

*May Hill*

POVERTY

BY:- D. M. King, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Poverty is a disease,  
A most dreadfull scourage;  
Shows a lack of conceit  
An little or no courage.

It starts in the mind ,  
Of even the wise we find;  
And runs ragged to ruin,  
The most brilliant in time.

There is only a thought,  
Between poverty and wealth;  
Sickness and disease ,  
Or the state of good health.

Success will be certain,  
Oft'times in a wink;  
When you pick up the courage,  
For yourself to think.

The people who are free,  
While this earth they roam;  
Think their own thoughts,  
And create HEAVENS of their own.

All others are as slaves,  
To some master mind;  
Be they sinner or Saint,  
Or a grafter of some kind.

As you think in your Soul,  
So you ever will be;  
'Tis the best of good logic,  
To be healthy, wealthy -  
happy and free.

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your Magazine.

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for future gratis  
contributions.

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*P.S. if you want or would like to have more  
of this kind of subjects write me.*

*The Almighty You 2<sup>nd</sup> I., The God I AM!*