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—❖—*Ecce* ❖ *Diluvium!*—❖—

—OR—

Noah's Account of the

W **FLOOD.** *W*

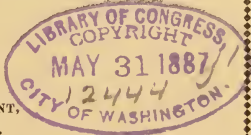
A POEM BY

REV. LOYAL YOUNG, D.D.,

WITH OTHER POEMS BY HIS SON, REV. WATSON J. YOUNG.

—
“The world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished.”—II PET. 3:6.

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· ECCE DILUVIUM.

INVOCATION.

ANCIENT OF DAYS ! pronounce me not profane
To ask thy presence with my humble strain ;
For thou canst elevate, expand, refine,
With holier inspiration than “The Nine”
Who tuned old Homer’s harp and Virgil’s lyre,
And kindled in their breast the poet’s fire.
To ancient time my modern vision bring,
While deeds of old this burdened soul would sing ;
From the famed hour of old Creation’s birth
Till waters were the winding sheet of earth.
Show why the slumbering wrath of heaven awoke
To smite the earth with one tremendous stroke ;
That old transgressors, in this glass, may view
The penalty to their offences due :—
That those who will, may speedily embark
In safer, higher, holier, happier ark

Than that whose graceful yet majestic form
 Outrode the billows and defied the storm.

CANTO I.

An humble cottage on a hillock stood,
 Where old Hiddekel rolled its ceaseless flood ;
 For comfort, not, for ostentation, planned ;
 With vines encircling, trained by woman's hand.
 A girgling brook around the dwelling played,
 And cypress trees refreshed it with their shade.
 Such was the home of Salah,—the retreat
 Where innocense and peace were wont to meet.
 A genial shower the smiling earth had blest,
 While yet the sun was lingering in the West.
 His last, departing rays this cottage cheers,
 From which a ruddy youth of thirteen years
 Bounds forth like lambkin playful with delight.
 A sudden glory bursts upon his sight.—
 A brilliant arch was present to his view ;—
 Brighter and still more gay its radiance grew.
 It spanned the heavens—a gorgeous bow of light,
 Graceful in form,—collossal in its height.
 Transported with the scene, with hands upraised
 Unconsciously, young Eber stood and gazed.¹⁸⁴³
 “O beauty ! splendor ! tints of every hue !
 Such brilliancy what magic pencil drew,
 And dressed in seraph robes the gloomy cloud ?”

He said ; (unconscious that he thought aloud.)
 An aged form came limping o'er the plain,
 Who Salah's humble tent had hoped to gain
 Ere hastning shower should fall. But vain the haste
 Of faltering feet by threatening rainfall chased.
 Six hundred eighty years had made him bow,
 But stamped majestic grace upon his brow.
 A noble relic of a former age
 All loved the patriarch and revered the sage.
 He often gazed on living men with tears,
 For none approached him by five hundred years.
 'Twas Noah ! and his steps had brought him near
 In time the ardent youth's surprise to hear.
 "My child," he said, "that is *the covenant bow,*"
 The sign by which our gracious God would show
 That he no more the waters will employ
 To whelm the earth and erring man destroy."
 As fell these wondrous words on Eber's ear,
 In silent reverence and humble fear
 He bowed, and prostrate fell upon the earth.
 Then led the patriarch to his father's hearth.
 Salah rejoiced the sage once more to meet,
 And prostrate fell at his great-grandsire's feet.
 When she whom Salah joyed to call his own,
 And all her youthful, eager charge, had shown
 How joyfully they welcomed such a guest,
 They gathered round the board : And Noah blest,

With hands upraised to heaven, the frugal fare ;
 And God, their covenant God, was with them there.
 They worship—Rapture fills their hearts again.—
 *They chant a hymn in Jubal's choicest strain.—
 In humble, earnest prayer the knee they bend ;
 And God reveals himself the suppliant's friend.
 Prayer ended, Eber rose with artlessness,
 In simple words the patriarch to address.—
 "Great ancestor ! indulge an humble youth,
 Who thirsts for knowledge, and who seeks for truth :
 And tell us, (for you know,) why came the flood ?
 What roused the vengeance of a righteous God
 O'er earth to spread the waters of the deep,
 And bury man in everlasting sleep ?
 What is the history of that dreadful day ?
 What means the covenant bow ? great father, say."
 Salah concurred : and all now gathered near,
 From Noah's lips the narrative to hear.
 A silent tear bedewed the patriarch's cheek :—
 A pause ensued ere he essayed to speak.
 He vainly strove th' emotion to control,
 As former scenes came coursing through his soul.
 At length he spake :—" 'Twere cruel to withhold
 The wondrous story, though so often told.—
 I too was once a boy, and oft would sit
 Beside Methuselah, my grand-sire's feet ;
 While he related to my eager ear

What he rejoiced to tell, and I to hear.
 He oft would tell me how the world was made ;
 How Adam loved his Maker, and obeyed ;
 How sweet the fruits of Paradise ; how fair
 Its flowers, ere sin and sorrow entered there.
 From Adam's lips the story he had heard :—
 And every tender scene, as it occurred,
 So oft' related, in his memory
 He treasured up, and then rehearsed to me.
 Beneath the shade, beside some gurgling stream,
 Groups gathered round, while he pursued the theme
 Of old Creation, Paradise, the Fall,
 Increasing wickedness, the giants, all
 The violence to which the race were given,
 His father's walk with God, and flight to heaven.
 Where he began the story I begin ;
 When earth was made,—before the birth of sin.
 A voice is uttered ! Heaven and earth arise
 From chaos.—Countless worlds bedeck the skies.—
 The sluggish earth presents a shapeless heap ;—
 And darkness rests upon the boundless deep.
 And, now, through countless ages, in God's plan,
 The earth is moulding for the coming MAN,
 By strong convulsions in ten thousand forms—
 By lashing tempests and by beating storms.
 God's Spirit moves upon the waters' face,
 Moulding to form, to symmetry and grace.

"Let there be light!" says God, and there *is* light.—
 Light he pronounces "Day," and darkness "Night."
 Next, vapors rise aloft, and stand on high ;
 And clouds move hastily along the sky.
 The waters find their level by degrees ;
 And when collected, God proclaims them "Seas."
 The grass, and herbs, and fruitful trees are found,
 Springing spontaneous from the moistened ground.
 The sun, before concealed, shines forth by day ;
 The moon by night ; with softer, milder ray.
 Stars rise and set, and silently proclaim
 Their great Creator's high and glorious name.
 Now fishes, birds, and beasts ;—all living things
 That swim, or creep, or mount on lofty wings ;
 Or walk the earth ; burst into life ! the word
 Of their Almighty Maker they have heard ;
 And at his sovereign, life-imparting voice,
 They live—they sport—they gambol—they rejoice.
 One crowning work remains to fill the plan.—
 The Trinity consult :—"Let us make man
 In our own image :—let him have command
 O'er all that people sea, and sky, and land."
 When God commands all nature must obey !
 A human form stands forth, erect, from clay ;
 With sightless eyeballs, ears unmoved by sound,
 Hands motionless, and feet fixed to the ground.
 Into his nostrils God now breathes the breath,

That wakes his dormant faculties from death,
 To rule the world,—God's footstool to adorn,—
 A soul, with endless destiny, is born.
 At this new sight, angels their harps employ ;
 And all the Sons of God shout forth their joy.
 The work was done ! Creation stood complete !
 Earth the fair footstool of Jehovah's feet,
 And Heaven his dwelling place, in glory stood !
 God saw his works, and then pronounced them, "*good.*"
 Good was the earth in gay attire arrayed ;
 And good was man, for whom the earth was made.
 His body tall, erect, and comely, trod
 The ground :—his soul the image of its God,
 Exulted in his love ;—his eye with pride
 Gazed on that charming being at his side,
 Whose soul-lit eyes, whose voice like angels' lute,
 Whose playful wit, whose smiles, and whose pursuit
 Of every excellence, inspired his breast
 With gratitude and love to God, whose best
 And crowning gift she was. Bone of his bone,
 Flesh of his flesh, he claimed her as his own.
 The nuptial hour has come.—In rich array
 All nature stands to crown the festive day.
 Walled by the skies, the lofty temple stands ;
 Where these first lovers wait with joined hands.
 One lamp, suspended in the azure dome,
 Lights up with brilliancy their temple-home.

The grassy lawn, soft carpet for their feet,
 Is spread :—the angels as attendants meet
 And hear their vows : while God as priest is there,
 To join, instruct, and bless the happy pair.
 Marriage was thus ordained, and took its place,
 As the great social blessing of the race.
 To serve their Maker was the highest bl'ss
 Of this first wedded pair ; and next to this,
 To please each other. Adam loved his bride ;
 And Eve, in turn, exulted in her guide.
 Never was human love so free from stain.—
 Never shall married pair thus love again.
 Though Hymen's temple shall be crowned with light,
 And silken cords adoring hearts unite ;
 While nuptial joys and wedded bliss endure,
 His altar ne'er shall burn with flame so pure.
 When all was done :—when earth and skies were blest ;
 God gave to man a day of sacred rest,
 Memorial of his power ; and sanctified
 A Sabbath ; that the race might be supplied
 With holy time, to rest from anxious care,
 And worship God with cheerful songs, and prayer.
 Hail sacred day, with Heaven's appointment blest !
 Towering in majesty above the rest !
 The light and joy of earth ;—emblem of Heaven :—
 Foretaste of holier rest, to pilgrims given,
 Like grapes of Esheol which our sons shall know,

Inviting to the land in which they grow :—
 A beam of light, composed of purest rays,
 Unmingled with the mists of common days !
 A golden censer in earth's temple known,
 Whence prayer's sweet incense rises to the throne !
 What priceless blessings hast thou still in store
 For future days, till time shall be no more !
 E'en Eden felt thy power,—confessed thy worth,
 As Heaven's most rich and sacred gift to earth.
 One Eden only on the earth was known :—
 Our parents upright held it as their own.
 How blissful was its state,—how pure, how gay.
 An angel's pencil hardly could portray.
 Search each attractive clime,—the world explore ;—
 Place so enchanting shall be found no more.
 Come, let us walk through ancient Eden's bowers,
 Survey its beauties, pluck its fairest flowers,
 Regail ourselves upon its richest fruit
 Accompany our parents in pursuit
 Of high enjoyment, free from every care ;
 For pain and grief had not yet entered there.
 When fanned their brow the incense-laden breeze,
 Or softly murmured through the waving trees
 At early morn, or when the orb of day
 Descending shed his tranquil evening ray ;
 They bowed in prayer to Him who good bestows,
 And hymns of praise through all the forest rose,

Sweeter than stacte scenting all the air,—
 Than onycha more fragrant, was their prayer.
 Not dulcimer such melody conveys,
 As did those earnest, fervent, songs of praise.
 The strains were new. The angels stooped to hear ;
 And God himself bestowed a listening ear.
 What fellowship, what sweet communion then,
 When God the Blessed came and dwelt with men !
 The lambkin frolicked on the grassy lawn :—
 The panther gambolled with the sportive fawn ;—
 The wolf was tame, the spotted leopard bland ;
 And lions came and licked their master's hand.
 Birds sang their merry glees in shady groves ;
 And eagles nestled with the turtle-doves.
 On shady trees delicious fruits were found ;
 Nor thorns nor thistles overspread the ground.
 No heat oppressed,—no chill was in the air,—
 No dire malaria spread its poison there
 To scatter death ;—no fever fired the brain ;
 But health's pure current flowed in every vein.
 Ah, this was Eden ! Paradise was this !
 The seat of virtue, and the home of bliss !
 Shall evil ever mar this peaceful home ?
 Ye cherubim, descend ! From heaven come,—
 Hover around this Paradise below,
 And guard it safe ;—if e'er there lurks a foe,
 Intent on deeds of death. Your spears prepare.

