The Title of Liberty

Author(s): "Santiago"
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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.

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 stonest 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 unfailing to the last.

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 ruge, and blow for blow Rejurns—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 strewed the plains with cities overthrown.
THE TITLE OF LIBERTY.

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, casel in armor, knelt him down and prayed;
He mightily besought in earnest prayer
That Freedom's cause might prosper everywhere,
So long as in his country there should be
A Christian band, determined to be free;
Who n'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 waved 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—thrice 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 Nephitic 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 Nephtes' 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.