



POETICAL WRITINGS  
— OF —  
O. F. WHITNEY.



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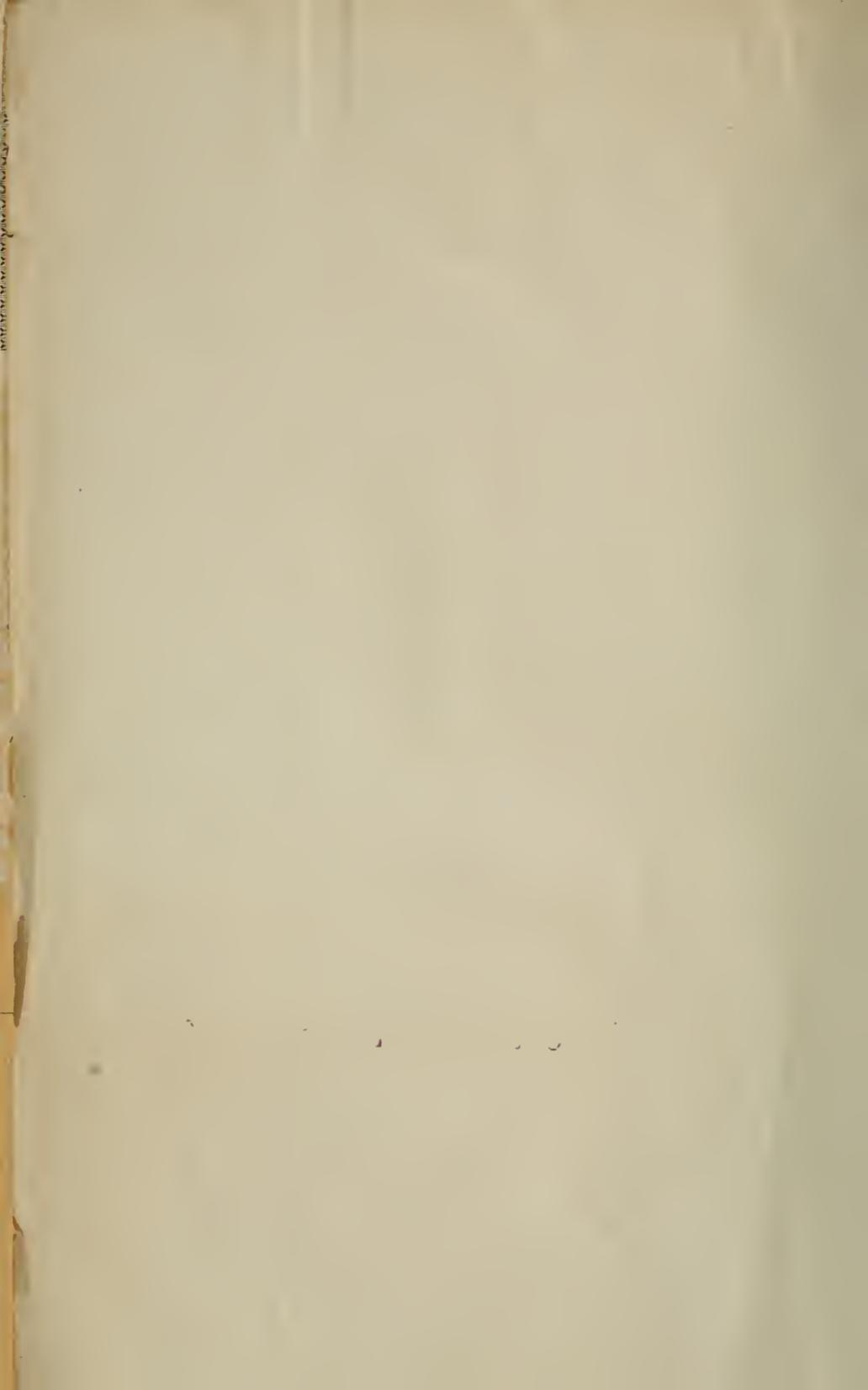
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Pres A. O. Smoot,

dear Father! -

A Merry Christmas to

A Happy New Year!

1889-90.

O. F. W.  
- - -

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THE

# POETICAL WRITINGS

— OF —

ORSON F. WHITNEY.

POEMS AND POETIC PROSE.

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

" But far on the deep there are billows  
That never shall break on the beach ;  
And I have heard songs in the Silence,  
That never shall float into speech ;  
And I have had dreams in the Valley,  
Too lofty for language to reach."

— Ryan,

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR OFFICE,  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1889.



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## PREFACE.

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T various times during the past dozen years or more—the period covered by my efforts in the literary field, I have been advised, even importuned, by well-meaning friends, to gather up the scattered, and, as I fear, withered leaves that have fallen from my tree of poesy, and weave them into a garland; in other words, to publish my poems in a book. To act upon this suggestion, while grateful for the spirit which prompted it, I have hitherto been loth; for, although a lover of poetry, and an occasional writer of rhymes, I have never deemed myself a poet, nor imagined that any production of mine would entitle its author to even the lowest pedestal, or humblest nook, in the “poet’s corner” of public opinion.

However, it is now my purpose to print; and though I may not hope to win for my verse favor and recognition, such as are accorded to and merited by productions of poetic genius, it may be these humble songs will help dispel the dense cloud of prej-

udice and misapprehension hanging like a pall over the true history and character of my people, and show that the author of these lines, if he cannot create poetry, can at least admire it, and linger if not follow in the footsteps of those whose divine mission is to make the world more lovely and more lovable by producing it. That the name "Mormon" is not necessarily a synonym for coarseness and carnality, need not be told to those cognizant of the truth. But what a vast mine of poetry, no less than of science and philosophy, lies hidden in the mystic depths of what is mistermed "Mormonism," neither the wise world, nor we ourselves, I trow, are half aware. A few golden nuggets dug from earth, a few precious pearls fished up as from caves of the sea, are all we have, so far, to bespeak buried treasures illimitable and untold.

If most of the following poems are recognized as religious, and stigmatized as such by some, I shall neither deny "the soft impeachment," nor apologize to the sapient critic who fain would place outside the pale of poesy what I esteem to be its very source and origin. All poetry is religious, whether sacred or

secular, and whatsoever is irreligious, unchaste, unjust, unheroic, untrue in spirit, is not, and cannot be, true poetry. God is love; love is poetry, and poetry is religion.

Nor need it be said, save to the uninformed, that all poetry is not expressed in verse. The essence of poetry is in thought and sentiment, not rhythm and rhyme, though these are a beautiful means of embellishment. Many a verse, perfect in rhyme and meter, has little or no poetry, while prose is oftentimes replete with it.

The contents of this little volume are mostly arranged in the order of their production, and, with slight revision, are "sent to their account with all their imperfections on their heads." They were written literally "as the Spirit moved," at divers times and places, in various moods and conditions, with little or no thought save to vent the feelings of a heart where Poesy, though in humble garb, and perchance with tuneless lyre, has built herself a shrine to worship God.

THE AUTHOR.

DECEMBER, 1889.

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# POEMS.

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## THE POET'S PRAYER.

**G**OD of my fathers! Friend of human-kind!  
Almighty molder of creative mind,  
That sitt'st enthroned aloft from mortal ken,  
Showering thy mercies on the sons of men!

Thou who, of old, unloosed the prophet's tongue,  
While Daniel prophesied, while David sung;  
That sayest to all—oh, simple, pleasing task—  
“If any lack for wisdom, let him ask:”—  
If prayer like mine find favor in thy sight,  
If I have loved and longed for wisdom's light,  
And thou, to whom no creature cries in vain,  
Hast deemed my soul deserving care or pain,  
To thee, my Father, hands and voice I lift,  
And crave of thee, Almighty God, a gift.

Not worldly wealth, though wealth of worlds be thine;  
Nor gilded rank, 'mong human worms to shine;  
For wealth might fail, and rank might purchased be,  
But not the guerdon I would win from thee.

Be thou my muse! None other would I know,  
Eternal Fount of all inspiring flow,  
Whose voice it was bade seer of Patmos "write"  
Such things as ne'er could mortal mind indite,  
Or, grander than old ocean's glorious swell,  
Rolled through Isaiah's themes on Israel.  
On whose high altar flames the sacred fire,  
Whose vivid rays inventive dreams inspire,  
Unhonored oft, yet evermore the same,  
Omnific light that lumines earth with fame.

On bended knee before that altar now,  
In Jesus' mighty name I meekly bow;  
Great God! give ear; judge thou my heart's intent,  
For I am weak, but thou Omnipotent.  
While o'er my task in feeble frame I bend,  
Be thou my guide, my counselor, my friend;  
Teach me true gold to separate from dross,  
And count for gain what many scorn as loss.

Thou who endowedst me with receptive soul,  
O'er all its powers possess me of control,  
From off my mind remove each hampering coil,  
Or image vain that lingers but to soil.  
Let heavenly thought descend as Hermon's dews,  
With loftier themes my thinking to infuse.

My fainting soul with fresh aspiring fill,  
 Its every wish submissive to thy will ;  
 Its main desire to magnify thy laws,  
 Its crowning aim thy Kingdom and thy cause.

Roll on my days responsive to thy rule,  
 This tongue thine oracle, this pen thy tool ;  
 Designed to soar, or doomed to lowly plod—  
 Amanuensis of the mind of God.

*London, January, 1882.*

## THE PAST.

WHEN daylight fades beyond the darkened west,  
 And nature sinks upon her couch of rest,  
 When heaven's dew-drops bathe the verdant sward,  
 And Luna's beams the silent hours guard,  
 Far backward into shadow-land I cast  
 A pensive mind to glean the withered past.

The past with all its faded hopes and fears,  
 Its vanished joys and sorrows, smiles and tears,  
 A sky where sun and shadow find their place,  
 A mirror giving back a dual face ;  
 Where e'en our sorrows seem a welcome sight,  
 And joys reflect with twice their former light.

A magic charm in retrospection dwells,  
 And lays the soul beneath its dreamy spells;  
 The present may be happier and bright,  
 The future promise more of joy and light,  
 But not the pleasures of to-day's security,  
 Nor fancy's fairy dream—futuraity,  
 Can vie the mystic charm so sweetly cast  
 When musing on the shadows of the past.

A VOICE FROM AN ABSENT ONE.

 HE wintry day, descending to its close,  
 Invites all wearied nature to repose,

And shades of night are falling dense and fast  
 Like sable curtains closing o'er the past.

Pale through the gloom the newly-fallen snow  
 Wraps in its shroud the silent earth below,

As though, in mercy, God had spread the pall,  
 A symbol of forgiveness to us all.

I cannot go to rest, but linger still  
 In meditation at my window-sill,

While, like the twinkling stars in heaven's dome,  
Come, one by one, sweet memories of home.

A flood of thought which struggled to be free,  
Now opens wide the gates of memory;

Love lights the way, and, guided by its beam,  
My soul floats on the surface of the stream.

And wouldst thou ask me where my fancy roves,  
To reproduce the happy scenes it loves?

Where hope and memory together dwell  
And paint the pictured beauties that I tell?

Far, far away among the western hills,  
And gardens watered by the mountain rills,

Where giant peaks uprear their heads so high,  
Their cloud-capt summits seem to pierce the sky;

Where smiling valleys from the desert torn,  
Redeemed, are waving with their golden corn;

Where sweet religion in its purity  
Invites all men to its security.

There is my home, the spot I love so well,  
Whose worth and beauty pen nor tongue can tell.

Away beyond the prairies of the west,  
Where exiled Saints in solitude were blest ;

Where industry the seal of wealth has set  
Amid the peaceful vales of Deseret.

Unheeding still the fiercest blasts that blow,  
With tops encrusted by eternal snow,

Her peaks that towering shield the tender sod,  
Stand, types of freedom, reared by nature's God.

The wintry snows now melt in summer's beams,  
And from the canyons rush the crystal streams.

Divinity the bounteous means supplies,  
A desert to reclaim and fertilize.

The wilderness that naught before would yield,  
Is now become a fertile, fruitful field ;

Where roamed at will the savage Indian bands,  
In pride and wealth a peaceful city stands.

And souls that seek the truth are welcome there,  
All followers of Christ their bounty share ;

And all who cast base prejudice away,  
And let impartial judgment bear the sway,

There find a virtuous people, vilified;  
Freemen, to whom are freemen's rights denied.

Sweet mountain home! Wide o'er the sinful world,  
Though persecution's rage is at thee hurled,

Thou shalt endure—for Truth is thy defense,  
While waste thy foes with war and pestilence.

Heed not the slander of the evil tongue,  
Nor fear the hand of hatred o'er thee hung.

Is it not writ: "The weak of earth I take,  
The power, the wisdom of the world to shake?"

Then let thy faith as Job's and Jacob's be;  
God is thy friend, and great thy destiny.

*Plymouth, Pa.,  
December, 1876.*

## LAKESIDE MUSINGS.

† STOOD on Erie's foam-washed strand,  
† And watched the ripples beat  
Upon the bed of golden sand  
That glistened at my feet.

Ripe autumn's yellow-burning sun  
Blazed o'er the sea-girt west,  
But lingered, ere his race was run,  
To gild each snowy crest

With liquid fire, in crescents bright,  
And dancing on the sea  
Like airy sylph, or water sprite,  
In mirthful revelry.

No cloud was there, the bending sky,  
So clear and purely blue,  
Appeared reflected from on high  
To lend the wave its hue;

Which, answering the ardent god  
That kissed it with his beams,  
As down the west in fire he rode,  
Threw back a million gleams.

The breeze, Dame Nature's telephone,  
Swept by in low refrain,

Like leaves, in trembling monotone,  
Responding to the rain.

And sweeter notes to listening ear—  
Though in an unknown tongue—  
Than came to me in accents clear,  
I ween were never sung.

Unknown? Nay, most familiar song  
Sweet nature's music is,  
To all whose thoughts, in tuneful throng,  
Blend with her melodies;

Aeolian tidings from afar,  
Of other lands and skies;  
Of friends, of home and kindred dear,  
And all that true hearts prize.

Upon the wings of memory  
The pictures come and go,  
Like falling snow-flakes, covered by  
Fresh coming falls of snow;

Or stranded waves that others chase,  
Each, bearing on its breast  
A shell or treasure to its place,  
Forever sinks to rest.

How tenderly the pensive mind  
Awakes the slumbering past,  
In by-gone shadow scenes to find  
The joys that could not last!

And, like our waking memories  
Of pictures viewed in dreams,  
Though near the faded vision is,  
How far away it seems?

How, ever, is life's history  
Evolving constant change!  
How rife with new-born mystery,  
As fickle-lived as strange!

Each fleeting day has its tomorrow,  
Each pleasure has a sister sorrow,  
And hours of future peace remain  
To heal the wounded heart again.

As time rolls on in swift routine,  
Each phase alternately is seen;  
And yet it seems as though distress  
Were longer lived than happiness.

For while our sorrows lingering stay,  
Like clouds that hover o'er the day,

Our happy moments soon are past,  
"Too beautiful," indeed, "to last."

But thoughts like these must buried be—  
Their sadness has no claim on me—  
Away amid some by-gone scene,  
Their epitaph: "It might have been."

For time has taught my yielding heart  
To kiss the rod, how keen the smart;  
Nor after fruit forbidden may we yearn,  
For all we have is all we truly earn.

Old Erie! on thy golden-sanded shore,  
Where wavelets speak, or sullen breakers roar,  
Where hurricanes rush by in furious tone,  
Or evening zephyrs breathe in gentle moan,  
Beneath the bending verdure of the woods,  
High tossing heads bedecked in sylvan hoods,  
Far from the crowded streets of busy town,  
I find a spirit answering my own.  
I hear a voice of moving eloquence—  
The music of a strange intelligence;  
I linger 'neath the magic of its spell,  
And feel the things that language cannot tell.

*Mentor Plains, Ohio,  
November, 1877.*

## THE LAND OF SHINEHAH.

The writer of the Poem is represented as contemplating the Kirtland of to-day and contrasting it with its condition forty years ago.

**E**NTHRONED upon the verdure-covered hills,  
 Kissed by the dews that feed her gushing rills,  
 Wooed by the waves afar on Erie's strand,  
 Is Shinehah, the fair and favored land.  
 The cradle of a nation thou hast been ;  
 The rise of Zion's glory thou hast seen ;  
 A Pentecost, a Prophet to thee sent,  
 And later still, a people's banishment.  
 Awake, my muse ! let soaring numbers flow,  
 Leave poorer themes of story far below,  
 Let exiled Israel's cause my soul inspire  
 To write with burning zeal and pen of fire.

Full forty changing years have rolled away  
 Since garnered Ephraim held his moral sway  
 O'er Shinehah, the primal offering  
 Of nations sown to Israel's gathering ;  
 Since Babylon her prison-bound gave up,  
 Since ransomed souls first knew her poisoned cup,  
 And knowing, spurned the draught, flung off the yoke  
 Of galling Mystery, so long bespoke,

And leaving all but trust in Abram's God,  
With steadfast hold upon the "Iron Rod,"  
In emigrating concourse westward poured  
To swell the growing army of the Lord.  
To rear an holy Temple to His name,  
To brave the storm of hatred and of blame,  
Attending aye the labors of the good,  
With patience, hope and saintly fortitude.  
To clear the way for myriads' increase—  
A prelude heralding the Reign of Peace—  
And onward press to that eternal goal  
Whose end gives mortal part immortal whole.

O Time, how well thy wonder-working power  
Hath wrought the changes of the present hour!  
How ill this drooping picture, lone and sere,  
Declares the brighter past that once was here.  
As some fresh landscape withered to a waste  
By torrid-blazing Sol's imperious haste,  
Or summer's forest bloom in autumn seen,  
So brown and wrinkled its erst joyous green,  
The phase is one for introversive minds,  
Whose selfish melancholy strangely finds  
A comfort in discomfort, woe in bliss,  
And sweet communion in a scene like this.

I stand upon the summit of a hill ;  
The evening shades, descending cold and still,  
Are folding in the sable pall of night  
The twilight beauties fading on the sight.  
But far away, in colors warm and true,  
My vivid fancy sees another view  
Rise clear and bright upon the mental gaze,  
Like wakened memories of forgotten days.  
Far down the vista lined by two-score years  
The grander panorama's front appears,  
A moving vision on the senses cast,  
A glowing present of the withered past.

I see a great and growing multitude,  
From four extremes of earthly finitude,  
From climes remote and islands of the sea,  
Here linked in love and faith's fraternity.  
A brotherhood peculiar, tried and true,  
Of form and feature various to view,  
Of natures different, yet aye the same  
In spirit, faith and love for Jesus' name.  
"From every nation under heaven's sun!"—  
The prophecy's fulfillment is begun,  
And these, the scattered sheep of Israel's band,  
Recalled and gathered out from every land.  
The lively Frank, the sober-eyed Teuton,

The Gael, the hardy sons of Albion,  
The sea-born Norse, Helvetia's mountaineers,  
Italia's peasantry and Wales' colliers,  
The Celt, the hero of Sarmatia's plain,  
The Swede, the Muscovite, the blue-eyed Dane.\*  
And, last to mention, but not least to fame,  
The nobles chosen in fair Freedom's name,  
Elect of Puritanic nerve and source,  
The life of liberty, the strength of force,  
America's true souls, the patriot blood  
Cementing fast the bonds of brotherhood.

One form, of nature's proud and perfect mold,  
The noble shepherd of a chosen fold,  
Now towers aloft in unassuming pride,  
Above the mass that throngs on every side,  
And seems to rule the tenor of their ways.  
E'en as the sun illumines with its rays  
The multi-varied leaves of autumn woods,  
His countenance, upon the multitudes,  
So placid, smiling, gentle and benign,  
With equal love on all appears to shine.  
To him they look for counsel and advice,

\* Here the vision is somewhat in advance of the fact. The tide of Israel's emigration from foreign shores did not set in until after the removal of the Church from Kirtland.

For him, if need, e'en life would sacrifice,  
With him they stand, their truest earthly friend,  
And vow to cleave unfaltering to the end.  
No marvel this, if once the truth be told;  
The shepherd's name, who leads his Master's fold,  
Where living water from the Fountain plays,  
Is Joseph, Prophet of the Latter Days.  
A name well known to all, and honored well  
Where'er the ransomed sons of Ephraim dwell,  
Where'er prediction's pages are believed,  
Where'er the gospel message is received.  
Restorer of the long-forgotten light  
To nations walking in the glooms of night;  
The "man unlearned," revealing mysteries  
That still confound the wisdom of the wise;  
"Choice seer" brought forth from Joseph's priestly line,  
To hold on earth the keys of power divine,  
To gather Israel, as long foretold  
By all the prophets and the seers of old.

I look again, the vision still remains;  
In deepening night its glowing color gains.  
The masses now, in busy working show,  
Like honey-bees, are moving to and fro.  
The fruits of brawny arm and sturdy will

Are manifest on meadow, grove and hill,  
Where industry, the Mormon's honest pride,  
With peace and plenty, smiles on every side.  
The soil is tilled, a city planned and laid,  
Roads, bridges built, and dwellings made;  
The poor from foreign lands still thronging come,  
To find in Zion's heart a "welcome home,"  
Where genius unfettered, faith as free,  
May flourish in a land of liberty.  
And lo! where yonder walls in triumph rise,  
A Temple lifts its spire into the skies;  
The House of God, erected by His Saints,  
A link that binds, by holy ordinance,  
Empyrean hosts with creatures of the earth,  
Where mortal vows take on immortal worth.  
All nature smiles to see—the heavens shake  
For Israel's good, and things the prophets spake  
In ancient time, are here in part fulfilled,  
God's word and Ephraim's fortunes reconciled.

Is this the end? Ah, no; what history  
Of godly lives in Christ didst ever see,  
Whose chronicles fail ever to record  
The answering fulness of prophetic word?  
Will persecution's fire e'er cease to burn,

While devils rage, and friends to traitors turn?  
While Satan's guile in lurking ambush waits?  
While Babylon, fatal power, predominates?  
E'en now is seen the gathering thunder-cloud,  
And heard is hatred breathing slanders loud,  
Treason and spite their horrid fangs disclose,  
Tried, trusted friends are turned to bitter foes.  
The scales of Justice, on unequal poise  
Are held by Prejudice; the law destroys  
The purpose of its forming; lawless mobs,  
Whose violence the name of "justice" robs,  
Professing law, bid honest law defiance,  
And legal powers prove the rogue's reliance.  
Saints' lives and fortunes stand in jeopardy,  
Though peaceful toilers in a land of liberty;  
False accusations laid and charges sworn,  
Cause Zion's heart to bleed. Her people mourn.  
The storm increases to a tempest now,  
E'en bravest spirits bend beneath its blow;  
Some bear in patience for the Gospel's sake,  
But many, fearing man, its cause forsake.  
Vexatious suits, and threats of violence  
Are urged on unoffending innocence;  
Till, harassed, weak, and worn with ceaseless strife,  
The Prophet flies in haste to save his life.