Stand firm !—let not a stranger enter there.

My grand-sire here would pause, with grief o'ercome,
As though some sudden terror struck him dumb ;—

Then tell how Adam trembled, and grew pale,

When *he* essayed to give the mournful tale

Of his transgression, and the sudden birth

Of all the woes that overspread the earth.

The mention of his fall from bliss so brief,

Awakened all the agony of grief.

“Were I the only sufferer,” he would cry,

“A thousand deaths I cheerfully could die ;

Woe would be bliss ;—the curse a blessing known ;—

If in this ruin I could bide *alone*,

But no ! the *race* in my transgression fell ;

And unborn millions pressing on to hell,

On Adam's head will heap reproachful ire,

And vent their curses at their erring sire.”

How bliss was turned to woe, and love to hate ;

(Though sad the story,) list, while I relate.

God deigned with man a covenant to make,

Assuring Adam, that he might partake

Of every tree of Eden, that alone

Excepted, as ‘the tree of knowledge’ known,

The threatening ran ;—if he partook of this,

Death should take place of life, and woe of bliss.

The promise was ;—if he should quite abstain,

Confirmed in holiness he should remain

Forever. And his seed his fate should share,
 Either in boundless bliss or deep despair.
 With shield of innocence around his soul,
 And every passion under full control ;
 With motives high as heaven and deep as hell ;—
 To solve the mystery, *how Adam fell*,
 Sages have searched, and pried, and searched again ;
 And thousands more will search and pry in vain.
 This much is known :—a subtle tempter came
 On fatal mission :—Satan was his name.
 From Heaven banished for his treason ; rage
 And deadly hate impelled him to engage
 In some dire enterprise. His envious eyes
 Marked man his prey. If treachery and lies
 Can tempt this pure and Godlike pair to sin ;
 With lies and treachery he will begin
 The fatal onset. Blandishments and smiles,
 And honied phrases, (such are Satan's wiles,)
 Shall first assail the weaker vessel Eve ;
 Inducing her the falsehood to believe,
 That in this tree forbidden is possessed
 A virtue that will make her doubly blest.
 The mournful history of that fatal hour,
 Too well attests this subtle tempter's power.
 In serpent hid he used an angel's tongue,
 And round the tree a fascination flung,
 Which pleased, then dazzled, then absorbed her soul

With visions beautiful, which o'er her stole
 Like Seraph forms arrayed in garments white,
 That seemed with smiles to beckon and invite
 To higher bliss. Desire pronounced it true,
 And Eve resolved to be a seraph too.
 She yielded ! Forth she reached her trembling hand,
 And plucked the clustering fruit :—the high command
 Received from God, was broken ; while she ate
 The tempting food, which fixed and sealed her fate.

Participating in the tempter's skill,
 (For she had learned to know both good and ill ;)
 With smile bewitching, and with suasion bland,
 She placed the fatal fruit in Adam's hand.

Now love and duty struggle in his breast.
 One hand receives the fruit ;— the other pressed
 With gentle force by her, his joy, his praise ;
 While eyes enchanting meet his anxious gaze.
 Time's chariot seems to pause !—hushed is the breeze,
 Birds cease to warble in the spreading trees !—
 Angels come near ; and hovering over, bend
 In anxious scrutiny, to learn the end
 Of moment fraught with interest intense ;
 While nature waits in tremulous suspense !
 Cold perspiration sits on Adam's brow ;
 For life and death must be decided *now* !
 What means that muttering in the lurid sky ?
 'Tis nature's groan ! *Adam has willed to die !*

The breeze, so lately hushed, becomes a gale !
 A tempest gathers :—voices, like the wail
 Of spirits lost, are heard :—then songs and glee ;
 As though the fiends of hell keep jubilee.
 What human heart such terrors can abide ?
 The two transgressors seek a place to hide,
 Alarming conscience,—multiplying fears,—
 A voice, like thunder-peal salutes their ears :
 “Where art thou, Adam ?” ’Tis the voice of Him
 Who dwells on high amid the cherubim ;
 But comes to earth, his erring child to meet,
 And call him trembling, forth from his retreat
 To render an account. “What hast thou done ?
 Thy Father’s face why seekest thou to shun ?
 Whither thy footsteps ? Why thy haste to flee ?
 Didst thou partake of the forbidden tree ?”
 Abashed the coward stood ! while guilt and shame,
 To screen himself, prompted to cast the blame
 On *her* whose love till now his heart inflamed :
 While Eve, for all this ill the serpent blamed.
 Thus threatened death usurped the place of life ;
 And hearts once loving, filled with hate and strife,
 Accused each other. God, in turn, proceeds
 To pass *his* sentence on their evil deeds.

On hissing *serpent* God pronounced this curse :
 “Thou slimy, crawling snake ; now hated worse
 Than foulest reptile ; thou shalt ever be

Haunted and shunned as vilest enemy.
 Dragging along thy loathsome form, thou must
 Seek stunted nourishment in sordid dust.
 Thy hated head is ever doomed to feel
 The bruise inflicted by the human heel ;
 Type of the wound hereafter to be given
 By One of woman born, but Lord of heaven,
 To satan the old serpent, who by thee,
 Has brought on man this boundless misery."

To pale and anxious *woman*, next, this word
 He spake :—(She wept and trembled as she heard :)
 "Besides the punishment which will await
 Transgressors of my law, in future state ;
 You and your daughters shall lament, in vain,
 Your doom—to bear your progeny in pain,
 And new-born life stern death shall oft arrest,
 And tear your tender nurselings from your breast."

And next, to cowering *man*, Jehovah spake :
 "Since thou my holy law hast dared to break,
 Thou and thy sons, with labor, sweat, and toil,
 Shall cultivate a rough curse-stricken soil ;
 Which, hence, no more its strength shall fully yield,
 While noxious weeds shall overspread the field.

While whelmed in hopeless gloom the future seemed,
 One ray of light amid the darkness gleamed.
 Like song of lullaby on infant ear ;—
 Like hand maternal, brushing off the tear ;—

Like bow of promise when the storm departs ;—
It sweetly falls upon their stricken hearts.

It whispers hope ! “*The woman’s promise—seal
Shall bruise the serpent’s head !*” What valiant deed
Of rescue, in this gladsome promise lies !

There looms in vision to their wondering eyes

A future day of light ; when in his car,
A mighty conqueror shall come from far,
Crowned like a King, with vesture dipped in blood,—
The Son of Man, the Everlasting God !

What object meets their gaze ? What see they now ?

A crown of thorns surrounds the Conqueror’s brow :—
Nails pierce his hands and feet :—his foes deride ;
And blood flows freely from his wounded side !

For sin no human offering can atone ;—

His blood is needed, and his blood alone.

Man’s guilt demands it. Meekly he complies :—

He dies to conquer, and in conquering dies !

But ere the vision vanishes, again

He lives ! he rises ! while a heavenly train

Escort him homeward to his native seat ;

And waiting myriads his arrival greet.

“He comes ! he comes ! no more to bleed and die :”

“Our King returns !” the attending hosts reply :—

“Lift up your heads, ye gates ! for death and sin
Are slain ; the Conqueror now enters in !”

The hearts so lately overwhelmed with grief,

In vision so inspiring find relief.
 Believing and forgiven, they bend the knee,
 And worship Him the Man of Calvary ;
 Whose human nature suffering in their stead,
 Shall, in its suffering, crush the serpent's head.

CANTO. II.

In midst of Eder, dressed in vernal green,
 Laden with fruit, the "tree of life" was seen,
 Like some tall cedar pointing to the sky ;
 Emblem and pledge of immortality !
 Had man abstained from "tree of knowledge," this
 Had been a seal of everlasting bliss ;
 But covenant broken, he must henceforth feel,
 'Tis sacrilege to appropriate the seal.—
 His hand, presumptuous made, by former breach
 Of God's authority, must never reach
 And pluck the tree of life ; lest wrath, instead
 Of benefits, should fall upon his head.
 To God, our parents must again restore
 This Paradise, and enter it no more.
 Its sacred groves with fountains gurgling there,—
 Its mossy hedges where they knelt in prayer,—
 Its clustering vines, with roses blooming near,—
 Its warbling songsters singing sweet and clear,—
 The bower, where once they gave the marriage vow,—
 All, all of these, must be relinquished now !

God called his swiftest messengers, who stand
 Prepared to execute his high command.—
 Quick as the light, in Eden they appeared,
 To banish man from home so much endeared.

They came as soldiers of their glorious King,
 And stood in double rank with wing to wing,
 Till signal should be given.—Then at the word,
 They raised aloft, in air, the flaming sword.
 At sight so full of dread ; with hurried pace,
 Our parents, sad and trembling, left the place :—
 But leaving cast one long and anxious look.—
 “Farewell !” seemed uttered by the gurgling brook :—
 “A long adieu !” from waving forests fell ;
 While birds sang pensive strains, “farewell, farewell !”

Along Hiddekel's banks, they weeping strayed,
 Till night enfolded them in dismal shade.
 Clouds gather in the heavens ;—their spirits quail,
 While thunder-peals re-echo through the vale.
 They find a grotto, formed by nature's hand ;
 Not tastefully adorned, nor nicely planned
 For comfort :—But it proved a safe retreat,
 From storm by night,—by day from burning heat.
 It was not Eden ! but it proved a home,
 Where they might rest for many years to come.
 Here Adam reared his flocks, and tilled the soil
 With sweat of face, with weariness and toil.
 Here Eve brought forth her first-born son in pain ;
 And seizing at the promise, called him Cain.
 Alas, too soon from such delusion freed,
 That this loved infant is the promised “Seed.”
 Doat not, fond mother, on thine infant fair ;—
 The seeds of future crime are lurking there.

Seasons and years with rapid footsteps run,
 And Eve, our mother, bears her second son,
 Her Abel.—Childhood's season swiftly flies :
 And soon the stripling boys to manhood rise.

Abel rejoices in his flocks ;—while Cain
 Delights to gather in the ripened grain.
 In early boyhood they had learned to bring,
 On holy days tneir bloody offering ;
 While Eve instructed them to lift their eyes,
 In faith and hope, to Heaven's great Sacrifice.
 But Cain, in bleeding lambs no fitness sees ;
 And unbelief suggests ;—"Instead of these
 I'll bring my first-ripe corn,—my fruit I'll bring,
 A *meritorious* offering to the King."

The comely pile he on the altar lifts ;
 No sign is given that God accepts his gifts.

Close by ; in corpse of myrtle nearly hid ;
 Believing Abel offers up a kid.

As type of Him on whom his faith relies.—

Descending fire consumes the sacrifice.

Cain sees the wreaths of smoke ascend on high,

And fire of anger flashes in his eye.

Envy, and jealousy, and rage, and hate,

Combine to seal his guiltless brother's fate.

