

RADICAL RHYMES.

BY

WILLIAM DENTON.



Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged.

WELLESLEY, MASS.:
DENTON PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1881.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871,
By WILLIAM DENTON,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



Rand, Avery, & Co., Printers, Boston.



Vol. 1
C. W. Denton
7-2-1935

TO THE FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS, —

Who are laboring to remove the evils that afflict
humanity, and speed the time when men shall form one loving
family the wide world over, these verses are dedicated by their
friend and fellow-laborer,

WILLIAM DENTON.

1-31-35 20.54

PREFATORY.

MOST of these pieces were put before the public nineteen years ago, in a small volume called **POEMS FOR REFORMERS**, which has long been out of print. I had not intended to re-print them, knowing their imperfections; but, having been called for by many, I send them forth again to help in doing needed work.

WELLESLEY, July, 1871.

RADICAL RHYMES.

I MAY NOT BE A POET.

I MAY not be a poet: but my heart beats to the tune
The mocking-birds are warbling in this merry month
 of June ;
My soul joins in the chorus as they swell their art-
 less lay ;
I sit and dream of heaven on this sunny, summer-
 day.

I may not be a poet ; but I often stand and gaze,
With joy-tears in my eyes, upon the sun's depart-
 ing rays,
When golden beams are streaming through the
 cloudlets in the west,
And Sol gives each a glory-kiss before he goes to
 rest.

I may not be a poet : but I love the forest-tree ;
Each wood-king is a brother, happy, natural, and
free.

I worship as a Druid ; for God dwells within this
place :

In wandering through the forest, I behold him face
to face.

I may not be a poet : but I love night's starry eyes ;
Their glory, like a magnet, draws my spirit to the
skies.

I march along the milky way, amid the shining
throng,
And list with rapture, as I go, to their melodious
song.

I may not be a poet : but the flowers talk to me ;
The leaflets whisper softly as I sit beneath the tree.
To me the crickets chirp their loves, no secrets
from me hid :

I lie upon the velvet sward, and learn what " Katy
did."

I may not be a poet ; but I love the true and right,
And welcome freedom's dawning, as the eagle
greet's the light.

Roll on, bright orb of Liberty; and, in thy ardent
ray,
May every fetter mankind wears' melt speedily
away !

TO THE TRUE REFORMER.

LIST to thy thought, as its gentle voice greets thee,
And, sternly unshrinking, obey its behest :
Heed not the clamor of custom that meets thee ;
Still doing thy duty, leave Heaven the rest.

Cherish thy thought ; 'tis a sapling supernal,
Transplanted from heaven, to flourish below :
Food fit for gods, it will yield thee eternal ;
Neglected, its fruit will be sorrow and woe.

Live to thy thought ; be the model, God-given,
Thy guide, as the soul's walls from day to day
rise !

Patiently build : thou shalt see unto heaven
A temple of beauty in grandeur arise.

Trust in thy thought : 'tis an anchor will hold thee
From drifting, when storms of adversity blow ;

Compass and chart when night's black clouds en-
fold thee,

While steering thy bark from the islands of woe.

Utter thy thought; see thou lock not the coffer,

Thus meanly and miserly hiding it there;

Out with it boldly, not fearing the scoffer,

As bright as the sun, and as free as the air.

Follow thy thought: it will lead to the mountain:

Thy soul shall then bask where the flowers
bloom ever,

Drink blessed draughts at felicity's fountain,

Rejoicing with friends that no future shall sever.



WHO ARE THE THIEVES?

WHAT stores of wealth in unfound mines

The rich old earth contains!

Of iron, silver, lead, and gold,

What piles within her veins!

While still with bounteous harvests swell

Our mother's undrawn breast,

Of sweetest fruit, of corn and oil,
To make each poor man blest.

What rocks to make his palace walls !
What cedars for its beams !
Our paupers might as wealthy be
As misers in their dreams.

What woods uncut ! what fields unploughed !
The laborer is God's heir :
Who steal his proud inheritance ?
Who are the thieves, and where ?

Who lock up Nature's boundless wealth,
Nor heed the needy's cry ?
They are man's greatest enemies ;
And they or we must die.



THE TIME HAS COME.

THE time has come to stand erect,
In noble, manly self-respect ;
To see the bright sun overhead,
To feel the ground beneath our tread,

Unled by priests, uncursed by creeds,
Our manhood proving by our deeds.

The time has come to break the yoke,
Whatever cost the needed stroke ;
To set the toiling millions free,
Whatever price their liberty :
Better a few should die, than all
Be held in worse than deadly thrall.

The time has come for men to find
Their statute-book within the mind ; .
To read its laws, and cease to pore
The musty tomes of ages o'er :
Truth's golden rays its page illumine ;
Her fires your legal scrolls consume.

The time has come to preach the soul ;
No meagre shred, the manly whole.
Let agitation come : who fears ?
We need a flood : the filth of years
Has gathered round us. Roll, then, on :
What cannot stand had best be gone.

THE COMING DAY.

SEE the twilight on the hills !
 See the leaping mountain-rills !
 Comes the wished-for, longed-for day,
 Rolling on its sunny way.

The world's long night is fleeing now ;
 For young day tints the mountain brow :
 And error's icy chains give way
 Before his warm and genial ray.
 Hark ! swelling on the morning breeze,
 What soul-entrancing symphonies !
 Angelic voices, with this lay,
 Are heralding the coming day.

“ Wake, drowsy earth ! from sleep arise !
 Light waits to bless uplifted eyes :
 Thy mists must vanish, darkness fly,
 For Truth illumines the eastern sky ;
 And lovers of the dusky night
 May hide their heads ; for lo ! 'tis light.
 Soldiers, lay down sword and gun,
 For the work of war is done :

Men like fiends shall act no more,
Earth be cleansed from human gore.
Strangers, foes, forever gone,
Love shall make all nations one :
Brothers cannot fight or slay
In the peaceful coming day.

Drunkards, cast away the bowl !
Rise, dig up the buried soul !
Heaven gave you wings ; then, why
Crawl as worms when you might fly ?
Water be your drink alone :
True men have no other known, —
Water, pure as heaven's bright ray,
Emblem of the coming day.

Bondmen, lift your drooping eyes !
Read your charter in the skies !
Ye are men : your birthright claim ;
Prove you're worthy of the name !
Freedom rises from her grave,
Claims as hers each downcast slave.
Chains and fetters melt away
In the joyous coming day."

By faith we see the shades of night
Disperse before the morning light ;

By hope we see the day arise,
And gild his pathway on the skies ;
We hear that soul-enchancing strain,
And joy bounds through each throbbing vein ;
We watch and work, we wait and pray,
To bring the joyous coming day.

THE FREEMAN'S RESOLUTION.

I WILL not bow to a titled knave,
Nor crouch to a lordly priest :
A martyr's torments I'd rather brave,
Than be of my manhood fleeced.

I'll bend my knee to no golden god,
I'll worship no calf in Dan :
Erect and free I'll stand on the sod,
And act as becomes a man.

I'll pin my faith to no bigot's sleeve ;
I'll swallow no griping creed ;
I'll ask my Reason what to believe,
And ever her answer heed.

I'll hide no truth in a coward heart,
The world would be blessed to know ;
My boldest thought, as it wells, impart,
Nor check the soul's onward flow.

Your curses hurl ; but the noble mind
Can smile at your priestly ban.
Ay, forge your fetters ! ye cannot bind
The spirit of one free man.

I will be true to my heaven-born self,
Nor league with the world to lie :
The rich may boast of their hoarded pelf ;
In poverty, happier I.

I'll love the true, I will do the right,
Ruled only by Reason's sway :
Let all do so ; and the world's dark night
Will melt into rosy day.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

Not an error, firm as Andes,
Deep as lie her granite roots,
High as soars the bird of thunder,
Wide as autumn sheds her fruits,

But can feel the heave of progress,
 Like an earthquake at its core,
 And can hear the tempest roaring
 That shall sweep it from the shore.

Let it spread as spreads the banyan,
 Thousand-trunked o'er hill and dell ;
 Truth's an axe whose edge of lightning
 Shall the giant Upas fell.



THE FREEMAN'S REPLY.

THEY say I must be silent that all truth should
 not be said ;
 That, when the soul its birthright claims, the body
 lacks for bread ;
 That want and woe companions are of every fool-
 ish man
 Who by his heresies calls down the holy Church's
 ban.

They bid me still the spirit-voice that bids the
 soul be free,
 And chain within the mind's deep cells the angel
 God sent me.

∴

Go, bid the ocean cease to heave, the rivers cease
to flow ;
Bid smiling Spring retrace her steps, and flowerets
cease to blow.

Go, bid the bright stars shut their eyes, send back
the sunbeam flown,
And steal the azure from the skies that circle
round its throne.
Go, drive the wild winds to their home, the light-
ning to its nest :
Ye cannot quench the soul's deep fires that burn
within the breast.

No: man was made for freedom, as the stars were
made to shine ;
His boldest thought be spoken ; 'tis his heritage
divine :
For, while the air remaineth to reverberate a
sound,
The voice of God shall never by the voice of man
be bound.

LABOR.

'Tis the two-edged sword of sharpness ;
'Tis the boots of seven-leagued stride ;
'Tis the stone that turns our pewter
Into gold, twice purified.

'Tis the hymn all Nature's singing ;
'Tis the prayer God loves to hear :
He who labors finds an answer
To his supplications near.



NO.

WHEN Vice, with her painted face, tempts thee to
stray,
Bewitchingly smiling thy scruples away ;
When Conscience but whispers, and Passion says,
Go, —
Let manhood awake, and with firmness say, No.

When Mammon is god, and all offer their vow,
And interest whispers to every soul, Bow ;
When all men do wrong, and ask thee to do so, —
In thunder tones speak out a valiant No.

When base men for lucre their brethren enslave,
And fortune and fame seem to wait on the knave;
When by them invited all love to forego,
Make false hearts recoil by the ring of thy No.



REVOLUTION.

TRUTH is shining ; earth's awaking ;
Freedom rising, chains are breaking ;
Tyrants on their thrones are quaking,
 For their reign is nearly done.
Knowledge coming, error leaving ;
Pen and press their past retrieving,
Swiftly fly their shuttles, weaving
 All the nations into one.

Priests and creeds are retroceding ;
Men the guide within are heeding ;
Every one his garden weeding ;
 Headlong, bigotry is hurled.
Love upspringing, hate is dying ;
Men rejoicing, knaves are sighing ;
Deadly curses fast are flying
 From a renovated world.

WHAT I ONCE THOUGHT.

I ONCE thought that heaven was made for the
few ;
That God was as vengeful as Moses the Jew ;
That millions were doomed at his bidding to dwell
Within the dark bounds of a terrible hell
Where hope never enters, but ring on the air
The weepings and wailings of endless despair.

I once thought the Bible was God's holy Word ;
That reason opposing should never be heard :
I made it my study, my every-day care ;
Its falsehoods were truth, and its curses were
prayer ;
To doubt was a crime that could ne'er be forgiven ;
And faith was the lever that raised us to heaven.

I once thought Jehovah Creator and Lord,
And, bowed at his footstool, I feared and adored :
The deeds that a devil might blush to commit
Believed he had done, for the Lord thought it fit.
The law of right-doing I never dreamed then
Applied unto gods even more than to men.

I once thought that death was a monster accurst,
Of evils the greatest, the last, and the worst ;
His maw, so insatiate, swallowed our race,
And left of their beauty and glory no trace ;
The grave was a shadow-land, cheered by no spring,
Where sat on his ice-throne a skeleton king.

I once thought that earth was a valley of tears, —
A wilderness-world, full of sorrows and fears ;
That God's curse had blasted its beauty and grace,
And poisoned the fairest and best of the race.
I wept as I thought of this horrible ban,
And sorrowed that God should have made me a
man.

Fond fables of childhood ! my faith in you fled :
Ye lie in the tomb with the dust-covered dead.



THE DEVIL IS DEAD.

SIGH, priests ; cry aloud, hang your pulpits with
black ;

Let sorrow bow down every head :
The good friend who bore all your sins on his back,
Your best friend, the Devil, is dead.

Your church is a corpse; you are guarding its
tomb:

The soul of your system has fled.
That death-knell is tolling your terrible doom:
It tells us the Devil is dead.

'Twas knowledge gave Satan a terrible blow;
Poor fellow! he took to his bed.
Alas! idle priests, that such things should be so:
Your master, the Devil, is dead.

You're bid to the funeral, ministers all;
We've dug the old gentleman's bed:
Your black coats will make a most excellent pall
To cover your friend who is dead.

Ay, lower him mournfully into the grave;
Let showers of tear-drops be shed:
Your business is gone; there are no souls to save;
Their tempter, the Devil, is dead.

Woe comes upon woe: you can ne'er get your
dues.

Hell's open; the damned souls have fled:
They took to their heels when they heard the
good news, —
Their jailer, the Devil, is dead.

Camp-meetings henceforth will be needed no
more ;

Revivals are knocked on the head :
The orthodox vessel lies stranded on shore,
Her captain, the Devil, is dead.

BLIND WORKERS.

As the polyp, slowly toiling,
Builds the wondrous coral hills,
Never dreaming of the office
It so dexterously fulfils ;
So the merchants and the doctors,
Footmen, barmen, grubworms low,
Lawyers, parsons, politicians,
Toil and moil, but never know
They are building, like the polyp,
'Neath the dark, tumultuous sea,
Mansions for a coming people, —
Noble race that is to be.

THE WORLD IS YOUNG.

THE world is young, my brothers :
We're all here in good time.
Cease groaning, foolish preacher ;
The earth is in her prime.
When did the sun shine brighter ?
Who saw the moon more fair ?
Who knew Spring's breath more balmy ?
More sweet the fragrant air ?
Still sing the flowing rivers,
Still chant the rolling seas ;
And anthems rise to heaven
From budding forest-trees.
In Nature's face no wrinkle ;
Care writes not on her brow :
When "sang the stars of morning,"
Less fair was she than now.
Still lives the tree of freedom,
Whose boughs bear fruit for all,
And poison for the tyrant
Who would a soul enthrall.
Old world ! you still are young then,
With beauty on your brow :
No Adam saw as fair a globe
As blooms around us now.

THE FREEMAN'S HYMN.

