

Turning the tables on the ancient trade,
Count heads to know whose will shall be obeyed,
The will of one man or the will of many,
(God's will is now not mentioned e'en by any.)
Or, as the way with some, pull down the throne,
That right may rule, and rulers true be known;
And mobs and factions riot in their might,
And trample all things down to set them right.

But million Cæsar is but Cæsar still;
His rule is but the rule of human will;
And Cæsar is a beast. Cæsar must die,
Because a beast he will be, low or high.
And Cæsar's worshippers in church or state,
If they his honours share, must share his fate.
Not the proud woman who the beast doth ride,
Can from the righteous retribution hide.
She seeks t' entice him; but the attempt is vain:
He spurns her logic as he spurns her chain,
And treats her as a sorceress. In his hate
He eats her flesh, and makes her desolate,
And burns her in the fire. So God commands,
Because the blood of saints is on her hands,
And in her cup.* But he in turn must die,
For that he fights to vanquish the Most High!

'Tis thus the lurking mischief long has wrought
The will of Satan, till at length 'tis brought
To bear, on principle, the open sway,
And all disguises wholly cast away.
The tares have grown till they engross the field:
The harvest ripens, and their fruit they yield.
The church herself mixed with this scheme of things:
She cast her fortune with the lot of kings:
She took their wisdom for her guide; their power
For her protection in the trying hour;
And in her nakedness and blindness cries:
Lo, I am rich, and full, and strong, and wise!
But she on their foundation of the sand
The rising storms and floods can ne'er withstand;
For while the judgments sweep away their might,
She (as a millstone sinks) vanishes from sight!
Her children now usurp proud Cæsar's seat:
As Cæsar's mistress they their mother treat;
Sack Cæsar's palaces; turn Cæsar out,
And burn his throne amidst the rabble rout.
Worship the beast! they cry, the beast of hell!
Obey the many, or not buy nor sell!
Leviathan doth rise—reform! reform!
Or take th' alternative—an iron storm!
He lifts himself; the mighty are afraid—
In vain against him is the purpose laid!
The kings of earth concede to him their power
Against the Almighty—'tis but one short hour!
"THE BREAKER" all His heavenly forces brings—
To endless ruin sinks this evil scheme of things!

The chain of Time no longer shall be drawn!
The fashion of this world is past and gone:
The god of this world never more shall be
Lord of misrule: cast out and chained is he,
No more he travels up and down with power
To injure, seeking whom he may devour;
Nor fans the flames of war and conflict dire,
Nor in his malice sets the world on fire.
No more he gloats o'er human misery;
With vengeful mind cast out and chained is he.
The greedy beast that did the vine devour,

*Rev. xvii.

Perverts no more the heaven appointed power:
The tossing winds that roused the turbid ocean,
No more shall mingle all in wild commotion;
For He that stays the flight of Time, the True,
Comes forth and saith: "I fashion all things new!"

But has the church, the one betrothed and loved,
No other than a vast abortion proved?
Not so! God's word, wherever it is sent,
Fulfills His own decree, His own intent.
The dispensation does what was designed—
Takes an election out of all mankind;
And, sooner, later, does prepare the way,
That He who comes may make no long delay.
First to the Jew God's kingdom was brought nigh;
But he, rebellious, thrust the honor by.
For God had said: If ye obey my voice,
Ye shall remain the treasure of my choice;
Of priests a kingdom, in my light to shine,
And lighten all; for all the earth is mine.*
He then in mercy to the Gentiles came,
To take from them his people for a Name—†
To be that royal priesthood, and declare
To all mankind how great His glories are;
That all the Gentiles in the end might know
The mercies that from Him forever flow.
Kings they shall be: their royal priestly reign
Shall ever flourish. So doth God ordain,
With them the Man of sorrow (now of Joy.)
Comes forth the great usurper to destroy;
And, as the sun, unceasing shall they shine,
O'er all the world in light and love divine.
To this are many called. The chosen few
Obtain the prize, because He finds them true.
From first to last all that are faithful found
Shall, in the end, acknowledged be, and crowned.
King, ruler, priest, or subject, bond, or free,
That has served God, shall then accepted be.
All that have honored Him in their estate,
When He appears, shall be accounted great.
Jewels they shall be in His royal crown,
And names shall bear of ever fresh renown.
Brands from the burning they; the spoils of Time,
From every kindred people, tongue, and clime.
When nature's course has felt the fire of hell,
Sweeping the church from end to end, full well
The course of such. Martyrs, confessors, they;
(Their lives have ever been to them a prey.)
The salt of Christendom,—of rank, of station,
Of rich, and poor, and sect, and age, and nation.
As David 'midst his wars at large prepared
To build the temple his successors reared;
So God prepares, beneath this reign of night,
The power that is to crush the serpent's might,
And o'er the New Creation reign, the sons of light.

When He who numbers all the stars shall find
The number predetermined in his mind;
To form the body, to complete the bride,
This dispensation must be set aside.
The gathering net must then be drawn ashore;
The bad rejected, but the good in store
Laid up for future use: as else it fares;
The wheat at harvest from amidst the tares
Is gathered safely; while the tares retire
To be the food of everlasting fire.

* Exodus xix. 5, 6.

† Acts, xv. 14.