

FREETHOUGHT READINGS

AND

SECULAR SONGS.

COMPILED BY
J. M. WHEELER.



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P R E F A C E .

I HAVE undertaken this work in the hope that it may help to supply a need frequently expressed in connection with the meetings of Secular Societies, as well as to offer to the general reader some popular and musical expression of Freethought views. The term Secular Songs is a very inclusive one, and it must be understood I have selected only those suitable for singing at meetings of Secularists and expressing our principles of devotion to humanity, individual progress, and social good.

My compilation will, I think, be found to include some of the choicest productions of the Freethought muse. But it makes no claim to represent these and these only. I have not aimed at merely pleasing the most highly cultivated and fastidious tastes. Nor have I given my own favourites an undue proportion of space. I have rather sought to represent many moods of many minds and to provide for a diversity of palates; something for both old and young, grave and gay. As in setting up a new house we do not care to throw aside old heir-looms of the family because their workmanship is not up to the highest standards of to-day, some pieces will be found included rather as old favourites of the Secular party than for their literary excellence. I have doubtless omitted many well

deserving to be included. No two persons would make exactly the same selection. I trust that mine may at least serve as the basis for a better one.

It would be tedious to enumerate all the many quarters from which my compilation has been drawn. It is, however, right to mention the volume of "Freethought Readings" published by Mrs. Law; "The Secularists' Manual of Songs and Ceremonies" edited by Austin Holyoake and Charles Watts; the "Secular Song and Hymn Book" edited by Annie Besant; the praiseworthy collection of "Secular Hymns" compiled for the use of the Leicester Secular Society; and the "Cosmian Hymn Book," compiled by L. K. Washburn of Boston. My acknowledgments are due to these as well as to the authors and publishers who have permitted me to make extracts from their works. If I have inadvertently infringed any copyright I trust my present apology will ensure my condonation.

J. M. WHEELER.

FREETHOUGHT READINGS.

Le Jeune Barbaroux.

Bright-haired Apollo with the hero's eyes
That dreamest dreams too fair for earthly skies,
Man free and equal, all things fair & true,
What shadows dark across thy dream arise?

Young Barbaroux.

They come again to thee, the old sweet days,
Back in a hear-dimmed vision of dead praise;
The spires of Paris rise through morning's hue,
Clad with the world's hopes to thy spirit's gaze,

Young Barbaroux.

And now mid strangers, with a broken pride,
Craving the crust withheld, the draught denied,
The straw begrudged beneath thy head to strew,
Thou wanderest through the great world bleak & wide,

Young Barbaroux.

Faithful to death, unchanged by fear or grief,
Clinging, brave boy, to thy sublime beliefs,
Clasp to thine heart the poor red, white & blue;
The seed shall spring yet from the ruined sheaf,

Young Barbaroux.

Freedom, her arm outstretched, but lips firm set,
Freedom, her eyes with tears of pity wet,
O'er her robe splashed with drops of bloody dew,
Freedom, thy goddess, is our goddess yet,

Young Barbaroux.

Freedom, that tore the robe from kings away,
That clothed the beggar child in warm array,
Freedom, the hand that raised, the hand that slew,
Freedom, divine then, is divine to-day,

Young Barbaroux.

We drown, we perish in a surging sea;
We are not equal, brotherly, nor free; —
Who from this death shall stoop & save us? who?
Thy Freedom, & the memory of such as thou,

Young Barbaroux.

— : John Barlas
("Evelyn Douglas")

FREETHOUGHT READINGS.

I C A R U S.*

Nor that these wings to speed my soul ascend,
The more I feel vast air beneath my feet,
The more toward boundless air on pinions fleet
Spurning the earth, soaring to heaven, I tend;
Nor makes them stoop their flight the direful end
Of Dædal's son; but upward still they beat.
What life the while with my life can compete,
Though dead to earth at last I shall descend?
My own heart's voice in the void air I hear:
"Where wilt thou bear me? O, rash man! Recall
Thy daring will! This boldness waits on fear."
Dread not, I answer, that tremendous fall!
Strike through the clouds, and smile when death is near,
If death so glorious be our doom at all!

GIORDANO BRUNO, 1548-1600.

Translated by JAMES ADDINGTON SYMONDS, b. 1840.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

JUNE 9TH, 1889.

I.

Not from without us, only from within,
Comes or can ever come upon us light

* Icarus, son of Dædalus, fabled to have flown with wings attached by wax. Soaring too loftily, the wax was melted by the sun, and he fell in the Icarian sea.

Whereby the soul keeps ever truth in sight.
 No truth, no strength, no comfort man may win,
 No grace for guidance, no release from sin,
 Save of his own soul's giving. Deep and bright
 As fire enkindled in the core of night
 Burns in the soul where once its fire has been.
 The light that leads and quickens thought, inspired
 To doubt and trust and conquer. So he said
 Whom Sidney, flower of England, lordliest head
 Of all we love, loved : but the fates required
 A sacrifice to hate and hell, ere fame
 Should set with his in heaven Giordano's name.

II.

Cover thine eyes and weep, O child of hell,
 Grey spouse of Satan, Church of name abhorred.
 Weep, withered harlot, with thy weeping lord.
 Now none will buy the heaven thou hast to sell
 At price of prostituted souls, and swell
 Thy loveless list of lovers. Fire and sword
 No more are thine : the steel, the wheel, the cord,
 The flames that rose round living limbs, and fell
 In lifeless ash and ember, now no more
 Approve thee godlike. Rome, redeemed at last
 From all the red pollution of thy past,
 Acclaims the grave bright face that smiled of yore
 Even on the fire that caught it round and clomb
 To cast its ashes on the face of Rome.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, *b.* 1837.

(*Athenæum*.)

A wise man will not roam afar
 For what he knows lies near ;
 Nor will he seek to grasp a star,
 To light his candle here.

F. BODENSTEDT, *b.* 1819.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant,
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The *First* approached the elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl :
“ God bless me ! but the Elephant
Is very like a wall ! ”

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,
Cried—“ Ho ! what have we here,
So very round and smooth and sharp ?
To me 'tis mighty clear,
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear ! ”

The *Third* approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands
Thus boldly up and spake :
“ I see ”—quoth he—“ the Elephant
Is very like a snake ! ”

The *Fourth* reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee :
“ What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain ”—quoth he—
“ 'Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree ! ”

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,
 Said—"E'en the blindest man
 Can tell what this resembles most ;
 Deny the fact who can,
 This marvel of an Elephant
 Is very like a fan ! "

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
 About the beast to grope,
 Then, seizing on the swinging tail
 That fell within his scope,
 " I see "—quoth he—" the Elephant
 Is very like a rope ! "

And so these men of Indostan
 Disputed loud and long
 Each in his own opinion
 Exceeding stiff and strong,
 Though each was partly in the right
 And all were in the wrong !

M O R A L .

So, oft in theologic wars
 The disputants, I ween,
 Rail on in utter ignorance
 Of what each other mean ;
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE, 1816—1887.

THE THREE CHINESE SECTS.

THE Buddhist priests declare their Fo in the abyss to be.
 Say Lao's followers, " Paradise lies in the Eastern Sea."
 But great Confucius' pupils look on real things around ;
 Before their eyes the airs of spring, fresh-blowing, brush the
[ground.]

From W. R. ALGER'S *Specimens of Oriental Poetry*.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE individual perishes; man thrives,
 Though æons of stern failure balk
 With ruining hindrance. We may talk
 Whole heavens of hope about our lives
 Hereafter, while our spendthrift days
 Glare at us here with sarcasm in their gaze.

Live for the actual balm or sting
 Of joys and sufferings that concern
 The intense keen present. Do not turn
 Mystery's mute acolyte, and swing
 Blind faith's theatric censor, fraught
 With suave insidious fumes that strangle thought !

EDGAR FAWCETT, *b.* 1847.

MR. SAVE-HIS-SOUL-ALIVE, O !

*(Dedicated, without permission, to the Rev. Ebenezer Grimes, and the Rev. Habakkuk
 Sinfulman, of Little Bethel.)*

ONCE he was wicked, and jolly, and stout,
 Now he is pious, and gloomy, and thin ;
 And he wanders restlessly, moaning out—
 “ I am lost, I am dead in sin.”

And he calls this “ conversion ”—the infinite ass !
 Converted ! yes, since so he desires ;
 As a tree from its growing life in the grass,
 Into fuel to feed church fires.

He is one of “ God’s vessels ” now that he is *cracked* ;
 For he pleadeth well that his spirit depraved,
 Eternally lost ere it knew the sweet fact,
 By knowing it now may be saved !

So the world in its self-complacent way
Concludes, "If this driveller be as he paints,
We, who are hearty in work and in play,
Are surely unconscious saints."

If this bathos of lunatic selfishness,
Solely concerned for its own precious soul,
Be sanctified virtue, the Devil us bless!
We would rather serve him, on the whole!

Through this mighty ocean, which heaves and raves,
We carry, as well as we can, our life;
Holding it up from the hungry waves
Only by sleepless strife.

The wind howls loud, and the billows run high,
Our little skiff strains, and quivers, and reels;
This fool does nothing but croak and cry,
Quaking from head to heels.

The timbers, in fact, are not too sound;
The shore's far off, and the chart-marks dim;
And this coward shrieking his "Oh! I am drowned!"
Will upset us all with him.

Nay, already his Bedlamite antics and fits,
With the storms confusioning deaf and blind,
Have frightened out of their feminine wits
The half of our womankind.

He is drunk from some damned illicit still
Of mental blue-ruin long scores above proof;
A dastard must drown his sense in a swill
When Hope goes a little aloof.

Would Hope with her frank, bright smile, embrace
Such a maudlin, whimpering wretch, do you think?
She turns, with disgust in her blooming face,
From his thick breath, hot with drink.

Can he fancy that Providence placed him here
To drivel out measures of lachrymal brine,
When it rains hard half the days in the year,
"And the sea's too deep for our line?"

Or are sighs and groanings needed to swell
This great dead wind, whose pitiless blasts,
With enormous swoop and savage yell,
Come clutching our poor slim masts?

To think that a fellow should launch to fight,
In the name of Heaven, against Hell and Sin,
Croaking in such a delirious fright,
As if the Devil must win.

1858.

JAMES THOMSON ("B.V."), 1834—1882.

A SAYING OF CONFUCIUS.

The steps of Time have a threefold gait:
Loitering slow the Future advances;
Arrow-swift by the Present glances;
Ever the Past holds its fixed estate.

No impatient thought can wing it,
When its lingering feet delay;
Fear nor doubt to pause can bring it,
As it speeds away—away.
Nor magic charm, nor guilt's distress
Avails to move the motionless.

Would'st thou with the blest and wise
End the course that before thee lies?
Let the Loiterer counsel read
But ne'er be partner of thy dead!
Choose not as friend with the Flying to go!
And make not the Unchangeable thy foe!

J. C. F. SCHILLER, 1759—1805.

Translated by N. L. FROTHINGHAM, 1793—1870.

THE DYING ATHEIST.

Now closed around the deepening shades of death
And life with all its glory fades away,
Ere long those lips will yield the expiring breath,
And this worn frame be given to decay.

Such is the lot of everything that lives,
From humble worm to intellectual man;
Thus fades the flower that freshening fragrance gives,
Thus all things end even as all things began.

'Tis folly to ignore the many links
Which bind all creatures in one vast embrace,
Yet human pride in righteous horror shrinks
From owning kindred with the lower race.

But as from germs doth spring all life around,
So man from nobler germs his being draws,
With all his genius—all his thoughts profound,
He yet must yield himself to Nature's laws.

Like frailest form of life that crawls the earth,
Man in his majesty must bow to fate,
And 'neath that ground which giveth all things birth,
Return at last to his primordial state.

So must I die, and so be laid at rest,
Inanimate as though I'd ne'er had been
No more entranced by joy, by care oppressed,
A withered mass, uncomely to be seen.

But yet I'm troubled by no christian fears,
No lurid glow of hell lights up my path,
I shed no craven penitential tears,
Nor cry for succour from almighty wrath.

No blood-polluted god awaits my soul,
I would not have a god appeased by blood;
What though dark seas of death before me roll,
Can I not brave the depths of Jordan's flood?

Away, false fears, ye spectres of the mind,
Creations of the artful priests of yore,
Religion's quicksands I have left behind,
To plant my footsteps on truth's rocky shore.

And as I gaze upon the sea of life,
And see Death's valley far below me lie ;
I feel assured I leave this worldly strife,
To rest in peace beneath that changeful sky.

The good I've wrought, perchance, may not bring forth,
Till 'mongst the living I've long ceased to be,
Then let mankind judge my humble worth,
And o'er my failings pass in charity.

And you my faithful friends I leave behind,
To perfect all which I have tried to do ;
Raise up the weak, instruct the darkened mind,
Make gladness for the many—not the few.

Thus will I pass away, content in peace,
Knowing my trust is placed in worthy hands ;
In patient labour you should never cease
To spread your light abroad to distant lands.

Now I must slumber, I am old and gray,
And fain would leave this scene of all my woe ;
My one regret, that when I'm passed away,
Still struggling multitudes must come and go.

Strange darkness falls across my feeble eyes,
And short and rapid comes and goes my breath ;
And now doth fade from view those azure skies,
Good-bye to all, I yield myself to death.

Behold he sleeps,—raise up his hoary head,
How calm and grave his last departing hours,
E'er many days we'll lay him with the dead,
And say farewell, and strew his grave with flowers.

THE DEVIL WENT A-FISHING.

THE Devil sat by the river side—

The stream of Time where you'll always find him—
Casting his line in the rushing tide
And landing the fish on the bank behind him.

He sat at ease in a cosy nook,
And was filling his basket very fast ;
While you might have seen that his deadly hook
Was differently baited for every cast.

He caught them as fast as man could count—
Little or big, it was all the same.
One bait was a cheque for a round amount ;
An assemblyman nabbed it and out he came.

He took a gem that as Saturn shone ;
It sank in the water without a sound.
And caught a woman who long was known
As the best and purest for miles around.

Sometimes he would laugh, and sometimes sing,
For better luck no one could wish,
And he seemed to know to a dead sure thing
The bait best suited to every fish.

Quoth Satan, "The fishing is rare and fine ;"
And he took a drink, somewhat enthused—
And yet a parson swam round the line
Who even the most tempting of baits refused.

He tried with his gold and his flashing gems,
Hung fame and fortune on the line,
Dressing-gowns with embroidered hems ;
But still the dominie made no sign.

A woman's garter went on the hook.
"I have him at last," quoth the Devil, brightening.
Then Satan's side with laughter shook,
And he landed the parson as quick as lightning.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold :—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“ What writest thou ? ”—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “ The names of those who love the Lord.”
“ And is mine one ? ” said Abou. “ Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still ; and said, “ I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo ! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT, 1784-1859.

TARDY RETRIBUTION.

A CHRISTIAN sailor beat a Jew,
And while he punnished him he cried,
“ I’ll pound your body black and blue,
For our dear Lord you crucified ! ”
But when the Jew recovered breath,
Said he : “ My friend, do you not know
That Jesus Christ was put to death
Some eighteen hundred years ago ? ”

‘The Christian dealt another blow,
And answered with a wrathful shriek,

“ I care not how long 'twas ago,
 I only heard of it last week ! ”
 In this fine mirror is displayed
 The Christian charity of ages,
 For such a picture is displayed
 Too oft on history's bloody pages.

MINOT J. SAVAGE, b. 1841.

THE DEATH OF THE DEVIL. (FREELY ENGLISHED FROM DE BERANGER.)

For the miracle that I'll retrace
 Quickly as a sketcher paints,
 Glory be to the Saint I grace,
 Patron of all our little Saints.
 By a trick which really would seem most
 Infernal if ever Saints misled,
 He has made the Devil give up the ghost :
 The Devil is dead, the Devil is dead.

Satan found him going to dine :
 Drink or own yourself second-best :
 Done !—but he poured in the Devil's wine
 A powerful poison potently blest.
 Satan drinks, comes the colic quick ;
 He swears, he writhes, he dashes his head ;
 At last he bursts like a heretic :
 The Devil is dead, the Devil is dead.

He is dead ! the monks all cry,
 None will purchase another *agnus* :
 He is dead ! the canons sigh,
 Who will pay now for an *oremus* !
 The conclave shook in mortal fear,
 Power and strong-box, adieu ! they said,
 We have lost our Father dear :
 The Devil is dead, the Devil is dead.

Love won't serve us as Fear of old,
Whose gifts have overfilled our hands ;
Intolerance is almost cold,
Who will kindle again its hands !
If Man escapes us, slips our rope,
Truth will begin to lift her head,
God will be greater than the Pope :
The Devil is dead, the Devil is dead.

Ignatius runs to them while they cry ;
Give me, give me his place and power ;
No one was frightened of him, but I—
I will make even the monarchs cower :
Robberies, massacres, plagues, or wars
Everywhere, O I'll flourish, he said ;
God may have what I fling out of doors :
The Devil is dead, the Devil is dead.

Ah ! Brave homme ! cried all the court,
We bless thee in thy malice and hate ;
And at once his order, Rome's support,
Saw its robe flutter Heaven's gate.
From the angels tears of pity fell ;
Poor Man will have cause to rue, they said,
Saint Ignatius inherits Hell :
The Devil is dead, the Devil is dead.

JAMES THOMSON, B.V., 1834-1882.

WHEN WOMANHOOD AWAKES.

(Read at the Woman's National Liberal Convention, Washington, D. C.,
February, 24, 1890.)

No more shall error 'round her play
In fitful moods and clouds of grey ;
Or cruel fancies crush her down
Where demons wait and furies frown,
—When Womanhood awakes.

No more shall bigots turn and rave,
A ranting yet a cringing slave,
At truth who, in her garments white,
Stands facing ever to the right,
—When Womanhood awakes.

No more shall sisters turn aside,
With haughty tread and sullen pride,
From those who walk in clearer light,
Whose keener vision sees the right,
—When Womanhood awakes.

No more in abject fear she'll cower,
Before a mitred, tyrant power ;
Nor grope in darkness, pain and shame—
A hopeless wretch without a name,
—When Womanhood awakes.

No more she'll idly dream away
Life's splendid hours in trifling play,
Nor think the whole of life to be
To lose her own identity,
—When Womanhood awakes.

No more the story will be told
By writers young and writers old,
That man but toils till set of sun,
While woman's work is never done,
—When Womanhood awakes.

The chains that bind her foot and hand—
That hold her close in every land—
Will drop and crumble in the dust,
By force of their own ancient rust,
—When Womanhood awakes.

Her eyes are closed in slumber now,
The poppy-wreath is on her brow ;
But soon her night shall change to day
And, 'mid the tombs, no more she'll stray,
—When Womanhood awakes.

In horror will she view the past,
That, vice-like, held her hard and fast,
The coming time her mind shall dower
With vigorous strength and helpful power,
—When Womanhood awakes.

The future day shall see her then
Clothed rightly as a citizen,
And she'll behold with judgment clear,
The sovereign rights that wait her here,
—When Womanhood awakes.

And man shall stand on grander height ;
Shall see the truth in larger light ;
Shall rise from grovelling in the dust,
To realms where dwell the true and just,
—When Womanhood awakes.

And all these things shall surely be,
When Justice reigns from sea to sea ;
Fair Freedom then, in fullest measure,
Shall give to each her equal treasure,
—When Womanhood awakes.

How gloomy all the Past will seem !
A misty way—a dreadful dream !—
With Superstition's slimy trail
O'er mossy bank and flowery dale,
—When Womanhood awakes.

O, rosy dawn in Eastern skies !
Thy morning light the world supplies
Joy bells shall ring from shore to shore ;
Anthems shall swell for evermore,
—When Womanhood awakes.

SUSAN H. WIXON.

THE UNIVERSE VOID.

Revolving worlds, revolving systems, yea,
Revolving firmaments, nor there we end :
Systems of firmaments revolving send
Our thought across the Infinite astray
Gasping and lost and terrified, the day
Of life, the goodly interests of home,
Shrivelled to nothing ; that unbounded dome
Pealing still on, in blind fatality.

No rest is there for our souls wingèd feet,
She must return for shelter to her ark—
The body, fair, frail, death-born, incomplete,
And let her bring this truth back from the dark :
Life is self-centred, man is nature's God ;
Space, time, are but the walls of his abode.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT, 1811-1890.

THE PERSIAN EPICURUS.

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow !

Some for the glories of this world ; and some
Sigh for the prophet's Paradise to come ;
Oh, take the cash and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum !

Look to the blowing rose about us—"Lo
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow :
At once the silken tassel of my purse
Tear, and its treasure on the garden throw."

For those who husbanded the golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like rain,
Alike to no such laureate earth are turn'd,
As, buried once, men want dug up again.

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon,
Turns ashes,—or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two, is gone.

Think, in this battered caravanserai,
Whose portals are alternate night and day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his pomp
Abode his destined hour, and went his way.

.

Ah, my belovèd, fill the cup that clears
To-DAY of past regret and future fears.
To-morrow! Why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years!

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best,
That from his vintage rolling Time has pressed,
Have drank their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the room
They left, and summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the couch of earth
Descend—ourselves to make a couch—for whom?

.

Why, all the Saints and Saints who discussed
Of the two worlds so learnedly, are thrust
Like foolish prophets forth; their words to scorn
Are scattered, and their mouths are stopt with dust.

Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein I went.

With them the seed of wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand wrought to make it grow ;
And this was all the harvest that I reaped—
“ I came like water, and like wind I go.”

There was the door to which I found no key ;
There was the veil through which I could not see ;
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE and ME.

Oh threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise
One thing at least is certain—*this* life flies,
One thing is certain, and the rest is lies,
The flower that once has blown for ever dies.

Strange, is it not ? that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of darkness through,
No one returns to tell us of the road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

The revelations of devout and learn'd,
Who rose before us, and as prophets burn'd,
Are all but stories, which, awoke from sleep,
They told their comrades, and to sleep returned.

I sent my soul through the invisible,
Some letter of that after-life to spell ;
And by-and-by my soul returned to me,
And answered, “ I myself am heaven and hell.”

Heaven, but the vision of fulfilled desire,
And hell, the shadow from a soul on fire,
Cast on the darkness, into which ourselves
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.

We are no other than a moving row
Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with this sun-illumined lantern held
In midnight by the master of the show.

Impotent pieces of the game he plays
Upon the chequer-board of nights and days :
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays.

The ball no question makes of ayes or noes,
But right or left as strikes the player, goes ;
And he that tossed you down into the field,
He knows about it all—he knows—he knows !

The moving finger writes ; and, having wit,
Moves on : nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

What ! out of senseless nothing to provoke
A conscious something to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted pleasure, under pain
Of everlasting penalties, if broke !

What ! from his helpless creatures be repaid
Pure gold for what he lent us, dross—allayed—
Sue for a debt we never did contract,
And cannot answer—Oh ! the sorry trade !

Oh thou, who man of baser earth didst make,
And even with Paradise devise the snake !
For all the sin wherewith the face of man
Is blackened—man's forgiveness give—and take !

OMAR KHAYYAM,

Persian Astronomer Poet, *d. about* 1123.

Translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD, 1809-1883.

Be to the best thou knowest ever true,
Is all the creed.

Then, be thy talisman of rosy hue,
Or fenced with thorns that wearing thou must bleed,
Or gentle pledge of love's prophetic view,
Thy faithful steps it will securely lead.

SARAH MARGARET FULLER, 1810-1850.

LET US ALL BE UNHAPPY ON SUNDAY.

The zealots, made up of stiff clay,
The sour-looking children of sorrow,
While not over jolly to-day,
Resolve to be wretched to-morrow.
We can't for a certainty tell
What mirth may molest us on Monday;
But, at least, to begin the week well,
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday.

That day, the calm season of rest,
Shall come to us freezing and frigid;
A gloom all our thoughts shall invest,
Such as Calvin himself would call rigid.
With sermons from morning till night,
We'll strive to be decent and dreary;
To preachers a praise and delight,
Who ne'er think sermons can weary,

All tradesmen cry up their own wares—
In this they agree well together—
The mason by stone and lime swears,
The tanner is always for leather.
The smith still for iron would go,
The schoolmaster stands up for teaching,
And the parson would have you to know,
There's nothing on earth like preaching.

The face of kind nature is fair,
But our system obscures its effulgence;
How sweet is a breath of fresh air!
But our rules don't allow the indulgence.
Their gardens, their walks, and green bowers,
Might be free to the poor man for one day;
But no! the glad plants and gay flowers,
Mustn't bloom or smell sweetly on Sunday.

What though a good precept we strain,
Till hateful and hurtful we make it ?
What though, in thus pulling the rein,
We may draw it so tight as to break it !
Abroad we forbid folks to roam,
For fear they get social and frisky ;
But, of course, they can sit still at home,
And get dismally drunk upon whisky.

From the *Scotsman*. (Ascribed to LORD NEAVES, 1800-1876.)

DEATH.

REASON thus with life :—

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep : a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict : merely, thou art death's fool ;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still : Thou art not noble ;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness : Thou art by no means valiant :
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm : Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyself ;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust : Happy thou art not :
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get ;
And what thou hast, forgett'st : Thou are not certain ;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon : If thou art rich, thou'rt poor ;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none ;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,

The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner : Thou hast nor youth, nor age ;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both : for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou has neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths : yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

W. SHAKESPEARE, 1564-1616.
Measure for Measure, Act iii, Scene 1.

THE LORD'S LOVING KINDNESS.

Amen ! Hallelujah ! Forever
The Lord in his righteousness reigns !
The chosen are saved, and the many
Are lost as his goodness ordains.
The almighty boss won the battle,
Old Satan's put under his feet,
And smoke-clouds of anguish arising
Fill heaven with aroma sweet.

There stands a big bellows in heaven,
Right back of Jehovah's throne,
With air pipes strung from its nozzle
Way done to the fiery zone ;
And sometimes an angel gets lazy,
And rusts for the want of use.
His bright wings are flopping and twisted,
His harp-strings all dangling and loose ;
Then Michael says : " Here, you dull loafer !
Just jump these 'ere bellows a spell,

And warm up your poor old mother,
A-shivering away down in hell."

There are those in this heavenly kingdom
With friends in the torrent below ;
But the cords that had bound them when mortal
Are broke, and the burden of woe
That sympathy bears for another
Rests never upon them again,
For conscience is freed from the kindness
That made them do good unto men.