How blest the man whose soul is free
To follow truth, O God ! and thee :
No creeds his soul to error chain ;
He snaps the priestly bonds in twain.

The laws that are thy life he loves,
And this by his obedience proves ;
Not foolish man-made laws, but thine, —
Eternal, truthful, and divine.

His soul within no sect confined,
His church embraces all mankind ;
Each day a sabbath is to him ;
His life a never-ceasing hymn.

No Bible his, by mortals penned,
Where truth and error strangely blend ;
His book the book of Nature, true,
Immortal, perfect, ever new.

He prays no heaven his soul to bless,
Of everlasting idleness ;
His great desire, his " chief concern,"
To labor ever and to learn.

No hell of useless torment fears, —
 Its fires would quench in angels' tears ;
 No devil dreads, dark god of woe,
 Whom only ignorance can know.

To him the heavens thy truth declare :
 The morning beams serenely fair,
 The stars of night, the land, the sea,
 Are all the teachers of the free.

Thy voice he hears in every breeze,
 In wild-bird's song among the trees,
 And in the clouds of eve can trace
 The beamings of thy smiling face.

Thou teachest him where'er he turns :
 Sweet lessons in thy school he learns,
 Of goodness, wisdom, truth, and love,
 Made perfect in thy school above.

WHAT IS RELIGION?

Not masses nor crosses nor Catholic creeds ;
 Not mumbling of aves, nor counting of beads ;
 Not church-going, psalm-singing, paying of priests,
 Attendance on sermons, prayer-meetings, or feasts ;

Nor wearing a broad brim, and plain "thou" and
"thee,"

Or straight-collared coat, from the world's fashion
free ;

It is not to kneel with a long, pious face,
Or sing solemn anthems in some holy place ;
In sect to be cradled, or on a creed nursed,
Believing that every outsider is cursed ;
That God has in heaven ordained us to dwell,
But left countless millions to drop into hell.
Religion is love in the heart and the life,
The soother of sorrow, destroyer of strife ;
The soul's best physician, relieves every pain,
And in her dark cavern lights hope once again.

It curses no one who has doubts of its creed ;
It hunts up no martyrs to burn or to bleed ;
It tells of no Devil with tortures and chains,
No hell of unending and horrible pains.

It seeks not to bless men by force or by fear,
But draws them with love to a God very near.

It tells of the right, and it whispers, Obey :
To happiness, virtue alone is the way.

This world it makes happy ; and then, beyond this,
It points to another all sunny with bliss.

Bright heaven of beauty, how fair are thy skies !
Thou home of the good, and thou school of the wise.

WHAT MAKES A MAN?

Not years that crown a lengthened life;
Not numerous children and a wife;
Not pins, nor chains, nor glittering rings,
Nor any other trumpery things;
Not poisonous pipe nor vile cigar, —
From these true manhood stands afar;
Not coat, nor boots, nor stove-pipe hat,
A dandy vest, or trim cravat;
Not Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew lore,
Nor thousand volumes rambled o'er;
Not general, reverend, count, nor squire,
For manhood's titles must be higher;
Not ancestry traced back to Will,
Who went from Normandy to kill;
Not judge's robe, nor mayor's mace,
Nor crowns that deck the royal race;
Not all the power great Cæsar had,
Whose smile could make a nation glad;
Not all the wealth beneath the sun,
Nor all the fame Napoleon won;
These, though united, never can
Avail to make a full-grown man.

An upright spirit, cultured mind ;
A soul in love with all mankind,
That never stoops to gain its ends,
And blesses both its foes and friends ;
A spirit firm, erect, and free,
That never basely bends the knee ;
That truly speaks from God within,
And never makes a league with sin ;
That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake ;
That for it would most freely die,
And ready stands to smite a lie ;
That trembles at no tyrant's nod, —
A soul that fears not even God,
And thus can scorn the bigot's ban, —
That is the soul that makes a man.

WE'LL LABOR IN LOVE FOR HUMANITY'S
SAKE.

WHILE ignorance darkens one heaven-made soul,
While bigotry holds o'er a mortal control,
While slavery robs men of virtue and will,
And War has his gory hand lifted to kill,
While want can a brother's heart sorrowful make,
We'll labor in love for Humanity's sake.

Though some that were friends in affliction may
 fail ;
 Though bigots may frown, and like tigers assail ;
 Though felons may seek with the despot to bind
 us,
 And ignorant priests with their errors to blind
 us ;
 Though stealthy assassins our lives fain would
 take,
 We'll labor in love for Humanity's sake.

Till Freedom arise in her might from the grave,
 And claim as her child every down-trodden slave ;
 Till plenty shall gladden each dwelling on earth,
 And sadness and sorrow are banished by mirth ;
 Till no bond remains for the freeman to break,
 We'll labor in love for Humanity's sake.

No storms shall discourage, no dangers repel :
 All goodness is with us ; it can but be well.
 No angel shall tempt us our duty to shirk ;
 No demon shall scare us from doing the work ;
 No mortal shall coax us our covenant to break,
 To labor in love for Humanity's sake.

BE THYSELF.

Be thyself: a nobler gospel
Never preached the Nazarene.
Be thyself: 'tis Holy Scripture,
Though no Bible-lids between.

Dare to shape the thought in language
That is lying in thy brain :
Dare to launch it, banners flying,
On the bosom of the main.

What though pirate-knaves surround thee ?
Nail thy colors to the mast.
Flinch not, flee not : boldly sailing,
Thou shalt gain the port at last.

Be no parrot, idly prating
Thoughts the spirit never knew :
Be a prophet of the God-sent,
Telling all thy message true.

Then the coward world will scorn thee ;
Friends may fail and fiends may frown ;
Heaven itself grow dark above thee
Gods in anger thence look down.

Heed not : there's a world more potent
Carried in thy manly heart.
Be thyself, and do thy duty :
It will always take thy part.

If the God within says, " Well done,"
What are other gods to thee ?
Hell's his frown, all other fable,
Heaven where his smile may be.

MAN, WOMAN, AND PRIEST.

MAN.

GROANING, weary, heavy-laden,
Lo ! I see a weeping maiden.
Sad and desolate she moans :
Such distress might move the stones.
Who has dared to blast this flower, —
Made such cursed use of power ?
Who has bound this maid in chains ?
Demons haunt him for his pains !
I will raise the drooping slave.
Woman, rise ! Be free, be brave !
I thy galling chains will break,
And the consequences take.

PRIEST.

Stay thy hand ! rash fool, beware !
An apostle placed them there ;
God himself the burden laid
On the shoulders of the maid.
Cease ! his vengeance, at a blow,
May this moment lay thee low.

MAN.

God ! what god has done this deed ?
Maker of the Hindoo creed ?
Juggernaut, whose bloody rites
Feast his soul with rare delights ?

PRIEST.

Scoffer, have you never heard
God's most holy, precious word ?
Read his laws : they all declare
Woman must the burden bear.
Man is lord of all below ;
Woman as he wills must go :
She in all things must obey,
God hath said ; dare *you* gainsay ?

MAN.

I your holy book have read :
Maiden, raise thy drooping head !

There's a holier book than yours,
Evermore its truth endures ;
Universal bible it,
'Tis the only " holy writ ;"
Sky and earth and sea its pages,
Fit for children as for sages ;
Freedom's name's on every line
Of this manuscript divine.
Let your Jewish fables go ;
Error is the source of woe ;
Nature to the world is preaching,
Listen to her truthful teaching :
Men and women equal, free,
Then the world's long Jubilee.

WHEN IS IT SABBATH?

Is SABBATH when from steeples tall
Loud bells send forth their deaf'ning call ;
When people seek the " house of prayer,"
And priests set forth their gospel ware ;
When David's curses chant the saints,
And deafen God with loud complaints ;
When heaven is preached their blest abode,
And each creed taught, the only road ;

While "hell uncapped" flames up to view,
And Jesus stands to save his few ?

'Tis sabbath when, with folded hands,
The flowers pray in saintly bands ;
When holy stars, at twilight dim,
Look down and sing their evening hymn ;
When Sleep the weary eyelids close,
And steals away a world of woes,
And human passions lulls to rest
Upon her calm, all-loving breast,
The sleeper's eyes seals with a kiss,
And lifts his soul to perfect bliss.

FOGYLAND.

Of all the lands, from East to West,
I sing one stranger than the rest :
The sun finds not in all his round,
The winds within their ample bound,
Nor yet the peeping starry band,
A place more strange than Fogyländ.

The sun arises in the west,
And slowly creeps to find his rest ;
While feebly dart his leaden rays
Through an eternal veil of haze :

The God who made it never planned
For sunshine bright in Fogyland.

No flowers grow, no gay birds sing,
But doleful bells are heard to ring ;
The lambkins never dare to play,
The parroquets are taught to pray ;
For piety is in demand
With all who live in Fogyland.

No sap on Sundays mounts the trees ;
Within their hives sit moping bees ;
The whistling winds are fast asleep,
And silence reigns o'er all the deep ;
No wave dares dash upon the strand
When Sunday comes to Fogyland.

What people dwell within the place !
A rueful, woeful, groaning race :
All pleasure is a deadly sin ;
Of him who dares to walk therein,
The Devil waits to take the hand,
So say the folks of Fogyland.

They ever mourn the golden past,
Their eyes upon its glories cast ;
The present publicly deplore,
And what the future has in store :

The past alone was good and grand, —
So say the folks of Fogyland.

A myriad priests within it dwell,
Who preach an awful, endless hell ;
A Devil, master of the place,
Who takes three-fourths of all the race :
Their god cannot his arts withstand,
And he is king of Fogyland.

If ye would feel the glow of youth ;
If ye would see the sun of Truth,
A joy receive all joys transcends,
Then break your bonds, and leave, my friends,
To owls and bats — night-loving band —
The gloomy vales of Fogyland.

HURL THEM DOWN.

WHEN presidents heed not the popular will,
And senators care but their pockets to fill ;
When law-makers are but blind partisan hacks,
Who care for a man just the sum of his tax :
Though nations may ring with their lordly renown,
Their villanies sentence them, — hurl them down !

Though palaces rise, if the king only nod,
 And ignorant multitudes think him a god :
 The time has gone by for such fanfaronade,
 Henceforth, let him work at some man-blessing
 trade ;

A king is but civilization's old clown,
 A clog to humanity, — hurl him down.

Proud priests of the "bloody faith," dealers in
 lies,

You've blasted the green earth, and darkened the
 skies,

Created the Devil, and made for us hell :

The people are rising, they've cast off your spell ;

And Justice exclaims with an ominous frown,

"Too long have ye bowed to them, — hurl them
 down."

"Great God " of the orthodox, cruel and grim,

The Devil an angel compared unto him,

The jailer of hell, as relentless as fate,

Eternity cannot his cruelty sate :

The Lord, or Jēhovah of Jewish renown,

Humanity rises, and hurls him down !

MAN.

MAN is more than house or town,
More than palace, temple, crown ;
More than all the sage's lore,
Counted Wisdom's precious store ;
More than telescope has seen,
More than all that man has been ;
More than Bible, world-adored :
Man's a greater name than Lord.

For him the fiery, primal globe,
With moon-high flames, its golden robe ;
For him the elemental strife,
And peace that brought the dawn of life,
Which broke through fogs and clouds its way,
Till ages brought that radiant day,
In which man ripened on Life's tree,
Whose roots o'er spread the Cambrian sea.

Jehovah bows before man's name,
And Jesus has no higher claim ;
No God to whom men bend the knee,
So good or great as he shall be :

Within his comprehensive soul,
The planets of all systems roll ;
And in him lies the boundless sea,
Whose islands are the nebulæ.

WHAT I ASK FOR.

I ASK not, Nabobs, for your halls,
Your coffers, or your state ;
I ask not for the menials,
That at your pleasure wait ;
I ask not for the cringing bows,
That fawning spaniels give,
Whose servile spirits never knew
The aim for which I live.

I ask but for my share of land,
With honest hands to till,
Supplying thus my daily needs,
Frown Fortune as she will ;
Give me but this, I'll gain all else, —
Contented, healthy, free ;
Then Nature's ministers are mine,
And all her wealth for me.

I WOULD NOT BE A KING.

I would not be an idle king, to sit upon a throne,
And sway a golden sceptre o'er a nation all my
own ;

To be the people's idol, ever worshipped by the
throng,

With flattering incense to be served, and merce-
nary song ;

To be the envy of the rich, and wonder of the
poor :

A situation that would be I never could endure.

To live on choicest dainties that the kitchen can
produce ;

To quaff from golden chalices the grape's ferment-
ed juice ;

To see a thousand at my beck, ten thousand at my
nod,

Low bend the knee in homage, and protest I am a
god :

Though this to-morrow could be mine, and earth
my praises sing,

I'd rather be a working-man than any idle king.

To ride within a chariot before the gaping crowd,
And hear the shout, "God save the king!" repeated
 oft and loud ;

My smile to make a nation smile, my frown to make
 it sad ;

And every thing that kings may have to make my
 spirits glad, —

No : take your trappings all away ; for I can truly
 sing,

I'd rather be an honest man ; I would not be a king.

The sceptre is a bauble ; it might do for boys at
 play :

A man of dignity would throw the childish thing
 away.

The crown is but a dunce's cap, that silly people
 wear ;

And home-made bread is quite as good as any
 kingly fare.

Then I would not exchange my lot ; such toys away
 I fling ;

I'd rather be just what I am ; I would not be a king.

The multitude that bow to him are only fools or
 knaves ;

And those who guard his person but a host of
 armed slaves :

And though they worship him to-day, to-morrow,
for a groat,
They'd throw away their loyalty, and cut his king-
ly throat :
For it is to the office, not the man, they homage
pay ;
They'd kneel unto a beggar were he made a king
to-day.

If kings would rule their mighty selves, they'd
have enough to do ;
To put their families right, I fear, were more than
they'd get through :
Let each one mind his business, then, and wipe his
troubled brow ;
The people find that they can walk without assist-
ance now :
The drowsy earth has waked at last, and learned
one useful thing, —
That men can rule themselves, without a fellow
called a king.

For kings are only paupers, who are by the nations
fed ;
And, were the people wiser, they should labor for
their bread.

We need no kings to reign o'er us ; we can do well
without ;
And if we could but have our wish, we'd send
them " right about : "
Each man should reign in righteousness, and rule
o'er his own heart ;
And kings and all their trumpery should evermore
depart.

