



OR,  
**SWORDS TO PLOUGH SHARES.**

An angel took me by the hand—  
 'Twas Faith—and over every land  
 She led me, flying round the world  
 Till every clime before me seemed unfurled.  
 Sometimes we passed the lark that sang  
 Till all the clouds with echo rang;  
 And then anon we passed a town,  
 A smoky city with its frown;  
 And oh, the voices that arose,  
 The mingled noise of songs and woes!  
 And then we'd pass a prairie sweet,  
 All decked with earth-stars at our feet,

And then we crossed a battlefield,  
 Where instruments of death men wield,  
 And kill each other fiendish-like,  
 With cannon-ball and bayonet spike.  
 And then we came where slaves were sold,  
 God's creatures bought with filthy gold.  
 And then we crossed some flowers again,  
 But they looked blurred, through tears of pain.

Hope came to me, and in her hands she bore  
 Of earth a miniature, whose surface wore  
 The same land-marks as over earth we see—  
 Of sea, and hill, and grass, and flower, and tree  
 But o'er its surface all was calm and still.  
 No warfare, but the sweetest blest good-will;  
 No slave-trade, all were freemen born down  
 here,  
 No shrieks of woe and anguish reached the ear.  
 The flowers sent up their incense into heaven,  
 And not a corner of God's earth was riven.

Hope showed me this, and then came Charity,  
 And told the meaning of it all to me.

"This earth is God's," so Charity began,  
 "And why 'tis so misruled, 'tis ruled by man.  
 All seek their own, while all belongs to God,  
 'Man cannot claim an inch of earth's fair sod.  
 But God shall choose His own to rule this world,  
 And other kings of earth must down be hurled.  
 'A man not ruled by heaven shall not rule  
 us!'

The voice of earth ascends to heaven thus.  
 So God shall choose His own and send them  
 here

To soothe earth's sorrow and to dry its tear,  
 This earth, if rightly managed, soon could bless  
 Mankind with food to serve three worlds like  
 this!

No submerged in our cities then would dwell,  
 God's leaders they would manage things so  
 well,  
 And all would share the good things sent by  
 heaven,  
 And all would come to Christ and be forgiven."

And then, to show his words were words of  
 truth,

He told me of a man called General Booth,  
 A man of God, with God in heart and head;  
 Like ancient Moses, risen from the dead,  
 Who, with the promise that the Saviour gave  
 Of greater things to come, of power to save,  
 Now raised the fallen, made their lives anew,  
 And from the rock of submerged London, drew  
 The waters of pure life, filtered by heaven;  
 The lives of men raised up, inspired, forgiven.  
 "Give me twelve men like that," said Charity,  
 "And in twelve years the world would altered  
 be,

The crowns of bad kings gone with last year's  
 snow,  
 And God's men ruling in their stead below,  
 Who know the will of God!

GEORGE LOGAN.