

PENTECOST

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Pentecost by S. L. Little

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S. L. LITTLE

PENTECOST

PENTECOST.

"The fire that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light a glorious crown,
On every sainted head."

—Kenil's *Whiteentide*.

1869
CALIFORNIA

BY S. L. LITTLE.

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1869.

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TO
MISS MARGARET H. PARISH,
THE DEAR YOUNG FRIEND WHO HAS GIVEN HERSELF,
WITH SUCH FAITH AND DEVOTION,
To the Cause of Our Redeemer,
THIS POEM IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,
BY THE AUTHOR.

M191979

INTRODUCTION TO PART FIRST.

(Time between Passover and Pentecost.)

LEBANON, Lebanon ! Queen of the mountains !
Crowned with thy cedars and clear, sparkling foun-
tains ;

Now is the time when thy leaf buds are showing,
Now is the time when thy spring breeze is blowing,
Now the song of the turtle the valley is cheering,
And the full, ruddy buds on the vines are appearing.
All over the land of Jehovah's electing,
The ripe spring of the Orient her work is perfecting.
In the morning, what tintings of purple between
The breaking grey mists of the day dawn, are seen.
How early the shepherd is leading his flocks,
Where the stream gurgles down from the deep rifted
rocks.

The peasant goes forth with a song to his toil,
And in simple faith trusteth the seed to the soil.
The country is still in Judea the blest,
But is their famed beautiful city at rest ?
No, no ; the Great Prophecy glooms o'er the land,
The times of the Gentiles—their triumph at hand—

And the terrible curse, their own wild imprecation,
Hangs like a charged thunderbolt, over the nation.
Although yet for a while the fires they smother,
Feuds are arising twixt Brother and Brother.
The mother receiveth her first born with tears,
And the joy of maternity fades into fears.
Yet ever long suffering, the wrath of the Lord
Not yet on the recreant people is poured.
One more act of mercy—one more act of grace,
E'er the judgment of Heaven descends on the race.

BOOK OF
CALIFFOIA

PART FIRST.

I.

(HARAN) Is this thee, Enos? I had thought thee dead.
Our hopes once more to meet were not in vain ;
But since we parted, many years have fled.
What brings thee to Jerusalem again ?
Pleasure, or friendship, or the love of gain ?
(ENOS) Not riches, for in Persia I've great wealth ;
But while at home, I said, " At any cost,
I, verily, for soul and body's health,
Will deck the Temple's Gate, at Pentecost ;"
So with a caravan the country crost.

II.

Here, Haran, my choice offering behold,
By hands of a most cunning workman wrought.
See how the grapes glow in the molten gold.
To give a rare and costly gift I sought,
And with a guard the sacred treasure brought.
Thou knowest that at the Gate called Beautiful,
Where costly gifts of rich devotion shine,
There hangs a vine of golden clusters full.
And of my pious fealty the sign,
I haste to add this precious gift of mine.

TO MY
AIRS

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III.

But first pray say, how went the Passover?
(HARAN) Now tell me, Enos, if thou hast not heard,
And yet of old Jerusalem a lover.

I thought the news the very world had stirred.
And yet to thee in Persia came no word?
(ENOS) Amassing treasures, of my business full,
And in my warehouse often night and day,
My ears to Rumor's varying voice were dull.
What wondrous thing transpired on that great day,
I pray thee tell, and then I go my way.

IV.

(HARAN) First, I must ask thee, if no tidings came
Of a great Prophet out of Galilee,
Who filled the land with His surpassing fame—
Jesus of Nazareth? Came no word to thee
Of all the works He wrought so marvellously?
(ENOS) Yea, I remember during the past year,
When ruddy clouds the brow of Evening wreath,
A travelling Rabbi to my home drew near,
And out upon the open flowery heath,
All night we sat, the spreading palms beneath.

V.

There, till the low moon kissed the Western Sea,
In lovely words as ever Angel saith,
Sweetly he talked with my young wife and me—
And how she listened till she held her breath,

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My young believing wife Elizabeth !
He told that out of Nazareth, that place
We always thought to Sin and Satan sold,
Proverbially destitute of grace,
A Prophet comes, whom his disciples hold
To be the very Christ our Oracles foretold.

VI.

He told how once a sudden tempest swept
Around their vessel, out in the mid sea,
While in the hinder part the Master slept—
To Him the trembling men affrighted flee ;
“ Save or we perish, Lord,” their urgent plea.
He rose, and forward on the deck He went—
One glance around the deafening tempest cast ;
Strong winds, wild lightnings rent the firmament,
The roaring waves urged by the stormy blast,
Dashed their mad waters o'er the creaking mast.

VII.

Impetuous on the cruel surges press—
Each black and threat'ning wave comes nearer still,
To overwhelm the vessel in distress.
He saw, and all He said was, “ Peace, be still :”
The raging waters felt His mighty will.
Yea, as He spoke the word with grandeur meet,
Hushed in an instant was the wild alarm ;
The waves slept in the moonlight at his feet ;
The distant Heavens obedient to the charm,
Looked down on Earth, magnificently calm.