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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALFRED OSMOND.

ARRANGED AND PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.





9

The truth is a star that is constantly shining;
We see it not plain, but the fault's in our sight.
There's not enough force in the worlds all combining
To darken one ray of that star's fadeless light.
When we strengthen our gaze, it to us will glow brighter,
Until it will shine like the sun at noon-day.
But it always shone thus, and 'twill never glow lighter
Because perfect brightness composes each ray.

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PREFACE.

TO appear before the public as an author is to expose one's self to just and unjust criticism of friends and foes. Though it would be absolutely impossible for me to be passively indifferent as to what may be said of the merits and demerits of my poems, still I am, I believe, reasonably well prepared to receive all kinds of criticism. I am too deeply interested in the cause of meritorious literature to have the slightest wish that anything that I have produced which would tend to tarnish or disgrace it should escape the fate that all such literature deserves. A man who will persist in cherishing evil within the chambers of his own heart, is unreasonable if he believes that success will crown the efforts that he may make to purify the hearts of others; and he who wishes praise for something that is only worthy of condemnation, because it happens to be a creation of his own, is more in love with himself than he is with the cause of truth.

In justice to my own taste, I will state that I am cognizant of the fact that there are many very serious mistakes in this work. But I trust that I shall not be accused of being abnormally egotistical when I express a conviction that it never will, as a whole, be consumed in the fiery furnace of just and intelligent criticism. The only excuse that I am desirous of offering at present for the mistakes referred to is that many of the following poems have been written under very unfavorable circumstances. I have been accused by some of my friends of being a pessimist, and I am led

to believe that many who read this book will bring a similar accusation against its Author. I am conscious of the fact that there are very few poems in this collection that do not contain references, either direct or indirect, to the subject of death. I am also perfectly willing to admit that extensive writing on this subject is evidence of pessimism. I can only ask my readers to be charitable enough to believe me when I tell them that there are good reasons for my having written so extensively on this subject. I would also ask permission to remind them that if I have frequently conducted them to the dark valley of death, I have not hesitated to guide them by the torch of my own faith to those vales beyond the cold and silent grave: vales that are illumined with celestial brightness by the brilliant rays of light that are constantly streaming from the glorious orb of heaven. Perhaps the most cogent reason that I can give for believing myself to be an optimist is that I am striving to be a Christian, and it is scarcely necessary to state that a consistent follower of Jesus Christ cannot possibly be a pessimist.

As there is a vast amount of work to be done in the field where I have been laboring, and as it is a field of honor, I deem it unnecessary to offer an apology for having performed the work that God, in His infinite goodness and mercy, has enabled me to accomplish. The saying that "the harvest is great and the laborers are few," can be appropriately used in reference to the field of poetry. Many of the great poets of the world have never understood even the first principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ; and hence some of the most beautiful and most fragrant flowers that grow in the field of poetry have been left "to blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the dry, desert air." God has given much to the world,

but, as man has been loth to receive, He has, in His infinite goodness and mercy, withheld many of His choicest gifts and blessings. When man is prepared to receive them, these gifts and blessings will be freely showered down upon him.

I may be considered a fanatic, but I certainly believe that greater poets than the greatest of those who have made their homes among mortals are now living in the celestial mansions of our God, and that they are waiting with impatient anxiety for the time to come when they will be permitted to mold around themselves caskets of mortality and pour forth, in mortal song, the music of their overflowing souls. It requires no great effort on my part to believe that they will all be sent to the earth at the proper time. When they do come, their songs will not be the sickly sentiments of weak and sensual lovers; they will not be whining complaints addressed to fat and faithless mistresses; nor even the eloquent musings of gifted infidels. The thrilling numbers of their songs will flow forth with such harmony and sweetness that the skeptic's spirit will tremble with an undeceivable consciousness of its own immortality. The burden of the muse will then be: The redemption of man wrought out by the great God, Jesus Christ; the justice and mercy of a kind and affectionate Father; and the unimaginable and never-ending joys of loved ones when they meet, where partings are unknown, in that sweet, celestial home of their God.

THE AUTHOR.

December, 1891.

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POEMS.

IN THE VALLEY OF PRAYER.

' WAS the storms of this life and its troubles and
care

That once caused me to seek for the Valley of Prayer.
As a leaf that floats down on the stream, I was tossed
On the waves of Life's sea till my spirit was lost.
It is true that this Vale to my childhood was known;
But before all the days of my childhood had flown,
I neglected to visit this fair, lowly Vale,
And upon Life's great ocean my spirit set sail,
With the thought that my bark would be wafted away
To that shore where the night never darkens the day.

Ah, how weak is a child, and how weak is a man !
How great is our God, and how perfect His plan !
All the life of the man from the child is concealed :
Yet each day that it lives there is something revealed.
But it knows not the troubles and trials it will meet,
And it knows not the bitter creates all the sweet.
It must travel along, gaining strength, gaining grace,
Till at last it enquires why it runs this life's race,
Then a question is asked, and an answer is given—
“ Thou art here, thou wer't there: but thy home is in
heaven.”

When the spirit of man left its mansion above,
Bid adieu to its friends in the household of Love,
It perchance did not know what it here would pass
through ;—
But results of this life were then plain to its view.

Bright, intelligent souls never shouted for joy,
 At prospects of leaving a home free from alloy,
 Because of the joys that they would find on this earth,
 But they knew this life's object before mortal birth.
 It was that which caused stars of the heavens to sing;
 It was that which bade souls praise their Savior and
 King.

Would the soul leave its bright, starry mansion in
 heaven,
 And rejoice because crosses to it would be given?
 Would it sing at the prospects of leaving its God,
 To tread dark paths of grief that all mortals must trod?
 Would it leave vales of freedom to become a slave?
 And its cradle of flowers to lie in a grave?
 And because of these changes would it shout for joy?
 And enter the casket that may all hopes destroy?
 That it might feel the joys and the pains of a day
 Through its tangible medium of sensual clay.

Yet the stars sang together, and souls sang for joy :
 Now the latter are here, and their powers employ
 In chasing the shadows that all vanish and fade,
 And in seeking for that which e'en now has decayed.
 Ah, they feel not the ray that illumined their eyes,
 When they stood near God's Throne in the beautiful
 skies;
 And there, standing with Him in His mansion on high,
 All His sons and His daughters who never can die,
 Did rejoice at the prospects of having a birth
 In a world where they might show their valor and
 worth.

I have groped in the night—I was caught in a snare—
 It is broken—'tis past, and the Valley of Prayer
 Has been sought, it is found, and I now hope to dwell
 For a while in the Vale that my soul loves so well.

I am weary, and long for a few days of rest
 In the Vale where my spirit will not be distressed
 With the noise and contention, the toils and the strife
 That may always be found in a hard, worldly life.
 When my soul has been rested and feels itself strong,
 I shall mingle again with the world's restless throng.

If we do not take time to enquire and reflect,
 That which ought to be done we shall surely neglect.
 He who toils but to toil is oft toiling in vain;
 He who grieves but to mourn is creating his pain.
 Work should always be done with an object in view—
 We should grieve when we do not that which we
 should do.

But the body should never be wasted away
 Through the toil that creates what so soon will decay;
 And the spirit should not be a slave to its grief,
 For there's much to be done, and this life is but brief.

Was thy soul ever led to the Valley of Prayer?
 Hast thou entered and gazed on the beauty that's
 there?
 Hast thou plucked the sweet flowers that spring from
 its sod?
 Hast thou knelt there and poured forth thy soul to its
 God?
 Know ye not that thy spirit and body are weak?
 If 'tis strength that you wish, do you know where to
 seek?
 Go and kneel where the wild flowers wave o'er the
 plain,
 And let penitent tears fall like showers of rain,
 Then the God of thy spirit will give thee relief,
 And you soon will emerge from the river of grief.

Could I bid the world enter the Valley of Prayer,
 Could I show it the beauty that's blossoming there,

Could I teach it to kneel on that soft, sacred sod,
 And in meekness implore for the mercy of God!
 There confessing its sins, and imploring for grace;
 With humility's tears washing out its disgrace;
 I believe that the clouds which now over it roll
 Would be lifted, and light would illumine its soul;
 And the great God of heaven, who hears the soul's
 voice,
 Would then make the sad heart of this planet rejoice.

Can it ever be wrong for the spirit to pray
 To its God, who can give it the sunshine of day?
 Will the Father not comfort His children who weep?
 Or awake them when in arms of Danger they sleep?
 Is there nothing but breath in the voice of a prayer?
 Breath that mingles itself with the thin, empty air?
 Yes, a stranger would think that these things are all
 true,
 For the spirits who enter this Valley are few.
 But it may be that some of them feel themselves
 strong,
 If so, they are the weakest, and do the most wrong.

But the gates of that Valley are open to all;
 To the prince and the beggar there comes the same
 call;
 And a promise to all who are living is given
 That the prayer for forgiveness will float into heaven;
 That the broad wings of Mercy o'er mortals are
 spread;
 That they float o'er the living, and shine o'er the dead;
 Every soul that repents will be nursed at her breast
 Till it enters the valley of glory and rest.

Every heart that is crushed by her power will be
 healed:—
 Yet the Valley of Prayer from the world is concealed.

On a soft bed of flowers, on the banks of a stream
That flows through this fair Vale, I one morning did
dream.

The dark shades of the night were fast fleeing away,
Or were driven from sight by the fair waves of day;
But a few stars still shone with a soft, lurid light,
And it seemed that the Day was embracing the
Night.

The powers of the Night seemed unwilling to leave,
And at their departure the Day seemed to grieve.
They were mingling together—but now all is o'er:
They have parted, and traces of night are no more.

'Tis a morning in spring, and the soft, mellow light
Is now filling the world that was just wrapt in night.
Tho' the King of the day has not gazed o'er the hills,
Yet his warning light beams on the meadows and
rills.

The soft dew-drops are hanging like pearls on the
grass,
Or are dashed to the ground by the bees as they pass.
The sweet song of the birds in the distance is heard:
And my thoughts float too high to be caught by a
word.

There is nothing that dwells in the Valley of Prayer
That is not healing balm to the heart in despair.

Never visit this Vale with a soul full of hate;—
Pause and read, e'er you enter, what floats o'er the
gate.

'Twas not written by man, but by angels of God:
'Tis addressed to all men who may press this dear sod.
'Twas placed there to be read by the greatest who
kneel
There to pour forth to God what from man they
conceal.

And all those who are led, or to there have been
 driven,
 Who would have their prayers float through the
 portals of heaven,
 Must write what is written on the leaves of the heart;
 From the word's hidden meaning they must not
 depart.

TO ALL THOSE WHO WOULD ENTER THE VALLEY OF PRAYER,
 AND FIND THAT WHICH WEAK MORTALS HAVE OFTEN FOUND
 THERE :

*“When you ask of your God, you should always believe
 That He can and will give what you wish to receive.
 If you have strength enough, do not ask Him for more;
 For you will not receive it although you implore.
 What He gives you be sure that you put to good use,
 For gifts stay not where they receive naught but abuse.
 If thy soul is convinced 'tis degrading to pray,
 Do not read any more, from this gate turn away.”*
*“Yes, thy Father can read every thought of thy heart;
 He knows what to withhold, He knows what to impart;
 But 'tis He who commanded man's spirit to pray,
 Yet that spirit is free to refuse or obey.
 Be prepared, e'er you enter, to freely forgive
 All who 'gainst you have sinned on this globe where you live,
 And you must not forget that pride never should dwell
 In the heart nor the soul that desires to pray well.
 Then enter, weak mortal, never doubt, never fear,
 For the God you approach is a God who can hear.”*

Now the King of the day, with his bright crown of
 gold,
 Stands majestic and proud on the hill's summit bold.
 All around him his glory has kindled a flame
 That illumines a face free from weakness or shame.
 And he throws o'er the Vale rays of soft, purple light,
 While the life rocked to sleep in the cradle of night,

There was something that thrilled in the soul of that
 prayer

That did speak of a faith that will never despair.
 'Tis a faith that can peer through the dreariest night,
 And can change waves of gloom into billows of light.

Could the seeds of that faith find a place in the breast
 Of the world that is heaving with sighs of unrest,
 It would bring forth a fruit that is precious and sweet,
 And would kill the effects of the fruits we now eat.
 And the poisons that flow with the blood through our
 veins,

That infuse in our spirits their manifold pains,
 Would be purged from our systems, and life's stream
 would flow

With such health that these caskets with beauty would
 glow.

'Tis the rust which has gathered on faith's golden
 chain

That now causes this world a great part of its pain.

With a sigh of relief the fair maiden arose,
 And now stands where the sun on her beauty bestows
 His bright waves of glory that steal through the trees,
 As they sparkle and wave in the cool morning breeze.
 I desire to advance, but I dare not for fear
 I would startle the maid, who deems no one is near.
 I shall whistle an air—but she hastens away
 Ere I make up my mind to persuade her to stay.
 She has vanished from sight like an angel so fair,
 And again I'm alone in the Valley of Prayer.

I would say to thy lover, who sails o'er the sea,
 Be ye true to the maid who is praying for thee.
 If the prayers of an angel can keep thee from harm,
 In the dreariest storm ye need feel no alarm.

Tho' the waves of the ocean should roll o'er thy head,
Yet thy form shall not lie with the forms of the dead.
They may rock thee to sleep, but will bear thee ashore,
And will give thee to her who is thine evermore.
Let her love be thy lamp; let her faith be thy star;
And thy soul will not ride in the Death Angel's car.

If my bark were afloat on the dark, restless sea,
And were tossed on the waves like the leaf of a tree;
If the chariots of thunder around me did roll,
And the lightning's flash leaped like the flames of the
soul;

If I knew there were one here as fair as thy love,
Who was praying for me to our Father above,
I would smile at the danger, and laugh at the storm,
For the shield of her faith would protect me from harm;
And the star of her love would illumine the wave,
That else, darkling, might roll o'er the bed of my
grave.

'Tis a sight to see Beauty kneel down on the sod,
And in meekness and weakness commune with its God;
For 'tis so often seen on a high, dazzling throne,
Far above those who worship, proud, radiant, alone.
And it too often traces the lines of its face;
Much too conscious it is of its name and its place.
If it gaze on itself, it will wither and fade,
If it knows it exists, half its brightness is shade.
It must unknow itself if it wishes to shine
With a glory that lasts, with a beauty divine.

It is well that the flowers that wave in the field
Cannot see their fair forms in the mirror revealed;
It is well they cannot quaff the sweetness that flows
From the heart and the soul of the blossoming rose.
All unconscious of beauty, unconscious of worth,
As they blossom and wave o'er the face of the earth.

Being startled at first, with a kiss greets each ray,
 As it pauses to bathe in the night's chilly spray.
 And the King, having greeted the Vale with a smile,
 Now commences his work in the same good old style.

What a pleasure to live where all things are so pure!
 To the weak, sickly soul what a wonderful cure!
 I arise from my couch that was spread on the ground,
 And drink in the beauty that is streaming around.
 Just before me there waves a vast ocean of flowers,
 And its coasts are the green groves where fairies build
 bowers;

There the small, snow-white vessels float over the sea,
 Tho' the breeze scarcely rustles the leaves on the tree.
 Now the King of the day has arisen on high,
 And is hastening along through the realms of the sky.

When a child, the sweet voice of my soul led me here,
 Then there was not a spot on this earth half so dear.
 And I stand here to-day, not a child, a man grown,
 But no spot on this earth half so dear have I known.
 Had I not to this spot by my Father been led,
 My spirit would live, but my frame would be dead.
 Yes, the prayer of my spirit has floated above,
 And to me there was sent a sweet message of love.
 And I know that what is, is ordained for the best,
 And that he who will labor will some day find rest.

As I stand by my couch I hear rustling of leaves;—
 'Tis the wind that the powers of my hearing deceives—
 'Tis not so! I hear footsteps, and, turning around—
 Ah! 'tis Beauty itself kneeling there on the ground,
 While a voice that's as sweet as the voice of a dove
 Mounts the car that bears prayers to "The Mansion of
 Love."

Is it true that the angels float down here to pray?
 Ah! I would that all "angels, like this one, would stay

In this "Valley of Tears," where we mortals must dwell,
Then I'm sure that the sinner would learn to do well.

Can it be? 'Tis a mortal, for she is in love
With a being who lives not in a mansion above;
But his home has been made on the dark, restless
wave;

And she fears that he sleeps in a deep, dismal grave.
Yet the bright star of hope has illumined her soul,
As she pours into words thoughts she cannot control.
Ah! she feels all she says, for the spirit of prayer
Thrills in every tone as it floats on the air.
If 'tis earnestness brings down the blessings of heaven,
Then the choicest of them will to this maid be given.

"In the Valley I love now before Thee I kneel,
O my Father and God! to express what I feel.
All the feelings that thrill through the nerves of my
heart

Are, I know, known to Thee, yet I would not depart
E're I ask Thee to give me the words that I need
To express every thought, to confess every deed;
And to ask for those gifts that You promise to give
To Thy sons and Thy daughters wherever they live.
All the honor and glory to Thee will be given:
I approach Thee, my Father, who dwells up in heaven.

"I confess that my spirit is wayward and weak,
And, although I have sought for that which I now seek,
For the strength and the courage to always do right:
To ignore every thought that does not glow with light;
To tread under my feet all that does not exalt,
And to crush into atoms the germs of each fault;
To prepare all my being for that which will come,
When I rest from my soul in my sweet, peaceful home;
Yet from sin and its sorrow my soul is not free;
No, the maid is not perfect who kneels before Thee.

“Oh! in weakness and meekness before Thee I bow,
 And, Father, please grant what my spirit asks now:
 There is one who has built him a home on the sea—
 (No, he cannot be drowned! he will come back to me!)—
 Who is dearer to me than my life’s wondrous breath:
 And there’s nothing I fear in this life like his death.
 I now pray that Thy angels may shield him from
 harm,
 That Thy Spirit may ride on the waves of the storm
 To illumine the cloud that may wave o’er his head,
 And give cheer to his soul when ’tis thrilling with
 dread.

“Oh! that I, a weak mortal, can call upon Thee!
 One who rules every storm that has angered the sea;
 One who sits up above on His bright, gleaming throne,
 And rules over kingdoms that to us are unknown;
 One who speaks! and the mountains descend to the
 plain,
 To engulf worldly glory that shines not again;
 One whose voice in the spirit of man can be heard,
 Yet worlds wither and die by the power of Thy word!
 Is a blessing that gives me my soul sweetest joy,
 And ’tis one this proud world cannot give nor destroy.

“If ’twere true that my lover should perish and die,
 Would his spirit not float to its home in the sky?
 Would he not there find friends that were tender and
 true,
 In that home that is old, yet to us it seems new?
 Would his spirit not wait till my spirit flew there?
 Would we not dwell together in realms bright and fair?
 And the sweet flower of love that we cherished while
 here,
 Would it not still be sweet? Would it not still be dear?
 Ah! ’tis sweet to remember the soul never dies;
 That it has a dear home in the bright, starry skies.

“Yes, we are what we are, and shall be what we seem,
When our spirits awake from mortality’s dream.
And I feel that my soul should be grateful to Thee,
Tho.’ the future should have bitter sorrows for me.
I am living on earth;—he I love is not dead,
And Thy blessings have fallen like showers on my
head.

In the field of the Past there have bloomed fragrant
flowers;
They received of Thy sunshine, was cheered by Thy
showers;
And if ’neath the white frosts of the future they fade,
They *were* flowers; they *once* bloomed where my weary
feet strayed.

“I do thank Thee, my Father, for all I’ve received!
And I thank Thee that what Thou hast taught I’ve
believed!

I shall dream of the future and think of the past,
And shall seek for those riches that time cannot blast;
For I know that Time’s door to the just will unfold
Those bright riches that darken the gleam of earth’s
gold.

And I pray that my spirit may be with the few
Who will meet with a smile all they have to pass
through;
And wherever ’tis led, or wherever ’tis driven,
May it follow the path that will lead it to Heaven.”

I stood thrilling with joy that was akin to fear,
As the waves of that prayer gently rolled in my ear.
And my heart ceased to beat, and the voice of my
breath

Was as still as the silence that reigns over Death.
I have thought that my spirit had learned how to pray,
But I never can think so again in life’s day.

Did they dream of the joy that to mortals they give,
 They would tell us without them we never could live.
 Ah, I fear they would drink from the river of pride,
 And, like man, fall to sleep 'neath the waves of its tide.

And the mountains that frown o'er the low, humble
 vale,

Were they conscious, I trow they would too tell a tale
 That would cause all the valleys to tremble with fear—
 One that even we mortals would not like to hear.

They would boast of their grandeur, their beauty, their
 height,

As they frowned in the darkness or gleamed in the
 light;

They would tell man that he from their bosom had
 stole

All the gold that had puffed up his contracted soul.

We should not like the tale that the mountains would
 tell;

Ah, 'tis well they are silent: my soul says 'tis well.

O thou dark, deep blue ocean, if thou could'st but
 boast,

Then I fear every wave that resounds on thy coast
 Would be pregnant with song that would tell of thy
 fame,

Till the spirit of man would be humbled in shame.

Can weak man create aught as majestic as thee,

O thou dark, restless ocean! thou deep, boundless sea.

It is well that thy God did not give thee a voice,

For man never could then in his glory rejoice.

Thine own cradle would rock all his glory to sleep:

He would scarcely have courage to live and to weep.

O ye planets that dash through the realms of the sky!
 Would ye not bid man say what a weak thing am I?

Would ye not show the beauty that shines here to-day?
 That its brightness must fade and fall into decay?
 Would ye not tell the mighty that they are but dust?
 And teach them the folly of placing their trust
 In the arm that they know will soon wither with age?
 Would ye not teach the lesson that's writ on life's page?
 Would ye not show that greatness belongs to our God?
 And that meekness becomes they who tread mortal
 sod.

No, it can not be taught; it will live in its pride,
 Till 'tis swept in Death's sea by Time's terrible tide;
 It will boast of its greatness till He who is great
 Shall have crushed it in ashes and sealed up its fate.
 If 'twere stripped of its riches, 'twould boast that
 'tis wise ;

If its wisdom were gone, it would boast of its lies.
 He who will not be taught, has not power to learn;
 And the mind of the world has now taken that turn.
 Yes, this proud world has scorned the instruction
 that's given,
 And destruction must come ere 'tis changed to a
 heaven.

Ah, 'tis well that there's beauty that knows not its
 worth,
 And grandeur, and greatness that shake not the whole
 earth
 With the hoarse voice of boasting, but silent they stand,
 Crowned with laurels of fame, proud, majestic and
 grand.

They are what they are, and seek not to deceive,
 As they stand all unconscious of what they believe ;
 And they toil not for glory, nor seek after fame ;
 They know no joys of honor, nor sorrows of shame.
 All inanimate beings, yet thrilling with life,
 And they play their own part in life's conflict of strife.

No, the flowers have not said that there is not a God,
 As they wave like white flags o'er the dark, fertile sod:
 But today they are budding, tomorrow they bloom,
 Then they wither away in their own leafy tomb.
 Not a sound of complaint, nor a sigh of despair
 Ever rushes along on the waves of the air.
 They receive what God gives, and they ask not for
 more;
 And they give man their sweetness, then die—all is
 o'er.
 They have withered away, the sweet flowers are dead,
 Or have fallen to sleep in their own leafy bed.

Oh! I would that my soul were as pure as the flowers
 That are warmed by the sunshine and cheered by the
 showers.

It receives choicest blessings, and should not complain
 Because all of its life is not sunshine and rain.
 Oh! I would that my spirit could learn to receive
 All that falls to its lot without pausing to grieve.
 It depends on its God for its life's wondrous breath:
 'Twill be led by its God through the portals of death:
 It will shine with its God, if it only is true.—
 O, my soul, why complain at the trials ye pass through.

'Tis the physical flower that withers away;
 But the germ of its life does not fade and decay.
 And the physical body must sleep in the dust,
 But the spiritual *soul* is not tarnished with rust.
 Like the life of the flower, it is and will be
 E'en as long as waves roll o'er Eternity's sea.
 There's a dark, dreary gulf between it and its home:
 But the gulf is soon crossed; it will soon cease to roam:
 And the dark clouds of trouble that float o'er its head
 Will be lifted, and light will illumine its bed.

These thoughts flit through my mind as I stand there
alone;—

They are only a few from the flock that has flown
Through the vale of my mind, as I stand where the
maid

Had communed with her God 'neath the cool,
spreading shade.

Since my soul has been wounded with darts of despair,
I have spent all my time in the Valley of Prayer.

I shall go forth again 'mid the cares of the world;
But 'twill be when the flag of my faith is unfurled.

God alone knows the anguish my spirit has felt,
And He knows why before Him that spirit has knelt.

But the past has flown past, and has vanished from
sight.

As I gaze on the future I see a bright light;
And the mists from my eyes are fast clearing away;
I have lived through the night, and now welcome the
day.

No, I will not, I dare not brood over the past;
It is something that's gone, but the future will last.
And the past has not saved me; the future may save;
With the spade of the Future I'll dig the Past's grave,
And I'll bury it deep 'neath the low valley's sod:—
'Tis the path of the future that leads me to God.

Ah, but *all* was not grief, I have seen happy days;
For my spirit once glowed with the fire of love's blaze.
There is *part* of the past that I wish to remain;
But, O Past, as a whole, come ye not back again.
There are flowers in thy field that are tender and
sweet;

There are thorns that have torn the soft flesh from my
feet;

There are cool, bubbling springs that have oft quenched
 my thirst;
 There are draughts I have quaffed that my whole life
 have cursed :
 So a part of the past I shall bury down deep,
 For it never appears without making me weep.

Yes, I live in the present and mourn o'er the past;
 But the future has treasures that time can not blast.
 Since the light flowed from heaven in soft, silvery
 waves,
 All the darkness has flown from those dear, sacred
 graves.
 And the tears that are falling are sweet floods of joy;
 They have sprung from a soul that death can not
 destroy.
 Nothing else that's revealed seems to me half so sweet
 As the truth which has told us that loved ones shall
 meet.
 While that knowledge shall thrill through the nerves
 of the soul,
 It can stand and command, it has strength to control.

But my thoughts must not lead me from what I would
 say :
 I came not here to think, but I came here to pray.
 I could think, but I know that my thinking is vain :
 It is God who gives knowledge, 'tis He who heals pain.
 To believe what He says, is the sure way to learn :
 To depart from His word, is the same as to turn
 From the sunshine of day to plunge into the night :
 For 'tis He that's the Truth, and the Life and the
 Light.
 And His Spirit illumines the halls of the mind :
 We depend on its aid for the good that we find.

Ah, but see! who are they that descend the steep hill?
Oh, I dreamed not of this, for I thought not until—
As I gaze on the throng that descend to the plain,
From weeping for joy I can scarcely refrain.
They are rushing along like the waves of the breeze
To that Valley where angels are resting at ease;
To that Valley where I, a poor wanderer, found rest;
Where the spirit that's meek can commune with the
 blest.
There's the prince and the slave, there's the dark and
 the fair,
All are mingling their tears in the Valley of Prayer.

No, I knew not—I dreamed not that so many prayed,
For I thought that the world from the custom had
 strayed.
There were men kneeling there that the world thought
 were strong,
And they seemed the most earnest of all that vast
 throng.
Their strong voices were hushed, and tears streamed
 from their eyes,
As they gazed on the earth and communed with the
 skies.
And I could not but think that they gained their
 strength here,
As they poured forth their souls when they deemed no
 one near.
Then they strode in the world with that courage and
 power
Which has always made baseness and wickedness cower.

And I saw the brave patriot unbuckle his blade;
All his trappings of war were laid under the shade;
And he prayed for the cause that he knew to be just—
That all tyrants might die and be trampled to dust;

That the man who would make of his brother a slave
Might sleep where no wild flowers would bloom o'er
his grave.

“I care not,” said he, “though these veins are drained
dry,

I will live to be free, or will perish and die.

May the white flag of freedom float over this land!

I kneel here for my country, for her I will stand.

“Thou art King of this earth! Thou canst strengthen
my arm!

And this cause is Thy cause! why should I feel alarm?
I shall welcome the day when the war-drum shall
sleep,

But that never can be while in bondage we weep.

All Thy sons and Thy daughters were born to be free!

Yes, Thy banner must wave o'er the land and the
sea.

Every tyrant must die, or repent of his ways,

For the bright orb of freedom has shed forth its
blaze,

And that bright orb of glory will never more set:

They must rise from the dust who in bondage now
fret.

“O Thou God of my spirit! my Father, my all,

I now call upon Thee, hear and answer my call:

Grant, O grant, that the arm that is lifted on high

Against our righteous cause may soon wither and die!

May the spirit that pants for the air of the free

Now arise from the dust, that the whole world may
see

That 'tis useless to fetter the being in chains,

Who is some day to reign as his Father now reigns.

May all tyrants and despots in Death's jaws be hurled,

And the flag of the free proudly wave o'er the world!”

Now the strong voice is hushed—he arose from the
ground,

And then, casting a swift, fiery glance all around,
Quickly springs to his armor that glittering lay
Where the half-shaded sunbeams were wildly at play.
Then, encased in his armor, he drew forth his sword,
And there, kneeling, he said, “In the name of the
Lord

I now go forth to battle, sustained by His power ;
May His curse rest upon me if ever I cower !”
He arose, and his armor was blazing with light,
As, ascending the hill, he soon vanished from sight.

Who will think, as he rides at the head of his band,
Proud and haughty as though he were born to
command,

That his unbending soul is the soul of a child ?
That those fierce eyes of anger are tender and mild ?
Who will think, as the blood trickles down that bright
blade,

In the Valley of Prayer it was lain 'neath the shade ?
As his presence illumines the gloom of the field,
And he rushes in danger where strength is revealed,
Who will think that his spirit was bowed to the sod ?
And the strength that he has came direct from his
God ?

Aye, and after the perils and hardships are o'er,
When the hoarse drum of war is not heard any more,
When the slain have been gathered and laid in the
earth,

And the laurels of fame have attested their worth ;
When the sweet dove of Peace spreads his white
silvery wings,
And soars o'er the broad lands where the humblest
are kings :

When the cradle of war rocks the tyrant to sleep,
 And the poor, trembling slave has forgotten to weep,
 Ah, how many will own that the great God of Light
 Was the Captain, the Hero, the Prince of the fight!

All God's sons and His daughters will yet burst their
 chains—

Yes, the process is slow, and the blood in our veins
 May be spilled, or may course through its channels
 of life,

But the victory *will* come; there's an end to all strife.
 The brave patriot may fall, but his cause never dies;
 There are others will float from their homes in the
 skies.

When the world needs a man, let it seek, it will find;—
 Man may not always see, but his God is not blind.
 There are troubles for us ere we enter our rest;
 But that which is ordained, is ordained for the best.

Ah, I thought as the waves of that terrible prayer
 Rolled along on the waves of the sweet fragrant air,
 'Tis but little we know of the deep, earnest thought
 That oft burns in the souls who for freedom have
 fought.

And 'tis not much we know of emotions that swell
 In the bosoms of those whom we think we know well.
 No, the eye can not see, nor the ear can not hear,
 And the tongue can not tell what we hope, what we
 fear.

It can never be seen, it can never be heard,
 'Tis too wild to be caught in the snares of a word.

But the Spirit of God whispers comfort to each.
 'Tis that Spirit that tells us salvation's in reach:
 'Tis that Spirit that pours in the oil of relief
 When the heart has been torn with the arrows of grief;

'Tis that Spirit that shines in the soul when the gloom
 Is spreading its waves o'er the "Vale of the Tomb;"
 'Tis that Spirit that thrills in the patriot's arm;
 It directs him aright, and it shields him from harm.
 The assassin may boast, but he never can kill
 One who fights for his God, save it be by His will.

It was not accidental that victory came
 To the heroes who won for our country its fame.
 It was not accidental that brave men were slain—
 They are resting today free from sorrow and pain.
 And what man is so base that he trembles to die
 In a cause that will live while God's Throne gleams on
 high!

Is the honey and wine of this life made so sweet
 That man dare beg to live 'neath the proud tyrant's
 feet?

No, the soul better fly to its Father and God,
 Than crawl mingling its tears with the dews of the
 sod.

God will hear him who prays as the patriot prayed,
 And will fill him with hope, tho' the world be dis-
 mayed.

He will know that God is, he will know that He lives,
 And his heart will rejoice at the comfort He gives.
 If we all could so live that we never would grieve
 The pure Spirit that each has the right to receive,
 Then the path of our lives would be plain to our view;
 We would know how to live; we would know what
 to do;

For that Spirit's the torch that illumines the way
 To the home of our spirits so far, far away.

But the natural man is so stubborn and blind:
 He's too proud to seek that which we all ought to find.

Tho' he knows he is lost, yet he will not be led,
But he gropes in the darkness until he is dead.
He is lost in the forest; one star sheds its blaze—
There is only one star, why not fix there thy gaze?
'Tis a star; it gives light; if it does not shine clear,
Gaze again—take one step; it is there; do not fear.
See! the valley below is illumined with light,
Tho' thy forest of Pride is o'er-shadowed with night.

There is only one way for we mortals to live,
If we wish to receive what our Father will give:
We must do what is right; there is no other way;
There is no other path that will lead us today.
I must walk by the light that illumines my soul,
And the voice in my spirit tells me to control
All my feelings, my passions, my thoughts, my de-
sires—

I must do what the voice in my spirit requires.
Ah, that voice is as sweet as the voice of a dove,
It persuades—it controls by the power of its love.

As I gaze on the throng that is kneeling in prayer;
Each one pleading with God for His mercy and care;
Each one telling his grief, each confessing his wrong,
Yet the waves of each prayer thrilling into one song,
I can not but think that there are mortals near
Who believe that God is, yet that He does not hear
And give answers to prayers of His children below,
But that all was revealed in the long, long ago;
That one book—or a number, contains the whole plan
Of the Gospel that brings the redemption of man.

'Tis as easy to teach that our Father don't live,
As to teach that He is and has no more to give.
Just because He told men years ago what to do,
Does it follow He has no instruction for you?

Has the truth shrunk so much that 'tis cramped in a
book?

Has the deep, boundless river become but a brook?

Is there nothing in heaven that still is concealed?

Is there nothing we need that is not yet revealed?

Are there things which we need that we can not re-
ceive?

If there are, we poor mortals have great cause to
grieve.

O, ye sons and ye daughters of God, howl and mourn!

Ye are left to yourselves sad, forsaken, forlorn,

For the heavens are closed, and your God is asleep!

Do not hope, do not smile, Weep! ye orphans, O
Weep!

All the earth has been wrapped in a mantle of gloom—

Lay your loved ones away in the cold, silent tomb!

Look ye not for faith's star, it has faded and set:

There's no ray to illumine the eyes pained and wet!

Ye will know them no more—ye may dwell up above,

But ye never can dwell in "The Mansion of Love."

And those lips pale and cold, ye shall never more
kiss,

Yet that world up above is much better than this.

Love exalts and refines, but it can not dwell there—

Send me back to this earth in "The Valley of
Prayer."

Give me here a small cot and my sweet dreams of
love,

And I'll scorn thy cold mansion in heaven above.

No, if Love dwells not there, it is no place for me,

And in vain I have battled with storms on Life's sea;

Tears and hopes, prayers and toils, all are useless and
vain,

For my heaven is here with my sorrow and pain.

Ah, if this be not gloom, then I know not the dark.
 I can see not a ray, I can see not a spark;
 For my hope and my strength is that God lives to-day;
 That the torch of His Spirit *now* shines on my way.
 If I know that He is, and is willing to hear,
 It were strange if my spirit should tremble with fear!
 If I can not trust Him, who is there I can trust?
 Since to know that He is, is to know He is just.
 But if He will not give me the strength that I need,
 There is no room to hope, there is no cause to heed.

I have wept for the world, but the world scorns my
 tears—

I am given a name that creates scornful sneers.
 I would wash out with tears every trace of my name,
 And would lay at its feet every laurel of fame;
 I would ask not for honor, for rank, or for gold,
 Since these things bring not joy, they are cruel and
 cold;
 And I sometimes have thought I would give my life's
 breath,
 And would gladly go down in the "Valley of Death,"
 If the world would but pause for one moment to hear
 The weak voice that would breathe what it needs in
 its ear.

But, alas! there are those who have given their
 wives
 And their children, their homes and their wealth—aye,
 their lives,
 For the sake of that truth which has power to save
 Every being who rides on the breast of life's wave:
 But, alas! they have toiled—they have perished in
 vain;
 The world will not believe—but we must not com-
 plain—

The sweet flowers that bloom in the field of the truth
 Would be cheering to age, would be soothing to
 youth,
 But their "Sweetness must waste on the dry, desert
 air,"
 While the world's life is feeding the weed and the tare.

Grief will come—grief will come, it can not stay away:
 Joy has built her sweet home in the light of the day,
 And although she may wander away from that home,
 And may over the dark vales of wickedness roam,
 Yet she will not stay there; she is sure to return.
 Yes, this truth is too true—let the world live and
 learn :

She must enter the soul through the gateway of Right,
 And must call when the world is illumined with light.
 If she come in the dark, sneaking through the back
 door,
 Justice bids her depart, and she comes there no more.

June, 1891.

"TO A LADY WEeping."

LADY, weep not at my sorrow,
 Time can never heal this heart;
 From thy tears no strength I borrow,
 Sorrow will not from me part.

Ah! I loved those now departed,
 With a love that cannot lie,
 And I feel so broken hearted
 That I oft-times long to die.

Is this life to me worth living,
 When my loved ones all have gone?
 Every effort seems but giving
 Force that helps grief's tide flow on.

In my body dwells a spirit
 That would gladly take its flight,
 And receive its final merit,
 In those realms of love and light.

When I gaze upon the flowers
 That she trained with tender care,
 Then I dream for long, long hours
 Of my darling, kind and fair.

When the shades of evening gathered
 Round our then bright happy home,
 We would sit for hours together
 In the darkness all alone;

But the darkness now seems lonely,
 And the light seems light no more;
 I can think of thee, love, only,
 Wandering to that distant shore.

Darkness gathers round my pillow,
 But sweet sleep has flown away;
 Like an angry, foaming billow
 Toss I till the light of day.

When the somber shades of evening
 Flee before the morning light,
 Then I rise and wander, grieving
 For my loved one fair and bright.

Ah! sweet dust so cold and silent,
 Must thy beauty fade away?

Won't my love so strong and fervent
Animate that lifeless clay?

I am weary—ah! how weary,
But in Heaven her rest is sweet;
Though life's path be dreary—dreary,
If I'm true, again we'll meet.

Lady, weep not at my sorrow
Time *will* heal the broken heart;
From thy smiles new strength I borrow,
Sorrow will in time depart.

July 18, 1889.

"HOME."

Written by request of the family of the author's friend, David Osborne, and read at a party on the 52d anniversary of his birthday April 19, 1890.

DEAR father, husband, faithful friend,
We gather here that we might spend
A few short hours in mutual joy;
For time and toil can not destroy—
Where e'er in life we're forced to roam,
The love we feel for this old home.

'Twas here we spent our childhood's days,
And when with memory's eyes we gaze
On that great scene that's called the past,
And note that time speeds on so fast,
We feel 'tis true that life's a dream,
"And that things are not what they seem."

'Twas here we gathered flowers in spring,
 And made these hills with music ring.
 Our childish griefs to you were told,
 And, though sometimes you'd storm and scold,
 We've learned since then you are our friend,
 And that you tried our faults to mend.

We often think of childhood's days,
 Of children's sports, of children's ways,
 And not without a tear and sigh,
 To think those days have all flown by.
 A child can't feel what we feel now,
 But here we are, and humbly bow
 To all the changes time has made,
 For brightest hopes will sometimes fade.

This fair old home and thy dear face,
 No charms of earth can take their place.
 Talk not to us of lands more bright—
 This is the place we first saw light:
 And when life's light shall fade away
 Before death's twilight cold and gray,
 May that last ray of heaven's light
 That falls upon our withering sight,
 Reflect the image of this spot,
 And all death's fears will be forgot.

We know your way in future life
 Will not be free from care and strife.
 The path of life is partly trod
 That leads you to your home with God:
 And o'er it shines a brilliant light,
 'Twill guide you far from error's night.
 But, then, life's battle is not won;
 Look forward now—the fight begun
 When you were born—it rages still,
 And all your power, and all your skill,

Combined with all your God will give,
You'll need while in this life you live.

'Tis strange that children leave their home,
And far o'er land and sea will roam ;
No other spot they find so dear,
No other place so free from care.
But 'tis ordained that all shall part,
And though grief's tide o'er-flow the heart,
'Tis sweet to look beyond this life,
Beyond its cares, its toils and strife
To that bright hoped for, longed for shore
Where partings are forever o'er.

The worst of earth there's nothing here,
However great, however dear,
But what must fade and pass away,
As do the stars before the day.
This mortal life is but a night,
Our hopes are stars of lurid light,
Our faith's the moon that lights the way
To that bright orb of heaven's day,
Where angels dwell with God above,
And all hearts burn with fires of love.

That is the home we never leave,
That is the place where none shall grieve ;
Beyond that dark and deep abyss
That separates yon world from this,
Where flowers bloom that never die,
Where no dark clouds obscure the sky,
Where weary pilgrims find sweet rest,
And all who enter there are blest,
That is the only land that's known
That ought to claim that sweet name "Home."

When you are dead and we are dead,
 When mortal tears have all been shed,
 When mortal pains are felt no more,
 When mortal hopes and fears are o'er,
 May you, dear father, find that home,
 And all your children to you come.
 The sorrows that you meet with here
 Will only make that home more dear,
 For all the trials that God has given
 Are but to fit man's soul for heaven.

 TWO FIRES.

‡N man there are two raging fires;
 ‡ They both are fed with strong desires:
 They both are burning day and night,
 But different are their flames of light.

The one consumes this mortal clay,
 And in the soul it burns its way.
 It is the passion of the blood,
 And never can it lead to good.
 At first it is a flickering flame
 That seems too innocent to name
 A fault; but feed this harmless fire
 With groveling thoughts and strong desire,
 And you will find its glowing flame
 Is not too innocent to name
 A fire of hell; for it will burn
 Until your very soul will yearn
 To quench it, though the cooling flood
 Should waste your frame and chill your blood.

Its crackling flames and scorching heat
 The noblest aims of life defeat.
 The imps of Satan carry wood
 To feed this fire of boiling blood;
 They laugh to see its flames glow bright,
 And well they may, for 'tis this light
 That guides them to the trembling soul,
 It having lost the right control
 Of that which it was born to rule,
 The pupils now teach life's great school.

If you would never feed this flame,
 But keep the passions cool and tame,
 Lust not for that which drags you down
 So low that nature seems to frown
 Upon her once loved, happy child,
 When he was pure and undefiled.
 Her flowers will greet you with a sigh;
 Her happy birds will fly swift by,
 As though they would not linger where
 A being sunk so low would dare.

O all ye men who love the truth,
 Have pity on misguided youth!
 And teach the worth of virtue's crown;
 Bring back the wandering bird that's flown,
 On tender wings into the night
 Of error, where each moment's flight
 Will plunge it into clouds of gloom,
 That flee not at the bursting tomb,
 But gather thicker, darker there
 Where all should be so bright and fair,
 And thunders rolling from their gloom,
 Remind the victim of his doom.
 And lightnings, through the darkness riven,
 Will teach his soul the loss of heaven.

Man cannot laugh his sins away;
 They live when he is mouldering clay.
 A man created like his God,
 If he a certain path will trod,
 In time may shine the same as He—
 That is, frail man a God can be.
 Yes, he may reach that lofty height,
 If he will follow truth's bright light;
 But let him turn from truth away,
 And love the night and scorn the day,
 No living thing e'er could or can
 Descend so low as wondrous man.

O man, feed not this raging fire,
 For though the wicked may admire
 The one who lives the same as they,
 Their flattery cannot make you free:
 The claims of justice will demand
 A retribution at your hand;
 And you will know, however bright
 The fire now burns, there comes a night
 When it will burn itself away,
 And you its victim low will lay—
 So low that Mercy cannot stoop,
 Although her lovely form will droop
 And long to clasp you to her breast
 And lull your weary soul to rest.

She is a goddess kind and fair,
 With calm, blue eyes and sunny hair;
 And trembling words of love and truth
 Fall from her lips to cheer the youth.
 And those whose locks are white with age
 Forget the sorrows on life's page
 That's writ by Time's unfailing hand,
 And smile at Mercy's sweet command

To hasten on, nor seek for rest
Until Death Angel's lips have pressed,
In tender love, each marble cheek,
Then rest and joy and comfort seek
Where it doth dwell, away from earth,
Where man receives immortal birth.

Besides this fire of the blood,
There's one light by the torch of God.
Before the blood began to flow
There was a time—so long ago
That we in memory cannot find
The power to call this time to mind;
But God, whose words are gems of truth,
Has told us of our spirit's youth:
That we were born in yonder sky,
And lived with those we loved on high
Before this world, or mortal frame,
Had an existence, place or name.

And in that home far, far above,
Was light this fire of truth and love.
It is the furnace of the soul;
Its function is the right control
Of all the powers that God e'er gave,
And with His Spirit's help 'twill save
This world and man from toil and pain,
And take him to his home again.
It is a lamp of living light
That beams upon life's dreary night,
And drives the storm clouds far away,
And when illumined with one ray
That streams from God's Eternal Throne,
It shines forth brighter than the sun.

Its flame is a consuming fire
To that of boiling blood's desire;

And thoughts that spring from evil source,
 To fill the soul with dark remorse,
 Cannot grow rank within the breast
 Of him who has a soul that's blest
 With fuel that will feed this flame,
 Which is immortal; 'tis the same
 That glowed—though not in mortal clay—
 At dawning of that brilliant day
 When man was told he might descend
 On earth, and here a short time spend
 In gaining strength to onward soar
 To heights he had not known before.

It teaches man to love the good,
 And is the dew that cools the blood.
 All ye who seek for righteous fame
 Must feed this pure, immortal flame;
 Encourage every noble thought
 And see life's battle bravely fought.
 The frosts of death cool not its heat,
 And earth and hell cannot defeat
 Its upward, onward, heavenward way
 When 'tis unchained from mortal clay:
 When Satan's fires have all burned cold,
 And all things named by Time are old,
 This fire will gleam from God's bright throne
 To light worlds which are now unknown.

May, 1890.

A SOLDIER'S CONFESSION.

