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THE

Seer of Sinai

AND

Other Poems.

BY

J. W. JACKSON.

LONDON:

WILLIAM TWEEDIE, 337, STRAND.

EDINBURGH: W. T. CUTHBERTSON, 17, SOUTH BRIDGE.

M.DCCC.LVI.

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THE
S E E R O F S I N A I.

P R E L U D E.

COLOSSAL thoughts demand colossal minds,
To give them fitting utterance to the ear.
Majestic subjects in proportioned words,
Show adaptation meet, but lofty themes
By hands incompetent, are beauty marred
By folly in its self-sufficiency.
The world's great epics are the ripened fruits
That master minds unto the ages leave,
The golden harvest of their autumn years,
That, garnered in the treasuries of thought,
Have made a rich repast of mental food,
Where else consuming famine had prevailed.
They are the works that Titan toilers frame,
And then bequeath a mighty heritage
To generations yet unborn, who hand
These glorious heir-looms to posterity.
They are a trumpet-blast, and echo down
The mystic vista of futurity,
In thunder tones that rouse the centuries.
No task for mediocrity is here ;
Who writes an epic mounts with eagles' wing,
And sunward cleaves the bright empyrean,
With a victorious force invincible,
Or like the ancient, falls to earth in shame,
His waxen pinions melting in the sun.

A

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle;"
 The Mantuan bard, and Dante stern and vast,
 Like snowy mountains in the distance stand,
 In altitude, the unapproachable,
 Their sunlit summits beautifully clear,
 The hoary monarchs of their tuneful race,
 And cast their shadows on the sea of time,
 With calm indifference to its dreaded storms,
 Regardless of its tidal ebb and flow,
 Sublimely sure of immortality.
 And one there is who in our Saxon tongue
 Made minstrelsy divine, and utterance found
 For thought that seers of Palestine might own.
 He sung of Paradise, the fall of man,
 And the redemption of a suffering world.
 I choose a lower theme, a shorter flight,
 As knowing well my inability
 To follow where this prince of bards might lead.
 A seer I take as subject of my song,
 Who from his class stands forth pre-eminent;
 A god-appointed chief the ages own,
 Whose work stern Destiny acknowledges,
 Whose impress on the world millenniums feel,
 And whose authority expanded now,
 Not only Israel in adversity obeys,
 But wheresoe'er the cross or crescent stand,
 From Indus to the broad Atlantic's wave,
 Imperial nations in submission bow,
 To Sinai's thunders as to words divine.

We talk of heroes and we worship them!
 The slaveborn champion of a race oppressed,
 Whom rank and luxury could not corrupt,
 Sage, statesman, warrior, prophet, all in one,
 And yet a people's man, whom pomp of place
 And pride of circumstance still left untouched,
 With his sublime humanity entire,

His love expanding as his mind grew wise,
 Is fitter subject for the voice of song
 Than all those executioners of God,
 Whose swords have hewn their statues into form,
 And cast their frowning lineaments on time.
 They but consumed, like lightning bolts hurled forth
 Upon the world to do destruction's work.
 This man re-edified the ages lapse,
 And left a temple where a ruin stood;
 A glorious, God-sent, great, creative soul,
 Whose path through time is marked by monuments,
 That show a mighty architecton's hand,
 Upon whose toil the hopes of man repose —
 The blessings of eternity descend.

Such is the Seer I sing, not worthily,
 But with reverberation weak and faint,
 Of echoes from his inspiration caught.
 No mighty epic this, no song sublime,
 No everlasting anthem for mankind,
 No grand Titanic pile of lofty thought,
 In o'erawing majesty of height,
 The palaced home of intellect is here.
 No sage's solemn meditation deep,
 No prophet's vision of celestial things,
 No angel whispers from a better land,
 No seraph harmonies, are on my page,
 But human thought in feeblest utterance framed.
 And with this consciousness I could appeal
 To the eternal Silences again,
 And bid them keep their old veracities,
 Nor make my simple strain the instrument
 Of framing discord, where their peace has been.
 But deeper far than Reason's light may reach,
 Amidst those stilly depths whence thought forms well,
 There is a voice that bids me to proceed,
 Not doubting but in faith, and I obey.

THE
S E E R O F S I N A I.

BOOK I.

EGYPT OR SLAVERY.

WHAT finite mind can scan the infinite?
What mortal fathom the eternity?
Who shall presume to penetrate the plan
Omniscience in its wisdom has observed?
If God with weakest instruments confound
The strength of nations in their hour of pride,
And by a bondsman's hand lay monarch's low,
At whose behest the might of empire moved;
If with a slaveborn outcast he subdue
Time's holy hierarchies with all their lore,
Who shall declare his object or his means
Unwise. No unaccomplished ends,
No baffled purposes his councils own.
Omnipotent, he reigns supreme, and his
Volition guides the ages to their doom.

The promises of kings, the gratitude
Of courts, and the remembrance of the great
For benefits received, have ever been
Reverberated proverbs with mankind.
Nor did old Egypt's learned lords belie
This sure tradition of a ruling caste.
They used wise Joseph in their hour of need,
And, with a magnanimity of soul
That courtiers only know, rewarded him

By the enslavement of his kin. How long,
 Oh! much enduring and deep-suffering man,
 Wilt thou submit to tyranny of birth,
 And superstitiously believe that rank
 Can give a right to rule — that merit veils
 His bright prerogative before descent —
 That God's vicegerents come of pedigree —
 And that nobility of soul is nought,
 Compared with what the herald's mockery
 Can give. We speak of idols, and forget
 The Juggernaut to which we sacrifice
 Whole holocausts of men, and in whose path,
 With utter abjectness of soul, we place
 A nation's honour to be trampled on.

God's purposes, inscrutable and vast,
 Hold not their cycles by our human will.
 Oh, not in haste the victim's chains fall off,
 The ages wane, the centuries grow old,
 And epochs come and go, while still the cry
 Of agony ascends, in one long wail to Him,
 The sire of all, who numbers up our groans,
 And counts each tear upon the griever's cheek,
 And then with indignation all divine,
 Asserts his meaning in a nation's doom.
 The sternly just, the grandly merciful,
 He waits, while still the thunderbolt is poised,
 He hears, while yet the lightnings have their play;
 For should repentance come to tyrant souls,
 He yet will stay the tempest in its course,
 And vastly hold the earthquakes from their march,
 And bring redemption to the sons of men,
 Not by destruction, but salvation's work.

The darkest hour is that before the dawn,
 In nature's realm: in God's good providence,
 A seeming frown full oft precedes his smile.
 When Egypt's tyranny was at its height,

And Israel's bondage unendurable,
 This dread extremity evoked a man,
 On whom the task of liberator fell.
 Oh how mysterious are the calls of God!
 An age presciently may feel the tread
 Of mystic footsteps at its threshold near,
 And half jocosely hint, "a coming man:"
 But who? Where is this human mystery?
 Where hides this agent of Omnipotence?
 What timeborn vesture clothes him to the eye?
 With what presentment comes Creation's dawn,
 That worldly wisdom may acknowledge it?
 Go ask the rushes of the ancient Nile,
 Whence Israel's mighty champion came;
 The manger crib in Bethlehem's meanest inn,
 Where rose the star of all the occident.

The jealousy of thrones, the hatred fell
 That earth's oppressors of their victims feel,
 Oh how relentless, let all history show!
 The Hebrew bondsmen are their master's dread,
 And murder is the state's medicament,
 That uses infancy as offering pure
 Unto the Moloch of expediency!
 A mother's holy love, how fathomless!
 Who shall compute the mighty sum her rich
 Affections yield? What sacrifice of self.
 What deep devotion to her little charge,
 What yearning of the soul unspeakable!
 Then who shall count maternal agonies,
 When slayers come to take that budding life,
 And state-paid ruffians seek an infant's blood.
 How every falling footstep startles her—
 What palpitations passing shadows cause—
 How quick her breath at every accident—
 Who watches hourly for the murderer's tread,
 To snatch life's priceless treasure from her arms.

What dread coercion of that loving soul,
 What pressure terrible of circumstance,
 What hopeless choice of dire alternatives,
 Are gloomily revealed in that dread fact,
 A Hebrew child's exposure to the flood
 That Nile rolls on! Oh cruel tyranny,
 Is there a monster nature ere produced
 We can compare with thee? Let mothers speak,
 Who have preferred to trust their progeny
 Unto the mercies of Leviathan,
 And make him guardian of their heart's fond hope,
 Far rather than the satellites of power,
 Whose "slaughter of the innocents," not once
 But twice, in Egypt and in Palestine,
 Has made two pages in the book of God,
 That Time's dread ocean may not wash away,
 Where kings stand debtors to humanity.

A despot's anger and a mother's love,
 Contrasted elements of moral might,
 Co-operate in God. Behold a train
 Of noble virgins in the bloom of youth,
 Encircling round one fairer than the rest,
 Whose regal glance and majesty of port
 Proclaim her rank without a diadem,
 Approach the margin of the river's bank,
 When, midst their maiden revelry and mirth,
 An infant's weak and supplicating wail,
 Mounts from the waters to the ears of her,
 In whose fond woman's heart, imperial rank
 Had not extinguished love. It is enough;
 Deserted innocence prevails to move
 That maiden soul where rich affections sleep,
 And she, the daughter of a thousand kings,
 Proud Egypt's heiress, makes the slave-born child,
 The Hebrew foundling of the Nile, her own.

How mildly beautiful is woman's love,
 The gentle radiance of a summer's dawn,
 That calmly ushers in a day of peace,
 Upon a night of storms—the first fair breath
 Of spring that softens winter's icy reign—
 The beam of hope that lightens up despair—
 The smile of mercy to a soul condemned,
 Are all concentrated there. So midst the wreck
 And ruin of a captive race, for whom
 No pity seemed reserved, no love was left,
 O'er whose sad destiny their tyrant foes
 Held unrestricted sway, whose fate was dark
 With all the woes that slavery inflicts,
 On these a woman smiled, and in her smile
 Redemption dawned, till stern Captivity
 Relaxed its hold upon the victim's chain.

Oh, in the hour of blank necessity,
 How oft a way is found, a path is seen,
 That Providence had wisely closed before,
 But opens in extremity to man.
 Thus he whose callow infancy had served,
 The spearman's sport of Egypt's stern array,
 But for a maiden's mercy in that hour,
 Now rescued from impending death, ascends
 From all the horrors of a captive's doom,
 To all the grandeur of a prophet's fate.

How weird is the might of circumstance.
 The child who, saved by the imperial maid,
 Now dwells a princely youth, midst learned priests
 And courtiers gay, in Egypt's palaced halls,
 If yet preserved by other aid than hers,
 Might as a lowly captive but have writhed
 Beneath the grim taskmaster's cruel lash,
 And have descended to the moral depths
 That slavery of soul implies.

How blind

Is policy in its farsightedness!

What follies wary statesmen may commit!

One educated slave, how insignificant!

And yet that one, if competent, may give

Their manumission to his suffering kin,

Despite the force imperial edicts own

To bind their galling shackles on mankind.

The lore of Egypt in a Hebrew soul

Was like a torch amidst combustibles,

That leaves a conflagration on its path,

In which the wrongs of ages are consumed,

And cruel precedent expires in flame.

Oh mighty knowledge analogue of light,

The first-born product of Creation's force,

The grand precursor of subsequences,

Where order reigns and beauty is evolved.

The grand revealer, in whose orient beams

The work sublime of Deity stands forth,

Unveiled in its magnificence to man.

Thy presence makes a day, where else the night

Would gloomily enshroud the caverned soul,

Enveloped in the shade that matter casts

Upon the spirit, sojourning in time.

There was a wisdom in the world of old,

A grandeur and sublimity of mind,

A depth of thought, a penetrating gaze,

An all embracing vastitude of soul,

That laughs our modern littleness to scorn.

We dwell upon the surfaces of things—

The mightier ancients looked into their heart.

We gather facts—they lived in principles,

And would have scorned our microscopic care

Of Nature's multiplicity of forms,

The protean-shaped encumbrances of mind.

We love effects—the causes they desired

To know and wield with an imperial sway.
 Their lore is lost, the fragments that remain
 Are like the pyramids, that sternly stand
 In hoar magnificence, the desert lords,
 Huge, massive, and sublime, while seasons pass,
 And Time counts epochs that no history knows.
 We match our vanity against their pride,
 And rear a temple on whose dust they smile.
 Their builders were the same, inscrutable,
 The sage inheritors of all the past,
 Whose highest wisdom dwelt apart from men,
 And flourished in the solitude alone,
 As conscious that a richly favoured few
 Of Nature's nobles in the sphere of mind,
 Could ere prevail to reach that lofty spheré,
 Where Isis stands unveiled — the cloudless truth,
 The unconditioned and the absolute.
 Their holy knowledge warred not with their faith —
 The learned sage and venerable priest,
 Philosopher and hierophant, were one.
 No mean hostility divided then
 Pure intellect's high caste, the masters they
 Of thought's pure concord, and the harmony
 Of soul, they dwelt in unanimity,
 A host of sages whom the world revered,
 And potentates but hastened to obey.
 We live and build, we think and write for time,
 They dwelt aloft in the eternity,
 And as an eagle from his eyry swoops,
 So they descended to the things of men,
 As masters, not as servants of the great.
 They were dictators of a world that felt
 The true superiority of mind,
 And from their templed sanctities could guide
 The passing puppetry the ages own.

Such were the teachers of the world's next man,
 The God-appointed nurses of that soul,
 On whose high thoughts the generations live;
 In whose conceptions nations have been formed,
 And by whose light that lamp of faith was lit,
 The ages have inherited from him.
 The old is aye the cradle of the new;
 Forms are but vestures which the timeborn weaves,
 Beneath whose mutability of shape,
 The one reality of truth endures—
 A rich inheritance the epochs own.

