophets there.
Elijah to the king did go,
And thus addressed him, as we know :
"Ahab, get thee up, eat and drink ;
For there will soon be rain, I think."

Elijah went and took a station,
On Carmel's mount for observation.
He said to servant "Look to sea,
And bring the result soon to me."
He said, "Go just seven times more,
Report each time as once before."
The seventh time he said, with glee,
"I saw a cloud rise from the sea.
As I looked westward, understand,
It was no larger than my hand."
He sent his servant to the king,
To tell him briefly of this thing.
Advising him to then ride down,
Before the storm did on him frown.
They did not either long remain,
The heavens were black with clouds and rain.
While Ahab rode, Elijah run ;
The king told Jezebel all done :
How Elijah had her prophets slain,
Now, not a single one remain.
The queen sent word to prophet say,
"I will slay thee in just one day."
Elijah did not like this tale ;
He ran for life, to have it fail.
He left servant at Beersheba,
And then ran in the wild one day.
While he sat 'neath a jun'per tree,
He was discouraged. as we see.

He said, "O Lord! now take my life,
I am disheartened in this strife."
While he was sleeping, angel said,
"Arise, and eat this cake or bread."
When he had ate he lay once more,
The angel touched him as before:
"Arise, and eat: this is my plea,
The journey is too much for thee."
When he had ate and drank again,
He did not longer there remain.
(Like Doctor Tanner in his ways,
He ate no more for forty days.)
Hid in a cave on Horeb's mount,
He stayed to render his last count.
The word of God came from afar:
"What doest thou here, Elijah?"
"I have been jealous for the Lord,
This I receive as my reward.
Thy children have forsaken thee,
Killed all thy prophets except me.
I now am hid from all this strife;
The object is to save my life."
"Elijah, go! as thy reward,
Stand on the mount before the Lord."
When he upon the mount did stand,
There was a mighty wind at hand.
The mountains and the rocks were broke,
But the Lord was not in the stroke.

The earth did tremble and did shake,
The Lord was not in the earthquake ;
After the earthquake just a bit,
There was a fire, no Lord in it.
“After the fire, a small, still voice,”
This God regarded as his choice.
He said, “Go, return on thy way,
Anoint a king o’er Syria.
Regard, Elijah, now my voice :
Anoint Haziél, he is my choice.
Your horn of sacred oil then bring,
Anoint Jehu as Israel’s king ;
As you are nearly through your race,
Anoint Elisha in your place.
Him that escapeth by the way,
Haziél’s sword, shall Jehu slay ;
Those who escape from both of these,
Elisha will slay, if you please.
Though there are left in Israel’s fold
Seven thousand who are pure as gold :
They have not bowed to Baal yet,
Or kissed this heathen god or pet.”
The first, Elijah saw and spoke
Was Elisha, plowing with twelve yoke ;
The prophet, as by him he passed,
His mantle on the plowman cast :
“Let me kiss father, mother, treasure,
Then, I will follow thee with pleasure.”

Soon he returned, and killed a pair
Of oxen—did a feast prepare ;
After the feast he did depart,
And found the object of his heart.
Benhadad now was Syria's king,
A host against Israel did bring ;
To king Ahab he sent a line,
Saying, "Thy silver, gold, are mine :
Thy wives, and children of thy line,
The best of them, I say, is mine."
Ahab replied, (the weak old vine,)
"O king! all that I have is thine."
Benhadad sent a new demand,
Adding still more, we understand :
"To-morrow at this time or 'fore,
I will search all your houses o'er ;
(I am determined to have more,)
Take what I wish of all your store.
Whatever you would wish should stay,
Are just the things I'll take away."
King Ahab called a council then,
Of all the elders and the men ;
He told them of Syria's demand,
And of the answer sent to hand.
The people would not then consent ;
The messengers to Syria went,
And told the king the first demand
Was all that Ahab now would stand.

The messengers were sent again,
Telling Ahab, war now must reign.
Said he, "One handful of dust fine,
You cannot find for each in line."
Then Ahab, sent back word upon,
"Boast not with armor off or on."
Syria prepared then for the fray,
And set the battle in array.
A prophet said to Ahab then,
"Hast thou seen this great host of men?
They are given thee as award,
That thou may'st know I am the Lord."
And Ahab said, "By whom? now say,
Shall lead my forces in the fray?"
The prophet in reply said, "Thou.
So number all thy servants now."
The young men of the princes true,
Were *just* two hundred thirty-two.
And "seven thousand" rank and file,
Inferior in their warlike style.
The princes first went out to fight;
It gave Benhadad much delight.
"If they come forth for peace or war;
Take them alive," killing abhor.
Soon as the battle first began,
Each one of Israel "smote his man."
The record shows that Syria fled,
Loss, more than seven thousand dead.

Benhadad, mounted in the fray,
Had the good luck to get away.
Seer said, "Ahab, make thyself strong,
For Syria will come back e'er long."
Benhadad said, "We will again
Try Israel upon the plain."
Said he, "If correct in my creed,
There is no doubt we shall succeed."
He duplicated the first lot,
Who were to fight on a low spot.
Against this force Ahab makes bids,
In numbers "like two flocks of kids."
The prophet came to Ahab, king,
And did to him explain this thing.
To show that God is on the plain,
But few of Syria shall remain.
One hundred thousand on that day,
"The two small flocks of kids," did slay.
Twenty-seven thousand dead,
Found under Aphex wall, where fled.
This last number, though quite immense,
Were slain by special providence.
Benhadad, soon after this strife,
Asked Ahab to spare his own life.
Said he, "Those cities I'll restore
To thee, which my sire took before
Of thy father, in former time,
If you will now forgive my crime."

“The covenant thou this day say,
Is valid, go in peace thy way.”
A prophet, then, in full disguise,
Was brought before king Ahab’s eyes.
After a battle, then he said,
“A man approached me as I fled,
And put another in my care ;
If he escape, then thou must share
The death which is prepared for him.
The sequel was through my care slim,
He did escape ; can I find grace ?
For this, O king ! I seek thy face.”
The king replied, “My verdict get,
It is as you have stated it ;
Your life in you should not remain,
Since you have made the forfeit plain.”
The stranger, to the king’s surprise,
Removed at once his own disguise.
The prophet said, “Thus saith the Lord :
I come to show thee thy reward ;
Thou hast pardoned a king of strife,
And for his, I will take thy life ;
Thy people, too, shall be annoyed,
I might say, utterly destroyed.”
Ahab then went upon that day,
With heavy heart to Samaria.
His next displeasure, or his pain,
Was Naboth’s vineyard on the brain.

He was completely sick in bed ;
Turned not his face and ate no bread,
Then Jezebel, his wicked wife,
Arranged it to take Naboth's life.
She then took up a legal plan,
By which she could destroy the man.
(Much law, and little justice then,
As now was found among vile men.)
Poor Naboth yielded up his breath ;
(He was brought forth and stoned to death.)
The wife said, "Ahab, raise thy head,
Take now the vineyard, Naboth's dead."
Elijah, the prophet, then on hand,
Approached Ahab by God's command :
"Thus saith the Lord, in the same place
Where dogs licked Naboth's blood, there trace
Where they'll lick thine in the same spot ;
Through sin you now possess his lot."
Ahab replied, "Hast thou found me ?
I know thou art mine enemy."
The prophet said, "I have found thee,
And will slay thy posterity ;
Will take from Ahab one and all
Of those that wet against the wall ;
The dogs shall eat thy wife, a witch,
Upon the brink of Jezreel's ditch ;
All of yours dying in the city,
The dogs shall eat, with none to pity.

Those dying in the field complete,
The fowls of air shall surely eat."
The reason Ahab was thus cursed,
Of Israel's kings he was the worst.
His wife, the reader can tell why,
Not fit to live, unfit to die.
No woman in this earth or hell,
So wicked as queen Jezebel.
When the king heard the prophet through,
He rent his clothes all fine and new.
By fasting and in sackcloth there,
He was a picture of despair.
In view of his reform, 'tis said,
The sentence was put off till dead.
But when his son was called to reign,
It should be valid and remain.
For three years, peace was with them all,
After which Ahab was to fall.
When war with Syria came, we know,
The prophets said to Ahab, go.
The only prophet telling truth,
Was Micaiah, then a youth.
The Lord suffered a spirit nigh,
To cause the rest of them to lie.
His object was, no doubt, in brief,
To cause the death of Israel's chief.
The pay the truthful prophet got,
Was, put in prison on the spot.

His only food, affliction's bread,
And waters of the same, 'tis said.
Ahab was slain, dogs licked his blood,
Upon the chariot and the mud.
Thus ended Ahab's wicked reign,
Who was by Syria's arrow slain.
His acts, throughout his earthly life,
Were shaped partly by his wife.
For us it is quite hard to tell,
The wickedness of Jezebel.
In truth, we venture here to say,
She was unequalled in her day.
If we go back for many years,
We fail to find one of her peers.
The lesson taught by Ahab's life,
To all young men: get a good wife.
Man's destiny in life, we know,
By wife is shaped while on they go.
Ahab a house of ivory built;
It perished though before his guilt.
He built some cities too, 'tis said,
Which stood long after he was dead.
By the record it doth appear,
In wickedness he had no peer,
While Israel did his death moan,
Son Ahaziah took the throne.
Jehosaphat, Asa's own son,
Also the throne of Judah won.

For twenty-five years he ruled well,
A pleasing truth for us to tell ;
He walked in all his father's ways,
A fact which speaks also in praise.
During his reign, we have some traces,
Of incense burned in the high places.
He built ships for Ophir's fine gold,
Which were not sent, as we are told.
He made peace with Ahab, the king,
Refused all help the gold to bring.
He was a model ruler, pure ;
A man both positive and sure.
King Ahaziah, diff'rent man,
Following Ahab in his plan ;
Like Ahab and his wicked wife,
He served the devil all his life.
During this time one day he fell ;
He had disease—did not do well.
He sent to Ekron to discover
Whether he would soon recover ;
His servant on this trip did plod,
To consult with a heathen god.
Elijah came, that prophet bold,
And met the messengers, we're told.
“Is there no God in Israel, say ?
If so, why go so far away ?
Go, tell the king that he must lie
On the same bed until he die.

The command I have given you,
Comes from the God of Israel true.”
When they returned unto the king,
And to him did this message bring,
Said : “ What manner of man *was he*,
Who sent this message unto me ?”
“ *He was* an hairy man, O king !
About his loins a leather string.”
The king replied, “ I now have light ;
It is Elijah, the Tishbite.”
The king sent after him just then
A captain’s squad of fifty men.
They found the prophet sitting still,
Upon the top of a small hill.
The captain said, “ Thou man of God,
The king commands, so leave this sod.”
Elijah then made this reply :
“ If truly man of God am I,
Let fire from heaven upon you fall ;
Consume thee with thy fifty all.”
A second detail king sent then,
With the same number, fifty men.
Seer made reply as to first lot,
They, too, were burned upon the spot.
The king then sent up a third corps,
Its numbers same as those before.
This captain did not do the same
As those who had before him came.

When he approached he bowed and prayed,
And this is nearly what he said :

“O man of God, if it is right,
Let my line be safe in thy sight.

The fire from heaven has slain five score.
I pray thee, prophet, slay no more.”

The angel to seer said, “Go down
With this third fifty to the town.”

Seer told the king the message o'er,
Which he had sent to him before.

It was soon as the prophet said :
The king was numbered with the dead.

Jehoram then by the same mother,
Took the command in place of brother.

Elijah and Elisha go

From Gilgal ; they were both in Co.

The former said, “Stay here, I pray,
While I to Bethel go to-day.”

The latter said, as we well know,
“As the Lord liveth, I will go.”

Bethel, remember, was a town,
Where prophets lived of great renown.

Sons of the seers to Elisha say,
“Thy master will leave thee to-day.”

“The Lord will take him, that I know.
While he is here, with him I'll go.”