Now mobocratic triumph is complete,  
And persecution's fires at fervent heat,  
While fraud and jealous hatred, joining hands,  
Are scattering wide the flaming firebrands.

Look! student o'er the annals of the past,  
Where history remolds its former cast;  
See tragedies of ancient time rehearsed—  
A nation "peeled and scattered" from the first—  
And know this truth—where'er the chosen dwell,  
Aggressive swarm the hosts of death and hell;  
For godly lives will ever suffer so,  
Whoe'er salvation wins must sorrow know.  
Such things must be—the great Redeemer died,  
Lest man immortal life should be denied;  
And sealed His testimony with His blood,  
To raise His fallen brethren up to God.  
And Saints will suffer, Israel's blood be spilled,  
Until "the Gentile seasons" are fulfilled.  
But woe to them by whom offenses come,  
Their deeds record a swift-approaching doom.  
The future, in its fold of mystery,  
Contains a book of stranger history  
Than ever yet was conned by mortal man  
Since time and tide's eternal course began.

The wrongs of ages cry for recompense,  
And hidden things for open prominence,  
Eternal Majesty of Powers on high  
Appoints the day of restitution nigh.

Thus far the story of the Saints is told;  
The record of their grievous wrongs unrolled,  
Till they, from Kirtland's dales departing, drew  
Their earthly all to Far West and Nauvoo.

Fair Shinehah! thy land so desolate—  
A wounded bird deserted by its mate,  
The plumage from its bleeding body torn—  
A picture is of loneliness forlorn.  
Thy Temple, once the glory and the pride  
Of sons and daughters nurtured at thy side,  
Though held by Zion's traitor enemies,  
Its sacred halls the haunt of heresies,  
In solemn dignity uprears its head,  
As loth to join the dying and the dead—  
The wrecks that strew the surface of the ground  
In picturesque profusion wide around—  
And sad, yet watchful, guards the crumbling stones,  
The relics of its country's exiled sons.

*Kirtland, Ohio,  
November, 1877.*

## LINES ON THE EXODUS.

HEGIRA of a modern Israel!  
Of thee what wondrous tales truth's annals tell!  
Examples great of suffering fortitude,  
Rare patience and heroic hardihood.  
Undaunted courage, daring to oppose,  
With faith unshaken, swarms of surging foes;  
A trust in God no earthly power could shake,  
A trust the tempting fiends essay to break,  
But failing, all their legions fell enlist,  
To crush the truth their arts could not resist.  
Thus tyrant Error will, in every age,  
When reason fails, invoke the demon rage;  
Designing Priestcraft—systems made of men,  
Entrenched in mystery from reason's ken,  
To screen their hideous descrepitude  
From credulous and blinded multitude,  
"Delusion" cry, and loose the "dogs of war,"  
The reins of persecution's battle car,  
Envenom virtue's name with slander's breath,  
On ruined honor stamp the seal of death,  
And, burning "heresy" to ashes, claim  
Another victory in Jesus' name!

O Babylon! what streams of human blood  
Unite to swell thy crimson-rolling flood!  
The cry of millions, bound within thy thralls,  
Deceived and lost, on God for vengeance calls;  
The prayers of martyrs, murdered for the truth,  
Appeals of widows for their orphaned youth,  
The blood of innocence thy hand hath shed,  
Pronounce a curse upon thy guilty head.  
And thou shalt fall, and great thy fall shall be,  
A ponderous mill-stone cast into the sea;  
Eternal night shall shroud thee in its gloom,  
And Truth shall triumph in thy day of doom.

Rejoice, O Zion! thy redemption's nigh;  
Thy rising glory was not born to die.  
Though now thy deeds recounted are with scorn,  
The coming generations, yet unborn,  
Will rise and call thee blest—with joy partake  
Thy blood-bought honors, won by rack and stake.  
And thousand thousands yet shall come to thee,  
From every land and clime beyond the sea,  
Crying: "Behold the mountain of the Lord,  
The House established by his plighted word,  
The Ensign on the mountains of the West,  
Beneath whose folds awaits the promised rest,

Come, let us fly the judgments of that day,  
When wickedness from earth shall pass away,  
And all who answer not the warning call,  
With Babylon must crumble in her fall.”  
Thy virtue virtue's votaries shall draw,  
And out of Zion shall go forth the law,  
Till all the nations under heaven's sun  
United are, eternally in one.  
Thy dawn, thus “kindling to eternal day,”  
Resplendent over all the earth shall sway.

Then shout, ye sons of God, in gladsome noise,  
Hosanna to the Source of endless joys!  
An echo to the great primeval Voice  
That bade the early morning stars rejoice  
When pre-existent spirits woke the strain,  
Announcing their descent to spheres mundane.  
Take up the theme, ye warriors of the Cross,  
Count other earthly gains as earthly dross,  
And let the darkened minds of Babylon  
Behold the day ere yet the night comes on.  
Up! Rouse, ye remnants of a noble race,  
Where'er ye move upon the world's broad face;  
Ye heirs of Joseph's house, lone, stricken band,  
Assume your place as judges in the land.

Shake off the cloak of filth and ignorance  
That long hath held thee in its mystic trance,  
And know thyself, Manasseh!—royal line,  
Of sires whose birthright springs from Palestine!  
List to the tidings borne upon the breeze,  
With eager mind upon the message seize,  
That comes from dust in whispers low and still,  
From out the archives of Cumorah's hill.  
Your buried prophets, speaking from the ground,  
In oracles that bear familiar sound,  
Announce the Truth, now springing from the earth  
To usher in the great Millennial birth.  
Proclaim this truth, in thunder-speaking tones,  
From polar climes to austral torrid zones,  
And let the Gospel-bearing echoes sound  
To everlasting mountains' utmost bound,  
Till North, the South, from sunrise till its set,  
From Jewry's plains to vales of Deseret,  
Shall join in one tremendous voice to sing  
The glory of the world's Almighty King.

*Kirtland, Ohio,*

*November, 1877.*

THE WOMEN OF THE EVERLASTING  
COVENANT.

To my mother, whose life and character are faithful exponents of the principles herein portrayed, and to all mothers in Israel whose lives show equal virtue and integrity, this poem is affectionately dedicated.

**S**PIRITS elect of Abram's royal race!  
Through tears of welling sympathy I trace  
The record leaves whose silent tongues unfold  
A part of what could never all be told,  
And bow in adoration at the shrine,  
Whose incense—woman's love—proclaims it thine.  
In vain, alas! in vain of such to sing,  
With trembling hand a tuneless harp I string;  
When earthly numbers, richest, were but rare,  
Whose words suffice such merit to declare.  
'Tis written in the heavens, and shall move  
To praise and pity, all that live and love  
Where voices, soaring in celestial song,  
Resound the realms of endless life among.  
These honor give, where honor's wealth is due—  
A hymn of heaven's praise, for hearts as true—  
And echoes soft as rain in early spring,  
Bequeath to earth the muse's offering.

Of all the virtues that uniting frame  
 The lofty column reared to duty's name,  
 Whose summit pencils on the glowing sky  
 The deeds of those whose names refuse to die ;  
 O'ercrowning all—the Conqueror's device,  
 Is woman's life of love—self-sacrifice.  
 For others' good ; the grandest, godliest theme  
 That e'er inspired a mortal poet's dream,  
 Or, in yon upper worlds of starry fire,  
 Awoke the music of an angel's lyre.  
 The holiest that ever yet had birth,  
 Since ordered chaos took the name of Earth,  
 And rudimental spheres were made abode  
 For mortalized immortal sons of God.

Would frowning Doubt a question e'er intrude,  
 To voice the verdict of ingratitude?  
 The smouldering fires of history shall flame  
 The proof that hides dubiety in shame,  
 Far up the storied heights of bygone days,  
 All numberless the kindling beacons blaze.

Need other pages be revisioned o'er,  
 The later times evolve their golden store,  
 Unselfish nature of true woman's love—  
 That oft-exampled verity—to prove?

Then let an ever-doubting world behold  
 What more than past, the present can unfold;  
 Ye roving breezes! catch the rising sound,  
 And let it from the vaulted heav'ns redound  
 Upon the ingrate source whence cavil sprung,  
 Unfamed, and envious because unsung,  
 Till e'en the silent stones with echoes ring,  
 And proverbs, reaffirmed, conviction bring.

Within the mighty grave-yard called The Past,  
 Whose hoary sepulchers survive the blast  
 Of stormy change, or enervating age,  
 And still preserve their time's unwritten page:  
 Where look for monuments of nobler stand,  
 Upreared by labor's wonder-working hand,  
 Than court with pride the sun-illumined dome,  
 From widening vales of Israel's mountain home?  
 Within the temples of recorded praise,  
 Where glory shrines the arts of other days;  
 From darkened Babel's heaven-seeking tower,  
 Down through the cycled ages, till the hour  
 When Ephraim's prophet to the world revealed  
 The ancient rites by erring Rome concealed;  
 Where seek for wonders found of worthier fame,  
 Than martyr's crown inscribed with Zion's name?

Behold her laurels! Ay, of endless bloom,  
 Above the fiat, whose relentless doom—  
 Ignoring haughty science' puerile strife—  
 Pronounces death and change on all of life:  
 The hallowed bays that deck her furrowed brow,  
 Surpassing in their beauty, even now,  
 So promising their vernal glories grow,  
 In heaven's eternal summer yet shall glow.  
 The honors of the world may pass away,  
 But such as these shall never know decay;  
 In that TO BE, whose coming shuns reprieve,  
 Whose portal won, hope dies of past retrieve,  
 Where righteous laws just dues of merit give,  
 They cannot die—they but begin to live.

But who shall name the cost, the sacrifice  
 Of earthly feelings, passion, prejudice,  
 The mothers of a more than Spartan race,  
 Compelled their souls of halting dread to face?  
 Can human eye, or pen, or tongue, disclose  
 The pain another bosom undergoes?  
 Or finite vision's artful searching find  
 The woes that shade a silence-haunted mind?  
 What other voice, than Zion's own, shall break  
 Her sufferings for holy conscience' sake?

Whose words, than modern Sarah's, e'er shall tell  
 The story of a burden borne so well?  
 O ye, who marvel faiths' disparity!  
 Gaze on the book with eye of charity,  
 Nor deem the simpler lessons written there,  
 Of worth devoid, of moral beauty bare;  
 Nor judge in haste, lest, haply, ye condemn  
 The things 'twere better honor than contemn,  
 For truth oft dazzles judgment with its rays,  
 And ways of God are not as mortal's ways.

"Behold my law!" Omnipotent decree!  
 Brought Israel, on lowly bended knee,  
 Before Jehovah's throne, with quivering breath,  
 Resolved to live what seemed a living death,  
 Or die in holding the uplifted hand,  
 Sustaining God Almighty's great command.  
 'Twas thus Celestial Marriage was revealed,  
 The Patriarchal Order, long concealed,  
 Through mystic Babel's guile and ignorance  
 Subverting Israel's ancient ordinance.  
 The Abrahamic Covenant, restored,  
 To raise a chosen seed unto the Lord  
 On Joseph's fruitful bough, whose branches fall  
 Athwart old ocean's wild and billowy wall,

Deep nourished by an ever-flowing well  
 Of blessing from his father Israel.  
 A law divine, in olden days revered,  
 The sky wherein Messiah's star appeared ;  
 Condition of a blest maternity,  
 Within the mansions of Eternity,  
 Where love-united souls perpetuate,  
 The joys that death could not invalidate,  
 And, bound by links forged in terrestrial years,  
 Are chained the endless systems of the spheres.

Truth-seeking mind must ever sacrifice  
 The ways of pride, of pomp and prejudice,  
 And reason's spark, that human gift divine,  
 Within the lamp of thought unclouded shine.  
 Then shall its rays the jewel truth discern—  
 While lips that murmur precious doctrine learn—  
 And, piercing, solve that wondered mystery,  
 A marvel in the realms of history,  
 Why social rule of centuries made way  
 For new-born innovation's moral sway,  
 Why tyrant Custom from his throne was hurled,  
 When Ephraim's star new dawned upon the world.  
 "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" was the cry,  
 Loud pealing from a newly opened sky,

And on the hearts of thousands gladdening fell,  
Like sunshine on the rolling ocean's swell ;  
The seal of generations broke at last,  
And lo ! the future, and the hidden past,  
The giant flames of hope and memory,  
Uniting, form creation's canopy.  
The glorious beams of gospel light and peace,  
In native warmth and brilliancy, increase,  
While swift appearing signals of the time,  
Invest prediction with a truth sublime.  
A herald from the Kingdom of the Skies,  
Rewards the vigils of the virgins wise,  
"Behold the Bridegroom cometh !" was his cry,  
And "Lo ! we come to meet Him," the reply.

Heroic Zion, rallying at the call,  
Upon the altar laid her sacred all ;  
Like martyr at the Inquisition's stake,  
Who dared to die for dear conviction's sake,  
With fearless faith and bleeding bosom stood,  
To yield her life, if need, for others' good.  
The vocal winds her watchword onward bore :  
"Regeneration—now and evermore !"  
As armed with mighty faith, no foe could vaunt,  
No power appal, no pending danger daunt,

A valiant few, of willing heart and hand,  
 Along the front of battle took their stand,  
 A holy war for woman's rights to wage,  
 And usher in the dawn of woman's age.  
 Upon her snowy banner's folds is seen,  
 Engrossed in characters of golden sheen :  
 "Up with the guardian of social purity—  
 Celestial system of Futurity ;  
 Asylum of reform and penitence,  
 God-given boon to homeless innocence.  
 Let marriage vows be 'honorable in all,'  
 Untrammelled by a monogamic wall  
 Of selfishness and rank hypocrisy,  
 The child of Pagan aristocracy."

Dare Christian bigotry assign of hell,  
 The law that framed the House of Israel ?  
 Condemn as barbarous, or brand as crime,  
 The heaven-accepted rites of olden time ?  
 Dare pious priest, or sectary, renounce  
 The sacred truths of Scripture, and denounce  
 The ones Almighty God could condescend  
 To own as Chosen, and to name as Friend ?  
 Befoul the words that glittering begem  
 The pearly gates of New Jerusalem,

In future time to meet them face to face,  
And crave admittance to that holy place?

Oh, blush for shame, false Christianity!

Thou synonym for inconsistency!

To shroud the gospel in the glooms of night,  
Then boast the spread of evangelic light;  
Proclaim the Scriptures as a sacred prize,  
Yet teach mankind its doctrine to despise;  
With holy horror gaze on Jacob's bed,  
And recommend the Cæsar's couch instead!  
With all thy vaunted lore, most ignorant  
Beneath the light-reflecting firmament.

No longer point the finger of thy scorn,  
At virtues from thy brow forever shorn;  
No more deride what holy writs defend,  
Above thy wish or power to comprehend:  
And till thy bloody robes are purged as clean  
As those that wake, yet shame, thy jealous spleen,  
Ne'er threat extermination to a cause  
Whose only crime's obeying heaven's laws.  
Restrain thy pompous pride, thy roaring wrath,  
Colossal Philistine of modern Gath!  
Nor 'gainst the pure and meek and innocent,  
From giant bow thy deadly shaft be sent;

The God of David reigns above thee still,  
 To fight the battles of His Israel,  
 And e'en, to war, though hostile millions spring,  
 The fated Stone yet arms the Shepherd's sling.

Ye women of America ! give ear !  
 Maternity, the voice of nature hear !  
 Obedient, listen to the call of love,  
 Descending with glad tidings from above !  
 Too long hath iron tyranny coerced  
 The gentle heart forbidden e'en to burst ;  
 Too long hath haughty man's preclusive pride  
 The meed of woman's worthiness denied ;  
 'Tis finished. Hark ! The thrilling battle-cry  
 Of "Woman's Rights" now rends the echoing sky,  
 As speed, on lightning wings, from clime to clime,  
 The phantom heralds of a dying Time.  
 Her sun, ascending like an orison,  
 Beams brightly on the glowing horizon,  
 Dispelling clouds that linger in its way,  
 Like mountain mists before the god of day.  
 Its course is marked, its radiance fair and true,  
 Its origin of earth, to heaven due ;  
 Emblem of peace, of happiness and home,  
 Its aim's the zenith of creation's dome.

Brave Zion, as the nations' pioneer,  
 Summons the legions of the main and rear,  
 Ye women of the world! Eve's daughters all!  
 Awake! Arise! Respond your leader's call.  
 Heed not the poisoned tongues of Zion's foes,  
 Whose specious fabrications would impose  
 A barrier to the union and redress  
 Of wrongs, the ripened harvest of duress.  
 Reck not of doctrine's wide, divergent ways,  
 Nor resurrect the scenes of buried days,  
 Let mutual friendship bridge the chasm o'er,  
 And peace and union reign forevermore.

Brave daughters of the desert, tried and true!  
 The muse would breathe a parting word to you;  
 Who, heedless of the odium and scorn,  
 Of ignorance or baser envy born,  
 Through scenes of toiling woe and adverse fate,  
 To make the soul of courage hesitate,  
 Approved the wisdom of the stern decree  
 That burst the bonds of woman's slavery,  
 Roused slumbering Faith from self's ignoble zest  
 And fixed the star of glory on her breast.  
 Admiring millions yet shall view thy name,  
 Emblazoned on the storied shaft of fame,

And while they read, and, weeping, linger o'er  
Remembered deeds of ages gone before,  
Fair Poesy her golden harp shall string,  
And in her loftiest, smoothest numbers sing  
Of those who, braving still the skeptic's sneer,  
The Christian's hatred and the coward's fear,  
Wrought out the problem deep of social life,  
Made Womanhood the synonym for Wife,  
And nursed the chrysalis, whose glorious birth  
Soared heavenward and overwhelmed the earth.  
Hast fought the fight, the cross hast meekly borne,  
The wrath of man, the world's unreasoning scorn?  
In that eternal future, dawning near,  
Whose music even now salutes the ear,  
As turn, on golden hinge, the pearly gates,  
Transcendent recompense thy coming waits.

My mother! On thy pale and care-lined brow,  
O'erhung with sorrow's wreath of silver snow,  
Outvying fabled splendor's fairest gem,  
Shall shine, in heaven's light, a diadem;  
Thy tear-dimmed eye shall be forever bright,  
Thy form renewed and robed in living light,  
Where souls redeemed immortal glories share,  
And God is near, and love is everywhere.

## IN THE CANYON.

WITH weary footsteps wandering  
From busy scenes of life,  
In solitude deep pondering  
Lone thoughts with sadness rife,  
I sought the cool inviting shade  
The birch boughs gently threw  
Along the bosom of the glade  
Begemmed with crystal dew.

Around, the wild-rose foliage swung  
In summer's radiant green; .  
Above, the giant boulders hung  
To guard the gentler scene;  
Before, the murmuring mountain stream  
In silvern beauty flowed,  
Its breast reflecting every gleam  
Aurora's sun bestowed.

The morning, young and beautiful,  
Breathes music to the soul  
Of him whose thoughts are dutiful  
To nature's mild control.

For me her varied melody  
    She played with smiling face—  
The stream in rippling harmony  
    Enhanced each tuneful grace—

And held her jeweled chalice forth,  
    And wooed me to the draught  
By her distilled, of richer worth  
    Than rarest wines e'er quaffed.  
I drained her cup, and wisdom smiled  
    As peace her gentle sway  
Resumed, and, by her voice beguiled,  
    Dull sadness died away.

There surely is in solitude,  
    Where hermit Nature dwells,  
For spirit lost in solemn mood,  
    For pain that inward wells,  
A source of comfort-yielding balm,  
    A mother's tender kiss,  
That lays the troubled waters calm  
    And fills the soul with bliss.

## THE PORTRAIT.

'TIS only a portrait, and yet the sweet face  
Seems gifted with magical powers;  
How fondly I dream, as its features I trace,  
Of the past and its garland of flowers!

As I gaze in those blue eyes, so loving and kind,  
That ever look smiling on me,  
The stream of reflection swift carries my mind  
To the shore of eternity's sea.

And the veil of long absence is rended in twain,  
Disclosing her being so fair,  
Whose image on earth we may search for in vain,  
Yet in heaven be sure she is there.

There were many more beautiful, fairer than she,  
But seek where ye would, ye'd ne'er find  
A maiden of loveliness greater, to me,  
For hers was the beauty of mind.

The dear tender heart that could comfort and bless,  
Forgetting its own grief the while;  
The face that could soften another's distress  
And cover its own with a smile.

In joy hers the spirit of goodness and love,  
 In sorrow of patience and rest ;  
 The gifted and graced of all angels above,  
 Was — —, the dearest and best.

## A MONODY.

GONE from my heart is the sunlight of gladness,  
 Gone from my soul is the music of yore ;  
 For mine eyes are oft dim with the warm dews of sadness,  
 And I sigh for the presence of one gone before.

In the springtime, and spring of her life was she taken,  
 When the pitying tears of young April were shed  
 O'er the slumbering germlets of May, to awaken  
 The sentinel flowers to vigil the dead.

And the loveliest blossom that e'er fell from Eden,  
 The fairest, most fragrant in purity's wreath,  
 When the spring-heralds welcomed the life-giving season,  
 Was slain by the frosts of the winter of death.

Ah! many to spare were our hearts better willing,  
 Than the soul in whose beauty all others were blest,

But "death loves a bright mark," and ever is filling  
 His graves with the spirits of those we love best.

Their spirits? Not so; tis but clay lies beneath us,  
 For death o'er the spirit no sceptre can sway;  
 And both shall unite once again to bequeath us  
 The joy of reunion at some future day.

For the mortal but rests on a motherly pillow,  
 While its spirit mate shines like a jewel on high;  
 As a star, buried low in the depths of the billow,  
 Has its twin-fire sparkling aloft in the sky.

To the future, then, heart, turn for ne'er-ending gladness,  
 And music-lorn soul, for the sweetness of yore,  
 Where the warm light of hope dries the fountain of  
 sadness,  
 And life is all spring, and the spring evermore.

### SORROW'S LESSON.

’ IS well all souls were made to suffer,  
 That each for others' woes might feel;  
 For Pain unlocks the door of Mercy—  
 So learns the wounding hand to heal.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

AS deepest waves with darkest volume flow,  
 Though gems lie glittering in their depths below,  
 So wisest thoughts will oft the dullest seem,  
 While wit's bright bubbles gild the shallow stream.

## A SECOND DANIEL.\*

Respectfully inscribed to General D. H. Wells, imprisoned for  
 conscience sake, May 3rd, 1879.

ATTEND, ye champions of right,  
 And scorners of the wrong;  
 Whose souls, reflecting Freedom's light,  
 Around her standard throng!  
 Of modern tyrants 'tis my lot  
 To sing; of hero bold—  
 A Daniel to the judgment brought,  
 Like unto him of old.

