

COMMEMORATION ODE.

HENRY GEORGE'S BIRTHDAY, SEPT. 3, 1899.

This is the anniversary of a King,
Who ruled not by the sceptre, but by
grace
Of sovereign thought, and Love, the
mightier thing;
Who went unto his rest, now takes his
place,
Love-crowned, among the monarchs of
of the race.

Not by the sceptre, nor the ermine robe,
Not by the jewelled tinsel of a throne,
We knew him as a King; the great round
globe
Is sepulcher, and claims him as her own,
And yet we know he is not death's alone.

The body dies—who says the mind shall
die?
What recks it if the earth of Greenwood
hold
His mouldering frame under this Autumn
sky?

What matter if the hands lie still and
cold?
His thought shall live when this grey
world is old.

And here the embassies of Labor throng,
Labor, to whom the message that he
brought
Was of glad tidings; now the giant wrong
Against which he, our stainless Bayard,
fought

Slow totters to its fall. If there be aught

Of truth in those who swear that they have
seen
The spirits of the great dead who have
passed;

If souls revisit this, our earthly scene,
Then may he look from out the solemn
vast

Of death on victory for his dream at
last!

Honor to him who knew no compromise.
The loyal soul, who when his strength
was spent,

And there were mists of death about his
eyes,

Betook him, like a soldier from his
tent—

His people called—he loved them, and
he went.

Lo, there is need, alway of sacrifice;

Truth calls her martyrs; how can wars
be won

If soldiers lie not with their glassy eyes
Upturned unseeing to the blazing sun?—
Truth bath her mighty martyrs—he was
one!

And in that lofty ministry of truth,
Truth that he worshipped with a single
heart,
Truth that is strong in her immortal
youth,
He lives—and after lesser fames depart
How his shall shine—strong brain and
tender heart!

And the great truth he strove for—lo, it
comes!
Who lays his ear close to the ground
may hear
Labor's great army gathering—lo, the
drums
Are sounding nearer to the listening ear;
The triumph that he hoped is almost
here.

For truth is strong and hath her broad
demesne;
Note how the lifted banner marks her
course;
Now in the Parliament of England's
Queen,
Now where the leagues of distant waters
toss,
In those new lands beneath the Southern
Cross!

Nor shall it come with sword—the Dream
he saw,
Nor mighty clash of warring armies
then;

But girded with the majesty of law,
Writ in the people's statutes with the
pen,
And sung upon the hilltops by the men,

And chanted by the children in the street,
And crooned by mothers to the babes at
knee—

The song that rising wonderful and sweet
Tells of a risen people's glad decree—
Of Man unshackled of his bonds, and
free!

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.