

**PS**

3157

W3B7

1830



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

*Chap.* PS 3157

*Shelf* .W 3 B 7  
1830

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE  
BRIGHTER AGE:

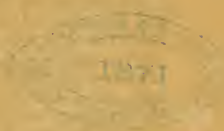
A

POEM.

Rev. ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~

BY J. B. WATERBURY.

<sup>A</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>rs</sup>



Moreover the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be seven-fold, as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound.

ISAIAH.

---

BOSTON:  
PUBLISHED BY CROCKER & BREWSTER,  
NO. 47, WASHINGTON STREET.

1830.

©

PS 3157  
W3B7  
1830

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT :

*District Clerk's Office.*

BE it remembered, that on the twentyfifth day of February, A. D. 1830, in the fiftyfourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Crocker and Brewster of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, *to wit* :

“The Brighter Age: a Poem. By J. B. Waterbury. Moreover the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people and healeth the stroke of their wound. Isaiah.”

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled ‘An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned:’ and also to an act, entitled ‘An act supplementary to an act, entitled, An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.’

JNO. W. DAVIS,  
*Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

THE  
BRIGHTER AGE.

---

SWEET harp of Mercy ! wake thy chords again ;  
Pour on the ear the soothing, cheering strain,  
That speaks of sorrow past ; of sins forgiven ;  
Of man redeemed ; and Earth restored to Heaven.

Then, yonder sun, so dazzling bright before,  
Shall walk his path with glory seven-fold more :  
The modest moon, of pale and pensive ray,  
Shall vie in lustre with the orb of day :  
Then, all that 's bright and beautiful on high,  
Planets that roll, and stars that gem the sky ;



More richly clad, glowing with purer rays,  
Shall wake the soul in ecstasy and praise.

'T is not that imperfection may be traced,  
In aught a hand Omnipotent hath graced :  
What *He* creates, adorns, or dignifies,  
Whether in earth or air, in flood or skies,  
Bears the clear impress of His perfect skill,  
From orb to atom ; sea, to meanest rill.

The beam that warms us feels as genial now,  
As when it fell on young creation's brow.  
It steals as sweetly through the silent shade,  
As when it tinged the Eden God had made.  
The summer cloud, that skirts the western blue,  
So richly gilt with many a varying hue,  
Pencilled by Deity, as calmly dies,  
As when it faded on primeval eyes.

There is no change above. Those orbs are still  
As pure as when, obedient to His will,  
They rose from chaos, and arrayed in light,  
Blazed out at noon, or twinkled on the night.  
Tempests may rave, clouds blacken in the air ;  
But all is calm—and bright—and changeless there.

The curse that fell upon this fated earth,  
When Satan tempted, and when sin had birth,  
Disrobed it of its gay, its primal dress,  
Turning its surface to a wilderness.  
A beauteous Eden withered at a word :  
Pale with affright, her flowers and foliage heard  
Incensed Heaven command the tyrant death  
To blight their verdure, with his wasting breath.  
Yet mountains must have towered in grandeur still,  
And beauty dwelt on river, rock, and hill.  
What though spontaneous fruits no longer grew,

Nor thornless roses glistened in the dew?  
The curse was softened; for the sterile soil  
Rebloomed with verdure, 'neath the hand of toil.

But who can say that other orbs have felt  
The woes insulted Heaven to our's has dealt?  
No—let the crimson stain defile but this!  
Let yonder worlds be still, but worlds of bliss.

The change, a better, brighter age shall cause,  
Is not in nature, or in nature's laws;  
They must remain the same till time shall end;  
Till Heaven and Earth in final ruin blend.  
The soul of man, so long entombed in night,  
Must wake, re clothed in robes of living light:  
Must gaze with vision cleared, with rapture high,  
On earth and sea, sun, moon, and starry sky.



New beauties then shall fix and fill the sight ;  
What once seemed dimness, shine with brilliant light.

Maker of all, in every scene we see  
Traces of glory, signatures of Thee !  
“ The heavens declare that glory,” and the sea  
Speaks, in hoarse thunders, of Thy majesty.  
“ If on the wings of morning light, we try  
To shun the notice of Thy piercing eye ;  
Or if to hell we plunge ;” and hope to find  
A spot secluded from the Omniscient mind ;  
'T is vain : since from Thy firm and powerful grasp,  
No might of earth or hell can e'er unclasp.  
Who but the guilty, Lord, would wish to flee ?  
Who but the guilty dread the thought of Thee ?  
If in Thy mercy I may share a part ;  
If Thou but speak forgiveness to this heart ;

No terrors shall Thy glorious presence raise ;  
But calm the soul and fill the lips with praise.  
To walk with God, to feel Him ever near ;  
What joy can equal it—what bliss so dear ?

Yes ; 't is in MAN, that all this change shall be :  
The past with him shall seem obscurity.

That Gracious Spirit, who from chaos spoke  
A world to being ; at whose fiat woke  
Life, order, beauty, bliss, and every grace,  
Shall speak again ; and o'er our ruined race,  
Hope, purity, and heavenly light shall rise ;  
Millennial glory greet the longing eyes.

What transformations ; Oh, what changes great,  
Shall pass on man ;—his mental, moral state !  
Who can with confidence such scenes declare ?

Fancy might furl *her* pinions in despair.  
Shall clouds roll up their gloomy folds no more ?  
Shall ocean-wrecks no longer strew the shore ?  
Shall plague or famine desolate no land ;  
Nor warriors meet to hurl the deadly brand ?  
Shall pining poverty no more distress ?  
Shall all be happy, each his fellow bless ?  
That sacred oracle which God hath given,  
A record sealed in blood and sent from Heaven,  
Discloses scenes of gladness and of grace,  
Which numbers weak as mine can never trace.

But yet a child of clay may speak his thought,  
Where all's obscure and all with mystery fraught.  
Forgive, Oh Heaven, if his unconscious hand  
Shall strike a chord forbid by Thy command !  
'T is to Thy praise he tunes the feeble lyre :  
Oh, let the motive stir the sacred fire !

Wake in his soul the visions of delight ;  
Edens of thought expressed in numbers bright.  
The immortal mind with all its stores are Thine ;  
All are from Thee, formed by a hand divine.  
If in his soul a deeper feeling flow,  
If thought illumine that soul, or genius glow  
More vivid than in meanest of his race ;  
The gift, Oh Lord ! is Thine ; Thine be the Praise !

Queries which curiosity will bring,  
Start th' adventurous flight of fancy's wing.  
Things unrevealed but court her fearless eye ;  
She loves to unravel covered mystery.  
If clouds enwrap the mountain's top-most height,  
'T is but the signal for her restless flight.  
That mystic curtain woven in the air,  
Tempt her to rise and wave her pinions there.  
If Ocean's vast, unfathomable deep,

Where billows thunder, and where tempests sweep,  
Defy the assiduous search of sordid men,  
And lock its treasures safe from mortal ken;  
Fearless she plunges in the threatening waves;  
Ranges unfettered through the rocky caves;  
Hears, rushing by, the monsters of the deep,  
Or starts to see them in their caverns sleep.  
Walks the green slimy bed of Ocean; where  
Fragments of men, of wrecks, of treasures rare,  
Lie like the relics, that some ravening beast  
O'ergorged, has left to indicate his feast.  
So; when she turns to yon bright canopy,  
Though trembling, dares beneath that veil to pry.  
Who can arrest the mind, or thought can stay;  
When faith impels where fancy might delay?  
Faith has unlocked those portals to the eye:  
Faith has rolled back the curtain of the sky:  
Paved the bright road for fancy to advance;



Lengthened her wings ; bestowed a keener glance :  
Poured on her eye the seraph's burning rays :  
Poured on her ear the cherubim's high praise :  
Unfolded all but Him, that glorious One ;  
Pervading Spirit, whom the gaze of none  
May venture to approach for scrutiny.  
Th' Eternal dwells in His own mystery.  
From where the harpers sing, the angels glow ;  
From the sweet fields where crystal rivers flow ;  
With restless pinion, will the spirit dare  
To gage that fearful prison of despair ;  
Where fiery floods flash on the hideous night,  
Making hell's darkness, darker by their light.

There is no spot in Earth, or air, or sea,  
Barred from th' approach of light-winged fantasy.  
E'en Heaven she scales, e'en Hell she must explore ;  
The Universe her home, her boundary, NO MORE.