THE ADVENT OF FREEDOM.

'Twas summer eve : the soft wind rocked to sleep
the nodding flowers,
While busy insects sang their loves within the
arching bowers :
I wandered forth from man's hot town ; 'twas
heaven on earth to me,
To lie upon the fragrant grass, beneath the spread-
ing tree.

As sank the sun in glory down behind the crimson
west,
Arose, upon my fading sight, the star of evening,
blest ;

And lo ! enlarging as I looked, it seemed a golden
crown

Upon an angel's head upborne, who thus came fly-
ing down :

She cast a glance that thrilled me, as beneath the
tree I lay ;

Unwittingly I followed, as she gently led the
way.

She lifted up a cottage-latch ; how pleasantly she
smiled,

And shook the peasant's horny hand, and kissed
his ruddy child !

“ My blessing on ye, breathers of the fresh, free,
country air,

Be manly and be bold,” said she ; “ be bold to do
and dare :

Though tyrant knaves may rivet chains, your toil
shall give you strength ;

And ev'ry fetter shall ye tread beneath your feet
at length.”

She visited the city ; but she left the gay and
proud,

And sought a little attic, all unnoticed by the
crowd,

Where sat a youth whose sparkling eyes revealed
the inward fire,
Which, kindled in the bosom once, can never more
expire.

She laid her hand upon his brow, "Go forth, my
son," said she :

"I make thee Captain of the hosts that fight for
Liberty."

She passed a gloomy prison, and her face put on a
frown ;

The rusty bars of iron at her presence melted
down ;

The treble-bolted doors flew back that closed the
gloomy cell,

Out sprang the trembling prisoner, a man, with
men to dwell ;

Her eye beheld the gallows, and it rotted to the
ground,

While crowds of legal murd'ers in amazement
looked around.

She spread her pinions for the South : the bond-
man raised his head ;

For though his manhood bleeding lay, Hope, linger-
ing, had not fled :

The planter saw, and drew his knife, with fury in
his eye,
And swore, with fearful oaths, that he would hold
his slave or die :
A shadow crossed her blooming face ; she left the
land of thrall,
Where bondmen find their sweetest drink is bit-
terer than gall.

“ The Church will gladly aid me now, no doubt,”
the angel said ;
And thither, on her pinions swift, the blest deliver-
er fled :
’Twas sabbath, and the priest beheld her coming
to the place ;
He closed the door, and hastened forth, and cursed
her to her face :
“ Be gone,” he said, “ why thus disturb our church’s
holy rest ?
Thou breeder of continual strife, we can have no
such guest ;
Then banned her from the “ holy book,” “ Base
hell-born wretch,” said he,
“ God dwells within our walls ; we have no room
for Liberty.”

Indignantly I heard him speak, I felt my brain on
fire ;
“ Base utterer of pious lies,” I shouted in my ire :
But Freedom turned, as thus I spoke, with chiding
look to me ;
I started, it was night profound, I lay beneath the
tree ;
Night’s crescent fires were blazing bright, and in
their starry gleam
I wandered home to ponder on the meaning of my
dream.

DO RIGHT.

’Tis wisest and best at all times to do right,
In brightness of sunshine, or darkness of night ;
For sorrow and woe are companions of Sin,
When Virtue walks out, they fly readily in ;
No rest is there henceforth, by day or by night,
For him who has wandered away from the Right.

Do right, in each heart says a sweet angel voice ;
Obey, and in sorrow you still may rejoice ;
A rill, in your wand’rings, will always be nigh,
And there you may drink when the fountains are
dry ;

For Joy, like an angel, is ever in sight,
To bless with her presence the doer of Right.

Do right, though the wrong may seem pleasant and
good :

Though right may seem hard, it is well that it
should ;

The harder the right is, the sweeter 'twill be,
To know we have conquered, and henceforth, are
free ;

The glorious warrior, boldest in fight,
Is he, who in trial, abides by the Right.

For him sing the birds, aye, their merriest tune ;
For him spring the flowers in April and June ;
For him opens Morning the gates of the day ;
For him, walks the Moon on her star-lighted way ;
The fingers of Sorrow are never so light,
As when they are laid on the doer of Right.

Do right, though a crowd of mean cowards do
wrong ;

A child, in the right, is as Hercules, strong :
The pathway is steep, and few trav'lers are there ;
The prospect, how pleasant ! how balmy the air !
Then up, like the eagle that soars in his flight ;
Heaven's mansions are built on the mountain of
Right.

DEDICATED TO GRUMBLERS.

'Tis true, the world is very bad,
No mortal soul can blink it ;
But then, it's not so deadly vile
As some fault-finders think it.

All poor men are not whining knaves,
Nor robbers all our rich men :
Reformers, clearing off the track,
Be careful where you pitch men !

All parsons are not crafty priests,
Proud, lying, base deceivers, —
Guides, who for pay, lead far astray
Their band of firm believers.

All lawyers are not gabbling rogues,
Intent alone on plunder,
Who, for a dollar, scale the mount
Of Jove, and steal his thunder.

Our legislative halls are not
Sodoms without a Lot in ;
Though you will find, of members there,
Few groups without a sot in.

The mass so vile, at Washington,
The Devil finds no fault in,
Would drop asunder, were it not
That there's a pinch of salt in.

No doubt, dark shadows cross the earth,
Scarce liven'd by a stray light ;
But how is it, these shades are seen ?
We live in Virtue's daylight.

The deeds at which our fathers smiled,
Nor thought a man the worse for,
We look upon with deep disgust,
And give our direst curse for,

The world is but a school-boy yet,
Its daily lesson learning ;
Its teacher Life, to make it wise
New pages ever turning.

Then cease this everlasting growl :
Be gentle, kind, and tender ;
And, since the world is bad, let's join
And do our best to mend her.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

FOREVER floats before the real,
The bright and beautiful ideal ;
And, as to guide the sculptor's hand,
The living forms of beauty stand,
Till from the rough-hewn marble starts
A thing of grace in all its parts :

So ever stands before the soul
A model, beautiful and whole, —
The perfect man that each should be,
Erect in its integrity.
Keep this, O soul ! before thy sight,
And form the inward man aright.

THE ONCOMING EDEN OF GLORY.

WE travel not back for the Eden of old,
Bright garden so famous in story,
But forward, to gain with the noble and bold
The oncoming Eden of Glory.

Its gates are aye open, and no cherub stands
To guard with a flame-sword its portals ;
But angelic bands are outstretching their hands
To welcome home timorous mortals.

On low bending trees hang ambrosial fruits,
'Mid leaves for the sick nations healing ;
And paradise birds, breathing music like lutes,
Are heavenly secrets revealing.

There famishing spirits unfed by a crumb,
Who secretly pine in their sorrow,
Shall banquet with gods in that Eden to come,
Unhaunted by thoughts of to-morrow.

The weary soul there on a flowery bank lies ;
Peace, henceforth he claims for a mother ;
The sleep of a baby steals over his eyes,
And angels think dreams for their brother.

The down-trodden felon, forsaken and sad,
Love-strengthened, scales boldly the mountain ;
He bathes in the streams that the weary make glad,
And quenches his thirst at the fountain.

The sin-clouds unroll from his purified soul,
As mists from the brow of the morning ;
The unsullied spirit, resplendent and whole,
Shines forth in its native adorning.

There Love, like the sun, sheds his beams upon all,
And soul-buds expand into flowers ;
Spring brightens to summer, but winter and fall
Breathe not on its amaranth bowers.

We travel not back, then, for Eden of old,
Bright garden so famous in story ;
But forward, to gain, with the noble and bold,
This oncoming Eden of Glory.

THOUGHTS.

THOUGHTS, gentle thoughts, are springing like the
flowers in smiling May ;
Bright earth-stars, fair and golden, with a blessing
in each ray.
They gladden childhood in its dance along Life's
verdant lanes,
And soothe the years of manhood in its time of
toils and pains :
No desert soul so barren, but they beautify the
spot ;
And, where they fail to germinate, there God him-
self is not.

Thoughts, holy thoughts, like stars arise, when
night enwraps the soul ;

Or beacon lights above the sea, when waves of
sorrow roll.

They are sweet earth-born angels, forever at our
side,

Who close the door on vanity, and shut out lust
and pride ;

To ev'ry soul of earth, they give a seraph's burning
wings,

And far above the gates of morn, she soars aloft
and sings.

Thoughts, dreadful thoughts, at midnight come,
the soul a drifting wreck ;

Their hurried footsteps pacing up and down the
sounding deck :

When dark misdeeds within the hold, weigh down
the ship like lead,—

The creaking timbers groaning like the ghosts of
troubled dead,

While gaping waves around it for possession seem
to fight ;

From thoughts like these, God save us, in the
lonely hour of night !

Thoughts come like Spanish galleons, with treasures
o'er the sea,
With richest jewels freighted ; priceless presents
for the free :
Each soul is on the tip-toe, when their gallants
touch the sky ;
And hearts with high hopes laden greet those
vessels drawing nigh.
Each noble ship be favored, then, its destined port
to win ;
And Heaven's breath safe waft it, with its precious
cargo in.

Thoughts come like blazing comets, 'thwart the
gloomy evening sky,
And wonder-stricken millions look with terror up
on high :
They dread lest every fabric on this solid earth
should fall ;
Lest comet so portentous should destroy and ruin
all.
But bold thoughts have their orbit, all eccentric
though they look ;
No waver in their burning track, unwritten in the
book.

Thoughts come like avalanches from the lofty
mountain brow :

The cedars, firm and mighty, with their sturdy
branches bow ;

The rocky, moss-grown castles fall, no turret left
unthrown ;

While loud above the thundering comes Super-
stition's groan :

All hoary-headed wrongs are swept, like feathers
on the blast,

Into Oblivion's deepest gulf, where sleeps "the
worn-out past."

Thoughts come like shocks electric, from the bat-
tery of truth,

To start the palsied nerves of age, and fire the
pulse of youth :

They wake to action virtues that have long been
left to sleep,

And stir the soul's calm fountain to its silent,
slumbering deep ;

They blast each growing error with their deadly
lightning stroke,

And leave its stricken carcass like a rifted moun-
tain oak.

Thoughts yoke themselves like fiery steeds, and
drag the world along :

Woe to the stumbling-blocks that would its onward
march prolong !

Vain : tyrants, despots, slaveocrats, its course ye
cannot stay !

Resistless as the Universe, it moves upon its way.

Dash on, brave Thoughts, in storm or shine, in
day, or darkest night !

The goal we're destined yet to reach is LOVE and
TRUTH and RIGHT.

THE FUTURE DAY.

THE dawn of the glorious day is here,
Foretold by the voice of the ancient seer ;
That far down the vista of future years,
Through gathering clouds to his soul appears ;
And Hope, with a joyous tone, sweetly sings
Its glories, till earth with her music rings :
That day when lost Eden shall be restored ;
The universe bow to its rightful Lord ;
When Mercy shall drop from the beaming skies,
And men shall be holy and truly wise ;

For Joy shall enliven the fleeting hours,
And Love shall encircle the earth with flow'rs,
And beauty shall spring up on every side,
To fill with its glory the green earth wide ;
When concord the wounds of the world shall bind,
And man shall a brother in each man find ;
The chain of the felon shall melt in twain,
And sorrow disperse like the falling rain ;
When war and its thunders forever shall cease,
And heaven shall echo an anthem of peace ;
When truth, as the sun in his might, shall shine,
And gladden each soul with a light divine, —
Error shall flee, like a night-bird, away,
And nought dim the lustre of that bright day.

LIBERTY'S STAR.

WHEN Liberty's dream haunts the sleep of the
 slave,
And angels are whispering, " Brother, be brave ;"
When, daring the weight of the slaveholder's ban,
He flees to obtain all the rights of a man, —
How gladly thy beams greet his sight from afar !
His growing soul leaps to see Liberty's star.

The bloodhound is baying, a wolf's on his track :
 "Ho ! dead or alive, bring the fugitive back."
 He sinks to the earth ; he is ready to die ; [eye :
 But, bright from the heavens, thy beam greets his
 New life fills his veins, and his foes are afar !
 With tears he thanks God for thee, Liberty's star.

The cross of the South may be fair to the eye ;
 The milky way's gems may bespangle the sky ;
 The comet may range through the heavens, and
 light,
 With glorious train, half the circle of night :
 But steadier, better, and brighter, by far,
 Is the hope of the fugitive, Liberty's star.

APPEAL TO AMERICA.

FREEDOM's proud daughter, why
 Hug slavery to thy breast ?
 Let the foul reptile die :
 So may thy land have rest.
 Wash from thy country's page
 The dark, accursed blot ;
 Let not another age
 Behold the damning spot.

Stand in your strength, O men !
Bow to the wrong no more ;
Free this fair land again,
As ye have done before.

Rise in your might divine ;
Be every dark cloud furled :
America shall shine,
The pole-star of the world.

ANTHEM OF THE FREE.

THERE's a song the rills are singing,
As they ramble through the glen ;
Echoes from the hills are rolling
Their sweet voices back again :
There's a hymn the birds are chanting,
As they flit from tree to tree ;
Nature loves its joyous music, —
'T is the anthem of the free.

Roll the wild waves to its numbers,
As the free winds o'er them sweep ;
Gambol gayly in its spirit,
All the tenants of the deep :

To its notes the bees are humming,
Working on the verdant lea ;
Everywhere is Nature ringing
With the anthem of the free.

Start, we then, from death-like slumber,
As its heart-tones reach the ear ;
Spring to life, resolves long lying
In our bosoms, cold and sear :
Henceforth we are slaves no longer ;
Up, on unchained pinions flee !
Swell the everlasting chorus,
God's sweet anthem of the free.

MY DRINK.

I DRINK of the liquor the red rose sips,
That never puts poison to her sweet lips :
Her cheeks are as fair as the rising morn,
And crimsoned like cloudlets that eve adorn ;
She scents the glad air with her fragrant breath,
And steals away woe from this world of death.
The queen of the flowers, in smiling May,
Drinks water, but water, the livelong day.

I drink of the liquor the eagle seeks,
That sweeps from his home in the mountain
 peaks,
And joyfully drinks of the brimming cup
Whose waters forever are welling up ;
Then screaming his joy, on proud pinions borne,
He rises to welcome the coming morn :
Would you, like the eagle, be strong and free ?
Drink water, pure water, with him and me.

