

Poetry.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE MARTYRS.

By Sidney Dyer.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation."

Rev. vii. 14.

From quiet rooms, on downy beds reclining.

Their pains all soothed by Love's unceasing care,

These came not up, in robes celestial shining,

In saintly ranks, to crowns of glory wear.

From rack and amphetamine, all gory,

With quivering flesh, and limb betorn from limb,

These came to swell the brightest ranks of glory,

Companions meet of white-robed cherubim.

From blazing fagot, or the furnace roaring,

Their heat and flesh dissolve from ashy mould,

They hither came, in fiery chariots soaring,

Through pearly gates to tread the streets of gold.

From gibbets high, in rough winds rudely swaying,

Where ravenous birds had banqueted repast,

These joined the victor hosts in heaven arraying,

Their sovereign Lord with endless praise to greet.

In mouldy vesture, deep in dungeons lying,

They groined through horrid hours of lingering

pain;

Now free, on angels' wings behold them flying,

Like beauteous clouds, through all the heavenly plain.

In caves and dens they lived, despised, rejected,

Tormented, desolate, where they trod;

Behold them now, immortal hosts elected,

Their dwelling-place on high, beloved of God!

High in their midst His Throne, and they before him,

Bowing with joy, a countless throng;

Of every tongue adoration, to adore him

Forever, day and night, in rapturous song.

No hunger, thirst, nor groveling passion craving,

The love of God their feast, their life, their joy;

Their ransomed souls in endless pleasures living,

In ever sweet streams that never cloy.

No sun shall light on them, nor torrid burning,

To break their rest with sense of fear or pain;

Nor anxious care, nor hours of hopeless yearning,

Nor lingering guilt to leave a rankling stain.

The Lamb of God, once slain, among them dwelling,

Shall feed their blood-washed souls on angels' food,

And gently lead where living fountains swelling,

They drink immortal bliss—the love of God!

Forever saved from sorrow, sin, and weeping;

The Cross well borne, the crown immortal given;

Their "far exceeding weight of glory reaping,"

In life eternal near the Throne of Heaven!

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