Yet not with present, nor with past she rests :  
The future, the prospective scene she tests.  
Hovers around the teeming prophecy ;  
Searching what has been, and what is to be.  
Who would confine phrenetic fancy ; when  
That age of mercy promised unto men,  
Seems dawning on a world so long in chains,  
So fraught with misery, racked so long with pains ?

Yes ; we may ask, and innocently ask  
Imagination, gifted for the task,  
To soothe the soul with visions of that scene ;  
Wafting our thoughts o'er all the ills between.  
Oh, sweet enchantress ! gild each coming bliss ;  
Bear us where sin or sorrow never is ;  
Draw back the veil of time ; and bid us see  
Eden replanted, with her "living tree."

Shall aught that charms the mind, then charm no more?  
Shall seasons change; shall winter-frosts be o'er?  
Shall spring perennial deck herself in flowers?  
Fruits ever ripe hang clustering from the bowers?  
No storm disturb those flowers; no rude frost nip  
The fruit, ere yet it touch the longing lip?  
'T were vain to think the Deity would change  
The order of the world; its scenes derange.

The elements must still their nature keep:  
The warring winds will rise; and risen, sleep.  
The clouds will gather dark as gloomy night,  
And sweep the welkin, thundering in their flight;  
But He who rides upon the awful storm,  
Wrapping its terrors round His viewless form,  
Shall guide the tempest; the fierce bolts shall wield;  
And catch them, flashing, on His mighty shield.

He, who before, as such a scene appeared,  
Shook to the soul, and speedy vengeance feared ;  
Who started pale as crashing thunders fell,  
And felt or feared the miseries of hell ;  
Can now look up, and hear the stunning crash ;  
Can mark unmoved the lightning's frequent flash.  
Peaceful he gazes on the mingled strife ;  
Nor feels a dread, nor fears the loss of life.  
His head is covered by paternal care,  
And He who guides the storm, will guard him there.

Oh ! who but covets such a calm delight ;  
Felt when the storm is raging in its might !  
For one (alas ! that faith should be so weak !)  
One, in whose heart no guilty dread should speak ;  
Whose hope reposes on that very arm,  
That shakes the vaulted heavens with alarm ;

Feels, as the muttering thunders distant roll,  
Instinctive horror vibrate on the soul.  
Oft has he paused, to catch the rumbling sound,  
While sombre clouds were gathering thick around ;  
Has watched the craggy battlements, that rise  
In gloomy grandeur on the western skies ;  
Has shuddered as th' advancing terrors came,  
With more terrific peals, and fiercer flame.  
Oh ! who can be unmoved, when God displays  
Such emblems of His wrath to human gaze !  
When darkness deepening spreads a gloom o'er all ;  
As if "enwrapped in one great funeral pall !"  
While fiery bolts in startling fury crash ;  
And forked flames, unceasing play and flash !

There is in human hearts a strange desire  
To feel the terrors that such scenes inspire :



That almost wishes, almost woos the storm ;  
Yet, when it comes, flies back in pale alarm,  
Nor can we calmly list the dreadful roar ;  
Till whirlwind's spent, and tempest rave no more.  
Till on the booming cloud, the longing eye  
Greet the sweet promised bow of many a dye :  
Till the deep azure, deepened by contrast,  
Shows, through the breaking clouds, the storm is past.

Then, how delightful, how enrapturing then,  
To see the gilded landscape smile again !  
The trees so green, so gemmed with sparkling dews ;  
Each crystal drop reflecting rain-bow hues ;  
The throats of feathered songsters, lately hush,  
Warbling anew their notes in brake and brush ;  
The distant thunder dying on the ear ;  
And skies so lately darkened, now so clear ;

The fleecy vapours piled in mountain-height,  
So calm—so soft—so still—so silvery bright ;  
Oh ! who such scenes can view, nor feel delight ?

Will God, who writes His majesty and might,  
In lines so grand, in coloring so bright ;  
So pencils to the eye His love divine,  
When storm is past, and rain-bow beauties shine ;  
Will He, in that bright age, no more unroll  
Scenes so enrapturing to the human soul ?  
It cannot be. Their *terrors* then may cease ;  
But, Oh ! the joy they give, it must increase  
Where souls are tuned to love and harmony ;  
Where God 's on earth adored as in the sky.

The storm that sweeps the land, the sea may sweep ;  
And wake the fury of the mighty deep.

The towering billows thundering as they break,  
Making the very universe to quake ;  
Shall seem as harmless, in their giant roar,  
As when they die in ripples on the shore.

The mariner, who erst would watch the heaven,  
As on its margin fearful signs were given ;  
Who snuffed the coming storm, and bade his crew,  
Stand to their duty, death was in their view ;  
Whose rugged breast, though bared to many a gale,  
Throbb'd with strange fear, as wind and storm assail ;  
Now lists unscared, the music of the deep,  
As the fierce hurricanes its bosom sweep.  
Though on the dizzy summit of the wave,  
Or in the sea-trough, yawning like a grave,  
His sportive bark, now high, now low, appears ;  
Calmly he sings, nor death nor danger fears.

Yes; while the ocean-storm in thunder raves;  
And piping winds sigh 'mong the deep toned waves;  
Hark! from amid the gloom and stunning roar,  
Sounds the sweet hymn of pious mariner.

That awful ocean then no frowns shall wear;  
Nor life devour, when God 's the Guardian there.  
No rock the wary mariner shall fear;  
No breakers pour the death-cry on his ear;  
No chart misguide—no quick-sand dash his bark,  
Safe shall it ride, as once the sheltered ark.  
No maiden's heart shall then be torn with fears;  
No matron tremble as the storm appears;  
All be secure, though warring winds may rave;  
No seaman then shall fear a watery grave.

But why *should* tempests, in that brighter age,  
Howl through the earth, or on the ocean rage?

Why not Ausonian gales and zephyrs bland,  
Fan the smooth sea, and revel on the land ?

It may be so. But then must nature change ;  
Then must the Deity his works derange :  
Or all be made anew ; remodelled all,  
The form and features of this earthly ball.  
And why, with equal reason we demand,  
Shall works so perfect, shall a world so grand ;  
Works which Omnipotence, with wondrous skill,  
Conceived, and formed and garnished to His will ;  
Why *should* these wonders cease ; why all things new ?  
When all is *now*, so glorious to the view ?

Give me a soul to feel, an eye to see,  
In every leaf a present Deity ;  
Let me, my Lord ! Thy mystic foot-step trace  
On earth, in air, in sea, in every place ;



And rugged nature—wildest scenes, shall be  
Fraught with the charms of Paradise to me.  
Yes; I'll adore Thee in the tempest dire,  
And hail Thy footsteps in the lightning's fire.  
My soul secure shall walk the stormy main,  
If on her path a glimpse of Thee she gain.

The bursting crater vomiting its fires,  
Falls on th' affrighted eye, and fear inspires.  
But why? Because its burning torrent flows  
A death wave, over thousands as it goes.  
Still do those furnace-fires in mercy glow;  
Though some may suffer, more are saved from woe.  
So, in the tempest's wrath, while few are slain,  
Millions are saved from famine, plague, and pain.

But in that coming age of glory, all that 's ill  
Shall be no more. Good only Heaven shall will,

Volcanic fires may still illumine the night ;  
Tornadoes sweep ; and ocean rise in might ;  
Nought shall molest, no fear invade the mind ;  
Volcano, sea, and tempest God shall bind.

'T were a blessed vision to the glowing heart,  
To see a paradise of beauties start,  
Where all was drear, and desert, lone and dry :  
Oh 't were a vision dear to Poetry.  
But *shall* the desert teem with verdure rare ;  
Its sandy surface fragrant roses bear ?  
Sweet is the thought to me ; but sweeter still  
The truth, which He who promised shall fulfil.

The *moral* waste, to moral verdure turn ;  
The fruitless heart, fertility shall learn.  
The rose of Sharon shall be planted where  
Infectious weeds had tainted all the air.

Yes ; on the *soul*, an Eden shall rebloom :  
Beauty shall rise where all was death and gloom.

'T is not the desert with its scorching sand ;  
Nor forests frowning in some lonely land ;  
T is not the snow-clad mountain's towering dome,  
Where gloom and silence make their changeless home ;  
Not these, sweet flowers, spontaneous fruits shall bear :  
Eternal barrenness these rocks shall wear ;  
And solitude and death forever reign  
On Afric's scorching sands and flinty plain.  
There shall the serpent hiss—the lion roam ;  
For He who made them, gave them there a home.