† I hate to prepare for the battle,
 † But I love the confusion of fight;
 For there midst the "War thunder's rattle,"
 Comes the quick inspiration of might.

I almost forget I am mortal,
As I wipe the warm blood from the blade
That just let a soul through the portal,
Which its life-killing edge quickly made.

The blood that I spill brings me glory;
On the battle field bloom flowers of fame:
The thicker 'tis strewn with the gory,
The more honored is each soldier's name.

To slay till he's slain is the mission
Of the man who engages to fight;
To kill is his highest ambition,
Whether fighting for wrong or for right.

'Tis not in the field that I shudder,
But oft, when the fight has been won,
I feel that life's boat has no rudder,
When I think what one short day has done.

The worms of the earth are now feeding
On the brave who this morning shone bright;
And beasts of the forest are speeding
To the festival spread for the night.

Thus sets the bright sun of their glory,
And they never shall hear of their fame
Till he who has written life's story
Calls them forth, each brave soldier by name.

Then justice and mercy will measure
All their deeds, both the good and the bad:
And some will receive a bright treasure,
But others will turn away sad.

And sometimes I think of that battle
Which will hush me to sleep with the dead,
When even the "War thunder's rattle"
Cannot call back the soul that has fled.

And thus on my couch 'neath the willow,
 These sad thoughts through my brain gently steal;
 At dawn there's a tear-frozen pillow
 Testifies that a soldier can feel.

September 4, 1890.

 TRUTH.

MARVEL not that ye are hated
 By the people of this world;
 That fierce storms have ne'er abated
 Since truth's flag has been unfurled.
 For that banner never floated
 In a calm and gentle breeze;
 And the world was ne'er devoted
 To such principles as these.

Talk to men of worldly glory,
 On their folly close your eyes;
 O relate to them a story,
 Written by the "Prince of Lies."
 And you'll see their faces brighten
 With a gleam of jovial joy;
 But be careful, do not frighten,
 For the truth is not a toy.

There are those the truth has maddened
 'Till they bathed their hands in blood;
 There are others it has gladdened,
 And they stand as brave men should;
 There are others who are heedless,
 And they pass truth's riches by;
 Thus proclaiming that 'tis needless
 To be wealthy when you die.

Now, the truth was ne'er created,
And it never can be changed.
It with saving power is freighted
When by Deity arranged.
'Tis a voice that calls from bondage,
E'en the verest, vilest slave,
To prepare him for a glory
That exists beyond the grave.

And its voice is one of kindness,
'Tis the soft sweet voice of love ;
Healing all the spirit's blindness,
Lifting all its powers above ;
Penetrating all life's darkness,
Shining through death's dreary gloom,
Kindly guiding spirits homeward
From the cold and silent tomb ;

Yet proclaiming to the wicked
Awful is thy final state ;
Crushing into dust the haughty,
Dragging into shame the great ;
Proud and bold, yet meek and lowly,
Thundering here and whispering there ;
Pressing claims of justice slowly,
But with certainty and care.

This, in part, is truth's great mission ;
It has come on earth to stay ;
Worldly pride, and base ambition
Cannot frighten it away ;
It has planted seeds that flourish
In the hearts of living men ;
With life's ruddy drops they nourish
What they teach with tongue and pen.

Write "Defeated" on the banner
That's unfurled against the truth !

Write it, too, in blazing letters!—
 Pause and read it, Age and Youth;
 For as sure as life's stream dashes
 O'er a firm eternal sod,
 All will yet be crushed to ashes
 Who dare fight 'gainst "Israel's God."

December 30th, 1890.

THE GRAVES OF MY LOVED ONES.

ALL my loved ones are quietly sleeping
 'Neath the willow that waves o'er yon stream.
 O'er their cold beds the wild flowers are creeping;
 There the moon sheds her silvery beam.

To that lone spot I often-times wander,
 When the night lulls the world's life to sleep;
 O'er the graves of my loved ones I ponder;
 O'er the graves of my dear ones I weep.

But e'en while my salt tears are flowing,
 There's a something that burns in my breast,
 And, whate'er it may be, its bright glowing
 Lulls my wild, restless soul to sweet rest.

I have fallen to sleep on those flowers
 That have sprung from that dear, sacred sod,
 And have dreamed away life's sweetest hours
 There alone with my dead and my God.

In dreams I've been led through death's portal,
 And have entered the valley of rest;
 There I've mingled with beings immortal,
 And have shared in the joys of the blest.

I have sat 'neath the cool, shady bowers,
 Where the evergreen trees gently wave;
 And have gathered those beautiful flowers
 That bloom where there's never a grave.

And though I oft weep 'neath that willow
 That droops o'er yon clear, crystal stream,
 And though damp, hard and cold is my pillow,
 Yet how sweet are the joys of my dream.

While this life lasts my grief's dew shall nourish
 Those sweet flowers that bloom o'er their bed;
 And the dear flower of love shall still flourish
 In my soul when my body is dead.

February 4th, 1891.

A PRAYER.

OH! how weak am I,
 Though a Saint:
 Father, hear my cry,
 Or I faint.

Give thy Spirit's power
 Unto me;
 Let thy blessings shower,
 Fast and free.

Here on bended knee,
 I do wait,
 For the power to see
 Heaven's gate.

I have wandered far,
 Far from Thee;
 Let thy guiding star
 Beam on me.

I have thought that light
 Would not fade;
It once shone so bright
 Where I strayed,
That all dreary gloom
 Fled away;
And beyond the tomb,
 I saw day.

Leave me not alone,
 Father Dear!
I am still thine own,
 Calm my fear.

Give me strength to stand,
 Or I fall;
Grasp my withering hand,
 Hear my call.

I have often fought
 For Thy cause;
And my soul has sought
 For Thy laws.

And I now would fight,
 Had I power;
But I see no light,
 Hence I cower.

Yet Thy light will come;
 I shall wait;
It will guide me home
 Tho' I'm late.

And when all is o'er,
 I shall rest
On that golden shore,
 With the blest.

LINES ON LEAVING HOME.

MUST I leave thee, dear old home?
Yes, I know 'tis for the best;
Though I love thee, I shall roam,
With the hope of finding rest.

How I toiled when I was young,
Labored to create this home;
But the one I loved has gone,
And I now prepare to roam.

Father, guide my trembling feet
Through the dreary walks of life;
Give me strength to bravely meet
All contending storms of strife.

She is sleeping in the grave,
But I know her spirit lives;
Let Faith's star beam o'er life's wave,
Let me feel the joy it gives.

Father, Father! I am weak
Since my earthly hopes have flown;
But I've sought and still do seek
For a power above my own.

Thou hast heard my humble prayer,
I have felt Thy Spirit's power:
Thou hast cheered me with the care
That the dew-drop cheers the flower.

I have stood upon the tomb
Of the one I dearly love,
And though all around was gloom,
Brightly shown one star above.

And a sweet celestial home
 Has burst on my spirit's gaze;
 From there I shall never roam
 While my soul with life shall blaze.

Not below that clear blue dome
 Shall I ever build again;
 For there cannot be a home
 Where there's toil and death and pain.

I shall ride on fiery cars
 To where orbs of glory shine;
 Far beyond the silvery stars,
 To that brilliant home of mine.

There my loved ones I shall meet,
 And will never leave them more:
 Father, guide my trembling feet
 Till I reach that golden shore.

April 14th, 1891.

WINTER.

STILL the sifting snows are falling!
 Will the bright spring never come?
 Weary hearts thy name are calling;—
 Sweet, Spring, do not longer roam.

Winter, we shall gladly leave you,
 Let us take the parting hand:—
 Do not weep!—We would not grieve you,
 But you do not understand.

Do not tarry here forever!
 Yes, we love you—but depart!
 Do not say that sad word never,
 It has broken many a heart.

Six long months is quite a visit—
 Have you friends beyond the sea?
 And does not their kindness merit
 One short visit now from thee.

Yes, thou art a generous giver ;
 We will own thou art our friend :—
 In thy arms six months we shiver,
 Then we think this thing should end.

There's a time for thy embraces ;
 You have hugged us near to death ;
 See the cold and care-worn faces
 Blasted with thy cruel breath.

Winter, Winter! there is reason
 In all things that were or are ;
 Thou hast stolen half Spring's season,
 Mount, O mount! thy frozen car.

Well, you look like you were going,
 But you've looked like that before ;
 And next-day we've found you snowing,
 So we cannot trust you more.

Now good-bye, and heaven bless you ;
 Make a visit to the moon ;
 We shall all again caress you,
 If you do not come too soon.

April 20, 1891.

A WELCOME TO SPRING.

WINTER has gone, and the wild birds are singing,
 Flowers are blooming wherever we roam ;
 Life, hope and joy the soft breezes are bringing ;
 Sweet Spring, we welcome thee—welcome thee home.

School boys are wandering over the mountains,
Chasing the winged life they startled from rest ;
Pausing to drink from the clear sparkling fountains,
Playing the games that their souls love the best.

Maidens are gathering flowers in the valley,
Weaving them into sweet garlands of love ;
Laughing and romping in innocent girlhood,
Pure as the seraphs that dwell up above.

See! in yon green grove a gay group are swinging,
Floating like angels through pure balmy air ;
Or near the top of some tall tree are clinging
To branches that wave o'er the happy and fair.

Near them a herd of wild deer are seen feeding,
Nipping so gently the green, tender blades ;
But now they are startled, and swiftly are speeding
Through the wild vines that entangle those shades.

Beautiful Spring, thou hast brought joy and gladness
To many souls who were drooping with pain :
Thou art the sunshine that dries dews of sadness.
Sweet Spring, we welcome thee home once again.

WHEN I GAZE UPON THY BEAUTY.

WHEN I gaze upon thy beauty,
Reason quickly takes to flight,
And the guiding star of duty
Sheds upon my path no light.

Do not speak to me too kindly ;
Rest not here those beaming eyes,
Lest unguarded I rush blindly
In that flame where honor dies.

Yes, I own I love thy beauty,
 But I do not know thy heart;
 And the still, small voice of duty
 Tells me that 'tis best to part.

May the angels hover near thee,
 May God's Spirit be thy guide!
 Let me as a dear friend love thee,
 Tho' you cannot be my bride.

May you reach that holy city,
 Where all things are bright and fair;
 For my heart would break with pity,
 If thy beauty shone not there.

Let me gaze upon thy beauty;
 Reason shall not take its flight,
 For the guiding star of duty
 Sheds upon my path its light.

May 5th, 1891.

FLOWERS.

HE who does not love the flowers
 That are waving in the field—
 Let us hope, has latent powers
 That will some day be revealed.

No, I dare not think the being
 Who in form is like a God,
 Has not hidden powers of seeing
 Beauty springing from the sod.

Gaze upon the fairest maiden
 Gliding o'er a fertile plain;

If with flowers she is not laden,
Never call her fair again.

Stand among the fragrant flowers
With the one you think you love,
When the soft, ambrosial showers
Fall from pregnant clouds above;

If she does not quaff the beauty
That is streaming all around,
Be a man, and do your duty—
She, your love, has not been found.

Lips that never pressed a flower
Never gave a tender kiss;
Hearts that scorn their magic power
Never felt the thrill of bliss.

May 14th, 1891.

IN THE GLOOM OF DEATH.

[Lines suggested on attending the funeral of Mr. Wahlstrom, a young and talented musician who died at his home in Logan, Utah, May 21st, 1891.]

AROUND his soul's casket the mourners were weep-
ing;

The soft tears of grief fell like showers of rain,
As there he lay quietly—quietly sleeping
The sleep that is rest from all sorrow and pain.

Yes, tender and kind were the words that were
spoken,
But soft streams of sorrow continued to flow;
And deep sighs burst forth from strong hearts that
were broken,
For they all loved the one Death's Angel laid low.

Friends spoke of a world where there's no pain and
sorrow;

They told the young wife that her husband was there,
And bade her be patient till that bright tomorrow
When she would be led to that world bright and fair.

They said that the spirit of man is immortal,
That tho' its fair casket might perish and die,
The soul would pass safely through death's gloomy
portal,
And float far away to its home in the sky.

All this she had known, but her spirit was weeping:
What to her was the loved one must sleep in the tomb,
And she could not but wish that she was now sleeping,
In the bed that is always o'ershadowed with gloom.

In those damp, cold caves all that's mortal must
perish;
All tangible beauty must wither and fade,
But why mourn for this? when the flowers that we
cherish
Now bloom in the gardens their sufferings have made.

Ah! bright is the light that from heaven is streaming;
It shines like a star o'er the dark, dismal grave;
Tho' the wise world may scorn its celestial beaming,
It shines in the souls of the good and the brave.

Where—where is the mourner who will not cease
weeping,
When pausing to think of the mercies of God?
When remembering all who in graves are sleeping
Will some day come forth from the dark, dreary sod.

In the image of God His sons are created;
They did not spring from the cold, barren dust;

And when the fierce storms of this life have abated,
They'll dwell in His presence if they are but just.

The Gospel of Christ is the power of salvation ;
Man needs it or else it would ne'er have been given ;
It is a bright star that illumines creation,
And shines o'er the path that leads weak man to
 heaven.

May 27th, 1891.

INSPIRATION.

When the sun of inspiration
Sheds its light upon the soul,
And the thoughts of its creation
Into burning language roll,
Then the song will always gladden
Hearts that burn with good desires,
But it seldom fails to madden
Hearts that glow with sinful fires.

When the voice of inspiration
Bids a humble mortal speak,
'Tis the great God of creation
(Tho' the medium is weak)
Speaking through that humble mortal,
Giving counsel to the world,
Opening wide the only portal
Where salvation's flag's unfurled.

Thus it is the meek and lowly
Oft confound the great and wise ;
Thus it is the pure and holy
Draw down wisdom from the skies :

Thus it is they do not falter
When the clouds of darkness lower ;
All is lain upon the altar
For the truth that they adore.

'Tis the sun of inspiration
That illumes this mortal vale ;
When it sets the world's creation
Sinks where darkness doth prevail.
And no torch was ever lighted
That could drive the gloom away,
Which falls on a world benighted,
When that sun sheds forth no ray.

Its light shines within the spirit
That is innocent and pure ;
And we list in vain to hear it
Murmur, for it can endure
All the hardships known to mortals
And will smile while others weep,
As it enters through the portals
Where its body falls to sleep.

As the dew-drop cheers the flower
So it cheers the drooping soul,
And in trial's darkest hour
It illumes the spirit's goal,
When the sun of inspiration
Sheds its warm, celestial light
There is nothing in creation
That does not seem fair and bright.

May 27, 1891.

RECONCILIATION.

HO' the wine of my life has lost much of its sweet-
 ness
 Since the Death Angel waved his dark plume o'er her
 brow,
 Yet the sweet bird of Time spreads his white wings of
 fleetness,
 And all will be well in a few years from now.

Yes, the night has been dark, but there dawns a
 tomorrow
 When waves of night's darkness shall flow far away;
 When my soul shall emerge from the gloom of its
 sorrow,
 And bask in the sunshine of eternal day.

Oh! my spirit feels now, and has always felt willing
 To bear all the pain that it has strength to bear,
 But the casket through which its emotions are thrill-
 ing
 Is as weak as the voice of a soul in despair.

But I trust that my Father will strengthen its weak-
 ness,
 That Satan may not weave around me his net;
 That my soul may arise in the strength of its meek-
 ness
 And remember with joy what it cannot forget.

When the shades of Death's night round my Life's day
 are falling,
 I know that my soul will not thrill with despair;
 But will gladly re-enter the field of its calling,
 Still trusting in Him who has heard every prayer.


But it wishes to feel all the pangs that are mortal;
 It wishes to make every passion a slave,
 Long before its time comes to pass through that dark
 portal,
 Where its frame falls to sleep in the dust of the
 grave.

Tho' the wine of my life has lost much of its sweet-
 ness
 Since the Death Angel waved his dark plume o'er her
 brow,
 Yet the sweet bird of Time spreads his white wings of
 fleetness,
 And all will be well in a few years from now.

June 2, 1891.

A SAD DEATH.

Lines suggested on hearing that a friend had committed suicide.


 H, why did he plunge in the river of death?
 Those who dwell on this earth cannot know;
 But, weary of breathing this life's wondrous breath,
 In the grave he has lain himself low.

But why was he weary? ah, no one can tell,
 For his heart from our gaze was concealed,
 Yet that he was weary we now know too well,
 By his rash act it has been revealed.

Sweet Mercy will shed many tears o'er his grave,
 But Justice stands haughty and cold;
 His bark has gone down 'neath the dark, dreary wave,
 And the tale, though 'tis sad, must be told.

'Twere better to float on the wave of life's sea
 Than to have that wave roll o'er thy head:—
 Our mission is here till our God sets us free;
 Soon enough we shall rest with the dead.

Death's cradle will rock every mortal to sleep;
 We need only to toil and to wait—
 Chain this life to the next, there is no cause to weep
 Whether Death calls us early or late.

The lily that waves o'er the dark, fertile plain,
 As it nods in the ambrosial breeze,
 Receives the warm sunshine and welcomes the rain
 And it gladdens the hearts of the bees.

It wounds not itself, but it gives and receives;
 It sighs not for its own leafy bed,
 Then it droops to the earth and is dead.
 Till white frosts have fallen and withered its leaves,
 We mortals should live till the white frosts of Death
 Fall upon us like showers of dew,
 Then freely and quietly give up life's breath,
 As our spirit's home bursts on our view.

July 8, 1891.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

© CAN it be! My blood is freezing—
 Ah! my eyes are growing dim,
 And the hand of death is seizing
 Every joint in every limb!
 Lay my head upon that pillow—
 I am not afraid to die—
 When I rest beneath the willow,
 Friends and loved ones, breathe no sigh.

Were my spirit not immortal,
Then there would be cause to weep;
But I gaze beyond the portal
Where my body falls to sleep.

Beings clothed in robes of glory
Dwell where I am now to go:—
I can face my life's short story
Up above or down below.

No, the letters are not glowing,
But they are not very dark;
And I know where I am going
When I leave this mortal bark.

Gather nearer—I am dying,
Let me kiss you all good-bye,
For my soul will soon be flying
Through the realms of yonder sky.

Quick! I hear the angels calling,
Give me now the parting kiss:
Fast the frosts of death are falling,
But my soul is filled with bliss.

Now, good-bye—ah! you are weeping—
This creates my only pain—
You are in our Father's keeping—
Hush! we all shall meet again.

See! the angels are descending
Nearer—nearer to my bed—
Hark! the waves of song are blending—
Hush!—The Christian's soul has fled.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A DESPONDENT
FRIEND.

DO not be a slave to sorrow,
Grief may wound but cannot kill :
There will dawn a bright tomorrow,
Good will bloom from buds of ill.

Short is life, but long our mission,
Do not waste thy strength in tears :
There is joy in just ambition—
Drive away those foolish fears.

Doubt is but an imp of Satan,
Burst his soft, seductive chain :
Drive him from your humble cabin,
And he'll carry off thy pain.

Everything will shine with beauty,
If you tread the narrow way ;
Be a slave to humble duty,
If you wish to live in day.

Waves of light are o'er you streaming
From the golden sun of life,
Yet in darkness you are dreaming
While your friends rush in life's strife.

Ah ! thy soul has long been sleeping,
It is time it did awake :
Months and months you have been weeping,
Habit's chain you now must break.

I have seen warm dews of sadness
Gush from eyes that glowed with light ;
But they shone with brighter gladness,
For they cleared their clouded sight.

Hearts are often crushed with sorrow,
 But the spirit should command
 Every thing that makes it narrow
 From its shining path to stand.

Grief is like a mighty river,
 Let it in the soul bear sway,
 And it hurls man forth forever
 From the straight and narrow way.

July 11, 1891.

THE PURPOSE OF HUMAN EXISTENCE.†

A lecture delivered at a conference of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Bear Lake Stake of Zion, held in the Stake Tabernacle at Paris, Sept. 28, 1890.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE says: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals."

The purpose of this wonderful being's mortal existence is the subject of my lecture, and I feel no hesitancy in stating that the great majority of the human family never have in any age understood what that purpose is. The great indifference of the human family to this important subject is, and always has been, apparent to men who think. Millions and millions of God's children who have grown up to manhood and womanhood, have passed from the cradle to the grave without ever asking themselves why they were born.

For convenience, the peoples of this world may

be divided into three great classes. The first and largest class are those who have never investigated this subject. The second class consists of the great men of the world who have sought by scientific or philosophical means to solve this problem. The third and smallest class are those who have been converted, and have accepted the Gospel of Jesus Christ, "the Son of the living God."

It is scarcely necessary to state that the first class know little or nothing about this matter.

Men who do not study, do not learn. There are those, however, among this class who are placed in such distressing conditions that their spirits are crushed beneath the heavy burdens of life that they are compelled to bear, and they sink into such a state of despondency that they do not care who or what they are.

Others of this class hastily conclude that they came to the earth to make means; others are purely ornamental, and seem to think that their function in life is to flit about and show their gaudy colors, even like the beautiful butterfly; but none of this class have earnestly and honestly investigated this subject. We now come to the second class, the great men of the world, and we are very much surprised to find that they are, if possible, in deeper darkness than the first class.

I stated a moment ago, that men who do not study do not learn, and I now feel compelled to state that men may study very hard, and still gain but very little knowledge. Mental, as well as physical labor, in order to produce beneficial results must be wisely directed. The man who digs for human souls in banks of debris is wasting the time and the strength that God has given him for nobler purposes, and it would be impossible to estimate the vast amount of physical and

mental energy that has been worse than wasted by being misdirected. So dark have been the clouds of error that have overshadowed the fair face of the earth that intellectual giants have for centuries been wandering about in the "vast wilderness of life," like children lost in a dreary forest.

In vain they have tried to fan their intellectual torches into a blaze. The sable smoke arose from the blazeless brands, and increased that gathering gloom, until the man did not live who could plant his feet upon the firm rock of the truth. The whole human family were standing on ground that might at any moment give way and precipitate them into that dark and dismal abyss that has made the bravest of men shudder.

The brightest light that shone through the darkness but guided man to the cold and silent grave, and there death's victim was left without one ray of light to illumine the dark chambers of his tomb.

I might take up hours of your time in adducing evidence to show that philosophers are, and always have been, ignorant of the purpose of human existence, but I am compelled to be brief, and will only have time to make a few quotations from authors who have gained a world-wide celebrity for their intelligence. They are among the greatest, and some of them, the very greatest of their age. No man admires more than I do the noble young Hindoo reformer who made so many great sacrifices for the truth.

He left a court that blazed with such dazzling splendor that the inmates knew not the day from the night and his beautiful young wife and all the luxuries of life to become a poor, despised beggar, and all this that he might find the truth. Neither would I ridicule the doctrines which he taught. The greater part of them are as immaculate as the dew-drops of heaven

and have elevated millions to a higher plane of morality; but there is not in all his teachings the slightest explanation of the purpose of human existence, and the following quotation from his works will show how grossly ignorant he was of this subject. He says: "To live knowing that sufferings, illness, old age and death are inevitable is not possible. We must get rid of life; get rid of the possibility of living."

Socrates says: "The life of the body is evil and a lie, and so the annihilation of that life is a good for which we ought to wish."

Another great man has said: "Life is what it ought not to be, an evil, and a passage from it into nothingness is the only good in life." Solomon,—when he looks through the microscope of philosophy, and forgets that he had ever gazed through the telescope of faith, says: "Everything in the world, both folly and wisdom, riches and poverty, rejoicing and grief, all is vanity and worthless. Man dies and nothing more is left of him, and this also is vanity." The whole civilized world has resounded with the fame of Voltaire. He says: "Who can without horror consider the whole world as the empire of destruction? It abounds with wonders; it abounds also with victims. It is a vast field of carnage and contagion. Every species is without pity pursued and torn to pieces through earth and air and water."

In man there is more wretchedness than in all the other animals put together. He loves his life, and yet he knows that he must die. If he enjoys a transient good, he suffers various evils, and is at last devoured by worms. He spends the transient moments of his existence in diffusing the miseries that he suffers, in cheating and being cheated, in robbing and being robbed, in serving, that he might command, and in repenting of all that he does.

The bulk of mankind are a herd of wretches, equally criminal and unfortunate, and the globe contains rather carcasses than men." Voltaire concludes this eloquent complaint by saying: "And I wish I had never been born." I need not say that men who use such language as this cannot possibly understand the real purpose of life. It might be argued that these are the sentiments of pessimists, and that there are philosophers who are optimists, and that they have reached entirely different conclusions. That there are philosophers who present a brighter side to the picture of life than the one which has been presented by those I have quoted, I am perfectly willing to admit; but I state, without the least fear of successful contradiction, that the philosopher who has scorned faith, pessimist or optimist, has never lived who could tell one of the sons of God why he was born. Even in this, the glorious nineteenth century, when the sun of intelligence has arisen and lights with dazzling splendor mountain peaks that have always been wrapt in clouds of darkness, and illumines vales of beauty that have never before been exposed to mortal gaze, yet the world today, with all its pride and glory, is as ignorant of the real purpose of human existence as is an unborn babe.

A short time ago I read the confession of one of the greatest and most earnest thinkers that ever lived. I refer to Count Lyoff N. Tolstoi. It seems to me that the despair which his learning conducted him to ought to be a warning to all men.

In the midst of all his worldly glory, health, wealth, fame, a faithful wife, loving and beloved children, the light of the truth began to dawn upon his mind, and in a short time he clearly saw that he was living a meaningless life.

A man who has never groped about in the pit of

despair cannot appreciate the sufferings of his soul. His confession is a testimony that cannot lie, that human wisdom cannot solve the deep problem of human life. I feel thankful that a just and merciful God lifted him from the gloom of despair into the sunlight of a pure and confiding faith, and I trust that through the Gospel of the Son of God his soul may yet be saved.

Here

Under the influence of the warm light of hope, he exclaims: "I began to understand that in the answers given by faith were to be found the deepest source of human wisdom, that I have no reasonable right to reject them, and that they alone solved the problem of life."

It is with feelings of inexpressible joy and satisfaction that I turn from this gloomy picture of life, which has been presented to us by the wisdom of man, to gaze for a moment on the one presented by Him whose ways are not as man's ways, and whose thoughts are not as man's thoughts. The picture of life that God presents to us shines with such celestial brightness that it dazzles our mortal gaze, and in contemplating its beauty there is no language that can express the admiration that I feel. Man is certainly a wonderful being. Shakespeare says he is like a god. The reason of this is very plain. Man is the son of God, and it would be strange indeed if there were no similarity between a father and his son. We must not, however, forget that although there is a great similarity, it leaves ample room for a great difference.

God is just, man is unjust; God is merciful, man is unmerciful; God loves the truth, man loves a lie; God is strong, man is weak; God is wise, man is foolish; God is the personification of light, man's wickedness has conducted him into darkness; God is in an exalted state, man is in a fallen state.

✓ It is only just, however, to state that the Father

has children living upon this earth who are trying to become like Him, and who is there that can say, ere His endless eternities have all rolled away, they will not accomplish this great and glorious object?

What does the third class, they who have been converted and have accepted the Gospel of Jesus Christ, know about the purpose of human existence? I assume that they know more about the Gospel than does either of the other classes, and as a lucid explanation of this subject is found in the Gospel, and from the fact that nowhere outside of the Gospel can it be found, it is only reasonable to conclude that they know more about this subject than does either of the other classes. There are many truths that never have been and never will be revealed to mortal man, simply because it is impossible for him while in this state of existence to prepare himself to receive all the truth. But the humblest of those who have received the Gospel, if they live by what it teaches, understand sufficient of the purpose of human existence to give mortal life a real and a glorious meaning, and this can never be said of the greatest of those who reject it.

Here An abundance of evidence may be obtained to show that they who believe that life is a tender plant that is withered and killed by the frost of death are very few. The human soul seems conscious of its own immortality. But the sun of pure religion is the only sun that shines with brightness through the dark clouds of death, and he who draws the blinds of sin and prejudice to prevent its rays from shining in his soul, however great his intellect may be, that man cannot possibly understand the purpose of his life.

How beautiful, how reasonable, and how complete is the explanation that the Gospel gives of this subject. Where is the man who has the testimony that Jesus is the Christ burning in his soul, who can stand up and say, "The life of the body is evil and a lie, and so

the annihilation of that life is a good for which we ought to wish." Or "Life is what it ought not to be, an evil and a passage from it into nothingness—the most horrible thought that ever entered the brain of a human being—is the only good in life."

The question might be asked: If God is the Father of the whole human family, why does He not reveal life's purposes to all His sons and daughters instead of leaving the great majority of them in ignorance of that which is so essential for them to understand?

I say this question might be asked; not, however, because it is a reasonable question, but because it is an unreasonable one, and my limited experience in life has taught me that unreasonable questions are the ones usually asked by men who are determined that they will not receive the truth.

I do not think there is any man who has a proper conception of God and His attributes, who believes that He is unwilling to reveal to all His children the truth that is necessary to guide them to Him. He has manifested this willingness by sending at various times in the world's history His servants to preach the gospel unto them. The persecutions, the sufferings, the violent deaths of these servants are all testimonies that He is not only willing, but anxious that His children should be guided by the light of the truth.

He will not, however, force them to receive that light. The free agency of man is not an idle dream, it is a stern reality.

"Know this that every soul is free
To choose his life and what he'll be;
For this eternal truth is given
That God will force no man to heaven."

John Milton represents the Deity as saying: "Man had of me all that he could have, I have made him

just and good, sufficient to stand, though free to fall; and such I created all the ethereal powers and spirits, both those who stood and those who fell. Freely they stood who stood, and freely they fell who fell.”


The peoples of this world are left without an excuse. If they at the present time are wandering about in the dark night of error (and they certainly are) it is because they love the darkness more than they love the light, and not because God is unwilling to reveal unto them the truth.

A man may be exposed to the streaming rays of the noon-day sun, but if he closes his eyes he will be in darkness. or when the whole world is wrapt in waves of darkness, the small flame of a lantern is sufficient to guide him on the way that he wishes to travel. It makes all the difference in the world whether he is willing or unwilling to be guided. * *

THE WORLD IN DARKNESS.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

 RUTH'S rivulets, if followed to their head,
 Will all converge into one common source.
 To learn a truth need fill no man with dread,
 For 'tis a spark that helps illumine his course.
 Religion from known truth has no divorce;
 She does not wish—she never can be free,
 But truths, wherever found, she will endorse—
 She is the channel that connects time's sea
 With that vast, boundless deep known as eternity.

II.

I oft have marveled, and do marvel still,
That man does not give pure religion love.
A lovely maid ! with such good-natured will:
She is the sweetest creature known above ;
Her voice is like the sweet voice of the dove.
She greets the sufferer with a tender kiss,
And tells him that he soon will cease to rove ;
And points toward his home of perfect bliss—
She is just what we need while in a world like this.

III.

I've gazed into her soft, celestial eyes ;
My head has rested on her glowing breast ;
She hushed my wounded heart's pathetic sighs,
And lulled my weary soul to peaceful rest.
To her my bosom sins I have confessed ;
Her beaming eyes filled with ambrosial tears ;
With greater tenderness she has caressed
Me when I told her all my doubts and fears—
I do not wish to live if she e'er disappears.

IV.

Ah, how I love that fair, celestial maid !
Her tenderness shall never be forgot.
When all life's sunbeams changed to dreary shade,
She was the only friend who left me not.
I sat alone within my humble cot—
The spirits of my loved ones all had flown—
This frame would now be crumbling on that spot
Had not that maiden made her presence known :
She never has since then left this sad soul alone.

V.

I throw myself into her outstretched arms !
The world may laugh and say my spirit's weak,
But she has won me with her many charms—
No voice I have but this my heart shall speak.

To me life was a desert bare and bleak,
 She changed it to a field of fairest flowers.
 When thou art near my spirit shall be meek ;
 With thee I shall enjoy life's shady bowers ;
 My soul is ever thine with all its wondrous powers.

VI.

Conduct me where you wish to have me go ;
 With thee my soul shall never know a fear.
 I give thee all I am, because I know
 That I am safe if thou art ever near.
 While life thrills in this soul I'll hold thee dear—
 My spirit hates the world's exalted pride—
 Place in my hand the battle-axe or spear !
 I care not what if thou art by my side—
 Death took away my love, now thou shalt be my bride.

VII.

When frosts of age have fallen on my brow,
 And Time pours cooling draughts in every vein,
 Thou wilt be just as dear as thou art now,
 When dews of youth fall like soft showers of rain.
 Thou hast a balm to heal my keenest pain—
 I know not what time has in store for me.
 Whate'er it is, my soul shall not complain ;
 My spirit will be true to God and thee,
 Until from mortal pains Death's angel sets me free.

VIII.

I know thou wilt not weep when I am dead,
 Although I do not—cannot doubt thy love ;
 But thou wilt strew my dark and narrow bed
 With fragrant flowers plucked from the fields above.
 And if there's one feels like the parted dove,
 I do commend her to thy tender care ;
 Pray guide her, if she e'er is forced to rove,
 Until her spirit floats through balmy air
 To join the one she loves in regions bright and fair.

IX.

When in the bed of earth my frame is lying,
When all that's mortal shall return to dust ;
When to its destined home my soul is flying,
E'en then, sweet maid, I'll place in thee my trust.
My powers of faith shall not within me rust,
Until the doors of knowledge shall unfold
The store of truth that's promised to the just ;
The riches that shall far out-shine earth's gold ;
The joys that can be felt, but never can be told.

X.

Existence is not measured by a span ;
Thy soul and mine shall be forever young.
Thou hast convinced me that this being, man,
Has from a Root which is eternal sprung.
Upon a branch his golden harp he hung,
And, sighing, left his mansion in the sky.
To those he loved, he gladly would have clung,
But life will be more sweet to those who die ;
He knew this when he left his brilliant home on high.

XI.

Had ye not come to live with us poor mortals,
The wisest man in darkness would be lost.
Man's brightness fades at death's dark, dreary portals ;
He falls like flowers beneath the glistening frost.
Without thee, every bark of life is tossed
Upon an ocean that is dark and drear ;
But thou, fair maid, has guided him across,
And cheered him when his heart has sunk with fear ;
Thou art more kind and true when danger hovers near.

XII.

But I have seen thee wandering in the street,
Without a place to rest thy weary head.
Men gazed not on thy face so fair and sweet,
Save those who shrunk from thee in guilty dread.

Before thy shining form they quickly fled ;
 They would not hear thy sweet, entreating call.
 But terror seized them as they onward sped,
 Until in gloomy pits they all did fall,
 Then darkness filled the earth, and settled over all.

XIII.

Sweet maid, I saw thee weep and turn away,
 Then gaze again, but tears still filled thy eyes.
 I trembled, for I knew you would not stay,
 And dwell with the proud, haughty " Prince of Lies."
 Thy face was turned toward the starry skies.
 I saw thee cast one last, sad look at earth,
 Then mount a car which like the lightning flies
 Toward that home where angels own thy worth,
 Where spirits dwelt with thee before their mortal birth.

XIV.

Thy Advocate, the Savior, had been slain ;
 Weak man was left to grope in gloom of night,
 A slave to doubt, uncertainty and pain,
 For stars that shone gave forth a lurid light.
 From thy bright home did ye behold the sight?—
 A world engulfed in waves of awful gloom—
 Dids't thou not yearn to take another flight
 To earth? that withering flowers of hope might bloom
 Within the souls that shrieked while gazing on the
 tomb.

XV.

But darker, deeper, rolled the dreary waves.
 E'en stars behind the hills of doubt had set :
 The bird of fear in life's sea ever laves ;
 The eyes of innocence are pained and wet.
 Within their caskets noble spirits fret,
 Until their caskets burst and set them free ;
 But others could not burst their mortal net—

They tried to gaze, but ah, they could not see,—
Thus time's wave rolled them on into eternity.

XVI.

Ah, pure Religion, where, O, where art thou !
An outcast, driven to thy starry home.
Thy smile no more illumines death's cold brow ;
Mortality thou now art left alone.
Man, wander forth ! in darkness thou shalt roam ;
Thy brightest torch is but a blazeless brand !
Seek not relief until Prince Death shall come :
There is no rock on which thy soul can stand ;
All things that thou cans't grasp will wither in thy
hand.

XVII.

The Holy Ghost that shone within the soul
Of him who loved the humble Nazarene,
Had heard the bell which called Him yonder toll,
And He had flown where mortals have not been ;
His gifts and powers no more were ever seen—
An evidence that He was not with man—
The Holy Ghost, the Holy King and Queen
Had flown from earth ; the Gospel's glorious plan
Did not exist below, still on time's river ran.

XVIII.

The Priesthood gives to man a mighty power :
It is the key which opens wide the door
To treasures which like lofty mountains tower
Above those earthly mines that we explore.
To heavenly archives every man can soar,
If he has had the Priesthood to him given.
And when his labors on this earth are o'er,
Through it he will obtain his only heaven.
It leads weak man to heights to which he can't be
driven.

XIX.

Before this world began, the Priesthood was;
 Without beginning—never ending days.
 It is a perfect code of righteous laws,
 That teaches man his Heavenly Father's ways;
 It is the telescope through which we gaze
 Upon our sweet, celestial home of bliss;
 Upon life's night it sheds its glowing blaze;
 Unchains us from a groveling world like this;
 Through it we claim the one which Death's lips fondly
 kiss.

XX.

On righteous principles it must be used,
 Or it will drag man down to caves of hell.
 He who this glorious gift has e'er abused
 Has fallen where none others ever fell.
 It lifts man where the holy Gods do dwell—
 If rightly used, that is the bearer's goal.
 Those who know what it is, must know too well
 That if degraded, it will hurl the soul
 Where gleaming waves of fire through endless ages
 roll.

XXI.

On Peter's head a Priesthood was conferred
 Which even gave him power to loose and bind.
 Thus acting, angels heard his every word,
 And 'twas recorded there as with mankind.
 That power came from Him who healed the blind.
 It is the Priesthood of the living God.
 Through it we have our faculties of mind;
 Through it our frames are lifted from the sod;
 Through it we yet shall tread where now the angels
 trod.

XXII.

A man an agent of the living God!
 The thought is bold, but truth is ever brave.

Man treading where the holy angels trod!
 Why, certainly! he is no cowering slave.
 We shall receive all that our spirits crave—
 If what they crave is that which will exalt.
 While Priesthood's flag shall o'er our spirits wave,
 They will be treading in the dust each fault,
 And rising higher, and higher—Oh, let us not revolt!

XXIII.

But Peter and his brethren had been slain;
 The last of the Apostles now was dead.
 But those who have upon their souls that stain
 Could not confer what rested on each head.
 The light which it within their spirits shed
 Was brought to earth in Revelation's car;
 And when the last one of their number bled,
 It left the planet where we mortals are—
 Why was it o'er the world there beamed no guiding
 star?

XXIV.

The church was built on revelation's rock;
 Through Priesthood held by man truth is revealed.
 That church will then withstand convulsion's shock;
 Its strength and glory cannot be concealed.
 The Savior and His agents had appealed
 To all those whom they had the power to reach
 To come and from disease of sin be healed.
 This is the doctrine which God's servants teach
 In every age when they have been sent out to preach.

XXV.

The invitation is to all the world—
 For every man inherits this disease—
 Salvation's flag has been to all unfurled,
 But men must rise from flowery beds of ease!
 The blood of life must not within us freeze—

A mighty God was wounded unto death
 That He the claims of justice might appease,
 And breathe into man's soul eternal breath—
 Man gives Him His reward by scorning what He
 saith.

XXVI.

A holy God nailed to a cruel cross !
 The angels wept when Jesus Christ was slain.
 Refinement there without one drop of dross
 To deaden thrilling pangs of keenest pain.
 Ye who in chains of sin do still remain,
 Blame not the Savior; He has done His part ;
 His precious blood cannot wash out the stain
 That poisons all the chambers of the heart,
 Unless the soul receives the truths which He imparts.

XXVII.

But let the curtain fall, I would not weep,
 For 'twas ordained that Jesus Christ should die.
 Before our Father's oft mistaken sleep
 A council of the Gods was called on high.
 And wisdom ruled that council in the sky—
 All that was done we may not understand.
 Our weary souls oft ask the question why
 They have been sent to dwell on mortal land.
 They know, in part at least, and firm they ought to
 stand.

XXVIII.

But to my tale—a tale, alas! of woe,
 For all who held the Priesthood passed away.
 The ages come and pause awhile, then go,
 But still there is no sign of breaking day.
 The dreary waves of gloom are still at play
 Along the path of every mortal life.
 If light appears, 'tis an uncertain ray,
 And plunges man into the nets of strife ;
 Each path that mortals tread with misery is rife.

XXIX.

But oh, they loved the darkness, or the light
 Would still have thrown o'er earth its silvery waves.
 He who doth love the shadows of the night,
 Will flee with horror from the light which saves.
 A spirit can obtain that which it craves,
 On earth, in heaven, or even down in hell.
 In freedom's ocean it forever laves—
 This truth is true wherever it may dwell;
 'Tis true of those who stood, 'tis true of those who
 fell.

XXX.

Each spirit ere descending grasped a torch,
 And thrust it in the ever glowing flame,
 That it might have a light while on the march
 Which it would take when placed in mortal frame.
 It floated here—and willingly it came.
 The march, the dreary march, it has begun.
 Where is thy light? Why hang thy head in shame?
 No ray is streaming from the gospel's sun,
 But then, the torch! the torch! Has God forgotten
 one?

XXXI.

Not one, not one, the gospel's sun had set;
 The stars have faded, all around is dark;
 The furnace of the soul is burning yet—
 'Tis hard to quench that ever glowing spark.
 No voice without, but pause and listen,—hark!
 Did ye not hear the plaintive voice within?
 "Make on life's page at least one glowing mark.
 I will conduct thee from the halls of sin;
 Arise! arise! arise! Behold where you have been!"

XXXII.

What man who lifts on high the gleaming knife
 To plunge it in a brother's throbbing heart,

Has never known 'twas wrong to take that life,
 Which God alone has power to impart?
 The tear of true repentance may not start
 Within the eye that gleams with cruel hate;
 But conscience leaves within the soul a dart,
 And justice binds him with the cords of fate;
 In this, or any life, his is an awful state.

XXXIII.

“Thou shalt not kill.” Remember thou shalt not.
 The savage beasts have never read this law,
 But man has—can it be he has forgot
 His wondrous hand is not a wild beast's paw?
 When will his frozen spirit ever thaw?
 When will the fire of reason in him burn?
 In what is perfect he can find a flaw,
 But still he stands cold, ignorant and stern;
 For that which will exalt his spirit doth not yearn.

XXXIV.

To natural man the things of God seem strange;
 The Holy Ghost alone can make them plain.
 He having flown, man set about to change
 The truth which then was free from error's stain.
 'Twas hard to lift man to the Gospel plane;
 'Twas easy, though, to let the platform down,
 So low that barbarous tribes would not complain
 In putting on the so-called Christian gown,
 Because the dress was cut to make them smile, not
 frown.

XXXV.

A form of godliness they doubtless had,
 But what is that without the living power!
 The burning soul turns from it pained and sad,
 And weeps as it would o'er a withered flower.
 The souls of men would not receive the shower

Of blessings which the Holy Ghost did send,
 But now before a lifeless form they cower;
 Before a godless nothing they would bend—
 How could a jealous God remain their guide and
 friend?

XXXVI.

The truths that Jesus taught are very plain,
 Yet who can say they are not broad and deep?
 When this world frees itself from sin and pain,
 'Twill be when it has learned His laws to keep.
 The wind was sown, the whirlwind man did reap;
 The Gospel seed fell on hard, stony ground;
 The gardners fell into a carnal sleep;
 The harvest came and nothing could be found,
 Save bitter fruit which grew while they were sleeping
 sound.

XXXVII.

Great men were living—yes, and they may live
 Until Time's wheels have worn themselves away;
 They cannot to poor, suffering man e'er give
 The light which will conduct him into day.
 Religion left, and long has been her stay;
 And long the world was wrapt in waves of gloom.
 Men will not learn that they must all obey
 The God who burst the fetters of the tomb,
 Before the flower of life within their souls can bloom.

XXXVIII.

Without faith man can never please his God,
 Though he may try in every other way;
 He may with care a path of honor trod,
 And act a noble part in life's great play.
 But if he from this life shall pass away
 Without faith having dwelt within his breast,
 He will not hear the God of heaven say:
 "Well done, my son, receive eternal rest;
 Thy glory is complete; dwell here among the blest."

XXXIX.

He learned not that which every man must learn;
 His spirit lives, and it must now be taught;
 But, in this life, the soul of man should yearn
 For that which wealth of worlds has never bought;
 Yet every humble man who ever sought
 Has found it, and he knows its priceless worth.
 It gives men strength to fight as none have fought,
 And is a light which shines on death and birth—
 Take it away from life and vain is heaven and earth.

XL.

Believe that God exists, or that He is—
 Why, surely, this is not so hard to do!
 Believe that all the wealth of earth is His—
 Believe it or believe it not, 'tis true—
 Believe that all we know, or ever knew,
 Together with that which we may receive,
 Comes from our God—are evidences few?
 Is this so strange that we should not believe?
 Why, man, gaze on thyself, and at thy folly grieve.

XLI.

Believe that soul can never, never die;
 Or ask thy soul, can it believe it can?
 Believe that you were born in yonder sky,
 And that this earth is not the home of man;
 Believe that God ordained a perfect plan
 Whereby the soul might live in joy and peace,
 When it had passed from this life's mortal span;
 Believe this, and thy soul will soon increase
 In everything that's good, and doubt's keen pangs will
 cease.

XLII.

I marvel not that men have cursed their birth
 Who first had trained their souls in unbelief;

Who sought in vain upon this little earth
 For something that would give their souls relief.
 The longest mortal life is very brief,
 And he who cannot look beyond the tomb
 Is cold indeed, if he ne'er feels a grief
 That changes this life's sunshine into gloom,
 And withers all the flowers that in life's garden bloom.

XLIII.

Belief or unbelief the truth don't change.
 What is, still is, whatever we may think.
 To mortals there are many things that's strange,
 But man should at faith's cooling fountain drink.
 Have faith in God and you will never sink,
 But from the darkness of despair will rise,
 Until your soul is strong, and will not shrink,
 In gazing on your body when it dies ;
 For Faith can always see Death through his dark
 disguise.

XLIV.