Elijah wished him to stay here,
While he to Jordan did draw near.

Elisha said, "I will not stay."
Then the two went upon their way.
(Upon the banks of Jordan stood,
Fifty sons of seers, all good.)
When they came to the Jordan, note,
With mantle seer the waters smote.
The waters stood like walls quite high,
And both passed through on the ground dry.
Elijah said, "Now ask of me,
What favor I can do for thee.
You, as a prophet, now do know,
This is the day that I must go."
"Let thy spirit double on me stay,
When thou art taken far away."
"You ask a hard thing; but this know,
'Tis granted, if you see me go."
As they went on talking the same,
A team of fire with wagon came.
It parted then complete asunder;
Elijah went up, 'twas a wonder.
This great event Elisha spied;
"My father, father," then he cried.
When this brilliant transaction ceases,
"He rent his own clothes in two pieces."
He took Elijah's mantle, too,
Smiting the waters, dry went through.
When sons of seers saw this great test,
They knew Elisha was then blessed.

They then approach him all around,
And bow before him on the ground ;
They said, "One thing we plainly see :
Elijah's spirit rests on thee."
These fifty prophets, men of strength,
Displayed their foolishness at length ;
They teased Elisha, as we know,
Till he consented they might go.
They went upon the mountain top,
To find him, if the spirit drop.
For three days they looked all around ;
Elijah could nowhere be found.
Elisha, was the only man,
First-class as prophet in this clan.
If they had knowledge, would have known,
Just where the lost prophet had flown.
Elisha taunts them on the spot ;
"Did I not say to you, go not ?"
Elijah's life, we here would say,
Was quite peculiar in his day.
He stood alone, fearless for right,
With base idolators did fight.
The most unique was at the end,
When he by whirlwind did ascend ;
Like Enoch, he did never die,
But was translated to the sky.
These were the only two, we find
Escaping death, of all mankind.

There was a certain barren place,
Whose waters were in useless case.
Elisha there, with salt in cruse,
Healed them, and made them fit for use.
The land was fruitful, free from death,
Unto this day, the record saith.
As he one day to Bethel went,
Some wicked children, with intent
To hurt his feelings, to him said :
“Go up, bald head ; go up, bald head.”
He turned back and he cursed them all ;
She-bears caused forty-two to fall.
This record from the book of truth,
Should be a warning to wild youth.
This maxim should be understood :
“Mock no one, either bad or good.”
Youth in this life will always find
It pays to be courteous and kind.
Jehoram in an evil way,
O'er Israel ruled twelve years, they say.
Though not as bad as father, mother,
Or even his last ruling brother,
He did not a clear record win,
Because he made Israel to sin.
While Ahab as the king did live,
Moab did yearly Israel give,
For tax, one hundred thousand lambs ;
With wool, one hundred thousand rams.

When Israel's king, Ahab, was dead,
Moab rebelled, so it is said.

Jehoram thought that it was right
With Moab then to have a fight.

He was allied with Judah's king,
Who promised a large host to bring.

Their forces took a desert track,

For seven days they water lack.

The king of Israel said, "Alas!

That we should such an host amass,

To suffer with thirst in this land,

Or given into Moab's hand."

The king of Judah asked for one,

Who could tell then what should be done.

A servant said, "Elisha's here,

He is a good and truthful seer."

Jehoshaphat said, "He is pure,

The word of God is with him, sure."

The combined kings, just three in all,

At once upon Elisha call.

Elisha said to Israel's king,

"To Baal's prophets bring this thing.

They were thy father's chief delight,

They can inform thee of the fight."

The king of Israel said, "Nay:

The Lord hath called three kings to-day.

To turn them over where we stand,

Into the king of Moab's hand."

Seer said, "I would not with thee chat ;
Were it not for Jehoshaphat.
Bring me a minstrel with his harp,
Then I will solve this matter sharp."
Soon as the minstrel played with vim,
Hand of the Lord, came upon him.
The Lord said, "Make ye now some nitches,
Or rather, fill this vale with ditches.
Without the wind or even rain,
Water I'll give you, on this plain.
Both you and all your stock may drink,
Out of the ditches you now sink.
This is a small thing, too, for me,
I will give you the victory.
You must each fenced city smite,
Upon each choice city then light.
All wells of water you must stop,
And ev'ry good tree you must drop.
Cover with stones all the good land,
Do all these things, 'tis my command."
Suffice it here for us to say,
Water was plenty the next day ;
And the three kings with hosts all right,
Were ready now Moab to fight.
The sun shone brightly on the mud,
Moab mistook these rays for blood.
They thought these hosts from thirst and pain,
Certainly had each other slain.

“Now, therefore, Moab, to the spoil;
It will repay you all your toil.”
But when they came to Israel's camp,
They found the surface rather damp.
Israel went in for victory;
Smiting them to their own country.
The reader now may understand,
They carried out the Lord's command.
Moab, with seven hundred men,
Tried to break through to Edom then.
As his command was now so small,
He offered his son on the wall—
Even a burnt off'ring, we see,
One who, if living, king might be.
(A comment on this early time,
Would show great ignorance and crime.)
A widow of a certain name,
To the prophet Elisha came.
Her husband had been prophet, too,
And died in debt, as many do.
Her creditors, who came with duns,
Had made a levy on her sons.
Elisha, as attorneys do,
Asked her what assets she had true.
She said, “I have, for all my toil,
Nothing except a pot of oil.”
Seer said, “I see of hope one ray;
Go home and do just as I say.

Get empty vessels not a few,
Borrow them of your friends most true ;
Enter thy house and shut the door,
With your sons present and no more.
Pour oil at once from your own pot,
Till you have filled the entire lot."

After she had thus filled them all,
She made the prophet one more call.

He said, "Sell oil and pay thy debt,
And live upon the balance nett."

(We add, her sorrow now in store,
Was that she had not borrowed more.)

It fell upon a certain day,

Elisha passed to Shunam way :

A woman great, with zeal did try,
To have him dine with her near by.

He did so ; when he passed that way,
As circuit riders do to-day.

The wife said to husband one day :

"Prepare a room for prophet, pray ;

As he has oft this circuit trod,

I see he is a man of God."

The woman was, we think, inspired ;

All things were done as she desired.

It chanced to fall upon a day,

When he had in this chamber lay ;

He said unto his servant near,

"Now have this Shunammite appear."

When she came to the prophet there,
He spoke of all her kindly care.
He said to her, "Please now tell me,
What service can I render thee?
Would kind words from me please thee most,
Spoken to king, or chief of host?"
The modest lady then replied,
"With mine own people I abide."
When she had left as we infer:
"What then is to be done for her?"
The servant said, in tones quite mild,
"Master, our host has not a child."
Elisha saw the servant's wit,
And said, "Now call her in a bit."
The servant then called her once more,
And as she stood within the door:
"About this season, time of life,
You will become a fruitful wife.
Since you have God's affection won,
You shall embrace an infant son."
"Nay, man of God, pray do not lie;
I could not have one if I try."
She was mistaken, we have read,
And had a son, as the seer said.
When it was grown, upon a day,
It fell with reapers while at play.
The child unto its father said,
"My head, my head! father, my head."

He spoke unto a lad, another,
“Carry him now unto his mother.”
He sat upon his mother’s knee
Till noon, and then his life did flee.
She laid him on Elisha’s bed :
Calling her husband to him, said,
“Send me an ass, by the young man,
I must find seer, soon as I can.”
He said this season he can’t tell—
The wife replied, “It shall be well.”
On saddled ass with servant drove,
They halted not in plain or grove.
Elisha was on Carmel high,
Far off the women he did spy.
He said to servant, “Look and see,
That Shunammite, coming to me.
Run meet her and this message tell :
Is thy husband and thy child well ?”
When she the man of God did meet,
She straightway caught him by the feet.
The servant would thrust her away,
The seer said, “No, but let her stay.
Her soul is vexed within her, see,
The Lord hath hidden it from me.”
“Did I desire a son of thee ?
Did I not say, don’t deceive me ?
He then proposed to send his staff
By servant, but she thought it chaff.

She said : " As the Lord liveth, *see, Elisha*, I will not leave thee."
Servant went on 'fore seer and wife,
Laid staff on child's face—was no life.
He then went back, if we're correct,
And said the staff had no effect ;
Elisha found the infant dead,
Laying in his room, on the bed.
When he went in and shut the door,
He did the Lord at once implore ;
With mouth to mouth and eye to eye,
He did upon the infant lie ;
Warmth to the corpse he did impart,
And did arouse the sleeping heart.
The prophet would walk on the floor,
And then embrace the corpse once more ;
When seer the corpse did last time squeeze,
" The child *then* seven times *did* sneeze,"
And when the prophet did arise,
" The former corpse opened its eyes."
He called his servant, and he said,
" Tell mother, her son is not dead."
When she came in with joy complete,
Fell on the ground at prophet's feet.
Her gratitude, we must confess,
Our native tongue cannot express.
Few, by experience in this life
Can know the rapture of this wife.

Few are the cases we have read,
Where children were raised from the dead.
Elisha then to Gilgal went,
A dearth upon the land was sent.
Servant cooked herbs, in the great pot,
With poison gourds, they knew it not ;
While the greens hot they were all eating,
“Death in the pot,” disturbed the meeting.
Elisha called then for some meal,
Which poison in the pot did heal.
A good man twenty-five loaves brought,
One hundred from them comfort sought.
A man, much honored through the coast,
Was Naaman, chief of Syria’s host ;
He was a valiant man to fight,
But was a leper, almost white.
A Jewish captive, a young maid,
Who had with Mrs. Naaman staid,
Said, “If Naaman, my seer, could see,
He could be cured of leprosy.”
A man went in and told his lord
What the maid said of her accord.
The king of Syria said then,
“A line to Israel’s king I’ll pen ;
With it deliver a good fee,
Tell Israel’s king it came from me.
Ten talents silver, take of mine,
Six thousand pieces of gold fine ;

Ten changes of fine raiment too,
Deliver all faithful and true."

The servant said to Israel's king,
"With these gifts I, do Naaman bring.

The king of Syria sends to thee,
That thou mayest cure his leprosy."

When Israel's king had read this prose,
He was displeased, and rent his clothes.

"Am I a god, to kill or cure?

Syria would quarrel with me sure."

Elisha heard about this thing,

And sent a letter to the king:

"Let Naaman come at thy command,
There is a prophet in this land."

Then Naaman came with coach and four,
And drove up to Elisha's door.

Elisha o'er him made no fuss,

But sent a message, which read thus:

"Wash seven times in Jordan's stream,
Then rays of health shall on thee beam."

Naaman was wroth and went away,

A disappointed man that day.

He thought Elisha sure did lack

Courtesy, or, he was a quack.

"Are not the rivers of our land
Purer than Jordan, his command?"

He turned and went away in rage,

But servant reasoned as a sage.

When he recovered from his prank,
He drove at once to Jordan's bank.
Seven times he dipped, a man defiled ;
But came up last clear as a child.
He then returned at once and stood
Before the prophet, just and good.
"There is no God in all the earth,
Except in Israel, having worth."
An offered blessing he did make,
Which Prophet did refuse to take.
When Naaman started on his way,
Gehazi hailed him and did say,
"My master asks of thee a gift,
For two young prophets now adrift."
The Syrian gave freely with pride,
The sum he asked, talent beside.
The sequel of this lie, we know ;
Servant was leper, white as snow.
Elisha went with prophets young,
To Jordan's banks, with axes hung.
Their object was to build, it seems,
And were engaged in cutting beams.
An axe, loose on the handle then,
Was borrowed by one of the men ;
It came off and sank in the stream.
The prophet using it did scream.
Elisha said, "Despair won't win :
Show me the place where it fell in."