Though Arab merchant still may wander there,  
And spread his tent amid the desert air ;  
Nor serpent's hiss nor lion's roar he 'll dread ;  
Its shield Protecting Heaven shall o'er him spread.

Shall snows that fall and freeze on Zembla's plains,  
Till nature shudders in her icy chains ;  
Terrific glaciers ; avalanches high ;  
Shall these melt down beneath a milder sky ?  
From laws which bind the universe, we see  
That earth and sun must change, ere this can be.  
Man must acquire a different nature too ;  
To suit a clime so different ; scenes so new.

Ah tell me not that northern Indian prays  
For God to change his cold, to sultry days ;  
To melt the frosty bonds that gird his land,  
And soothe his rugged frame with zephyrs bland.  
Not these the changes that he longs to see ;  
He loves his clime, terrific though it be.  
There did his infant limbs their vigour gain ;  
There his fleet rein-deers swept the glassy plain.  
There his warm cabin with its cheerful blaze,

Has made him reckless of the long, dark days.  
There clad in ample furs, with javelin rude,  
He 's braved the storm, the northern bear pursued.  
These are his pleasures—this his native land ;  
He asks no happier at his Maker's hand.

Give him that grace that o'er his darkened heart  
Shall shed its beams of light—its bliss impart ;  
That, when the chase is o'er, and ebbing flows  
The crimson current to a fearful close ;  
Shall, on the dying vision open bright  
Th' eternal rest—the haven of delight ;  
Give him but this, to gild his gloomy way,  
From his poor cabin, to the realms of day ;  
And kings might covet ; nobles might contend  
For such a country, joined with such an end.



Soothing may be the Poet's voice and lyre,  
Glancing on themes that fan the sacred fire ;  
Yet truth must guide, at least, must guard our way ;  
Nor fancy spurn, impatient of delay.

Truth bids us sing, (predicting brighter days)  
No change in nature ; man must change his ways.  
The autumn winds and frosts shall still succeed  
To summer breezes, whitening all the mead ;  
And winter, with his cold, relentless grasp,  
Lock shuddering nature in his iron clasp.  
But summer, autumn, winter, beauteous spring,  
Shall all combine their Maker's praise to sing.  
All have their beauties, each displays the power  
That cheers the winter's gloom, that paints the flower.

One heart, to whom these changing scenes are dear  
*One* soul, at least, can hail the varying year.

Sweet is the Spring to him, when to the north  
The fierce winds hie, and zephyrs venture forth.  
He loves to mark the frozen fetters flee ;  
Th' impatient current struggling to be free ;  
He loves the crash, and sweep, and thundering roar  
Of torrent, claiming liberty once more ;  
To see the sparkling waters calmly sweep,  
Or hear their joy in gurgling murmurs deep.  
He loves to watch the verdant green appear ;  
While yet reluctant winter lingers near ;  
Winter with spring contending, death with life ;  
And share, in feeling, nature's harmless strife.

Who can observe, indifferent, as they rise,  
The opening beauties of the vernal skies ?  
Can see, unmoved, the cloudlets calmly float ?  
Can hear, unmoved, the sparrow's twittering note ?  
Oh, loveliest season of the changing year !

Lovely, as stealing close upon the rear  
Of hoary winter, wheeling off his car,  
Where polar snow and polar darkness are.

Oft has the heart exulted, at the sight  
Of vernal clouds, that grace the morning light.  
In calm repose, oft traced the changing hue,  
Fringing the vapour with its gold and blue;  
While all around, re clothed in beauty's dress,  
Flowers of all colours, fraught with loveliness,  
Their Maker's hand display, His love confess!

Shall pleasure so refined be felt no more,  
When the bright day of mercy shall come o'er  
The world? Ah! no; methinks it cannot be;  
Since God has given the eye its power to see;  
The heart its power to feel; and decked the spring;  
That eye might see, and heart His praises sing.

Perpetual spring shall grace, as some will say,  
The moral beauty of that blissful day.  
Perpetual Spring ! flowers that ne'er shall fade !  
With hue and fragrance permanently made !  
Leaves, that shall ever wear a changeless hue !  
Nor fall in autumn, nor in spring renew !  
Is it in man, whom repetition cloy,  
Who loathes a sameness, novelty enjoys,  
Who turns disgusted e'en from bliss refined,  
If pressed too frequent on the satiate mind ;  
Is it in man, to relish nature more,  
When her variety, her change is o'er ?  
Would he forego the rapture of the heart,  
Felt when earth's beauties into being start,  
When wintry winds are gone ; when summer air,  
Genial and sweet, the lovely landscapes share ?  
All this forego, for an unchanging clime ;  
Though glorious as an Eden in its prime ?

Ah, no ! Grant him the rich variety,  
Felt in fierce winter, dreadful though it be ;  
Seen in the vernal bloom and summer sky ;  
And when autumnal glories court the eye.

Give to the soul that grace revealed from Heaven ;  
A conscience pacified ; and sins forgiven ;  
Let it but feel its Maker's presence nigh,  
Where summer shines, or wintry winds are high ;  
Where snow-flakes fall, or flowery beauties rise ;  
All shall delight the heart ; all charm the eyes.

The man, of meek and humble soul, can find  
In roughest season, thoughts to cheer the mind.  
His is the pleasure that religion brings ;  
Or poor, or rich, of mercy still he sings.  
If lowly cabin be his mean abode ;  
His heart *as* lowly, asks no more of God.

If coarse his fare, and labouring hard, he tries  
To meet, scarce able, but the day's supplies ;  
He murmurs not; but trusts a gracious Heaven,  
That all he needs, in mercy, shall be given.  
If round his humble dwelling north-winds roar,  
And driving snow-storm close and clog its door ;  
If to the eaves, the cold embankments lay,  
Just leaving room for curling smoke to stray ;  
Think you the inmates shudder with alarm ;  
Or from the driving tempest fear a harm ?  
Think you the sacred oracle 's forgot ;  
Or prayer less frequent in that lowly cot ?  
The very snows, that seem in wrath to fall,  
Begird and guard his little domicile ;  
Defend from wintry winds, which else would glide  
Through the rent thatch, or in the crevice wide.  
Thus mercy mingles with his humble lot,  
Comforts and blessings, he despises not.



Thus from apparent ill, the pious poor  
Extract the good, the ill they learn t' endure.

If poor can praise, when north-wind fiercely blows ;  
Can thankful take of Heaven, what Heaven bestows ;  
Let not the rich, in triple vestments rolled,  
Complain of winter, with its piercing cold.  
Let each to bounteous Heaven their praises send ;  
The rich and poor their mingling incense blend.

Thus will it be, when Mercy shall unfold  
That age of bliss—that promised age of gold.  
Then piety shall hallow every state ;  
Content, the poor shall be ; and meek, the great.  
In every heart shall reign sweet charity ;  
God loved on Earth, as in eternity.

## THE BRIGHTER AGE.

---

### PART II.

---

How groans creation, racked with pains and fears !  
And, Oh ! how true, that earth 's a vale of tears !  
None can elude its misery and care :  
The poor, the rich, the great, the lowly share  
Sorrows and griefs, anxieties and woe,  
That o'er us all a sable mantle throw.

And is there nought the gloomy scene to gild ;  
To soothe the heart, with poignant sorrow filled,  
To calm the anxious soul—to chase its fears ;  
With rain-bow beauties span the vale of tears ?  
Hark ! from the cross, is heard the calm reply ;  
Peace to the soul on Earth—rest in Eternity.

That cross I sing ; that tree all stained with gore ;  
There at its foot I 'll weep, and there adore :  
Weep, for the sin that gave the Saviour pain ;  
Adore "the Lamb, that lives—but once was slain."

Others of martial deeds and arms may sing ;  
The hero praise, and many a poesy bring,  
To deck the warrior's bier, or crown his head ;  
To swell his fame, if living, or if dead :  
Be mine the task, an humble lay to breathe,  
And round the hallowed cross the chaplet wreath.  
There, on my darkened mind first dawned the light ;  
There, when despair enrobed the soul in night,  
Mercy's sweet ray my longing vision blessed ;  
Revealing hope, in seraph beauty dressed.

Whate'er I sing, whene'er I touch the lyre  
Oh let this sacred theme the heart inspire !