We should believe the truth because 'tis true.
 If we believe a lie, we are deceived ;
 But truth, believed, will teach us what to do,
 And comfort us whenever we are grieved.
 How can we ever hope to be relieved
 From errors which the very wisest make,
 Unless the Gospel is by us believed ?
 No one but God can point out each mistake ;
 And He alone can tell the soul which path to take.

XLV.

We cannot change the truth, but we should know
 The truth, that it may change us—if there's need—
 The seed that in us is no man did sow,
 Nor can man tell us how to grow that seed :
 The germs are there both of the wheat and weed.
 Now, let us train the one with tender care.

How? God has told man, but he gives no heed;
 The harvest comes, and what, in truth, is there?
 A wilderness of weeds that Satan raised with care.

XLVI.

He raises them; he knows just how 'tis done.
 He waters them with sorrow's choicest tears;
 On stony ground that gardeners here would shun,
 With his attention, weeds will grow for years.
 He, with his winning ways, his victim cheers
 With hopes that he a better crop will reap;
 But 'tis in vain—death comes and with it fears,
 When hope should dwell with all who fall asleep
 That they are going where God comforts all who weep.

XLVII.

Our father Adam fell that we might be;
 And we are that we might have 'lasting joy;
 But joy we cannot have unless we see
 Through those dark clouds of death that so annoy.
 We must know death cannot our souls destroy,
 Or we shall often sink in dark despair;
 No sweeter knowledge do God's Saints enjoy,
 Than that beyond this life of toil and care
 There is an endless life, where sorrow takes no share.

XLVIII.

When driven from their happy, peaceful homes
 By demons—they were given a better name—
 This knowledge like the light of morning comes,
 And lights within their freezing souls a flame.
 When pain their mortal bodies overcame,
 Their souls, still shining with this living light,
 Praised God, while angels wrote each sufferer's name
 In that book that shall blaze before the sight
 Of all who suffer here for God and truth and right.

XLIX.

'Tis hard to make an honest man complain,
 When God plants in his soul the Gospel seed.
 When with the blood of Christ, sin's crimson stain
 Is washed away, you see a man indeed:
 Created like his God, he now gives heed
 To what his Father says, and he will rise,
 In weakness, yet with power to onward speed,
 With beaming eyes, toward the starry skies;
 He has no time to weep, because what's mortal dies.

L.

Love burns within His soul for all mankind—
 Those who would spill his blood he would not harm—
 A spirit dwells within him that is kind,
 And gives to all his trials a glowing charm.
 The storms of life will not his soul alarm;
 He knows that God can bring good out of ill,
 Tho' enemies around his path may swarm,
 If God so wills it, they can never kill,
 And he has truly learned subjection to God's will.

LI.

“Forgive them for they know not what they do.”
 'Tis thus the Holy Ghost has ever spoke.
 Men can not to the cause of truth be true
 Who with their souls a different spirit yoke.
 How oft we see dark malice 'neath the cloak
 Of pure religion! but it can not hide;
 It may sleep long, but when it is awoke,
 It will o'er all the better feelings ride,
 And bear its victim down where all base things reside.

LII.

Men can not always feel as they should feel,
 But when they feel wrong they can all repent.
 If they do not, into their souls will steal

Their enemy, and there he'll pitch his tent.
 If e'er he leaves, his servants will be sent,
 And they his claims upon them will make strong.
 They care not how much time and toil is spent,
 If they can win men's souls from right to wrong,
 They have increased that power to which they all be-
 long.

LIII.

When we remember every man must stand
 Before our Father's righteous judgment bar,
 Can we wish him who has broke God's command,
 And hence is not so good as others are,
 More pain than he must suffer when the star
 Of glory fades before his eager gaze?
 Ah, no, we ought to follow every car
 That bears a brother where his frame decays,
 With pity, not with hate, though dark has been
 his ways.

LIV.

"My yoke is easy and my burden's light."
 Yet who but Jesus could have borne His load?
 'Twas easy, for he was the Prince of Right,
 And grace and power had been on him bestowed:
 From Him to His Apostles power flowed
 To make weights easy that would crush to death.
 Take that away, and who could tread the road
 That leads men where they breathe immortal breath,
 Beyond this testing state where all we see decayeth.

LV.

Great gifts are given to all whom God may choose;
 The humblest and the weakest are made strong.
 Those called and then rejected do refuse
 To tear themselves away from what is wrong.
 Hence they have not the gifts that do belong
 To every office that God's servants fill;

These powers it is that lift above the throng
 The few who learn subjection to God's will;
 They are the living lights who suffer so much ill.

LVI.

Ye powers that gather round man in his dreams,
 And whisper tender words of love and hope;
 Ye are a lamp of light that brightly beams
 Where weary man in darkness else would grope.
 Could man with all the powers of evil cope,
 Did powers of good not circle him around?
 Ah, no, man does not climb that rocky slope
 Which leads to that bright home where he is bound,
 Save he is helped by powers that on earth are not
 found.

LVII.

What was it in Columbus' bosom burned
 That taught him patience when the wise did sneer?
 That raged within his soul until it yearned
 To face that which all other men did fear?
 What was it filled his soul with hope and cheer
 When mutinous sailors sought to take his life?
 To him his mission might not have been clear,
 But it is true that no assassin's knife
 Can thwart a plan of God's—learn this and face the
 strife.

LVIII.

'Twas not an accident that man was born;
 Nor is it accidental, "man must die."
 We'll not regret that we were called to mourn,
 If we can reach a mansion in the sky.
 We cannot always know the reason why,
 But we should have a living faith in God;
 There's nothing wrong—the soul was born to fly—
 'Tis not ourselves that lie beneath the sod,
 Nor are we left alone this mortal path to trod.

LIX.

God speaks to man in kindness; he has heard
His Spirit's still, small voice within his soul;
He may not list to catch the whispered word,
Nor give it chance his actions to control;
But when the Gospel's preached from pole to pole,
When every soul has heard His servants' voice,
The thunders of God's anger then will roll
O'er all who have not made a righteous choice,
And drunk from that pure stream that makes the soul
rejoice.

LX.

If God sees fit to use the human voice
To herald to the world His joyful news,
Can man find fault because this is His choice?
And will he God's own messenger abuse?
Or will he dare that message to refuse,
Because, forsooth, no angel brought it there?
There is the truth, there is the chance to choose!
And that is all that messengers can bear;
It is enough to free the soul from Satan's snare.

LXI.

The bearer may be clothed in tattered rags,
His frame may be with pain and sorrow bent,
And you may scarcely know what 'tis that drags
Itself toward your palace or your tent;
But if he by the living God was sent,
You have no right to turn from him away;
The hardships he for truth has underwent
Has, doubtless, blasted all that can decay;
But still he totters there, he dare not disobey.

LXII.

If angels preached the Gospel, they would preach
The doctrines that God's servants here proclaim;

The very power by which His agents teach
 Is on the earth and in the heavens the same.
 It is the message, not the bearer's name,
 That is important, and must be received,
 And he who will reject it is to blame
 For trying to think that he has been deceived,
 When, deep within his soul, he knows he has believed.

LXIII.

There is the message; 'tis a perfect plan;
 A perfect God will not perfection change.
 It is adapted for the soul of man,
 And, after all, is not complex nor strange.
 As man moves on, and thought takes broader range,
 He finds its roots are deeper than the earth;
 And its sweet fruit he would not now exchange
 For all the precious gems of priceless worth,
 That give but withering hopes and make but unreal
 mirth.

LXIV.

It is as free as is the air we breathe,
 And he who brings it comes with kindly words;
 There are the flowers to weave a fadeless wreath;
 List to that song more sweet than song of birds.
 You still may climb the mountain with wild herds,
 Still muse beside the crystal, sparkling rills;
 And you will feel a joy too deep for words,
 To know that God with life the whole world fills
 And that He resurrects the meanest thing death kills.

LXV.

Drink, freely drink, the fountain never drains,
 The springs that feed it never shall flow dry;
 The cooling draught will purge the spirit's stains,
 And feed it with a life that cannot die.
 Go ask the thirsty soul the reason why

It will not drink from that cool, crystal stream
 That sparkles as it softly murmurs by
 Where Queen of Night throws her soft, silvery beam
 On beds of fragrant flowers where forest fairies dream.

LXVI.

The darkest cloud of life will wear a tinge
 Of deep embroidered gold that will not fade.
 You are a son of God and need not cringe
 Before the enemies your faith has made.
 You will regret that you have so far strayed,
 But will rejoice to know you've found the path;
 And through life's streams of sorrow you will wade,
 Rejoicing that you have escaped the wrath
 That yet will surely fall on "Askelon and Gath."

LXVII.

To know there is a sun behind the cloud,
 Is giving strength to bravely face the storm;
 To know your spirit sleeps not in the shroud
 Of death, that robes your cold and lifeless form
 Is but to know that death does you no harm.
 Why not, then, these sure remedies obtain?
 Will they not give to life a glorious charm?
 And teach you that a loss may be a gain?
 And that to serve is but to qualify to reign?

LXVIII.

When at what Joseph taught the world doth sneer,
 It ridicules what came direct from heaven;
 Those truths do still remain as bright and clear
 As when they to the trembling boy were given.
 And tho' the sun from his high throne be driven,
 And leave dependent worlds in gloom of night,
 Those truths that have been stamped on, crushed and
 riven,
 Will yet shine forth and fill this world with light:
 All powers of earth and hell can't keep them from
 men's sight.

LXIX.

Men close their eyes and try to think they're blind,
And often will pretend they cannot hear.
Were this not true, the world to-day would find
That clouds of darkness soon would disappear.
We cannot speak of Joseph but men sneer,
But if they would but listen, we would tell
Them things that every mortal man should hear—
Aye, must hear, if they ever wish to dwell
With Him who loves this world and all its life so well.

LXX.

Keep Joseph from your mind, and hear the truth.
We never worshiped him, we do not you.
He had his faults, and so does every youth;
But what he told the world was surely true.
Through him God had a mighty work to do;
He did it, and we give to Him the praise.
But Joseph was among the very few
Who seek with all their souls to know God's ways,
And in the Book of Life, his name shall ever blaze.

LXXI.

You talk of great men who have come to earth
To hurl the despot from his shameful throne,
That better nations might be given birth,
And flourish where the first was overthrown.
A prophet comes, but him ye will not own,
Yet who is greater on the earth than he?
'Tis strange that to the world he is unknown!
E'en when what he predicts men plainly see,
They even then forget the prophet said 'twould be.

LXXII.

One day the world despised the Nazarene,
And pious saints declared His doctrines vile.
A change has come, His mother is a queen,
And millions are made happy by her smile.

He is a God! and free from sin and guile,
 And what He taught has now become so true
 That it will stretch and make its own denial,
 When it is changed by the selected few,
 Who tell us what it means, as though we never knew.

LXXIII.

Men worship Him because He is not here.
 They never hear His voice rebuke their pride;
 But ministers now make his doctrines clear,
 And smoothly down life's stream they all do glide.
 The narrow way has now become so wide,
 And to it has been born so many more,
 That murderers travel by their victim's side
 That they might open for them heaven's door,
 And mingle with them there on a celestial shore.

LXXIV.

The stable stands not near their gilded halls;
 The star of Bethlehem is not in their sky;
 The groans of the young mother never calls
 Them to a manger where the child did lie,
 They never heard the little infant's cry—
 Nor would they hear it if it cried to-day.—
 Weep not because the Son of God did die
 When you were not on earth to pine away,
 For he who loved Him then, would now His laws obey.

LXXV.

Men now have come to worship sterile gold;
 They clasp it to their hearts and even say,
 'Tis this alone that makes the warrior bold;
 'Tis but for this our ministers do pray.
 And still they laugh at those who worship clay,
 And say they are a dark and savage race;
 They long to bring them in the light of day,
 And lift them to that high, exalted place,
 Where they now sit on thrones where sin cannot
 disgrace.

LXXVI.

The scriptures plainly tell us sin is death ;
 The history of the world proves that 'tis true,
 Yet on we rush as tho' life's wondrous breath
 Was not extinguished by the deeds we do.
 Why we are here is known by very few,
 But they, with burning souls, do long to teach
 All men, as they have been commanded to,
 But there are millions whom they cannot reach,
 Because they are too proud to hear God's servants
 preach.

LXXVII.

Much sooner would they give their shining gold
 To ministers who fill their souls with lies,
 Than list to one whom plain truth maketh bold
 To tell them from their sins they must arise.
 They love to hear those who are learned and wise,
 As from their honeyed lips sweet music flows.—
 So sweet that tears gush from their hearers' eyes:
 But they are tears that sorrow never knows—
 A very pleasant way to heal the spirit's woes.

LXXVIII.

O, Thou who left Thy home in yonder heaven,
 And came to earth to suffer and to die,
 That there might be a chance to all men given
 To reach a mansion in the starry sky!
 Thy followers here have taught the world a lie!
 And that lie has been taught in Thine own name.
 If not, why should the world in anguish cry,
 And truth be forced to hide his face in shame?
 There is some cause for this, and some one is to
 blame.

LXXIX.

The man who follows Jesus must not fail
 To arm himself, for he will have to fight.

The world will hate, but he must never quail;
 The glorious prize must blaze before his sight!
 And he must leave those halls of fond delight;
 He cannot be a slave to idle dreams;
 He must awake! and feel that there is might
 In every ray of truth that brightly beams
 From that exhaustless source from which all knowl-
 edge streams.

LXXX.

The Gospel yoke is easy to all those
 Who have the Spirit that our Savior had.
 They view life from its dawning to its close
 As glorious, though its scenes are often sad;
 They know good will evolve from what is bad;
 That order springs from out confusion's mass;
 That sorrow's draught to pleasure's wine will add
 A sweetness; and the contents of each glass
 Are cheering to the soul, thus happy lives they pass.

LXXXI.

Why should this not be, if we all exist
 In order to obtain eternal joy,
 Should we the cup of bitterness resist,
 And thus our hopes of happiness destroy?
 God gives us but the means; we must employ
 Those means, or we can never wear a crown.
 We with our foolish ways our souls annoy,
 By thinking that a heaven to us comes down.
 We must ascend to heaven, nor heed the world's
 dark frown.

LXXXII.

Wounds self-inflicted will not quickly heal,
 But he whom God afflicts will soon be cured;
 For that affliction bears His Royal Seal,
 And can, with His divine help, be endured.

Oh, could the sons of men be once assured
 That there is not the slightest cause to mourn
 For anything, save that they have been lured
 Into dark paths where virtue's wings are shorn—
 Few who have scorned those paths have wished they
 were not born.

LXXXIII.

How can they when they see the glorious view
 That Jesus Christ has placed before their gaze?
 Is it not strange that such a very few
 Are dazzled by its bright, celestial blaze?
 All those who understand it, know God's ways
 Are just, and they behold a glorious plan,
 Where heaven's sun has thrown his golden rays;
 And they are startled when they hear that man
 Has cursed the glorious day when mortal life began.

LXXXIV.

No man was ever happy without cause,
 And when he is unhappy cause exists.
 The breaking or the keeping of God's laws
 Will clear away the darkest of these mists.
 If man all evil that appears resists,
 E'en then he is not from all evil free,
 For there are evil powers that did enlist
 To fight against the good, that men don't see.
 And when they overcome, man is in misery.

LXXXV.

Nor can we say that vain is any pang
 That thrills this nervous casket of the soul,
 For sweetest songs that mortals ever sang
 Have burst from hearts that sorrow did control;
 These songs into the hearts of others stole,
 And their melodious and concordant sounds
 Have been created, till from pole to pole
 This world with heavenly music now resounds,
 To cheer us on our way where perfect song abounds.

LXXXVI.

If sorrow sings a song that fills the soul;
 With thoughts that chain it fast to life's Great Source,
 It has created that which gives control
 Of sorrow that brings to the soul remorse;
 This is the sorrow that man can endorse;
 It comes not from beneath, but from above,
 Persuading that which God will never force,
 To be prepared for that celestial dove
 Which brings to broken hearts a token of God's love.

LXXXVII.

If there be any who have never sinned,
 Then there be those who have no cause to mourn;
 But man is as unstable as the wind,
 And none such, save our Savior, has been born.
 All men the scarlet robe of sin have worn,
 And Christ's pure blood, and true grief's tears com-
 bine
 To cleanse it that it may the form adorn
 Of him who kneels before our Father's shrine,
 To humbly plead with Him for wealth that is divine.

THE WORLD IN DARKNESS.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

Is there a God? that question should be asked
 Before the fiery blood of youth is cold.
 The truth will never tremble when unmasked;
 Its meekness gives it strength and makes it bold.
 When found man ought to grasp it with firm hold,
 For it will never wither 'neath his touch.
 It may at times seem very stern and cold,
 But 'tis thy friend, and loves thee very much;
 Lean on its proffered arm and you will need no crutch.

II.

The power to reason is a wondrous gift ;
 'Tis a conductor to the good and true.
 Without its aid we on life's sea would drift,
 Not knowing where to steer, nor what to do.
 'Tis said we have forgotten what we knew ;
 And were the spark of reason to die out,
 From all we know we'd have to bid adieu ;
 And he who is to day the most devout,
 Would startle all his friends with idiotic shout.

III.

Men come to God, who lay this gift aside,
 As though they thought that act would please Him
 more
 Than nursing it with patience and with pride,
 And using it to help them find truth's door.
 If man must dash his manhood to the floor
 Before he is acceptable to God,
 Then I shall cease to pull toward that shore
 Where flowers that never die spring from the sod ;
 My withering hand shall cease to grasp the "iron rod."

IV.

God gave us every faculty of mind,
 And He it was who framed the Gospel plan.
 We have no gift which will not help us find
 A meaning for His placing on earth man.
 The Gospel of the Savior is a fan
 That flames this spark into a glowing blaze.
 The soul receiving it has just began
 To fix upon eternal truth its gaze,
 The truth which will explain our heavenly Father's
 ways.

V.

But reason's not the only gift that's given
 To guide us to the straight and narrow way,

Which leads us to our starry home in heaven,
 And changes all life's darkness into day.
 Is it degrading for the soul to pray
 For wisdom that our gifts may all be used?
 That every faculty may have full play,
 And nothing which is in us be abused?
 Sure, reasoners in this age have all become confused.

VI.

Has reason taught a man there is no God?
 If so, then God gave not to man this gift.
 And man must, after all, have grown from sod,
 And like a reed he's on life's sea adrift.
 There is no help; he for himself must shift;
 The winds may howl, but no one rules the storm;
 There is no hand that can death's curtains lift;
 Death has no sting, for life has lost its charm;
 Weep God-like man! O, weep! thou art a withering
 worm.

VII.

Ye who give all ye have to wondrous reason,
 And scorn the humble who gaze on faith's star,
 Who would arraign the soul for crimes of treason,
 If it dare hurl to earth that pondrous bar
 Which opes the door to paths-that lead afar,
 Forget not that ye have more gifts than one,
 Nor scowl because all are not as ye are:
 Ye see bright stars, but they the glowing sun;
 Ye walk along life's path, but they in haste do run.

VIII.

Man cannot solve the problem of this life,
 Nor can his plans this world of sin redeem;
 But there's a true divinity in strife
 To prove that things are really what they seem;
 Imperfect plans are not and ne'er have been

The plans that guide the trembling soul to heaven :
 And imperfection can be plainly seen
 On everything that by man has been given,
 Hence when these are their guide, men in the dark are
 driven.

IX.

Time has been given to prove what man can do,
 And time has proved his efforts are all vain.
 The theories he advances are not few,
 But, numerous as they are, the wicked reign:—
 No man can turn to white sin's crimson stain—
 The poor still groan, the rich still pass them by,
 But all alike are made to suffer pain ;
 And all alike soon fade away and die,
 But great men of the world have failed to tell us why.

X.

I stood among the creature of my God,
 And asked my soul if they were born to die.
 Can life lie still beneath the crumbling sod?
 Or death forever hush the spirit's cry?
 E'en in my chains I feel the power to fly
 Far, far beyond the crumbling walls of time!
 When these are burst, why should I lowly lie,
 Forgetting all that I had thought sublime,
 To sink into the earth as demons sink in crime ?

XI.

The loftiest peak the human mind can reach
 But represents a worm upon a clod.
 There's nothing else that earnestness can teach
 So perfect as the greatness of our God!
 There is a path that mortal feet have trod,
 Which leads so high it fills my soul with dread—
 To think man's feet may press eternal sod,
 And fadeless crowns may glitter on his head
 Is something that should cheer the living and the
 dead.

XII.

What complex contrasts do we find in man !
 How strong and brave—how cowardly and weak !
 See how he scorns a glorious, perfect plan,
 Yet, in his way, perfection he doth seek.
 Sometimes afraid to think, but not to speak ;
 Sometimes afraid to either speak or think ;
 And sometimes he has thoughts he cannot wreak
 Upon expression—paper, pen and ink
 Can ne'er reveal what souls from truth's pure stream
 do drink.

XIII.

Where is the human being who dare boast
 Because the world may choose to call him great?
 He is still standing on a sandy coast,
 And has not crossed life's sea to know his fate ;
 He may be crushed to death beneath a weight
 That weaker souls could bear with perfect ease ;
 For trials come, and though they may be late,
 They come as stealthy as a summer breeze,
 And oft the great man falls a prey to sin's disease.

XIV.

When men have felt that they were brave and strong,
 That they could stand without God's Spirit's power,
 The changing scenes of life have sped along,
 And brought with them temptation's trying hour.
 Behold the vaunting heroes, how they cower !
 And learn from them a lesson, haughty king ;
 That man is great when he has heaven's dower ;
 When this has flown he is a cowardly thing,
 Too weak to even own he drank from truth's pure
 spring.

XV.

While mortal blood flows in these mortal veins,
 And leaps in fiery anger o'er the will,

To leave upon the soul its crimson stains,
And all the cells of joy with sorrow fill ;
While Satan has the freedom and the skill
To tempt men from the path that leads on high,
And while his agents take their daily drill
In that great art of making life a lie,
The strength that keeps man safe comes from the
 starry sky.

XVI.

Proud man has given the blood the sole command,
And 'tis a dangerous, destructive fire.
For ages with life's breath it has been fanned ;
Its flames are ever leaping higher and higher :
Behold the blackened ashes of desire !
How they are trembling round the guilty soul,
While Satan who has ever been a liar,
Has took the reins and now has the control
Of that which might have reached a bright, celestial
 goal.

XVII.

Who gave the world the right to make men great ?
Or what is that great greatness it bestows
On those who leave their God to on it wait,
And comfort it in all its bitter woes ?
When evening shades around life's day shall close,
And angels bid the spirit leave its home,
Can worldly wisdom tell you where it goes ?
Does it ascend, or does it o'er earth roam ?
Where is the comfort given in worldly wisdom's
 dome ?

XVIII.

The soul who will not listen to its God
Is on an unknown ship upon life's sea ;
It strains its eyes, but can not see the sod
On which it lands when death has set it free.

It knows not what it is nor what 'twill be ;
 Nor can it find a being who can teach
 Those things which Jesus said were plain to see—
 They are within the weakest mortal's reach,
 And should be sought by all while standing on life's
 beach.

XIX.

I've lost my confidence in man's desire
 To hear that which he knows too well is true ;
 Especially when it comes from sources higher
 Than those who went before him ever knew.
 Those who receive the truth are very few,
 But if desire to hear it were with all,
 And when they heard it if they would eschew
 Their evils ; and stand with the truth or fall,
 Between this world and heaven there soon would be
 no wall.

XX.

If wickedness would cease, would not earth be
 More like the vale of heaven than it is now ?
 Would not the marks of sorrow that we see
 In furrows deep upon the care-worn brow
 Be made more smooth ? and would not God endow
 Man with a glory that would never fade ?
 And with true wisdom's help he'd soon learn how
 To bring all powers of good unto his aid—
 With wickedness would go life's deepest, darkest
 shade.

XXI.

But who can give command to waves of sin ?
 Who can say, Evil, thou shalt not dwell here ?
 Who is there with the eloquence to win
 The souls of men from what they ought to fear ?
 Why even that which is to man most dear ;

(His own soul,) almost sinks beneath sin's wave ;
 He seems as powerless as was great King Lear
 Who friendless and alone did wildly rave,
 Because the storms of heaven beat not against his
 grave.

XXII.

In floods of sin immortal souls are lost !
 This world is threatened by their thundering roar.
 See on those crimson waves how they are tossed,
 Till, lost from human sight, they are no more !
 The soul that was created but to soar
 Has torn its wings away, and sought to find
 Rest from its labors ; but when all is o'er
 It sees, too late, the folly of the blind,
 That sin alone degrades the body and the mind.

XXIII.

Yes, I have learned there ne'er can be a joy—
 That is a pleasure worthy of that name,
 Save it be found where sin does not alloy,
 Save it be free from error's seeming flame :
 What am I if I am not free from blame—
 No wealth can ever make my conscience clear ;
 Nor e'en the loftiest peak of human fame
 Could take the place of that which I hold dear,
 Or lull my soul to rest when loftier heights are near.

XXIV.

While earth remains unlike the vale of heaven,
 While o'er its surface floods of sorrow flow,
 While there are golden treasures to be given,
 And while the frosts of death lay victims low ;
 While o'er life's path contending tempests blow,
 While sin hides not her scarlet face in shame,
 And Satan tempts with vain and dazzling show
 The sons of God to lose their place and name,
 Rest not, ye trembling souls who seek for heavenly
 fame.

XXV.

The treasures of the earth lie hidden deep,
And toil must bring them forth to light of day ;
When in those cold, dark caves of earth ye creep,
Fantastic hope will cheer you on your way :
Why should a man e'er think that he can play
With tools that are created but for toil,
And hope to win the prize that others may
Who use those tools for digging in that soil
Where glittering treasures lay that time can never
 spoil.

XXVI.

He who will live the life that Jesus taught
Will never sink 'neath waves of dark despair ;
For every man who diligently sought
Has found what Jesus told him he'd find there :—
But where, O tell me, Christian nations, where
Is one who has not broke His righteous laws?
It is your sins that lead you in a snare ;
Your darkness did not come without a cause :—
The God who lives to-day is as He always was.

XXVII.

Without faith man can never please his God,
But Satan tries to teach him that he can.
'Tis said he must hold fast the iron rod ;
But Satan has a very different plan.
Is God or Satan the best friend of man ?
We know there is no good that we enjoy,
Or ever have since life on earth began,
That does not come from God ; but to destroy
This good is Satan's wish, and those in his employ.

XXVIII.

Men schooled in doubt are easier taught to sin,
For Sin and Doubt are brothers, and both dark ;

Men schooled to trust, Virtue will surely win,
 And they will leave on earth a shining mark:
 When men have quenched that one and only spark
 That ever shone across the narrow way,
 They wonder why it is that life's frail bark
 Is driven where the waves of darkness play,—
 It was the clouds of doubt that darkened their bright
 day.

XXX.

'Tis well for them the sun of truth don't shine,
 For his bright, dazzling rays would blind their eyes.
 They have been taught to worship at a shrine
 That was created by the "Prince of Lies."
 They fell so low that they must all arise
 By slow degrees; and must be trained with care,
 Lest they rush into light where grossness dies,
 So fast that they would perish 'neath its glare,
 Before they e'en had time to lift their hearts in prayer.

XXX.

I fancy that I see the skeptic frown,
 When he these feeble, humble lines shall read;
 But if from Pride's high throne he will step down,
 He'll find in them food that his soul doth need.
 The medium God has chose is weak indeed,
 But on this page the living truth shall blaze,
 When it has fallen like a withered reed,
 Save that part which has met no mortal's gaze,
 And which now knows and feels the justice of God's
 ways.

XXXI.

If I write lies, before my God I'll meet
 You all, and there confess I did you wrong.
 E'en were my melody as soft and sweet
 As "Israfel's," yet curs'ed is my song,
 If to the book of truth it don't belong.
 I might as well give up my task and die,

As to attempt to fight against that throng,
 O'er which Truth's banner floats in yonder sky,
 Who prove to God and man that they despise a lie.

XXXII.

When everything by faith is made so plain,
 And everything without faith is so dark,
 When gifts might fall e'en like the showers of rain,
 And every step might leave a shining mark;
 When every thought might soar as does the lark,
 Beyond the clouds, to bathe in floods of light,
 Why should man leave his one and only bark,
 To plunge into life's sea as dark as night,
 Where every star of hope is hid from mortal sight!

XXXIII.

There is a faith that every soul must feel,
 A something that the proud man will not own;
 But oft his greatest efforts to conceal,
 Are means by which this faith is clearly shown:—
 What each soul feels can ne'er be fully known
 By any, save the soul wherein 'tis felt;
 Nor can all things that in the soul have grown,
 Remain like unknown snows that fall and melt
 On some bleak, barren globe where life has never
 dwelt.

XXXIV.

I've seen Faith standing on the marble tomb,
 Clothed in a flood of pure, celestial light;
 Her shining feet pressed flowers that ever bloom,
 Her eyes were beaming like the stars of night;
 Her lovely form so dazzled my weak sight,
 And thrilled my being with such holy joy,
 That my soul longed with her to take its flight
 To that bright home where death cannot destroy;
 Where Purity and Love dwell free from all alloy.

XXXV.

Sweet home, I love to think and dream of thee—
 I do not mourn because this life will end.
 Like bubbles here, we're tossed upon life's sea,
 To learn the lessons that on strife attend.
 We never shall regret the time we spend
 In learning that which every one must know—
 The time will come when joys and sorrows blend :
 And all that has been felt and known below,
 Will be celestial springs from which our joys will flow.

XXXVI.

I'd rather be an outcast in the world,
 Yes, wander till my hair grew white with age ;
 Or e'en like Daniel, taken and be hurled,
 Where angry lions gnash their teeth in rage,
 Than I would pass my life in that dark cage,
 Where man can never grasp Faith by the hand.
 She reads aright the lessons on life's page,
 And makes clear what we cannot understand ;
 O'er all that is unknown, she has the sole command.

XXXVII.

Sweet Faith, thou art not sent from heaven above
 For man to scorn and trample in the dust.
 He who has felt the pangs of parted love
 Knows that thou art a friend that he can trust.
 All other friends are powerless as the dust,
 And with them gather darker clouds of gloom,
 But thy sweet face is free from mortal rust :
 Thou stand'st in dazzling beauty on the tomb,
 And bid'st man lift his eyes above life's seeming
 doom.

XXXVIII.

And, Mercy, thou art dear to every heart,
 Where sin has ever left her scarlet stain.

We would not for the world from thee depart;
 We dare not think of leaving thee again.
 You nursed us when our souls were racked with pain,
 You taught us how to feel another's woe;
 And if we ever live to rule and reign,
 You there will be to melt the icy snow
 That crowns stern Justice's peak, o'er which the wild
 winds blow.

XXXIX.

Thy kind blue eyes have gazed in tender love
 On many a man who lay in dark despair,
 And, like the tender, omnipresent dove,
 Thou healest wounds that cruel sin doth tear.
 Without thy aid no mortal man could bear
 The load that sin doth strap upon his frame;
 But thou, sweet Mercy, thou art ever there
 To help those who will learn to kiss thy name—
 A messenger from God to cheer, but not to blame.

XL.

Sweet Mercy, fold thy white arms round the weak,
 And lift them from their dreary pits of gloom;
 While those sweet words that I have heard thee speak,
 Speak now to them, that flowers of hope may bloom.
 Grant that thy beaming light may find a room
 Among the dreary chambers of each soul;
 That high toward heaven the peaks of Faith might
 loom,
 That Justice's thunders as they o'er them roll,
 May never make them doubt that heaven is their
 goal.

XLI.

Sweet Mercy! I have loved thee with a love
 That only breaking hearts can ever feel.
 I know thou art an angel from above,
 And that thou wilt, at many times, reveal

Bright truths that even Justice will conceal.
 Thou art the humble sufferer's dearest friend.
 No humble child who to thee will appeal
 Will e'er be turned away—thou wilt defend
 All who will come to thee, until their lives shall end.

XLII.

How base must be that cold, unfeeling heart
 That trifles with affection's sacred throne.
 He hurls a keener, deadlier poisoned dart
 Than ever was in open warfare known.
 No mortal ear may ever hear the groan
 From that dear heart which has been crushed and
 broke;
 The tender soul may be too proud to own
 That it has ever felt the cruel stroke,
 For tales of deepest grief lips never yet have spoke.

XLIII.

And many a tender heart there is that's broke
 By cruel words which fell from lips of fools,
 Who knew not that their thoughtless, fatal stroke
 Fell not on hearts as hard as tempered tools.
 They were not murderers, though, because the rules
 Of worldly life have taught mankind to scorn
 The dearest truths taught in great Nature's schools,
 As well as those which with the soul were born;
 Hence hearts must often burst if they have power to
 mourn.

XLIV.

There's many a blushing flower that has been killed,
 Or withered with the white frosts of deceit,
 That would a home with love and gladness filled:
 That was created but to make life sweet.
 In that dear home where we all hope to meet
 Deceit will surely hide its head in shame,
 But lovers true with perfect love will meet,

Where everything has lost its mortal name,
 Where every heart will burn with love's celestial
 flame.

XLV.

But there's no pain that mortals cannot bear
 When humbly trusting all is for the best.
 What sufferer's grief will man not gladly share,
 When he has truly all his sins confessed,
 And felt the love that burns in Mercy's breast.
 Grief's tale, though sad, will teach man how to feel
 For those, perchance, who find but little rest;
 It will bring out what man would fain conceal,—
 The deepest secret thoughts oft bear Grief's royal seal.

XLVI.

Life's picture is not dark to those who know
 The object and the meaning of this life.
 Sore trials come and pause awhile, then go,
 And others come, and thus goes on the strife.
 But man is fighting for *eternal* life!
 Will not this knowledge nerve his weary arm?
 He's fighting too for children and for wife;
 And if he's true, no power can do him harm—
 This knowledge must be gained to give this life a
 charm.

XLVII.

'Tis sweet to live for God, and truth, and right;
 'Tis sweet to die for any of these three;
 And Oh! 'tis sweet to live within the light
 That streams from God's bright Throne, for then we see
 That bitter fruit is sweet, and will agree
 With humble hearts, to live and die for God,
 We know that in the end all things will be
 So sweet we'll bless the thorns on which we trod,
 And wonder why we feared to lie beneath the sod.

XLVIII.

'Tis sad to live when living is in vain;
 'Tis sad to die when life has been misspent;
 There's nothing sad in toil, or grief, or pain,
 If heart and soul be filled with good intent.
 It is not sad that here the soul was sent
 To prove its own intrinsic power and worth.
 E'en though its frame beneath life's weight be bent,
 It smiles within and, conscious of its birth,
 Scorns all the withering shades that flit across this
 earth.

XLIX.

In fields of Truth there grow sweet fragrant flowers,
 And cooling springs gush from the fertile sod;
 There we may rest in pleasant, shady bowers,
 And even feel the presence of our God.
 Things are not as they should be when we trod
 Where e'en the angels never dared to tread,
 In vales of error where the wild flowers nod,
 But, being plucked, the soul is filled with dread,—
 Pause ere you enter where so many have been led.

L.

'Tis true the narrow way at times seems hard;
 The flowers of friendship may not bloom around;
 But while you're there the angels are your guard,
 And rest assured you tread upon firm ground;
 A better way our God has never found—
 No beds of roses cover pitfalls deep;
 But there is inspiration in the sound:
 "Pause not, my son, because the way is steep,
 Behold thy spirit's home! why should you pause to
 weep?"

LI.

Though flowers bloom along the path of sin,
 And cooling springs refresh the traveler's thirst:

The love and praise of friends ye too may win,
 But these are empty bubbles and will burst.
 The coolest spring may be the most accurst ;
 The warmest friend may in one hour turn cold ;
 The sweetest flower may be the very worst
 That you could pluck ; what's grasped with firmest hold
 May quickly slip away—'tis folly when all's told.

LII.

If nothing else be learned in mortal life
 Than that the paths of sin all lead to death,
 And that there is divinity in strife
 'Tween right and wrong, not vain has been life's breath.
 But if we list to what our Teacher saith,
 And do those things we know we ought to do,
 Successful are our lives and we'll meet Death
 As though he were a friend we always knew,
 For he is sent by God to all, not to a few.

LIII.

Why should the soul stoop down to barren earth,
 And grope among the fossils of debris,
 To try and find the secrets of its birth,
 When it doth know there's nothing there to see?
 Men might as well seek fishes in a tree,
 As seek for heaven-born truths in banks of clay.
 There are no secrets where no secrets be—
 Why search for night when there is glorious day?
 Why stoop to pick up shells when pearls around
 you lay?

LIV.

What can we learn while in this mortal state,
 Though all our days be spent in constant thought?
 From life's bright morn until its evening late—
 But this: that man, with all he knows, is nought.
 The sun would shine though he were never taught
 To count his journeys through the dome of heaven.

Bright worlds would be though man had never
sought

To prove their power and glory were not given—
If man were never born, odds would not be less even.

LV.

But then, to think man sprang from barren earth!
This beauteous seeming, naught but crumbling clay!
'That all the sacred secrets of his birth
Are dragged into the brilliant light of day
By his own wisdom, is at least to say,
A curious thought, though not sublime nor grand,
Nor strong enough to drive the soul away—
'Tis surely strange that man will dig in sand
That he might find himself, and thus scorn God's
command.

LVI.

If man would seek to know he came from God
With half the zeal with which he digs in earth,
His feet within the narrow path would tread;
And, then, he'd know he was of heavenly birth.
Is not this knowledge of the greatest worth?
Why should he seek to know, what being known,
Would stop forever human joy on earth—
But all shall reap the fruits of what is sown,—
From seed that is not good, good fruit cannot be
grown.

LVII.

A branch lives not without its parent trunk:
A flower when plucked soon withers, fades and dies.
E'en so the soul of man has ever shrunk,
When it has broke those sacred, secret ties
That bind it to life's Source: in vain it tries
To live; but, call it what ye may or can,
'Tis not the life that bids the soul arise
And chase its fleshy sins away—no, man
To live must seek the source where life at first began.

LVIII.

I'd rather know there is a God in heaven,
 And that my soul may some day find sweet rest ;
 Than know all things that human thought has given,
 Since Adam first his sin to God confessed.
 To keep that knowledge burning in my breast,
 Is but to give me never failing power ;
 To pluck it out is but to take the best
 Part of my life: and in that dreadful hour
 I'll bid adieu to all, my life will then be o'er.

LIX.

Why should the soul, because 'tis chained in clay,
 Forget that springs of love will quench its thirst—
 Not that base love that eats the soul away,
 And leaves a man debased, defiled and cursed,
 But springs of love that never cease to burst
 From vales where Truth and Virtue love to dwell ;
 Where all brave souls, in fancy, have rehearsed
 The parts that they have played in life so well—
 There they received the strength to stand while others
 fell.

LX.

Awake! ye slumbering souls of men, awake!
 "Sleep, sleep no more" in flowery beds of sin;
 The thirst of soul, vice has not power to slake;
 There is a prize that pleasure can not win.
 Think, think of this: the angels are your kin;
 The God of heaven has sent you here below,
 That you might have a foothold to begin
 That march that leads beyond earth's peaks of snow,
 To a celestial vale where flowers eternal grow.

LXI.

Awake! ye souls that sleep in mortal clay!
 Too long you've slept; life's day will soon be past.

'Twill not be long ere you will groan and say :
 " Why did I not seek riches that would last ? "
 You now are here, and know that time will blast
 All hopes save those that rise above the earth.
 The time that comes and rushes on so fast
 Should not be spent in idle show and mirth ;
 'Twas not for this we came and suffered mortal birth.

LXII.

No day we live should e'er be lived in vain,
 We have no time to spend in idle show.
 Deeds are real things, and must bring joy or pain,
 Though this, at times, may not be seen below.
 Good seeds, though sown, may never sprout and grow,
 While seeds not sown may oft grow rank and wild.
 We all must bear the sun's consuming glow,
 Or fall beneath its rays disgraced, defiled,
 A withered, useless reed, though once a heavenly child.

LXIII.

Beyond the grave old age is never known—
 For age is but a name that time has given—
 The seeds that man while on this earth has sown
 Will bring forth fruit and make a hell or heaven.
 'Tis not God's plan that man should e'er be driven
 To either place, for then he'd be a slave.
 The soul is left to choose, and may be riven
 By powers of sin, or sink into the grave
 And sleep that long, sweet sleep known only to the
 brave.

LXIV.

Time can not chill the feverish, restless soul,
 'Tis onward in its march, and will not rest
 Till it has reached that bright, celestial goal,
 Where it shall dwell forever with the blest.
 This life is not a dream, nor yet a jest,
 But 'tis an actual, known, important fact,

And if we seek to find the very best,
 We all shall know that every thought and act
 Will glow before our gaze when deeds are all un-
 packed.

LXV.

'Tis not the soul that bids man bow his head
 To tyrants who would crush it 'neath their feet;
 'Tis not the soul that thrills with fear and dread
 When trials come that it will have to meet.
 The spirit will the hardest trials greet,
 If not with joy, with calm and God-like grace.
 These are the things that make its joys complete,
 And seal its merits to that name and place
 That glowed before its gaze when it began life's race.

LXVI.

If soul it is, 'tis changed since it left God—
 Perchance it stooped to bathe in floods of sin,
 While 'neath those waves, it sees no "iron rod"
 By which to cling that its life's prize may win.
 E'en then it seems to know that it has been
 Created—not to swim in those red waves,
 But purged from sin, to come back home again,
 Free from the stain of those cursed, crimson graves,
 To bathe in floods of bliss where Virtue ever laves.

LXVII.

'Tis sin alone that makes a man a slave;
 'Twill drag him down and bind him fast in chains;
 And none but God can such a being save,
 God who still lives, and in the heavens reigns—
 The wicked will have sorrow for the pains
 They take to crush and grind men in the dust;
 For He who has made white man's crimson stains,
 Is the immortal Captain of the just;
 And He will strengthen those who place in Him their
 trust.

LXVIII.

The soul of man should never be enslaved
 By any petty tyrant of this world ;
 For deep within itself there is engraved
 Remembrance of that flag which was unfurled,
 When that dark prince of slaves to earth was hurled.
 He is a slave, and all he leads astray,
 Like worms around the tree of life are curled ;
 But they have not the power to take away
 The freedom of the soul, that is with man to stay.

LXIX.

The flag of freedom floated in the sky
 When morning stars broke forth in joyful song ;
 When all through heaven was heard that ringing cry :
 "The Sons of God will fight against the wrong !"
 Behold their Captain ! He is brave and strong ;
 He is a God ! and moves with perfect grace.
 O, all ye souls who to Truth's cause belong,
 Receive the light that beams forth from His face,
 And all the hosts of hell can't drive you from your
 place.

LXX.

Ye slaves of earth, who groan beneath the weight
 That cruel despots strap upon each frame,
 Do not despair, however sad your fate,
 Nor hide your heads in cowardice and shame :
 Look up to God, and ask from whence ye came.
 Were your souls born to grovel in the dust ?
 Or have ye sought to kill that living flame
 That yet shall burn up sin's corroding rust—
 E'en everything there is in man that is not just.

LXXI.

No, man was never born to be a slave ;
 He was created that he might be free
 To join the army of the good and brave,

Or fight against the cause of Liberty.
 Choose well thy part, for all the powers that be
 Are in the field of battle, and will fight
 Until all beings that are born will see
 That deadly is the strife 'tween wrong and right;
 That they are as unlike as is the day and night.

LXXII.

'Tis said that many thousand years ago
 Men lived who taught man's birth proclaimed him free;
 But now the wise make such a desperate show
 Of wit and words that they teach men to see
 That stealing is not theft: and they agree
 That 'tis not wrong to make the honest slaves.—
 "Because they grow so fast and strong that we
 Will not be safe, e'en though we sleep in graves,
 If they but get the power that"—every true man
 craves.

LXXIII.

There never was a time, and ne'er will be
 Until the glorious conquest has been won,
 When followers of Jesus could agree
 With those who seem to love God's Righteous Son.
 It seems whate'er is thought by them, or done,
 Is misconstrued; and they are made to feel
 That, if their race in life is fairly run,
 There is but One who has the power to heal
 The wounds that they receive for truths they can't
 conceal.

LXXIV.

When men are filled with love, and long to save
 Their fellows who are sinking in the deep,
 When they would snatch them from the watery grave,
 From slimy swamps where all vile things do creep;
 And lead them to Faith's mountain tall and steep,
 They needs must be exposed to bitter hate.

That something which has lain till then asleep,
 With fearful yells and curses, will awake,
 And strive to crush to death those who this pains did
 take.

LXXV.

The man who loves the truth must learn to bear
 The icy smile of many a cruel friend;
 Nor need he think that he will get no share
 In disappointments which all works attend.
 He oft will feel that he would gladly spend
 Years of his life to teach men what he feels—
 For they will not his honest toil commend;
 But think that in his bosom he conceals
 The intents of his heart, and vain are his appeals.

LXXVI.

He oft will feel alone upon that rock
 From which he knows he dare not move his feet.
 He there must stand however fierce the shock,
 For while he's there he cannot know defeat.
 But often he will sigh and long to greet
 Some loved one that he sees on Error's wave—
 Perchance there is a time when they shall meet
 Beyond the shadowy chambers of the grave;
 But in this life, it seems, he has no power to save.

THE WORLD IN DARKNESS.

CANTO THE THIRD.

I.

Why should the peoples of this world be proud?
 What can they do? what have they ever done?—
 I mean that part, the vaunting, boasting crowd,
 That ever sought to darken truth's bright sun.
 When all is known, the victories they won

Will then be known as ignoble defeats.
 When death appears, man's life has just begun.
 Those dark, deep graves are never safe retreats.—
 The dead must rise and speak! Each soul its history
 meets.

II.

They killed the Savior, but the Savior lives!
 They slew the prophets, but they only sleep!
 They burned the record, but the record gives
 A true account—the one the angels keep—
 They've had the power to make the righteous weep,
 But every tear will yet be wiped away;
 And if 'tis true that what man sows he'll reap,
 They'll reap the whirlwind on that dreadful day,
 When souls again unite with frames that now decay.

III.

'Tis right and just that all who ever strive
 To serve their God should opposition meet,
 For 'tis the food on which their spirit's thrive,
 And through it they appreciate the sweet;
 But when on earth their work shall be complete,
 It is not right that they should dwell with thieves
 And murderers whom ministers entreat
 To say that they in Jesus Christ believe—
 Whoever teaches this the soul of man deceives.

IV.