I drink of the liquor transparent and bright,
That springs in the valley a fountain of light ;
That deepens the green where it secretly flows,
And lies like a gem in the heart of the rose.
It strengthens the bole of the towering pine ;
It flows through the veins of the generous vine ;
Our mother presents it to every one free, —
The nectar of heaven, the liquor for me.

I drink of the liquor the heavens distil,
That leaps in delight from the forest-clad hill,
O'er moss-covered ledges, with white tripping feet,
Whose praises the birds in their anthems repeat ;
There's joy in its music, there's health in its flow,
And bliss the intemperate never can know.

Quaff water then, brothers, — quaff water with
me, —
“The drink of the wise, and the wine of the
free.”

THE SOUL'S PAST AND PRESENT.

My youthful days were days of joy, — of free and
careless mirth ;
And heaven seemed as true to me as ever did the
earth :
The “Land of Promise” lay before my bright,
unclouded eye ;
I longed for wings, that I might to its vernal bow-
ers fly.

But dark days came, of fear and doubt ; my soul's
bright hopes lay dead ;
And, as the early morning dew, my beauteous
visions fled :
Like mountains, unbelief rose up, and shut out
heaven's blue sky ;
And to my soul a harsh voice said, “Thou, too, art
born to die.”

I was upon the ocean launched ; dark, stormy was
the night ;
And not a star put forth a ray to bless my aching
sight ;
My anchor lost, the wild winds swept me unre-
sisting on ;
And o'er my bark despairing waves rolled ever
and anon.

But lo ! the morning star of Hope arises in the
sky,
And back the darkly gathering clouds before her
presence fly :
My youthful heaven comes back to me, still brighter
than before ;
And, plainly as the fields of earth, I see the golden
shore.

Sweet voices from the Spirit-Land are whispering
in my ear :
They bid me walk the path of Right, and banish
ev'ry fear ;
They warble to me joyous strains, brought from
the choirs above ;
The " vale of tears " becomes to me a paradise of
love.

“ Our Father’s mansion ” stands before my soul’s
enraptured sight ;
I see bright spirits walk the fields of everlasting
light :
And though these visions pass away,—these angel
forms depart,
I will rejoice ; for heaven has left its impress on my
heart.

COMFORT FOR THE MOURNER.

THERE is a garden where evermore bloom
The flowers of beauty, that vanish below :
They scent the glad air with a precious perfume,
As they burst in eternity’s glow.
Then banish our sorrow, let grief die away ;
Our father transplants the sweet flowers he
gave
To heaven’s bright garden: this life is the way,
And its gate is the desolate grave.

There is a world where there breathes not a blight,
And joy chases every shadow of woe ;
There ring on the ear the sweet songs of delight,
More melodious than any below ;

And Peace, gentle Peace, sways her sceptre of
love,

While round her pure throne all the bright
angels fly :

But oh ! that blest haven lies far, far above ;

And to reach it the body must die.

There is a place where departed souls dwell ;

The home of our Father : how pleasant and fair !

His children *all* meet round the board, and they
swell

Through the mansion a heavenly air.

How happy are they ! not a sorrowing one ;

For love, like the sunlight, has scattered the
gloom :

Then weep not in sorrow for those who are gone ;

For the door of that home is the tomb.



MY LAMB.

I HAD a Lamb, from our Father's fold,

More dear to me than the finest gold ;

Its fleece was whiter than driven snow,

And pure as streams from the mountain flow ,

Its eye was clear as the glist'ning dew,
Where love looked out at those windows blue :
And I was happy as man could be,
Whene'er those starry eyes beamed on me.

We roamed together at morning's dawn,
With glad steps over the jewelled lawn ;
We crossed the valleys, and climbed the hills,
And drank with birds at the crystal rills :
The earth was greener, more bright the sky,
Fairer all things, when that Lamb was nigh.

At eve, when weary we sank to rest,
Its head was pillowed upon my breast ;
'T was then I heard the celestial song :
Of heaven my dreams were the blest night long ;
For angels guarded my Lamb and me,
And filled the night with their melody.

But veiled in gloom were my glad dreams, when
Our Father sent for his Lamb again.
I strove to keep her ; but Death said, " No :
The Shepherd calls, and the Lamb must go !
But though I take her, it is in love ;
She goes to feed with the flocks above.

The pastures there are forever green,
And streams unfailing flow on between ;
There dwells the Shepherd, whose name is Love,
Around him gath'ring the blest above.

“Then sorrow not for the dear one dead :”
'T was thus the spirit deliv'rer said ;
And Hope with angel voice whispered then,
“Weep not : thy Lamb thou wilt find again !”

A PSALM OF THE PRESENT.

TELL me not that inspiration
Died with Jewish bard and seer ;
That the present generation
Only finds its mournful bier.

Tell me not the Past, so cheerful,
Reaped when Truth was in her prime ;
But the Present, sad and tearful,
Gleans the fields of olden time.

Tell me not that heaven's portals
Closed when Science had her birth ;
And, since then, the fair immortals
Have not visited the earth :

That the ever-loving angels
Ceased their songs long, long ago,
And they herald sweet evangels
Nevermore to those below ;

For the fount of life, supernal,
Feeds unnumbered earthly springs ;
And the joys that are eternal,
To the waiting spirit brings.

Come to us the friends who vanished,—
Left us weeping on the shore ;
Eden's garden find the banished,
Eat, and live forevermore.

Manhood's vanguard scales the mountain,
Heaven opens to their view :
Weary trav'lers, by the fountain,
Up ! and gird yourselves anew.

Build your churches ! they are ours,
By a law ye have not known ;
Raise your steeples, flank your towers !
Truth shall claim them for her own.

Marble, be the solid walls,
Granite, the foundation-stone ;
Error, build thy princely halls !
Truth shall claim them for her own.

FUTURE LIFE.

SHALL trees live for ages, and garnish the ground,
In verdure and beauty and gladness abound ?
Shall they enjoy life for a thousand long years,
Unburdened with sorrows, untroubled by fears ?
And yet man, the noblest of earth, sea, and skies,
The upright, the thoughtful, the God-like and wise,
Shall he, like a flower, but live for a day,
Unfold like a rose, and then wither away ?
Or dance, like a bubble, a while on the wave,
Look joyous a moment, then sink in the grave ?
Oh, no ! for Eternity calls him her son :
His circuit of glory he ever shall run ;
The heavens present him their infinite store ;
The years of the Highest are his evermore.
Released from the clay, the immortal shall rise,
Till Earth floats beneath him, a speck in the skies ;
The bright stars of even shall golden steps be,
And he shall ascend to the realms of the free.

THE TRUE LIGHT.

'Twas first-day morn : the sun shone bright,
And, as a god, dispensed his light ; •
The city in its lucid beam
Was fair as heaven in a dream,
A stillness reigned as night profound,
Unbroken by a single sound,
'Till from a hundred steeples high,
Whose proud heads seemed to prop the sky, .
A thousand bells rang on the air,
“ Come, people, to the house of prayer.”
And, as the call went far and wide,
I saw a living, human tide,
A well-dressed, well-fed, smiling throng,
Pouring with golden books along.
I followed to a temple fair,
Whose gilt dome floated in the air ;
Through windows stained the dim light stole,
And beauty gladdened every soul ;
The organ's peal swept through the aisle,
In tones would make an angel smile,
Now soft as is a fairy strain,
Then “ groaning like a god in pain.”

When Music's silver voice was dumb,
And Silence to her temple come,
I heard the priest, in accents loud,
Address the large, attentive crowd.
He said, "My friends, this truth is clear,
All die in sin who come not here ;
For Peter will the gate unlock
To none but our believing flock :
All else are heretics beside,
For whom Christ neither lived nor died.
The Pope's the God-appointed head ;
By him to life ye shall be led ;
Nor with the goats — a num'rous band —
Be found at last on God's left hand."
He ended ; and I turned away
From the proud temple's grand display.

Attracted by a pleasing sound,
A humbler building then I found,
And heard one preach from "Christ the Way."
"My friends," he said, "'tis clear as day,
Who make the Pope their god are wrong,
A fearful truth they'll find ere long.
Christ is alone the living Way,
Our Leader to the realms of Day ;
By him we're washed from ev'ry stain,
In him we all are born again :

We have the witness from above,
And know and feel that God is love.
How dark the soul without this light !
Its pathway, shrouded by the night,
Lies hard upon the brink of hell,
Where spirits unredeemed must dwell."

In search of Truth, I bent my way,
And many more I heard that day :
One said, " We fell in Adam's fall ; "
And one, " We never fell at all ; "
One said, with solemn shake and nod,
" There is a trinity in God,
Disbelief in which who cherish,
Everlastingly shall perish ; "
And straight I heard another cry,
" The trinity's a pagan lie, —
A thing the Scriptures never mention,
A foolish, heathenish invention."
" The sinner must forever dwell,"
I heard one say, " in blackest hell ; "
Another then at once declared,
That heaven would by all be shared.
" Within the holy book I've read,
This is the way to life," he said :
Another, with succeeding breath,
Exclaimed, " That is the road to Death."

A trav'ler then, which way to go,
Bewildered thus, I did not know :
With anxious doubts my mind oppressed,
Where could I go for light and rest ?
For Darkness spread her veil around,
And wrapped my soul in night profound :
'Twas then I saw, — or did I dream ?
I saw a light like morning's beam ;
An angel form unto me came,
Whose presence seemed like ambient flame.
He said, " I come to guide thy youth,
And lead thee in the path of truth :
All thou hast seen are somewhat right,
Though none walk fully in the light ;
A veil shuts out her brightest ray,
That priests care not to tear away.
Thou hast within thy soul a light
Can chase away the gloom of night, —
A map by heavenly wisdom planned,
To lead thee to the Better Land.

Then look within, for God is there ;
And cease to wander anywhere ;
And thou wilt then this truth be shown,
God's love no little sect can own :
He comes to strengthen and to bless
The soul who dwells in righteousness.

Be ev'ry deed in kindness wrought,
And nobly live thy purest thought ;
Be this thy drink, be this thy food,
Ever to labor, doing good ;
So shall thy soul renew its youth,
And thou be one with God and truth."

MY FORTUNE.

I'm heir to no fortune, no lordly estate ;
No child of the wealthy, the proud, or the great ;
No slave calls me master, no tenant a lord ;
No low-bending vassals e'er eat at my board ;
No cellars have I overflowing with wine,
From Moselle, Oporto, or world-renowned Rhine ;
No sums in the bank, and no stock in the field ;
No gran'ries to fill with what harvests may yield ;
No gall'ry of pictures by masters renowned,
Dependent in halls, by the beautiful crowned ;
Nor beauty nor fashion e'er come at my call,
To garland a feast, or to dance at a ball.

"Thou'rt Poverty's child, and hast ever been so :"
I think of my treasures, and answer ye, No !

God's palace is mine, with its high dome of blue,
Its curtains, the clouds, with the light peeping
through ;

My carpet, the flower-spangled meadow and lea ;
And merry birds warble sweet music for me.

The clouds drop me nectar, the rocks distil wine .
Then never for less worthy drink shall I pine ;
While Nature supplies me with fruits of the field,
I long not for aught that intemp'rance can yield.

My pictures are landscapes, unfading and true,
Each set in a frame of magnificent blue.

The Master who painted retouches them still ;
No mark of his pencil but tells of his skill :
Each moment they change, and new beauties unfold ;

Now tinted with lead, and then burnished like gold.
I view them at morning, night's curtain updrawn,
The lake and the mountain, the wood and the
lawn ;

When gently the breath of the murmuring breeze
Comes laden with fragrance from blossoming trees ;
When slowly the sunlight retires in the west,
And sweet to the lab'rer comes coolness and rest,
The moon lights each scene with her silvery ray,
The night has a glory unknown to the day ;

When bright in the meadow the fire-flies glance,
And look through the leaves like the stars in a
dance,

While spirits unseen whisper love in my ear,
And earth is so blissful that heaven seems near.

My cot is but lowly : yet Peace abides there,
And Health, joyous maiden, with cheek ever fair ;
Love smiles on me joyously all the day long,
And Hope ever sings a melodious song.
I'm rich in a happy and peaceable mind,
A soul whose pulse beats for the bliss of mankind ;
I'm rich in a love of the good and the true, —
Such riches bring pleasures and bliss ever new ;
I'm rich in the knowledge of future delight,
Where all will be ruled by the spirit of right,
Where paltry gold wins not a soul from its truth,
But goodness lives ever in beautiful youth :
There God has provided an infinite store.
And riches untold shall be mine evermore.

THE SONG OF BEAUTY.

THERE'S beauty in the rolling stream, as, dancing
on its way,
The blue-bells and the violets drink vigor from its
spray ;

The green trees greet it with a smile, the birds
sing to its praise,

While sweetest echoes roll along its banks their
joyous lays.

There's beauty in the rolling stream, beauty all
around :

You cannot wander anywhere, where beauty is not
found.

The gorgeous hues that deck the sky; the rain-
bow's beauteous arch ;

The clouds, white-wingèd messengers, forever on
the march ;

The jewelled stars, those eyes of night, what beauty
in their glance,

As leads the moon the fair ones out to join the
nightly dance !

There's beauty in the azure sky, beauty all
around :

You cannot wander anywhere, where beauty is not
found.

The dimpled waves in merry chase, along the briny
shore,

What beauteous shells they scatter on the blue
sea's sandy floor !

What beauty in the coral caves, where mermaids
 dwell below,
And bright pearls gleam, those ocean stars, with
 everlasting glow !
There's beauty in the sounding sea, beauty all
 around :
You cannot wander anywhere, where beauty is not
 found.

How lovely is the mountain cot ! for beauty's home
 is there :
The stream, the meadow, and the wood combine
 to make it fair ;
'Tis garlanded with roses round, and smiling chil-
 dren play,
And chase the bees and butterflies, throughout the
 summer day.

There's beauty in the lowly cot, beauty all around :
You cannot wander anywhere, where beauty is not
 found.

WINTER IS DEAD.

WINTER is dead,
Gone to his bed,
And clustering violets bloom over his head.

Long was his reign :
Noble and swain
For weary months prayed for deliv'rance in vain.

Spring, young and sweet,
Would the king greet :
He fell a cold corpse at the young maiden's feet.