If not too mean, the numbers shall belong  
To that dear name breathed in the angels' song.  
From the blessed cross, inviting mercy sounds,  
"Ho! here 's a balm for all your bleeding wounds!"  
If conscience thunder, or if grief distress;  
If fear disturb, or anxious doubts oppress;  
Here round this hallowed tree, doth pardon dwell,  
To calm the conscience—gloomy fear dispel;  
To chase the darkness, pour upon the eye,  
The hope that comes from th' Incarnate mystery.  
Here doth the "Sun of Righteousness arise;"  
Here, "the day dawns—the day star" greets the eyes.

Around this cross the universe shall bend,  
And mingling praises from all lips ascend:  
Beneath its peaceful banner waving high,  
Tribes of all colours, of all countries fly;

Till Earth redeemed—till Heaven to man restored,  
God shall be known to all, by all adored.

The cares and sorrows that afflict our race,  
Back to their origin we may retrace ;  
May mark the limit, where sweet innocence  
Flees from the earth, and guilty deeds commence.  
Oh ! fatal Fruit, clustering in beauty rare,  
That lured the hand of sinless Eve, to dare  
Touch thee, forbidden ! Oh ! the fatal hour,  
When man was left to fall, by hellish power !

But why should one, who sings of brighter days,  
Pause in his path, to strike such mournful lays ?  
Let him, exulting, hail that blissful morn,  
When moral beauty shall the world adorn ;  
When hell no more shall reign, nor sin be known,  
All tears be dried, all misery be flown.

Look o'er the earth and mark th' o'erwhelming crowd ;  
A living ocean, restless, murmuring, loud !  
Millions on millions struggling in the chase,  
Ambitious, envious, avaricious race !  
See some exulting, some in deep despair,  
Elate with hope, or bowed with anxious care ;  
Revelling in pleasure, racked with torturing pain ;  
Victorious crowned, or gasping on the plain ;  
Wearing the nuptial wreath, or winding sheet ;  
Tripping the dance, or chained by gouty feet ;  
Driving the traffic, poring o'er the page ;  
In youth all life, or tottering in old age ;  
Ploughing the ocean ; thundering in debate ;  
Sharing domestic bliss, or cares of state ;  
Reckless in sin, or penitent in prayer ;  
Travelling to Heaven, or training for despair ;  
Oh ! what a world of paradoxes rare !



Arise, millennial glory, o'er this sea  
Of human strife! Bid death and darkness flee!  
Allay the storm, and shed thy peaceful light;  
Each wave of passion still, or guide aright!

The bright improvement when that morn shall break,  
The bliss that mercy in the heart shall wake—  
Man's misery gone, and buried all his woe,  
While purity and joy the world o'erflow—  
Can poet these, with equal numbers show?

Still, do the sacred oracles reveal—  
And who dares question Heaven's own hand and seal?—  
A universal change; all human guilt  
Cancelled by blood, on Calvary's summit spilt;  
Each vengeful passion gone, each heart at rest;  
The earth one family, that family all blest.

Then shall Oppression, on his iron throne,  
His brow all darkness, and his heart all stone,  
His eye terrific, flashing out its ire,  
His tongue a death-spear, tipped with flaming fire,  
His voice a knell; a knell that ever tolls  
The certain doom of all his power controls—  
Then, shall this monster fall, and gasp, and die.  
Hark ! as he falls, ten thousand voices cry,  
'Thanks to high Heaven—thrice welcome Liberty !'

Ye sons of Africa, ye bleeding race,  
Anticipate these happy, glorious days ;  
For *you* they come, for you with mercy fraught.  
No more your backs shall bleed—your flesh be bought.  
No more the white man with a savage heart,  
Shall seize, and bind, and drag you to the mart.  
Oh ! cruel thirst of gold, slaked in the blood  
Of innocence ! Avenge, avenge it, God !

No ;—let me curb the indignant muse, and pray ;  
—If for such crimes, such damning crimes I may  
Crave Thy forgiveness—let these monsters be  
Forgiven, to tell how rich Thy grace and free !

The slave-ship ! foulest prison-house of death,  
Freighted with woe, polluted with pent breath,  
No lively banner streaming on the gale,  
No name to mark the nation whence ye hail—  
As oft thou com'st thy living load to sell,  
Thou seem'st a gloomy messenger of hell.  
The negro shudders, with instinctive fears,  
As o'er the ocean wave a sail appears ;  
Stretches his eager sight, if haply he  
Mistake some distant floating cloud for thee.  
As onward rushing, thy dark hulk he sees,  
One moment eyes thee, then away he flees,  
Shrieks the alarm through hamlet, wood and plain,

Invokes his gods to save from galling chain,  
Fleet as an ostrich to the forest speeds,  
Buries him deep among its shady reeds,  
There, trembling, quaking, lists the blood-hound cry,  
That seeks in vain its victim's secrecy.

Thou son of Mammon, devotee of gold !  
Lolling at ease, or in gay chariot rolled,  
Who driv'st this horrid traffic for thy gain,  
Flashes no terror on thy guilty brain ?  
Falls not upon thine ear the piercing moan  
Of thousands, into hopeless slavery thrown ?  
Canst thou enjoy the luxuries, that come  
From bleeding men, torn from their native home,  
When all thy glitter, all thy gorgeous show,  
Is bought by tears, which thou hast caused to flow ?  
No ;—if within a conscience yet there be,

'T will sting thy bosom ; with its poignancy  
'T will make thee sigh o'er thy unlawful gain,  
And manacle thy heart with heavy chain ;  
'T will make *thee* more a slave, than thou hast made  
Those victims of thy avaricious trade.  
They wear the fetters, but their *souls* are free ;  
Thou, monster, hast no inward liberty.

Oh Africa, enthralled land ! I see  
A day-star rising o'er thy destiny !  
Thy western lands, where slave-ship coasted long,  
And thy dark children suffered many a wrong,  
Of late, illumed with holy light, I trace  
The rays of mercy brightening o'er thy face.

Liberia, hail ! auspicious colony !  
Reflecting rays of glorious liberty !

Home of returning Africans ! I long  
To see thee crowded with a countless throng.  
Ope wide thy arms, and o'er the ocean call  
Thy bowed and broken children, here in thrall.  
Bid them return and dwell beneath thy care,  
And freedom feel, and freedom's blessings share.

Hail, blissful period ! when my native land  
Shall wash the stain from off her guilty hand !  
Shall burst the manacle, shall loose the chain,  
And bid the captive greet his home again ;—  
When on the soil, redeemed by patriot blood,  
Rescued from tyranny, and blessed of God ;  
No fettered foot shall fall, nor crouching slave  
Refute the pride and boast of freemen brave.  
Oh ! happy country, when such ills shall flee !  
Land of my birth, sweet home of liberty,  
I love thee now, but then more dear to me !



Forgive, kind Heaven, our guilt ! Thou gracious Lord,  
Withdraw Thy frown, and sheath Thy vengeful sword !  
Though on Thine ear, the cry of the oppressed  
Falling, may raise just anger in Thy breast,  
Forbear to strike, let justice long delay,  
Till mercy melt the slave-chain with its ray.  
Let the poor African but share Thy grace—  
'T will fit his spirit to the bondman's place.  
'T will make him happy, happier far than he—  
Who trains or tasks him, master though he be.  
'T will give his soul the freedom of the skies,  
And fix his hope where sorrows never rise.  
Then, though in dreary cabin he may lie,  
And life be waning fast, Eternity  
Shall open blissful on his dying sight,  
Gilding his death-couch with a glory bright.  
What then to him the ills he felt before ?  
The chain, the task, the lash—all then are o'er.

One note of warning yet, one pitying tear  
The muse compels ; and oh ! my country, hear !

O'er these green fields, these verdant hills and vales,  
Towering with forests, fanned by healthy gales,  
There roamed a race of tall and swarthy men ;  
Nerved was their arm, and terrible their ken.  
The bow, the tomahawk, the hatchet rude,  
Were means of sport, or gained them daily food.  
They trolled the finny tribe, or travelled deep  
In forests, where the deer repose or leap ;—  
Free as the mountain air, and full as fleet,  
Vying in swiftness with the roebuck's feet.

But now, poor Indian, poor devoted race !  
Where are ye now, and where 's your lively chase ?  
Before the invading tide, retiring still,  
I trace ye, flying on the western hill.

Thousands on thousands by the white men slain,  
Have left their blood, a deep, a dreadful stain,  
To dye these shores, to drench each fertile hill,  
And be a death-seal to their country still.

