

true and right ?

Still, like soulless beasts of burden, men and
women bought with gold,
Are by heartless Pope and Mammon into life-
long bondage sold,
Not the body merely, we with ignominious
fetter bind,
But that better nature which we proudly call
"the immortal mind."

Christless multitudes unpitied down to deeper
thralldom sweep,
Left alone in guilt and darkness, while the
angels look and weep,
For, beneath the eaves of churches, heathen
perish day by day,
Though we ply our mission labors, to the
countries far away.

See the social evil rampant, as it never was of
yore,
Tramps, and waifs, and drunkards, wandering
past the sanctuary door;
Poverty and want uncared for, while the
wealthy hoard their pelf,
And devote their lavish thousands, to the
pampering of self.

And while all these evils fester in the body
politic,
Rank hypocrisy apparent, makes the burdened
heart grow sick.
People doubt the saintliness that, passing on
the other side,
Asks, "Who is my neighbor?" with a tone and
air of cant and pride.

Oh ! it seems an endless æon that we have to
hope and wait,
Till the valleys are exalted and the crooked
paths made straight;

Is the world's mellenium nearer than it was an
age ago,
When so many signs and portents seem aloud
to answer "No?"

Happy those who 'mid the chaos, feel that
things are ripening up
To the time when all the starving shall enjoy
their "bit and sup,"
Every form of moral evil sink into oblivion
deep,
Balm be given to hearts that ache, and glad-
ness dawn on eyes that weep.

Nothing short of love's enthronement in the
hearts and lives of men,
Will bring back to earth's bleak desert, "Para-
dise Restored" again,
And, the golden rule established, brotherhood
and concord find
Universal welcome in the haunts and homes of
all mankind.

If this "golden age" is coming, yea is at our
every door,
Sudden social revolutions must be for the
world in store,
Great upheavals, moral earthquakes, cyclones
of resistless might,
That shall swallow up the evil, and aloft uplift
the right.

Not by tardy gain of inches can ten thousand
leagues of space,
Be recovered from usurpers who afflict the
human race,
Let us pray that God Almighty, will upon the
scene descend,
And consign its desolations to a quick, per-
petual end !
St. Thomas, March 8, 1888.