A sweet little angelic cherub,
All rosy and smiling and bright,
With joy written over his forehead
In the glow of eternity's light,
Comes up from the beautiful river,
With ecstasy sweet and unshammed,
So send a blast down on a sister
Who went to a dance and was dammed.

A father and mother together
Come up in ineffable joy,
To force down a whiff of pure justice
For the flames round a dear little boy
Who laughed by mistake when the deacon
Broke down with a cough in his prayer,
And died with the crime unforgiven,
To go down to hell and despair.

"All washed in the blood and made whiter
Than snow," and with purity crowned,
A murderer swung from the gallows
Comes joyfully walking around ;
And creak goes the powerful engine,
And downward the rich stream is driven,
To blow up the coals that are roasting
The wife that he killed—unforgiven.
A pious, angelical deacon,
Who once distilled whisky on earth,

And sold it around to his neighbours
For thrice what it really was worth,
Takes hold of the handle and turns it
On one who from godliness fell
By drinking his orthodox whisky,
To burn in an orthodox hell.
O beautiful rest for the weary !
O joy that shall be to all men !
O beautiful scheme of salvation,
That saves about one out of ten !
Sweet message of love from the ages !
Sweet story that ever is new !
“ Believe, or be damned ” to perdition !
I believe ! I’ll be damned if I do !

FRANK FELT.

BE CONTENT.

SAID the parson, “ Be content,
Pay your tithe-dues, pay your rent,
They that earthly things despise
Shall have mansions in the skies ;
Though your back with toil be bent,”
Said the parson, “ Be content.”
Then the parson feasting went
With my lord who lives by rent ;
And the parson laughed elate,
For my lord has livings great.
They that earthly things revere,
May get bishops’ mansions here.
Be content ! be content !
Till your dreary life is spent.
Lowly live, and lowly die,
All for mansions in the sky.
Castles here are much too rare ;
All may have them—in the air.

T. MAGUIRE.

GOLD.

Gold ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold !
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd and roll'd ;
Heavy to get and light to hold ;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled ;
Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould ;
Price of many a crime untold ;
Gold ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold !
Good or bad a thousand-fold !

How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamp'd with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary.

T. HOOD, 1798-1845.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF MANHOOD.

(*Good Friday*, 1880.)

To-day, as ever, pale mankind is nailed
Upon the bitter cross. The people go
To weep false tears o'er overrated woe,
Weeping because one far-off fair life failed.
And what of heights of manhood left unscaled
To-day, because this piteous farce runs so ?
What of the sufferers whom to-day lays low,—
At whose lives' torments Christ himself had quailed ?
Ah ! shall there be an Easter morn for these,—
As through the blood-stained centuries not one day

Hath not loomed like Good Friday gaunt and grey
Upon them? When shall mankind's passion cease?
From his dark tomb, barred then since time began,
What Easter torch shall light the spirit of man.

GEORGE BARLOW.

L I F E.

ONLY for a day!
Just one gleam of sunshine, and then it's passed away;
Just a tiny raindrop, just a drop of dew;
Just a passing storm cloud, just a bit of blue.
We do not know the morrow; it's only for a day—
Just one gleam of sunshine, and then it's passed away.

Only for a day!
Time enough for harvest, time to cut the hay;
Time enough for loving, time enough to smile;
Even though a shadow may hover round awhile;
We do not know the morrow: it's only for a day—
Just a gleam of sunshine, and then it's passed away.
Only for a day!

Be thou up and doing then, before it's passed away;
Never mind the shadow, hold the substance tight;
Never mind the future, makes the present bright;
We do not know the morrow; it's only for a day—
Just a gleam of sunshine, and then it's passed away.

EDGAR T. BENTON.

A TRIBUTE TO BRUNO.

In the smiling land where the Tiber flows
On its winding way from the mountains down;
The sun of a far-off day arose
On a seven-hilled city of past renown.

It shone on pillar and tower and arch,
On church and temple and statue fair,
On a mob of black-robed priests who march
To a chosen spot in a public square.

It sees the man they have brought and bound,
It sees them driving the martyr's stake.
And while they are piling the fagots round
Their curses and maledictions break.

We look, and the cowed and howling crowd
Of Roman ruffians and Romish priests
Scowl dark on their victim, angry-browed
With the brutal passions of savage beasts.

No friend is present to take his part,
Nor venture the protest of groan or sob,
Save that some woman of tender heart
Weeps low at the outskirts of the mob.

The hands of assassins have lit the fire,
But the martyr, erect, unawed, unbowed,
Looks out from the smoke of his funeral pyre
Serene as the stars look through a crowd.

The deed is done, and the crowds disperse,
And Bruno, the noble, once more is free,
For the waves of the Tiber, a sombre hearse,
Flow down with his ashes toward the sea.

Ah, this was Rome when the Church had power
And owned the soil that the patriot trod ;
This was the bloom of the papal flower—
Yea, this was Italy under God.

But the sun shines still, round goes the world,
And another era has dawned on Rome ;
The vicar of Christ from the throne is hurled,
And the land of the popes is the free man's home.

On the spot where Bruno died that day
A marble statue confronts the eye,

While the priests in their cloister curse or pray,
And bemoan the worth of a time gone by.

And Italy's sons, while the Tiber flows,
Will guard that statue from break or fall,
And Bruno's lovers shall fame disclose
As the noblest Romans among them all.

Ah, this is Italy, free at last
From the curse of the sacerdotal clan ;
Undoing the crimes of a brutal past,
Lo, this is Italy under Man,

G. E. MACDONALD (in *Freethought*).

OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT.

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear :
" My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair ! "
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

P. B. SHELLEY, 1792-1822.

SPEAK thou thy thought,
For speech is as sweet morning to the mind :
It spreads the beauteous images abroad
Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul.

NATH. LEE, 1655-1691.

THREE VOICES.

"I will not answer to the name of optimist, but if you like to invent Meliorist, I will not say you call me out of my name."—GEORGE ELIOT.

[See *Nineteenth Century* vol. ix, p. 787.]

I. — OPTIMISM.

ALL's for the best ! The shadows do but witness
 Darkly the very glory of the light ;
 Each wail of anguish hath its age-old fitness,
 Each moan proclaims " Whatever is, is right."
 Your suffering is the backstroke of your sinning—
 Yours or your fathers'—bow, and kiss the rod !
 Plague, war, and famine are from the beginning
 The handmaids of the righteousness of God.
 And if his justice, in its very splendor,
 Cause, for a time, our weakling sense to quail,
 We droop our eyelids in devout surrender,
 And hope for stronger sight behind the veil.

* * *

A baby, at its mother's shrivelled breast,
 Starves, fever-shuddering. . . . All is for the best !

II. — PESSIMISM.

All's for the worst ! Our torture-cell is shrinking
 As aspiration, thought and will expand ;
 Love's a delusion-chain, for ever linking
 Prometheus to the vulture-haunted strand ;
 Progress is but the painful evolution
 Of keener sensibility to pain,
 And pleasure brings relentless retribution
 In dull satiety of heart and brain.
 We're Nature's fools ! Her end-all and her be-all
 Is Life, crude Life. Our noblest strain and stress,
 Our loveliest dreams, subserve her grim ideal—
 A serpent-heap of writhing wretchedness.

* * *

Still squadrons, crying "Save the women first!"
Sink with the troopship. . . . All is for the worst!

III.—MELIORISM.

All may be well! The day is breaking slowly,
But surely o'er the world its splendors spread;
Man knows that living Man alone is holy,
Not Gods that never lived or men long dead.
Nature's blind will in Reason wakes from blindness,
Conscience, that seems to thwart, fulfils her plan;
In woman's heart sits thronèd Loving-kindness,
And godlike Justice in the mind of man.
Give life the chance denied it through the ages;
Let health of body grow with health of mind,
Secure to righteous work its righteous wages:—
Then sum the weal or woe of humankind.

* * *

Hope-germs, like seeds of heaven in very hell,
Are quickening round us. . . . All may yet be well!

NORMAN BRITTON.

BELDAGON CHURCH.

I. THE WALK TO CHURCH.

LOUD the lofty belfry rung,
Wide the massy portal swung—
For Beldagon's Cathedral-fane
A proud Assembly sought again.
High the fields are waving;
Orchard fruit is blest—
Summer's merry saving
For Winter's happy rest.
O'er the clover lea
The blossom-loving bee,
Neglectful of her Maker

Tho' 'tis Sunday morn,
Little Sabbath-breaker !
Winds her humming horn,
Where lilybell and rose
No door denying close—
Asking neither price nor pay,
Wooing what may pass that way,
To be their sweets' partaker.

Bell and book unheeding
The quiet kine are feeding,
The birds are on the wing,
The pebbled runnels ring,
The rivers still are flowing,
The graceful corn is growing,
The frolic wind is blowing—
And yet, the world caressing,
Unwrinkled by a frown,
The blue sky sends a blessing
On all creation down.

In Beldagon's Cathedral-fane,
From tesselled floor to gilded vane
Hangs that deep, sepulchral gloom
That turns a church into a tomb.
Ghastly statues, paly-white,
Half elude the startled sight ;
Brazen gratings, dim with years,
Chide away affection's tears ;
Marble mourners coldly weep !
Graves are for a pavement spread ;
A stifling air is overhead :
'Tis not the home of those who sleep,
It is a prison for the dead !

The organ wailed, the echoes rung,
And thick the painted shadows clung
Around the pane where, richly wrought,
Rival Saints and Dragons fought,

And hovering cherubs smiling eyed
The contemplated fratricide.

Clustering columns, tall and light,
Arose a terror to the sight,
For on them weighed the roof as tho'
'Twould crush the crowd that knelt below.
With rose, and boss, and arabesque,
Escutcheon quaint, and head grotesque,
Where Sculpture's lewd luxuriance wrought
Distraction to the praying thought,
It caught the dull ascending strain,
And hurled it back to earth again.

Thick along the pavement close
Stately pews in rival rows,
With cushioned seat of velvet sheen
And panelled oak, and silken screen—
But ere you pass yon portal, stay!
The bells have yet a space to chime—
Then let them toll their sullen rhyme,
And come away awhile with me
To harvest-field and clover lea;
Sit by Nature's side, and pray,
And join her service for the day:
Every whispering leaf's a preacher,
Every daisy is a teacher,
Writing on the unsullied sod
Revelation straight from God.
Then, while yon solemn belfry swings,
List how Earth her matin sings,
And how the early morning rises
Step by step, with glad surprises:
We shall return in time to hear
How Saints adore and sinners fear.

2. THE RITUAL OF NATURE.

Mistily, dreamily, steals a faint glimmer—
Hill-tops grow lighter, tho' stars become dimmer:

First, a streak of grey ;
Then a line of green ;
Then a sea of roses
With golden isles between.
All along the dawnlit prairies
Stand the flowers, like tip-toe fairies
Waiting for the early dew :
 Listening—
 Glistening—
 As the morning
 Walks their airy muster thro',
All the newborn blossoms christening
 With a sacrament of dew.
And from them, a flower with wings,
Their angel that watched thro' the night,
The beautiful butterfly springs
 To the light.

See! a shadow moves
Down the mountain furled :
It is a thin grey shadow—
Yet it moves the world.
For list ye! list ye! what is gliding,
Where the trail is newly laid?
 In the herbage hiding,
 'Thro' the bushes sliding,
With the moving shadow?
 Crowds of timid things,
 Paws, and feet, and wings,
All thro' the boughs and bushy glade,
And o'er the clover-meadow.

There they pass
Thro' the grass,
And the shaken
Drops awaken;
Lines of light
On their flight ;

And there
The hare,
With head erect
And ears bent over,
Peers around
Above the clover,
From the mound
The mole has made
To detect
An ambuscade.

And gaze aloft, where riven
Thro' the parted heaven.

Cleaves a snowy stream,
Between its cloudy shores
A towering eagle soars
To bathe in the first sunbeam,
And comes back to the mountain's dun,
To tell them he has seen the sun.

Then the skies grow bold,
Fast the day mounts high,
Forth, in cloudless glory,
Bursts the flashing fire!

And where the warm rays quiver,
On pool, and rill, and river,
Whirling, twirling,
Upward curling
Vapory columns music rife,
Meeting—parting,
Backward darting,
Swarms the merry insect life.

Lone, the chanticleer
Crew reveillee long;
'Tis now his turn to hear
The world awake to song.
The flower that sings,
As the sunlight clings

On the petal with finger of gold ;
And the forest—that harp of a million strings
And æolian melodies old !

While the voice of the springs
In the mountain rings
The great keynote of the main,
And the light cloud flings
From its shadowy wings,
The laugh of the dancing rain.

Then the birds all pause
On the blossoming shaws,
As the drop on the branch they hear ;
And the thunder that awes—
Like a giant's applause,
The song it was given to cheer.

But the lark carols high
In the light of the sky,
Where the portals of paradise glow ;
The angels allure him so far to fly,
For envy of man below.

And the musical wail
Of the nightingale
Confesses a heavenly birth ;
The last of the seraphim, haunting the vale
For love of a daughter of earth.

And the laborer's lay
Is enlivening day,
And the shepherd boy answering wild ;
And the young at their play
In the new-mown hay,
And the mother's sweet song to her child ;

As if nature, intent
To surpass all she lent
In the breath of the rose and the coo of the dove,

To crown the great hymn of the universe sent—
HUMAN LOVE.

While wanton luxury's saintly child
Sleeps off the night's debauches wild,
When fields are dew and skies are balm,
Thus Nature sings her morning psalm.

And a spirit glides before me,
Pointing all the moral true :
Oh, my God, how I adore thee
When I walk thy wonders thro',
Learning Spring's romantic story,
Or the Summer's tale of glory,
Or the Autumn's legend hoary,
Old as earth, yet ever new.

Nor is it sadder, when the Winter
Lays his hand, tho' wet and cold,
On bough and blossom, grass and mould,
Saying, in his breathings deep—
Mortal, rest :—and Nature, sleep ;
But unto nought that liveth, weep !

And where we trace
Still Murder's pace,
Or louder war's unmasked disgrace,
Behold, throughout creation wide,
In man the only fratricide—
And, haply 'twas the hand of man
First the bloody work began ;
The leavings of his red repast
First to the startled tiger cast—
Who, having felt the craving dim,
Turned his hungry tooth on him.

But, ever, the loving hand of Heaven
Heals the wound that man has given ;
Reptile, bird, and beast of prey
From half the world are swept away—
Those who took the taint, decay.

And, ever, the stream of Truth is flowing ;
And, ever, the seed of Peace is growing ;
And, ever, a voice is stealing,
The gospel of Love revealing ;
Flower and mountain, wave and wind
Say—God is good ; and God is kind ;
He frowns at fear, and grief, and care,
And man's worst blasphemy, despair.
For joy is praise, and peace is prayer,
And Heaven is near, and Earth is bright,
And God is Love, and Life, and Light.

Now the wind is slow subsiding ;
On the boughs the birds are hiding ;
The herds are standing by the stream :
The motes are pausing on the beam ;
As tho' they heard the noontide say,
With hushing glory, " Let us pray."
And, hark ! the booming bells give o'er ;
Then back to Beldagon once more.

3. THE SERVICE.

In the churchyard's elmen shade
Glittering chariots stand arrayed ;
The coachmen on the boxes nod ;
The horses paw the sacred sod ;
And round the porch are laughing loud
The lounging lacquey's liveried crowd.
But now, behold, we are within,
Safe from sunshine and from sin.

Silks have rustled, fans have fluttered ;
Sneers and compliments been uttered ;
And many found, as find they ought,
In church the object that they sought ;
Business finds a turn in trade ;
Praise, its victim ; wit, its butt ;
New acquaintance have been made :
Old acquaintances been cut.

Shivering on the naked floor,
By the cold denying door,
And where the drafty windows soar
The dust encumbered galleries o'er,
Stand the hundreds of the poor.
Those, at least, who still can wear
A coat that is not worn to bare,
For rags are never suffered there.

Now the congregation's seated
And the church is growing heated
With a heavy, perfumed air
Of scents, and salts, and vinegar.
The morning prayers are ending ;
The psalmody's ascending ;
The great men, lowly bending,
Turn their gilded leaves about,
Most ostentatiously devout.

Then, like the flutter of a full pit
When a favorite passage comes,
As the Bishop mounts the pulpit
Sink the whispers, coughs, and hums ;
And, here and there, a scattered sinner
Rising in the House of God,

Shews he
Knows the
Rosy,
Cosy,
Dosy,
Prosy,

Bishop with a smile and nod.

The Prelate bows his cushioned knee ;
Oh, the Prelate's fat to see ;
Fat, the priests who minister,
Fat, each roaring chorister,
Prebendary, Deacon, Lector,
Chapter, Chanter, Vicar, Rector,

Curate, Chaplain, Dean, and Pastor,
Verger, Sexton, Clerk, Schoolmaster,
From mitre tall, to gold-laced hat,
Fat's the place—and all *are* fat.

The Bishop rises from his knee,
And thus begins his homily :—

THE BISHOP OF BELDAGON'S SERMON.

Sink and tremble, wretched sinners ; the Almighty Lord has
hurled
His curse for everlasting on a lost and guilty world !
Upon the ground beneath your feet ; upon the sky above your
head ;
Upon the womb that brings you forth ; upon the toil that gives
you bread !
On all that lives, and breathes, and moves, in earth, and air,
and wave ;
On all that feels, and dreams, and thinks ; on cradle, house, and
grave.
For Adam murdered innocence,—and since the world became
its hearse,
Throughout the living sphere extending breeds and spreads the
dreadful curse.
The seasons thro' Creation bear our globe continually,
To show its shame to every star that frowns from the recoiling sky ;
And savage comets come and gaze, and fly in horror from the
sight,
To tell it through unfathomed distance to each undiscovered
light.
Sin, its ghostly wound inflicting, damns us to eternal pain—
And from the heart of human nature flows an everbleeding vein.
You may blame your institutions, blame your masters, rulers, kings :
This is idle : 'tis the curse eternal, festering as it clings.
Change them—sweep them to destruction, as the billow sweeps
the shore ;
Misery, pain, and death—the curse—the curse will rankle but
the more.

If it were not thus, in nature you would surely witness joy—
Gaze around you, and behold the never-ceasing curse destroy :
Flower and leaf, and blade and blossom languish in a slow decay ;
Fish on fish, and bird on bird, and beast on beast, unceasing prey.
Take the smallest drop of water—see, with microscopic view,
Thousand creatures raven, slaughter, mangle, cripple, maim,
pursue.

Breathe the air—where million beings in unending conflict
dwell,

Every tiny bosom raging with the raging fires of Hell !
And the CURSE ETERNAL gives them weapons kindred to their
hearts :

Claw, and tusk, and venomed fang, and web, and coil, and
poisoned darts.

Nature is one scene of murder, misery, malice, pain, and sin ;
And earth and air, and fire and water grudge the little piece
you win ;

Blight and mildew, hail and tempest, drought and flood your
harvests spoil,

Disputing inch by inch the conquests of your heart subduing toil.

Then turn thee to the world of thought, and leave material
earth behind :

Claim the promise of the spirit, taste the triumph of the mind ;
Fly to friendship's pleasing solace: bitter pleasure! solace vain !
Tremble with a double danger—suffer with a double pain !

Nay, your very love brings anguish to the loved one you adore,
And the more you seek a blessing, you inflict a curse the more !
Thus in all your best affections the recoiling bane is rife :

Fear, and Agony, and Danger, usher Infancy to Life.

Father, o'er the cradle bending, close the curtain, bar the door,
Watch that helpless little sleeper—but the curse came there
before !

Eye has seen not, ear has heard not, when the dreadful work
begins ;

In the heart the seed of death, and in the blood the drop of sins.
Those tiny limbs so delicate, that winning smile of seeming joy,
Foul diseases shall invade, hereditary vice destroy.

Time shall heal not, Age shall fly not from the footsteps that
pursue :

As the frame is growing larger, pain and sin grow larger too :
For the body's but a rack, and Life, relentless torturer ! flings
O'er the nerves her ruthless hands, and pulls the agonising strings.
See the meaner outworks taken ; know the sapping foe's advance ;
Fight him with a weaker weapon ; face him with a dimmer glance ;
Feel the living members rotting ; bid the hopeless struggle cease ;
Closer fold your funeral weeds, and, if you can—depart in peace.

Nay ! Beside these certain scourges, dreader evils rise as well :
Plague, and war, and famine sweep their countless victims down
to Hell !

All for special sins commissioned, as the Almighty rod was held
Over Europe's insurrections when its savages rebelled.

Ha ! How they rotted ! How they perished ! Myriads stricken
day by day !

Rebels yielded—men submitted—and the wrath was turned away.
Brethren ! profit by the lesson ! see the hand that stretches down
To shield the woosack, counter, ledger, altar, mitre, sabre, crown !
Then be patient in Affliction ! envy not the rich and great !

“ A contrite and a broken heart ” alone shall enter at the gate.
You may think the rich are happy, but you little know the cost ;
By the gain of earthly treasures are eternal treasures lost.
For this life is short and fleeting, and they choose a poorer share ;
Let them revel—let them triumph : they shall suffer doubly
there.

Your afflictions are your blessings ; by disaster you are tried ;
Those are happiest who are saddest, if the searching test they
bide.

Tears are gladder far than smiles ; disease is healthier far than
health ;

Rags are warmer far than ermine ; want is richer far than wealth
Hunger feeds you more than plenty ; strife is peace and peace
is strife ;

Loss is gain and gain is loss ; life is death and death is life.

Check the proud, repining spirit ; bare the back and kiss the rod

Humbled, crushed, and broken-hearted, is the state that pleases
God.

Listen not to idle schemers pointing to Utopian goals :

Yours is more than work enough to save your miserable souls.

Dream not of amelioration ; future ages still shall nurse

In their breast the antient serpent, the irrevocable curse.

'Tis writ, "I came to bring a sword." 'Tis writ, "The poor
shall never cease."

'Tis blasphemy to talk of plenty, heresy to think of peace !

By nature you are all corrupt, and doomed, and damned, and
lost in sin :

Each natural thought, each natural wish, is searching Satan's
lure within !

And to crown the gloomy prospect, should a single hope aspire,
Hangs o'er all the Day of Judgment with its world destroying
fire !

The Bishop bows with reverence bland,
And leans his head upon his hand ;
'Then up the aisles and arches dim
Peals the deep resounding hymn :

THE BISHOP OF BELDAGON'S HYMN :

The heart's a black pollution ;

Pest is in the breath ;

Each limb's a dark conspirator,

Compassing our death ;

The mind's a moral ulcer ;

The veins with venom roll ;

And life is one great treason

Of sense against the soul.

A subtle fiend is lurking

In land, and air, and wave ;

The very ground beneath you

Is but an open grave ;

For Earth's a brittle casing

O'er the raging fires of Hell

Breaking in at every footstep
Since our father Adam fell.

In every bird that carols,
In every flower that blows,
In every fruit that ripens
Behold your secret foes.

In every hour and moment,
In every pulse that flies
In every breath and accent
The flames of Hell arise.

Throughout the night, the Devil
Sits whispering at your ear :
Your dreams are all his prompting,
Your prayers are all his fear.

Let tears bedew your pillow,
And tremble as you sleep ;
Arise next morn in sorrow,
And work, and watch, and weep.

For every word you utter,
For every deed you do,
Hellfire for everlasting
May rack you through and through.

All science, song, and music,
And poetry, and art,
Are Satan's foul devices
To snare the sinner's heart.

In books there lurks a danger
That hardly understood ;
The best are scarcely harmless,
And none of them are good.

Religion takes for granted ;
Faith never murmurs " why ? "
To think, is to be tempted ;
To reason, is to die !

Behold a mask in friendship,
The Tempter's face to hide ;
A pagod in Affection ;
And Hell on every side.

The blood of Christ, atoning,
Might wash your sin away ;
But, that you've *won* salvation,
No mortal tongue can say.

For, when you've done your utmost,
Small glimpse of hope is there :
Then, sinner ! on thy deathbed,
Sink, tremble, and despair !

The Bishop now indulges in
A spiritual fiction,
And from the hand that holds a curse
He pours a benediction.

The blessing o'er—the rites are done—
The organ wails its last,
And from the Church of Beldagon
The crowd are flitting fast.

ERNEST JONES.

TIME'S REMEDY.

REJOICE, O grieving heart !
The hours fly fast—
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies ;
Until at last
The red dawn in the east
Bids weary night depart,
And pain is past ;
Rejoice then grieving heart !
The hours fly fast.

ANON.

THE LATEST DECALOGUE.

THOU shalt have one God only ; who
Would be at the expense of two ?
No graven images may be
Worshipped — except the currency.
Swear not at all—for, thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse.
At Church on Sunday to attend
Wilt serve to keep the world thy friend.
Honour thy parents—that is, all
From whom advancement may befall.
Thou shalt not kill—but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive.
Do not adultery commit ;
Advantage rarely comes of it.
Thou shalt not steal—an empty feat
When 'tis so lucrative to cheat.
Bear not false witness ; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly.
Thou shalt not covet ; but tradition
Approves all forms of competition.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, 1819-1861.

THE LAW OF DEATH.

THE song of Kilvany. Fairest she
In all the land of Savatthi.
She had one child, as sweet and gay
And dear to her as the light of day.
She was so young, and he so fair,
The same bright eyes and the same dark hair,
To see them by the blossomy way
They seemed two children at their play.

There came a death-dart from the sky,
Kilvany saw her darling die.
The glimmering shade his eyes invades,
Out of his cheek the red bloom fades ;
His warm heart feels the icy chill,
The round limbs shudder and are still.
And yet Kilvany held him fast
Long after life's last pulse was past,
As if her kisses could restore
The smile gone out for evermore.

But when she saw her child was dead
She scattered ashes on her head,
And seized the small corpse, pale and sweet,
And rushing wildly through the street,
She sobbing fell at Buddha's feet.

" Master ! all-helpful ! help me now !
Here at thy feet I humbly bow ;
Have mercy, Buddha ! help me now ! "
She grovelled on the marble floor,
And kissed the dead child o'er and o'er.
And suddenly upon the air
There fell the answer to her prayer :
" Bring me to-night a Lotus tied
With thread from a house where none had died."