And now the Hebrew youth a student dwells
 In those grand temples by the banks of Nile,
 Where Egypt's ancient priesthood sternly taught
 Their proud successors how to rule mankind.
 No easy task was his; their awful lore—
 Occult, mysterious, and profound—required
 Not only solitude, and sacrifice
 Of fleshly appetite, and vigils long,
 And fasts severe, but mental culture deep,
 That tried each faculty and ripened it,
 And brought the passions to subjection sure,
 Beneath the potent sway of moral might.
 Our vain tuition of the intellect,
 That petty province of the total man,
 The ancient sages would have quite despised.
 Their discipline was nobler far than our's,
 And in its strict severity abjured,
 The task inane of teaching mighty truths,
 To minds incompetent and vile. They asked
 For manly worthiness in those they taught,
 Ability to do and to endure,
 And an initiation dire and dread,
 Too terrible for all but noble souls,
 Shut out the multitude of baser minds,
 From all participation in the light

The Magian priesthood on their sons conferred;
 No craven might presume to mate with those
 Whose total life was one high ministry;
 Whose thoughts sublime and meditations deep
 Were invocations strong, beneath whose spell
 The forces of the universe succumbed,
 And matter in its lower sphere obeyed
 The high behests of a resistless will.
 The ruined remnants of their mighty works,
 The awe inspiring fragments they have left,
 Where Egypt's sands, adust and barren drift,
 Might well proclaim their vastitude of soul.
 Such Titan footsteps show a stature vast
 In the primeval ages of our race.
 They tell of men who grandly built in faith,
 Believing time was their inheritance,
 And in whose lordly thoughts, millenniums passed
 As moderate measures of antiquity.
 If such the shadow they have cast behind,
 What was the substance which young Moses saw,
 When unreduced proud Egypt's hierarchy,
 Struck awe into a world that rightly knew,
 Such hoar magnificence, but veiled in truth
 The mystic knowledge of a sacred caste,
 That bright reality behind this show,
 Which vitalized its vain pomposity,
 And made the gorgeous splendour of a rite
 The vehicle of truth to tutored minds.
 Such were the masters whom the royal maid
 Provided for her foster son, the seer
 Of coming time, who having drank of lore
 That once made prophets wise, was owned a man,
 A member of that mystic brotherhood,
 Who ruled the swarthy millions of the Nile.
 A lordly courtier then, whose golden train
 Swept o'er the regal halls where Pharaoh sat;
 A statesman wise, whose councils ruled the land;

A warrior proud, whose shout was victory.
 Oh, man, how manifold thou art in guise!
 How vast thy possibilities! A plant
 That starved in ignorance and trodden down
 Beneath the heel that pride on weakness sets,
 Had sunk in feebleness to rise no more,
 Now duly cultured in appropriate soil,
 Casts buds and blossoms forth, whose ripened fruits
 Four thousand years can scarcely gather in.

The slave is great, and rich, and wise; his name
 The proudest Pharaoh's haughty court can show,
 Yet on his lofty brow a sadness broods,
 That Misraim's noblest honours cannot cheer,
 The boding gloom of genius missionless,
 The cloud where thunderbolts lie piled,
 The caverned force whence earthquakes have their birth,
 The shadowy veil, that hides from common sight
 The plastic workings of a master mind,
 Creating thought forms for futurity.

The captive's smothered indignation bursts,
 And an oppressor of his brethren feels
 The lightning vengeance of a warrior's arm.
 'Tis done! That deed declares his origin;
 The Hebrew bondsman stands by blood confessed,
 The lowly kinsman of a race despised.
 He seeks for sympathy, and sadly finds
 The coward soul, that dared not to be free,
 The craven heart, that hugged its hated chain,
 While trembling at the deeds which heroes do;
 The slave's ingratitude unspeakable,
 That, while refusing freedom at his hand,
 Would have repaid his championship with death.

Oh, Destiny! where dost thou seek for men?
 Whence come the leaders whom the ages own,
 The martyred masters of humanity?
 Who calls them forth? Who bids them be prepared

To mount the altar when the times have need,
 And die for those who basely murder them;
 The holy offerings progress ever wants,
 Whose blood seems requisite to cleanse their race;
 The grand propitiation envy needs,
 The costly sacrifice that vengeance takes,
 The priceless purchase which redemption asks.
 How long, O Lord! ere this dread cycle end,
 And man give recognition to the truth,
 Nor hate the prophet who has uttered it.

The court and camp must be deserted now:
 The solitude remains. In every age
 The direst crime that all oppressors know,
 Is aidance of the weak. The Hebrew chief
 Without a martial host, could not achieve
 Deliverance of his race by warrior plans—
 The prophet's higher mission had not come,
 And Midian's vales received the exiled man.

There is a force which dwells in solitude,
 That crowded cities never knew; a lore
 That priesthoods cannot teach; a wisdom high,
 That soul-communion with the Infinite,
 Alone has e'er conferred on mortal man.
 When clearly mirrored in those stilly depths
 That passion never stirs, the form of truth
 Is seen reflected fair, in radiance mild,
 That can reveal her glorious lineaments,
 Unutterably beautiful and pure,
 Creation's model, that Eternity
 Has yielded in its mercy unto Time.
 This Moses saw, when meditation deep
 Unveiled the realm which intuition owns,
 And inspiration crowned the thought-worn man
 With light that none save prophets ever know;
 And gave a plenitude of holy might,
 That only God-sent messengers can wield.

The stalwart chief shows no decrepitude,
 Though eighty winters have swept o'er his brow,
 Since Egypt's daughter saved him from the Nile.
 His forty summers passed with Jethro's flocks,
 Had calmed his high intensity of soul,
 And raised the warrior to the prophet's plane,
 And in the place of fearless valour stern,
 Had given mild stability of mind
 And fixity of purpose, to complete
 The plan, that with unwavering faith in God,
 Unshaken hopes of man, the exile held,
 Despite delay, to still be possible.

Oh, Faith, thou art in truth invincible!
 No man is ever conquered from without;
 His failures are the shadows of himself,
 The fear-born phantoms of his cowardice,
 That whispered of defeat before it came,
 And clouded up the sun of his success,
 With marshy exhalations from despair.

The fancies of the great precede the fact:
 Their visions are a prophecy from God,
 And are creative of subsequences.
 Their mystic dreamings are realities,
 The plastic force of a prospective time,
 When Faith confirms Imagination's hues,
 To have been God-sent promises to man.
 There is an inward prompting that compels
 All master spirits to their destined task,
 And makes the competent omnipotent,
 For what an age in agony demands.
 Sometimes ambition is the magic spell
 That mightily evokes epochal men,
 Who laugh respectable inanity,
 Though crowned and crosiered for a thousand years,
 To utter scorn. Sometimes a gentler call,
 The voice that hails the prophet to his doom,

And bids him tell the ages how to live;
 Compels the arch-extatic to his work,
 Who, when he comes commissioned from on high,
 Yet speaks in thunder tones, whose echoes fall
 Sublimely terrible on men and things.
 For to his judgment-seat he grandly cites
 The time-worn institutions of the past,
 And fashions them anew; reclothes the world,
 Remoulds its faith, and from a sepulchre,
 Evokes the lately latent life, that in
 The cerements of moral death was bound.

The prophet is the world's true conqueror,
 Who founds a monarchy that can outlast
 The gaudy thrones of many dynasties.
 He rules the generations as his own,
 And is the great inheritor of time,
 Whose vast possessions epochs measure out.

All men are instruments. Vocation high
 Awaits on some, called forth to do a work
 They only can accomplish in their day.
 Sometimes by discipline severe and stern,
 That furnace of affliction, in whose fire
 The fine wrought metal of the soul becomes,
 A fitting agency of Providence.
 How men, weak, foolish, and shortsighted men,
 Bewail the wounds adversity inflicts,
 Not knowing that these blessings in disguise,
 Are but the passing means to lasting ends.
 Thus Moses' hand had grasped the shepherd's crook,
 Ere as a prophet he in glory shone,
 The wonder and the terror of a court,
 Whose wisdom filled the ancient world with awe.
 A silken courtier may command the state,
 But from the ruder sheepfold and the plough
 God's messengers are called, when work awaits
 That souls Titanic only can perform;

When nations stricken down deliverance wait,
 Or faiths grown old demand rebirth again.
 A templed priesthood trained the gentle youth,
 But Midian's lonely valleys taught the man,
 Now sage and seer in one vast character,
 Unutterably magnificent, combined.
 A soul sublime, commanding, and alone,
 Whose inspiration's light shines grandly still
 Across the gulph of forty centuries.

A visionary mind! How harshly sounds
 That polished accusation on the ear;
 An idle dreamer dwelling at his ease
 Amidst the cobweb fancies of the brain,
 And weaving there a subtle fantasy,
 That men of practice laugh to utter scorn!
 Yet such a dreamer was the Hebrew seer,
 In whose vast soul futurity revolved,
 And plans were ripened for the age's good.
 He had that inward call, the soul's response
 That master spirits feel, when large demands
 Are made upon their capability;
 And Destiny, unable to proceed,
 Stands still, till Providence shall birth a man.
 With such celestial fire, aflame within,
 No wonder Nature radiantly shone,
 And to the outward eye seemed clothed in light,
 The vesture of divinity to man.
 With such high inspiration welling up,
 Like angel voices from the mystic depths
 Of the creation's fathomless profound,
 Well might pure spirit sounds be audible
 To him, on whom the mighty mission fell,
 Of giving God's commands afresh to men.
 Who brings a message from eternity,
 That bids the ages to a nobler doom,

Has heard it first in solitude and prayer,
 All God-sent revelation is within,
 The possibilities of time are there.
 Creeds, codes, philosophies, and knowledges,
 The plastic forces of humanity,
 That frame the rich inheritance of time,
 Are but the dowry of immortal souls;
 And earth's true epochs all begin and end,
 And would be counted were historians true,
 By the appearance of a man. 'Tis mind
 Not matter, force not circumstance, that marks
 The grandeur of the universe, and God,
 When he would birth an era for mankind,
 Evokes, not many, but the ONE, the true,
 The capable, the great, on whom depends
 The stamp and impress of the coming time,
 The fate of generations then unborn.

To be alone midst countless millions round,
 The world's first man, the God-appointed germ
 Of all the far futurity of time!
 Oh what a destiny is this! how shrinks
 The soul from such a fate, and fain would leave
 The drowsy generations to their doom,
 Nor ever sound the call to rise and wake,
 And see the radiance of a moral morn.
 It must be done! Necessity demands
 The sacrificial incense of a mind,
 Rich, gifted, vast, sublime, prepared to be
 The world's commander in its hour of need.
 There is an urgency in this, a might
 Resistless and divine. The competent!
 Without whose aid the mystery of time
 Would lack solution and significance,
 And be in all its phases manifold,
 The repetition of formality;

Without whose life the total universe,
 Were as a solemn sepulchre for death
 To hold his ghastly revels in; he must
 Come forth, for his obscurity involves
 The failure of those plans that bridge the gulph
 From ages past to the futurity.

The first faint dawn of consciousness in him!
 The light that like the breaking of a morn,
 Wells up within his agitated soul!
 What joy, what awe, what faith, what fear is there!
 Ten thousand lives of common men were nought
 Compared with his. The concentrated woe
 Of all the past; its rank hypocrisy,
 Wrapped round with pompous credences in nought;
 Its strong injustice, laughing right to scorn;
 Its proud contempt, and disregard of worth;
 Its silvery shams and hollow pageantry;
 Outworn respectabilities and lies,
 The scandalous inheritance of sin,
 Each age too profligate for life, bequeaths
 To a successor baser than itself.
 All this in its accumulated strength,
 Must penetrate his soul, whose anguish deep,
 And agony, though inexpressible, ascends
 An angel's wailing orison to God
 For the regeneration of a world.
 And the response that from the whirlwind comes!
 In light flashed out, or thundered to the soul,
 When mental storms prevail, or whispered soft,
 Like angel voices in a vesper hymn,
 That sweetly float upon the evening air,
 It matters not, 'tis terrible to find
 Oneself commissioned from eternity
 To do a work none other dare attempt.
 And this was Moses' doom. The aged seer
 Was called of God — he heard it and obeyed.

The mighty principalities of earth,
 Those worldly potencies the multitude
 Fear, worship, and enthrone, must now be met.
 The hoary strength of ancient monarchy,
 With its prerogatives and regal rights,
 The needs of state, the precedents of law,
 High caste prescriptions, and hierarchial pride
 That long had sanctified the right of might,
 In its infliction of time-honoured wrong,
 Must now be battled with and overthrown.
 From Midian's plains to Pharaoh's court, in faith
 The fearless man proceeds, prepared to meet
 Its magian wisdom and its warrior force.
 One man against the millions of his foes,
 One freeman midst a host of helpless slaves,
 One soul with light to lumine darkness up,
 And guide humanity to better things !

The deeds of heroes make the hopes of earth ;
 Their actions are the carcanet of pearls,
 That richly circle round the brow of Fate,
 And light her lowering features to a smile,
 When one more gem in virtue's radiance set,
 Is added to this coronet of time,
 A bright memento for futurity.

The massive temples like primeval rocks,
 Piled in sublimity to awe mankind,
 The pyramids that fain would cleave the sky,
 The grandeur and the vastitude around,
 All emblems of the proud magnificence
 That dwelt in ancient Egypt as its home,
 Could not subdue that mind, familiar now
 With nobler thoughts and grander purposes,
 Than Misraim's learned hierarchy could teach.
 He had outstripped his masters in the race,
 And reached a goal they only panted for,
 And stood with eighty winters on his brow,

The dauntless champion of an injured race,
 The fearless prophet of a purer faith,
 Than Egypt's priesthood dared declare to man.

'Tis not in tyrants to abate a wrong,
 They hold their own nor let the captive free.
 Injustice dominant perpetuates
 Its old prescriptive rights from age to age,
 And like a vulture feeds upon the heart
 Of universal man. So Pharaoh's court
 Resisted Moses to the uttermost,
 And laughed his milder words to scorn, till plague
 And pestilence, and early death prevailed,
 And from the palace to the cottage reigned,
 In all the dread supremacy of gloom,
 That mourns irreparable loss, and feels
 Amidst disaster's thunderbolts of woe,
 A judgment sent from God. The king relents,
 The courtiers are abashed, the priests despair,
 And midst the wailing of Egyptian homes,
 Whose youth and manhood had been withered up
 Beneath a prophet's curse, a Godhead's frown,
 The Hebrew slaves march forth to liberty.

Success! There is a magic in that word,
 A sorcery in the fact, that long tried souls,
 Whom feverish disappointment and delay
 Have worn through many years of blighted hope,
 Alone can tell. Oh to succeed at last,
 Though midst the winter of declining days,
 When silvery locks have curtained youthful hopes,
 And eyes once bright and piercing as the sun,
 Have sunk deep-shaded to the verge of night,
 There is in this, intensity of joy,
 That gives the weak and trembling step of age,
 The firmness and the buoyancy of youth,
 That steadies once again the wavering hand,
 And lights the glance as with celestial fire,

That long has waited to descend upon
The evening sacrifice, but comes at last
Sublimely terrible in potency,
A heavenly answer to a prophet's prayer.
What words shall speak, what language can describe,
The high emotions of the Hebrew seer,
When thus he saw the bannered host march out
As ranks of freemen from captivity,
And in the distance, lessening to the view,
Beheld the massive pyramids stand up
Against the light, and in their shadow fold
The Titan capital of Pharaoh's land,
Proud Memphis and her courtly citizens.



BOOK II.

EXODUS OR LIBERTY.