Some days pass by :—a bloody corse is found,

Mangled and cold, and prostrate on the ground.

Bereft, our parents wail o'er Abel dead ;

While Cain, the guilty murderer, is fled.

"The fruit of our transgression this !" they cry .

"We learn how dread a thing it is to die !"

Cain roams the forest, often looking back,

To see some dread avenger on his track.

He starts !—he trembles !—for he thinks he sees

The ghost of murdered Abel through the trees.

Each breeze alarms, — stillness awakens fear !

Then solemnly, a voice salutes his ear ;—

"Where is thy brother?" Guilt and shame to hide,
 "Am I my brother's keeper?" Cain replied,
 "His blood cries to me from the gory sod,
 Demanding vengeance;" says the voice of God.
 "Of death, the penalty is death; but grace
 Commutes thy punishment; and on thy face
 I brand the crimson hue of burning shame,
 The mark by which mankind shall read thy name;
 And though deserving death, shall let thee live,
 Driven out, a vagabond and fugitive."

Eastward from Eden, in the land of Nod,
 Away from haunts of man and face of God,
 With one of kindred soul claimed as his wife,
 Cain spent the remnant of his wretched life.
 Descendants multiplied,—a baneful race
 Of mighty hunters; joying in the chase.
 The strong, with ruthless thrust, the weaker slay;
 Nor demons are more fierce and mad than they.
 They reasoned thus:—If God spared guilty Cain,
 Who in his ire had his *own brother* slain;
 Sure, wrath shall never fall upon the head,
 That luckless *stranger's* blood may chance to shed.
 *Thus argued Lamach, while he nerved his arm
 To wound his enemy with fatal harm.
 And this became the universal plea;
 "Since Cain was spared the murderer must go free."
 As consequence, atrocities were planned,
 And deeds of violence stained all the land.
 Sometimes in single combat, man with man,
 Sometimes united in a savage clan;
 (To deeds of robbery and murder trained,)
 They fought, while anarchy and terror reigned.

*Gen. 4:23, 24.

To happier visions let us turn our eyes
 Westward, where Adam's younger race arise.
 In compensation for good Abel's death,
 Another son is given, the virtuous Seth.
 Like Abel, taught to love and worship God,
 Exultingly in Abel's steps he trod.
 His children learned God's favor to desire,
 And imitate the virtues of their sire.
 A race of wise and holy men arose
 Whose lives contrasted happily with those
 Known as the "sons of men," in land of Nod ;
 And hence were justly called "the sons of God."
 They live in peace,—flocks graze upon their hills ;
 With corn the fertile land their garners fills ;
 Their daily songs from grateful hearts arise ;
 And prayers ascend with smoke of sacrifice.
 Their Father's ear is open while they call,
 And heaven a portion of its bliss lets fall,
 As manna which our future sons shall taste,
 While travelling weary through the desert waste.

But bliss on earth is destined soon to fade :—
 A hostile band approaches, to invade
 Their quiet homes, their altars to demand,
 And take possession of their fertile land.
 The "sons of men" compose this murderous train ;—
 Their spears the handy work of Tubalcain,
 For quick defense the "sons of God" prepare ;—
 Their shield is innocence,—their sword is prayer.
 Like avalanche, down from the mountain height
 "The sons of men" rush forward to the fight.
 "The sons of God" in Heaven their trust repose ;
 And wait unawed the onset of their foes.

What ails the invaders? why that sudden fear?
 Why turn they backward? 'Tis God's angel near;
 Who stands to guard the innocent, to slay
 The hostile crew, or drive them swift away.
 Awe-struck they turn, and in disorder fly;
 While some, more bold, in mad encounter die.
 Precursor of more fierce encounter, this
 First effort made to interrupt the bliss
 Of "sons of God" repelled, aroused their ire,
 To desolate the land with sword and fire.

What deeds of cruelty all unprovoked;
 How pitying Heaven, as often as invoked,
 Sent help;—would so protract my mournful tale,
 That time, and strength, and powers of speech would fail.
 Suffice to say, perpetual war ensued.

But still the "sons of God" were unsubdued;
 *Till woman's beauty, charms resistless threw
 O'er eyes spell-bound; and from their firmness drew
 These holy men. Cain's daughter captive led
 Their hearts:—they saw, admired, contracted, wed!
 What war and bloodshed to accomplish failed,
 When hostile armies peaceful men assailed,
 Like beating tempests in the midnight storm;
 Beauty and love, like sunshine, could perform.
 Instead of standing forth to save and guide
 Their fair companions, who had turned aside
 From God; these simple men of peace, desired,
 Rather to *please* whom they so much admired.
 Unchecked by good,—by bad example taught,
 Their offspring pleasure more than virtue sought.
 The power and influence of woman kind
 In giving impress to the youthful mind,

When in its tender, plastic, moulding state,
 No mother's partial heart can estimate.
 Maternal love ! no soul of man is steel
 Against its power ;—the young its influence feel ;
 And age calls back the pleasing, tender hour,
 When heart was gladdened by its magic power.
 The mother's voice was music to the ear ;—
 The mother's hand brushed off the starting tear ;—
 The mother's look of approbation told
 Of happiness beyond the price of gold.
 Her kiss was peace—her soft caress was joy,—
 And every smile was sunshine to her boy.
 But sad the fate of those whose mother's smile,
 And mother's influence, tending to beguile
 The heart, sowed seeds of dissipation there,
 To bloom in crime—to ripen in despair !
 Such were the mothers of this hapless race ;
 Enthroned in beauty—destitute of grace,—
 The grace which cheers and purifies the soul.
 And brings the passions under due control.
 Renown in wickedness their offspring gained ;
 Unused to good—from evil unrestrained.
 Giants they grew in stature and in crime,
 Like wandering meteors on the sky of time,
 Like clouds which with the sweeping tempest came,
 Like waves of ocean foaming out their shame,—
 Like dire Sirocco's pestilential breath
 Their march was carnage, desolation, death !
 The fields were wasted,—homes and altars laid
 In ruins, wives and children captives made,—
 The blood of innocence in madness spilled,
 While all the earth with violence was filled !

From *one* dire slaughter learn how thousands fall ;—
From *one encounter* learn the hate of all.

At foot of Ararat, mid Cyress wood,
In garb of war a mighty chieftain stood ;
Stately, erect and proud ; Ocran by name,
By deeds of mighty daring known to fame.
In brawny strength he stood—six cubits high :—
Scorn curled his lips ;—rage sparkled in his eye.
A helmet crowned his head with waving crest ;—
A gleaming plate of brass adorned his breast ;
His left hand held an oval shield, and in
His right he grasped his trusty javelin.
Accoutred thus for war his horn he took,
And blew a blast that all the forest shook.
His scattered legions heard the well known sound :
A thousand eager warriors gathered round
Their chief, prepared to march at his command,
To meet their foes, or desolate the land.
“My soldiers, brave in battle,” Ocran said,
“This day reminds us how our comrades bled
One year ago, when cursed Zerah slew
Your noble brothers, and dishonored you.
This day invokes the injured brave to go
And wreak their vengeance on a boasting foe.”

Inspired with hate, “*to arms !*” the captains cry :—
“We come ! we come !” the soldiers all reply.

But ere they march, along the distant plain
Approaching them is seen a numerous train ;
Like some dark cloud portending wind and hail ;
With hostile banners hastning to assail.
Towering on high, and waving o’er the rest
Ocran espies proud Zerah’s scarlet crest,

And hears his voice reverberating loud,
Urging along his fierce and savage crowd.

As thunder-clouds when balanced in mid air
First move in sullen majesty, and glare
In streams of light, while peal responds to peal,
And earth and heaven the threatened vengeance feel ;—
Then mingling pour the desolating hail,
While forests fall before the sweeping gale :
So Ocran's troops and Zerah's, face to face,
First move with solemn, slow and measured pace ;—
Then *dashing* forward at the cornet's sound—
Slaughter and carnage overspread the ground !
Where'er the crested Zerah raised his lance
His troops fanatic hastened to advance ;—
Where'er the plume of Ocran waved on high
His soldiers rushed to conquer or to die !
At length the chieftain giants frowning stand,
And strive with iron muscles, hand to hand,
To pierce each other's heart with pointed steel—
Soon gushing, crimson, streams of blood, reveal
How *steadily* was the aim—how *strong* the thrust,
Which laid each other weltering in the dust.
Nor rage forsook them in the pangs of death ;—
They cursed each other with their dying breath.
Their soldiers frantic lengthen out the fray,
And anarchy and turmoil rule the day.
Some shout for victory—some rave—some groan ;
While slaughtered heaps along the ground are strown.
Such were the scenes of violence and blood
Which brought, in wrath, the desolating flood !
But where the righteous men, the men of worth,
Whose prayers and counsels may *redeem* the earth

From threatened desolation ? Where are they
 Whose earnest prayers may turn the wrath away ?
 To death by violence they have been hurled,
 And few remain to save a guilty world.

Among that few behold a noble youth,
 Whose love of God and ardor for his truth
 Made him a target, and his guileless breast
 A mark for scorn, and ribaldry, and jest.
 "Among the faithless" faithfully he stood,
 Rebuking sin and walking with his God.
 He pointed to the time when God would come
 With thousands of his saints, to gather home
 The good, and cast his enemies away ;
 And warned them to be ready for that day.

Some heard his earnest warnings, and abstained
 From violence and blood while he remained
 To urge their conscience with his solemn pleas.
 But others, more intent on crime than these,
 Kept back their hands from no enormous vice,
 But sold themselves to sin for any price.
 While these the path of wrong and violence trod
 Enoch, the uncorrupted, *walked with God*.
 He grew in virtue as he grew in age ;
 And righteous men oft gattered 'round the sage,
 And listened to his hymns of grateful praise,
 And prophecies of distant, future days.
 While looking up to heaven with strong desire,
 His eye would kindle with unearthly fire—
 The world would lie forgotten at his feet
 As he communed at God's own mercy seat.

As often as the day which God has blest
 Returned, to cheer the weary with its rest

To some sequestered grove the righteous sped,
 And holy Enoch their devotions led.
 One Sabbath came—a day to be renowned—
 When light of morn the mountain tops had crowned,
 As wont, the righteous gather to the place
 Where God had oft dispensed his boundless grace.
 On Enoch's countenance, devout, serene,
 Unwonted light and majesty are seen.
 He speaks—an angel's eloquence is given ;—
 He prays—his prayer seems fellowship with heaven ;—
 He spreads his hands to bless—a dazzling light
 Surrounds his brow, too full for mortal sight.
 His very robes with heavenly radiance glow,
 Purer than light, and whiter than the snow.
 Bright clouds, like painted chariots, have come
 To take him to his long expected home.
 The wings of seraphs hover o'er the place,
 And arms of love receive to their embrace
 The man already ripened for the skies.
 Clasped in those arms—behold ! behold him rise !
 The angel hands conduct him on his way
 Homeward, to realms of everlasting day.
 Too holy for the earth, in prime of years
 Enoch has gone and left the good in tears,
 When Enoch was translated, the restraint
 Thrown over lawless hearts by such a saint
 Seemed all to vanish. Wickedness increased ;—
 Men gathered into groups to mock, and feast,
 And plan in what mad works, what deeds of dark
 And monstrous cruelty, they might embark.
 They laughed and sported at the warning word,
 Which from the lips of Enoch they had heard.

