ELIJAH THE PROPHET, A POEM

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Elijah the Prophet, a Poem by G. Washington Moon

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G. WASHINGTON MOON

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Elijah the Prophet.

Extracts from Bebiebs.

"Her Majesty has graciously been pleased to accept a copy of Mr. Washington Moon's poem, 'Elijah the Prophet,' an epic poem of great merit, exhibiting powers rarely equalled for sublimity and strength, and breathing a noble and an elevated spirit which deserves all praise."—Court Journal.

"The poem is one series of beautiful and brilliant gems and profound

thoughts, set in pure and ornate language."-St. James's Chronicls.

"It is an epic poem of great beauty and power."-Weekly Record.

"A poem of unusual interest and beauty." - Evangelical Christendom.

"The most noticeable poem of the season." - Bookseller.

"The grandeur of the subject is well-nigh unsurpassed, and the poem is not unworthy of the subject."—North British Daily Mail.

"We hasten, as in duty bound, to say that we recognise the 'Elijah' of Mr. Moon, as really a sacred epic of the highest order."—The Orb.

"In this work the library has one of the most valuable additions that has for many years emanated from the press."—Oxford University Herald.

"A work that may stand in a high place among the specimens of modern English classical literature."—Court Circular.

"This magnificent epic poem before us is one of those rare issues, which, like wandering comets, appear only at long intervals. Every page teems with high poetic beauty, often soaring to the sublime. The author has approached his subject with studied care, and has mastered it in a style so grand, that little is left to be desired further than that the poet may attain the position which his brilliant epic entitles him to hold."—Illustrated Weekly News.

"We are bound to say that Mr. Moon's poem is a great work. There is a grandeur and sublimity that reminds one of Milton and of Young, even at their best, in the poet's description of the Day of Doom, and also of the Translation of Elijah. It is awarding no slight merit to the author to say that his whole poem breathes the purest morality and the loftiest devotion. Going through it is like going through a cathedral, where, as the grand music rolls on the ear, the eye is almost everywhere enchanted with visions of unearthly interest and scriptural beauty, breaking in richest colours from its storied windows, while the soul is toucked and stirred with the despest emotions of religion."—Church and School Gasette.

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The Translation of Glijab.

O who can picture that transcendent sight!

Who fitly can relate the wondrous story!

Who paint the aërial beauty of that night,
Or sing the fleetness of those steeds of glory

And God's triumphant chariot of light

Entering Heav'n! Never in depth or height

Had mortal gazed on such a scene before;
Never shall years, how long soe'er their flight,
The solemn grandeur of that hour restore,
Till Heav'n's last thunder peals forth "It is done!"

And the archangel, dazzling as the sun,
Descends to earth; and, standing on the shore
Of ages, swears with upraised hand by ONE

Who lived ere time its cycles had begun,
That time shall be no more.

CANTO XII.

Elijah the Prophet.

A Pasm,

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G. WASHINGTON MOON, F.R.S.L., Buther of "Ehe Bean's English."

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1807.

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"Fet the words of my month, and the meditation of "my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, & Ford, my Strength "and my Bedeemer."—Psalm xix, 14.