



POEMS

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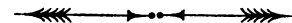


DR. JAMES L. YORK



— OF SAN JOSE, CAL. —



*Reason is Nature's Light and Voice in
the Human Soul.*



SAN JOSE, CAL.
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MY RELIGION.

THAT friendship is the deepest
Which counts its years in growth,
That knowledge is most precious
Which hath cost me most.

That goodness is most worthy
Which, like the light of heaven,
Seeks out the poor and fallen,
And visits those in prison.

That love is best and sweetest
Which seeks anothers gain,
That charity the broadest
Which hides a brother's stain.

That faith is best and truest
Which is world-wide in its span,
That church and creed the highest
Which brings most good to man.

That hope is best for me
Which most inspires my life,
That reaches out beyond the grave
And saves from earthly strife.

That world is best just now
Which offers most of duty,
That soul feels most of Heaven
Who drinks in most of beauty.

That truth is best and highest
Which helps me on my way,
That lifts the soul from darkness
And points to endless day.

That heaven is best for me
Which brings me to my own,
Where dear and loved ones gone before
Will greet us welcome home.

A Heaven of higher life and love,
Which knows no sect or clan,
But opens wide the Heavenly gate
To the divine in man.

All are children of the Father,
Sparks from that central sun;
Not a soul, though feeble in goodness,
Can be lost to the infinite one.



ETERNAL JUSTICE.

THE man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.

For him the hemlock shall distill;
For him the axe be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared.
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite and lies
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,
Cheerily to and fro;
Trust to the impulse of thy soul,
And let the poison flow.
They may shatter to earth the lump of clay,
That holds a light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought
By any such deadly wine.
They cannot blot thy spoken words
From the memory of man,
By all the poison ever brewed

Since time its course began.
To-day abhored, to-morrow adored,
So round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Plod in thy cave, gray Anchorite,
Be wiser than thy peers;
Augment the range of human power,
And trust to coming years.
They may call the wizard and monk accursed,
And load thee with dispraise;
Thou wert born five hundred years too soon
For the comfort of thy days.
But not too soon for human kind;
Time hath reward in store;
And the demons of our sires become
The saints that we adore.
The blind can see, the slave is lord,
So round and round we run,
And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,
And ever is justice done.

Keep, Gallileo, to thy thought,
And nerve thy soul to bear;
They may gloat o'er the senseless words they wring
From the pangs of thy despair;
They may veil their eyes, but cannot hide
The sun's meridian glow;
The heel of a priest may tread thee down,
And a tyrant may work thee woe;

But never a truth has been destroyed;
They may curse it and call it crime;
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time.
But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
As round and round we run,
And truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

And live there now such men as these—
With thoughts like the great of old?
Many have died in their misery
And left their thoughts untold;
And many live, and are ranked as mad,
And are placed in the cold world's ban,
For sending bright, far-seeing souls
Three centuries in the van.
They toil in penury and grief,
Unknown, if not maligned;
Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn
Of the meanest of mankind.
But yet the world goes round and round,
And the genial seasons run,
And the truth ever comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.



IF WE KNEW.

IF we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait with such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?


If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers!
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With the patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.



BACKBONE.

WHEN you see a fellow mortal
Without fixed and fearless views,
Hanging on the skirts of others,
Walking in their cast-off shoes,
Bowing low to wealth or favor,
With abject, uncovered head,
Ready to retract or waver,
Willing to be drove or led;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his most lack.

A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone
Than this—backbone.

When you see a theologian
Hugging close some ugly creed,
Fearing to reject or question
Dogmas which his priest may read;
Holding back all noble feeling,
Choking down each manly view,
Caring more for forms and symbols
Than to know the good and true;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his most lack.

A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone
Than this—backbone.

When you see a politician
Crawling through contracted holes,
Begging for some fat position,
In the ring or at the polls;
With no sterling manhood in him,
Nothing stable, broad or sound,
Destitute of pluck or ballast,
Double sided all around;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his most lack.

A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone
Than this—backbone.

A modest song and plainly told—
The text is worth a mine of gold,
For many men most sadly lack
A noble stiffness in the back.



THE GOOD TIME NOW.

THE world is strong with a mighty hope
Of a good time yet to be,
And carefully casts the horoscope
Of her future destiny:
And poet, and prophet, and priest, and sage,
Are watching with anxious eyes,
To see the light of that promised age
On the waiting world arise.
O, weary and long seems that time to some,
Who under life's burdens bow,
For while they wait for that time to come
They forget 'tis a good time now.

Yes, a good time now—for we cannot say
What the morrow will bring to view;
But we're always sure of the time to-day,
And the course we must pursue;
And no better time is ever sought
By a brave heart, under the sun,
Than the present hour, with its noblest thought,
And the duties to be done.
'Tis enough for the earnest soul to see
There is work to be done, and how,
For he knows that the good time yet to be
Depends on the good time now.

There is never a broken link in the chain,
And never a careless flaw,
For cause and effect, and loss and gain
Are true to a changeless law.
Now is the time to sow the seed
For the harvest of future years,
Now is the time for a noble deed,
While the need for the work appears.
You must earn the bread of your liberty
By toil and the sweat of your brow,
And hasten the good time yet to be
By improving the good time now.

'Tis as bright a sun that shines to-day
As will shine in the coming time;
And truth has as weighty a word to say,
Through her oracles sublime.
There are voices in earth, and air and sky,
That tell of the good time here,
And visions that come to Faith's clear eye,
The weary in heart to cheer.
The glorious fruit of Life's goodly tree
Is ripening on every bough,
And the wise in spirit rejoice to see
The light of the good time now.


The world rests not, with a careless ease,
On the wisdom of the past—
From Moses, and Plato, and Socrates,
It is onward advancing fast;
And the words of Jesus, and John, and Paul,

Stand out from the lettered page,
And the living present contains them all,
In the spirit that moves the age.
Great earnest souls, through truth made free,
No longer in blindness bow,
And the good time coming, the yet to be,
Has begun with the good time now.

Then up! nor wait for the promised hour,
For the good time now is best,
And the soul that uses its gift of power
Shall be in the present blest.
Whatever the future may have in store,
With a will there is ever a way;
And none need burden the soul with more
Than the duties of to-day.
Then up! with a spirit brave and free,
And put the hand to the plow,
Nor wait for the good time yet to be,
But work in the good time now.



MEMORY OF THOMAS PAINE.

H, Memory, ancient guest to-night, unclasp
thy pages clear,
And let us read, in lines of light, the name
that we revere;

Like some great panorama wrought, the pictures
thou shalt bring,
By glowing, daring deeds were bought, and patriots
round them cling.

Joined by humanitarian ties, we celebrate this
hour--

The birthday of the soul we prize, who left us
wealth and power.

The wealth of thought, the power of truth the
"Age of Reason" reign,

That joins to-night the sire and youth in blessing
Thomas Paine.

The Quaker element within throbbed faster in his
heart,

It wore no fetter, sang no hymn that bore no ser-
vile part.

What tho' old England's sea-girt shore can claim
his natal time,

Above the great Atlantic's roar still speak his
words sublime;

