

**THE POETICAL
WORKS OF JAMES
MADISON BELL**

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The poetical works of James Madison Bell by James Madison Bell

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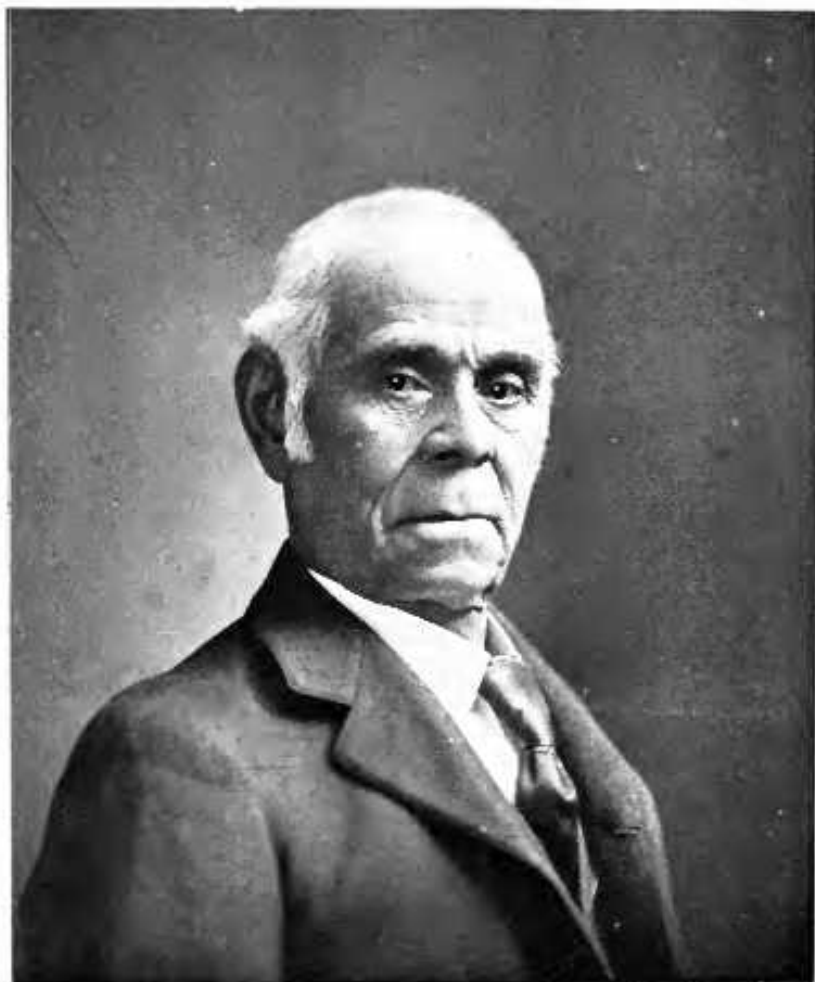
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JAMES MADISON BELL

**THE POETICAL
WORKS OF JAMES
MADISON BELL**



J. MADISON BELL.

“The”

Poetical Works


OF

James Madison Bell



INCLUDING

“Creation Light,”
The Dawn of Freedom,
The Day and the War,
The Triumph of Liberty,
The Future of America.



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BISHOP B. W. ARNETT, D. D.

Biographical Sketch

of

J. Madison Bell

The Distinguished Original Poet

and

Reader.

By Bishop B. W. Arnett, D. D.

The wealth of a nation does not consist alone in its bonds, gold, silver or lands, but the true wealth consists in the intelligence, courage, industry and frugality of the men, the intelligence, culture and virtue of its womanhood. Each generation produces its men and women for the times in which they live.

If it is war, warriors are produced. In case of law, judges and others are produced, so that the times, whether of an individual, family or race, very seldom calls for a man, that he is not to be found to lead on the armies, to teach its children, to encourage its people to renewed energy and effort. Our race is no exception to the general rule of history. During all of our sorrowful and

sad history, we have had men and women when needed.

In contrasting the present time with the past there is great reason for encouragement, for at the close of the last century there was only one to sing our songs and weave the garland of poetry on the brow of the suffering race, or to offer laurels to the race who had won victories for the cause of human liberty and justice.

Phillis Wheatley was the morning star of the rising womanhood of the race, our first poet, and since that time we have had many who have enlivened our march by their music and encouraged our hearts by their words of inspiration and hope.

During the darkest hours of our bondage, during the time of the enforcement of the fugitive slave law, when the heavens were dark and clouds covered the sky, and there appeared to be no hope for the freemen of the North, or for the slaves of the South, all appeared to be lost, all avenues to opportunities were closed, in that sad hour Frances Ellen Watkins, the poetess of hope, like Miriam of old on the borders of the Red Sea, struck up the songs and notes, and sang,—

“Yes, Ethiopia yet shall stretch her bleeding
hands abroad,
Her cry of agony shall reach the burning throne
of God.”

Thus this song was sung in the home, in the school and in the church, and hope appeared to rise in the pathway of the coming generation and lightened the path of the children of despair.

When the heavens were threatening and many were faint of heart, then the bow of promise