

A Word to the Man of God

(By Edward Arthur Wicher, Professor in San Anselmo
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Man of God, in thy pulpit high,
Where the light of eternity doth glow,
Mightily moving, thy brow in the sky,
And thy feet on the enemy below.

Thou hast learn'd the ancient mystic scroll,
And thy critical eye can its faint lines trace;
Thou canst gather the fragments and weave them whole,
And gaze on the centuries' vanish'd face.

But man of God, hast thou learn'd to know
The deep-drawn cry of this anguish'd age?
Hast thou look'd on its misery and woe?
Hast thou turn'd its mottled, tear-stained page?

Hast thou known the poverty and drouth
That the parents' hearts have quite deprav'd;
Where the new-born babe is another mouth,
And the cold, dead child is a portion sav'd?

Hast thou seen the rows of fallen men,
Homeless and gaunt, and with terrible face,
From whose souls the marks of the convict's den
The doles of the bread-line cannot erase?

Hast thou heard the children's hunger cry?
Hast thou seen the boys in the grimy pit?
Hast thou left the girls in the street to die,
Not knowing, and not meaning it?

Hast thou look'd on the horrible gaiety
Of the hopeless poor in the depths of the town,
Striving in vice and satiety,
The ghosts of their yesterdays to drown?