The place was shown him very quick,
When the ax floated like a stick.
Syria, on Israel now made war ;
Reader, we cannot tell what for.
Elisha, by posting Israel's king,
On him did Syria's vengeance bring.
When this fact was to Syria told,
In Dotham was the prophet bold.
Syria then sent a mighty host,
To take this city on the coast.
Elisha's servant had surprise,
When this great host first met his eyes.
He said, "Master, what shall we do,
Since all our army is but two?"
Elisha said, "It is far more,
Than those opposing us, before."
The Lord the servant eyes did ope,
He saw their allies and had hope :
The mountains filled with horses hot,
Chariots of fire were on the spot.
Elisha made a prayer like this,
"Smite Lord, this people with blindness."
He used deception there that day,
Which led them to Samaria.
Here sight returned to all the men,
They saw they were in Israel's den.
The king said to Elisha then,
"Shall I smite them ? shall I smite them ?"

Elisha answered the king, "No ;
Smite none made captive with thy bow.
Give bread and water to them all,
Then let them on their master call."
Years after this Benhadad came.
Making Samaria his game.
There was a famine in the land,
As by "the book" we understand.
Since men were very loth to die,
Price of provision was quite high.
An ass's head in market stood,
Four score pieces of silver good,
Twenty pieces of silver wrung,
From poor, for one cab of dove's dung.
One day the king was on the wall,
He heard the cry, "Help me, my lord."
The king replied, "If God help not,
How can I mitigate thy lot?"
He further asked, "What aileth thee?"
She said, "A woman promised me,
If I would give my son to-day,
To stave deadly hunger away,
To-morrow, she would boil hers too,
She now her contract will not do.
My son was boiled, O king, you see,
She ate of him as well as me.
O king ! this wicked woman bid,
To kill her son, which she has hid."

Her story, told in homely prose,
Caused Israel's king to rend his clothes ;
He swore in his great grief and pain,
Elisha's head should not remain.
The seer and elders were within,
When the king's messenger came in.
Elisha was posted, 'tis said,
And did not stay to lose his head.
Elisha said, "Hear words sublime :
To-morrow noon, about this time,
A measure of wheat, flour or rye,
For just one shekel, you can buy,
Two measures barley, for the same,
This, I predict in the Lord's name."
Four lepers, lying in the gate,
With Syria thought to trust their fate ;
They rose up in the morning damp,
And traveled to the Syrian camp ;
Judge their surprise as best you can,
There was not there a single man.
The Lord had scared them all away,
They left before the dawn of day ;
Leaving munitions for the strife,
They ran, with speed, to save their life.
The lepers made a lucky hit,
The gold and silver, they hid it ;
When they had bagged the finest game,
To them a better judgment came.

They thought those facts they then would bring,
And lay them all before the king.
Through city's porter they made known
The points of interest we have shown.
The king, just waking from a nap,
Thought in this, Syria laid a trap ;
At length, he sent a little scout
To test one fact, "Is Syria out?"
They found it true, as lepers said,
The Syrian army had all fled.
The ruling prices now for bread,
Was just the same as prophet said.
The rush of people was so great,
The king was crushed while at the gate.
Elisha called now, it is said,
On Shunammite, whose son was dead ;
He said, "Seven years of famine sore,
Will here prevail, now leave thy door ;
Where e'er you can a living earn,
You have a right there to sojourn."
Seven years passed in Philistia's land,
She sought the king with a demand.
Gehazi and king talked as one,
Of the great things the seer had done.
Said he, "Behold the son, the wife,
The former, seer restored to life."
The result was, by king's command,
She had restored, her house and land.

Also all fruits since she had left,
“Of nothing shall she be bereft.”
Benhadad at Damascus lay,
While prophet was in town one day.
As now the king was very sick,
He said, “Call in the prophet, quick ;
Load forty camels—each good thing,
Present all to him from the king.
Tell me, Elisha, if you please,
Shall I recover this disease ?”
Hazael came with gifts so great,
And bare the question we last state.
“Thou mayest recover if you try,
The Lord hath showed me he will die.”
Elisha’s eyes on Hazael set,
Remained there until they were wet.
Then Hazael said, “Why weepest thou ?”
Seer said, “I see thy record now ;
I see that when thou art made king,
Thou wilt evil on Israel bring.
You will against them then conspire,
Their strongholds you will set on fire ;
Will slay their young men on your trip,
Their pregnant women you will rip ;
And in your military round,
Will dash their children to the ground.”
Hazael replied, as we have read,
And thus unto the prophet said :

“Is thy servant a dog of spite,
That he should do this thing not right?”
The seer said, “God shows me this day,
Thou shalt be king o’er Syria.”
Hazael returned unto the king,
Who asked; “What tidings do you bring?”
“He told me, king, you would recover;”
Which was a falsehood, we discover.
The next day, to his own disgrace,
Put a wet cloth to the king’s face;
Benhadad then came to his death
By suffocation—want of breath.
After this murder, all his own,
He then ascended Syria’s throne.
Joram, the son of Ahab, king,
Did war against the Syrians bring.
(The reader, here we would remark,
Will find this record somewhat dark;
As Israel and Judah had men
Of the same name; be careful then,
Or else you may carelessly make
A fearful error or mistake.)
His ally, king of Judah too,
Marched out to put the Syrian through.
Joram was wounded on the plain,
And “sick in Jezreel did remain.”
Elisha sent a prophet down
To Ramoth-Gilead, a small town.

“Gird up thy loins with oil in hand,
Before Jehu the captain stand.
When he is in a secret place,
Anoint him king through the Lord’s grace.
And say to him while in your sight,
You must the males of Ahab smite.
Thereby avenge for prophet’s blood,
Which Ahab caused to flow in flood.
The dogs shall Jezebel eat,
No one shall bury her complete.”
When he had this and much more said,
From the door open then he fled.
Now Jehu’s men their trumpets bring,
And shout the news: “Jehu is king.”
Then Jehu said, “You will do well,
Let none go forth, the news to tell.”
The new-made king to Jezebel went,
He drove “like Jehu,” as if sent.
A watchman on the tower quite high,
Could dimly see them coming nigh.
The king said, “Take a horse and go,
And ask, Is it peace, or no.”
They met: Jehu then said, “Now cease,
Sir, what hast thou to do with peace?”
The king a second message sent,
The same as by the first that went.
The answer to him was the same,
As that which to the first one came.

Watchman reported what was done,
Just how they met and were as one.
By the first driving, watchman spake,
'Tis captain Jehu, no mistake.
Joram and Ahaziah then,
Went forth to meet the coming men.
They met where Naboth's vineyard lay,
The one he owned in former day.
Joram said, "Is it peace, Jehu?"
"What peace for Ahab, or for you?
What peace for whoredoms of thy mother,
Or witchcrafts, heaped upon another?"
Joram now turned his team and fled,
Said he, "There's treachery ahead."
Jehu then drew his bow with might,
The arrow touched his heart in flight.
When Ahaziah saw him dead,
By way of garden house he fled.
As he was driving up to Gur.
They smote him dead, he could not stir.
Then Jehu drove into the town,
The queen from her window looked down.
While she was looking on the street,
Her toilet was full and complete.
With painted cheeks and head-dress fair,
She sat like queen taking the air.
As Jehu drove within the gate,
To him this question she did state:

Had Zimri peace? who slew his lord ;
What will you get for your reward ?”
Then Jehu said, “ Who’s on my side ?”
Three eunuchs by their looks replied.
Eunuchs now throw her down, ’tis said,
Her blood made wall and horses red ;
The horses tramped out her last breath,
Thus wicked Jezebel met death.
After this tragedy was o’er,
He went at once within the door.
The first thing done, was not to think ;
It was, we find, to eat and drink.
After his stomach was well filled,
He thought of her whom he had killed.
“ That cursed woman I did slaughter,
Inter her, she is a king’s daughter.”
The dogs, it seems, had much the start,
As they had ate the larger part ;
They found the skull, with hands and feet,
The balance was all gone complete.
These facts they stated to Jehu,
Said he, “ It makes the prophet true.”
(Elisha the prophet had said,
“ Dogs shall eat Jezebel, when dead.”)
Jehu sat down, a letter wrote,
To Israel’s elders, men of note :
“ As soon as you receive this letter,
Select of Ahab’s sons, the better,

And set him on his father's throne,
Then fight for him, he is your own."
This, was before the elders laid,
"They were exceedingly afraid."
"Since two kings have before him fell,
By yielding to him, we do well."
They then at once to Jehu wrote,
This short, but quite submissive note :
"We are thy servants, and will do,
All that you may desire us to.
We will not make a king, in fine,
Our eyes will see the same as thine."
Jehu then sent another line,
Saying, "If you are truly mine,
If you will hearken to my voice,
A royal off'ring is my choice.
I ask the head of ev'ry one,
Known unto you as Ahab's son.
One day I give to test your zeal,
Send the heads to me at Jezreel."
The letter came, elders complied,
"Three score and ten heads," cut and dried,
Were laid in baskets all complete,
And sent to Jehu for a treat.
Jehu then said, "It is quite late ;
Lay them in two heaps at the gate."
By morning light, on the next day,
Jehu did to the people say :

“Ye all be righteous : behold, I
Slew Joram, and he had to die :
But who slew all of these so vile,
Whose heads are seen upon the pile ?
I must declare the truth to you,
They died to make Elijah true.”
Jehu then carried out the plot,
And slew of Ahab a large lot.
His relatives or kinsmen nigh,
All with his priests then had to die.
The next slain by Jehu’s desire,
Were breth’ren of king Ahaziah.
That Baal’s prophets might all die,
Jehu arranged a splendid lie.
“As Ahab served Baal before,
I now intend to serve him more.
Call every prophet and each priest,
Let none be wanting in the least :
All who are absent on that day,
I am resolved at once to slay.”
A solemn feast in Jehu’s name,
The priests of Baal did proclaim.
They came throughout the land, we find,
Not even one was left behind.
The house of Baal was well filled
With worshippers, soon to be killed.
Jehu now said to vestry man,
“Put robes on all of Baal’s clan ;

Give none to those as a reward,
Who are the servants of the Lord.”
The long and short of Jehu’s plan,
Guards (of Baal,) slew ev’ry man.
The idols which they did admire,
Were broken and burned in the fire ;
The image of Baal, the crown,
With the god’s house, were broken down.
While Jehu had in past done well,
Before those golden calves he fell.
The Lord told Jehu on the spot,
“ Since you have smote the Ahab lot,
And wiped out Baal from the land,
Four of thy house may have command.”
Hazael, while Jehu held the throne,
Did not leave Israel alone ;
He shortened up their hill domain,
And many of their troops were slain.
Twenty-eight years of time had fled,
Jehu no longer reigned—was dead.
Jehoahaz then took the throne,
Seventeen years he ruled alone ;
As he was ever a vile sinner,
Syria each time came off the winner.
When Ahaziah, king, was dead,
His mother Athaliah said :
“ I will each the seed royal slay,
That I may Judah’s sceptre sway.”

Jehoash did alone escape,
Of the seed royal in this scrape.
His aunt upon the fatal day,
With care secreted him away,
After the killing was all done,
To priests she said, "He's the king's son."
When she had arranged all with care,
The life of this young prince they spare.
After her cruelty, it's plain,
O'er Judah she six years did reign.
The high priest's plan was hailed with joy,
In crowning this young prince—a boy.
When Athaliah this thing spied,
She rent her dress and treason cried.
The guards o'erpowered her complete,
And she was slain upon the street.
The priest with the people allied,
Were nearly all on the Lord's side.
They break the house of Baal down,
With images throughout the town.
They went for Baal's wicked crew,
Mattan, their chief, at once they slew.
This boy, as king, went for the right,
He stood approved, in the Lord's sight.
The people gave throughout the state,
Funds to repair the temple great,
When all the people came in flocks,
They put funds in the chest or box.

