

hardest criminal will not contaminate—vice is not contagious.

Joaquin Miller says :

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
 Bearing his load on the rough road of life ?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other,
 In blackness of heart that we war to the knife ?
 God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other,
 God pardon us all for the triumph we feel,
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
 Pierced to the heart by words keener than steel
 And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well, in his brief little journey,
 On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
 Ere following the hands to be and abide
 Forever, and aye, in dust at his side ?

Look at the roses saluting each other ;
 Look at the herds all in peace on the plain,
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother
 And laughs in his heart at his perils and pain,
 Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

It is worth while that we battle to humble
 Some poor fellow down into the dust ?
God pity us all ! Time too soon will tumble
 All of us together, like leaves in the gust,
 Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.