That thro' a century have stood, grand as when
first unfurled—


~~~~~  
"Religion is but doing good, my country is the world."

Thus by his words, his acts, his life, our freedom  
and our gain,  
We hail him Brother thro' all strife, the Patriot,  
Thomas Paine.

Humane, consistent, just and kind, what wonder  
that he saw  
No truth within a God whose mind outraged each  
sense and law;  
A God who tortured, murdered, lied, revenged  
and cursed and changed,  
Could not be revered with pride, from love  
must be estranged.  
But Nature's voice in shining sky, the law in  
grassy sod,  
With principles that never die, revealed to him a  
God,  
Whose unchanged wisdom was divine, creative  
without strain,  
And so when science reared her shrine, there  
worshiped Thomas Paine.

While manly hearts to-day may beat more free for  
what he's done,  
It rests with ages to complete the work that he  
begun.  
The same old spirit of the past, that placed him  
in a cell,  
Flames with a persecution vast as theologic hell;



"The Crisis" coming just at hand, proclaim the  
old pollution,  
For bigots strive to place with hands "God in the  
Constitution."

Our Fathers fought against this plea, this shame-  
ful, deadly bane —

Up freemen! claim "The Rights of Man," like  
fearless Thomas Paine.

Hail thou to him whose thrilling words moved  
nations on their way;

His "Common Sense" will yet be held o'er super-  
stition's sway.

The patriot, martyr, teacher, man, lives here in  
hearts of all.

And yet no eyes his face shall scan in Indepen-  
dence Hall.\*

Then underneath red, white and blue this motto  
fast we'll bind:

"Our Bible in the truth we view, our God within  
mankind."

Each year this day to us endeared, for centuries  
may it reign,

While freedom's children give three cheers for  
truth and Thomas Paine.

\* The picture of Paine has been removed from Independence Hall, where it  
was formerly placed with others who served America in her time of need.





### BE THYSELF.

**B**E thyself: a nobler gospel  
Never preached the Nazarene;  
Be thyself: 'tis Holy Scripture,  
Though no Bible lids between.

Dare to shape the thought in language  
That is lying in thy brain;  
Dare to launch it, banners flying,  
On the bosom of the main.

What, though pirate knaves surround thee,  
Nail thy colors to the mast;  
Flinch not, flee not—boldly sailing,  
Thou shalt gain the port at last.

Be no parrot, idly prating  
Thoughts the spirit never knew;  
Be a prophet of the God-sent,  
Telling all thy message true.

Then the coward world will scorn thee;  
Friends may fail and fiends may frown;  
Heaven itself grow dark above thee,  
Gods in anger thence look down.

Heed not: there's a world more potent  
Carried in thy manly heart;  
Be thyself, and do thy duty,  
It will always take thy part.

If the God within says "Well done,"  
What are other gods to thee?  
Hell's his frown, but where his smile is,  
There is Heaven for the free.



## EVOLUTION.

**T**HIS world of matter and of force  
Is Nature's book eternal and sublime,  
The record of our planet's growth,  
With all its forms divine.

And yet, in past 'twas counted sin  
To read its pages clear;  
By priest and saint it was ignored  
Through ignorance and fear.

Evolution is the unfoldment of life,  
And tells of growth by gravitation;  
Unfolded from early conditions,  
Not made as declared by divine revelation.

It relates to all things in existence:  
The earth and product of every kind;  
Of life and being great and small  
In this world of matter and of mind.

At first a sea of atoms vast,  
And then a central sun,  
From which the planets have been born,  
And in their orbits spun.

As our solar system thus was born  
So other systems found their place;  
By Nature's law in matter found  
Throughout a universe of space.



No word or sound or voice profound  
Was heard to speak in all this realm of space;  
Only the silent work of Nature's law  
Brought worlds and being into place.

Millions of years both fire and flood,  
With chemic action wrought in this great plan,  
To lay foundations broad and deep,  
And build this home for man.

Not only did the elements conspire,  
And with new forms of being blend,  
But sentient life joined in the plan  
Of Nature's work a hand to lend.

Thus all forms of life were born  
From Nature's vital force;  
In many moulds its essence fell  
As life pursued its course.

So encrinites and polyps, and all the shelly host,  
Co-workers were in many forms of life,  
And thus grew up this planet grand  
As Nature's handiwork through elemental strife.

At first the feeble forms of life,  
Then monster forms are seen,  
The conditions ever changing,  
So changed all forms by law supreme.

Still on, yet on life's current flowed,  
And left its trace in channels as it ran;



In plant and tree, in fish and bird and beast,  
But found its highest type in man.

And thus all forms of being grown  
From the crudeness of the past  
Was crowned by man's appearance,  
The highest, best and last.

All life is one great struggle,  
Weakness gave place to strength in Nature's plan;  
By natural selection the fittest do survive,  
And thus progressive life is possible to man.

Hence good and ill are factors prime  
In natural growth or evolution,  
As motion, heat, and light and life  
Are by chemic transformation.

Our race, imperfect at the first,  
Has struggled thro' darkness, doubt and fears:  
From the morn of childhood's primal day,  
By growth through suffering, pain and tears.

The martyrdom of man  
Is Nature's broad highway  
Through which the race is trav'ling up  
To wisdom's endless day.

So evolution tells the story  
How all things have come to be  
In this universe of law,  
On earth, in air and sea.



And of all the plans to save the soul  
In sacred books by revelation,  
There's none so clear as Nature gives  
In her great book of evolution.

### WHAT I ONCE THOUGHT.

**Y**ONCE tho't that Heaven was made for the few;  
That God was as vengeful as Moses the Jew;  
That millions were doomed at his bidding to dwell  
Within the dark bounds of a terrible hell,  
Where hope never enters, but ring on the air  
The weepings and wailings of endless despair.

I once thought the Bible was God's holy word;  
That reason opposing should never be heard:  
I made it my study, my every-day care;  
Its falsehoods were truths, its curses were prayer;  
To doubt was a crime that could ne'er be forgiven;  
And faith was the lever that raised us to Heaven.

I once thought Jehova Creator and Lord,  
And, bowed at his footstool, I feared and adored:  
The deeds that a devil might blush to commit  
Believed he had done, for the Lord thought it fit.  
The law of right-doing I never dreamed then  
Applied unto gods even more than to men.



I once thought that death was a monster accurst,  
Of evils the greatest, the last, and the worst;  
His maw, so insatiate, swallowed our race,  
And left of their beauty and glory no trace;  
The grave was a shadow-land, cheered by no spring,  
Where sat on his ice-throne a skeleton king.

I once thought that earth was a valley of tears,—  
A wilderness-world, full of sorrow and fears;  
That God's curse had blasted its beauty and grace,  
And poisoned the fairest and best of the race.  
I wept as I thought of his horrible ban,  
And sorrowed that God should have made me a man.  
Fond fables of childhood! my faith in you fled:  
You lie in the tomb with the dust-covered dead.

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —

### THE DEVIL IS DEAD.

—

**S**IGH, priests, cry aloud, hang your pulpits with  
black;

Let sorrow bow down every head:

The good friend who bore all your sins on his  
back,

Your best friend, the Devil, is dead.

Your church is a corpse; you are guarding its tomb:  
The soul of your system has fled;



---

That death-knell is tolling your terrible doom:  
It tells us the Devil is dead.

'Twas knowledge gave Satan a terrible blow;  
Poor fellow! he took to his bed.  
Alas! idle priest, that such things should be so:  
Your master, the Devil, is dead.

You're bid to the funeral, ministers all;  
We've dug the old gentleman's bed:  
Your black coats will make a most excellent pall  
To cover your friend who is dead.

Ay, lower him mournfully into the grave;  
Let showers of tear-drops be shed:  
Your business is gone; there are no souls to save;  
Their tempter, the Devil, is dead.

Woe comes upon woe: you can ne'er get your dues;  
Hell's open, the damned souls have fled:  
They took to their heels when they heard the good  
news,—  
Their jailer, the Devil, is dead.

Camp-meetings henceforth will be needed no more;  
Revivals are knocked on the head:  
The orthodox vessel lies stranded on shore,  
Her captain, the Devil, is dead.





## COMPENSATION.

**T**HERE is a deeper sense of seeing  
Into the mysteries of being  
Than appears upon the surface of our life;  
And a greater depth of meaning  
For those who life's fields are gleaning  
Mid scenes of sorrow and of strife.

There are minds with power gifted,  
And as with inspiration lifted  
Above the common level of perception,  
Have grasped the secret of compensation,  
A new and better dispensation,  
Of which the world had no conception.

There are those who live in sadness,  
Whose hearts are never touched with gladness,  
And yet their life is not in vain;  
For while they wait, with patience keeping  
All the energies of soul from sleeping,  
Are gath'ring treasure of immortal gain.

For we build our spirit mansion  
By our soul and mind's expansion,  
Through all the lessons earth can give;  
No vicarious atonement can displace  
A law of being or one act erase  
From the record of the life we live.



We have been taught in song and story  
Of a land of life and glory,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
And with joyful hearts they sing,  
Making Heaven's high arches ring  
With the praises of His name.

And that Jesus saves the sinner,  
Who by faith in him is winner  
Of peace and happiness above;  
And that the light of reason  
Is nothing less than treason,  
To the God of life and love.

Is it true or is it fiction,  
That Heaven is gained by our restriction  
Of the highest boon to mortals here below?  
Or was this torch to mankind given  
To light his path from earth to Heaven,  
And that good from evil he might know?

Did God inspire this plan for our salvation,  
From utter darkness and damnation?  
Then want of brains must be a favor;  
And knowledge gained almost a crime,  
And culture but a waste of time,  
If blind faith and ignorance is savior.

And is Heaven a sepulchre of the mind  
In which dwarfed intellects will find  
A place of endless rest and inanition;



Without an impulse of the soul  
To reach a higher, better goal?  
This then is orthodox salvation,

How vastly different is Nature's plan,  
Providing endless growth for man  
In all the attributes of mind;  
And every impulse of the soul,  
Thro' Nature's law finds full control,  
In higher life by love divine.

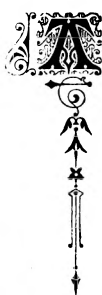
There's a golden thread of compensation just  
In which a universe of souls can trust,  
As none have lived utterly depraved in mind;  
None with perfection which the preachers teach,  