She rose, and laughed with thankful joy,
Sure that the god would save the boy.
She found a Lotus by the stream ;
She plucked it from its noonday dream,
And then from door to door she fared,
To ask what house by death was spared.
Her heart grew cold to see the eyes
Of all dilate with slow surprise :
" Kilvany, thou hast lost thy head ;
Nothing can help a child that's dead.
There stands not by the Ganges' side
A house where none hath ever died."

Thus through the long and weary day,
From every door she bore away
Within her heart, and on her arm,
A heavier load, a deeper harm.
By gates of gold and ivory,
By wattled huts of poverty,
The same refrain heard poor Kilvany,
The living are few—the dead are many.

The evening came, so still and fleet,
And overtook her hurrying feet,
And, heart-sick, by the sacred fane
She fell, and prayed the god again.
She sobbed and beat her bursting breast :
“ Ah ! thou hast mocked me ! Mightiest !
Lo ! I have wandered far and wide—
There stands no house where none hath died.”
And Buddha answered, in a tone
Soft as a flute at twilight blown,
But grand as heaven and strong as death
To him who hears with ears of faith :
“ Child, thou art answered ! Murmur not !
Bow, and accept the common lot.”
Kilvany heard with reverence meet,
And laid her child at Buddha's feet.

JOHN HAY, b. 1838, (in *Scribner's Magazine*).

TWO CAREERS.

I.

So much one thought about the life beyond,
He did not drain the waters of the pond ;
And when death laid his children 'neath the sod
He called it the “ mysterious will of God.”
He would not strive for worldly gain, not he—
His wealth, he said, was stored in God's To Be.

He kept his mortal body poorly dressed,
And talked about the garments of the blessed ;
And when to his last sleep he laid him down,
His only mourner begged her widow's gown.

II.

One was not so sure there was a life to come,
So made a Heaven of his earthly home.
He strove for wealth, and with an open hand
He comforted the needy in his land.
He wore new garments often, and the old
Helped many a brother to keep out the cold.
He said this life was such a little span,
Man ought to make the most of it for man ;
And when he died, the fortune that he left
Gave succour to the needy and bereft.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, b. 1845.

THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be ;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere ;
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night,
 It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see ;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON 1574-1637.

I F .

If I were a God, in a realm of light,
Set up on a big white throne,
I wouldn't look down, with a frown that would blight,
Or assume a chilling tone.

I'd be cheery and gay,
In a volatile way ;
I'd address my creatures all,
And my subjects true,
I would welcome, too,
Whenever I gave them a call.
Away I'd fling my chastening rod
If I were a God.

If I were a God, every hateful law
I'd abolish right away ;
No one should sigh ; I'd close death's door,
And work should be turned to play.
The sick should be well,
I'd send icebergs to Hell,
And the poor should all be rich ;
I'd abolish pain
From my domain,
And sorrow I'd hang for a witch ;
But the Devil should die of his own accord,
If I were a God.

If I were a God, the people should all
Have loads and loads of fun,
With lives as gay as a fancy ball ;
And I'd look out for every one.
No tuckers and bibs
For his celestial nibs,
If you please, when I am he,
In harmless folly,
And melancholy
My children might drown and be free.
And you bet your life, care 'd be under the sod,
If I were a God.

CARELESS GODS.

IF such a Heaven there be
If earth and air and sea
If all around, beneath us and above,
Thrill with the eternal pulse of love ;
If universal life,
With Godhead, and with Gods be rife,
Why mock thy man's persistent prayer,
Why groan and fret we thus for ever and in vain,
Why find our woes no echo there,
And our tremendous pain
Awaken but indifference and disdain ?

WILLIAM FORSTER, 1818-1883. From *Midas*.

THE STORY OF NEBUCHADONAZAR.

I.

ONCE on a time there lived a mighty king
Whose mighty name was Nebuchadonazar ;
A sort of wooden empty-headed thing,
Much as the generality of those are
Who reign by sufferance and the grovelling
Of knaves and parasites. The Court composer—
Romancist, Laureat, or Improvisatore,
Out of these chips concocts the following story :

II.

This despot took into his royal nob
To build a monstrous image all of gold,
Something immense, intense, a sort of job
To flabbergast his people young and old ;
And then he swore by Dagon that the mob
(Grown somewhat malapert and overbold)
Should worship it or else be on the rack put
To sound of hautboy, psaltery, and sackbut.

III.

Therewith a score of varlets scour'd the town
And advertised for artists of all hues.
A drove soon came—Smith, Tomkins, Muggins, Brown,
Some wearing crownless hats, some toeless shoes.
Genius is ironhearted, and frowns down
Her ragged offsprings' too aspiring views :
Alas ! that brains, the greatest boon of heaven,
To flatter fools for lucre should be driven.

IV.

The image rose ; a huge mis-shapen mass,
Crook-limb'd, stiff-jointed, looming high in air ;
Albeit it seemed to please the royal ass,
Who sought therewith to galvanise and scare
The swarming legions of the servile class,
Too spiritless to scorn, too mean to dare ;
And so they all, to grace my lord the king,
Declared his toy a " nobby sort of thing."

V.

And now forthwent a royal proclamation,
Commanding that the lieges all should pay
This brazen hobby praise and adoration
At wake of morn and at the close of day ;
And all obedient to this intimation
Down dropp'd upon their marrowbones to pray,
Except three disaffected scurvy Jews
Who did the royal mandamus refuse.

VI.

That night two satraps watch'd the image throw
Long shadows on the plain ; beyond them fell
The Orient moonlight. Safely sconc'd, these two
Look'd keenly out, and presently befel
This scene—'twas no illusion—it was true
As truth itself—the watchman knew 'em well,
Three Jewish knaves, their hindlers in despite
Turn'd to the image in the broad moonlight.

VII.

The satraps from their covert deftly crept,
One one side, t'other t'other, till they came
In easy reach, and then at once they leapt
Upon the quarry. Thus their little game
Achieved, away unto the king, who kept
That night late wassail. He, with eyes aflame,
Roar'd out, "You knaves! How are ye call'd you
three?"
"I'm Shadrack"—"Meshack"—"Abendizzy, me."

VIII.

"Well then, ye dogs, heed well what I shall say;
I've had this image built for your salvation,
And 'tis my will that every soul shall pay
Unto it the profoundest adoration.
'Tis no great sacrifice; and, by the way,
Remember, 'tis unburden'd with taxation.
Back then, ye rogues, and let your Jewish *faces*
Make some amends, and in the self-same places."

IX.

To him the trio: "Pig and mighty king,
Ve cannot vership sticksh and stocksh and stones;
Ve cannot pend to thish pig, prassy thing,
Your majesty has puilt; ve only owns
Von cot, a Hebrew cot, to whom we pring
Our shacrifices on our marrowpones;
Ve opes your majesty won't be too hard on
Our race, and grant us privilege and pardon."

X.

Upleapt the King, with pluck of royal beard:
"Good gracious! what is this you tell me—what!
Oh, blazes! three old-clothes men have demurred
To do our bidding! Damn it! Oh, od rot!
Tie 'em together—not another word—
And, meanwhile, make our furnace hot—red hot!"

And when ye've made a raging, blazing fire,
As high as ye can make it, make it higher."

XI.

"Heap fiercest fuel: faggots, logs of pine,
Tar barrels, ambergris, and bags of tow;
Pitch, candle, any gris, and turpentine;
Get everything that's fast and nothing slow;
Tie up these Hebrews with a hank of twine,
And skewer them fast as herrings in a row;
Then drag them to the furnace in a minute,
And where it rages hottest pitch them in it!"

XII.

Assyria's hosts pour out to see the fun:
A surging crowd—peers, princes, squire, and dame—
Shoulder each other, thrusting, crushing; some
From dizzy height suspended watch the game;
When lo! a miracle—the lookers on
Fall back aghast before the searing flame,
Observing where it roars and flames the most
The Israelites do neither singe nor roast.

XIII.

Had all the tongues of fire been fragrant flowers,
The glowing beds of cinders banks of thyme,
The red hot sparkles those translucent showers
Which greet us when the spring is in its prime;
Nay, had the furnace been sweet garden bowers,
Odorous with lads' love, lavender and lime,
It had not been more pleasantly betrod
By these three Israelitish men of God.

XIV.

Nebuchadonozar, the king, knelt down to pray,
Both he and all his court. It was amazing
The change. The mob pull'd down that very day
The heathen scare-crow which they'd all been praising.

The king went sad and silently away,
And, strolling through the meadows, took to grazing ;
Grew melancholy, querulous and thin,
And died in doing penance for his sin.

PATROCLUS.

THE FREE SPIRIT.

GIVE me a spirit, that on life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind
E'en till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air :
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is ; there is not any law
Exceeds his knowledge, neither is it needful
That he should stoop to any other law :
He goes before them, and commands them all
That to himself is a law rational.

GEORGE CHAPMAN, 1557-1634.

SAVE his own soul's light overhead,
None leads him, and none ever led,
Across birth's hidden harbour-bar,
Past youth where shoreward shallows arc,
Through age that drives on toward the red
Vast void of sunset hailed from far,
To the equal waters of the dead ;
Save his own soul he hath no star,
And sinks, except his own soul guide,
Helmless in middle turn of tide.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

AT THE CHURCH.

ALL is true that you say of the building—
A great poem carven in stone,
Though I wish there were less idle gilding,
And that moderns would let well alone ;
The music sounds weirdly and solemn,
There are dreams in the over-arched gloom,
There is marvellous grace in each column
Wreathed round with perpetual bloom ;
But enough of each low bowing bonnet
And gleaming bald heads in a row,—
I am weary of looking upon it,
And the stars are without : let us go.

One may pay far too much for æsthetic,
And the sound of the priest's monotone
Is to me more than weird and pathetic
As the dark arches echo and moan.
I would rather be here, when the sunlight
Sheds glories on column and tomb,
Or alone when the cold drifts of moonlight
Awaken the life of the gloom.
But the breath from the hills here is sweeter,
More gentle and tender the light,
As we leave the epistle of Peter
To drink in the gospel of night.

Lo, there is the gleam of the city,
And here is the river below,
And the night drops its mantle of pity
O'er the foulness of each and the woe ;
While the stars march so stately and slowly,
And the gold ebbs away in the west :—
Was the glare we have left half so holy,
Half so merciful to the oppressed ?

Let them worship, each bowed man and woman,
All the pomp may be helpful and fine ;
But for me the dear touch of the human,
The love that makes all things divine.

R. M. W.

MR. SMITH.

"Oh, yes, I remember Mr. Smith."

That's what any of the old folks would tell you. Smith was never mayor, nor trustee—he was only a waggon-maker and he has been dead now thirty years or more. The rickety little shop where he used to work was burned down long ago, and the grave where they buried him is forgotten and lost, but they all remember him.

To begin with, Smith was an abolitionist, and abolitionists were scarce in Georgia. If Smith had only been a Yankee it wouldn't have been so bad. You couldn't expect anything better of a Yankee. But he wasn't a Yankee. He was born right there within two miles of the court-house in Shiloh—a Fayette county man, teaching his children that the nigger ought to be free, and that, in nature's own time, the niggers would be free.

That was a great word with Smith—that word "nature." He had a sort of heathenism he called "nature's religion," and a lot of rules he called "nature's laws."

The deacon and Lawyer Brooks went down to convert Smith one day. They proved to him in black and white the sinfulness of abolitionism, but to save his life Smith couldn't see it—or just wouldn't see it, I don't know which. The deacon quoted scripture and the lawyer quoted law, but Smith was as strong an abolitionist as ever.

"The Bible isn't an argument," said Smith, "any more than the blue-back speller. Now nature——"

"But the code of Georgia," said the lawyer, "the code of Georgia says that——"

"The code of Georgia's all wrong," said Smith.

"Mister Smith," said the deacon, solemnly, "I would just like to know what you do believe. What do you s'pose is going to become of you, anyhow?"

"That's the very question that's troubling me, said Smith. "My idea is just this. Death is the end of man's life just——"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the deacon piously.

"That death is the end of a man's life just as birth is the beginning. A man can believe if he wants to that he lived before he was born——"

"Smith, you're crazy," remarked the lawyer, gravely.

"But to all practical intents and purposes a man's birth is the beginning of his existence. In the same way death is the end of his life. You didn't have any identity before you was born, no consciousness, no individuality. In the same way you can believe, if you want to, that you live on after you're dead—live in your children, and in your children's children. But its practically the same thing. Your consciousness, your individuality is lost, and death is as completely the end of your life as birth was the beginning."

"Smith," said the lawyer, thoughtfully, "you're as crazy as Grandma Robinson."

"He is so," said the deacon. "He is so."

"And slavery is wrong," said Smith.

"And some of these days, Smith," continued the lawyer, "I'm going to help hang you to one of them trees out there."

"That wouldn't convince me," argued Smith.

"No," said the lawyer, "but you talk to your children that way, and you talk where the niggers can hear you. The truth of the whole matter is you're a disgrace to Fayette county."

"He is so," assented the deacon, vigorously, "a most damnable disgrace."

Evidently there was no hope of converting Smith.

The waggon-maker looked after them as they walked off arm in arm, and for some time after they turned the corner Smith sat there on his bench and thought and thought.

"Oh, well," mused Smith as he picked up his hammer and

tied on his apron, "it'll be all the same a hundred years from now."

Then he went back to his work.

To sum it all up Smith was a crank, one of nature's cranks. The people of Shiloh never did understand him. Most of them believed simply that Smith was crazy. Most likely Mrs. Smith thought so. Others believed that it was nothing in the world but pure cussedness, and it must be acknowledged that there was good argument advanced in support of that theory. Maybe they were right about it. Then again there were people that thought first one thing and then another—a very natural thing to do—and last of all there was some very good judges of human nature that just did not know what to think.

None of these theories were calculated to make friends for Smith, and as these were the only theories advanced, Smith had very few friends in Shiloh—very few.

There was the postmaster, Mr. Hughes, and the Sunday-school superintendent, Mr. Sharpe, and some of the school children that were too young to know what abolition and heathenism meant, but there was not many of them. Smith's little girl that was nearly old enough to start to school and could just count ten—she could count all the friends Smith had. Smith could make good waggons and good wheelbarrows, and when the schoolhouse was built Smith contributed as much as the deacon, and when the deacon doubled his contribution Smith doubled his, too; but somehow or other the world couldn't get along with Smith. In a vague sort of fashion the people looked down on Smith, and some of them pitied him.

Why the postmaster should be civil and neighbourly to such a man as Smith, was a question that nobody but Smith and the postmaster could answer. The Sunday school superintendent did so because he was superintendent, and it was his Christian duty to set an example of pious forbearance and forgiving. Mr. Sharpe never said so, but—that was why it was.

* * * * *

It was Christmas eve, cold Christmas eve, 1857.

The crowd which gathered around the stove at the post office

had already waited beyond the usual time for the arrival of old Ballantine with the mail. There was plenty to talk about, though, and old Ballantine was forgotten. Even politics was laid aside, and that was something unusual at the post office.

"Who told you that?" asked the lawyer, addressing a farmer in brown jeans, who sat on the opposite side of the stove.

"Old Moses," said the farmer.

"Moses is a reliable nigger," said the lawyer, thoughtfully. "My niggers have been acting mighty queer here lately, too."

"Yes, the signs is plentiful," said the farmer, whose name was Roberts.

There was a deep silence for awhile.

"The militia ought to be ready," said the lawyer.

"It's comin'," said Peg Dukes, the shoemaker. "Its comin', certain."

"And what's more'n that," said Roberts, "I saw Smith git a box from Jonesboro' t'other night just after dark. He didn't have it carried to his house but it come thar to his shop. I seed it and he looked like he was sotter scared about it. I asked him what it was, and he just said, nothin' much, nothin' much, and that was all I could get out of him."

"I tell you, gentlemen," said the superintendent, seriously, "you all don't give that man justice. I think if you knowed him as well as I do, you would like him better, anyhow. This is Christmas time and the box might——"

"No," interrupted Roberts, "too big for that. It was two foot square, that box was, and marked on top 'handle careful.' Now, what does that all mean, and what makes Smith so anxious to hide it."

"Oh, I suppose he had a reason," laughed the superintendent.

"And I'll bet it was a good reason," added the postmaster.

"You fellows always did take up for Smith," said Roberts, spitefully.

"No," said the superintendent, "not always, but I tell you

I know Smith better'n you do. He's crazy about niggers and religion, but his heart's all right."

"No," his heart ain't right," said Roberts.

"No," said the lawyer, "it ain't."

"He's a black abolitionist," said the deacon.

A horse's hoof was heard clattering up the frozen street toward the post office and they stopped to listen. The horse stopped and an instant later the door was thrown open and Bill Pardy entered.

"Boys," he said, "I've rode hard to tell you. They say at the mill that down below here the niggers are rising'."

"What'd I tell——"

"Come here a minute, boys. I don't want you, Sharpe."

The lawyer took Pardy's arm and stepped out upon the porch. The others, except the superintendent and the postmaster, followed, and the door was shut behind them.

"I wonder why he talked to me that way?" said the superintendent.

"Can't imagine," acknowledged the postmaster.

* * * * *

Twenty minutes later Smith's body was swinging to a limb in front of his shop, and the lawyer had helped hang him just as he had said he would do.

The crowd had watched the dying man's struggles grow feeble and feebler and stop. They heard the gurgling, sobbing breath grow faint and still. He was dead.

"Yonder comes Sharp," said the lawyer, huskily.

"Yes, an' the postmaster," said Dukes.

"Let's look at that box," said the lawyer, as he started toward the shop.

So Mr. Sharpe and the postmaster cut down the body. They straightened the stiffening form and unbound his hands and crossed them over his breast. They wiped the blood from his face, and tying a bandage over the eyes they left him and entered the shop.

The lawyer had forced off the lid and was looking curiously at a little parcel wrapped in brown paper.

"Look here, Dukes," he said, "here's a package with your little gal's name on it."

"Let's see."

They unwrapped it. It was only a doll—a little doll with white hair and blue eyes.

"And here's a package for Ballantine's little gal," said the lawyer, as he fumbled at the box.

"And one fur my youngster," said Bill Pardy, with a tremble in his voice.

It was a horse, one of those with wheels, and just what little Gus Pardy had wanted for a year.

"Boys," said the superintendent, as the tears rolled down his face, "I promised not to tell as long as I lived, but he's dead now, and it can't make any difference. Them was for the Christmas tree."

"God forgive me," said the lawyer, quickly, as the tears came to his own eyes; "you mean to say that poor fellow actually——"

"Yes," always did do it ever since I've been superintendent. Ever' little gal and boy in town got somethin'——"

"And a Christmas card, too," said the postmaster. "Ever' Christmas he brought me a bundle of 'em to the post office to put in the mail, and if you look in that box I'll bet you find 'em. There's one for your little gal in there, lawyer, and one for your'n, Dukes, and one for Pardy's boy, and one for mine, and one for ever' little gal and boy in Shiloh."

And so there was—so there was.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

TO THE FRONT.

MEN of thought ; with iron nerve
Fronting error take your stand ;
Never from your purpose swerve,
Till it cease throughout the land.
Long and dread the strife may be—
Ye yet shall have the mastery.

W. S. LANDOR, 1775-1864.

PATIENCE: OR, THE ALE IN THE PARSON'S
CELLAR.

'Twas at some country place a parson preaching,
The virtue of long sufferance was teaching ;
And so pathetically did exhort
His listening congregation, and in short
Discours'd so much of Job, and how he bore,
With such exceeding pleasantry his woes ;
Faith, 'twas enough to make a man suppose

Job wished for more ;
Meaning, perhaps, that since 'tis plain,
How needlessly we grieve at pain,
How would it be if a man
Pursued a different plan ;

And were to laugh ; and treat the matter lightly,
And not, when tortured with the gout,
To make wry faces, roar and shout !

But look agreeable and sprightly.
' And pray, d'ye think, my dearest life,'
Exclaim'd the parson's wife,
As after church they sat,
In courteous chat,

' That 'tis in human nature to endure,
The sad extremity of woe,
'Tis more than you or I could do
I'm sure.'

' My dear,' quoth he, ' this diffidence,
Shows, let me tell you, great good sense,

A talent in your sex we seldom see ;
And doubtless the remark is true,
As far as it extends to you,

Though not, I think, to me,
No woman since the world began,
Could bear misfortune like a man ;
And in good truth, 'twixt you and me,
And that without much vanity,

I do conceive that I myself have shown,
That patience, and that strength of mind
Were not entirely confined
To Job alone.'
Thus said the modest priest, and would have said much
more,
But for the sudden opening of the door,
When, out of breath, in stumps
His clownish servant, Numps,
His mouth wide open, on the parson gazing,
Just like the wight,
Who drew old Priam's curtains in the night,
To tell him Troy was blazing.
'Well, Numps! the matter! speak! Why look'st so pale?
Has anything gone wrong?' Quoth Numps,
'The Ale!'
'What,' cried the priest, 'the ale gone sour?'—
And then his patient phiz began to lower.
'Turned sour!'—'No, measter, no;' replied the fellow.
'But just now, as I went, d'ye see,
To tilt the cask, away rolled he,
And all the liquor's spilt about the cellar.'
The fact was, Numps a cask of ale had staved :
Now, pr'ythee, tell me how this modest priest behaved ?
Did he pull off his wig—or rend his hair,
Or like that silly fellow, Job,
Throw ashes on his head—or tear his robe ?
Say, how did he this dire misfortune bear ?
Why, thus : in voice of pious resignation,
He to his man address'd this mild oration.
'May God confound thee ! thou damned stupid bear !'
The best of priests you know will sometimes swear
'What you must meddle, must ye,
With the barrel—and be curse t'ye !
I wish thy paws were in the fire—odd rot'm !—
Get thee downstairs this instant, wretch,
Or, by the living G—d ! I'll kick thy breech
From top to bottom.'

‘Nay, now, my dearest!’ cried the dame,
 ‘Is this your patience?—Fie! for shame!
 I beg you’ll recollect your text;
 Job was not half so vexed

When he had his sons and daughters to bewail!’
 ‘Damn all his sons and daughters! If you choose:
 Answer me this:—I say, did Job e’er lose
 A barrel of such ale?’

THE HOURS.

BENEATH this starry arch
 Nought resteth or is still;
 But all things hold their march,
 As if by one great will:
 Moves one, moves all: hark to the footfall!
 On, on, for ever!

Yon sheaves were once but seed;
 Will ripens into deed;
 As cane-crops swell the stream
 Day thoughts feed nightly dream:
 And sorrow tracketh wrong,
 As echo follows song.
 On, on, for ever!

By night, like stars on high,
 The Hours reveal their train:
 They whisper and go by,
 I never watch in vain.
 Moves one, move all: hark to the footfall!
 On, on, for ever!

They watch the cradle-head,
 And there a promise shed;
 They pass the moist new grave,
 And bid rank verdure wave;
 They bear through every clime
 The harvest of all time.

On, on, for ever!

HARRIET MARTINEAU, 1803-1876.

HYMN TO DEATH.

WHEN Life's heaven is over-clouded,
And the Sun of Hope is shrouded,
Evermore from out our sight ;
When the morning's toils are wasted,
And the morning's flowrets blasted
By the chilling winds of night.

When our hopes are mocked and cheated,
When our cares are all defeated
And our labor all in vain ;
Sick of changing joy and sorrow
Sick of watching for the morrow
Who shall ease us of our pain ?

Thou can'st heal the restless fever,
Death the Savior the Reliever !
Thou can'st give the weary rest,
Safe from grief and fear can'st hold us,
Whilst our Mother Earth shall fold us
Closely to her quiet breast.

PERCY GREG.

THE WORLD AND I.

WHETHER my heart be glad or no,
The summers come, the summers go,
The lanes grow dark with dying leaves,
Icicles hang beneath the eaves,
The asters wither to the snow.
Thus does the summer end and go
Whether my life be glad or no.

Whether my life be sad or no
The winters come, the winters go,
The sunshine plays with baby leaves,

Swallows build about the eves,
The lovely wild flowers bend and blow ;
Thus does the winter end and go
Whether my life be sad or no.

Yet Mother Nature gives to me
A fond and patient sympathy,
In my own heart I find the charm
To make her tender, near, and warm ;
Through summer sunshine, winter snow,
She clasps me, sad or glad or no.

ANON.

ORTHODOXY.

NOUGHT loves another as itself
Nor venerates another so,
Nor is it possible to thought
A greater than itself to know.

And, Father, how can I love you,
Or any of my brothers more ?
I love you like the little bird
That picks up crumbs around the door.

The priest sat by, and heard the child :
In trembling zeal he seized his hair ;
He led him by his little coat
And all admired the priestly care.

And standing on the altar high
" Lo! what a friend is here," said he,
" One who sets reason up for judge
Of our most holy mystery."

The weeping child could not be heard
The weeping parents wept in vain,
They stript him to his little shirt,
And bound him in an iron chain.

And burned him in a holy place
Where many had been burned before :
The weeping parents wept in vain :
Are such things done on Albion's shore ?

WILLIAM BLAKE (1759-1827).

LIBERTY.

Thy birthplace where, young Liberty ?
In graves, 'mid heros' ashes.
Thy dwelling, where, sweet Liberty ?
In hearts, where free blood dashes.
Thy best hope where, dear Liberty ?
In fast upwinging time.
Thy first strength where, proud Liberty ?
In thine oppressor's crime.
Thy safety where, stray Liberty ?
In lands where discords cease.
Thy glory where, bright Liberty ?
In universal Peace.

ERNEST C. JONES (1819-1869).

A KIND OF PREACHER.

Volumes might be written on the impiety of the pious."

HERBERT SPENCER.

A MIGHTY moral leader this,
Who deals, with finely flourished arms,
Now in damnation, now in bliss,
Now sweetly comforts, now alarms ;
And skilled to clothe each view intense
With pulpit-shaking eloquence !

Nothing too vague or too sublime
Transcends his confident surmise ;

The awful ambuscades of time

Conceal no secrets from his eyes ;
The deeps of space he coolly sounds
He gives eternity its bounds.

On Nature's plan his looks are bent,
And lo ! she teems, we straightway learn,
With special providences meant
For his rare wisdom to discern.
He scorns what Science may disclose
For she but talks of what she knows.

He lifts aloft his pious gaze ;
In holy wrath his features glow :
For all dark sinning souls he prays ;
His congregation weeps below.
He sees destruction's giddy brink
Thronged with these rogues who dare to think.