Priests cannot send a murderer's soul to heaven,
 And if they could, the righteous soon would leave;
 Or would again be hunted, mobbed and driven
 By those who say they in the Lord believe:—
 What comfort would there be for those who grieve,
 If heaven were filled with such a motley crew?
 And who would wish the thread of life to weave,
 If mortal man could make such doctrines true?
 Among those who love truth there would be very few.

V.

Go preach this doctrine to a fallen world,
That ye may lull the guilty soul to sleep;
But thunder-bolts of justice will be hurled,
And floods of bitter tears ye yet shall weep.
That dreadful gulf grows broader and more deep
To those who tell the world it is not there;
Who make a brilliant home in heaven so cheap,
That Vice and Virtue claim an equal share
In that great mansion which the Savior did prepare.

VI.

The dark and deep abyss that separates
The just from those who take the downward road,
Is as eternal as those massive gates
That guard the Vale where God has His abode.
No man can cross that gulf who has a load
Of crimson sin strapped to his guilty soul.
This side the gulf, God has on man bestowed
His blessings, that he may the powers control
Who seek to stay his march to a celestial goal.

VII.

E'en were the gates of heaven thrown ajar,
And wicked hosts were all invited in,
Before their gaze would fade joy's beaming star;
For happiness can never dwell with sin.
Let he who would a crown of glory win,
Plant this known truth so deep within his breast,
That the sweet falsehood cannot dwell therein,
To lull the soul into a carnal rest,
That all who do believe will mingle with the blest.

VIII.

The righteous needs must suffer here below;
What they abhor is placed before their eyes:
Each day, as through the walks of life they go,
They meet with things that honest souls despise.

Were not their gaze fixed on the starry skies,
 And did not light from heaven illumine that vale,
 I fear that all would serve the "Prince of Lies,"
 And sad indeed would be each mortal's tale;
 And those who love the truth would be those who
 would wail.

IX.

Not always will the righteous cry in vain;
 The storms of Death must o'er this fair world burst;
 For oft has justice been ruthlessly slain,
 And he must rise from death and slake his thirst:—
 In waves of fire this world must be immersed!—
 O, call it not a frenzied poet's dream!
 Deep, crimson Sin has all its beauty cursed,
 E'en as it did when Death's cloud poured its stream,
 That o'er the cleansing wave the star of hope might
 beam.

X.

The mount of Justice looms before my gaze;
 Its lofty peak is crowned with icy snow.
 In vain the sun will shed his golden rays,
 His crown of ice will never melt and flow.
 Long, long it has withstood that fiery glow;
 And artificial flames have mounted high,
 To tempt that mount to hurl its crown below;
 But still it glitters near the starry sky,
 Unmarked by that dread hand that leads the ages by.

XI.

When time shall be no more, it still shall stand;
 When earth shall burn, it will not melt away;
 When that great scene so gloomy and so grand,
 Before which all earth's glory will decay,
 Will be presented in life's tragic play,
 Then will that crown, illumined but still cold,
 Shine forth as bright as does the sun to-day,

And all who loved it more than shining gold,
Will, like it, wear a crown that time can ne'er make old.

XII.

Has not this world been taught that sin is death?
That they who build upon it cannot stand?
When empires have been blasted by its breath,
Since this world rolled forth from its Maker's hand.
Yet still its peoples give this power command,
And try to think that they are rising higher,
When with life's breath they fan that dreadful brand
Which is to start the world's consuming fire—
Who can gaze on such scenes and man's wisdom ad-
mire!

XIII.

There are things that the wicked cannot do:
There is a limit to their boasted power;
Their numbers may be billions or be few:
God's Throne is high above their loftiest tower.
They cannot stay the blessings He will shower
On those who learn to do His sacred will;
Nor can they blast that ever blooming flower,
That's called the soul; that they can never kill;
Though driven far from earth, it lives and labors still.

XIV.

Our mortal ken can't trace its shining course,
When sufferings bid it burst its mortal chain;
And thus o'erpower the secret, subtle force,
That bound it to this world of toil and pain;
But back unto its God it goes again;
And they who sent it must before Him stand.
Nor can sweet Mercy wash away the stain
Which glows upon a wilful murderer's hand—
Oh, dreadful is the thought of breaking this command.

XV.

Blow on, ye winds of strife! We shall not fall,
For God has told us who and what we are!

Take wealth, take lands, take name, take life, take all,
 Our gaze is fixed on a celestial star!
 We do not dread to ride a funeral car,
 For that bright star will shine athwart the tomb,
 Though to a mortal's gaze it seems so far,
 'Twill guide the soul through death's dark, gathering
 gloom,
 And lead it to fair vales where flowers eternal bloom.

XVI.

It is the Captain of these mortal troops
 Who lifts on high truth's bright, celestial blade!
 Before that form the strongest tyrant stoops,
 And all the brightness of this world shall fade!
 The glorious conquests that the wicked made
 Will then be known as ignoble defeats!
 All powers that are, or ever were arrayed
 'Gainst truth, may hurl the planets from their seats,
 But they will all be crushed when He the war-drum
 beats!

XVII.

The dark and deep abyss that separates
 The just from those who take the downward road,
 Is as eternal as are heaven's gates!
 Oh, ask thyself, where is thy soul's abode,
 Impartially His blessings God bestowed
 On all His children ere He sent them forth;
 The same bright prize before them all has glowed,
 And He now calls from east, west, south and north,
 For all to come to Him that He might test their
 worth.

XVIII.

If Jesus Christ were not the Son of God,
 If in His soul burned not the lamp of truth,
 If that straight path He bade all mortals trod,

Lead not old age, as well as feverish youth,
Beyond the ideal heights of each and both,
Then weep, all life, for Death's your lawful king.
On, on, in haste toward His throne ye goeth,
And, man, thou art a wretched, withering thing,
As barren as the hills from which no fountains spring.

XIX.

The breath of noble deeds must fan faith's torch,
Or raging storms will beat it bare and black,
And leave man to pursue life's dreary march
Without one glimmer to illumine his track.
On, on he goes, nor can he e'er turn back,
Toward his tomb, but not toward his home;
For he can not go there while he doth lack
That faith which tells him why he longed to roam
Far from those brilliant worlds that gleam in heaven's
dome.

XX.

There is a rock of firm and ample base,
Where man must build whate'er he hopes to stand.
The waves of Time can not its front deface,
It stands, a monument, eternal, grand.
The storms of strife may devastate the land,
And empires crash and sink 'neath Ruin's wave,
This rock, supported by an unseen hand,
Looks proudly o'er great Ruin's mouldering grave—
Dumb oracle proclaims: "Build here and God will
save."

XXI.

He who would win a name that lasts must seek
For gems of truth in regions dark and cold;
Nor heed the storms which on his head shall break
In scaling summits where her doors unfold
Eternal riches, dearer far than gold
Or lands, than all that has a mortal name:

For when this world, with all its life, is old,
 Eternal wealth, not dimmed, but still the same,
 Shines forth the prize of him who sought for righteous
 fame.

XXII.

But now we see the truth crushed in the dust
 By those who kneel before their God in prayer.
 And tell Him that His promises they trust,
 That He will keep them safe from error's snare.
 Though truths lie sparkling round them everywhere,
 They close their eyes to hide them from their sight,
 Then pray for more—consistency is there ;
 That is the way to 'merge from error's night—
 That is the way some prove there is no God of light.

XXIII.

There stands a mount beside this mortal vale
 That looms above the crumbling peaks of fame ;
 And he who climbs its rugged steep won't fail
 To find his very being change—his name
 Will lose its mortal sound, nor will remain
 A wish, save one, and that to upward climb,
 So high that earth will not appear the same ;
 And all things that in life are named by time
 Will seem as children's toys, while in that sunny
 clime.

XXIV.

Its peak doth reach the everlasting skies ;
 It joins this world to realms of bliss above,
 And though man's frame in earth's bed withering lies,
 This mount will prove the medium of God's love.
 As man ascends, that bright, celestial dove
 Will comfort all his griefs, and winds that blow
 Will not be felt, but bright blue skies above
 Will tempt him onward, and the world below
 Will vanish from his sight with all its grief and woe.

XXV.

Man cannot bear to see his fellows climb;
 He loves to see them grovel in the dust—
 That is, if he himself be steeped in crime—
 He loves to see all others' brightness rust;
 But 'tis ordained that he who would be just
 Must upward climb, though demons howl around.
 He dare not pause, but he must toil and trust—
 The prize is far beyond this little mound;
 The goal is not yet reached, 'tis but the path that's
 found.

XXVI.

While I have life that warms this mortal clay,
 I ne'er shall rest till I have told the world
 That in the west a people live in day,
 Though fiery shafts of hate are at them hurled.
 In this great land where freedom's flag's unfurled
 And proudly waves o'er all from sea to sea,
 Tell me, ye wise, why human worms are curled
 Around the roots of freedom's spreading tree,
 Whose fruits are for all men, wherever they may be.

XXVII.

We mortals must obey a higher law
 Than that recorded in a mortal book;
 For brighter truths than mortals ever saw
 Are seen by those who can upon them look.
 Truth's river flows above, but, then, a brook
 Meandered from that mighty river's source;
 Toward the earth its shining course it took,
 That man might free himself from his remorse,
 And learn to trace that stream along its gleaming
 course.

XXVIII.

The soul doth long for that refreshing draught—
 For pleasure's wine can never slake its thirst;

But baser passions have forever sought
 To visitate it with draughts that are cursed.
 But still we find among the very worst
 A pleading look that tells of thirst unslaked.
 The natural longing which we saw there first
 Has withered, like the heart that has so ached,
 In feeling all good's lost which to this life was staked.

XXIX.

All that each mortal man has power to drink
 Is placed before him in a cup of gold;
 But oft 'tis thrust aside, for man doth shrink
 From quaffing liquids that are clear and cold.
 The healing virtues of this draught are told
 By thousands, yet there's millions die with thirst,—
 Or draughts of living fire have made them bold
 To say that no such stream has ever burst
 From that exhaustless Fount where all truth sprang
 from first.

XXX.

In all men there is still some little good,
 Though deep within their souls it may be hid.
 Were this not true, the Gospel never could
 Do anything for them—the Savior bid
 All men to come to Him, and He would rid
 Them of their long-worn, scarlet robes of sin.
 And those who lived as their great Master did,
 In every age, eternal lives would win—
 The promise is the same that it has always been.

XXXI.

God's ways and thoughts are not the same as man's,
 And well it is for man that they are not;
 For if they were, we still should wear the bands
 That Jesus burst by quaffing death's cold draught.
 Man is imperfect in both deed and thought;
 But God has reached perfection in all things.

Hence there's a difference as we've been taught;
 And to the humble this a comfort brings,
 A comfort that's unknown to even haughty kings.

XXXII.

When man knows that his God knows what is best,
 If that man loves the truth he will submit—
 Although it may disturb his mortal rest—
 To everything that God has said or writ.
 If what God bids him wear he sees don't fit,
 He moulds himself anew to fit the robe.
 Instead of taking in his teeth the bit,
 And grumbling at all things on this our globe,
 He humbly pleads with God, as did the suffering Job.

XXXIII.

A free man's will he to his Master gives,
 Or subjugates it to his Master's will,
 Because his God alone knows why he lives,
 And He alone knows how the soul to drill.
 With God's instructions man can climb with skill
 That mount which leads him where his Father dwells.
 This is the slavery that the being thrills
 Of every soul that with devotion swells
 To that Almighty God of which Religion tells.

XXXIV.

If this be slavery, bind me fast in chains.
 O, Thou, my God, I crave of Thee this boon.
 While life within this deathless soul remains,
 Let freedom's sun thus shine, for 'tis its noon.
 The stars may fall from heaven; the glorious moon
 May cease to shed o'er earth her silvery light,
 But from the cave where I must enter soon
 That sun will shine upon my withered sight,
 And I shall rise as free as is the Prince of Right.

XXXV.

With iron chains, O bind me to that rock,
 Which is Thy word; and it can never fail.

The house built there withstands the fiercest shock
 Of natural storms, or artificial hail.
 Why should those who have built there cringe and
 quail
 Before those who have built upon the sand?
 Or heed them when they at God's doctrines rail?
 They all do know they are the chosen band
 To fight for One who shall the whole wide world
 command.

XXXVI.

Will Jesus come? Read, read the sacred book,
 Then turn away and say: "Ah, no, not yet."
 Or close your eyes, and let your preacher look,
 Since his great mind in snares of toil don't fret.
 You have your wealth, then why should you regret
 That you have placed your soul within his care?
 Life's sun still shines, and when it nears its set,
 "We'll call him in that he may breath a prayer
 To waft our souls to heaven, for all good saints are
 there."

XXXVII.

There ne'er can be a nobler, better cause
 Than that one which is destined to prevail.
 We should not rest until we know God's laws
 Are pegnant with a strength which cannot fail:
 The wicked now rejoice, but they must wail,
 For they have made the righteous weep and mourn;—
 Their withered forms, their faces thin and pale,
 Demand of Justice more than hate and scorn;
 And Justice pays his debts to all who have been born.

XXXVIII.

He who shall burst the chains that bind this globe
 To those worlds which in boundless ether float,
 Has stripped himself of that celestial robe
 That should be worn by all who steer life's boat.

E'en like a man who clutches his own throat
 To rob his soul of his own Father's gift,
 Is he who separates this little mote
 From those bright worlds that seem as barks to drift
 Upon that upper sea, ere day night's curtains lift.

XXXIX.

Men talk of wealth as though it were a prize:
 They hug unto their souls a shining stone,
 While truth's eternal treasure they despise
 As something which a wise man should not own:—
 Tread it beneath your feet, and ye shall groan:
 Place it within your souls, and ye shall smile.
 E'en when the last of earthly hopes have flown,
 This treasure will your suffering soul beguile,
 And give you strength to bear the greatest, hardest
 trial.

XL.

Earth's glory dazzles, but it soon grows dim
 To souls whose windows never had a blind;
 For they have lamps that angels love to trim,
 And these illumine the chambers of the mind.
 They, also, light a path which none can find,
 Save they who feel that worldly light is dark;
 And that there is a bolder, better kind
 Of joy than that which leaves its crimson mark
 Upon the boundless stream o'er which speeds life's
 frail bark.

XLI.

Thou deep and dark and ever rushing stream!
 Thank God, my bark is on thy breast afloat.
 I fear not to awake from this life's dream,
 For then I'll sail in an immortal boat.
 My soul shall not on things that perish dote,
 But it shall gaze across Death's dark abyss;
 And of the riches that are there take note,

As on it speeds toward that sea of bliss: —
 The Gospel of our God gives sweetness to Death's
 kiss.

XLII.

On, on toward those oceans where bright sails
 Are floating in a calm and gentle breeze,
 The river flows; and never, never fails
 To carry loved ones to those distant seas.
 Gaze not too fondly on those golden trees
 That gild the banks of this majestic stream;
 Touch not their fruit, it will thy soul disease,
 And change to gloom the star that throws its beam
 Athwart the dark, cold wave on which we mortals
 dream.

XLIII.

Earth is not heaven, but can we ever hope
 That it will be a bright, celestial vale?
 The soul of man is giv'n a wondrous scope;
 And then it has a God who cannot fail.
 What He has said is not an idle tale;
 And He has said this world shall be redeemed.
 The wicked now rejoice, but they must wail—
 It is true that a light from heaven has streamed,
 For Revelation's star athwart earth's gloom has
 beamed.

XLIV.

The sword of Virtue is not eat with rust,
 Nor has its edge been dulled by constant fight.
 It still shines bright, though trodden in the dust,
 And on its hilt is writ the "Sword of Might."
 It yet shall glitter in the hand of Right,
 And wickedness will keenly feel its power;
 And all who love the darkness more than light,
 Beneath the gaze of Innocence will cower,
 When, armed with that bright sword, her form shall
 o'er them tower.

XLV.

The battle-axe of Truth placed in the hand
Of those who wear the armor of God's power,
Whom God has called and given the command
Of soldiers who before the world won't cower,
Will yet be felt in that dark, dreadful hour,
When all will know that arm of flesh is weak;
When clouds shall rain a hot, consuming shower,
That burns the earth and leaves it bare and bleak,
Till it is made a home for all the poor and meek.

XLVI.

Men never bleed for truth's great cause in vain;
The good that we in this great age enjoy
Was not secured without great toil and pain;
For there's a power which would all good destroy.
That power has ever had men in employ
Who sought to kill the living power of right.
The purest soul they would with sin alloy;
The brightest day they'd change to darkest night:
They'd make this earth a hell—all that they lack is
 might.

XLVII.

Life is a school; the teacher is our God,
And wondrous are the lessons He has taught.
There is no path which mortal beings trod
That is not strewn with books of priceless thought.
But knowledge is of worth, and must be sought,
As things of value are obtained by cost.
The battle is not won before 'tis fought;
Things are not found until they have been lost,
And man must toil and trust where'er life's bark is
 tossed.

XLVIII.

God has His way of teaching men the truth;
What they can learn depends on how they live—

In other words, old age as well as youth
 Must be prepared before our God will give.
 If we would know, we must learn to believe—
 To not know truth may sometimes be a crime,
 For truth will come if man can but receive.
 Hence preparation should be made in time,
 And the neglect of this is scorning things divine.

XLIX.

No reason is why man should not have light,
 Save this one reason that he can't receive.
 God's throne is far removed from shades of night,
 And man can know, if he will but believe.
 If 'tis because we have not truth we grieve,
 We weep because we have not what we may;
 And from this weight we can our souls relieve,
 For God desires that man should live in day—
 He who will live aright drives darkness far away.

L.

One path, there is but one that leads to God,
 And that is straight and narrow, 'tis the way
 That Jesus bid all human beings trod;
 The only one that leads to perfect day;
 All others lead the human soul astray—
 The farther on, the deeper grows the gloom,
 Until the soul has got so far away
 That it will not return this side the tomb,
 But far beyond the grave the flowers of hope will
 bloom.

LI.

Why will men live, and ask not why they live?
 Why will they die and ask not where they go?
 There is a God who says He'll freely give
 All things that it is needful man should know.
 Why e'en the frozen blocks of melted snow
 Will thaw beneath the genial rays of light!

But man, cold man, will shun the truth's bright glow
 To plunge beneath the waves of Error's night;
 Down, down he gropes and groans till lost from
 human sight.

LII.

The strength that we may gain from day to day,
 We all shall need before the fight is o'er.
 No man so strong that he can bravely say,
 "I will not fall though cannons round me roar."
 Brave men have felt like that and fell before;
 And men who now feel that way will yet fall.
 The eagle that among the clouds can soar
 Is brought to earth when speeds the leaden ball.
 We cannot boast of strength, for weakness is with all.

LIII.

But can we ever hope man will receive
 That which received will make the earth anew?
 Can we e'er hope that man will cease to grieve,
 And learn to love the pure, the good, the true?
 That angels will his mortal pathway strew
 With fragrant flowers which never fade and die?
 That yon clear dome which looks so calm and blue,
 Will not forever seem so dreadful high?
 But that the earth will float a bright star in the sky?

LIV.

The feverish blood of youth may chill with age,
 And hearts may burst while longing for that day:
 But there's a tale that's writ on Future's page
 Which waves of time can never wash away.
 List, list, O list to what the prophets say,
 And count the days that error will prevail.
 We now are tossed like bubbles on the spray,
 But o'er the waves there comes a snow-white sail,
 For one jot of God's word was never known to fail.

LV.

Yes, pure Religion must and will be known,
 Or sin would blast the purest human heart.
 The seeds of evil that in man are sown,
 Spring up and are of him a living part:
 How quickly do they grow when once they start!
 What power can tear their deep-set roots away?
 All men do keenly feel their poisonous smart,
 Yet deeper still they sink in human clay;
 And far into the soul their grasping roots find way.

LVI.

What shall I say of those few humble saints
 Who saw their homes fed to the angry blaze;
 When basest men defied the law's restraints,
 And murdered men before their loved ones' gaze!
 Ah, who can call to mind those cruel days
 Without strong feelings thrilling through each frame:
 The land where freedom's sun first shed his rays
 Has let its honor perish in the flame—
 Let Mercy's streaming tears wash out its crimson
 shame.

LVII.

God strengthened those who fought for freedom's cause;
 He founded that to which the saints did cling;
 His Spirit wrote the new-born nation's laws;
 'Twas He decreed this land should own no king.
 The dove of Liberty that spread his wing
 O'er this fair land we love to call our home,
 Is that same dove which in the heavens did sing
 When all the stars that gleam in yonder dome,
 Rejoiced to know that life would o'er this planet roam.

LVIII.

Dark are the minds of low, degraded men;
 Their spirits sleep within their sensual frames;
 They cannot gaze beyond a mortal's ken,
 But grovel in their own deceitful shames.

Their souls are scorched and withered with the flames
 Of burning passions, till at last they find
 That He who all creations shapes and frames,
 Has nothing out of each contracted mind ;
 That nothing else can see because their souls are blind.

LIX.

Is there a man who keeps his spirit pure,
 And strengthens all his faculties of mind,
 Who seeks to know if all things will endure,
 Then claims that he has sought but could not find?
 Can it be thought that God is so unkind
 That those He loves will seek to Him in vain ?
 Can it be true that spirits *must* be blind ?
 That they *must* suffer doubt and fear and pain,
 Without e'er knowing why the Savior has been slain ?

LX.

If no God lived, my soul could face that fact,
 But if He lives, my soul can face all things.
 I will know what to do and how to act,—
 I care not for the crumbling thrones of kings.
 The sweetest joys of life may take to wings—
 God lives! then will His sons and daughters die?—
 God lives! that is the truth from which joy springs ;
 It is the one and only living Why
 Souls turn their beaming eyes toward their homes on
 high.

LXI.

It is the deepest question ever asked
 By anything that ever had a voice.
 Oh, let the hidden truth be now unmasked,
 That weary man may weep, or else rejoice.
 'Tis life or death!—O, spirit, take thy choice—
 Or listen to the answer that is given.
 Hush every heart, list to the answer's voice,—

There is, or is not, life and hell and heaven—
Stand ready to receive, the answer will be given.

LXII.

A little boy attends a graded school—
'Tis wonderful the growth his mind will make.
He reads a grammar through, and learns a rule—
Geology, of course, he too will take.
He reads it too when men are not awake—
In plainer terms, his midnight oil is burned.
What would you find, if you his head would break?
Truths which the holy angels have not learned—
A moment gave to him what they have never earned.

LXIII.

Keep me from those who just return room school;
They know more than I ever wish to know.
For though they will repeat to me the rule,
There's much they know that I know, is not so.
While I remain upon this globe below,
I never wish to know what's false is true;
For where I hope—but fear I will not go—
There are those who such knowledge will undo—
False plants must droop and die no matter where they
grew.

LXIV.

A man who teaches must himself be taught;
He cannot teach what he has never learned.
A truth was never found till it was sought—
Reward will never come until 'tis earned.
Who taught the great professors who have turned
These knowledge caskets from their college doors?
What kind of fire within their spirits burned,
When standing on their elevated floors,
And pouring forth the stream that feverish youth
adores?

LXV.

Ah, I could tell you what they have to say.
 Their eloquence has thrilled my burning soul;
 And eagerly I rushed toward the day,
 When I the souls of men could so control.
 That was my hopeful boyhood's ideal goal—
 I am still young, my mind has had no range,
 Yet, waves of time, how speedily they roll!
 And, after all, there's much in life that's strange,—
 A few short years roll by, and what a wondrous change!

LXVI.

Theology is very hard to teach—
 Yes, is not anything that is unknown?
 They don't attempt to, and thus they do preach
 That truths concerning God from earth have flown.
 Thus, seeds of unbelief with care are sown
 Within the tender garden of the mind;
 And when the tree is almost fully grown,
 We are surprised because we do not find
 A fruit unlike the tree, but seeds produce their kind.

LXVII.

Professors tell their pupils many things—
 Some even love to tell them all they know.
 They are the fountains from which daily springs
 The truths which in their pupils' spirits flow.
 It is not strange that what they teach should grow—
 'Twere strange indeed if it did not take root,—
 With fire of life it certainly will glow;
 And if it does, it will produce a fruit
 Which testifies to all the virtues of its shoot.

LXVIII.

'Tis true no man can learn too much that's true:
 But on firm ground he ought to plant his feet.
 This is not done, save by a very few—
 The difficulty here we fairly meet.

I shall not from this point beat a retreat,
 Until you hear that which I have to say.
 The friendship of this world is not so sweet
 That I can watch my glowing frame decay,
 Without a single move toward the narrow way.

LXIX.

There is an order in all things that be.
 It should obtain with truths which are received.
 Much more exists than we can ever see;
 Much more is known than we have e'en believed.
 But—let no man by Satan be deceived—
 One truth exists which every soul should know:
 God lives! What soul is not through this relieved?
 The spirit cooled in floods of grief will glow;
 And gushing tears of joy will soon be seen to flow.

LXX.

That is the rock on which to plant thy feet!
 Remove them? *Never!* Let the thunders roll!
 Let all your friends from where you stand retreat—
Stand where you are! No power shall harm thy soul—
 Ah, gaze above! Behold thy gleaming goal!
Retreat? Retreat? 'Tis but a demon's call!
 The bell of God in heaven is heard to toll:
 "Stand where you are!" behold him one and all!
 Is weakness in his frame? Dost think that he will fall?

LXXI.

A house created on a heap of sand,
 May have the very strongest kind of wall;
 But when the raging storm sweeps o'er the land,
 We would not wonder at the building's fall.
 So he who will not heed the Gospel's call,
 May build his stately, intellectual halls,
 But trembling Weakness lies beneath it all;
 Life's storms come on, and down his spirit falls,
 Crushed, writhing 'neath the weight of those high,
 massive walls.

LXXII.

Trust not a child's sweet soul to any man
 Who does not know there is a living God.
 Make it a great professor if you can,
 But place its hands around the iron rod.
 Ah, better lay it 'neath the crumbling sod,
 Than train it in the school of unbelief.
 It may e'en then a path of honor trod ;
 But there's one path which leads the soul from grief,
 The *child* should find that path, for mortal life is brief.

LXXIII.

Within that frame a spirit flutters there,
 Cramped, undeveloped, yet a living soul.
 It should be nursed with patient, tender care,
 And started on toward its shining goal.
 'Twill live when waves of time have ceased to roll ;
 And should it tread the straight and narrow way,
 The name of God it ever will extol ;
 Its light will be increased until the ray
 Becomes a glowing sun which warms its fadeless day.

LXXIV.

Had I a child that child should know the truth
 As fast as its unfolding soul could learn.
 I'd rather see it starve to death in youth .
 Than quench the fire that should within it burn.
 If from the narrow way it dared to turn,
 To tread the path which leads to darkness drear,
 Alone it should enjoy the fruit sins earn ;
 For I should try to make its way so clear
 That it would know our God holds all His children
 dear.

LXXV.

What man is there so weak who cannot teach
 A child that it should in our God believe ?
 Truth can with ease its tender spirit reach,

And make impressions that will never leave.
 Oft mothers seem to love to mourn and grieve
 About the reckless, wayward, wicked boy :—
 Spend half that time with care to undeceive
 Yourselves ; and then the other half employ
 In teaching him the truth, then he will bring you joy.

LXXVI.

God sent no atheist upon this earth.
 Were they created after they were born ?
 We knew God lived before our mortal birth—
 Who has this knowledge from our spirits torn ?
 It still is there ; you may the soul adorn
 With all the gaudy show of unbelief ;
 A spirit never saw the light of morn,
 That has not, when 'twas crushed and bowed with grief,
 Turned its sad face to God and asked Him for relief.

LXXVII.

If there are unbelievers, they are few,
 To them my humble muse cannot now speak ;
 Yet I do pause in bidding them adieu,
 And, though my soul is weary, worn and weak,
 In meekness I would ask them all to seek ;
 And I am certain that they all will find
 The knowledge which will change life's desert bleak
 Into a garden, where the choicest kind
 Of flowers ever bloom to cheer the drooping mind.

LXXVIII.

The day of every mortal's life is fading ;
 Behind the hills of Death Life's sun will set ;
 The clouds of age the youthful brow is shading :
 In chains of doubt why should the spirit fret ?
 Do loved ones linger round thy cottage yet ?
 Time's waves roll on, they soon will droop and die,
 And when their spirits burst their mortal net,
 How sweet it is to know they dwell on high !
 And that thy spirit soon toward their home shall fly !

LXXIX.

My spirit mourns to see a mother weeping
 O'er one who in Death's cradle fell asleep.
 She oft forgets the child is only sleeping;
 Without a hope, I have seen mothers weep.
 They do forget that Jesus Christ will keep
 The spirit of that child within His home.
 Within the narrow bed so cold and deep
 She gazes; and her face, as white as foam,
 Is seldom turned toward the spirit's glorious dome.

LXXX.

Oh, would the star of Faith were ever beaming
 Before the gaze of eyes bedimmed with tears!
 That its celestial rays were ever streaming
 Upon the soul to drive away its fears!
 We ought to live so when it disappears,
 We can upon the graves of loved ones kneel:
 And pray with knowledge that our Father hears,
 And will assuage the sorrow that we feel—
 That which our spirits need, their Father will reveal.

LXXXI.

The star of Faith should beam upon the ocean,—
 The ocean o'er which mortal barks must cross;
 And when the waves leap forth in wild commotion,
 And like the foam of waves our barks are tossed;
 When hearts are hushed with fear, when all seems lost.
 Then fix thy gaze upon that brilliant star.
 Its light will kiss from trembling lips Death's frost,
 Or throw its waves of silver in the car
 That dashes down to earth to bear man's soul afar.

LXXXII.

It throws its beam upon the dreary billow,
 And changes it into a silvery wave;
 It shines upon Death's hard and sable pillow,
 And lights the dreary chambers of the grave.

In streaming floods of light the soul will lave,
 Who learns to fix upon that star its gaze.
 It shines within the soul that it might save
 What else would fall to ashes 'neath the blaze
 Of that Eternal God, the Ancient of all Days.

LXXXIII.

Though in the sky all other stars hang darkling,
 And waves of gloom roll o'er that wondrous dome;
 The star of Faith will still shine bright and sparkling,
 To guide the spirit to its destined home.
 Where'er earth's pilgrims' feet are led to roam,
 Let him but gaze, that star is shining bright.
 On desert lost, or tossed with ocean's foam,
 In calm or storm, in noon-day or midnight,
 Let not that best of stars fade from thy spirit's sight.

THE WORLD IN DARKNESS.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

The bad must die; the good must pass away;
 The good and bad alike feel heat and cold.
 Around them all life's griefs and joys do play
 From early youth until they have grown old.
 The prophets weep because their gathered fold
 Is scattered by the wolves, and part destroyed;
 They who remain mourn for their shepherd bold;
 And thus it is, all life must be annoyed;
 And every joy that's felt is with a pain alloyed.

II.

Hush, hush your breaking hearts, for all is well.
 Mourn not because grief plays in life a part.
 Drive it away, and music could not dwell

Upon this globe; nor in the human heart.
 Give me the love that beams where tears did start
 From eyes that gazed upon another's grief;
 For to my drooping soul it will impart
 New life and strength, and I shall find relief
 From pain that else would make my mortal sorrows
 brief.

III.

E'en "Jesus wept!" our Savior and our God!
 Though free from sin, He was not free from pain.
 No other one a blameless path has trod;
 All men are marked by sin's deep crimson stain.
 But "Jesus wept!" the Lamb that had been slain,
 That His pure blood might wash our sins away;
 That man might meet with those he loved again,
 And claim the prize that never fades away—
 This tells us what is life, and shows us night and day.

IV.

The pain that made its home within His breast,
 And caused the blood of life to outward flow,
 Has never robbed a mortal man of rest;
 Nor will a mortal being ever know.
 The fire of love that in His soul did glow
 Made all His senses sensitive to pain.
 His life on earth doth to the whole world show
 That man must stoop if he would rise to reign,
 And that the sweetest joy creates the keenest pain.

V.

A God in tears! did not the Heavens weep
 When streams of pain flowed from His beaming eyes?
 Were not the angels startled from their sleep?
 Or did they hear His agonizing cries?
 Methinks that all the worlds in yonder skies
 Were cognizant that God Incarnate wept!
 For they are chained by sympathetic ties

To life's great Source, and in their places kept
 By that same Power that woke the Savior when He
 slept.

VI.

That Power that lives, and yet shall shake the world,
 And wake the billions of the sleeping dead!

'Twill bid those rise who from their thrones were
 hurled,

When slaves placed glittering crowns on Treason's
 head.

The purest blood that ever flowed was shed,
 That man might burst the dark and dismal tomb.

And murderers yet shall cower with guilty dread,
 When they see flowers, they thought were dead, in
 bloom,

And hear a just God read a wilfull murderer's doom.

VII.

Let him whose bark of life has ne'er been tossed
 Upon the boundless wave of Sorrow's stream,
 When clouds of dark Despair have gathered fast,
 And no star through them sheds its silvery beam;
 When that has come of which man dare not dream,
 And not one star of hope for him would shine—
 Let him imagine faith's illuming gleam,
 And what it is to worship at God's Shrine,
 But oh, he cannot sense the worth of things divine!

VIII.

'Tis when the soul was lost and has been found
 By Him whose boundless love shall search for all,
 That it appreciates that soft, sweet sound
 Which saves it from the pit in which 'twould fall.
 It so resembles a fond mother's call,
 That man will feel he is a child again;
 And that it was his folly broke the wall
 Which separates true grief from hopeless pain—
 But God will hear the soul and wash away its stain.

IX.

'Tis said that man, though he may be a fool,
 Can understand the Gospel; but the wise
 Have got in such deep labyrinths that the rule
 They do not understand, or else despise.
 It takes a brilliant light to open eyes
 That have been closed with a determined will;
 And it may be that this known truth applies
 To some who learn, and yet are ignorant still
 Of truths which lead the soul above life's loftiest hill.

X.

I have known boys who often slept so sound
 That mighty shouts could not their slumbers break.
 The neighborhood with music would resound,
 But no, they could not from their slumbers wake.
 And older boys are very apt to make
 Soft couches where they love to loll and sleep.
 A cry goes forth, but pains they will not take
 To ope their eyes and take one little peep
 At doctrines plain and clear, yet broad and high and
 deep.

XI.

So broad that worlds are nestled 'neath their wings;
 So high that Heaven no higher lifts its head:
 So deep that they unlock the secret springs
 Which open to the chambers of the dead.
 They turn the key that frees all who were wed
 To that dark Prince, known here as Terror's King;
 But known above as one whom none need dread,
 A messenger, but one who dare not bring
 Aught that would mar the song which all the righteous
 sing.

XII.

"Sleep, sleep no more!" 'Tis thus the prophets cry.
 Awake! arise! shake off the carnal dust

That binds the soul, which else would gladly fly
 To vales where Doubt robs not confiding Trust.
 Within those vales its powers would not rust;
 But, being burnished, they would brightly shine,
 Until they would abhor unrighteous lust,
 And cleave to everything that is divine—
 This is the only way to worship at God's shrine.

XIII.

It is the Gospel Trump that calls ye forth
 From flowery beds o'er which the angels weep !
 From that far pole that binds the distant north
 E'en to the south where waves are hushed to sleep
 (For all must hear these doctrines broad and deep)
 In fond and loving arms of silvery frost
 That Trump shall sound to gather Israel's sheep
 Into the fold from which they have been lost—
 The message must be heard whate'er may be the cost.

XIV.

The human soul needs all the Gospel gives,
 And needs no more in this its mortal state
 The Gospel is the food on which it lives,
 And only through it can the soul be great:—
 How sad indeed would be each spirit's fate,
 If God could give no more than man can give !
 The few marks that we make on this life's slate
 Would be washed out, and none would wish to live,
 And all would pass away as waters through a sieve.

XV.

Man has not power to burst the silent tomb.
 Who brings his frame forth from the crumbling clay ?
 Who gives him power to penetrate the gloom
 That gathers when his loved ones pass away ?
 Religion's sun sheds forth her brightest ray
 When dreary clouds of death begin to lower,
 And on the tomb her streaming light will play

When other suns have set to rise no more—
 'Tis then this golden orb shines brighter than before.

XVI.

'Tis granted Satan seeks the soul of man :
 'Tis known he loves to see him in despair.
 This being true, we ought to know the plan
 On which he works to lead men in his snare—
 A robber surely will not greatly care
 Which door he enters, if he gain the prize,
 And, no doubt, Satan offers means that's fair
 To make man think he scorns his own black lies ;
 To get the soul of man, all plans he knows he tries.

XVII.

Faith is the spirit's one and only torch ;
 The breath of sin makes it a blazeless brand ;
 And as it fades the soul in gloom must march
 Toward that unknown and uncertain land.
 The spirit now will cease to give command
 To passions that it ought to bind in chains.
 This is the reason why men do not stand
 When they have given unbelief the reins ;
 Gloom first and then despair reward them for their
 pains.

XVIII.

If faith is good, what must be said of doubt ?
 When it appears Faith quickly takes to wings.
 The one has always turned the other out,
 For they are opposite and different things.
 The one doth comfort, but the other stings ;
 The one doth point to earth ; the other heaven.
 Joy, love and trust are creatures that Faith brings,
 But Doubt has always into darkness driven—
 Decide which is thy friend, for either will be given.

XIX.

When wandering in a dark and dismal night,
 A lantern's flame will guide us on our way.

Though all the world be wrapt in darkness quite,
 We follow safe that one bright, warning ray.
 And thus it is in life—we cannot say
 No light is given to guide us to our God,
 For though we do not live in perfect day,
 There is a path that we in life may trod
 Which leads us far beyond the valley's crumbling sod.

XX.

How few there be among the sons of men
 Who fall because they have no warning light.
 If this be true, how many are there then
 Who draw the blinds of error's gloomy night
 Against the rays of truth, for fear their sight
 Reveal the secrets of a guilty soul.
 And still men mourn, and try to think 'tis right
 To blame their God because the complete whole
 Of His great plans, their mighty brains cannot control.

XXI.

Weak man, seek not to comprehend the all
 Of God's great plan while in this mortal state;
 But "List, O list!" to wisdom's eager call,
 And enter at the straight and narrow gate.
 Move forward, and you will in time be great—
 It leads you back unto a happy home,
 Where dwell all those who meekly bore life's weight,
 E'en though on earth they lived and died unknown—
 Lights here are often hid that in the heavens have
 shone.

XXII.

Are God's works false because man's little brain
 Has tried to make itself believe they are?
 Are all our prayers and tears and hopes in vain,
 Because we cannot drive our funeral car?
 Or reach, at one great bound, the fartherest star?
 Proud man, stand forth, and let the rays of truth

Shine in your soul, and you will not be far
 From that faith which illumines the soul of youth;
 That light is still a guide to polished and uncouth.

XXIII.

Had not faith's fire burned in our Maker's breast,
 Would this fair earth e'er had a place or name?
 If not, why should we ever pause to rest,
 Until we in our souls illumine that flame?
 Is it the man or God who is to blame,
 When he is filled with doubt and dark despair?
 Is not the spark that's in our souls the same?
 And will it not grow bright when fanned with care,
 By noble deeds of love and humble, honest prayer?

XXIV.

The power that bids man have no faith in God
 Is akin to that power which bids man kill,
 And 'tis the same that tells man not to tread
 The path which soul points out with care and skill—
 The spirit often seeks to do God's will,
 But in its medium it doth find a let;
 And thus is brought about the daily drill
 Which man sometimes doth carelessly forget;
 And hence in snares of sin he oft must toil and fret.

XXV.

No tongue can ever make the truth a lie,
 Nor can the arm of flesh e'er make it weak.
 Ye may have power to hush the prophet's cry;
 But from the dust that prophet's voice will speak!
 Yea, and the claims of justice yet shall wreak
 Their vengeance, till the sinner bows his head;
 And they who have been crushed—the poor and
 meek—
 Will rise and shine: e'en those who have been dead—
 There is a God of life whom powers of evil dread.

XXVI.

'Tis sweet to know that heavenly powers will aid
 All men who dare contend for truth and right;
 That he who lifts on high the shining blade
 To strike them down, will perish in the fight.
 Weak mortal's arm is strengthened; and the sight
 Of millions will not make that mortal weak
 Who has within his soul that heavenly light
 That comes to all who diligently seek;
 It fills the soul with thoughts the tongue can never
 speak.

XXVII.

Proud man, reflect on all thy wicked ways,
 The errors that you make from youth to age;
 Then let your learning's torch with all its blaze
 Shine forth upon creation's mighty page.
 Ask, ask thy soul, "Have I become so sage
 That I can say no God created all?"
 Or dost thou wish to burst thy mortal cage,
 To reach a height from which thy headlong fall
 Would dash thee down too low to hear sweet Mercy's
 call?

XXVIII.

No God? Ye worlds! is this the tale ye tell?
 Is this the lesson that to man ye teach?
 And thou, my soul, who in yon heaven did dwell
 And came to earth, that you through pain might reach
 A loftier height! dost pause upon the beach
 Of life's great sea to gather grains of sand?
 When thou must cross that raging, restless deep,
 If thou wouldst reach that far-off, golden strand,
 Thou'rt not safe here, though millions round thee
 stand.

XXIX.

My soul, did ye rejoice to come to earth
 That ye might but behold my body die?
 Did morning stars at prospect of a birth
 Break forth in song and know no reason why?
 Or has that somber prince taught man a lie!
 For here they are, and why on earth they came
 Is never asked by some; they live and die—
 'Tis true, and true it is that 'tis a shame—
 The fault exists with men, but they do shift the blame.

XXX.

Ye worlds that gleam in yon blue-dome of heaven!
 Countless millions! with wondrous eyes I gaze!
 Was not your vastness, greatness, glory, given
 By God—the God whom we weak mortals praise?
 Oh, how wondrous are Thy thrice wondrous ways!
 Man, what art thou when severed from thy God!
 In misery shalt thou spend thy mortal days,
 For all the paths that ye in life may trod
 Converge in one that leads beneath the dreary sod.

XXXI.

Roll on, ye worlds! a God has given ye power
 To dash like living things through boundless space!
 On, on ye rush, in noon and midnight hour,
 Forever shall ye run a tireless race.
 Time comes and goes, but still it leaves no trace
 Of age upon each proud, majestic form.
 No power save God's can hurl you from your place—
 That God who keeps my living soul from harm,
 And gives me power to feel the magic of thy charm.

XXXII.

My soul, though caged a prisoner in cold clay,
 Has oft in dreams broke through its prison bars,
 And soared beyond the glowing orb of day,
 Far, far beyond the farthest glimmering stars!

In fancy I have rode in fiery cars
 'Till night's orb'd queen has faded from my sight;
 And I have heard the crashing, thundering wars
 Of planets as they met in somber night,
 And in the midnight gloom have fought a bloodless
 fight.

XXXIII.

When I have heard the deep-toned thunders roll,
 And felt the scorching lightning burn my cheek,
 I've hushed my heart to listen to my soul,
 And it has told me things I dare not speak;
 Nor is there words in language that can wreak
 The thoughts upon expression I have felt—
 The soul of man is not a desert bleak,
 But 'tis a field of flowers, a fertile belt,
 Where rain-drops need not freeze and snow-flakes
 love to melt.

XXXIV.

Roll on! roll on! ye rattling midnight cars,
 Lit by the brilliant lamps of lightning's light!
 Dash on, dash on! nor heed the falling stars
 That yon thick clouds of gloom hide from my sight.
 Through blinding storms, on track of dreary night,
 Ye crash along in triumph on your way,
 'Till storms are o'er, then is your maddening flight;
 For 'tis but when the elements display
 Their mighty powers that you will dash along your
 way.

XXXV.

How dark must be the mind that knows no God!
 What cheers it o'er the rugged path of life?
 Yon slave though scourged and trampled like the
 sod—
 If he can read the secrets of life's strife,
 And know his God doth live, and that his life

Is but a test to prove his spirit's worth,
 He has—that toiling, trembling wretched serf—
 A happier lot than kings who gaze not from this
 earth.

XXXVI.

The sun that lights the spirit's destined home
 Does not blaze forth to warm this mortal clay;
 But every soul that to this earth has come,
 Has felt within his soul a glowing ray
 From that bright orb—it burst not forth to-day,
 Because its streaming glory is so bright
 That 'neath its rays all flesh would soon decay,
 And those bright orbs through which the soul has
 sight,
 Would burn to ashy dust, and leave all men in night.

XXXVII.

The God of heaven is also God of earth;
 The angels are His sons, and so are we.
 We did not lose His pleasure by our birth
 Into a world where contrasts we might see:
 God sent us here, but left each spirit free
 To choose the path in life that it should take;
 There never was, nor will there ever be
 A soul who is not given the power to make
 A record good or bad, and this for its own sake.

XXXVIII.

God is the Father of the soul of man;
 A father loves his son, and seeks his good,
 'Tis known that God is perfect, and His plan
 Is perfect, though not wholly understood.
 What is there He could not give if He would?
 And why should He refuse to give all things
 To those He loves, if in giving He could
 Draw them nearer Him?—the gifts of kings
 We would not need—but *living* brings those things.

XXXIX.

Truth is revealed to teach men how to live;
 All men should live by what the truth has taught,
 Then more will come, for God will freely give,
 If truth for such a purpose be but sought.
 What glorious changes would at once be wrought,
 Were this adopted by the human race!
 Perchance there might not be so much deep thought,
 But truth thus brought to occupy its place,
 Would lift this world so high 'twould gaze in heaven's
 face.

XL.

There's not a light that shines in yonder heaven,
 But man may have to guide his mortal feet.
 There's not a throne too dazzling to be given
 To those who taste the bitter and the sweet,
 And thank their God for both, and long to meet
 With crosses which will teach them to receive.
 They'll know that at death's gateway angels meet
 The weary souls; that they will cease to grieve—
 There never was a man whom God cannot relieve.

XLI.

Our sins are blinds that shut out rays of truth,
 And thus the soul is kept in darkness drear;
 Were this not true, old age as well as youth
 Would find the mists within their souls would clear.
 Where darkness is, there lurks the demon Fear,
 And black Despair doth lie close by concealed;
 Where light doth shine the angels hover near,
 And wondrous truths will be by them revealed—
 Those who seek heavenly powers will find in them a
 shield.

XLII.

A man can give all that which he may own,
 If there be one who will the gift receive.