\* Then answered they and said before the king; that Daniel, which is of the children of the captivity of Judah, regardeth not thee, O king, nor the decree that thou hast signed, but maketh his petition three times a day.

Then the king commanded and they brought Daniel and cast him into the den of lions.

*Daniel vi., 13, 16.*

Where ermined Malice sat enthroned,  
And bias held the rule ;  
Where perfidy, of crime condoned,  
Became hate's pliant tool ;  
The aged hero took his stand,  
In mien and action plain,  
To face, on freedom's holy land,  
Inquisitors of Spain.

For Conscience was on trial now—  
Faith's royal right divine ;  
And Honor from her throne must bow  
Before a despot's shrine.  
A sacred oath must sundered be,  
A secret rite revealed,  
The jest of sneering ribaldry  
And hearts by hatred steeled.

“Thou shalt forswear thyself”—so laid  
Behest of tyrant tongue  
On him whose speech for fear ne'er staid,  
Nor save when speech were wrong.  
And blinded Justice stood aghast,  
Her sword and balance fell,  
As though 'twere treason's warlike blast  
That sounded freedom's knell.

All ears were strained to catch reply,  
And thus it came: "To me,  
There's naught so base beneath the sky  
As craven treachery.  
What ye require my soul would bend  
'Neath shame's avenging rod;  
I never yet betrayed my friend,  
My country or my God!"

For this the veteran chieftain brave  
To a dungeon cell was sent—  
Fidelity, like felon slave,  
To guilt's base punishment.  
Shades of our patriotic sires!  
Look down from heavenly rest,  
And quench with tears indignant fires  
Within your children's breasts!

How long shall suffering fortitude  
In silence bear its load;  
The cries of trampled rectitude  
Be answered by the goad?  
Has Justice all her claim renounced?  
Is patriotism dead?  
Has liberty, by law denounced,  
Our land forever fled?

Oh, tell it not in Askelon,  
Nor in the homes of Gath,  
That Freedom's blest abode hath won  
The God of freedom's wrath;  
That Ichabod must written be  
On all her noble towers,  
That law hath strangled liberty,  
And tyrants are her powers!

But lo! the dungeon opens wide,  
The durance hours flee;  
With friends and comrades at his side,  
Comes forth the captive free.  
The God of Daniel, ever true,  
His servant hath restored,  
And honor's laurel wreath is due  
A lion of the Lord.

Behold the grandeur and display,  
As far as eye can see,  
Where youth and age, in bright array,  
Are come to welcome thee.  
The waves of human masses roll  
Like billows of the sea,  
And gladness breaks beyond control  
Of legal tyranny.

We honor him who would not bend  
The cringing suppliant's knee,  
Nor break his plighted faith, nor lend  
His lips to perjury.

A second Daniel we attend,  
Who braved oppression's rod,  
And never yet betrayed his friend,  
His country or his God.

The heavens smile approvingly  
On heroism's test,  
And Zion's heart beats lovingly  
With patriotic zest.

The skies are rent with loud acclaim,  
A nation's bosom swells,  
And Israel's thousands bless the name  
Of Daniel Hanmer Wells.

## LOVE'S ADIEU.

**S**TERN duty calls—I must away;  
Its mandate will not brook delay.  
But though I go, I'll ne'er forget  
The scenes wherein I linger yet.

I'll ne'er forget the sunny smile,  
Whose beam gave welcome all the while;  
The fairy form, the angel face,  
Of her to whom these lines I trace.

And if we ne'er should meet again—  
Tho' such reflection's fraught with pain—  
I trust that I may ever be  
A picture held in memory.

You'll live in mine, as bright and true,  
As now I bid thee fond adieu,  
With what regret I cannot tell:  
Once more, sweet friend, farewell, farewell!

Should I say more? There's much I feel  
Which words but feebly would portray;  
But no—this little will reveal  
Too much of what I fain would say.

## LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

WHEN on the past fond meditation dwells,  
And lingering memory its story tells,  
When bygone scenes and faces shall appear,  
In retrospective musings, mostly dear;

Let this memento, though in simple dress,  
Affection's silent eloquence express;  
And though 'tis mute, yet may it speak of me  
And bring me back to love and memory.

## LINES TO LUELLA.

FAIR maid! be ever as thou art—  
Thy purity thy richest dower;  
For that alone will charm the heart  
When beauty is a faded flower.

## AN ACROSTIC.

**S**IREN of the sunny eyes!  
 In my heart thine image lies,  
 Ne'er to part, in weal or woe,  
 Only queen it e'er shall know.

Reign thou in this bosom still,  
 Empress o'er my captive will;  
 Give me leave to ever be  
 Near and dear to love and thee—  
 A bird that seeks no sweeter nest,  
 Softly shrined within thy breast.

## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

**U**NLIKE the planet love's ephemeral ray,  
 Whose giddy lustre burns but for a day,  
 Friendship's is fairest in the dusk of age,  
 As print is brighter on a time-worn page.

The stream of love is shallow and unclear,  
And waves of trouble on its breast appear,  
But friendship's tide is limpid as it flows,  
And calmer, deeper, as it onward goes.

The fire of love is fickle and untrue,  
And wanting fuel, pales its primal hue,  
While friendship's glows with self-renewing light,  
And warmest in the chilly glooms of night.

The rose of love, bereft of sunny ray,  
Will droop and wither, fade and fall away ;  
In modest, sweet simplicity arrayed,  
The flower of friendship blossoms in the shade.

Time's test on love may part the brittle chain,  
Or on its links corrosive spots remain,  
And bonds like these lie mingling with the dust,  
When friendship shows no sign of wear or rust.

Yet things diverse oft-times inseparate are,  
While each, in other, claims a rightful share ;  
For love the bride of friendship e'er will prove,  
And friendship is the better half of love.

## A SILENT SORROW.

I HAVE a silent sorrow here,  
 A grief I'll ne'er impart;  
 It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,  
 Yet it consumes my heart.—*Sheridan.*

THE streams that run with loudest ripple  
 Are not the deepest streams that flow;  
 Nor trickling eyes, nor lips that murmur,  
 Feel, always, what they fain would show.

As rains that cool the breath of summer  
 Relieve the thunder-stricken cloud,  
 So pain is reft of half its burden  
 When sorrow weeps and mourns aloud.

There is a grave near yonder mountain  
 Holds in its breast a secret deep,  
 Where oft a sorrow's seen to linger,  
 Whose eyes are never known to weep.

There is a grief that chokes expression,  
 Sad eyes whence tears may never fall;  
 God pity him whose grief flows inward,  
 For this the greatest grief of all.

## ARISTOCRACY.

 HE world is his who sees its vain pretense,  
 And tries it with the touchstone common-sense;  
 And though, with some, vain title tells of worth,  
 In reason's balance, brain far outweighs birth.

Avails it, then, if gossip's tongue beguiles  
 The giddy throng where wanton folly smiles?  
 Or vanity, the pampered child of praise,  
 To win sweet lies from flattery essays?

While genius, climbing to its destined place,  
 Encounters sneering envy in the race,  
 Where polished dunce, with studied speech inflate,  
 Affects to scorn but cannot emulate.

The mind of sterling merit can despise  
 This meretricious tinsel of disguise,  
 And, though decrees of caste its way retard,  
 A conscious virtue is its own reward.

What though vain pride on lineal honors dwell,  
 Or sordid gain of mammon's glory tell,  
 Or fashion's queen with stolen scepter play  
 The tyrant o'er dominions of a day?

Is not a crown of wisdom richer prize  
 Than wealth, which merit's meed full oft denies?  
 A station 'mong the kings and queens of thought,  
 A nobler rank than is of name begot?

He'll find, who studies for his own behoof,  
 That 'tis the pillar which sustains the roof,  
 Though there the fluttering ensigns waving high,  
 In swelling grandeur court the distant sky.

And who would ocean's hoarded treasures know,  
 Or gather of its gems, must search below;  
 While further observation shows the wise  
 That air-distended bubbles always rise.

## JUDGE NOT.

**B**ELIEVE not e'en the half of what you hear,  
 For oft a falsehood may a truth appear;  
 Nor speak the half of what you think is true—  
 We haste regret, but seldom silence rue.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF THE  
MARTYR, JOSEPH STANDING.

**B**ENEATH this stone by friendship's hand is lain  
The martyred form of one untimely slain;  
A servant of the Lord, whose works revealed  
The love of truth, for which his doom was sealed.

Where foes beset, when but a single friend  
Stood true, nor shunned his comrade's cruel end,  
Deep in the shades of ill-starred Georgia's wood,  
Fair freedom's soil was crimsoned with his blood.

Our brother rests beneath his native sod,  
His murderers are in the hands of God;  
Weep, weep for them, not him whose silent dust  
Here waits the resurrection of the just.

## THE JUBILEE OF ZION.

Written in Commemoration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Church of Jesus  
 Christ of Latter-day Saints — April 6th, 1880 — and read at  
 the Celebration of Pioneer Day, July 24th, 1880.

**H**AIL to the Year of Jubilee!  
 Let pealing anthems rise,  
 And bursts of echoing melody  
 Loud mingle with the skies!  
 Let earth resound with music's power,  
 Glad welcoming the year  
 When Zion sees her natal hour  
 The fiftieth time appear!

An hour when, thro' the lingering night,  
 In beauty broke the morn;  
 When Faith, exultant, hailed the light  
 That told her Truth was born.  
 The fulness of an omened birth—  
 In verse prophetic given—  
 Where Truth, new springing from the earth,  
 Saw Mercy smile in heaven.

It is a day for Israel  
His highest hopes to raise,  
While voice and harp, uniting, swell  
The sounding notes of praise.  
For Truth and Virtue, breathing love,  
Have made the world more fair,  
Since Righteousness, from realms above,  
Unfurled her standard here.

Can friendly eye this radiant scene behold,  
Nor feel what fairest words could not unfold?  
Or stranger gaze upon its glory rest,  
Nor deem, of all, this day divinely blest?  
Could Time retrace the wilderness of years—  
The stubble-field of human hopes and fears—  
Recall from silent regions of decay  
The buried greatness of a former day,  
Would not the righteous dead their voices raise,  
To swell the volume of a people's praise,  
And, bursting from the thralldom of the sod,  
Declare the wondrous workmanship of God?  
But Time, alas! no retrogression knows,  
Its ever-hurrying stream still onward flows;  
The moments coming crowd the moments past,  
And each day sings the requiem of the last.

Fair Memory! Thine the task this boon to give;  
Bid thou the past within the present live!  
On thy bright altar let the embers glow,  
To lift the shadows from the Long Ago!

Far down the mystic river of the mind,  
A fleet of recollections slowly wind;  
A wreath of flowers from fancy's garden brought;  
Historic views on memory's canvas wrought.

The foremost is a scene where forests grow,  
Where flowers bloom and springtime breezes blow,  
Where sweet-toned birds send up their matin lay,  
And revel in the golden beams of day.  
Deep in the bosom of a woodland shade,  
Where Solitude her secret home hath made,  
A rustic lad, his sunburned temples bare,  
Pours forth a guileless soul to God in prayer.  
A sudden cloud, of midnight depth profound,  
Now hurls him breathless to the trembling ground;  
Speechless he's stricken, but with voice of will  
Calls on his God, and supplicates him still.  
His prayer is heard. Lo! shining o'er his head,  
A dazzling light! Where hath the darkness fled?  
A pillar brighter than the noonday sun,  
When on the purest sky his race is run,

Falls gently as the earth-reviving dew,  
And opens to his gaze a heavenly view;  
Two Beings, of a glory to defy  
The power of words, descend the glowing sky.  
Is it a voice, or music low and clear,  
Whose hallowed sweetness charms the listener's ear,  
Like murmuring waters from a mossy rim:  
"Joseph! 'Tis my beloved Son; hear Him!"

The scene has changed. Within a rustic cot—  
An honest farmer's home of humble lot—  
The boy that was, in pride of strength appears,  
Erect 'neath manhood's crown of ripening years.  
Nor now, as when, in trusting boyhood's care,  
Alone he sought and found the God of prayer;  
Nor when, as singly, stemmed the tide of hate,  
Which spurned the truth he dared to innovate;  
Friends are his followers; tho' numbering few,  
Disciples dauntless of a doctrine new;  
They here fulfill the heaven-appointed word  
Of him who bore the burden of the Lord,  
When learned proud Babel's king, in rapt amaze,  
What God had destined in the latter days.  
The hour is nigh when monarchs' necks shall bow,  
The stone yet lingers on the mountain's brow,

But soon with force resistless shall it fall,  
And onward roll victorious over all.  
'Tis done—the deed Creation's morn devised—  
The Church of Jesus Christ is organized.

The scenes roll on. Now chains the wandering sight,  
A land of meadows broad and streamlets bright,  
Where flowery billows, in the far extent,  
Kiss with soft lips the bending firmament,  
And Sire of Waters, matchless and alone,  
Pours his dark torrent toward the burning zone.  
A city stands in purity and pride,  
On Mississippi's rushing, rolling tide.  
Erstwhile the home of melody and mirth,  
A refuge for the righteous of the earth.  
The shrine of hope, the paradise of peace,  
Where faith was found in charity's increase;  
An ark where roving weariness might rest—  
A gleam of light upon the earth's dark crest.  
But there are sounds of sorrow in the air,  
Where gladness reigned o'er beauty bright and rare.  
Dark clouds of grief are gathering round thy head,  
Whence showers of tears shall o'er thy bosom spread,  
And Sadness shall the leaves of cypress strew  
O'er thy pale brow, O fated, fair Nauvoo!

A prison cell. The slow descending day,  
As loth to part, sends forth a farewell ray,  
Where sons of patriot sires, their freedom flown,  
In dreary durance tread the dungeon stone.  
Four forms revealed, and one familiar face—  
The boy, the man, of other time and place;  
Still young, yet on his brow the crown of care,  
That age and early woe are known to wear.  
What deed of his hath won the felon's doom?  
Ask the bright sun, that bids the envious gloom  
Give way when morning lifts the veil of night,  
Why bringeth he again the vanished light?  
His "crime" the same; for bidding darkness flee,  
Shares he a dungeon with his comrades three.  
Nor filled their cup of fate. Hark! from below,  
A rumble as of angry waters' flow;  
And gathering fast, as clouds foretelling storm,  
A horde of demons, housed in human form,  
Besiege the portals, and, with surging sway,  
The threshold throng; the treacherous guards give way.  
A roaring volley rends the affrighted air,  
As rush the mad mob up the trembling stair,  
Eager, as wolves, the helpless prey to rend,  
Daring, as cowards, strike where none defend.

Now bristling weapons gleam about the door,  
Into the cell their murderous showers pour,  
As through the window, to the fatal room,  
Swift rain the metal messengers of doom.  
Vainly the captives stem that fiery flood,  
Thirsting to mingle with the martyrs' blood.  
The deed is done—the deadly die is cast—  
Two noble souls on earth have sighed their last.

Sweet Mercy! Close the bloody book of fate!  
Seared were the sight such scenes could contemplate.  
To shield thy chosen, smite their ruthless foes,  
O God! could not thy lightnings interpose?  
Weep, Zion, weep! But every drop that's shed  
Shall roll an ocean o'er the murderer's head.  
Thy tears, tho' vain his victims to recall,  
On crime's dark soul like molten lead shall fall.  
Mourn, Israel! mourn thy prophet chieftains slain,  
Yet know their souls are 'neath the altar lain,  
To rise in witness at that solemn day,  
When Judgment shall the world in balance weigh,  
And cowering guilt, from vengeance long concealed,  
In retribution's presence stands revealed.

Where now shall fancy's roving pinion rest?  
'Mid barren regions of the boundless West,

Where silvery streams through silent valleys flow,  
From mountains crested with eternal snow.

Where reigns no creed its rival creed to bind,  
Where exiled faith a resting place shall find,  
Where builds the eagle on the beetling height,  
And wings o'er freedom's hills unfearing flight.

'Tis summer morn. On mountain, vale and stream  
The generous sun bestows a golden beam,  
Crowning with glory snow-capt towering hills,  
And darting life through all their thousand rills.

No sound disturbs the stillness of that scene—  
So bare, so bright, so savage yet serene—

Save where the torrent's distant voice is heard,  
Mingling with music of the mountain bird,  
Or minstrel cricket, 'neath his drooping blade,  
Chirps, ceaselessly, his summer serenade.

But list! Breaks on the ear a stranger sound—  
How from high hills those jarring notes rebound,  
As sentinels, that warn what would intrude,  
To mar the sway of kingly solitude!

Now nearer borne upon the rising breeze,  
The roll of rocks and crash of falling trees  
Blend harsh, at intervals, with human shout,  
And clattering wheels that throng the rugged route.

Lo! Issuing from the canyon's rough defile,  
Where frowns, on either side, a lofty pile,  
A little band of sunburnt mountaineers  
Halt on the ridge—whose milder summit rears,  
The towering peaks and plain to intervene—  
And gaze with wonder on the glorious scene.  
Ah! marvel nothing if the eye may trace  
The care lines on each toil-worn hero's face;  
Nor yet, if down his cheek, in silent show,  
The trickling tides of tender feeling flow.  
Tears not of weakness, nor of sorrow's mood,  
As when, o'er vanished joys, sad memories brood;  
Far richer fount those fearless eyes bedewed—  
They wept the golden drops of gratitude.  
Wherefore? Ask of the bleak and biting wind,  
The rivers, rocks and deserts left behind;  
The rolling prairie's waste of moveless waves,  
A path of pain, a trail of nameless graves;  
The city fair, where widowed Loneliness  
Weeps her lost children in the wilderness;  
The river broad, along whose icy bridge  
Their bleeding feet red-hued each frozen ridge;  
The Christian world, that drove them forth to die  
On barren wilds, beneath a wintry sky!

Would e'en the coldest heart forbear to say,  
Good cause had gratitude to weep that day?  
Or censure, for a flow of manly tears,  
That brave-souled band—immortal Pioneers?  
Their names? Go view them on the Golden Page,  
The gift of glory to remotest age;  
The van of civilization's westward sweep,  
The few that sowed what millions yet shall reap.  
As some fair ship that waves its pennant high,  
Bright with the splendors of the sunset sky,  
Their memory sails along the musing sight,  
Haloed with blessings, as a crown of light,  
Borne on the breast of fame's eternal river,  
"A thing of beauty" and "a joy forever."

And fifty years, like billows on the sand,  
Have left their marks on Life's wave-beaten strand,  
Since dawned the morning of that chosen day  
When Israel's fold refound the narrow way,  
And planted firm the gospel's glorious tree,  
On Joseph's land, the land of liberty.  
Tho' rudely torn from out the parent soil—  
Its budding glories fierce oppression's spoil—  
And flung far out upon the burning plain,  
To meet the doom its murderous foes ordain,

Like Aaron's rod, the bough of Joseph blooms,  
Brings forth, in gladness, 'mid the desert glooms,  
With fragrance rare the sterile valley fills,  
And blossoms on the everlasting hills.  
Deep rooted in the chambers of the rock,  
Unheeding war, and storm, and earthquake shock,  
It stands where hatred's fiery shafts are hurled,  
Waving a welcome to the wondering world.  
Afar, its shadows o'er the nations fall,  
Again its branches climb the ocean wall,  
And seeds of life, sown with Almighty hand,  
Are springing from the soils of every land.  
And these shall bear, upon the world's broad face,  
The fruits of freedom for the human race—  
Freedom for all, of every creed and hue,  
Pagan or Christian, Moslem, Greek or Jew,  
O'er all alike, the Olive blooms again,  
Proclaiming peace on earth, good will to men.  
There let it flourish, till from shore to shore—  
When tide shall rest and time shall be no more,  
And heaven's veil hath withered to a scroll—  
The waves of righteousness o'er earth shall roll,  
And Zion, the redeemed, the pure, the free,  
Shall celebrate the World's Great Jubilee.

## THE NATAL DAY OF LIBERTY.

An Oration for July 4th, 1881, the celebration for which was abandoned,  
owing to the assassination of President Garfield.

AS THE traveler through solitary wilds ascends the occasional mountain-top, to gaze backward over the scenes his feet have traversed, or to peer forward into the intervening distance between him and his destination, so the pilgrim through life's wilderness pauses instinctively on the summit of a great event, to glance in retrospection over the range of human history, or onward, far as his vision is permitted to extend, athwart the dim and shadowy outline of the future. Standing, to-day, on such an eminence—the anniversary of an event which looms like a mountain from the plain of man's experience—our thoughts fly backward, and with a wave of imagination's wand, whose thrilling touch revives the relics of antiquity, brings back the dead to life, and paints anew the faded pictures of the past; we are gazing, this hour, in common with millions of our countrymen, upon a panorama of glorious events, of which this day is the ever-memorable reminder.

Five years more than a century ago, was given to the world the Declaration of American Independence; an instrument which sundered forever the political ties between the mother nation and her colonies, absolved them from their allegiance to the British crown, and raised our country from an attitude of dependency at the foot of a foreign throne, to her high and rightful station as an independent power among the nations of the earth.

We, who are basking in the full blaze of liberty bequeathed from the heroic era of the Revolution, are liable to under-estimate, not only the value of the priceless boon, but likewise the magnitude, the sublimity of the undertaking which secured to us its peaceable possession.

Among the brave-souled band who affixed their names to that immortal document, pledging their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, to the maintenance and vindication of the great principle involved, how many but felt it was their death-warrant they signed, and they were standing on the brink of an abyss from which a single misstep might hurl them into the yawning gulf below? "If we do not hang together, we shall hang separately," was a laconic yet significant speech uttered on that criti-

cal occasion. Such, only, as have occupied similar positions, who have opposed might with right, who have faced, for God and conscience sake, the pitiless storms of persecution, the keen arrows of contumely, or the savage bolts of death; sacrificing their earthly hopes of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, in defense of a sacred conviction—such only can realize the situation of the fathers of the Republic,

“In face of death who dared to fling  
Defiance to a tyrant king,”

and laid their fortunes, lives and reputations upon the holy, immaculate altar of human liberty.

Theirs was a glorious deed. It shines like the sun in the firmament of heaven, and like that sun it fills the earth with light, and beams for the welfare and happiness of the whole brotherhood of man. The blow they dealt was in the common cause of freedom, the voice which appealed to high heaven for the rectitude of their intentions, sounded the death-knell of universal tyranny. Not America, alone, but the wide world has cause to rejoice over, aye, and to commemorate that illustrious event. For on that day the axe was laid at the root of the tree of despotism; a tree springing from the soil of human selfishness, supported by props of supersti-

tion and error, and watered with widow's tears and the blood of martyred innocence; a tree whose poisonous roots had sunken deep into the heart of humanity, and for centuries had sapped the life-blood of the earth, while its upas-like branches, fruitful of naught but misery and despair, arose and overshadowed with gloom the genius, the hopes, the exertions of the children of men.

