

A saint from Heaven could not please every person. A bright, intelligent, refined person that gives their life's experience to some ignorant person for a few paltry dollars is not a fake, is not a robber, etc. We are living in an age of reason.

BEAUTY

Ye, who are bright and gay
In life's prime,
Never lose your beauty;
Have your intellectuality trimmed with streaming sun-
shine,
Rising higher, higher, higher,
O, so youthful.
With a sickle and a mower
Keep thy garden bright,
Scented grasses, buds and blossoms,
Glistening with a smile of beauty,
Filling all the land with joy.
Banish every trace of sorrow,
Banish, O banish every trace of sin;
Singing with the lark in sky of blue,
Bright with youth,
And eyes of springtime,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Eye can see you,
Ear can hear you,
Ten thousand bright, bright eyes,
Keenly alive with blossoms bright,
O, marvelous joy forever more.
Sing and walk around the light you cherish
With the joy of Heaven,
Standing on the Pearly path
The light is beautiful,
Broad, bright streams go upward
Right and left,
Streams that guide our minds aright.