

THE

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## THE NEW PATH.

We stand in the light of a dawning day, with its glory creation flushing ;  
And the life-currents up from the prisoning clay through the world's great heart are rushing ;  
While from peak to peak of the spirit land, a voice unto us is calling :  
The night is over, the day is at hand, and the fetters of earth are falling.

Yet faces are pale with a mystic fear of the strife and trouble looming ;  
And we feel that mighty changes are near, though the Lord delayeth His coming.  
For the rent flags hang from each broken mast, and down in the ocean's surges  
The shattered wreck of a foundering past sinks 'mid the night-wind's dirges.

But the world goes thundering on to the light, unheeding our vain presages ;  
And nations are cleaving a path to the right, through the mouldering dust of ages.  
Are we, then, to rest in a chill despair, unmoved by these new elations ;  
Nor carry the flag of our country fair, in the onward march of nations ?

Shall our hands be folded in slumber, when the bands and the chains are shattered ,  
As stony and still as enchanted men in a cave of darkness fettered ?  
The cave may be dark, but we'll flash bright gleams of the morning radiance on it,  
And tread the New Path, though the noontide beams as yet, fall faintly upon it.

Let us bear a torch with the foremost bands, through the future's dark outgoing ;  
Or stand by the helm, 'mid the shoals and sands, of the river of life fast flowing, —  
Or as guides on the hills with a bugle note let us warn the mountain ranger  
Of the chasms that cross and mists that float o'er his upward pass of danger.

For the chasms are deep and the river is strong, and the tempest is wildly waking .  
We have need of brave hands to guide us along the path which the age is taking.  
With our gold and pearls let us build the state ; faith, courage and tender pity  
Are the gems that shine on the golden gate of angels' heavenly city.

—LADY WILDE, *in the New Nation.*