Why, it might here be asked, why, in the economy of a merciful God, was this hideous growth permitted to develop; feeding on the fat of the land, usurping in the vineyard of the Lord, places worthy to be filled only by plants of rarest virtue? Why did not the Master, who finally gave command that it be hewn down and cast into the fire, ages before, while it was yet a feeble shrub, cause it to be uprooted and destroyed? Perchance that man, whose primal disobedience had forfeited his claim to a happier estate, might eat his fill of the fruit of bitterness and become wise through experience of suffering. Or, perchance, that once when the Master would have answered the prayers of the oppressed and swept the umbrageous curse from the face of His footstool, and had sent His only Son to inaugurate the work of reform; the misguided children of the world, inured and wedded to sin,

preferring to crouch beneath the deadly shade of error and eat of its product, than to partake of the fruits of a pure and enlightened origin, seized upon the Son of their Lord, stripped Him of His robes, spat upon Him in derision, crowned Him with thorns and hung His bleeding form upon the accursed tree, where He offered up His life as a sacrifice for liberty!

Jesus Christ was a patriot! His country was the world, His laws were the eternal principles of liberty, and his followers, in every age, have been the chosen champions of freedom!

For ages, that seemed multiplied by the crimes and sufferings they beheld, the tree of evil dominion, with its spreading boughs of priestly and political power, was permitted to expand and flourish; its snake-like tendrils grasping and choking out the fairest of the flowers, and its death-diffusing vapors scattering blight and ruin broadcast over the land. But the fated time at length drew nigh. The rank and venomous growth had encumbered the soil to an extent which threatened universal extinction. The time for its downfall had arrived. The great God of heaven had decreed its destruction.

But how was the blow to be struck? The process of eradication must needs be gradual; the

supporting props must first be moved, that its overthrow might be unimpeded; the withered limbs must next be lopped, lest the falling ruin crush with its tremendous weight the choice and tender shrubs of the garden.

Among the most notable agents on whom the earlier duty devolved, was one known to men as Christopher Columbus. With the unquenchable fire of enterprise burning in his breast, and the light of inspiration beaming like a star on his pathway, he explored the liquid wilderness of the West, "pushed his prows into the setting sun," shattered to atoms the superstitions of his age and found the land long destined as the fostering nurse of human liberty.

Hark! to the result—the crash of falling branches on the eastern shores of the Atlantic! A German monk named Luther has arisen, and continuing the work of Wyckliffe and of Huss, following in the footsteps and fulfilling the mission of his martyred predecessors—the rotten fabric of religious tyranny is shaken from centre to circumference beneath the vigorous strokes of the axe of reformation.

The political bough is next assailed. The iron-handed Cromwell appears, and though his task was bold and bloody, and he requited with oppression the

evils of oppression he opposed, the effects were destined to endure, and the Power which nerved his arm and fired his soul to action, evolved good even from the evil he wrought.

The love of freedom and its appreciation were now implanted within the human heart. The germs of liberty, sown on the soils of Europe, transplanted to the fertile wilds of America, were springing forth on every hand, filling the air with fragrance and giving glad promise of a bright and flowery future. The season was approaching when the Father of life, the Inspirer of patriots, the Almighty Maker of the world would set His hand again, the second time, to recover the lost and found; to clear away the crumbling debris of the past and establish His righteous cause forevermore in the midst of mankind.

On the virgin shores of Columbia, a thousand leagues from the king-governed dominions of the Old World, with a wall of rolling billows between, the allwise Ruler of the universe had foreseen the opportunity which favored his vast design. The decisive stroke, which the finger of long-suffering Providence had held for three centuries in abeyance, at last descended. The whole earth shook with the concussion, the heavens re-echoed the exultant shouts of

patriotism, and the solid globe, to its remotest bound, reverberated the loud crash of tumbling tyranny!

The deed was done. The problem planned of God, propounded by the American Declaration, had been solved by the weapon of a Washington.

The results are themes of history. Great Britain lost her colonies, and involved in foreign and domestic turbulence, her star of prestige visibly waned from the proud zenith of national supremacy.

The next blow fell upon France, whose groaning millions, bowed down for ages beneath the accumulated curse of monarchial and ecclesiastical despotism, arose like a blind Samson of wrath, and grappling the pillars of the Church and State, with one stupendous effort threw down the gigantic structure of king and priestcraft, and founded the Republic of Atheism—misnamed Reason—upon the smouldering ruins of the ancient state.

Next, behold the Corsican Bonaparte, the invincible Son of Destiny, striding through Europe over prostrate potentates and powers, himself the unconscious instrument of Deity, wreaking vengeance upon the wrongs of ages and humbling the pride of the haughty and the great. Conquering tyrants to become himself a tyrant, and fall in turn before the

redounding thunderbolt which had previously cleft his path to victory and renown.

The cause of Freedom, retarded by the excesses of her too zealous advocates or matricidal offspring, continued to roll forth. Greece with her Bozarris and Miaulis, Italy with her Mazzinis and Garabaldis, Ireland with an Emmett, an O'Connell, Spain with her Liberals, and the disaffected factions of Germany and Hungaria rushed into the ranks of revolt; while on our own continent, Mexico and the South American states, each with its patriot champion, threw off the Spanish yoke and established themselves upon the broad principles of republican government. All joining hands, as if by preconcerted design, and moving forward in the grand work of demolition and reform—consciously or unconsciously executing the purposes of that Being in whose eternal bosom it is decreed that the poor and meek of the earth shall inherit it, and the pride and haughtiness of man, exalted in corruption and unrighteousness, shall be brought down to whisper from the dust.

Has the past not been a fearful lesson, a warning to the oppressor for all succeeding time? Will the world learn wisdom from experience and henceforth accord mankind their sacred and inviolable rights? Or

must the storm whose hoarse mutterings are heard throughout the earth, burst forth to sweep it as with besom of destruction, that the cries and prayers of the down-trodden shall cease to ascend into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, whose anger is kindled, whose "sword is bathed in heaven," to fall upon the workers of iniquity who forge fetters for the souls of men, and, heedless of unnumbered premonitions, wade through rivers of crime and corruption to the unhallowed exercise of unrighteous dominion?

Let us hope the sad lesson has been learned; that man will cease his "inhumanity to man;" that the clouds of the past will be banished by the sunlight of the future, and the glorious Ensign of Liberty, now waving from ocean to ocean, ere long will float triumphant over an emancipated world. That the heroic Declaration, which affirmed man's rights of freedom and equality; the grand old Constitution, which guarantees those rights: together with the Gospel of Salvation, restored for the high purpose of their perpetuation, will be everywhere honored as emanations of Divinity; as the three grand messages from God to modern times; as the media of sanctification through which our world shall eventually ascend to its glorious and eternal destiny among the celestial stars.

## THE ANCIENT OF THE MOUNT.

ALONE upon the mount; a mighty hill  
Capped with the lingering snows of vanished years,  
Where towering forms the ethereal azure fill,  
Swept by the breath of taintless atmospheres;  
Where Nature, throned in solitude, reveres  
The God whose glory she doth symbolize,  
And on the altar watered by her tears,  
Spreads far around the fragrant sacrifice  
Whose incense wafts her sweet memorial to the  
skies.

Here let me linger. O my native hills!  
Snow-mantled wonders of the western waste!  
With what a joy the bounding bosom thrills,  
Whose steps aspiring mar your summits chaste!  
Not Language with her robes of rarest taste,  
Could clothe the swift-born thoughts in fitting dress,  
Surging upon the mind with torrent haste,  
Wrapt in mute wonder's conscious littleness,  
Where loom the cloud-crowned monarchs of the  
wilderness.

Whereo'er I roam, and still have loved to roam,  
From early childhood's scarce remembered day,  
And found my pensive soul's congenial home  
Far from the depths where human passions play.  
Born at their feet, my own have learned to stray  
Familiar o'er these pathless heights, and feel,  
As now, my mind assume a loftier sway,  
Soaring for themes that past its portals steal,  
Beyond its power to reach or utterance to reveal.

Oh that my words were written in the rock,  
Graven with iron pen, whose letters bold,  
Surviving still the crumbling ages' shock,  
Should stand when seas of change around them rolled!  
In kindred phrase lamented one of old.  
Knew he not well, ye mighty tomes of clay,  
How firm the trust your flinty page might hold?  
Have ye not spurned the flats of Decay?  
Are ye not standing now where nations passed away?

Ye hoary sentinels, whom Heaven willed  
Should guard the treasures of a glorious land!  
Had primal man the sacred garden tilled,  
Ere yet terrestrial scenes your vision scanned?  
Were ye of miracles primeval, planned

Ere rolled the world-creating fiat forth?

Or came at fell Convulsion's fierce command,  
'Mid loud-tongued thunders bursting from the earth—  
The martial music that proclaimed your warlike birth?

Ye voiceless oracles, whose intelligence

Sleeps in the caverns of each stony heart,

Yet breathes o'er all a silent eloquence,

What wealth historic might your words impart!

Lone hermit of the hills, that loomst apart

From where thy banded mates in union dwell;

A chosen leader seemingly thou art,

The spokesman of the throng that round thee swell!

And oh, were speech thy boon, what volumes couldst  
thou tell!

Thrice wondrous things were thine to wisely scan,

And stranger yet than dreamed of mortal lore—

Hadst thou that gift full oft misused by man,

Though deemed his glory, thou mightst all restore,

'Till learning's tide o'erwhelmed its shining shore,

And doubting souls, ill-fated to deny

Bright truths exhumed from wisdom's buried store,

Might in yon stream persuasion's force descry,

And gladly drinking live, who doubting thirst and die.

Vain, vain the unavailable. Firm sealed

Those rigid lips whose accents might disclose  
Marvels and mysteries yet unrevealed,

Realms rich with joy, or wastes of human woes;  
Or names of mighty empires that arose

And fell, like frost-hewn flowers, before thy face;

Causes which wrought them an untimely close,  
Dark crimes for which a once delightful race

Was doomed to sink in death or live 'neath foul disgrace.

And like the laboring brain that burns to speak

Unutterable thoughts, deep in its dungeons pent;  
Or liker still to inward boiling peak

Of fires volcanic, vainly seeking vent,

Where rock-ribbed walls an egress e'er prevent,  
Thou'rt doomed to utter stillness, and shalt keep

The burden of thy bearing, till is rent

Yon heavenly vail, and earth and air and deep

Tell secrets that shall rouse the dead from solemn  
sleep.

Thus musing, lone upon a beetling brow,

Clothing with utterance the thoughts that sprung  
Swift as the sun-fused flood's impetuous flow,

Methought from out the rocky caves there rung

A voice, whose tones bewrayed no mortal tongue,

But deeply clear though darkly mournful broke,  
 As notes from off the weird-toned viol flung,  
 Or, as the heavens lowly rumbling spoke,  
 Heralding the storm-king with vivid flash and stroke.

“Son of man!”—the solemn sound rose echoing high—

“Why lingerest here upon the mountain’s brow?  
 Deemst thou no stranger ear was listening nigh?

No louder tongue than thine, which did but now  
 Powers of mine own so boldly disallow?

What wouldst thou? Speak! And haply thou shalt  
 find

These silent rocks their story may avow,  
 In words such as the will of human-kind  
 Hath made the wings whereon thought flits from  
 mind to mind.”

Amazed I listened. Did I more than dream?

Had random words aroused unhopèd reply?  
 Or was it sound whose import did but seem?

Hark!—for again it breaks upon the sky:

“Then query hast thou none, or none wouldst ply,  
 Save to thy soul in meditative strain,

Or heedless winds that wander idly by?

So be it; still to me thy purpose plain,

Thy hidden wish revealed, nor thus revealed in vain.”

While yet upon the circumambient air,  
 Weird echoes trembled of that wilder tone;  
 While, as on threshold of a lion's lair,  
 Speechless I stood, as stricken into stone,  
 Methought the sun with lessening splendor shone,  
 As though some wandering cloud obscured his gaze;  
 Expectant of such trite phenomenon,  
 Turning, mine eyes beheld, with rapt amaze,  
 What memory ne'er should lose, were life of endless days.

A stately form of giant stature tall,  
 Of hoary aspect, venerable and grave,  
 Whose curling locks and beard of copious fall  
 Vied the white foam of ocean's storm-whipt wave.  
 The deep-set eye flashed lightning from its cave;  
 Far-darting penetration's gaze, combined  
 With wisdom's milder light. Of learning, gave  
 Deep evidence that brow by labor lined;  
 Thought's ample throne where might but rule a mon-  
 arch mind.

The spirit's garb—for spirit so it seemed—  
 Fell radiant in many a flowing fold,  
 Of style antique, by modern limners deemed  
 Befitting monk or eremite of old.  
 The hoary head was bare, the presence bold

With majesty, e'en as a God might wear,  
When condescended to a mortal mold.  
It spake—the voice no longer thrilled with fear,  
Like solemn music's swell it charmed the listening ear.

“Mine is the burden of the mighty past;  
Far ages flown find oracle in me;  
Reserved of all my race, on earth the last,  
Alike thy minstrel and thy muse to be.  
For this my doom, fixed by a firm decree—  
Wherefore or whence it suits me not to say:  
But hence to pass might I no more be free,  
Till destiny should guide or hither stray,  
One who would quest my tale and list my solemn lay.

“Long had I watched and waited, yet no sound  
Broke the deep stillness of my drear abode—  
Save 'twere the thunder smote the trembling ground,  
Or far beneath some torrent's fury flowed;  
Anon the screaming eagle past me rode;  
The seeker after gold, with toilsome stride,  
And eager eye to fix the shining lode,  
Hath paused and panted on the steep hill-side;—  
But none for greater things till now have hither hied.

“List, son of man, for I am one by whom  
Tidings of times forgotten thou shalt hear;  
Thy mission to dispel in part the gloom  
That wraps the mystic past and chains me here.  
Thou, my deliverer from durance drear,  
Hearken till I the record have unrolled:  
Then, rest not thou, nor toil nor danger fear,  
Till all that I may tell, or yet have told,  
Shall blaze in letters bright on history’s page of gold.”

The ancient paused, and, unespied till then,  
A mammoth harp his bosom swung before;  
Such as, perchance, tuned Israel’s psalmist when  
An evil sprite his monarch tossed and tore,  
And music’s magic quelled satanic power;  
Seated, his form against a crag reclined,  
He waved me to his feet, and forth did pour,  
In rolling numbers on the mountain wind,  
The song whose surges swept the channel of his mind.

“The soil whereon thou standst is freedom’s own,  
Redeemed by blood of patriots o’er and o’er;  
When all else sank defiled, this land alone  
Was sacred kept—a consecrated shore.  
The Gods of freedom and of justice swore

No tyrant should this chosen land defile;

And nations here, that for a season bore  
The palm of power, must righteous be the while,  
Or ruin's torch should swiftly light their funeral pile.

“Three races nursed upon this goodly land;

And nations glorious as the stars of heaven,  
Have fallen by retribution's blood-red hand  
Before mine eyes, since that dread word was given;  
Empires and realms, as trees by lightning riven;  
Cities laid waste and lands left desolate;

The wretched remnant, blasted, cursed and driven  
Forth by the furies of revengeful fate—  
Till wonder asks in vain: ‘What of their former  
state?’

“Wouldst learn the cause—the upas-tree, which bore

The blight of desolation? 'Tis a theme  
To melt the earth with pity, and to pour  
Their sorrow move the heavens, as when supreme  
O'er fallen Lucifer, the generous stream  
Of grief half quenched the joy of victory.

Mark how the annals of the ages teem  
With repetitions! Time—Eternity,  
The same have taught; yet few, alas! the moral see.

"But to my tale. Since olden time, when torn  
 Was earth asunder, and fierce ocean's sword  
 Her continents and isles divided—borne  
 Safe through the watery deeps, as though devoured  
 By winds and waves that o'er their pathway roared—  
 The pilgrim sons of Shinar, faithful band,  
 From that far clime where Babel's folly towered  
 And language foundered on confusion's strand,  
 Won first this precious heritage—the Promised Land."

\* \* \* \* \*

## O TEMPORA! O MORES!

A SATIRE.


 H FOR a pen, to blaze on history's page  
 The follies of a false and flagrant age!  
 Lay bare its wrongs, disclose each dire defect,  
 Link fast each shameful cause with like effect;  
 Hold high the mirror o'er the face of Time,  
 And bid him blush to read the damning rhyme!

"The times are out of joint," nor surgeon's skill,  
 Empiric nostrums, sworn to "cure or kill;"

Nor aught, appears, can calm the fever's strife,  
Or set the broken bones of social life.

Herculean task! To me t'would scarce belong  
To hurl the thunders of prophetic song,  
Such as, of old, when mightier poets spake,  
Made Baal to tremble and his idols quake;  
Or wield the lightnings of satiric wit,  
Scorn's withering darts that dazzle as they flit,  
To smite the doers of the deeds that rise  
To summon swift the vengeance of the skies.

Mine be the task to single from a train  
Of slaves that wear to wield a despot's chain,  
A ring of rogues, disguised in patriot dress,  
Who scheme for power their fellows to oppress;  
The willful blind who lead the willing blind,  
Foes of their God, and traitors to their kind,  
Who feign to point the better way of life,  
Yet fill our land with bitterness and strife;  
Berate for hire, belie for daily bread,  
Lampoon the living, and defame the dead;  
Or sit in judgment on their neighbor's flaw,  
To flaunt their own unnoticed of the law;

Of "liberty," of "virtue" loudly prate,  
While trampling that, while this they violate;  
Vipers that creep for shelter from the storm,  
To bite the willing hand that made them warm.

Lay on, my muse, and lash where'er you find  
Such shameless vices of most shameful kind;  
Spare not, but speak; let satire keenly sing,  
And feel it most, who merit most the sting!

There was a time—oh, that such times should be  
The few, far isles of memory's widening sea!—  
Ere yet, as exiles from these ancient lands—  
Their "hunting-grounds"—had fled dark Laman's bands,  
When gentle Peace wide waved her olive branch  
O'er sachim's wigwam and o'er settler's ranch;  
When each revolving sun that rose or set  
Along the hills and vales of Deseret,  
Gazed gladly down o'er scenes with promise rife,  
Whose germs of beauty, bursting into life,  
Foretold the rising of a brighter star,  
From out Hesperian darkness flaming far,  
Than fairest of the free-born lights which now  
In sovereign splendor bind Columbia's brow.

When honest men, content with honest toil,  
Wrung frugal thrift from hardship's stubborn soil,  
Ignoring wealth earth's bosom still might give,  
Sufficed to live and teach the way to live,  
Redeemed the waste and "solitary ways,"  
Where echoing rose their shouts and songs of praise.

Far from the realms where civilization reigns,  
Where Freedom's bastards bind her sons in chains,  
Where church-spires mark the sites of social hells,  
And vice in protean form unpunished dwells,  
They sought a home within the western wild,  
And fraternized the forest's dusky child;  
No fiercer found, less savage in the test,  
Than priest-led mobs that trampled truth's oppressed.

On ground made glorious by their conquering arms,  
Remote from civil strife or war's alarms,  
They laid the firm foundations of a state,  
Their country's glory to perpetuate;  
Unfurled her flag on freedom's lofty hills,  
Whose atmosphere with freedom's spirit thrills;  
Where sweet religion, pure and undefiled,  
High heaven's peerless, unpolluted child,  
Faith, hope and charity might still "abide,"  
And truth and liberty reign side by side.

Dear days of eld, that gild the poet's dream  
Of pictured bliss with joy's remembered beam,  
Your life hath left, like summer's faded flower,  
In memory's vase, the perfume of that hour!  
When vice was nameless—nameless for unknown,  
When wretchedness no hearth could call her own,  
When labor toiled where love and duty led,  
And envy had not where to lay his head.

No ribald tongue their rites to ridicule,  
No "ring" resolved to "ruin or to rule,"  
No rogues in league to over-ride the law,  
No pettifogger fishing for its flaw,  
No venal judge their venom to imbibe,  
To give the judgment where he took the bribe;  
No pious wolves sent out from Christian wold,  
In shepherd's garb, to fleece the trusting fold;  
No brothels, brawls, no dens of sin and shame,  
Nor secret crime too horrible for name;  
No slanderous press such sins to justify,  
Or prate of truth while practicing the lie.  
Nor soul-defiling deed, nor sinful word,  
Was known throughout the Mountain of the Lord;  
With Ephraim's lamb Manasseh's lion played,  
And none molested, nor could make afraid.

So Ephraim had flourished until now,  
The fairest branch of Joseph's fruitful bough,  
Had killing frosts not seared his promise fair,  
Half turned his teeming field to desert bare ;  
A moral blight which Hate's malicious hand  
With fatal aim flung broadcast o'er the land.

Ring up, bold prompter, bid the play commence!  
And Truth shall tear the mask from vain pretense.  
This night the Thespian mirror shall reflect  
Fair Virtue's face, nor hide Shame's dark defect.

Who first appears? Who else, in pompous pride,  
With ermine stained and strumpet at his side,  
Would dare come forth, bad, brazen, base and bold,  
To face the glare of truth in plainness told?  
Who else but Drummond, that ignoble name  
Disgrace hath "damned to everlasting fame?"  
A judge—of wine and women—placed on high,  
His betters' patience, with their case, to try.  
Who but recalls that day of dark renown  
When through deserted streets of Mormon-town,  
Marched Johnston's troop—that "flower of a host,"  
That faded "flower," alas! since well-nigh lost,

Thro' Drummond's deed, 'mid Wasatch winds and snow,  
Where "flowers" ne'er bloom, nor aught but winds  
e'er blow.

Whilst he, disciple of a dastard school,  
The perjured judge, the plotting knave, the tool  
Of traitors compassing their country's fall,  
Her armed defenders far beyond recall—  
Hugging the bribe his blackest lie had earned,  
Hid up the records,—“books by Mormons burned”—  
And skulked in haste, nor thought, nor cared for those  
Who munched their mules amid the Bridger snows.

So Arnold, false to friends and freedom's cause,  
Greedy of gain, nor hopeless of applause,  
Fled scatheless, from vile treacheries elate,  
Leaving the luckless Andre to his fate.

Declare, O Muse ! was justice e'er pronounced  
On culprit judge, or deed of his denounced?  
Indignant did this mighty nation rise,  
And shout “revenge” till thunder shook the skies?  
Ah, no ; deem not such demonstrations are  
For aught save Mormon culprit at the bar ;  
This time was scarce the damning deed deplored,  
Albeit the governmental “ox” was “gored.”

\* \* \* \* \*

What followed fast on heels of wrong held right?  
Ocean of evils, vast and infinite.

What followed? List; for freedom now was slain,  
Reason dethroned, and passion held the rein.