But once beneath his throne we sat ;
We heard his outflow, word for word ;
And God was this, and God was that,
And God was thus and thus, we heard ;
Till we who merely mope and plod,
Envied this bosom-friend of God !

EDGAR FAWCETT (b. 1847) *Bloom and Brambles.*

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha' as it pleases best thyself',
Sends ane to heaven, and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done afore thee !

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
When thousands thou hast left in night,

That I am here, afore thy sight,
For gifts and grace,
A burnin' and a shinin' light
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation?
I, wha' deserve sic just damnation,
For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause!

When frae my mither's womb I fell
Thou might hae plung'd me into hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burning lake,
Where damnéd Devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great and ample;
I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, and example
To a' thy flock.

O Lord! thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
And singin' there, and dancin' here,
Wi' great and sma',
For I am keepit by thy fear,
Free frae them a'.

But yet O Lord! confess I must,
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust,
And sometimes too, wi' wardly trust,
Vile self gets in;
But thou remembers we are dust,
Defil'd in sin.

O Lord ! yestreen thou kens, wi' Meg—
Thy pardon I sincerely beg.

Oh ! may't ne'er be a livin' plague,

To my dishonor,

And I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg

Again upon her.

Besides, I further maun avow,

Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times, I trow ;

But, Lord ! that Friday I was fou',

When I came ne'er her,

Or else, thou kens, thy servant true

Wad ne'er hae steered her.

Maybe thou let'st this fleshy thorn,

Beset thy servant e'en and morn,

Lest he owre high and proud should turn,

'Cause he's sae gifted ;

If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne,

Until thou lift it.

Lord ! bless thy chosen in this place,

For here thou hast a chosen race ;

But God confound their stubborn face,

And blast their name,

Wha bring their elders to disgrace

And public shame.

Lord ! mind Gaw'n Hamilton's deserts,

He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes,

Yet has sae mony takin' arts,

Wi' great and sma',

Frae God's ain priests the people's hearts

He steals awa'.

And when we chasten'd him therefore,

Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,

As set the world in a roar

O' laughin' at us :—

Curse thou this basket and his store,

Kail and potatoes.

Lord ! hear my earnest cry and pray'r
Against the presbyt'ry of Ayr ;
Thy strong right hand, Lord, mak it bare
Upo' their heads,
Lord ! weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

O Lord my God ! that glib-tongu'd Aiken,
My very heart and saul are quakin',
To think how we stood groanin', shakin',
And swat wi' dread,
While Auld wi' hingin' lips and snakin',
Held up his head.

Lord, in the day of vengeance try him.
Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
Nor hear their pray'r ;
But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,
And dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me and mine,
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
And a' the glory shall be thine,
Amen ! Amen !

ROBERT BURNS.

H O N O R

SAY what is Honor ? 'Tis the finest sense
Of justice which the human mind can frame
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offence
Suffered or done.

WORDSWORTH (1770-1850).

CREMATION V. CORRUPTION.

How curiously true
Neath the sun there's nothing new
 To be learnt.
In old Rome as you may know,
When one died 'twas *comme il faut*
 To be burnt.

And nowadays 'tis clear
Some folks opinions queer
 Entertain,
And ardently desire
To revive the classic pyre
 Once again.

At first the notion serves
To give one's pious nerves
 Quite a turn;
Is it really right to trust
Our dessicated dust
 To an urn?

Is it not more orthodox
To repose within a box
 Underground,
So, whenever in request
We are certain in that chest
 To be found?

Nay—its advocates exclaim—
Why thus fear the facile flame?
 'Neath its power.

Instead of waiting years
All that's mortal disappears
 In an hour.

How very much more horrid
To afford from foot to forehead
 Food for germs,

Or bacilli ! (pray excuse,
But I always try to use
Proper terms).

Which, as analysts can tell,
May contaminate some well
Whence we drink
And an ancestor (poor dear!)
With our health might interfere,
Only think !

Or suppose our bones recline
Where some future railway line
May be laid,
What a most unpleasing sight
Might a navvy bring to light
With a spade.

Better far at once to try
This frame to purify
And exalt,
Than to crumble with one's cousins,
Packed away perhaps by dozens,
In a vault.

Though I've signed my testament,
I might add a reverent
Codicil,
Bequeathing to the nation
My relics for cremation,
And I will.

CHARLES COTSFORD DICK.
From the *Model*, and other poems.

We deem this life too narrow for our needs
And so demand Heaven's high felicity,
Yet of an after-life what sign have we ?
In vain man prays and tells his futile beads.

A. P. MARTIN, *b.* 1851.

AQUINAS'S PRAYER FOR THE DEVIL.

- “O God,” he said, “it cannot be,
Thy morning Star with endless moan
Should lift his faded orbs to Thee,
And thou be happy on Thy throne,
It were not kind, nay, Father, nay,
It were not just, O God, I say ;
Pray for the devil, Jesus, pray !
- “How can thy kingdom ever come,
While the fair angels howl below ?
All holy voices would be dumb,
All loving eyes would fill with woe,
To think the lordliest peer of heaven,
The starry leader of the seven,
Would never, never be forgiven.
- “Pray for the devil, Jesus, pray,
O Word that made thine angel speak !
Lord ! let thy pitying tears give way ;
Dear God ! not man alone is weak ;
What is created still must fall,
And fairest still we frailest call ;
Will not Christ’s blood avail for all ?
- “Pray for the devil, Jesus, pray ;
O father, think upon thy child ;
Turn from thine own bright world away,
And look upon that dungeon wild.
O God ! O Jesus ! see how dark
That den of woe ! O Saviour, mark
How angels weep, how groan ! Hark, hark !
- “He will not, will not do it more :
Restore him to his throne again ;
Oh ! open wide that dismal door,
Which presses on the souls in pain ;
So men and angels all will say,

Our God is good. O ! day by day
Pray for the devil, Jesus, pray."

All night Aquinas knelt alone,
Alone with black and dreadful night,
Until before his pleading moan
The darkness ebb'd away in light.
Then those the saint, and " God," said he,
" If darkness change to light with thee,
The devil may yet an angel be."

W. M. W. CALL, 1817-1890.

THE STRANGE STORY OF KORAH, DATHAN,
AND ABIRAM,

Accounted for. Numbers xvi.

Old ballads sing of Chevy-chase,
Beneath whose rueful shade,
Full many a valiant man was slain,
And many a widow made.

But I will tell of one much worse,
That happ'd in days of yore ;
All in the barren wilderness,
Beside the Jordan shore.

Where Moses led the children forth,
Call'd chosen tribes of God ;
And fed them forty years with quails,
And ruled them with a rod.

A dreadful fray once rose among
These self-named tribes of I AM ;
Where Koran fell, and by his side
Fell Dathan and Abiram.

An earthquake swallow'd thousands up,
And fire came down like stones ;

Which slew their sons and daughters all,
Their wives and little ones.

'Twas all about old Aaron's tithes,
This murdering quarrel rose ;
For tithes are worldly things of old,
That lead from words to blows.

A Jew of Venice has explain'd,
In the language of his nation,
The manner how this fray began,
Of which here is translation.

There was a widow, old and poor,
Who scarce herself could keep ;
Her stock of goods was very small,
Her flock, one single sheep.

And when the time of shearing came,
She counted much her gains ;
For now, said she, I shall be blest,
With plenty for my pains.

When Aaron heard the sheep was shear'd
And gave a good increase,
He straightway sent his tithing-man,
And took away the fleece.

At this the weeping widow went
To Korah to complain,
And Korah he to Aaron went,
In order to explain.

But Aaron said, in such a case,
There can be no forbearing ;
The law ordains that thou shalt give
The first fleece of thy shearing.

When lambing time was come about,
This sheep became a dam ;
And bless'd the widow's mournful heart
By bringing forth a lamb.

When Aaron heard the sheep had young,
He stay'd till it was grown,
And then he sent his tithing-man,
And took it for his own.

Again the weeping widow went
To Korah with her grief ;
But Aaron said, in such a case,
There could be no relief.

For in the holy law 'tis writ,
That whilst thou keep'st the stock,
Thou shalt present unto the Lord
The firstling of thy flock.

The widow then in deep distress,
And having nought to eat,
Against her will she killed the sheep,
To feed upon the meat.

When Aaron heard the sheep was kill'd,
He sent and took a limb ;
Which by the holy law, he said,
Pertained unto him.

For in the holy law 'tis writ,
Thou when thou kill'st a beast,
Thou shalt a shoulder and a breast
Present unto the priest.

The widow then, worn out with grief,
Sat down to mourn and weep ;
And in a fit of passion said,
The devil take the sheep.

Then Aaron took the whole away,
And said, the laws record,
That all and each devoted thing
Belongs unto the Lord.

The widow went among her kin,
The tribes of Israel rose ;
And all the widows, young and old,
Pulled Aaron by the nose.

But Aaron called an earthquake up,
And fire from out the sky ;
And all the consolation is—
The Bible tells a lie.

THOMAS PAINE, 1737-1809.

WHAT IS GOD?

You ask me, what is God ? and I
Am no way puzzled to reply.
My inward lights so clearly shine,
That heavenly things I can define,
And, though but a finite creature,
Tell what is God and what is Nature.
Whatever can be seen or felt,
Whatever can be heard or smelt,
Whatever can be tasted, and
All that the mind can understand,
All that our wisdom can conceive,
All that in which we can believe,
All o'er where fancy ever trod
Is Nature ; all the rest is God.

ALLEN DAVENPORT, 1773-1846.

TRUE NOBILITY.

A NOBLE soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm ;
But when she rages, and the wind blows high,
He cuts his way with skill and majesty.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

RELIGION.

THOU taintest all thou look'st upon !—the stars,
Which on thy cradle beamed so brightly sweet,
Were gods to the distempered playfulness
Of thy untutored infancy : the trees,
The grass, the clouds, the mountains, and the sea,
All living things that walk, swim, creep, or fly.
Were gods : the sun had homage, and the moon
Her worshiper. Then thou becam'st, a boy,
More daring in thy frenzies : every shape,
Monstrous or vast, or beautifully wild,
Which, from sensation's relics fancy culls ;
The spirits of the air, the shuddering ghost,
The genii of the element, the powers
That give a shape to Nature's varied works,
Had life and place in the corrupt belief
Of thy blind heart : yet still thy youthful hands
Were pure of human blood. Then manhood gave
Its strength and ardor to thy frenzied brain ;
Thine eager gaze scanned the stupendous scene
Whose wonders mocked the knowledge of thy pride :
Their everlasting and unchanging laws
Reproached thine ignorance. Awhile thou stoodst
Baffled and gloomy ; then thou didst sum up
The elements of all that thou didst know ;
The changing seasons, winter's leafless reign,
The budding of the heaven-breathing trees,
The eternal orbs that beautify the night,
The sunrise and the setting of the moon,
Earthquakes and wars, and poisons and disease,
And, all their causes to an abstract point
Converging, thou didst bend, and call it—God !
The self-sufficing, the omnipotent,
The merciful, and the avenging God,—
Who, prototype of human misrule, sits
High in heaven's realm, upon a golden throne,

Even like an earthly king ; and whose dread work,
Hell, gapes for ever for the unhappy slaves
Of fate, whom he created, in his sport,
To triumph in their torments when they fell !
Earth heard the name ; earth trembled, as the smoke
Of his revenge ascended up to heaven,
Blotting the constellations ; and the cries
Of millions, butchered in sweet confidence
And unsuspecting peace, even when the bonds
Of safety were confirmed by wordy oaths
Sworn in his dreadful name, rung through the land ;
Whilst innocent babes writhed on thy stubborn spear,
And thou didst laugh to hear the mother's shriek
Of maniac gladness as the sacred steel
Felt cold in her torn entrails !

Religion ! thou wert then in manhood's prime :
But age crept on : one God would not suffice,
For senile puerility ; thou framedst
A tale to suit thy dotage, and to glut
Thy misery-thirsting soul, that the mad fiend
Thy wickedness had pictured, might afford
A plea for sating the unnatural thirst
For murder, rapine, violence, and crime,
That still consumed thy being, even when
Thou heardst the step of fate ;—that flames might light
Thy funeral scene, and the shrill horrent shrieks,
Of parents dying on the pile that burned
To light their children to thy paths, the roar
Of the encircling flames, the exulting cries
Of thine apostles, loud commingling there,
Might sate thine hungry ear
Even on the bed of death !

But now contempt is mocking thy grey hairs ;
Thou art descending to the darksome grave,
Unhonored and unpitied, but by those

Whose pride is passing by like thine, and sheds
Like thine, a glare that fades before the sun
Of truth, and shines but in the dreadful night
That long has loured above the ruined world.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, 1792-1822.

A CLERICAL PERFORMANCE.

Hi! here we are, walk up, walk up,
The Church's drum is beating ;
The show within will soon begin,
Each good old trick repeating.

Walk up, and see the altar shine,
The last new grand sensation ;
The mysteries of the holy shrine,
With brand new decoration.

Put down your pence, my little dears,
And have your minds confounded,
We'll tickle up your eyes and ears,
Till every sense is drowned.

Toward the Roman shop d'ye turn ?
Why that' superfluous rather ;
Hi! ours is all the same concern,
You needn't go no farther.

Each wizard of the north or south
Can hatch young birds in lockets,
Draw miles of ribbon from his mouth,
And live fish from his pockets.

They seem to do what they profess,
And yet no soul believes it,
Our magic never meets success,
But many a dupe receives it.

O'er wine and bread our hands we spread,
'Neath every Catholic steeple,
Each muttering priest turned to the east,
His back turned to the people.

In vain the voice of reason cries,
And common sense behind it ;
They ope their mouth and shut their eyes,
And flesh and blood they find it.

And three is one, and one is three,
Within these sacred portals ;
All praise to Mumbo-Jumbo be,
Who gives such faith to mortals.

No clay can make a man, we know,
Nor any loaf a baker ;
But boundless power is ours below.
For we can make our maker.

Down on your knees, out with your pence,
Submit to all her crazes,
Only beware of common sense,
For that leads straight to blazes.

May every layman be a fool,
And every Churchman clever ;
So may we keep the power and rule
For ever and for ever ! ”

TIME'S gradual touch
Has “ mouldered into beauty many a tower
Which when it frowned with all its battlements
Was only terrible.” So creeds that once
Shook monarchs on their throne, crumbled to form
Our children's games. The Beautiful and True
Live through all Ages, while the False dies out.

H. K. MOORE, *b.* 1846.

SONG OF THE SABBATARIAN.

Go, barricade the river up,
And padlock down the rail ;
We'll have no train on Sunday run—
We'll have no steamer sail.
Go, tell the sailor on the sea,
To make his canvas fast,
And trust the mercy of the waves,
Till Sabbath shall be past.

Command the sun to stay his course,
Forbid the wind to blow,
And tell the flowers they shall not bloom,
The trees they shall not grow ;
The little wild bird shall not sing,
The lambkins shall not play,
The cattle all shall silent be,
It is the Sabbath day.

And order yonder working-man,
That strolls along the road,
To turn at once from sinful ways,
And seek the house of God.
What need hath he of light or air ?
Go, bid him fast and pray,
And put a mournful visage on—
It is the Sabbath day.

And tell the cook, when you are down,
At four o'clock we dine,
And as we'll have some company,
To lay the cloth for nine ;
And call at number twenty-six,
And say to Mrs. Brown,
That after dinner, we will drive
A few miles out of town.

But, first run for my letters, John,
 And bring them quick to hand,
 That I may see before I go,
 How all the markets stand ;
 For if I did not watch them well,
 I'd soon be in the lurch ;
 And then bring round the carriage, John,
 And we will drive to church.

Boston Investigator.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,
 And lump them aye thegither ;
 The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
 The Rigid Wise anither :
 The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
 May hae some pyles o' caff in ;
 Sae ne'er a fellow-creature slight,
 For random fits o'daffin.—

SOLOMON.—Eccles. ch. vii, verse 16.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,
 Sae pious and sae holy,
 Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
 Your neebor's fauts and folly !
 Whase life is like a weel gaun mill,
 Supply'd wi' store o' water,
 The heapet happer's ebbing still,
 And still the clap plays clatter.
 Here me, ye venerable core,
 As counsel for poor mortals,
 That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
 For glaiket Folly's portals ;
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
 Would here propone defences,
 Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
 Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What makes the mighty differ?
Discount what scant occasion gave
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It makes an unco lcc-way.

See social life and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmogrified, they're grown
Debauchery and drinking:
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor *frailty* names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To set aside is human.

One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving *why* they do it ;
 And just as lamely can ye mark,
 How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis *He* alone
 Decidedly can try us,
 He knows each chord—its various tone,
 Each spring—its various bias :
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it ;
 What's *done* we partly may compute,
 But know not what's *resisted*.

BURNS.

S O N N E T .

If God exist, justice demands that He
 Should compensate the pains of earth, redress
 The balance of unequal happiness,
 And mould aright mis-shaped monstrosity.
 The time has long gone by since man could bless
 A monarch throned above a sapphire sea,
 With seraphim for songsters, smilingly
 Scouring earth and all earth's helplessness.

But when we prate of God, what do we mean ?
 Our age that hath so many faiths out worn,
 Outlived so many longings on the scene.
 Of human hopes and human agony,
 Waits a new reading of that name, forlorn
 And wrapped in dreamings of the things to be.

J. A. SYMONDS.

To thine own self be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

W. SHAKESPEARE, 1564-1616.

BEYOND THE GRAVE.

Beyond the grave—most cherished of her creed—
There gleams a brighter world, from sorrow free,
So most men hold; but, ah! it seems to me
But the mere reflex of our earthly greeds,
We deem this life too narrow for our needs,
And so demand Heaven's high felicity,
But of our after life what sign have we?
In vain man prays and tells his futile beads.
Alas! he never hears the faintest sound
Of voice divine in answer to his cries.
He knows full well, then, when at length he dies
He must be laid with grief in burial ground;
If in celestial glory he shall rise.
Why do the weeping mourners stand around?

A. P. MARTIN.

THE ICONOCLAST.

A THOUSAND years shall come and go,
A thousand years of night and day,
And man, through all their changing show
His tragic drama still shall play.
Ruled by some fond ideal's power,
Cheated by passion or despair,
Still shall he waste life's trembling hour
In worship vain, and useless prayer.
Ah! where are they who rose in might,
Who fired the temple and the shrine,
And hurled, through earth's chaotic night
The helpless gods it deemed divine?
Cease, longing soul, thy vain desire!
What idol, in its stainless prime,
But falls, untouched of axe or fire
Before the steady eyes of Time.

He looks, and lo ! our altars fall,
 The shrine reveals its gilded clay,
 With decent hands we spread the pall,
 And cold, with wisdom glide away.

O, when were courage, faith, and truth,
 If man went wandering all his day
 In golden clouds of love and youth,
 Nor knew that both his steps betray.

Come Time, while here we sit and wait,
 Be faithful, spoiler, to thy trust !
 No death can further desolate
 The soul that knows its god was dust.

ROSE TERRY COOKE, *b.* 1827.

A GHOST STORY.

"PAY YOUR TITHES ! PAY YOUR TITHES !" was the holy man's cry ;
 "PAY YOUR TITHES ! PAY YOUR TITHES ! IF YOU'D QUIETLY DIE ;
 PAY YOUR TITHES ! IF IN PEACE IN YOUR GRAVES YOU WOULD LIE !"

"Stop, stop, Mr. Smith !" is the reader's remark—
 "Of whom do you speak, sir ? we're quite in the dark !"
 Exactly ! kind friends ; so I'll tell, if you'll hark.

Ere Britain emerged from the heathenish state
 Which once she was plunged in—as Hume doth relate—
 A very great gentleman travelled from Rome,
 By request of the Pope, and made England his home ;
 He was sent to preserve people's morals from rustin',
 To teach and to preach, and was called St. Augustine.

'Tis not in my knowledge
 To say at what college

He gained his degree or diploma of *Saint* ;

I *have* heard it said—

In fact, I have read—

That the gentleman's right to the title was faint ;
 But then, what of that ? there is none without taint,
 And to seem what we are not's a common complaint.

Time would fail me to tell of the sermons he preached,
 How he talked to the people, raved, threaten'd, beseeched,
 How he preached every morning, whate'er might betide
 And got up an afternoon lecture beside,
 With an extra collection at Whitsuntide ;
 How he chiefly insisted on saints, priests, and latin,
 Beads, penance, and fasting—he always bought that in—
 And how the great moral of all that he said

Was that which you've read

In *small caps*. overhead—

“ Pay your tithes ! pay your tithes : if you'd quietly die ;
 Pay your tithes ! if in peace in your graves you would lie ! ”

It can't be denied that Augustine, by dint
 Of these doings, collected a capital “ rint,”
 And that folks paid their tithes, rates, and dues without stint ;
 Indeed the good Pope to his cronies would hint,
 With on orthodox wink and a sanctified squint,
 That he'd reasons for calling Great Britain *his Mint* !

But alas !

“ Flesh is grass,”

And so, too, is cash—for it soon came to pass

That the people declined

Any longer to find

That “ sweet stuff ” “ the ready ”, and vow'd in a mass
 That the Saint was a humbug and out of his mind !

'Twas in vain the Saint threaten'd, in vain that he raved,
 In vain that he told them they shouldn't be sav'd,
 In vain he assured them Gehenna was paved
 With very hot brimstone which ne'er should be laved,
 'Twas in vain that he dealt out his sayings objurgat'ry,
 In vain that he threatened a very long purgat'ry,
 'Twas in vain that he echoed his pre-mentioned cry—
 “ Pay your tithes ! pay your tithes ! if you'd quietly die !
 Pay your tithes ! if in peace in your graves you would lie ! ”

“ Ah, well,” said Augustine—“ Its perfectly plain
 That a *miracle* only can turn them again ;

I very much wish we could do it without ;
But of course, if we can't, we must have one, no doubt,"
Now it happened that some forty-five years before
A very great baron went poorly and died ;
This baron was known all the whole kingdom o'er,
As one of great dignity, power and pride,
Who bishops monks, friars, and priests did deride ;

And threatened the people who came for the tithes [scythes ;
With stripes, cudgels, broadswords, staves, ropes'-ends and
And whose very last words as he turned up his toes
Bore allusion to punching some clergyman's nose !

Well now, to come back
To the story's right track
And to take up the thread of our subject again—
Augustine still thundered away at his strain,
But, just as before, all his labor was vain ;
When a very odd circumstance came to his aid :
'Twas as follows :—(it's frightful ; but dont be afraid !)

One hot afternoon in the month of July,
There gathered a terrible storm in the sky ;
Cloud leapt upon cloud, till the pile seem'd to be
A threatening mass of immensity
About to o'erwhelm earth, heaven and sea !
Forth rushed a great rain,
Like the Deluge again
With a heart-sinking sound in its deep heavy plash ;
And the lightnings of God
O'er the firmament trod,
His might in their marchings, His eye in their flash !
The howling winds moaned as they swept through the sky,
Like wandering spirits in agony ;
And the thunder-peals seemed, as they awfully broke,
To echo the voice of the storm as it spoke.

Day drooped into eve, but the tempest still raged,
As though its vast fury refused to be 'suaged ;

Still flashed the blue lightning, still fell fast the rain,
Still coursed through the sky the wild winds moaning train.
Eve sunk into night—but the storm did increase,
Not an instant—not one—did the lightning's flash cease,
It seemed that the Earth was forsaken by Peace,
And left to the hurricane's awful caprice.

At length, as the world seemed to tremble and rock,
And the wind was as strong as a Giant Siroc,
And men look'd at least for an earthquake's dread shock,
And the sound of His Sulphury Majesty's knock,
The storm reached its height, and—*it struck twelve o'clock !*

I dare say you know that at that time of day
St. Paul's wasn't built : but, however, just there
There was then—*vide* Somebody's " Saxon Survey"—
A church which was named St. Matthias-le-Frere.

Well just at the time
When the midnight chime
Of Matthias saluted the ear of night—
A bit of the sward
In the old churchyard
Burst open, and out came a figure in white !
You'll hardly believe it, but still it is true—
'Twas *the Baron* I previously mentioned to you !
Of course there was speedily gathered a throng—
Men, women, and children ran speeding along,
Just as people now do to hear Punch or a song.
Well, the Baron stood still till he saw a large crowd,
Though he seemed not to like to stand waiting so long,
And then "hem"-ing twice,
Just to clear up his voice,
He spoke, in a tone very ghostly and loud,
These words—which you'll say, for a baron were choice :—
" My friends, you behold
An unfortunate file
Who on earth was so bold
As to curse and revile

The pope and the priors,
 The monks and the martyrs,
 The priests and the friars,
 The church and its charters ;
 And who—(Faith ! I shiver
 And furthermore quiver
 In head, heart and liver,
 To say it)—refused—
 (Oh ! my mind was abused

By those foes of morality—sin and strong liquor)—
 To pay up my church-rates and tithes to the vicar !
 Oh ! could I but show
 What I suffer below,

'Twould harrow the hardest heart's feelings I know—
 I conjure ye, then, friends ! by my sentence to profit,
 Pay up what is owing, and keep out of Tophet.
 Don't dare disbelieve me—you'll rue if you doubt ;
 But remember this maxim—Fork over, Fork out !
 Pay your tithes ! pay your tithes ! mark the holy man's cry—
 Pay your tithes ! pay your tithes ! if you'd quietly die !
 Pay your tithes ! if in peace in your graves you would lie !'

This said, he fell back in his coffin again,
 The thunder gave over, and so did the rain,
 The tempest concluded its odd sort of strain,

The crowd went away,
 And from after that day
 The Saint never sent his collectors in vain.

I trust that there's not any need to discuss
 The beautiful lesson this teaches to us :
 I hope that you all pay your tithes and your dues,
 Your taxes, your rates, and the rents of your pews ;
 If you don't—Faith ! I'd rather not stand in your shoes !

ANON.

HE who from love to God neglects the human race
 Goes into darkness with a glass to see his face !

From the PERSIAN.

VOLTAIRE AND GIBBON.

THE one was fire and fickleness, a child,
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind,
A wit as various—gay, grave, sage, or wild—
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined ;
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus of their talents ; but his own
Breathed most in ridicule—which, as the wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone—
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer ;
The lord of irony—that master-spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,
And doomed him to the zealot's ready hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

BYRON, 1788-1824.

NATURAL PIETY.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The child is father of the man :
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850.

E U T H A N A S I A .

