

BATTLE CALL OF ANTICHRIST.

"But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water." St. John, XIX, 34.

A forethought of the fated reign of peace
Fell on the soul of Antichrist, I dreamed ;
And his brow darkened, and his hate-lit eyes
Aloft glared lurid through the mist of space.
Then vast and shadowy rose the Lord of War
And shook his right hand at a far White Throne,
Brooding unutterable blasphemies.
Anon he gazed upon our shuddering world,
'The while, with voice that fires or freezes souls,
He spake his message to the circling winds,
And roused to battle all his myrmidons :

"Up, despot, trembling for a blood-bought crown !
The smoldering flame that threatens thine own house
Hurl at another's ; lead thy people on
By glory's flaring torches to their doom.

(Ever the spear
Pierces the spirit of the Prince of Peace !)

"Yoke Victory to thy chariot and ride on,
Trampling the pride of nations, Conqueror !
Let thy maimed warriors writhe alone ; for thou
Art scorn of God for His vile images,

(And scorn of mine
For Him who pleads for them at God's right hand.)

"Pause not to reck the ruin thou hast made :
Is not the comet's course foredoomed, and thine ?
A deathless name outweighs a million deaths,
And orphans' sighs are mute 'mid the acclaim
Of multitudes.

(What is the grief of Jesus unto thee ?)