Ages passed by :—As on a mount I stood,
 One hundred years and twenty ere the flood
 Rolled its huge billows o'er the buried world,
 The heavens their brightest radiance unfurled.
 A sudden glory overwhelmed my sight,
 And one stood forth arrayed in robes of light,
 Too bright for mortal vision to behold ;—
 His loins were girded with the burnished gold :—
 With feet of fine and polished brass he came :—
 His eyes were radiant lamps of burning flame :—
 Like voice of many waters was his word.
 I prostrate fell and trembled, when I heard.

He spake : “Because of crimes which mortals plan
 My Spirit shall not always strive with man.
 With guilty men the earth I will condemn,
 For it is filled with violence through them.
 So deep their crimes, my power I will employ,
 And all the race with one fell stroke destroy.
 Meanwhile a little longer I forbear,
 That thou a spacious vessel may'st prepare,
 Of gopher wood, to float upon the wave,
 Thyself and all thy family to save.
 Who else, believing, freely may embark,
 And share the blessed safety of thine ark.
 All others, who in unbelief delay,
 By coming flood shall soon be swept away.

Obedient to my Maker's high command
 I gathered round me an industrious band ;
 Whose hearts were willing, and whose hands were skilled
 The strong and stately edifice to build.
 Though willing, oft they wondered at the task
 Imposed, and in their unbelief would ask

If Noah, their employer, was insane,
 To spend his wealth and energies in vain.
 Thus ages passed in treachery and crime,
 While vengeance slumbered till tho' appointed time.

The world's great lights all faded, one by one,
 As fade the the stars at rising of the sun :
 Unlike the stars, which yield to greater light,
 These left the world in darker, gloomier night.

With all the ardor of my youthful breast
 I loved my grand-sire :—He in turn caressed
 His darling boy—and bade me often come,
 And sit beside him in his shady home,
 To hear the story that I now shall tell,
 And other wonderful events as well.
 Thus years of social joy passed on : when lo !
 An hour of darkness came—an hour of woe—
 An hour of desolation and dismay !
 Whose memory shall never fade away.

How she who taught my infant lips to pray,
 Who watched her boy by night, taught him by day ;
 With other martyred saints was tortured, slain ;
 Ask not these faltering lips to tell again.
 For goodness crushed, my grand-sire's tender heart
 Seemed bursting ; while he sought to ease the smart
 Of rankling wounds, by pouring oil and wine
 In father Lamech's stricken heart and mine.

But home was home no more. Its joy and crown
 Had by one cruel stroke been smitten down.
 I gave Methuselah my parting hand,
 And kissed my father, leaving Gihon's land,
 Westward, neath other skies, henceforth to roam,
 And seek for me and mine a safer home.

But now, advancing night invites to sleep,
 To God, whose wakeful eyes will ever keep
 All trusting hearts, let us commit our lives,
 And when the balmy air of morn revives
 Our spirits, I the story will renew,
 And many wondrous scenes relate to you,
 Connected with that overwhelming flood
 Which spake the power and justice of our God."

CANTO III.

The sun athwart the earth his early beams
 Has cast, when Noah wakes from placid dreams.
 He kneels beside his couch in silent prayer,
 And thanks his kind Preserver for the care
 Bestowed through hours of undisturbed repose :
 And tastes the bliss which Heaven in love bestows
 On men devout—on righteous men and true,
 Who live at peace with God—with heaven in view.

The earth had been refreshed with evening shower,
 And nature, smiling, owned its quickening power.
 The air was balmy, and the playful breeze
 Gambolled along, and kissed the budding trees.
 When worship and the morning meal were o'er,
 All gathered round the patriarch as before :
 Eager to listen to the promised tale,
 And see what he was ready to unveil.

Noah resumed :—"As on a mount I stood,
 One hundred years and twenty ere the flood
 Rolled its huge billows o'er the buried world,
 The heavens their brightest radiance unfurled.
 A sudden glory overwhelmed my sight,

And One stood forth arrayed in robes of light
 Too bright for mortal vision to behold !
 His loins were girded with the burnished gold :
 With feet of fine and polished brass he came :—
 His eyes were radiant lamps of burning flame :—
 Like voice of many waters was his word.—
 I prostrate fell, and trembled, when I heard.

He spake :—“Because of crimes which mortals plan,
 My spirit shall not always strive with man.
 With guilty men the earth I will condemn,
 For it is filled with violence through them.
 So deep their crimes my power I will employ,
 And all the race with one fell stroke destroy.
 Meanwhile a little longer I forbear
 That thou a spacious vessel may'st prepare,
 Of Gopher wood, to float upon the wave ;
 Thyself and all thy family to save.
 Who else, believing, freely may embark,
 And share the safety of this blessed ark.
 All others, who in unbelief delay,
 By hasting flood shall soon be swept away.”

Obedient to my Maker's high command,
 I gathered round me an industrious band,
 Whose hearts were willing, and whose hands were skilled,
 The strong and stately edifice to build.

Upon a plain the city Accad stood :
 And near it waved, a dark majestic wood
 Of gopher trees and olive :—Higher still
 Arose to view a gently sloping hill.
 Its summit was a level plain and bare ;
 In compass, near a thousand cubits square.
 Adown its side a gushing streamlet ran.

This hill- top, well adapted to the plan
 Of rearing the majestic ark, I chose ;
 And soon the outlines of the vessel rose
 To view. Men stopped upon their way and gazed,
 Laughing to scorn the builder, while they praised
 The comely edifice, so wide and long,
 With joints compact, and every timber strong ;
 So beautiful in symmetry and form,
 Prepared to ride the waves and meet the storm.
 Some laughed in ridicule, and some were sad,
 That Noah, sapient once, had now gone mad.
 The news of my insanity was spread
 Abroad ; and timid children, in their dread
 Of meeting me, would take another path,
 And run, as though I followed them in wrath.
 And even men and women stood and stared,
 As though at hideous monster they were scared.
 But when they saw me calm and undisturbed,
 Their fears were quelled—their terrors all were curbed.
 And some had dreadful apprehensions, lest
 The threatened flood should not all prove a jest.

The work made progress, and its spreading fame
 Went far abroad ; and men of science came
 To view the structure, who its plan admired ;
 And why I built it eagerly enquired.
 I told them, in reply, what I had learned,
 That since the laws of God our race had spurned,
 And filled the earth with violence and blood ;
 There treasured was, till destined hour, a flood ;
 Whose billows o'er the mountain tops should leap,
 And in their angry, desolating sweep,
 Submerge the world ; and hurry quick to death

All moving things, in which was found the breath
 Of life. I told them that I now prepared
 This vessel, that the righteous might be spared,
 By floating safely on the swelling deep,
 When wicked men beneath its waves should sleep.
 To save themselves from coming wrath, I warned
 And counselled them : but they the message scorned.
 What months and years of agony I spent,
 Beseeching bold transgressors to repent !
 I preached, I warned, I wrestled much in prayer,
 *For spirits *now* in prison of despair.

Crowds flocked to see the ark, and many a time
 Youth from the city cheerily would climb
 The hill where it was reared, at even tide,
 And in their glee make merry and deride.
 To these, and all, I lifted up my voice,
 Beseeching them to make a happy choice.
 My earnest efforts were of no avail :—
 My warnings seemed to them an idle tale ;
 To end in emptiness, as it began ;
 The moon-struck reveries of crazed old man.
 They swore 'twas folly to construct a boat
 Upon a hill, and think 'twould ever float
 From such an eminence, upon the breast
 Of gulf or sea. They treated as a jest
 The ark, the flood, and God's most solemn threat ;
 Saying in scorn, "the flood has not come yet ;—
 All things continue as they were before ;—
 The earth is safe, and will be evermore."

One evening, as I mused beneath the shade,
 And for a scoffing world in sorrow prayed ;

Two patriarchs approached, weary and worn ;
 With weak and trembling foot-steps slowly borne,
 Bending beneath the weight of numerous years,
 Like homeless pilgrims in a vale of tears.
 Their heads were hoary, and their cheeks were wan ;
 And manhood's vigor from their limbs had gone.
 Of men so venerable I ne'er had dreamed :
 And each the image of the other seemed.
 A plain and unpretending garb they wore.
 They bent their footsteps to my open door.
 I rose and bowed, inquiring whence they came—
 What boon they sought, what ill they shunned, their name.
 "As strangers from a distant land we come,"
 They said ;—"South East from Edeu is our home.
 Rebellions, wars, and tumults so abound,
 That neither peace nor safety have we found
 In that our native land. And strange report
 Has reached our ears, that from high Heaven's court,
 The mandate had gone forth that all be drowned,
 Unless in Noah's ark they safety found.
 We come, within that ark to share a place,
 And test the truth of God's abounding grace."

"Did ye e'er know one Lamech ?" I inquired,
 "Who once, South East of Eden, lived retired,
 Near Gihon's flowing stream, in olive grove,
 Where stately trees their branches interwove ?"

The younger answered : "Yea, I knew him well,
 For where he dwelt it was my lot to dwell ;—
 'Tis he that now appears before thine eyes !"
 "My father !" I exclaim, in quick surprise,
 And to his open arms with transport run ;
 While he exclaims in turn, "My son ! my son !"

Methuselah my grand-sire, I in turn
 Embrace, with all the love that used to burn
 In younger breast. Together we rejoice,
 And praise protecting Heaven with thankful voice.
 Some centuries had passed since I had trod
 The lawn surrounding Lamech's sweet abode.
 My childhood's sacred home. But I had heard
 Reports of war, which all my spirit stirred.
 And oft I thought to visit yet again
 My ancient home; not that I might remain
 In land so full of carnage; but convey
 Methuselah and Lamech both away
 To safer home. But yet I never gained
 My purpose; for some hidden hand detained
 My steps. Most joyful then I deemed my lot,
 To greet such welcome friends in *my own* cot.

But ere the morning dawned my joy had fled:
 My father, ripe for blessedness, was *dead!*
 His way had been too long for weary feet;—
 His pulse grew faint,—his heart refused to beat.
 Close by the ark a little tomb we made,
 And buried him beneath a cypress shade.

Till coming flood five years alone remained,
 When wrath might be escaped, and mercy gained.
 The passing years roll rapidly away,
 And hasten on the long expected day.
 There stands, in solemn majesty, the ark;
 With open door, inviting to embark;
 Finished and ready for the Pilot's word,
 When'er to sail the mandate shall be heard;
 With food which Asia's richest fields afford,
 For a long voyage, plenteously stored.

At my command, but more by instinct taught,
 In pairs, the birds and beasts and reptiles sought
 This ample ark, as though they heard the storm,
 And hastened to a shelter safe and warm.
 First walk the brawny lions, side by side,
 As king in stateliness, and queen in pride.
 With lofty antlers, next, the nimble deer
 Tread softly in their footsteps, void of fear.
 Next come the noble horse, and patient ox,
 The crouching tiger, and the skulking fox.—
 Beasts of all sizes come ;—of every name ;
 The noxious, useful, timorous and tame.—
 The eagle leaves his aerie, wont to soar ;
 And with the ostrich, enters through the door
 Still opened wide.—The birds of every note,
 Whose glee-songs on the morning breezes float :
 The graceful swan, the hooting owl, the lark,
 All seek a shelter in the open ark.
 By pairs assembled in this safe retreat,
 One brotherhood they dwell, one household meet.

