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OR,

THROUGH TIME AND SPACE.

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The Happy Land ;

OR,
OF

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BY

J. W. PALMER.

THE FIRST BIRTHDAY PRESENT

TO

MARGARET ANNIE MILDRED;

HER FIRST BIRTHDAY PRESENT,

WISHING HER MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF

THE DAY.

The Happy Land;

OR,

THROUGH TIME AND SPACE.

The world goes round the same to-day,
But many things have slipped away,

And many friends that we held dear
Have passed beyond our mortal sight

Since I sat here on Christmas night

This time last year.

She who first taught me how to love

All good on earth and God above,

And filled the mother's part,

When the peace of death from Heaven came,
 Left us to cherish still her name,
 And wear her in our heart of heart.

A melancholy, long black band
Comes back from out the Shadow-land—
 Friends, whose names in vain I call.
 Hopes have been unkindly blighted,
 But there are wrongs which Time has righted—
 The shadow is not over all,
Time, which brings surcease of sorrow,
Will bring a bright and happy morrow
 After the darkest night.
 But when will dawn that blessed day
 When Right shall triumph—who shall say?
 Who shall see that sight?

I look below me : at my feet

I see the busy, bustling street—

World of passion and of pelf.

The strong are pushing on alway,

The weak are falling by the way,

And every man is for himself.

Oh, Rich man! in your hour of pride

See the beggar at your side—

He is your fellow-man.

He has fallen in the fight ;

His cross is heavy, yours is light—

Save him if you can!

Give him of your worldly store ;

You have all you want—and more ;

Your table for the feast is spread,

With fish and flesh it is well stored :
 While you are seated at the board
 He cries aloud for bread.

Beneath the gas-lamps in the street
 The rich and poor together meet ;
 They go their separate way—
 Lazarus sore and famished,
 And Dives to the warm homestead,
 To spend his Christmas Day.

I draw the blind, but still I see
 This mass of human misery,
 And hear their cries.
 Visions of this awful city,
 To move the heart of man to pity,
 Lie before my eyes.

I close my eyes—I see it still;
 My mind will not shut out the ill
 Which my soul decries;
 And my heart, unburdened, flies—
 To those realms beyond the skies
 It hies.

Soaring aloft, my spirit thrills,
 A new, strange joy my bosom fills,
 Whirling on through space,
 Far away from our present time,
 Far away from our world of crime,
 Where man alone is base.

Up, up, up; far, far, far
 Above the throbbing of the star,
 Where never mortal ranged—

Far, far away my spirit's flown,
 Into a new world, like our own,
 Where only man was changed.

Here Ministers did the people's Will,
 And a faction fight did not settle a Bill ;
 There was no such thing as sedition.
 And no grand old gentleman stumped the land,
 For although politicians were old and grand,
 They were not the slaves of ambition.

And every man loved his neighbour, too,
 But he didn't love as the English do—
 His neighbour's wife, for sure.
 And there wasn't among them a Court of Divorce,
 For such a thing wasn't wanted, of course,
 Where men and women were pure.

Politicians were busied in wise legislation,
And gave themselves up heart and soul to the
nation,

Nor troubled with love affairs,

As some English gentlemen, learning to fence,
Who find the pleasure the more intense
With a wench at the top of the stairs.

People in these particular parts
Did not conceal a thought in their hearts,
And give it the lie with their tongue.

For a man always said the thing in his mind,
And none were deceived, and none were malign'd,
And no one was murdered and nobody hung.

Thieves and blackguards there were none,
And tradesmen were honest, and no one was
"done"—

There were no cads or snobs.

Men—and bayonets—were true as steel,
 And the steel was stronger than orange-peel,
 For there were no such things as “jobs.”

There were no vestries, so there were no fights,
 No heavy dinners, no such sights
 As disgrace the busy Strand.

For the streets were wide and also well kept,
 The roads were properly watered and swept—
 It was a happy land.

There were no deep, designing scamps,
 Whose designs were copies of postage stamps,
 And the same with intent to deceive.
 For forged stamps were utterly unknown
 In this country—so very much like our own—
 There were none to sell or receive.

The Postmaster stuck like a man to his post,
 And never a letter or packet was lost,
 And whatever the postal disaster,
 He always was ready to remedy it—
 In short, this gentleman wasn't a bit
 Like England's late Postmaster.

In that happy land of theirs, in fact,
 They had no Post Office Protection Act,
 For there was no need of it.
 Forged stamps, dies, and all such tools
 Were forbidden—by way of protecting the fools ;
 It was law, and men took heed of it.

In this happy land they wouldn't admit
 A collection without examining it,
 And none whose dealings were unfair

Could find their way to this peaceful region,
 Where the stamp-collector's name is Legion,
 And dealers as pure as their native air.

Their local stamps in colour and design
 Were choice, distinctive, superfine,
 Unlike a certain country's that we wot of ;
 And the many frauds continually
 Practised in that kingdom by the sea,
 In these dominions they know not of.

In truth, it were a happy thing to frame
 Our laws by theirs, and make our land the same
 As yonder Happy Land,
 And live our lives as they do there,
 Where honesty thrives everywhere,
 And men go hand in hand.

A man may spend his days in vain,
 And work without a thought of gain,
 To aid his fellows' cause,
 Yet envious voices cry him down,
 And when success his efforts crown,
 He meets but faint applause.

Yet strengthened by my conscience still,
 My work goes on, and ever will,
 Unto the very end.
 And when the daisies grow above me,
 Then they, perhaps, will learn to love me,
 And know I was their friend.

For I have laboured through the years,
 Oppressed by troubles, cares, and fears,
 But strong in right;

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For I have laboured through the years,
 Oppressed by troubles, cares, and fears,
 But strong in right;

And, armed in honesty, I know
 I've done my duty here below
 In Heaven's sight.

Let men combine, as true men should,
 To carry out the common good;
 For none alone


Can single-handed hope to sweep
 The wrongs away. Yet now I reap
 As I have sown.

Contented with my worldly lot,
 I go my way, reviling not
 What Heaven sends.

I have my fill of food and wine,
 There is enough for me and mine,
 And for my friends:

I envy not the rich man's store,
 Sufficient for my wants—and more,
 Whate'er betide me;
 For princes may be bought and sold,
 And merchants, were they made of gold,
 Are poor beside me.

I have my children and my wife
 To sweeten toil and cheer my life,
 And these can bring
 More pleasure than a courtier's smiles,
 A flatterer's tongue, a panderer's wiles
 Can give a king.



And so I sit, and not alone,
 Here in my armchair of a throne,
 With those I love about me.

My heart is pained for other's woes,
 In spite of which the world still goes
 As it will go one day without me.

Let all sore feeling pass away,
 And let us for a single day
 Join again in mirth ;
 Let us go gaily hand in hand,
 And bring that pure and Happy Land
 Nearer to our impure earth.



STAMPS, STAMPS.—In consequence of my selling genuine foreign Stamps—no forgeries or reprints—I am really in want of good collections, and can pay the best prices, but before I can offer for any collections I must see the Stamps. Any one therefore desiring to sell their collection, should bring or send it to 281, Strand, W.C., either by post or rail, at the same time quoting the lowest price they are prepared to take. I undertake on receipt of a collection to say, by return of post, whether I will give the price asked, or if not, how much, and to remit the amount directly it is agreed on.

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