

WANTED

Does anyone know of a road to go
Where nobody wants to shove?
Can anyone tell or anyone sell
The path to a land of Love?

For here, as we go, they jostle so
The weaker is left behind;
There's nobody cares how a brother fares
And only a few are kind.

Can anyone show us a road to go
Where nobody stoops to blame?
Where there's never a word of envy heard
And nobody thinks of Fame?

We're wanting to know—we'll be glad to go
Where the days and the ways are fair;
We're sickened with sham and need the
balm

Of truth that is waiting there.

— Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.