That morn I took my stand upon the hill
 And blew my cornet, sounding loud and shrill,
 The final warning to abandoned men,
 And signal that all things were ready then.
 The sound, through wood, and vale, and city, went ;
 And echo seemed to say, “repent ! repent !”
 But none that warning heeded, for the day
 Was calm and cloudless, and the fields looked gay.
 The farmer sowed his seed and tilled his soil ;
 Mechanics hastened to their daily toil ;
 The merchant opened up his tempting store ;
 The miser counted all his gold once more.

Feasting and sport, by many were preferred ;
 And noise of dance and revelry was heard.
 They drank, they fought, they plundered and they swore,
 For God's good Spirit strove with them no more.
 Mercy's last day now hastens to a close,
 And nothing more to sinners will propose.
 I seek my family, a little band,
 And take my feeble grand-sire by the hand,
 To lead him gently to the welcome ark ;
 When lo ! his cheek grows pale—his eyes grow dark,
 A joyful messenger from God has come,
 To lead him upward to a safer home,
 Where Adam, Abel, Seth and Enoch dwell,
 In bliss which mortals dare not, could they tell.
 We place his body in my father's tomb,
 Where fall-flowers spring from dust, and bud, and bloom ;
 Sweet emblems of the resurrection day,
 When these shall burst the tomb and soar away.
 Their bodies mingle with their sister earth ;—
 Than she they scarcely seem of later birth.
 They sweetly sleep together, side by side :
 They loved in life, and death does not divide.
 The last kind office to my grand-sire done,
 The ark we enter at the setting sun.
 On bended knee God's guidance we implore,
 And his own hand bolts up the massive door.
 To find my family from danger freed,
 And all within the ark, is joy indeed !
 The night glides quickly by,—the dawn appears,—
 Strange sights are seen ! strange sounds fall on the ears !
 The light looks sickly,—and the rising breeze
 Moans pensively among the forest trees.

Meanwhile the heavens portentous sigas display,
 As though the car of wrath was on its way.
 The fires gleam dismally along the sky,
 And peals burst forth!—*that car is passing by!*
 Tremble thou earth! ye heavens put saccloth on!
 The day of doom has come; of joy has gone!
 All faces gather blackness and dismay;
 And wailings fall from lips that dare not pray.
 The winds and thunder seem the voice of God,
 Ringing in guilty ears, *The Flood! The Flood!*
 The windows of the skies are opened wide;
 Their gates, with force resistless pressed, divide;
 And down on mountain top, and vale, and plain,
 Descends, in ceaseless cataracts, the rain.
 The waters of Hiddekel rise, and roll,
 And like a courser ardent for the goal,
 Euphrates foams, and swells, and speeds his flight;
 Becomes a flood, before whose onward might
 Trees, dwellings, monuments are swept away.
 Ah! who can paint the terrors of that day!
 Trembling has seized the earth: it groans and reels,
 And all the terror of God's vengeance feels.
 The reservoirs in her vast caverns pent
 For numerous ages, struggle to find vent.
 Then rending open their capacious cup,
 The fountains of the deep are broken up.
 Like caldron boils the sea;—its billows roar,
 And swelling high they overleap the shore.
 O'er all the earth ten thousand fountains rise,
 And spout their jets of water to the skies.
 As boiling springs in future ages known
 At Geyser, and at Laugervarm, and thrown

In graceful columns, sixty cubits high,
 To leap these jets to kiss the bending sky.
 As saturated sponge, pressed by the hand,
 Pours out its little flood ;—so all the land
 Now filled, and drenched, and pressed by hand of God,
 Belches its inward oceans all abroad.
 But where are they whose hearts and words were brave—
 Who scoffed at threatened flood, and scorned the wave ;
 Who lived in wickedness, who walked in pride,
 And God's authority and wrath defied ?
 Where are the men of learning and of wit,
 Around whose feet the multitude would sit,
 And hear them prove by arguments profound,
 That waters *never could* the earth surround ?
 Where are the thoughtless, negligent, and gay,
 Who sought no shelter from this wrathful day ?
 Ah, where are now the multitude that heard,
 But disregarded God's beseeching word ?
 Trembling and pale the guilty wretches cower,
 And seek a respite from that dreadful hour.
 Alas, what cries, what shrieks, what groans, what tears,
 What dark forebodings, what overwhelming fears ;
 Now terrify the ears, the hearts of those
 On whom thus falls this avalanche of woes !
 In consternation, each attempts to flee
 To nearest eminence, his life to free
 From billows rising with each coming hour,
 And sweeping by with desolating power.

Behold, some driven by the rising wave,
 Rush to the ark, and for admission crave ;
 With cries of anguish pleading evermore,
 "For mercy's sake unbolt the fastened door."

But when they ascertain their certain fate,
 That they have sought for mercy when too late,
 They raise so loud and pitiful a cry,
 Methinks from memory 'twill never die.
 From that sad hour, through all the following years,
 That doleful wailing rings within my ears.
 By night, by day, conversing or alone,
 I seem to hear that melancholy moan.

Up to my window climbing, I could view
 Some fearful struggles;—others too I knew
 By inspiration;—for prophetic ken
 Brought present to my view the haunts of men.
 I witnessed all the fears of husband,—wife;—
 While they would rescue, each the other's life;
 Or save their children from the rising waves,
 Where many faint and faltering find their graves.

A mother clasps her babe, and to the height
 Of distant mountain prosecutes her flight.
 Nerved for all dangers, onward o'er the plain
 She speeds her way,—nor looks she back again.
 The floods oppose her;—plunging through the wave,
 No fear appals that heart resolved to save.
 Through swelling torrents, to the mountain bent,
 Her quickened steps assay the steep ascent,
 And climb the height. Secure from present death,
 She pauses, looks, and in her yearnings saith;
 "Cursed be that mother's heart that deigns to rest,
 When but *one* lamb of all her fold is blest.
 I'll go in search!—methinks I hear their cry!
 They shall be rescued though their mother die."
 Adown the cliff she hastens to retrace
 Her steps, to search and ascertain the place

Where husband—children—congregate. But lo!
 Deeper the flood ;—swifter the waters flow.
 She calls their names,—she shouts,—she calls again.
 Vain hope! The rushing flood, the falling rain,
 The sweeping winds, the thunder peals, alone
 Are heard :—they claim the day as all their own!
 But still, maternal love *resolves* to save.—
 Maternal love! stronger than death! The wave
 She ventures for a rich and noble prize.
 Sad venture! down she sinks, no more to rise!

Lovers are seen, contending with the tide,
 Sinking together rather than divide.
 Husbands and wives are drifted from their place,
 And perish in one long and last embrace.
 Parent and child each other try to save,
 But, in their efforts, find a watery grave.

But most are vastly selfish, and controlled
 By love of gain—by eager thirst for gold ;
 No pity for their fellow sufferers feel ;
 But their own deep depravity reveal.
 Struggling for place, they push the weak aside :
 Who sink unwept, beneath the rising tide.
 Huddled in groups, beneath the stormy sky,
 Fatigued, and cold, and hungry, myriads die,
 Long ere the billows, rising day by day,
 From rugged hill-tops others sweep away.

Some brave all dangers and all woes endure,
 To save their gold, their treasures to secure.
 How well their chosen god rewards their zeal
 Their agonizing hearts are taught to feel.
 Gold is no savior now ;—their certain fate
 It hurries on with more than mill-stone weight.

Thus men of wealth, of learning, and renown,
 Beneath the waste of swelling seas sink down
 To depths unknown ; their pillow there to make
 Till resurrection trump their dust shall wake.

Another scene of horror meets their eye.
 Upon a mountain summit, bleak and high,
 In groups are gathered reptiles, beasts and men.
 The lion leaves his water-flooded den,
 And man his stately palace, to retreat
 To safer dwelling place,—this higher seat ;
 Where beasts of every name, the tame, the wild ;
 Where man, and woman, youth and little child,
 All meet together in a narrow bound :
 The chafing ocean pressing close around.
 Now by the rising waves more closely pent
 The fierce unscial tiger growls dissent,
 And licks his jaws, but falls not on the prey.
 The helpless sheep in contact forced to stay,
 Bleats forth her grief. The wild and timid deer
 Trembles to find the hungry lion near.
 Beside the wolf the trembling maiden stands :—
 The child on spotted leopard lays its hands.
 The snake glides stealthily among their feet,
 From whose approach all seek a quick retreat,
 But seek in vain ; the contact they *must* bear,
 For in distress they all are brothers there.

But man more fierce and cruel than the rest,
 Smites down the gentle fawn against him pressed,
 And drinks its blood his hunger to allay.
 This was the signal for the beasts of prey.
 For at the scent of blood, the wolf, the bear,
 The tiger, leopard, *all* must have a share.

The amnesty was broken ; and a feud
 Most boisterous, most horrible, ensued ;
 As though a band of fiends had tried their power,
 And centred all their hate in that fell hour.
 On every side most doleful sounds arise ;
 In growls, and groans, and screams, and yells, and cries ;
 A concert such as demons mad might make,
 Causing the earth, and sea, and sky to quake.
 The wolf devours the lamb ;—the hungry bear
 Disputes the title, while his eyeballs glare
 With rage :—the lion roars upon his prey ;—
 And carnage is the order of the day.
 In such a contest human beings cower,
 And rushing from their savage conquerors' power,
 Into the bosom of the ocean leap,
 And choose the tender mercies of the deep.

CANTO IV.

Meanwhile the ark is peacefully afloat.—
 God is the Pilot of this stately boat,
 Which on the crested billows safely rides,
 The waves in fury dashing round its sides.
 Where birds of loftiest wing were wont to soar
 It rides on high, on sea without a shore ;
 For shoreless is the ocean now ; and deep
 Beneath its waves whole kingdoms buried sleep.

There still remained one height, which like a tower
 Raised its tall crest above the billows' power ;
 Round which the deep in maddening fury whirled ;
 The last retreat on a dissolving world.
 On this high cliff, so bleak, so wild, so rude,
 Now stood alone, in dreary solitude,

The last survivor of a scoffing race,
 With care and woe depicted on his face,
 With folded arms upon that mount he stood,
 And gazed around upon the shoreless flood.
 No tear bedewed his cheek :—a vacant stare
 Revealed a heart consuming with despair.
 In contemplation lost, he heeds no more
 The rising waves, nor angry tempests' roar.
 To him no fear the thunders now impart ;
 The lightnings strike no terror to his heart.
 Increasing dimness steals upon his eyes.—
 A billow sweeps :—*the last transgressor dies!*

Now shoreless is the deep :—its waters roll
 With unimpeded flow, from pole to pole ;
 Obstructed by no reef or rocky shore,—
 No mountain side or summit, as before.
 Piling its billows high, and higher yet,
 No bars or doors by Heaven's decree are set,
 Except the fiat that was erst obeyed ;—

*"Thus far arise, proud waves, and here be stayed."