If not, he may beneath his treasures groan,
 When none will from this weight his soul relieve.
 E'en so with God—can anyone believe
 That He has not the right to give away
 That which is His? and will He e'er deceive,
 By only giving what will soon decay,
 Withholding that which would forever with man stay?

XLIII.

What is the Lord's?—If He has power to give—
 What is it man may look for Him to do?
 E'en while in this weak, mortal state we live,
 Would it be wrong to seek the "Ever-new?"—
 E'en though that precious prize be sought by few—
 To seek for that which crumbles not to dust?
 And ask for faith that, whate'er you pass through,
 That there might be a firm, unfaltering trust
 That God is still your friend, and that His ways are just?

XLIV.

What is the Lord's? Behold those gleaming worlds!
 Speak thou, my soul, and tell me what they are!
 Tell me from whence the power springs that hurls
 Them forth to pass the lightning's tardy car!
 What is the glory of the meanest star?
 'Tis great, 'tis wondrous! it can ne'er be told!
 But when we see the millions floating far,
 We feel that there is better wealth than gold,
 And long to grasp some prize which time can ne'er
 make old.

XLV.

What is the Lord's? All creatures He hath made,
 And wealth of worlds is placed at His command!
 What will He give? A prize that will not fade,
 And riches countless as the grains of sand!
 O, man, receive! these treasures are at hand,
 And can and will be given as you advance.
 There's nothing that is great, or good, or grand

Which comes to man by accident or chance ;
 There's reason for it all, not seen though at first glance.

XLVI.

What must man do that truth might be revealed ?
 Since it is known that heaven is full of light ;
 And that it need not be from man concealed,
 For God desires no man to live in night.
 There is a cause why Wrong doth crush the Right,
 And clouds of darkness hide the glorious sun ;
 That cause exists with earth or hell in spite
 Of all that men have said, or thought, or done ;
 And when it is removed, earth's heaven has then
 begun.

XLVII.

But how can man receive these treasures bright ?—
 Are these things true, or but a poet's dream ?—
 Is it a truth that man may live in light,
 And learn that things are really what they seem ?
 The greatest bard has but beheld one gleam
 Of truth's bright sun which soon shall rise and shine ;
 And all the world will feel its golden beam ;
 And man will know there is a Source divine ;
 And that 'tis not in vain to worship at God's shrine.

XLVIII.

Can man receive by simply saying, I
 Believe in God, and that He had a Son
 Who came to earth to suffer and to die
 That He might save but the believing one ;
 That all the rest when life's short race is run
 Are thrown in hell's eternal, blazing fire !
 That in the world of spirits there are none
 Who can receive the truth though they desire ?—
 That is a curious plan—ah, who can it admire !

XLIX.

Can man receive by gazing at the stars,
 And thinking that no God has placed them there?
 Can he receive by going to the wars,
 Where man slays man with such satanic care?
 Can he receive by fretting in sin's snare?
 He must *repent* and lead a better life.
 Where true Repentence is a light is near,
 And 'twill direct man through the storms of strife
 That he will have to face to gain eternal life.

L.

No single deed that man can ever do,
 Or ever did since worlds have had a name,
 Will cause the light of heaven to break through,
 To show him *all* the secrets of his fame;
 For darkness dwells wherever there is blame—
 The act may be a noble one indeed,
 And will create for man a guiding flame,
 By which his soul can swiftly onward speed
 Toward that shining goal—God gives men what they
 need.

LI.

This world cannot receive the light of heaven,
 Or it would shine as brilliant here as there.
 No need for man in darkness to be driven,
 While there's a God who hears and answers prayer.
 Go search the whole world o'er with perfect care,
 And find men who do long to hear the truth;
 Then God will free them all from error's snare,
 Though they be rude, unpolished and uncouth,
 They'll hear that which will fill their souls with life of
 youth.

LII.

When all men stand before God's judgment bar
 To answer for their actions here below,
 To tell how they have fought in this life's war,

Excuses may be given for so and so;
 But none will be more weak, nor make less show,
 Than that one "I have sought, but could not find;
 I longed to find the way that I should go,
 But I was left a stranger 'mong mankind;
 No light shone o'er my path; I was not bad, but blind."

LIII.

'Tis true the world has dwelt in darkness long;
 For centuries they had no certain light.
 But were there those in all that mighty throng
 Who could receive truth's shining rays of light?
 Gaze on, gaze on, in candor on the sight,
 Then lift your eyes to those bright worlds above;
 And read the cause of this sad state aright;
 Ask thine own soul if that great God of Love
 Would not have gladly sent His omnipresent dove.

LIV.

And many millions live on earth, and die,
 Who never find the straight and narrow way;
 Good reasons may be also given why
 They have been led unknowingly astray.
 But if men do not live in perfect day,
 A light to every spirit sent is given;
 And if it does not sin against that ray,
 It never into midnight can be driven;
 Such souls will some day rest within the walls of
 heaven.

LV.

All worlds were made that life might have a place
 To manifest its own intrinsic power.
 Though low at first, 'tis sure to grow in grace,
 As blessings fall like rain-drops in a shower.
 From wondrous man, down to the meanest flower,
 No life but feels the mercies of a God.

Were He to cease to nourish for an hour,
 All life would fail and crumble like the sod;
 Worlds would burn black and bare, and never more be
 trod.

LVI.

Where sin doth dwell the waves of darkness flow:
 Where virtue lives bright sunbeams love to play.
 Hence light and dark must ever come and go,
 Till it be proved which one on earth must stay.
 The enemy of each will have his day—
 They are not friends, and never will they meet
 And reconcile their difference in life's fray;
 The one must fall beneath the other's feet;
 They both are strong and bold, and neither will
 retreat.

LVII.

Firm is the tree of evil; it has stood
 When lightnings flashed and deep-toned thunders
 rolled!
 From human flesh it makes its thick-ribbed wood;
 To-day it stands majestic, proud and bold!
 Around the rocks of hell its roots take hold,
 While far toward the heavens its branches spread;
 From burning zone to that of icy cold,
 Toward its shades weak mortals have been led,
 And on its poisonous fruits all nations have been fed.

LVIII.

Beneath its shade the kings of earth have sate,
 And planned how they might make their brethren
 slaves.
 While gorging on its fruit they grew so great
 That they forgot they soon must sleep in graves;
 And that there was a God in heaven who saves
 E'en those whom they have driven from this earth—
 Forgetting all, save that which Satan craves.

They lived and died, and proved by death and birth
That theirs was not the way to make this life of
worth.

LIX.

The tree of evil, rooted deep in hell,
With branches reaching to the starry skies,
Where e'en the angels plucked its fruit and fell
So low that they can scarce hear Mercy's cries,
Cannot be killed by man; in vain he tries
To do that which his God alone can do.
'Tis well while here to fight 'gainst sin and lies,
And be harmonious with the good and true;
For men will all receive their credits when they're
due.

LX.

But sweet it is to feel and know that man—
Though he be weak and tremble at the thought,
Can work with God according to His plan;
But when he turns against God he is nought.
No man who fights to-day, or ever fought
Against Jehovah's work has strength to stand!
For 'tis the truth, and truth cannot be bought
And sold; but it was born to give command—
It lives to rule and reign o'er every sea and land.

LXI.

Far better would it be to live in chains,
In damp, cold caves where sunbeams never play;
Or have your flesh consumed by angry flames,
Than ever live to see that dreadful day
When you will lift your puny arm of clay
Against God's power! for it will surely rule.
And it will stand, though worlds may pass away—
Man is at best but his Great Master's tool.
This lesson should be learned on entering life's great
school.

LXII.

Great kingdoms rise and fall, and pass away;
Yet others build the same and hope to stand.
Yes, in the very "verge of their decay,"
They smile as threatening storms sweep o'er the land.
When, when will proud man come to understand
That greatness must be built upon the truth!
Or it will fall, and perish 'neath time's sand
As sure as that old age will follow youth;—
Inglorious are their fate, whe'er polished or un-
couth.

LXIII.

When empires, built on sandy soil, are crushed,
And with their glory sink 'neath Ruin's wave;
When shining gold is eaten up with rust,
And glowing forms fall in the silent grave,
'Twould seem that man would seek some power to
save.
But no, he builds and loves the same as they,
And sinks in earth, a poor, degraded slave,
When there are noble parts that he might play,
And glory he might win that would not fade away.

LXIV.

Where are the powers that built on sandy soil!
Have not the waves of Time swept them away?
The billions spent, the millions killed with toil
Were all in vain! they sank into decay!
'Tis sad, 'tis sad that nothing comes to stay,
Save that which suffering man doth wish to go.
All else seems like a fleeting summer's day,
Or like a vale new covered o'er with snow,
That sinks into the earth when warm winds o'er it
blow.

LXV.

Are nations now so strong that they can stand
Against the storms that laid their parents low?—

'Tis true they have great wealth at their command,
 Which makes a dazzling, brilliant, outside show.—
 Our ways of spilling blood, they did not know,
 And then, they were not half so *wise* as we.
 Why mark ye well that intellectual glow
 Which shines on nearly every face we see—
 No man so dull but knows the branches from the tree.

LXVI.

'Twas not for lack of learning Satan fell;
 'Twas not because he had not warriors brave;
 He also knew the art of fighting well,
 For since he has instructed many a knave;
 But there was something which his soul did crave,
 So strong that it burned with but one desire:
 It dragged him to a dark, unhallowed grave,
 And kindled in his soul hell's raging fire.—
 His torch of learning made the flame ascend still
 higher.

LXVII.

Go ask a nation if she loves the truth,
 If sweet-faced Virtue smiles within her heart;
 If old age follows not too close on youth,
 And Justice in all her affairs takes part;
 If poisonous drugs do not inflict their smart.
 If "yes" is said to one, and two, and four,
 And "no" to five and three, ye may depart,
 And publish to the world there lives a power
 That God will never strike, that war can ever cower.

LXVIII.

The soul of man was born in yonder heaven;
 Its powers cannot be known in time's short day.
 By storms of strife it has been so far driven
 That it forgets 'tis not formed out of clay,
 And that it did not come on earth to stay.

Its love for home has grown so faint and cold ;
 It has become so used to childish play ;
 That it forgets until its frame is old
 Why here it came, and then its grief cannot be told.

LXIX.

I know not how it is that man can live,
 And never ask his soul from whence it came.
 It *does* seem strange that he this life would give
 That he might win a worthless, earthly name.
 If life were but a fading, flickering flame,
 He could not care what men thought after death ;
 But if 'tis not, he surely is to blame
 For wasting life to gain a voiceless breath,
 Preparing not for that which lives e'en after death.

LXX.

How sad it is that men will toil for fame !
 Expose themselves to storms of bitter hate,
 That they may win an everlasting name ;
 But not that they may win the truly great !
 Upon the cold, bare peaks of fame they've sate
 And howled, and gnashed their teeth at those below,
 As bitterly they cursed the cruel fate
 Which led them mid those clouds of frozen snow,
 Where flowers never bloom, and pure streams never
 flow.

LXXI.

Behold ambition's slave ascend ! His feet
 The sweet flowers press as though they were but dust.
 He starts, and now there can be no retreat ;
 The brooks quench not his thirst—on, on he must.
 Nought on fair earth can quench his burning lust
 For fame—on ! on ! towards that lofty, barren peak.
 Behold, how high ! he now dare scarcely trust
 His fiery eyes—his burning brain can't wreak—
 Alone, he *dare* not gaze ; he knows he *cannot* speak.

LXXII.

Behold! he now stands on that dizzy height
 Alone,—no mate with softening words of love
 To quiet his restless soul, but dark as night
 He stands. Though far from earth, the heavens above
 Seem higher than they were from his lone grove:
 Below, he sees the vale his youth hath trod.
 His glory won, but fame can not remove
 The pain he feels—he's farther from his God
 Than when his feet had pressed the humble valley's
 sod.

LXXIII.

His restless soul is now a glowing blaze!
 His mortal trunk is blasted by the storm!
 A few more painful, wretched, weary days,
 And down it falls to feed the valley worm!
 Not so his *soul*; the fire with it will burn—
 The only hell it knows—it needs no more,
 For it will teach what all in time must learn
 That God's own hand has opened heaven's door,
 And all must enter there to reach a golden shore.

LXXIV.

O, youth, gaze on that proud, majestic form,
 Created in the image of its God,
 And ask thy soul, will it face life's fierce storm
 That in a path of misery it may trod?
 If storms must rage as on through life ye plod,
 Oh, let them beat thy spirit's walls away;
 But do not lay thy body 'neath the sod
 Until it has been led by that bright ray
 Which shines in every soul that e'er saw light of day.

LXXV.

Why climb a mount of fame when there are peaks
 Whose towering crowns reach to the starry sky?

Why grope in night when every one who seeks
 May find that which will never fade and die?
 O tell me, all ye nations, tell me why
 You scorn that which the greatest of you need:
 And nourish with your lives a withering lie,
 And sow within your hearts that poisonous seed,
 The fruit of which will kill all those who on it feed!

LXXVI.

This life is not a dream, but 'tis a part
 Of that which never, never has an end.
 To live it well is sure a noble art,
 And worth the time which we in this way spend.
 How strictly should a man in life attend
 To that which God intended him to do!
 And not waste life because all lines don't blend—
 Beyond the clouds the sky is clear and blue,
 And all will yet be well if man will but be true.

LXXVII.

It seems so clear that every one should seek
 To know the truth, and after he has found
 What is to him the truth, he then should speak
 And act by what he feels is good and sound:
 But if he finds he is not on firm ground,
 He ought to leave and seek another place;
 And not remain to any system bound
 Until he knows 'tis true, but then to face
 Whatever he may meet with calm and God-like grace.

LXXVIII.

'Tis better far to fall in justice' cause,
 Than stand in any cause that is unjust:
 'Tis better far to suffer unjust laws
 Than in those laws to put our faith and trust.
 'Tis hard to be trod down like crumbling dust,
 But even that is better than to tread
 On men, though they be eaten with sin's rust—

Afflictions will fall fast upon each head,
And man is not to judge the living nor the dead.

LXXIX.

Nor should the truth lay dormant in the breast;
It was not born to sleep in soul nor clay.
An honest man who feels it will not rest
Until it is dragged forth to light of day.
He knows that it should not be hid away,
Though many times to teach it is to die.
If he be wise, he dare not with it play;
Nor can ignore its soft, yet earnest cry:
"Keep me not in this cage, I long o'er earth to fly."

LXXX.

A voice within says: "Tell what you do know,"
Another voice says: "Keep it in your breast,"
The first voice says: "Proclaim it, and thus show
That you have done what is the very best."
"O keep it to yourself, and you will rest
From that which else would lead your soul to grief—
Besides, why is it you should be thus blest?
It is not truth: it is a mere belief!
Hold up your head and smile, you're looking like a
thief."

LXXXI.

The first voice bids men leave their happy homes
To meet the world with all its bitter hate.
They know the truth, and it leads them to roam,
Whate'er may be their fortune or their fate.
He who has entered at the narrow gate,
Well knows there will be trials that he must meet;
But what trials can the soul intimidate
Who knows that if 'tis true, it will defeat,
And that beyond the grave its joys will be complete.

LXXXII.

The man who loves the truth must leave his all;
 Yes, e'en his life must not be counted dear.
 With God he stands, and never will he fall,
 Though he be taken from this mortal sphere.
 There is a faith which shines as bright and clear
 As that bright orb that glows in yonder sky.
 No man who feels it ever need to fear
 The storms of hate, though in those storms he die—
 It is the *soul* that lives, and it will float on high.

LXXXIII.

The purest blood that ever flowed through veins
 Has not been left for time to chill with age;
 But it has left on earth its crimson stains
 To satisfy a demon's devilish rage.
 But read aright what's writ on history's page,
 And ask yourself which cause will yet prevail;
 Or if your spirit has become so sage,
 Tell me if he who knows he cannot fail
 Has any cause to weep when enemies assail!

LXXXIV.

'Tis not that mortal man can ever stand,
 Though all his muscles be as hard as steel;
 But he will be supported by a hand,
 The strength of which all men must some time feel.
 We have not, and we never can conceal
 One thing which was ordained to come to light.
 The God who will in time all things reveal
 Has clearly shown the destiny of right,
 And armed His mortal troops, and told them how to
 fight.

LXXXV.

Not with the sword that man has bathed in blood;
 Not with the gun that kills what God would save:

Not with the knife that slays the great and good,
 But with the *power* that bursts the darkest grave,
 And with *truth* that frees the verest slave.
 This is a fight where blood need not be shed,
 But 'tis a fight where soldiers must be brave,
 That when the thunders rattle o'er each head,
 They see beyond the clouds which others so much
 dread.

LXXXVI.

Seek not to hide your secret sins in dark,
 For heaven's light will penetrate the gloom;
 Nor in thy breast, for they will leave a mark
 Which will not be defaced within the tomb;
 Nor bury them in earth; it has no room
 Where secrets can be hid from heaven's light.
 Write on their face: "Go forth to meet thy doom;
 I have not power to hide thee from God's sight"—
 We cannot hide the wrong; we cannot crush the right.

LXXXVII.

Nor seek, proud man, to crush to death the truth—
 Or rather seek to pluck yon stars from heaven;
 For just so sure as age will follow youth,
 So sure it is that truth, though crushed and riven,
 Will yet *arise*, and to her power be given
 To drive her coward foes so far from earth,
 That they will starve to death ere they reach heaven:
 So far that here they'll ne'er receive that birth
 Which opens heaven's gate to all who are of worth.

LXXXVIII.

The truth may sink deep 'neath the waves of lies,
 Or it may lay for ages in the tomb;
 But, like the soul of man, it never dies;
 It in itself has power to bud and bloom.—
 The light will never give way to the gloom:
 The Truth can never lie still in the grave;

But it will rise and grow till there's no room
 For error, save beneath the burning wave—
 All men will some day know it has the power to save.

LXXXIX.

'Tis not forever wickedness shall rule ;
 There comes a day when it will have an end,
 When Virtue will not be made Vice's tool,
 And Sin will find that Strength is not his friend.
 The time and riches men and nation's spend
 In forging chains to bind God's chosen few,
 Could well be used with vantage to defend
 Themselves from what they surely must pass through,
 Unless what prophets say is proved to be untrue.

XC.

The cause of Truth may sometimes seem to fail ;
 Her advocates have fallen in the dust ;
 But Error's strength will not always prevail,
 For brightest swords in time are eat with rust.
 In arm of flesh man should not put his trust,
 Because the strongest is but withering clay :
 But there is something in a cause that's just
 Which lives when all its friends have passed away,
 And greets the rising sun that warms a better day.

XCI.

If truth were not the truth, we would despair ;
 If strength were not in truth, we would be weak ;
 But till this change shall come, we will declare
 That we have rights to think, and act, and speak.
 Think not because our faith has made us weak,
 That it has taught us how to wear a chain,
 Until our souls have sought all they can seek
 To save themselves from the disgrace and pain
 That all true men must feel when Liberty is slain.

XCII.

Sweet are the joys unfaltering faith doth bring ;
 It ought to dwell in every human heart,
 For where it is eternal flowers will spring ;
 It is a balm that heals the keenest smart.
 However sharp may be grief's gleaming dart,
 It can not crush the humble, trusting soul ;
 For that soul will command it to depart ;
 And still press onward to its destined goal!—
 Why was it born in heaven, if it cannot control !

XCIII.

Give me unfaltering faith, and keep your gold ;
 Keep everything that time can fade away !
 What is there in a piece of stone as cold
 As are the graves in which our frames must lay !
 But faith will guide us on the shining way,
 Beyond a brighter world than sin has known ;—
 It is no toy with which a man can play,
 It is the power of *life*, and where 'tis sown
 It grows and bears a fruit which can not be unknown.

XCIV.

The healing power of faith can not be known
 To him who ne'er was wounded by despair ;
 Nor will it live in hearts which will not own
 That Sin has sometime made his dwelling there.
 It is a plant that must be nursed with care,
 And not plucked out as tho' it were a weed.
 The sweet, delicious fruit that it doth bear
 Will testify the virtue of the seed.
 On that delicious fruit all men that live should feed.

XCV.

It is the power of every spirit's life ;
 Take it away, and spirit droops and dies.
 No more you'll see it battling in life's strife
 For that which lifts man to the starry skies.

Behold it as in carnal sleep it lies,—
 Or roaming o'er the land with gleaming eye—
 We know its curses are but Terror's cries!
 In every laugh we hear a ringing cry—
 What man was ever born who lived when faith did
 die!

XCVI.

If 'tis to live to sink 'neath waves of sin,
 To throw away the weapons God has given,
 That man with them eternal life might win,
 And build a home in a celestial heaven;
 If 'twas for this that man to earth was driven,—
 If this be *life*, then come O dreaded *death*.
 The weary soul has failed, and now is riven;
 There's nothing gained by breathing mortal breath—
 Truth is not truth! life is not life! all, all decayeth.

XCVII.

This world may boast, and try to think 'tis wise;
 But man is in the dark with all its light.
 He comes to earth and lives awhile, then dies,
 And all is hushed in death's dark, dismal night.
 No lamp of earth can make death's chamber bright,
 Nor shed one ray behind the silent tomb;
 No torch that man can kindle drives from sight
 Those clouds that fill the sufferer's world with gloom,
 When his sweet flower of love on earth has ceased to
 bloom.

XCVIII.

Behold a world where millions live and die!
 Where joy and sorrow each has claimed a place;
 Where oft we hear the sufferer's painful cry,
 And oft we see the happy, beaming face.
 On, on we go and still there is no trace
 Of where we go, or why on earth we came.
 It does seem strange, but not so strange a case

As that one where there is no praise nor blame,
Where man will live and die, and never ask his name.

XCIX.

The meaning of this life can not be found
Outside the Gospel of the Son of God.
Men try to delve its secrets from the ground,
But spirits do not grow in crumbling sod.
Wise men scorn those who grasp the iron rod ;
But they sink in their graves and never know
Why men should come a mortal path to trod ;
The meaning of their living here below ;
Or e'en from whence they came, or where at death
they go.

C.

There is a vale where brave souls love to meet ;
At morn and noon and night they gather there.
Life's weary traveler here finds comfort sweet,—
It is the Vale, the hallowed Vale of Prayer.
However mean may be the robes ye wear,
However weak may be your mortal frame,
The angels welcome all, and nurse with care
All those who ever to that Valley came ;
The prince, the king, the slave, are loved and cheered
the same.

CI.

This lovely Vale, I oft in youth have sought,
When childhood's grief disturbed my tender mind.
While resting in its groves, I oft have thought
That God had made this Vale for all mankind ;
For I have thought that every soul could find,
Beneath its shady groves, a sweeter rest,
Than can be found on thrones where kings have
pined,
Or in the halls of wealth, where life's a jest—
Here, here in nature's arms man fondly is caressed.

CII.

O ye who press that ever sacred sod,
 Remember there's the place to bend the knee.
 Pour forth thy soul in earnest prayer to God
 That Adam's sons and daughters may be free ;
 That man may learn to shun that evil tree,
 The fruit of which has made his soul a slave,
 Who sighs and groans, and thinks these things
 must be ;
 That Freedom cannot live this side the grave ;
 That from this lowly shame there is no power to save.

CIII.

When love first taught my youthful heart to feel
 The joys and pains that only love has known,
 Then on that lowly sod I oft did kneel,
 And as I prayed, my sorrows swift have flown.
 Then joy so sweet, I hardly dare to own,
 Would fill my soul and calm my restless heart.
 Till I have felt, when in that Vale alone,
 That it was good to feel grief's stinging smart,
 Since joy could never come until grief did depart.

CIV.

But she I loved did never wander there.
 In somber moods I always went alone ;
 And as I knelt before my God in prayer,
 My bosom sins I there did freely own.
 I know not where the time has gone that's flown,
 But it has changed that child into a man.
 Yet oft I feel as though I were not grown,
 For when a child I drew a different plan,
 And when I gaze on it, life has not yet begun.

CV.

O Love! I oft have sought to clasp thy form ;
 To gaze into thy beaming eyes of flame,

And read the secrets of thy wondrous charm,
To learn why thou hast gained immortal fame.
No serf so low who has not heard thy name;
No king so great who has not felt thy power—
My soul would know from whence thy dear form came,
And how it is that thou canst make men cower,
Who 'gainst all else do stand like some lone, lofty
tower.

CVI.

When man is bound to one he loves, 'tis sad
To know those bonds are mortal and must break;
But 'tis enough to drive him raving mad
When they are burst before he can awake
From love's sweet dream. All efforts he may make
To swim against the waves of grief and pain,
Are like the efforts of a silvery flake
That stoops to kiss the wave and rise again
To join its myriad mates in clouds of frozen rain.

CVII.

There lies the dead, her sweet lips cold and pale;
The lips that trembled on thine own with love.
They answer not, e'en though thy moaning wail
Should startle life in worlds that float above.
What is there left thee now when that white dove
Lies withering like the dust beneath thy feet.
Can loving friends command those lips to move,
Or bid the waves of sorrow to retreat?
Ah, no; all, all is lost if loved ones never meet.

CVIII.

Cursed be the bonds which taught me to believe
The love was mine which now I cannot claim!
That gave me joy, but leave me here to grieve,
'Mid storms that waste my spirit's mortal frame;
Without one hope to cheer, without one joy to name.
Bound by a bond that bursts when death draws near;

And death has come—where is there wrong or blame?
 I only hoped, and now I have no fear,
 For I have learned 'twas wrong to hold an angel dear.

CIX.

Oh, mocking life! Oh, world of bitter woe!
 Where hope, and joy, and love, live but to die!
 Have you one gem in all your gaudy show
 Which found would hush the spirit's longing cry?
 I cannot love again; I dare not try
 To love that which I know must fade away—
 Still I do long to love, and fain would fly—
 If I had wings—beyond the orb of day
 To find something to love that never would decay.

CX.

When Pain would aim his arrow at my heart,
 She always felt his steel more keen than I;
 And I have almost longed to feel his dart,
 That I might hear my loved one breathe a sigh.
 For her to live on earth, and me to die,
 Could not have been, but as it is 'tis sad;
 But I have felt, and still feel bound to try.
 But were it not for faith I would go mad,
 Nor ever love the good, nor ever hate the bad.

CXI.

Can churlish priest, who stoops o'er my fair dead,
 With hardened heart and narrow soul of lies,
 Pronounce a blessing on my drooping head?
 Or hush my spirit's agonizing cries?
 Away! away! in vain, in vain he tries
 To hide that look of narrow-minded shame;
 But there is something in those vacant eyes
 That tells me he has stole his place and name:
 That life and death with him is a lucrative game.

CXII.

Were there a place ten thousand miles away
 Where lived a man who represented God,

I'd never rest a moment, night nor day,
 But seek him, though 'twere burning sands I trod;
 Though not one spring refreshed the barren sod,
 I'd start, and hope and pray to reach that place—
 And I would not accept a simple nod,
 But with my soul I'd read that being's face;
 And tell him God's frail son had come to ask for grace.

CXIII.

I'd ask him if my Father and my God
 Had kindled fires of love within my breast,
 But that they might burn cold, when 'neath the sod
 The form of her I loved was lain to rest.
 Is life and love and hope and faith a jest?
 Or, man of God, can you some comfort give?
 If there's a home where mortals shall be blessed,
 I wish to know about it while I live,
 Then I will ask my God to all my sins forgive.

CXIV.

I do not ask you if she still has life,
 For, in my soul, I feel she cannot die;
 But will she in the next world be my wife?
 And if not, will Your Grace please tell me why?
 Art thou a man of God, and cannot tie
 A knot but needs must burst before 'tis tied?
 Has love a mansion in the starry sky?
 Then can you not have lasting bonds applied,
 That man may clasp again his loved and loving
 bride?

CXV.

If Love be not an 'habitant of heaven,
 Then heaven has lost what gave it that sweet name:
 As well it is to be in darkness driven,
 As sit on thrones where burns not Love's pure flame.
 If it live there, it must be very tame
 If it doth sit and fold its arms alone:—
 Man has no wife, but still he loves the same—

Such love's as cold and barren as a stone;
And is a love no man would ever wish to own.

CXVI.

A lie, though written on an angel's brow,
Would throw a shade o'er that celestial sheet.
However high it is exalted now,
It must descend ere God's work is complete.
Those who now worship it will yet retreat;
Their gleaming swords will soon corrode with rust:
Their ashes will be trodden 'neath the feet
Of those who learn to put their living trust
In Him Whose glowing Form shines o'er Death's vale
of dust.

CXVII.

It may be hidden 'neath a breast of snow,
Within the secret chambers of a heart
That thrills with anguish at another's woe,
As though it had received a poisonous dart;
It may dwell in a soul that can impart
To others all it ever has received,
But it must from those secret cells depart,
In order that their souls may be relieved—
He who will trust in it will by it be deceived.

CXVIII.

'Tis hard to give up what we thought was true,
E'en when we are convinced that 'tis a lie;
But that is what we mortals have to do,
In being taught by Him who dwells on high.
Our ideals wither 'neath His searching eye;
With tears we watch them fade before our gaze.
But after we have checked the natural sigh,
We gaze again, and Faith's star sheds its blaze
O'er *His* celestial forms, none of which e'er decays.

CXIX.

He who will give up what he knows is false,
May suffer transient pangs, but he will find

That though the truth unpitifully assaults
 The false creations of his feverish mind.
 She never is, if truly loved, unkind ;
 But will create forms beautiful and real.
 She would strike off the fetters that now bind
 The souls of men, and they would learn to feel
 That they had found a sword wrought out of choicest
 steel.

CXX.

It is the sword used by the living God
 In fighting with the mighty hosts of hell.
 His Son broke His and thrust it 'neath the sod,
 Then chose another that we all know well.
 His warriors bravely fought and bravely fell
 To earth ; and here the battle-drum is heard.
 The dirges of the war-song wildly swell—
 O heed the Great Commander's every word ;
 Let every pulse of life with zeal for right be stirred .

CXXI.

Why do I speak? Because I have a voice,
 And God has filled my brain with thoughts of fire.
 Two paths before me lay : I took my choice,
 And now whate'er God shows me I admire.
 If it be an unnatural desire
 To give that which my soul can never keep,
 Then I plead guilty ; but I would inquire,
 Where are the fields in which the world can reap
 An evidence of this? If found, my soul shall weep.

CXXII.

The world now knows that it has been deceived—
 At least the wisest ministers have found
 That many things which Christians have believed
 Cannot within the lines of truth be bound—
 Indeed, a man no need to be profound

To know there's not ten thousand roads to heaven ;
 For evidences everywhere abound
 That there's but one—no other God has given ;
 And even from that way man has been lost or driven.

CXXIII.

But hush !—my axe would not destroy the tree
 Beneath whose shade poor, suffering man finds rest.
 From what he loves I would not bid him flee,
 If death were not in what he has caressed.
 If 'neath that shade he thinks his soul is blessed,
 What would he think if in the grove of God ?
 There Beauty in celestial robes is dressed,
 And flowers eternal spring forth from the sod—
 Why do men hesitate to grasp "the iron rod?"

CXXIV.

Ah, could I take him gently by the arm,
 And lead him to that wilderness of flowers,
 Where everything that can the spirit charm
 Is waving round the Gospel's shady bowers !
 Where blessings fall in sweet, celestial showers :
 Where Faith greets Reason with a tender kiss,
 And both awake the spirit's sleeping powers,
 While they connect the worlds above with this,
 And cheer man on his way to vales of perfect bliss !

CXXV.

He soon would see the tree that he had loved
 Was leafless, branchless, crumbling to decay.
 Its roots by tempests of the Truth are moved,
 And soon it will be swept from earth away.
 The lightnings of God's wrath around it play—
 He has decreed the mighty tree shall fall.
 We only warn man that he should not stray
 Too near the blasted trunk. Oh, hear the call !
 And move within the grove, around which is God's
 wall.

CXXVI.

What man can stay the anger of our God?
 His breath the empires of the earth can crush!
 A single blow from His avenging rod,
 And worlds are withered like a lifeless rush.
 The world now boasts, but when He bids it "Hush,"
 The echoes of its voice will fade and die,
 And everything that's guilty then will blush
 With shame; and from His presence fain would fly
 To deepest caves of hell, from His all-searching eye.

CXXVII.

His eyes, filled with celestial tears of love,
 Have long upon this fallen world been beaming;
 His voice has been the sweet voice of a dove;
 His blessings have upon all men been streaming.
 He hung his lamp in heaven; and by its gleaming
 His children have been guided here and there,
 And when it has gone out, and man was dreaming,
 He still has watched him with paternal care—
 His blessings are for all, and all have had their share.

CXXVIII.

Woe to this fallen world whene'er those eyes
 Are kindled with just anger's awful flame!
 They then shall flash like meteors through the skies,
 And wither many a mortal's glowing frame!
 The wicked then will crouch with fear and shame,
 And call for rocks to hide them from His sight.
 The atheist, too, will learn to lisp His name,
 And Justice then shall wave the sword of Right
 O'er everything that lives with dignity and might.

CXXIX.

Woe to this world whene'er that still, small voice
 Hurls forth on earth the waves of anger's power!
 The nations who in wickedness rejoice
 May stand today, but then they all shall cover!

They all shall wither like a blasted flower ;
 Their idols will be crushed to ashy dust—
 Inevitable!—the future brings that hour,
 Unless the wicked learn to be more just,
 And in the living God place all their hopes and trust.

CXXX.

Woe to that power that fights against our God!
 Though wealth of worlds be placed at her command,
 Though planets shake as warriors' press their sod!
 Know this, ye worlds, she has not strength to stand.
 The campaigns of Jehovah have been planned
 By One who knew the power of truth and right!
 His banner yet shall wave o'er every land ;
 His sun of truth will fill the world with light,
 And hand to hand He'll fight the mighty prince of
 night!

CXXXI.

The awful debt of Justice must be paid,
 Nor Mercy's tears can wash away his claims.
 He stands in dazzling robes of white arrayed,
 Nor weeps with pity o'er the one he blames.
 He waves the torch that fills the world with flames—
 There is no power can wrench it from his hand!
 When spirits shriek and leave their blistered frames,
 They then will know 'tis not a blazeless brand,
 And that 'twas no light thing to scorn a God's com-
 mand.

CXXXII.

The waves of darkness flow o'er all the world,
 Because the world has loved those dreary waves ;
 The Gospel's flag has not yet been unfurled,
 Because it never floats o'er cowering slaves.
 The dove (the Holy Spirit) never laves
 In waves of darkness, but its wings are spread
 O'er everything that tender Mercy saves,
 When tears of true repentance have been shed ;
 And its celestial wings shine o'er the sleeping dead.

CXXXIII.

Oh, may God's Spirit ever be our guide;
 And may we ever hush our hearts to hear
 Its sweet, celestial voice till we reside
 With those we held and still do hold so dear.
 Be not afraid, for God is ever near—
 The sorrows of the heart expand the soul,
 Above the clouds the sun is shining clear;
 Be patient, and the dreary clouds will roll,
 And when we have been proved Grief's bell will cease
 to toll.

CXXXIV.

Behind the darkest cloud there is a light;
 Beyond the fartherest hill there is a vale;
 Above the loftiest peak in human sight
 There loom high summits that man yet shall scale.
 Sad, sad indeed may be the sufferer's tale,
 But angels soon shall kindly call him home.
 Their songs of love will hush his moaning wail;
 No more forever shall the wanderer roam;
 How sweet 'twill be to dwell within that glorious
 dome!

1890-91.

TO A LOVED ONE IN PARADISE.

THE pleasures of life may attract me,
 And may smother a few moments' pain;
 But the grief of my soul most distracts me
 When I think we shall ne'er meet again.

The birds in the grove are still singing;
 The flowers smile sweet in their bloom;
 But her glad voice no more I hear ringing,
 For 'tis hushed in the dust of the tomb.

The wild deer still bounds o'er the mountains,
And bathes his hot flanks in the lake;
The pure streams still gush from their fountains,
But my thirst never more will they slake.

I left my sweet home full of gladness;
I returned—'tis a home never more,
For the one who could cheer all my sadness
Has now crossed to eternity's shore.

'Tis strange that the loss of a loved one
Can darken the whole world with gloom;
No light, save one ray that is streaming
From the sun that shines back of the tomb.


No power on this earth shall e'er darken
That ray that illumines my soul;
It tells me the dead shall awaken
And live while eternities roll.

Every day that I live I am nearer
That home where my soul shall find rest;
Every moment I breathe it seems dearer,
To hope that I'll meet with the blest.

When my work on this earth is completed,
When my short race of life has been run,
When the cold hand of Time has defeated
The work that my youth first begun,

Sweet Angel of Death, I shall greet thee,
And clasp thy cold form to my breast.
In life I have oft sought to meet thee,
For I know that thou bringeth me rest.

OUR DEEDS WILL FOLLOW US.


 HAT our deeds will follow us yonder
 Is a truism well understood;
 And that's why I often-times ponder
 O'er my deeds, both the bad and the good.

I try to gaze frankly and boldly
 On the scenes that forever have passed;
 To judge unimpassioned and coldly
 Of my life which has sped on so fast.

E'en as a leaf thrown in the river
 Have I floated down life's foaming stream;
 And so I shall float on forever,
 Yet I feel that my life's not a dream.

Ah, no, it is true; I am living,
 And I know that my soul cannot die;
 Experience this life is giving
 Which will be of worth to me on high.

A crown of celestial glory!
 Can it ever be won without pain?
 Ah, no; we must write this life's story—
 Though 'tis sad, we must never complain.

Complain? Why, we're here on a mission!
 We are here, sons and daughters of God,
 To tread down unrighteous ambition,
 And to walk where the angels have trod.

My deeds—ah, the good ones are shining
 Like the beautiful stars of the night;
 But the bad, serpent-like, are entwining
 Round my green, spreading tree of delight.

That our deeds will follow us yonder
 Is a truism well understood;
 And that's why all men should oft ponder
 O'er their deeds, both the bad and the good.

Sept. 16, 1890.

SORROW'S LESSONS.

HERE are lessons sorrow teaches
 That expand the human heart;
 There are sermons that it preaches
 Loftier than are reached by art.
 And the ringing tones of gladness
 Never thrill the human soul,
 Like the soft, sweet tones of sadness
 Bursting forth without control.

When bright, glowing orbs were streaming
 With the floods of holy pain,
 O'er the star whose glorious beaming
 We shall never see again,
 Then the lamp of inspiration
 Has burned brightly in man's breast,
 Telling him that all creation,
 Both in life and death, are blessed.

The sad loved ones who are weeping
 For the one who passed away,
 Are all in the Lord's safe keeping,
 And their night will change to day;
 For the darkest, saddest picture
 That a skeptic's brush can paint
 Will shine forth with living splendor
 When 'tis finished by a saint.

Gather round the cherished flower
That the frosts of death have killed;
Do not stay the gentle shower
That a bursting heart has spilled;
For, as darkling clouds grow brighter
When the rain-drops take their leave,
So will human hearts grow lighter
When with tears the mourners grieve.

Did we feel no pain at parting,
We would feel no joy to meet;
Did we never taste the bitter,
We could never sense the sweet;
Did our loved ones never perish,
They would not seem half so dear;
For we often fail to cherish
Even angels while they're here.

When the loved ones have been covered
With the humble valley's sod,
And the soul that round you hovered
Has gone forth to meet its God,
Then resolve, with His assistance,
That 'gainst all that is not right,
You will offer strong resistance,
And will conquer in life's fight.

If you loved the one departed,
Work, and humbly trust in God;
He will heal the broken-hearted
Who the path of honor trod;
But we cannot reach that valley
Where joy fills the human soul,
Till we've sailed upon that ocean
Where the waves of sorrow roll.

WHY SHOULD YE FALTER?

§ AINTS of God, why should ye falter
 When the war-clouds round ye lower?
 Lay your all upon the altar,
 As ye oft have done before;
 Everything that God has given
 Freely place at His command,
 And ye never shall be driven
 From the rock on which ye stand.

Floods may wash the mighty mountains
 To the raging, restless deep;
 Fire may burn the gushing fountains
 Ere they spring from where they sleep;
 God may smite each mighty nation
 Till it sinks 'neath ruin's wave,
 But the rock of your salvation
 Is the refuge of the brave.

When the clouds around ye darkle,
 And the thunders roll above,
 Let that fire within you sparkle
 Which was kindled by God's love;
 Show the world that Christian meekness
 Is not cowardice and fear,
 And that strength exists in weakness
 When men's consciences are clear.

Are there any who dare cower
 When they hear the war-drum beat?
 Who would kneel before that power
 Which treads truth beneath its feet?
 Who would shrink before the dangers
 That their Captain bids them face?
 Let them go, they are not strangers
 To dishonor and disgrace.

No such men e'er won the freedom
 Of this great and glorious land;
 They are counted in that army
 Known as "Fortune's Favored Band;"
 And the God of earth and heaven
 Needs them not to fight His cause;
 From His ranks they will be driven
 By the ones who scorn His laws.

There are angels up in heaven
 Whom the Savior can command,
 Yet the privilege is given
 Man to join His chosen band;
 But 'tis He who leads His forces,
 Those above and those below;
 And His chariots and His horses
 With bright, dazzling splendor glow.

Not alone are we weak mortals
 Fighting in this deadly fight.
 Far beyond death's gloomy portals
 There are warriors clothed in white;
 There our Captain stands in glory,
 Lifting high His shining blade,
 While His warriors both in heaven
 And on earth stand undismayed.

Jan. 1, 1891.

MUST WE PART?

MUST we part to-night forever?
 Are our dreams of love all o'er?
 Must the hearts which beat together
 Beat apart forever more?

I had hoped—but all is over;
 I will not, my love, complain.
 I can never be thy lover,
 Though I feel a lover's pain.

There will come a bright to-morrow;
 Yes, I know the sun will rise.
 I'll not be a slave to sorrow,
 Though my star fell from the skies.

Now, one kiss and I will leave you:
 You have said it—we must part.
 For the world I would not grieve you,
 Though I keenly feel grief's dart.

I must leave thee broken-hearted,
 But you deem 'tis for the best.
 We have met and loved and parted,
 And will trust God for the rest.

THE WITHERED FLOWERS.

WITHERED and dead are the flowers that she gave
 me;

The dews of my sadness have fallen in vain.
 Sweet token of love, I have thought I could save thee
 By cheering thy life with the showers of my pain.

But vain were my hopes! life from thee has departed;
 Gone is thy fragrance, and withered thy bloom,
 Zet here where I lay thee a germ has been started
 Whose blossom shall wave o'er the dust of the
 tomb.

'Tis the sweet germ of love, and it never can perish;
 The white frosts of death are its life's sweetest dew.
 'Tis a germ that the life of my spirit will cherish
 When the heart has been withered in which it once
 grew.

Ah, my sweet, withered flowers, all their beauty has
 faded ;
 The fair hand that plucked them is withering clay.
 The dark cloud has appeared that forever has shaded
 The orb that illumines mortality's day.

Ah, my sweet, withered flowers, thy dear ashes shall
 cover
 The heart that now moistens thy dry, faded leaves,
 Till my darling returns to conduct her sad lover
 Where the eyes never weep, and the heart never
 grieves.

May 15, 1891.

TO ANNIE.

WHEN I saw those bright orbs bathed in "warm
 dews of sadness,"
 And heard the deep sigh that thy heart could not
 keep,
 Do not think that my spirit lost none of its gladness,
 Because it was not given power to weep.

Do not think, my dear friend, because no word was
 spoken,
 My soul did not thrill with an earnest desire
 To comfort the heart that I knew was near broken,
 And quench the hot flames of thy grief's raging
 fire.

No, my heart would have gladly received thy heart's
sorrow,

My spirit would gladly have felt thy soul's pain;
But we cannot direct grief's invisible arrow,
Nor purge out with wishes its deep crimson stain.

I remember in childhood the kiss of a mother
Could gladden the heart that was throbbing with
grief,

But since then I've felt pangs that the kiss of another,
One dearer than life, could not bring me relief.

It may be, dearest friend, while I write you are weep-
ing,

For hearts crushed and broken heal not in a day;
And remembrance of those who are quietly sleeping
Oft sadden our souls till they burst through their
clay.

I can only remind you the dead are still living,
That what we call death is a glorious birth;
That these trials to our spirits our Father is giving
To fit them to dwell on an eternal earth.

I would also remind you that hearts crushed and
broken

Can be by the power of God quickly healed:
Believe in the kind words that our Savior has spoken,
Nor doubt not the truths which to-day are revealed.

The dread Angel of Death is an angel of beauty;
He comes to direct toiling man to his home;
And the being who lives for his God and his duty,
Never cowers with fear when that Angel doth come.

I shall never forget how we met—how we parted:
While life thrills this casket, my spirit shall pray
For the maiden who sat by my side broken-hearted,
As we gazed on that fair form of withering clay.

May the blessings of God fall upon thee like showers,
 That joy may again find a place in thy heart;
 May thy pathway be strewn with the fairest of flowers,
 Till you meet those you love where friends never
 shall part.

May 27, 1890.

LINES ADDRESSED TO——.

GES, my love, I have seen many faces
 That have shone with a beauty divine,
 But with all their soft sweetness and graces,
 To me there is no face like thine.

When I gaze on thy supernal beauty,
 What I feel mortal tongue cannot tell:
 If to love were my soul's only duty,
 Then my soul would perform it too well.

And thy heart is as true and as tender
 As the hearts of the angels above—
 Ah, fair maid, do not make an offender
 Of the one you have promised to love.

When those bright orbs upon me are shining,
 How my soul thrills with raptures of bliss!
 When those white arms are round me entwining
 And our lips fondly meet in a kiss,

Then I feel that this cold world's unkindness
 Has taught me to value thy worth;
 And that love, whether madness or blindness,
 Is the whole of our heaven on earth.

June 1, 1891.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

OH, her face is sweet and pretty,
 And at times she is so kind,
 That it seems to me a pity
 She has such a giddy mind.

Yes, she loves the country dances,
 And she always has a beau;
 But he gets not half her glances,
 And she soon will bid him go.

She is like a forest fairy;
 Just to see her is a treat,
 For she's always gay and merry,
 And she always looks so sweet.

If she only had the training,
 She would make some man a wife;
 But I fear he'd hear complaining
 Ere she settled down in life.

If you saw her beaux around her
 You would think she were a queen:
 But the right one has not found her.
 Tho' I think she is sixteen.

She has one beau tall and homely,
 With a lantern for a cheek;
 And another short and comely,
 But too innocent to speak.

She's another with a shoulder
 Like a butcher's round of beef;
 And a lean one ten years older,
 But she brings them all to grief.

