

From My Gallery

THE BELIEVER

He walks along the winding country ways,
And in the streets he saunters up and down,
He has a genial impulse at his heart,
And smiles at many things he sees and hears;
The gateways of his mind are opened wide,
And scraps are gather'd in from all the world.

Some dismal things go on in the big world;
Up hidden alleys and secluded ways
Are whisper'd plottings; on the causeway wide
The human tigers drag each other down;
The evil threatenings he overhears,
And takes them often to his pondering heart.

It has been said of old time that the heart
Is wicked desperately o'er all the world;
He doesn't quite believe all that he hears;
The innocence of children and their ways
Ring out a happy chorus far adown
The chambers of his being, standing wide

The grasses and the flowers growing wide,
Have untold glories knocking at his heart;
Within the bosom of the ocean down,
In quaint and dusty corners of the world,
Are jewels rare, while human words and ways
He watches ardently, attent he hears.

The unspoken mystic syllables he hears
Flowing around the unknown vast and wide,
Mixing their notes with all earth's daily ways,
And giving strength and being to man's heart;
Even the crimson horrors of the world
Add to this music, but away far down.

Too distant never, nor too deep adown
Is human misery, but that he hears
Its moaning, though the gay and busy world
Is bound on other traffic on the wide
Ocean. With bended head and stricken heart
He knows his own fond sin, and goes his ways.

The word deep down, along its sounding ways,
In patient faring wide, he listening hears,
And then his burden'd heart he tells the world.