Which to mortals is far beyond their reach,  
Why not some saving grace for all mankind.

This then shall life's harvest yield,  
To the busy reapers in the field,  
One law for all both great and small;  
There's good for the saint and the sinner,  
There's gain for the looser and winner,  
And a just compensation for all.





## THE DAWN OF THE NEW ERA.



WAKE! awake! oh mortal man,  
Too long hast thou been dreaming;  
Why sleep ye longer? know ye not  
The light of morn is gleaming?  
Go hang thy blankets in the east,  
Thou canst not hide its dawning;  
The beacon light reflects afar,  
All hail the glorious morning!  
When truth shall ride triumphant on,  
Her throne shall not be shaken—  
When men from angels catch the song—  
Awake from sleep, awaken!

Throw off the chains that keep thy souls  
Shrouded like funeral palls,  
And let the rays of light shine in  
And light its dingy halls.  
There's a divinity within,  
Planted by God's own hand;  
Then why debase thyself in sin?  
Rise up and be a man.  
No longer bow thy spirit down  
To those of wealth and station;  
Unfurl thy banner to the breeze,  
And catch the inspiration.




Take Nature's book, no longer let  
Them mould upon her shelves;  
Read, study and investigate,  
And learn her truth yourselves!  
She bids thee search true worth to gain,  
And not the world's applause;  
And learn what wonders she unfolds  
By her progressive laws.  
She tells thee that the stalwart oak,  
(A mighty truth indeed)  
Once slept within the acorn's cup,  
A germinating seed.


Then, oh, learn wisdom from the tree,  
And let thy soul expand,  
And verify the truth, as yet,  
"God's noblest work is man."  
And drink no longer at the pool,  
But come ye to the fount,  
For angels' hands are reaching down  
To help thee up the mount.  
And when thy work on earth is done,  
Instead of doubts and fears,  
Thou'lt plume in faith thy spirit-wings,  
And soar to brighter spheres.





## OUR BOYS.

UR boys—"Have they come home?"  
Is what we used to say;  
In vain we wait their coming now,  
At close of school or day.

Our boys—whose names we love,  
Are words now seldom said:  
Those names to us most dear in life  
Are coupled with the dead.

How oft we scan each form and face  
Of boys with whom we meet;  
And oft reminded of our own  
By some one on the street.

We have a way of speaking now  
Of those we hold so dear,  
As though not dead, but gone before  
To live in higher spheres.

Our aching hearts and soul's desire  
Can find no real solace  
In marble slabs or grass-grown graves,  
For lives so brief in space.

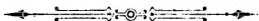
The grave—the realm of matter gross,  
Is not the home of mind;



Only the wardrobe dark of garments left.  
For vestments more refined.

So let us think of our dear boys  
As if they still were here;  
And though hidden from our sight,  
We feel their presence near.

Oh, how a hope like this  
Outweighs all earthly joys,  
And tells of meeting by and by  
In that bright world our boys.



### THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT.

**T**IS coming up the steep of time,  
And this old world is growing brighter;  
We may not see its dawn sublime,  
Yet high hope makes the heart throb lighter.  
Our dust may slumber in the ground  
When it awakes the world in wonder;  
But we have felt it gathering round—  
We have heard its voice of living thunder!  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time  
Foretold by seers and sung in story,  
For which, when thinking was a crime,  
Souls leaped to Heaven from scaffolds gory.



They passed; but see the work they wrought:  
Now the crowded hopes of centuries blossom;  
How the live lightning of their thought  
Is flashing through us, brain and bosom!  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, empires, systems, rot with age,  
But the great people's ever youthful,  
And it shall write the Future's page,  
To our humanity more truthful;  
The gnarliest heart hath tender chords  
To awaken at the name of "Brother!"  
'Tis coming when these scorpion words  
We shall not speak to sting each other!  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Out of the light, ye priests, nor fling  
Your dark, cold shadows on us longer!  
Aside, thou world-wide curse, called king!  
The people's step is quicker, stronger.  
There's a divinity within  
That makes men great whene'er they will it;  
God works with all who dare to win,  
And the time cometh to reveal it.  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Freedom! the tyrants kill thy braves,  
Yet in our memories live the sleepers;  
And, though doomed millions feed the graves  
Dug by Death's fierce red-handed reapers.  
The world will not forever bow



To things that mock God's own endeavor!  
'Tis nearer than we wot of now,  
When flowers shall wreath the sword forever.  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Fraternity, Love's other name,  
Dear, heaven-connecting link of being;  
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,  
As souls, full statured, grow far-seeing;  
Thou shalt unfold our better part,  
And in our life-cup yield more honey—  
Light up with joy the poor man's heart,  
And Love's own world with smiles more sunny.  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Ay, it must come! The Tyrant's throne  
Is crumbling, with our hot tears rusted;  
The sword earth's mighty have leant on  
Is cankered, with our best blood crusted!  
Room for the men of mind! Make way,  
Ye robber rulers! pause no longer!  
Ye cannot stay the opening day!  
The world rolls on—the light grows stronger,  
The People's Advent's coming!





### BE KIND TO MOTHER.

**B**E kind to thy mother;  
She cared for you in childhood's day.  
And now that she is growing old  
Take not her prop away.

Be kind and good to mother,  
And soothe her lonely hours,  
That in the setting of your day  
Your path be strewn with flowers.

I have no mother now:  
She sleeps beneath the sod; .  
Away beyond the mountains far  
She mingles with the clod.

And only in my memory's dream  
I see her smiling face;  
And think of her the only one  
Who loved her boy the best.

So let the memories kindly burn,  
Like watch-fires in the night,  
To guide the steps of boy and girl  
In duty's path aright.

Be kind to thy old mother,  
Time's imprint is upon her brow;  
Her raven locks have turned to gray;  
Her eyes are dim with shadow now.



Of all the friends you'll chance to meet  
In this wide world of care,  
There's none so dear and true to you,  
And none one-half so fair.

There's not a prison-house so dark  
Can keep her from your side;  
When all the world hath turned from you  
Her love will still abide.

The thoughts of home and early life  
In far-off coming years,  
Should leave no room for deep regret,  
Or bitter, burning tears.

But rather let your youthful days,  
And sacred duties done,  
Mark well the broad foundation  
Of manhood's rising sun.

And when life's fitful dream is past,  
Its cares and sorrows over,  
We hope to meet in spirit life  
Our own true-hearted mother.





## THE CHEMISTRY OF CHARACTER.

**J**OHN, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,  
God, in his wisdom, created them all.  
John was a statesman, and Peter a slave,  
Robert a preacher, and Paul—was a knave.  
Evil or good as the case might be,  
White, or colored, or bond, or free—  
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,  
God in his wisdom created them all.

Out of earth's elements, mingled with flame,  
Out of life's compounds of glory and shame,  
Fashioned and shaped by no will of their own,  
And helplessly into life's history thrown;  
Born by the law that compels men to be,  
Born to conditions they could not foresee;  
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,  
God in his wisdom created them all.

John was the head and the heart of his State,  
Was trusted and honored, was noble and great.  
Peter was made 'neath life's burdens to groan,  
And never once dreamed that his soul was his own.  
Robert great glory and honor received,  
For zealously preaching what no one believed;  
While Paul, of the pleasures of sin took his fill,  
And gave up his life to the service of ill.



It chanced that these men, in their passing away  
From earth and its confines, all died the same day,  
John was mourned thro' the length and breadth of  
the land—

Peter fell 'neath the lash in a merciless hand--  
Robert died with the praise of the Lord on his  
tongue—

While Paul was convicted of murder, and hung.  
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,  
The purpose of life was fulfilled in them all.

Men said of the statesman, "How noble and brave!"  
But Peter, alas!--"he was only a slave."  
Of Robert—" 'Tis well with his soul--it is well;"  
While Paul they consigned to the torments of hell.  
Born by one law through all Nature the same,  
What made them differ? and who was to blame?  
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,  
God in his wisdom created them all.

Out in that region of infinite light,  
Where the soul of the black man is pure as the white;  
Out where the spirit, through sorrow made wise,  
No longer resorts to deception and lies—  
Out where the flesh can no longer control  
The freedom and faith of the God-given soul--  
Who shall determine what change may befall  
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul?

John may in wisdom and goodness increase—  
Peter rejoice in an infinite peace—



Robert may learn that the truths of the Lord  
Are more in the spirit, and less in the word;  
And Paul may be blessed with a holier birth  
Than the passions of man had allowed him on earth.  
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,  
God in his wisdom will care for them all.

### NO ROYAL ROAD.

**T**HERE is no royal road in life  
To freedom of the mind;  
No royal road to wealth of thought—  
One path for all mankind.  
Man's highest good no more conserved  
By myths, though honored in their day,  
Now simply asks for reason's light  
To guide and point the way.

Our pathway here on every side  
Is hedged with cares and tears—  
One constant struggle to be free  
From darkness, doubt and fears.  
No light but that of reason comes,  
Man's pathway to illume;  
The day-star of his hope to be  
From the cradle to the tomb.



The cry of faith by priests of old  
Grows feebler in our day,  
And creeds and dogmas of belief  
Are soon to pass away.  
To break the bonds of priest and king,  
And lift the burdened out  
Some one must lead the way  
And to the masses shout.

No royal road is there  
To riches of the mind;  
The rich and poor alike may know  
The joys of truth sublime.  
True manhood does not come  
Through titled name or might,  
By wealth or kingly power bestowed,  
But grows by love of truth and right.

In all the ages of the past  
Some souls with inspiration's flame  
Have lighted up the world of thought,  
Though doomed to felon's name.  
And thus the thought of our time  
Needs stirring to profoundest depth;  
The darkness of the past so drear  
Were ours to-day had Luther silent kept.

Had Bruno quailed at firey stake,  
And Servetus held his peace,  