A calm succeeds :—the storms and tempests cease :—
 The sea, like weary child, is lulled to peace ;—
 A molten mirror, polished, clear and bright ;—
 The sun dy day, the moon and stars by night,
 Look down upon her face, made doubly fair
 By image of themselves reflected there.
 Upon that sea, in dark and stormy night,
 There might be seen one faint and flickering light :—
 It glimmered from the window of the ark ;
 And angels watched that dim and distant spark :
 For *human* eyes no more were called to keep
 Their nightly vigils, sealed in death's long sleep.

Ask ye how were the tedious hours employed,
 What griefs we bore, what pleasures we enjoyed,
 While toss't like feather on the rolling tide,
 Yet kept and guarded by our heavenly Guide?
 At morn and eve, the voice of praise and prayer,
 Rose from our stately mansion, on the air :
 But not an ear was open to that sound,
 For all were buried in the depth profound.
 Yes! *angels* hovered o'er, to hear the lays
 That rose melodious in our songs of praise :
 And as we breathed our hearts in warm desire,
 We heard *their voices* mingling with the choir.
 So sweet a chant the heavenly notes convey,
 We pause,—and breathless,—listen to the lay.

Downward, along the spirit-travelled road,
 These heavenly visitants, to our abode
 Oft come, and with our company embark,
 And hold communion with us in the ark.
 For know, that spirits need no open door
 By which to enter ;—matter can no more
 Obstruct their way, than air the rays of light,
 Which softly fall upon the eager sight.
 Our prison is not lonely, when thus blest
 With many a kind and heaven-commissioned guest,
 To cheer us on our voyage, and our way
 Beguile, with words which only angels say.

How great the contrast ! lately we were pressed
 With those who hated God, and made a jest
 Of sacred things ; and whose discourse profane,
 Curdled the coursing blood in every vein.
 But now, no words of hate our ears salute ;
 No muttered curses, and no fierce dispute :—

But words so full of love, we seemed to stand
Upon the threshold of the heavenly land.

Our course is onward ; for the swelling breeze
Conveys us where our heavenly Guide may please
To mark our path :—now to the blushing West
Where weary luminaries go to rest :—
Now to the East :—now toward the Northern pole ;
And now the Southern :—under the control
Of him who holds the wind, directs the gale,
And shows the stately vessel where to sail.
O'er vales, and lofty mountains, on we sweep,
Where cities lie, and buried kingdoms sleep.
O'er realms, and continents, and desert waste,
Like soaring eaglet, through the sky we haste.
Five gliding months had passed—five moons had waned ;
When Heaven's windows closed, when God restrained
The torrents ; and his winds drank up the seas,
Which wasted from the earth by slow degrees.
The ark which long had floated on the face
Of drifting waters, sought a resting place ;
And like a weary bird, now lighting, sat
Upon the lofty top of Ararat.

Back to their empty caverns, more and more
Retired the floods, where they had slept before.
The thirsty earth, like huge behemoth, drank
Whole seas at once ; and in her bowels sank
With whirlpool sweep, in swift and eddying chase
The plants and trees that drifted o'er her face.

Our pleasant voyage ended, we would fain
Upon the emerging earth descend again.
But still we tarried for Jehovah's word,
Waiting in faith till his behest was heard.

He spake :—"Go forth, the verdant earth possess ;—
It waits your blessing, and your toil to bless."

Upon its hinges turned the ark's huge door,
And on our gladdened vision, burst, once more,
The earth : as friend returned, in garments new.
While lovely landscapes crowned on our view.
So lofty was our home, so high our seat,
That towering mountains sank beneath our feet.
But earth seemed desolate :—we heard no voice
Which erst made vale and mountain top rejoice ;
No chattering birds, no city's busy hum ;
But all the world was desolate and dumb.
Only the rill still gurgled ; and the breeze
Whispered a sweet "good morning" to the trees.

We bade the ark farewell, and all our crowd
Of beasts and birds their liberty aloud
Saluted :—Ararat was crowned with praise ;
Such as our merry birds in artless lays,
And beasts in sounds discordant, could employ ;
While human voices mingled in the joy.

But lo ! a vision of some distant day
Leads all our thoughts and all our hopes away.
Far to the West, to Syria's holy land ;
Where, in Jerusalem, a Prince shall stand,
Divine, majestic, yet in human form ;
To pluck the lightning from the gathering storm ;
To turn the vengeance from the sinner's head,
And stay the bolt prepared to strike him dead :
To bring him to the ark that hath its path
Above the billows of eternal wrath ;
Where we *again* embarked may safely find,
And leave, once more, the smitten earth behind.

The mighty Prince ! his countenance serene,
 Mid taunts, and jeers, and mockery is seen.—
 Appalled we gaze to see the sufferer bleed ;
 And recognize “the woman’s promised Seed,”
 Whose vision dissipated Adam’s grief,
 And in *his* hour of horror brought relief.
 It is the same !—we see—we see it now !—
 The crown of thorns upon the sufferer’s brow !
 The cross, the nails, the flowing blood, the thirst,
 The mournful wail of agony that burst
 From dying lips, upon the accursed tree,
 “My God, my God, hast thou forsaken me ?”
 The conflict ends ! He gently bows his head ;
 While nature’s groans proclaim her Sovereign dead !
 So like reality the vision grew,
 It brought a great *atonement* to our view :
 And faith suggested that our wounded King
 Be worshipped with a bloody offering,
 Clean birds, as sacrifice, we offer there,
 And bow together in believing prayer ;
 Which like the precious incense rises sweet,
 To him who sits upon the mercy-seat.
 Downward our Father turns his pitying eyes
 And smiles acceptance of the sacrifice.
 Then in his heart the mighty Sovereign spake ;
 “No more shall earth be smitten for man’s sake.
 Upon the cloud my richest tints I throw,
 And give this token in the arching *bow*,
 That earth no more shall feel my vengeful power,
 Till fire consume it at the final hour.”

My tale is told. Eber, my listening boy,
 Look at the “*covenant bow*” with pious joy ;

And when you see its glory smiling there—
 Adore your covenant God in grateful prayer,
 Look forward to that great eventful day,
 When earth and heaven shall, troubled, flee away ;—
 When our Anointed Prince of Peace shall come
 Enthroned, to gather all his ransomed home,
 New heavens shall stretch before our wondering view,
 And earth, re-made, appear in glory new.
 The living shall be changed, and waked the dead ;—
 An EMERALD BOW surrounds our Prince's head,
 On which the white-robed throng shall ever gaze,
 While Heaven's high dome reverberates their praise :
 "Glory and blessing to our Savior King,—
 Blessing and glory to thy name we bring,—
 All praise and honor, Savior of lost men,—
 Honor and praise, henceforth, be thine. *Amen !*"

"HE THAT BELIEVETH SHALL NOT MAKE HASTE."

Flurry and worry, fret and sweat,
 Are for those in a hurry
 And in haste to get.
 But quiet and rest are the rich behest
 Of those who trust,
 As the patient must.

 A gentle course
 Will give us force,
 While unbelief will bring to grief.
 To borrow trouble will make it double.
 We may sorrow spare
 By dismissing care.

Poems by Rev. Watson J. Young.

INVOCATION.

Oh Thou, to whom the high Archangels bow,
 And saints do reverence around thy throne ;
 Maker of all in Heaven, on earth below,
 Or in the deep : Who spreadest forth each zone :
 Eternal King of Glory, who alone
 Canst make, destroy or save. Thy power I own—
 To thee in adoration bowed, and humble prayer :
 I plead the merits of Thy Holy Son,
 Who died for man's shortcomings to atone :
 Look down in pity and tenderest care.
 Strengthen my hands—my feeble steps upraise—
 Assist my tongue, that I may sing thy praise.

POEM READ AT BENZONIA, MICH., JULY 4TH, 1879.

Now glory to the King of kings, our Sovereign and our
 Lord ;
 Who built the Heaven, and Earth and seas, by his cre-
 ating word.
 Whose thought embraces farthest time in His eternal
 Now ;
 Who rules our land as erst He did a hundred years ago.

A hundred years! how short the span: how few the
 moments be
 To Time's duration, or the years of God's Eternity!
 Yet how momentous was the hour—What scenes of joy
 and woe
 Have been on Earth since that old time, a hundred years
 ago.

A hundred years, a hundred years, along the track of
 time
 Glance down the vista, where is seen a moment more
 sublime
 Than that which burst upon the world, on that au-
 spicious morn.
 When sword in hand, like Pallas armed, Columbia was
 born?

A hundred years—A single bell, from Independence
 hall,
 Rung out its message o'er the land of Liberty to all.
 But now, from out ten thousand spires, from thousand
 ships at sea,
 The mighty chime in joy breaks forth to hail our Jubilee.

A hundred years Columbia her banner has unfurled,
 And bade its glories be displayed to all a wondering
 world.
 She placed the stars of Heaven there—and sapphire sea
 —below:
 She banded it with glowing stripes of ruby and of snow,
 Flag of the free, amid the march thou'rt ever in the van:
 Where e're the battle may be fought that freedom gives
 to man.

And thou wilt bear it from the North to where the tropics glow,

As full, as pure as once thou didst, a hundred years ago.

Flag of the brave, where tempests dash across the river main—

Where armies meet in dread array upon the tented plain—

Through Afric's fevered continent, or mid the polar seas ;—

Wherever brave men walk the Earth, thou'rt borne upon the breeze.

Flag of the true, true hearts shall make thy silken folds their care—

No traitor's hand, no foreign foe, that banner bright shall tear.—

No scheme of fraud, no sceptred wrong, thy smile shall countenance :

Justice, and help for the oppressed, is ever in thy glance,

Flag of the pure, we consecrate before the great white throne

Of Him who is all purity, who bears thee up alone,

We consecrate ourselves to thee, to keep thee free from stain,

We bind our hearts, our lives to thee, with honor's golden chain.

Thy stars keep watch for liberty with ceaseless vigilance—

Thy azure glows with conscious truth before the keenest glance—

Thy crimson shows the courage high that bends not in
the gale—

Thy pearl denotes thy purity whatever storms assail.

A hundred years our ship of state has sailed upon the
main—

Her captain ruleth over all—Jehovah is His name.

On Plymouth rock her keel was laid, amid December's
snow,

And God controlled the wondrous launch a hundred
years ago.

Her compass is the Book of books, and Truth her guid-
ing star ;

And "Holiness to God" is writ on every mast and spar.

Hope is her anchor, sure and strong, that holds within
the veil,

And Progress, Liberty and Peace, still whiten every sail.

But yonder comes a hostile fleet—will not her banner
quail ?

Will she not turn and fly her course run freer with the
gale ?

Ah no, she bends not from her way, undaunted by a
foe—

Her path right onward, as it was a hundred years ago.

But look, how glooms the sky beneath the coming thun-
der blast !

How white the surges break amain as they rush swiftly
past !

And now wherever brave men walk the deck, with anx-
ious fears,

Rings through the ship the maddened cry of traitorous
mutineers :

And old world navies gather round, but not for freedom's
right :—

They come to aid that rebel crew, to cheer them in the
fight.

They come to bar the patriot's right—the traitors to en-
large,

As when the Alabama sunk before the brave Kear-
sarge.

But look, once more the storm is o'er ; before the gentle
gales

She rides upon the swelling sea with peace upon her sails.
And hark, the watchman calls aloud "all's well !" above,
below—

She's staunch as when she first set sail a hundred years
ago.