When age comes by and lays his frosty hands
So lightly on mine eyes, that scarce aware
Of what an endless weight of gloom they bear
I pause, unstirred, and wait for his commands ;
When time has bound these limbs of mine with bands,
And hushed mine ears, and silvered all my hair
May sorrow come not, nor a vain despair
Trouble my soul that meekly girded stands.

As silent rivers into silent lakes,
Through hush of seeds that not a murmur breaks,
Wind, mindful of the poppies whence they came,
So may my life, and calmly burn away,
As ceases in a lamp at break of day,
The fragrant remnant of memorial flame.

E. W. GOSSE, *b.* 1849.

THE COURSE OF TIME.

LIKE as the waves make toward the pebbled shore
So do our minutes hasten to their end,
Each changing place with that which goes before ;
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
Feeds on the rarities of Nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

MIMNERMUS IN CHURCH.

You promise heavens free from strife,
Pure truth, and perfect change of will ;
But sweet, sweet is this human life,
So sweet, I fain would breathe it still ;
Your chilly stars I can forego,
This warm, kind world is all I know.

You say there is no substance here,
One great reality above :
Back from that void I shrink in fear,
And child-like hide myself in love.
Shew me what angels feel. Till then
I cling a mere weak man to man.

You bid me lift my mean desires
From faltering lips and fitful veins
To sexless souls, ideal quires,
Unwearied voices, wordless strains,
My mind with fonder welcome owns
One dear dead friend's remembered tones.

Forsooth the present we must give
To that which cannot pass away ;
All beautiful things for which we live
By laws of time and space decay.
But oh, the very reason why
I clasp them, is because they die.

W. J. CORY, *b.* 1823.

To learn the best experience of nations
Search not through ancient books in dusty heaps :
By far the choicest of all revelations
Is that which from the nearest fountain leaps.

F. VON BODENSTEDT.

THE "PERFECT CROWNING SLEEP."

Strong are alone the dead.
They need not bow the head,
Or reach one hand in ineffectual prayer,
Safe in their iron sleep,
What wrong shall make them weep ?
What sting of human anguish reach them there ?
They are gone safe beyond the strong one's reign,
Who shall decree against them any pain ?

Will they entreat in tears
The evil-laden years
To sprinkle trouble gently on their head ?
Safe in their house of grass,
Eternity may pass,
And be to these an instant in its tread,
Calm as an autumn night, brief as the song
Of the wood-dove. The dead alone are strong.

Love is not there or state,
Weak slaves of feeble fate ;
Their lord is nothing here. They dare not come.
All pretty toys that vex,
Great problems that perplex,
And, worst, all vague life-hungers, here are dumb,
Their day is over. Sad they silence keep,
Abashed before the "perfect crowning sleep."

J. L. WARREN.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts ;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one :
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

W. WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850.

A PROPHECY OF THE GALILEAN'S DETHRONEMENT.

PAN is avenged! The fair dethroned gods
Whose awful wail, "Great Pan is dead!" proclaimed
The victory of the dying Nazarene—
The gods who, pale with fear and wonderment,
Were stricken on a sudden from their seats—
Who through the years have seen man slaughter man
For the sweet sake of Pan's great conqueror—
Are all avenged. Their memory has been kept
That men may tell their children how of old
Their ancestors were strangely credulous;
They may go now—their places in the past
Are needed for a mightier form than theirs.
Pan is avenged! The cry, "Great Pan is dead!"
Was but the prelude to a deeper wail;
For one whose form doth cover half the world,
Whose strength has gathered with the centuries—
Pan's conqueror—hath met a plain-faced foe,
Lacking in subtlety and outward grace,
But with an eye that pierceth through the veil
Of mystery the conqueror holds up
To daze men's sight, and with an arm that makes
A mortal wound at every blow it strikes,
And with a step that moves but slowly, true,
But never draweth back, and with a heart
That dareth all, so that it find the truth.
Pan is avenged! The veil is rent in twain;
Serene-eyed Science standeth in the breach;
The Holy Place, forbidden unto men,
Unknown and unexplored, yet held in awe,
Proves but a vacant chamber. One step more,
Another blow like that which rent the veil,
And through the very wall light shall come in.

THE PRIEST AND JACK-ASS.

SIR HARRY, a high priest, and deep divine,
Ambitious much mid modern saints to shine
On a Good Friday evening took an airing;
Not far had he proceeded ere a sound,
Did the two ears of this good priest astound;
Such as loud laughs, mix'd with some small swearing.
Now in an orchard peep'd the knight so sly,
With such a staring, rolling, frenzied eye;
Where, lo! a band of rural swains were blest:
Too proud to join the crew he wav'd his hand,
Beck'ning to this unholy playful band.
Forth came a boy, obedient to the priest;
"What wicked things are ye all doing here?
On this most solemn day of all the year."
"Playing at skittles!" said the simple lad.
"Playing at skittles? devils! ye are mad!
For what?"—"A Jack-ass, sir," the lad replies.
"A Jack-ass!" roars the priest, with wolf-like eyes.
"Run, run and tell them heaven will not be shamn'd,
Tell them this instant that they'll all be damned!"
"I will, Sir Harry—iss, I will, Sir Harry,"
Then off he act the important news to carry;
To warn them that dread torments would ensue:
But suddenly the scampering lad turn'd round,
And thus, with much simplicity of sound,
"Sir Harry, *must the Jack-ass be damned too?*"

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts not breath;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs, He most lives
Who thinks most; feels the noblest; acts the best.

A F A B L E .

The Mountain and the Squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter " Little prig ; "
Bun replied,
" You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry :
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track,
Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

R. W. EMERSON, 1803-1882.

NEVER DESPAIR.

The opal-hued and many-perfumed Morn
From Gloom is born ;
From out the sullen depth of ebon Night
The stars shed light ;
Gems in the rayless caverns of the earth
Have their slow birth ;
From wondrous alchemy of winter hours
Come summer flowers ;
The bitter waters of the restless main
Give gentle rain ;

The fading bloom and dry seed bring once more
 The year's fresh store ;
 Just sequences of clashing tones afford
 The full accord ;
 Through weary ages, full of strife and ruth,
 Thought reaches truth ;
 Through efforts, long in vain, prophetic need
 Begets the deed ;—
 Nerve then thy soul with direct need to cope ;
 Life's brightest hope
 Lies latent in fate's deadliest lair—
 Never despair !

GREASE THE FAT SOW.

I'SE a poor hignoramus an' knaws little or nuffin,
 Thanks tae squire an' parson, ther church an' ther skule ;
 No wunder, methinks, that sum calls I a ruff'un,
 An' the folk up in Lunnun a pig an' a fule.
 Still, I rokes things about wen I goes out a-cartin',
 An' turns up a thought as I follers my plow,
 An' I ses to mesel', wi' a luk that menes "sartin',"
 Tha rich be detarmined ta grease tha fat sow.

I'm danged if I dwon't tak' to pothooks an' hangers
 An' rite ta tha peepers tha leetle I knaws ;
 I'll tell bits o' truth 'bout oursels an' our gangers,
 An' games as be played by tha hawks on tha crows,
 They gies I ten shillins a week ta keep six wi',
 For seventy-two hours at steable an plow',
 An' not a bit more ta tha people I mix wi',
 An' keeps all tha rest jest ta grease tha fat sow.

They telled I 'twere wicked ta sing and ta whistle,
 An' danged if I chirrup'd for meny a year,
 Fur I felt loike a jackass content with a thistle,
 An' trembled all over wen measter were near,

Thay telled I ta pray, an' I prayed loike a good 'un,
I prayed for a fortin', some sheep an' a cow,
But while I was prayin', they stole all our common,
Bekase it were wanted ta grease tha fat sow.

The squire has jest bin and taken our gardin',
An' sent a poor chap off to jail for a hare ;
So I tell'ee the life as we lade be a hard 'un,
And danged if I think we shall change it by prayer.
I'se fund out tha humbug o' parson's religion,
For I turns it all over wile drivin' ma plow ;
It prepares a pour fule ta be plucked loike a pigeon,
An' helps tha rich squire ta grease tha fat sow.

Thare be good texts in Scriptur, but parson dwon't heed
Thar be sum that poor people cud well understand, ['ma,
An' tha time's comin' fast wen we poor foke 'll read 'em,
An' prach 'em a sarmint on a labour an' land ;
All thay're prayin' an' prachin's done leetle or nuffin'
Ta rase sich as I from this terrible slough :
I'se fund out thay're sarmints be only goose stuffin',
Or else thay be summat ta grease tha fat sow.

J. B. LENO, b. 1819.

PERSUASION—ITS VIRTUE.

THERE is a way of winning, more by love,
And urging of the modesty, than fear ;
Force works on servile natures, not the free.
He that's compelled to goodness, may be good,
But 'tis but for that fit ; where others, drawn
By softness and example, get a habit :
Then if they stray, but warn 'em, and the same
They would for virtue do, they'll do for shame.

BEN JONSON.

THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on ;
So be my life,—a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and
gone,
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone ?
The things we have lived for.—let them be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its summer and autumn moved silently on)
The bloom and the fruit, and the seed of its season ;
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown ;
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the
reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown ;
Shall pass on to ages ; all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown;
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered;
Yes,—but remembered by what I have done.

HORATIUS BONAR, *b.* 1808.

M I R A C L E S .

WHY, who makes much of a miracle?
As to me I know of nothing else but miracles,
Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,
Or dart my sight over the roofs of houses toward the sky,
Or wade with naked feet along the beach just in the edge of the
water,
Or stand under trees in the woods,
Or talk by day with any one I love, or sleep in the bed at night
with any one I love,
Or sit at table at dinner with the rest,
Or look at strangers opposite me riding in the car,
Or watch honey-bees busy around the hive of a summer forenoon,
Or animals feeding in the fields,
Or birds, or the wonderfulness of insects in the air,
Or the wonderfulness of the sundown, or of stars shining so quiet
and bright,
Or the exquisite delicate thin curve of the new moon in spring;
These with the rest, one and all, are to me miracles,
The whole referring, yet each distinct and in its place.
To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,
Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with the
same,
Every foot of the interior swarms with the same.
To me the sea is a continual miracle,
The fishes that swim—the rocks—the motion of the waves—the
ships with men in them,
What stranger miracles are there?

WALT WHITMAN, *b.* 1819.

A VISION OF THE GODS.

Down on the verge of the river, the river of Time the eternal,
Once in a dream as I wandered it seemed the new morning was
breaking.

Far in the darkness to eastward a glimmer of greyness was
trembling,

The face of the water was ruffled, the sedges awoke with a
shiver.

There I saw Pan the immortal in silence, alone, in the darkness,
Throned on a bank by the margin, embowered in rushes and
reed stems.

Silent he sat in the darkness, sat long and gazed over the river,
Smiled as he watched its dark waters that on to the westward
swift hurried,

Smiled with a face full of sadness, then turned to the east, to the
dawning,

Took up the pipes that lay by him and prest his lips deftly along
them.

Lo, through the silence there sounded faint mystical murmurs
of music,

Music more subtly entrancing than any that mortal has uttered,
Music so perfect in cadence that few are the ears which can
hear it.

Deaf the gross ears of the trader grown dull with the jangle of
guineas,

Deaf all that worship in temples and list to the droning of
praises,

Deaf all save only the poet who hears the sweet notes of his
master

Pan the unborn, the undying, alone among gods the immortal.

Lo, as his notes pierce the darkness the gleam in the east grows
and brightens.

Sounds of the dawn are beginning—the tramp of the vanguard
of morning.

Trees stand up black on the sky-line, the night-clouds are
huddled together ;

The river's black torrent of waters reflects the faint flame on its
ripples,
Blinking like eyes thro' the darkness, the eyes of a hurrying
people,
Nations whose numberless millions are like to the drops of the
ocean.
Onward they hasten unpausing; unheeding the notes of Pan's
piping—
Onward by meadow and marshland to waste in the wilds of the
ocean.
Aimless unreasoned progression, from nothing they hasten to
nothing.
Only the river continues; its waters change ever and ever.
Hark! as the music is ending the air grows alive with strange
noises.
Down in the gloom of yon hollow a sound as of multitude
moving,
Clatter of mail and of jewels, the rustle of robes and equipment,
Cymbal and sackbut make music, the drums and clear trumpets
are sounding;
Clanging of tom-toms and shouting are blended with flute-notes
and tabor,
Sounding all slowly and faintly as if for the marching of spectres.
Hark to the tramp that comes nearer! Behold the strange
pageant advancing!
First come wild hordes of men naked, that shout as if demons
possess them.
Yelling and dancing they carry strange idols of stone and of
timber,
Monsters of horrid invention, the nightmares of ignorance
dreaming,
Carried on cars and on litters; and round them with fury and
rapture
Priests and mad zealots are shrieking, and stabbing and tearing
their bodies.
Others have thrown themselves singing before the broad wheels
of the chariots,
Singing till over their bodies the wheels go unheedingly crunching.

Lo! when they come to Pan's footstool each falls from its throne
and lies prostrate,
Broken to fragments before him, and all their attendants are
vanisht.

There lie the ashes of Brahma, of Vishnu, Osiris and Isis,
Juggernaut, Odin and Balder, Amenotaph, Baal and Dagon,
Jahveh with blood on his fingers and eyes ever eager for carnage,
Strange hollow-socketted monsters, the gods of the sunny Pacific;
All the barbaric Pantheon of all savage ages and nations.

Next from the gloom of the hollow walks lonely with kingliest
bearing,

One with a face full of sadness—a mien as if weary of waiting,
Tired of man's darkness and vileness, and yearning for peaceful
extinction.

Down at the river-god's footstool he kneels in the meekest sub-
jection,

Kisses his feet with obeisance and fades into formless Nirvana.

Scarce has Gautama departed when, merry with nectar Olympic,
All the fair gods of the Hellenes troop forth past their brother
and master.

Ah! that rare vision of wonder, that marvellous moment of
glory,

Burning on eyes that have seen it, a picture unequalled, un-
fading;

Exquisite sheen of flushed faces, the glitter of heavy gold tresses,
Shimmer of ivory shoulders and limbs that no sculptor could
equal,

Sound of their laughter and singing—and lo! they are vanisht for
ever!

Gone is the glory and glitter, and out from the womb of the
darkness,

Single and wounded and bleeding comes one with a crown on
his forehead,

Chaplet of thorns twined to mock him; the king that no man
would acknowledge.

Holy and sad are his features, the worthiest brother of Buddha.

Onward he paces to darkness, and Pan sits alone by the river,

Sits by its waters that sparkle with joy in the light of the sun-
beams,
Changed from the dark turbid billows that mirrored the gods in
their passing.
Yes, the long night is departed. The wonderful star of the
morning
Hangs low to eastward and lingers alone in the pale primrose
glory,
Beckons the day-star to follow and scatter the mists and the
darkness.
Banners go proudly before him, of crimson and scarlet and
purple—
Jubilant tokens of conquest, the rout of all creatures of darkness.
Nature is joined in one chorus and singing with all her sweet
voices,
Winds in the trees and the sedges, larks in the dome of the
heavens,
Branches and leaflets that rustle, the musical fall of the waters,
Clouds in their silent procession and man as he goes to his labor,
All are united in singing, "Hail to great Pan the immortal,
First of the gods and the last one : almighty, unchanging, eternal."

February, 1884.

S. BRITTON.

IMMORTALITY.

WHAT is this Immortality,
This dazzling prism beyond the range of Time ?
Far as my brain can climb,
Then, struggling on—and shimmering back to me.

It is not possible to gain
A truthful comprehension of this thought—
This dream so god-like and un-sane—
Fearing, resisting, hating to be naught.

Would not a million years,
In rising circles, satisfy man's hope ?

Ten millions, then, of life 'midst dying spheres—
Wouldst thou still cry "Give me yet wider scope" ?

We know not what we crave—
We plunge through wordy midnights of the mind
And all because we dread our needful grave,
Seeking to reconstruct the laws designed.

What has the best man done—
What could the best that ever lived e'er do
To justify a rank with Star and Sun ?
Nay more, for they may end when dates fall due.

RICHARD HENGIST HORNE, 1803.
From *Jacob von Dort*.

FORTITUDE.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole.
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winced or cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance,
My head is bloody, but unbound.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears,
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate ;
I am the captain of my soul.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, 1875.

THE PAPIST AND THE JEW.

AN unbelieving Jew one day
Was skating o'er the icy way,
Which being brittle, let him in,
Just deep enough to catch his chin;
And in that woeful plight he hung,
With only power to move his tongue.

A brother skater near at hand,
A Papist, born in foreign land,
With hasty strokes directly flew
To save poor Mordecai the Jew.
But first, quoth he, I must enjoin
That you renounce your faith for mine;
There's no entreaties else will do,
'Tis heresy to help a Jew——

"Forswear my fait! No! Cot forbid!
Dat would be fery base indeed;
Come, never mind such tings as decze,
Tink, tink, how fery hard it freeze.
More coot you do, more coot you be,
Vat signifies your fait to me.
Come tink agen, how cold and vet,
And help me out von little bit."

By holy mass, 'tis hard I own,
To see a man both hang and drown,
And not relieve him of his plight
Because he is an Israelite;
The church refuses all assistance,
Beyond a certain pale and distance;
And all the service I can lend,
Is praying for your soul, my friend.

"Pray for mine soul, ha, ha! you make me laugh,
You petter help me out py half;

Mine soul I farrant vill take care
To pray for her own self, my tear ;
So tink a little now for me,
'Tis I am in de hole, not she."

"The church forbids it, friend, and saith,
That all shall die who have no faith."

"Vell, if I must pelieve, I must,
But help me out von little first."

No, not an inch without Amen,
That seals the whole—"Vell, hear me den
I here renounce for coot and all,
De race of Jews both great and small ;
'Tis the vurst trade peneath the sun,
Or vurst religion ; dat's all von.
Dey cheat, and get deir living py't,
And lie, and swear de lie is right.
I'll go to mass as soon as ever
I get to toder side de river.
So help me out, dow Christian friend,
Dat I may do as I *intend*."

"Perhaps you do intend to cheat,
If once you get upon your feet."

"No, no, I do intend to be
A *Christian*, such a one as *dee*."
For, thought the Jew, he is as much
A Christian man as I am such.

The bigot Papist, joyful-hearted
To hear the heretic converted,
Replied to the *designing* Jew,
"This was a happy fall for you ;
You'd better die a Christian now,
For if you live you'll change your vow."
Then said no more, but in a trice,
Popp'd Mordecai beneath the ice.

THOMAS PAINE.

A SUPPRESSED POEM.

To gull the mob and keep them under
The ancients told their tales of wonder,
A pious fraud, a holy blunder,
 A rainbow sign,
An earthquake or a blast o' thunder
 Were held divine.

By those who've faith to swallow doses,
A wondrous story nothing loses,
The dextrous feats ascribed to Moses,
 Are proof as plain
O' sleight-o'-hand as Herman Boze's
 Legerdeman.

Believe the stories o' tradition,
Let sense give place to superstition,
The royal magic competition ;
 Oh! sacred fountain !
Which can a midge by faith's volition
 Swell to a mountain.

A God o' mercy just and good,
Held forth as in an angry mood,
Droonin' the world all in a flood
 To punish Hymen ;
And turning water into blood
 Just like a Demon.

He murdered thousands in a trice,
Mad' Egypt swarm wi' frogs and lice ;
Had he made coos and sheep and rice,
 His hungry hordes then
Might ilka ane hae got a slice
 And praised their Lord then.

Wi' hocus-pocus rod in hand,
Like Mother Goose's magic wand,

They could the elements command
As legends run,
Divide the sea, or burn the land,
Or stop the Sun.

Their prodigies bombast surpasses ;
Like dykes the ocean stood in masses,
They'd flying prophets, speaking asses
Besides a saut wife ;
Their am'rous ghosts o'ercame the lasses
Wha' lived that life.

Their Samson's strength lay in his hair,
Their zealous waters sterling were,
Showers of fire cam' through the air
Like brimstone danders,
Saints lived in fire by virtue rare,
Like Salamanders.

The Apostle Paul, by fancy's whim,
Soared up to heaven as in a dream,
And Satan brought him back 'twould seem,
So says himsel'.
But how could Nick to heaven climb,
Wha's chained in hell ?

This damn'd old wily serpent Nick,
Was promised long a mighty kick,
But turned the chase, and played the trick,
Wi' God's first-born ;
He got him scourged, nailed on a stick,
An' croon'd wi' thorn.

First search the subject thro' the piece,
'Tis fraught wi' blunders such as these,
The rev'rend priests their flocks may fleece,
Wi' wily conscience,
Teach human beings by degrees
To swallow nonsense.

The sov'reign leaders of each faction,
Join hand in hand in close compaction,
To set God's kingdom up for auction,
 A lumpin' bargain,
Drive silly mortals to distraction,
 Wi' their damn'd jargon.

Yet mortal truth shall gain the day,
Illum'd by Nature's glorious ray,
Anathemas shall flee away
 Wi' priests and de'ils,
Sound reason shall the sceptre sway,
 Hard at her heels.

Attributed to ROBERT BURNS, 1759-1796.

FLEETLY indeed fades the joy life may hold for us
Brief is our breath ere the end shall annihilate.
How can we guess what the future may fold for us
Draped with a darkness no vision may violate?
Starless opaque, irresponsible, inscrutable,
Who hath had eyes that might pierce the hard mystery?
Who of the prophets, the many, the mutable,
Crowding with creeds the long highways of history?

This we have learned after questioning querulous,
This we have learned after longing importunate:
Life, whether painful, or caseful, or perilous,
Closes in death, whether woeful or fortunate.
Not though the body and spirit doth bleed for it,
More shall we learn while the centuries glide from us;
Not though in awful ineffable need for it
Praying we fling the last fragment of pride from us.

EDGAR FAWCETT. *The Doubter* from *Bloom and Brambles*.

GOD WILLING.

God willing—Two monarchs of two proud lands,
Crown'd fools by the force of wrong,
Long vaunted the might of their martial bands,
And felt that their power was strong.
Now over dominion those monarchs fell out,
Each dreamt of a great blood-spilling ;
So their legions went forth, with a barbarous shout,
To the slaughter of war—God willing.

God willing—Man fought with his fellow man,
With the fury of beasts of prey,
Till the land was red with the blood that ran
From the slain in the battle fray.
And horrors on horrors arose, as 'twere
A demon's decree fulfilling ;
Grim vengeance and madness and hate were there,
Let loose from their hells—God willing.

God willing—One night, the most holy of nights,
While Christians are met at prayer,
In a church* 'neath the blaze of a thousand lights,
That shone with a dazzling glare,
The molten wax of the lights became
As drops of a fiend's distilling ;
And a burning rain, in its sheets of flame,
On the worshippers poured—God willing.

God willing—The priests with an eye to self,
Deserted the flock and fold,
And fled from the pile with their ill-won pelf,
And the images made of gold ;
While hundreds, pent up in that house of fire,
Whose gauds were aglow and grilling,
Sank down in despair in one funeral pyre,
Devour'd by the flames—God willing.

* The burning of the church in Santiago.

God willing—A ship on the broad blue deep,
Was cleaving the silvery foam,
All hearts that she bore with a joy did leap,
In hopes of a happy home.
But a storm arose, and the prayers from her deck,
Went up with a shriek, heart-thrilling,
As five hundred souls with the fearful wreck
Went down in the waves—God willing.

God willing—The hills on a distant shore,
Were seen from each clefted rock,
To vomit fierce flames with a dreadful roar,
And reel with an earthquake's shock ;
While rushed a fire-wave on the vales below,
Over fields where the poor were tilling,
And a town in its penance, fear, and woe,
Sank down in a gulf—God willing.

God willing—One day o'er an empire vast,
Came darkness as dense as night,
And a breeze, as it were from a furnace blast,
And the panic of wild affright.
From pestilent swamps with a poisonous breath,
The flowers and the fruit-buds killing,
The plague-fiend came on the wings of death,
The living to slay—God willing.

God willing—There came o'er a lovely isle,
On the breath of the murky air,
A blight on the bread-seed sown in the soil,
And the shadow of dark despair.
No harvest there came but for death, and want
The garners of death was filling,
And the famished stalked forth like skeletons gaunt
With the wolf in their gaze—God willing.

God willing !—Forsooth—but the cant of creeds,
Whose poison the priests have sown ;
Men shrink from the burden of ills and deeds,
They cast on the God they own ;

They worship a Fetish they praise and blame,
In words that are wild and chilling,
For never comes solace—nor sin nor shame,
But cometh, they say—God willing.

Oh! blind inconsistency, o'er thy path,
Men tread as their fathers trod ;
And creature of passion, love, jealousy, wrath,
Is the monster they make their god ;
Oppression's foul mask, and a mockery,
Is the faith of the priest's instilling,
That the poor may bow to the ills that be,
And passively say—God willing.

J. M. PEACOCK, 1817-1877.

THE DEVIL IS DEAD.

SIGH priests, cry aloud, hang your pulpits with black ;
Let sorrow bow down every head :
The good friend who bore all your sins on his back—
Your best friend, the Devil, is dead.

Your Church is a corpse ; you are guarding its tomb ;
The soul of your system has fled.
That death-knell is tolling your terrible doom :
It tells us the Devil is dead.

'Twas knowledge gave Satan a terrible blow ;
Poor fellow ! he took to his bed.
Alas ! idle priests, that such things should be so—
Your master, the Devil, is dead.

You're bid to the funeral, ministers all ;
We've dug the old gentleman's bed :
Your black coats will make a most excellent pall
To cover your friend who is dead.

Ay ! lower him mournfully into the grave,
Let showers of tear-drops be shed ;

Your business is gone ; there are no souls to save—
 Their tempter, the Devil, is dead.

Woe comes upon woe ; you can ne'er get your dues—
 Hell's open—the damned souls have fled ;
 They took to their heels when they heard the good news :
 Their jailer, the Devil is dead.

Your preachings henceforth will be needed no more ;
 Revivals are knocked on the head ;
 The orthodox vessel lies stranded on shore ;
 Her captain, the Devil, is dead.

WM. DENTON, *Radical Rhymes*.

CHRISTIAN SUPERSTITION.