About this time, Hazael did bring,
A host to fight with Judah's king.
Joash gave all treasures on hand,
To Hazael, who then left the land.
Forty full years Joash had sway,
His servants slew him then one day.
His son Amaziah ruled instead.
When his good father was smote dead ;
Twenty-nine years he had command,
And right prevailed throughout the land.
The men who did his father slay,
Were smitten by him on a day.
The sons of each he did forgive,
By Judah's law he let them live.
'Tis said he numbered Judah then,
And found three hundred thousand men.
With hundred talents silver ore,
He hired one hundred thousand more.
Of Israel's king, the records say,
The prophet came to him one day ;
The seer said, "This I now desire,
That you dismiss these men on hire."
"If I should carry out your plan,
I lose the cash paid ev'ry man.
The prophet said, "If you hear me,
The Lord is able to give thee
Much more of gold or silver fine,
Than you have paid to Israel's line.

The king then sent Ephriam away,
And they were mad, the records say.
The king marched on to Edom then,
Where he slew just ten thousand men ;
Ten thousand more he took alive,
On mountain top they all arrive ;
He cast them down a ledge of rocks,
And all were slain with fearful knocks.
His mad hirelings in the mean time,
Were in Judah committing crime ;
They smite three thousand the meanwhile,
Besides taking of foes much spoil.
In Edom, Amaziah's crew,
At Seir stole gods, both old and new.
When he returned to his own town,
Before the same he did bow down ;
He burned incense before them, too ;
A wicked thing for man to do.
The Lord in anger, we are told,
Sent then a prophet true and bold.
"Why hast thou worshipped gods of late,
That could not save their people, state ?
Art thou made councillor ? it's written,
'Forbear ; why shouldst thou be smitten ?'"
The prophet said, "The Lord tells me,
For this he will soon destroy thee."
Amaziah did king Joash greet,
Desiring that they soon might meet ;

But he refused this proffered grace,
And would not see this ruler's face.
The king of Israel wrote quite nice,
He gave Judah's king good advice.
In smiting Edom bad, he said :
"Hath given thee a lofty head.
If you meddle with me at all,
Yourself and city too, will fall."
The king, this advice did not take,
But now did war on Israel make ;
They met at Beth-shemesh, they say,
When Israel soon won the day.
Jehoash took the king alive,
And to Jerusalem did drive ;
Upon her broken walls he trod,
Stole treasures from the house of God.
The king's house he likewise went through,
Took all he wanted—old and new.
When Judah was of wealth bereft,
Israel turned his face and left.
The victors did no further roam,
Went to Samaria, their home.
When Amaziah left the Lord,
The people smote him as reward.
Son Azariah at sixteen,
On Judah's throne was plainly seen ;
For fifty-two years he was king,
Did great respect to Judah bring.

Most of his term he was upright,
Successful did Philistia fight.
Three hundred and ten thousand men,
Were in his army now and then.
He was successful in his day,
And upright nearly ev'ry way.
At last he was puffed up in turn ;
And did prepare incense to burn.
Four score of priests with him did fight,
He turned a leper pale and white.
When his long term of rule was done,
The crown came to Jotham his son.
For sixteen years he held the sway ;
His record was good for his day.
He was a builder of renown,
Building in country, and in town.
With Ammon, too, he did prevail,
A tax on them he did entail ;
For three years this, 'tis said, he got,
Delivered to him on the spot.
One hundred talents silver neat,
Ten thousand measures of fine wheat.
The same of barley we are told,
Prospered, because in the Lord's fold.
When Jotham's life had passed away,
His son Ahaz ruled a bad way.
For sixteen years he governed worse—
In short, to Judah was a curse.

Once more to Israel we look,
And take the record from "*the book.*"
Jehoahaz was on the throne,
Of this, the reader we have shown.
The anger of the Lord arose,
Israel was smitten by her foes.
To Hazael, and Benhadad's ways,
They were submissive all their days.
Jehoahaz besought the Lord,
Who did a saviour then award.
That saviour was his grandson tried,
Upon the throne, when his son died.
Jehoash ruled, as it appears,
O'er Israel for sixteen years.
He was a chip of the old block,
And sinned like most of Israel's stock;
And when he died his son went in,
Who also caused Israel to sin.
(This son was Jeroboam the great,
Who gave relief unto the state.)
For forty-one years he bore sway,
Was Israel's helper ev'ry way.
Although he was quite a hard case,
He was a helper of his race.
During his reign Elisha died,
The king stood near the seer's bed-side.
He wept, and cried, "My father kind,
In thee, a host did Israel find."

With bow and arrow in his hand,
He followed prophet's stern command :
"Open the window on the spot,
And from it make an eastern shot ;
Thus, thou shalt smite the Syrian host,
Till thou hast slain of them the most."
Prophet did then the king command,
To take an arrow in his hand,
And smite with it upon the ground ;
He paused when the third stroke did sound.
The man of God was wroth, we note ;
Said he, "Six times thou shouldst have smote,
Then you would smitten Syria nice,
But now you can smite her but thrice."
When he this last prediction said,
The holy man of God was dead.
In the beginning of the year,
A band of Moabites appear ;
They went out to inter one dead,
They saw another band, and fled.
They cast their corpse in Elisha's grave ;
When his bones touched those of the slave,
He was restored to life complete,
Arose, and stood upon his feet.
Whether he stayed or went away,
The ancient record does not say ;
The supposition is, he ran
Away, with the rest of the clan.

Elisha had on earth few peers,
Among the mighty host of seers,
He stood as chief, the records say,
Of all the prophets, in his day.
Like many, he ne'er undertook
To write his sayings in a book.
Deceit, one time, is all we note,
When Syria was with blindness smote;
He led the Syrian host astray,
And brought them to Samaria.
We see the prophet's kindness, when
He told the king to feed these men.
Apparent deceit, we award
Unto the plan of the good Lord.
The prophet's long, eventful life,
Was when Israel had mortal strife.
He stood manfully for the right,
For Israel's welfare long did fight;
When, like Elijah, did succeed,
He was a help in time of need;
Directing in the way of right,
A nation sinful in God's sight.
One fact to all appears quite plain,
His acts on record must remain.
When Jeroboam was on the throne,
The Lord said, in commanding tone,
To Jonah, "Go to Nineveh,
And to that wicked city say,

As you in wickedness are grown,
In forty days you'll be o'erthrown."
As Jonah thought the message hard,
The order he did not regard.
He went to Joppa, on the sea,
By ship he would to Tarshish flee.
The Lord then sent a tempest high,
Which did the strength of the ship try.
The mariners were filled with fear,
Cried to their gods, both far and near.
The heavy wares, in the ship stored,
Were by the men cast overboard.
While goods were cast into the deep,
Seer was in cabin fast asleep.
The captain spoke, in great surprise,
"What meanest thou, sleeper? arise,
If thou would'st have us perish not,
Call on thy god, now on the spot."
They thought, perhaps, it would be best,
To cast lots, merely as a test;
The lot on poor Jonah fell then,
When it was cast among the men.
They said, "Tell us at once, we pray,
Why evil came on us to-day?
What is thy business? at once tell,
Thy people, too, where dost thou dwell?"
"A Hebrew prophet, here I stand,
Of God, who made the sea and land."

“What shall we do now unto thee?
That we may calm the raging sea.”
“On my account this tempest came;
Cast me now forth, it will be tame.”
The sailors of the whole command,
Rowed hard to gain the shore, at hand.
They raised to God a fervent prayer,
That he would his own prophet spare.
Their work and prayers were no avail,
For harder blew the furious gale.
Then they cast Jonah in the sea,
The storm was calm as it could be.
The Lord prepared a monster whale,
To swallow Jonah, in the gale;
He was not crushed as fine as jelly,
But safely lay in the whale’s belly.
The gastric juices of the whale,
On Jonah was of no avail.
For three days there, he found no rest,
Or whale, since he would not digest.
Jonah prayed hard, while he was there;
The whale was sick of such hard fare.
After three days, we understand,
He spewed him out upon the land.
For three days Jonah had no breath,
But had a kind of living death.
When relieved from the whale’s embrace,
To Nineveh he turned his face.

He gave the message God had sent,
With one accord they did repent.
When they repented, God did, too ;
And carried not the sentence through.
Jonah was then displeased at heart,
'Cause God did not fulfill his part.
Jonah's honor was now at stake ;
He prayed the Lord his life to take.
God could not Jonah's wish afford,
So sheltered him beneath a gourd.
A worm destroyed this gift or treasure,
He suffered then from heat in measure ;
While he from heat and fainting lay,
For death, once more began to pray.
The Lord strove to convince him then,
To save these sixty thousand men,
Who could not tell or understand,
Which was the right or the left hand,
Was worth more than his honor there,
While he lay fainting in despair.
Whether seer was convinced or no,
The records do not fully show.
This Jonah stands a sample fair,
Of many prophets here and there :
Who fail in their predictions now,
Through disappointment make a row.
A certain Miller was annoyed,
Because the world was not destroyed.

When Jeroboam was fully dead,
Son Zachariah ruled instead.
Only six months he bore full sway,
When Shallum smote the king one day;
He ruled one month in the king's place,
Thus Jehu's line ends in disgrace.
Menahem slew the king, 'tis said,
And reigned himself in Shallum's stead;
For ten years he retained the throne,
And then his royal life had flown.
He sinned like those who ruled before,
About the same—perhaps no more.
He smote Ziphshah, a town near by,
And all within and near it die;
Because the town opened not up,
All pregnant women he ripped up.
When Syria came Israel to fight,
He gave one thousand talents bright.
It was all in pure silver coin,
Given to Pul that he might join
Him in his vile and wicked sway;
It came from wealthy men, they say.
So Pul turned back and left the land,
With all the force of his command.
After ten years of rule had fled,
Menahem mingled with the dead.
Pekahiah, his son, then gained
The throne, on which two years he reigned.

When Pekah, captain of the crew,
Just fifty with the king, he slew.
And in the palace where he bled,
He ruled as sovereign instead.
He held the sceptre twenty years,
When Hoshea slew him, it appears,
And ruled for nine years till the close,
When Israel was taken by foes.
Thus ends the role of Israel,
Who had by the Assyrian fell.
All on account of sin we see,
The record of their misery.
Sin was declared to be their choice,
They heeded not the prophet's voice.
Though Israel was of the elect,
Each cause must have its own effect.
We will now drop the Israel line,
And turn to Judah, with the shrine.
At close of Amaziah's reign,
We take the record up again.
When he passed off, then Azariah,
His son, to rule had a desire.
Like father he did the right thing,
Fifty-two years, while he was king.
Except we find in him some traces,
Of incense burnt in the high places.
The people did the same thing, note,
For which the Lord, the king now smote

With leprosy ; then understand,
His son Jotham ruled o'er the land.
When Azariah's term was done,
Of course the term of son begun.
For sixteen years he ruled upright,
And stood approved in the Lord's sight.
When Jotham's sixteen years were done,
The same length for Ahaz begun.
From the old record, we infer,
He was a base idolater.
Because of sin the records say,
Israel smote him and Syria.
The former in a single day,
One hundred twenty thousand slay.
Two hundred thousand also took,
Of women, children, by the book.
The prophet Oded said one day,
To keep these prisoners won't pay ;
The armed men brought them armed, we know,
And left them clad at Jericho.
The Edomites, Philistia too,
About this time, put Judah through.
The Assyrian king helped him not,
Though from Ahaz, much cash he got.
When all went thus against him sore,
'Tis said he served the devil more.
He sacrificed to gods immense,
To all appearance void of sense.

In ev'ry act, in ev'ry stroke,
He always did the Lord provoke ;
But finally he was to die,
When Hezekiah was to try.
His son for twenty-nine years well,
Ruled, as the records plainly tell.
In short, he turned o'er a new leaf,
To save a people now in grief.
The people then did off'rings bring,
Presenting them unto the king.
There was, in fact, a consecration
Of the entire, then, Jewish nation.
The off'rings which the people brought,
Were scores through which the Lord was sought.
The people, it is said, were better ;
Serving the Lord unto the letter.
The Assyrian king to Judah came,
Jerusalem was his chief game.
An angel of the Lord came then,
And slew all of his mighty men ;
So he returned, 'tis said, with shame,
To the same place from whence he came.
During his reign, there was delight,
In keeping ev'ry Hebrew rite.
The king prospered, and people, too,
In all things which either did do.
The king one time in sickness lay,
When Isaiah called on him one day.

