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## The Title of Liberty

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**Abstract:** A poem about Moroni and the Title of Liberty.

ing down the chain of his reasoning, he will say there was a time when there was no earth, no stars, no worlds, no anything. Well, I know there never was such a time. That is faith against faith, declaration against declaration. What a pitiful condition it would be for all space to contain nothing! To suppose that element, worlds, men, the grass of the fields, or the trees of the forest, were created is all folly. They are from eternity. It is equally vain to imagine space empty! There is no space without a kingdom, neither is there any kingdom without space, and they are from everlasting to everlasting. "How do you know it?" asks the unbeliever. By the revelations of God, by the revelations of the Lord Jesus Christ. Well, then, I

guess we will sing and pray and serve our God and keep His commandments; and I rather think that Zion will prosper.

STAY WITH THE SHIP.—Whosoever serves mammon cannot serve God. We must let these things go out of our affections, then lay hold of the principles of eternal life and sustain the Kingdom of God on the earth, or else we shall go by the board. If we jump over, we shall certainly sink, and if we stay aboard Zion's ship, we can do no more than sink, and it will be just as well if Zion's ship sink to be aboard as to jump overboard. We had better stay aboard, she may go into harbor; and I can promise you in the name of Israel's God that she will go there safe and carry every one of her passengers.

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#### A PRAYER.

I ask not wealth, but power to take  
And use the things I have aright;  
Not years, but wisdom that shall make  
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that for me the plan  
Of good and ill be set aside,  
But that the common lot of man  
Be nobly borne and glorified.

I know I may not always keep  
My steps in places green and sweet,  
Nor find the pathway of the deep  
A path of safety for my feet.

But pray that, when the tempest's breath,  
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,

I make no shipwreck of my faith  
In the unbottomed sea of doubt.

And that, though it be mine to know  
How hard the stoniest pillow seems,  
Good angels still may come and go  
About the places of my dreams.

I do not ask for love below,  
That friends shall never be estranged,  
But for the power of loving, so  
My heart may keep its youth unchanged.

Youth, joy, wealth,—Fate, I give thee these;  
Leave faith and hope till life is past,  
And leave my heart's best impulses  
Fresh and unailing to the last.

*Phæbe Cary.*

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#### THE TITLE OF LIBERTY.

"And now it came to pass that when Moroni, who was the chief commander of the armies of the Nephites, had heard of these dissensions, he was angry with Amalickiah. And it came to pass that he rent his coat, and he took a piece thereof, and he wrote upon it, 'In memory of our God our religion and our freedom, and our peace, our wives and our children.' And he fastened it upon the end of a pole thereof. \* \* \* And he called it 'The Title of Liberty.'" (Book of Mormon, Alma, Chap. 21.)

It was a time of grief and fear, and men  
Grew stern and fierce and hard of heart. As when  
In battle joined the warrior seeks a foe  
On whom to vent his rage, and blow for blow  
Returns—resolved on victory or death—

So now, when strife and discord rent the earth  
And stormy passions shook the trembling land,  
Rebellion raised his cruel, murderous hand,  
And sought to overthrow fair Freedom's throne  
And strew the plains with cities overthrown.

The mother to her heart her infant pressed  
 With many a sigh and many a fond caress;  
 And breathed a prayer that heaven would shield  
 the form

Of her babe's father, 'mid the battle storm.  
 For lo! the proclamation had gone forth  
 From east to west, from south to chilly north,  
 By great Moroni sent, the leader brave  
 Of Nephi's hosts, that all who wished to save  
 Their country's liberty—great Heaven's boon—  
 Should to their leader's standard rally soon.

And now Moroni took his rended coat  
 And thereupon these godlike words he wrote:  
 "In memory of our God, our Religion and our  
 Freedom,

And our Peace, our Wives and our Children."  
 This, fixed upon a staff on high, he raised,  
 And, cased in armor, knelt him down and  
 prayed;

He mightily besought in earnest prayer  
 That Freedom's cause might prosper every-  
 where,

So long as in his country there should be  
 A Christian band, determined to be free;  
 Who ne'er should be down-trodden by the foe  
 Unless their own transgressions brought them  
 low.

He rose. The glorious light of Freedom beamed  
 In his determined eye; and still it seemed  
 That eye, whose glance might shake the bravest  
 foe,

Could yet with gentleness and love o'erflow.  
 He issued grandly forth and waded on high  
 His banner styled, "The Title of Liberty."  
 The host assembled there, the words beheld  
 Upon the banner traced, and then there swelled  
 From myriad hearts a vast and ringing shout  
 As 'twere the voice of Freedom, speaking out,  
 Warning her ruthless enemies to flee,  
 That Zion's lands forever might be free.

Then spoke the warrior-prince: "Let every hand  
 That will maintain this title in the land  
 Now draw the sword for justice and for right,  
 Clothed with the Lord's resistless power and  
 might;

A covenant make, forever to maintain  
 Our rights and our religion—thus to gain  
 The blessings of the Lord upon our head  
 Till we the victors be—our foemen dead."  
 Moroni ceased, and from that mighty throng  
 Again there rose a shout so loud and long,  
 That heaven's eternal arches rang again,  
 And listening angels echoed back the strain.

Then near his chief each warrior gathered round,  
 And threw his rended coat upon the ground;  
 And this the covenant they made that day  
 While at Moroni's feet their garments lay:

"If from the cause of liberty we swerve,  
 May we receive the vengeance we deserve;  
 And, like our rended garments at thy feet,  
 Prostrate before our foes their fury meet;  
 And, trodden under foot of Laman's host,  
 Their scorn become—our ruin be their boast!"

With joy Moroni heard the loyal sound  
 By thousands uttered, as they gathered round.  
 With words of burning eloquence he cheers  
 Each feeble soul, and dissipates his fears;  
 Points to the blessings past that have been given,  
 And teaches him to put his trust in heaven.

An now from every part of Nephtite land  
 There gathers up a true and valiant band,  
 With purpose firm their freedom to maintain  
 Or pile their bodies on the battle plain.

Meanwhile Rebellion's band—a motley crew  
 Whom Amalickiah's craft together drew  
 Around his banner, trusting in their might,  
 With boastful words and loud, prepared for  
 fight.

But when Moroni with his host drew near,  
 Their craven hearts began to quake with fear,  
 And to the north they took their secret flight,  
 Screened by the misty shadows of the night,  
 In hope that, joined by Laman's dusky band,  
 They might return and desolate the land.

Vain hope! Surrounded and cut off, they yield,  
 And sullen, cast their weapons on the field;  
 All save a few, that to the desert fled,  
 By Amalickiah—still their leader—led;  
 There, joined with Laman's tribes, the Nephites'  
 foes,

Conspired to overwhelm with future woes  
 The country they had left—no more their own,  
 From which self-exiled they are forced to roam.

And now Moroni with his host returned,  
 Their country's freedom saved, their foemen  
 bound

And led as captives to the land again  
 Which they would rule or give to blood and  
 flame.

The traitors now must take a solemn oath  
 That they will all, until their latest breath,  
 Their country's liberty still shield from harm,  
 From secret foes within or foreign arm;  
 Or else their worthless lives shall forfeit be—  
 A righteous sacrifice to Liberty.

Thus may each foe to Freedom's holy cause  
 Be ever vanquished, and her righteous laws  
 By valiant hearts be evermore sustained;  
 And Liberty—that gift from heaven obtained—  
 Triumphant reign from east to western shore,  
 From north to south, till Tyranny no more  
 Shall fetter Godlike man, and all shall be  
 True to our heritage of Liberty.

*Santiago.*