Unpunished vice became by license bold,

The law was spurned, and justice bought and sold ;

No more 'gainst fate, might patriot force prevail,

Nor shielded sin our sterling laws assail ;

Right willing we to toil, nor basely shirk,

But fettered hands are powerless to work,

And over-matched by "sixty millions" strong,

Must watch the mighty torrent move along.

On, on it rolled, a surging flood of vice,

Eager to seize and virtue sacrifice ;

Priests, panders, politicians, on they come,

Like locusts swarming to the harvest-home ;

Their aim unanimous—God's fort to storm,

Beneath the banner-blazoned lie: "REFORM."

On Zion's Mount—there fostered by her foes—

The gambling hell and brothel next arose,

Thrice cursed cumberings of the sainted sod,

Once clean and sacred to the cause of God.

Where rose aloft the voice of reverent prayer,  
The horrid oath now rent the midnight air;  
O'er streets deserted once, ere darkening night,  
The glare of sin sent forth its baleful light;  
The grog-shop, held aloft from arm of law,  
Poured forth its poison with defiant maw;  
O'er walks where virtue long had wandered free,  
Staggered the drunkard, lurked the debauchee;  
With watchful eye the gambler lay in wait,  
To lure his victim with a gilded bait;  
While pimp and harlot ply their artful game,  
To drag our youth to dens of death and shame.

Such was in part the plague—the canker-worm,  
By Christian priest and press surnamed “reform.”  
Reforming what?—Great God! Thou knowest well—  
REFORMING LIFE TO DEATH, AND HEAVEN TO HELL!

## THE AGE'S NEED.

IN ORDER to understand how a crisis may be imminent, notwithstanding the power, wealth, intelligence and civilization of this unexampled age, it is but needful to remember that intelligence is not virtue, polite manners not pure morals, riches and refinement not synonymous with truth and integrity, nor political eminence and temporal prosperity infallible indications of character and stability, effectual safeguards against the ravages of corruption and crime.

Sound moral principle is the only sure evidence of strength, the only firm foundation of greatness and perpetuity. Where this is lacking no man's character is strong, no nation's life can be lasting. Wealth and learning, though powerful factors for good if properly employed, if perverted are equally as potential for evil, and civilization is a lofty height, a splendid precipice, glorious and advantageous if attained and held, but a fall from which, as a necessary sequence, must be all the more ruinous and terrible.

What has history said of eminence with-

out honor, wealth without wisdom, power and possessions without principle? The answer is reiterated in the overthrow of the mightiest empires of ancient times. Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome! The four successive, universal powers of the past. What and where are they? Earth, that once trembled at their names, now barely retains them in memory. From the very summit of pride, power and human greatness, they descended, like Lucifer, to perdition. Was it for want of wealth, intelligence, education, civilization? No; they had all these, and more, and still they fell. It was because they had lost their moral character. They had squandered that "immediate jewel of the soul," possessing which the poorest beggar is a prince; without which the wealthiest prince worse than a beggar. They had lost the stamina of virtue, the back-bone of moral principle, and like rotten wrecks in a tempestuous sea, unable to withstand the fury of the elements, were beaten to pieces by the winds and waves and buried in the ocean of oblivion. So long as they remained upright and virtuous, battling for right and upholding principle, they flourished far and mightily; their honor unstained, their arms invincible, their wisdom proverbial, their power unquestioned and

supreme. Like giant oaks of the forest, deep-rooted and sturdy-boughed, swinging wide their lusty limbs and rustling their bright foliage aloft, they laughed to scorn and bid defiance to the warring elements whose fiercest storms but added to them fresh vigor and longevity. But when their moral sap was spent, and the fountain which supplied it was no more; when vice had dethroned virtue, and passion usurped the place of principle; when they no longer fought for freedom and self-preservation, but slaughtered and pillaged to appease a morbid appetite for crime and conquest; when from patriots they were transformed into plunderers and oppressors, no longer regarding the rights or redressing the wrongs of humanity, but ignoring and trampling on the one, while they augmented and intensified the other; when the rank weeds of luxury, licentiousness, dissipation and debauchery had choked out the flowering plants of frugality, temperance, chastity—their hardy primitive virtues—the day of doom and disaster was at hand. Like trees struck by lightning, blighted by the fierce wrath of Omnipotence, they forthwith began to wither and decay, till eventually a strong blast, sweeping through their leafless tops, shattered the enfeebled trunks and tearing them up by the roots, dashed

them lifeless to the earth with a warning crash that echoed and re-echoed throughout the world.

They fell as men and nations have ever fallen; sowing the seed and reaping the harvest of their own destruction. Suicides, besotted in sin and drunken with iniquity, holding to their own lips the deadly draught, and madly reckless of results, quaffing the poisonous potion to the dregs.

Let the nineteenth century beware. Let the present take timely warning from the past. History has not ceased to repeat itself, similar causes in all ages will have similar effects, and the same circumstances that can combine for the overthrow of men and nations, are capable of conspiring for the downfall and destruction of a world.

## HOME.

**H**E who would brave the bounding billow,  
To view the wonders of the world,  
And magnify with vain devotion,  
The scenes in foreign climes unfurled!

Have ye ne'er deamed of nearer splendors,  
Than beautify an alien strand—  
The glorious legacies of nature  
Bequeathed unto your native land?

Hast never thought, while rapt admiring  
The distant starlight overhead,  
There may be flowers of beauty blushing  
Neglected 'neath thy careless tread?

Ne'er has it been my lot to wander  
O'er Orient sands or Alpine snows,  
To linger in the vine-clad valleys  
Where Rhine's clear, winding water flows;

I ne'er have watched the sun declining  
Along the classic Grecian hills,

Nor pressed the plains of Palestina,  
Nor mused beside Olympian rills.

But I have stood amid the thunders,  
When shook the towering granite height,  
And trembled where the vivid lightnings  
Blazed on the angry brow of night.

I've seen the headlong torrent leaping  
From crag to cloven gulf beneath,  
And caught the snow-slide's whelming terrors  
Descending on the wings of death.

Oh, tell me not that grander tempests  
Reverberate with louder roar,  
On Switzerland's historic summits,  
Than on the Rocky Mountains hoar;

That fiercer rolls lauwine, thundering,  
Than the snow-slide's fatal thrall,  
Or lovelier the Alpine cascade  
Than the Wasatch waterfall.

Say not the shores of limpid Leman  
Their cultured charms unrivalled hold;  
When lakes that lie in yonder mountains  
Are rife with beauty unextolled.

Nor praise the skies of soft Italia,  
Where suns in glory rise and set,  
Till thou hast seen them bathe with brightness  
The matchless hills of Deseret.

Sing not of Erin's famed Killarney,  
Laud not the wave of Galilee,  
For I have sailed the buoyant waters  
Of Utah's wondrous saline sea.

I've climbed her everduring mountains,  
I've rested in her peaceful vales,  
I've quaffed her pure and sparkling streamlets,  
I've breathed her life-renewing gales.

I love the land that gave me being;  
Her features aye shall seem to me,  
More beautiful than boasted marvels  
Of all the realms beyond the sea.

## AN EVENING ON THE ATLANTIC.

DAY-LIGHT fled, and evening came forth in all her beauty. 'Twas a lovely night. The last traces of the storm had disappeared, the ocean was waving mildly, and the ship flew onward like a bird over its smooth and glassy surface. Afar to the northward, bristling like spear-grass above the horizon, the faint green rays of the *aurora borealis* gleamed like spectres upon the face of night, while overhead the broad moon—the noble flagship of a starry fleet, lifting on high her silver sail, floated majestically through the azure ocean of the sky.

Nothing was heard but the soft murmur of the waves, playfully clinging about the vessel's hull, or laughing in glee as pushed aside by the onward gliding prow. Now and then a feminine voice pealed forth in silvery rapture, as its owner feasted ecstatically upon nature's loveliness, or listened to some note of levity from the lips of friend or lover; but expressions like this, or of any kind, were rare. It was a time for meditation, as most minds instinctively felt,

and sacred silence shed her influence over the souls of all. It was a night I shall never forget; a night I ne'er wish to forget.

*November 1881.*

## AT BYRON'S BIRTHPLACE.

NO. 24 HOLLES STREET, LONDON.

HERE, then, arose that sun of intellect whose rays shed such a lasting glory upon English literature. Here dawned that meteor whose transcendent light, in rapid ascent from horizon to zenith, startled, while it illumed, the envious but admiring world. Here sprung the protean brilliance of that many-hued career, that like a gorgeous rainbow spanned the European heavens, and vanished from view ere the half of its wondrous beauty could be realized.

Poor Byron! We cannot but pity, while we condemn his moral defection, nor withhold a fitting tribute to his genius, while bitterly lamenting its perversion.

Yet how many there are, aside from the prudes who utterly denounce his writings, perchance for

the reason that they have mainly read the objectionable portions, owe to this poet's genius, not only a tribute of praise, but a debt of enduring gratitude! How many there are whose appreciation of the beauties of inspired verse dates from the hour they first perused Byron! How many, if they candidly confessed, would acknowledge that his poetry—the poetry of youth and love—was the flowery arch through which they were tempted to further enter the glorious garden of the muses, to pluck from its luxuriant parterres the noblest thoughts of the world's noblest thinkers! I have known those who did not even admire the divine poetry of the Bible until led to a closer inspection of the beauties of the sacred volume by reading Byron's "Hebrew Melodies;" nor had developed the slightest taste or desire for poetry of any description until his winged genius had lifted their souls to a pinnacle of appreciation, whence they could gaze upon and recognize its beauty and utility.

The great mass of his sentiments are as pure as dew-drops, as immaculate as the silver moon-beams, and those only who are ignorant of his life and literature, or have gorged themselves merely on his grosser productions, will condemn him or his writings as utterly vile.

## "THY WILL BE DONE."

WORDS that should be written in letters of fire on the mind of every son and daughter of God. A motto that should be engraven on every heart, a motive that should guide and govern every impulse, a spirit that should inspire every prayer wafted on wings of faith through the open portals of eternity.

The fiat of the Gods in the councils of the beginning, the chorus of the stars in the glad morning of creation; the prayer of the suffering Savior at Life's weary noon; the song of Saints on earth, the anthem of the angels in heaven; it yet shall be the closing hymn, the benediction over the burial of human history, the solemn epitaph inscribed on the tombstone of Time.

"Thy will be done!" A river of power and of purity, flowing from the throne of God, making heavenly melody as it surges along the shores of life, bearing like bubbles on its breast the mightiest of human aims and achievements, it glides down the channel of the ages, glittering in the sunbeams of eternal truth, and rolling the music of its bright waves into the boundless ocean of the Evermore.

## WHAT IS LIFE?

Respectfully inscribed to the author's friend, President Joseph F. Smith.

HERE are who deem life's lingering durance  
Designed for freedom and delight;  
Its clanking fetters claim as music,  
Its darkness worship as 'twere light.

Nor mindful still of loftier purpose,  
Vain pleasure's winged flight pursue;  
Their dream: "To-day; there comes no morrow"—  
That tinkling lie with sound so true.

Was such the charm whose soft alluring  
Drew spirits bright from heavenly bliss?  
Did morning stars hymn loud hosannas  
O'er false and fatal theme like this?

Speak thou, my soul, that once did mingle  
Where souls were never doomed to die;  
Would worlds on worlds like this have won thee  
From glorious realms yet glittering high,

Where Father, Mother, friends, forsaken  
Till time their hundred-fold restore,  
Await to hail thy welcome coming  
When time and trial are no more?

Self-exiled from yon realms supernal,  
Obedient to Omniscient rule,  
Hiedst here to chase life's fleeting phantoms,  
A truant in Time's precious school?

Son of a God, 'mid scenes celestial,  
Fellst thou from freedom to be free?  
Or, hoping rise of endless raptures,  
For time renounced Eternity?

O blindness dense, delusion mortal!  
Where darkness reigns disguised as day,  
Where prison seems but sportive playground,  
And spendthrifts waste life's pearls away!

Be this their bourn that seek no brighter,  
Whom naught save worldly pleasures please;  
Graves are the goal of earthly glory,  
But man was meant for none of these.

Call earth thy home, clasp thou its shadows,  
Till here thy little day be done ;  
My home is where the starry kingdoms  
Roll round the Kingdom of the Sun !

I came not forth in quest of freedom,  
To shrink from peril or from pain ;  
To learn from death life's deepest lessons,  
I sank to rise, I serve to reign.

'Tis contrast sways unceasing sceptre  
O'er vast appreciation's realm,  
E'en Gods, through sacrifice descending,  
Triumphant rise to overwhelm.

Thus fetters teach the force of freedom,  
Thus sickness, joys of future health,  
Thus folly's fate proves wisdom's warning,  
Thus poverty prepares for wealth.

Souls to whom life unfolds its meaning,  
Ne'er hope full happiness on earth,  
But patient bide that brighter morrow  
Which brings again celestial birth.

## THE CHOSEN.

**D**ELVED like precious ore from pits of obscurity, purified as gold in the fires of affliction, burned with the acids of scorn and contumely, tested with the touchstone of trial, hammered upon the anvils of hardship and oppression, stamped by the dies of sorrow and suffering with the image and superscription of Deity, and rung like suspected coins on the counters of the exchanger, ere they are accepted as legal tenders of God's holy government, and numbered among the treasures of his heavenly realm.

## LIFE'S LESSON.

**W**OULDST thou learn from life a lesson,  
 Learned but slowly and by few?  
 Wouldst thou know from death's dominion,  
 How to win the Ever-new?  
 Then thy soul prepare for trial,  
 Bare thy shoulder to the rod,  
 School thy mind for self-denial,  
 Learn to love the Lord thy God.

Build no shrine to earthly idol,  
Lest there come a shattering day,  
Leveling to the dust thine altars,  
Driving all thy hopes away.  
Pleasure's tree may tempt thee sorely,  
Golden apples grace the sod,  
Touch them not—they turn to ashes—  
Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.

I have gazed on beauteous woman  
With a fond, adoring eye ;  
I have stood where mammon's altars  
Rolled their incense toward the sky ;  
I have quaffed the wine of pleasure,  
Heard the winsome notes of fame,  
Armed with nature's gift and heaven's,  
Fought and toiled for honored name.

I have seen proud mammon's towers  
Dashed to atoms by a breath ;  
I have lived to see the setting  
Of the sun of love in death ;  
I have drunk the dregs of sorrow,  
I have kissed the chastening rod,  
I have learned, if name be lasting,  
I must love the Lord my God.

What is wealth, that man should worship  
     Dust from whence his vileness came?  
 More than help-meet, lovely woman—  
     Source and destiny the same?  
 What is earth with all its glory?  
     Earth shall answer: "Ichabod!"  
 Seek that kingdom all-including;  
     Worship One—the Lord thy God.

*London, March, 1883.*

## CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM.


 ONE of the most eloquent sermons I have ever experienced, and certainly one of the most marvelous ever preached through the medium of the painter's art, was, in the year 1883, and probably is still, on exhibition at the Dore Gallery, 35 New Bond Street, London. I refer to the mammoth painting by M. Gustave Dore, entitled "Christ leaving the Prætorium," already celebrated in Europe and America, and pronounced by critics to be the most wonderful production of palette and brush that the present age

can boast. It was executed in Paris, from 1867 to 1872. It was in a forward but unfinished state at the beginning of the Franco-German war, and during the siege of Paris lay carefully folded up and hidden in the earth, to preserve it from injury by shot and shell or other impending casualties. At the close of the bloody and ruinous strife it was resurrected and brought forth from its fiery baptism and burial, and, as if still further a type of the divine character it portrays, perfected and placed on high to elicit the wonder and admiration of the world.

The first feature that strikes the beholder of this beautiful and sublime specimen of art is its immensity. The canvas containing it is no less than twenty feet in height by thirty feet in width, and takes up an entire side of the gallery. The figures covering it—a veritable multitude—are life-size, and so strikingly life-like that at first sight they seem to be actually moving about upon the canvas, thus investing the picture with an inexpressible charm while clothing it with all the semblance of fearful reality. The subject is explained by the title "Christ leaving the Prætorium," the artist having chosen for the theme of his masterpiece that thrilling episode in the history of our blessed Redeemer where He, after being tried

and condemned before Pilate, is descending the steep stairway leading from the Prætorium, or Hall of Judgment, on his way to Golgotha, the scene of the crucifixion.

The figure of Christ, to use the language of an excellent critique on this celebrated picture, "is nothing short of an inspiration." I had never before seen a portrait of the Savior—and I had seen many styles, both ancient and modern—that came anywhere near suggesting, in my opinion, a correct or consistent idea of Him who died that man might live. All other artists whose ideals I have examined, in their anxiety to make Him beautiful, have simply rendered Him effeminate, and in nearly all paintings descriptive of His passion, in order to depict the intensity of His suffering, they have imparted to the countenance an expression of despair and pain as undignified as ordinary and repulsive. These features, together with the stereotyped corona, blazing halo or moon-like background for the head, as unsightly and unnatural as the feathered wings given to this day by Christian limners to their angels and immortals, have invariably marred, for me, every pictorial representation containing them. But Dore, with the characteristic daring of true genius, has departed entirely from

these traditions and conventionalities, and given us, in this sublime creation, something that we can truly feel approaches the inimitable likeness of one who was indeed fairer and gentler, but at the same time mightier and more powerful than all the sons of men. Even the time-honored scarlet robe is dispensed with, and in its stead the God-like form of the noble sufferer, full of grace, of gentleness and unassuming dignity, is arrayed in a garment as white as the purity of Him who wears it. The head is crowned with thorns, from every barb of which, buried deeply in the brow it encircles, trickles a tiny rivulet of blood, not far enough to disfigure the heavenly beauty of the face beneath, but enhancing its calm and patient expression, and imparting such a vivid phase of reality that instinctively our hands go up to our own foreheads, as if to relieve, by counter-pressure, the cruel anguish of the uncomplaining martyr whose sublime suffering we behold. The hair and beard of the Savior are of a sunny auburn, and interweaving the tresses that fall gracefully upon his shoulders, course streams of deeper scarlet from the wounded brow above. The eye has a wonderful expression; full of anguish softened by patience, and of holy indignation kept down by a compassion more divine.

There is no weakness in that look. It is the face of manhood, of Godhood, in distress. No petty anger gleams in that celestial eye, but from its wondrous depths the soft rays of pity shed their lustre like the stars. It is the look of a martyr going willingly to His grave, the aspect of a king, all-conscious of the power He could wield, but unwilling to exercise it for His own preservation or the punishment of His persecutors. Around the head plays a delicate halo, so soft and subdued as to be all but unnoticeable; not as if put there by the painter's hand, but as emanating from the face itself, or as if the cloud-hung skies, already dark with the impending shadows of divine displeasure, had rifted sufficiently to send forth a single ray of light upon the sorrow-bowed soul of the mighty sufferer, and while the dove-like sign of the Holy Ghost descended upon Him, the voice of the Eternal Father were again heard whispering: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

The Savior, for the moment, is standing alone, freed by the repellent force of his own majesty, from the desecrating touch of those who are thirsting and clamoring for his blood. The broad flight of steps down which he is slowly wending his way, is besieged

on both sides by the excited populace, frantically eager to catch a glance at, or gloat insultingly over the downfall of the despised Nazarene, and only restrained from offering violence to his person by the protended spears of the Roman soldiery, engaged in clearing the path toward Calvary. The balconies and high places on either hand are filled with excited faces and swaying forms, bent forward in attitudes of intensest interest. At the foot of the stairs are the huge forms of the malefactors, lifting up the heavy wooden cross about to be placed upon the delicate shoulders of Him who in that shameful burden bore the sins of a fallen world. To the left of the picture, a little way from the bottom of the steps, pressed back by the spear-shafts of the unfeeling soldiers, and hemmed in by the surging crowd, appear two female forms, one pale and delicate, though very beautiful, arrayed in blue and white, whose sad face, sinking frame, downcast eyes and sweet and silent expression of sorrow, touching enough to melt a heart of stone and fill the eyes of all beholders with tears, contrast strangely with the vehement grief of her companion, who, throwing up her hands and uttering a despairing cry, sinks upon the ground where she is in momentary danger of

being trodden under foot by the heedless and howling multitude. The first is Mary the Virgin Mother, through whose tender soul the prophetic "sword" is even now piercing, but who has braved the agony of the ordeal and dared the dangers of the occasion, to obtain a passing farewell glimpse of Him who is her soul's idol, the beloved being to whom, but three and thirty years before, she had given mortal birth. Her companion is Mary Magdalene.

On all sides gleam the distorted visages of the rabble, their eyes glistening with hatred, their tongues uttering execrations. One can almost hear the shouts of "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" swelling up from their maddened throats. Here and there amid the throng may be picked out faces that suggest for their owners members of the apostolic twelve, sad, silent and non-committal, the trembling victims of hope and fear. More than half way up the steps, a little in the rear and to the left of the Savior, stands a group of three persons, richly appareled in sacerdotal robes, with haughtiness of mien and malignant triumph stamped on every feature. In the foremost of these we recognize Caiaphas, the High Priest, and in the others, one bent with age,

the other more youthful, his no less cruel, envious kinsmen and associates—Annas and Alexander.

But there is one face in all that motley throng, upon which it is fearful to gaze. Second only to that of Christ in power of attraction, though for a far different reason, and so hideous of aspect as to send a shudder through the soul of the spectator, what shall we say, what can we say, of the countenance of Judas, the accursed! Half hidden by the crowd, yet plainly conspicuous from the position he holds, not daring to see or be seen by Him whom his polluting kiss betrayed, wistful to fly, yet powerless to move, and feeling, notwithstanding his concealment, that the all-searching eye of the Master is even now reading the secret thoughts of his heart, he stands as if riveted to the spot by the conscious horror of his crime, glaring gloomily askance from behind the greenish cowl which lends additional repulsiveness to his features, and quailing like a coward from some invisible foe, vainly endeavoring to quiet the pangs of conscience, now darting like poisoned arrows through his soul. It is indeed a fearful sight. The quintessence of horror and remorse! Perdition personified! Hell in one human countenance! Awful even to gaze at, what must it

have been to endure! As we stand spell-bound before that terrible picture of misery and guilt, our sympathy for the condemned Savior is turned into pity for the wretch who betrayed him. And well may he be pitied. No man need suffer hell who looks and feels as that man does. No wonder the Son of God could commiserate His murderers and invoke the clemency of heaven upon the ignorant, unthinking rabble who clamored for his sacrifice. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" But for Judas, the apostate, betrayer of his brethren, shedder of innocent blood, willful sinner against light and knowledge, what remaineth for him? Go thy way, thou doomed and desolate soul! Hide thy visage in the tomb. Thou hast betrayed the innocent blood, thou hast sold the Lord of life unto death, and written in a hand of fire damnation upon every lineament of thy existence!