He said, "Attention, now king, give :
Arrange thy house, you cannot live."
When Isaiah this to the king said,
Toward the wall he turned his head.
The king, it is said, now wept sore,
As he in prayer did God implore :
"I have walked perfect before thee,
Therefore, O Lord, remember me."
After this prayer the Lord had heard,
Through prophet he sent him this word :
"Since I have heard your earnest prayer,
Fifteen years more thy life will spare ;
I will on thee and town have pity—
Deliver thee, as well as city,
Out of Assyria's wicked hand.
In other words, will free thy land.
This is the sign I will give thee,
That you may know it is from me :
The sun shall backward move on trial,
Just ten degrees by Ahaz' dial ;
Or, as the scientist would say,
Add forty minutes to the day."
(While Joshua's did movement lack,
The prophet's turned ten degrees back.)
A visitor with a long name,
To see the king from Bab'lon came.
The king to him was quite polite,
Put all things costly in his sight.

Silver and gold, and spices rare,
His treasures and his raiment fair.
In truth, he showed him his wealth, all
Things having value, great and small.

Soon after, Isaiah came one day,
To Hezekiah, this did say :

“ Whence came these men ? What did they say ? ”

King said, “ From Babylon away . ”

“ What things of value have you shown,
I mean the treasures of your own ? ”

“ I brought before their wondering view,
All of my treasures, old and new . ”

“ Harken O king ! thus saith the Lord,
I give to Babylon as reward . ”

All of the wealth now in thy hand,
Shall go to that same heathen land .

All that thy fathers have lain by,
Shall take the same route by and by .

Thy sons, too, king, shall ev'ry one,
Be made eunuchs in Babylon . ”

The rule of Hezekiah brief,
In one sense gave Judah relief .

He restored order, justice, right,
To worship God was his delight .

The wise man, one of Israel's kings,
Says this, “ A set time for all things :

A time to live, a time to die . ”

(He does not give the reason why.)

Through Hezekiah's prayers and tears,
That time was lengthened fifteen years.
This lone exception, we declare,
Was answer to king's fervent prayer.
If he had died, the time he ought,
(The reader will excuse this thought,)
He would not shown his treasures great,
To visitors from foreign state.
We think, for one, in God's own sight,
Whatever is, of course is right.
Since God is ruler, all must see,
Whatever is, as right *must be*.
All must admit our just conclusion,
Anything short, would make confusion.
He is the ruler; or he's not,
Must be admitted on the spot.
One thing we long have understood,
Whate'er takes place is for man's good.
"God moves in a mysterious way."
He is supreme, all must obey.
When earth revolving in her track,
Was ordered, "march ten degrees back,"
She could not from this mandate stay,
Since God, all matter must obey.
Poor finite mortals cannot see,
Good that may come from misery.
Afflictions which none do desire,
Oft prove as the refiner's fire.

One thing to learn, plebeians and kings;
Is, "ever praise God for all things."
Hezekiah plainly understood,
The word of God is always good.
When the king Hezekiah died,
His son Mannasseh, sceptre tried.
For fifty-five years he bore sway,
And trod mostly an evil way.
He worshipped Baal, it is said,
Unlike his honored father dead;
(Because his father was so great,
God put his flock in ev'ry state.)
He with his people sinned in all,
Before the heathen gods did fall.
Baal's altars he did restore,
Those which his father razed before.
He made a grove, as Ahab did,
And many things the laws forbid;
To gratify his base desire,
"He made his son pass through the fire."
Observed enchantment and set times,
Dealt with bad spirits, full of crimes.
He set an image, to his shame,
In the place where God put His name;
He caused his people, in his hate,
To sin e'en more than heathen state;
He shed in his city, a flood,
Of what is termed "innocent blood."

In fact, his long reign was the worst
Of all with which Israel was cursed.
He was a ruler of that stripe,
In sin to make his people ripe.
When Mannasseh to his end came,
Amon, his son, ruled just the same.
The record shows that the successor
Stepped in the tracks of predecessor.
He ruled for two years, the same way,
When slain by servants, on a day ;
In his own house he fell and bled,
His son Josiah reigned instead.
For thirty-one years he ruled right,
And stood approved in the Lord's sight.
In his reign did once more restore
The worship of God, as before ;
The house of God he did repair,
And all his acts were on the square.
The priest, one day, while looking round,
A copy of the law then found.
The priest at once went to the king,
And to him did this stranger bring.
When contents were brought to his ear,
The king was filled at once with fear ;
In anguish he then rent his clothes,
While servant to the chief scribe goes ;
They told the ruler of the state,
The anger of the Lord was great.

The chief priest and the scribe then came
To prophetess, Huldah by name ;
When they communed with her, 'tis said,
About those things the king had read,
She said to them, "Go tell the king,
I will evil on this place bring ;
Will evil bring on people, too,
What the king read will all prove true."
(That which he read which caused the fuss,
Was in the book Leviticus ;
Read forward from the fourteenth verse
Of twenty-sixth chapter ; it's terse.)
"Go tell the king who you hath sent,
Since he was humble, did repent.
Did rend his clothes and to me cry ;
The curse I'll put off till he die."
Her words in "*toto*" they did bring,
And laid them all before the king.
Then he convened the people all—
The scribes, the priests, the great and small.
He read to them the entire word,
Found in the place which we referred.
While the king by a pillar stood,
He there declared he would be good ;
The people said that on their part,
They would serve God with all their heart.
And then, by order of the king,
They burned of Baal every thing.

There was in fact a reformation,
 Throughout the entire Jewish nation.
 There never was before, a king,
 Who did so much perfection bring.
 And after him no one did reign,
 Who ever equaled him, is plain.
 Although Josiah's rule was right,
 Almost perfect in the Lord's sight,
 God's anger for Mannasseh's guilt
 Was not removed; it would not wilt.
 "Judah I will remove in spite,
 Although Josiah has done right—
 Jerusalem and temple fair,
 Where I said, my name shall be there.
 To remove Judah, is my will,
 As I have removed Israel."
 If you will read the curse of old,
 The penalty is seven fold.
 And this undoubtedly is right,
 As Israel sinned against the light.
 Of all the nations of the earth,
 God chose this people ere its birth.
 He guided them each day and hour,
 Through them he showed his mighty power.
 He gave them, too, a moral code,
 With much minutiae in each mode.
 God knew this fact, there's no denial,
 That they would fail when put on trial.

The past, the present, future, seem
Transparent to the mind supreme.
To dispute this, would strike a blow
At His omniscience, all do know.
To scatter Israel, say the least,
Was like the baker using yeast ;
His people, scattered through the mass,
Would raise the low and heathen class.
God works through agents here below ;
These agents are mortals, we know.
We find, for years, as we've reflected,
The world at large, is much indebted
To Israel, throughout the ages,
For moral laws, as well as sages.
Josiah, best of all kings, fell,
Fighting the king of Egypt, well.
Jehoahaz, his son, then took
The throne three months, as by "the book."
Then Pharaoh put him in bands,
And gave his brother all commands.
Jehoackim was then king made ;
For eleven years he held that grade.
Three years before this term was out,
Nebuchadnezzar, then in route,
Took old Jerusalem, 'tis said,
This king was vassal until dead.
Jehoiakim three months bore rule,
When he became a Chaldee tool.

The Chaldee king at this time made
Zedekiah, who, eleven years staid.
Judah at this time, fully fell,
Because their ruler did rebel.
The second time the Chaldean came,
He took the king with men of fame.
In short, he took the best away ;
The poorer sort alone did stay.
Ten thousand captives, the king took,
With many craftsmen—see “the book.”
Nebuchadnezzar left the ring,
Leaving then Zedekiah king.
During the time he did remain,
The records say he was quite vain ;
He brought about the final stroke,
By throwing off the Chaldee yoke.
About two years, with a large host,
Chaldee besieged the Jewish post.
When famine in the town did gain,
The besieged left for distant plain.
Nebuchadnezzar did pursue,
And overhauled the king and crew ;
He took them all, as we well know,
Upon the plains of Jericho.
Zedekiah, taken in surprise,
They slew his sons, put out his eyes ;
They fettered him, secure in brass,
Then on to Babylon all pass.

The Chaldee king, to bring to grief,
Sent to Jerusalem his chief,
To make destruction full, complete,
Must burn all houses on the street.
The chief carried this order out,
Battered the walls down round about ;
Carried as captives all away,
Except those very poor, who stay.
The high priest and three scores of note,
Nebuchadnezzar, the king, smote.
Reader, 'tis hard to understand,
The desolation of this land.
The prophet Jeremiah sent,
Has left on record his lament.
We will not here present his views,
Taken of the, then, captive Jews.
He was cotemporaneous then,
Being a captive with the men ;
He knew their trials an award,
Coming directly from the Lord.
He knew full well it was because
They had transgressed his holy laws.
The sayings which the prophets wrote,
Regarding them, we shall not quote.
The reader knows it is our plan,
An early hist'ry, give of man ;
And we must give it brief or terse,
In this our humble rhyme or verse.

Egypt stood forth in early time,
A pioneer in art sublime ;
When Greece followed in later day,
In art and science held the sway.
Those marts of commerce on the shore
Of the great sea are now no more.
Even the place where Bab'lon lay,
Is not well known the present day.
In point of greatness it stood first,
Among those early cities cursed.
The Hebrew record tells us there
Her captives were in great despair.
The prophet Daniel, who was there,
Leaves us a hist'ry plain and fair.
Nebuchadnezzar, who was king,
Said to chief eunuch, " You may bring
Some of the royal seed if there,
Brought from Judea who are fair ;
They must have skill and wisdom too,
In Chaldea science put them through.
I've made provision for their meat,
Teach them in three years all complete.
After that time 'tis my command,
That they before the king shall stand."
When the chief had with care looked round
A quarto from captives were found.
The four, were Daniel, as we know,
Shadrach, Meshach, Abed-nego.

But, Daniel purposed in his heart
He would live, as a Jew at start.
In other words, he thought, in fine,
He would not use king's meat nor wine.
He spoke to chief in polite style,
"Pray let me not myself defile."
Melzar heard him with some surprise;
But Daniel found grace in his eyes.
The chief then unto Daniel said,
"If you grow thin, off goes my head."
Prove us ten days if test you think,
"Give pulse to eat, water to drink."
The chief for ten days made the test,
At close of which they looked the best;
Fatter and fairer, more complete,
Than those who ate of the king's meat.
Then Melzar took, the records say,
The king's meat and his wine away.
God gave them learning, wisdom, skill;
Did each of them with wisdom fill.
Young Daniel, who was wise and good,
All dreams and visions understood.
When the time came the chief did bring
Each of these men before the king.
The king communed with them and found,
In all deep knowledge they were sound.
He found they knew some ten times more
Than the wise men he had before.

(Our new Civil Service Commission,
We must acknowledge a revision,
Was first started in Babylon,
And now transferred to Washington.)
Our quarto stood on a high grade,
And their appointment then was made.
About this time, it now would seem,
Nebuchadnezzar had a dream.
He called magicians of the nation,
Astrologers from ev'ry station :
"I had a troubled dream," he said ;
"The substance has now from me fled."
"Tell us the dream, king ; as we live,
Then we will the interpret give."
King said, "The dream has gone from me ;
Therefore, I now require of thee,
To tell the dream and its relation,
Then give me its interpretation.
If not, each one of you I'll kill,
And make your house as a dunghill ;
But if you will show it all true,
I will give splendid gifts to you."
Again they ask him for the dream,
But he was firm, as it would seem :
"How would I know whether you lie ?
Tell me the dream, or you must die."
The Chaldeans said unto the king,
"No living man can show this thing.

