

(Mother and Baby and Golden-Hair
 Passed through the fire to that Moloch grim!
 What shall you say when you meet with Him,
 You who have helped to place them there?)

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Flash! See the light!

Did the Sword of Vengeance smite?
 Hark the thunders of the dreadful Judgment roll!
 Now the mighty Trump is calling and the riven
 rocks are falling,
 Is there refuge for that sin-cursed soul?

The old mother-love is blending like a mem'ry
 of the past
 With the flashing of the lightning and the howl-
 ing of the blast,
 And the feet of little Golden-Hair
 Seem to patter through the music, like an angel's
 gentle tread
 And to soothe the tumult there.

But the curling, crawling, creeping, cursed serpents
 hissing still,
 Seize the mother-love and child-heart, working
 out their hellish will,
 And the little gleam of hope is sped,
 And the spirit-imps keep wreathing round that
 soul their fiendish spell,
 While the judgment lowers o'erhead.