

# “RELIGION”

BY

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I am no priest of crooks nor creeds,  
For human wants and human needs  
Are more to me than prophets' deeds;  
And human tears and human cares  
Affect me more than human prayers.

Go, cease your wail, lugubrious saint!  
You fret high Heaven with your plaint.  
Is this the “Christian’s joy” you paint?  
Is this the Christian’s boasted bliss?  
Avails your faith no more than this?

Take up your arms, come out with me,  
Let Heav’n alone; humanity  
Needs more and Heaven less from thee.  
With pity for mankind look ‘round;  
Help them to rise—and Heaven is found.