No ruler ever asked, to show
The substance of which none can know.
Unless perchance these gods may tell,
Who do not here in the flesh dwell.”
The king, angry as he could be,
Then issued this fatal decree :
That all the wise men in the land,
Should then be slain by his command.
The captain of the guard, then free,
Told Daniel of the king’s decree.
Then Daniel went unto the king :
“Give time, I will explain this thing.”
Daniel went home, and there made known,
The facts which we have briefly shown.
His three friends he, besought no more,
Said he, “The God of heaven implore.
If he give wisdom, we are blest,
And shall not perish with the rest.”
Daniel received of God full light,
By vision, which he had at night.
He then broke forth in songs of praise,
To the good Lord, Ancient of days.
(We may presume that in his zest,
He shouted like a Methodist.)
Daniel arose, met captain then,
And said, “Destroy not the wise men.
Bring me now in at the king’s seat,
I will interpret dream complete.”

The captain said to king, "I've found
A captive Jew, while looking 'round.
He is a wise man, it would seem ;
He says he will explain thy dream."
King said to Daniel, "Now make known,
A vision which from me has flown."
"Cannot your wise men show to you,
Your dream, and explain it to you?
There is a God in heaven," saith he,
"Who hath explained it all to me.
That God, O king! is wise and true,
Through me, he shows the dream to you.
O king, an image thou didst see,
In brightness it stood before thee.
Its head was of the finest gold,
His breast and arms of silver mold.
His belly and his thighs, of brass,
His legs of iron, a poor class.
His feet, O king, I here would say,
Were part of iron, part of clay.
It stood before thee, a bright mass,
To teach thee what shall come to pass.
You looked upon it all complete,
When a stone smote it in both feet.
The stone which smote the feet so well,
Smashed up the body when it fell.
Like chaff, was all carried away,
There was no place for it to stay.

The stone, which smote the image straight
Filled the whole earth like mountain great
The dream, I have given you true,
I will interpret it to you.
Thou, *art* a king of kings : O king,
To you all nations tribute bring.
You and your people, I am told,
Do represent the head of gold.
After thee, shall other arise,
Not equal in its wealth or size.
And after that, the third we class,
Shown in the image by the brass ;
This kingdom shall, after its birth,
Bear sway over the entire earth.
After this, then, a nation strong,
Shall the earth's rule some time prolong.
After this rule, there will be then,
A lasting kingdom among men.
That kingdom is one from above,
Its rule is everlasting love.
The stone you saw cut without hands,
Shall rule supreme throughout all lands.”
When we with care past hist'ry trace,
And note the doings of our race,
We then can name with great precision,
All of the parts in the king's vision.
The rule of gold seen in the face,
All must at once to Chaldee trace.

The rule of silver, next of note,
Was Medo-Persian, as we quote ;
The third, of brass which did increase,
Was that of cultured, ancient Greece ;
All know it was the ruling state,
Under king Alexander great ;
The last—of iron and of clay—
Was ancient Rome, now swept away.
All of these powers were based on might,
Caring but little for the right.
Then comes the rule from God above,
As we have said, the rule of love.
'Tis everlasting in the plan,
A legacy from God to man.
All rule of man, under its sway,
Like chaff shall then be swept away.
Mills of the gods, as we well know,
Ever grind sure, though often slow.
The sov'reign ruler of the race
Is the Almighty, full of grace.
His spirit he doth freely give,
To all who ask, or, on earth live.
This rule of God as by the plan,
Is not over, but in the man ;
His kingdom is now within you,
If you have spirit good and true.
But all men now, who in sin revel,
Possess the spirit of the devil.

Past hist'ry shows in point of fact,
That men are freely left to act.
The sovereign ruler knew, 'tis true,
What ev'ry man would surely do.
Each must perform that which is right,
Or stand condemned in ruler's sight.
But to return to Daniel's case :
The king, 'tis said, fell on his face
And worshipped Daniel—it seems odd,
As if he were a living God.
He then commanded the whole nation
They should to him offer oblation.
He said, "Your God is Lord of kings,
Or he could not explain these things."
The king made Daniel a great man,
A ruler o'er the wise men's clan.
Daniel requested king to try
His three colleagues in office high ;
While he was chief of all the great,
Sitting alone in the king's gate.
Nebuchadnezzar, we are told,
Made a tall image, all of gold ;
Its height was ninety feet, they say ;
The breadth just nine feet ev'ry way.
He called upon his rulers great,
And all the chief men of the state,
With all officials in the nation,
To come to the great dedication.

They all obey the king's command,
Before the "set up" image stand :
The herald then made proclamation,
To all the people of each nation :
"When you do hear the music call,
Before the image you must fall.
Those who do not the call obey,
Must in the furnace melt away."
Chaldeans came and did accuse
Three of the rulers, who were Jews ;
The trio we presume you know ;
"Shadrach, Meshach, Abed-nego."
The king commanded these three men,
To be brought to the furnace then ;
With seven times the usual heat,
He thought to burn them up complete.
These men in mantles bound, 'tis said,
Were thrown into the furnace red.
The executioners, we note,
Were all of them by the fire smote.
The pris'ners were, you know each name,
Then cast into the burning flame.
King was astonished when he saw
Four victims in the fiery maw.
"Did we not cast in three, no more,
Then how is this, I now see four?"
They all are loose and walking round,
Unhurt, as if upon the ground.

The fourth one, by his form and nod,
“Is like *unto* the Son of God.”
They cooled it off, as we may think,
Since king came safely to the brink.
He said, “Come forth, ye sons of light,
For I was wrong, and you were right.”
They all came forth, both hale and fair,
The fire burned not a single hair.
When 'round them the spectators hover,
No smell of fire could they discover.
King was converted then, first rate,
Sent a decree throughout the state :
“All must respect this Jewish God,
Or suffer my inflicting rod.
'Offenders I will surely kill,
And make their houses a dunghill.”
Like modern preachers, he wrote then,
Sent his discourse unto all men.
In this decree sent by the king,
We find that autocratic ring
Which we have seen anon of late,
In nations yoked with church and state.
Soon after he wrote this decree,
He had a vision of a tree.
He made another decree then,
Calling to him all the wise men ;
After their failure to explain,
He called upon Daniel again.

When he had come, the king then said,
“Thus *were* the visions of my head :
I saw a tree in mine estate,
The height thereof was very great ;
The tree grew and was very strong,
Its verdant branches were quite long.
The leaves thereof were also fair,
Much fruit upon it, too, was there ;
The beasts of earth beneath it lop,
While fowls of heaven upon it hop.
All flesh fed on it—judge its worth ;
The sight thereof, to ends of earth.
And in the visions of my head,
As I was laying on my bed,
A watcher and an holy one,
Came down from heaven, or the sun ;
He cried aloud, and said to me,
‘Cut off the branches of the tree,
But let the stump and roots all be.
Shake off his leaves, scatter his fruit,
Let fowls leave branches, shade, the brute.
The stump protected left at hand,
With brass and iron, each a band ;
The stump when fixed with the beasts, let
It remain, by heaven’s dews wet.
Let the stump’s portion then remain,
And feed on grass since tree is slain ;
Let heart be changed from man with wit,

To that of beast, devoid of it.
When he is changed like beast this way,
For forty-nine years let him stay.’
Daniel, this vision I have seen,
Can you explain what it does mean?
My wise men failed, as once before,
When they had pondered it all o’er.
The spirit of the gods in thee,
I trust may solve this mystery.”
Daniel for one hour was much dazed—
To say the least, he was amazed.
After one silent hour he spoke,
Having recovered from the stroke :
“ My lord, the dream is not to thee,
But pertains to thine enemy ;
The symbol shown in the great tree,
O king, is to represent thee.
The watcher, or the holy one,
By whom the cutting down was done,
Is the Most High, known as the Lord ;
He gives this judgment as award :
That you may learn while eating grass,
For forty-nine years as they pass,
That God is the chief ruler still,
Gives power to whomsoe’er he will.
The stump shows that secure thy sway,
After thy grazing pass away ;
(The forty-nine years, as you say.)

The lesson you must learn I tell,
Is this, the Holy One rules well.
Therefore, O king, accept of this,
Break off thy sins by righteousness ;
From all iniquity cease,
It will result in future peace.”
After twelve months had passed away,
The king in his palace one day,
Fell in a kind of revery,
As we may in the record see.
“Great Babylon, I see this hour,
Which I have builded by my power.”
At this moment, as by God’s plan,
He was driven from haunts of man.
Until seven full times shall pass,
Dwelling with beasts, and eating grass.
His body was wet with the dew,
His hair like eagles’ feathers grew.
His hands were like a monkey’s paws,
With nails akin to a bird’s claws.
After forty-nine years did pass,
(During which time he lived on grass,)
The king’s reason returned once more,
And Heaven’s king, he did adore.
He ruled in glory all his days,
His mouth was filled with songs of praise.
When this great king had passed away,
His grandson Belshazzar bore sway.

Belshazzar the king made a feast,
He had a thousand guests, at least.
They were his lords when he bore sway ;
He drank strong wine 'fore them that day.
While under influence of the wine,
He ordered all the vessels fine,
Which his grandfather while the king,
Did from the Jewish temple bring.
When sacred wares were on the spot,
They were used by the entire lot,
Who praised gods of material form,
Which produced then a moral storm.
That hour, fingers of a man's hand,
Wrote on the wall, we understand.
The king then saw the hand that wrote,
With fear, 'tis said, his knees then smote.
He cried aloud, "Bring the wise men,
If they explain the writing, then
They shall be clad in purple dress ;
As ruler third, all shall confess.
A chain of gold shall also wear,
And royal honors he shall share."
The king was troubled all this time,
As one would be, committing crime.
And all the guests assembled there,
Felt sympathy for his despair.
The queen a lady fair and clever,
Approached and said, "King, live forever !

Let not thy thoughts now trouble thee,
But listen calmly unto me:
There is a wise man in thy nation,
Who ranks with holy gods in station;
He told all dreams for your grandsire,
And gave him all he did desire.

Let some one for this wise man go,
I think he can the writing show."

Daniel was brought before him, then :

"Art thou one of those Hebrew men
My grandsire brought from Jewry far?

Art thou that wise and brilliant star,
Who did interpret, years before,

Things others could not by their lore?"

He then offered the same reward :

Daniel said, "No, 'tis of the Lord ;

To others give the entire fee,

I will explain it to you, free."

He gave the king the hist'ry o'er,

Which we have given you before ;

How his grandsire, because of pride,

Could not upon his throne abide.

He preached a personal discourse,

Told him of his own sinful course.

"The words you do not understand,
Were written by the Lord's own hand,
Words you desire me now to parse in,
MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.

MENE : God hath numbered thy sway,
And he will finish it to-day.

TEKEL : art weighed by God to-night.
And by the balance thou art light.

PERES : thy kingdom is in twain,
Over it Medes and Persians reign.”
Daniel received the gifts, 'tis plain,
Although that night the king was slain.
Darius took the throne, we're told,
When he was sixty-two years old.

It pleased Darius to set o'er
Some princes, in all, just six score.
Three presidents o'er these he made,
But Daniel stood the first in grade,
The king knew he was a good man.
When princes tried to find a plan
By which they could destroy this chief,
They failed in all, found no relief.
They saw that in each path he trod,
He was obedient to his God.

The presidents and princes there,
At once an edict did prepare ;
After completing it did bring,
And laid the same before the king.
It provided that he who prays,
Except to king, for thirty days ;
Soon as found guilty, each should then,
Be cast into the lion's den.

The king signed it upon the spot,
The law of Persia changeth not.
Daniel, was wont, three times a day,
Meekly upon his knees to pray ;
Near open window, looking west,
He boldly prayed before the rest.
A suit against Daniel, they bring,
With great despatch, before the king.
(Judging by all the ways of men,
They surely thought they had him then.)
The king acknowledged, decree made,
Before the charge was fully laid.
(He saw at once, he was their tool,
No doubt he thought himself a fool.)
He tried his best by ev'ry plan,
But failed, it seems, to save the man.
He labored with princes of crown,
'Tis said, until the sun went down.
By king's command Daniel was brought,
Unto his death, as princes thought.
The king spake unto Daniel free :
"The God thou servest will save thee."
A stone was laid upon the den,
Sealed by the signet of great men.
They wished to keep him in so tight,
That none might take him out that night.
Darius spent a sleepless night,
In fasting, till the dawn of light.

