

And him they guided so to stand,
A massy shaft on either hand.

Then, shaking back his shaggy fell,
Untrimmed through long captivity,
The grizzly lion felt to swell
His thews a rising Deity:
And, staring up with stony eyes,
He challenged Godhead in the skies.

“Hear, Lord Jehovah! Lo, I stand
A judge of Thine, and all disgraced!
I hold the heathen in my hand,
If now with Thee my palms be braced,
That I may crush them back to dust,
And give to see that Thou art just.”

Thereat, the Godhead, rushing down,
A might in deluge, flooded him,
That so the champion's force was thrown
From straining bulk and cracking limb
To either palm, till, snapping in.
The props did give like osiers thin.

Down hurtled pillar, roof, and wall,
With sound of thunder and a doom,
Till underneath lay buried all,
Mockers and mocked, in one huge tomb,
Whence the old giant's soul rushed out
To meet Jehovah with a shout.

So fall to us that, if we err,
We make atone, and bide the time
When God through us may minister,
In retributive mood sublime,
Destruction to the mocker's breath,
Enlarging us from bonds in death.

FRANK WATERS.