She treats them all with kindness,
 And she looks so like a dove
 That each gawky, in his blindness,
 Thinks he is her only love.

But I think there'll be a slaughter
 Soon among this motley crew,
 If that farmer's lovely daughter
 Doesn't learn a thing or two.

June 2, 1891.

"ARISE, O MY SOUL!"

ARISE, O my soul! from the couch of thy slum-
 bers;

Too long thou hast rested on soft beds of ease;
 Tho' humble thy voice and imperfect thy numbers,
 Let not the warm blood of exertion now freeze.

Remember the days of thy sorrow and sadness;
 Forget not the lessons that thy grief has taught;
 That labors of love will conduct man to gladness;
 That good can be found, if it only is sought.

While warm blood of life through these channels are
 flowing,

And these wondrous hands are not bound with a
 chain;

While manifold blessings my God is bestowing,
 My spirit should toil, and should never complain.

But I must confess that it often feels weary,
 And sighs for its sweet home so far, far away;
 And the path of my life seems so lonely and dreary,
 When dreaming of one who was too dear to stay.

My God will I trust in these days of probation;
 His Spirit will shine through the gloom of my soul.
 I'll fight for His cause, 'tis the day of salvation—
 No, baseness shall not bring me under control.

Arise, O my soul! from the dust of thy slumbers;
 Oh, why should ye seek for a cradle of ease?
 The proud world may scorn the weak strains of thy
 numbers,
 But weak as they are, there are souls they will
 please.

July 13, 1891.

A JEALOUS LOVER.

YES, it is true, I have written a letter,
 Asking her why she has treated me so;
 Telling her that she must treat me much better,
 If she don't wish me to tell her to go.

I shall not break my heart over a maiden,
 For there's so many of them in the world;
 And she my spirit with trouble has laden,
 Till my war-flag has at last been unfurled.

I have been told that true love is but blindness,
 But I have seen, and can now clearly see,
 That she has faults, and her cruel unkindness
 Has more than once played the mischief with me.


Yet there was love in the eyes that were beaming
 Like the bright stars as we sat here that night,
 When the soft moon-beams in white waves were stream-
 ing
 Through the dark branches that waved in their
 light.

Oh, if she only would listen to reason,
 We could be happy, of that I am sure;
 But she insists that to flirt is not treason,
 And that I cannot, nor will not endure.

Yes, I am glad that I wrote her that letter,
 Asking her why she has treated me so;
 Telling her that she must treat me much better,
 And if she don't—I shall tell her to go!

July 15, 1891.

WHERE I WOULD HAVE MY HOME.

H, give me a home where the wild birds are
 singing,
 I sigh for the charms of the cool, shady grove,
 Where concordant sounds are forever heard ringing,
 And everything shines with the brightness of love.

Oh, take me away from the charms of the city,
 I hate its confusion, its turmoil and strife;
 My eyes fill with tears and my heart aches with pity
 For those who are forced to lead such a dull life.

If one whom I loved did not love the wild flowers
 That blossom and wave o'er the dark fertile, plain,
 If she paused not to rest 'neath the grove's shady
 bowers,
 My heart would be pierced with the arrow of pain.

I have stood in the grove when the thunders did rattle,
 When lightnings hurled giant trees dead at my feet,
 When all nature's forces rushed forward to battle,
 All this to my soul was congenial and sweet.

When thunders are hushed and red lightnings have
vanished,

When trumpets of war are not heard any more;
When gloom of the clouds from their presence is ban-
ished,


And angry convulsions of nature are o'er,

Then my spirit responds to the spirit of calmness
That broods o'er the forces which erst were so wild;
And nature caresses my soul with a fondness
That long ago won the sad heart of her child.

Oh, give me a home where the wild birds are singing,
I sigh for the charms of the cool, shady grove,
Where concordant tones are forever heard ringing;
I long to dwell there with the maiden I love.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

 HIS life is like a summer evening's dream;
 We now are here, but long we cannot stay.
 E'en as a leaf that's thrown in yonder stream,
 And toward the ocean is fast borne away;
 So we, like leaves, upon life's stream do play.
 Our efforts weak can never stay the tide.
 Whe'er tossed and tumbled by the surging spray,
 Or smoothly o'er its glassy surface glide,
 Time's stream still bears us on toward that ocean
 wide.

The sun of life, with golden rays of light,
 Now shines on him whose youthful hand
 Doth trace these lines; but soon death's clouds of
 night

Will gather o'er his head, and then no place
 Can e'er be found upon this world's broad face
 Where friend or foe will meet with him again:
 But somewhere in the realms of boundless space
 He still shall live, for life cannot be slain.
 Immortal is the soul; o'er all things it shall reign.

I dare not love, with all the power of love,
 A being that these mortal eyes have seen;
 But in those realms of bliss, far, far above,
 There reign a Mighty King and lovely Queen.
 With them I know my burning soul has been.
 Father! Mother! in pity hear my cries!
 Grant that thy son, while in this mortal dream!
 May not, through sin, break those endearing ties
 That bind man to his God and chain the earth and
 skies.

Far sooner would I hear Death Angel's call
 Than see that form, in whate'er shape it came.
 Approach that e'en could cause my spirit's fall,
 And rob me of that hoped-for place and name.
 'Tis far beyond the crumbling peaks of fame!
 My spirit's home !the vale I've seen in dreams!
 Where cowering Guilt will hang his head in shame.
 E'en on the banks of those Elysian streams,
 Where my soul roamed in youth and mused on glori-
 ous themes.

I mourn not that I soon must fall asleep,
 And that my frame must moulder in the clay;
 But, oh, these eyes would never cease to weep,
 If in this world I ever had to stay.
 This life is but a darkling night, one ray
 Shines forth to guide us through the midnight gloom;
 But, oh, how bright must be that orb of day
 Which glows behind the cold and silent tomb,
 Where hopes can never fade and flowers forever
 bloom!

Why should we mourn because we all must die ?
What is there here on earth that we do find
That makes us dread to float to yonder sky,
And leave our pains and sorrows far behind ?
What is this dread that seizes all mankind ?
Is it to die, or being dead they fear ?
'Tis a disease fed by the guilty mind
That makes man tremble when his friend draws near,
To guide him to a home which all men love so dear.

When soul doth leave this withering, mortal clay
That chains it to this little mound of earth,
Perchance it feels how long has been its stay
From that bright world where spirits had their birth.
Perchance 'tis pained to note the hush of mirth,
But joy must fill its breast to now behold
That brilliant home, which is of greater worth
Than all that can be bought with shining gold,
Than all that time can stamp with that sad seal of old.

'Tis sweet to know that death can do no harm
To life, though it may change its form and place.
It has no sting, but seems to have a charm
For those who bravely look it in the face.
We do not wish to always keep our place
As mortal beings, though we fain would stay
Until our God has called us from this race
To one which still leads upward to the day;
There is no cause to mourn when good men pass
away.

More cause is there to mourn for those who stay;
We know not what their after life may be.
They now may dwell within the light of day;
The night will come, and then they may not see.
We are not saved ; we never can be free
Till we have placed all sin beneath our feet,
And ceased to pluck the fruit from Folly's tree,

And learned to seek for fruit that is more sweet,
The fruit that is to make the spirit's joys complete.

Our loved ones would not come to earth again.
They left what we in time will gladly leave.
No mortal being can be free from pain;
No heart so hard that does not sometimes grieve.
But 'tis a lesson learned when we believe
That Sorrow is a teacher in Life's school,
And that she is one who will not deceive,
But show a man what passions in him rule;
There is no fire of grief that tears will not help cool.

I love to think of those who've passed away,
Who won that which none but the brave can win;
For though their dust lies mingling with the clay,
'Twill glow around their spirits bright again.
No more they'll hear life's battle's dreadful din,
Where blood flows like the bursting clouds of rain;
No more they'll feel the poisonous darts of sin,
For they have felt and borne a mortal's pain,
And proved to God and man that they were fit to
reign.

But we, weak mortals, still must keenly feel
The gleaming, deadly poisoned darts of hate,
Which all who place upon their brow the seal
By which they enter at the narrow gate,
Have ever felt. There are no truly great
Whose paths are through "a wilderness of flowers."
But, in a sense, how sad has been the fate
Of those who have communed with heavenly powers,
And listened to their souls in trial's darkest hours!

PLEASURE-SEEKERS.

PLEASURE-SEEKERS oft invite me
 To enjoy the canyon breeze,
 As it rustles through the branches
 Of the tall, majestic trees ;
 Oft invite me to the sea-shore
 Where the sounding billows roll—
 “Throw away those musty papers,
 And refresh thy drooping soul.”

Pleasure-seekers! pleasure-seekers!
 They abound in every town.
 Some are rushing to the mountains,
 Others seek the meadow's brown ;
 Others seek the bounds of ocean
 Where they while their lives away
 In a reckless, easy fashion—
 This is pleasure, so they say.

Ah, I love the boundless ocean,
 And I love its rock-bound coast.
 There I've watched the distant vessels
 That were on its bosom tossed ;
 And the music of its billows
 Has oft lulled my soul to rest,
 As I stood there worn and wasted,
 Sad, disheartened and distressed.

And I love the sable shadow
 Of the matchless mountain grove—
 Ah, my words are blown to atoms
 By the tempest of my love.
 He can never love it better
 Who has power to paint its sheen ;
 Nor will pleasure-seekers find there
 Anything I have not seen.

But I've seen so many seekers
 After pleasure in this world,
 That the name to me is hateful,
 For there are so many hurled
 To the darkest pits of sorrow
 Who are seeking after joy—
 Men to pluck the fruits of pleasure
 Will the seeds of it destroy.

Yes, my soul is often weary,
 And my heart is often sad;
 There are times when life seems dreary,
 There are times when I feel bad.
 And I had my picnic ready
 For a year and forty days,
 Looking out for pleasure *finders*,
 Yet I saw no camp-fire's blaze.

But at last I saw a party
 Who were seeking after right;
 They were groping in the darkness,
 And were toiling when 'twas light.
 I was tired of seeking pleasure,
 For it seemed so far away,
 So I joined this little party;
 There I found it, strange to say.

God will give the spirit pleasure
 That will learn to do His will,
 And from truth's exhaustless fountain
 It can freely drink its fill.
 It will shine with holy angels
 When those seekers howl below—
 Aye, 'twill shine above the angels
 Where celestial bodies glow.

Aug. 1, 1891.

LINES TO ——.

Written immediately after a short spell of sickness.

ALL the days of my illness have vanished,
 And I now feebly bend o'er this page,
 That the thoughts may return which were banished,
 When I sank 'neath the dread fever's rage.

When the fire of the fever was burning
 In the blood that when normal is warm,
 Then my spirit was hopefully yearning
 For the stroke of Death's powerful arm.

And I saw myself quietly sleeping
 In the dust of the cold, silent grave;
 As friends turned away moaning and weeping
 From the mound where soon wild flowers will wave.

And the angels of God took my spirit
 To that home where I've oft longed to go;
 There I saw what the just will inherit
 When their work is completed below.

But I saw one on earth sad and lonely;
 Unfeigned sorrow was writ on her brow.
 All the rest had departed, she only
 Stooped to weep o'er my lonely grave now.

Then she gathered the fairest of flowers,
 Till she covered my grave's dreary sod;
 And her tears fell upon them like showers,
 As she poured forth her soul to its God.

I would gladly remain here forever,
 If to leave would e'er cause thy soul pain;
 And though sad were my life, I'd endeavor
 To live bravely, and never complain.

When disease on man's body is preying,
 And he feels his vitality sink,
 Then he finds his soul joyfully saying
 Things which well men oft shudder to think.

But the warm blood of health is now flowing
 Through the veins that seemed withering and dry;
 In my soul brightly life's fire is burning—
 Ah, 'tis sweeter to live than to die!

Aug. 1, 1891.

LINES ADDRESSED TO ——.

Written on a beautiful moonlight evening.

FAINTLY the breeze through the branches is
 sighing,

Myriads of shadows flit over the ground;
 On the flushed rose the cold dew-drop is lying,
 Soft, silvery moon-beams are floating around.

Softly and sweetly the world's life is sleeping,
 Rocked to its rest in the cradle of night;
 Over the rocks the brook's billows are leaping,
 Mixing their foam with the moon's mellow light.

Over the stream the tall willow is waving,
 Drooping as mourners droop over the grave,
 While in the waters its shadow is laving,
 Chasing the moon-beams away from the wave.

On the soft banks of the stream I am dreaming,
 Of one as pure as the seraphs above.
 While the soft moon-beams around me are streaming,
 Fancy creates the fair form of my love.

Gently her feet press the foam of the billow;
 Bathed in the moon-beams, her form seems divine,
 Quickly has flown the dark shade of the willow;
 Shadows must flee when such beauty doth shine.

Slowly ascending, the white foam is clinging
 To her feet white as the pure, driven snow ;
 Choicest of moon-beams the zephyrs are bringing,
 Till her white robes with these gems are aglow.

Gently she floats o'er the tall, drooping willow,
 Sweetly she smiles as her eyes meet my gaze.
 Shading my own with the flowers of my pillow,
 Vainly my soul strives to utter its praise.

Love! art thou only a phantom of madness?
 Come, let me clasp thy fair form to my breast!
 One fond embrace would dispel all my sadness—
 No one but thee have I ever caressed!

Faithful my vow has been kept—is thine broken?
 Ah, no, my soul knows thy spirit is true.
 Now I behold on thy bosom love's token—
 Come, and the pledges of love we'll renew.

Come! all my being with one thought is thrilling ;
 Let thy lips tremble on mine in one kiss,
 Then I will leave thee, love, and would be willing
 To suffer whole years for that moment of bliss.

Ah, 'tis but fancy, the vision is flying ;
 Still the dark shadows flit over the ground.
 — for thee thy lone lover is sighing,
 While all the world's wrapt in silence profound.

Aug. 13, 1891.

LIFE AND DEATH.

BATHED in floods of golden light,
 Fast the orb of day is sinking
 O'er the purple hills; the sight
 Sets my idle brain to thinking.

Now the orb of this my life,
Like the noon-day sun is glowing.
What care I for storms of strife,
Through these veins youth's blood is flowing !

O'er my country freedom's flag,
With its stars and stripes, is waving.
Far behind her nations lag,
They what she has won are craving.

O'er the vale where I was born,
Heavenly rays of truth are streaming,
Showing man he should not mourn,
This our fallen race redeeming.

Blessings that I cannot name,
On my head like dews are falling;
While a voice that thrills my frame,
To my spirit oft is calling.

All around me there is joy,
For the sun of revelation
Shines through clouds that do annoy
Every soul, in every nation.

But the orb of this my life,
Though now bright, will soon be fading.
Deadly is this mortal strife,
Though the heavenly powers are aiding.

Far away the hills of death,
Dark and sterile high are rising.
What is this my mortal breath !
What is all the world is prizing !

Fast toward those dreary hills
That bright orb of life is speeding ;
While I muse beside these rills,
It goes onward, never heeding.

When its edges, fringed with gold
 Kiss the brow of Death's dark mountain,
 When these burning lips, then cold,
 Quaff their last draught from life's fountain,

Then this glowing, restless soul,
 Standing on that summit dreary,
 Shall behold its shining goal,
 And forget that it is weary.

Onward, upward, it shall fly
 To its dazzling home of glory,
 Where companions never die—
 Ah, life's tale's a wondrous story !

Aug. 21, 1891.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN TRUTH AND ERROR.

HARK! the hoarse, dull drum of war
 Sends its pealing tones of thunder,
 To the nations near and far,
 Filling all the world with wonder !

Let the nations close their eyes,
 But a change is surely coming.
 God has heard His children's cries,
 'Tis the angels who are drumming !

Truth and Error don't agree;
 Both are strong, but one must perish.
 God has made His children free,
 They may fight for what they cherish.

But the battle must go on,
 Till the blood-red flag of Error
 Shall be torn and trampled down,
 Then will cease, "The Reign of Terror."

There are those who will not fight,
 But who, serpent-like, are crawling
 In the dust where men of might,
 Pierced with shot and shell are falling.

Let the war-drum wildly beat,
 Let its thunders roll and rattle!
 None but cowards will retreat,
 Honor loves the field of battle !.

Jesus Christ will never fall,
 And His sword will ne'er be broken ;
 Saber stroke and rifle ball
 Harm Him not—a God has spoken.

And the snow-white flag of Truth
 Will in time o'er earth be waving ;
 Right still stands in strength of youth,
 He will win what man is craving.

When the hoarse war-drum shall sleep,
 When all evil powers are shaken,
 May we have no cause to weep
 For the part that we have taken.

May we greet our noble King
 In the mansions of His glory ;
 Nor feel conscience's painful sting,
 When we tell Him this life's story.

Sept. 5, 1891.

ALL THAT IS, IS FOR THE BEST.

MAN, perform thy sacred duty,
 And you surely shall be blest.
 Fields of toil are rife with beauty—
 All that is, is for the best.

Do not waste thy strength in weeping ;
Soon thy spirit shall find rest.
Those you love are only sleeping—
All that is, is for the best.

Death may seem a gloomy portal ;
But the angels have confessed
That it leads to life immortal,
And to die is for the best.

Never be a slave to sorrow ;
Death's to be the final test ;
Souls will shine beyond tomorrow—
All that is, is for the best.

Life at times may seem a trial ;
But 'tis not an idle jest.
Toil, and practice self-denial—
All that is, is for the best.

When the gloom of doubt surrounds thee,
And thy soul is sore distressed,
Look to God, and He will save thee—
All that is, is for the best.

When thy sun of life is sinking
O'er the hills in yonder west,
You will be sustained by thinking
That 'tis only for the best.

When you reach your home in heaven,
And receive eternal rest,
You will know why trials were given,
And will say "'Twas for the best."

“THE NATAL DAY OF LIBERTY.”

An Oration delivered in Bloomington, Idaho, July 4th, 1890.

FOURTEEN years more than a century ago the same brilliant orb of light that a few hours since climbed those majestic mountains, and which now looms high above their loftiest peak, shed his first ray of light on a nation that was destined to become the greatest that had ever suffered the pangs of mortal birth.

Bright was the dawning of that day when the fair, celestial goddess of liberty arose, and placed herself at the head of that brave band of patriots,

“In face of death who dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.”

Dark was the midnight gloom which for ages had o’ershadowed the fair face of the earth.

“Man, proud man!
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he’s most assured,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As makes the angels weep.”

“What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals.”

This is the being who had been trampled upon as though he were a worm! crushed like the elods of the valley beneath the feet of the same God-like being.

When it is remembered that man is the son of God, it is not strange that he should be God-like; but, knowing this, it indeed seems strange that he should sink so low as he often does.

What excuse can tyrants and despots give for having treated their fellow men as though they were groveling beasts?

Prompted by the enemy of God and man, they have converted fruitful fields into barren deserts; they have driven man forth from his quiet, peaceful home, to dwell in the cold, sterile mountains.

They who have sought the alpine lakes and shady groves that they might commune with nature, and with nature's God, have been startled from their sweet dreams of immortality by the hoarse, dull drum of war. Seated on high thrones of dazzling splendor, they have gazed with tearless eyes on the red stream of life as it gushed from their brother's heart.

In every land and in every age, a just God has had cause to complain of "the inhumanity of man to his fellow man."

Men enslaved develop those elements of evil that exist in their nature, while those elements of divinity are left to starve and die for want of proper nourishment and exercise. Among all the dark and diversified paths that men were traveling, not one of them led to happiness. On the loftiest peak of mortal fame stood ambition's slave, while far below on the level plain stood the jeering crowd laughing him to scorn. The king who had waded through rivers of blood that he might place a golden crown upon his feverish brow, now lay tossing on "his sleepless couch," because he knew that were justice to overtake him, not only the crown but the head that it encircled, would be lost. The scourged and trembling serf was borne to the earth by the weight of pent-up curses which he dare not let escape.

Although they had taken different roads, and were strangers to one another, misery was the companion of them all.

In the meridian of time Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came to the earth and endeavored, by the sunlight of His presence, to drive away the dark clouds of error. He labored with all the energy and ambition of a God

to lift men from the pits of degradation into which they had fallen. He told them that they were all brethren, and pointed out a path, and told them if they would follow it, it would lead them to life; He offered them the torch of God which would so illumine this path that they might travel in perfect safety, even in the dark hour of midnight. But, alas! "they loved darkness more than light, because their deeds were evil." They took their King, their Redeemer, their God, and put Him to a cruel death. "Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend!"

Pure Religion so loved the peoples of this world that she left her beautiful, starry mansion in the heavens, and came with the Savior to make her abode among mortals. But she, like her Advocate, found no place to rest her weary head. The rich and the poor, the prince and the slave, all men and all women, in every land where she was known, consciously or unconsciously, bade her depart. Finding herself an outcast in a world she had come to redeem, a stranger in the land where she would gladly have built her home and lived forever, she prepared to depart. With tears of pity streaming from her sad eyes of mercy, she cast one last, sad look at earth, then, with her beautiful, beaming face turned toward the skies, she spread her white wings and soared away to heaven.

Pure religion was now far beyond the shades of mortal gaze. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, had long ago been slain. Under these conditions, is it strange that "Darkness fell upon the earth and gross darkness upon the minds of the people?"

Men and women were seen wandering about in the "Vast Wilderness of Life," many of them seeking earnestly for that path which the Savior had told them to travel. But alas! they had refused the torch of God, without which no man can find and travel in that straight and narrow way.

Pretending followers of Jesus now began to teach a strange doctrine. Words that He had used, the meaning of which was well understood, were now given a different meaning.

In short man began to formulate plans for the salvation (damnation) of his fellow-man. "The blind were leading the blind," and every step that they took they plunged farther and farther into the dark night of error.

But they went still farther than this. Not being content with simply *leading* men into gloomy paths of error, they now began to *drive* them in, still claiming to be followers of Jesus, the sublime preacher of The Gospel of freedom.

I shall not dwell upon the cruelties that were inflicted upon those who refused to be driven like dumb beasts, but will here state, that the right to worship God according to the dictates of one's conscience is a sacred right, given to man by the Creator of the universe, and that he who attempts to steal it, whatever his position may be among men, is in the sight of God, a *thief* and a *traitor*.

As the ages rolled by, streaks of daylight began to appear in the east. Wise men reasoned among themselves and said: "Surely the clouds of night's darkness are fleeing away." Men with the lamp of inspiration burning within their souls had arisen, and that light had been shed athwart the thick gloom.

One of these men, guided by this light, had discovered a new world, and the persecuted of the different nations began to flow to it. It soon became the pleasant home of a happy and industrious people. But, alas! the despot's power was soon felt even here.

Notwithstanding the Almighty God had said that they who inhabit this land should be free, King George determined to make of them slaves.

The colonists used all honorable means to obtain

redress for the wrongs which they were suffering. Although their parent country had treated them most cruelly, they were willing to forgive her, because she was their parent.

Even after she had sent over armies to waste their substance and spill their blood, the bravest of the colonists still hoped for reconciliation. But when the light of the truth began to dawn upon their minds, and they saw that their king was a cruel despot, who delighted in wasting their substance and spilling their blood, they asserted their manhood, and on the fourth day of July, 1776, they arose and cried out with one voice:

"Give us *liberty*, or give us *death*."

The Declaration of Independence made reconciliation impossible. The colonists must now either stand or fall. If they stood, they would stand on the soil of freedom; if they fell, they would fall fighting for a principle that is dearer than life to every noble man.

Well did these brave heroes know the perils to which they exposed themselves. It was one thing to declare themselves free; it was quite another thing to make that declaration good.

The one could be done by a small drop of ink falling upon a piece of paper; the other would require toil, hardships, sufferings, and the sacrifice of many a noble life.

But the knowledge that their cause was just sustained them throughout the whole period of that long and bloody war.

When with bare and bleeding feet they waded through the deep snows; when they lay down on the cold, damp bed of earth with nothing to shelter them from the merciless storm; when with flashing eyes they rushed like maddened lions upon their cruel foes;—aye, and when they lay mortally wounded on the blood-red field of battle, the white frosts of heaven

fell upon their upturned, and no less white faces; slowly the cold, pale moon arose and shed her silvery light athwart the gastly scene.

In all these sufferings the goddess of liberty never deserted them.

She whispered words of hope when black despair was felt within the very air that they breathed, and through their love for her, they were enabled to win a glorious victory.

The whole human family owe to our fathers their warmest gratitude for what God enabled them to accomplish. The sun of liberty that arose on the 4th day of July, 1776, has shed his warm rays of light on all the nations, and millions who are now unborn will yet bask in the sunshine of freedom bequeathed to them by those noble and illustrious men. But tyrants still live; despots still rule. Let them study the book of the past and learn wisdom, or let them close their eyes and perish.

May the fires of liberty that burned in the souls of our fathers ever illumine the souls of their sons. And Thou Eternal God, who sits on the gleaming throne of heaven, pierce with Thine all-searching eye this external seeming of all men, that their souls may be exposed to the sunlight of Thy gaze; and grant that the soul that is poisoned with sin and deceit, the vaunting hero with a coward heart, may tremble and cower before the gaze of Innocence; and grant that the soul that loves freedom may shine through this rough exterior of mortality to gladden the world with its light. Encase every honest man in the armor of unselfishness; breathe into his spirit the breath of Thy power; arm him with the sword of Virtue, the battle-axe of Truth, that he may go forth in the strength of Thy power, and never rest until the last enemy of eternal Liberty is sleeping in the cold and silent grave, and the glorious flag of freedom proudly waves o'er the whole world!

POETRY AND POETS.

A FRAGMENT.

Q MIGHTY sea now rolls before my gaze ;
 Vast, boundless, sailless, infinitely deep.
 The glory of my God doth o'er it blaze ;
 Its roaring waves are never hushed to sleep :
 Oh, how I long beneath those waves to creep !
 E'en in its bed to grope for pearls and gold.
 Though angry waves above my head did leap,
 I there would seek until my youth were old
 For treasures that are there, "illimitable and untold."

Vast, boundless sea, no mortal e'er shall know
 The wealth that lies beneath thy dark, cold wave.
 The trains of ages come and pause, then go,
 But still thy secrets rest in thine own grave.
 A few young men who were both skilled and brave
 Have stepped a few feet from thy shining shore,
 Then hastened back to find that dark, cold cave,
 Where all are lost to sight for evermore,
 And still thy angry waves do foam, and fret, and roar.

O, Byron, I have pitied all thy woes ;
 My tears of grief have fallen on thy page ;
 I've trembled when you cursed your cruel foes,
 And oft have felt the keen pangs of thy rage.
 No marvel that thy soul burst through its cage,
 For 'twas not born to linger long in clay.
 It knew not how a mortal course to gauge,
 But, ah, how it could mount on wings of day,
 And soar to lofty peaks where snows ne'er melt away !

If death came not to carry man away,
 Nor old age stole the heat of manhood's prime ;

If mortal life were not a summer's day,
 But life on earth extended through all time,
 Would not the soul of man grasp themes sublime!
 Would he not plunge in depths that are unknown,
 And soar beyond the greatest poet's clime,
 To sit on lofty thought's celestial throne,
 Where she now sits a maid, proud, radiant, but alone?

Lord Byron was a bard, alive or dead,
 For all his sins 'tis just that he atone:
 But can we think that he has not been led
 To heights that he in this life had not known?
 The seeds of genius which in him were sown
 Do not lie buried in the silent grave;
 They live within his soul and it has flown—
 Wherever it may be, it still will crave
 To grasp the deep unknown, and 'mid wild scenes to
 rave.

Oh, when this mortal frame is laid away,
 I can not think my soul will cease to learn;
 But thoughts that now are tinged with sensual clay,
 I feel that I shall then have power to spurn;
 Oh, how my trembling soul doth ever yearn
 To quench that fire that boiling blood doth flame!
 'Tis sweet to know that it will cease to burn,
 And that the soul will take its place and name,
 Where glory will not fade, and rest is found in fame.

No limit is to what man's soul may know,
 When we do know that soul can never die.
 There is no cave so dark and deep below,
 Nor mansion in that brilliant dome on high
 That man will not explore with beaming eye.
 The deep unknown will all be known in time.
 We ne'er can think that he will cease to try.


Nor can we think that it will be a crime
To seek for living truth, and crave all things sublime.

My mortal life may fade and pass away
Before I e'en can wander o'er the shore,
To gather shells that in the sunlight lay,
And listen to the wild wave's thundering roar ;
But ere a life that never ends is o'er,
I'll stand upon that shining, golden strand ;
And think of things I dared not dream before,
While Death's stream lay before me dark, unspanned,
And Thought had never dwelt with scenes sublime
and grand.

When mortal chains are burst and hurled aside,
I'll seek that mansion where my loved ones dwell ;
On cars of fire my eager soul shall ride,
When it is free from earth's enchanting spell.
I'll wander o'er those scenes I love so well—
I roamed among them when I was a child,
Before I heard the tolling of the bell
That called me to this region strange and wild,
Where I might rise and shine, or sink debased, de-
filed.

In dreams I sometimes hear those roaring waves,
And feel my soul has passed from earth away,
To dive adown those cold and cheerless graves,
Where sparkling gems of truth and wisdom lay :
Though o'er its surface waves of midnight play,
The ocean's bed doth shine with dazzling light,
For each bright gem sheds forth a sparkling ray,
And thus illumines the darkness of the night,—
A wilderness of wealth that's hidden from man's sight.

A DREAM'S REALITY.

 MY FATHER, before Thee in meekness I kneel,
 With a wish to express what I cannot conceal.
 Let Thy Spirit brood over me while I indite
 Thoughts shaded with darkness, yet pregnant with
 light,
 Thoughts which have found their way in my soul and
 my brain,
 And I wish to express them to weaken my pain.

Not on my humble page would I have letters blaze,
 That attract those who do not with earnestness gaze
 On the great scenes of life as they unfold to view
 The lessons we're taught by the trials we pass through.
 And if there is a thought which now throbs in my
 brain
 That is low, O, remove it, and purge out its stain,
 That the light of my soul may illumine my mind,
 And that they who look through these weak words
 may not find
 The serpent of error with his soft eyes of fire
 Concealed 'mid the flowers that some few may admire.

O, my Father, Thou knowest my spirit is weak,
 But I now in the strength of humility seek
 For that power that stands e'en when worlds pass away;
 For that light that shines forth like the sun at noon-day:
 That illumines the gloom that o'ershadows the grave,
 That has placed swords of power in the hands of the
 brave,
 Till tyrants and despots have bitten the dust,
 And their swords have been broken and eaten with rust.
 All their brightness has faded like flowers of the field,
 And the world to the strength of that power must yield.

There's a God up in heaven who gazes on man,
 And the latter may scheme and in wisdom may plan,
 But he never can thwart the great purpose of God,
 Nor e'er sever that chain called the great "iron-rod."
 When he thinks he is strong, it is then he is weak,
 And how vain are the words which his proud soul
 may speak!

'Tis his Father who gives him his life's wondrous breath,
 And He takes it away, then what is he in death?
 Much the same as he was when life flowed through his
 veins,
 He is one who must learn that a God rules and reigns.

But it is of the hope and the joy I've received
 Since thy son in the name of the Savior believed,
 That I have been thinking, and now wish to speak
 Of that strength I obtained then when weary and weak;
 That perchance some weak spirit whose frail bark is
 tossed

By the tempest that sweeps o'er the sea I have crossed,
 May learn the great truth that a God rules the storm;
 That the waves of life's ocean can do man no harm;
 That he may not forget, when the tempests howl wild,
 To look through the gloom and say, "I am God's
 child."

Ah, if I am God's child, let the wild thunders roll,
 For a child of our God has an immortal soul.
 Let the waves fret and foam, and the wild tempest rage
 Till they beat down the walls of my soul's dreary cage;
 Let the fierce lightning's flash burn to ashes this clay,
 There is something within that will never decay;
 It will float like white foam on the dark, dreary wave,
 And will shine like a star o'er the deep, dismal grave.
 Tho' the sun's rays be changed into pencils of night,
 Yet the light of the soul will forever shine bright.

The sad tale I shall tell is an unvarnished tale—
 If the strength of a spirit that's weak does not fail,
 I shall speak of those things which I know to be true,
 And I trust while I speak, heaven's light will break
 through;
 That its warm, cheering rays may illumine this page,
 When this hand has been stricken and withered with
 age;
 But if that which I write is debasing and dark,
 May it leave on this white page a vanishing mark;
 And may my mortal eye see it wither and die,
 'Neath the pure rays of truth that descend from the sky.

There is truth in the heavens and truth on the earth;
 We pass through vales of Truth to receive mortal birth;
 And e'en when Death's Angel has rocked us to sleep,
 We shall bathe in Truth's ocean so boundless and deep.
 And the bright star of Truth will illumine Truth's
 wave

And if e'er we are saved, 'twill be truth that will save,
 So dark' Error my spirit asks no odds of thee,
 For my bark would float over the Truth's boundless sea;
 I would even dive down 'neath Truth's silvery waves
 To obtain pearls of Truth that lie hid in Truth's graves.

Since the heavens are illumined with celestial light,
 And a part has streamed forth on mortality's night,
 There is no need to write of things vague and unreal,
 We need only to tell what no soul can conceal.
 And the light that is streaming from God's brilliant
 throne

Is to nourish life's seeds which in darkness were sown;
 Nor life ever can live till it basks in that light—
 For it never was life to grope in gloomy night—
 To my soul such a life is a horrible death—
 I believe that life means more than breathing life's
 breath.

All worlds were created by Jehovah's great power,
And the life of the soul, like the life of the flower
Receives of His sunshine, and His showers of rain
Fall to gladden the life that waves over His plain;
And the power of His voice wakes the dead from their
sleep,

And He buries His world 'neath the waves of His
deep;

Yet in kindness, He tells His sons what they should do,
To be kind and forgiving, and faithful and true,
That their hearts might expand, and their spirits might
grow

With the strength to receive what He longs to bestow.

But I think I have promised to tell you a tale
Of a youth who upon Life's great ocean set sail.
There are millions that sail upon Life's stormy sea,
Who are tossed 'mid its breakers the same as was he,
And could tell you sad tales that would make your
eyes weep;

For the heart's saddest songs in the heart are asleep,
And the soul's sweetest music, no ear ever heard,
Nor was its deepest thought ever breathed into word.
No, the soul has not strength to transmit what it feels;
When it sings us one song there are scores it conceals.

In a valley of peace, far away in the west,
I was born, and the days of my childhood were blest.
I would roam o'er the hills with the wild, restless deer,
And I drank from the fountains so cold and so clear;
And I oft bathed my hot, feverish brow in the stream
As it murmured and sighed like the voice of a dream.
As I sat on its banks and communed with my God,
Fancy marked out the path that I thought should be
trod.

Ah, it lead through a valley of beautiful flowers,
One of pure, sparkling fountains, and cool, shady
bowers.

I began to grow weary of wandering alone,
And I longed for the love that I never had known.
Ah, I thought, if some loved one could dwell with
me here,

I should never know sorrow, and never feel fear;
I would gather wild flowers and twine in her hair,
And instead of alone, we should both kneel in prayer;
And the God who had listened to my humble voice,
Would bestow choicest gifts on the girl of my choice.
I would breathe in her ear words of tenderest love,
And we'd live just as happy as angels above.

Was it nought but a dream that can never come true?
Is there nothing in this life for I and for you,
Save those vague, empty dreams that soon vanish and
fade,

Without leaving one mark where their fairy forms
strayed?

Is a dream but a shadow that flits o'er the mind,
Or is it a something that sometime we may find?
Did it spring from the spirit, or float from above?
Is't a dreary-winged raven, or sweet white-winged
dove?

'Tis a shadow that flits through the halls of the soul,
Pointing out to the spirit a fanciful goal.

Were it true that the dreams of my spirit were true,
Were those scenes in existence that burst on its view,
I would not pause to weep o'er the pains of this life,
Nor e'er lower my arm in the conflict of strife.

I would gird on my armor and rush in the fight
That has ever been raging between wrong and right.
While the spirit of life in this weak frame did thrill,
I would fight for my God, and would fight, too, to
kill.

When this life's sun did set, and the conflict was o'er,
To the land of my dreams then, my spirit would soar.

Aye, and they are true. There's a land up above
Where fond spirits are bound with the strong chains
of love;

Where the hopes of the soul do not vanish and fade,
Where the fair forms will glow that in earth have de-
cayed.

There sweet lips will press lips in a fond, holy kiss,
And lovers will roam through the valley of bliss.
Nor the feverish soul cannot dream of the joy
That shall dwell in the land where sin cannot alloy ;
For the sweet flowers of love that within the soul
bloom,
Can never be crushed in the dust of the tomb.

They will bloom in the soul when the frame has de-
cayed,

In the garden of rest where this life's dreary shade,
Will be changed into sunshine that clears mists away,
Which have ever o'ershadowed mortality's day.

While in this life the dark waves of sorrow may roll,
But above them will yet shine the star of the soul.

There's a flower that will bloom in the gloomiest night
That was ever contrasted with pencils of light,
And the sweet tears of grief only nourish that flower ;
They are to its germ both the sunshine and shower.

'Twas my fancy created the form of my love,
For that form is ne'er seen, save in bright worlds above.

As I lay 'neath the shade, on my soft flowery bed,
The soft, white, fleecy clouds that waved over my
head,

Seemed to half shade that form from my soul's eager
gaze,

Till my whole being glowed with the fire of love's
blaze ;

Every thought of my brain was a spark of that fire,
Till to find one to love was my whole life's desire.

And my spirit did soar 'mid those clouds of the sky,
But no voice ever answered my soul's longing cry.

As I lay on its banks, in a soft, peaceful dream,
I could see that fair form in the clear, crystal stream;
And e'en in the darkest and stormiest night,
The dear form of that loved one would float into sight.
As I gazed on the stars, the bright stars were her eyes,
And the winds that moaned by were her bosom's sad
sighs;

The soft dew-drops that fell on my feverish cheek
Were the tears of my love, and of love they did
speak.

And the dear things of earth, and all bright things
above,
Would reflect the fair form of my angel—my love.

O, Love, who has not seen thy shadowy form,
As it floats in the sunshine, or rides on the storm;
As it steals in the chamber and kneels by the bed
Of one who is weeping o'er joys that have fled;
As it rides like white foam on the dark, dreary wave,
And shines like a star o'er the deep, dismal grave.
It is one of those forms that will ever shine bright,
In the storm or the calm, in the day or the night.
'Tis the life of the soul; 'tis the spirit of power,
And it blooms in the soul as an immortal flower.

As I lay on my bed in the forest alone,
I would weep for the joys that I never had known.
I admired and I loved all the works of my God,
And I loved with devotion my dear, native sod.
And the fair flag of freedom that waved o'er my head,
Was as dear to my soul as my own forest bed.
I had unfurled it there and it waved in the breeze,
As the pure air of freedom would sigh through the
trees.

And I felt that the angels of God hovered near
The lone spot in the forest my soul held so dear.

And all that I longed for was a maiden to love.
I gazed on the fair earth and the heavens above,
And my soul had believed that a God ruled on high,
And that soul was a being who never could die.
In those woods, 'mong wild beasts, I had felt no alarm,
For I thought that my Father would shield me from
harm.

When the thunders of heaven rolled over my head,
And the lightnings would flash o'er my lone forest
bed,
When my spirit had breathed to my Father a prayer,
Then I felt that no danger was lingering there.

O sweet, sweet, trusting faith of my childhood's bright
days,
That has taught me so much of my Great Father's
ways,
Had ye never have flown from this poor, aching breast,
Doubt's demon could never have robbed me of rest.
And I would not have wandered in dark, dreary night
Where the sun of God's Spirit ne'er sheds forth its
light;
I would never have sailed on that dark, dismal sea,
Where the spirit is tossed like the leaf of a tree;
Where no bright star of hope ever shines o'er the
wave
That oft buries the soul in its cold, cheerless grave.

O vast, boundless ocean, and thy name is Despair !
I have sailed on thy wave, and I know what is there.
Waves of darkness as dense as thine own dreary wave
Hover over thy bosom where dark spirits lave !
There I've seen fallen souls in a storm-shattered boat,
Who once sailed on that sea where the angels do float;

I have heard cries of anguish float through the thick
gloom

That I never have heard as I stood by the tomb.
May the God of my fathers forgive this weak soul
For e'er daring to sail where those dreary waves roll.

I have said that I longed for a maiden to love ;
Well, I found one, as pure as the seraphs above.
And her eyes *were* like stars, and her form was the
same

That I saw in the clouds when my heart was aflame.
And the voice of the wind, as it gently passed by,
Never was half so sweet as my love's gentle sigh,
And we *did* kneel in prayer as I dreamed we would
kneel,

And I felt all the joys that I dreamed I should feel.
Nor I do not believe that the angels above
Dwell more happy than I and my angel—my love.

Men may talk of the happiness that dwells with fame,
And may wear out their lives for an immortal name;
They may clasp to their bosoms their cold, shining
gold,

And may boast of the pleasures that its doors unfold;
They may boast of the joys of a high, social life,
Where there's so much confusion, and turmoil, and
strife;

They may boast of the greatness and glory of kings,
And name o'er all the joys that have taken to wings;
But give me a small cot near the cool, shady grove,
And the heart and the soul of the maiden I love!

It may be that true happiness dwells not on earth,
That we feel no real joy from the day of our birth:
But if I were not happy in those happy days,
Then the fire of my soul was akin to joy's blaze.
There two fond hearts were beating together as one,
And I felt that my heaven on earth had begun.

Days seemed to be moments, and life seemed a sweet
dream.

And I felt in my heart that things were what they
seem.

Even when I remembered my body must die,
The voice of my spirit said, "Ah, yes, but not I!"

And, the heart of that maiden was tender and true,
And each day that we lived the sweet flower of love
grew.

Nor a selfish desire ever blasted the air
That did nourish that flower so fragrant and fair;
But the sunshine of kindness and dew-drops of trust
Had soon withered the germs that oft tarnish with
rust.

Yes, my love often wept, but she wept tears of joy,
For there dwelt nothing there that could harm or
alloy.

There two fond hearts were beating together as one;
There two spirits were warmed by the rays of love's
sun.

And I built her a home near the cool, shady bowers.
'Twas a cottage that stood in a garden of flowers.

Yes, and close by the door flowed the clear, crystal
stream

That still murmured and sighed like the voice of a
dream.

But a voice still more sweet was the voice of the
breeze,

As it murmured and sighed through the ever-green
trees.

So there, 'mid those fair scenes that my youth loved
so well,

With the maiden I loved I did happily dwell.

There two fond hearts were beating together as one,
And I felt that my heaven on earth had begun.

Ah, but who among mortals were ever so blessed
That the griefs of their souls never robbed them of
rest?

Ah, what man never saw his bright star of hope set,
Nor has gazed on its fading with eyes that were wet?
Joys and sorrows are here, and they came here to stay,
Till the smiles of our Father shall drive grief away;
That will be when the soul has passed through the
thick gloom

That o'ershadows the vale of the cold, silent tomb;
It will be when the spirit has proved to its God
That 'tis willing to tread where the Savior has trod.

I grew restless and sad, and would start from my
sleep!

With the cry of despair, from my couch I would leap,
And would rush through the forest as tho' I were
mad!

For the dreams of my spirit were dreadfully sad.
And I near crushed to ashes the dear, tender heart,
That in all that I felt claimed and shared its own part.
I would rather have died than to cause that heart pain,
But the spirit of dread o'er my feelings did reign;
And true love reads the heart of its loved one so well,
That my love read the tale which my lips would not
tell.

As I lay by her side in our lone forest bed—

Ah, 'tis sad—but I dreamed that my darling was dead.
Yes, I saw her white hands folded on her white breast,
And the sweet, rosy lips that my lips oft had pressed,
Were like marble, as cold as the cold, lifeless clay
In which all that fair beauty must moulder away.
The bright stars that had guided my spirit aright,
Had shed forth all their glory, and faded from sight.
No, it cannot be strange that my heart throbbled with
dread,

For I dreamed every night that my darling was dead.

'Twas a dream ! 'twas a dream ! yes, thank God, 'twas
a dream !

The bright stars were still shining with love's divine
beam,

And her sweet lips were trembling again on my own.
No, my love was not dead ! I was not left alone !

She is faithful and true ; she would live many years ;
And the shade of a dream should not cause all these
fears ;

Now her sweet face is beaming with love's divine
light,

And the Death Angel's form had now vanished from
sight.

There two fond hearts were beating together as one ;
Two fond spirits were warmed by the rays of Love's
sun.

Now the life of the world is again rocked to sleep,
And around our lone bed the tall trees vigil keep—
See ! again that dark angel floats down from the sky—
'Tis the Angel of Death ! Some poor mortal must die.
"O, my Father !" I cried, "hear thy weak, humble
child,

Who has knelt to Thee often in this forest wild,
I am willing to go ! I will give Thee my life !
But I cannot alone in the world face its strife.
Let him blast not my flower with his poisonous breath ;
Save my love ! Save my love, from the Angel of Death."

But the Angel of Death does not heed my wild cries ;
Like a demon he floats from the clear, starry skies.
But see ! as he descends, his dark robes become white,
And his face is aglow with the soft waves of light.
Why, is this the angel who chills mortal breath ?—
Yes, there glows on his forehead : "The Angel of
Death ;"

But his whole being shines like a soft, silvery flame,—

It is well that they wrote on his forehead his name,
 For there's no one would guess one who caused so
 much pain
 Would be white, and wear robes that were free from
 all stain.

See! his white wings are fanning the breezes above!—
 Ah! his bright eyes are shining like stars on my love!
 Now he gazes on me with a pitying eye!
 Can it be! Can it be, that my loved one must die?
 No! no! not till this arm has been withered to dust!
 For my soul dares to fight in a cause that is just!
 And before ye shall bear this dear, loved one away,
 Ye must crush out the life that now throbs in this
 clay!

These two souls are united, and never shall part!
 Till the last drop of blood has been drained from this
 heart!

O Thou, God of my fathers! now strengthen my arm;
 For I promised Thee that I would shield her from
 harm.

O breathe in my spirit the breath of Thy power!
 For I stand for the right in this terrible hour!
 A strong warrior appears, but my soul does not fear
 To meet him in battle with sword or with spear.
 We will fight 'neath that flag that now waves o'er
 yon tree;
 On the soil that the blood of Thy children made free,
 And if I must die, I shall not die a slave,
 For that banner of freedom will float o'er my grave.