A few remain, and feeble because few.  
Strength is with white men, and they wield it too :  
Like vulture, with keen appetite and eye,  
Scanning his prey, and circling him on high,  
Each circle nearing, till with fatal aim,  
Poising and fluttering, swoops upon his game.

Yes, the poor Indian is the victim still.  
*He* must forbear, must suffer grievous ill.  
No murmuring word may dwell upon *his* tongue,  
Though lands be rifled, though his blood be wrung.  
For shame, my country ! if thou canst forego  
Thy virtue, honor, faith canst forfeit too,

And drive these remnants of a mighty race,  
From lands and home, for white men's avarice !  
True, *thou* hast power, and Indian must submit ;  
But there 's a God in Heaven ; TREMBLE AT IT.

O red man, ever doomed to misery !  
Can ye so tamely yield your lands, and flee ?  
By all that 's just, and sacred in your cause,  
By all that 's dear in country, home, or laws,  
Dwell on the soil which God and nature gave ;  
There live, there die, and there retain a grave.

But, wanderer, there 's a brighter day for thee,  
Though broken-hearted, bowed to misery,  
If haply thou remain on earth, to share  
Its light, its mercy, and its blessings rare ;  
If not, there is a glorious rest on high—  
No sorrow there, nor sin, nor tyranny.

The world has many a wound, and many a woe ;  
Which shall we stanch, or which shall leave to flow ?  
Oppression 's not a shade, an empty name ;  
Slavery 's no phantom, raised for poet's fame.  
Whole nations oft are slaves, and bow the neck  
To despot's yoke, and fear a despot's beck.  
The craven minion at his throne kneels down,  
Smiles when he smiles, or trembles if he frown.

In haughty silence, see th' oppressive Turk,  
With gorgeous vestments, turbaned head, and dirk !  
A guard, all sabred, round him waiting stands,  
To deal the death-blow, when their lord commands.  
Justice and mercy to this tyrant seem  
Unmeaning terms—the visions of a dream.  
Justice to him is will, and mercy too ;  
He knows not either, and he never knew.  
O cruel Moslem ! throned in awful state,

Held there by sabres, thou shalt find too late,  
A tyrant's power, but speeds a tyrant's fate.

Who can describe the darkness that is thrown  
On minds so broken 'neath a Turkish throne !  
The stormy passions lashed to fearful strife,  
Rushing on death, or drowned in sensual life !  
No kindly feelings playing round the soul,  
While sullen hate, or savage joys control.

Indignant nation ! though the cross ye spurn,  
Though at the name your brows in anger burn,  
Know ye, that cross shall wave o'er crescent bright—  
Resplendent rise, while crescent sinks in night.  
Your haughty souls shall break, or bow to One,  
A name despised, God's dear and only Son.  
Moslem, that name embrace ; thy sabre break ;



Return to God, false Mahomet forsake.  
Let the high oracles of Heaven displace  
The fictions that thy Alcoran disgrace.  
Turn from thy pilgrimage, and leave the dust  
Of confined prophet in its tomb to rust.  
To Calvary come, so hated, so oppressed,  
And learn that *there* alone the soul can rest.  
The day approaches when all this shall be,—  
When ye shall bow to the “great mystery ;”  
When all your hate to holy love shall turn,  
Your soul no more with sinful passion burn.

I 've seen the night of gloom and tempest drear  
Break, as the rays of morning light appear ;  
Have marked the darkness, waning on the sight,  
As clouds rolled off along th' horizon bright ;  
Have joyed to see the gloomy vapor driven,

As the last gust swept o'er the clearing heaven ;  
While Phœbus, like a conqueror in his car,  
Burst from behind this elemental war.

Ah ! feeble emblem of that blissful day,  
To dawn on darkened minds, in beauteous ray !  
The "Sun of Righteousness," with glory bright,  
Shall roll from earth the gloom of mental night.  
Then shall the wrathful Turk, the sensual slave,  
The wandering Tartar, and the Arab brave,  
The Abyssinian, Caffre, and Hindoo,  
Indian, Malay, a dark and vengeful crew,  
Then, all shall walk beneath that glorious sky  
In heavenly robes, in moral majesty.

O'er martial deeds, and martial arms is thrown  
Glory how dazzling ! Fame's loud trumpet, blown  
By nations, when the warrior's victory

Dwells on each tongue, the poet's minstrelsy—  
All mask thy horrors, War, scourge of humanity !

Demon ! I know thee, on thy foaming steed,  
Whose sides and flanks in gory currents bleed ;  
Reins loose, expanded nostril breathing fire,  
Hoof bounding high, where gasping ranks expire—  
I know that arm upraised, with falchion red ;  
That eye-ball glaring on the unconscious dead ;  
That ghastly grin of satisfaction, when  
The field is piled with heaps of slaughtered men ;  
Monarch of murder, demon ! I know thee then.

How canst thou, Genius, dare thy war-song pour,  
To wake the strife, excite the maddening roar ?  
Why lov'st thou carnage, and the deadly strife,  
With breast to breast contending, life for life ?  
Does not calm nature woo thy wing to play,

Where breezes blow, where gentle streamlets stray ;  
Where trees are budding, flowrets sweetly spring,  
In valleys green, where nature's warblers sing,—  
Where cottage beauties smile, and village spire  
Peering on vision, wakes the pure desire ?  
Or, if thou lov'st the dreadful waste of war,  
Go where Omnipotence impels his car.  
Mount the dark pinions of the raging storm,  
And slake thy thirst of terror and alarm ;  
But leave, ah ! leave the crimson battle plain  
Nor tell us more of heroes and of slain.  
Yet if thou still *must* weave the bloody lay,  
Unmask the monster, tear his guise away ;  
Give us the death-shriek, till the heart shall quake,—  
Let running gore, and groans, and gashes, wake  
The prayer, that God would give us peace, for Mercy's  
sake.

That prayer full oft has gone to Mercy's ear.  
Full many a widow's moan, and orphan's tear,  
Have spoke thy horrors, War, in touching tone,  
And bade thee stay thy carnage, dreadful one !

He who commands the ocean-waves to rise,  
When raging, speaks, and quick their anger dies.  
He shall command, and War, with murderous train,  
Howling shall flee, nor scourge the earth again.  
Then the white banner over all shall wave ;  
No cannon thunder more, no warrior rave ;  
No tear bedew the cheek of widow pale ;  
Nor soldier's orphan tell the piteous tale ;  
O blissful period, day of mercy, hail !

Flying this wholesale murder, Muse, portray  
The deed of blood, that shuns the eye of day.

Tell, how the traveller starts in forest deep,  
As round his path, the roaring night winds sweep ;  
As on his ear, some fallen branch and dead,  
Crackling, betrays the murderer's silent tread.  
Hark, the report ! like lightning, bullet speeds ;  
Backward in death the traveller falls and bleeds.

See, in yon room ! a pale and glimmering light,  
But just reveals the gamester to the sight.  
His all is gone—his brow is dark with strife ;  
His heart become a hell, with misery rife—  
There on his table—pistol, blade, and bane.  
He reels in doubt, as in his dizzy brain  
He agitates the dreadful deed again.  
He strides the floor—then stops, and strikes his brow ;  
Again he strides : another pause ; and now  
Seizes the pistol—points the fatal lead ;  
His soul is gone—the suicide is dead.



But who can tell the number, who disclose  
The catalogue of ills, of crimes, of woes !  
They fill this mournful earth, this vale of grief,  
Exceed all computation, all belief.  
From cot to palace, courtly lord to slave,  
All drink of misery, ere they reach the grave.

Some pine in dungeons, dismal, damp, and dark,  
In form a skeleton, their life a spark.  
Chained to a bolt, shut out from cheerful light,  
They clank their fetters in a changeless night.

Oft has the Christian martyr, thus bereft  
Of liberty, of life, his body left  
In dungeon deep, where papal power confined  
All that it could—all but the unbending mind.  
The chain that wrapped his limbs reached not his soul ;  
No power on earth his spirit could control.

The bones that mouldered in the rusty cell,  
Told where that spirit free had gone to dwell.

Prolific source of crime and misery,  
Intemperance ! what hand can picture thee ?  
A foul, polluted, loathsome, deadly vice ;  
With swaggering gait, with swollen idiot eyes ;  
Thy vitals rotten, and thy noisome breath  
A vapor, from the sepulchres of death :  
Away ! thou worse than beast, away from me,  
The reeling drunkard let me never see.

