

Spread The Tidings.

WITH delicate tongues of light,
With all the hollow warbling reeds of air,
With messengers that dive into the night
And viewless missives bear,—
With banners on the mountains far away,—
Proclaim the breaking day.
Air, earth, be jubilant and swell the sound —
The dead are living! and the lost are found!

Joseph,— unmarked by men,
Unchallenged—even to himself unknown,
Rises unparralleled, and sits again
On an unequaled throne.
More, more than Eastern splendor and renown
His mighty offspring crown.
Lord of the continents and princely isles,
A globe-prophetic lustre dawns and smiles.

Ye blind! awake and learn
That Israel's firstling glory is restored:
That God has wooed his outcast to return,
And all his sins ignored:
That earth shall serve him and his yoke receive,
Though yet it disbelieve:
Shall yield to David's Throne allegiance due,
Worshipping Isaac's Fear, the strong, the true.