Perhaps we still in bonds might be  
To Pope, and church, and priest.



Had priestly rule held sway  
No science had been born  
To scatter blessings in our path  
And shed the beams of morn.

We hail the day of knowledge near,  
When faith no more shall claim  
A blind obedience to her will  
In truth's ennobling name.  
How much we owe our gratitude  
To sage and thinker of the past,  
Whose lives went out in fire and flame  
That we might reap at last.

The dearest boon we hold to-day:  
The freedom to think and speak,  
We owe to those who've gone before—  
Whose names our memory gladly keep.  
Of all the names we hold most dear,  
Who fought for reason's reign,  
Let's join and give three rousing cheers  
For truth and Thomas Paine.





## THE HINDOO SCEPTIC.

**T**HINK till I weary with thinking,  
Said the sad-eyed Hindoo King,  
And I see but shadows around me—  
Illusion in everything.

How knowest thou aught of God,  
Of His favor or His wrath?  
Can the little fish tell what the lion thinks,  
Or map out the eagle's path?

Can the finite the infinite search?  
Did the blind discover the stars?  
Is the thought that I think a thought,  
Or a throb of the brain in its bars?

For ought that my eye can discern,  
Your God is what you think good:  
Yourself flashed back from the glass  
When the light pours on it in flood.

You preach to me to be just;  
And this is His realm you say;  
And the good are dying of hunger,  
And the bad gorge every day.

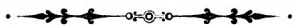
You say that He loveth mercy;  
And the famine is not yet gone;  
That He hateth the shedder of blood,  
And He slayeth us every one.




You say that my soul shall live;  
That the spirit can never die—  
If He were contented when I was not,  
Why not when I have passed by?

You say I must have a meaning;  
So must dung, and its meaning is flowers.  
What if our souls are but nurture  
For lives that are greater than ours.

When the fish swims out of the water,  
When the birds soar out of the blue,  
Man's thought may transcend man's knowledge,  
And your God be no reflex of you.



### GOOD ANGELS.

OME, good angels, come to-night,  
Inspire my soul to sing  
The glories of the spirit land,  
Good will on earth to bring.

How blest the tie that binds  
That unseen world to this;  
Our loved and lost are found  
In that bright world of bliss.



Like Jacob's ladder in the dream,  
To hopeless wanderers given,  
It points the weary spirit up  
The steps that lead to Heaven.

When deep afflictions touch my heart,  
And doubts hedge up the way,  
How good to feel thy presence near—  
It turns my night to day.

When I tread life's rugged path,  
And feel I'm not alone,  
It lifts my sinking spirit up  
And bids my fears be gone.

How beauteous are their forms  
Who live in spirit life;  
The grave holds nothing half so fair,  
So pure, so glad and bright.

I think sometimes I hear them sing,  
With voice so soft and sweet,  
It fills my soul with strange delight  
My angel friends to greet.

How glad the thought—what better thing  
Could angels for us do,  
Than bid us only hope and wait  
And learn life's lesson true?



'Tis not the whole of life to live  
Within this narrow sphere;  
Life lengthens out to life beyond—  
We catch its glimpses here.

The angel world who bring us proof  
Of life's unbroken chain,  
Have had the lessons earth can teach  
Through sorrow, toil and pain.

They come to us, although unseen,  
Our joys and sorrows they partake;  
They watch about us when we sleep,  
And guide us when we wake.

So let us live in love and peace,  
Good angels by our side,  
And sow in hope the seeds of truth  
To reap beyond the tide.





## WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

**F**OR pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe---  
Tis the law of our being, we reap what we sow;  
We may try to evade them, do what we will,  
Our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still.

\* The world is a wonderful chemist, be sure,  
And detects in a moment the base or the pure;  
We may boast of our claims to genius or birth,  
But the world takes a man for just what he's worth.

We start in the race of fortune or fame,  
And then, when we fail, the world bears the blame;  
But nine times out of ten 'tis plain to be seen,  
There is a "screw loose" in the human machine.

Are you wearied and worn in the hard, earthly strife?  
Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life?  
Remember this truth has often been proved:  
We must make ourselves lovable, would we be loved.

Though life may appear as a desolate track,  
Yet the bread that we cast on the water comes back.  
This law was enacted by Heaven above,  
That like attracts like, and love begets love.

We are proud of our mansions of mortar and stone,  
In our gardens are flowers from every zone;  
But the beautiful graces that blossom within  
Grow shriveled and die in the Upas of Sin.



We may make ourselves heroes or martyrs for gold,  
Till health becomes broken and youth becomes old.  
Ah! did we the same for a beautiful love,  
Our lives might be music for angels above.

We reap what we sow—oh, wonderful truth!  
A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth;  
But it shines out at last, as the hand on the wall,  
For the world has its debit and credit for all.

### THE BRIDGE OF LOVE.



MYRIAD host in the Summer Land,  
Yea, myriads manifold,  
Heard the wailing cry of the weary ones  
Who wandered away in the cold;  
Away in the vales of the darkened earth,  
Where want and woe and crime have birth.  
  
And they made a cord of the strands of love  
As long as the gulf is wide,  
Then gave to the care of a mateless dove  
To bear it over the tide;  
The dove flew over the waters wild,  
And placed the end in the hands of a child.



In breathless silence they watched the bird  
As it spanned the gulf so drear;  
Watched and waited until they heard  
The words, "It can see and hear;"\*  
Then a shout arose from the evergreen shore,  
That is echoing still and will evermore!


A myriad score of those cords of love,  
Each cord of a myriad strand,  
Have twined and followed the track of the dove  
That came from the spirit-land;  
And hosts that are passing to and fro,  
Are testing its strength as they come and go.

\*The words uttered by Katy Fox when she found that there was intelligence connected with the raps.





## SCIENCE AND SUPERSTITION.

ARK! from the church a doleful sound;  
Mine ear attend the cry.  
Ye sons of toil come view the ground  
Where superstitions lie.

How many years the mind of man  
Has withered in galling chains;  
How many years our mother earth  
Has borne your bloody stains.

Your priests have fed and fattened all  
On childhood's deepest gloom,  
But what has been your greatest dread  
Is now to be your doom.

The inspiration of to-day—  
All hail the glorious morn!—  
Is not to preach old fables stale,  
But teach the truth new born.

The rising tide of science comes,  
Her sweeping waters dash  
Against the crumbling altar stones,  
So sacred in the past.

All hail the day of science near!  
She comes our race to save;  
Her hands are clean of cruel deeds,  
Her spirit pure and brave.



She wears no frown upon her brow,  
Her face is wreathed in smiles;  
She has a giant's power now,  
Although in years a child.

I'm glad that I live to see  
The riches of this day;  
Oh, how it buoys the spirit up,  
How light it makes the way.

Awake to duty, one and all!  
The star of hope has risen—  
And songs of praise to science give,  
For truth and hidden leaven.

And truth shall make you free  
From every hurtful thing;  
Lift up our race from crime and woe,  
And joys and goodness bring.

Whate'er is true of Hebrew book,  
And bibles of the past,  
The gems of truth which they contain  
With growing brightness last.

'Tis error only must give way  
Before the rising tide;  
The truth has nothing it need fear,  
It must and will abide.





## PAT AND THE PIG.

**W**E have heard of a Pat so financially flat  
That he had neither money or meat,  
And when hungry and thin, 'twas whispered  
by sin  
That he ought to steal something to eat.

So he went to the sty of a widow near by,  
And he gazed on the tenant—poor soul!  
“Arrah now,” said he, “what a trate that’ll be,”  
And the pig of the widow he stole.

In a feast he joined; then he went to the judge;  
For, in spite of the pork and the lard,  
There was something within that was sharp as a pin,  
For his conscience was pricking him hard.

And he said with a tear, “Will yer reverence hear  
What I have in sorrow to say?”  
Then the story he told, and the tale did unfold  
Of the pig he had taken away.

And the judge to him said, “Ere you go to bed,  
You must pay for the pig you have taken;  
For 'tis thus, by my soul, you’ll be saving your soul,  
And will also be saving your bacon.”



"Oh, be jabers," said Pat, "I can niver do that—  
Not the ghost of a hap'orth have I—  
And I'm wretched indade if a penny it nade  
Any pace for me conscience to buy."

Then in sorrow he cried, as the judge replied,  
"Only think how you'll tremble with fear,  
When the Judge you shall meet at the great judgment seat,  
And the widow you plundered while here."

"Will the widow be there?" whispered Pat with a stare,  
"And the pig? by me sowl, is it thru?"  
"They will surely be there," said the judge, "I declare,  
And, oh Paddy! what then will you do?"

"Many thanks," answered Pat, "for your tellin' me that;  
May the blessings upon you be big!  
On that sittlement day to the widow I'll say,  
'Mrs. Flannegan, here is your pig!'"





## I HAVE DRANK MY LAST GLASS.

**N**O, comrades, I thank you---not any for me;  
My last chain is riven, henceforward I'm free!  
I will go to my home and my children to-night  
With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight;  
And, with tears in my eyes, I'll beg my poor wife  
To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life.  
I have never refused you before? Let that pass,  
For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
I have drank my last glass.

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,  
With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my red  
bloated face;  
Mark my faltering step, and my weak, palsied hand,  
And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's  
brand;  
See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees,  
Alike, warmed by the sun, or chilled by the breeze.  
Why, even the children will hoot as I pass;  
But I've drank my last glass, boys,  
I have drank my last glass.

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now  
That a mother's soft hand was pressed on my brow;  
When she kissed me, and blessed me, her darling,  
her pride,---  
Ere she laid down to rest by my dead father's side;



But with love in her eyes, she looked up to the sky,  
Bidding me meet her there, and whispered "Good  
bye."

And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile I let pass,  
For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
I have drank my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night---it was not very late,  
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords  
won't wait