THE deed is done, and Israel now is free !
 The old veracities triumphant stand
 Upon the wrecks of tyranny and crime.
 The truth shines out upon the waning clouds
 That Superstition's loom had woven dark,
 A veil to hide the beautiful from sight.
 An epoch has commenced. A faith is birthed.
 The Phoenix has re-risen from her fire,
 And hope, in angel accents, whispers sweet
 Of progress through eternity to man.
 One master-hand has sounded out the knell,
 That tolled an old injustice to its doom,
 While from his lips the trumpet-blast proceeds,
 That calls creation to another birth.
 Humanity is now re-edified,
 And from the chaos of an outworn past,
 A reconstructed world appears to view.
 'Tis ever thus — all time-born things must die.
 The young is always beautiful, the old,
 Although the worshipful, must perish out,
 And leave its spirit as a legacy
 That never fails, eternal in its source.

Commanding spirits born to rule mankind
 Come as the agencies of Providence,
 To tame the moral wilderness, and make
 A paradise where innocence may dwell.
 Some are the swords of God, Abdallahs fierce,

Commissioned to destroy, and ruthlessly
Uproot the world's effete iniquities.
These are the lightning bolts that vengeance hurls,
When hoar corruption has invoked the doom
That justice all divine inflicts at last.
Then creeds, and codes, and monarchies die out,
And earthquake shocks and hurricanes prevail,
And fierce democracy, that mystic flood,
Submerges all the mountains of the world,
Its palaced kings, and templed hierophants,
Its titled grandeur, and its wealthy pride,
To leave a desert where these follies bloomed,
Yet from the deluge's catastrophe,
To rear a habitable home for men.
Destruction has its mission from on high,
And is a mighty messenger, whose voice
Proclaims a deity in words of fear;
At whose fell echo monarchs pale with fright,
And serried armies are discomfited.
But, nobler, grander, more majestic far,
Is fair creation's work. And oh, how great,
That wonder-working soul, on whom the task
Of architecton falls, and who prevails,
From the conflicting elements around,
To frame the beauty of a new born world,
And out of chaos call the forms of truth!
He makes the past preadamite, and stands
Between the living and the dead of time.
Behind him all is wasted, worn, and sere,
Exhausted force, expiring life, the end
And consummation of an age adjudged.
Before him spreads the brightly beautiful,
For, like a sun re-risen on the night,
He casts in glorious plenitude around,
The native radiance of creation's dawn,
And lights the fair futurity to life.

Where is the generosity of courts,
 The lordly magnanimity of caste,
 The love and brotherhood that priesthoods teach,
 When policy and interest forbid
 Their exhibition on the stage of time.
 The prince repents him of his noble deed,
 For Egypt's masters lack their servants now,
 And patriotic accents loudly tell
 How public works, the nation's pride, stand still.
 While venerable priests, in milder tones,
 Severely threaten vengeance from the gods,
 Whose humbler servitors are thus withdrawn.
 Necessity compels, and warrior hosts
 Bring horse and chariot forth, and buckle on
 Their armour for pursuit. Heroic task,
 To slay the helpless multitude, and dye
 Their soldiers' weapons in a woman's blood!
 Alas, that chivalry should ere submit
 To be a state-paid executioner,
 And in the place of honour earn contempt!

There is a terror in the stately march
 And measured tread of armed hosts,
 That tells of discipline invincible;
 For in those serried ranks there dwells a force
 That laughs the might of multitudes to scorn,
 And reaps the harvest of humanity,
 Like yellow corn upon autumnal fields,
 When vengeance thrusts his deadly sickle in,
 Prepared to house his victims in their grave,
 By all the dread machinery of war.
 Oh, who shall speak the horror of that time!
 The sea before and the resistless bands
 Of their infuriate masters in the rear,
 Equipped in all the panoply that gilds
 The gory grandeur of the soldier's trade;
 With sword and spear, with horse and chariot armed,

Advancing in the confidence that gives
 The promise of an easy victory.
 Confusion and dismay, that agony
 Which crushes out all energy of mind,
 And leaves the man a shadow of himself,
 Pervade the camp, where Israel's children weep,
 And ignominiously repent the deed
 That made them free. The serfdom of the soul!
 This is the curse that slavery inflicts,
 The primal blight whence all things mean proceed.
 It stamps the chattledom within, and makes
 The man a thing of marketable worth.

Ingratitude! What master mind of time
 E'er did a deed that was not thus repaid.
 The far futurity alone can know,
 The priceless value of his leadership.
 Its dread necessity, the world's demand,
 The very urgency that calls him forth,
 Imply an incapacity to feel
 The worth of services the ages know.

One man is undismayed, one soul proceeds
 In confidence, commissioned of his God,
 Well knowing that the mountains melt away,
 And seas are dried beneath the glance of faith.
 All things are possible — but not to all —
 To some — to ONE, the one invincible,
 Then present in that camp, where cowards wail,
 And millions are afraid. Salvation comes
 Not from the masses' incapacity.
 To make incompetency competent,
 You want not many manikins, but one
 Vast soul endowed with capability.
 There is vitality in him — the life
 Whence all things grow, by which society,
 Disorganized, revives, and principles
 Are clothed anew. The seer of Sinai such.

The evening shadows lengthen on the plain,
 The mountain tops alone are gilded now,
 And in the west a golden glory glows,
 Midst which the crimson vested sun sinks down,
 A mighty monarch, to his rest. The stars,
 Those radiant gems that deck the brow of eve,
 Spring sparkingly to life. The prospect fades,
 And darkness shrouds the dreary landscape up,
 Which seems dissolving into nothingness,
 Amidst the grand sublimity of gloom.
 Night o'er the desert broods, and folds those hosts
 Within the shadow of her sable wing.
 How marked the contrast which their camps display ;
 Here with the fugitives, a stricken band,
 Is hollow-hearted Fear, that hounds them on
 To fell disaster and defeat. The wail
 Of women, and the groans of men, oppressed
 With an unutterable sense of woe,
 Ascend like pulsing waves of agony,
 That fondly seek the mercy-seat of God,
 Their only strand on which to gently fall ;
 That only home the hopeless ever know.
 While the pursuers, confident and brave,
 With souls prophetic of to-morrow's fray,
 Already sound the shout of victory
 That distant hills re-echo to the blast.
 The clang of arms, the din of multitudes,
 The chariots' roll, the chargers' haughty neigh,
 Like the commotion of a distant storm,
 Come rumbling down the valley to the sea,
 Where, on the shore, expectant Israel wait,
 This overwhelming avalanche of force,
 Their only refuge in Jehovah's might.

All genius is a mental miracle,
 Its works transcend the capability
 Of common minds. It laughs at obstacles,

And in extremity where others fail,
 Achieves full oft its brightest victories.
 The sea before, their enemies behind,
 The mingled multitude are in despair,
 And would have gladly bowed their servile necks
 Unto the yoke of slavery again.
 The task of leadership, that futile souls
 In every age have vainly panted for,
 Is but an onerous duty to the wise,
 Which they discharge, not for the plaudits loud
 Of foolish men, but for posterity,
 And in obedience to the words of God.
 Amidst the clamour of their discontent
 One man remains unmoved. There is a force
 In self-possession cowards never know.
 The saviours of their race have ever been
 The fearless agencies of Providence,
 Who dared to think against authority,
 And act, despite prescriptive right to rule.
 How oft a nation's destiny depends
 Upon the presence of a man—he leads
 To victory, where others find defeat,
 And opes a path impassable to them.
 So Moses' rod prevailed to cleave the sea,
 For he upheld it, in dependance on
 The boundless might of God's omnipotence.

Whence comes that ruddy light which like a morn
 Illumes the ebon sky, and grandly casts
 Its lurid radiance o'er the swarthy host
 Of Egypt's lordly championry, to whose fell souls
 The fiery volume of the pillar's smoke,
 Where threatening lightnings play, a message speaks
 Of vengeance in reserve for those who dare
 Make slaves of men, and into chattels turn
 The images of God. To Israel's sight
 'Twas like an incense offering through the day,

And panted upwards to the cloudless sky,
 As if the clear empyrean were its home,
 By night a lambent flame that points the way
 The captives may escape, who now descry
 An opening path across the mighty deep,
 On which a moonlight radiance seems to sleep,
 Calm, placid, undisturbed, the rays of hope
 Upon Despair's dark sea. 'Tis ever thus;
 The cloud-bank of unmitigated gloom,
 That seems a shapeless mass of darkness piled,
 Becomes arrayed in gorgeous splendour bright,
 A sky-spread banner on the morning breeze,
 Should sunrise pierce its dusky density.
 The worst misfortune in its darkest hue,
 Becomes illumined to the eye of faith,
 And when pervaded by celestial light,
 Can guide our footsteps midst the shades of time,
 And cheer the wanderer on his desert path,
 Despite the potencies that bode him ill.

Thus aided by the pillar's holy light,
 The bondsmen urge their way, and gaze with awe
 Upon the world of waters in retreat.
 Derisive shouts, and military mirth,
 And muttered curses, mingling into one,
 Assail them from the rear, where Pharaoh's host
 With that insanity which tyrants feel
 When the oppressed are breaking from the chain,
 Pursued their flying slaves, who silently
 Now track their slimy path, descending deep
 Into the hollow of the sea, urged on
 By thoughts of armed vengeance in pursuit.
 And as the grey of morning breaks, they stand
 In place of serfs, a nationality,
 The hope of man, the instrument of God,
 In safety on the shore. One moment's pause,
 And like a cataract the waves returned,

And in their surging fury overwhelmed
 The brilliant chivalry that Egypt owned.
 The piercing cries, the shrieks of agony,
 The woful supplications and the groans
 Of men amidst inevitable death;
 The horrid imprecations of despair,
 The dread confusion and the fierce dismay
 Of that fine army in their hour of death,
 Ascended on the elemental storm,
 A sacrificial wail, and mingled with
 The deafening roar of the returning waves,
 That stilled at last this seething blasphemy.
 So Egypt sleeps beneath the briny wave,
 A human holocaust, that Liberty
 In her necessity had asked of God.
 And as the sun in glory rose, his light
 Was cast upon the carcasses of men,
 Whose strength and courage seemed invincible,
 Upon the previous evening when he set.
 Oppressors perish in the sea of time.
 Injustice has no immortality,
 Nor can the shields of countless hosts protect
 Dynastic honours for eternity.
 The throne that rests on might alone is doomed.
 In every evil deed, the tyrant sows
 The seeds of ill, that his posterity
 Will surely reap in the futurity.
 Recording angels at the palace wait,
 And sternly note down each iniquity
 That pride of place and insolence of rank,
 On unprotected weakness may inflict.
 No act of man, or prince or peasant he,
 But brings due retribution in its train,
 Nor crown nor coronet may e'er suffice,
 To purchase an immunity for guilt.
 The proudest monarchies of earth are weighed,

And in that balance placed, whose scales declare
The justice of the Deity to man.

The sea is passed, the desert has been reached,
The most appropriate home for faithful men,
The few and hardy pioneers of time,
Whose gardens blossom in eternity.
Where is the light that luxury has birthed;
The strength indulgence has produced?
The sturdy oak withstands the wintry blast
Because the tempest howled its lullaby.
'Tis by adversity the great are made.
High hopes fulfilled from disappointment spring.
Autumnal harvests are not summer sown.
'Tis not the calm that makes the mariner.
In battle fronts alone are heroes grown.
Who shuns the toil is minus his reward.
Who shrinks from suffering dares not to be great.
Effect is but commensurate with cause,
And mind must not be dwarfed by circumstance,
But rise a victor from the fight, and stand
In Antæan strength, the greater for its fall.

No easy task for chief or people is,
A march from Egypt into Palestine,
And Marah's waters try the faith of both.
Whoso commits himself to leadership,
Should calculate the cost, for discontent
Is serfdom's legacy, that base-bred men
Inherit of their sires, wherewith to vex
Their liberators' souls. Endurance stern
For purpose high implies heroic strength,
That noblest freedom only can produce,
And he who would emancipate a slave,
Must gently suffer his infirmities.
The moral husbandman must toil in faith,
Content for the futurity to reap,
The mighty harvest he has sadly sown.

There are drear times, when all the wells of thought
 Are thoroughly embittered to the taste,
 When poesy in place of revelation high
 From God to man, the pimp of passion seems,
 And with the subtle witchery of art,
 Makes easy language of politest frame,
 The balanced vehicle of thoughts abhorred.
 When deep philosophy, in place of truth,
 Can stoop to utter miserable cant,
 And use veracity's proud hierophant,
 But as the echo of a prejudice
 To please the ear, which ignorance has dulled.
 When the historian is a lettered mime,
 Whose pages place the puppetry of kings
 And pageantry of courts, before the facts
 That make a people's history for time.
 When fashionable fallacies prevail,
 And noisy reputations, like a drum,
 Sound out their windy emptiness,
 To show how well-timed labour can evoke
 Harmonious nothingness from minds,
 Whose notes depend on their vacuity.
 Oh, how refreshing then, some living bough,
 Some grand and pure reality of thought,
 Cast by a Moses midst those slimy pools,
 Corrupting in their putrid rottenness.
 The budding life arrests approaching death,
 And by its sweetness purifies what else
 Had been a source of mental pestilence,
 Destructive to the interests of man.

There is a stern necessity to eat,
 And in the moral wilderness of life,
 The sons of faithful Abraham pine for bread.
 The servitors of rank at least are fed,
 And Egypt's flesh-pots at the service stand
 Of all who help the vicious to be gay,

The titled to be great, for fashion pays
 For every pleasure with a princely hand.
 Who props a throne, to honour rises fast ;
 Who speaks a truth, on penury is fed ;
 Who teaches an accomplishment is rich,
 While wisdom walks the streets in poverty.
 Oh, Lord how long ! Four thousand years have passed,
 And still thy children roam the wilderness,
 And in their tearful bitterness of soul,
 Almost regret they took the path for good.
 Who would instruct mankind in truths unknown
 Is in dishonour held, and bloated priests
 Who build the sepulchres of prophets past,
 Urge on the multitude to stone the man
 Whom their polite successors will applaud.
 The pioneer is martyred in that cause,
 Whose principles the hierarchies of time
 Conserve with jealous care. Earth's Israel thus
 Is ever in the wilderness, and dies
 To make a Canaan for posterity.
 To outward eyes, to Egypt's thought, the wise
 Are ever poor, and genius in distress
 Is but a world old mockery with men.
 Oh, could society prevail to force
 Its prophets into silence or the grave !
 What joy were that, with what intensity
 Of fierce delight and foolish merriment,
 Would Babylon rejoice, did peace but reign
 O'er her iniquities, and no reproof
 Of black corruption sound throughout those halls,
 Where luxury reposes on the spoils
 That rich injustice wrings from poverty.
 It can't be so ; God has provided meat
 Wherewith to feed his prophets in their need,
 And manna drops like morning dew around
 The faithful few, on desert ways encamped.
 There are dry deserts in the path of man,

The barren ages of humanity,
 When hoary hierarchies in honour live,
 Upon the fossilized remains of truth,
 When, all the glorious founts of genius sealed,
 The dull dry lore of pedantry is left,
 And youthful minds are fed on dusty tomes
 Of antiquated wealth from ages past.
 When all originals, a Titan brood, are old,
 And vigorous texts are overlaid with toil,
 That only feeble commentators know,
 When yesterday's authority destroys
 The fresher bloom and beauty of to-day,
 And revelations that were once sublime,
 And clothed the world in a celestial light,
 Now to a cloud-bank of tradition turned,
 Shroud up the bright empyrean with their gloom,
 And make a night of horror for mankind,
 Where Faith's fair forms by Superstition touched,
 Are changed, alas, to spectres horrible!
 Oh, then, to strike the rock, and open up
 A fountain in the wilderness of time!
 This were a prophet's work, that God-sent men,
 The noble few, alone prevail to do.
 Yet in extremity they surely come,
 And with that magic wand, the ready pen,
 Evoke the waters for their brother's need.