Look at yon cabin, scene of wretchedness,  
With broken windows as if tenantless ;  
The ragged children playing round the door ;  
—Poor progeny ! I pity ye the more—  
Scarce wood to warm, or by its light to cheer  
The wretched inmates of that dwelling drear ;

Ruin without, within all comfortless;  
There lives the drunkard in his idleness.

Thou worse than widow ! linked to worse than dead,  
Unconscious orphans, homeless, without bread—  
Where is your hope—your consolation, where ?  
No peace is yours ; no comforts can ye share ;  
Till death, so dreaded oft, to you no foe,  
Remove the cause of all your heavy woe.

Kind Heaven ! forbid that I or mine should be  
The victims of this sensuality !  
Whatever ills betide, what woes may fall,  
Oh ! let not this, the bitterest woe of all.  
Let not Intemperance come to blight our joy,  
To wring our tears, our every bliss alloy ;  
To make its victim loathed, outcast, and vile ;  
The soul to damn, the body to defile ;

Lost to himself, and worse than lost to friends,  
Oh ! grant the grace, that from this sin defends !

Mark that expression, leer and impudent ;  
That blood-shot eye, so full of ill intent ;  
That careless lounge, with that affected grace ;  
A kindred spirit, rake—in form and face.  
I have no coloring dark enough to paint  
A wretch so foul, so full of sensual taint.  
His home the brothel, there he loves to dwell ;  
He and his train, an embassy of hell.  
Polluted creatures, lost to fear and shame,  
All virtue gone, forgotten e'en her name ;  
Hopeless, abandoned, miserable race !  
Oh ! what on earth can crimes so deep efface ?  
A sin so black—a life so foul and base,  
Almost outreaches Heaven's reclaiming grace.

Yet there is one in sacred record given,  
To tell how boundless is the love of Heaven ;  
So infamous and vile, so lost to shame,  
That virtuous lips scarce dared to breathe her name.  
Still at the Saviour's feet that Mary kneeled,  
Till mercy's balm her bleeding spirit healed ;  
There, fixed in penitence, with streaming eyes  
She bowed, till her Redeemer bade her rise.  
If crimes " were many," they were quick forgiven ;  
" She who loved much " on earth, loves more in *Heaven*.

And sordid sins, like sensual, are base.  
Observe the miser—mark his haggard face !  
To him the universe contains but one ;  
That one himself, his sordid self alone.  
Though strange to tell, he loves not e'en himself ;  
His heart is riveted to " paltry pelf."  
No wife nor children he ; thanks to kind Heaven !

To such a soul no relatives were given.  
Though rich in gold, his ragged body shows  
That scarce a dollar for a vestment goes.  
His food is coarse : an old and broken chair,  
A table, cup, and spoon, his furniture.  
His lonely hearth a few dry faggots light,  
And serve instead of taper for the night.  
The beggar always shuns his mean abode,  
Too mean for hope, though faint with misery's load.  
The robber lurks around that miser's door,  
Counting his gold at midnight o'er and o'er ;  
Poor slave of mammon midst his boundless store

If avarice hoards, the vicious spendthrift wastes,  
Enjoys each pleasure, every luxury tastes ;  
Scatters his gold with lavish carelessness,  
To price indifferent, be it food or dress ;  
Bedecks his form with colors of all hue,



With coat of recent cut, and always new :  
Laughs at economy as priestly stuff,  
So long as purse and pocket's full enough ;  
Happy, thou reckless wight, if after all,  
Thy dandy form escape the prison wall !

How fraught with human guilt and misery,  
The crowded ranks of each community !  
Injustice, bribery, theft, unlawful gain,  
Parental tyranny, pride and disdain ;  
Unfaithful husbands, broken-hearted wives ;  
Ungrateful children, anger, malice, lies ;  
Ten thousand thousand ills and agonies !

Who can anticipate the coming day,  
When all these sins and woes shall pass away,  
Nor feel his heart exulting at the sight,  
Nor pour his prayer that God would speed its flight?

No robber then shall haunt the forest deep ;  
Secure the traveller may stroll or sleep :  
No suicide rush madly on his fate ;  
Nor captive wistful look through prison grate :  
No martyr clasp the stake, or clank the chain,  
For liberty shall smile o'er all again :  
No bloated drunkard then offend the eye ;  
The fatal poison none shall sell or buy :  
The revel be forsaken, and the fane  
Where lewdness dwelt be purified again :  
No niggard soul be found, nor miser's heart,  
To all shall charity her grace impart :  
The spendthrift then shall curb his reckless haste,  
And give to poverty, nor longer waste :  
Justice her equal balances shall hold,  
No hand be bribed or lured by tempting gold ;  
Sharing domestic bliss and harmony,  
Each family a type of Heaven shall be :

Pride overbear no more, nor haughty eye  
Flash in disdain ; anger and malice die :  
Truth, virtue, honor, innocence shall be  
Bonds that bind all in blessed security :  
Oh, day of wonders ! haste thy tardy flight,  
And burst in glory on our ravished sight !

# THE BRIGHTER AGE.

---

## PART III.

---

NOR crimes alone that cut the social tie,  
Nor woes that wring the heart with agony,  
Shall take from earth their everlasting flight,  
When brighter days shall chase the moral night ;  
The human soul, so prone to error's ways,  
Illumined then by truth's effulgent rays,  
Rescued from prejudice and ignorance,  
Shall wake in wonder from its death-like trance.

Who can survey the errors, unbelief,  
That chain th' immortal mind, and feel no grief?  
What millions still in moral midnight dwell;  
No chart to guide—no beacon light to tell

Where the poor spirit, tempest-tossed and driven,  
May find at last a safe and peaceful haven !

Can *nature* be an index to their path,  
To guide them here ; or save from future wrath ?  
Look at their miseries, mark their numerous woes,  
As generation after generation goes ;  
Why no improvement, why in misery still,  
If nature elevates, or saves from ill ?  
Have nations, where the gospel never shone,  
Forsaken deities of wood and stone ;  
Abandoned sensual lusts, and found the road  
That leads to Heaven, to purity, to God ?  
Compare their present with their past estate ;  
Ask what has nature *done* to elevate ?  
Is not the mind as dark, the thought as low  
As in past ages ? And if this be so,  
Can nature guide to truth, from error save,

Unloose the shackle, or redeem the slave ?  
If nature has not saved, she never will,  
(Passing the future) e'en from present ill.

Who can conceive ; what human tongue declare  
The nameless woes that pagan nations share ?  
Their horrid rites, their bloody sacrifice,  
Their gestures lewd, their uncouth images !  
The son his sire destroys ; the mother too,  
As if a mother's love she never knew,  
Flings from her arms the babe she nursed before,  
And as the floods, with fierce and savage roar,  
Seize on their victim, reckless of its cries  
She stands invoking bloody deities.

The mother in her turn must feel the brand :  
The blazing torch is in her offspring's hand.  
Linked to the dead she grasps the fatal stake,



While drums and shouts a fearful uproar make;  
The word is given—the flaming torch is thrown;  
The shouts increase—the mother's soul is gone.

But oh! that horrid carnival of death!  
Where many a pilgrim heaves his dying breath,  
Where vultures hover, where the jackals dwell,  
Making the spot a vestibule of hell;  
There frowns the gloomy car of Juggernaut,  
With pennons flapping, with lewd emblems wrought;  
Its ponderous wheels with axles dripping gore,  
The blood of thousands they have rolled o'er;  
The plain all strewd with human skulls and bones;  
Some scarcely dead and pouring out their groans,  
As greedy vultures with impatient claw  
Strike on their victim ere the soul withdraw;  
The cymbal, gong, and trump, with thundering roar,  
Mingled with shouts which Hindoo thousands pour,

Rending the air and making earth to quake ;  
Christian ! behold this scene—a lesson take.

Oh! how could man ; how could the human soul  
Such gods invent ; so shocking and so foul !  
Clothe them in attributes of cruelty ;  
Appeased by nought but blood of votary ?  
Did earth no images obscene possess,  
Fraught with sufficient horror and distress ?  
Must man the prison-house of hell explore,  
Cull all that's frightful on th' infernal shore ;  
Combine the black proportions into one ;  
To make the monster Juggernaut alone ?

But faint are words, unable to express  
The pagan's woes, the pagan's wretchedness ;  
To speak of tortures, penances and pain,  
Endured to cancel guilt, or cleanse its stain!

