

# Henry George

By REV. E. HERBERT SHAW, Th.L.

Whoever reads the open scroll of those  
 Who, by their teaching, sought to lift Mankind  
 From toiling misery and needless woes;  
 The name of Henry George will surely find,  
 By right with all the greatest there aligned!  
 One greatly yearning to redress the Wrongs  
 That vex the Earth to which Mankind belongs!

He looked out on a world of constant strife,  
 Of great discrepancy 'twixt man and man!  
 For some had all that makes for fullest life,  
 Others were scanted since their life began,  
 With none to care the flame of Hope to fan!  
 Always, as wealthier became the few,  
 A deeper poverty the others knew!

No pride of ancestry was in him seen;  
 His station lowly, though his thought was high,  
 Steeped in the spirit of the Nazarene!  
 Like sudden moonlight from a cloud-wrack'd sky,  
 Sheer inspiration showed the reason why  
 "Man never is, but always to be blessed"  
 And patient industry supplied the rest!

He searched through all the customs of each race,  
 O'er all the world, that had some progress made  
 From utter savag'ry, and every place,  
 Despite variety of law and trade,  
 The open wound of rich and poor display'd!  
 One common factor found on every hand,  
 The right of private ownership in Land!

Though intricate the problem to be solved,  
 A problem that has caused much high debate,

A simple method he at last evolved;  
 That one who used a part of Man's Estate  
 Should pay Man's common purse without rebate,  
 The yearly value of the piece so bought,  
 Compared with other pieces, yet unsought!

To everyone, by this so simple deed  
 His age-long birth-right in the soil restore!  
 (That soil once given, that each might fill his need,  
 Drawing at will from Earth and all its store.)  
 And make all Progress truer than before!  
 His Owner-share of Earth, Man thus secures,  
 Dread Poverty no more his soul immures!

To no one thus can wrong be done, for each  
 Will have his opportunity, and know  
 Whatever height his common needs may reach.  
 Or great his calls for common service grow,  
 A constant stream to common funds will flow  
 More than enough to meet his calls, in fact  
 Leaving the product of his toil intact!

Until we see his plan's intrinsic worth,  
 Within our social life injustice reigns,  
 Spoiling the joy of all the sons of earth,  
 Stealing like subtle poison, through our veins,  
 Making a curse of our material gains,  
 Hatching out War on foul suspicion's breath,  
 Sowing the seeds of bitterness and death!

George earn'd a passport to the Halls of Fame,  
 The flag of Justice to all men unfurl'd,  
 True Christian he, for in that sacred Name  
 A challenge to unrighteousness he hurl'd!  
 So, on the sounding anvil of the World,  
 The never-ceasing beat of Time shall forge  
 No nobler name than that of Henry George!