Nor thirst, nor hunger, is enough to try
 The stricken children of the friend of God,
 But human foes the Amalek's of time,
 Assault them on their path to Palestine.
 All glorious purposes are thus opposed,
 And Israel's march to liberty implies,
 A victor tread upon the tiger neck
 That despotism owns. Ye mild souled men,
 Who preach perfection on a better plan
 Than Providence adopted in the past,
 Who honeyed words distil on tyrant's deeds,

And whose pure milk of human kindness wells,
 The response of humanity to blood,
 Say, have ye reckoned up the cruel price
 Our slender moiety of freedom cost,
 The stern Aceldamas, our noble sires,
 Have waded through for us their weaker sons;
 The scenes which at the scaffold and the stake,
 They for our good transacted in their day.
 Hush now your infant lullabys to peace,
 For direst work awaits a suffering world,
 That men of iron mind and dauntless will
 Alone may e'er prevail to do — a work
 The ages long have waited for, and seers
 In their rapt hour have dismally foretold,
 In figures where the earthquake holds his place,
 And storm and tempest in a requiem, howl
 The death of earthly potencies, whose dirge
 Is found inscribed on inspiration's page.

So Amalek was sore discomfited,
 Not by the multitude of Israel's host,
 But by an aged seer's uplifted hands!
 Aye, laugh ye sceptics in your shallowness —
 Go ask the oracles of history,
 And from their fact-made response learn this truth,
 That *one* has made a host invincible,
 Which wanting him, had failed of victory.
 What are your Alexanders but the men
 Whose presence weighs the bloody balance down,
 Whom armies follow to a glorious fate,
 That no successor can achieve again.
 Know that the masses are machinery,
 And these the engineers, who wield their might
 For good or ill, for failure or success;
 And that with Moses present in our camp,
 We march to certain conquest of a world,
 While in his absence sure defeat awaits
 The bravest legions that e'er trod the field.

BOOK III.

S I N A I O R L A W .

How marvellous is thought — creative force,
 The might to call for world-forms and they come.
 The noblest birth-right of the master mind,
 That gives him all his grand prerogative
 To rule mankind, by right divine, is there,
 In his sublime capacity to think.
 Behold the vesture which the Ages wear,
 The creeds and codes that organize our race,
 And make society creation's work;
 These all were woven in the loom of thought,
 And patterned by the hand that genius owns.
 A prophet is the prince that epochs know;
 A king whose rights the eras recognize;
 Dynastic chieftains are his puppetry,
 Who but enforce decrees which he has made,
 And in their plenitude of pomp sustain
 The worldly majesty which clothes his soul.
 The Seer of Sinai spoke, and rituals came,
 With rubrics to direct, and priesthoods rose,
 Until his thought grew templed into might,
 And earthly potencies were proud to bear
 The train with which he sweeps the ages through.
 The multitude upon the plain encamp;
 Their chief alone ascends the altitude,
 To hold communion there with God his sire.
 Oh, pure analogy, how beautiful
 And true thy heaven-wrought semblances!

'Tis ever thus, the chilly mountain tops
 Are the forbidden ground of common minds,
 Whose concrete thoughts can find no sustenance
 Where cold abstractions rise to cloudless space,
 And revel in the light of shadeless day.
 The gaunt recesses of the wilderness
 Are thrones, whence hermit inspiration rules
 A world that knows not of its royalty.
 The master seeks his strength in solitude,
 And feels that when alone he is enough.
 The masses organize, and vainly think,
 That from a multiplicity of things
 They can evoke a man—their utmost force
 Prevails to realize what he has thought.
 They can't originate, but execute,
 And are the instruments that mind desires
 To make its grand conceptions facts for time.

High soul-communion with the Infinite!
 Can mortal man, the child of earthly dust
 Attain to this? He can. His father speaks,
 And sweetly whispers to his infant ear,
 The words of consolation that become
 The hope of generations then unborn.
 The gifted are the instruments of God,
 The spokesmen of eternity, whose thoughts
 Reverberate the tones that angels use,
 And bring celestial messages to earth.

Idolatry! this is the primal sin,
 The first and basest crime of fallen man,
 Himself a prince of the eternity,
 Thus stooping needlessly to things of time;
 A faithless child o'ermastered by his fear,
 And taking symbols for realities.
 A bright immortal, with a soul divine,
 Succumbing to the fallacies of earth,
 And using media, while himself the first.

Creation is divine, and all things are
 The manifested energy of God,
 Whose universe, a temple built by him,
 Is sacred in the sight of all his sons;
 Its every grove a sanctified recess,
 Its every mount an altar fair and high,
 With the cerulean as its starry dome,
 And cloud-land for a mystic canopy.
 All nature's voices are an anthem grand,
 And all her odours as an incense rise.
 Her fruits are offerings, and her vesture bright
 Is but the robe she as a priestess wears.
 Then, shall we worship her? We, sons of God,
 Bow down unto our sire's poor servitor!
 We, consecrated priests, our office mar,
 And fail to offer up that highest gift,
 The mind's pure worship of the Deity!
 Man is creation's hierophant, and stands
 In his mysterious relationship,
 The intermediate link between two worlds—
 A bridge from time to the eternity.
 He fills poor Nature's void unconsciousness,
 With all the glorious attributes of mind,
 And by his impress, seals her sanctity.
 Without him she were nought, but with him, all
 That matter can be, in the eye of God.
 It is his presence, as a spirit, here,
 That gives a regal dignity to earth,
 Exalted thus, to be a palaced home,
 For him, the heir of immortality.
 Idolators forget themselves, and sink
 Beneath contempt, by slavery of mind,
 Becoming serfs of things which they should rule,
 With an imperial feeling of command.

How sorrowful the outward fate of him,
 Who dares to be alone, and boldly stands

The champion of a truth, against the force
 Of error, templed in the souls of men.
 He may converse with Deity on high,
 But far below, the multitude abased,
 Delight to grovel in iniquity,
 And in their wild insanity erect
 An altar to the **BEAST**—that idol God
 Who claims the worship of all meaner men.
 The light may shine upon the mountain top
 Of Reason's calm serenity of thought,
 But far beneath the clouds of passion roll,
 And in their shadows fold the erring mass;
 Nor these alone, for while the prophet dwells
 On Sinai's height, his weaker brother kneels
 In lowly worship to the *Golden* calf,
 An emblematic kinsman of the wise.

Oh, Mammon, count the souls thou hast enslaved!

Aye, number up, if it be possible,
 The vast array of fair immortals led,
 A daily holocaust to thy dread shrine.
 What vestal purity hast thou profaned!
 What noble principles brought down to dust!
 What lofty intellects hast thou abased,
 And made the serfs of thy aggrandizement!
 What millions now are harnessed to thy car!
 What thousands crushed beneath its cruel wheels!
 And yet triumphantly it rolls along,
 Amidst the plaudits of a suffering world,
 Whose emperors and hierophants attend,
 In all the pomp and splendour of their place,
 As vested ministers of sacrifice.
 Great **CAPITAL!** thou despot of to-day,
 Whose hierarchy is a vulgarity,
 Devoid alike of lore and sanctity.
 Whose captaincy, without the chivalry
 Of noble birth, is yet a tyranny

That mediæval barons never knew,
 Which wastes the life of childhood at the loom,
 And pales the cheek of beauty in her prime,
 And wears out manhood in a hopeless round
 Of ill-requited never-ending toil.
 A tyranny all stern and terrible,
 That buys and sells humanity at will,
 And with the profit purchases a place
 Amidst the ranks we call respectable!
 Thou greedy monster, anthropophagous
 And vile, how long wilt thou consume our race,
 As but the stuff thy pleasures feed upon,
 While we submit to be thy chatteldom!
 Thou yet shalt drink thy golden calf
 In bitter draughts, when Moses' self descends
 From Sinai's peerless altitude of thought,
 And with the thunders of Omnipotence,
 Compels thee to be merciful to man.

Heroic ages have been dutiful
 In their observance of the stringent code,
 That Inspiration had imposed on them,
 And hence were great. Self-guidance for the few,
 Who know and can obey pure Reason's light.
 These are the leaders of humanity,
 And by their high example help to frame
 The Ages to a nobler destiny.
 The pattern souls, the model minds of time,
 Their aspirations help Perfection's work,
 And build the outlines of futurity.
 Without their faith, religion would expire,
 And be the carcase of idolatry.
 Without their high example to direct,
 Their purer practice to exalt the race,
 It were in very truth impossible
 To found a temple to morality.
 They are the holy priesthood of the world,

And minister to men by noble deeds,
 While offering thought as incense to their God.
 Perennial saints, the Levites of the earth,
 The prophets and the pastors of mankind,
 Not often robed in vestments to the eye,
 But recognized of him whose sons they are.
 To such no law is needful, for they dwell
 In light and liberty apart from ill.
 Not so the weak, who guidance need from them,
 And whose insatiate license merely means,
 The suicidal right that madness claims.

The cycles of eternity see out
 The venerable forms of earthly faith,
 That in their season, like the summer flowers,
 Bud, blossom, fade, and leave their seed behind.
 Mortality is unescapable;
 The time-born needs must die, and in the grave
 Seek resurrection. Or faiths, or men,
 It is the same — mortality is theirs!
 The form decays, the principle survives.
 Man re-arises at the call of God,
 And institutions at the call of man,
 His sire's vicegerent midst the things of earth.
 We speak of infidelity, nor deem
 That faith is like the sun, a God-sent light,
 That clouds of doubt may shade, but can't destroy;
 And whose successive days are epochs vast,
 Whereof tradition scarce preserves a week.

There is the night of faith, the reign of forms,
 When peccant priesthoods build dead prophet's tombs,
 And Pharisees abound, and saints are not.
 And cold Respectability puts on
 Her silken slippers for a walk to church,
 And fain would wrap the martyr's mantle round
 Her icy heart, to warm it into life,
 And stir the spirit from its dread repose.

This is the age when dead machinery
 Is made to do the work of living men,
 And rich societies suppose that they
 Can by a sum of money save the world,
 And buy factitious zeal to carry on
 The missionary work in human souls!
 When apostolic poverty is thought
 A splendid subject for the painter's art!
 And crucifixions are on canvass placed,
 For dilettanti devotees on down,
 To critically gaze upon! An age
 When all the best and wisest of mankind
 Must hold aloof from these formalities,
 That like a canker eat into the heart,
 And quite destroy the soul's capacity
 For dwelling midst the inner life of things.
 A time effete, defunct, entombed, when truth
 Has from the temple to the desert passed,
 And mingled in society, the good,
 In faith and patience wait another dawn,
 A better creed, to claim their fealty.

Say was not Egypt wise and powerful,
 The wealthy heiress of the total past,
 The foremost nation of those ancient days.
 Yet at her heart a foul corruption reigned,
 And in her forms a hollowness prevailed,
 Not Luxor's hoar magnificence and pride,
 Her learned priesthoods and their solemn lore,
 Nor all the polished ease of Pharaoh's court,
 With its unequalled majesty and wealth,
 Could hide from him, the earnest Hebrew youth,
 Who dwelt in mental solitude, amidst
 The gloomy grandeur of those massive piles,
 Where antiquated hierarchies consumed
 The living day in dead formalities,
 And when they had with much ado prepared

A paltry puppet for his petty task,
 Conceived they had educes a man. One such
 They did evoke, despite their fallacies
 One soul survived in strong vitality
 The crushing process which these sages used,
 And from the pressure of Egyptian lore,
 With all its artificiality of thought,
 Emerged so far unscathed, that Midian's air,
 And forty years of solitude, restored
 Him to communion with the living God,
 And to the truth in nature and in man.

When at the lowest ebb, the tidal wave
 Of a decadent faith, begins to flow,
 And in resurgence, mounts pre-eminent
 O'er obstacles once deemed invincible.
 The turning point a human soul — whence light,
 The first-born of creation, flashes forth.

Oh how sublimely insignificant
 Those learned priesthoods deemed that captive youth,
 Whom in their lofty condescension, they
 Led on to an initiation deep,
 In mysteries, that veiled the primal truth
 So well, that nought save genius might discern
 The fair pure pearl, beneath such wrappings;
 The priceless gem was in its setting lost,
 And symbols passed for strong realities,
 And all save one were in a labyrinth,
 Whose devious pathways led to phantasies,
 That were a bitter mockery of thought.
 That one was Moses, Abrahamic child,
 Who, thoughtful boy, a careless courtier seemed.
 And while, with intuition bright and clear,
 He saw esoteric truths, went silently,
 An undistinguished unit, midst the mass
 Of well-bred gentlemen, who dwelt at ease,
 Midst fallacies that paid their fathers well,

And hedged the throne and altar round with fear.
 For Egypt was respectable, and held
 The wisdom of its ancestors to be
 The one sole guide in all affairs of state,
 And the tribunal of veracity.
 Thus holding doubts on points disputable,
 To be the index of a vulgar mind,
 That had not learned obedience in the school,
 Whose articles of faith were wisely deemed
 The ultimatum of sublunar things!

Ah! what a hollowness was oft revealed
 Amidst the studied courtesies of rank;
 What black hypocrisy beneath the robe
 That sacerdotal formsmen loved to wear!
 No wonder Moses' earnest soul grew sick,
 And his belief in ancient verities
 Died out, and left him missionless and void.
 Faith to the nadir sunk, and starless night,
 Wrapped round the brightest spirit of the land,
 To speak whose struggles were impossible,
 Involved in darkness fathomless, profound;
 Engirdled by the fallacies of men,
 Disgusted with the venerable lies,
 That Egypt's priesthood in their policy,
 Of pious conservation, had imposed
 Upon the multitude as doctrines true.
 He, in reaction, passed to wholesale doubt,
 And in his war with human falsity,
 Almost forgot Divine veracity.
 Empiercing, with an eagle's gaze, the shams
 In which the Memphian Pharisees believed,
 He in ineffable disgust forgot
 That shadows have their substances behind,
 And that all being of necessity
 Must stand well founded on reality.
 Alas for him, the able one and true,

Involved in Tophet's horrors, dark and deep,
 The light of Deity died out within
 His struggling soul, smoke-choked with doubt,
 That exhalation from the pit of death,
 Till at the last he seemed to stand alone,
 A Godless consciousness, engirdled by
 That dreadful tomb, the universe, devoid
 Of all internal life, whose empty shows
 Were but an all-embracing lie, that told
 Of better things, with bitter mockery.

