

The Motive

And see the man that gives, and still
 He hath no part
In soothing woe—no love doth fill
 His empty heart.

Yea, tho' enwrapt in martyr-fire
 Thro' zeal inwrought,
If love should not his breast inspire—
 That man is nought.

Oh that we would with watchful eyes
 Avoid the snare
Of selfishness, which subtle lies
 Where motives are !