And better, purer, stronger ; for God has washed away
In blood of freemen, freely given, the stain of Slavery.
Free is our land from East to West, as thought—as
air—'tis free ;

And with clean hands we gather strength for ages yet
to be.

And now with olives in our grasp we bid the nations
hail :

We send the summons o'er the sea with every favoring
gale.

We bid them to our feast to-day, we take them by the
hand ;

We point them to the King of kings the Ruler of our
land.

King of tremendous Majesty! stretch out thy mighty
hand

To guard, to guide, to save, to bless, to purify our land.
Keep us as for the century past for thousand years to
come;

Till shines on Earth the blissful light of thy millenium.

TO MARGARET, MY MOTHER

(THE GREEK FOR PEARL.)

Our circle is a casket fair,
Well filled with priceless gems, and rare.
One is a Diamond, hard and bright;
One bears the Ruby's ruddy light;
An Emerald one of lively hue,
And one a Sapphire pure and true.
Each one would grace a coronet,
But the fairest pearl is Margaret.

Our circle is a vase of flowers—
Might well have come from Eden's bowers.
One has a Lily's form and grace;
One is a Tulip fair of face;
A rich Carnation one is seen;
A Pansy one, of gentler mien:
One is a sweet breathed Mignonette,
But the Rose the queen is Margaret.

ONLY A NAVVY.

(This incident occurred in England, a few years since.)

“Clear the track, for the train is due ;—
 And the navvies went to work with a will,
 (Just at the foot of the tunnelled hill,)
 To throw out the stones and lay the last rail—
 To gather the tools, and drive the last nail—
 For the flame crowned “Flying Dutchman” was due.

“Out of the way, boys, the train is due !”
 Obedient to the call, the rank
 Turned to climb the hillside bank,
 (Steep as a wall was that rocky bank,)
 Until they stood on the upper ledge,
 Leaning, looking over the edge,—
 Waiting to let the train go through.

“Steady boys, till the train gets through :”
 For a trembling of the iron rail,
 And a far off sound like a rushing gale,
 Tells of its coming. A sudden shock—
 And leaping down the bank, a rock
 Striking fire in its reckless way,
 Until in a moment’s time it lay
 Just on the track, and the train was due.

“God help the souls on the train that is due !”
 And with the accents on his tongue,
 Into the chasm John Chiddy sprung ;—
 Sprung where the rock lay on the course,
 Seized it, and urged it with all his force,
 While out of the tunnel the clamor and yell,

And the brazen beat of the engine bell,
 Told that the train was coming through.
 "Out of the way ere the train gets through ;—
 What are its passengers all to you ?"
 But he tugged away at the heavy stone—
 Tugged till he drew each breath with a groan—
 Till in his ears strange murmurs rise,
 And the sparkles dance in his straining eyes—
 Tugged it, and rolled it off the track
 Just in time to save from wrack
 The iron wheels of the train that was due.

Out of the cavern the train that was due—
 Out of its den the monster sprang—
 With a panther's scream, and an iron clang,
 Seized the man with its cruel fang,
 Tore his flesh and crunched his bones,
 And churned his blood, on the ties and stones,
 Showering the sparks from the rock that lay
 Where the wheels just grazed as they passed on their way ;
 While the glare of its Cyclopean eye
 Menaced the earth, and menaced the sky :—
 That was the way the train came through.

Only a navvy, so say you.
 But the train swept on with its hundred lives,
 Parents and children, and husbands and wives,
 Swept on, unheeding the body that lay
 Shattered, and scattered, along the way.
 And what of him ? When his tale is told
 Up where the gates of pearl unfold,
 May he dwell forever in endless bliss,

For "Greater love hath no man than this."
 Only a navy ! ah yes, 'tis true ;
 But I couldn't have done as well, nor you,
 Had we been there when the train was due.

TO

FROM

J-oy beams upon the Earth, if we but dra-W
 E-nough in prayer on God the fount of Jo-Y,
 N-or fret with useless cares, and nothing d-O,
 N-or say, to harm our neighbor : thus may yo-U
 I-mparting and receiving good, go o-N
 E-ach passing day, embalmed in light any son-G.

"THOU ART THE MAN."

Thou art the man whom God did once create,
 The crowning glory of his perfect plan :
 He gave thee Earth and Heaven for thine estate—
 Thou art the man.

Thou art the man who dyed thy soul with sin,
 And in the ways of death with pleasure ran,
 And nursed the seeds of wrath thy heart within,—
 Thou art the man.

Thou art the man whose sins have crucified
 The Lord of glory : for thy life He ran
 From Heaven to Earth. For thee, for thee He died,—
 Thou art the man.

Thou art the man for whom the Judgment day
 Was foreordained long ere the world began :
 For thee its pomp—for thee its dread array—
 Thou art the man.

Thou art the man whom Jesus bids repent :
 Oh heed the gracious call while yet you can :
 For thee his invitations all are meant,—
 Thou art the man.

MISSION HYMN.

Awake, awake, put on thy strength oh Zion ;
 Awake, put on thy beautiful array.
 Lift up thy voice and welcome thy Redeemer,
 And greet the glories of the latter day.
 He comes, he comes, in brightest clouds descending,
 And saints and angels triumph in his train ;
 Loud hallelujahs with the trumpet blending,
 For Jesus comes omnipotent to reign.

Awake, awake, Jerusalem the golden—
 Rejoice in God who comes to set thee free.
 Behold how beautiful upon the mountains
 The feet of him who bringeth peace to thee.
 He comes, he comes, break forth in glad rejoicing,
 For as the rose the wilderness shall bloom ;
 God's holy arm is stretched out to the nations,
 And all the isles proclaim, *The Lord is Come !*

THE WAIL OF THE JEWS.

Allah, how long, how long,
 How long shall Salem's walls be overthrown ?
 How long shall Israel be trodden down ?
 How long shall Judah on the Master wait ?
 The Infidel alone is in the gate :
 Allah, how long, how long ?

 Allah, how long, how long,
 For all the pain and anguish we have known,
 A wandering people, poor, despised o'erthrown—
 For all our crimes through all the bitter years
 In dust we bow, and pour out cries and tears.
 Oh God, how long, how long ?

 Allah, how long, how long ?
 We have no altar now, nor sacrifice,
 Nor mitred priest to bid the incense rise.
 How long till He our King and Savior come ?
 We can but weep—Judea's harp is dumb—
 Father, how long, how long ?

— • • • —
 TRUMPETS.

“Blow, blow, my horn, and let the sound
 Re-echo from the hills around ;
 The pipes of Pan were not more clear,
 Nor trumpet more devoid of fear
 Than thou. There comes no shade of care
 To sully o'er the vision fair

Thou hast evoked. Blow loud and clear,
For some must blow that all may hear."

So rang the minstrel's song of joy,
And, as I gazed, behold a boy
Came whistling down the busy street :—
Torn hat, and coat, and shoeless feet
Black with the grime of many a day,
Bespoke a heart untouched of care :
With equal zeal for feast or fray,
And ready still to do and dare
What chance might bring ; and in his hand
He bore a fresh cut chestnut wand,
From which he framed with ready skill
A rustic pipe ; and as his lip
Was bent to kiss the bevelled tip,
A shriek arose so loud and shrill—
It seemed as if some demon's scream
Burst forth to haunt me in my dream.
A wondrous power my spirit bore—
A wondrous way o'er sea and land,
Until upon Judea's shore
I saw, and lo, a mighty band
Around a leaguered city passed :—
But silent all, except the blast
That from their curving horns did wind.
Thus seven times they marched around,
And then while trump and voice combined
An earthquake shook the solid ground.
The city stooped beneath the sound ;—
The wall fell prone, and Jericho
Was nothing but a memory.

Depending only on her foe
For life in ages yet to be.

“Blow, blow, my horn. The vernal rains
With Summer’s fervid rays combined
To feed the life within thy veins.
The dews, with influences kind,
Shed moisture on thy leaves at night ;
And gemmed thee in the morning light.
And all the winds have left a spell
Enshrined within thy simple shell.
The touch of human lip shall break
That spell and all thine echoes wake.”

The scene was changed—and on the shore
Of that renowned and middle sea
That witnessed all Earth’s history,
For thousand years ; and seemed to be
The field of nations, while the roar
Of war and waves together rose,
While Greece, or Rome, or Carthage bore
The sway—I saw where Xanthus flows
Down from Mount Ida’s mighty crest.
But still in sylvan honors drest,
The hill—the plain—I heard the strain
Of music, while the mighty main
Thundered a bass to the refrain.
And there was magic in the sound ;
For rising o’er the throbbing ground,
Buttress and battlement appear.
And while the music swells more clear,
Temples and palaces awoke,

And from the teeming soil there broke
 Unnumbered shrines, and sacred domes,
 All interspersed with peaceful homes.
 And thus Troy *was*—And then the song
 My spirit bore entranced along,
 I saw the Hellenic ships appear—
 A sight of beauty and of fear :
 I saw the strength of Ajax rise,
 And stern Achilles' wondrous shield
 Flash back the lightning to the skies,
 The terror of the battlefield.
 And then I saw, mid blood and fire,
 The glories of proud Troy expire.

"Blow, blow, my horn, and let thy note
 Triumphant o'er the valleys float ;—
 Let joy be mingled in thy song,
 And Freedom's voice the strain prolong.
 There is no room for earthly joy,
 No wealth of love, without alloy.
 No hope, nor pleasure can there be
 Unless thou rulest, Liberty."

Then once again I saw the land
 Of Jacob, ere the foeman's hand
 Had reft her olives, in his rage,
 From Salem's mount the trumpet rang ;
 But peace was in its joyful clang,
 And all Judea's heritage
 Awoke to hear, and then a voice
 Called Earth and Heaven to rejoice.
 It was the year of Jubilee ;—

It was the year of Liberty ;
 And every captive now was free !
 And o'er the land the summons flew
 "Rejoice, rejoice, the day has come,—
 Receive your heritage anew :—
 Return in triumph to your home !
 Be free. Let every bond be broke—
 Be free ! No more receive the yoke,—
 Take back the fields your Fathers tilled—
 Dwell in the homes where once they dwelt.
 Drink where their cups your Fathers filled—
 Kneel at the altars where they knelt—
 With sound of trumpet and of voice
 Ye race of Israel rejoice."

"Blow, blow, my horn, and if a shriek
 Curdles the blood in agony—
 Affrights the ear—blanches the cheek—
 And leaves the heart unnerved and weak ;
 Remember that all history
 Is writ in blood. The lust of fame,
 Of gold, of power—the fear of shame,
 Like the Sirocco's baleful breath,
 Have filled the world with war and death."