He left his own rich palace then,
To visit Daniel at the den.
When he had reached the dreadful place,
He cried with sorrow on his face,
“O Daniel, servant of the Lord,
Hast thou been saved, as a reward?”
Daniel replied, in tones quite clever,
“Darius, O king, live forever!
My God hath sent his angels here,
And shut the lions’ mouths with fear.
The Lord found innocence in me,
O king, I’ve done no hurt to thee.”
The king commanded princes brought,
Those who had against Daniel fought;
With all their wives and children, too,
And let the lions put them through.
They were all caught in their own trap,
Same as the Jew did Haman trap.
Darius issued a decree,
That people of the earth might see
And know, that Daniel’s God was great;
A ruler supreme, in each state;
Having a kingdom none could rend,
Whose sceptre must rule to the end.
A trouble found in ev’ry land.
But few, this kingdom understand;
Material subjects we may know,
Beyond this it is hard to go.

The limits of our present plan
Will not permit us here to scan
Those deep things in theology,
Upon which men do not agree.
While some things to us are quite plain,
Which we have spoken of in main ;
In the king's image and the tree
Which were presented unto thee,
Theology, and history
To some extent must blend, you see.
When we write of the Hebrew race,
Theocracy in it we trace.
Historian, though strong, or weak,
Must of the ruled, and ruler speak ;
Should have it plainly understood,
The great I AM is just and good ;
Should present God, as the first cause
Perfect in all his works and laws.
On laws of nature all agree,
Science, strips them of mystery.
The moral law, or law of right,
All should respect at the first sight.
When we look o'er man's wants and needs
We find the world filled up with creeds.
If, in our power while now we write,
We could point out the wrong and right
You see at once, if you reflect,
Some would accept, others reject.

Some say of Gentile, some, of Jew,
"This writer shows us nothing new."
Our object is, we now confess
To show old truths in a new dress.
The greatest minds in our free land,
Find things quite hard to understand ;
We must believe in things not seen,
Or else, kind reader, we are lean.
We never saw a breath of air ;
Still, all agree that it is there.
Wisdom, does this, of all elect ;
To judge of cause by the effect.
Let us return for illustration
To that great king of eastern nation ;
To teach him one truth of first class,
Was fed forty-nine years on grass.
Since God you know has supreme power,
Why not convert him in an hour ?
God had some purpose in this thing,
Or he would less time grazed the king.
When we first read this hist'ry o'er,
We wished that Daniel had said more.
Our inspiration can't give you
More of the three in furnace threw.
Daniel had several visions too,
Prophetic in their style, 'tis true ;
We must pronounce them all sublime ;
We fail to give you exact time.

Positive knowledge, we confess,
Is all the wealth man can possess :
That is, of intellectual kind,
Pertaining to the growth of mind.
The life of Daniel, pure and fair ;
Is hard to equal any where :
He was devout, a pris'ner too,
In ev'ry sense a perfect Jew.
God's spirit ruled within this man,
He was above the captive clan.
Ever stood fearless for the right,
And almost perfect in God's sight.
The independence he displayed,
At the first start, improved his grade ;
Had he accepted the king's meat,
He might have lost his princely seat.
The trials, which to him befell,
Resulted in God's glory well.
He filled a niche for him well made,
Making a prophet of high grade.
Devotional, he stood the test,
And was in all things truly blest ;
Interpreted those hidden things,
By visions, made known unto kings.
His own, while in a heathen nation ;
Lack a complete interpretation.
Gabriel, the angel, said : (please look)
"Until the end seal up the book

Most of his sayings seem quite plain,
To those who do past hist'ry gain.
While Daniel was in Babylon,
Ahasuerus' reign begun.
The Chaldean rule was now all o'er,
He reigned, where they had ruled before.
It seems the king had made a feast—
A custom common in the East.
The appointments of his palace neat,
Were all that wealth could make complete.
The king's wine freely flowed in hall,
None are compelled to drink at all:
A splendid law, all must agree—
It left each guest perfectly free.
Vashti, the queen had a feast, too,
Made for the royal women true.
On seventh day, when full of wine,
The king thought it would be quite fine
To show his pretty queen to those,
Who did his merry crowd compose.
The queen, a beauty, radiant, fair,
Refused to be shown then and there.
The king counselled with his wise men,
Of the refusal, which had been.
The verdict was, that she should fall,
Since she had wronged the king and all.
Let her refusal, which is great,
Forewarn all women in the state.

If she should be left in her way,
Other "ladies" might disobey ;
If this you do throughout the state,
Then wives of all both small and great ,
Will honor husbands, if you try ;
Make an example of Vashti.

Then the king issued a decree
That men should rule their family.
It was published, if we're correct,
In ev'ry land and dialect.

This was the first case of the knights,
Warring against fair woman's rights.
It was arranged, to fill queen's place,
To call in virgins fair of face,
To search for them throughout the nation,
Give means for their purification.

Then, let the one king loves the best,
Be made the queen and leave the rest.
As this would meet Vashti's estrangement,
The king liked well the whole arrangement.

In Shushan palace lived a Jew,
Who had a cousin fair and true.
Esther was beautiful indeed ;
Strictly brought up in Jewish creed.
One year in purifying spent,
Esther before the king was sent.
As to her features she was fair,
Regarding birth, was on the square.

When the king saw sweet Esther then,
He was the happiest of men.
His verdict was, "She is the best,
I will take her, leaving the rest."
He set a crown upon her head,
And made her queen in Vashti's stead.
The king then made a wedding feast,
For princes and his servants least.
He gave them all release or rest,
And gifts largely, all of the best.
Her cousin, Mordecai, was great,
And sat alone in the king's gate.
Two chamberlains, about this time,
Conspired against the king—a crime ;
Both were convicted, all agree,
"They were both hanged upon a tree."
Ahasuerus the king made
Haman a prince of the first grade.
The king required his servants all
To bow before him, great and small.
The Jew sitting in the king's gate,
When Haman passed sat always strait.
Each time he did refuse to bow,
His lack of rev'ence made a row.
Haman was full of wrath, they say,
And thought to slay all Jews some day.
He knew that Mordecai was one,
And took steps soon to have it done.

Haman first said unto the king,
Merely to introduce this thing :
“There are scattered among the mass,
A certain and peculiar class ;
Their laws are diff'rent from all men,
They keep not thine, not one in ten.
If it should please thee, king, then say,
That they may be destroyed some day.
I would remark here, by the way,
Ten thousand talents I will pay
Into the hands who have the charge,
Or, into thine own treas'ry large.”
The king took the ring from his hand,
Gave it to Haman in command.
The king said, “Keep thy silver still,
Do to this people as you will.”
Then letters by the scribes were wrote,
And sent to each province of note ;
Saying, it was the ruler's will,
Upon a day all Jews to kill—
The old, the young, with great and small,
Men, women, children, slay them all.
These letters all upon the wing,
Bore the impress of the king's ring.
Eleven months from decree's date,
Were to pass by ere killing great.
When Mordecai saw what was done,
In sackcloth to the gate he run.

He cried with loud and bitter cry,
Knowing that soon all Jews must die.
In each province where decree came;
All Jews were mourning just the same;
The first rumor which the queen got,
Caused her to grieve upon the spot.
She sent raiment to Mordecai,
Told him to lay sackcloth away;
But he obeyed not her request,
Still lay in sackcloth with the rest.
She called Hatach and sent him then,
(He was one of her waiting men;)
“Ask Mordecai about this fuss,
And why he is in mourning thus?”
Mordecai told him of each fact,
As we have given you intact.
The chamberlain returned to queen,
And told her all that you have seen;
Esther, the queen, did once more send
To Mordecai, the Jew, her friend.
All in the king’s provinces know,
Those who unbidden to him go,
Must surely die, unless he give
To them his sceptre—then they live.
“I do not know of the king’s ways,
I’ve not been called for thirty days.”
Then Mordecai this reply gave:
“Think not that the king would you save.”

His reply, as a whole or part,
Shook not the purpose of her heart,
She said, "Return, this very day,
To Mordecai and to him say,
'Bring here together all the Jews,
Who have, or have not heard the news ;'
Fast for me three days and three nights,
While I and mine, observe same rites ;
If I perish, I perish ; know,
Before the king, I sure will go."
After three days she sought his fort,
And stood within the inner court.
The king was sitting all alone,
Upon his bright and dazzling throne,
When he first saw the lovely queen,
Approaching with angelic mien.
His golden sceptre, burnished bright,
The king presented with delight.
With queenly courtesy or drop,
"She touched the sceptre, on the top."
"Queen Esther, what is thy request ?
It shall be granted you, the best ;
Ask of me even half my sway,
It shall be granted you to-day."
"The only thing I ask or pray,
Let Haman dine with us to-day.
I have prepared feast all complete,
And found for you and him a seat."

The king said, "Cause Haman to haste,
That he may the queen's banquet taste."
They both came and sumptuously fared,
At the rich feast Esther prepared.

At banquet, where the wine was red,
The king unto his consort said :

"What is thy prayer? dear Esther, say ;
It shall be granted, no delay.

If you should ask one-half my crown,
Indeed I would not on you frown."

The queen replied, "Adjourn one day,
Then I will tell you what I pray.

Let thee and Haman banish sorrow,
And come and dine with me to-morrow."

When Haman did from host depart,
He went forth with a joyful heart.

Till he beheld that Jewish man,
As firm as ever in his plan.

Haman refrained, as best he could,
Till before wife and friends he stood ;

Spoke of his riches and each thing,
Of his promotion by the king.

He said, "Moreover, Esther lay
A splendid banquet on that day.

And unto it—a *happy thought*,
Only the king, and myself brought.

She duplicates that feast to-morrow,
But, notwithstanding, I have sorrow.

Long as that Jew sits in the gate,
Nothing avails me in the state.”
Then Zeresh and his friends reply,
“To-morrow build a gallows high.
Let it be three score fifteen feet,
And then the king to-morrow meet.
Take up this subject *pro* and *con*,
Ask king to have him hung thereon.”
Haman was pleased with this advice,
And built the gallows in a trice.
On that night the king’s sleep had fled,
He caused the records to be read.
They read of the two hung on tree,
Whose guilt was a conspiracy.
Mordecai did report this thing,
In doing so, he saved the king.
“What honor was given this man
For showing up this wicked plan?”
King’s servants, in rich court dress trim,
Said, “Nothing has been done for him.”
The king then asked, “Who is in hall?”
The reply was, “Haman is all.”
Haman called early, it is true,
For king’s consent to hang the Jew.
The king then said, “Let him come in,
Of him I would some advice win.”
The king then said, “What shall be done,
To him who hath my favor won?”

(Haman thought in his heart plainly,
Whom would he honor more than me ?)
Said, "Dress the man whom you respect
In royal robes, let prince direct :
Upon his head put royal crown,
Let him thy horse ride through the town,
And let the herald then proclaim,
Loudly to all in the king's name ;
So it shall be done, for correct ;
For all the king has great respect."
The king then said to Haman, "make
Haste, and rich apparel take
And clothe Mordecai the Jew—
All thou hast said, unto him do."
Haman took him, as the king said,
Went through the programme you have read ;
Proclaiming, as through streets he rode,
"This is honor from king bestowed."
After the pageant—which was great,
Mordecai returned to king's gate.
Haman went home from whence he came,
With countenance covered with shame.
He told his friends, as well as wife,
Of all the news that was then rife.
They, in conclusion, said to him,
"Haman, your chances are quite slim ;
Against this Jew, you sure will fail,
O'er you, at last, he will prevail."