Ah, who shall say what young hearts feel, when thus
 The strong foundations of their faith give way,
 And venerable things, that childhood deemed
 Time's fabrics for eternity, dissolve,
 And leave a chaos where creation bloomed!
 There is a terror indescribable,
 When thus the adamant pavements shake
 On which we rested in security,
 And with the yawning gulph of doubt revealed
 A sense of nothingness pervades the mind,
 And all existence seems a saddened blank.
 To see the glorious stars of faith fall down,
 Her moon wax dim, and in his sackcloth clothed,
 The radiant sun of righteousness assume
 Night's blackest hue, Oh, this is terrible!
 Earth's blooming beauty withers from the sight,
 A flower consumed amidst the furnace heat
 Of this dread conflict of the stricken soul.
 While the celestial grandeur that looked down
 Upon the path of infancy and youth,
 And made our pilgrimage a pleasant walk
 Through paradise to God. This too dissolves,
 And like some vision of the beautiful,
 The fancy painted phantomry of faith,
 That mystic scroll, our erring childhood took
 For an indelible reality,

Rolls up, with all its angels, out of sight,
 To leave us blindly groping in the gulph
 Of fathomless despair. The agony
 Of that dread hour is seared into the brain,
 A recollection for eternity,
 That souls in time may know, but cannot speak,
 For all the languages of earth would fail
 To give it utterance to the ear of man.

This is the price Regeneration asks,
 The costly sacrifice by which alone,
 The fireless altar can receive the flame
 Of faith rekindled in the souls of men.
 A precious holocaust of noble minds,
 Who in succession sceptically die,
 And sadly fill the earth with wails of woe,
 And shrieks that make discordant blasphemy,
 Till one prevail to wring a response from
 The hidden life of the eternity,
 And give the Sphynx the answer which she needs.
 This the appointed ever does: he births
 The light, amidst what else were hopeless gloom.
 Himself the sacrifice, he holds a torch,
 That at the altar of his soul was lit,
 To guide the Ages to their destiny.

In Moses' mind, the lore of Egypt failed,
 With all its multiplicity of gods,
 Its deeper doctrines and esoteric truths,
 To keep alive the lamp of faith within;
 His reason wrestled, and his faith succumbed.
 And he had then been left, a starless barque
 Upon a shoreless sea, had one mild light
 Been wanting to his path. A mother's love
 Had gently planted in his budding soul,
 A nobler truth than Egypt's priesthood taught,
 The patriarchal faith, sublimely grand,
 Transcendently divine, in one great Sire,

The God and Father of the total race.
 A seed o'erlaid by learning's lumber long,
 And almost choked by proud philosophy;
 But, indestructible, its roots remained,
 For they were interwoven with his soul.
 And in those hours when Scepticism's night
 O'ershadowed all the mind, and priesthood's forms
 Were felt to be a solemn mockery,
 Amidst this dreary desolation, then
 His childhood's holy hope, so long despised,
 And trodden under foot, revived again,
 And blossomed with its beauty into sight,
 A simple flower, upon a temple's wreck,
 That had survived the tempest and the storm,
 In which the proud magnificence of art
 Had proved a victim to the elements.

Oh, let no mother deem her labour vain!
 The dewy drops that from her lips distil,
 Of holy piety and gentle love,
 Are seeds futurity will surely reap.
 Her impress is the first. No other hand,
 No later force, can e'er erase the stamp
 Her pure affection leaves on infancy.
 She has a mission none may render vain,
 For oft in other days, in after years,
 Midst siren voices, that her purer ear,
 Most reverend dame, has haply never heard,
 A mother's counsels whisper to the soul,
 A still small voice, down in the stilly depths,
 With a redeeming potency that laughs
 The logic of temptation into scorn.
 And when it fails thus far, full oft prevails
 To raise the fallen from those shadowy depths,
 Where else unaided, he were lost for aye.
 No man is hopeless, in whose inner soul
 A mother's image is reflected fair,

For virtue lingers where her words remain,
 Nor will that faith e'er hasten to depart,
 Her pure example and her loving words,
 With matin anthems and with vesper hymns,
 Have planted firm in childhood's simple heart.
 Its spirit lives, though formal creeds expire,
 And where authority, enthroned, is lost,
 And the scholastic pedantry of schools,
 Or the decrees of councils, fail to bind,
 A mother's sweet tuition oft survives,
 The one sheet anchor of the soul, on which
 Its hopes for the eternity depend.

Oh, noblest office of foeminity,
 To be the mother of a God-sent man,
 To rock the cradle of futurity,
 And train those little lips, whose dread commands
 The Ages will obey, to lisp of him
 Whose revelations they will utter forth,
 In all that plenitude of holy might,
 Which sacred seerdom gives! Yet such the hope,
 Sublimely vast, which Hebrew matrons held,
 And which some few were privileged to see
 In part accomplished while they sojourned here.
 One such we know, of Abraham's house, there lived,
 Who nobly cherished in her mother's heart
 A faith imperial matrons never knew,
 And yet who dwelt, in poverty obscure,
 Relying on the promises of God,
 That failed her not, although her cherished son
 Expired in agony unspeakable
 Upon Mount Calvary: that mystic throne,
 From whence the world's true master overcame
 The legioned Cæsars of the Palatine.
 And did that lowly Hebrew wife, who placed
 Her helpless infant on the banks of Nile,
 Intrusting him to God, in that dread hour,

When other aid was impotent to save,
 Believe her nursling was the Ages' man;
 That in that feeble acorn dwelt the oak,
 Whose sturdy branches should o'ertop a throne,
 And cast their shadows down on centuries?
 Or was it but a mother's boundless love,
 That in unconscious faith preserved a life,
 Predestined to supply an era's want?
 It matters not, a mother's office then,
 She in her noble faithfulness discharged,
 And man has blessed maternity in her.

Oh, matron, fail not in thy ministries!
 Should death intrude, and spread his sable wing,
 In dread eclipse upon thy fondest hope,
 Then thou hast been a loving nurse for God.
 And should the life that thou hast doated on,
 Be but preserved to fashion thee in grief,
 And prove one long perversity at last,
 Thy loving labours and thy sacred sighs,
 Thy prayerful vigils and thy trusting faith,
 Shall be acknowledged everlastingly.
 But wherefore rise not to the lofty plane
 Of old maternity of thought, and deem
 Thyself an honoured instrument, perchance,
 To birth a prophet for the Lord. Think not
 The race of Samuels is extinct for time.
 God hath another cycle in reserve
 Of holy men, who shall in love complete
 A cord in THREE-fold strength, wherewith to bind
 Humanity to him. And Hannahs pure
 Will in the temple wait, and ask in faith,
 To be the nurses of his future seers:
 For prophet plants are ever reared upon
 That atmosphere divine, the breath of prayer,
 Ascending from a mother's lips to God.

True genius never to the zenith mounts,
 Or fills its highest mission to mankind,
 Till, in the prophet's holy mantle robed,
 It rolls its glorious edicts forth on time,
 In thunder voices that re-echo down
 The coming centuries, and mingle with
 The halleluiahs of eternity.
 There is a vastness here, that suits the soul
 Whose dwelling is in the infinity,
 And in whose accents mild, yet strong, there sounds
 A wisdom learned from immortality.
 To be the primal leader of an age,
 When ancient forms are weakly dying out,
 And new-birthed thoughts are growing into life;
 To feel the dread responsibility
 Of standing as the helmsman of a race,
 Their guiding spirit to futurity,
 Whose dread commands none e'er will disobey
 Throughout the cycle of the coming time.
 What might can equal this! What force is here!
 The vast capacity to legislate
 For the ulterior destiny of man,
 And with a prophet's words evoke the forms
 Religious aspirations are to take,
 And like an angel messenger inspire
 The budding mind with purity of thought,
 And open up its mystic fountains deep
 Of inward light, and make the path of life
 The earthly portal to eternity.
 No wonder he, who once on Sinai stood,
 And with Jehovah held communion there,
 Throughout some forty days of solitude,
 Should at his fair descent again to men,
 From this dread altitude, have shone with light
 Too bright for mortal eye to look upon,
 Until this splendour hid itself from view,

Behind the veil his mercy deigned to wear.
 The master mind is ever shrouded thus;
 For what are creeds, or codes, or systems vast,
 And principles profound, but media weak,
 Through which his radiance shines upon the mass,
 Who thus in faint diffusion apprehend,
 The lightning brilliancy that genius owns.
 There is a force behind these shadowments,
 The birthing might whence thoughtforms all proceed,
 The spiritual principle of mind,
 That kindly condescends to every age,
 And shapes its molten lava to the needs
 Of progress, in its phases manifold.

Man's faith is the accumulated wealth
 The centuries to their successors leave.
 The grandeur and the glory of the past,
 Its noblest deeds, its purest thoughts, the acts
 And aspirations of its prophet sons,
 Its heroes' lives, its martyrs' deaths, are there,
 Stored in this moral treasury of time.
 All high example legislates, and gives
 The stamp of its authority to good,
 And is fair Virtue's precedent to men.
 All truthful life is one evangel vast,
 Whose records echo to eternity.
 The poet's anthem is the prophet's strain,
 Whose earthly harmonies resound above,
 And gladden angel listeners in the sky,
 While he to whom deep insight wells within,
 Is God and Nature's seer: no priestly forms
 To give him recognition are required,
 His grander ordination is divine.

The service of the temple has embraced
 The great, and good, and wise of every age,
 Whose several gifts were on its altar laid.
 Whose are the anthems we delight to chant?
 Whose aspirations make our litanies?

Whose grand conceptions clothe our walls with thought ?
 Whose compositions in a flood of sound,
 Roll in majestic harmony throughout
 Those sacred structures where we meet to pray ?
 These are the offerings that great souls have made,
 To render worship partially divine :
 They are the clouds of incense sweet and pure,
 From censers which the hand of genius held,
 That lesser minds in admiration caught
 As they ascended upwards to the throne,
 And for the uses of our earth detained.
 And in those sadder times when Faith is nought
 But Superstition in a priestly robe,
 What is the scorn that writhes the beauteous lip
 In horrid blasphemies ? The souls appeal
 To God against the shams that do him shame.
 What is that conflict, where young Genius stands
 The foremost in the fray, and fiercely smites
 The venerable credences of Time ?
 It is the war of truth and error that,
 And his, the zeal of an iconoclast,
 That will not see dishonour done to him,
 Whose spirit is a living presence here.
 To build or to destroy, commissioned come
 These master-spirits of our destiny,
 Each in his time accomplishing the work
 His heavenly Father hath appointed him.
 So Israel's faith a victor stands at last,
 The desert born defying Egypt's lore ; -
 The rudely-reared transcending learning's light,
 And teaching, in its plentitude of strength,
 The deepest doctrines of the Nile to all.
 The slave upon his master's shoulder stands,
 And holds a lamp to the futurity,
 That Misraim's priesthood would have buried in
 The catacombs, and tombed in gloom beneath
 The dark foundations of the pyramids.

How vast the soul that could accomplish this,
 That burst the cerements of ages through,
 And brought a living faith to life again.
 That, reared in Memphis, dared defy her priests,
 And, 'neath the shadow of Osiris, sound
 The trumpet of a resurrection's morn.
 Let Zion's light, expanding o'er the earth,
 Proclaim his worth—we owe its rays to him.

It must be thus. The products of the past,
 Though great and good for service in their day,
 Become at length the lumber of the world.
 There's no exemption from decay in time,
 Whose principle is mutability.
 The autumn leaves, when sere and dead, must fall,
 That in their place, the spring tide, beautiful,
 May cast its glory on a freshened earth.
 As still the seasons in their circuit run,
 The husbandman must sow the fitting seed,
 That bounteous harvests may await the world.
 This Moses did, and we the fruits enjoy.
 He led mankind from bondage, when he passed
 The waters of the sea, and left behind
 The grandeur and the gloom of Egypt's might,
 As the tradition of an age defunct.
 A mighty architecton was the seer,
 Whose path we follow with a reverent tread,
 Like pilgrim wanderer to some holy shrine,
 That living virtue consecrated once.

How unbelievable that ancient tale
 Of Korah and his host, all swallowed up
 Of earth, consumed of fire, but at the word
 A lordly prophet uttered in his ire.
 Oh, foolish infidel, hast thou not seen
 God's earth, the people, grandly open up,
 And in commotion swallow princes down!
 And are there not some Moses still, whose words
 Evoke a fire beneath the feet of kings,

In which their royalty expires in flame?
 With Israel halting on the march between
 The olden Egypt of their servitude,
 And that bright land where Abraham's blessing rests,
 These desert miracles must oft occur,
 Though retroverted eyes, that only see
 The dim reflection of a mighty past,
 Be sadly blind to their significance.

There are some spirits from the vasty deep
 Of the eternity, commissioned minds,
 Who come to stay the Ages' agony.
 They are a response to the prayers of men,
 Who in extremity have called on God,
 And by an invocation strong have asked
 A fitting leader in adversity.
 The long accumulated wrongs of time,
 Its proud and legalized iniquities,
 Whose repetition makes a precedent,
 And renders vice and crime respectable:
 These are the spells that call a Moses forth,
 And with him bring the lightning's vengeance down
 Upon a world adjudged of Deity.
 With truth enslaved, and error on the throne,
 With law not justice seated on the bench,
 With spirit dead and forms predominant,
 With masses vicious and with rulers weak,
 Dilapidation would proceed apace,
 And chaos supervene, were some one man,
 The competent, not sent to edify,
 And save a sinking world from suicide.
 He ever comes, the God-appointed one,
 For, as the cycles mightily revolve,
 They strike his hour, and morning radiance dawns.

The vista of the past, who can look down
 And fathom all its many centuries.
 What mighty memories yet linger on,
 Traditionally vague of other days!

