

The Conquest of Canaan.

A man one day in musing o'er the past
Events recorded of the ancient time,
Did pause in wonder at the stories told,
And wrote of deeds performed in Palestine.

That land of promise, which the Lord did give,
To Abraham and his seed for evermore,
Commanding them to pillage and to slay,
The tribes and nations living there before.

That he might have a country, and a race
Of people more peculiarly his own,
As numerous as the sands on ocean's shore,
Chosen to make his power and glory known.

And in that land, with milk and honey blest,
With corn and wine and olive groves replete,
The Lord did lengthen out the day of strife,
Till Joshua made the slaughter more complete.

Thus o'er that land, the hosts of Israel went,
With ruin and destruction, in their train,
With sword and spear, they smote the old and young,
Infants in their mother's arms were slain.

That all the nations of the earth would know,
And fear the mighty power of Israel's God.
He gave the orders, spare not beast or man.
Let none remain alive upon the sod.

They are Slaves Indeed.

He is not free, who led by passion's power,
Obey's each fleeting impulse of the hour !
Whate'er his station, and whate'er his creed,
Though claiming freedom, he is a slave indeed.

He is not free, who bends neath customs rule,
Or is, by force of habit, its unconscious tool !
Although of light and liberty he rave,
Of strength and wisdom, he is but a slave.

He is not free, whom superstition leads,
And to its dictates blind obedience yields !
Though Jew or Christian, Moslem or Hindoo,
Whate'er the doctrine, he is in bondage too.