While they were talking to him then,
There came of the king's waiting men,
To take him to Queen Esther's feast,
Prepared for him and king at least.
When the three were within the hall,
The king unto the queen did call ;
"What is thy request, Esther, dear ?
Open thy mouth and have no fear ;
One half the kingdom I'll give thee,
If you should ask the same of me."
"If I have found favor with thee,
Let my own life be given me,
With that of all the Jewish band ;
Who are scattered throughout thy land.
King, we are doomed, myself and clan,
To destruction by a vile man.
Had we been put in bondage all,
I would not now upon thee call ;
But as it is, we must be slain—
The thought, O king, gives me great pain !"
The king answered and said to her,
"Who is he that hath made this stir ?
Who dost presume this thing to do,
To all your race and unto you ?"
Then Esther said, or answered thus :
"It is Prince Haman, here with us."
Haman, a coward of first grade
Was filled with remorse, was afraid,

The king just then was filled with wrath,
And left the hall for garden path ;
When he returned, in truth, 'tis said,
He found the queen upon the bed.
Haman had fallen on it, too,
Begging for life with much ado.
The king exclaimed, as may be seen,
" Will he before me force the queen ?"
While king was speaking of the case,
A servant covered Haman's face.
Harbonah, one of the king's men,
Turned to the king, and said just then,
" The gallows fifty cubits high,
Which he built for Mordecai."
The king said, " Hang him there to-day ;
Do it at once, without delay."
The king that day, as may be seen,
Gave Haman's house unto the queen.
She gave Mordecai the estate,
A man beloved by king, and great.
Esther now came before her lord,
And asked of him as a reward,
To put away Haman's device,
And save the Jews at any price.
With tears she made pathetic plea,
To set all right, his treachery.
She said, " O king ! give thy command,
That they may live, in all the land."

The king replied, "That the decree
Was sealed with his ring, and, must be ;
Said, all such laws must still remain,
By it all Jews, must then be slain.
Take now my ring and this now do :
Issue a decree, number two ;
Requiring Jews to make defence,
To save their lives upon that tense."
This last decree worked like a charm ;
The fatal day passed without harm ;
That is, to Jews : in Shushan then,
The Jews slew just five hundred men.
In other provinces, 'tis said,
Were, seventy-five thousand dead.
Ten sons of Haman, hung beside
The thousands who on that day died.
In all the former records, wrote ;
Shows this great king, as one of note.
His minister, the noted Jew,
Was quite benevolent and true.
He passed an edict, to his praise,
That Jews shall celebrate two days—
In ev'ry clime and ev'ry zone,
As days of Purim, they are known.
Cyrus of Persia, called the Great,
Added Media, to the state.
When the Assyrian rule was done,
The Medo-Persian first begun.

The Jews were taken captive when
The rule was in Assyria's men,
And by the record it appears,
Were to continue seventy years.
About the time Cyrus the Great,
Began to rule the Persian state.
His mind was with devotion filled,
He thought God's house he would rebuild.
In view of this, throughout the nation,
He sent a royal proclamation :
"I, Cyrus, king of Persian land,
Would have my subjects understand,
Since the great God, hath given me,
All kingdoms to rule, I agree,
Yea, am resolved, since I am free,
To rebuild his house in Judea.
By this, I wish to let you know,
To have all of the Lord's men go,
Rebuild the temple of the Lord,
And do it of their own accord.
I wish all those who do remain,
To freely give of all their gain,
Assisting those who may go there,
The house of their God to repair."
This call from king for volunteers,
Met with response, as it appears,
From Jewish fathers and the rest,
Who were servants of God, the best.

Those who remained and could not go,
Did wealth on volunteers bestow.
They gave beasts and much silver ware,
All things of value they could spare.
Cyrus returned the sacred treasure,
Taken by king Nebuchadnezzar.
All of the vessels the king brought,
From the old records, we are taught.
Were four thousand four hundred all,
Of gold and silver great and small.
The congregation that did go,
We here would have the reader know,
Was forty-two thousand, add more,
To this, three hundred and three score.
Their servants add (though now in heaven,)
Seven thousand three hundred thirty-seven.
Of singers, male and female fair,
Were just two hundred of them there,
They were in splendid moving fix.
Horses, seven hundred thirty-six.
Camels, four hundred forty and five,
Twelve score and five mules, all alive.
Of asses they had largely more,
Six thousand seven hundred, plus score.
They had of treasure, we are told,
Sixty-one thousand drams of gold;
Five thousand pounds of silver ore,
One hundred garments for priests *more*.

During this reformation great,
Which permeated the whole state,
"Ezra, the priest, stood up and said :"
(His speech, perhaps, you may have read,)
"You have transgressed throughout your lives,
By taking to yourselves strange wives ;
In this have sinned, now make confession,
Leave all strange wives in your possession."
To this the people said, "Amen,"
Were separated from them then.
The list of sinners in this wrong,
In Ezra you will find quite long ;
Our limits here will not permit,
To personate the parties hit.
About this time God did inspire
The king's cup-bearer, Nehemiah.
He prayed one day with all his might,
For grace in Artaxerxes's sight,
This prayer was heard, as we have read,
When king to Nehemiah said,
"Why art thou sad? Now tell me quick,
Since you are well and are not sick ?
It seems to me as you are smart,
Your ailment is sorrow of heart."
Soon as the king the question made,
The wine-bearer was sore afraid.
"Let the king live forever ! Why,
Why should not I in sorrow sigh ?

When the city, I most desire,
Lieth in waste, destroyed by fire."
The king said, "What would you like best?
In other words, make your request."
After he breathed a silent prayer,
He said unto the king, so fair:
"If I have found favor with thee,
I ask that thou would'st suffer me
To rebuild my old native town,
Which the Chaldeans did burn down.
The king, in company with queen,
(As by the record may be seen,)
Asked, "How long shall thy journey be?
And when wilt thou return to me?"
The king agreed to send this man,
Who set a time, and formed a plan.
The king assisted all he could,
Furnished choice timber from his wood.
To Jerusalem, with his own clan,
He came, told mission to no man;
Surveyed the ruins for three days,
As best he could by hedged-up ways;
Recounted to them with contrition,
How the town lay, and its condition.
He told the rulers, chief men there,
How the king would have them repair.
They said, "We will arise and build,
That king's desire may be fulfilled.

Their hands were strengthened in the work ;
They labored hard and did not shirk ;
But certain "ites" laughed them to scorn,
While ruler did them all forewarn.
In every good work 'neath the sun,
Which is attempted or begun,
There may be found a class of those,
Who will always the work oppose.
Those who opposed the work that day,
Did this unto the ruler say :
" Will ye rebel against the king,
By repairing this accursed thing ?"
When grumblers saw work a success,
Their anger they could not repress.
Each workman, we learn by the word,
Had girded by his side a sword ;
That they might promptly meet their foes,
The workmen took not off their clothes.
There was a domestic complaint,
Made by home Jews without restraint ;
It was of a financial kind,
The most common of all, we find.
The ruler was quite angry then,
Consulted with himself and men ;
The questions he proposed so true,
Sealed up the mouth of every Jew.
The ruler then proposed that day,
That all should cease from usury.

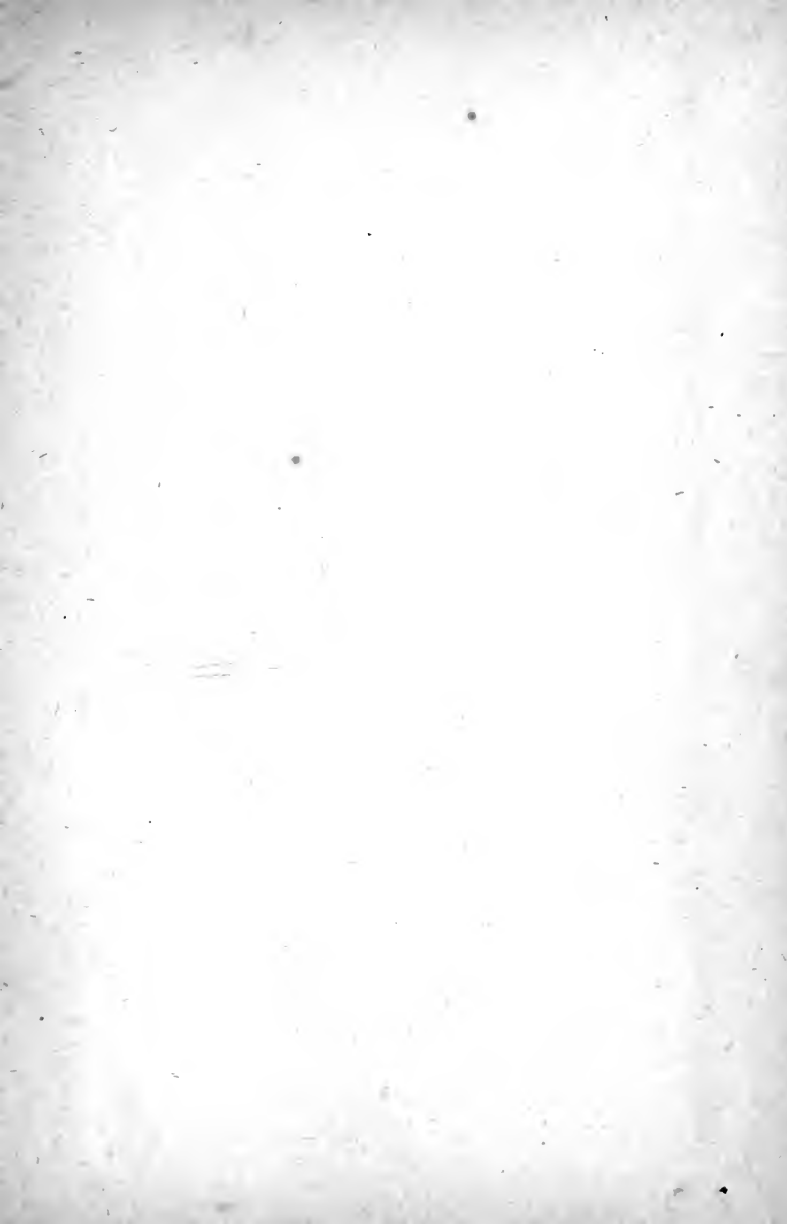
While many were not free from guilt,
The walls were all completely built.
Zerubbabel, a man of skill,
Repaired the temple by king's will.
He was noted, we understand,
The second ruler of the land.
When work was finished up complete,
The people gathered in the street.
Ezra the law read, as he stood
Upon a pulpit built of wood.
From early dawn until mid-day,
They were attentive, records say.
All strove for days the truth to know,
And learn the path in which to go ;
They held a long "protracted meeting,"
Where all from friends received kind greeting ;
In other words, a reformation,
General throughout the Jewish nation.
The Jewish rule was mostly good,
For coming years through which it stood.
With ups and downs, as it appears,
It stood nearly four hundred years—
When Titus, the great Roman king,
Did on it full destruction bring ;
Jerusalem, with temple great,
Were special objects of his hate.
The latter was then overthrown ;
Of it unturned he left no stone.

While thousands of her people fled,
Over a million were left dead.
Then fled God's people of the race,
Stopping where they could find a place.
For centuries have wandered 'round,
Some in all nations may be found.
Find them in any state you may,
They have the same religious way,
Mostly engaged in commerce, too ;
Are known in Christendom, as Jew.
We find from this old Hebrew stock,
We are indebted, for the rock,
On which we can with safety rest,
All have and will through it be blest.
Five thousand years China can trace,
Her history of the human race.
More than one third of all the earth
Speak Chinese dialect from birth ;
They have changed less during past times,
Than peoples of all other climes,
China has stood while centuries pass,
As a great homogeneous mass ;
With small improvement, if at all,
While other nations rise and fall.
All should at once make this concession,
Mankind has ever made progression.
Readers, our labor now is through,
We bid you all a kind adieu.

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