

## A CHRISTMAS DREAM

Concluding—I would humbly ask  
All hypocrites to shun the task  
Of shooting from behind a mask  
Their fellow men—  
And help us all to fling our flask  
To Hinnom's glen!

We've heard the loud, despairing moan  
Of sinners, reaping what they've sown,  
In midnight fields with thistles grown  
Where devils glean.  
Yet let the first to cast a stone  
Himself be clean.

No living mortal can invite  
The gaze of creatures who delight  
In showing spots upon the white  
Which God hath gi'en.  
Alas, alas, a little spite  
Will find the stain.

But who's to judge? The serpent's there,  
In every breast that breathes the air,  
Though some with skill and acting rare  
His form conceal;  
While others full to view must wear  
The squirming cell!