

**SALUS: AN
ALLEGORY, IN
THREE PARTS**

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Salus: an allegory, in three parts by Fictor

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FICTOR

**SALUS: AN
ALLEGORY, IN
THREE PARTS**

SALUS:

In Allegory,

IN THREE PARTS.

P. Fictor

By FICTOR.



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PREFACE.

I DEDICATE this poem to my wife, since its production is mainly owing to her. Conversing with her one day upon the subject of a sermon which we had heard together, I sketched verbally the outline of the following tale, using it for the purpose of illustrating the subject: she immediately asked me to write it down, that she might remember it for her children; I assented, and, on commencing my task, conceived the idea of putting it into verse,—hence the poem; whether it be good or bad, it has already answered the purpose for which it was originally intended, by pleasing her to whom it is now affectionately inscribed.

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SALUS.*

PART I.

T'was early dawn,† when Salus sprang from sleep ;
A youth of sixteen summers ; he had lain
On eider down, and sumptuously enwrapped
With finest of fine fabric : servants stood
With willing service, waiting on the word
Of him they honoured ;‡ no false hearts were there,
But all obedient to his least command ;
And through the palace of his noble sire
No sound was heard but that of praise § and peace ;
Praise of the youth, so valued by his sire,
Praise of the sire, munificent and kind,

* In Him was life. (John i. 4.)

† In the beginning was the Word. (John i. 1.)

‡ Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation ? (Heb. i. 14.)

§ Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Sion. (Psalm lxxv. 1.)

And peace,* the meed of every grateful mind.—
 Young Salus is a lad of wondrous grace ; †
 Just in the perfect prime of budding youth,
 Balanced in truest equipoise betwixt
 The strength of vigorous manhood, and the fresh
 Unhackney'd elasticity of limb, ‡
 Observed in graceful boyhood. The red blood
 Bounds lightly through his veins, eager to show
 Its rich tint through so smooth and soft a skin, §
 Transparent yet, though bronzed by sun and air.
 His perfect health gives brightness to the eye, ||
 Serenely gazing, like a conqueror,
 Under the arch triumphal of his brow ;
 Etherial in its hue, it swims in light, ||
 So calm, as though he never knew a doubt,
 But trusted all mankind were good, and pure,
 As his own angel-spirit.—Such is he,
 The hero of my tale. 'Twas early dawn,
 And Salus rose, and passed from out the throng,
 Who bowed their reverence, ¶ as he swift went forth ;
 But dared not question ; for their lords command,

* Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end. (Isaiah ix. 7.)

† Thou art fairer than the children of men : grace is poured into Thy lips. (Psalm xlv. 2.)

‡ My beloved is like a roe or a young hart. (Sol. Song, ii. 9.)

§ My beloved is white and ruddy. (Sol. Song, v. 10.)

|| His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk and fitly set. (Sol. Song, v. 12.)

¶ He saith, And let all the angels of God worship Him. (Heb. i. 6.)

Was, honour to his son, and nought beyond,
 Except for guard;* then only if he called,
 The armies were to speed, and, at his word,
 To slay and desolate; still, not unless
 This honoured son should call: † but as he went,
 His thoughts were not on strife; he went to see
 A pretty child he often had observed,
 Gathering daisies ‡ in the fields around
 His father's palace; and he knew, that this
 Sweet sunny morning hour the child would woo;
 That he should find him seated by the stream,
 Which coursed the woodland through, and plucking flowers, §
 As erst, to make a garland for his nurse.
 Poor Cæcus || loved his nurse, ¶ and nurse ¶ loved flowers, §
 And Salus thought, no doubt, to find the lad
 At this, his oft employment.—As he went,
 He mused with pity, ** on the hapless fate
 Of this poor helpless child.—A boateous boy,
 Some eight years old, with brightest intellect,
 And fairest form, confided to the care
 Of ignorance and vice. ††—Teachers he had;

* He shall give His angels charge concerning thee.

† Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to My Father, and He shall presently give Me more than twelve legions of angels. (Matt. xxvi. 53.)

‡ Serving divers lusts and pleasures. (Titus iii. 3.) ¶ The world.

§ Getting wealth and honours.

§ Riches.

|| He that lacketh these things is blind. (2 Peter i. 9.)

** For we have not an high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. (Heb. iv. 15.)

†† They be blind leaders of the blind. (Matt. xv. 14.)

But such as only working for their hire,
 Gave little heed to him they had in charge.—
 They never sought to look into his heart,
 Or to trace out the causes of the wrong
 They often witnessed.—Even his bright eyes,
 So beautiful and so expressive, yet,
 Were not remarked, by them, to have defect :*
 But so it was, for he could not discern
 The colors of the flowers he plucked : this red,
 He thought it white ; that blue, he deemed it green ;
 But none could tell the child, or guessed indeed,
 His vision faithless ; for the terms were taught,
 As, red, green, blue, applied to certain hues ;
 These terms he learned, but little did he dream,
 That to his teachers, hues were so unlike
 What they appeared to his diseased sight ;
 Or, that the term applied, to each one's mind
 Conveyed a different hue : but further still,
 This poor child's vision miserably erred :
 He often saw a flower, † where flower was none,
 And plucked a withered stem ; ‡ he thought there grew
 Primrose and violet ; and he laid him down,
 On beds of nettles. † None divined the cause

* Because they seeing see not . . . and seeing ye shall see, and shall not perceive. (Mat. xiii. 13, 14.)

† Riches.

‡ For the love of money is the root of all evil, which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. (1 Tim. vi. 10.)