

ELISHA MULFORD.

I KNEW a man (O that he still were here)
Who in an age of falsehood cared for truth,
Who loved the uncorrupt ideals of youth,
And through the shams of later life saw clear.

While others worshipped idols he drew near
The heart of things, and there into his face
God looked, and he in God's, till all the grace
That in the aureoles of saints appear

Seemed thrown, a rich divineness, round his head,
And light such as the old saints never knew
Swept through his mind. The church to thought too
dead

To feel the worth of men like him, withdrew

Her sympathy; "He wages not my strife,"
She said. But Truth was richer for his life.