In the dim perspective, near the portals of the Hall of Judgment, having the statue of Cæsar and an interior view of Jerusalem for the background, are outlined the forms of Pilate the Roman governor, and Herod the tetrarch of Galilee, who "were made friends together" that day; the former, distinguished through the gathering darkness by his long, red

toga, appearing by attitude and gesture to disclaim responsibility for the tragedy then being enacted—the “judicial murder” of the sinless Son of God.

There are various other features, though I have mentioned the main ones, of this remarkable creation, which is only to be fully appreciated by being seen. “Christ leaving the Prætorium” is a masterpiece, both of conception and execution, a sermon to whose silent eloquence the dumbest ear could not listen in vain.

M. Dore has numerous other paintings, all of them excellent, many magnificent, but the one I have endeavored to describe is undoubtedly his crowning effort, eclipsing by its sunlike splendor the brightest of its rivals, and compelling them to shine with the subdued radiance of its satellites.

## LINES ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

FAREWELL, old England! Thou hast been to me—  
 Albeit a stranger to thine ancient strand—  
 A friend, to whom, while longing now to flee,  
 I yet shall grieve to give the parting hand.  
 'Tis not that thou art fair— for fair thou art,  
 Far more than fame, than fancy's tongue hath told;  
 'Tis not thy royal court, thy rushing mart,  
 Thy verdant meadows, fields and forests old,  
 Nor ruins grey from time's unfailing flight,  
 Nor palaces, nor temples manifold,  
 Nor all that woos and wins the wondering sight,  
 Where art and nature rivalling unfold.

Ah! no; all these I willingly forsake,  
 For scenes to me far lovelier and more dear,  
 From which to part did erst this bosom shake,  
 While from these eyes fell many a tender tear.  
 But 'tis that here I leave, perchance for e'er,  
 Hearts loyal, warm and loving, but for whom,  
 My lingering stay amidst, which doth appear  
 As brief and bright as Spring's ephemeral bloom,  
 Would seem an exile desolate and drear.

Talk not to me, proud world, of worthier deeds,  
Emblazoned on the scroll of earthly fame,  
Where charity, self-trumpeted, may read  
On flattery's page each gift and giver's name;  
Talk not of friendship, tenderness and truth,  
Till thou hast seen how bright that love doth burn,  
Which sows the seed of unrespecting ruth,  
Nor hopes a golden harvest in return.

Can I forget, when friendless and alone—  
Outcast for sake of Him who lived and died  
That man might live and never die—the tone,  
The kindly clasp, the cordial smile, that vied  
With each the other, friendship's truth to tell?  
Or memory's air lose redolence of deeds—  
Fair fruit of faith undying—deeds that fell  
Like sunbeams on the soul, or goodly seeds  
On fertile soil, all fruitful of their kind,  
To bloom and blossom on through endless years?  
No, no; rather shall all-remembering Mind  
Forget itself, ere mine itself forswears.

But see!—the sails are spread, the favoring breeze—  
Whereof our gallant bark hath little need—  
Blows oceanward, and o'er the rolling seas,  
By winged steam impelled, we swiftly speed.

Friends, brothers, sisters dear! a last farewell!—

Not long I trust, though long it still must be,  
Howe'er so brief, till mutual bosoms swell

With blest reunion's fond felicity.

Adieu! adieu! How sad the parting sound,

Let sighing winds and sobbing waves now tell;  
Onward, speed onward, bark for Zion bound!

Old England, bonds and Babylon!—farewell!

*June, 1883.*

## THE SEA'S SOLEMNITY.

ONLY souls where sentiment and feeling dwell,  
who have been upon the mighty waters, floating  
like an insect on a leaf amid the immensity of the  
liquid waste, can realize that awful loneliness, that  
sense of helplessness and utter dependency upon a  
power superior to man's.

Atheism, thy home is not the boundless deep!  
Ocean, thou art religious, thou art worshipful, and  
throwest heavenward the thoughts of man as though  
they were thy spray!

## OVERTHROW OF GOG AND MAGOG.

Suggested by the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth chapters of Ezekiel.

HERE'S a sound from the vale! There's a voice  
from the mountain!

From the land of the waste and the village un-  
walled,

Comes a sound like the roar of the rock-rending fountain,  
Or the voice of the tempest when thunder hath called.

'Tis the voice of the Lord!

'Tis the sound for the sword!

Hear ye not the loud echoes go rolling along?

Freedom's hand is on high,

The oppressor must die,

'Tis the triumph of truth and of right over wrong.

Oh! whence is yon host, with its high banners blazing

O'er helm, spear and shield, as the sea's countless sand?

Lo! an armament mighty, with power amazing,

Coming up like a cloud to o'erdarken the land!

'Tis Togarmah looks forth,

From the lands of the north,

For a spoil, and to prey on the peaceful and free.  
 Thou art come for a spoil,  
 But the worms of the soil  
 Shall fatten and feed on thy bands and on thee.

Hear the word of the Lord, O ye nations ascending!—  
 “Touch not mine anointed, do my prophets no harm!”  
 Have ye hearkened in vain, that with hurtful intending  
 Ye have filled all my valleys with warlike alarm?  
 Like the robbers of Rome,  
 Without cause have ye come  
 To trample the “scattered and peeled” as of yore?  
 Lo! with thee and thy race,  
 Will I plead face to face,  
 Till the cup of my fury with vengeance runs o’er.

Woe! woe to thee, winged land!—wonder of nations!—  
 Brought back by the sword and the patriot’s blood—  
 As a goddess thou stand’st, but shalt fall from thy station,  
 Tho’ thy throne were as high as once Lucifer’s stood.  
 Drop down, O ye heavens!  
 From morn until even,  
 Let the arrows of wrath pour their fiery rain,  
 Till the birds of the air,  
 And the beasts of the lair,  
 Shall gorge in the fat of Philistia’s slain.

Yea, the Lord shall arise as a fierce, roaring lion;  
 He shall waste them with fire, with famine and dearth;  
 He hath uttered His voice from the heights of Mount  
 Zion,  
 And called for a sword from the ends of the earth.  
 Lift up the loud voice!  
 Let Zion rejoice!  
 "For great is the Holy One in the midst of thee"—  
 Shout aloud to the skies,  
 Till the thunder replies:  
 "BABYLON IS FALLEN, AND ISRAEL IS FREE!"

## EDWARD HUNTER.

**A** MAN of God. Behold him where he lies,  
 Stilled by the opiate men have misnamed death!  
 Deep sleep has settled on those aged eyes,  
 And quelled the pulsings of that bosom's breath.  
 No more that hand, uplifted but in prayer,  
 Save to defend or succor the distressed;  
 No more that step, which climbed life's tottering stair  
 To where the worn and weary are at rest;

That eye whose gaze the guilty soul would shun,  
 That heart whose genial current ne'er grew cold,  
 That noble life whose day on earth is done,  
 Shall we in Time's frail tenement behold.

His life ran peaceful as the rural stream,  
 O'er goodly deeds like glistening sands of gold,  
 Reflecting virtue from Truth's heavenly beam,  
 That shines o'er such with radiance manifold.  
 Haply some deemed him rude of speech and mien—  
 'Twas but the ripple of the waves, which broke  
 In candor o'er the rock of truth, I ween,  
 Where wrecks the bark of foul suspicion. Look!  
 Look well to him whose smooth and velvet phrase—  
 Calm and unruffled as the placid pool  
 Within whose slimy deep lurks death—betrays  
 The hypocrite, the hollow-heart—hell's tool!

Not such the soul of him who slumbers there.

He was a man; belov'd of men on earth,  
 Approved of God in heaven; beloved where  
 The morning stars, his brethren, wept his birth—  
 His birth terrestrial, which to them was death;  
 For what is death but absence? Now returned,  
 Life's warfare o'er, flag furled and sword in sheath  
 Could eye but see, ear hear, what he hath earned

By valor here below—how we, this bright  
Example emulating, would resolve  
Anew to scale the far empyrean height,  
Where glory reigns and endless worlds revolve!

Resound his fame, ye oracles of grace!  
Thou choral band, loud peal the solemn lay!  
Ye mourning multitudes, behold the face  
Of one who upright walked the narrow way!  
God's nobleman indeed, here lived and died—

If death it be to lay the burden down  
Of mortal cares, in mother earth to hide,  
Till resurrection don redemption's crown.

When good men die, 'tis passing to a sphere  
Where all is life, light, liberty and love.

Who seeks for Edward Hunter, finds him there—  
Enthroned among the Gods in realms above.

## IMMANUEL—A CHRISTMAS IDYL.

## I.

†N solemn council sat the Gods ;  
 † From Kolob's height supreme,  
 Celestial light blazed forth afar  
     O'er countless Kokaubeam.  
 Reflected whence fell radiant gleams  
     Of that resplendent day,  
 Far down the dark, abysmal realm  
     Where Earth in chaos lay.

Rapt silence reigned. The hour was one  
     When thought doth most avail.  
 The destiny of worlds unborn  
     Hung trembling in the scale.  
 A hush profound—and there uprose,  
     Those Kings and Priests among,  
 A Power sublime, than whom appeared  
     None mightier 'mid the throng.

A stature mingling strength and grace,  
     Of meek though Godlike mien,  
 The lustre of whose countenance  
     Outshone the noon-day sheen.

The hair was white as purest foam,  
Or frost of Alpine hill.

He spake—attention grew more grave—  
The stillness e'en more still.

“Father!”—the voice like music fell,  
Clear as the murmuring flow  
Of mountain streamlet, trickling down  
From heights of virgin snow—

“Father!” it said, “since One must die  
Thy children to redeem,  
Whilst Earth—as yet unformed and void—  
With pulsing life shall teem;

“And thou, great Michael, foremost fall,  
That mortal man may be,  
And chosen Savior yet must send,  
Lo, here am I, send me!

I ask—I seek no recompense,  
Save that which then were mine;  
Mine be the willing sacrifice,  
The endless glory—Thine!”

He ceased and sat; when sudden rose  
Aloft a towering Form,  
Proudly erect, as lowering peak  
That looms above the storm.

A presence bright and beautiful,  
With eye of flashing fire,  
A lip whose haughty curl bespoke  
A sense of inward ire.

“Give me to go,” he boldly cried,  
With scarce concealed disdain,  
“And none shall hence, from heaven to earth,  
That shall not rise again.

My saving plan exception scorns—  
Man’s agency unknown.

As recompense, I claim the right  
To sit on yonder Throne!”

Ceased Lucifer. The breathless hush  
Resumed and denser grew.

All eyes were turned; the general gaze  
One common magnet drew.

A moment there was solemn pause—  
Then, like the thunder-burst,

Rolled forth from lips Omnipotent,  
The words : I’LL SEND THE FIRST !”

’Twas done. From congregation vast,  
Tumultuous murmurs rose;  
Waves of conflicting sound, as when  
Two meeting seas oppose.

'Twas finished—but the heavens wept—  
 And still their annals tell  
 How God's elect was chosen Christ,  
 O'er One who fighting fell.

## II.

**A** STRANGER star o'er Bethlehem  
 Shot down its silver ray,  
 Where, cradled in a manger's fold,  
 A sleeping infant lay.  
 And guided by that finger bright,  
 The Orient sages bring  
 Rare gifts of myrrh and frankincense,  
 To hail the new-born King.

Oh wondrous grace! Will Gods go down  
 Thus low that men may rise?  
 Imprisoned here that mighty One  
 Who reigned in yonder skies?  
 E'en so. Time's everlasting tongue  
 Now tolls the hour of noon;  
 A dying world is welcoming  
 The Godhead's gracious boon.

He wandered through the faithless world,  
A Prince in shepherd's guise;  
He called His scattered flock, but few  
The voice would recognize;  
For minds upborne by hollow pride,  
Or dimmed by sordid lust,  
Ne'er look for kings in beggar's garb—  
For diamonds in the dust.

He wept o'er doomed Jerusalem,  
Her Temple, walls and towers;  
O'er palaces where recreant priests  
Usurped unhallowed powers.  
"I am the Way of Life and Light!"  
Alas! 'twas heeded not—  
Ignored Salvation's message, spurned  
The wondrous truths He taught.

O bane of damning unbelief!  
Thou source of lasting strife!  
Thou stumbling-stone, thou barrier 'thwart  
The gates of endless life!  
O love of self and Mammon's lust!—  
Twin portals to despair,  
Where bigotry, the blinded bat,  
Flaps through the midnight air!

Through these, gloom-wrapt Gethsemane!

Thy glens of guilty shade  
Wept o'er the sinless Son of God,  
By gold-bought kiss betrayed;  
Beheld Him unresisting dragged,  
Forsaken, friendless, lone,  
To halls where dark-browed Hatred sat  
On judgment's lofty throne.

As sheep before His shearers, dumb,  
Those patient lips were mute;  
The clamorous charge of taunting tongues,  
He deigned not <sup>to</sup> dispute.  
They smote with cruel palm His face,  
Which felt yet bore the sting;  
Then crowned with thorns His quivering brow,  
And, mocking, hailed Him "king."

On Calvary's hill they crucified  
The God whom worlds adore.  
"Father, forgive them!"—drained the dregs—  
Immanuel was no more.  
No more where thunders shook the earth,  
Where lightnings, 'thwart the gloom,  
Saw that unconquered Spirit spurn  
The shackles of the tomb!

Far flashing on its wings of light—  
 A falchion from its sheath—  
 It cleft the realms of darkness, and  
 Dissolved the bands of death.  
 Hell's dungeons burst! Wide open swung  
 The everlasting bars,  
 Whereby the ransomed soul shall win  
 Those heights beyond the stars.

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

## I.


 THOU art lovely, thou art fair,  
 Maid of sunny, golden hair!  
 Eye of azure 'neath its curl,  
 Lips of coral, teeth of pearl.

Sure the soul that has its shrine  
 In that face and form divine—  
 If such things did e'er agree—  
 Must a soul of beauty be.

Radiant as a vesper star ;  
Gazing fondly from afar,  
To mine eyes thou dost appear  
Being of a brighter sphere.

Tho' I ne'er may call thee mine,  
Lovely star, still o'er me shine ;  
Tho' I ne'er may see thee more,  
Still thy memory I'll adore.

Thou art lovely, thou art fair,  
Maid of sunny, golden hair,  
And thy silvery voice shall seem  
As the music of a dream.

## II.

**L**EAH! loved name, of maiden lovelier far  
Than earth has flower, or heaven a rival star!  
Tho' flowers may fade, and stars grow dim and pale,  
My love shall bloom fore'er; its light ne'er fail.

And tho' thy noble birth, thy queenly air,  
Still rise before me as a golden stair ;  
I, too, can boast the blood of Priests and Kings,  
And he that woos an equal birthright brings.

Then speak, my queen, the word of tender trust  
 That lifts to heaven his hope from out the dust,  
 Who fain his throne and thine would share with thee,  
 When Time shall meet and wed Eternity.

## III.

 LOST but loved one! tell me why  
 Thy mystic charm I cannot fly,  
 And though to love thee less I try,  
     All, all is vain?  
 If from that siren glance I flee,  
 'Tis but to sigh and dream of thee,  
 And till again thy face I see,  
     'Tis lingering pain.

In social throng, at play or ball,  
 The magnet thou, to me, of all,  
 The queen that holds my heart in thrall  
     With constant sway.  
 One glance from out those love-lit eyes,  
 One word from lips whose sweetness vies  
 The fabled nectar of the skies,  
     And I obey.

The heedless winds may hear thee speak,  
 The insect, sporting, kiss thy cheek,  
 And other souls thy smiles may seek  
     And haply find;  
 But I, thy lover, from afar  
 Must gaze as on some distant star,  
 And wage with fate unequal war,  
     All unresigned.

Must we, like streams, run on forever,  
 Though nearing oft, uniting never;  
 Shall cruel doom our lives dissever  
     In heaven, as here?  
 Or, in the light of happier spheres,  
 Where live our hopes without our fears,  
 Will mutual love smile through our tears,  
     And blend us there?

## IV.

**F**IERCELY rolls the mountain torrent;  
 Fiercer far the love I feel;  
 As a rock by lightning riven,  
 Throbs the wound that will not heal.

Maiden, thou whose sunny glances  
Cause this icy breast to flow !  
Can thy heart be made of marble?  
Must thy bosom be as snow?

Like the sound of sighing breezes,  
Sweeping o'er the wooded hill ;  
Or the sobbing of the waters,  
When all else is calm and still ;  
Must this heart heave on forever  
'Neath its passion, swift or slow,  
And thine own remain unyielding—  
Fixed and frozen as the snow?

Burns the flame that finds no fuel?  
Will the unfed fountain run?  
Sings the bird that wakes no echo?  
Blooms the flower that sees no sun  
How shall then my soul's affection  
Gleam with unrequited glow,  
Or, like sun o'er Alpine summit,  
Shine upon eternal snow?

Love!—O, sweet but cruel passion!—  
Why art thou unkind to me?  
Bowed I ever at thine altar,  
But to see thee turn and flee?

Nevermore will I adore thee,  
False and fickle goddess—Go!  
For thy brow is white as marble,  
But thy bosom cold as snow.

“CAPTURED BUT NOT CONQUERED.”

Inscribed by a friend's affection to Elder John Nicholson, a  
prisoner for conscience sake, Oct. 13th, 1885.

“CAPTURED, but not conquered!”—  
Triumphant words of truth—  
Let them blaze in golden letters  
In the eyes of age and youth!

They were words of mighty meaning,  
As they fell from lips of one  
Who had borne the brunt of battle  
Till the victory nigh was won.

Overwhelmed by force of numbers,  
He was carried from the field,  
But the brave heart never faltered,  
And the strong soul would not yield.

From his lips in tones of thunder,  
While his eyes shot living flame,  
Leapt those words of heroism,  
To immortalize his name.

And there rose a shout of triumph  
From his comrades brave in arms,  
As they closed their ranks of valor,  
Undismayed by war's alarms ;

And they swore with solemn fervor,  
By the God of truth and right,  
Ere His cause they would surrender,  
They would perish in the fight !

Or, if crushed by weight of numbers,  
And to dungeon cells consigned,  
They would pray that truth might triumph,  
Until lost the power of mind.

And they praised the captive hero  
Who had spurned the tyrant's rod,  
Who was "captured, but not conquered,"  
By the foes of freedom's God.

## NEW YEAR, 1886.

THE wrinkled brow of Time  
Another furrow takes,  
Upon life's rocky coast  
The old year's billow breaks.

Another round is run,  
Another phantom fled,  
Another link brings nearer  
The living and the dead.

Wide opes the glorious future  
Its gates of pearl and gold,  
Its treasures vast revealing,  
As varied as untold.

Enter—thou art welcome,  
Free as the roving air,  
To pass yon shining portal,  
And climb the crystal stair.

Yet ere thou goest onward  
To win the glittering prize,  
That woos thee from the distance  
To fairer lands and skies;

Pause thou and meditate  
On what the past hath taught—  
The guide-book of thy future,  
With wise experience fraught.

Read o'er its joys, its sorrows,  
Each cause that gave them birth;  
Think on thy faults, those fetters  
That bind thee to the earth;

Nor dream of endless freedom  
From sorrow, sin and pain,  
Till here thy might hath striven  
To rend the cankering chain.

Hope not another's harvest,  
No sickle save thine own,  
In days of ripe fruition  
Shall reap what thou hast sown.

No fruit hath sin, save sadness ;  
 Each seed its nature yields ;  
 From germs of virtue only,  
 Can spring Elysian fields.

The future lies before thee,  
 A waste of trackless snow ;  
 The record of thy foot-prints  
 No eye save God's may know ;

But none shall blot the story  
 From His eternal page,  
 And on thy memory's altar  
 'Twill glow from age to age.

LINES FOR A MEMORIAL TO A LADY  
 FRIEND, DECEASED.

**G**RIED in the furnace of this troubled life,  
 Faithful as daughter, mother, woman, wife ;  
 Crowned with celestial glory, thou shalt shine  
 'Mid souls immortal, endless and divine.

## THE BATTLE HYMN OF ISRAEL.

**D**ARK the battle clouds are closing  
 Round the chosen ranks of God ;  
 Mighty ones, their courage losing,  
 Kneel and kiss the tyrant's rod.  
 Sons of Israel—heirs of glory !  
 Is it now ye quake and quail ?  
 Read again your lineal story—  
 Die ye may, but dare not fail.

Prayers of millions, watching, waiting,  
 Nerve your battle-wearied arms ;  
 Powers eternal, o'er us fighting,  
 Quell the foemen's fierce alarms.  
 Onward, sons of Faith, nor falter  
 With the glorious goal in view !  
 Tho' your life-blood dye the altar—  
 What are life and death to you ?

He that loves his life shall lose it ;  
 They that sacrifice shall find.  
 What is mammon, ye should choose it—  
 Chaff that whirls before the wind !

Fetters—dungeons—shall they frighten  
Men whom demons must obey?  
Walls shall burst, and shackles brighten  
Into sceptres at that day.

Hark! the trumpet. Heroes, rally!  
'Tis the war cry of the free;  
Lo! they swarm from hill and valley—  
Loyal sons of Liberty.  
See! they raise the starry standard,  
Long by traitors trampled low—  
Freedom chained and Virtue slandered!  
Now they fall upon the foe.

As the melting snow, mad pouring  
Down the mountain side they flee,  
Fire from heaven their ranks devouring—  
Shout! for God and victory.  
Lo! from out the clouds descending,  
Now the conquering host appears—  
King Immanuel, earthward wending,  
Here to reign a thousand years.

## POETS AND POETRY.

Extracts from a lecture delivered under the auspices of the Teachers' Institute, Salt Lake County, Wednesday evening, June 23rd, 1886.

IN AN age and world given up to the rush and roar of railways, steam-ships, the triumphs of electricity, the miracles of machinery and other mighty practicalities, when things regarded as theoretical or purely ideal are looked upon with comparative indifference and are at a discount in the popular mind, the utility of the poet and his mission are liable to be gravely questioned. What is the poet good for? and what is the good of poetry? are queries that have doubtless flitted through many a mind, imbued with the idea that nothing is useful which does not in some way increase man's material wealth or minister to his temporal needs.

To answer, in part, these queries, and refute this sordid and all too practical argument, will be the purpose of the present effort. And with an audience like this, willing to be and perhaps already convinced that the poet has a mission in the world, and that the world would do well to give him, at

least, a respectful hearing, I anticipate no very difficult task.

I am satisfied that much of the prejudice against poets, and the distaste for poetry which exists in this prosaic age, are due entirely to misapprehension. Only those ignorant of what poetry means, will ask the question; what is it good for? This is true of two classes—those who have no poetry, or very little of it, in their natures; and those who are brimful of poetry and do not know it; who are really capable of appreciating it, and only need enlightening in order to enjoy to the fullest extent the fragrance and beauty of this flower plucked from the gardens of Paradise and thrown to earth to delight the senses and refresh the souls of lovers of the beautiful and refined.

