

**DAVID WESTERN**

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David Western by Alfred Hayes

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**ALFRED HAYES**

# **DAVID WESTERN**



DAVID WESTREN.

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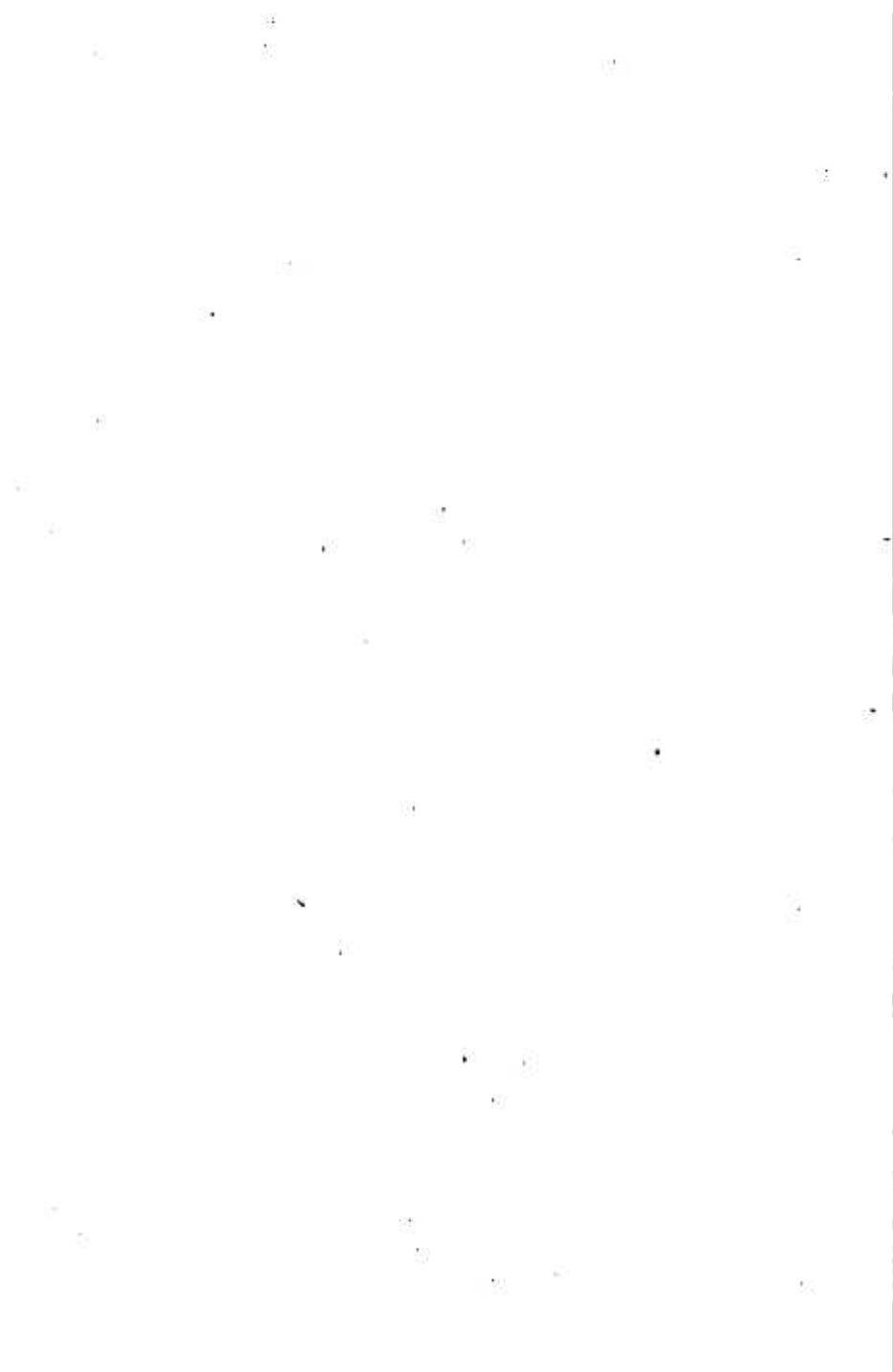
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## DEDICATION.

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To those, whose quiet and persistent heroism in saving life exceeds all that has been dared in destroying it, to all faithful ministers of the art of healing, this poem is with the deepest respect inscribed.





## DAVID WESTRÉN.

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Man's portion is the aspect of his God.  
On lives that amble down a gentle slope  
Faith rides at ease, and casts a passing glance  
Of pity, scorn, or hatred, on the wretch  
That struggles through the mire of misery,  
Doubting if Love hath willed it. Some there be,  
Who, smitten by their Maker's heavy hand,  
Yet challenge not the omnipotence of Love—  
Bright souls, the sunshine of whose genial health  
No tears can quench, or minds whose loyalty  
Proves stronger than all reason, or meek spirits  
Not smarting 'neath the lash of unjust wrath ;

While some—unwilling Stoics—grimly smile,  
And ply, with aching heart but steady hand,  
Their needful toil, and ask not Whence or Why.

\* \* \*

Not the whole earth can show a fairer sight,  
More haunted by the spirit of the Past,  
More overgrown with old-world memories,  
That cling about it like the clustering growth  
Of its own ivy-shroud, more eloquent  
Of the strange pathos of this human life,  
Than is the village church. It is the soul  
Of all around ; so near it seems at once  
To nestling cot and field and tree and star,  
So tender in its simple harmony  
With the sweet quiet of the countryside ;

As if it grew there of its own pure will,  
And loved the soil that bore it. Softly falls  
Its guardian shadow on the sleeping flock,  
Low lying in their last and silent fold,  
While they who soon shall share that beauteous rest  
Are kneeling to the Lord of life and death,  
And o'er the graves and through the yew-tree creeps  
The murmur of the ages. Envy there  
Doth cease to gnaw his heart, and Scorn forgets  
To curl the lip, and hate and avarice  
And pride, and all that poisons human joy,  
Are turned to loveliness ; the snarls of Strife,  
With all our little swelling selfish cares,  
Are hushed ; the blustering voice of Tyranny  
Is awe-struck ; but pure love and gentle thoughts,