On a fellow, who's left every cent in their till,  
And has pawned his last bed, their coffers to fill.  
Oh, the torments I felt, and the pangs I endured!  
And I begged for one glass---just one would have  
cured;

But they kicked me out doors! I let that, too, pass,  
For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
I have drank my last glass.

At home, my pet Susie, with her rich golden hair,  
I saw through the window, just kneeling in prayer;  
From her pale, bony hands her torn sleeves were  
strung down,

While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her  
scant gown;

And she prayed---prayed for bread, just a poor  
crust of bread,---

For one crust, on her knees, my pet darling plead!  
And I heard, with no penny to buy one, alas!

But I've drank my last glass, boys,  
I have drank my last glass.



For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year old,  
Though fainting with hunger and shivering with  
cold,

There on the bare floor asked God to bless me!  
And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He will; for  
you see,

I believe what I ask for!" Then, sobered I crept  
Away from the house; and that night, when I slept,  
Next my heart lay the PLEDGE! You smile; let it  
pass,

For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
I have drank my last glass.

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her love  
Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above!

I will make my words true, or I'll die in the race,  
And sober I'll go to my last resting place;  
And she shall kneel there, and, weeping, thank God  
No drunkard lies under the daisy-strewn sod!

Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass,  
For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
I have drank my last glass.





## I WANT TO BE AN INFIDEL.



WANT to be an infidel;  
And with infidels to stand;  
No crown upon my forehead,  
Nor harp within my hand.

I'd rather be an infidel  
To every book and creed  
That binds the soul in galling chains,  
And fails to meet its need.

I want to be an infidel,  
From superstition free;  
My God and heaven within the soul  
My church and priest to be.

I'd rather be an infidel,  
And champion human rights,  
Than wear the garb of priest or king,  
With all their lordly might.

I'd rather be an infidel,  
My church within my mind,  
Than lend a hand to sect or clan,  
My brother man to bind.



I love the name of infidel,  
'Tis sweet music to my ear;  
A synonym of liberty,  
A charm for childish fear.

I want to be an infidel,  
Like Ingersoll, the brave,  
And help to lift the masses up,  
Though it lead to martyr's grave.

I would that all were infidels,  
It is superstition's tomb;  
It brings the day of science near,  
Tis manhood's richest bloom.

Who would not be an infidel,  
And the ranks of freemen swell;  
To fight the wrongs of church and state,  
And quench the fires of hell?

I'm proud to be an infidel,  
Tho' of gold it brings small gain;  
'Tis wealth enough, the power of tho't--  
The Common Sense of Paine.





## NATURE AND GRACE.

IT has always been thought a most critical case,  
When a man was possessed of more Nature than  
Grace;

For Theology teaches that man from the first  
Was a sinner by Nature, and justly accurst;  
And "Salvation by Grace" was the wonderful  
plan,

Which God had invented to save erring man.  
'Twas the only atonement He new how to make  
To annul the effects of His own sad mistake.

Now this was the doctrine of good Parson Brown,  
Who preached, not long since, in a small country  
town.

He was zealous, and earnest, and could so excel  
In describing the tortures of sinners in hell,  
That a famous revival commenced in the place,  
And hundreds of souls found salvation by grace;  
But he felt that he had not attained his desire  
Till he had converted one Peter McGuire.

This man was a blacksmith, frank, fearless and bold,  
With great brawny sinews, like Vulcan of old;  
He had little respect for what ministers preach,  
And sometimes was very profane in his speech.



His opinions were founded on clear common sense,  
And he spoke as he thought, though he oft gave  
offense;

But however wanting, in whole or in part,  
He was sound, and all right, when you came to his  
heart.

One day the good parson, with pious intent,  
To the smithy of Peter most hopefully went;  
And there, while the hammer industriously swung,  
He preached and he prayed, exhorted and sung,  
And warned, and entreated poor Peter to fly  
From the pit of destruction before he should die;  
And to wash himself clean from the world's sinful  
strife

In the Blood of the Lamb, and the River of Life.

Well, and what would you now be inclined to expect

Was the probable issue and likely effect?

Why, he swore "like a pirate," and what do you  
think?

From a little black bottle took something to drink!  
And he said, "I'll not mention the Blood of the  
Lamb,

But as for the River it aren't worth a ——;"  
Then pausing, as if to restrain his rude force,  
He quietly added, "a mill-dam, of course."

Quick out of the smithy the minister fled,  
As if a big bomb-shell had burst near his head;



And as he continued to haste on his way,  
He was too much excited to sing or to pray;  
But he thought how that some were elected by  
Grace,  
As heirs of the kingdom—made sure of their  
place—  
While others were doomed to the pains of hell-fire,  
And if e'er there was one such 'twas Peter McGuire.

That night, when the Storm King was riding on  
high,  
And the red shafts of lightning gleamed bright in  
the sky,  
The church of the village, "the Temple of God,"  
Was struck, for the want of a good lightning rod,  
And swiftly descending, the elements dire  
Set the minister's house, close beside it, on fire,  
While he peacefully slumbered, with never a fear  
Of the terrible work of destruction so near.

There was Mary, and Hannah; and Tommy, and Joe,  
All sweetly asleep in the bedroom below,  
While their father was near, with their mother at  
rest,  
(Like the wife of John Rogers, "with one at the  
breast.")

But Alice, the eldest, a gentle young dove,  
Was asleep all alone in the room just above;  
And when the wild cry of the rescuer came  
She only was left to the pitiless flame.



The fond mother counted her treasures of love,  
When lo! one was missing—"O Father above!"  
How madly she shrieked in her agony wild—  
"My Alice! my Alice! O, save my dear child!"  
Then down on his knees fell the Parson, and  
prayed  
That the terrible wrath of the Lord might be  
stayed.  
Said Peter McGuire: "Prayer is good in its place,  
But then it don't suit this particular case."

He turned down the sleeves of his red flannel shirt,  
To shield his great arms, all besmudged with dirt;  
Then into the billows of smoke and of fire,  
Not pausing an instant, dashed Peter McGuire.  
O, that terrible moment of anxious suspense!  
How breathless their watching! their fear how in-  
tense!  
And then their great joy! which was freely ex-  
pressed  
When Peter appeared with the child on his breast.

A shout rent the air when the darling he laid  
In the arms of her mother, so pale and dismayed;  
And as Alice looked up and most gratefully smiled,  
He bowed down his head and he wept like a child.  
O, those tears of brave manhood that rained o'er  
his face,  
Showed the true Grace of Nature, and the Nature  
of Grace;



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'Twas a manifest token, a visible sign  
Of the indwelling life of the Spirit Divine.

Consider such natures, and then, if you can,  
Preach of "total depravity" innate in man.  
Talk of blasphemy! why, 'tis profanity wild  
To say that the Father thus cursed his own child.  
Go learn of the stars, and the dew-spangled sod,  
That all things rejoice in the goodness of God;  
That each thing created is good in its place,  
And Nature is but the expression of Grace.





## THE PRIESTS OF GOD.

**W**HO are the priests whom God appoints?  
Whose heads with wisdom He anoints  
To spread His truths abroad.  
Not those who mumble o'er the creeds,  
But those who plant truth's living seeds,  
Are the true priests of God.

Humanity! what hast thou gained  
From those the churches have ordained?  
They've but increased thy load:  
Apologists in every clime  
Of outrage, tyranny, and crime—  
They're not the priests of God.

Ah! 'tis to the uncanonized,  
The persecuted and despised,  
That God reveals the light;  
And they're the fearless ones that rise  
Against earth's concentrated lies,  
And battle for the right.

They are the poets, bards and seers  
Whose words draw sympathetic tears  
E'en from the stubborn clod;



And bear us on the wings of song,  
Above defilement, blight, and wrong,  
They are the priests of God.

The heralds of a hope sublime,  
Forerunners of a better time,  
The leaders of the van;  
And fearlessly they are marching forth,  
Proclaiming over all the earth  
The brotherhood of man.

They wear no sacerdotal weeds,  
They know no churches, sects, nor creeds,  
But in the truth are strong;  
They are the priests whom God ordains  
To break men's spiritual chains,  
And overthrow the wrong.

Yes, they are priests of the Most High,  
Whose temples are the earth and sky,  
The sea, and running brook:  
Interpreters of Nature's lines,  
And of the symbols and the signs  
In her eternal book.

They read God's scriptures everywhere,  
In stellar worlds, in sea, and air,  
And in the flowery sod;  
They only are the true divines,



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Through whom the light of Nature shines,  
The great High Priests of God.

Communion with the saints above,  
Relying on Almighty love,  
The universal plan—  
They feel their own divinity,  
And find the glorious Trinity  
In Nature, God, and Man.

Mediums, or bards! what'er ye are!  
Who bring us tidings from afar,  
To brighten our abode—  
Through whom the heavens communicate  
The glories of our future state,  
Ye're the High Priests of God.





## WILL IT PAY?

**M**EN may say what they will  
Of the author of ill,  
And the wiles of the devil that tempt them astray,  
But there's something far worse—  
A more terrible curse—  
It is selling the truth for the sake of the pay.

Like Judas of old,  
For silver or gold,  
Man often has bartered his conscience away,  
Has walked in disguise,  
And has trafficked in lies, [pay.  
If the prospect was good that the business would

If a fortune is made  
By cheating in trade,  
It is seldom, if ever, men question the way;  
But they make it a rule  
That a man is a fool  
Who strives to make justice and honesty pay.

An instance more clear  
Could never appear,  
Than was seen in the life of old Nicholas Gray;  
Who ne'er made a move  
In religion or love,  
Unless he was sure that the venture would pay.



So he prospered in sin,  
And continued to win  
The wages of death in this terrible way,



Till a constable's raid  
Put an end to his trade,  
And closed up the business as well as the pay.

To church he then went,  
With a pious intent  
Of "getting religion," as some people say—  
For he said "It comes cheap,  
And costs nothing to keep,  
And from close observation I think it will pay."

