

75 Mrs. Henry George
with regards of
Jan 1 1891

VERSES READ AT THE DINNER

△ GIVEN HENRY GEORGE △

AT SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 5, 1890 △ △ △ △

WHILE ON HIS WAY

TO AUSTRALIA



BY EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR

*To HENRY GEORGE, whose honored name
Has met with world-encircling fame;
Whom both the humble and the great
Deem born to high prophetic state;
Who went from us ten years ago
To meet the universal foe,
And give mankind another hope
Beyond that dreamed of human scope;
Who now returns in Victory's car
To wage in other lands his war,
And whom we speed upon his way
With all the prayers the heart can say;
With love which nothing can abate
This verse I humbly dedicate.*

*As round about this festive board
We gather in our loving might,
To honor him to us restored
For but a day and night,*

*A thousand memories fondly spring
From every covert of the brain,
And with serenest rapture bring
The old time back again ;*

*And while we sit beneath their spell,
O'ermastered by their magic power,
My muse some beads of song would tell,
Responsive to the hour.*

The universe of things, how great !

The individual man, how small !

And yet, with pride and strength elate,

He fain would grasp it all.

He climbs the loftiest mountain peaks,

He plunges into deserts vast,

And farthest distant countries seeks,

Defying storm and blast.

No dangers daunt, no labors tire,

He answers every bugle call,

And rushes on with fierce desire

No matter who may fall.

He weighs the worlds that swim in space,

And dares to guess how they were made;

And Evolution's course can trace

In countless forms displayed.

With insight born of patient years
He sees beyond the aided eye,
And measures the atomic spheres
That roll in Matter's sky.

He wrestles with the stones of earth,
He plunders ocean of her brood,
That these may be from very birth
Laid bare and understood.

The human body he explores
With acid, microscope and knife,
And thirsts to find the hidden stores
And final cause of life.

Before him, as in pictured book,
Mankind in long procession pass,
From when men lived with tree and brook,
And fed on root and grass.

No wealth of thought or thing can sate
The appetites which stir his breast,
And man remains through every fate
Unsatisfied, unblest.

Ah, true it is, his restless mind,
His cravings which have no surcease,
Have brought progression to mankind,
And all the arts of Peace.

But yet, while Progress holds her throne
Amid incalculable gains,
The Love which Christ proclaimed lies prone
And bleeding in her chains.

Invention yields to man's demand,
He makes the forces all his own,
And yet to Heaven from every land
Still rises ceaseless moan ;

Still toil the Many for the Few,
Companioned by relentless Want ;
Still slum and hovel mock the view
Of church and palace front ;

Still man binds brother to the wheel
Of endless tasks and hopeless woe,
Making the while his conscience feel
'Tis God ordains it so ;

Still State exactions do but taste
Of millionaire's uncounted store,
While gorging, as at endless feast,
On substance of the poor ; *

Still Privilege lords it as of yore,
Surrounded by her servile train,
Even here, where Freedom's eagle tore
Asunder slavery's chain ;

For still we fail to understand,
In all its depth of glorious worth,
The DECLARATION which our grand
Forefathers gave to earth.

*Mr. THOMAS G. SHEARMAN has shown in a strikingly inductive manner, how it is that indirect taxation serves to enormously increase the gains of the rich at the expense of the poor ; and he has likewise furnished strong evidence to show that this is the main cause of the unprecedented increase in the United States of large fortunes, and of the concentration of such fortunes in comparatively few hands. Mr. SHEARMAN, who advocates the single tax from the standpoint of fiscal policy, supplements and complements the work of HENRY GEORGE in the strongest and most interesting way.

And she, the Church, whose mighty heart
Should beat response to every need,
Still hugs her dogmas, far apart
From those whom she should feed,

And with her withered creeds supplies
The souls athirst for heavenly dew,
While sweet Religion gasps and dies
Amidst her empty pews.

The individual man, how small !
But in the mass, what giant he !
Who might the world from many a thrall
Triumphantly set free —

The thralls that bind unnumbered souls
In wretchedness so wide and deep,
Should all be writ, the dreadful rolls
We would not dare to keep.

The Intellect has had free sway
For full five hundred years and more,
And now there dawns another day
Laden with richest store.

Mankind are now to wisely learn
To love is better than to know,
And that to Justice we must turn
For stay of Life's worst woe.

That Law must loose the cruel thongs
Which bind the flesh and souls of men,
And on the wreck of monster wrongs
Raise Freedom's sacred fane.

When Justice shall make good her vaunt,
And scourge Restriction's heartless ire,
The lowliest from his bed of want
May hopefully aspire.

Ah! then, perhaps, a deeper faith
May give us peace ne'er known before,
And Poverty's wide waste of death
Be narrowed more and more.

O, Father! let thy kingdom come;
O, send thy Christ again to earth;
And on Thy footstool as his home
Man have another birth!