

**AN
UNCLEAN SPIRIT**

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An Unclean Spirit by Richard Hayes McCartney

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RICHARD HAYES MCCARTNEY

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Author of "The Lady of Nations," "The Coming of the King," "The Imperial," "The Anti-Christ," "Songs in the Waiting," "Prince of Peace," "Gallipoli," "The Whip of God," etc.



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THE MUSEUM
OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

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CALIFORNIA

TO
THOMAS McCARTNEY
AND HIS SONS,
DANIEL AND JOHN HAYES McCARTNEY.

*O stalwart Sire, who sleeps in Scottish grave,
I thank you for this Spirit that you gave,
With maxims that have guided me from youth;
Thou honest man—a man of sterling truth—
As the years vanish larger to my mind,
For few more perfect as thy life to find;
True Husband, Father, and thy son is proud
No fleck of a dishonor on thy shroud.*

*Lo, to my mind come from the Shadow Land
That Sire and two sons, one on either hand,
I greet them with a passionate, deep pride—
For each a man that no man dare deride.*

*O Sailor Brother! where e'er England's Flag
Floated in warrings never thou didst lag—
Crimea—Burma—China—New Zealand:
Where England cannons roar there didst thou stand
Fearless in battle, lion hearted, brave—
Thy life was largely spent on Ocean's wave:
And surely to The Mother a most tender Son:
Alas, to die when even prime not won—
So early stricken—crossed the Ocean's foam—
Alas, to die when just in sight of home.*

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*And thou, O John, the hero of my youth,
My ideal Brother—wayward—yet in sooth
A follower of Lee to bitter end—
When Southern Land her Armaments did send
To field of battle—the Confederacy
Had surely not more daring son than thee;
Twice wounded—yet persistent in War's ways
Where "Washington Artillery" did blaze
There thou wert found—and when the strife was o'er
Back to the civil life—but ever bore
The legacy of wounds—but now you sleep
In that Queen City of the glorious South
Amid companions once in battle rout—
And veterans fond memories still keep.*

*Three sleeping far apart—'til break of Day
When The Lord Comes—and gladly ye obey
His trumpet call—and round Him gathering
Hail Him your Lord, your Saviour, Conquering King!
Who by His word shall make all warrings cease,
And bring to Earth, Joy, Holiness and Peace.*

AN UNCLEAN SPIRIT

Thou Unclean Spirit! squatting like a toad,
Close to the doorway of my soul's abode,
With eyes that blink not in their steady gaze,
Seeking to enter in a thousand ways
Of subtle cunning, searching day and night
With ever keen, unflinching, steady sight,
To find some crevice where to enter in
And make my soul a brothel of foul sin.

Yet past soul's precincts thou canst come no more
For, lo, *The Blood* is sprinkled on the door!
Thou hast no subtlety to enter in,
Tho' from without can tempt my soul to sin.

I pity thee, unclad, uncanny Thing,
For Thy activities can only bring
Thee bitter sorrows, and the hastening end
Will only find thee helpless, without friend
To share thy sorrows,—tho' the millions stand

Close to thee, yet so powerless to command
The smallest cup of Love; for selfish mind
In danger's hour is to itself confined;
While sin at first may have a bosom friend
To utter selfishness at last its end.

I pity Thee, thou unclad, noisome Thing,
Like leaf in winter wind a shivering;
What once thy garment answering to our flesh?
Surely thy spirit once was held in mesh
Of Glorious substance—beautiful to see
More delicate than human flesh can be.
What once thy Covering? surely it was spun
Out of the finest nature 'neath the sun,
And an Imperial splendor on thee laid—
One of the Grandest Creatures that CHRIST made.
Now fallen far from thy once high estate,
Now maddened at thy fell, appalling fate,
Thou hast for God and Man enduring hate
That falters not through years no man can date.
Surely thy pathway since that awful morn
Thou and thy Fellows held the CHRIST in scorn,
Hath been an awful track, high handed crime
That never wavered in the course of time.

I am most curious—and I fain would ask—
What well I know to be a fruitless task—
Who was thy Leader in that wild affray?
Hast still That Captain charge of thee to-day
Who bid thee shout for Satan and his cause?
I may as well 'til Doomsday, waiting, pause—

Never an answer—are thy thin lips sealed?
And I may only guess what not revealed.
Has CHRIST's Imperial Mandate put a ban
Upon your lips at present—but later can
Relate thy vile Rebellion to a man—
How Sin commenced and Misery began?

Thou bitter Enemy, who ever creeps
Around my Being—and that never sleeps—
But ever art alert, and sharply keen,
For ever present tho' not heard, nor seen,
Yet surely thou art ever standing near,
So ever unseen shadow and a fear,
A shadow dreadful, for thy subtlety
More keen than ever mortals dare to be.

Thou a fell Gamester, with thy loaded dice,
Playing marked cards, and no ways over nice
In cheating, heeding not if art found out,
Brazen of face, and with a braggart's mouth
Full of half truths whereby to cheat the soul,
Reckless of means—if but you gain control.

Now by thy sin unclad—Lo, Thou, art bare
And ever seeketh Human Flesh to wear,
Thou canst not come unbidden, but if men
Of their free will bid thee to enter in—
Dwell with their spirit—thou art free to go
And work within thy victim fear and woe:
Tho' learned Professors at such folly scoff
Surely that soul from GOD and CHRIST cut off.