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## The Messenger of Morn

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## The Messenger of Morn

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*By Orson F. Whitney*

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Earth rose from wintry sleep, baptized and cleansed,  
And on her tranquil brow, that seemed to feel  
The holy and confirming hand of Heaven,  
The warm light in a wealth of glory streamed.

Deep in the calm of woodland solitudes,  
Nature, deft handmaid of Divinity,  
With skill incomparable had set the scene  
For some glad change, some joyful happening,  
Told in the countless caroling of birds,  
Darting their mingled hues like tongues of flame,  
Gilding the springtime foliage and flowers.

Glad happening, in sooth, for ne'er before,  
Since burst the heavens when Judah's star-lit hills  
Heard angel choristers peal joy's refrain  
Above the mangered Babe of Bethlehem,  
Had Earth such scene beheld, as now within  
The bosom of that sylvan solitude,  
Hard by the borders of a humble home,  
Upon a fair and fateful morn was played.

Players—Immortal Twain and mortal one,  
A rustic lad, unschooled and lowly-born,  
Standing but fourteen steps upon life's stair;  
Boy and yet man, thinker of thoughts profound;  
Boy and yet man, dreamer of lofty dreams.

Not solemn, save betimes, when hovered near  
Some winged inspiration from far worlds—

Some master thought, sent down from mightier spheres  
 To lay on human hearts a spell divine;  
 Not melancholy—mirthful, loving life,  
 Brimming with health, and glad with wholesome glee.

Bowing to God, yet bending to no creed,  
 Adoring not a man-made deity,  
 That saved or damned regardless of desert,  
 Ne'er reckoning the good or evil done;  
 Loving and worshiping the God of old,  
 The God of Enoch and of Abraham,  
 The Christian God when Christian faith was pure,  
 The gracious God of reason, truth and right,  
 Longsuffering and just and merciful,  
 Meting to every work fit recompense,  
 Yet giving more, far more, than merit's claim;  
 Bowing to Him, but not to idols vain,  
 And shunning shameful strife where peace should dwell,  
 He holds aloof from those degenerate sects,  
 Bewildering Babel of conflicting creeds,  
 And pondering that promise of the past—  
 "To him who wisdom seeks, is wisdom given,"  
 Trusts the good word and puts it to the test.

What pen can paint the marvel that befell?  
 What tongue the wondrous miracle portray?  
 Whose dual Presence dimmed the noon-day beam,  
 Communing with him there, as friend with friend,  
 And giving to that prayer reply of peace?

E'en as when Moses, on the unknown Mount,  
 Strove 'gainst the rage of baffled Lucifer,  
 Who fain had guised him as the Glorious One,  
 To win the worship of that prophet pure,—  
 E'en so with Gloom he strove ere Glory dawned,  
 And black despair met bright deliverance.

Within the silent grove, sequestered shade,  
 While spirit hosts unseen spectators stood,  
 Watching the simple scene's sublimity,  
 Eternity high converse held with Time;  
 Heaven's sovereign Sire, through him both Sire and Son,  
 Forespeaking the Beginning of the End.

"No church the Christ's"—'twas thus the answer came—  
 "All sects and creeds have wandered from The Way.  
 Priestcraft in lieu of Priesthood sits enthroned;  
 Dead forms deny the power of godliness.

Men worship with their lips, their hearts afar,  
 None serve acceptably in sight of Heaven.  
 Wherefore, a Work of Wonder shall be wrought,  
 And perish all the wisdom of the wise."

So dawned the Dispensation of the End,  
 That foldeth all of Christ's, and maketh one.

Wherefore came down this chosen messenger —  
 Chosen on Earth, but chosen first in Heaven;  
 The martyred Seer who gave up life to lift  
 The Ensign unto Ephraim, God's first-born?

Hark to that call, whose clear, familiar tone  
 Was heard in ages, dispensations, past,  
 Was told to times and worlds that went before!  
 Call of the Spirit, answered by the Blood,  
 Voice of the Shepherd, by the sheep well known.

Now, Israel, to the Rock whence ye were hewn!  
 Roll, rills and rivers, to your Origin!  
 For He that scattered, gathereth his flock,  
 His ancient flock, and sets their pilgrim feet  
 On Joseph's mountain-tops and Judah's plains.

Time, mighty daughter of Eternity!  
 Mother of ages and of aeons past!  
 Assemble now thy children at thy side,  
 And ere thou diest, teach them to be one.  
 Link to its link, rebind the broken chain  
 Of dispensations, glories, keys and powers,  
 From Adam's fall unto Messiah's reign.

Six days thou, Earth, hast labored, and the seventh,  
 Thy Sabbath, comes apace! Night's sceptre wanes,  
 And in the East the silvery Messenger  
 Gives silent token of the golden Dawn.

Once more the Ancient Tidings among men;  
 Once more the Preparation and the Power:  
 Repent! repent! the Kingdom is at hand—  
 Make ready for the coming of the King!

His burden: hear it, nations! hear it, isles!  
 Ere falls that hour—Night's darkest ere the Dawn.  
 The Trial ends; the Judgment now begins;  
 Out, out of her, My people, saith your God!