What nameless shapes of heroes pass along,
 On the horizon's verge of ages old,
 As if in mockery of human pride!
 We know who built the pyramids! What then,
 Who built their architects? Whence came their lore,
 The spirit of that time, whose clothing was
 The hundred-gated Thebes, the shrines of On,
 The Memphian majesty that Egypt loved?
 Who reared the dread theocracies of old,
 In their decrepitude when Moses wept
 An infant midst the rushes of the Nile?
 Humanity is all a mystic growth;
 Its institutions in succession rise,
 And are derivative, the ripened fruits
 That hang upon that mystic tree of fate,
 Whose roots descend to the eternity,
 Whose branches sweep the far futurity.
 And faith is the summation of our past,
 A growth of soul, a spirit work divine,
 Of prophet martyrs in those days of old,
 Now to oblivion gone with mortal men,
 But treasured in remembrance of God,
 Whose eye surveys the ages as they roll,
 And notes the travail of his holy sons.
 Know, mortal, that proud Destiny derides
 Thy dream of fame, as from her throne she looks
 On countless reputations lost to us,
 Within that gulph, whose drops are centuries!
 But duty never dies; its spirit is
 A living principle, that vivifies
 The simplest act, which once performed, survives
 A witness sure for immortality.
 Think not that aught is lost. No deed nor thought
 Can perish utterly. Then forth to work,
 And clothe thyself with glory, not for time,
 But for the highest eternity beyond.

BOOK IV.

PISGAH OR FUTURITY.

WHAT goodly company is this, that dawn,
 Now mildly mantling in the eastern sky,
 Finds all assembled on a mountain height,
 Midst Moab's lofty hills? There is a king,
 Of port commanding, and of stature tall,
 With eye, whose glance might bring an eagle down,
 Whose frown was terrible, and on whose brow,
 High intellect and native faculty
 Of stern command, sat throned — in truth a king,
 One of the olden times, when silken shams
 And polished puppets ne'er prevailed to rule.
 The light of morn on his high helmet danced,
 Adown whose brightness spread a sable plume,
 Like thunder o'er the sun. His shoulders broad
 A purple mantle bore; his stalwart form
 Was clothed in armour that no lance might pierce.
 A band of nobles girdled him around,
 Whose graceful youth and manhood proud, had met,
 To do their prince's prophet honour there,
 Who in his flowing vesture white, stood forth,
 A great high priest of Baal, a hierophant,
 That no iconoclast could really hate,
 So much the sage was mingled with the seer.
 A golden fillet bound those snowy locks,
 That once in richly curled luxuriance waved
 Around a brow where genius grandly dwelt,

And on whose marble altitude the maids
 Of Midian once had fondly gazed in love,
 Where now their fair successors looked in awe.
 Time had but tempered, not extinguished light,
 In those deep eyes, whose mystic radiance beamed,
 Like glory shadowed by a summer cloud,
 Until the spirit moved his deeper soul,
 When lightnings played that few dared look upon.
 His face, of high Caucasian mould, was framed
 By lofty thought and years of solitude,
 In deep communion spent with Nature's lore,
 Into the semblance artists love to trace,
 When they would give some mighty god a shape,
 And show to modern men the countenance
 Of Phydian Jove of old. His reverend beard
 Was white with winter's sanctity of age,
 And as it flowed upon the mountain wind,
 Swept o'er his girdle, where those signs were placed
 That hoar astrology has left to us—
 A zone and zodiac fashioned into one.

Attendant priests, in order fair, had laid
 The sacred seven of the ancient world
 Upon surrounding altars, whence the smoke
 And savour of this kingly sacrifice
 Ascended clearly in the morning sky,
 To greet the rising lord of day, who now,
 Emerging from the far horizon's verge,
 Cast forth his matin glory on the scene
 Where royalty, and rank, and intellect,
 The choicest ministry that Moab held,
 Had all devoutly waited till their god
 Should leave the fair Aurora's golden couch.
 The green clad vales slept sweetly underneath,
 Enveloped in their silvery shroud of mist,
 And in the distance spread that desert wide,
 Whose arid plains extend to Araby.

The seer's uplifted hands announce that he
 With silent invocation has prevailed,
 And that the tide of inspiration flows,
 In stormy volumes, through his troubled soul,
 Where thoughts divine for fitting utterance plead,
 And on the instant, king and nobles bow,
 In lowly reverence to the spirit there,
 On whose dread fiat thrones of might repose,
 And at whose stern behest proud nations die.
 But ere his deep-toned accents issue forth,
 The morning breeze sweeps gently o'er the plain,
 And rolls its wreaths of floating drapery
 From off the camp where Israel's hosts repose,
 Whose tented multitude is thus disclosed,
 To greet the mighty prophet's holy gaze.
 Oh, to have seen the flash of that bright eye,
 Dilating with a superhuman thought,
 That pierced the coming centuries, and looked
 Beyond the near millenniums into time!
 The old man's form lost its decrepitude,
 And grew pre-eminent, as in his youth,
 Uptowering to a level with the king.
 That outstretched arm knows nought of feebleness,
 And as his high Arabian blood mounts up,
 And mantles on his cheek, the keenest glance
 Could scarce detect senility was there.
 What breathless expectation and what awe,
 Pervaded then the courtly listeners round,
 Who in their agony of still suspense,
 Could hear each palpitation of the heart,
 And feel each pulse beat strong within the brain!
 A long pent pause—a wrestle as of death—
 A sigh, almost a groan—and utterance came,
 With prophecies of the futurity,
 At which proud Balak, and his company
 Of warrior nobles, shuddered as they heard.

No blessing for the prince who paid the price
 Of that great sacrifice, had Balaam then,
 Who in the place of cursing doubly blessed
 The sons of Israel on their daring march,
 Foretelling victories that kings should feel,
 And potentates lament in ages thence,
 With glory limitless for Jacob's Star—
 A sceptre for this sceptreless, a crown
 Unfading for the Lion King of Time.

A faithful seer, that hierophant of Baal,
 Whom gold could not corrupt, nor silver turn
 From out the path of truth. No courtly priest,
 Diluting messages from God to suit
 The pampered ear that princes own, was he,
 But one who as the spirit taught, or good or ill,
 Gave utterance fair, regardless of reward.
 A heathen prophet, who might shame the best
 Our later hierarchies have e'er produced.

What need to point the moral of this tale :
 The lordly priests of royalty ascend
 The mountain tops of patronage, to curse
 The lowly Israel of democracy.
 And as in greediness, they still consume
 Those goodly offerings which the throne supplies,
 They sing *Te Deums* for the cause of kings.
 Oh, foolish tyranny! how blind thou art,
 To take thy council from these charlatans,
 And deem their lawn the label wisdom wears!
 Dost think that learned blasphemies can change
 The stern decrees Omnipotence has framed,
 Or that the savour of pluralities,
 Ascends a grateful offering to the throne
 On which a God of justice sits supreme,
 Whose mercy is for lambs, and not the wolves
 Who raven them? Learn wisdom from the past;
 Think not the race of courtly parasites

Is yet extinct, where now the cross prevails.
 The hireling prophet of a foolish king,
 That *ignis fatuus* which corruption breeds,
 Is the perennial product of a court,
 Whose spells evoke these foul monstrosities,
 That, preaching peace, still bless the means of war,
 And while loud lauding poverty, acquire
 A wondrous superfluity of wealth,
 And from baronial palaces describe,
 In proud humility, that makes us smile,
 The goodly virtue of a humble mind!
 Oh, Lord, how long shall Pharisees abound,
 And, in their high Sanhedrims, have the might
 Of Cæsar, to destroy the just and good?
 While thy Elijahs are by ravens fed,
 The priests of Baal in plenitude repose
 Beneath the shadow of protecting power,
 That sanctions thus their sere idolatry.
 Be patient, Israel, and await that time,
 When, in the councils of Omniscience, we
 Shall enter on our heritage, and find
 The trans-Jordanic provinces our own.

Is seerdom vain? are prophets possible?
 Who now can legislate and be obeyed?
 Or at whose call would priesthoods spring to life?
 Who now can vivify a faith defunct?
 How mythical they seem, those heroes old,
 Who founded creeds and built up politics—
 The moral architects of ages gone!
 Promethean souls who had celestial fire
 Wherewith to animate the things of clay,
 That pass for men in time's senility.
 Who now in lowly expectation waits
 The advent of such mighty messengers?
 Our faith in manhood is at last extinct,
 Our hope is in resources matter yields,

And when we would invoke a God, we call
 On the Plutonian realms to yield him up;
 And find divinity enough in gold,
 To satisfy our warmest sympathies.
 The force of mind, the power of thought, the might
 And majesty that girdle genius round,
 As with an atmosphere of heavenly light,
 And make its words the thunderbolts of God,
 Are rank incredibilities, unfit
 For aught except the pulpit or the stage!
 The miracle is unbelievable,
 And the experience of the total past
 Is left to slumber in the tomb of time,
 While modern fact adorns its sepulchre.

Is there sufficient might to birth the new,
 Whene'er the old sinks in desuetude?
 Is prophecy an ordinance divine?
 Shall priesthoods rule in perpetuity?
 Are hierarchies a tyranny of earth,
 Or dignified offshadowments of things,
 That angels recognize? Know that the world
 Has been from the beginning blessed by feet,
 That made each wilderness a holy place.
 That God and Nature never are devoid
 Of spirits sanctified to sing their praise,
 And that when temples hewn by hands are filled
 With solemn mockery and empty show,
 There is a nobler altar 'neath the sky,
 Whose spangled dome looks down upon the men
 Who offer there a purer sacrifice.
 Truth never yet lacked witnesses to list
 Her sacred oracles in time of need,
 And, having heard, to speak them boldly forth.
 Shall the Sanhedrim fail? then Galilee
 Will send its simple peasants forth, to preach
 A grander doctrine than the Synagogue,

With its traditionary lore, had e'er
 Announced for the salvation of a world.
 And when at length, in her senility,
 Old Rome succumbed to dead formalities,
 And clothed her light with Buddhist puppetry,
 While making market of the souls of men,
 A German almsman sounds her knell of doom.
 The judgment-trumpet may repose awhile,
 And justice slumber though ill deeds be done.
 The majesty of truth may long be veiled,
 And inspirations brightness clouded o'er,
 But ever in reserve, unseen of men,
 There is the might to punish and remove.
 At God's right hand the thunderbolts lie piled,
 Which, launched on error, crumble it to dust.
 Men talk of deluges; the waters are
 Beneath their feet; the masses are the sea,
 Which, stirred to tempest by the breath of words,
 Can wreck the argosies which ages spared,
 And in their whirlpools wide engulf the forms
 Which floated in security on them.

There have been hierophants since time was young,
 And shall be to the end, for priesthoods are
 A temporal necessity to man,
 An ordinance divine of God our sire.
 What are the men who nobly minister
 Philosophy and literature to us?
 They are a holy hierarchy of thought,
 Midst whom, high priests, the chosen few are found,
 Who have beheld unscathed Shekinah's light,
 And held high converse with the cherubim.
 Their wand of office is that living pen,
 Which in the glowing hand of genius buds
 And blossoms into beauty for all time.
 What are pure thoughts? the almond bloom of mind,
 Outspringing from this rod, and in the ark,

The golden ark of literature preserved,
 To keep alive in generations hence,
 The faith that God once visited their sires,
 And made a priest amidst the wilderness.

A living truth is ever birthed among
 The dreary deserts of our social life.
 No velvet mantled prophet may prevail,
 To lay the vast foundations of the new;
 The rugged vigour of a long-tried soul
 May e'er accomplish this; all else must fail,
 For lightning words are framed in agony;
 The thunderbolt that fells time-honoured things,
 Is ever missioned to a sufferer's hand;
 Some victim ever bears the torch which lights
 The aged Phœnix to her fiery doom.
 The judgment sentence of the Past is said,
 Not by authority enthroned in might,
 But by the groans of weakness in distress.
 What are the gifts of opulence to men?
 How sound its voices in the ear of time?
 The elegant inanities of wealth,
 The pompous mediocrity of rank,
 The precedented littleness of thought,
 That learning in endowment dares to speak,
 Have these salvation in their emptiness?
 Can tinkling cymbals energize the soul,
 Or life be fashioned by machinery?
 The instruments of God have ever been
 Despised and trodden under foot of men,
 Who failed to recognize the majesty,
 Unheralded, unpalaced, and unthroned,
 Uncrowned except by intellectual light,
 Predestined yet to shape an era's doom.

Who may prevail to pen it worthily,
 The sad biography of prophet souls,
 And in this dread evangel number up

The sinning world's rejected sanctities?
 What were the men whose tombs the Pharisees,
 In every age, have so devoutly built?
 Go ask the pilgrim of the East or West,
 And he will speak of humble poverty,
 Of destitution and distress, of scorn,
 And persecution, and neglect, as food
 Which framed the prophet for eternity,
 And shaped his spirit for a seraph's doom.
 God's evocations are a mystery;
 His swords are tempered in a furnace fire,
 That would consume all else. His chosen Son
 Was in a manger laid, and died on Calvary.
 He purges with affliction, and provides
 His choicest instruments through direst woe.
 Let none desire a prophet's destiny,
 Or ask so high a mission of his sire,
 Unless prepared unto the uttermost.
 All exaltation is admeasured by
 The depth whence it rebounds. No dignity
 Is purchased in the hierarchy of God,
 But by the preparation it involves.
 No master spirit is an accident;
 The capable is ever of design,
 And has been fashioned into precedence,
 By means that minor beings could not bear.
 Who shall sum up the toil and suffering vast,
 By which the temple of our faith was built
 Into the fair proportions we behold?
 What aspirations of the pure and good
 Have lent their aid to make it beautiful?
 In sorest travail of all gifted minds,
 Were its foundations laid. Its choicest blocks
 Are mighty masses from the mountains riven
 Amidst old Titan conflicts for the truth,
 And by the toil of genius grandly shaped

Into the majesty of mould they wear.
 Its walls, cemented by the martyr's blood,
 Bear constant record of the tyranny
 That tried, and of the worth that triumphed there.
 While pure evangels are the lofty domes,
 That nobly arch its fair proportions in,
 With glorious prophecies for pinnacles,
 That in their holy altitude ascend
 The sky, and pierce the far futurity,
 To crown this lordly edifice of God,
 With all the high sublimity of art.

Not for themselves do prophets teach mankind.
 The brighter day whose dawn they introduce
 They seldom live to see. Futurity
 Provides a home for them. Their better land
 Is inaccessible except by death;
 And after toiling in the wilderness,
 They from some mountain top behold afar,
 The land long promised to their sires, and die.
 The prophet's paradise is all before;
 He ever looks upon the present as a bridge
 Between two mystic vastitudes of thought—
 A thorny path for pilgrim souls to tread,
 And do their duty in. He pleasure leaves
 To other minds, less rich in spirit gifts;
 For him the lightning insight is enough,
 Whose flashing radiance can reveal the truth,
 That souls divine alone prevail to know.

