

THE OLD FISHER'S SONG.

"Injustice," Harold said, with eye that burned
Like a star, "is the devil's own trade-mark,
And hottest comes from hell through saintly hands!
The race of man is in the making yet.
Hypocrisy still deftly apes true worth—
Thus prophesying universal good.
Nature is non-committal of her end,
But God is hiding not man's destiny.
Yon fitful beacon flares the dark night through,
And then the kindling clouds, day's heralds, burn
In golden dawn. Earth's skyward crags, which thirst
For news from God, are bathed in heavenly light,
And from their sunrise shoulders the full morn
Shoots far the splendors of its coming noon.
The shadows of a fleeing night yet dim
The age and mask a hundred ills as good,
More eager graspt at since they haste away;
But from the slopes there pours a clear new light,
Divinely aired, above that of the sun.
Philosophy of schools, nor science wise,
Nor labor, of itself, life's secret finds,
That fills the promise of man's vermeil bloom.
'Tis love alone can sheathe the alien sword,
And crown mankind in his own kingdom lord."