



The Story of Ignis,

FROM THE NAAS LAVA PLAIN.

Prelude:

IGNIS regnant! in the aeons when plutonic ergites wrought,—
Toiled like true caloric Peons—and mid fiery vapour sought,
With the zest of high achievement, all the embryonic store,
Rich and rare beyond believment, for Earth's new-created shore.

Standing o'er the fuming furnace, Ignis visions joy and hope;
Slaps his thigh and cries, Odds burn us, for my talent here *is* scope!
O'er this flambant orb with pleasure I shall reign for evermore.—
Hell-fire kingdom! brimstone treasure! suit me well on Earth's red floor.

Came the son of Schist and Granite, Lithos, kingly, stern and cold;
And both he and Vulcan ran it, for an age, with Ignis old.
Ignis heaved the molten magma, Vulcan smote it into shape,
Lithos stamped it '*kata pragma*',—ocean bed or free landscape.

Thus they swinged, each other urging, seemingly with common aim;
Every added substance purging in the elemental flame.
Live chaos! they cried; nor wondered whereunto chaos might tend,
Little dreaming, (had they pondered), of an ordered, glorious end.