The fervent heat of the intenser day was o'er,
 The sun like lover hastening to his tryst,
 As if in haste to meet the distant hills,
 Had slanted westwards o'er the wide spread camp,
 And cast his golden glow upon the plain,
 That erst was white with canvass tented life.
 The holy calm of evening spread around,
 And to its solemn stillness framed the souls

Of that vast multitude of wandering men,
 Who now in awed suspense awaited there
 The final benison of him, their chief,
 The prophet pilot of the wilderness.
 The cloud rose high, that o'er the temple curled
 Its spiral volumes of ascending light,
 And Israel's warrior host knew well that there
 A scene of mighty mystery was done,
 The soul-communion of a child of clay
 With God, his sire. The curtains folded back,
 And slowly thence emerging into view,
 A venerable form appeared, that age
 And dignity combined to grace. A veil,
 Through which a radiance shone, as of the moon
 Behind a silvery cloud, fell o'er his face,
 And mildly shaded down the brightness there,
 No mortal eye might dare to look upon.
 His step was firm; his stately presence high,
 Erect, commanding, all unbowed by years,
 Had lost no trace of its magnificence,
 But spoke the warrior lord of other days,
 Who, though with six score winters on his brow,
 Still showed the martial bearing of his youth.

A band of heroes, desert-born and brave,
 The hardy children of the wilderness,
 Upon whose features freedom's seal was set,
 And where innate nobility of soul,
 Had well replaced ignoble serfdom's stamp,
 Received him under arms. His eye of fire
 Swept proudly o'er that mighty armament,
 And with the glance of practised strategy,
 Summed up the force embodied there; the sheen
 Of full six hundred thousand lances flashed
 A stately forest in the evening sun,
 Whose rays reflected back from argent shields,
 And bucklers bright, a dazzling glory cast

Around the ranks of Israel's chivalry.
 How grandly then the mounting pulses beat
 Within that aged frame. Oh, veteran heart,
 Long tried and worn, thy crowning day hath come!
 The slave-born fathers in the grave are laid,
 The coward serfs, who fled before the face
 Of Canaan's armies in the hour of fight,
 And left the field by fear discomfited,
 Have died amidst the sands of Araby,
 And these their proud successors now remain,
 Who know no master but thyself and God.
 Behold a nation re-created there,
 The fell depravities of slavery,
 Replaced by all the greatness freedom knows.
 Thy studious youth, its midnight vigils
 And its matin tasks, thy manhood's toils,
 The woes of exile long and bravely borne,
 The agony of prophetship, the pangs
 Each act of base ingratitude, from those
 He would exalt from brutes to men, inflicts
 Upon their great deliverer's soul, are now
 A thousand times repaid. The work is done,
 Thy boyhood's dream is grandly realized.
 Upraise those holy hands, pour forth again
 The tide of prophecy, whose echoes clear
 Shall rouse millenniums into thought,
 And stir high aspirations into life,
 Amidst those generations who shall see
 The greater glory of another dawn,
 And list to thunders louder than thine own.
 The strong foundations have been laid
 On which the tectons of futurity
 Shall all securely build, till temples rise,
 Whose shadows will embrace the world,
 And he, the architecton come, to crown
 Thy life-long toil with an authority

Quite everlasting and divine. 'Tis done ;
 And now to Pisgah as a throne ascend,
 From whence to contemplate the heritage
 Thy labours have secured for these thy sons.

Not fearing but in joy, upstrode the seer,
 Ascending Nebo's steepy height with feet
 That oft had climbed the mountain altitudes
 From Midian's vales, when in their solitudes
 Adust and drear, he fed old Jethro's flocks,
 But once he turned ; 'twas when the sun had set ;
 And ere the moon arose, dim shadows slept
 Upon the dusky plain, where still that host,
 In hushed and reverend stillness watched his path
 Upon the far ascent ; he fondly turned,
 And cast a lingering look upon that band,
 Who were the children of his martyrdom,
 And in the act of blessing lifted up
 The denser veil that long had shrouded o'er
 The glorious impress of divinity,
 That dwelt in brightness on his holy face.
 As living lightning from the midnight cloud
 Illumes the dome of darkness overhead,
 Restoring earth to visibility,
 So grandly flashed that mystic radiance forth
 Adown the slope, and then across the plain,
 And glancing there on spear and helm lit up,
 That sea of arms, as with the light of heaven.
 The solemn stillness for a moment reigned,
 And then a deafening shout re-echoing round,
 Ascended up one mighty wave of sound,
 That breaking on the mountain's lofty side,
 Foamed up, a voice from the futurity,
 A mighty earnest of the gratitude
 Wherewith the Ages would repeat his name.
 Once more he blessed that soldier host, who saw
 His reverend form stand out in bold relief .

Upon the distant promontory's brow,
 Effulgent with a light derived from God,
 His very vesture shining with a ray,
 That sunshine never cast, transfigured then,
 As once again in colloquy with him,
 Who came to temper Sinai's thunders down,
 With whispered pardon from a God of love,
 And lumine up its clouds of legal gloom,
 With the benignity of Mercy's smile.
 As beacon lights no longer fed die out,
 Their bright effulgence fading into nought;
 As altar flames upon some lofty Tor,
 Expire in darkness when the priest descends,
 So with that mighty act of blessing o'er,
 All slowly waning into tenfold gloom,
 That holy halo bound its glory up
 In sable vestments borrowed of the night;
 And Israel's ardent gaze was lost upon
 The mighty grandeur and obscurity
 Of mountain masses looming through the shade
 Of Asian eve, serenely beautiful.

Alone with God, his lifelong labour o'er,
 His arduous battle won, the seer ascends
 The solitary peak of Pisgah's mount,
 To gaze with sunrise o'er the western vales,
 Where mighty Jordan's sacred waters flow
 Along the border lands of Palestine.
 Alone, yet girdled by the cherubim,
 That mountain's lofty summit was a throne,
 Whence he, hoar monarch of futurity,
 Beheld the coming centuries sweep by
 To their predestined doom; a tragic train,
 Each with his coronet of great events
 Upon his brow, and all sublimely clad
 In those high principles of holy faith,
 That, as a vesture fashioned for the soul,

A mantle woven in the loom of thought,
 A mighty heritage for universal man,
 Has well descended down through time to us.
 And as the dread procession swept along
 In awful majesty, his glance summed up
 The signs of destiny, inscribed in light,
 Upon the crown each solemn sovereign wore.
 And thus, through triumph and captivity,
 He saw that moral dawn, Shekinah's light,
 Displacing base idolatry from earth,
 And framing men for that millennial day,
 When Calvary shall be the only throne,
 The Prince of Peace, the only king of men.
 The far-provisioned glory of that day,
 Seen prophet-wise with the interior eye,
 Seemed mingling strangely with that radiance fair,
 Which mantling in the East, lit up to view
 The verdant pastures and the leafy groves
 Of ancient Palestine. That glorious sight,
 The present earnest of futurity,
 Was all too much for him, the aged seer,
 Who thus, as man and prophet doubly blessed,
 Poured forth his rapturous gratitude to God,
 And in that ecstasy of joy expired.

The lonely exit of a holy saint!

Oh, earth, thou oft hast witnessd this,
 Unknowing of the mystery divine,
 And caring nought for Moses' looking out
 From Pisgah's lofty top, upon the plain
 Of God's long promised heritage to him.
 From wayside cottages, from pauper's huts,
 From palaced splendour, dying at its ease,
 From out the thunder of the battle's strife,
 From midst the filth and blasphemy of towns,
 And from the calm of rural scenery,
 The holy quietude of hermit life,

In stilly meditation numbering up
 The many mercies of a loving God,
 Pure, precious souls, the faithful and the true,
 O'erlaboured, desert-worn, and old, like him,
 The hero of the wilderness, have passed
 From out their earthly pilgrimage and woe,
 To meet their Sire in the celestial realms,
 Ascending with his angel messengers
 To herald their approach, and seraph bands
 To welcome their return. Oh, mortal man,
 Judge not by outward circumstance of rank,
 Attained to in the hierarchy of God!
 Not every prophet leads his Israel forth;
 'Tis not for all that lightning chariots wait;
 The most are in the miry dungeon placed,
 Or in the tyrant's fiery furnace cast,
 Or to the hungry lions thrown, for Time,
 That Moloch of antiquity, will have
 His costly sacrifice ere he succumb,
 And yield his error to the cause of truth.
 The manner of departure matters not,
 So that we but complete our earthly task,
 And say in that dread hour, when other hopes
 Are vain, "Thy work is done; 'tis finished now,"
 Though with a cry, strong as the shriek which pierced
 The loving ears that were on Calvary;
 It still is well, for sense of duty cleaves
 The high empyrean with an eagle's wing,
 And bears the soul above the pains of earth,
 Into the mansions of the doubly blessed,
 Like warrior coming from the battle back,
 With wounds forgotten in his victory.

Man lives from sire to son, in sequence vast,
 And sees successive ages to their doom,
 O'er which Humanity as victor smiles
 In its collective might, that laughs at death,

Whose potency is limited to men,
 The changing parts of an enduring whole,
 But fails the universal to subdue.
 All time-born forms are of mortality,
 Not only men, but empires, systems, creeds,
 Whose venerable shapes, are summer leaves,
 That in their season bud, expand, and die.
 But, in the heart of the eternity,
 There dwells a living faith that can't expire,
 A spirit welling from the Deity,
 And lighting up the protean shades of earth,
 With fadeless glory from the throne of God.
 This is the fount whence prophets are derived,
 Whose noblest words but faintest echo give
 Of the tuitions which they thence receive.
 High souls are its appointed messengers,
 And feebly utter forth in whispers faint,
 Those inspirations of the angel faith,
 That grandly sounding forth in time, become
 Those Sinai thunders which the Ages list,
 Whose vast reverberations shake the world,
 Appalling priesthoods with the sound of change,
 And leading princes to the sea of death,
 But wakening nations to a new-born life,
 Amidst the moral mornings mercy births.

Resources inexhaustible remain ;

The past was great, but the futurity
 Far greater looms in promises of light,
 Commensurate with the necessities
 Of man's ulterior destiny in time.
 Think ye that prophet possibilities,
 With all the vastitude of thought and act
 Which they imply, are unproducible,
 Amidst the forces of these latter days.
 This were the sentiment of little minds,
 That in their conscious insignificance succumb

Beneath the pressure of collective might,
 And basely fear the city's multitude,
 Or the authority of learned men,
 Whose college lore, an echo of the past,
 Like that of Egypt in the olden time,
 O'erawes the world with its antiquity.
 Where had been Israel's creed and Sinai's code,
 Had all been prostrate thus in days of old,
 Before the might of mind that Misraim owned?
 But for defiance of authority,
 That claimed allegiance and respect of men,
 And had possessed it for millenniums gone,
 How had that day-spring dawned we now enjoy?

'Tis well the masses to their leaders bow,
 And at the best transfer their fealty.
 But there are spirits Providence evokes
 For the renewal of a world effete,
 Whose fiery words are thunderbolts of wrath,
 Whose dread commands the Ages execute,
 And at whose bidding credences arise,
 That laugh the rolling centuries to nought.
 And these the far futurity will see
 Arise in sequence as requirements come,
 And if the Ages to a stature grow,
 That might o'erawe the weak, then Titan moulds,
 The giant forms of mind, will yet be birthed,
 And grow into the prophet souls, whose thoughts
 Will have a magnitude, whose words a might,
 Compellent of submission to the truths
 Whereof they are the God-sent oracles.
 The glorious chieftains of futurity,
 Whose mighty messages, that trumpet-blast,
 The Press, will grandly utter forth to men,
 Whose glowing thoughts on fire-winged chariots borne,
 Will fly with lightning speed to every land;
 Shall these dread mundane spirits sink beneath,

And die oppressed by opportunity?
 Shall inspirations all unuttered fail,
 When angel tongues await to echo them?
 Shall man be dwarfed in his maturity,
 And quail beneath the greatness of a task,
 His early childhood in its bravery,
 Attempted oft? What cowardice were that,
 To fear the issue of an enterprise,
 With all the capabilities of time,
 To aid in the attempt?

It must be done ;

The world in agony awaits her man,
 And with her million voices framed of woe,
 As with a mighty evocation, calls
 On God to send her great deliverer forth.
 He must be birthed, the prophet yet to come,
 Who shall complete the threefold cord of thought,
 The long provisioned of the total past,
 The one devoutly waited for of all,
 Howe'er their creeds pronounce his mystic name,
 Without whose presence all humanity
 Were bound in death, with earth its sepulchre.
 He must appear, for suffering fashions him,
 And the accumulated guilt of time,
 Its hoar iniquities and fallacies,
 Its stern injustice strong in precedent,
 Its sins that custom makes respectable,
 Its all too palpable hypocrisy,
 That clothes rank nudity in rottenness,
 Its many profanations horrible,
 That have defiled each temple's sanctity.
 These are an invocation terrible;
 A spell to which Omnipotence will list,
 And in its own good hour hurl forth the man,
 Who, as a moral thunderbolt, will fall
 On thrones and principalities and powers.

He must come forth, aye, of necessity.
 Can multiplied respectability,
 Or thrice trained mediocrity, supply
 The urgent wants of empty souls, or fill
 The void abhorrent of a baseless faith,
 Whose forms have eaten its vitality?
 Is there salvation from the doubly dead,
 Or hope amidst the chambers of despair?
 Can things defunct the parents prove
 Of aught but that which their corruption breeds?

The past is gone, the world its requiem chants
 In every moan of all earth's many souls,
 While in each sigh its funeral dirge is sung,
 And every shriek but sounds its knell of doom.
 All carcasses, howe'er magnificent,
 Have to be buried from the sight of men,
 Despite the mummy wrappings which hide
 Their drear deformity from common sight.
 Nor can the gilded grandeur of the tomb
 Give life's energetic vigour to the dead,
 Whose conservation breeds a pestilence,
 Whose hated presence is a blasphemy,
 And whose attendants are those mutes of time,
 That in their "solemn mockery of woe,"
 Live like Hell's ban-dogs on mortality,
 And hide their poor inanity of thought
 Beneath those symbols which their weakness wields,
 As veils to hide their insignificance.

Oh! trembling spirits, in your little faith,
 Fear not the issue! In the hands of God
 All things are possible, and he who sent
 The Hebrew slave to laugh at Egypt's lore,
 Will in due time provide a man for us,
 Whose mental stature shall as far surmount
 Our highest pinnacles of thought and faith,
 As shall suffice to dwarf them in his sight,

And give him freedom in his utterance.
 The truth is fearless, and will dare to meet
 Proud Pharaoh 'neath his pyramids, and try
 Its capability against the skill
 Of Egypt's priesthood in their Memphian robes,
 And test its magic pen against their wands
 Of office, from a thousand hierophants,
 In sequence quite legitimate, derived.
 The living word from lips of living man,
 Will ever eat up dead formality,
 Though it were cradled by a thousand kings,
 And throned in temples nations scarce could build.
 Fear not the issue, oh, ye faithless souls!
 Could Egypt's hierarchy repress the light
 That dawned upon the Midian herdsman, when
 In solitude, he saw the sacred flame?
 They tried and failed, their shams succumbed before
 The lurid lightning of an earnest mind.
 The past is but a prophecy; its acts,
 The cycle of a dramaturgic plan,
 Will be repeated on a larger scale
 In that futurity which waits for us,
 Wherein a Moses stands, a Sinai looms,
 In mightier majesty than those of yore.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

 Truth and Error.