Green was his shroud ;
Wept the young cloud ;
While winds spake their griefs to the heavens aloud.

By the stars dim,
Buried we him,
Where blue-birds are chanting his funeral hymn.

THE SEASONS.

SPRING came, a maiden young and fair,
Unbound to the winds her silken hair ;
Her kirtle green was trimmed with blue,
Her footstep light as falling dew.

'T was morning : on yon distant hill
She stood one moment ; all was still ;

Then sang such a celestial air,
That heaven appeared to be there ;
And flowers, buried in the ground,
Woke up to hear the joyous sound ;
While young buds startled, with surprise
Opened in haste their wondering eyes ;
And listening birds, in grove and glen,
Repeated that sweet strain again.
Her breath was fragrance on the air
That floated down the valley fair,
Distilling in each tiny cup,
By every infant flower held up ;
Whence bees, who know the honey-bells,
Transferred its sweetness to their cells.
What joy was there along her route !
The old woods hung their banners out ;
And by her side, with tinkling feet,
The young rills danced to music sweet ;
While spreading from her steps was seen
A living carpet, emerald green, —
A path for Summer's gorgeous queen.

Within a chariot of light,
Whose winged steeds out-rode the night,
Fast driving o'er her wide domain,
The goddess came with royal train :

A velvet robe of varied hue
Around her lovely form she drew
Its colors, brighter than the skies,
Enriched by glowing sunset dyes ;
Her brow, by Beauty's own hand graced,
A diadem of stars embraced,
Whose rays, swift heralds, went before,
Proclaiming her to every shore :
"She comes ! she comes with open hand,
To scatter blessings on your land !"
Then, by her maids of royal birth,
She gave her largess to the earth.
They wove for man the fragrant bowers,
Those calm retreats in sunny hours,
Where liquid waves of music roll,
To lift the sinking human soul ;
Then, in the city, dusty, dim,
With sweetest voices, called to him.
Their laughter swept the orchard through :
The blossoms fell, the apples grew,
The cherries blushed, and from their beds
The scarlet berries raised their heads,
And o'er the fields of paly gold
The mimic waves in beauty rolled.
They banished sorrow, pain, and sighs ;
They called down beauty from the skies ;

And hand in hand with her they played,
Through flowery nook and bowery shade ;
Nor thought of else till Autumn came, —
A staid, demure, and thoughtful dame :
Whose damsels brought, for all to share,
The downy peach, the juicy pear ;
And purple grape, the fruit divine
Whose flasks contain the purest wine ;
The golden grain, in drooping sheaves,
They bore beneath the farmer's eaves ;
Within his mines laid up a store
Of daily life's most needed ore ;
They set the verdant woods aflame,
Each tree a burning bush became ;
While sang the winds, with solemn sound,
“Take off thy shoes, 'tis holy ground.”

But Autumn fled, when, from the north,
Came Winter's stormy mandate forth :
His icy sceptre, held on high,
Is felt and feared by earth and sky ;
His word is law, and at his will,
The world's wild pulse is standing still ;
A thousand dashing streamlets hear,
They stop, and hold their breath for fear ;

From spreading clouds the white leaves fall,
With crystal foliage cover all,
And swiftly wrap, from head to feet,
The dead earth in her winding sheet ;
As through the wood its echoes ring,
The trembling birds forget to sing ;
And man, the lord of all, turns pale
When that stern voice comes on the gale.

But Spring is hastening on apace :
She'll take old hoary Winter's place ;
She'll cheer the earth with light and song,
And make her life's blood dance along ;
She'll garland hill and dale and plain,
And make this old world young again.

SPRING.

SHE'S coming from the sunny south, young daughter of the year,
To banish every cloud of grief, and dry each rolling tear :
The bloom of youth is on her cheek, and "laughter lights her eye ;"
Her presence makes the frost depart and hoary winter fly ;

She visits every wooden hut upon the western
wild ;
She gladdens every parent's heart, and kisses every
child ;
They scent her breath, among the trees they hear
her pleasant voice,
And as they gather up her gifts their little hearts
rejoice :
She looks upon the care-worn man, pale statue of
distress ;
That look is nectar to his soul, to feed him and to
bless ;
Long years of sorrow, doubt, and care grow dim in
her bright beam,
And as a vision of the night his greatest troubles
seem ;
The tide of joy flows back once more, and floats
his griefs away,
And with a child-like soul he joins the little ones
at play :
She smiles upon the mountain-rills ; they smile to
her again ;
Their music rings upon the air from many a rocky
glen ;

The very buds are big with joy, the raindrops
dance with glee,
And every bending twig keeps time with tuneful
harmony :
She starts the life-blood in the veins of many a
branching vine,
Whose tendrils clasp the forest-boughs as sisters'
arms intwine :
She's weaving garlands for the grove, and carpets
for the lea,
How noiseless is her workmanship, though beautiful to see !
She's limning forms of beauty with a pencil made
of flowers,
And singing joyous anthems through the sun-be-
gilded hours .
She's walking in the verdant wood ; she's dancing
down the lea ;
She's coming with a blessing, too, for all the world
and me.
The brooks have found their voices, and the birds
a merry song ;
The dead world is alive again, the old world blithe
and young.
A new edition Nature prints of her immortal book,
So beautiful, the very dead are rising up to look ;

A million leaves, with illustrations elegant and
new ;
Unlike all other books in this, — its every statement
true.

WINTER.

Cold winter is here, and blows with a whiz ;
The mercury's fell, and fuel is riz ;
The river is still, the hydrant is friz,
And every man wears a most comical phiz.

Dead in the garden are all the sweet roses ;
Blue as a whetstone are all the red noses ;
While every thing green assuredly froze is,
As stiff as the rod that was carried by Moses.

Art furnishes flowers, though Nature is froze in ;
Grog-shops are gardens with blossoms by rows in,
Where, watered by villanous whiskey that flows in,
Each fool must soon gather a harvest of woes in.

Rich people snug in warm bedrooms are lying ;
Poor people hungry in garrets are dying ;
Shivering children are moaning and crying,
While bleak winds around them are mournfully
sighing.

Then think of the poor, ye wealthy flint-skinners,
Who, in the great "grab game," have made your-
selves winners ;
While eating with relish your smoking hot dinners,
Remember, in mercy, your poor fellow sinners.

FREEDOM FOR THE BOUND.

FREEDOM for the bondman, pining wearily away ;
His dungeoned soul still sighing for the blessed
light of day :
From Carolina's fields of rice, in Mississippi's cane,
Their groans ascend to heaven, and their sweat
descends like rain ;
Virginian ploughing sadly in another's field of
corn,
And Texan picking cotton by the light of early
morn.
Freedom for the bondman, bent at Superstition's
shrine,
With bandaged eyes imploring that the sun of truth
may shine,
To deaf gods he has conjured up from error's
depths profound,
While devils that his fears have made like wolves
are howling round, —

Mahommedan of Mecca, and the Catholic of Rome,
The Hindoo in his distant land, the Methodist at
home.

Freedom for the bondmaid, chained to Fashion's
rolling car,
A willing captive taken by a "nation from afar:"
She goes where freedom cannot live; the false
supplants the true;
And gods are daily worshipped that our fathers
never knew, —
The lady in her satin, riding daintily with pride;
The maiden in her calico who'd fain be by her
side.

Freedom for the bondmaid, slave to Bible and
to creed,
Who hugs the chains that weigh her down and
make her spirit bleed:
"Thus saith the Lord," and "thus saith Paul,"
her tyrant masters they,
Who hold the rod if she presumes her lord to
disobey, —
The maiden in her teens, who never dares her soul
to trust;
The matron dying while she lives a sacrifice to
lust.

Freedom's song be sounded over river, land, and
 sea,
And echo bring the joyous shout that tells a planet
 free !
Then prison-doors are open, drops to earth the
 severed chain,
And glory streams from heaven like the sunbeams
 after rain :
Free men, free women, walk the earth as spotless
 as the snow ;
Ail misery dies, for vice has fled, and heaven's be-
 gun below.

ADVICE TO A FRIEND.

NEVER say the sky is black, when thou dost think
 it blue ;
Never speak another's thought, unless thou think
 it true ;
Never walk along a road, because by others trod :
Be true unto thyself, my friend, and thou art true
 to God.
Do right, whatever others do ; though all are
 slaves, be free :
Walk straight, however others walk ; and thou
 shalt noble be.

If others choose to set up gold, and cry, "It is a
god,"
There is no need, though thousands bow, that thou
shouldst therefore nod :
Stand firm, erect in manhood's might, though mil-
lions humbly bow ;
Then, though but one man in the world, that one
man wilt be thou.

SUNDAY SABBATH.

'Tis Sunday : but the morn peeps out ;
The breezes play the woods about ;
The wild birds sing their gayest song,
And echoes sweet the notes prolong ;
Wide fly the blazing gates of day,
And Sol rolls on his sunny way.
The trees are weaving summer bowers ;
The bees are kissing maiden flowers ;
Young streams are dancing wild and free,
And linking hands to meet the sea ;
The spider spins his silky line ;
The vines around the old oak twine :
Up ! idlers, up ! the world's at work,
Nor meanly thus your duty shirk.

Your preachers lead your souls astray,
For Nature knows no sabbath day.

Maiden, raise thy parting song !
Ploughman, drive thy team along !
Blacksmith, let thy anvil sing !
Woodman, make the forest ring !
Sailor, spread the snow-white sail !
No sabbath knows the flying gale.

City toiler, full of care,
Out, and breathe the balmy air !
Leave the haunted Gothic pile !
Leave the dim cathedral aisle,
Where hooded Superstition walks,
And Bigotry, the murderer, stalks.

Out, and bathe thy dusty feet
In the meadow, cool and sweet,
Where the trees in solemn bands
Raise to heaven their speading hands !
There joyous birds, God's heralds free,
Shall preach his gospel unto thee.

QUESTIONS FOR THE ORTHODOX.


Who was it that tempted the Devil to sin ?
And how did such mischief in heaven begin ?
And why was the crooked old serpent, unslain,
Permitted on earth to work mischief again ?
Why was he not chained in some cavern below,
Where chance would be none to breed sorrow and
 woe ?

If angels could sin, and from heaven descend,
May you not fall also, my orthodox friend ?
Pray what kind of mornings and evenings were
 those

Of which Moses tells us before the sun rose ?
And how did the earth in its gallant course fly,
Before its prime-mover was placed in the sky ?
If God cursed us all for the fault of one man,
Did justice inspire such a horrible ban ?
Pray where was his mercy, his love, or his grace,
For one sinner's fault thus to blast the whole race ?
And why did he make man to live here at all,
Well knowing beforehand that Adam would fall ?
Or why not the garden fence snake-proof ? for then
The foiled fiend had crawled to his underground
 den.

Did six days of work make the Deity tire ?
If so, then the Author of life may expire ;
Jehovah's works fail like the labors of men,
And all Nature sink into nothing again.
Who was it that Cain married ? give us some light.
" His sister." His sister ! Could incest be right ?
Did he who forbids it compel such a match,
Or leave him forever a lonely old bach ?
Whence came the deep waters that over all stood,
When mountain-tops were but as snags in the flood ?
And where did the wind with those vast oceans fly ?
Did comets take off the unusual supply ?
Did Noah collect that menagerie large ?
How found he a place for them all in his barge ?
And how did eight persons attend to the whole ?
And how did they live in that horrid " black hole ? "
If God is a Spirit unknown to the sight,
Who was it that wrestled with Jacob all night ?
And whom saw the elders of Israel, when
God gave his commands to the children of men ?
Who gave to the Jews the grand charter of death,
" Your enemies slay, every one that has breath " ?
And how can the God of that bloodthirsty crew
Be loving and merciful, gracious and true ?
Was God once an infant, the child of a maid, —
The filler of space in a rude manger laid ?

And did the Almighty grow stronger each day ?
The Lord over angels with little boys play ?
The Maker of worlds and the Ruler of spheres,
Did he as a carpenter work for some years ?
Was he who owned all things by charity fed,
No place on his own earth to pillow his head ?
When he knelt in prayer on Gethsemane's sod,
Do you believe angel hosts strengthened their God ?
And did he abandon himself, when he cried,
“ Why hast thou forsaken me, God,” and then died ?



BABEL.

THE deluge o'er, the world at peace,
God said to man, “ You must increase ;
From you I'll breed a royal race,
To take those godless wretches' place.
No bachelor nor maid,” he said,
“ But every soul at once be wed,
And fill the world with better men,
Who will not raise my ire again.”
On Shinar's plain they dwelt and grew ;
No fear of want the toilers knew ;
'Till plenty gave them, as it ought,
Both time for rest, and time for thought.

“ The world was drowned, our fathers say :
It may be so some future day.
That rainbow story I must doubt,
For I have seen a fountain spout.
Here's clay : go to, let us make brick,
And build a tower, with walls so thick
That we may raise them to the sky,
Nor heed the waters rushing by.
A rallying place 'twill also be :
When scattered, we its top may see
From every part of earth's wide bound,
And thus our home be always found.”
So said the chief ; and then the crew
With willing feet obedient flew.
Some dug and raised the yielding clay
That others mixed without delay,
Then shaped and burned as hard as rock,
To stand the earthquake's strongest shock.
In course were laid great ten-feet brick,
Asphaltum used to make them stick.
To heaven each day the structure grew, —
A Chimborazo rose to view.
The whole world toiled ; what might not be ?
From heaven the angels dropped to see ;
Returning, spread the strange report,
Which reached at length the royal court.

“ A tower to heaven ! ” and with a frown,
Said God, “ I must to earth go down.
This little pin-head world, the earth,
Gives me more trouble than it’s worth ;
I wish I’d drowned that Noah too,
And rid me of this sin-cursed crew,
Who will not rest till heaven’s their own,
And I and mine are overthrown.”
Accompanied by a trusty few,
Down came the Lord of hosts to view.
“ I see,” he said, “ ’tis as I feared ; ”
And then he stroked his long white beard :
“ One language and one easy speech,
All things are thus within their reach.
Go to, let us their speech confound,
That each may make an unknown sound,
So none can understand another,
No, not even his own brother.”
No sooner said than it was done,
And “ Babel ” everywhere begun.
What hissing, sputtering, yelling then
From half a million angry men !
They barked and coughed and sneezed in vain,
No sound could make their meaning plain.
In Choctaw one demanded “ brick ; ”
His Hebrew brother passed a stick.

