

A Welcome to Albion W.
Touge.

By J. D. Dillenback.

Here's our hand, Judge, here's our hand,
With a welcome to the land
Of the mountains and the plains,
And the cheer that it contains.

The downtrodden, black and white,
You have helped with all your might;
And because you have been true
Unto these, we welcome you.

We have ever heard you speak,
Brave words for the poor and weak,
And we reckon you a man
On the old straightforward plan.

You'll find us a bustling race,
Moving at a hurried pace;
Yet, if the foundations last,
We are building none too fast.

But our foresight should be great,
For we're forming here a state,
And, to keep its people free,
Safe and wise our work must be,

Well squared blocks of solid work
Must support much common earth;
Clear-stuff lumber, too, must mix
With, and hold, our crooked sticks,

We must mix our mortar well
Of the best material;

Line of justice, pure and white,
With the clean sand of the right.

And our structure, tall and grand,
 If Time is to let it stand,
 Must not rest on corner-stones,
 Hollow, full of dead men's bones.

We are everywhere beset
 With false workmen, who would let
 Weak spots stay, that may let in
 Hordes of robbery and sin:

Foul monopolies and rings,
 Threatening and hateful things,
 And the liquor ring, accursed,
 Of all dangers far the worst.

Plainly warn our workmen all
 Of the ills that shall befall
 From the coming tempest shock,
 If they build not on the rock.

Bid them build Religion in,
 Love of man and fear of Sin -
 Buttressed well with Churches ^{great,}
 Free from bigotry and hate,
 Build in Schools, where may be found
 Rich and poor on equal ground;
 Where Religion may be taught,
 Not in Creed but act and thought,
 Make the path of learning free;
 A broad highway let it be,
 From the infant's a b c
 To the University,
 Tell them liberty will fail,
 Anarchy and strife prevail,
 If they guard not well the locks
 That protect the ballot box.

5
From your wisdom speak to us,
Warn us, guide us, counsel us;
Give our foolish fears a bit,
Strengthen our backbones a bit.

Once again we welcome you,
Open all our hearts to you;
For we see in you a man
On the ~~old~~ straightforward plan,

—H—