

THE LIFE

OF

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In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

“I then proceeded to compose the following, on a theme which I selected before leaving home, viz :

“Be still and know that I am God.”

As this has been thought one of his noblest productions in metre, I make no scruple to give it without abridgment. For solemn grandeur of meaning, and for nervous diction and sonorous music he has perhaps not written anything that exceeds it,

I.

When fortune smiles and friends abound ;
 When all thy fondest hopes are crowned ;
 When earth with her exhaustless store,
 Seems still intent to give thee more ;
 When every wind and every tide
 Contribute to exalt thy pride ;
 When all the elements conspire
 To feed thy covetous desire ;
 When foes submit and envy stands
 Pale and abashed with folded hands ;
 While fame's unnumbered tongues prolong
 The swell of thy triumphal song ;
 When crowds admire and worlds applaud
 “Be still and know that I am God.”

II.

When crowns are sported with and thrones
 Are rocked to their foundation stones ;
 When nations tremble and the earth
 Seems big with some portentous birth ;
 When all the ties of social life
 Are severed by intestine strife ;
 When human blood begins to drip
 From tyranny's accursed whip ;
 When peace and order find their graves
 In anarchy's tempestuous waves ;
 When every individual hand
 Is steeped in crime, and every land
 Is full of violence and fraud ;
 “Be still and know that I am God.”

III.

When to the havoc man has made
 The elements afford their aid ;
 When nature sickens, and disease
 Rides on the wing of every breeze ;
 When the tornado in its flight
 Blows the alarm and calls to fight ;
 When raging Fever leads the van,
 In the fierce onset upon man ;
 When livid Plague and pale Decline
 And bloated Dropsy, form the line ;
 While hideous Madness, shivering Fear
 And grim Despair, bring up the rear ;
 When these thy judgments are abroad :
 " Be still and know that I am God."

IV.

When messages of grace are sent,
 And mercy calls thee to repent ;
 When through a cloud of doubts and fears
 The Sun of Righteousness appears ;
 When thy reluctant heart delays
 To leave it's old accustomed ways ;
 When pride excites a storm within,
 And pleads and fights for every sin ;
 Be still, and let this tumult cease ;
 Say to thy raging passions, " Peace ! "
 By love subdued, by judgment awed :
 " Be still and know that I am God."

" I began another poem in the night which I did not finish. Le
 voici !

I.

When by strong love and sorrow led,
 The women hasten to appear
 Where their departed Master's head
 Was laid upon its rocky bier,
 Desiring there once more to shed
 The sweet, but sweetly bitter tear ;
 The joyful words which met their ear,
 Though by the lips of angels said,