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Moroni

Author(s): Ruth M. Fox

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Abstract: Short poem about Moroni in his role of guardian of the Gold Plates after the Nephite defeat at Cumorah, and his later angelic role.

Moroni

Ruth M. Fox

Alone!

"Whither I go it mattereth not,"

So said Moroni the grave custodian of the golden plates—

The record of many generations.

Devastation and desolation encompassed him,

Silence more terrible than death environed him,

Moroni, bow'd in agonizing grief

Amid the ruins of a fallen people

Whose sins had reached unto heaven,

Whose bones lay bleaching on the plain.

Alone!

Oh awful solitude: Through thy terrors he wandered.

Moroni!

Utterly and unalterably alone.

Moroni!

The resurrected, immortal Moroni

Radiating ethereal splendor

A messenger direct from the presence of Omnipotence,

An interpreter of the past,

A revealer of the future.

Moroni!

Erect, stately, and glorious

Descending to Cumorah's ancient battle ground;

Fourteen hundred years his eye had held the spot,

Fourteen hundred years the anxious earth

Had clasped the precious history to her breast.

Now uncovered and unsealed

Moroni gives it to a chosen hand—

The stick of Ephraim—The New Witness,

Which should fortify the record of the Jews,

To the confounding of the wise,

To the exalting of the humble;

Verily, "Truth sprang out of the earth

And righteousness looked down from heaven."

Moroni!

A fulfiller of prophecy,

An herald of the last dispensation,

A restorer of the everlasting covenant,

A proclaimer of a new Zion,

A forerunner of the King.

"Awake, and arise from the dust, O Jerusalem; yea, and put on thy beautiful garments, O daughter of Zion, and strengthen thy stakes and enlarge thy borders for ever, that thou mayest no more be confounded, that the covenants of the eternal Father which he hath made unto thee, O house of Israel, may be fulfilled." Book of Moroni, 10:31.