BASTARD child of Paganism, begotten by the Jew,
 Thy cruel curses Science scorns, thy promises untrue.
 In stately Athens' pensive groves, on Academic scroll
 Philosophy led ever on to truth and virtue's goal,
 But thou misled'st the ethic maid to plunder, slay, and pray ;
 Perverted by thy casuistry she sank to foul decay.
 Men's minds intent on calm research, were turned aside by
 thee :
 Thou opend'st wide Pandora's box and reard'st the Upas tree.

EMERITUS.

THE BABE.

NAKED on parents knees, a new born child
 Weeping thou sat'st when all around thee smiled :
 So live, that, sinking to thy last long sleep
 Thou then mayst smile while all around thee weep.

SIR WILLIAM JONES, 1746-1794.

From the Sanskrit of KALIDAS, B.C. 50.

CLEAR THE WAY.

“ MEN of thought ! be up and stirring
Night and day !
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
Clear the way !
Men of action, aid and cheer them
As you may !
There's a fount about to stream ;
There's a light about to beam ;
There's a warmth about to glow ;
There's a flower about to blow ;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way !
Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day ?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray ?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen ;
Aid it, hopes of honest men ;
Aid it paper, aid it, type ;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way !
Lo ! a cloud's about to vanish
From the sky ;
Lo ! the right's about to conquer,
Clear the way !
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.

With that right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door ;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way ! ”

CHARLES MACKAY.

WAITING.

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea ;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo ! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace ?
I stand amid the eternal ways
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me ;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone ?
I wait with joy the coming years ;
My heart shall reap when it has sown,
And gather up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height ;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky ;
The tidal wave unto the sea ;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE ARISTOCRAT'S DREAM.

I DREAMT, as buried with my common clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay,
And as so mean an object shocked my pride,
Thus like a corpse of consequence I cried
Scoundrel begone, and henceforth touch me not ;
More manners learn, and, at a distance rot.
When with a haughtier tone of voice cried he,
Proud lump of earth, I scorn thy words and thee,
Here all are equal now, thy lot is mine.
This is my rotting place, and that is thine.

ANONYMOUS.

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

CLEAR was thy searching eye,
Quick were thy thoughts to fly
Over the earth where'er men were oppress'd ;
Brief were thy mortal days,
Cheerless their fading rays,
Grand human soul thou art gone to thy rest.

Thy thoughts all for mankind
Ever to raise the mind,
That men might be happy, that men might rejoice.
Thou worked " for the masses "
As well " for the classes "
While few knew the tones of thy heraldic voice.

Great were thy struggles here,
Little thy heart to cheer,
Yet " goodness and virtue will cherish thy name."
" Kings may forgotten be,
Sparks in eternity,"
Truths thou has uttered will rivet thy fame.

Oh may the day come soon
When men like thee shall bloom
Fresh in the memory of those left behind,
And struggle as thou did'st
Tho' in obloquy midst
Still forging ahead for the good of mankind.

May, 1891.

GEORGE ANDERSON.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE GODS.

IN the earth's day of youth, the cerulean spaces
Were filled up, in terror, with demon-like faces ;
While a stone or a stick
Had an unpleasant trick
Of assuming a shape which resembled Old Nick ;
So that folk in despair
Would fall down and swear
That they worshipped the stone, or the stick, or the air ;
Until some brave chief
Would give them relief
By daring the stone, or the stick, or the air,
To pitch into him and have it out square ;
When, of course, it was found that nothing was there,
And the poor prostrate people, divested of care,
Uncrooked their bent knees,
And for a brief interval breathed at their ease,
But as seasons passed
Their minds were o'ercast
By new fears of the universe, mystic and vast :
So they worshipped the serpent, the bird, and the beast,
They worshipped at fast, and they worshipped at feast,
They worshipped at birth, at marriage, and death,
They worshipped a sound, and they worshipped a breath,
They worshipped a word, a lamb, and a book,
They worshipped a father, a child, and a spook,
They worshipped a relic, a tomb, and a nook,

They worshipped a mitre, a vestment, and crook,
 They worshipped a Joss,
 They worshipped a cross,
And at one time, in Rome, they worshipped a "hoss."
 There was scarcely a thing
 Insufficient to bring
The masses to kneel, and to pray, and to sing ;
 Imploring the wind
 To be gentle and kind ;
 Entreating the rain
 To dry up and abstain,
 Or else come down again ;
 Asking for health,
 More children or wealth ;
 Asking for life,
 To spend it in strife ;
Asking for sheep, and horses, and cattle ;
Asking the sun to stand still in a battle ;
Asking that sins might not find a recorder ;
Asking a blessing when doing a murder ;
Asking a curse upon brethren who roam,
And demanding all good for themselves and their home.

Thus gods upon gods, we have fallen before 'em,
Declaring how fondly we love and adore 'em ;
A Jupiter, Brahma, Jehovah, or Jesus,
Conceived of our fancy, to please us or tease us ;
 Till at length
 We gain strength
To calmly investigate Nature's revealments,
Unawed by the darkness of priestly concealments,
 Undeterred by the yell,
 Which the ignorant swell,
Affirming our certain cremation in hell ;
 And find, in surprise,
 That to those who are wise,
 The universe brings
 No hideous things

With the vices of devils and sceptre of kings,—
 No mighty god
 Who delights in the rod,
Is angry with those by whom he's not wooed,
With those who his message have misunderstood,
And can only be bribed by the shedding of blood.

CHARLES BRIGHT.

THE CHURCH CHRIST.

SAY that the north wind the tender grass nourishes,
 Say that youth's hues are of all things the lividest,
Say of the rose that on frost blight she flourishes,
 Say of the star that by noon she is vividest.
Say that all lives wear a touch of nobility,
 Say that the oak may not crush the anemone.
But call not this god of mere church gentility ;
 Him that sweat blood in the glooms of Gethsemane !

EDGAR FAWCETT, *b.* 1847.

AN ATHEIST'S THOUGHTS.

'Tis easy, when the many cheer and rulers bless,
To serve a faith that some revere and all profess—
To cringe to cruel creeds, to laud the rich and strong,
To guard and honor thronéd fraud and wrong.

But when fair Truth would save a world despite its frowns,
Its poison'd javelins at her hurl'd, its thorny crowns,
Its onslaught as on leprous Crime from some foul den,
While Falsehood's mask seems truth sublime to men :

Then is the time for loyal hearts to dare true deeds,
To be such men and act such parts as shame the creeds.
Then should we fight for truth, for worth ; and, strong of heart,
In this the noblest war on earth take part.

While Christian poison's vaunted still Earth's panacea,
While saints deluded strive to kill each new idea,
And seek by monstrous myths to climb to paradise,
Yet brand plain truth and duty crime or vice :

Arise ! Unsheathe the sword of light ; plain truth avow ;
Against Religion's hordes unite : the time is now.
Ever she bars man's onward way, the tyrant's friend ;
Her power to curse and rob and slay must end.

Mother of mischief, source of woe and fellest rage,
Of living truth the deadliest foe in every age,
Still her wild fears and hopes delude : many she binds,
Enslaving, as her spell-bound brood, men's minds.

Strike hard for souls in prison pent ; dare all her spite.
Until her giant force is spent, still smite and smite.
Spare not her frauds—God, priest, or pope—till thought be
free ;
Until their real, if humbled, hope, men see.

On earth's most precious triumphs bent, of moral might,
Smite prejudice with argument, smite wrong with right.
But brave men will not fear to fall in fiercer strife
If need be ; they will give their all—their life.

Thus shall we speed each righteous cause, thus help earth's
throngs
To sweep away oppressive laws and cruel wrongs.
Man's war for men must never cease while one remains
To lift to light, or to release from chains.

Arm'd Science aids the war we wage ; she fills our ranks.
Stoutly her legion'd facts engage the foe's turn'd flanks.
Earth's hope, man's moral sense, takes form more firm each
hour,
Wakes from deception, and grows warm with power.

Dark Superstition's phantoms one by one shall pass away,
The lamp of Truth, a glowing sun, spread endless day.
Slave of that lamp, not of the creeds, Nature's caress
Our all-compelling pray'r of deeds must bless ;

Till, harvested the fields hard won, due virtues met,
On happy realms of men the sun shall never set —
On men no longer fiercely blind, but wiser grown,
With war and want and all their kind unknown.

For sage and hero shall not cease to lead our race
Forth from its brutish miseries and all that's base :
And man shall learn his onward way, nor turn aside,
But law well-fathomed shall obey as guide.

Be this a dream or what it may, come hope or fear,
Some simple duties of to-day at least are clear.
An inward impulse sure and strong demands that we
From tyranny and fraud and wrong be free.

Evolving law, stern lord of earth, compels our fight ;
His sons must follow foremost worth, must love the right,
Sowing the fields, for time's increase, with their best deeds,
Of joy deep-rooted and of peace sure seeds.

So may we work in Love's own might, so build and sow
That household joys and all delight may surely grow,
And spread afar one wide domain of glowing life,
Whose toil is sweet, since purged of pain and strife.

Thus earth shall breathe an atmosphere of hope and love,
The splendor of a due career each soul shall prove.
We, for these ends so fair, so vast, on Truth rely ;
Misleading phantoms of the past must die.

Emotion waste on air we shun, vain love recall ;
E'en could God be, he needeth none ; man needs it all.
Reverence for Man, care for His fate well cherish'd, then
Lives all that's truly good and great in men.

We will not, cannot, help grand lies to keep us slaves
To ignorance and to mysteries that ignorance craves.
Ever would we, though earth's long youth aid the one plan
Of changing man to truth, not truth to man.

Nor need high thought and pure fare worse for Fiction's fall ;
Wonder itself, the Universe, enfolds us all ;

Heav'n's starry radiance sublime shines as it shone ;
Eternities of teeming time roll on.

Nor Nature's broad magnificence, sea, sky, and field,
Nor Art's heart-music sweet, shall hence less rapture yield :
Nor childhood's charm, nor friendship's grasp, shall e'er grow
old,
Or mother's kiss, or lovers' clasp, grow cold.

Life's course, life's joys, remain the same, but conscience,
freed
From prison chains, can teach true fame, true thought, true
deed.

And when life fades and joy and strife, can he repent
Who looks back on an honest life well spent ?

The war of progress and good sense for ever glows
With feeling far, far more intense than " pleasure " knows ;
And Thought's resolve and patient care and earnest gaze
Shall well replace the beggar's pray'r and praise.

We are no lawless mutineers. We smile at those
Who in their foolish hates and fears deem us their foes.
Nay, could pure Truth and Justice be a god most real,
To such in reverence deep would we appeal.

But since there is no living God, then Man, alone,
Set free to shape his fate, must plod towards the throne
Of ideal Good on earth by ways that earnest wills
Shall find or make through each rough maze of ills.

The passing losses of to-day we do not scorn ;
But be they bitter as they may they must be borne.
Old thoughts die hard. They linger still. Their influence
blinds,
Till new thoughts grow and form and fill new minds.

On conquering Fate by valiant skill, man is resolv'd ;
And step by step the means, the will, shall be evolv'd.
We are content to pioneer for paths ahead
Where shadow-smitten men yet fear to tread.

To win true hearts, Omnipotence should show on earth
Not blood-stained skill, but innocence, not might, but worth.
In vain invent your guiltless God and blame the laws
He never by his slightest nod bids pause.

Oh, who that had almighty power could hear earth's cry
Of pain and wrong yet hour by hour stand idly by?
Oh, such a God, of whom men dream, should first atone
Not for men's sins but sin supreme, his own.

Are men rank cowards, to be shock'd that some should dare
To judge Omnipotence, lest mock'd by semblance fair?
A just and wise Omnipotence, if such could be,
Would smile well pleased such honest sense to see.

And could almighty Love make hell? But nay, his own
Revolt from half the tale they tell but have outgrown.
The pleasant only they would fain find true at last,
Yet wish the crowd to dread hell's pain aghast.

O brave and true, whom cruel foes have made to feel
Fast bleeding wounds and savage blows that yet shall heal,
Suffer and fight, till shameful wrong shall hide its head,
Till, pierced with earnest pen and tongue, 'tis dead.

Fight on by precious truths impell'd where war resounds,
Fighting with mighty passion held in wisdom's bounds:
Resolute beyond all words for man's great gain,
Your deeds are true, your words as swords not vain.

Love shall be yours, and peace that comes to eyes that see
The promised land of happy homes of souls set free,
Whose joy shall soothe your grief to rest and nerve your will
Your heart with music of the blest shall thrill.

W. P. BALL, *b.* 1844.

By the spirit he ruled as his slave is he slain who was mighty to
slay,
And the stone that is sealed on his grave he shall rise not, and
roll not away.

THE FOUNTAIN.

INTO the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night.

Into the moonlight
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow.

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day.

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary.

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest.

Full of a nature,
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same.

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element.

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee!

A RECUSANT.

The Church stands there beyond the orchard-blooms ;
How yearningly I gaze upon its spire !
Lifted mysterious through the twilight glooms,
Dissolving in the sunset's golden fire,
Or dim as slender incense morn by morn
Ascending to the blue and open sky.
For ever when my heart feels most forlorn
It murmurs to me with a weary sigh,
How sweet to enter in, to kneel and pray
With all the others whom we love so well !
All disbelief and doubt might pass away,
All peace float to us with its Sabbath bell.
Conscience replies, There is but one good rest,
Whose head is pillowed upon Truth's pure breast.

JAMES THOMSON, 1834-1882.

HENCE Superstition ! To oblivion, hence !
Thy chain of adamant can bind
That little world, the human mind,
And sink its noblest powers to impotence.
Thy triumphs cease : through every land,
Hark, Truth proclaims thy triumphs cease !
Her heavenly form with glowing hand
Benignly points to piety and peace.
She smiles ! and where is now the cloud
That blackened o'er thy baleful reign ?
Grim darkness furls his leaden shroud,
Shrinking from her glance in vain.
Her touch unlocks the dayspring from above,
And lo ! it visits man with beams of light and love.

S. ROGERS, 1763-1855.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF MISS PEEL.

Oh, beautiful Miss Peel, words can't tell how I feel

When I look across my parlor at your bright face and bright
eyes;

Though I have a mild abhorrence for the great Sir Thomas
Lawrence,

I confess he can hit off a little fairy when he tries.

Were you really quite so fair as the painter makes you there,

With your eyes like caves of mischief, where your lips would
lure a saint?

Or in truth now, little sweetheart, did your own young beauty
beat art,

And your bloom transcend the qualities of heavy human
paint?

Oh, those eyes like diamonds sable! I will wager they were
able

To set aching many a heart, before your laughing youth had
flown;

And I'm sure that witching dimple was a Scylla to such simple
Souls as I, that dote on beauty for its lovely self alone.

Ah, how many years have gone since your eye so brightly shone!

On that dazzling brow and face's smooth perfection long ago
Time alas! has ploughed his track; and those ringlets raven
black,

Had you lived to placid eld, must long ere this have changed to
snow.

Why, you little smiling fairy, when I watch you I declare I

Hardly can believe you looked thus many a year ere I was
born;

Yet I guess you from your name as daughter of the sometime
famous

Baronet who, when he couldn't help it, took the tax from corn.

Happy thought! I'll sleep now and—dream I ask him for your hand!

I conceive the stately baronet will say it's vastly odd
To have *his* child sought in marriage by a man without a carriage;

Yea, a Radical, devoid alike of means and faith in God!

J. M. ROBERTSON, *b.* 1856.

THE CONTRAST.

(Disrespectfully dedicated to God.)

THE icy wind swept o'er the hard highway,
The cold was most intense, and eve drew nigh;
The bleak and dreary landscape, dead and gray,
Stood grim and silent 'neath the threat'ning sky.
The strongest and the sturdiest forbore
To leave the fireside's cheerful warmth and light,
But spoke the useless prayer, as oft before,
"May God have mercy on the poor to-night"—
And none, save God, could see the tiny child,
Who dragged himself along in fear and pain,
Who dumbly looked upon the wintry wild,
And wept for rest and shelter, but in vain.
His famine-stricken limbs were blue with cold,
And down the shrunken face coursed tears of pain
Each time he tried the useless rags to fold
Around his shiv'ring form, 'gain and again.
A building loomed in front, and at the sight
With joy and hope the little heart nigh burst.
He hastened on, and reached the gate aright—
A glance dispelled the hopes that he had nurst.
It was a church. The door was closed and barr'd,
The porch alone scant hope of shelter gave;
The child sank down upon the pavement hard,
Despair, at length, had crushed the spirit brave,
And there he died: in bitter pain he died.

Anon the clouds passed by and from above
The round moon poured a flood of silver rays,
Then carved in whitest stone could be descried,
Above the tortured corpse, a brooding dove
And, eager to arrest the passing gaze,
The mocking, lying legend—God is Love.

EX-RITUALIST.

DEATHWARD WAYS.

All men and women walk by various ways
To Death's dark land ; and some with song and mirth
Beguile the time which lies 'twixt death and birth ;
Some, joyous and full-blooded, through a maze
Of splendid passionate nights and dreamy days,
Gain soon their goal ; and some who find a dearth
Of joy in all, poor strangers on the earth,
Plod on their path, and yield nor prayer nor praise.
But, look you, I will walk with none of these,
I walk a straight and solitary path ;
A way which no sweet scent or verdure hath,
And as I walk, like strong and rising seas,
I hear my whole past surging on my track,
And would return, yet never may go back.

P. B. MARSTON, 1850-1887.

THE POMP OF DEATH.

DEATH is not dreadful to a mind resolved,
It seems as natural as to be born.
Groans, and convulsions, and discolor'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks, and obsequies,
Make death a dreadful thing. The pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.

N. LEE.

A W I S H .

I ASK not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free ;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortunes favor'd sons not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears ;
Let those who will, if any, weep !
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied !
Ask but the folly of mankind,
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come and gape and go ;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All that makes death a hideous show !

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor, full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he cannot cure, a name !

Nor fetch, to take the accustom'd toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother doctor of the soul,
To canvass, with official breath,

The future and its viewless things—
That undiscover'd mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he !

Bring none of these ! but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,

Moved to the window near, and see
Once more, before my dying eyes.

Bathed in the sacred dew of morn
The wide aerial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead !

Which never was the friend of *one*,
Nor promised love it could not give ;
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul with what I gaze on wed !
To feel the universe my home ;
To have before my mind—instead

Of a sick room, a mortal strife,
A turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
Composed, refresh'd, ennobled, clear ;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work, or wait elsewhere or here !

MATTHEW ARNOLD, 1822-1888.

L A Y M E L O W .

LAY me low, my work is done,
I am weary. Lay me low,
Where the wild flowers woo the sun,
Where the balmy breezes blow,
Where the butterfly takes wing,
Where the aspens drooping grow,
Where the young birds chirp and sing,
I am weary, let me go.

I have striven hard and long,
In the world's unequal fight,
Always to resist the wrong,
Always to maintain the right,
Always with a stubborn heart
Taking, giving blow for blow.
Brother, I have played my part,
And am weary, let me go.

Stern the world, and bitter cold,
Irksome, painful to endure,
Everywhere a love of gold,
Nowhere pity for the poor.
Everywhere mistrust, disguise,
Pride, hypocrisy, and show;
Draw the curtain, close mine eyes,
I am weary, let me go.

Shield and buckler, hang them up,
Drape the standard on the wall;
I have drained the mortal cup
To the finish, dregs and all.
When our work is done, 'tis best,
Brother, best that we should go.
I'm aweary, let me rest,
I'm aweary, lay me low.

From All the Year Round.

THE EQUALITY OF DEATH.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things :
There is no armor against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still :
 Early or late,
 They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds !
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb.
Only the action of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

J. SHIRLEY, 1594-1666.

F U N E R A L H Y M N .

SIGH not, ye winds, as passing o'er,
This mansion of the dead ye fly ;
Weep not for he no more
 Shall ever weep, shall ever sigh.

Why mourn ? the throbbing heart's at rest
How still it lies within the breast.
Why mourn ? since death presents us peace
And in the grave our sorrows cease.

The shattered bark from adverse winds
Rest in this peaceful haven finds,
And when the storms of life are past,
Hope drops her anchor here at last.

W. J. LINTON, b. 1812.

Written for the tombstone of HY. HETHRINGTON, 1849.

A BURIAL SERVICE.

BY AUSTIN HOLYOAKE.

WE this day consign to the earth the body of our departed friend; for him life's fitful dream is over, with its toils, and sufferings, and disappointments. He derived his being from the bountiful mother of all; he returns to her capacious bosom, to again mingle with the elements. He basked in life's sunshine for his allotted time, and has passed into the shadow of death, where sorrow and pain are unknown. Nobly he performed life's duties on the stage of earth; the impenetrable curtain of futurity has fallen, and we see him no more. But he leaves to his sorrowing relatives and friends a legacy in the remembrance of his virtues, his services, his honor, and truth. He fought the good fight of Free Inquiry, and triumphed over prejudice and the results of misdirected education. His voyage through life was not always on tranquil seas, but his strong judgment steered him clear of the rocks and quicksands of ignorance, and for years he rested placidly in the haven of self-knowledge. He had long been free from the fears and misgivings of superstitious belief. He worked out for himself the problem of life, and no man was the keeper of his conscience. His religion was of this world—the service of humanity his highest aspiration. He recognised no authority but that of Nature; adopted no methods but those of science and philosophy; and respected in practice no rule but that of conscience, illustrated by the common sense of mankind. He valued the lessons of the past, but disowned tradition as a ground of belief, whether miracles and supernaturalism be claimed or not claimed on its side. No sacred Scripture or ancient Church formed the basis of his faith. By his example he vindicated the right to think and to act upon conscientious conviction. By a career so noble, who shall say that his domestic affections were impaired, or that his love for those near and dear to him was weakened? On the contrary, his independent method of thought tended to develop those sentiments which have their source in human nature—which

impel and ennoble all morality—which are grounded upon intelligent personal conviction, and which manifest themselves in worthy and heroic actions, especially in the promotion of Truth, Justice, and Love. For worship of the unknown, he substituted Duty; for prayer, Work; and the record of his life bears testimony to his purity of heart; and the bereaved ones know but too well the treasure that is lost to them for ever. If perfect reliance upon any particular belief in the hour of death were proof of its truth, then in the death of our friend the principles of Secularism would be triumphantly established. His belief sustained him in health; during his illness, with the certainty of death before him at no distant period, it afforded him consolation and encouragement; and in the last solemn moments of his life, when he was gazing as it were into his own grave, it procured him the most perfect tranquillity of mind. There were no misgivings, no doubts, no tremblings lest he should have missed the right path; but he went undaunted into the land of the great departed, into the silent land. It may be truly said of him, that nothing in life became him more than the manner of his leaving it. Death has no terrors for the enlightened; it may bring regrets at the thought of leaving those we hold dearest on earth, but the consciousness of a well-spent life is all-sufficient in the last sad hour of humanity. Death is but the shadow of a shade, and there is nothing in the name that should blanch the cheek or inspire the timid with fear. In its presence pain and care give place to rest and peace. The sorrow-laden and the forlorn, the unfortunate and the despairing, find repose in the tomb—all the woes and ills of life are swallowed up in death. The atoms of this earth once were living man, and in dying, we do but return to our kindred who have existed through myriads of generations.

[Here introduce any personal matters relating to the deceased.]

Now our departed brother has been removed, death, like a mirror, shows us his true reflex. We see his character, undistorted by the passions, the prejudices, and the infirmities of life. And how poor seem all the petty ambitions which are wont to

sway mankind, and how small the advantages of revenge. Death is so genuine a fact that it excludes falsehood, or betrays its emptiness; it is a touchstone that proves the gold, and dishonors the baser metal. Our friend has entered upon that eternal rest, that happy ease which is the heritage of all. The sorrow and grief of those who remain alone mar the thought that the tranquil sleep of death has succeeded that fever of the brain called living. Death comes as the soothing anodyne to all our woes and struggles, and we inherit the earth as a reward for the toils of life. The pain of parting is poignant, and cannot for a time be subdued; but regrets are vain. Every form that lives must die, for the penalty of life is death. No power can break the stern decree that all on earth must part; though the chain be woven by affection or kindred, the beloved ones who weep for us will only for a while remain. There is not a flower that scents the mountain or the plain, there is not a rosebud that opes its perfumed lips to the morning sun, but ere evening comes may perish. Man springs up like the tree: at first the tender plant, he puts forth buds of promise, then blossoms for a time, and gradually decays and passes away. His hopes, like the countless leaves of the forest, may wither and be blown about by the adverse winds of fate; but his efforts, springing from the fruitful soil of wise endeavor, will fructify the earth, from which will rise a blooming harvest of happy results to mankind. In the solemn presence of death—solemn because a mystery which no living being has penetrated—on the brink of that bourne from whence no traveller returns, our obvious duty is to emulate the good deeds of the departed, and to resolve so to shape our course through life, that when our hour comes we can say, that though our temptations were great, though our education was defective, though our toils and privations were sore, we never wilfully did a bad act, never deliberately injured our fellow-man. The reward of a useful and virtuous life is the conviction that our memory will be cherished by those who come after us, as we revere the memories of the great and good who have gone before. This is the only immortality of which we know—the immortality of the great ones of the world, who have benefitted their age and race by their noble deeds, their brilliant thoughts,

sway mankind, and how small the advantages of revenge. Death is so genuine a fact that it excludes falsehood, or betrays its emptiness; it is a touchstone that proves the gold, and dishonors the baser metal. Our friend has entered upon that eternal rest, that happy ease which is the heritage of all. The sorrow and grief of those who remain alone mar the thought that the tranquil sleep of death has succeeded that fever of the brain called living. Death comes as the soothing anodyne to all our woes and struggles, and we inherit the earth as a reward for the toils of life. The pain of parting is poignant, and cannot for a time be subdued; but regrets are vain. Every form that lives must die, for the penalty of life is death. No power can break the stern decree that all on earth must part; though the chain be woven by affection or kindred, the beloved ones who weep for us will only for a while remain. There is not a flower that scents the mountain or the plain, there is not a rosebud that opens its perfumed lips to the morning sun, but ere evening comes may perish. Man springs up like the tree: at first the tender plant, he puts forth buds of promise, then blossoms for a time, and gradually decays and passes away. His hopes, like the countless leaves of the forest, may wither and be blown about by the adverse winds of fate; but his efforts, springing from the fruitful soil of wise endeavor, will fructify the earth, from which will rise a blooming harvest of happy results to mankind. In the solemn presence of death—solemn because a mystery which no living being has penetrated—on the brink of that bourne from whence no traveller returns, our obvious duty is to emulate the good deeds of the departed, and to resolve so to shape our course through life, that when our hour comes we can say, that though our temptations were great, though our education was defective, though our toils and privations were sore, we never wilfully did a bad act, never deliberately injured our fellow-man. The reward of a useful and virtuous life is the conviction that our memory will be cherished by those who come after us, as we revere the memories of the great and good who have gone before. This is the only immortality of which we know—the immortality of the great ones of the world, who have benefitted their age and race by their noble deeds, their brilliant thoughts,

their burning words. Their example is ever with us, and their influence hovers round the haunts of men, and stimulates to the highest and happiest daring. Man has a heaven, too; but not that dreamed of by some—far, far away beyond the clouds, but here on earth, created by the fireside, and built up of the love and respect of kindred and friends, and within the reach of the humblest who work for the good of others and the improvement of humanity. As we drop the tear of sympathy at the grave now about to close over the once loved form, may the earth lie lightly on him, may the flowers bloom over his head, and may the winds sigh softly as they herald the coming night. Peace and respect be with his memory. Farewell, a long farewell!