'Twas a dream! 'twas a dream! yes, thank God, 'twas
 a dream!

The bright stars were still shining with Love's divine
 beam,
 And her sweet lips were trembling again on my own.

No, my love was not dead! I was not left alone.
She is faithful and true; she would live many years;
And the shade of a dream should not cause all these
fears.

Now her sweet face is beaming with Love's divine
light,
And the Death Angel's form has now vanished from
sight.

There two fond hearts were beating together as one;
Two fond spirits were warmed by the rays of Love's
sun.

I had dreamed 'twas a dream, and with joy I awoke,
As a soft, fleecy cloud floated o'er us like smoke.
It paused for a moment, then swiftly passed by,
As the cold, silvery moon-beams shot down from
the sky;

Some clung for a moment to the leaves of the trees,
And then laughingly sprang in the arms of the breeze.
There were others at play on our soft, flow'ry bed,
While a few kissed the leaves that were withered and
dead,

And I turned me to see if some were not at play,
On the face that illumined my life's dreary day.

Oh, merciful heavens! they do wildly play
On a face that's as cold as the cold, lifeless clay;
There's but one heart now beating, and that is my
own,

For that sweet bird of life from its fair cage has flown.
Can it be! can it be that my darling is dead!

O my Father and God! has her sweet spirit fled!

Will I never again hear that sweet, silvery voice,
That so often has made this sad spirit rejoice?

Will those stars ne'er more beam o'er my dark path
of life?

Art thou dead! art thou dead!—free from all mortal
strife.

O ye soft, silvery moon-beams, depart from that face!
 Do not glow on the beauty the tomb must deface.
 Would to God that some shadow would darken the
 bloom

That must wither and fade in the dust of the tomb!
 Do not shine on those lips that are lifeless and cold,
 Which once trembled with love that can never be told;
 Do not glide o'er those hands that are spotless as
 snow,

Nor illumine that breast which could heal all my woe.
 Oh, would some dreary cloud drive thy silvery light
 From the cage of that spirit that just took its flight.

O, thou pale queen of night, never more will I dream
 On the banks where thy silver waves over the stream.
 I have loved with devotion thy soft, silvery light,
 As it glided along on the waves of the night.
 But now, as it shines on the form that I love,
 The casket of the gem that now shines up above,
 My sad spirit doth wish that thy beams were as dark
 As the pencil of grief that now writes its deep mark
 On the page of a soul that is throbbing with pain,
 On a heart that once loved, but can ne'er love again.

Ah, sweet dust art unconscious of my presence here?
 Hast thou nothing to give for thy fond lover's tear?
 I would stop my heart's beating to catch the sweet sigh
 That erst dried the sad dews which would float in
 my eye.

How *canst* thou be silent? If 'twere I who were dead,
 Not in vain would thy sad tears of sorrow be shed.
 'Tis the first time thy dear, tender heart was e'er cold;
 'Tis the first time unkindness e'er dwelt in that mold;
 'Tis the first time these lips ever met in a kiss,
 When they pressed without thrilling with raptures of
 bliss.

'Tis the first—'tis the last time these eyes shall e'er
gaze

On thy beauty bereft of its life's wondrous blaze.

'Tis the first time these eyes ever gazed on those stars
When pure love did not shine through those dark,
spiral bars.

'Tis the first time this soul ever felt the thick gloom
That rolls like a sea o'er the "vale of the tomb,"

'Tis the first time this heart ever sunk in despair;

'Tis the first time this spirit e'er faltered in prayer.

And the man never breathed who e'er saw this soul
cower,

But, alas! 'tis now crushed like a poor, withered flower.

I now stand on the brink of that dreadful abyss

That divides this dark world from the bright world of
bliss;

And the poor, aching heart which now throbs in my
breast

Has suffered so much that 'tis longing for rest.

And my soul is so wounded that its painful cry

Has been borne on night's wings to the clear, starry
sky,

And 'twould only be one more weak mortal that's dead,

If I slept by her side in this lone, forest bed;

Two fond hearts would be frozen together as one,

Both refusing to beat at the set of Love's sun.

O, sweet faith of my childhood, come back to me now,

And illumine the darkness that waves o'er Death's brow.

Let but one silvery ray now illumine this soul,

And the waves of my sorrow will then cease to roll.

Tell me this! Tell me this! Will I meet her again?

Ah, if not, crush to atoms this spirit of pain;

Let this heart which now throbs with the passion of grief

Burst and crumble to ashes, if 'twill bring relief.

No, I would not express, but I cannot conceal—

O, sweet Faith, is there nothing that thou canst reveal?

O, my Father and God, here before thee I kneel,
With a pain that I cannot express nor conceal;
Gaze, thou, into my soul with Thine all-searching eye,
And bear witness that I do not breathe Thee a lie.
I have never yet worshiped my life's wondrous breath,
For I never have dreaded the angel of Death.
If I had nothing harder to do than to die,
No murmur of mine should e'er float to the sky;
But the one that I loved more than life is now dead,
And the dark clouds of sorrow wave over my head.

O, my Father, forgive me if now I complain,
For each pulse of my spirit is throbbing with pain:
And the bright star of faith has gone out like a spark:
Fast toward a dark ocean is speeding my bark.
And I know that the waves of destruction there flow,
And that wild are the tempests which over it blow;
But the streams of my grief bears my bark to that sea,
In spite of my efforts to pull towards Thee.
I once had brilliant hopes, but my hopes are all o'er.
For the eagle that's stricken can ne'er again soar.

Hush, my spirit, O hush,—I must bury my dead—
'Tis not strange that my dreams filled my spirit with
dread.

If I e'er dream again, I shall know that 'tis true—
Dreams are warnings that tell men what they must pass
through.

I dreamed of a maiden as fair and as bright
As that fair, lovely queen that rules over the night;
And I dreamed that fair maiden loved no one but me,
And all these things were just as I dreamed they
would be.

Then I dreamed that my loved one was taken away:
She has gone, and her beauty must fade and decay.

There, where the wild flowers their vigil are keeping
Under the shade of yon tall spreading tree.

She that I love is now quietly sleeping,
 While o'er her grave floats the flag of the free.

When the soft rays from the cold moon were streaming,
 Waving their beams o'er that dark, lowly bed,
 When the world's life in Sleep's soft arms was dreaming,
 Sadly and lonely, I buried my dead;

No funeral dirge, with its soft tones of sadness,
 Floated along on the cold, midnight air,
 Only one soul had been robbed of its gladness;
 Only one mourner now knelt there in prayer.

Weak was the prayer, yet it floated to heaven,
 Or there was carried by angels of God,
 And to that prayer a sweet answer was given,
 E'en as I laid that dear form 'neath the sod.

This was the answer: "The dead shall awaken,
 The great God of heaven shall burst every tomb;
 Thou art His son, and thou art not forsaken;
 Tarry not here in the valley of gloom."

"Awaken those powers that within thee are sleeping;
 Sorrow should not make God's children base slaves;
 He can illumine the eyes that are weeping;
 He can bring forth withered forms from their graves.

"Jesus, His Son, shall descend in His glory;
 Kings shall be hurled from their bright thrones of
 power;

On future's page there is written a story,
 Read it, and watch for that terrible hour."

Father, I thank Thee, my soul is immortal;
 All will be well if to Thee I am true;
 Thy flaming torch has illumined death's portal;—
 Come, doubt and fear, I now bid ye adieu.

Father, this heart has been softened with sorrow,
 This haughty soul has been bowed to the dust;

Yet they dare hope for a brigher to-morrow ;
Weak as they are, they have courage to trust.

Yes, all is well, 'tis the day of salvation ;
The dreams of the soul are its sunshine and dew ;
If we approach the great God of creation,
He will convince us our best dreams are true.

April, 1891.

AN EVENING IN THE GROVE.

FAST the evening shades are falling,
Soon night's queen o'er earth shall reign ;
Weary birds their mates are calling,
With a soft and sweet refrain.

As the waves of day are flowing
Far beyond a mortal's sight,
And the heated world is growing
Chilly with the breath of night,

I the busy town am leaving,
To enjoy the evening breeze,
Where the forest elfs are weaving,
Garlands 'neath the spreading trees.

Not a spot on earth it dearer
To my heart than that sweet grove ;
While I'm there my mind seems clearer,
And my soul is filled with love.

God-like man I oft see reeling
On the filthy, crowded street ;
Hear poor, starving souls appealing
For a crust of bread to eat.

Oft I see dark lines of sadness
Written on the care-worn brow,

Where once glowed the marks of gladness—
Lovers then, but haters now.

I would soon grow tired of living,
Did I never steal away
From the joys the world is giving
To the souls who in it stay.

Faster still night's shades are falling,
Evening's queen begins her reign ;
Weary birds have ceased their calling,
Wooded to rest by love's sweet strain.

Ah, good night, thou noisy city,
Keep thy artificial glare ;
Every soul has this heart's pity
Who is fretting in thy snare.

Let me see the branches waving
Where the moon-beams kiss the lake ;
Let me see their shadows laving
Where the rippling billows break.

Take me where the waving flowers
Droop beneath their weights of dew ;
Where the fairies build their bowers,
And I'll leave the town to you.

Ah, my friends, you may boast of your concerts and
dances,
Where gather the noble, the brave and the fair ;
Where the sweet tale of love is oft told by swift
glances,
And spirits are taught the first accents of prayer ;
You may sigh for the one who to-night has departed
From pleasures that nothing could tempt you to
leave ;
You may pity the one who is not so light-hearted,
But waste not your sighs, he has no cause to grieve.

While the warm blood of health through these chan-
 nels is flowing,
 While reason shall have an abode in my brain,
 While the bright fire of hope in my spirit is glowing,
 And beauties of nature around me remain,
 Such things never shall be my soul's fountain of glad-
 ness,
 They never shall make of this spirit a slave;
 When without such amusements my soul droops in
 sadness,
 I ask not for life, but will long for the gave.
 If 'tis true that the spirit of man is immortal,
 Oh, why should it stoop to dominion of dust!
 Why should it not hastily rush through the portal
 That leads it from halls where its brightness doth rust.
 The best books of our God are His wondrous crea-
 tions.
 The humble and honest can soon learn to read;
 Nor man can be taught in the schools of the nations,
 The truths nature teaches to those who will heed.

Now, good-night, thou noisy city;
 He may stay who loves thy glare,
 But to me it seems a pity
 Men should have to breathe thy air.

Behold, how the lanterns of heaven are gleaming!
 See, how they illumine the realms of the sky!
 Ah, one has exploded! its red flames are streaming
 Through darkness so dense that they vanish and die.
 But millions and millions are constantly burning;
 They still would exist, had we mortals no sight,
 Nor man, standing high on the hills of his learning,
 Can blow out one lantern that hangs there to-night.

The truth is a star that is constantly shining;
 We see it not plain, but the fault's in our sight.
 There's not enough force in the worlds all combining,
 To darken one ray of that star's fadeless light.
 When we strengthen our gaze, it to us will glow
 brighter,
 Until it will shine like the sun at noon-day.
 But it always shone thus, and 'twill never glow lighter,
 Because perfect brightness composes each ray.

Hush, I will not longer tarry ;
 It is time I sped away.
 Wait for me, sweet forest fairy,
 I will join thee in thy play ;

Or will watch thee in thy dances
 On sweet nature's carpet green,
 Where thine own and sister's glances
 Gleam along the shady sheen.

Hush ! the evening bells are chiming,
 Calling Pride to Pleasure's halls ;
 But I hear a sweeter rhyming ;
 'Tis a spirit's voice that calls.

Hush ! the voice within my spirit,
 Answers it, "I come—I come."
 Onward, upward, never fear it,
 Hasten to the fairies' home.

See ! the brilliant lights are flashing
 Through the windows of the hall ;
 Carriages are onward dashing,
 Thousands answer Pleasure's call.

Once I loved those senseless dances,—
 Then my spirit knew no care.
 I received love's sweetest glances
 From "the fairest of the fair."

I could tell a thrilling story
 Of a lady's constant love—
 Of a thirst for worldly glory—
 But 'tis written up above.

Were it not in heaven recorded,
 I would tell it for her sake—
 Ah, her soul will be rewarded,
 When the dead shall all awake.

Perfect love's a deathless passion,
 Not a flickering, fading flame.
 There's no soul in heaven's mansion
 Who dare scorn its sacred name.

Ah, now the sweet tones of the music are gliding
 Along on the waves of the pure, balmy air.
 Unconscious of all that to earth is betiding,
 Are the dancers who glide along merrily there.

“Be merry tonight, for there is no tomorrow :
 We live in the present; the past has all fled :
 It sold us some pleasure, and gave us much sorrow,
 But weep not for that which is withered and dead.”

The waves of those tones through my soul are vibrat-
 ing—

The same dreamy waltz that was played on the night,
 When my spirit first felt Love's powers of creating
 A form that will never more vanish from sight.
 Death's white robes around that fair form are now
 clinging,

But still to my soul she can never be dead.
 The tones of her voice in my spirit are thrilling—
 Not far from my soul has her spirit e'er fled.

The casket is cold, but the soul is immortal.

The white frost of death can not kill that sweet flower;
 It passes unscathed through the dark, massive portal,
 Expanding, increasing in brightness and power.

Like truth's beaming star it will shine on forever,
 And death's gleaming chains have been eaten with
 rust.

The strongest that ever were forged are to sever,
 And forms shall arise from their beds in the dust.

Hush! the spirit's voice is calling,
 Asking why I linger here,
 When the waves of light are falling
 On the lake so smooth and clear.

'Tis the music that is swelling
 From the hall of pleasure's throng
 That created all I'm telling,
 It has kept me here so long.

But I must not linger longer,
 Though the strain is soft and sweet,
 There are still attachments stronger,
 In the fairies' lone retreat.

Sweeter tones are ever thrilling
 Through the branches of the trees,
 Than the ones which now are filling
 Halls where swarm the pleasure bees.

Guiding spirit, I am ready,
 Lead me to the lonely grove.
 Now my nerves are strong and steady,
 Guide me to the spot I love.

* * * *

Thank thee, invisible spirit,
 Far I have followed thy voice.
 God will reward all thy merit—
 This is the scene of my choice.

Here majestic trees are waving
 O'er the lone, the lovely lake;

While their spreading shades are laving
Where the rippling billows break.

See, the silvery moon-beams dancing
In the foam of yonder wave;
While the darkling shades are prancing,
Where the moon-beams never lave.

Words are weak and humble creatures,
When we gaze on nature's face.
We may love her lovely features,
But her beauty none can trace.

Had my soul the gift of telling
That which it has strength to feel,
Waves of song would now be swelling
From the bower where I kneel,

That would reach the vale of heaven,
And would be recorded there,
As an offering man had given,
Sweeter than an angel's prayer.

Zephyrs through the leaves are sighing,
Rippling wavelets gently break
Where the cold, white rocks are lying
On the borders of the lake.

Waves of living light are streaming
O'er the surface of the deep.
Nothing lives that is not dreaming
In the soft, white arms of Sleep.

Hush! I must not break their slumbers
With the harsh tones of my song.
Spirit, let thy peaceful numbers
Vibrate noiselessly along.

Cares forgotten, life is sleeping;
Everything that lives is blest;
Eyes that all day long were weeping,
Now are closed in peaceful rest.

Love has smoothed her soft, white pillow,
Spread her lovely couch of flowers
'Neath the shade of some tall willow,
Guarded by her magic powers.

She in Sleep's soft arms is dreaming
Dreams that fill her soul with joy.
Sweetly dream, 'tis only seeming,
But 'tis free from all alloy.

Sleep, thou art the dearest blessing
That to mortals finds its way;
Who without thy sweet caressing
Could remain in walls of clay?

Hush! I would not break their slumbers,
For they need this peaceful rest.
Spirit, guard thy flowing numbers,
Or retain them in thy breast.

See, the moon-beams kiss the wave!
How the snow-white foam is sparkling!
See, the dreary shadows lave
Where the waves of night hang darkling.

See, with what unstudied grace
Rises each advancing billow;
As it joins the reckless race
To the beach beneath the willow.

Moon-beams, mixed with flakey foam,
Each advancing wave is crowning;
Save where moon-beams never roam,
Waves dash forward darkly frowning.

There are flowers on the beach,
In the broken billows laving;
Others just beyond their reach,
In the soft moonlight are waving.

This side where those billows break,
Grew sweet flowers my spirit cherished;

But a storm swept o'er the lake,
 Waves swept o'er them, and they perished.

I was sitting 'neath this tree
 When I saw them crushed and broken;
 Thoughts were struggling to get free,
 But the words could not be spoken.

Hush! forget that dreary storm—
 All around thee there is beauty.
 Fancy, shade that glowing form—
 Hast thou so forgot thy duty?

There are other flowers in bloom
 Where those angry waves were dashing;
 As the light shines through the gloom,
 I can see them waving, flashing.

How the silvery moon-beams cling
 To the drooping, snow-white petals,
 Till within each shining ring
 Seems to gleam a mine of metals!

With accelerated speed
 Each advancing wave is rushing—
 Ah, I fear that one on lead
 Will the tender flowers be crushing.

Gently, gently flow this way,
 O thou lovely, foam-capped billow;
 Be not boisterous in thy play
 With the flowers beneath the willow.

Do not crush those tender flowers
 That like snow-white flags are waving—
 Ah, restrain thy latent powers,
 Pass not thine accustomed laving.

Ah, 'tis vain, 'tis vain, 'tis vain—
 It rolls onward fretting, dashing—
 Tender life feels keenest pain—
 Ah, upon the beach 'tis crashing!

See, the gleaming flakes of foam
 O'er the cold, white rocks are leaping—
 Have the flowers a spirit's home?

O, my soul, why art thou weeping?

'Tis not so! they are not dead!

Fast the billow is retreating
 Back into its liquid bed;
 On the coast another's beating.

But the flowers were not slain—
 'Twas my fancy moved the billow;
 Speed created in the brain
 Through a fast receding pillow.

Ah, it must be getting late,
 For the flowers are lowly drooping,¹
 'Neath the overpowering weight
 Of the dew-drops in their grouping.

Can it be I am awake?
 Is this fancy? Am I dreaming?
 Here's the grove and there's the lake—
 Ah, 'tis something more than seeming.

See! the stars begin to fade;
 Light appears, the day is breaking.
 I must leave this lovely shade,
 For the world will soon be waking.

O, thou sweet and lovely queen,
 I do thank thee for thy glowing;
 Naught would be this shady sheen
 Without what thou art bestowing.

Duty calls me to the world,
 And my smiles must meet its coldness.
 Truth's eternal flag's unfurled,
 And it waves o'er men of boldness.

Coward-like I must not shrink
From the dangers of the battle.
Man must fight as well as think,
Till war's drum shall cease to rattle.

See! the silvery streaks of day
Steal along to give the warning—
Queen, thou dare not disobey
He who takes thy place each morning.

See, the sable clouds of smoke
From the tall, white chimneys curling.
Busy life has now awoke,
And will soon be madly whirling.

Now the day's anointed king
To yon summit fast is speeding.
Shades of night have ta'en to wing,
Darker ones the lighter leading.

On the lofty summits bold
Floods of living light are blazing,
Till they gleam like crowns of gold,
Withering every power of gazing.

On the lofty mountain peak
Now the king of day is standing.
God gave him no power to speak,
But his silence is commanding.

Fiery shafts of living light,
He o'er all the world is hurling;
Dampness of the chilly night,
From the earth in clouds is curling.

Ah, I cannot—dare not stay,
But must close my eyes to beauty.
There's a voice that calls away,
'Tis the stern, cold voice of duty.

Busy life begins its toil,
 I can hear its well-known humming.
 I must rush in its turmoil—
 Cease awhile—yes, I am coming.

Fare thee well my native grove,
 For I cannot linger longer.
 Do not doubt thy lover's love—
 I feel better, braver, stronger.

Fare thee well, O, fare thee well!
 When the evening shades are falling
 I shall come—was that a bell?—
 'Tis my duty that is calling.

September, 1891.

A CHRISTIAN'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

† LITTLE thought when first I heard the truth
 † That it would bid me leave this dear, old home;
 To tear myself away from scenes of youth,
 And in a stranger's land to sadly roam.
 But soon the hour of parting will have come,
 When I must say farewell to scenes I love,
 And mount yon wave that gleams with flakey foam,
 Without a guide, save that sweet, white-winged dove,
 Which is to broken hearts a token of God's love.

The truth has come to me, it matters not
 How, when or why, 'tis burning in my soul.
 I must have heard it once, and then forgot
 That I had started for a shining goal;
 For when I heard it I lost all control
 Of every power, save that to doubly feel.
 There was a something that within me stole—

A power it is—whatever it may be,
That my soul must have felt when it from sin was free.
I oft had wondered if we did not live
In worlds more fair, before we here were born ;
If when we left we did not freely give
A promise that we some day would return ;
And did not those we love still watch and yearn
To greet us on a bright, celestial shore ;
Where fires of love would never cease to burn ;
Where those who met would part again no more,
And all would dwell in peace till endless life was o'er ?
It might have been a dream ; I used to dream
When I was set to watch my father's sheep,
In that dear vale, beside the crystal stream,
I oft have dreamed—aye, and my dreams were deep.
I oft have dreamed when I was not asleep,
Of life, of death, of Satan and of God ;
And, kneeling there, I oft would pray and weep,
Because all paths of life that mortals trod
Converge in one that leads beneath the dreary sod.

My life was saddened by my loved one's death,
Although we were but children when she died.
'Tis strange, but as she breathed life's final breath,
She smiled and said she yet would be my bride.
But oh, how dark, and drear, and deep, and wide
Has seemed that gulf o'er which her spirit crossed.
I groped in darkness, for I had no guide ;
My soul upon life's stormy sea was tossed,
Because my lovely flower was killed by death's cold
frost.

I yet shall be thy bride ! What did it mean ?
It was no dream ; those were the words she said.
If she had lived, I know she would have been ;
But can the living marry with the dead ?
Ah, reader, do not shrink from this in dread ;

That question forced itself upon my mind,
And, through it, I have often-times been led
To heights of thought that joy can never find ;
And I have come to think that grief is sometimes
kind.

In time my star of hope began to shine
Across the boundless ocean of Despair.
The lovely girl was dead, but she was mine—
The thought was bold, but grief had made me dare
To think of things which erst I could not bear
To e'en see standing at the door of thought.
My grief has trained me with such skill and care,
That, tho' she came to me a friend unsought,
I love her for the truths that she to me has taught.

The truth—the truth has come to me at last.
I see my way; I know what I must do.
The clouds of hate have gathered round me fast;
But to myself and God I will be true.
I once had many friends, but now the few
That have been left, I do not feel to trust;
For those I thought the best I ever knew
Have trampled on me as if I were dust—
I rest my case with Him whose ways are ever just.

I yet shall be thy bride—those few short words
Were written on my soul with pen of fire.
It is the song sung by the forest birds;
In dreams I've heard it, by a heavenly choir;
And now my being thrills with one desire,
To know if this is fancy or is real.
If it were true, this soul would never tire
Of marching onward, and my wounds would heal;
And I would thank my God for every pang I feel.

Immortal spirit! where, oh, where art thou?
Thy lover mourns for thee—he loves thee still.
Here, where we used to roam, in grief I bow,

And thoughts too deep for words my being thrill.
 They overpower the forces of my will,
 And oft conduct me where I dread to go,
 Now through a vale, now on a towering hill,
 So high—I tremble as I gaze below—
 But I must be more calm, and live by what I know.

Sweet maiden, thou art safe—why should I mourn?
 Death came to thee; it comes unto us all.
 The life we lived before we here were born
 Will give a reason for Death Angel's call.
 I must stand on known truth, or I shall fall.
 'Tis true, the soul of man can never die;
 Death is a gate-way, not an iron wall,
 And some time I shall know the reason why
 I have the power to move, but not the power to fly.

My thoughts must not take quite so broad a range;
 They must not wander o'er forbidden ground.
 Those things that are mysterious and strange
 Are natural when the reasons have been found.
 This earth, although it seems a little mound—
 A grain of sand that dashes on through space,
 Has many secrets in its circles bound,
 But thinking will not change its form nor place;
 Nor can all truth be known by this the human race.

Years have rolled on since that sweet maiden died.
 The flower of love bloomed once more in my breast.
 The chasm 'tween us seemed so dark and wide,
 That, on this side the gulf, I sought for rest.
 To her I love I have not yet confessed—
 But she must come with me or we must part,
 For in ten days I turn toward the west,
 Although to leave these scenes 'most breaks my heart.
 The truth has come to me, and I must make a start.

Ye who have heard the truth in foreign lands,
 Know what this would-be Christian had to face.

It often bursts affection's strongest bands
 But to receive the gospel's promised grace.
 'Tis strange that love for truth should bring disgrace,
 And bitter hate of warm and oft-tried friends,
 But this is proven true in every place
 Where truth has found its way; he who defends
 Its cause must stand and face all that which Satan
 sends.

When ten days pass I turn toward the west;
 My childhood's home I then must bid farewell.
 In that far land I hope to find sweet rest,
 For there 'tis said the Saints of God do dwell.
 Zion, the pure in heart, I love thee well!
 O, ocean, cast me not beneath thy wave,
 But bear me on thy breast to that fair dell
 Where Faith stands on each loved one's silent grave,
 And points to that sweet home where dwell the good
 and brave.

I long to mingle with a class of men
 Who gaze beyond the "city of the dead;"
 Who seek beyond the shades of mortal ken
 For light by which their mortal feet may tread.
 Who do not gaze upon the earth with dread,
 And say: "Why, surely this is mankind's womb!"
 But feel the light that Faith's bright star has shed.
 And look beyond the "valley of the tomb"
 To a celestial vale where flowers eternal bloom.

Can storms of hate put out the brilliant flame
 That burns in souls who have this living trust?
 Or can the waves of time efface the name
 That's written where there's no corroding rust?
 What can the wicked do to harm the just,
 Who stand as servants of the living God?
 They are as powerless as the clods of dust;
 Write on their unfurled banners "Ichabod,"—
 They're treading in the path that e'en the angels trod.

I cannot be a Christian in a day,
But be my help, O God, and I will try
With all my powers to drive my sins away,
And fight for Thy great cause until I die.
'Tis sweet to know that man came from the sky ;
I used to think he was formed out of clay,
But now I feel my soul has power to fly
Beyond all things that time can fade away,
To a celestial home where glows eternal day.

A Christian? Can I ever hope to be?
My heart leaps forth at such a glorious thought.
I care not for the storms upon life's sea,
If out of them eternal life is wrought.
The battle may be fierce, but when 'tis fought
A crown of glory that will never fade
Is man's reward, for so the Savior taught.
That is a sun illuming all life's shade ;
Dispelling all the gloom that doubt and fear have made.

I now begin my pilgrimage of life ;
Keep me, O God, within the narrow way ;
Give me the strength to face all storms of strife,
Though they beat down these walls of mortal clay ;
Grant that I may not fear my frame's decay,
But that Thy Spirit's light may be my guide :
And that my soul may follow safe that ray—
Though all the world my course of life deride,
Until I reach that home where those I love reside.

I know this world can never take away
The happiness that dwells with righteous deeds.
Nor can it kill the power which eats away
The soul that cultivates sin's poisonous seeds.
'Tis true the heart that's tender often bleeds,
E'en though it be as pure as falling snow ;
But God will heal such wounds; He knows our needs,
And though all men must suffer here below,
The righteous do have joys the wicked cannot know.

I am a Christian, and a Christian's hope
 Must glow within my bosom or I fall.
 The light that came from God must have full scope,
 And it tells me I must do good to all.
 I dread to think of that high, gloomy wall
 That separates me from the ones I love,
 But I must listen to my duty's call,
 And try to break it down, that the white dove
 May bid them with me march to a bright home
 above.

Yes, I must seek my father and explain.
 His bitter curse must not rest on my head ;
 He must not burst forever that strong chain
 Which ought to bind the living and the dead.
 But, then, to see him fills my soul with dread—
 Will he not spurn me from him as before?
 And all those cruel words that he has said
 Will be repeated, and a thousand more.
 I shudder at the thought of entering at his door.

I am a Christian—here my faith is tried;
 I must believe that they this time will hear
 The story that before I could not hide,
 And hence I told it to the ones most dear.
 But how they stormed and cursed! It is not clear
 To my weak mind why they became so wild.
 It seemed as though the one they loved so dear,
 Their petted and, it may be, wayward child,
 Had bathed in floods of sin till he became defiled.

Well, I shall seek that home they bid me leave ;
 I, being a Christian, must seek it once more,
 And, with the help of God, I will believe
 That they will not receive me as before—
 But, oh, it cuts me to the very core
 To think that they should treat me as a slave,
 And turn me like a beggar from their door

Because my guilty soul did dare to crave
Those jewels that will wear beyond the silent grave.
With these contending thoughts, the Christian turned
And strode away toward his father's cot.
He it had left when fiery anger burned
Within his breast, because his parents sought
To make him scorn the change that had been wrought
Within his soul, as though it were a dream.
He knew 'twas true; with all his power he fought
Against the fire of rage, but still its gleam
Burst from his flashing eyes, e'en like a meteor's beam.
He had grown wild among his native hills;
His petulance had never been controlled;
But he had mused beside the sparkling rills,
And dreamed of things that he had never told.
He knew that time would some day make him old,
And he would ask his soul why this was so;
Why his warm blood would soon be icy cold;
And if he had a soul, where would it go?
Was there a heaven above? Was there a hell below?
He heard the Gospel in its plainness taught,
By one who was uncouth and rude of speech;
But every word with eagerness he caught,
And soon he saw salvation was in reach.
He knew that he was standing on the beach
Of life's great ocean, and why there he came
Was—when he heard that humble Elder preach—
As plain and clear as was his mortal name,
For in his soul he felt the Holy Spirit's flame.

A CHRISTIAN'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE SECOND.

My hopes that they would hear me were all vain.
I cannot and I will not see them more.
They say I leave a stain upon their name

That is as crimson as is human gore.
But I feel better than I did before—
My duty was to strictly play my part;
This have I done, and now my task is o'er,
They shall not break my sorely wounded heart;
In God I put my trust, and He will heal its smart.

I know now what it is to be alone.
I am cut loose from all my kindred ties—
I fear my parents ne'er again will own
The child whose very name they now despise.
But there's a God who hears His children's cries,
And answers them in tender words of love.
I am an outcast, but I yet shall rise—
If I am true, to starry heavens above;
That is my spirit's home—a land of perfect love.

Ye forests, I shall rest beneath your shade
Until the morning comes when I shall sail.
Upon the cold, damp ground I oft have lain
And listened to thy branches sigh and wail.
Ye scenes of youth! with gushing joy I hail—
Ye are the only friends that now remain,
And ye, dear friends, I know will never fail,
Nor will reproach me with the crimson stain
That I have left on those who caused me so much pain.

Yet, mother dear, I shall not quench the love
That burus within my trembling soul for thee.
There's not a friend below God's Throne above
That e'er shall be as dear as thou to me.
Where'er my bark is tossed upon life's sea,
Thy smile shall beam upon the dark, cold wave.
Beneath thy roof I ne'er again shall be,
But, in that home beyond the silent grave,
I hope to claim that love which here in vain I crave.

My mother oft has knelt beside my bed,
When I lay fretful with some childish pain;

And tender words of love to me were said,
While tears fell on my cheek like showers of rain.
And when my pain had left me, and again
I felt the joy that follows childish grief,
She clasped me with a pure, paternal strain,
And in her arms I soon found sweet relief—
Thus all my childhood's ills were by her love made brief.

I never felt a wound she could not heal;
I never knew a joy she did not share;
But now my grief I here alone must feel;
In silent gloom my sufferings I must bear.
There is no one in all this world would care,
Were I to fall asleep and never wake—
But I shall strive to shun the tempter's snare,
And live and labor for my mother's sake,
Unless the God of heaven sees fit my life to take.

My mother loved the child she nursed with care;
It seems so strange her love is dead and cold.
I wonder if she ever breathes a prayer
For the lost sheep that's wandered from the fold.
I wonder if the child that she has told
To leave her home and never enter more,
Has left her heart! or does she sometimes mould
My faults into the innocence of yore?
Ah, well, whate'er she thinks, thank God that scene
is o'er.

A father's curse is resting on my head;
A mother's scorn has pierced me to the heart;
A sister's love is withered and is dead;
But still I feel a deadlier, poisoned dart.
O, Love! I know thou art not what thou art,
Or thou could'st never be so warm and cold.
Thou hast a balm to heal the keenest smart,
But all thy wounding power has ne'er been told,
And never will be known while graves their secrets
hold.

A father's curse should never bow this frame ;
For mother's scorn these eyes should never weep ;
A sister's hate my soul should never tame—
These sorrows in my bosom I would keep.
But, Love ! thy dart has pierced my heart so deep ;
I can not keep within the pain I feel ;
When worn out with my grief, I fall asleep,
Thy lovely form will in my chamber steal,
And kneeling, by my couch, I hear thy sweet appeal.

Yes, oft I feel thy warm breath on my cheek,
And feel thy sweet lips tremble on my own ;
While those sweet words that only love can speak,
Oft make me feel that all my grief has flown.
But when I wake and find I am alone,
And think of all her cruel words of scorn ;
How her sweet face with cruel anger shone
When we walked in the woods that sunny morn,
And I dared breathe a hint of why we had been born.

But who and what am I that I should weep ?
Do I deserve this cruel, cutting hate
Because I would not crouch beneath their feet,
And humbly on their foolish counsel wait ?
My crime is that I sought the only gate
By which a soul can find eternal life ;
And that one act has sealed my mortal fate,
Robbed me of father, mother, sister, wife,
And I am forced to meet this calumny and strife.

Why should I mourn ? I oft have longed to find
That which, now found, has made my spirit sad.
I know the truth is burning in my mind,
For thoughts like these I ne'er before have had—
But, then, it almost drives me raving mad
To think that father, mother, sister, all
Should scorn me as a being vile and bad
Because, forsooth, I listened to that call,
And drew back from the gulf in which I dared not fall.

Be Thou my judge, O God! have I not sought
 For gems of truth in these my native hills?
 Have I not in my gloomy moments thought
 That 'twould be sweet to breathe the breath that kills?
 And now when I have found a light that fills
 My being with a knowledge of my birth,
 That tells me trials are essential drills
 To prove the spirit if it be of worth,
 Because these things are true I am too vile for earth.

I wonder if the Elder I heard preach
 Knew what a power there was in what he taught?
 He said he was too ignorant to teach,
 That he had never given his mind to thought.
 Good heavens! Did he know that men had sought
 For centuries to find what he had found?
 That out of his short sermon could be wrought
 More riches than are hidden in the ground;
 More truth than all the lines of this our earth can
 bound?

No, no, the Elder knew not what he said.
 At first he seemed to think that he was wrong.
 He looked as though his soul was filled with dread,
 When he arose to speak to that vast throng.
 Before this, when he tried to sing a song,
 He looked as though he wished he had one friend,
 But still he sang, and though the song was long,
 I paid attention till he reached the end,
 For earnestness and power did on his words attend.

The man was awkward, bashful, full of shame;
 Nor art nor science e'er had taught him grace.
 Who would have dreamed that in him was a flame
 That could all these exterior faults deface!
 As he spoke on, a glow illumed his face,
 Until it shone with a celestial light;
 And I was given a power that I could trace

His lines of thought—there stood before my sight
A medium God had sent to show me what was right.

I never knew the power of truth till then ;
Nor did I know that weakness made men strong ;
Tho' I had read of Daniel in the den,
And always thought that right would conquer wrong ;
But I had waited patiently and long
To see and hear a soldier of the cross ;
Or one who to that army did belong
That measure earthly gain by heavenly loss,—
One who could separate true gold from garnished
dross.

These woods must be my home until I sail ;
I'll gather withered leaves and make my bed,
And while the lonesome wind doth moan and wail,
My soul shall dream of what that Elder said—
Why, Jesus had no place to lay his head !
Thank God !—I never thought of that before.
The Great Redeemer who for mankind bled
That He might open for them heaven's door !
Oh, can this all be true,—I shall not murmur more !

I thank thee father even for thy curse ;
I now know why you drove me from your door.
And, mother, thy unkindness hurt me worse,
But I shall thank thee for it evermore.
And, thou, my love, I still do thee adore,
But thy unkindness cheers my drooping soul ;
For now I see, more clearly than before,
That this path leads unto a shining goal,
Where all the just shall dwell while ages onward roll.

Yes, Jesus had no place to lay his head,
Though He was the begotten Son of God ;
Upon the cold, damp earth He made His bed,
And patiently a humble path He trod.
He showed men how to grasp the "iron rod,"
And taught them that the greatest should be meek ;

That earthly glory sinks beneath the sod,
But that He had been given power to speak
Of glory that would last, and wealth that all should
seek.

The Jews were hypocrites, and would not hear
These truths; they were too lofty and sublime;
They dared not look within, where guilty Fear
Sat trembling in the crimson arms of Crime.
If He had covered up their filthy slime,
And poured into their ears soft, flattering lies,
He would have been the greatest of His time,
And never would have heard their mocking cries,—
They dared not—could not gaze upon the glorious
prize.

There are weak mortals who are climbing high:
They love the Savior, and what He did teach;
Their beaming eyes are turned toward the sky,
And lofty are the summits that they reach.
But far beyond the ideal peaks of each,
The Savior, clothed in robes of dazzling white,
Stands on a mount, a lofty mount, to preach,
And men do well if they can keep in sight
Of that majestic God, the Prince of living light.

When He was nailed upon the cruel cross,
He won a victory over death and hell.
It was a gain, although a seeming loss,
When He into the hands of murderers fell.
And e'en today can human wisdom tell
What is a loss, or that which is a gain?
He who is slain on earth in heaven may dwell;
He who now stoops to serve may shortly reign,
And hearts now filled with joy may soon be crushed
with pain.

But he who serves his God can never fail ;
 He is a conqueror, for he always tries
 To do the right, but lets the Master choose
 What shall be done, then all the world defies.
 If he be crushed to earth, he knows he'll rise ;
 If he be bound, he knows the bands will burst.
 Things may look dark at times, but God is wise ;
 He knows this, and remembers from the first
 That God has made him strong when demons howled
 the worst.

'Tis this that gives the weakest Christian strength.
 The prince of darkness longs to overthrow
 Faith's mountain chain, which is of such a length
 That it binds starry heavens with earth below.
 He trembles when he sees that mountain grow,
 For those who grade it are beyond his reach.
 Hence this fair world, with all its gaudy show,
 He offers men, if they'll engage to teach
 That God can never hear, nor answer human speech.

A God has died that man may never die ;
 He came to earth that He might pave the way
 That leads to starry mansions in the sky,
 Beyond this mortal empire of decay.
 How weak is man ! Yet, through God's grace, he
 may
 Tread weakness down, and rise in strength and power,
 Until he feels his own soul is a ray
 Before which the prince of night must cower ;
 This is a gift of God, and is the Christian's dower.

God is the Christian's strength, and is he weak ?
 Tho' scorching flames consume his mortal frame,
 And hush the voice that God commands to speak,
 He knows the angels write a martyr's name.
 If he can feel his soul is free from blame,
 That soul will smile, when pain would bid it cry.

None but the guilty hang their heads in shame!
The pure in heart are not afraid to die;
They gaze not at the earth, but at the clear, blue sky.

This is the Christian, and as years roll by,
I dare to hope that I may bear that name.
I tremble at the thought, but that is why
I dare to hope, for others feel the same.
When first I felt that none were free from blame,
I felt a joy that I could not conceal.
That joy it was that lit a hopeful flame,
And to my better self I did appeal;
And ever since that time, I've felt that life was real.

Before that time, I oft have longed to die.
I could not sleep, nor could I rest awake.
I found no answer to the question why
Are hopes and fears like bubbles that must break.
I had a thirst that waters could not slake;
I felt a wound that kindness could not heal,
And every effort that my soul did make
Would strengthen pain; until I came to feel
That life, and death, and all were gloomy and unreal.

The gloom of life sank deep into my soul,
And planted there the seeds of scorn and hate;
But still my passions strong I did control;
Still struggled in the iron arms of Fate.
I knew this fearful storm must soon abate,
That dreary gloom must give way to the light;
And thus in this condition I did wait
Until I saw the lines 'tween wrong and right,
And then I armed myself and fought with all my
 might.

And here I stand among these forest trees,
As midnight winds are rustling through their leaves.
If God looks down upon me, He now sees

One who in His Almighty name believes,
 And for this dreadful crime, he who deceives,
 And ever has deceived the souls of men,
 Has taught my friends that they are worse than
 thieves,
 Who dare believe that God has spoke again,
 Or that He is the same that He has always been.

O, Thou who died upon the cruel cross,
 I lay my bosom bare before Thy gaze.
 If there be gold beneath this mass of dross
 It will not wither 'neath thy vision's blaze.
 I come—I come to Thee to learn Thy ways ;
 I wish to be among thy chosen flock.
 Before this frame in mother earth decays
 O, plant my feet upon Thy Gospel's rock !
 Then I will face life's storm, nor tremble at its shock.

O, Thou, my God, the Father of my soul,
 Forgive—forgive Thy broken-hearted child !
 Give me the strength this being to control,
 That I may stand before Thee undefiled.
 Among these scenes my spirit has run wild—
 I knew not Thee, nor why I came to earth ;
 But now I see that I have been beguiled
 In seeking that which cannot be of worth—
 My soul now comprehends the cause of mortal birth.

Behold this soul bowed down with care and grief ;
 Untaught of Thee, untrained in any school,
 Now full of hope, now chained in unbelief ;
 In some things wise, in others worse than fool ;
 Believing man no better than a ghoul,
 Destined to shine a moment then to fade ;
 With all his pride, a weak and worthless tool
 That did exist, but never had been made—
 I trusted to my doubts, by them I was betrayed.

Will tears of true repentance wash away
 The crimson mark that stains my guilty spirit?
 Is there a hope for those who disobey?
 Or can a sinner endless life inherit?
 My God! I must receive more than I merit,
 Or this weak soul can never be unbound.
 The white robe of forgiveness! may I wear it?
 O, let Thy love within my soul abound,
 And I will show the world the prize that I have
 found.

Behold these tears! they sprang not from my eyes,
 But from a broken, over-flowing heart.
 O, listen, Father, to my spirit's cries!
 Remove from my poor soul sin's poisonous dart!
 Show me Thy wondrous play; give me a part!
 I'll play it well, or do my very best.
 I wish to learn, above all things, the art
 Of living so my life won't be a jest.
 I do think I can stand; I do not fear the test.

Yes, I do know that I shall be forgiven.
 'Twas not in vain our Lord and Savior bled.
 If only blameless spirits went to heaven,
 Then I would ne'er again lift up my head;
 But every mortal being has been wed
 To him who has the power to make men slaves.
 Yet Mercy has her white wings kindly spread
 O'er all the world; the flag of hope still waves,
 And Faith's bright, fadeless star illumines our loved
 ones' graves.

I know too well the strength of boiling blood;
 It leaps in pride and anger o'er the will.
 What man e'er lived who did the things he would?
 He strives and hopes, but he's a sinner still.
 I've read of those who sought to do God's will,
 But no man ever did it in all things.

Anon the strength of weakness sends a thrill
 Through every being; common men and kings
 Are much alike in this—we mortals have no wings.

King Solomon, King David—they were great.
 God taught them, blessed them, made them brave and
 strong.

They entered at the straight and narrow gate,
 And served their God both patiently and long—
 But, hush, their actions mar the Pilgrim's song—
 I never can unknow that man is weak.
 E'en those who love the right oft do the wrong;
 What can be said of those who never seek
 To do the will of God, nor of His love to speak!

To Thee, my God, my Father, now I lift
 My hands, my heart, my soul, my hopes, my all,
 "And crave of Thee, Almighty God, a gift:"
 I wish to stand, though angels round me fall.
 Thy Spirit spoke to me, I heard its call,
 But others hear and feel as I do now,
 Yet cannot say as did the faithful Paul,
 I've kept the faith, no shame is on my brow,
 Through all the storms of life I've kept my sacred
 vow.

Though all the world arose against me now,
 I feel I have the strength to bravely stand:
 But, oh, I dare not breathe to Thee a vow
 That I can always this, myself, command.
 The chosen are a very little band;
 The called are many—nothing here is wrong.
 God grasps each son and daughter by the hand;
 Invites the world with all its busy throng.
 But faith and works combined, alone can make men
 strong.

My home, my friends, these scenes I love so well;
 Oh, what are they! I bid them all adieu.

Among the Saints of God I soon shall dwell—
 All will be well, if I can but be true ;
 And this is not impossible to do.
 I *can* be faithful! no, I need not fall.
 Why should I not be with the chosen few?
 What one can do, can be done by us all—
 I'll always hush my heart to hear my duty's call.

Communion with my God is what I need.
 I have no want that He cannot supply.
 To everything He says I will give heed ;
 I know he will assist those who thus try.
 Few men have come to Him as weak as I,
 But He can make the weakest brave and strong.
 I only wish the strength that can defy
 Whatever lives that has the name of wrong :
 I must have this much strength, or I shall fall ere
 long.

Oh, would that since my birth no evil thought
 Had ever throbb'd within my feverish brain ;
 But that my rising soul in youth had sought
 That which it now is yearning to obtain.
 Against this mortal life I did complain,
 But never, never will I do so more.
 Purge from my soul sin's dark, corroding stain,
 And I shall learn Thy Gospel to adore,
 And gladly leave this world when mortal toil is o'er.

The future—ah, the future—Thank my God
 There is a future, all has not yet past.
 My manhood's strength now droops upon this sod,
 While gushing streams of joy are flowing fast.
 I know there are things time can never blast :
 Truth is immortal! Spirit cannot die!
 The sky may be with darkness overcast,
 But there's a glowing sun in yonder sky.
 Its brightness cannot fade; the clouds will soon roll by.

The clouds, the dreary clouds—why should I mourn
 Because they float above my mortal head ?
 The night is followed by the breaking morn ;
 To know this is to free the soul from dread.
 The brightest beams the sun has ever shed
 Have fallen where there once was dreary gloom ;
 The darkest shade has always quickly fled
 When light appeared, because light leaves no room
 For waves of night to roll this side creation's tomb.

E'en so it is whene'er the Gospel's sun
 Has shed his golden rays within the soul ;
 The darkness fleeth and the fight is won,
 If man will learn his passions to control.
 No mortal man has gazed upon the goal
 That is illumined by the Gospel blaze,
 Until the light within his being stole,
 Then beauty, grandeur, greatness meet his gaze—
 This sight is never seen by him who disobeys.