“That square!” in Greek a second said :
The Gaelic mason shook his head.
“Here slime?” in Spanish yelled a third :
No hod-man understood a word.
“Go work,” in English here one say :
His only answer, “*nichts versteh*.”*
Like ants upon an upturned hill,
Now here, now there, no mortal still,
Till finding all their labor vain,
They scattered over Shinar’s plain.
And God, who had the mischief done,
Looked down o’erjoyed to see the fun.
Such Gods — is any devil worse ?
Only deserve a people’s curse.

BIBLE STORY IN VERSE ;

OR, THE CONTEST BETWEEN GOD AND THE DEVIL.

WITHIN the holy book I’ve read
A story oft with wond’ring dread :
But now with mirth sometimes scan o’er
This relic of Chaldaic lore.

There dwelt in Uz a godly man,
Whose name was Job, the tale began :

* The German for “I do not understand.”

Upright was he, as grows the palm ;
No wrath-storm broke his holy calm ;
For Peace, sweet dove, had made her nest
Within this good man's pious breast.

A wife and seven sons had he,
And fairest of all daughters three ;
His meadows, sheep unnumbered bore ;
Three thousand camels were his store ;
Of oxen owned five hundred head,
Of asses just as many fed.

In servants, substance, land, and beast,
The richest man of all the East.

There came a day in heaven adored,
When God's sons met before the Lord ;
And Satan, in his "Sunday best,"
Was also there among the rest ;
A gentleman from top to toe,
As the infernal fashions go.

The sons of God with deep unrest
Looked down on the unbidden guest ;
Till one who knew the arch-foe well,
Though guised by all the art of hell,
Approached, and took him by the hand,
And introduced him to the band.
Not long, and all felt quite at ease ;
Who is there Satan cannot please ?

The Devil, too, threw off all care :
His home, of course, is everywhere ;
And taking off his fire-proof hat,
Soon God and he were deep in chat.

Then said the Lord, 'mong other things
That passed between these rival kings,
“ Your face I have not lately seen :
Pray, whither has your lordship been ? ”

“ You're surely joking,” Satan said,
“ For all things travel through your head :
You know as well where I have been
As if you had been there and seen.”

“ Upon my word,” God made reply,
“ There's no one hears but you and I ;)
The fact is, Nick, to tell you true,
Of news I know much less than you ;
My subjects are a lazy set, —
I'll turn them out of heaven yet, —
Who spend their time in songs and prayers,
Nor half attend to my affairs.”

“ Well,” Satan said, “ since that is so,
I come from rambling to and fro.
Our place was sad ; and so, for mirth,
I wandered up and down the earth.”

“ In roaming up and down the globe,
Have you beheld my servant Job ? ”

“ Of course I have,” Nick made reply :
“ I keep your saints before my eye ;
No mother could for darling son
Care more than I for Job have done ;
And if in heaven he chance to shine,
It will be through no fault of mine.”

“ Yes, yes, I know you, sir, of old,
What hosts you’ve stolen from my fold !
But let that pass : I wish to know
If, in your wanderings to and fro,
You’ve seen a man more pure, upright,
Than Job, who serves me day and night ?
I tell you, sir, though wide your hell,
No fiend e’er serves you half so well :
I’m proud of Job, the noblest man
The earth has seen since time began.”

Then Satan, whose deep hate was stirred
To dark revenge by every word :
“ The dog is faithful to his lord,
But faithful only for his board ;
And Job, though faithful all his days,
Would not be so but that it pays.

I've not an imp in hell below
But that would serve you, pay him so.
You've given freely friends and health,
And made him rich in worldly wealth ;
Have set a hedge around him high,
And every evil passes by.
Who would not serve the Lord for this,
Secure of every earthly bliss ?
But if you'll just withdraw your aid,
And take away the wealth you've made,
You'll find your saint has little grace :
He'll turn, and curse you to your face."

Said God, " I know the reason well :
There boils in you the wrath of hell ;
No surer word e'er spoke the Fates,
' He must be good whom Satan hates.'
Of Job you foully, falsely lie,
For he's as true a soul as I.
To prove that what I say is true,
I give his substance up to you ;
But stop, hold on, you cunning elf !
You must not touch the man himself."

Away he went, more swift than fly
Migrating swallows through the sky,

And, 'lighting in the brimstone cave,
Commission to his servants gave,
Who, darting forth with gladness, flew
The bidding of their lord to do.

But God, revolving in his head
The final words the Devil said,
Remembering, too, the trick he played
With Mother Eve in Eden's shade,
Called Gabriel from a distant sphere,
And whispered in his trusty ear,
"The Devil's off to trouble Job ;
Now swift and seek the distant globe,
Find Job, and, should he need your aid,
See strength supplied for burden laid ;
Perchance the Devil is too strong,
And Job may do the thing that's wrong ;
Which would be sad, for then, you see,
Old Beelzebub would laugh at me."

Off Gabriel went, swift as the ray
Shot from the fiery god of day ;
And God, released from further cares,
Gave audience to a myriad prayers,
Which, owing to his needful fears,
Were by this time in sad arrears.

Meanwhile Nick's agents in high glee
Had hunted over land and sea,
And bagged the winds which daily blow
O'er deserts wide and realms of snow.

Job's sons and daughters meet to dine,
To dance, and drink Chaldean wine,
Nor dream, while pleasure fills the bowl,
That fiends lie wait to trap the soul.
Around the house the demons stand,
A dread tornado in each hand.

The storms leap out with furious bound,
And dash the structure to the ground.
His oxen plough, and asses graze
Beside them in the verdant ways ;
A demon band the keepers slay,
And drive the herds like chaff away.
At morn they dotted all the plain,
At noon their tracks alone remain.

Away then flew another band,
And searched each cranny of the land ;
From hot volcanoes gathered fire,
To satisfy their master's ire ;
From Ætna streams of lava red,
And sulphur from Vesuvius' bed.

(Nor think this an astounding feat,
For who as fiends so used to heat ?)
His flocks — the worthy patriarch's pride —
Were feeding on the mountain side ;
The servants near them lying round
In peace upon the turfy ground,
When fell as falls the thunder's bride,
A fiery shower on every side.
Of all that host escapes but one
To tell his master they are gone.
His camels from Arabia come,
Ships of the desert bound for home :
Each one is seized by pirate hands,
The servants' life-blood drink the sands ;
But one is left, who straightway goes
To tell to Job his tale of woes.

'Twas summer eve : his day's work done,
Job sat and viewed the setting sun.
Serene his soul and self-possessed
As day's bright god that sank to rest.
But tidings came : his sheep were slain ;
His cattle swept from off the plain ;
His camels seized and borne away,
And all his servants far astray.
But worse than all, — the lightning's stroke
That rent his living heart of oak, —

His children taken at one blow ;
This overflows his cup of woe.
But scarce a word the anguish tells,
That in his heart intensely swells.
True, once the rising oath came there ;
But Gabriel turned it into prayer ;
And Nick, who sat expectant by,
Could only turn his head and sigh.

There chanced in heaven another day,
When God's sons came their court to pay.
Such days are common now below,
In heaven at that time not less so ;
And Satan also, brazen bold,
Stalked in as he had done of old ;
Though some of heaven's "upper ten"
(All angels are not gentlemen),
Cast sneering glances, barbed with hate,
At hell's distinguished potentate.
Yet daunted not a jot was he,
But proud as Lucifer can be,
And answered back with double scorn
Those looks of heaven's basest born.

While thus in silence looking fight,
To peaceful angels great delight,

The golden doors flew open wide,
And God, with Gabriel by his side,
Passed through his million sons, who stood,
Like pines in some Norwegian wood,
Until where Satan was they came,
And God accosted him by name :

“ Well, Satan, here again, I see.”
“ Of course ; you don’t get rid of me ;
I’m just as much your son as those,
Who, proud, turn up the holy nose
At me who shone a star of morn
Before their little souls were born.
They may yet fall ; and you shall see
I’ll punish them as you did me ;
I’ll make a hell beneath my own,
There shall these wretches weep and moan.
Mine shall be heaven to that deep,
Where I these twice damned souls shall keep :
I’ll show them I can use the rod,
And prove myself a very God.”

“ Come, come,” said God, “ your wrath assuage :
These fellows are not worth your rage.
See, Gabriel, that those boys are taught
Behaving henceforth as they ought

To one who is as welcome here
As any angel far or near ;
For (here his voice fell very low)
We can't do without Nick, you know.
That I'm your friend you scarce can doubt,
Although from heaven I turned you out :
Though much the evil you have done,
I ne'er forget you are my son ;
I'll see, when to us you resort,
That you're well treated at my court.
But, by the way, much time has passed
O'er both our heads since we met last,
With little change to either pate :
Pray whither have you been of late ?
You run so fast, I've not a spy
In all my pay one half as spry :
I cannot keep your course a day,
When once from here you get away."

" Oh, well! " said Nick, " you have the odds :
One need be spry to out-wit Gods.
I've been, as usual, rambling round,
And looking o'er our battle-ground."

" Among the millions of the globe
Have you considered pious Job,

Who stands unmoved your every shock,
Firm as a weather-beaten rock ;
Whose beetling crags for aye defy
The dashing waves, the frowning sky ? ”

“ Hold there : I hate to hear you dwell
Upon a man too mean for hell ;
A sneaking wretch who would be free,
But lacks the courage thus to be ;
Who'd give up cattle, houses, wife,
To save from death his worthless life.
Put forth your hand, and touch his skin ;
Let fever burn the wretch within ;
Ay, boast no more, but touch him there,
And then you'll hear his saintship swear.
With all his piety and grace,
He'll turn, and curse you to your face.”

Said God, “ I see the reason plain,
You cannot now your wrath restrain :
You've found your match ; ay, that is it,
And can't succeed with all your wit.
I'm proud of Job : how good is he ;
Temptation proof, of passion free.
To prove that what I say is true,
I give his body up to you.

Go smite, torment him, do your worst ;
By every evil see him cursed ;
But spare his life, there is your bound ;
The rest to you is open ground."

The last words reached the Devil's ear
Just as he lit upon our sphere.
A city vast in grandeur lies
Before the demon's greedy eyes ;
With eager glance each dwelling there
He sweeps with most assiduous care,
To find the wretch whose throbbing veins
Distend with unremitting pains.
He finds him, on a pallet laid,
Beneath a crumbling hovel's shade ;
And straight transfers the poison dire
To Job, who wakes to feel its fire.
In ashes sat the good man down,
A mass of sores from foot to crown,
With Satan by his side unseen,
And Gabriel hovering between.
As by some spring the hunter lies,
His soul out-leaping from his eyes,
To catch a glimpse of roving deer,
That unsuspecting linger near ;
So sat the Devil waiting there
In hopes to hear his victim swear.

But Job, who keenly felt the stroke,
With not a word the silence broke,
But brooding o'er his misery lay
In speechless grief through night and day.

Then Nick, remembering woman's power,
How Adam fell in Eden's bower,
How weak was all the serpent's guile
Without Eve's sweet, alluring smile,
Transformed himself, — how like to life
He looked ! — he was Job's very wife.
Job saw her come : how glad was he !
No angel could more welcome be ;
But how with horror shook the man
To hear his wife, who thus began :

“ What ? silent still, and in such woe
As never demon felt below ?
Dost thou still love that cruel God
Who uses thus the chastening rod ?
Dost thou hold fast thy faith in him,
When pain racks every joint and limb ;
When fever burns within thy veins,
And throbs thy heart with ceaseless pains ?
Curse him, the fiend who dwells on high ·
Curse him, and calmly, sweetly die.”

With wonder to amazement grown
(Such words from her were all unknown),
Job heard, and then with sadder grief,
Words came at last to his relief : —

“ How is it thou, so wise, so meek,
Canst as the foolish women speak ?
How is it that I hear thee say,
Curse him to whom we daily pray ?
Shall we receive all gifts from God,
And not the chastening of his rod ?
The sweets of life with pleasure sup,
And not the dregs within the cup ? ”

Thus Job with noble patience bore ;
But there's an end to every store.
Huge mountains by the falling rains
Are melted into fertile plains ;
And drops too small for eye to see
Sweep continents into the sea.
All this the Devil knew full well ;
For ages principal of hell :
In teaching others the black art,
His lessons all were got by heart.

So plied he Job from morn to night,
Half hell-expectant at the sight,

While Gabriel, fearful that the flood,
Whose dammed-up water doubtful stood,
Might burst the barriers, and sweep
With deadly vi'lence to the deep,
Went up to represent the case,
And have assistance for the place.

Just then Job's anger leapt the bound,
And Nick rejoiced to hear the sound :
“ Cursed be the day that I was born,
To live this life of pain and scorn ;
Or night, if night that gave me birth,
And made me denizen of earth ;
Be dark that day as shades of death,
Unblest by God's awakening breath ;
May clouds of darkness round it spread,
And thunders burst upon its head ;
Let no joy bless that gloomy night,
Or star arise upon the sight ;
Let hellish darkness to it cling,
And terror ride upon its wing ;
Let those who mourn without relief
Curse it, and join me in my grief ! ”

Just then came Gabriel to his post,
With guardian angels quite a host,



Resolved to drive the Devil out,
And put all hell itself to rout.
But what was his surprise to find
Himself and host so far behind.
Scarce could his gaze the air peep through,
For Job had sworn it brimstone blue.
He shook his head : " Alas ! alack !
What message can I carry back ?
Tell God the truth, and with disgrace,
In heaven I'll surely lose my place."
So trumping up, as others do,
A story, any thing but true,
Away to heaven's gate he flew.

When Nick had satisfied himself,
Away up also flew the elf ;
And scarce had Gabriel shown his phiz,
Before the Devil put in his,
Resolved, should the Archangel fail,
To tell to God the " ower true tale."

Nick heard the story Gabriel told,
And truth made Satan still more bold.
" A lie O God !" (he could not wait ;)
" From Job himself I've just come straight :
He's swearing ; not a fiend you'd name
Is there can beat him at the game.



'Tis true, howe'er your soul may grieve :
Go hear him if you can't believe."

