

Good and Evil

The Devil is a workman bold,
He works with might and main,
But, in a world he did not make,
He works against the grain.

The dust he raises blinds our eyes
And, cunning though he be,
The noise he makes so stuns our ears
We neither hear nor see

How, in a world Himself has made,
And for the Best alone,
More surely than the Evil One's,
The good God's work is done.

In hidden ways, as noiselessly
The Temple rose of yore,
So His good work is going on
And on forevermore.

Sometimes indeed His mighty Voice
Thunders from shore to shore,
And scatters all the Devil's work :
Ecce! our Civil War.

W. H. F.

Charles E Dana

from his friend

W H Furness

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