How slowly breaks the morning light
 Of Truth, across the realms of night—
 In gloom arrayed—
 The night where knowledge is unknown,
 And Error to a giant grown,
 Casts wide his shade.

Yet, though a monster dark and grim,
 The crowd pay homage unto him,
 For age and youth
 Have oft despised, as something mean,
 The dawning light, but scarcely seen,
 Of rising Truth.

How hard the toil, the work how great,
 That on the teacher doth await,
 Whose tongue or pen
 Would intellectual light diffuse,
 Midst thoughtless crowds who oft refuse
 God-gifted men;

Yet give acceptance to the base
 Who would not Error's form deface,
 But dress and paint
 Old fallacies to re-array,
 And make the masses reverence pay
 Their idol saint.

How oft from altar, throne, and book,
 We catch the retroverted look
 That gilds the past,
 And makes the spectres of the night
 Seem glorious angels clothed in light,
 Though monsters vast.

For Error is enthroned in might,
 Embattled strong 'gainst Truth and Right,
 A castled king ;
 And Truth is young and Right is weak,
 And each has yet to wait and seek
 His eagle's wing.

And doubtless both would ever fail,
 And 'neath the might of Error quail,
 Were Faith not strong ;
 But Faith, the holy angel, leads
 Both Truth and Right past all misdeeds
 Of potent Wrong.

Who hath a mission on his soul,
 And feels inspired conceptions roll
 Across his mind,
 The courage high to help a world,
 And hold the standard fair unfurled,
 By Truth designed.

Oh, let him have a reverence deep,
 Let Faith her heavenly vigils keep,
 Tempted within ;
 Depend not on the force without,
 But inly conquer fear and doubt,
 And then begin.

What true apostleship may ask
 The grand and God-appointed task

To seek and save
 A world in gloomy errors lost
 Upon the storm of ages tost—
 Work for the brave!



Truth and Principle.

THE sun may cease to shine,
 The stars may lose their light,
 And each bright orb resign
 Itself to endless night.

The purest gems of earth,
 The fairest flowers that bloom,
 All things of priceless worth,
 Destruction may consume.

But Truth will steadfast stand,
 While systems waste away,
 And Principles demand
 Exemption from decay.



The Sun behind a Cloud.

THE darkest shadow of the night,
 Is that which settles o'er
 The hour in which the morning light
 Is just about to pour.

And when the storm prepares to hush
 Its thunders into sleep,
 It gathers up its strength to crush
 In one tremendous sweep.

'Tis thus that in the gloomiest time
 The human spirit knows,
 Faith can perceive that matin's prime
 Its dawning signal shows.

And when misfortune's howling blast,
 Gives greatest cause of fear,
 Believes the worst is overpast,
 The calm is drawing near.

The Priesthood of the Future.

As roseate hues in eastern sky
 Show where the morning glories lie
 In part concealed,
 So are there omens of a light
 That hastes to meet our mental sight,
 And be revealed.

The dawn of thought, in fitful gleams
 And peerless radiance, often beams,
 With splendour vast,
 Athwart those dark and murky clouds,
 Where superstition's night enshrouds
 Truths of the past.

Amidst our faith in creeds, there steals
 A doubt that something more reveals

Of light behind;
 The sceptered king and croziered priest
 Would stay this intellectual feast,
 For man designed.

But there's a priesthood yet unknown,
 Whom theologians scarcely own,
 Priests of the soul,
 The tuneful bard and learned sage,
 The master-minds of every age,
 Whom none control.

These are the mental monarchs great,
 Whose sceptre pens shall rule the fate
 Of future man.

Our present chiefs must shortly fall,
 Then God will on these heroes call
 To lead the van.

Their mission is to tend the light,
 On mental altars burning bright,
 And offer there
 A sacrifice more pure than aught
 The priesthood of the past have sought,
 In faiths that were.



The Responsibility of Genius.

THE man of genius is a priest,
 In robes of thought arrayed,
 Presiding at the mental feast.
 For coming ages made.

A prophet in the sphere of mind,
 Interpreter sublime
 Of things that else were too refined
 For us the sons of time.

He shines upon us like a sun,
 In whose unborrowed light
 We lesser orbs our courses run,
 His satellites of right.

What duty then devolves on him
 With radiance pure to shine,
 And let no earthly passion dim
 Endowments so divine,

That well are worthy of a saint,
 Whom angel forms attend,
 And whom the slightest whisper faint,
 Of evil, would offend.

He should in thought and action be
 A spirit burning bright,
 With radiance from eternity
 Cast on our moral night.

His inspiration should reflect
 This purer light to earth,
 And like the morning dawn, connect
 Us with the day's re-birth.

A messenger of mind to man,
 His God-appointed place
 Is midst the leaders of the van
 Of his progressive race;

Where, mantled round with deathless fame,
 And on his head the crown,
 Inscribed with his immortal name,
 He stands in his renown,

A high exemplar, to direct
 The Ages on their way,
 Or shape them to his worst defect,
 And help them to decay.

Oh, may such gifted spirits know,
 That their endowments rare,
 May bless with weal or curse with woe,
 May good or ill prepare

For generations yet unborn,
 Whom they will never see
 Till in the light of that bright morn
 We call Eternity.

The Spirit's Home.

THERE is a youth that cannot fade,
 A love that never dies ;
 A light that cannot cast a shade,
 A bless that never flies,

A land where hearts are ever young,
 And feelings ever new,
 The Paradise which seers have sung,
 With inspiration true.

Where mercy never wears a frown,
 And none are e'er deceived;
 Where merit always wins the crown,
 And truth is aye believed.

Where pain and woe can ne'er appear,
 And death is quite unknown;
 Where all is hope and nought is fear,
 The land which angels own.

It is the bright and happy land,
 Described in songs of old;
 Where holy minds do bear command,
 And nought is bought or sold.

Where principle her sceptre sways,
 And intellect is throned;
 Where mental weakness strength obeys,
 And favour is disowned.

Where songs from seraph voices sweep
 That notes inspired control;
 And in their peerless sweetness steep
 The ever-listening soul,

Till harmony of nature springs
 By sympathy divine,
 Between the seraph bard who sings,
 And souls that can but shine.

Where mysteries of might are told,
 That now so dark appear;
 And past and future both unfold,
 And make their secrets clear.

Where time and space, and death and life,
 Eternity and mind,
 Though here the source of endless strife,
 Their resolution find.

Where love pervades, exalts, refines,
 And shapes creation's plan;
 And thus completes its vast designs,
 With everlasting man.

Aspirations.

I WOULD dwell in the bright and the beautiful land,
 Where the sunshine of knowledge has 'lumined the scene,
 And mercy and goodness, enthroned in command,
 Leave evil as only a thing that has been.

I would dwell where the love of humanity rules,
 And man has attained to his intellect's prime;
 Where virtue each heart to benignity rules,
 And envy and hatred have sunk to a crime.

Where narrow-souled views, from the prejudiced past,
 No longer retard the great march of mankind;
 And original thinkers, the noble and vast,
 Proceed on the mission that God has designed.

Where bigotry never can wither a soul
 With the poison tradition has handed along;
 And men are not crushed 'neath the fearful control,
 Of powers that were birthed in the ages of wrong.

Oh! I long for the light that the future shall see,
 When the amber-clad dawn shall have burst into day;
 And man, from his tyrants for ever set free,
 Shall have swept superstition and priestcraft away.



An Address to the United States on Slavery.

AND art thou then the truly free,
 The noble and the grand,
 While millions still in slavery
 Exist throughout thy land!

And art thou too the pattern state,
 To swift advancing man;
 And shall he meanly imitate
 Thy base slave-holding plan!

Thou art two thousand years behind
 The spirit of our age;
 Slave-owning states we still may find
 In antiquated page,

Whence schoolboys learn their classic lore
 From works of Greece and Rome;
 Such as thou art they were before,
 With slavery at home.

Thine is the freedom of a caste,
 A paltry, partial thing,
 Thine is the freedom of the past,
 And such as heathens sing.

Thou art not worthy, slave-stained land,
 To mingle with the throng
 Of champions, who now make their stand
 'Gainst universal wrong.

Thou dost disgrace the noble cause,
 That else were 'vantaged well
 Of liberty, and equal laws,
 Thou social despot fell!

Thy boast of freedom hath a sound
 Of mockery to the heart;
 That knoweth how thy slaves are bound,
 And auctioned in the mart.

Thy praises make the tyrant smile,
 The freeman blush with shame;
 Pure liberty, thy deeds defile;
 Republic — but in name!

Arouse thee, then, dishonoured state,
 Avoid the despot's doom;
 Lest in thy guilt thou share the fate
 Of empires lost in gloom,

That once were growing great like thee,
 But by injustice fell;
 Whose slaves were mingled with the free;
 Whose tale historians tell.

A record clothed in awful light,
 Upon thy senate's wall;
 Where God's own hand doth grandly write,
 That slavery shall fall.

The Evening Day.

REJOICE, let the nations rejoice in the day,
 That will sweep their old ills to destruction away,
 That will level the tyrant and tool with the dust,
 And the sword of the warrior consume into rust,
 And treat as the baubles of childhood at last
 The crosiers, and sceptres, and crowns of the past;
 That will reverence the truth, and worship the right,
 And error and evil compel into flight;
 That crime and injustice will surely disown,
 And rectitude fair in their places enthrone;
 A day that's advancing to brightness apace,
 With promises fair on its heavenly face,
 To lighten the woes of the millions who toil
 In the workshop and field as the sons of the soil;
 The day that was promised by prophets of old,
 And which heathens regarded as fashioned of gold;
 Whose rains will be gentle, whose winds shall be fair,
 The blossoms and fruits of the soul to prepare;
 When justice and mercy shall dwell on the earth,
 And virtue, not wealth, be the measure of worth;
 When hatred, and envy, and falsehood shall cease,
 And war be unknown midst the blessings of peace.

The Bow in the Cloud.

WHEN the armies of despots resistlessly sweep
 O'er nations and peoples like clouds on the deep;
 And the darkness and horror of tyranny lower
 In the terrible force of the autocrat's power;

And the light of the present is shaded and dim
 With the smoke of the legions obedient to him;
 When the strength of the sword is the dominant might,
 And the tongue and the pen have been shorn of their right;
 When the good and the true have been manacled lest
 They should speak of the things their oppressors detest;
 When cities are silent, except with the tramp
 Of the warriors who make of their dwellings a camp,
 And freemen are hated, and sycophants seek
 The places they gain when the people are weak.
 Oh, then, in this hour when the faithful are tried,
 And the mean and the base are aloft in their pride;
 When Liberty hears but the clank of her chain,
 Or the threat of the despot to bind her again;
 When the music of earth is a chorus of sighs,
 And the dungeons are vocal with patriot's cries;
 When a network of spies is all silently spread,
 And the earth with the blood of their victims is fed,
 And the scaffold and prison assuredly wait
 For the men whom the agents of tyranny hate;
 Let your faith not succumb to a cowardly fear,
 There's a bow in the cloud and the sunshine is near;
 For prophet eyes see there's a sign of the times
 In this very excess of regality's crimes,
 That with God's dispensation will shorten the hour
 Its vials of wrath are permitted to pour.
 And when Freedom once more is abroad on the earth,
 The nations will know of its measureless worth;
 And feeling the smart of this slavery's pain,
 Will never submit to their tyrants again.



The Promised Land.

The splendour and beauty of eras to come
 Now dawn like the radiance of morn;
 And we dream of that bliss of whose measureless sum,
 Men will know in the ages unborn.

For our skies though thick clouded yet tell of a day
 That shall pour forth its heavenly light;
 And sweep the dark shadows of night time away,
 In the strength of its luminous might.

The aurora of knowledge is seen in the clouds,
 With prophecies cheering and grand,
 That a day-spring shall dawn on the darkness which shrouds
 The mind of each priest-ridden land.

And the people who once in their slavery deemed
 That submission befitted the mass,
 And to whom the whole world a vast Golgotha seemed;
 These people their leaders surpass—

In their hopes of the future; in their struggles to rise
 Superior to vice and to war;
 'Tis the people who now in their wisdom devise,
 The plans which are stretching afar—

To that region of love which the future unfolds,
 Where wisdom and mercy shall reign,
 In the place of that might which by tyranny holds
 The throne its successors shall gain.

'Tis knowledge and love that will rule in the world,
 When man to himself shall be true;
 And liberty's banner, in grandeur unfurled,
 Shall the heart of the nations renew.

Yes! a matin is near with beneficent beams,
 When man shall his brother re-know;
 Despite nationality's barrier that seems,
 To kings such a terrible show.

When language, nor customs, nor colour, shall e'er
 Suffice then to sever mankind;
 For brother to brother shall despite them appear
 In the unity God has designed.

Yes! a time is at hand which all true men will aid
 To birth by their labour and thought;
 When liberty's legions, by knowledge arrayed,
 Shall march to the land they have sought.

That land which was promised by God to their sires—
 The age of the pure and the free—
 Which the patriot soul in its visions desires
 At least in the distance to see.

'Tis the land where the heart of the freeman shall beat,
 As conscious of holding his right;
 'Tis the land where the virtues of liberty meet,
 And bloom in pure intellect's light.

Where the law shall not listen while pleadings are sold,
 To ruin the simple and weak;
 Nor justice politely be bartered for gold,
 When the poor their inheritance seek.

Where children shall never be born into crime,
 Or reared to dishonour for bread;
 Or treated as felons ere reaching their prime,
 Or in youth to the gallows be led.

'Tis the land where no vices like vipers shall dwell,
 By dark inequality reared;
 But where stern independence shall mightily well,
 And no sword-girded monarch be feared.

Where the slayers of men shall have gone to their rest,
 And bloodshed and war be unknown;
 And love, by no hostile invasions repressed,
 Be the bond which the nations will own.

'Tis the land which the prophets and sages of yore
 Have desired in their prayers to see;
 'Tis the "Paradise Lost" of antiquity's lore,
 But restored to futurity free.

On the Death of the Emperor of Russia.

ONE tyrant more is gathered to the tomb;
 The earth's disturber takes his long repose;
 The age's greatest despot is no more;
 The tempest's incarnation slumbers well!
 Oh, Liberty! we might remember now
 The bloody "order" that in Warsaw reigned,
 And speak of nationalities oppressed,
 And peoples trodden under foot of kings,
 And sternly smile approval of the blow
 Which smote Belshazzar in his hour of pride.—
 But we refrain from triumph here, for God
 Has done this deed, and in his own good time;
 And we accept it as an earnest strong
 Of his protection through futurity.

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