[The foregoing service is suitable to be said over the grave of an adult male; it may, with slight effort, by altering the gender, be made suitable for a female also. It is almost impossible to write that which would be applicable to persons of all ages. It can always be sufficiently individualised by some friend of the deceased introducing a few remarks of a personal nature.]

SECULAR SONGS.

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SECULAR SONGS.

THE FREEMAN'S RESOLUTION.

I WILL not bow to a titled knave,
Nor crouch to a lordly priest :
A martyr's torments I'd rather brave,
Than be of my manhood fleeced.

I'll bend my knee to no fancied god,
I'll fear no ghost so wan,
Erect and free I'll stand on the sod,
And act as becomes a man.

I'll pin my faith to no bigot's sleeve ;
I'll swallow no griping creed ;
I'll ask my Reason what to believe,
And ever her answer heed.

I'll hide no truth in a coward heart,
The world would be blest to know ;
My boldest thought as it wills impart,
Nor check the mind's onward flow.

I'll love the true, I will do the right,
Ruled only by Reason's sway,
Let all do so ; and the world's dark night
Will melt into rosy day.

WM. F. DENTON, 1823-1883.

THE WORLD AND THE WORLD.

If all the world must see the world
As the world the world hath seen,
Then it were better for the world
That the world had never been.

Yet if the world could see the world
As the world the world might see,
Then a happier world than this old world
Perhaps could never be.

Oh, world that lives upon the world !
You travel far too slow !
Oh, world ! green grave of the worlds
How wondrous swift you go.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND, *b.* 1824.

'TIS TIME.

'Tis time that kings were taught to know
That men are more than wretched slaves,
Born but to feed their power and show,
And wade through war to bloody graves.

'Tis time the great were made to feel
The poor have rights as well as they ;
That men were never born to kneel
To aught that wears our common clay.

'Tis time that statesmen had forgone
All private ends and party strife,
And fix'd their hearts on that alone
Which nourishes a nation's life.

'Tis time that priests had done with cant,
With hollow forms and heartless prayers,
With narrow creeds and vulgar rant,
With savage greed and sensual snares.

SCIENCE AND SUPERSTITION.

SUPERSTITION, deeply rooted
 In the human heart and mind,
 Must by reasons be refuted,
 Men should be no longer blind ;
 They have been the slaves of error,
 Over-awed by wildest terror.

Mysteries have long deluded
 Millions of the human race,
 Fraud and falsehood long have brooded
 Over nature's radiant face ;
 We must seek with firm reliance,
 In her breast the truth of science.

Science is the noblest teacher,
 Benefactress of mankind,
 Reason is her gifted preacher,
 Elevated and refined ;
 Raising our best thoughts and feelings
 With beneficent revealings.

Let our spirits be aspiring
 With the ardent love of truth,
 Glorious purposes admiring,
 Glowing from our early youth ;
 Superstition in due season
 Will give way to human reason.

LEARN TO LABOUR.

L. M.

THINK not that martyrs die in vain :
 Think not that truth so soon will fail,
 We only break to form again,
 We only bow before the gale.

There groweth up a mighty will,
And time will only give it force :
It tendeth to an object still,
Though somewhat swerving in its course.

Though vengeance were the battle-cry,
And fell revenge first drew the sword ;
We seek a nobler victory,
More firm in act, more true in word.

And all the failures of the past
But make the future more secure ;
The triumph of our cause at last
By bygone sufferings ensure.

Secure in truth, we wait the day,
As watchers wait the morning light :
The false alone need dread delay,
For time will only strengthen right.

ROBERT NICOLL, 1814-1837.

THE PRIDE OF WORTH.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head and a' that ?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that ;
The rank is but the guinea stamp ;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that ;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man, for a' that :
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that :
The honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that :
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that ;
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

R. BURNS, 1759-1796.

INCITEMENT TO PERSEVERANCE.

SAY not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints, not nor faileth,
As things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the flyers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

A. H. CLOUGH, 1819-1861.

EARTH, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine ;
He who best would aid a brother,
Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom,
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath ;
Hence are seed and leaf and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty
Is the royal task of man ;
Man's a king, his throne is Duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage,
These like man are fruits of earth :
Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade,
Work with these, as bids thy reason ;
For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed, and reap in gladness,
Man himself is all a seed ;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

JOHN STERLING, 1806-1844.

THE BETTER PART.

Better to know the truth that maketh free,
 Than revel in the treasures of the dead ;
 Better to open thine own eyes and see
 Than blindly trust to what men may have said.

Better than dreams of heaven's future bliss,
 Or phantom pictures of another life,
 It is to live thy future life in this—
 Bring heaven down into this vale of strife.

Better to touch with gentle hand a heart
 That hath been wounded in the shade of death,
 Than from the sinful turmoil stand apart
 And gaze enraptured and with bated breath

Into a vision-land that fancy weaves
 Beyond the clouds that deck eternity.
 Better than painting angels on the leaves
 Of book or sermon, tale or homily,

It is to show that angels walk the earth
 Clad in the flesh of pure humanity ;
 To open well-springs in a land of dearth,
 And prove man's strength in his infirmity.

HARVEY REESE.

So should we live that every hour
 May die as dies the natural flower,
 A self-reviving thing of power ;

That every thought and every deed
 May hold within itself the seed
 Of future good and future meed ;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
 Is to develop not destroy,
 Far better than a barren joy.

LORD HOUGHTON, 1809-1815.

EARTH'S HEROES.

C. M.

AN offering to the shrine of power

Our hands shall never bring ;

A garland on the car of pomp

Our hands shall never fling.

Applauding in the conqueror's path

Our voices ne'er shall be ;

But we have hearts to honour those

Who bade the world go free.

Praise to the good, the pure, the great,

Who made us what we are !

Who lit the flame which yet shall glow,

With radiance brighter far.

Glory to them in coming time,

And through eternity ;

They burst the captive's galling chain,

And bade the world go free.

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

From " Hymns of Life ", published by Thomas Laurie, London.
Air, " Vicar of Bray ".

LET'S oft'ner talk of noble deeds,

And rarer of the bad ones,

And sing about our happy days,

And not about the sad ones.

We were not made to fret and sigh,

And when grief sleeps to wake it ;

Bright Happiness is standing by—

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Let's find the sunny side of man,

Or be believers in it ;

A light there is in every soul

That takes the pains to win it.

*Oh ! there's a slumb'ring good in all,
And we perchance may wake it :
Our hands contain the magic wand—*

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

All praise to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them !
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh ! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it :
The fault's our own, if it is not—

THIS WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

HOPE OF THE WORLD.

Air, "To all you Ladies."

MAY every year but draw more near
The time when strife shall cease,
When truth and love all hearts shall move
To live in joy and peace.
Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,
For folly still her cause maintains :
But the day shall yet appear,
When the might with the right, and the truth shall be,
And come what there may to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.
Though interest plead that noble deed,
The world will not regard,
To noble minds, when duty binds,
No sacrifice is hard.
In vain and long, enduring wrong,
The weak have striven against the strong.
But the day shall yet appear,
When the might with the right and the truth shall be,
And come what there may to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

Let good men ne'er of birth despair,
Though humble efforts fail ;
Oh ! give not o'er until once more,
The righteous cause prevail.
The brave and the true may seem but few,
But hope has better things in view ;
And the day shall yet appear,
When the might with the right and the truth shall be,
And come what there may to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

CHARLES MACKAY, 1814-1890.

LOVE AT HOME.

THERE is beauty all around,
When there's love at home ;
There is joy in every sound,
When there's love at home !
Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on every side,
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.

In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home ;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home !
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

Brightly stars will shine above,
When there's love at home ;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home !
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky,
As the sunshine smiles on high,
When there's love at home.

NEW VERSION.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Poor man from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only gods are vile :
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of man are strewn ;
 The clergy in their blindness
 Bow down to gold alone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high—
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of truth deny ?
 " Damnation—oh, damnation !"
 The reptile brood proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt the Devil's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds this story,
 And your great waters roll,
 Till, like a seat of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er enlightened nature
 "*The Truth*" her throne regain—
 The world's regenerator—
 In bliss returns to reign !

CHAS. KROLL LAPORTE.

THE LIVING TO THE DEAD.

(Words to Luther's air "Ein Festes berg.")

O DUMB forgotten ones,
O brave unsung in story
In us, your sons of sons,
Behold your joy and glory.
Say, was your toil for nought,
Or lost your patient love,
Whereby to us was brought
The torch of hope ye bore ?

No Golden Age ye knew ;
For this our mothers bore us
That fairer world to woo,
The world that is before us.
Your spirits none the less
Are with our conquering band
Yea side by side we press
To gain yon promised land.

No lords doth Labor need
Our thought no priestcraft smothers
One all embracing creed
We boast, that men are brothers.
Whereso, afar or near
Our glad new gospel flies
See bondage disappear
See Fellowship arise.

Wherever one may roam
When Wealth gives way to Labor,
No land but shall be home.
No man but shall be neighbor,
And fear shall melt in mirth
And mirth such charm shall strow
That our poor loveless earth
True Paradise shall grow.

C. W. BECKETT.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
 Who serveth not another's will—
 Whose armour is his honest thought
 And simple truth his only skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied to this vain world by care
 Of public fame or private breath!

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all!

SIR H. WOTTON, 1568-1639.

Lo here hath been dawning
 Another blue day;
 Think wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
 This new day is born;
 Into eternity
 At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
 No eye ever did:
 So soon it for ever
 From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
 Another blue day:
 Think wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away?

T. CARLYLE, 1795-1881.

L I G H T .

THE night has a thousand eyes
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

Lo when we wade the tangled wood
In haste and hurry to be there,
Nought seems its leaves and blossoms good,
For all that they be fashioned fair.

But, looking up, at last, we see
The glimmer of the open light ;
From o'er the place where we would be
Then grow the very brambles bright.

So now, amidst our day of strife,
With many a matter glad we play,
When once we see the light of life
Gleam through the tangle of to-day.

WILLIAM MORRIS, D. 1834.

ALL things good for good unite,
Evil things not long are single ;
'Tis the dark hours bring the light,
Sightless atoms fashion sight,
Discords still for concord mingle.

To the wise and to the brave,
Living is as fair as loving ;
Death brings flowers, on every grave
Moonlight sleeps, and willows wave,
Lifelike, while warm winds are moving.

W. M. W. CALL.

AGE OF REASON.

LET exiled Reason be restored,
Just education bear her sway ;
Let nature's empire be explored,
And truth her volume wide display.
Let science 'luminate the mind,
Inquiry free her banner wave ;
Humble the tyrant, raise the slave,
And virtue teach to all mankind.
Then will the joyous song
Of happiness resound,
And man shall sing to wisdom's praise,
Where love and peace are found.

Prophetic voices now resound ;
Far, far and wide they strike the ear ;
And o'er this favored clime they sound—
Proclaim the Age of Reason near
Her glorious light doth now appear,
And superstition, frightened, flies,
For truth her mighty weapon plies,
And truth will triumph, nothing fear.
Then let us join in praise
To truth and virtue's name,
To love and wisdom's purest rays,
In nature's wide domain.

NEVER SAY FAIL.

KEEP striving! 'tis wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing,
And waiting the tide ;
In life's earnest battle
They only prevail
Who daily march onward,
And never say fail!

With eye ever open,
And tongue that's not dumb,
And heart that will never
To sorrow succumb.
You'll battle and conquer,
Though thousands assail;
How strong and how mighty,
Who never say fail!

Ahead then, keep pushing!
And elbow your way,
Unheeding the envious,
That would you betray.
All obstacles vanish,
All enemies quail,
Before the strong-hearted,
Who never say fail!

In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be your motto,
Your footsteps to guide;
In storm or in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail!

ALADDIN'S LAMP.

Oh! had I but Aladdin's lamp,
Though only for a day,
I'd try to find a link to bind
The joys that pass away!
It should be May and always May—
I'd wreath the world with flowers,
I'd robe the barren wilderness,
And bring life happy hours!

I'd soothe the low and desolate,
Increase the widow's store,
And Industry should wear a smile
It never wore before.
It should be May, etc.

Where'er there dwelt unhappiness
I'd speed my magic way;
And none should be in poverty
Nor fear the coming day.
It should be May, etc.

CHARLES SWAIN.

S P E A K G E N T L Y .

SPEAK gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

Speak gently—love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

Speak gently to the erring—know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
Oh, win them back again.

G. W. HANGFORD.

LIVE BY NATURE'S LAWS.

To all earth's blessings deaf and blind ;
Lost to himself and to his kind :
With mad presumption, lo ! man tries
To pierce the ether of the skies.

Oh, first of all the tribes of earth,
Wake to the knowledge of thy worth ;
Then mark the ills of human life ;
And heed its woes, and quench its strife.

Victim and tyrant, thou, O man !
Thy world, thyself, thy fellows, scan ;
Nor forward cast an anxious eye ;
Who knows to live, shall know to die.

THE ACTUAL.

Why should we ever seek to know
What never can be known !
Why should we present joys forego,
In hope of joys to come ?

How much by Art man can improve,
What silent Nature shows !
How many scenes inspire to love,
As he more happy grows !

How knowledge, with the soul enlarg'd,
Inspires to virtuous deeds ;
Unless the mind has been surcharg'd
With error's noxious weeds !

Then let us all improve the time,
And still more happy grow ;
To learn the ways of truth sublime,
And all her secrets know.

LAWS OF NATURE.

THE laws of nature, they are sure,
They make the simple wise ;
That man mistakes his safest guides
Who doth these laws despisc.

The statutes of those laws are right,
And will improve the heart ;
To all who follow where they lead,
They health and joy impart :

Because they teach the sons of men
How they their lives should frame,
A rich reward they will bestow
On all who keep the same.

THE LADDER OF LIFE.

AUGUSTINE well and truly said
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontent,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and down-cast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.

LONGFELLOW.

BENEVOLENCE.

BLEST is the man whose generous heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain.

Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A brother's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief ;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

MRS. BARBAULD.

ETERNITY OF NATURE.

THOU, Nature, grandest theme of all ;
From rolling worlds to flow'ret small,
'Tis one sublime, unending chain,
That comes and goes, and comes again.

Eternal matter ! quenchless force !
No hand can stay thy circuit's course,
But deep in the abyss of space,
The systems run their destined space.

And man, who treads this mundane ball,
Is but a part of this vast all.
He lives, he dies ; so star and sun
Their onward journeys deftly run.

And hardened worlds, like aged man,
Dissolve when past the fated span :
And parted forms, that erst we saw,
Revive again by Nature's law ;

And bloom, and teem, and fade, and die,
As matter hath eternally ;
And thus existence circles round,
Nor first nor last was ever found.

W. C. STUROC.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

LIVE for something ; be not idle,
Look about thee for employ ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming,
Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay ;
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in your pathway—
Gentle words and cheering smiles ;
Better far than gold and silver,
Are their grief-dispelling wiles ;
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary,
Drop the tear of sympathy ;
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy heart returning
From this perfect fountain-head ;
Freely as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

ANTHEM OF THE FREE.

THERE'S a song the rills are singing
As they ramble through the glen ;
Echoes from the hills are rolling
Their sweet voices back again ;
There's a hymn the birds are chanting,
As they flit from tree to tree ;
Nature loves its joyous music ;
'Tis the anthem of the free.

Roll the wild waves to its numbers,
As the free winds o'er them sweep ;
Gambol gaily in its music,
All the tenants of the deep ;
To its notes the bees are humming,
Working on the verdant lea ;
Everywhere is Nature ringing
With the anthem of the free.

Start we then, from death-like slumber,
As its heart-tones reach the ear ;
Spring to life resolves long lying
In our bosoms, cold and sear :
Henceforth we are slaves no longer ;
Up, on unchained pinions flee !
Swell the everlasting chorus,
Nature's anthem of the free.

WM. DENTON.

MY FREEDOM.

O joy ! at last my mind is free !
In ruins lie its prison bars !
My bark hath gained the open sea,
And sails beneath th' eternal stars.

I languish in the clutch no more
Of superstition's palsied hand ;
Behind me fades the narrow shore ;
Beyond, the sea of Truth expands.

Henceforth no narrow, heartless creed
The freedom of my thought shall chain ;
The truth alone my steps shall lead
Through reason's limitless domain.

Reproachful voices now are hushed,
The conflict's angry murmurs cease ;
With dawning hope my sky is flushed,
And o'er me waft the airs of peace.

WHAT MAKES A NOBLEMAN?

Air " Partant pour la Syrie."

I DEEM the man a nobleman who acts a noble part,
Who shows alike by word and deed he hath a true man's heart ;
Who lives not for himself alone, nor joins the selfish few,
But prizes more than all things else the good that he can do.

I deem the man a nobleman who stands up for the right,
And in the work of charity finds pleasure and delight ;
Who bears the stamp of manliness upon his open brow,
And never yet was known to do an action mean and low.

I deem the man a nobleman who strives to aid the weak,
And sooner than revenge a wrong would kind forgiveness speak ;
Who sees a brother in all men, from peasant unto king,
Yet would not crush the meanest worm, nor harm the weakest thing.

I deem that man a nobleman—yea, noblest of his kind,
Who shows by moral excellence his purity of mind ;
Who lives alike through good and ill, the firm, unflinching man,
Who loves the cause of brotherhood, and aids it all he can.

A NEW FAITH.

Let superstition be destroyed,
And falsehood cut away,
That liberty may be enjoyed,
And truth hold sov'reign sway.

Let thought be free to all mankind,
And reason's light illumine
The long benighted realms of mind,
Dispelling clouds of gloom.

Let kindness fill the human heart
With sympathy for all,
And bid us knowledge to impart,
The mind to disenthral.

Let love prevail in every breast,
And happiness abound ;
May all mankind be truly blest—
Humanity be crowned.

THE BETTER LAND.

BETTER to know the truth, that maketh free,
Than revel in the treasures of the dead ;
Better to open thine own eyes and see
Than blindly trust to what men may have said.

Better than dreams of heaven's future bliss,
Or phantom pictures of another life,
It is to live thy future life in this—
Bring heaven down into this vale of strife.

Better to touch with gentle hand a heart
That hath been wounded in the shade of death,
Than from the sinful turmoil stand apart
And gaze enraptured and with bated breath

Into a vision land that fancy weaves
Beyond the clouds that deck eternity.
Better than painting angels on the leaves
Of book or sermon, tale or homily

It is to show that angels walk the earth
Clad in the flesh of pure humanity ;
To open well-springs in a land of dearth
And prove man's strength in his infirmity.

HARVEY REESE.

THE CITY OF MAN.

CITY of Man ! how broad and fair
Are spread thy walls sublime ;
The True, thy chartered freemen are
Of every age and clime.

One brotherhood, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent ;
One faith and work—in heart and brain,
One hope omnipotent.

How proudly has thy knowledge soared
From man's primæval youth ;
How slow and vast hath empire grown
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth.

How beautiful thy minarets,
That touched with sacred fire
Of art, with music and with song,
Bid all our hearts aspire.

Dear City ! we, thy citizens,
Stand ready at thy call,
To work and watch, until we lie
At rest within thy wall.

S. JOHNSON.

HUMANITY.

To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love the human form divine,
And Peace the human dress.

Then every man of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And love the human form divine,
And Peace the human dress.

W. BLAKE.

SERVICE OF MAN.

"There will be no want of work for those who wish to engage in the service of man."—*J. C. Morison.*

Now for all new day is dawning,
Day of gladness, day of love!
Slowly now from out the gloaming
Comes a light our souls to move.
Faithful service is the token,
Man to man must saviour prove.

Now at last, from out the ages,
Priceless treasure we unfold,
Store of wisdom, patience, learning,
Rich in glories yet untold.
Faithful service is the burden
Found on every page unroll'd.

Now the seer's prophetic glances,
Now the poet's scorn of wrong,
Now the mother's tender pleadings
Urge us all that path along.
Faithful service is the burden,
Joyful burden, of their song.

And as some great revelation
Comes to set the nations free,
And, resounding thro' the ages,
Falls the cry of Liberty :
So we hail a mightier Freedom,
Man to man shall saviour be !

E. B. HARRISON.

WHEAT AND TARES.

" Nil sine labore."

WE all must work with head or hand,
For self or others, good or ill ;
Life is ordain'd to bear, like land,
Some fruit, be fallow as it will.
Evil has force itself to sow
Where we deny the healthy seed ;
And all our choice is this—to grow
Pasture and grain, or noisome weed.

Then in content possess your hearts,
Unenvious of each other's lot ;
For those which seems the easiest parts
Have travail which ye reckon not.
And he is bravest, happiest, best,
Who, from the task within his span,
Earns for himself his evening rest,
And an increase of good for Man.

LORD HOUGHTON.

THE TRUE FREEMAN.

Men ! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathes on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave ?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Slaves unworthy to be freed ?
Are ye not bare slaves indeed ?

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak ;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think ;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

LOWELL.

FREEDOM.

MEN whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,—
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave ?
If ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed ?

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt ?

No ! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free !

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak ;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

J. R. LOWELL.

LIBERTY.

LIFE may change, but it may fly not ;
Hope can vanish, but can die not ;
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth ;
Love repulsed, but it returneth.

Yet were life a charnel ; where
Hope lay confined with despair,
Truth and love a sacred lie,
Were it not for Liberty ;
Lending life its soul of light,
Hope its iris of delight,
Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
Love its power to give and bear.

SHELLEY.

MAN is his own star ; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate ;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill ;
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

FLETCHER.

MY TASK.

What, with this fencéd human mind,
What can I do to help my kind,
I, such a stammerer ; they, so blind !

Nothing ; save through the single gate
Of utterance, throw my little weight
To swell the praise of what is great.

And when I hear the lark's pure mirth,
Or see sweet flowers gladden earth,
Sing forth the mood that feels their worth.

Or when a bitter woe in me
Is healed by tender sympathy,
To let the healing songful be.

So add what force a singer may,
To ring opinion's echoing sway
A few chords mellow day by day.

Through chiming all that's pure and true
Through hymning steadfast love anew,
This is the most that I may do.

L. S. GUGGENBERGER.

MARRIAGE :

OUR sister and our brother
Are now made man and wife ;
Henceforth to live together
In one completer life.

Humanity rejoices
To see her children wed ;
She watches o'er their footsteps
In all the paths they tread.

In accents sweet and tender
Her blessing is bestowed —
Till now from the beginning
It ever freely flowed.

Through family affection
She sets her seal on men,
And fills their souls with ardor
To strive and strive again.

Then let her praises mingle
With all we do and say,
And sanctify the greeting
We offer here to-day.

G. W. Fox.

REASON.

A GLORY gilds the ample page
Of nature's work sublime;
It gives a light to ev'ry age
Throughout revolving time.

'Tis reason's sacred lamp supplies
These glorious works with light
Her truths upon the nations rise,
And guide their wand'ring sight.

For soon as reason in the soul
Instructs us how to read,
We view the universal whole
A universal creed.

There we discover nature's laws,
When pleasure joins with right,
Where self-love aids compassion's cause
And duty is delight.

Thus what was lost in night before,
Now opens into day,
When reason over nature's work
Sheds her enliv'ning ray.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

HIGHER, higher, will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story ;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
In the mines of knowledge ;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college ;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, may we press,
Through the path of duty ;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854.

THERE is a song now singing,
Catch but its sweet beginning,
And you will still its notes prolong ;
For ever ever learning,
Yet never quite discerning,
The deep full meaning of the song.

It tells of love undying,
Before which grief is flying,
Like mists swept by the sun along :
Oh how earth's sorrow leaveth
The heart that here receiveth
The holy music of the song !

RELIGION.

Air, "Austria." Hymns A and M. 8.7.8.7.D.

TRUTH and goodness is the glorious
Great religion which we own ;
Reason can accept it fully,
And delight to make it known ;
Learned and unlearned spirits,
Cannot cavil at its creed,
Nor can any helpless victim,
Ever on its altar bleed.

Goodness in the heart abounding,
Truth in actions budding forth,
Kindness in the conduct beaming,
Love for every manly worth ;
Feeling care for one another,
Ready help for all in need—
That is my profession, brother,
That is my religious creed.

Freedom from the lips to utter,
All the living truths we know ;
Freedom for the feet to travel,
Where convictions bid us go :
Freedom for all men to differ,
Freedom also to agree—
That is the religious power,
That will make us good and free.

MUNOLLOG.

O THOU fair Truth, for thee alone we seek,
Friend to the wise, supporter to the weak ;
From thee we learn whate'er is right and just,—
Creeds to reject, professions to distrust,
Forms to despise, pretensions to deride,
And, following thee, to follow nought beside.

CRABBE, 1754-1812.

W O R K .

WORK ! it is thy highest mission,
Work ! all blessing centres there ;
Work for culture, for the vision
Of the true, and good, and fair.

'Tis of knowledge the condition,
Opening still new fields beyond ;
'Tis of thought the full fruition,
'Tis of love the perfect bond.

Work ! by labor comes th' unsealing
Of the thoughts that in thee burn ;
Comes in action the revealing
Of the truths thou hast to learn.

Work ! in helping loving union,
With thy brethren of mankind ;
With the foremost hold communion,
Succor those who toil behind.

For true work can never perish ;
And thy followers in the way
For thy works thy name shall cherish ;—
Work ! while it is called to-day !

