

Poetry.

THE DAY OF THE LORD

The Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand !
 Its storms roll up the sky,
 The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold ;
 All dreamers toss and sigh ;
 The night is darkest before the dawn ;—
 When the pain is sorest the child is born,
 And the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God—
 Freedom, and Mercy, and Truth ;
 Come! for the Earth is grown coward and old ;
 Come down, and renew us her youth.
 Wisdom, Self-sacrifice, Daring, and Love,
 Hasten to the battle-field, stoop from above,
 To the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—
 Famine, and Plague, and War ;
 Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule—
 Gather, and fall in the snare !
 Hirelings, and Mammonites, Bigots and Knaves,
 Crawl to the battle field—sneak to your graves,
 In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of Gold,
 While the Lord of all ages is here ?
 True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
 And those who can suffer, can dare.
 Each old age of gold was an iron age too,
 And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do,
 In the Day of the Lord at hand.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"THE LORD WEIGHETH THE SPIRITS."—PROVERBS XVI: 2.

Man weigheth *gold* ; each fragment slight,
 Each atom of its glittering dust,
 He in the well-poised balance lays,
 And marks with unforgetful trust.

Man weigheth *words* : the fleeting breath
 That's coined within this mortal frame,
 May waken anger unto death,
 Or kindle love's exulting flame.

God weighs the *spirit* ; oh, beware,
 Ye who by guile your sins would shroud,
 There is an eye you cannot 'scape ;
 A sun-ray rends the darkest cloud.

And when the gold the rust shall eat,
 The tongue be silent in the tomb,
 The motives of the secret soul
 Give verdict in the day of doom.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.