

A family A Hundred Years Ago.

Benevolence had built a tower
Of pudding bread and meat,
And his compassion took over
To wait across the street.

But I was gratified to see
Easy and free and fair
With innocence upon his knee
All satisfaction there.

He took me by the hand and led
Me down a vista green
Where fun and frolic antics
Two ancient oaks between.

But best of all it was to find
That love the day before
The flogging dress had kicked behind
And tossed him out of door.

And now kind reader if you choose
This family to know
A farmer's here I'll introduce
A hundred years ago. 96

Light of All.

You cannot pay with money.

The million sons of toil

The peasant

The sailor on the ocean

The peasant on the soil

The laborer in the quarry

The hewer of the coal

Your money pays the hand

But it cannot pay the debt

27
75
1
2
15
21

You gaze on the cathedral

When towers meet the sky

Remember the foundations

That in earth and darkness lie

For were not these foundations

So darkly resting there.

Your towers could never rear up

So proudly in the air

2259
2151
1410
25
69=10
23-03

The workshop must be crowded

That the pulchre may be bright

If the ploughman did not plough

Then the poet could not write

Then let every toil be hallowed

That man performs for man

And have its share of honor

As part of one great plan

Let light dart down from heaven

And enter where it may

The eyes of all earth's people

Are shared with one bright day

And let the mind's true sunshine

Be spread over as free

And let the souls of men

As waters fill the sea.