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## Address to the Book of Mormon

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**Abstract:** This article is a nine-stanza poem dedicated to the Book of Mormon. The ninth stanza summarizes the entire poem: “Now I behold thee, open to my gaze, The Stick of Ephraim sent in these last days, To warn the nations, gather Israel in, Bring Christ to earth, and make an end of sin.”

indulgence for errors and deficiencies that may appear. And if the STAR does not shine as brilliant as it has done a few months past, in consequence of its proximity to "the Twelve" other stars, still it has a place in the same moral firmament—established by the same high authority for the illumination of such as may read, and the less light it may emit the more reason why every family should have one at hand.

All contributions from Elders and other patrons of the STAR, written in brevity and plainness, shall be studiously directed, so as not only to enhance the usefulness of the paper, but also the ultimate reward of the contributors.

ORSON SPENCER.

*Liverpool, Jan. 27th, 1847.*

### ADDRESS TO THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY W. E. SHAW.

Record of records, book of books divine,  
Thy heavenly precepts and thy truths sublime,  
The pure injunctions which thy leaves unfold,  
Prove thou wast wrote by holy men of old.

The prophets long since wrote and spoke of thee,  
And of thy power in causing men to see;  
When midnight darkness reign'd through ev'ry clime,  
'Twas said that God would cause thy light to shine.

'Twas also said that thou wouldst spring from earth,  
While righteousness from heaven came bursting forth,  
To free from error those who would obey,  
And them prepare for an eventful day.

Isaiah, *wrapt in vision*, could behold  
A time when human creeds would be extoll'd  
When seers and prophets all would cover'd be,  
And God provok'd men's wickedness to see.

He view'd men drunk with folly, not with drink;  
Want of true priesthood made them wrongly think,  
Their thoughts of God, man, heaven, and hell,  
To reason, truth, and scripture bade farewell.

Sect after sect arose, exclaiming thus,  
"All these are damnable, come, join with us;"  
And thus men built up churches to get gain,  
And starv'd the poor, their priesthood to maintain.

The prophet saw this state of things, but knew  
Of *Joseph's land*, its *hidden treasures* too,  
He knew that nothing dark would lie conceal'd,  
Nor ought be hid that would not be revealed.

He viewed a land which symboliz'd great wings,  
Beyond the flow of Ethiop's august springs,  
Which yet would yield this glorious book of truth,  
To cheer the hearts of hoary age, also of smiling youth.

Now I behold thee, open to my gaze,  
The *Stick of Ephraim* sent in these *last days*,  
To warn the nations, gather Israel in,  
Bring Christ to earth, and make an end of sin.

*Lennextown, Campsie, November, 1846.*