

homes that consume them like graves ; and night by night from the corners of our streets rises up the cry of the homeless, " I was a stranger, and ye took me not in."

132. Must it be always thus? Is our life forever to be without profit, without possession? Shail the strength of its generations be as barren as death, or cast away their labor as the wild fig-tree casts her untimely figs? Is it all a dream then, the desire of the eyes and the pride of life? or, if it be, might we not live in nobler dream than this? The poets and prophets, the wise men and the scribes, though they have told us nothing about a life to come, have told us much about the life that is now. They have had, they also, their dreams; and we have laughed at them. They have dreamed of mercy and of justice; they have dreamed of peace and good-will; they have dreamed of labor undisappointed, and of rest undisturbed; they have dreamed of fulness in harvest and overflowing in store; they have dreamed of wisdom in council, and of providence in law; of gladness of parents, and strength of children, and glory of gray hairs. And at these visions of theirs we have mocked, and held them for idle and vain, unreal and unaccomplishable. What have we accomplished with our realities? Is this