

THE TRAPPER'S DEFIANCE.

"The adventurous spirits, who haunted the forest and plain,
grew fond of their wild life and affected a great contempt for
civilization."

You boxed-up, mewed-up artificials,
Pent in your piles of mortar and stone,
Hugging your finely spun judicials,
Adoring externals, externals alone,
Vaunting in prideful ostentation
Of the Juggernaut car, called Civilization—
What know ye of freedom and life and God?

Monkeys, that follow a showman's string,
Know more of freedom and less of care,
Cage birds, that flutter from perch to ring,
Have less of worry and surer fare.
Cursing the burdens, yourselves have bound,
In a maze of wants, running round and round—
Are ye free men, or manniken slaves?

Costly patches, adorning your walls,
Are all of earth's beauty ye care to know;
But ye strut about in soul-stuffed halls
To play moth-life by a candle-glow—
What soul has space for upward fling,
What manhood room for shoulder-swing,
Coffined and cramped from the vasts of God?

The Spirit of Life, O atrophied soul,
In trappings of ease is not confined;
That touch from Infinite Will 'neath the Whole
In Nature's temple, not man's, is shrined!
From hovel-shed come out and be strong!
Be ye free! Be redeemed from the wrong,
Of soul-guilt, I charge you as sons of God!