It is my belief that many who think they dislike poetry, are really poetical in their natures, and are indebted to it, more than they imagine, for the success they may have achieved, even in practical pursuits, and for the enjoyment their lives have afforded them. Notably is this the case with many public speakers, who owe to the poetic vein of their natures—which they perchance lightly esteem or entirely ignore—the purity of diction, the magnetism, emotion and power of utterance with which they sway the minds and

hearts of the multitude. Where there is no poetry, there can be little or no eloquence.

The commonest error made in relation to poetry, is that it consists simply in verse-making. Many confound the casket of meter and rhyme with the jewel of thought which it encloses, and, perhaps, in some instances, after close investigation, they have found the casket empty and turned away with feelings of disappointment and disgust. Thenceforth all rhymes were to them poetry, and all poetry trash and nonsense. Perhaps, upon the worst specimens of doggerel that could have been selected, they have based their estimate of the whole library of song. Newspaper warblings on "Spring," "Snow," "Fallen Leaves," or other hackneyed and effeminate themes, they have classed with the divine epics of Milton and Homer. The croak of a frog in the marsh has sounded as sweet to them as the song of the nightingale in the forest; and the bray of the long-eared half-brother to the horse has been to them no less lofty and soul-inspiring than the roar of a lion.

Furthermore, poetry, as expressed in verse, like all other arts and sciences, has its technicalities. The prose reader is puzzled by its transpositions, contractions, ellipses, poetic licenses and rhetorical

figures, necessary to rhythm and style, and comparatively unknown in ordinary composition. And as these require some study to overcome, the mind naturally tires—unless the inducement to proceed is greater than the temptation to desist, and turns in impatient preference to the easier forms of prose. This is doubtless one reason why poetry, even of a superior order, is not pleasing to some.

But all poetry, be it remembered, is not in verse or rhyme. I heard a very beautiful poem, a few weeks since, at the commencement exercises of the University. It was an essay on the "Influence of Passion," by one of the young graduates. Not two lines of it rhymed together, nor was it written with any apparent regard to the rules of metrical composition, but it was a poem nevertheless, and the pen that wrote it was wielded by a poet, or one gifted with poetic ability.

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Again I ask—what must be the condition of that mind which hates poetry, which has no admiration for, or sympathy with, the good, the pure, the true, the beautiful and sublime? Of such a one, might we not say with Shakespeare ;

“The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus—  
Let no such man be trusted.”

Sir William Temple wisely observes, of those who despise poetry and music, which are twin sisters: “Whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms, would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question. It may be thought at least, an ill sign, if not an ill constitution; since some of the fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination; as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of heaven itself.”

Thus it appears that poetry, so far from being the trivial toy that many suppose—a soothing pastime for children or love-sick boys and girls—is something of superior import, as worthy the attention of the wise and serious, as of the gay and thoughtless among mankind. Indeed it is one of those things which only the wise can fully under-

stand, and, as I have already stated, the reason why many dislike poetry, is simply because they do not understand it.

Poetry is that sentiment of the soul, or faculty of the mind, which enables its possessor to appreciate and realize the heights and depths of human experience. It is the power to feel pleasure or suffer pain, in all its exquisiteness and intensity. All do not possess it in like degree, nor can anyone not totally depraved be utterly devoid of it. Nearly all men and women are poetical, to some extent, but very few can be called poets. There are great poets, small poets, and men and women who make verses. But all are not poets, nor even good versifiers. Poetasters are plentiful, but real poets are rare. Education can not make a poet; though it may polish and develop one. The poet is a child of nature, and, as the old proverb says, "is born not made." The greater the poet, the greater his capacity to suffer and enjoy. This is why poets and men and women of genius are often such violent extremists, with their lives and characters full of contrasts and apparent contradictions. All heights and depths of feeling are theirs; vast is their scope and marvelous

their versatility. They are either soaring like eagles in triumph among the clouds, or groveling in despair in the depths of the abyss.

The poetic sentiment or faculty, I have said, is the power to feel intensely, either pleasure or pain. It does not always find expression in words. There are joys that are mute; there are sorrows that never sigh or weep; but are eloquent in their stillness, and all the more powerful for their imprisonment. Many poets have never written. They may have felt the divine fire burning within them—every nerve and fibre of their sensitive natures thrilled with joy or shaken with agony; yet were powerless to pour out upon the palpitating air the burden of the song resounding through all the secret caverns of the soul. The most eloquent poets, “whose words were sparks of immortality,” have felt the painful inadequacy of language to portray their thoughts. Even Byron cries out amid the overpowering grandeur of the Alps, whose towering tops, glistening in their caps of snow, silvered by the moonbeams, or frowning darkly amid the lurid gleams and mutterings of the storm, swept as with Titanic fingers the harp-strings of his soul:

"Could I embody and unbosom now  
 That which is most within me,—could I wreak  
 My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw  
 Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,  
 All that I would have sought, and all I seek,  
 Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into one word,  
 And that one word were lightning, I would speak ;  
 But as it is, I live and die unheard,  
 With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword."

\* \* \* \* \*

I have quoted liberally from Byron, not only because I admire his genius, but because he is typical, in some respects, of all poets. Not to surfeit you with his poetry, permit me to give one more brief selection, on the vanity of human ambition:

"He who ascends to mountain tops shall find  
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;  
 He who surpasses, or subdues mankind,  
 Must look down on the hate of those below.  
 Though high above the sun of glory glow,  
 And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,  
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow  
 Contending tempests on his naked head,  
 And thus reward the toils which to those summits led."

Few men have realized more fully the melancholy truth of these majestic words than the one who penned

them. Gifted by heaven with all a poet's genius, and with all a poet's sensibility, he knew what it was to incur the jealous hatred of those whom nature and nature's God had made his inferiors. His sins were many, and they merited punishment, but his great "crimes," for which he was hated most, were in being gifted above his fellows, and having the temerity to tell more truth concerning them than they desired to hear. He was harshly, unreasonably criticised on the very threshold of his career; and later in life was covered with calumny and opprobrium. His soul, like a finely strung harp, swept by savage hands, cried out in resentment against the outrage, and poured forth a mingled torrent of discord and melody. His satire was as keen as the arrows of Apollo; his invective terrible as the thunders of Jove; and upon the heads of his traducers he poured out the vials of his wrath unsparingly. I am not an apologist for the sins of Byron; I am simply calling attention to facts that may plead in extenuation of his faults, and which furnish a reason for the extremes of good and evil to be found in his poetry. Byron might have been very different with other circumstances, other treatment and surroundings. It was the stormy experience of his life which molded the character of much of

his poetry. His soul responded to every touch, gentle or harsh, that came upon it; it was a mirror throwing back the smiles and frowns of all beholders; a clear, calm lake sleeping peacefully in the sunlight, but rippled by the faintest breeze, and capable of reflecting all the terrors of the storm. Byron, like all true poets, simply poured out what he felt. The cup of sweetness mingled with wormwood, which he quaffed and held to the lips of others, was made up of his own joys and sorrows, compounded by his own genius in the crucible of his own brain.

Thus is this poet a type, in many respects, of all children of genius. They who express most, must likewise feel most, of pleasure or pain; and this it is which creates for genius its dual destiny—its laurel wreath of bliss with misery interwoven, its couch of roses with its pillow of thorns. It is one thing to sip the sweets of poesy, and another to provide them for the world's delectation. That which gives us so much pleasure to hear, may have caused its author untold toil and pain.

\* \* \* \* \*

This brings us face to face with the mission of the poet among men. Says Holland; "Verily the poets of the world are the prophets of humanity.

They forever reach after and foresee the ultimate good. They are evermore building the Paradise that is to be, painting the Millennium that is to come, restoring the lost image of God in the human soul. When the world shall reach the poet's ideal, it will arrive at perfection, and much good will it do the world to measure itself by this ideal and struggle to lift the real to its lofty level."

I am not prepared to admit—nor do I suppose Holland meant to say—that the poets of the world are its only prophets, or that they are prophets in the same sense and degree as the inspired oracles of sacred writ. But I do believe the gift of poesy and the gift of prophecy to be akin to each other; that both are of divine origin, and that they generally go hand in hand. Prophets are almost invariably poets; and poets, in many instances, have been remarkably prophetic. Of the former class attest the writings of David, Isaiah, Jeremiah and others—veritable prophets and veritable poets—who, in some of the grandest poetry ever sung, have indeed "built the Paradise that is to be, foretold the Millennium that is to come." Read the parables and sayings of the Savior, you who love poetry and desire to pluck some of its sweetest and most fragrant flowers:

“Consider the lillies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.”

Can our language boast anything purer, tenderer, truer and more beautiful? Jesus of Nazareth was a poet, no less than a prophet, of pre-eminent genius.

Time and your patience would fail me in even glancing over the many conspicuous beauties of Bible poetry.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are many who think there is no poetry in religion. Such, I fear, do not know what poetry means, or what religion means. Religion is full of poetry, and poetry is full of religion. The loftiest and sublimest, as well as the sweetest and tenderest poetry is religious, and cannot be otherwise. I could cite many of the sayings of the Prophets Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Parley P. Pratt, John Taylor and scores of others with whom we are familiar, and you would feel the poetry breathing in every syllable, blazing from every sentence. The fabled fire that Prometheus filched from heaven is not more strikingly a symbol for poetic

inspiration, than is the Spirit of the eternal God the very muse that has inspired all true poetry that was ever written.

I do not include in this—I need scarcely say—the poetry of sensuality, of brutality, falsehood, hypocrisy and lust; which disgraces, and not adorns, wherever found, the world's literature. Neither do I palliate, however much I admire genius, its prostitution to ignoble ends. No true poetry was ever based on anything low and groveling. It is impossible to soil a sunbeam. The poet may pervert his gift, as the judge may disgrace his ermine, but the spirit of poetry, the genius of justice, can never be dragged in the mire. Day and night, dross and gold, are not more essentially separate, although their edges may join, than is the essence of poetry distinct from everything base, sensual and depraved. It is that high sense of right which scorns all wrong; the sword and balance of eternal justice; the voice of mercy pleading for the fallen; the tongue of truth heralding salvation and reform; the oracle of liberty proclaiming freedom to the captive, deliverance to the oppressed; the thunder-bolt of retribution that lays the tyrant low. It is akin to that Spirit which leadeth into all truth; which

reveals things past and things to come ; which takes of the things of God and shows them unto mortals.

\* \* \* \* \*

As to the question of poetry versus practicality, with which this lecture began, a few words in conclusion. It is only a seeming chasm which divides them—the difference between cause and effect. The world is indebted to poetry for its practical triumphs more than is generally supposed. Poetry has unveiled science, applauded enterprise, stimulated research and led to discovery in all ages.

\* \* \* \* \*

Poetry is the elder sister of history, the mother of language, the ancestress of civilization.

The poet was a boon-giver and benefactor from the beginning. His seat is among the highest up that mount whose summit peers into the sources of thought, and like the mountain-peaks at sunrise, his mind has ever caught the first glimmerings of light as it dawned upon the world. His brain has been as the torch of the Almighty to kindle and illumine the nations ; his mind the fountain whence have sprung thoughts that have induced millions to think. The ideas he first advanced have awakened ideas in others, until the spring has become a running

brook, the running brook a river, the river an ocean of ideas, inventions and achievements that have flooded and filled the earth with glory and civilization.

But the end is not yet. There are heights to climb which have never been surmounted; depths to fathom which still remain unsounded. The wheels of progress are not idle; the work of Omnipotence is speeding onward; and the world and human race, though far from the goal of perfection, will yet be lifted to the poetic standard and raised to the poet's ideal.

## EDUCATION.

**W**HAT are those stars that bespangle yonder heavens, glittering like jewels upon the bosom of night? Educated worlds, or worlds that are being educated; homes of the redeemed and glorified, or of those who, like ourselves, yet hope for glorification. Is not our earth itself at school? Is not every form of life upon its surface in process of preparation for something higher, nobler and better to come?

## TRUTH.

AN ocean jewel, cast upon the strand,  
Unseen, yet glittering 'neath the trampled sand,  
Neglected and alone, in darkness lay,  
Till time, in many a wave, had rolled away.

In vain the loud surge dashed upon the shore,  
In vain the lightning's wrath, the thunder's roar,  
Securely slumbered in its lowly bed,  
A rarer gem than e'er decked kingly head.

At length, a shining edge peered forth to view,  
A sun-lit drop, as 'twere, of morning dew,  
And yet no glance e'er rested on the prize,  
None guessed what lay concealed from human eyes.

Men came and went, but all were proud and vain,  
They gazed upon the sky and distant main,  
Eager for wealth, yet none would look so low,  
Or stoop for gems, howe'er so bright, below.

Along the lonely beach one summer day,  
It chanced, at length, a little child did stray,  
Beheld the jewel sparkling in the sand,  
And drew it forth with tiny, eager hand.

And thus the treasure, which had lain concealed,  
In fate's full-ripened hour to be revealed,  
Long kept from pride, or mammon's sordid sight,  
By humble means at last was brought to light.

E'en so with truth, the richest, rarest gem,  
Save one, in Christ's eternal diadem ;  
By merit worn, though oft in meanest guise,  
Men scorn the source, and trample on the prize.

### TRUTH AND TRADITION.

**R**EVELATION is ever the iconoclast of tradition. It is human nature to oppose that which is new. The pride of man revolts at the idea of admitting himself in error, and his preconceived notions to be false, or even defective. The flesh, naturally inert, dislikes change, if it bring toil and study, even for the soul's salvation. Self-interest pleads, in various ways, in favor of the old, and against the new. Thus hoary tradition, antique error, sits warmed and comforted, a welcome guest, alike in palace and in hovel, while Truth, a pilgrim, hungry and cold, without stands shivering in the frosty air.

## ENOCH.

THE morn of Time, yet young, was hasting on,  
And Earth, e'en now, was old in wickedness;  
Nor earth, in sooth, but they who from her breast  
Drew life and nourishment—her offspring, man,  
Noblest, though frailest work of Deity.

The world, in midnight darkness chained, lay prone  
At feet of Lucifer; and fiends did laugh,  
And hell rejoiced, and all her demon hosts  
Did dance and clap their hands with cruel joy;  
While Gods and angels wept, shedding their tears  
“As rain upon the mountains.” It was time,  
Yea, heaven's set time, to stem the tide of woe,  
Earth's mighty tide of crime and misery;  
To rescue from the whelming waves of vice,  
Whose rivers seek the ocean of despair,  
A faithful few, who, from the rock of truth,  
Where righteousness their feet had planted firm,  
Foresaw the pending ruin of the world.

Work meet for savior souls, redeemers rare,  
Noble and mighty ones, foretried, foreknown;  
On earths like ours the mission—Mercy's own—  
Of such as him who shines pre-eminent,  
"First-born of many brethren."

Enoch came,  
And Zion, city of the Saints, arose,  
A haven of the sanctified and pure,  
Oasis-like 'mid burning sands of sin.

The chain of death was broken. Devils glared  
Aghast, and gnashed with disappointed rage  
Their teeth, and trembled lest perdition's gulf  
Should yawn ere yet 'twas time. Then gathering power,  
As though for Armageddon's conflict dire,  
Hell's avalanche of burning hatred hurled  
Upon the hapless sons of earth, who scorned  
The refuge of the righteous—Zion's towers—  
That, glittering with the glory of the Gods,  
Bade all her foes beware, nor venture near  
The blest abode of angels evermore.

The world waxed foul in wickedness; piled high  
A hideous monument of shame and crime,  
Which, toppling with its own weight, crashing fell,  
Whelming in ruin the guilty race of man.

While Zion, winged with faith and righteousness,  
 Cleaving, as cleaves a bird or ransomed soul  
 The air, soared upward to eternal rest—  
 The bosom of the Gods—where Zions all,  
 From worlds on worlds, unnumbered still, have fled.

## ARARAT.

AGAIN I gazed. It was a scene sublime,  
 Yet awful in its naked majesty.

A buried world, by water freed from sin,  
 Rose grandly from the waves, and gladly reared,  
 O'er all, as at the first, a virgin crest  
 Of innocence and beauty; barren all,  
 Of living soul, or life inanimate,  
 Yet rife with promise and fertility.

On Ararat's bleak top the buoyant ark,  
 The blessed ark of refuge, now finds rest,  
 With all its precious heritage of souls,  
 And germs of future growth—bequeathed from time  
 That was, to time that was to be—a bridge  
 Of life, the past and future linking, wide  
 The gulf of waters o'er.

An eager throng  
Streams from its portals: Noah, aged sire  
And Adam of the new-born world; his sons,  
Illustrious triad, peoplers of the waste,  
And parents to the nations; each with spouse,  
Queen mothers of a race regenerate;  
And all the myriad forms of motley life,  
For earth's replenishment reserved in store;  
As winding rills, rejoicing on their way,  
Adown the mount their devious paths pursue.

## JOSEPH.


'ER Egypt's ancient towers and palace walls,  
The famine sun flamed hot. The withered earth  
Lay gasping 'neath a desolating blight  
Of seven years, decreed of will divine,  
And looked unto the Pharaoh's land for bread.  
Eager to bring, in gold and jewels rare,  
Barter for corn, of him that held in store—  
Once captive slave, now ruler in the realm,  
The Hebrew governor, to God and whom  
Was plenty due throughout that favored land.

And Joseph's brethren came—yet knew him not,  
Their kingly kinsman—came and meekly bowed  
Before him they had wronged; as all shall bow  
To Zion's King, and whomsoe'er He sends  
His way to smooth. Though pride and envy spurn  
Merit in meekness—e'en as Jacob's sons  
Their nobler brother—bending shall they come,  
When retribution's cycle once hath turned,  
And sue for favor of the hand disdained.

Nor word of blame, nor withering glance of ire,  
Fell from his lips or flashed from out his eyes.  
“Joseph, am I, your brother, whom ye sold;  
Of Him redeemed, who sent me forth to save  
My father's house, as He himself from sin  
Shall save the world.” Then bowed his head and wept.

So do the Gods in heaven; on earth the same;  
In judgment just, in mercy manifold;  
Ne'er greater they than when forgiveness smiles,  
Or pity weeps, above repentant sin.

Joseph! thy name and nobleness divine,  
With Him, thy Savior prototype, shall live,  
And in fame's firmament forever shine,  
Though worlds may pass away. Nor all that man

In mortal life hath been, or yet may be,  
 Can dim the glory of thy deathless name,  
 Athwart the ages flashing, shedding still,  
 In "influence sweet" as starry Pleiades,  
 A lingering halo o'er the land of Nile.

O'er all thy brethren blest, thy fruitful bough  
 Shall flourish; not alone in Canaan's land;  
 But, leaping o'er a wall of many waves,  
 Shall bloom and bear unto the utmost bound  
 Of Zion's everlasting hills. Thy seed  
 An ensign yet shall raise, and unto thee  
 Shall Ephraim push thy sons and daughters fair,  
 From every land by saving blood besprent!

## LEHI.

HE ocean rolls upon my raptured gaze,  
 A wilderness of waves; and now the land,  
 The land of Joseph's promise, freedom's fame,  
 Its glorious crest uprears. Lo! and behold,  
 Where, on the mighty waters, doth appear  
 A barge, storm-driven to the distant shore.

From far Jerusalem, destruction-doomed,  
By faith upborne, impelled by power divine,  
Goes Lehi forth, a prophet pioneer ;  
As erst Mahonri, Jared, and their band—  
In later time Columbus—to unveil  
The hidden hemisphere. His lot to reap,  
And plant for future years, hope's golden grain—  
The promise of his fathers.

Ere the hour

Which summons his return from earthly toil,  
To realms that bide the coming of their king,  
He calls his kindred near—their hearts the while  
Aglow beneath his burning words—and tells  
Of glorious things to be ; of Ephraim's fame,  
Manasseh's destiny. Of Joseph speaks,  
Their great progenitor ; of chosen seer,  
Who comes anon that ancient name to bear,  
And wondrous work perform in latter days ;  
Of records that shall whisper from the dust,  
Revealing mysteries, unseen, unheard,  
And mightier than mortal tongue may tell.  
This done, the dying seer his benison  
On all doth seal, and sinks in death's repose.

Past angels, Gods, and sentinels, who guard  
 The gates celestial, challengeless and free,  
 That sovereign spirit soars unto its own ;  
 By shouting millions welcomed back again,  
 With all his new-won laurels on his brow—  
 The meed of valor and of victory—  
 To exaltations endless as the lives.

## THEN AND NOW.

### I.

**B**EHOLD a woman! On her queenly brow  
 A crown of stars, twelve gems of glory shine.  
 Her mantle is the sun; beneath her feet  
 The moon's pale lustre beams. Fair as the morn  
 She looketh forth, sublime, yet terrible  
 As army wielding banners. Who is she?  
 The Bride, the Lamb's wife, waiting for her Lord!

'Tis Time's meridian, earth's noon of life,  
 And God, the Father and the Son, in flesh  
 Doth dwell, below all else descended. Word  
 That was with God, was God, and is for aye;

In glory with the Father ere the world,  
And yet with Him to reign forevermore.  
Himself the Father, Spirit all supreme,  
Maker of worlds all numberless below,  
And Sire of spirit millions, waiting still,  
In primal sphere, the first probation. Son  
Of God, because of flesh, He doeth o'er  
All He hath seen, erstwhile, the Father do.

O'er Him the world doth marvel. Some e'en say  
Elias, slain of Herod, lives again;  
And some say Jeremias. Vain their fear!  
'Tis Christ, the lamb of God, for sinners slain  
From earth's inception; Lord of endless life,  
Foredoomed to die, that man for aye might live.  
The greater one Elias said should come,  
Nor he alone, bright herald of the morn,  
But holy prophets all, since time began.  
A king without a kingdom, of this earth,  
Though ruler over countless realms above.

And there are twelve who stand his face before,  
And witness bear of Him in all the world.  
The heralds of a kingdom yet to come,  
Which none can see, save they be born again;

Yea, none can enter in, save by the womb  
Of waters, and the Spirit's holy birth.  
"Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth  
As 'tis in heaven;" thus taught He them to pray,  
Evangels of the testament divine,  
The sowers twelve sent forth on stony soil  
To scatter seeds of faith and righteousness.  
Twelve stars that circle round their central Sun,  
Lesser, though great in glory's firmament,  
And Him withdrawn, reflecting radiance far  
Of Gospel light o'er all the guilty world;  
A world that loveth darkness, loathing light  
Of that great witness, which again must go  
To every nation ere the end; a world  
Whose red hands reek with blood of innocence,  
With righteous blood, of Prophets, Priests and Kings,  
From Abel unto Christ, whose martyr souls  
Cry night and day for vengeance on mankind.

The Sun hath set in blood, to rise again  
And gild a brighter morrow; and the stars  
To earth have fallen, all save haply one,  
That through the night of ages sparkles on.  
The Church, the Bride, defiled and mutilate,

Her lifeless body torn and trampled low,  
 On eagle wings in spirit flies afar  
 Into the wilderness, where, nourished still,  
 She bides, of brighter, better day, the dawn.