Then God : " You base, infernal slave !
You lying, worthless, daring knave !
How can you come before my face,
And lie in heaven's holy place ?
Such tales may do in other spheres,
Where demons lend you greedy ears :
Go there, and tell your tale below,
Nor dare in heaven your face to show ;
For righteous Job is all my own ;
He stands firm as my topless throne ;
So Gabriel says, my servant true,
Who never yet a falsehood knew.
If you dispute, or even frown,
I'll hurl you hence with vengeance down."

No word said Satan in reply ;
But there was fury in his eye,
As backward to his home he flew
Some new infernal plot to brew.
" I'll be revenged ! " his mutterings fell,
Like thunders at the gates of hell :
How well fulfilled, let history tell.

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

IN Midian dwelt a pagan priest
Whose name was Jethro ; or, at least,
The Bible says that it was so ;
And that's enough for most to know.
He'd seven daughters, useful girls,
Who spent no time on frills and curls,
Or worsted dogs, or fashion-books ;
Nor tried with paint to mend their looks ;
Nor stuffed their hair, as girls do here,
With rats and mice, and such "small deer ;"
But watched their father's flock, — of sheep
I mean, — and drew from fountains deep
The water for their daily need,
And led them to the balmy mead.

They filled the troughs one sultry day :
But shepherds drove the girls away, —
Nor they the last of shepherd wights
Who've plundered woman of her rights ;
But Moses, then a sturdy youth,
From Egypt fled, to tell the truth,
Appeared, drove off the coward crew,
And helped the girls as best he knew :

For this their father gave him one, —
Zipporah, — and she had a son ;
And Moses, with a shepherd wife,
Seemed fixed a shepherd for his life.

Engaged in meditation deep,
By Horeb's mount he led his sheep :
When, lo ! a bush by flame illumed,
And yet the bush was unconsumed !
What can it mean ? aside he turns ;
A bush on fire, yet never burns !
But heard with awe, the solemn sound,
“ Take off thy shoes, 'tis holy ground ;
And come not nigh this sacred place,
For I am God.” He hid his face.
“ The God of Abraham, the Lord,
Thy fathers worshipped and adored.
I've seen my people, heard their cry,
In Egypt, where they groan and die ;
I know the burdens that they bear,
And I in all their sorrows share.
From heaven I have come down this day,
My chosen ones to take away
From Egypt to a goodly land ;
And thou must lead the Hebrew band :
To Pharaoh go, and never fear,
And say the Lord hath sent me here, —

The God whom we, the Hebrews, know, —
And he says, ‘ Let my people go ; ’
But I shall harden Pharaoh’s heart,
So that no Hebrew may depart,
Till I outstretch my mighty hand,
And smite with curses all the land ;
When I have laid fair Egypt waste,
My people shall go out with haste.”
But Moses, knowing Egypt well,
Stood trembling at the words that fell
From heaven upon his startled ear,
And filled his soul with deadly fear :
He thought of bad deeds, not a few ;
Of the Egyptian that he slew ;
He thought, too, of the sneers and sport
His talk would make at Pharaoh’s court :
Then fear-emboldened thus replied,
“ He’d only tell me that I lied ;
For how could he believe this word
From one of whom he never heard ?
I’d need credentials strong, that he
Might know that I was sent of thee.”
“ I’ll give them in a trice,” said God ;
“ What’s that within thy hand ? ” “ A rod.”
“ Now cast it down.” A living snake,
With hissing mouth, made Moses quake.

"Seize thou its tail ; for it is tame."
 The snake at once his rod became.
 "Show this to him, and he will see
 That I, the Lord, commissioned thee."
 But Moses thought of home and wife,
 And of the danger to his life,
 And whines, "O Lord ! I'm slow of speech,
 The words my tongue can never reach ;
 My wife her husband could not spare ·
 My babes demand a father's care ;
 Send whom thou wilt, my God ! I pray,
 But I, poor stammerer, let me stay."
 Then God with rage, "Thou whining knave,
 Do as I say, or there's thy grave.
 Am I, the Lord of heaven ! to be
 A suppliant to such as thee ?
 Thy brother Aaron, too, may go ;
 That he's an orator I know :
 Go, and before King Pharaoh stand,
 And take the rod within thine hand."

To Pharaoh went these men of God,
 Armed with the wonder-working rod :
 "The Lord our God hath sent us, know
 That thou must let his people go."

"The Lord! what Lord? Where does he dwell?
What idle tale is this you tell?"

"The Lord that sent us is the God
The Hebrews serve. He gave this rod,
That we might prove our mission true
By showing thee what it can do."
Then Moses casts it on the floor;
A serpent glides its surface o'er.
But Pharaoh laughs: "You rogues are smart,
Yet I have men as skilled in art,
A hundred: call them in, Phra-doo,
And show these men a thing or two."
In then came Pharaoh's magic band,
Each held a rod within his hand,
And when the chief magician spake,
Each rod became a writhing snake;
But Moses' snake, when it was done,
Went round and swallowed every one.
Then Pharaoh said, "March off, you men,
Nor let me see you here again.
Your paltry tricks are naught to me;
Our gods are great as yours, you see:
Go, tell your God that I say so;
I will not let your people go."
For God had hardened Pharaoh's heart,
Lest he should let his slaves depart.

Then said the Lord to Moses, "Go
To Pharaoh in the morning, lo!
He walketh by the river-side:
His heart is hard and full of pride;
But I will bend his stubborn soul,—
I, who the universe control;
Take in thy hand the rod I gave,
By it I will my people save:
To Pharaoh say, God hath sent me,
That thou should set his people free;
If not, as sure as he is good,
He'll turn thy waters into blood."

At early morn went Pharaoh out,
As was his wont, to look about;
And by the sacred river walked,
And with his chief magicians talked,
And there met Moses face to face,
Who, God-directed, found the place.
"That Hebrew crack-brains here again,"
Said Pharaoh, turning to his men;
"He has his snake-devouring rod,
And doubtless brings some word from God."
"My people must from Egypt go,
Thus saith the Lord." "I told you so,"
Said Pharaoh; "here is news for naught,
From heaven by this old shepherd brought."

“ If thou wilt not my people free,
Then blood shall all these waters be,
And I will show thee I am God.”
Then Moses raised his magic rod,
And struck a blow, felt to the sea,
And from Canopus to Philæ.
As far as Pharaoh's eye could scan
A stream of blood the river ran ;
And bathers naked fled with fright,
Appalled by this most horrid sight.
The fish by myriads, struck with death,
Came struggling up, and gasped for breath ;
Dead crocodiles, like logs of wood,
Went sailing down the crimson flood ;
And where, before, clear water stood,
Were only pools of gory blood.
The sight filled Pharaoh's soul with dread ;
He to his chief magician said,
“ By Apis, this is wondrous strange,
I never saw as great a change ;
Has magic power a crystal flood
To change at once to crimson blood ?
Phra-doo bowed low, “ It has, my lord
Provide the water, at a word
It shall be changed ; ” 'twas done straightway ;
But whence the water, who can say ?

And Pharaoh, with his flinty heart,
Resolved his slaves should not depart.
Six hundred miles of flowing gore,
God's anger, an abundant store :
Six hundred miles of floating death,
All Egypt tainting with its breath,
For seven days went up a smell,
Bad as the smoke of fabled hell ;
Till God, discovering this was vain,
Turned blood to water back again ;
Resolved to try some other art,
To melt the king's obdurate heart.

“ I'll bend or break him yet,” says God ;
“ Go thou to Aaron, take thy rod,
Tell him to stretch it with his hand
O'er all the waters of the land.”
To Aaron, Moses gives the nod,
And arms him with the wond'rous rod.
He stretches it, and, what a sight !
He drops his rod, and runs for fright.
Up came, with hop and skip and croak,
An army of cold-water folk.
From rivers, creeks, from streams and bogs,
As numerous as their drops, came frogs.

The land was covered ; not a spot
Where croaking, crawling frog was not.
Into the peasant's hut they leaped,
Into the catacombs they peeped ;
When open swung the palace-door,
In went a thousand frogs or more,
And carpeted the marble floor.
The baker cooked them with his bread ;
They wrapped them with the mummied dead,
They sprawled o'er sleepers in the bed ;
With Pharaoh sat upon the throne,
Their voices mingling with his own.
He called : his chief magicians came,
And by their arts produced the same.
But this made matters all the worse,
Increasing still the crawling curse
That filled for seven days the land
With misery more than men could stand ;
Till Pharaoh, sick of all this woe,
Said : " Moses, I will let you go.
Entreat the Lord for me, I pray,
And drive these cursed frogs away."
Then Moses to Jehovah cried,
And all the frogs of Egypt died.
But Pharaoh, finding all was right,
Recovered from his great affright,

And vowed he'd see them all below,
Before he'd let one sinner go.
“ Well,” said Jehovah, “ we shall see :
We'll try him now with number three.

He shall yet know that I am God.
To Aaron say : stretch out thy rod,
And smite the dust, it shall suffice
To turn it into crawling lice.”
“ I will,” said Aaron, “ if I must.”
He raised his hand, and smote the dust.
Up rose no dust, but lice instead,
That rained a shower on every head ;
In palace, temple, tent, and house,
Each dusty speck became a louse.
On man and beast the vermin light ;
No rest by day, no sleep by night,
Or, but at best, a fitful snatch :
Their sole employment was to scratch.
Up millions went on every breeze ;
They pastured on the leaves of trees,
On blushing cheek of ladies fair,
And scrambled up and down their hair.
In Egypt, where it never rains,
The dust a fearful mass attains ;

And this was moving, all alive,
As bees that cluster round a hive.
All travel ceased, the drivers sick,
The roads with lice were three feet thick ;
With every step rose up a cloud,
And imprecations long and loud.
Phra-doo's men tried their magic art,
But not a single louse could start.
We plainly see why this was so,
The dust was all used up you know.
But the magicians, full of dread
On finding their enchantments dead,
" It is the Lord," to Pharaoh said ;
" Before him let us bow the head."
" Bow to this lousy god, not I,"
Said Pharaoh : " sooner would I die ;"
And in a rage he turned away,
God-hardened for another day.

Within his private parlor sat
" I Am " and Gabriel in chat.
" There's Pharaoh's case : now let me see
What shall the next reminder be ?
I play with him as plays a cat
With safely-captured mouse or rat ;

And when I strike the fatal blow,
He'll gladly let my people go.
I have it now : a cloud of flies
I'll send him for the next surprise."
All Egypt in a moment woke,
For all had felt Jehovah's stroke.
Buz-uz rushed in the hungry flies,
Attacking mouth and nose and eyes, —
Flies large as any bumble-bee,
And flies so small they scarce could see ;
Mosquitoes sucking blood no more
Than patience out of every pore ;
Flesh-flies that buzzed, and lit, and then
When struck, but buzzed and lit again ;
Sharp gnats, black flies, infernal pest,
Whose victims know no moment's rest.
The air was full : with every breath
A hundred flies went to their death ;
But twice a hundred came to view
The cavern into which they flew.
They bobbed against the speaker's lips,
The drinker took them with his sips ;
No man could eat, but with each bite
Went flies to spoil his appetite.
Black were the tables ; every dish
Was covered ; flesh and fowl and fish

Were fly-blown ere a man could eat,
And Egypt's misery was complete.
Pharaoh, with red and swollen face,
To pain prefers the deep disgrace;
For Moses and for Aaron sends,
And thus accosts his Hebrew friends :
" Permission I to you accord ;
Go, sacrifice unto the Lord ;
But go not very far away,
And, oh, remove these flies, I pray !"
Then Moses prayed, " O thou the Lord,
By countless heavenly hosts adored,
King Pharaoh says, as thou dost know,
That he will let thy people go :
Try him once more, O God of love !
This plague of hungry flies remove."
" As thou desirest let it be,
And Egypt from this curse be free,"
God said, and every fly was gone ;
There was not left a single one.
When Pharaoh found that all was well,
His spirits rose, his terror fell.
" 'Twas but an accident," said he :
" Why should I set these Hebrews free ?
'Twould ruin us to let them go,
And ruin them, as they might know ;

If to the wilderness they fly,
They can do nothing there but die.
In mercy I must take their part,
Nor let them with these men depart."

"The hardened wretch! how can he be,"
Said God, "so lost to sympathy?
But I will make the tyrant smart,
And through his pocket reach his heart.
I'll kill the cattle and the sheep,
And laugh to see the nation weep;
I'll slay each camel, horse, and ass,
And over none my vengeance pass.
I am the Lord, I'll make them know;
Then they shall let my people go."
O'er all the land a murrain passed,
As sweeps the dread sirocco's blast:
The camels sunk beneath their load;
The horses dropped upon the road;
The asses 'neath their burdens fell;
The people's trouble who can tell.
The sick man left upon the road,
Became a helpful neighbor's load;
With merchandise the road was strewed,
Dropped by the dying multitude;
The cattle, feeding in the stall,
Were seen to gasp and then to fall;

The peasant's only cow was dead ;
Children went supperless to bed ;
And through the land went up a wail,
That made the stoutest spirit quail.
But though the whole to God was known,
It never moved his heart of stone ;
And Pharaoh's had no softer grown,
For God had made it like his own.

“ Now on their backs I'll lay my rod,
And they shall *feel* that I am God.
The hardness of this Pharaoh's heart
Shall make the whole of Egypt smart,”
Jehovah said, and then he spake
To Moses and his brother : “ Take
Of furnace ashes full supply ;
By handfuls cast them toward the sky,
In Pharaoh's sight ; each atom then
Shall be a boil on beasts and men.”
(Strange to curse beasts with boil and blain
The murrain had already slain.)
'Twas done, and every man and brute
Was furnished with an embossed suit ;
Then running boils, from head to feet, —
A panoply of pain complete.
They covered the magicians o'er,
Their bodies but one running sore ;

Their magic gone, no power to stay,
With pain they howling fled away.
From princes in their palace laid,
To beggars 'neath a hovel's shade ;
From new-born babe to hoary sire,
The coursing blood seemed liquid fire ;
Foul blotches covered every face,
The fair of beauty shewed no trace ;
All commerce ceased ; the love of gain
Was swallowed by the deadly pain.
They could not walk, they could not sit ;
All clothing was too tight a fit ;
No doctor could his patients see ;
A patient without patience he.
What mortal could such pain withstand ?
A hospital was all the land.
Vain cries for father, sister, mother,
For no poor soul could help another.
Now surely Pharaoh will relent,
And of his stubbornness repent,
And send his slaves from Egypt out ;
And so he would, without a doubt,
But, Moses will the cause impart,
" The Lord had hardened Pharaoh's heart."