But the tax and the tithe  
Made old Nicholas writhe, [way;  
And he thought that the plate came too often his  
So he soon fell from grace,  
And made vacant his place,  
For he said, "I perceive that religion don't pay."

Still striving to thrive,  
And thriving to strive,  
His attention was turned a political way;  
But he could not decide  
Which party or side  
Would be the most likely to prosper or pay.

He was puzzled, and hence  
He sat on the fence,  
Prepared in an instant to jump either way;  
But it fell to his fate  
To jump just too late, [pay."  
And he said in disgust, "This of all things don't



Year passed after year,  
And there did not appear  
A spark of improvement in Nicholas Gray,  
For his morals grew worse  
With the weight of his purse,  
As he managed to make his rascality pay.

At length he fell ill,  
So he drew up his will,  
Just in time to depart from his mansion of clay;  
And he said to old Death,  
With his last gasp of breath,  
“Don’t hunt for my soul, for I know it won’t pay.”

O, ’tis sad to rehearse,  
In prose or in verse,  
The faults and the follies that lead men astray;  
For gold is but dross,  
And a terrible loss,  
When conscience and manhood are given in pay.

Then be not deceived,  
Though men have believed  
That ’tis lawful to sin in a general way;  
But stick to the right  
With all of your might,  
For truth is eternal, and always will pay.





## NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

**T**ALKING of sects till late one eve,  
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,  
That night I stood, in a troubled dream,  
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came;  
When I heard a strange voice call his name,  
"Good father, stop; when you cross the tide,  
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,  
And his long gown floated out behind,  
As down to the stream his way he took,  
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for Heaven, and when I'm there  
Shall want my Book of Common Prayer;  
And, though I put on a starry crown,  
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,  
But his gown was heavy and held him back,  
And the poor old father tried in vain,  
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,  
But his silk gown floated on the tide;  
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,  
Whether he belonged to the "Church" or not.



Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;  
His dress of a sober hue was made:  
"My coat and hat must all be gray—  
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,  
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,  
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight,  
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;  
A moment he silently sighed over that;  
And then, as he gazed on the further shore,  
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered Heaven his suit of gray  
Went quietly sailing, away, away;  
And none of the angels questioned him  
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of psalms  
Tied nicely up in his aged arms;  
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,  
That the people in Heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh  
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,  
And looked rather surprised, as one by one  
The psalms and hymns with the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,  
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;



But he cried, "Dear me! what shall I do?  
The water has soaked them through and through."

A voice arose from the brethren then,  
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men';  
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,  
'Oh, let the women keep silence all?'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,  
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;  
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met;  
But all the brethren were talking yet,

And would talk on till the heaving tide  
Carried them over side by side—  
Side by side, for the way was one,  
The toilsome journey of life was done.

No forms or crosses or books had they;  
No gowns of silk or suits of gray;  
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,  
For all had put on true righteousness.





## THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE.

LEAVES have their glad recall,  
And blossoms open to the south wind's breath,  
And stars that set shall rise again, for all,  
All things shall triumph o'er the spoiler, death.

\* Day was not made for care—  
Eve brings bright angels to the joyous hearth—  
Night comes with dreams of peace, and visions fair  
Of those whom death could conquer not on earth.

When, in the festive hour,  
Death mingles poison with the ruby wine,  
Life also comes with overwhelming power,  
Changing the deadly draught to life divine.

Youth and the opening rose  
May vanish from the outward sight away,  
But life their inward beauty shall disclose,  
And rob the haughty spoiler of his prey.

Leaves have their glad recall,  
And blossoms open to the south wind's breath,  
And stars that set shall rise again, for all,  
All things shall triumph o'er the spoiler--death.

We know that yet again  
Our loved and lost shall cross the summer sea,  
Bearing with them the sheaves of golden grain,  
Which they have harvested, O life! with thee.



Thy breath is in the gale

Whose kiss unseals the violet's azure eye;  
And though the roses in our path grow pale,  
We know that all things change, they do not die.

Wherever man may roam,

Thy presence viewless as the summer air,  
Meets him abroad, or in his peaceful home,  
And when death calls him forth you, too, art there.

Thou art where soul meets soul,

Or where earth's noblest fall in battle strife;  
But death, the spoiler, yields to thy control;  
Forevermore thou art the conqueror, life.

Leaves have their glad recall,

And blossoms open to the south wind's breath,  
And stars that set shall rise again, for all;  
All things shall triumph o'er the spoiler—death.





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### ONLY WAITING.

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A very old, man who was so poor as to be in an alms-house, was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "Only waiting."

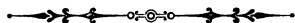
**O**NLY waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown;  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is flown;  
Till the night of earth is faded  
From the heart once full of day;  
Till the stars of heaven are breaking  
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers  
Have the last sheaf gathered home;  
For the summer time is faded,  
And the autumn winds have come.  
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly  
The last ripe hours of my heart,  
For the bloom of life is withered,  
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels  
Open wide the mystic gate,  
At whose feet I long have lingered,  
Weary, poor, and desolate.  
Even now I hear the footsteps,  
And their voices, far away;  
If they call me I am waiting,  
Only waiting to obey.



Only waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown;  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is flown;  
Then from out the gathered darkness,  
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,  
By whose light my soul shall gladly  
Tread its pathway to the skies.



### WHAT IS INFIDELITY?

**A**N Infidel! how easy said,  
But wherefore comes the name?  
What is "an infidel?" I ask,  
And is it cause for shame?

Is it to take for truth and right,  
What reason has weighed well?  
To "prove all things, hold fast the good?"  
Then am I infidel.

Is it to trust with fearless faith  
The God within the soul;  
Heeding the voice that speaks therein,  
Spurning all false control?

Trusting in inspiration past,  
In inspiration now—  
Selecting wheat from out the chaff,  
Where'er it comes or how?



Believing Heaven oft fills the soul  
With promptings pure and high ?  
If this, all this, be infidel,  
Then infidel am I.

Unflinchingly I face the scorn,  
Freely accept the shame;  
For, if "an infidel" means this  
I glory in the name.

With angels breathing round me oft,  
With hopes most high to cheer,  
With earnest striving after truth,  
I cannot stoop to fear.

Tho' oft I meet with those I deem  
Fast bound in error's thrall,  
I pray that charity be mine,  
For we are erring all.


With love to God and love to man,  
To justice, truth and right,  
Heaven grant I ne'er be infidel  
To past or present light.

To creed-bound dogmas, false tho' old,  
I've bid a last adieu;  
Your fetters ne'er can bind my soul—  
I'm infidel to you.





## THE CREEDS OF THE BELLS.



NOW sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!  
Each one its creed in music tells,  
In tones that float upon the air,  
As soft as song, as pure as prayer;  
And I will put in simple rhyme  
The language of the golden chime;  
My happy heart with rapture swells  
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

"In deeds of love excel! excel!"  
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;  
"This is the church not built on sands,  
Emblem of one not built with hands;  
Its forms and sacred rights revere,  
Come worship here! come worship here!  
In rituals and faith excel!"  
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Oh heed the ancient landmarks well!"  
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;  
"No progress made by mortal man  
Can change the just eternal plan:  
With God there can be nothing new;  
Ignore the false, embrace the true,  
While all is well! is well! is well!"  
Peeled out the good old Dutch church bell.



"Ye purifying waters swell!"  
In mellow tones rang out a bell;  
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,  
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,  
To show the world unfaltering faith  
In what the Sacred Scriptures saith:  
O swell! ye rising waters, swell!"  
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Not faith alone, but works as well,  
Must test the soul!" said a soft bell;  
"Come here and cast aside your load,  
And work your way along the road,  
With faith in God, and faith in man,  
And hope in Christ, where hope began;  
Do well! do well! do well! do well!"  
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

"Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!"  
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;  
"Life is a boon, to mortals given,  
To fit the soul for bliss in Heaven,  
Do not invoke the avenging rod,  
Come here and learn the way to God;  
Say to the world, farewell! farewell!"  
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"To all, the truth, we tell! we tell!"  
Shouted in ecstasies a bell;  
"Come all ye weary wanderers, see!  
Our Lord has made salvation free!



Repent, believe, have faith, and then  
Be saved, and praise the Lord, Amen!  
Salvation's free, we tell! we tell!"  
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

"In after life there is no hell!"  
In raptures rang a cheerful bell;  
"Look up to Heaven this holy day,  
Where angels wait to lead the way;  
