

Cankered be drop of perfect gold.  
 " Ah what am I ; a poor weak man."  
 My soul is crushed by lordly plan.  
 Why was the power of thought poured down !  
 That man might wear a heaven won crown ?  
 Or scheme, and fret, and tamper still  
 To bend his brother to his will,  
 The powerful and the great ones all,  
 Plot our decay. Nor break the fall.  
 And where the cause—the Church, the State,  
 One I abhor, the other hate,  
 It grinds the poor, oppression breeds,  
 And germinates dissensions seeds.  
 Rearing a gorged and gloating head,  
 " Above the dying and the dead."  
 —The spring is touched. The young is old again  
 Glowing America—dost thou covet pain,  
 Must all the sorrows ; that old times have planted  
 Stem the blue ocean, and be here transplanted ;  
 Must grim old giants, rouse a fairy lore,  
 To rout them out again from our young shore  
 One grievance tramping on another's heel  
 Boast heart of adamant, encased in steel.  
 Religious rivalry the wished for end,  
 Religious discord, every whim attend,  
 'Tis here the poor should lift his head again  
 The boyar host be routed on the plain.—  
 —Ages have flown, the nations passed away,  
 Who for a God, worshipped a mass of clay,  
 The polished Grecian who invoked the care,  
 Of spirit of the fire, the sea, the air,  
 The haughty Roman who no God would own,  
 But one that placed him on a regal throne.  
 The scottish Norseman's wild imaginings,  
 Blending his Maker with magican kings,  
 These all have passed and scarcely left a trace,  
 Till remnant imagings renew their place.  
 The key of life they blindly led by sin  
 In ignorance cast away—how could they enter in?  
 And yet though Error, still her baleful wand  
 Waves over nothern hills, and unknown land  
 Though human sacrifice from southern sea  
 Be offered still to senseless Deity.  
 Though social life new evils must disclose  
 The light, must with the darkness, still oppose.  
 Though evil reign o'er all between each pole,  
 And spread like ocean wide as oceans roll,  
 Though in our own fair land there be a few  
 Who shun the good old way to seek a new.  
 The way that Revelation teaches as the best,  
 To grasp the toils besetting perfect rest,  
 Still let us hope the time will come when all  
 The realm of Satan and man's vice shall fall,  
 When prejudice and darkness shall the human mind