I cannot now, I never can forget
 That I have sinned before the Lord my God ;
 And while I live on earth I shall regret
 That when a child I knew not where to trod.
 Indeed, when young, I thought all things were odd,
 And God alone can know what I have felt.
 To see the ones I loved laid 'neath the sod
 And not know where they went, would not that melt
 A heart of adamant ? There on their graves I knelt,

And prayed that God would give my soul relief
 By taking it—I knew not, cared not where.
 I shudder now, but there is strength in grief,
 And there was nothing then I would not dare.
 It was a strange, a wild, a wicked prayer.
 I tremble now to dream of what I thought.
 Now in the mirror I do often stare

At this strange being, self, with which I've fought,
Before I had a guide, then when I was untaught.

Hush, let me hear the voice within my spirit;
Oft have I heard it chide my guilty soul.
I knew not what it was, but now I know it—
It is the voice of God, and shall control
My actions, till I reach a heavenly goal.
It surely will not lead the soul astray,
But can be heard when waves of passion roll,
Imploring man to tread the narrow way;
It tells man when to work, and tells him when to play.

Ah, now, 'tis time to take myself to task—
What others do can never injure me.
A question of my own soul I must ask.
"Art thou, my spirit, willing to be free?"
You have been in the dark, but now you see,
And "seeing is believing," so 'tis said.
My heart and soul, ye must learn to agree—
The voice *will* speak; will I by it be lead?
My spirit and my heart to this cause must be wed.

I could plead weakness, but that will not do,
For God, my Father, is the source of power.
Will not strength come to me if I am true?
Ah, will He not His blessing on me shower?
He sends his rain to cheer the drooping flower:
The meanest weed receives the strength to grow;
Shall man's immortal soul then whine and cower?
Because there are things that it can not know?
Shall it refuse to move because it must move slow?

Two paths are here; which one am I to choose?
I am no slave who *must* do this or that.
I'll freely take or freely will refuse;
The soul cannot be forced that's plain and flat.
Against the good or bad I can combat,—
Here are the weapons; all are given free—

Let me retire to where in youth I've sat ;
There may be things here that I cannot see—
I must consider time flows in eternity.

Tell me that I am not a living man ;
Teach me to know that children are not born ;
That all that is exists without a plan ;
That man has learned there is no night, no morn ;
That love, truth, hope, fear, vice, hate, pride and
scorn

Have never dwelt within the human breast!
Then from my soul that knowledge may be torn
That Jesus is the Christ, till then I rest
Contented with the thought that through Him man is
blessed.

I could return unto my father's cot,
And tell him I was grieved that I did hear
The living words of truth—no, that is not
The way to do ; that would offend his ear.
“ The Elder preached a lie, my father dear ”—
Yes, that is it (because I know 'twas true)
“ I listened to him, but you need not fear,
I have repented, and I come to you
To ask you to forgive me for what I did do.”

“ I never will believe another lie ;
I'm sorry that I caused you so much pain ;
I'm very sorry that I did not die
Before I brought upon your house this stain.
Behold these tears that fall like showers of rain !
Oh, will they not, in part at least, atone ?
I will not do such wicked things again ;
My sins and sorrows here I frankly own ;
I shall live as I did before these men were known.”

That is the only path there is that leads
To reconciliation with my friends.
They are the slaves to forms of empty creeds,

And every movement that I make offends—
“Retrace thy steps and then their hatred ends.”
Yes, cause removed, effects will often cease—
The very thought of such an action sends—
But, hush, that will establish with us peace ;
I'll find no other way till this mind's powers increase.

I fear their friendship would be dearly earned—
I would pay fairly to remove their hate ;
Aye, I would do much for the ones who turned
Me from their home, as they would an ingrate.
To me this would be turning from the gate
Which opens to the path that leads to heaven ;
And sad, indeed, would be my spirit's fate,
If after testimony had been given,
It into such a snare should let itself be driven.

He who has never heard the truth may find
A good excuse for practicing a lie,
But when the truth sheds light within his mind,
Excuses perish, and his reasons die.
The God who sits enthroned in realms on high,
Asks not man to create his guiding flame,
But when 'tis sent him, then the man must try
To follow it, or justice will him blame ;
No matter where it leads, this truth remains the same.

That is the ground on which I'm forced to stand.
Can I unknow that I do know God's will ?
The torch I hold is not a blazeless brand—
It may conduct to death, 'tis burning still.
I close my eyes, then darkness reigns until
I open them; when light bursts on my gaze.
The truth has sent through all my soul a thrill :
I have the torch, my eyes behold its blaze.
Were I to keep them closed, my friends the act would
praise.

Can I regret that truth to me was sent ?
'Tis like regretting that I have a home
Beyond this world of sin and discontent,
Within the gates of a celestial dome.
'Tis hard, indeed, from these dear scenes to roam,
But, oh, I can not, dare not dread to go.
My bark will lightly press the billow's foam
That sparkles there like frost on banks of snow—
What shall I have to fear ? I may not, can not know.
It is the burning hope of endless life
That thrills in every drop of youthful blood,
Which causes me to greet the coming strife,
And kiss the rod that falls on me for good.
That man who in his weakness bravely stood,
And told us sinners that we must repent,
Spoke as I know no mortal being could
Who had not by the God of heaven been sent—
My course to me is clear, and I am now content.
I can not, and I will not bend the knee,
Nor whine and plead to win their loving smiles.
The Gospel of my God has made me free—
I've had enough of Satan's snares and wiles,
And clung too long to that which so defiles.
Cursed be the friendship that is bought so dear !
Its soothing words the guilty soul beguiles,
And causes it to lose its righteous fear—
I have no cause to mourn because friends disappear.
There's not a fault I have, or e'er have had,
That this heart does not long to lay aside ;
But part of this, my natural self, is bad,
And it has oft the better part defied.
My passions o'er my judgment sometimes ride,
And thus I have been led in vales of grief ;
But, with my soul, I'm fighting on Thy side,
And whether mortal life be long or brief,
Grant that I there may fight till death brings me relief.

I never did a wrong that was not wrong,
Nor all the powers that be can make it right.
The spirits that around my soul do throng
Are all conductors to the dark or light :
The ones who lead man into gloom of night,
Not only bid him do the wicked deeds ;
But when they're done, they try with all their might
To make him think the fruits on which sin feeds
Has sweetness in its heart, and virtue in its seeds.

Oh, let me know the worst of what is bad !
And let me know the best of what is good !
The kind of deeds that make the spirit sad—
If these are things that can be understood—
What kind will make me glad, I also would
Like very much to know, since I must deal
With deeds ; each day they will on me intrude,
For I, it seems, am organized to feel
What each deed doth create—these things are true
and real.

Roll on, ye mortal days, I will not mourn
Because ye pause not in your eager flight.
I've learned the secret why I have been born,
And now I'll gladly greet the coming night.
Since I have felt the rays of heavenly light,
Life seems to me more than a summer's dream.
I feel my soul would gladly take its flight,
Or gladly stay and swim against the stream
That flows into the sea where truth's star throws no
beam.

Roll on, roll on ! I weep not, nor rejoice
Because ye blast my youthful frame with age.
Within my soul there is a still, small voice
That will out-live what's writ on Shakespeare's page.
I care not for the storms of life that rage,
If I have strength to stand against them all ;

If not, no power can e'er my grief assuage,
But I shall mourn forever o'er my fall,
For I shall sink too low to hear sweet Mercy's call.

O, Thou, whose Spirit burned within my soul,
When first I heard the living truth proclaimed!
While life shall last Thy name I will extol,
Nor can Thy boundless mercy e'er be named.
'Twas by Thy wondrous power all things were framed,
And through Thy mercy every tomb shall burst!
Then loved ones who were lost will all be claimed,
And weary souls will slake their burning thirst—
All, all shall understand Thou art the last and first.

Though this my frame must moulder in the dust,
And these my soul's bright orbs grow dim with age,
Thou art my God, in Thee I put my trust,
Write what Thou wilt on this Thy humble page.
This world of Thine is likened to a stage;
Give me the strength, O God, to play my part,
And when my soul has left its mortal cage,
Grant it may dwell with Thee and ne'er depart—
I give Thee all I have, a humble, broken heart.

When I was weak, and thought that I should faint,
Thou gave to me the strength that I did need.
Though I have suffered, I have no complaint—
I know that to my prayers Thou givest heed:
'Twas Thou who planted in my soul the seed
That caused me to approach Thee as I did,
And though it is o'ershadowed with the weed,
Its precious fruit is not entirely hid—
I have found joy and peace in doing as Ye bid.

Alas! my soul can find no joy in sin;
Remove it from my spirit, or I die:
There is a prize in heaven that I would win,
It is a home in yon bright, starry sky.
I know that I am weak, but I shall try

To climb that mount that leads unto Thy Throne.
To Thee for strength my soul shall ever cry,
And it shall cultivate what Thou hast sown;
I'll subjugate my will, till it becomes Thine own.

O, Thou, who had no place to lay Thy head,
Who freely let Thy precious life's blood flow,
To save the living, and to raise the dead,
And teach mankind the way that they should go;
Be Thou my Guide, that I may ever know
The narrow way from that dark path of gloom.
And when I'm weak, wilt Thou on me bestow
The strength that falters not, e'en at the tomb,
But bids man gaze beyond this life's sad, seeming
doom.

And Thou who sits on yonder gleaming Throne!
Far, far beyond the shades of mortal gaze,
Here on my knees with trembling lips I own
The justice and the mercy of Thy ways!
O'er life's dark path Thy torch shall ever blaze,
To guide my feet through error's somber night;
And when my soul has spent its mortal days,
When death has chilled my blood and closed my sight,
From out the silent tomb 'twill guide my spirits' flight.

Ye blazing orbs of heaven! I do not kneel
To worship ye, for ye cannot create.
With all your glory, ye cannot conceal
That ye exist in a dependent state.
But, Thou, Almighty God, who knowest the fate
Of all things which are animate or dead,
Here on my knees Thy trembling son doth wait
For inspiration's lamp to kindly shed
Its bright, celestial rays in blessings on my head.

What is this little world with all its life!
A little more than naught; then what am I!
One who can see divinity in strife,

A something that exists, and can not die.
No world that floats in you ethereal sky
Is more immortal than my burning soul ;
Yet when I think of all, in vain I try
To comprehend the Power that has control
Of all those gleaming worlds that ever onward roll.
I almost feel the joys I used to feel
When roaming through those lovely fields of bliss ;
When on the cold, damp turf of earth I kneel,
I keenly feel that that is not like this:—
Sweet, sweet indeed has been a true love's kiss,
And sad, how sad I was when we did part !
But there's a pang more keen than even this,
I feel it when I think I might depart,
And never reach that home I love with all my heart.
I tremble at the thoughts of going home
Without performing what I came to do.
Far sooner would I here a stranger roam,
Till I can scorn the false and love the true :
But when I see my spirit's home in view,
I oft-times long to reach that golden shore,
Where tears of joy will fall like heaven's dew,
To know that mortal pains and griefs are o'er ;
That is the only home that man leaves never more.
Nor can I ever learn to put my trust
In this my own, or any mortal arm ;
The strongest of them is but withering dust ;
And never can protect the soul from harm.
But in God's trust there is a glorious charm
That all the powers of hell can never break.
The soul that trusts in Him feels no alarm,
Though the foundations of the earth may shake ;
Nor this most precious faith the world can give nor
take.

I am an outcast, but I do not feel
That I would give the hope that fills my breast

For all the wealth that this world can reveal;
 That hope is that my soul in heaven will rest;
 That is the star that guides me to the west;
 That hope sustains me in this forest wild;
 And makes me feel that I am greatly blessed.
 Although an outcast, I am still God's child,
 And have a claim on Him while I am undefiled.

When will my pilgrimage come to an end?
 Perchance ten thousand years may pass away,
 And still my steps toward that fair goal tend,
 Still I'll be lead toward celestial day;
 But fountains slake my thirst while on my way,
 And fragrant flowers will never cease to bloom;
 And, nourished by that which will ne'er decay,
 I'll pass that dreary valley of the tomb;
 My soul, then filled with light, will drive away its gloom.

Thou only Source of ever-streaming light!
 Thou only God my soul can ever praise!
 To Thee alone I owe my spirit's flight
 From its bright home to spend its mortal days:
 Canst Thou forgive a sinner's thoughtless ways?
 I know I came to earth for nobler deeds;
 But I have often left Thy Spirit's blaze,
 To feed on fruits wherein are poisonous seeds,
 And walk in gardens where grow rank the foulest
 weeds.

Alas! I know this mortal life must be
 A life where joys and sorrows come and go;
 I know if e'er I come and dwell with Thee,
 'Twill be when I have suffered here below.
 Thy dealings with all men doth clearly show
 That they shall never reach Thy gleaming throne,
 Till they have truly proved, in weal and woe,
 That they love Thee, and that they humbly own
 That all Thy ways are just, e'en those that are
 unknown.

A CHRISTIAN'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE THIRD.

(THE CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL.)

How time speeds on! the shades of night have fled;
The king of day climbs o'er the distant hills;
The Christian rises from his forest bed,
While deep emotion all his being thrills.
He stands to say farewell, while moisture fills
The orbs that now must take their final gaze
On shady groves, and mounts, and meads, and rills—
This is the last of ten bright, happy days
That he has spent in song, and prayer, and silent
praise.

Ye sparkling brooks! I never more shall bathe
My feverish brow in thy cold, crystal stream!
I never more shall hear thy rippling wave,
Nor in the moonlight, watch its silvery beam;
On thy soft banks I never more shall dream
Those varied dreams that I shall ne'er forget;
Had I not learned that things are what they seem
Upon thy banks I would be dreaming yet,
Nor would I leave these scenes, till this life's sun
had set.

My native hills! where oft, with bleeding feet,
I've chased the fawn that bounded o'er thy rocks,
Or sought among thy caverns safe retreat,
When forests crashed beneath the thunder shocks;
Or, seated on a stone, I've watched the flocks
That gently nipped the green and tender blades,
And, musing there, I oft used Fancy's blocks
To build a mansion in these forest shades,
Where she and I might dwell, forgetting all that fades.

When storm-clouds gathered in the distant west,
 And changed their shining robes for robes of night,
 I've felt a something rising in my breast
 That filled me with a wild and fierce delight;
 And when the storm came on, I knew no fright,
 For in my soul there raged a storm as wild.
 And I have stood in energy and might!
 I felt that I was an immortal child,
 And part of all that is, that ever frowned or smiled.

'Twas here I learned that man was not a slave :
 That he was never born to bend the knee,
 Save to that One who bursts the silent grave,
 And brings him forth, immortal, strong and free.
 I read no books that told of liberty,
 But in the winds I heard the patriot's cry :
 " Behold the conflict 'tween all powers that be!
 Arm ! arm yourself and fight until you die
 For God, and truth, and right !"—my soul would an-
 swer "I."

Ye voiceless tongues ! that taught me all I know,
 Tho' it be scorned by man, 'tis dear to me ;
 There's not a murmur in the winds that blow,
 Nor leaf that falls from this old, favorite tree
 That does not testify the blessings of the free.
 The hoarse, dull drum of war I never heard,
 Nor ever wish to hear, or feel, or see
 Those things that make men scorn the forest bird,
 And crush to death the thoughts that solitude has
 stirred.

Farewell, ye hills ! a long and last farewell !
 I'll never more disturb the wild fawn's rest !
 No voice I have, but these salt tears will tell
 That love like mine can never be expressed ;
 It is too great and strong to be confessed,—
 I love thee, native hills ! farewell !farewell !

'Tis not for gold I turn toward the west ;
 No, gold would never tempt me from this dell ;
 From all these happy scenes that I have loved so well.

Are ye unconscious of the joys ye give
 To one who, absent from thee, finds no joy ?
 Is it my rising soul that makes ye live
 A life that is so free from all alloy ?
 Do ye not know that death will all destroy,
 Save that which lives and moves, but is unseen ?
 That this world's prize is but an infant's toy,
 That can not now, and never could I ween,
 Give joy such as is felt within thy shady sheen?

To me ye are alive and conscious, too,
 And do reciprocate the love I feel.
 Among men friends like ye I never knew,
 And many secrets I do oft conceal
 From all the world, that to ye I reveal ;
 For I have learned that ye confessions keep,
 As sacred treasures ; and ye so appeal
 To all my better nature that I weep
 Pure tears of gushing joy each night before I sleep.

Forgive me, if this parting makes me weep ;
 For those who cast me off, I shed no tear.
 They have been cruel ! and my soul shall leap
 Above those feelings which were once so dear.
 But here, 'mid scenes I love, yes, only here
 Shall floods of grief flow from these orbs of light !
 From ye, thy lover soon shall disappear !—
 With ye, I ne'er will spend another night ;
 Ten minuts scarce shall pass, when ye fade from my
 sight.

Farewell, ye lovely vales ! a long farewell !
 While time shall be, I shall not see thee more ;
 But there's no spot where mortal beings dwell
 That I shall e'er one half so much adore.

Farewell! my dreams within thy shades are o'er:
 The time has come! I can no longer stay.
 O, Father! guide me from my native shore,
 And keep my feet within the narrow way!
 Farewell! farewell! farewell! my God I must obey!

A CHRISTIAN'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

Since Adam fell this world has been a scene
 Of contrasts and confusion, and we find
 That many things are still as they have been,
 For seeds in every age produce their kind.
 There is no garden like the human mind;
 It is not sterile; something there must grow;
 Around the soul of each there are entwined
 Vines that produce a fruit which all may know:
 That which we cultivate with fire of life will glow.
 'Tis well that Adam ate forbidden fruit,
 Tho' when he ate it he committed sin.
 He planted in the earth death's poisonous root,
 But that is better than not to have been.
 The man who can a crown of glory win,
 Will not be grieved because he had to die.
 It is a conquest gained, when men begin
 To realize that He who rules on high
 Has made no grand mistake, nor taught this world
 a lie.

Contention and confusion fill the world,
 And many a bloody battle has been fought,—
 Aye, and the shafts of death must still be hurled,
 But something from this chaos will be wrought.
 Men still are seeking what their fathers sought;

But let them seek ; give every soul a chance.
 Leave it unfettered in both deed and thought—
 Life is no dream ; we are not in a trance ;
 The great all-seeing eye still beams with fiery glance.

Men ought to know what God would have them do,
 For He knows best of all what should be done.
 He never told men that which was not true,
 Nor has the light of revelation's sun—
 Tho' dark have been the vales it shone upon—
 Conducted man to vales of pain and grief.
 It is a light that leads mankind to shun
 Life's pitfalls, and brings to the soul relief;
 It makes this life seem real, although it is but brief.

It would be well with it if this wise world
 Would manifest the fact that it is wise,
 Before the fiery shafts of hate are hurled
 Against that which no being need despise.
 The Truth is bold, and scorns to wear disguise;
 But Wisdom never fights against the truth ;
 The world does, and the haughty "prince of lies"
 Is now a smiling and engaging youth ;
 But Truth is dressed in rags, unpolished and uncouth.

God told those who received the truth to go
 And preach the Gospel to poor, fallen man,
 That all the peoples of this world might know
 That there had been ordained a saving plan.
 Now, this is how the wondrous work began,
 And he who is the hero of my tale,
 Received the truth, and fast the rumor ran—
 For rumor speeds as does the summer gale—
 That his poor soul was lost, and loud his friends did
 rail.

If lost were being found, he would be lost ;
 And would that all the world were lost awhile.
 Lost from those pleasures that have always cost

The sacrifice of God's approving smile;
Lost from those sins that tarnish and defile
The being who is something more than man;
Lost to those flatteries that oft beguile
The soul to waste the life that is a span,
The day that should be spent in tracing out God's
plan

A boy once lived who thought he had a soul—
This is not strange, for most boys think the same—
And that there was a God who did control
The destinies of all that has a name.
This boy was Joseph Smith, and is the same
Who poured his stream of life upon the ground,
To prove to every soul that has a frame
That God conducted him to what he found,
And that his spirit soared above earth's little mound.

The ruddy drops of life have oft been spilled,
And spirits oft have burst their moulds of clay;
But not one germ of truth has yet been killed,
Nor has the power of right grown old and gray.
These are things that the sword can never slay;
They are the flowers that, like the soul, will bloom
When empires have been crushed and swept away,
And light of worlds is changed to midnight gloom:
They were not born to sleep within the dismal tomb.

Now o'er the deep, blue sea the vessel speeds;
The scenes the Christian loves are lost to sight.
Engrossed in silent thought, he scarcely heeds
The lowering gloom that wraps the world in night.
But in his soul there shines a brilliant light—
The light that shines within a conscience clear,
He having done that which he knew was right,
Forsaken all that natural man holds dear,
And bravely facing that which stronger men might
fear.

But thousands have done this for love of truth—
Aye, and they yet will do much more than this.
There is no royal path for age or youth
To those Elysian vales of perfect bliss.
He who would find his life must fondly kiss
The cold, pale lips of death, the chastening rod,
And pass through vales where poisonous serpents hiss,
Before he shines before the living God—
Without his Father's help no man could tread this
sod.

Much marveled all to see the Christian sad—
For sufferings wrote pale sadness on his face—
The trial had been severe, but then it had
Prepared him to receive the Gospel grace.
Receiving truth does not at once deface
Those traits by which each living man is known.
The gospel seed within his soul found place,
And by the hand of God it had been sown,
But, then, the Gospel plant was not yet fully grown.

The pride that had been wounded was not killed ;
The treatment he received was not forgot ;
And even now his haughty spirit thrilled
With indignation at some sudden thought :
With all the strength he had, he bravely fought
Against the feelings that he knew were wrong ;
For, little as he knew, he had been taught
While in the woods that evil powers would throng
Around him to destroy his soul with tempting song.

Within his soul there was much that was good—
What he had done was proof that this was true,
For baseness would not stand where he had stood,
Nor pass through that which he had just passed
through.

In this wide world there are but very few
Who will receive the message he received.

Since in the midst of heaven that angel flew,
How very few there are who have believed!
And this wise world to-day claims those few are
deceived.

The best of seeds require the best of soil,
That they may manifest intrinsic power;
Besides the tender care and patient toil
Of him who would enjoy the fragrant flower.
They must receive the sunshine and the shower,
And then they will send forth their tiny shoots:
But they require attention every hour,
That healthy life might flow through all their roots,
Then virtue of the seed is tested by its fruits.

How, then, can we believe the Gospel seed
Will grow without 'tis planted in good soil!
Or thrive in gardens where the foulest weed
Is nourished by the absence of hard toil!
The blood of passion must not burn and boil
In him who would the Gospel's power test;
He must apply the will-power's healing oil,
And give the seed a chance within his breast,
Then, if it does not grow, seek not on earth for rest.

In that strange garden called the human soul,
There have been planted many kinds of seeds.
The man who does not labor to control
His garden, may expect to raise some weeds.
E'en he who toils to kill the life that feeds
On other life, which wisdom bids him save,
Is often pained, his heart with sorrow bleeds
To see the choicest life fall in the grave,
While that which he would kill sinks not beneath
death's wave.

Before the Gospel seed in man is sown,
There is some cultivating to be done;
And many plants that have within him grown

Must now be withered by truth's blazing sun.
 'Tis right that tears of true repentance run,
 For they will be the spirit garden's dew,
 To nourish seeds that wickedness will shun,
 Seeds that will kill out all vile plants that grew—
 Man must forsake the false to learn to love the true.

The garden of the soul is fertile ground :
 All kinds of seeds can there be made to grow :
 Oh, would that precious seed by all were found,
 The fruit of which would heal all pain and woe !
 Alas ! this world with all its dazzling show
 Is feeding on the fruits that always kill.
 Men gorge themselves, when in their souls they know
 (An outraged conscience will with warning thrill)
 That death has stricken all who ate of it their fill.

If nothing but the Gospel seed e'er grew
 Within the fertile garden of the mind,
 And it received the sunshine and the dew
 That God would freely give to all mankind,
 You might explore that garden and not find
 The sable shadow of a single reed ;
 But flowers of the fairest, choicest kind
 Would wave where now there waves the sterile weed,
 To testify to all the virtue of their seed.

When men do wrong they break the Gospel's law.
 Were this not true, that law would sanction wrong ;
 But in its plan there's not the slightest flaw,
 And all the truth to this plan doth belong.
 'Tis strange that 'tis rejected by the throng ;
 'Tis more than strange, it is a dreadful thing ;
 For they refuse to hear a sweeter song—
 A song that all the angels love to sing—
 Than ever trembled on the lips of happy Spring.

But, then, a glorious promise has been made,
 A promise that should dry the mourner's tear,

And gild with mellow gold the dreary shade
That hovers o'er the soul that lingers here ;
A promise that should drive away all fear,
And heal the wound that suffering has made sore ;
A promise that the weary soul holds dear ;
It thinks of it when clouds of midnight lower,
And there, within the soul, it shines when storms are
o'er.

The hoarse, dull drum of war shall cease to beat :
The voice of God will hush the cannon's roar ;
The armies of the earth will all retreat,
And study arts of bloody war no more ;
The Dove of Truth o'er all the world will soar,
And Virtue's Queen shall reign o'er every soul,
Loved ones shall meet where partings will be o'er ;
The bell of grief will peal its final toll—
Roll on ye waves of time that bear us to that goal!

Ye who are cast in dark and dreary cells,
Because ye dared to list to God's command,
Remember He who in yon heaven dwells
Has said that truth is mighty and will stand.
The storms of death must sweep o'er every land :
The deep foundations of the earth must shake ;
The breath of sin now fans the smouldering brand
That melts earth's greatness, as a silvery flake
Is melted when it stoops to kiss the fretting lake.

Ye who have been denied a husband's care,
Remember every tear that ye have shed
Has been recorded as a silent prayer,
By Him who on the cross of Calvary bled.
Gaze not upon the darkest clouds with dread :
There is a sun that shines behind them all ;
Ye soon shall gaze when clouds of gloom have fled :
Ye soon shall hear the soul-inspiring call
That rings, in silvery tones, through death's remotest
hall.

The tale is sad ; it never can be told ;
No mortal can record what ye have felt.
And ye demand of justice more than gold,
And more than gold of them who this blow dealt.
It can not be in vain that ye have knelt
Before the God of heaven in humble prayer.
The chains that bind your loved ones yet shall melt ;
They will come forth and breathe the balmy air
That should be breathed by all God's children, dark
and fair.

Ah, Christian, you are sailing to a land
Where rights of man are trodden in the dust,
But you have some experience on hand,
And know where man should place confiding trust.
Play well thy part ; the ways of God are just,
But there are many trials that you will meet.
Your powers of soul will not corrode with rust ;
The test, though strong, has not yet been complete—
Sail on toward the west ; you must not now retreat.

The ship sailed on ; four times the shades of night
Had driven the sunshine from the silvery wave.
The orb of day again is lost to sight,
And waves of gloom on ocean's bosom lave.
The moon and stars refuse the light they gave
Before, when brilliant day drew to its close.
Now, seamen, hastily prepare to brave
The storm that threatens to disturb repose
Of all the life that sleeps where ocean's water flows.

The inky clouds are gathering thick and fast,
And far away the thunders faintly roll ;
But not a breath portends the dreadful blast
That soon all powers of ocean will control.
The king of silence reigns from pole to pole,
And human hearts are hushed in awful dread.
It is a moment when the human soul

Explores the dreary regions of the dead,
And strives to trace its flight from ocean's lowly bed.

'Tis past, 'tis past! The pregnant storm-clouds burst,
And hurl their sable streams through darkling air!
The scorching lightnings quench their burning thirst,
While darting through the gloom with fiery glare!
Now many a soul that never breathed a prayer
Is wildly calling on its God to save;
And many an eye is fixed in stony stare,
While gazing on the dark and dreary wave
That soon shall roll above the gazer's lowly grave.

Hark! hark! The deep-toned thunders wildly crash,
And torrents hurl themselves into the deep!
While through the gloom the vivid lightning's flash
Reveals an angry ocean woke from sleep!
Like lofty mountains maddened billows leap,
And wave their snowy banners in the air!
But this calms not those who now groan and weep;
They breathe the very breath of dark despair—
If faith bears prayers to heaven, then theirs still linger
there.

One soul was there that was not bowed with grief;
One heart there was that did not throb with fear;
One spirit thrilled with more than mere belief
That sunshine would its mortal vision cheer.
The Christian was surprised and shocked to hear
The pleading cries of men he thought were strong;
And, as within his soul faith's lamp shone clear,
He rose, and thus addressed the cowering throng,
Whose cries had swelled the dirge of angry Nature's
song:

“The God I worship rules this raging storm:
And this vast, liquid waste it woke from sleep
Is but a mirror that reflects His form;
'Tis by His will these angry waves now leap.

O know ye not His footprints mark the deep!
 And that He makes the fiercest storm His car!
 Ye all are Christians, yet ye groan and weep
 As though ye knew not who and what ye are;
 And never had been taught to gaze on faith's bright
 star.

“ Were it the will of God that we should sleep
 Beneath these angry and contending waves,
 They have not power our frames to longer keep
 Than if we did escape their cheerless graves.
 Ye Christians should be men, not cowering slaves,
 Who dare not look Death's Angel in the face.
 If he near this our struggling wreck now laves,
 Let us be Christians, and with Christian grace
 Say: ‘ On this liquid waste now ends our mortal
 race.’ ”

The Christian paused; he had been angered by
 The cries of men that danger had made less
 Than they who knew not that our Lord did die
 That we might not shrink from Death's cold caress.
 He after to his own soul did confess
 That he had known the vessel would not sink;
 But he his thoughts in this disguise did dress
 That each might from his guilty conscience shrink,
 And on his empty form of true religion think.

One day, when praying in his native wood,
 That his then darkened path would be made clear,
 An angel of the Lord before him stood,
 And bade him chase away all doubt and fear;
 He told him that the time was drawing near
 When he would press the Zion's verdant sod;
 And it would be a home to him more dear
 Than e'en the one his childhood's feet had trod;
 “ Forget it not,” he said, “ I came to you from God.”

The angel's form shone bright before his gaze,
 And in his God he placed confiding trust.
 He did rejoice, for he had sought for days
 To prove to God that he believed Him just.
 He now had shown this promise did not rust
 Within his breast, but there it burned a flame,
 Until his flesh seemed withering into dust;
 Such power has the spirit o'er the frame,
 When it is filled with thoughts which mortals cannot
 name.

To think of this he thought there would be need,
 And when this wild, tempestuous storm arose,
 His heart rejoiced, while other hearts did bleed;
 His mortal day he knew would not here close.
 And he was whispering words of hope to those
 Who sat around him, when this Christian yell
 Burst on his ears, and instinctively chose
 He this one moment to the whole crew tell
 That death should not be feared by those who lived so
 well.

Nor judge him harsh ye who may read this tale,
 Since here religion's suns shed forth no light;
 Before a lowering cloud their lights did fail,
 Tho' millions toil to keep them burning bright.
 Religion's sun should shine forth in the night,
 When Death's Angel doth ride upon the wave:
 Until the world beyond bursts on the sight
 Of him who sinks into a watery grave;
 If they can not do this, where are their powers to save?

What is religion, if it cannot calm
 The soul in such a dreadful hour as this?
 If in it there is found no healing balm,
 How, then, can it exalt to perfect bliss?
 If it cannot teach man to fondly kiss
 The lips of Death as trembling lips of love.

Then it is not of value and they miss
 But little who refuse to look above,
 And scorn the comfort brought by God's celestial
 dove.

Oh, who would launch his bark upon that sea
 O'er which the winds of hate have ever blown,
 And ever will till time shall cease to be,
 If an eternal shore were not made known?
 The way to heaven has been so clearly shown,
 And its vale shines with such celestial light,
 That had each foot been paved with burning stone,
 While heaven's sun illumed their withering sight,
 There are those who would tread that path of truth
 and right.

This is the comfort true religion brings;
 It is not like a wild and restless bird
 That in the hour of danger takes to wings,
 Without the power to breathe a cheering word;
 It does not leave men like a frightened herd,
 But stays with them in trial's darkest hour;
 And all their better nature will be stirred
 By its inspiring and exalting power;
 It cheers the drooping soul as dew-drops cheer the
 flower.

When worldly stars of hope have sunk in gloom,
 And man falls in the pit of dark despair,
 Religion's star illumes that living tomb,
 And bids man lift his voice to God in prayer.
 I ask the souls of all who have knelt there,
 If bleeding wounds have not been quickly healed?
 But all ye must abandon hope who dare
 To part that chain by which truth is revealed,
 For truths that all should know will be from you con-
 cealed.

In calm or storm, in poverty or wealth,
 In blooming youth, or faltering, fading age;
 When tried with sickness, or when blessed with health,
 In any part that's played on life's great stage,
 This truth should burn upon the glowing page
 Of that immortal book that's called the soul,
 That man is not placed in an iron cage
 Where will is chained and cannot have control:
 Man treads unchained and free toward a shining goal.

* * * * *

The land the Christian seeks is not the land
 That fancy placed before his eager gaze.
 Man must live by his faith, if he would stand:
 The light within must be his guiding blaze.
 Yes, revelation's sun must shed its rays
 In every soul; that light must be his guide.
 Faith must not rest on weak man's shiftless ways,
 But every soul must pull against the tide
 That bears so many down where evil souls reside.

Why should I sin because another sins?
 Why should I fall because another falls?
 The soul that's faithful is the one that wins;
 It is to me my Father's Spirit calls.
 I wish to save the fruits within the walls
 Of mine own garden, then, what shall I do?
 If e'er my spirit finds those brilliant halls,
 Where will reside the humble and the true,
 'Twill be because it stood alone, or with the few.

Ah, Zion, seems to me the brightest word
 That ever shone before my mortal eyes;
 And when 'tis breathed, it seems the sweetest word
 That ever fell from archives of the skies.
 It may be scorned by those the world calls wise:
 But, ah, its meaning is to them unknown—
 The humble love that which the proud despise:
 And many love, and are too proud to own
 That which will never sit upon pride's dazzling throne.

And Zion is a lovely, peaceful vale.
There is no place on earth so dear to me;
But, then, I know the Christian will not fail.
To see that which will make him weep to see.
We mortals are not what we ought to be—
The fairest vales can be defiled with sin;
But Zion from all grossness should be free;
She can not shine without, until within,
Shines that celestial light that truth and virtue win.

The followers of Jesus seldom dwell
In stately halls, in vales of perfect bliss.
He who we all profess to love so well
Has taught us not to look nor hope for this.
Gaunt poverty oft gives a sweeter kiss
Than rosy lips of ever-smiling wealth.
The Saints must tread where demons howl and hiss,
And walk upright where others crawl with stealth;
Praise God in dark or light, in sickness or in health.

The seeds of good that in the soul are sown
Lie dormant when the soul is free from care.
E'en like small grains that in deep caves are thrown,
Where they can not receive the light and air.
Hence chosen men walk not through vales that's fair;
But they must scale the mountains high and steep,
And face that which no other mortals dare.
They are the shepherds, not the guarded sheep,
And if they are untrue, then, thousands oft will weep.
The cities of the Saints have been defiled—
Not by the Saints, but by a motley crew
Who have by Satan been so far beguiled
That there is nothing wrong they would not do.
What they have told the world is all untrue,
But much of it is by the world believed.
Now, here we are; the world can come and view;
Then it will know that it has been deceived,
And if it has a heart, it surely will be grieved.

Perfection has not built herself a home
 Upon a planet where weak mortals dwell ;
 She lives where bright, celestial beings roam—
 We have not known her, yet we love her well—
 We do not weep because our father fell,
 But say his fall brought sin into world.
 We are his children, and the tale we tell
 Is that we once consented to be hurled,
 Where flags of different hues to us would be unfurled.

The prophet feeds upon the stream of life
 That pours itself into his mother's breast ;
 Within his soul there is that deadly strife
 That oft disturbs him when he fain would rest.
 There is no prophet who has not confessed
 His weakness ; and we do not, can not claim
 That those have been most divinely blessed,
 Have ever felt entirely free from blame,
 While they have lived on earth and bore a mortal
 name.

Their actions speak, my humble muse is mute,
 Their history shines like some celestial star,
 And like a star, it yet shall dart and shoot
 In waves of light to regions near and far.
 When all things shall be seen e'en as they are,
 Then men will gaze upon its glowing page,
 And read of honors gained in moral war,
 Until they will exclaim : " Yes, earth's a stage,
 Great actors are unknown until their actions age."

God does not build his sons celestial homes ;
 He gives them tools, and shows them how to toil.
 The soul can never die, but it becomes
 A brilliant light through burning proper oil :
 Let it upon its living self recoil,
 And though it lives and moves about for aye,
 'Tis like a seed that's planted in a soil
 Which never feels the cheering light of day :
 Its life has not the strength to wave above its clay.

Too many come to Zion with the hope
Of resting 'neath her garden's shady bowers ;
Forgetting that they here will have to cope
With spirits who are given mighty powers.
E'en as the bee extracts from fairest flowers,
The most delicious of the many sweets,
So Satan with his flattery devours
That which before his naked form retreats ;
And those he dare not fight he very oft defeats,
Shall those who come to Zion fall asleep !
Can they believe the victory has been won,
Because they dared to make their parents weep ;
Because they left a mother or a son ?
Is this all that's required ? Has all been done ?
Oh, who could not win such an easy prize !
The swiftest will not win, but those who run
As long as heaven's light illumines their eyes ;
The soul will have to toil until the body dies.
Tis well our fathers felt not as they feel,
When they beheld the barren Deseret ;
When they had fled before the glistening steel
Of those who plunged so deep in Justice's debt.
I fear the desert would be desert yet ;
The red man still would have his wigwam here ;
And those who now are free, in chains would fret ;
Night's waves would shroud the sky which now is clear ;
The waves of gloom would roll o'er life's sea dark and
drear.

The sage-brush would be growing where the corn
Is rustling in the pure and balmy breeze ;
The king of day bathed in the floods of morn
Would never flash his silver through yon trees ;
Those maidens who are resting there at ease—
Ah, they would be where lovely spirits dwell,
Without those charms which so attract and please—
We love them all the more because they fell
From their celestial homes—we love them—ah, too well.

Is there a heart that does not throb with joy
In gazing on the beauties of this vale!
We hear it oft, but time can not destroy
The sweetness of that oft-repeated tale.
Zion shall live; her strength shall never fail—
Unless the throne of God shall fall to dust—
The flag that now is floating in the gale
Shall never more from Zion's hand be thrust;
In heaven it yet shall wave o'er the immortal just!

The Christian will be welcome to this land:
The golden gates of Zion are ajar.
God grant that he may have the strength to stand
Until he shines before the judgment bar.
'Tis sad, indeed, that men have traveled far
Along the path that leads them to their God,
Who cease to gaze on faith's celestial star,
Let go their hold upon the "iron rod,"
To tread the dreary paths that honor never trod.

I know that Zion welcomes every man
Who has the love of God within his soul.
The Saints are tracing out their Maker's plan;
The warning voice must sound from pole to pole.
The Saints have seen their spirit's shining goal.
To reach it they must do their Father's will.
The world may sleep, but warning's bell must toll;
Those who were faithful must be faithful still—
The Captain of the right has all his soldiers drill.

The king who sits upon his gleaming throne,
While God-like beings crouch beneath his feet,
Must know an angel to the earth has flown;
He must be told to seek a safe retreat.
He can select the bitter or the sweet;
Remain to see his kingdom crushed to dust,
Or sacrifice his high, exalted seat,
And learn, like common men, to place his trust
In Him whose ways, though strange, are merciful and
just.

Men leave their homes and go into the world
 To preach a doctrine that men hate to hear ;
 And gleaming darts of hate are at them hurled,
 But still they do not falter, do not fear.
 When enemies before them do appear,
 They boldly tell them that they have been sent
 To warn the world that peace will disappear ;
 That they who now rejoice will soon lament,
 Unless of wicked ways they speedily repent.

Enough—and much too long is my digression.
 The Christian has been left too long alone ;
 But I shall make to him my own confession,
 And trust my future efforts will atone—
 I beg the reader's pardon—had I known
 That he, my hero, was so far behind,
 Back to my task my spirit would have flown,
 But as it is, I sometimes let my mind
 Roam where it loves to roam, untrammelled, uncon-
 fined.

But though I pause, the vessel speeds along ;
 And tears of joy have bathed each pallid cheek.
 The breeze is laden with the waves of song :
 The haughty sailor now is kind and meek.
 'Tis danger teaches man that he is weak—
 They all, save one, had seen their watery graves ;
 And now each act, each look doth plainly speak
 Of gratitude to Him who hushed the waves,
 And snatched them, as they owned, from cold and
 cheerless graves.

And fervently they press the Christian's hand ;
 While many bathed it with their gushing tears.
 They wondered why it was that he could stand
 In such an hour, free from all doubts and fears.
 The Christian's sadness quickly disappears ;
 His soul is filled with happiness and love—
 Such moments will be known by him who hears

The liquid voice of that celestial dove
That flutters in the souls of those who gaze above.

These moments are short spells of perfect bliss,
When every cell is flowing o'er with joy;
When powers of good embrace you with a kiss,
Until your soul seems free from all alloy.
You stand with God, where nothing can destroy;
The Holy Ghost is shining in your soul.
What is there that exists that can annoy,
When every thought is under the control
Of One who will direct man to a heavenly goal?

The vessel speeds along, the day is past;
Night, clothed in sable robes, begins her reign;
Her orb'ed queen illumines the ocean vast;
Her sentinels begin their watch again.
Still faster speeds the vessel o'er the main:
The moon-beams mingle with the flaky foam,
And float upon the waves, a silvery train,
As on the Christian speeds far from his home,
The mountains and the vales o'er which he loved to
roam.

Sleep, Christian, sleep; this night will be the last
That you will spend upon the restless sea.
The perils of the voyage all are past,
You soon shall mingle with the brave and free.
The blessings of our fathers wait for thee;
The flag shall wave its glory o'er thy head;
But when you reach this land of liberty,
Forget not that our noble fathers bled,
That freedom's cause might live when they were with
the dead.

Forget not, when thy feet press freedom's soil,
That it has drunk the crimson stream of life,
Which flowed in veins where freedom's sap did boil,
And plunged men headlong in that deadly strife:

Forget not He who drew the gleaming knife
 That severed every bond which bound a slave,
 Is He who gave the breath that blew the fife,
 And is the same who bursts the dismal grave;
 He framed the glorious plan that will our spirits save.

All honor to the ever honored dead;
 Sweet is the garland of immortal fame!
 A wreath of gold shall cling around each head,
 When all things fade which have a mortal name.
 When spirit glows within immortal frame,
 When Jesus Christ rules o'er this fallen world,
 'Twill then be known why brave men overcame,
 And why the tyrant has to death been hurled—
 Aye, why that streaming flag was to the breeze un-
 furl'd.

There are no chains like those strong chains of death;
 There is no cavern like the dismal grave:
 We mortals take a few short gasps for breath,
 Then pass away, no power on earth can save.
 The rich, the poor, the king, the prince, the slave,
 All take their chambers in death's silent halls.
 Death's flag o'er Life's dominion proudly waves;
 The Angel ne'er forgets, he always calls—
 The giant stands, he stoops, he totters, ah, he falls!

But Jesus Christ stands on the dismal tomb;
 Death's chains are burst, and trampled 'neath His feet.
 His presence drives away the waves of gloom;
 His trumpet sounds and Death's forces retreat.
 Death's sable flag falls trailing in the street;
 He waves the streaming flag of life on high;
 The resurrection drum in haste is beat!
 And withered forms spring forth from where they lie;
 The victory is complete, man never more shall die!

* * * * * * * *

Our Fallen Heroes

Resting peacefully
'Neath the banks of flowers,
Waiting patiently,
Through the silent hours,
For the trump of doom
That will break their slumbers,
Calling from the gloom
All that death encumbers.

On the battle-fields
Death, the victor, found them;
Broken swords and shields,
Lying all around them,
Show they bravely fought
For the cause they cherished—
Show the deeds they wrought
Ere they fell and perished.

Red and White and Blue,
Stars and stripes of glory,
Emblem tried and true,
Crushed and torn and gory,
Waves triumphantly
Where the brave are sleeping,
Waves o'er land and sea,
Freedom's virgils keeping.

Mother's bitter tears
Ceaselessly are falling;
Maidens' startled fears
Pleadingly are calling.
Still the silent dust,
Free from pain and sorrow,
Waits in passive trust
For the coming morrow.

Hush—they bravely died
For the flag we cherish;
And the crimson tide,
When they came to perish,
Left without a stain
Hearts of true devotion—
Rushing like the rain,
Bounding like the ocean.

Charged they fearlessly
To the silent river,
Giving gratefully
Back unto the Giver.
All they had received—
Life and light and glory.
Leaving the bereaved
An immortal story.

SHIPS OF ENGLAND.

For The Deseret News, by ALFRED OSMOND, Provo, Utah.

"Send us men or we shall perish!"

Flashed a message o'er the sea;
"All we are and all we cherish,
In the cause of liberty
Have been placed upon the altar.
And our life-blood, ebbing fast,
Cannot teach our souls to falter
Now the crisis comes at last."

"Send thy ships across the ocean!"

Flashed the prompt and swift reply.
"With a Saxon's true devotion,
We shall come and gladly die.
Soon our banners will be waving
O'er the battle-fields of France,
And the friends that ye are craving
Will defiantly advance."

Ships of England, priceless treasures,
In the conflicts of the world,
Ye have been the gauge that measures,
With thy battle-flags unfurled,
All the forces of a nation
Hurled against the tyrant foe,
And the means of her salvation
From the despot's crushing blow.

But the ships of England, laden
With necessities of strife—
Like a torn and hapless maiden
Guarding honor with her life—
Are contending with the forces
That would stifle freedom's breath,
As beneath her chartered courses,
Lurk the serpent-fiends of death.

Must the lilies and the roses
Then, forever cease to bloom?
Must the light that love discloses
Yield to lust's descending gloom?
No, forever and forever
Will our children bless the day
That the gallant ships of England
Cleared the bar and sailed away.

For a nation's spirit, standing
At her native harbor bar,
Shouted welcome to the landing
Of the ships that came from far;
And the gallant ships of England,
With the Stars and Stripes unfurled,
Crushed the tyrant Central Nations,
And have saved the bleeding world.

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