There are no fires, no fiends to blight  
The future life; be just and right.  
No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!"  
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"The Pilgrim Fathers heeded well  
My cheerful voice," pealed forth a bell;  
"No fetters here to clog the soul;  
No arbitrary creeds control  
The free heart and progressive mind,  
That leave the dusty past behind. [well!"  
Speed well, speed well, speed well, speed  
Pealed out the Independent bell.

"No pope, no pope, to doom to hell!"  
The Protestants rang out a bell;  
"Great Luther left his fiery zeal,  
Within the hearts that truly feel  
That loyalty to God will be  
The fealty that makes men free.  
No images where incense fell!"  
Rang out old Martin Luther's bell.



"All hail, ye saints in Heaven that dwell  
Close by the cross!" exclaimed a bell;  
"Lean o'er the battlements of bliss  
And deign to bless a world like this;  
Let mortals kneel before this shrine—  
Adore the water and the wine!  
All hail, ye saints, the chorus swell!"  
Chimed in the Roman Catholic bell.

"Ye workers who have toiled so well,  
To save the race," said a sweet bell;  
"With pledge, and badge, and banner, come,  
Each brave heart beating like a drum;  
Be royal men of noble deeds,  
For love is holier than creeds;  
Drink from the well, the well, the well!"  
In rapture rang the Temperance bell.





## THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

**I** HAVE come from the heart of all natural things  
Whose life from the soul of the beautiful springs;  
You shall hear the sweet waving of corn in my  
voice,  
And the musical whisper of leaves that rejoice,  
For my lips have been touched by the spirit of  
prayer,

Which lingers unseen in the soft summer air;  
And the smile of the sunshine that brightens the  
skies,  
Hath left a glad ray of its light in my eyes.

On the sea-beaten shore, 'mid the dwellings of men,  
In the field, or the forest, or wild mountain glen;  
Wherever the grass or a daisy could spring,  
Or the musical laughter of childhood could ring;  
Wherever a swallow could build neath the eaves,  
Or a squirrel could hide in his covert of leaves,  
I have felt the sweet presence, and heard the low  
call

Of the Spirit of Nature, which quickens us all.

Grown weary and worn with the conflict of creeds,  
I have sought a new faith for the soul with its needs,  
When the love of the beautiful guided my feet  
Through a leafy arcade to a sylvan retreat,  
Where the oriole sung in the branches above,



And the wild roses burned with their blushes of love,  
And the purple-fringed aster and bright golden rod,  
Like jewels of beauty adorned the green sod.

O, how blessed to feel from the care-laden heart  
All the sorrows and woes that oppressed it depart,  
And to lay the tired head, with its achings, to rest  
On the heart of all others that loves it the best;  
O, thus is it ever, when wearied, we yearn  
To the bosom of Nature and truth to return,  
And life blossoms forth into beauty anew  
As we learn to repose in the simple and true.


No longer with self or with Nature at strife,  
The soul feels the presence of infinite life;  
And the voice of a child, or the hum of a bee—  
The somnolent roll of the deep-heaving sea—  
The mountains uprising in grandeur and might—  
The stars that look forth from the depth of the night,  
All speak in one language, persuasive and clear,  
To him who in spirit is waiting to hear.

There is something in Nature beyond our control,  
That is tenderly winning the love of each soul;  
We shall linger no longer in darkness and doubt,  
When the beauty within meets the beauty without.  
Sweet Spirit of Nature! wherever thou art,  
O, fold us like children, close, close to thy heart;  
Till we learn that thy bosom is truth's hallowed  
    shrine,  
And the soul of the beautiful is—the divine.



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ONLY A TRAMP.


 ONLY a tramp by the roadside dead,  
Only a tramp—who cares?  
His feet are bare, his dull eyes stare, [hair.  
And the wind plays freaks with his unkept  
The sun rose up and the sun went down,  
But nobody missed him from the town,  
Where he begged for bread 'till he was dead.  
He's only a tramp—who cares?

Only a tramp, a nuisance gone,  
One more tramp less—who cares?  
Ghastly and gray in the lane all day,  
A soiled dead heap of human clay.  
Would the wasted crumbs in the rich man's hall,  
Where the gas-lights gleam and the curtains fall,  
Have given him a longer lease of breath—  
Have saved the wretch from starving to death?  
He's only a tramp—who cares?

Only a tramp! was he ever more  
Than a beggar tramp? Who cares?  
Was the hard-lined face ever dimpled and sweet?  
Has a mother kissed those rough brown feet,  
And thought their tramping a sweeter strain  
Than ever will waken her ear again?  
Does somebody kneel 'way over the sea,  
Praying, "Father, bring back my boy to me?"  
Does somebody watch, and weep, and pray  
For the tramp who lies dead in the lane to-day?  
He's only a tramp—who cares?



## BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

T was six men of Indostan  
To learning much inclined,  
Who went to see the elephant,  
(Though all of them were blind),  
That each by observation  
Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the elephant,  
And, happening to fall  
Against its broad and sturdy side,  
At once began to bawl:  
"God bless me! but the elephant  
Is very like a wall!"

The Second, feeling of the tusk!  
Cried: "Ho! what have we here,  
So very round and smooth and sharp?  
To me 'tis mighty clear  
This wonder of an elephant  
Is very like a spear!"

The Third approached the animal,  
And, happening to take  
The squirming trunk within his hands,  
Thus boldly up and spake:  
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant  
Is very like a snake."



The Fourth reached out his eager hand,  
And felt about the knee:  
What most this wondrous beast is like  
Is mighty plain," quoth he;  
"Tis clear enough the elephant  
Is very like a tree."

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,  
Said: "E'en the blindest man  
Can tell what this resembles most;  
Deny the fact who can,  
This marvel of an elephant  
Is very like a fan."

The Sixth no sooner had begun  
About the beast to grope,  
Than, seizing on the swinging tail  
That fell within his scope,  
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant  
Is very like a rope."

And so these men of Indostan  
Disputed loud and long,  
Each in his own opinion  
Exceeding stiff and strong,  
Though each were partly in the right,  
And all were in the wrong!

MORAL.

So, oft in theologic wars  
The disputants, I ween,



Rail on in utter ignorance  
Of what each other mean,  
And prate about an elephant  
Not one of them has seen.



### THE OLD MAN GOES TO 'FRISCO.

**W**ELL, wife, I've been to 'Frisco, and called  
to see the boys;  
I'm worn out and half deafened with the  
travel and the noise.  
So I'll sit down by the chimney and rest my  
weary bones,  
And tell you how I was treated by our aristocratic  
sons.

As soon as I reached the city I hunted up our Dan;  
You know he's now a celebrated wholesale busi-  
ness man;  
I walked down from the depot, but Dan keeps a  
country seat,  
And I thought to go home with him and rest my  
weary feet.

All the way I kept a thinking how famous it  
would be  
To go round the town together—my grown up boy  
and me,



And remember the old times, when my little curly  
head  
Used to cry out, "Good night, papa," from his  
little trundle bed.

Dan was sitting by a table and writing in a book;  
He knowed me in a minute, and he gave me such  
a look;  
He never said a word of you, but asked about the  
grain,  
And if I thought the valley didn't need a little rain.

I did not stay a great while, but inquired after Bob;  
Dan said he lived upon a hill, I think he called it  
Nob;  
And when I left, Dan, in a tone that almost broke  
me down,  
Said: "Call and see me, won't you, whenever you're  
in town."

It was late that evening when I found our Robbie's  
house;  
There was music, light and dancing, and a mighty  
great carouse.  
At the door a nigger met me, and he grinned from  
ear to ear,  
Saying "Keerds of invitation, or you nebber get  
in here."

I said I was Rob's father, and with another grin  
The nigger left me standing and disappeared within.



Rob came out on the porch—he did not order me  
away,  
But said he hoped to see me at his office the next  
day.

Then I started for the tavern, for I knowed there  
anyway  
They would not turn me out so long's I'd money  
for to pay.  
And Rob and Dan had left me about the streets to  
roam,  
And neither of them asked if I'd money to get  
home.

It may be the way of rich folks, I don't say it is  
not,  
But we remember some things Rob and Dan have  
quite forgot.  
We did not quite expect this, wife, when twenty  
years ago  
We mortgaged the old homestead to give Rob and  
Dan a show.

I didn't look for Charley, but I happened just to  
meet  
Him with a lot of friends of his a coming down  
the street.  
I thought I'd pass on by him for fear our youngest  
son  
Would show he was ashamed of me, as Rob and  
Dan had done.



But soon as Charley seen me, right before them all,  
Said, "God bless me, there's my father," as loud  
as he could bawl.

Then he introduced me to his friends and sent  
them all away,  
Telling 'em he'd see 'em later, but was busy for  
that day.

Then he took me out to dinner, and axed about  
the house;  
About you and Sally's baby, and the chickens and  
the cows;  
He axed about his brothers, addin 'twas rather  
queer,  
But he had not seen one of them for mighty nigh  
a year.

Then he took me to his lodgin, in an attic four  
stairs high;  
He said he liked it better cause 'twas nearer to the  
sky.  
He said he'd only one room, but his bed was pretty  
wide;  
And so we slept together—me and Charley side by  
side.

Next day we went together to the great Mechanics'  
Fair,  
And some of Charley's pictures were on exhibition  
there.



He said if he could sell them, which he hoped to  
pretty soon,  
He'd make us as all a visit and be richer than  
Muldoon.

And so two days and nights we passed, and when  
I came away  
Poor Charley said the time was short, and begged  
for me to stay;  
Then he took me in a buggy and drove me to the  
train,  
And said in just a little while he'd see us all again.

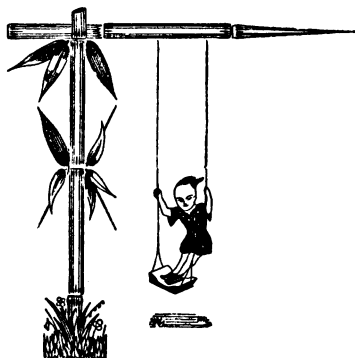
You know we thought our Charley would never  
come to much,  
He was always reading novels, and poetry and  
such; .  
There was nothing on the farm he seemed to want  
to do,  
And when he took to painting he disgusted me  
clear through.

So we gave to Rob and Dan all we had to call our  
own,  
And left poor Charley penniless to make his way  
alone.  
He's only a poor painter—Rob and Dan are rich as  
sin,  
But Charley's worth the pair of 'em with all their  
gold thrown in.



Those two grand men, dear wife, were once our  
babes—and yet  
It seems a mighty gulf 'twixt them and us is set;  
And they'll never know the old folks till life's  
troubled journey's past,  