## II.

“**B**EHOLD, the Bridegroom comes!” Zion, arise!  
 The shadows lift, and o’er night’s dusky beach  
 Ripple the white waves of morn. Wake, O world!

Ocean of dispensations. Rivers, rills,  
 Return unto your fount and reservoir!  
 “And ye that follow righteousness, that seek  
 The Lord; look to the rock whence ye were hewn,  
 Unto the hole and pit whence ye were digged.  
 O House of Israel, look to Abraham,  
 And Sarah, she that bare you. For the Lord  
 Will comfort Zion, comfort her waste places;  
 Her wilderness shall be as Eden fair,  
 Her desert like the garden of the Lord;  
 Joy and gladness shall be found therein,  
 Thanksgiving and the voice of melody.”

Prophetic theme, fulfilled in latter days,  
When He that scattered Israel doth again  
His ancient fold recall and gather in  
From every clime, and plant their pilgrim feet  
On Zion's mountain tops and Jewry's plains.  
A crowning dispensation, when all things  
Elias shall restore; from earth's four winds,  
From heaven's remotest bound, all things in Christ,  
Before his last great coming. Here to reign  
With Truth and Righteousness, his councilors;  
With Justice for his throne, and Mercy for  
His sceptre. Nations all shall bow before,  
Peace spread her wings, fierce War his pinions fold,  
And Earth keep sabbath rest a thousand years.

Behold a woman! On her queenly brow  
A crown of stars, twelve gems of glory shine.  
Her mantle is the sun; beneath her feet  
The moon's pale lustre beams. Fair as the morn  
She looketh forth, sublime, yet terrible  
As army wielding banners. Who is she?  
Zion! the Lamb's wife, waiting for her Lord!

## THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALE.

HERE'S a mountain named Stern Justice,  
Tall and towering, gloomy, grand,  
Frowning o'er a vale called Mercy,  
Loveliest in all the land.

Great and mighty is the mountain,  
But its snowy crags are cold,  
And in vain the sunlight lingers  
On the summit proud and bold.

There is warmth within the valley,  
And I love to wander there,  
'Mid the fountains and the flowers,  
Breathing fragrance on the air.

Much I love the solemn mountain,  
It doth meet my somber mood,  
When, amid the muttering thunders,  
O'er my soul the storm-clouds brood.

But when tears, like rain, have fallen  
From the fountain of my woe,  
And my soul has lost its fierceness,  
Straight unto the vale I go;

Where the landscape, gently smiling,  
O'er my heart pours healing balm,  
And, as oil on troubled waters,  
Brings from out its storm a calm.

Yes, I love both vale and mountain,  
Ne'er from either would I part;  
Each unto my life is needful,  
Both are dear unto my heart.

For the smiling vale doth soften  
All the rugged steep makes sad,  
And from icy rocks meander  
Rills that make the valley glad.

“LIB.”

 O THE regions of rest, where the blissful abide,  
 Rocked to sleep on the waves of eternity's tide,  
 Thou art gone in the bloom of thy beauty so rare,  
 And a bright star has dropt from life's firmament fair.

Dost thou dream of the sorrow bewailing thee here,  
 Of the once happy home, of the hearts sad and drear,  
 That were wont to brim over with gladness and glee?—  
 Though they ne'er knew delight if 'twere absent from  
 thee.

Art thou mindful of him, thy young life's only love,  
 Whose fond soul, sorrow-bowed, fain would seek thee  
 above,

Save 'twere duty to bide where stern destiny's thrall  
 Has enchained him a captive, awaiting God's call?

Will thy angel heart yearn for love's tender caress  
 From thy little ones, left in the world motherless?  
 Is memory immortal, or aught to thee now  
 The burdens 'neath which thy soul erstwhile did bow?

Soft as falls from the fountain of life the glad dew  
O'er the sun-withered flower, till it blossom anew,  
Was the voice that gave answer, so silent, so sweet,  
Ne'er did music of earth the rapt senses so greet:—

Dost thou mourn, love, my absence? Behold I am here  
At thy side, though unseen, and shall ever be near.  
Deem me not with the dead; 'tis from death I am free;  
And 'tis thou that art with them—my darlings and thee.

For am I not still thy companion and friend?  
Or can death break the sealing that knoweth no end?  
Where else should I be, love, than here at thy side;  
Ever near thee to cheer thee, whate'er may betide?

And our babes, though bereft of a mother's fond care  
In the life I have left; shall they not claim a share  
Of that love which alone may the ransomed e'er know,  
As they lave in its waters, or bask in its glow?

Is memory immortal? Aye, ever and e'er;  
All that life hath e'er known, or forgotten, is here  
Plainly writ in the book of the soul, where we read  
Of the heart's every hope, of the past's every deed.

Ne'er grieves the glad spirit o'er pains that are past,  
 Nor sighs for earth's pleasures, too sinful to last;  
 For the summit is gained, and the mystery riven  
 Of the wisdom of God and the glory of heaven.

## WAITING.

**W**ILT thou never break, O morning?  
 Shall we ne'er thy dawn behold,  
 Zion, in thy glory rising,  
 Might and majesty untold?

Vainly have we watched, awaiting,  
 Lord, thy promised time of power,  
 That should rend our chains asunder,  
 And o'erthrow oppression's tower?

Longer shall thy sons, Jehovah,  
 Lick the dust of Gentile feet?  
 Longer shall thy laws be trampled  
 As the stones of yonder street?

Still shall tyranny triumphant  
    Strive thought's freedom to restrain?  
Still shall truth be stamped as error?  
    Still, o'er right, injustice reign?

Shall the rich man hoard his millions,  
    While the poor man begs his crust?  
Shall a god of gold be worshipped,  
    And in flesh shall Israel trust?

Shall such things be seen in Zion,  
    Sneered in Askelon and Gath?  
Shall the alien's taunt shame Ephraim:—  
    “Christ's is not a crooked path?”

When shall rise a glorious Zion,  
    From all guile and grossness free?  
God of Israel! hast forsaken  
    Ephraim and his destiny?

Nay. Though lowering night may linger,  
    Lo! the morning comes at last;  
Day of Zion's glad redemption—  
    All her woes forever past.

Freedom waves her joyous pinions  
O'er a land, from sea to sea,  
Bright with beams of heavenly glory,  
Home of light and liberty ;

O'er a people happy, holy,  
Gifted now with every grace ;  
Free from self, that sordid fetter  
That enslaves our fallen race.

Union, love and fellow-feeling—  
These the watch-words of the hour ;  
Rich and poor in all things equal—  
Righteousness their rock and tower.

Mountain peaks of pride are leveled,  
Lifted up the lowly plain,  
Crookedness made straight, while crudeness  
Now gives way to culture's reign.

Now no tyrant's sceptre saddens,  
Now no bigot's power can bind  
Faith, forevermore unfettered,  
Thought no dungeon e'er confined.

Truth, oft crushed, yet never conquered,  
Soars aloft on wings of light;  
Men behold their Maker's meaning  
Eye to eye with single sight.

God, not mammon, hath the worship  
Of his people, pure in heart—  
This is Zion—O ye nations!  
Choose, ere past, her "better part."

Peace, not war, shall make you mighty;  
Righteousness alone find rest;  
Turn, ah! turn, while hopeful daylight  
Lingers in your dying west.

Crowns and scepters, swords and bucklers—  
Baubles!—break them at her feet;  
Strife no more shall vex creation—  
Christ's is now the kingly seat.

Cities, empires, kingdoms, powers,  
Earthly, heavenly treasures, Thine;  
She that once was last of nations,  
Henceforth as their head shall shine.

Thus thy future glory, Zion,  
    Glittering in the Spirit's rays,  
At the ocean's sun-lit surging,  
    Rolls upon my raptured gaze.

Lovelier than painter's limning,  
    Fairer than a poet's dream,  
Brighter than the noon-day splendor,  
    Or the midnight's starry beam.

All that ages past have promised,  
    All that noblest minds have prized,  
All that holy lips have prayed for,  
    Here at last is realized.

Haste, oh! haste, resplendent vision!  
    Tarry not, but hither tend,  
Where hope's pilgrims, worn and weary,  
    Still her toilsome heights ascend.

Oh may we who bide the dawning—  
    Though we climb a craggy way—  
Greet the morn on glory's hill-tops,  
    When the night hath passed away!

## ZION'S FUTURE.

Extract from a Lecture on "Home Literature," delivered at the Y. M. M. I. A. Conference, Salt Lake City, Sunday, June 3rd, 1888.

“SEEK ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning even by study, and also by faith.”

Why did the Lord so instruct his Prophet? Why did the Prophet so teach his people? It was because God had designed, and his Prophet had foreseen, a great and glorious future for that people. Chosen himself in weakness, so far as this world's wisdom was concerned, as a foundation stone of the mighty structure which is destined to tower heavenward, reflecting from its walls and glittering spires the splendors of eternity, he knew there must come a time, unless He who cannot lie had sworn falsely, when Zion, no longer the foot, but as the head, the glorious front of the world's civilization, would arise and shine "the joy of the whole earth"—the seat of learning, the source of wisdom, and the centre of political power; when side by side with pure Religion, would flourish Art and Science, her fair daugh-

ters; when music, poetry, painting, sculpture, oratory and the drama, rays of light from the same central Sun, no longer refracted and discolored by the many-hued prisms of man's sensuality, would throw their white radiance full and direct upon the mirror-like glory of her towers; when the science of earth and the wisdom of heaven would walk hand in hand interpreting each other; when philosophy would drink from wells of living truth, no longer draining the deadly hemlock of error, to poison the pure air with the illusions of sophistry; when love and union would prevail; when war would sit at the feet of peace and learn wisdom for a thousand years; when Zion's sons and Zion's daughters, as famed for intelligence and culture as for purity, truth and beauty, "polished after the similitude of a palace," would entertain kings and nobles; sit upon thrones themselves; or go forth, like shafts of light from the bow of the Almighty, as messengers and ambassadors to the nations.

Joseph saw all this; he knew it was inevitable; that such things were but the natural flowers and fruits of the work which God had planted. The roots of the tree might not show it so well—their mission

is to lie hidden in the earth, despised and trampled on of men—but the branches in a day to come would prove it. Joseph knew, as every philosopher must know, that purity is the natural parent of beauty; that truth is the well-spring of power, and righteousness the sun of supremacy. He knew that his people must progress, that their destiny demanded it; that culture is the duty of man, as intelligence is the glory of God. Rough and rugged himself, as the granite boulders of yonder hills, typical of the firm, unyielding basis of God's work, he knew, and his brethren around him knew, that on the rough, strong stones of which they were symbolical—the massive foundations of the past—the great Architect would rear the superstructure of the future; that the youth of Israel, their offspring, would be inspired to build upon the foundations of the fathers, and yet would differ from their fathers and mothers, as the foundations of a building must differ from the walls and spires.

## THE REDEMPTION OF ZION.

**Q**H, reader, the redemption of Zion is more than the purchase or recovery of lands, the building of cities, or even the founding of nations. It is the conquest of the heart, the subjugation of the soul, the purifying of the flesh, the sanctifying and ennobling of the passions. Greater is he who subdues himself, who captures and maintains the citadel of his own soul, than he who, misnamed conqueror, fills the world with the roar of drums, the thunder of cannon, the lightning of swords and bayonets, overturns and sets up kingdoms, lives and reigns a king, yet wears to the grave the fetters of unbridled lust, and dies the slave of sin.

In her children's hearts must Zion first be built up and redeemed—"every man seeking the interest of his neighbor, and doing all things with an eye single to the glory of God." When the fig tree of Israel's faith puts forth such leaves, know then that the summer is nigh.

## CHRIST AND THE EARTH.

AN ALLEGORY.

I.

THE world lay wrapt in Death's embrace. The tale of the Tempter had triumphed, and the pinions of his power now fettered the fair limbs of God's beauteous creation. Earth, a virgin, beguiled, ensnared in sin, shrank shuddering from the touch of her would-be violator and destroyer.

Hark! a cry for help. The captive strives to free herself from the fell clasp of the foe. Summoning all her powers, she springs erect, and, grasping her chain, essays to rend it asunder. It will not yield. The links are firm, the staple strong. Madly she tugs and toils. In vain, alas! in vain. Baffled, bruised and breathless, she sinks exhausted, and the arms of the monster Sin once more enfold her. His hot breath blisters her cheek, his cruel fingers clutch her throat, his fierce eyes flame with passion. Again and again she struggles, exerting all her strength to repel the foul polluter. Alas! his strength is stronger, his

grasp a grasp of iron: he holds her writhing form as in a vise, gloating over her despair, exulting in her misery, and laughing to scorn her fruitless efforts to be free.

Vainly she weeps and pleads and prays. No mercy melts that icy heart, no pity beams from out that baleful eye. She is lost, she is lost! For who can save her now? Oh, that a virgin should be defiled! Oh, that she should be dragged into deeper depths of shame than those in which her wayward will and youthful folly have plunged her!

## II.

**A** CRY for help was heard in heaven. The incense of tears, the perfume of prayers came up before the great White Throne, and the heart of Him that sitteth thereon—the mighty heart of the throbbing universe was touched with compassion.

“Go down, my Son, and rescue Earth; strike off her fetters, vanquish her foes, and bring her back, thy bride, to reign in glory. The decree of her banishment we revoke. She hath suffered double for all her sins. Go, bring her hither, that we may place upon her brow the seal of pardon, a diadem of power.” So spake the Eternal Father.

Obedient to the royal mandate, the Son departed from his Father's house. Yet went he not in glory, with courtly train or blazing equipage; nor as warrior girt for battle. No chariot he rode, no charger mounted. No shining armor encased him. Nor sword, nor spear, nor shield he bore. For thus he reasoned wisely: "My mission is of love, my errand one of mercy. I go my bride to woo. She shall love me for myself, and not for wealth or station."

Doffing his celestial crown, sparkling with jewels of souls erst redeemed; laying aside his golden scepter, and exchanging kingly robe for pilgrim gown, the Prince of Peace bade heaven farewell, and solitary and alone descended the stairway of the stars.

## III.

**A** SOUND of falling shackles in the dungeons of despair! The crash of bursting gates, the roar of crumbling ramparts, the shout, the song of joy, the trumpet-peal and thunder-march of victory. Earth! thy hour is come. Deliverance is here. Hell's battlements are shaking. Her walls go down. The standard of Liberty floats triumphant above her ruined strongholds!

But ah! there looms another sight. A cross, a crown of thorns, a mantle, blood-stained, torn and trampled. What mean these emblems—these ghastly signs of suffering? Was this thy greeting, Earth, for Him, thy great Deliverer? For this came he to woo thee, to rescue and redeem thee, to exalt thee in glory above the stars of God? Is it thus a bride doth meet her lord?

A voice from the depths gave answer:

“Not mine, not mine the blame. I knew thee, Lord, and welcomed thee; but Sin and Satan laid thee low. In the hour of my deliverance thou wert slain. Woe, woe is me, a widow—a widow ere a bride! Where art thou gone, my Lover? My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”

Far through the night a solemn Voice fell echoing: “I go to prepare a place for thee, that where I am, there thou mayest be also. Fear not, O Earth! I have broken the bands which bound thee. Thy foes no more shall ensnare thee. The midnight hour is past. The morning breaks in glory. My bride thou art and shalt be. For lo! I come again to claim thee!”

## CHRISTMAS EVE REFLECTIONS.

WHAT a God died for us is a glorious thought ; a sublime poem ; a picture all the more splendid for the awful gloom of its tragic back-ground. That he is coming to reign visibly over the earth ; to assume His divine prerogative and royal right ; to reap the ripe fruition of the great sacrifice sown in Time's meridian, is an idea scarcely less awe-inspiring and illustrious. As lamb then, meek and lowly ; as lion now, in kingly majesty and warrior might. No poem reads like that wondrous pilgrimage from Bethlehem to Calvary. No masterpiece of the limner's art, no gorgeous coloring of nature could hint the grandeur and glory of that triumphal entry—the conquering march of Christ as He cometh into His kingdom.

On the morrow all Christendom will blaze with light and ring with joy and melody. Mirth and festivity will go hand in hand. Churches and cathedrals will throng with eager worshippers, the solemn organ will roll, bells peal, and choirs resound, and the pulpits of many lands pour forth in tones of thunderous rapture the praises of the crucified Nazarene, while in

homes innumerable, in princely palace and in peasant cot, millions on millions bow the reverent knee, confessing him as Christ, as Savior, as King of kings.

'Tis well, for so it should be. Worthy, thrice worthy is the Lamb. But oh, the chasm, the contrast, between the Then and Now! But yesterday an outcast, a wanderer, with not where to lay his head; to-day the honored guest of myriad homes. Once smitten, cursed and spat upon; now worshipped, wept and glorified. A man of sorrows then, whom few would follow; a God of nations now, whom popes and princes praise, and multitudes revere. A cross—a crown! So turns Time's wheel. So runs the world away.

'Tis well to correct an error of our sires. 'Tis better to commit no error of our own. Wise is it to commemorate the past, but wiser still to honor and improve the present. The glowing eulogies of Yesterday should not be written in the life-blood of To-day. The tomb of a dead prophet may well be garnished, but the dungeon of a living prophet should not frown upon the sacred scene.

A strange perversity, that worships ever at the shrine of the antique, and neglects or desecrates the altars of modern thought; attempting to warm its

withered hands over the dead ashes of bygone days, while ignoring or striving to extinguish the new-lit fires of inspiration. So eager to revive the old; so loth to accept the new. The tendency of carnal thought is ever backward. Even Jesus was deemed by many a dead prophet risen again, rather than a new messenger with a mightier mission and a more glorious destiny than all His predecessors to fulfill.

Why, oh why look backward for salvation—deifying the lifeless letter, crucifying the living oracle? Why face the setting, in lieu of the rising sun? Why sigh for the flesh-pots of Egypt? Sweeter far are the milk and honey of Canaan. The past with its dead works cannot save. A living faith in the present and future alone suffices for man's great need.

Believest thou the prophets of the past? They bespeak the prophets of the present and future, and the best wine of the feast is reserved till the last. Each truth that appears is as a golden wedge widening the gap for a greater truth to follow. Each principle revealed testifies: "There cometh one after me whose shoe-latchet I am not worthy to unloose."

Forward, not backward, be our motto; the future, not the past, our hope. Remember Lot's wife. Look

ahead! The stars that lit the night are paling. A greater orb is near. From your watch-towers scan the East. Out of the West comes not the Morn.

## LOUIE.

† LOVED her as a brother might love a sister—  
† for such indeed she seemed. I had known her from childhood, and in our hearts there dwelt a mutual sympathy. Though a gulf of years divided us, it was spanned by an arch of congenial thought and emotion.

Her soul was sensitive and refined. Fond of music, poetry, painting, and talented withal, she became their ardent devotee, and from the treasury of her heart and mind, brought forth gems of melody and beauty. Her voice in song was like the music of murmuring waters, sinking or swelling in its deep tenderness like the rise and fall of a gentle billow.

There are souls so sensitive, so finely organized, that to them an unkind word is equal to a blow; the prick of a pin almost equivalent to a dagger-thrust. Such souls seldom linger long in mortality

—the tension is too great—though the delicate strings, while they last, upon these human harps, oft fill the world with immortal harmony. Save God give added strength they cannot long endure the rough sweep of the world's harsh hand; tuneless and shattered they perish, passing early to that spiritual life, that higher sphere, for which they seem best fitted and designed.

Sad indeed is it when a young life dies. The passing of the aged is as the setting sun, the day's heat and toil being over, and weary nature sighing for repose; or as the falling of the tree which has borne its last fruit, put forth its final blossom, and whose withered, sapless trunk is already crumbling to decay. But when a youthful spirit takes its flight, it seems more like the sun's eclipse ere reaching the zenith of its years; or like the premature blighting of the tree, just budding forth in strength and beauty.

Nevertheless we will believe she had fulfilled her mortal mission; that perchance, by reason of her sensitive nature, her power and capacity to feel, she was enabled to acquire, in a limited period, what many linger long years to obtain. Time and experience are not synonyms.

“We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.”

Farewell, Louie! That all is well with thee,  
none will doubt who knew thee. May we meet before  
the Father's throne, to renew in realms of rest and  
happiness the tender ties that bound us together  
here; that linked in chain imperishable our immortal  
souls ere Time's billow rolled upon the ocean of  
Eternity, or ever our frail lives were launched forth  
like bubbles that gleam and burst upon the bosom  
of the wave!

## JULIA.

AS babe on mother breast,  
She softly sank to rest.

Tread lightly—do not wake her—let her sleep.

She has earned the sweet repose

The ransomed spirit knows.

Ne'er wake her—tho' her absence now we weep.

From shadows of our night,

She passed unto the light.

A star sets here in splendor there to rise.

Though the path of pain she trod—  
The footsteps of her God—  
Her feet now press the hills of Paradise.

Would summon her again  
To world of woe and pain,  
Whose false and fleeting pleasures do but seem?  
Ah! no; we'd have thee stay  
Where life is joy always,  
And sorrow but the memory of a dream!

Adieu! a kindlier soul,  
A gentler heart, the goal  
Of gladness and of glory ne'er did win.  
From golden gates above,  
Wilt thou not look in love,  
And glance with pity ere thou goest in?

O Thou at whose command,  
Shall dust of every land,  
And ocean deeps deliver up their dead!  
One word of comfort speak!  
Bid hope's bright morning break  
In beams of blessing o'er the mourner's head!

## THOUGHT'S MARTYRDOM.

**W**HAT is it to be gifted? Sons  
 Of science, or of song!  
 Ye whose brows are crowned with laurel,  
 Ye to whom the wings belong  
 Of fancy's eagle, upward soaring  
 Past the regions of the sun,  
 Or downward piercing thought's deep caverns,  
 Whither, erst, had ventured none.

Answer:—is it not to suffer  
 Pangs to lesser souls unknown;  
 Pine 'mid earthly throngs, an exile,  
 Ne'er, as then, so much alone?  
 Is it not to feel more keenly  
 Censure's breath, or sorrow's dart;—  
 To feed fame's fickle, flickering flambeau  
 With blood from passion's breaking heart?

Kindling high hope's radiant ideals  
 On life's dark and craggy coast,  
 The while, below, the real lies weltering  
 Amid the white waves, tempest-tossed.

Torches that light the way to glory,  
Consuming swiftly as ye shine ;  
As burned fell Nero's victims, dying  
To illustrate a truth divine.

Such thy meed, and such thy mission,  
Child of genius, choice of God !  
Through thee—a cloud by lightning riven,  
The sunbeam e'er must seek the sod.  
Prophet, poet, seer or savant !  
Thine to nobly do and die ;  
Martyrs elect to man's promotion,  
God's great name to glorify.