Some stretch the arms in air, till habit chain  
Those arms aloft, nor can they drop again.  
Some cut the flesh ; some roll on pointed knives ;  
They waste their blood, and sacrifice their lives,  
An offering to incensed deities.

What heart, not lost to love or sympathy,  
Can with indifference view such misery ?  
What tongue dare ridicule, or dare oppose  
Measures to save the Pagan from his woes ?  
Who would arrest the herald of the skies ?  
Impelled by pity, kindred, home, denies ;  
And o'er the ocean wave he wends his way  
To pour on pagan darkness heavenly day.  
He goes to snatch the widow from the fire,  
With "living waters" quench the funeral pyre :  
To lift the bleeding victim from the ground,  
And bind the balm of mercy on his wound :

To tell of boundless love revealed by Heaven ;  
Of faith and hope ; of crime and guilt forgiven :  
To point the wanderer to that bright abode,  
The rest of Heaven, the dwelling place of God.

'T is not enough that tenderest ties are riven ;  
That ocean-peril ; bark by tempest driven ;  
That ills like these are felt, and meekly borne ;  
That thou from kindred, country, home, art torn :  
'T is not enough, that in a pagan land,  
A wretched cabin, built by thine own hand,  
Scarce shelters thee from storm and hurricane ;  
That sultry clime strikes deadly on thy brain ;  
That savage beasts, and men more savage still,  
Prowl round thy path and threaten thee with ill ;  
'T is not enough, that no society  
Such as thou lov'st, can cheer or comfort thee ;  
That doomed on heathen soil to dwell and die,

Yet holding cherished, in thy memory,  
Scenes of thy home, thy long forsaken home,  
That on thy plaintive soul will gushing come ;  
'T is not enough that these afflictions fall ;  
No:—Thou must bear a heavier load than all ;  
Must hear thy cause assailed—thy name traduced,  
Thy motive questioned, and thy work abused.  
Nor this from pagan only : O, for shame !  
From christian men : I mean that *wear* the name.

Poor, cold, and callous hearts! enjoy the bliss  
Of sneering at such men, such work as this !  
Know ye, that God approves, that *He* sustains  
These living martyrs in their toils and pains.  
'T is all they ask. They look for a reward,  
Not in your smile, nor from your golden hoard.  
They fear your frown, and feel your poignant wit,  
As little as that sun the clouds that flit

Beneath his course, while he all-glorious flies,  
Heedless of vapours foul that round him rise.

Ye noble spirits, noblest of our race!  
Heralds of mercy, messengers of grace,  
Know, that not *all* despise, nor all defame  
Your God-like work, your high and deathless name:  
There 's many a heart that feels a generous ire,  
When sordid meanness calls you "men of hire;"  
When low ambition whispers "it is fame"  
That kindled in your souls the glowing flame:  
No higher motives their's, they dare pretend  
That you are like them in their aims and end.  
Know that your brethren shield your worthy name:  
What others hate, they love; what others blame,  
They will approve, if God approve it too:  
Their hearts shall be your rampart firm and true.



Though ills beset, and heavy woes oppress,  
And earth to thee is but a wilderness ;  
Toil on, thou man of God, till death shall come  
And waft thy spirit to its peaceful home.  
There may a crown be worn—a rest be given ;  
Thy labours o'er—thy weary soul in Heaven.  
There may a host of grateful pagans stand,  
Girding thy ransomed spirit like a band,  
Mingling their notes with thine eternally ;  
This is reward enough—enough for thee.

If in the plenitude of Thy rich grace,  
O God of love ! one soul may find a place  
Within that rest, or on that peaceful coast ;  
One grovelling soul, who, far below this host  
Of worthies, yet aspires, with trembling heart,  
“ To run the race ” and share the Christian’s part ;

Let him but occupy some lowly seat  
Beneath these heroes, even at their feet ;  
'T will be to him an honour more than meet.

The indications of a brighter day,  
Streak the dark East with many a deepening ray.  
The cross is planted there ; and from its light,  
Flashes of glory fall on pagan night.  
Across the wave the sacred ark is gone,  
And Dagon trembles on his bloody throne.  
The gospel banner floats in triumph, o'er  
Regions where demons tyrannized before.

From east to west—from north to south arise,  
From mount and vale, in mild and polar skies,  
Anthems of mercy, hymns of pious praise,  
For gospel light—for better, brighter days.  
What though that light *be* feeble, scarce a ray

Compared with mental midnight's gloomy sway!  
'T is destined, Gracious Heaven, by Thee to rise,  
And fling the veil of darkness from the eyes.

Who would despise the stealing twilight grey,  
Because less glorious than the flood of day !  
What hand would quench a star of feeblest light,  
If one, and *only* one, illumined night ?  
Yet must the twilight dim precede the sun ;  
And evening-star her sister train outrun :  
So may that dawning ray of Mercy be  
Precursor of millennial purity.

Do pagan errors only, chain the mind ?  
Are all but Heathen to the truth inclined ?  
Alas ! how few that bear the Christian name,  
Believe the Christian faith, or feel its flame !  
Though 'neath its genial light they long have been,

Though by its retributions warned from sin ;  
Its hallowed courts—its festivals of love,  
Its ministers commissioned from above ;  
Though wooed by these, their wandering feet remain  
In death's dark way, and clank the willing chain.

In that eventful day, when all must be  
Filed in full ranks to meet their destiny,  
On the left hand the guilty soul shall stand,  
And quake to hear the stern, but just command.  
How deep the condemnation he must meet,  
Who casts thy truth, O God, beneath his feet !  
The hypocrite, with sanctimonious whine,  
Cloaking his lusts beneath the hallowed shrine ;  
And formalist, with all his pious train  
Of ceremonies mumbled o'er in vain ;  
The heretic, who clips the sacred page  
To meet his pride, t' accommodate the age,  
Tearing with bold and sacrilegious hand,

The offensive doctrine, or the pure command ;  
These all shall meet a fearful overthrow  
At death, and when th' archangel's trump shall blow.

O sacred Truth ! how few thy waters find,  
So sure to cleanse—so fit to clear the mind !  
While gushing from the “ well-spring ” of the sky,  
Wooing with sparkling purity the eye ;  
How many turn to loathsome fetid streams,  
Though on their path thy healthful current gleams !

The deist raves ; and full of pungent wit,  
Deals ridicule for argument, to hit  
The sacred oracle, and make it seem  
A fabrication, or a foolish dream.  
That holy book, so terrible to sin,  
To crime without, impurity within,  
Strikes on the heart, and goads the conscience deep ;

His peace annihilates, disturbs his sleep,  
Makes him a wretch, unless it prove a lie,—  
A wretch on earth and in eternity.

“A lie it *shall* be then,” the deist swears ;  
When argument and reason fail, he dares  
Attack the sacred record of the skies  
With satire, mean abuse, and flagrant lies.

But, O ! how vain his wit, how weak his arm !  
His puny shafts recoil, nor can they harm  
The adamantine structure built by Heaven.  
Sceptic, beware ! thy bosom may be riven.  
Omnipotence who gave, will guard His word,  
Will loose His patience—“draw His glittering sword ;”  
Then, worm, thou diest. Victim of unbelief,  
Bow to the dust in penitential grief ;  
Renounce thy hatred to a book divine ;



Revere the cross where love and mercy shine.  
There is thy hope, though impious thou hast been ;  
There *only* canst thou wash thy deadly sin.  
Return, thou wanderer ; and a light may rise  
From that blessed word, so hateful to thine eyes.  
There, on thy gloomy mind a beam may fall,  
To show thy wretchedness—thy mental thrall ;  
Lead thee to truth, and point the way to Heaven :  
Haste, sceptic, thou mayst never be forgiven.

Who will believe an atheist can be  
Where God is seen in glorious majesty !  
Where every quivering leaf His power displays,  
And nature pours her pæan to His praise !

In every blade of grass or drop of dew ;  
In booming tempest—cloud of golden hue ;  
In summer breezes—autumn's falling leaf ;

In vernal beauties—winter's snowy wreath ;  
In flower and shrub, in tree, and verdant sod ;  
Who but can mark the presence of a God !  
And O ! to yonder heaven but glance the eye,  
At once we feel there is a Deity.  
His Spirit seems to hover o'er the skies,  
And awe the soul with fearful mysteries.