Scarce had the morning drank the night,
And pierced the fog with arrowy light,

Revealing what its veil had hid
Of palace, tower, and pyramid,
When, armed with curse-producing rod,
Came Moses, deep in talk with God.
“Now, Moses, I’ve another plan
To move this diamond-hearted man :
Since Egypt has a country been,
A thunder-storm has ne’er been seen ;
Combine with this a shower of hail,
And then, I think, it cannot fail
To strike the stoutest heart with fear,
And make my majesty appear.”
So saying, to his home went God,
And Moses stretched to heaven his rod :
Hoarse thunder shook the very ground,
A nation paled to hear the sound ;
Dark grew the heavens, as midnight black,
And hoarser thunder answered back ;
Fierce lightnings flashed in sheets of fire,
Responsive to Jehovah’s ire,
From heaven to earth leaped at one bound,
And ran along upon the ground ;
’Twas noon one moment, next ’twas night,
And every soul was dumb with fright.
Then crashing came great icy balls :
The stoutest tree before them falls ;

They plough the ground, and leave no blade
To grow for food, or tree for shade ;
In vain the peasant homeward flies,
Beneath their blows he falls and dies,
And on the spot, an icy mound
Tells where his body may be found ;
The cattle, killed and *boiled* before,
Where'er exposed, were killed once more ;
And if you, doubting, whisper, " No,"
Your Bibles read, you'll find it so.
Dark as the clouds that o'er him roll,
The fears become in Pharaoh's soul ;
And, when the storm in fury fell,
His abject terror none can tell.
" Call quick for Moses, Aaron too,
This state of things will never do.
I am a sinner, God is just,"
Said Pharaoh, humbled to the dust ;
While lightnings through his palace played,
And thunders rumbled overhead.
" I have done wrong, I now can see :
Entreat the Lord once more for me,
And stay the thunder and the hail,
If you can with your God prevail ;
And I will do just as ye say, —
Your people shall no longer stay."

As thinks the fish that has the bait,
I've all I need, I will not wait,
Nor dreams of hook, or angling friend,
On which his future moves depend :
So Pharaoh, when he saw the rod,
Knew nothing of the angler, God,
Who let him move a while about,
Until he chose to lift him out.
Then Moses stretched to heaven his hand ;
Changed in an instant was the land ;
The darkness flees, the thunders cease,
And in a moment all is peace.
But Pharaoh laughed when Moses came,
Fulfilment of his word to claim :
" Your fancy was upon the wing,
I never dreamed of such a thing ;
I'll hold you while I hold my breath,
And nought can free you short of death."

Once more the Lord to Moses came :
" Go unto Pharaoh, in my name,
His and his servants' hearts I've steeled,
That they may not in mercy yield,
Till I have all my wonders shown,
And Egypt's hosts are overthrown.
Once more the land is green and fair ;
Tell Pharaoh I shall fill the air

With locusts that shall eat it bare,
And not a verdant leaflet spare."
When Pharaoh and his servants heard,
They trembled at Jehovah's word ;
And Pharaoh said, " If that be so,
Go serve the Lord : but who must go ? "
Then Moses said, " Why, every one ;
Each father, mother, daughter, son ;
Our flocks and herds we'll also take,
A sacrifice to God to make."
" No, no," said Pharaoh, " none but men,
And then you will return again ,
And to his servants, " Drive them out,
I will not have such men about."

Then Moses, by command of God,
Once more stretched out his magic rod,
Which brought an east wind day and night,
And locusts with the morning light :
A pitchy cloud that hid the sun,
As if the evening had begun ;
And then a loud, increasing roar,
Like breakers on a rocky shore ;
And from that cloud on all below,
Fell locusts like the winter's snow :
As sand-grains on the desert floor,
So covered they the country o'er ;

At every window in they flew,
And filled the houses through and through ;
Leaped everywhere, all things upon,
And bit in fury, every one ;
(With science this may lack accord,
But these were locusts of the Lord ;)
They stripped the trees, they ate each blade,
And of the land a desert made,
Till Pharaoh, all his courage spent,
For Moses and for Aaron sent.
“ I have done wrong, I sorely rue ;
I’ve sinned against the Lord and you.
Forgive this time : yes, you may start,
But cause these locusts to depart.”
Then Moses to Jehovah prayed ;
And he a mighty west wind made,
That swept the land from locusts free,
And dropped them into the Red Sea.
The broken-hearted Pharaoh would
Have freed the Hebrews if he could ;
But, ere the wretch could make a start,
“ The Lord had hardened Pharaoh’s heart.”
Then Moses stretched toward heaven his hand,
And darkness fell on all the land.
Dark is the night, without a star ;
That day was blacker, darker far ;

Darker than dungeon or "black hole,"
Or pit where miners delve for coal ;
No lamp could shed a ray of light,
To break the darkness of that night ;
A London fog, black as your hat,
Is mid-day radiance to that ;
'Twas darkness that a knife could cut ;
You say that is a story, but
The Bible, before which you kneel,
Declares 'twas darkness you might feel.
For three days not a mortal rose
(So heavy was it I suppose),
Till Pharaoh, by this curse appalled,
In anguish unto Moses called :
("How did he find him?" All I know,
The Bible says that it was so.)
"Go serve the Lord, go every one,
I shall rejoice when you are gone :
Although your flocks and herds remain,
And then you will return again."
"Our flocks and herds?" said Moses ; "no ;
We cannot move unless they go ;
To God, burnt-offerings must be made,
And on his altars victims laid ;
All his commands his people bind,
We will not leave a hoof behind."

Said Pharaoh, in a passion then,
“ Begone, nor see my face again :
King of all Egypt, when my eye
Sees thee again thou’lt surely die.”
You ask, “ How’ came this sudden start ? ”
The “ Lord had hardened Pharaoh’s heart.”

Said God to Moses, “ I’ve in store
For Pharaoh only one plague more ;
Then, though his heart is hard and stout,
I know that he will thrust you out.
Through all the land, thus saith the Lord,
I’ll pass with my destroying sword ;
Speak to my people, ’tis my will,
A lamb unblemished must they kill
For every household ; and each door
Must with the blood be sprinkled o’er,
And I shall see the crimson sign,
And know that blood-stained house is mine ;
And on that dark and fearful night,
When I through Egypt take my flight,
Let no soul from his dwelling stir,
Or I may be his murderer.”
At midnight, with his flaming sword,
Throughout all Egypt swept the Lord;
Of man and beast the first-born slew,
But by the sign his people knew.

(The beasts twice slain before, 'tis true ;
A trifle for the Lord to do.)
Hark ! 'tis a mother's piercing cry ;
She sees her baby gasp and die.
Her neighbor wakes, last week a bride,
Her husband's corpse lies by her side.
From Pharaoh's wife to miller's maid,
From king to him in dungeon laid,
The Lord had smitten everywhere ;
No house but death had entered there.
From stricken Egypt rose a wail
Loud as the most terrific gale.
Then from the multitude a shout :
" Drive, drive these cursed Hebrews out."
And Pharaoh sent for Moses then,
" For," said he, " we are all dead men.
Go, go ; and Moses, take your rod,
Your children, cattle, and your God :
There is no safety while you stay ;
You must march out this very day."
A nation in a moment free :
It was the day of jubilee ;
To pack, to start, they were not slow ;
Their kneading-troughs contained the dough,
So hurried by their neighbors they,
Who saw but death if they should stay.

Taught by the Lord, their need he knew,
They borrowed of those neighbors too, —
Gold, silver, raiment ; glad were they
To help their plagues to get away.
That very morn they started out ;
Three million people on the route,
From Egypt to the Promised Land,
Went trudging o'er the desert sand,
With cattle, sheep, a numerous throng,
A column twenty-five miles long.
(You tell me they could never do
What I declare ; and that is true,
As Natal's bishop clearly shows,
And every common-sense man knows ;
But then Jehovah, so immense,
Cannot be bound by common sense.)
Wrapped in a pillared cloud all day,
Great I AM marched to show the way ;
But in the darkness of the night
He blazed a fire to give them light ;
With Moses now and then he talked,
As through the wilderness they walked :
“ From Pharaoh they are free at last,
But I cannot forget the past ;
I'll harden his old heart anew,
And he shall follow after you ;
Then thou shalt see what I will do.

I have within my mind a plan,
To get me honor on that man ;
I'll shame the gods he has implored,
And show him that I am the Lord."

Then Pharaoh said, " Why did we so ?
From serving us, why let them go ?
'Tis not too late to mend this thing,
All Egypt's chariots swiftly bring ;
Nor captains nor for soldiers lack ;
We'll capture them, and drive them back."
Six hundred chariots were at hand,
Obedient to the king's command ;
With captains also at their post,
And horsemen and an armed host.
Hard-hearted Pharaoh led the van
According to Jehovah's plan.

The Hebrews, their day's travel o'er,
Were camped upon the Red Sea's shore,
When they beheld with deadly fear
Pharaoh's grand army drawing near ;
On each side rocky mountains rose ;
Before, the sea, behind, their foes ;
They knelt, with Moses by their side,
And to the Lord in terror cried ;

No answer from Jehovah came ;
On Moses then they poured the blame :
“ Why not in Egypt let us lie ?
Why didst thou bring us here to die ?
Better had we been slaves to-day
Than thus to perish by the way.”
Six hundred thousand fighting men,
With God for leader ; but what then ?
A set of trembling cowards they ;
So are his people to this day.
Then Moses, by command of God,
Upraised again his awful rod ;
“ Fear not, stand still, behold,” said he,
And stretched it over the Red Sea ;
And then arose a wind that blew
A passage its deep waters through.
With hope, yet terror, on they sped
All night upon the dry sea’s bed ;
On right and left a watery wall
By wind upheld, how could it fall ?
(The story to this very day
Has been upheld the self-same way.)
When Pharaoh saw the dried-up sea,
“ ’Tis good for us as them,” said he,
And on he went most recklessly.
The fiery pillar no more led,
But went behind the host instead ;

A cloud to Pharaoh, but a light
To every flying Israelite.
And from that pillar, like a ghost,
God looked, and troubled Pharaoh's host ;
Nay more, took off their chariot-wheels,
And thus reduced them to their heels,
Till the alarmed Egyptians say,
" Let us return, while yet we may ;
Their God is fighting for them, we
To save our lives must quickly flee."
The Hebrews, with the morning light,
Were on the farther side, all right ;
But the Egyptians, toiling on,
Oft looking back, their courage gone.
" Now, Moses," said the Hebrew God,
" Stretch o'er the sea once more thy rod ;
In gravitation's jaws are they,
No power can now release my prey."
Up went the rod, the water saw,
And in an instant felt the law ;
In vain affrighted Pharaoh flees,
Together rush the parted seas ;
His chariots and his horsemen brave
Sink deep beneath the Red Sea wave.
Their corpses strew the sandy shore,
And Egypt sees her sons no more.

ON A PIÈCE OF SILURIAN LIMESTONE, FULL OF
FOSSILS AND THEIR FRAGMENTS.

MILLIONS have toiled that this rock might be,
Struggling for life in an ancient sea, —
Pearly shells strewing the sandy shores;
Trilobites rowing with tiny oars;
Corals adorning their stony bowers;
Beautiful crinoids, like breathing flowers,
Opening, closing throughout the day
Feathery petals to catch their prey;
Head-footed mollusks with tapering floats, —
Giant freebooters in ivory boats;
Gasteropods coiled up in crystal cells;
Jelly-fish looking like emerald bells.
Myriads of forms that we ne'er may see
Sported about in that world-wide sea,
On its fucoidal savannas fed,
Drooped, dropped, and sank to the ocean's bed;
For death reaped the harvest that life had sown,
And ages converted them into stone.

HOW GOD MAKES THE WORLD.

GOD makes his world by falling rains,
By viewless winds that sweep the plains,
By restless waves that lash the shore
And rivers rolling evermore.
The planet cools the mountain's rise ;
The ocean's bottom seeks the skies ;
The falling rains the high lands lave,
And rivers sweep them to their grave ;
While myriads form within the sea
The continents that are to be.
From age to age God's spirit wrought ;
All life the image of his thought ;
Advanced to man, and yet are we
But prophecies of what shall be.

JUDÆA AND NEW ENGLAND.

Is Jesus the only son of God ?
There is not a soul that walks the sod
Who is not God's child as much as he :
Divinely begot, from sin as free,

As God-beloved, as heaven-blest,
The baby, mother, upon your breast.

Is Canaan the only holy land?
Not less is the ground on which we stand:
From evergreen Maine to Texas brown
No holier land the seasons crown;
Monadnock as sacred you may count
As Sinai's top or Zīon's mount.

What holier, nobler men had they
In biblical times than we to-day?
No Yankee need blush when he compares
The life of our Abraham with theirs;
From Adam to Malachi what one
Is there to equal our Garrison?

WHO ARE THE LORD'S PEOPLE?

THOSE sleek, shaven priests, who wear cassocks
and bands,
And show to the people their lily-white hands? —
Who talk of "the Lord" as of "Jack in the box,"
Shown only to those who are ortho in dox;

Who send men to heaven or hell as they please,
 For to both of these prisons they carry the keys.
 Are Baptists his people, the dipped, the elect,
 Who bound the eternal by walls of a sect?
 Or born-again Methodists, zealous and loud,
 Who scare with their hot hell the unthinking
 crowd?

Are Quakers his children, who save every cent,
 And, if they owned heaven, would make us pay
 rent?

Or blue Presbyterians, Puritan breed,
 Who measure a man by the form of his creed?
 Or Adventists, waiting impatient to fly
 When Jesus shall drop like a stone from the sky,
 Whose hope is that they, when the planet burns
 up,
 Shall with the incendiary pleasantly sup?

The people of God are the women and men
 Who fill this broad planet again and again:
 There's no one so poor God passes him by;
 There's no one so wretched he heeds not his cry,—
 No sinner so wayward, though far he may roam,
 But hears, if he listen, God calling him home.
 The people of God are the harlots and thieves,
 The sceptic who doubts, and the sot who believes;

The people of God are the beggars and tramps,
The virgins who carry no oil in their lamps ;
The people of God are the evil and good, —
Those washed but in suds, and those “washed in
the blood.”

No child has he fathered for devil to mar,
And heaven shall be where his little ones are.

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