And rich and poor are equal underneath the sod at  
last.

And may be when we all meet on the resurrection  
morn,  
With our earthly glories fallen like husks from the  
ripe corn;  
When the righteous son of man the awful sentence  
shall have said,  
The brightest crown that shines there may be on  
Charley's head.





## A RESPECTABLE LIE.



RESPECTABLE lie, sir! Pray what do  
you mean?

Why the term in itself is a plain contra-  
diction.

A lie is a lie, and deserves no respect,  
But merciless judgment and speedy con-  
viction.

It springs from corruption, is servile and mean,  
An evil conception, a coward's invention,  
And whether direct, or simply implied,  
Has naught but deceit for its end and intention.

Ah, yes! very well! So good morals would teach;  
But facts are the most stubborn things in exist-  
ence,  
And they tend to show that great lies win respect,  
And hold their position with wondrous persist-  
ence.

The small lies, the white lies, the lies feebly told,  
The world will condemn both in spirit and letter,  
But the great, bloated lies will be held in respect,  
And the larger and older a lie is, the better.

A respectable lie, from a popular man,  
On a popular theme, never taxes endurance;  
And the pure, golden coin of unpopular truth,  
Is often refused for the brass of assurance.



You may dare all the laws of the land to defy,  
And bear to the truth the most shameless relation,  
But never attack a respectable lie,  
If you value a name and a good reputation.

A lie well established, and hoarp with age,  
Resists the assaults of the boldest seceder;  
While he is accounted the greatest of saints  
Who silences reason and follows the leader.  
Whenever a mortal has dared to be wise,  
And seized upon truth as the soul's "Magna  
Charta,"

He always has won from the lovers of lies,  
The name of a fool or the fate of a martyr.

There are popular lies, and political lies,  
And lies that stick fast between buying and selling,

And lies of politeness—conventional lies—  
Which scarcely are reckoned as such in the telling.

There are lies of sheer malice, and slanderous lies,  
For those who delight to peck filth like a pigeon;  
But the oldest and far most respectable lies  
Are those that are told in the name of religion.

Theology sits like a tyrant enthroned,  
A system *per se* with a fixed nomenclature,  
Derived from strange doctrines, and dogmas, and  
creeds,



At war with man's reason, with God and with  
Nature;  
And he who subscribes to the popular faith,  
Never questions the fact of Divine inspiration,  
But holds to the Bible as absolute truth,  
From Genesis through to St. John's Revelation.

We mock at the Catholic bigots at Rome,  
Who strive with their dogmas man's reason to  
fetter,  
But we turn to the Protestant bigots at home,  
And we find that their dogmas are scarce a whit  
better.

We are called to believe in the wrath of the Lord,  
In endless damnation, and torments infernal,  
While around and above us the infinite truth,  
Scarce heeded or heard, speaks sublime and  
eternal.

It is sad—but the day-star is shining on high,  
And science comes in with her conquering  
legions,  
And every respectable, time-honored lie,  
Will fly from her face to the mythical regions.  
The soul shall no longer with terror behold  
The red waves of wrath that leap up to engulf  
her,  
For science ignores the existence of hell,  
And chemistry finds better use for her sulphur.


We may dare to repose in the beautiful faith,



That an Infinite Life is the source of all being,  
And tho' we must strive with delusion and death,  
We can trust to a love and a wisdom far-seeing;  
We may dare in the strength of the soul to arise,  
And walk where our feet shall not stumble or  
falter;  
And, freed from the bondage of time-honored lies,  
To lay all we have on Truth's sacred altar.



### WHO SHALL JUDGE?

**W**HO shall judge man from his manner?  
Who shall know him by his dress?  
**P**aupers may be fit for princes,  
Princes fit for something less.  
  
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket  
May beclothe the golden ore  
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings;  
Satin vests can do no more.

There are streams of crystal nectar  
Ever flowing out of stone;  
There are purple beds and golden,  
Hidden, crushed and overthrown.  
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,  
Loves and prospers you and me,  
While he values thrones the highest  
But as pebbles in the sea.



Man upraised above his fellows  
Oft forgets his fellows then;  
Masters—rulers—lords, remember  
That your meanest hinds are men!  
Men of labor, men of feeling,  
Men of thought and men of fame,  
Claiming equal rights to sunshine  
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,  
There are little wood-clad rills;  
There are feeble inch-high saplings,  
There are cedars on the hills.  
God, who counts by souls, not stations,  
Loves and prospers you and me;  
For to him all vain distinctions  
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders  
Of a nation's wealth and fame,  
Titled laziness is pensioned,  
Fed and fattened on the same;  
By the sweat of others' foreheads,  
Living only to rejoice,  
While the poor man's outraged freedom  
Vainly lifts its feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,  
Born with loveliness and light;  
Secret wrongs shall never prosper  
While there is a sunny right.



God, whose world-wide voice is singing  
Boundless love to you and me;  
Links oppression with its titles  
But as pebbles in the sea.



### ROOM IN THE WORLD FOR ALL.

**M**EN build up their worlds like poor, blinded  
moles,  
With just room enough for their own narrow  
souls.

'Tis plain to their minds that black is not  
white,

And there's only one line 'twixt the wrong  
and the right.

Firmly believing their creeds to be true,  
They wonder that others don't think as they do.  
In the ages ago, they tortured each other,  
And forced down their creeds in the throat of a  
brother.

They forgot, in mechanics, no two clocks will strike  
Throughout all the hours precisely alike ;  
That our species, like clocks, are of different kinds,  
And mankind are fashioned with various minds.  
Ah! 'tis a great truth to learn—a prize, if you  
win it,—

“There's room in the world for all that is in it.”



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This life is a play, where each human heart,
To make out the denouement, must act out its part.
If all men, like sheep, should follow one way,
Then life would, indeed, be a very poor play.
'Tis the law of our being most pointedly shown,
That each man must live out a life of his own.
Ah! be not too rash to judge of another,
But ever remember that man is your brother.
God made the owl see, where man's sight is dim,
And the light that guides you, may be darkness
to him.

'Tis a great truth to learn—a prize if you win it,
"There's room in the world for all that is in it."

Our mission on earth is well understood
To root out the evil and cultivate good.
Down, deep in the innermost depths of the soul,
A voice ever sings of the far distant goal;
And it whispers so soft, like a faint, muffled breath,
There's something within us that's stronger than
death!

That souls are but sown in this hard, earthy clod,
To blossom and bloom in the garden of God.
Oh, brothers! there's only one God for us all,
But his voice unto each makes a different call.
Some see him in rags, as Jesus of old;
Some mitred, and blazing in purple and gold.
Ah! let us not proudly monopolize right,
Nor demand of a brother to see with our sight.
'Tis a great truth to learn—a prize, if you win it,—
"There's room in this world for all that is in it."

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

IS there no secret place on the face of the earth
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has birth,
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
When the poor and the wretched shall ask and
receive?

Is there no place at all, where a knock from the
poor

Will bring a kind angel to open the door?

Oh! search the wide world, wherever you can,
There is no open door for a moneyless man.

Go, look in your hall where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night;
Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy fold,
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold;
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
In long-lighted vistas, the wildering view,
Go there at the banquet, and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for a moneyless man.

Go, look in your church of the cloud-reaching
spire,
Which gives to the sun his same look of red fire;
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Walk down the long aisles; see the rich and the
great

In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;
Walk down in your patches and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew for a moneyless man.

Go, look in the banks, where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and
poor

Lie piles upon piles of the glittering ore:
Walk up to their counters—ah! there you may
stay,

Till your limbs shall grow old and your hair shall
grow gray,

And you'll find at the bank not one of the clan
With money to lend to a moneyless man.

Go, look to your judge, in his dark, flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down;
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the
strong,

And punishes right whilst he justifies wrong;
Where juries their limbs to the Bible have laid
To render a verdict they've already made;
Go there in the court-room and find if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed
The wife that has suffered to long for her bread;
Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death-frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;

Then turn in your agony upward to God
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod:
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span,
There's a "welcome" above for a moneyless man.



THE LITTLE GRAVE.

IT'S only a little grave, they said,
Only just a child that's dead;
And so they carelessly turned away
From the mound the spade had made that day.
Ah! they did not know how deep a shade
That little grave in our home had made,

I know the coffin was narrow and small,
One yard would have served for an ample pall:
And one man in his arms could have borne away
The rosebud and its freight of clay.
But I know that darling hopes were hid
Beneath that little coffin lid.

I knew that a mother had stood that day
With folded hands by that form of clay;
I knew that burning tears were hid,
"Neath the drooping lash and aching lid;"
And I knew her lip, and cheek, and brow,
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I knew that some things were hid away;
The crimson frock and wrappings gay,
The little sock and half-worn shoe,
The cap with its plumes and tassels blue;
An empty crib with its covers spread,
As white as the face of the sinless dead.

'Tis a little grave, but O, beware !
For world-wide hopes are buried there;
And ye perhaps, in coming years,
May see like her, through blinding tears,
How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried with an only boy !

