A branded "vagrant" by the law
Because he dared to preach the word
In parish borders not his own.

"For those who sang of sunny days
And those who sorrowed he had cheer;
Yet could he walk through lonely ways
And find communion ever near.

"The world was sweeter for his care,
The heights were won he sought to win;
For love through him made all things fair,
And all things fair through love are kin."

At nightfall when the stars came out
He stood beneath the creaking sign
That gave each inn a name, and there
Exhorted those who gathered round,
Lashing their consciences with truth
Till contrite tears coursed down their cheeks.
When his weak frame could do no more
He bade good Philemon Robbins pray—

Pray for the magistrates who sat
A twelvemonth to discover crime
In what he taught at Branford church;
Pray, too, for that devoted band
Who like himself would not permit
The stranger in their gates to go
An exile without hearts to cheer
The way, and ask a benison
Upon the upturned faces there,
The palsied pauper in his rags,
The red man in his cloak of skins,
The haggard soldier from the wars
Slow dying with the Cuban plague,
The country folk for miles around,
And, too, the landlord rubicund
And wise.

While Ursula stood near,
Half comprehending this great strife
That burned in every village street
And blazed abroad the bitterness