

But charity, 'tis said, begins at home—
 Then, as things are, I think we should not roam
 From this dark orb, but ply the laboring oar,
 To carry truth and love to every shore.
 For surely there's enough for all to do,
 Who feel disposed to aid the overthrow
 Of sin and superstition—direful works
 'Mong Jews and Gentiles, dark Hindoos and Turks.
 And think that men should join in some wide scheme,
 Their fellow men from error to redeem ;
 Taking the earth for their great sphere of action,
 From pole to pole—to every man a section ;
 And in the spirit of the Prince of Peace,
 Dry widows' tears and cheer the orphan's face ;
 Unload the burdened—let the slave go free—
 Send through the earth the shout of liberty ;
 Withdraw the veil which hides Heaven's two great
 lights,
 Religious Freedom and man's Civil Rights ;
 Proclaim the advent of Messiah's year,
 For tokens now announce His presence near,
 Whose radiant beams from east to west are spread,
 And crest the summit of each mountain's head,
 While from the skies the voice of Mercy booms,
 Prepare the way, for lo! the Shiloah comes.

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