Can there be atheist 'mid such scenes as these,  
Where God is whispered in each passing breeze ;  
Where all that greets the ear, or meets the eyes,  
Speak of a power omnipotent and wise ?  
Yet there have been who claimed this gloomy creed,  
Talked of the soul as though it were a weed,  
Laughed at religion as a priestly lie,  
Insulted God with horrid blasphemy,  
Scouted at virtue as an empty name,

Unloosed the passions—fanned their hellish flame ;  
Yes, such have lived to prove what man can be ;  
Alas ! how sunk is poor humanity !

Oh ! gloomy, foul, and isolated soul,  
Whose stormy passions through thy bosom roll ;  
*Thou* canst not drive religion back to Heaven,  
Nor quench the glowing hope of sins forgiven :  
Thou canst not stay the angel in his flight,  
Pinion his wing, nor curtain earth with night :  
Nor canst thou stop the chariot wheels that roll  
In triumph round the earth, from pole to pole.  
Thy puny arm is weak, ambitious one ;  
Too weak to cope with Deity, alone.

Hasten thy wheels, O Time, and speed the day,  
When all these fatal errors shall decay ;

When Truth's clear light shall visit every soul,  
And from the clouded vision darkness roll !

No more shall unbeliever scorn the grace  
That woos in mercy to its sweet embrace ;  
No more reject the offered terms of heaven ;  
But, like the prodigal, return forgiven,  
The sacred messenger of God no more  
Wake on the guilty ear dread Sinai's roar ;  
Nor bleed his heart to speak of wrath and woe,  
And paint the horrors of the world below ;  
But all his grateful task—his tender care,  
To lead his flock where " peaceful rivers are ;"  
To open " greenest pastures " on their eye,  
And nurse them for a brighter bliss on high.

The hypocrite shall drop his mask and cloak,  
Baring his guilty bosom, Heaven invoke

To pardon deeds of darkness and of sin ;  
To make him fair without and pure within.  
Each soul that bows within the hallowed fane ;  
Each sacrifice on sacred altar lain,  
Shall be accepted as an offering meet,  
Rising like incense to the mercy seat.

No more the formalist, with vain parade  
Of duties done or sacrifices made,  
Shall hope to purchase Heaven, or God compel  
To save his self-complacent soul from hell.  
Then will he learn to sink into the dust ;  
To swell no more ; or, if he glory must,  
To speak of Him who died, to laud the cross ;  
All other things to count but worthless dross.

No heretic in that bright age shall be,  
To wrest the truth, or mar its purity.

The pride of reason then to faith submit,  
Nor ask if this be true, or that be fit.  
All that the sacred oracles contain,  
Mysterious, or intricate, or plain,  
With meekness be received ; nor man be more  
The haughty questioner he was before.

The sceptic too, who scorns the sacred page,  
Will *he* be found to blot that golden age ?  
No ! heart like his could never bear its light,  
Too pure, too dazzling, for *his* vicious sight.  
The atheist, deist, then will be no more ;  
But all acknowledge truth, and all adore.  
O happy era ! fraught with many a bliss,  
Free from all ill—from error's subtleties,  
How pants the heart to hail thy coming day,  
How longs the eye to catch thy morning ray !



Ask you the date of this most glorious age ?

'T is not recorded on the sacred page.

“The times and seasons” Heaven has not revealed ;

Deep in th' eternal archives they 're concealed.

Yet who can mark the signs as they appear,

And doubt, that such an age of mercy 's near ?

Does not the truth of God, with mighty sway,

Roll like a car of triumph on its way ?

Are not the messengers of heavenly grace,

Bearing the gospel to each pagan race ?

“Between the living and the dead” they stand,

Prayer on their lip, and censor in their hand ;

And see ! “the plague is stayed”—the prayer is heard—

The dying live—the idolator's restored.

The haughty Turk has quailed to Christian might ;

The crescent wanes—the cross is waxing bright.

Freedom is cheered where'er her sacred cause  
Triumphs o'er tyranny's oppressive laws.

Inventive genius spurns impediments,  
And links in union distant continents :  
The ocean wave—the towering Alpine height  
Are crossed with ease, and traversed with delight.  
These are the avenues by God designed,  
To admit the light of mercy to the mind.

That light is glancing from these favoured shores :  
It strikes on India now, and now it pours  
Its gleams of mercy on Pacific isles :  
And now it penetrates the western wilds.  
See how it lights, with hope, the dark Hindoo ;  
See, how it wakes the soul of Indian too !  
Where'er it goes, whatever land it gilds,  
It cheers the heart, and soothes its numerous ills.

That land of hallowed names—that once loved soil ;  
Where Israel found a rest from desert toil ;  
What is it now, but gloom and barrenness ?  
Where is its glory, where its sacredness ?

It was the dwelling place of God : and there  
His people sung their hymns, and poured their prayer.  
It was the land of plenty : Sun and shower  
Cheered and refreshed each shrub and plant and flower ;  
The hillock smiled with verdure, and the plain,  
Waved with the palm tree or the golden grain.  
It was a land sublime. There, Lebanon  
Caught on his snow-clad peak the setting sun ;  
Begirt with cedars of a mighty size,  
Rock-bound their roots—their summits reached the skies.  
It was a scene of splendour. Founded there,  
The holy-city rose, majestic, fair,  
Like a rich jewel beautifully set,

The centre of a glorious coronet ;  
So Salem in the midst of Palestine,  
“ The joy of earth,” of cities the bright queen.  
It was a scene of wonders. There the Lord  
Bowed His Divinity—fulfilled his word.  
He came in human flesh, He came to die,  
Was God and Man ; oh, deepest mystery !  
The human attribute was then displayed,  
When in the humble manger He was laid ;  
But, hark ! at midnight from the starry sky,  
Angels proclaim in songs, His Deity.  
As man, He stood in Jordan’s flowing stream,  
And bade the Baptist fix the seal on Him ;  
The conscious heavens, in homage of their Lord,  
Opening, rolled back ; and awe-struck men adored.  
As man, he dropped his tears o’er Lazarus dead ;  
As God, he spake, and back the spirit fled.

As man, he lay in the cold sepulchre ;  
As God, he rose a mighty conqueror.  
He walked the waters as He walked the land,  
The obedient wave reposed at His command.  
His voice could reach the dead. All nature stood  
Ready, to hear the mandate of its God.

But now, alas ! that sacred land is lone ;  
Israel has left her, Israel's God is gone ;  
Her soil, once verdant, now with weeds is strown ;  
Her gay and glorious city overthrown ;  
No beauty now is there ; nought but her name  
Remains to indicate her former fame.

The Turkish mosque defiles fair Zion's hill ;  
Jordan's sweet stream has dwindled to a rill ;  
The Arab-robber makes those woods his home,

Marks with an eagle-eye the traveller come,  
Darts from his secrecy, and swoops his prey,  
Then back to mountain speeds his rapid way.  
How have the threatening tones of prophecy,  
O land of Canaan, been fulfilled on thee !

But soon the harp, that breathed a mournful strain,  
Shall sing of mercy brightening o'er thy plain ;  
Nor longer sigh, where weeping willows lave  
Their silver leaves along the sluggish wave.  
Thy hills and vales, of late, O Palestine !  
Caught a few feeble rays of light divine.  
On Calvary's summit, and in Olivet,  
Once wet with tears of love and bloody sweat,  
The Saviour's friends have stood, and mourned for thee,  
Thou fallen region ; mourned thy destiny.



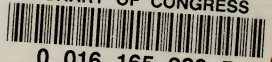
But thy once happy children! where are they?  
Where is the pious race, who loved the way  
Of Zion; loved to sing her songs, and tell  
The wonders that their ancient sires befel?  
Ah! they have wandered far from Canaan's shore;  
The tribes are lost, a nation now no more;  
The sceptre gone—Jerusalem 's in heaps;  
Zion's fair daughter sits alone and weeps.

Daughter of Zion, dry thy flowing tears:  
See, in the light of prophecy, appears  
Thy hastening glory. See thy children fly  
Like tempest clouds,—they darken all the sky:  
They pour around their ancient homes once more:  
The veil is gone; Messiah they adore.  
Then shall thy scathed plain in beauty bloom;

The "Sun of Righteousness" shall chase thy gloom.  
Thy hills shall bear again the clustering vine,  
Jerusalem rebuilt, in splendor shine.  
Gentiles, that see thy light, shall join thy praise ;  
From every land, in every language, raise  
The shout of glory to their coming Lord :  
By all obeyed—beloved—BY ALL ADORED !

THE END.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 165 988 5