Inperious Rome ! What fierce debate '
 Is racking now thy senate hall ?
 What words of pride, of wrath, of hate
 Remorseless as the doom of fate,
 Ring through thine ancient capitol—
 '*Delenda est Carthago.*' All
 Shall be destroyed—The Punic race

Is doomed to sink mid flame and blood,
 Till all are gone, and not a trace
 Shall tell where Dido's city stood.
 Cato the censor—Thine the lips—
 Emit these darts with venom'd tips :
 Rome's wisest Senator art thou.
 Oh drivelling fool canst thou not see
 The enervating luxury,
 That will creep in when victory,
 More fatal than defeat, shall bow
 Rome's lusty strength—a baser yoke
 Than Caudine Forks or Cannae's stroke,
 But through the forum rose the shout
 Caught up by all the rabble rout—
 “*Let Carthage be destroyed,*” and shrill
 The trumpet rang from every hill—
 LET CARTHAGE BE DESTROYED ; and far
 Resounded fierce the cry of war :
 And woke the distant field of Mars.
 And first the messengers ride out,
 With trumpet clang and battle shout,
 Until beneath the silent stars
 Nought else was silent, and the street
 Re-echoed to the tramp of trampling feet,—
 Of legions hastening to sail,
 While Africa, with terror pale,
 Yet snatched new courage from despair.
 And when the weapons failed for war,
 The Punic maidens gave their hair
 For bowstrings. But all vain their zeal,
 For ground beneath war's iron heel
 Proud Carthage fell. The victor's rage

Spared neither youth nor trembling age,
 While slaughter, rapine, fire and lust
 Levelled the city with the dust.

“Blow, blow, my horn, a louder note :—
 For bursting from the cannon’s throat
 The voice of Heaven—the breath of Hell—
 The sulphury blast combine to tell
 That War has gained a mightier name,
 As the Apocalypse foretold
 The smoke, the brimstone, and the flame
 That o’er the prophet’s vision came,
 While centuries their woes unfold.”

Napoleon the destroyer—Thou
 Who drenched a third of Earth with blood ;
 Before whose wrath the nations bow,
 And kings to do thee homage stood :
 What countless myriads at thy word,
 Sprang up and seized the battle sword,
 O’er Lodi’s bridge thy legions poured—
 O’er Alpine rocks thy eagles soared—
 Marengo saw thy chivalry
 In triumph bear the *Fleur de Liss*.
 Leipsic and Austerlitz behold
 The wavering balance of thy fate.
 This rose in triumph : That, through great
 Disastrous o’er thy banners rolled.
 Rameses saw with stony eyes,
 Thy navy sailing up the Nile,
 And Tabor heard with wild surprise,
 And hearing echoed to the skies

The thunder of thy cannon, while
 The sacred mount was canopied
 With Battle clouds. The Splügen pass
 Beheld thee threading its defile
 Around a slippery *Mer de Glace*,
 Above the mount's tremendous pile
 Whence avalanches plunging speed
 Tore through the ranks with breathless force.
 At Wagram stern thine army stood,
 And Linden's snows and Iser's flood
 Were crimsoned by thy soldiers' blood.
 Eylau and Borodino came,
 And then Muscovia's wasting flame ;
 And famished, frozen, back to France
 Thy legions fled, while Cossack lance
 Harassed thy march and dimmed thy force,
 Until thy Guard, so tried, so true
 To serve thee, died at Waterloo.

"Blow, blow, my horn, a sweeter strain :
 The world shall echo it again,
 They only are the truly brave
 Who offer up their lives to save
 The weak, who bind the broken heart,
 Who heal the sick, help the oppressed ;
 Who lead the weary one to rest ;
 Who when Sedition rears its crest
 Receive, repel, the fatal dart.

That Indian tiger from his lair
 Had stolen, and with hideous roar
 Revelled in slaughter at Cawnpore—

Had torn the young, the brave, the fair ;
 And with new appetite for gore
 To Lucknow rushed ; and round and round
 He swept with many a wary bound.
 All pitiless the Sun looked down
 Upon the plain with corpses strown.
 And childhood's plaint, and woman's prayer
 Where hushed in silent sad despair.
 Like lightning, springing from the ground
 That Scottish maiden looked around,
 And cried, "I hear the pibrocks call—
 It is the grandest of them all—
 The gathering of Mac Greggor's clan :—
 'Tis Havelock's march !" and every man
 In silence stood, and every ear
 Was strained, the welcome sound to hear
 In vain,—the tale could not be true :—
 When louder came the words of cheer,
 "Dinna ye hear ? dinna ye hear ?
 An' will ye no believe it noo ?"
 Bound every heart ! for bursting out
 O'er cannon's roar and battle shout,
 The sweetest music e'er was played
 Was that the pipes at Lucknow made.

"Blow, blow, my horn, Thy voice from mine
 As mine is from a source divine !" —
 That God whose hand controls the spheres
 Or bears thy summons to our ears,
 Complete in greatness ; yet whose eye
 Detects the mote that passes by ;
 To whom the stars their anthems sang,

While Heaven with hallelujahs rang :—
 That God shall give the trumpet breath,
 That calls the world to life or death.

That mighty trumpet—at the sound
 The dead shall rise! The solid ground,
 In-sensate now, shall trembling fly—
 The stars rush madly through the sky—
 The moon, the sun, shall cease to shine.
 The Son of Righteousness divine,
 Who died for man on Calvary
 Shall come in clouds of majesty.
 Before Him Heaven shall flee away—
 Those shining orbs be brushed aside
 Lest they obscure his clearer day,
 That glows from out the portals wide.
 His eyes are as a fiery flame ;
 And on his vesture is the name
 “The Lord of Lords, the King of Kings :”
 And Heaven’s armies in His train
 Shall ride. Through Heaven the summons rings,
 “For God Omnipotent doth reign !”
 That great assize—Before His eye,
 Behold the Universe draw nigh :
 On either hand the hosts divide.
 The Judge is come ! who shall abide,
 (Without an Advocate) to dare
 The wrath of God ? or who can bear
 The light that pierces every heart,
 And lays its guilty secrets bare ?
 No pleadings can avail—No part
 Can show escape ! Atonement none—

Each several sin comes thronging up
 To plead for vengeance, and alone
 Must bear its guilt. That mighty roll,—
 That record of ten thousand years ;
 On which our deeds, like pens, enscroll
 Our crimes in lurid characters
 Broad as the sun ; is opened wide.
 No place for trembling man to hide
 Creation sees. No refuge there
 From shame, from pain, or from despair.
 Oh Blessed Saviour, Let thy blood
 Shed for my sins, that crimson flood
 Atone for me. I plead thy name—
 For me thou didst endure the shame—
 For me didst sweat, and bleed, and die :
 And Thou wilt never pass me by.
 I claim Thy love, I seek thy grace,
 And find in thee my *hiding place*.

THE MASTER IS COME AND CALLETH FOR THEE

The Master is come, and calleth for thee,
 Go work in my harvest to-day ;
 For white is the field, and abundant the yield,
 Oh why should the reaper delay ?
 No matter just where in the field you may be,
 Go work with the Master. He calleth for thee,
 He calleth for me, he calleth for thee,
 He calleth for you and me.

The Master is come, and calleth for thee,
 Though clouds gather dark o'er thy way ;
 Though friends be all gone, and thou left alone,
 Yet He's thy support and thy stay,
 No matter how lonely the journey may be,
 Go walk with the Master—He calleth for thee,
 He calleth for you and me.

The Master is come, he calleth for thee,
 Though sin lies like lead on thy soul ;
 Yet He bids thee rejoice, oh list to His voice,
 He bids e'en the leper be whole.—
 No matter how burdened thy spirit may be,
 Go kneel to the Master, He calleth for thee,
 He calleth for you and me.

The Master is come, and calleth for thee,
 Behold where His table is spread.
 And whoever will may partake to his fill,
 Unquestioned, of heavenly bread :—
 No matter how poor and despised you may be,
 Go feast with the Master—He calleth for thee,
 He calleth for you and me.

The Master is come, and calleth for thee,
 Let thy gift on the altar be laid ;
 He gave thee His blood, He poured forth the flood
 That thy ransom for sin might be paid,
 No matter how dear to thy heart it may be,
 Go give to the Master—He calleth for thee,
 He calleth for you and me.

WOUNDED IN BATTLE.

(The Author's Experience.)

Wounded in battle? Yes, I felt the stroke
 Thrill through my nerves. I saw the tide that broke
 From my rent veins, and with a dizzy pain
 I sought a respite from the leaden rain.

'Twas when our glorious banner seemed to cower,
 When Treason's hosts rushed on in maddened power—
 When even Hope's bright wing was plumed for flight—
 Valor gave way to fear, panic and flight.

Short space I moved, and then my failing strength
 Refused to bear me on, until at length
 Helpless, beside a fallen tree, I lay,
 A mossy trunk fast hastening to decay.

That morn, while stood the regiment in arms,
 All ready, waiting for the war's alarms,
 Our letters came; but time would not allow
 To read the white winged missives until now,

And lying thus beneath the murmuring pines,
 While stood on either side the embattled lines,
 And near me lay the dying and the dead,
 I broke my letter's seal, and thus I read.

"With cheerful zeal thy course of duty ran—
 God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
 But thou wouldst do thyself if thou couldst see
 The *end* of all events as well as He.

But oh, how weary the hours crept on
 That starless night, while waiting for the dawn !
 I slept at last, and in my dreams again
 I saw the carnage of the battle plain.

The morning came, bright, beautiful and fair—
 The birds' gay song was thrilling all the air,—
 Nature was waking up, from terror free,
 But War's wild shock was our stern reville.

Oh who that saw it ever can forget
 The grand, fierce movement when the legions met ?
 Thank God, the day was ours. That banner's light,
 In triumph, burst once more upon my sight.

Brothers in arms, if e'er a traitor band,
 If e'er a foreign foe insult our land ;
 By that blest flag, by all your glorious scars,
 Rather bear all the stripes than lose the stars.

NEW YEAR'S BELLS,

Ring, ring, merry bells ring
 With silvery voice, and clear ;
 Telling out, with your joyful swing,
 All the hopes that shine, the blossoming
 In the path of the glad New Year—
 Hopes with never a trace of fear—
 Hopes to the merchant,—of mighty gain
 With the swift return of his argosy.
 Hopes to the farmer,—of golden grain
 Waving light over all the plain,
 Like the shining waves of a sunset sea.

Hopes to the statesman,—of growing power,
 Growing with each ending hour.
 Hopes to the maiden,—of conquest,—gay
 Hopes to the lover,—of bridal day.
 Hopes to the child,—of summer's play,
 Of a sunlit clime where no storms lower,
 Where the gentle breeze fans the leafy bower.

Toll, toll, ye sad bells toll,
 With a shivering voice of fear,
 Calling out the solemn roll
 Of all who wandered from the goal
 They sought in the bygone year.
 How gold has failed in a single hour
 Before a whispered breath,—
 And nations shrink from famine's power,
 And dread the coming death.
 How the statesman's dream of fame is fought,
 And the maiden's witching glance is pale,
 And the lover lies in some silent spot,
 And the child a brighter clime has sought,
 Where never a storm can assail.

Ring, ring, merry bells ring,
 With silvery voice and clear.
 Thank God for the Winter—Thank God for the Spring—
 Thank God for the hopes all blossoming,
 With never a thought of fear.

The undersigned having listened with great pleasure to the poem of the Rev. Loyal Young, D.D., on the Flood as probably seen and interpreted by Noah himself, take a like pleasure in commending it in printed form to any of their friends who may have the opportunity of purchasing and reading it. Even when the Dr. rises above written history to draw scenes and utterances from his imagination, he is guided by conceptions as elevating as they are pure and scriptural. His readers, especially those who are familiar with his christian character, successful life-work, and matured experience, will follow him in these sketches with both interest and profit.

WASHINGTON, PA., May 18, 1887.

Here follow the names of

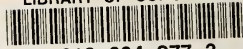
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