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## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

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#### TO MOTHER EARTH.

For The Public.

O Mother Earth, while cooling winds are sighing  
And soothing drooping flower and wilting leaf,  
Unnumbered human flowers are slowly dying  
With no relief.

No fair winds fan the human flowers bending  
Above the flying spindles of the loom;  
But parching thirsts and painful tasks, unending,  
Are made their doom.

Slave-bound by Greed, afraid and self-forsaking,  
Through wondrous tasks they seem to fairly fly!  
Before their time, with heart and temples aching,  
They droop and die.

Although their soulless masters find them willing  
And boldly claim the wealth their labors yield,  
Behold! these broken flowers are dally filling  
The Potter's Field.

And while Cathedral Chimes are sweetly ringing  
Beneath a heaven smiling and serene;  
Behold! the kind of tribute we are bringing  
The Nazarene.

Close to the altar rail, with hymnals guiding,  
The moneyed madams flaunt their sordid pride,  
While in the rear the friendly shades are hiding  
The Crucified.

In one dark aisle a victim crouches, nursing  
A starving babe that tugs her empty breast;  
And now and then her bloodless lips are cursing  
The richly dressed.

While polished priests are old requests renewing,  
While strains of sacred music fall and swell,  
Made mad by want, her mental sight is viewing  
A seething hell.

While still the air with frankincense is reeking,  
When proud and portly dames are homeward  
whirled,  
Turned from "God's House," the homeless ones go  
seeking  
The "underworld."

In that sad world (of Mammon's evil making)  
The deaf will hearken and the blind will see,  
And while the few are from the many taking,  
That world must be.

And those blind powers that keep the masses bleed-  
ing—  
Their creeds will crumble and their systems fall;  
And Labor's reign will bless mankind by heeding  
The needs of all.

The while we watch our dauntless comrades sowing  
The seeds of truth in furrows dark and deep,  
We know that happy eyes will watch the growing,  
The while we sleep.

And while increasing hosts are loudly voicing  
The rights of every child of human birth,  
Close in their wake we wend our way rejoicing,  
O Mother Earth.

MARY QUINLAN LAUGHLIN.

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#### THE THREE GRACES.

For The Public.

Faith.

Faith is vain if based on some pliant dogma  
which appeals to sensual comfort here, and re-  
legates heaven and hell to the ultimate when the  
flesh shall fail and can be pampered no more.

True faith is a spiritual force operating in the  
Eternal Now, and needs not the Sabbath bell to  
arouse periodical devotions, but stirs the heart to  
the pulse of every human joy or woe met in the  
commonplace routine of Life.

Hope.

Hope is false if based upon hypocritical ideals,  
or a blind optimism which sees in the teeming  
mass of humanity a mine of opportunities for ex-  
ploitation, a vineyard that owes one a luxurious  
living.

True Hope is born of Love for the welfare of  
all; a pure optimism that retains its sturdy char-  
acter, though the World clothes it in rags; verily,  
a food which is better than raiment, for true man-  
hood is the Bread of Life.

Charity.

False Charity is the "sounding brass and tin-  
kling cymbal" of a World which cultures her fa-  
vored children in a hot-house, but most of them in  
the slums; and when the neglected ones languish  
she donates a spasmodic sop of hot-house good  
things, coddling herself as a Lady Bountiful,  
while in reality she is the mother of parasites, har-  
lots, thieves and beggars.

True Charity, Archangel of the Creator's real  
Messianic Kingdom, teaches us that the blessed  
quality was not ordained alone to cover a multi-  
tude of sins—that Wisdom is not born of the  
flesh but of God, and Educational Knowledge is  
the glass by which it should be focussed on the  
brain of man; that human intelligence is a spark  
from the Divine, Eternal Dynamo of the Uni-  
verse, which can be fanned into a beneficent flame  
by proper culture and environment; that he who  
would make a Trust of Knowledge, or monopolize  
it in exclusive Universities to be bartered to the  
highest bidder, is a thief and despoiler of God's  
most precious leaven—the Intellect of Man. The  
knowledge of this Truth strikes from the limbs of  
Humanity the greed-forged shackles of Selfish  
Pride, so that man, on the pinions of true Faith,  
Hope and Love, can reach untrammelled an ever  
present Earthly Paradise of Brotherhood and  
Peace.

JOSEPH FITZPATRICK.