

One thinking son reminds her she forgot  
 To state the scheme that her great mind had wrought.  
 She answered "'tis to open every dwelling  
 To all our kind with which the land is swelling,  
 And feed the hungry, cozen with the great,  
 By close example win from their sad state  
 The sinful wretched who are homeless wandering,  
 In sin's commission on their misdeeds pondering,  
 And turn to use the virtues all outside us,  
 That o'er our gates now mock us and deride us.  
 Thus pluck the fruit intended for our use,  
 Nor longer what is for our good refuse."  
 A favorite son with pleasure lists the mother,  
 His gathering smiles all telling that another  
 Like her for him lives not. And the brave face  
 With which unrivalled he assumes his place,  
 Foretells her cause will find in his true heart  
 The power and will to do a loyal part.  
 Though not the eldest yet in this he leads  
 By reason of a kidney for all creeds,  
 And power to speak in words of wondrous fleetness  
 That bear a force excusing want of sweetness,  
 And find a ready way in thoughtless throng—  
 These give him right to battle first with wrong,  
 And Urban rises in his might of thought,  
 To show his host the ills that he had wrought.  
 "Good Alvan, thou hast but told thine intentions,  
 Those damning things one scarcely ever mentions,  
 Unless to hide conception of deceit,  
 Or lack of power to make his doings meet  
 Th' approval of the waiting ones who loan  
 Their interest to him, and Hope has flown,  
 Appalled by the inert discourtesy