Our American people, nomadic as Abraham, impetuous as the Goths and Huns, pour themselves along our Western Border, carrying with them all their wealth and all their institutions. Their churches are altars of worship. They drive schools along with them as shepherds drive sheep, and troops of colleges go lowing over the Western plains, like Jacob's kine.

From: LIFE THOUGHTS circa 1859

AMERICA: THE WILDERNESS

"Therefore, behold, I will allure her, [ie: Israel] and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her."
HOSEA 2:14

This is the place,
Where,
God meets man,
As Moses,
Face to face;
'Tis here,
The oil tree grows;
The box, and fir,
And pine,
For deserts,
Blossom
As the rose;
Here is the vine,
For through
The deserts,
Flow...
Rivers of water;
And the cool,
Deep pool,
Is There.

This is the place
Where,
Blind men see;
Deaf hear;
Lame, leap as harts;
And joyously,
The mute ones sing;
For everything
Rejoices
In the wilderness;
There,
God allures
His own,
To show them
Mighty things,
To other men
Unknown.