FREDERICK M. WHITE.

As ships becalmed at eve that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day,
Long leagues apart, are scarce descried ;

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
 Through winds and tides one compass guides—
 To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas !
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
 At last, at last, unite them there !

A. H. CLOUGH, 1819-1861.

N A T U R E .

L.M.

GREAT source of being ! fount of life !
 That peoples air, and earth, and sea !
 All creatures feel thy power, but man
 A grateful feeling yields to thee.

Exhaustless fountain ! all are thine ;
 All feel thy kind impartial care ;
 And through each changing scene of life
 Alike thy constant bounties share.

And whether grief oppress the heart,
 Or whether joy elate the breast,
 Or life still keep its varying course,
 Or death invite the heart to rest.

All—all result from nature's laws ;
 Unchanging all are in their course ;
 And man, and all things, must submit
 To nature's far superior force.

BASE OPPRESSORS.

Base Oppressors, leave your slumbers
Listen to a nation's cry ;
Hark ! united, countless numbers,
Swell the peal of agony !
Lo ! from Britain's sons and daughters,
In the depths of misery—
Like the sound of many waters—
Comes the cry " we will be free ! "

Tyrants quail ! the dawn is breaking
Dawn of Freedoms glorious day,
Despots on their thrones are quaking
Iron bands are giving way ;
Kingcraft, priestcraft, black oppression
Cannot bear our scrutiny ;—
We have learnt this startling lesson—
" If we will we can be free ! "

By our own, our children's charter ;
By the blood that fires our veins ;
By each truth-attesting martyr,
By their tears, and groans, and pains ;
By our rights, by nature given ;
By the voice of Liberty ;
We proclaim before high heaven,
That we must, we will be free !

Winds and waves the tidings carry ;
Spirits, in your stormy car,
Wing'd with lightnings, do not tarry :—
Bear the news to lands afar !
Tell them—sound the thrilling story
Louder than the thunder's glee—
That a people, ripe for glory,
Are determined to be free.

J. A. LEATHERLAND.

BENEVOLENCE.

C.M.

MAY I possess an honest heart,
 Above all selfish ends ;
 Humanely warm to all mankind,
 And cordial to my friends.
 May modest worth, without a fear,
 Approach my open door ;
 And may I never view a tear
 Regardless from the poor.
 With conscious truth and honor still
 My actions may I guide ;
 Nor know a dread but that of ill,
 Nor scorn but that of pride.
 Thus acting still a dutious part
 In nature's social plan,
 Assured the first of moral laws
 Is—*Man do good for Man.*

ALL are architects of Fate,
 Working in these walls of Time ;
 Some with massive deed and great,
 Some with ornaments of rhyme.
 Nothing useless is or low,
 Each thing in its place is best ;
 And what seems but idle show
 Strengthens and supports the rest.
 For the structure that we raise
 Time is with materials filled ;
 Our to-days and yesterdays
 Are the blocks with which we build.
 Build to-day then strong and sure,
 With a firm and ample base ;
 And ascending and secure
 Shall to-morrow find its place.

LONGFELLOW.

THE AIMS OF SECULARISM.

LET superstition be destroyed,
And falsehood cast away,
That liberty may be enjoyed.
And truth hold sov'reign sway.

Let thought be free to all mankind,
And reason's light illumine
The long benighted realms of mind.
Dispelling clouds of gloom.

Let conscience rule us every day.
That we may honor truth,
And her supreme commands obey
Through life from early youth.

Let kindness fill the human heart
With sympathy for all,
And bid us knowledge to impart
The mind to disenthral.

Let love prevail o'er every breast.
And happiness abound ;
May all mankind be truly blest,
Humanity be crowned.

E. KING.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

LIVE for something ; be not idle,
Look about thee for employ ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming,
Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay ;
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in your pathway—
Gentle words and cheering smiles ;
Better far than gold and silver,
Are their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary,
Drop the tear of sympathy ;
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give, and thy reward shall be,
Joy unto thy soul returning,
From this perfect fountain-head ;
Freely as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

NOBLE PURPOSE.

HAPPY they who are not weary
Of this life's perpetual round,
Who at each fresh task and duty
Feel their powers in gladness bound ;
Who are bent on winning knowledge,
Bent on living true and high,
And on some good work achieving
Amongst men, before they die.

Noble thought becoming freer,
Uttered whole in word and deed,
Bigotry and thralldom dying,
Of the state, and of the creed ;
Till of man a nobler pattern
Sun and earth at length behold,
Broader-minded, broader-hearted,
Tender, manly, reverent, bold.

T. W. CHIGNELL.

PRESENT JOYS.

Why should we ever seek to know
What never can be known ?
Why should we present joys forego,
In hope of joys to come ?
See, Nature spreads her ample board
To all, through every clime ;
And man she constitutes her lord,
With riches most sublime.
How much by art he can improve
What silent nature shows ;
How many scenes inspire to love
As he more happy grows.
How knowledge, with the soul enlarged,
Inspires to virtuous deeds ;
Unless the mind has been surcharged
With errors noxious weeds.
Then let us all improve the time,
And still more happy grow ;
To learn the ways of truth sublime.
And all her secrets know.

PRAISE to the martyrs
Who died for the right,
Nor ever bowed down
At the bidding of might :
Their ashes were cast
All abroad on the wind,
But more widely the blessings
They won for mankind.

Praise to the sages,
The teachers of right,
Whose voice in the darkness
Said, " Let there be light."

The sophist may gain
 The renown of an hour,
 But wisdom is glory,
 While knowledge is power.

Heroes, martyrs, and sages,
 True prophets of right !
 They foresaw, and they made
 Man's futurity bright.
 Their fame would ascend
 Though the world sunk in flames :
 Be their spirit on all
 Who sing praise to their names !

W. J. Fox, 1786-1864.

A STORM sped over sea and land ;
 Harvest and bloom are beaten low,
 And many a treasure on the strand
 Marks the wild track with loss and woe.

Where in the solitude it searched
 A child hath hung his one harp string :
 The blast to melody is touched,
 Prelude to blessings it would bring.

O heart, my heart, when clouds of fate
 Shroud thy fair sky and on thee beat,
 With childlike trust attuned wait,
 Win from each storm its music sweet !

M. D. CONWAY, 1832.

There are brighter things in this world than gold—
 There are nobler things in this world than name ;
 To silently do with your deeds untold,
 To silently die, unnoised to fame.
 Then forth to fight, unnamed and alone ;
 Let us lead the world to its destined height ;
 Enough to know, if but this be known,
 We live and we die for the right !

JOAQUIN MILLER.

HONEST DOUBT.

WHY should the man of honest doubt
Despised by others be ?
Why should a man think more about
Faith, than Humanity ?
The sceptic is our brother man,
Has rights as well as we ;
Who made us popes, to judge, and damn ?
Are we not frail as he ?
'Tis but religious doubts we curse,
All doubts besides go free,
While reason would excuse the first
Wrapt in such mystery.
Tho' man believe in God, or Gods,
What matters it to me ?
I'd rather have the manly man
Than all the creeds that be.

J. LAWSON.

LIBERTY.

LIFE may change, but it may fly not ;
Hope can vanish, but can die not ;
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth ;
Love repulsed, but it returneth.
Yet were life a charnel where
Hope lay coffined with despair,
Truth and love a sacred lie,—
Were it not for Liberty ;
Lending life its soul of light,
Hope its iris of delight,
Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
Love its power to give and bear.

P. B. SHELLEY, 1792-1822.

W O R K .

(From "Gems of Moral Song," by permission of Mr. F. Pitman, London.)

P.M.

Work, for the night is coming ;
 Work through the morning hours ;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling ;
 Work, 'mid springing flowers ;
 Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work, in the glowing sun ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

Work for the night is coming ;
 Work through the sunny noon ;
 Fill brightest hours with labor ;
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies ;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more ;
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

T R U T H .

C.M.

WERE once this maxim deeply fix'd,
 That truth is mankind's friend,
 That she alone to right can lead,
 For pleasure is her end :

How soon would reason, justice, peace,
O'er all the world prevail;
And error, fraud, and war and woe,
And superstition fail.

No more applause on pride would wait,
Nor mad ambition stain,
With patriot blood, a foreign shore,
An empty name to gain.

Our own and others' good alone
Would then each hour employ;
And all the sons of men would smile
With universal joy.

GOOD WILL TO ALL.

L.M.

Good will to all the watchword be,
Of all the faithful and the free;
Let this be now the chief command,
In every church throughout the land.

Ask not a word about their creed,
Ask nothing but the help they need;
And all who need, assist, defend,
Just as you would a bosom friend.

To Jew and Gentile, high and low,
Let streams of kindness ever flow,
Unchecked by names and narrow creeds,
The foes which superstition feeds.

Good will to all throughout the world,
Let hatred from her throne be hurled;
And in her stead let freedom reign,
Thereon for ever to remain.

In every sect and every land,
Let this be more the chief command,
Compelling faith in every soul,
To feel and act good will to all.

FREEDOM.

7's.

FREEDOM's charms alike engage
 Blooming youth and hoary age ;
 None are happy but the free ;
 Bliss is born of liberty.

Though all other joys were mine,
 'Midst those joys I should repine,
 If the powers of my soul
 Felt the harshness of control.

For one day with freedom spent
 Yieldeth more sincere content,
 Than a whole eternal round
 In the chains of slav'ry bound.

Give me freedom while I live ;
 For my guide, pure wisdom give ;
 Give me goodness for my friend :
 Happiness will then attend.

" TRUTH is great and must prevail ! "
 Trite the adage ; how and when ?
 Trial tells another tale,
 Truth has failed, will fail again
 If not backed by truthful men.

Truth is man's maturest thought,
 That the earnest grasp and try.
 Who for truth has never fought,
 Who lets falsehood known go by,
 Propagates himself the life.

To the plough then lay your hand !
 Truth is nought when not embraced !
 Look not black, nor listless stand
 Where your line of work is traced,
 Falsehood vanishes when faced !

A. J. ELLIS, 1814.

LIFE IS ONWARD.

6.5.6.5.

Life is onward—use it,
With a forward aim ;
Toil is healthy—choose it,
And its warfare claim.
Look not to another
To perform your will ;
Let not your own brother,
Keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward—try it,
Ere the day is lost ;
It hath virtue—buy it,
At whatever cost.
If the world should offer
Every precious gem,
Look not at the scoffer,
Change it not for them.

Life is onward—heed it,
In each varied dress ;
Your own act can speed it
On to happiness.
His bright pinion o'er you,
Time waves not in vain,
If Hope chants before you
Her prophetic strain.

Life is onward—prize it
In sunshine and in storm ;
Oh ! do not despise it
In its humblest form.
Hope and joy together,
Standing at the goal,
Through life's darkest weather,
Beckon on the soul !

T. FOWNES.

W I S D O M .

C.M.

HAPPY the man whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean ;
Whose life, to wisdom's rules conform'd
Preserves a conscience clean.

Not of himself too highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part ;
His modest tongue the language speaks
Spontaneous from his heart.

Not in low scandal's arts he deals,
For truth dwells in his breast ;
With grief he sees his neighbors' faults,
And thinks and hopes the best.

To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confin'd ;
He loves the good of every name
'Mong all the human kind.

STAND UP FOR FREEDOM.

Air—Sankey's Solos, No. 15.

STAND up ! Stand up for freedom,
Ye soldiers of Freethought ;
Raise high the noble banner,
'Neath which our fathers fought.
From victory unto victory—
The people we will lead,
Till every wrong is righted
And Justice reigns indeed.

Stand up ! Stand up for freedom
Against the fierce array
Of Ignorance and Bigotry,
Which strive the Truth to slay.

No frowning gods fill us with awe,
Our minds are free as air ;
The terrors of the Christian law,
For freedom's cause we dare.

Stand up ! Stand up for freedom,
Till we remove the stain
Of the blood of noble martyrs,
Whom Bigotry has slain ;
Till kings and priests shall lose the power
Our leaders to consign
To scaffold, or to dungeon tower,
Or dark Siberian mine.

Stand up ! Stand up for freedom,
'Tis the noblest cause to serve ;
The music of our onward march,
Our arts and arms shall nerve !
To raise Truth's spotless banner,
And keep it still unfurled—
Emblazoned with the hallowed names
Of the saviours of the world.

Stand up ! Stand up for freedom,
We know our cause is just ;
And clothed in Reason's armor,
We smile at every thrust,
Which Falsehood aims against the life
Of our humanity ;
And onward press thro' all the strife,
Till all mankind are free.

REAL LOSS.

SOMETHING is lost when your possessions perish,
When fortune pitiless for ever frowns,
But still a dream of better days you cherish,
Of days which fortune, changed, with rapture crowns.

How much is lost when tarnished is your glory,
 When you are cursed by a dishonored name ?
 But combat, bear, and toil, you live in story ;
 Atonement gains a new unsullied fame.

All, all, is lost, when noble valor leaves you,
 When craven terrors bring profound despair,
 Nothing on earth more gladdens now or grieves you :
 Then seek the grave, your home is only there.

True life is in true courage ; sternly, boldly,
 The true man welcomes grand the dreadest doom ;
 Fiery in his heroic deeds, he coldly
 And unrepining sinks into the tomb.

After Göthe, by W. MACCALL.

BETTER RUB THAN RUST.

—
 IDLER ! why lie down to die ?
 Better rub than rust ;
 Hark ! the lark sings in the sky—
 “ Die when die thou must !
 Day is waking, leaves are shaking,
 Better rub than rust.”

In the grave there's sleep enough—
 “ Better rub than rust ;
 Death, perhaps, is hunger-proof,
 Die when die thou must ;
 Men are mowing, breezes blowing,
 Better rub than rust.”

He who will not work shall want ;
 Nought for nought is just—
 Won't do, must do, when he can't ;
 “ Better rub than rust.
 Bees are flying, sloth is dying,
 Better rub than rust.”

E. ELLIOTT.

C O U R A G E .

THE world was ne'er improved
 By timid, fearful men ;
 Nor mighty wrongs removed
 By slavish tongue or pen.

Our noble sires of old
 Were dauntless and were brave ;
 Their hearts to truth not cold,
Dared prison-cell and grave.

They suffered for the right,
They won the martyr-crown,
 They fought the noble fight,
They braved the priesthood's frown.

Help on what they began.
 And strive for objects great ;
 Let us their errors shun,
 Their virtues imitate.

E. L.

THE BETTER CREED.

I HEAR thee speak of a better creed,
 Where reason and science are taught, instead
 Of fasting, and prayer, and faith, and grace.
 Mother, O where is this better place ?
 Is it richly endowed, and upheld by the State,
 And only free to the rich and great ?

Not so, not so, my child.

Is it far away 'neath the sunny sky
 And the balmy breezes of Italy
 Whose despot rulers are monkish knaves,
 And the priest-ridden people wretched slaves ?
 Can it be from the halls of the Vatican
 That truth and science are taught to man ?

Not there, not there, my child.

Is it nearer home, when on Sabbath days
The hearers yawn while the minister prays,
Or nod assent while he dares to tell
That honest *sceptics* are doomed to hell?
Is it truth, they teach, dear mother, say,
From the Protestant pulpits on Sabbath day?
Not so, not so, my child.

Eye would not see it, could they prevent,
Ear would not hear with their consent,
The little band still struggles away,
Waiting the dawn of a brighter day;
When the hoary fabric of error shall fall
Then shall flourish the Freethought Hall.
It is there, it is there, my child.

J. WILSON.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

WHEN kings are forgotten and priests are no more,
When royal and righteous mean truth at the core,
When work stands for worship, and worship is worth,
The kingdom of heaven will come on the earth.

When valor is noble, when toil is secure,
When hope may be cheerful, and sacrifice sure,
When service shrinks not from its glorious girth,
The kingdom of heaven will come on the earth,

When honor means duty, when duty is known,
When faith dwells no more in her closet alone,
When conscience to consequent action gives birth,
The kingdom of heaven will come on the earth.

When love liketh wisdom, and worshippeth right,
When peace kisseth him who has fought the good fight,
When virtue is mother of beauty and worth,
The kingdom of heaven will come on the earth.

W. J. LINTON.

V I C T O R Y .

WORK can never miss its wages,
One wide song rings through the ages
" Ever loss true gain presages."

Not alone that flowers are blowing
Over graves ; that bread is growing
In warm tears from heaven flowing.

Let the conquerer blush for winning
Little worth his conquest sinning :
They who lose are so beginning.

Through the years one chorus ringeth
The death-chant the martyr singeth
Is the root whence victory springeth.

Ever through the book of ages
The same echoes close the pages :
" Ever loss true gain presages."

W. J. LINTON.

T H E T R U E E D E N .

ALL before us lies the way :
Give the past unto the wind :
All before us is the day :
Night and darkness are behind.

Not where long-past ages sleep
Seek we Eden's golden trees ;
In the future, folded deep,
Are its mystic harmonies.

Eden, with its angels bold,
Trees, and flowers, and coolest sea,
Is less an ancient story told
Than a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
 In the passions tame and kind,
 Innocence from selfish care,
 The true Eden shall we find.

It is coming, it shall come
 To the patient and the striving;
 To the quiet heart at home
 Thinking wise, and faithful living.

When the soul to sin hath died,
 True and beautiful and sound;
 Then all earth is sanctified
 Up springs Paradise around.

EMERSON.

TRUTH.

8's.

A CONSCIOUS fortitude sustains
 The heart of him who guile disdains;
 Firm as a rock his faith he builds,
 Which to no storm or tempest yields:
 He builds on truth, whence ev'ry joy
 Is lasting, free from all alloy.

Shall servile imitation's smile,
 Us of this fortitude beguile;
 And, led by custom, visions prize,
 While truth seems little in our eyes?
 It must not be; vain dreams begone!
 Oh! give us truth, and truth alone.

'Tis truth from error purifies,
 While vice but borrows error's guise,
 With dazzling show to lure the sight,
 And make what's wrong seem what is right;
 But truth and virtue seek no aid,
 Both best in native worth array'd.

THE DAWN OF FREETHOUGHT.

L. M.

A GLORIOUS day at length is breaking,
 When Freethought shall triumphant reign;
 The world from slumber is awaking,
 In error ne'er to sleep again.

The gloomy night of Superstition
 Flies before the approaching day:
 Religious fraud and imposition
 Can our minds no longer sway.

As the hazy mists of morning
 Fly before the sun's bright beams,
 So let Truth, our path adorning,
 Scatter all those foolish dreams.

Though long by priestly lore confounded,
 Let us seek a better way,
 And with joy and peace surrounded,
 Hail with triumph Freedom's day.

ANON.

T R U T H .

L. M.

ALL nature speaks! let men give ear,
 And stand erect, attentive, free;
 The voice of nature they shall hear,
 The works of nature they shall see.

Behold the stars with sparkling light,
 And planets which in order move;
 They mount in ether's tow'ring height,
 And raise our thoughts to orbs above.

The glorious sun, whose gentle beams
 Enliven all things here below,
 And lucid moon, with paler gleams,
 Does nature's power in grandeur show.

Survey the whole capacious earth,
The sea and land, rocks, hills, and plains;
The power of nature gave them birth,
And by one law the whole maintains.

Behold the trees in verdure rise,
What beauty shines in all their leaves !
Behold the birds that mount the skies,
And fish that fill the mighty seas :

In them is seen the matchless power,
From which all living beings came ;
Then let us all the *truth* adore,
And bow before her mighty name.

E D U C A T I O N .

THERE is in every human heart
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
And flowers of generous virtue blow ;
To plant, to watch, to water there,
This be our duty, this our care.

And sweet it is the growth to trace
Of worth, of intellect, of grace,
In bosoms where our labors first
Bid the young seed-time burst,
And lead it on from hour to hour
To ripen into perfect flower.

The heart of man's a soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers or vilest weeds :
Flowers, lovely as the morning's light :
Weeds, deadly as the aconite ;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed or flow'ret fair.

BOWRING.

THE NEW BORN LIGHT.

L. M.

THE day is here, the dawn of hope,
The light of some new life supreme,
For which in sadness we did grope,
Of which in gladness we did dream.
Clear reason, steadfast love and faith,
In greater deeds and purer joy—
These take the misery from death,
These all our mocking doubts destroy.
We lose the fear which once enthralled,
We hold the hope which once we lost;
Our souls no longer move appalled
O'er some dark ocean, tempest-tost.
But always with the new-born light,
And always toward the far-off peace,
With faith in truth and trust in right,
Move onward till their flight shall cease.

PRESENT TIME.

C. M. D.

[From "Gems of Moral Song," by permission of
Mr. F. Pitman, London.]

THERE's no time like the present time,
The future is not ours,
If we would make our lives sublime,
Improve the present hours.
For oh, how little can we tell
What future hours may bring,
So if we use the present well,
Our past will bear no sting.
There's no time like the present time,
The deeds we do to-day
May make our memories sublime
When we have passed away;

The present is the time to build
The structure of our *past*;
Let every stone and tile be made,
Of thoughts and deeds to last.

There's no time like the present time,
For doing kindly deeds,
And gathering in a generous store
To serve our future needs;
To-day we write a page of life
The future shall unfold;
But let there be no tale of strife,
No dross among the gold.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

L.M.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky;
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress for all mankind.

Ring out the slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite,
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

TENNYSON.

EARTHLY PARADISE.

TELL me not of climes celestial,
Mansions furnished in the skies,
Whither souls from earth disjointed,
Shall take airy wing and rise.

Tell me not of endless pleasures,
For a life of toil and pain,
When awak'ning from death's slumber,
Men shall rise and live again.

Sure this earth, a hell sufficient,
Might a paradise be made,
Were not keeping it so wretched
A commodity in trade.

Dream no longer, wake to action,
And bid grief give place to mirth;
Let each man be deemed a brother—
Make a heaven upon earth.

THE VOICE AND PEN.

OH! the Orator's voice is a mighty power,
As it echoes from shore to shore,
And the fearless pen has more sway o'er men,
Than the murderous cannon's roar!
What bursts the chain far over the main,
And brightens the captives den?
Tis the fearless pen and the voice of power,
Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!

Hurrah!

Hurrah for the Voice and Pen!

The tyrant knaves who deny Man's rights,
And the cowards who blanch with fear,

Exclaim with glee—"No arms have ye,
Nor cannon, nor sword, nor spear,
Your hills are ours, with our forts and towers
We are masters of mount and glen."
Tyrants beware! for the arms we bear
Are the Voice and the fearless Pen!

Oh! these are the swords with which we fight,
The arms in which we trust;
Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand
Which time cannot dim or rust.
When these we bore we triumphed before,
With these we'll triumph again,
And the world will say no power can stay
The Voice and the fearless Pen!

TRUTH.

L. M.

Be error known on earth no more,
But truth displayed from shore to shore,
Till men of every land shall see,
That it alone shall make them free.

Truth makes our way both clear and bright,
As sunbeams from the source of light;
Its glorious rays will never fail,
But will through endless time prevail.

Through earth its glory be displayed,
As one bright day without a shade,
Where all may in its beauty find
Love, to improve the human mind.

Hail, Truth! our friend, assist our cause;
Inspire our hearts, teach us thy laws;
From ignorance our minds set free,
Let wisdom our instructor be.

NOBILITY.

TRUE worth is in being, not seeming—
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by ;
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow.
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
The heart of its ills to beguile,
Though he who makes courtship to Glory
Gives all that he hath for her smile ;
For when from her heights he hath won her
Alas ! it is only to prove
That nothing's so sacred as honor,
And nothing so loyal as love !

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets ;
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing which it gets ;
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, and hating,
Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating,
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his troubles
Whose winnings are less than his worth ;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortune or birth.

ALICE CARY.

THE TRUE PATRIOT.

Is there a thought can fill the human mind,
More pure, more vast, more generous, more refined,
Than that which guides the enlightened patriot's toil ?
Not he whose view is bounded by his soul—
Not he whose narrow heart can only shrine
The land—the people that he calleth *mine* ;
Not he who to set up that land on high,
Will make whole nations bleed, whole nations die ;
Not he who calling that land's rights his pride,
Tramples the rights of all the earth beside—
No ! He it is, the just, the generous soul
Who owneth brotherhood with either pole,
Stretches from realm to realm his spacious mind,
And guards the weal of all the human kind,
Holds Freedom's banner o'er the earth unfurled,
And stands the guardian patriot of a world !

T R U T H .

THINK truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed ;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed ;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

H U M A N I T Y .

HUSH the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call !
Why should the earth be drenched with gore,
Are we not brothers all ?

Want, from the wretch depart,
Chains, from the captive fall !
Sweet Mercy, melt the oppressor's heart ;
Sufferers are brothers all.

Churches and sects, strike down
Each mean partition-wall !
Let Love each harsher feeling drown ;
For men are brothers all.

Let Love and Truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That Heaven its work at length may own,
And men be brothers all.

J. JOHNS.

H U M B L E I N F L U E N C E .

I saw a little streamlet flow
Along a peaceful vale :
A thread of silver, soft and slow,
It wandered down the vale ;
Just to do good it seemed to move,
Directed by the hand of love.

The valley smiled in living green ;
A tree, which near it gave
From noontide heat a friendly screen,
Drank from its limpid wave.
The swallow brushed it with his wing,
And followed its meandering.

But not alone to plant and bird
 That little stream was known ;
 Its gentle murmur far was heard,
 A friend's familiar tone !
 It glided by the cotter's door,
 It bless'd the labor of the poor.
 And would that I could thus be found,
 While travelling life's brief way,
 A humble friend to all around,
 Where'er my footsteps stray ;
 Like that pure stream with tranquil breast,
 Like it, still blessing, and still blest.

STODDART.

A BRAVE HEART.

LET the world scorn, Fortune make jest of me,
 Fling its worst venom to sully my name,
 Mock and deride, or flout and despise me,
 Thousands of others have known just the same.
 Now 'tis for me, now p'rhaps some other wight [Repeat].
 Surely will feel all its sting and its smart.
 So the world wags, so the world wags,
 Well, let it please itself ; well, let it please itself—
 Fortune will come, if you bear a stout heart ! [Repeat.]
 Let the world scorn, I'll be no sychophant,
 Creeping and crawling to woo its false smile,
 Bowing and cringing to sinister influence,
 Seeking reward thro' some treacherous wile.
 No ! not for me, spite of adversity [Repeat.]
 Mid life's stern fray I'll yet bear my part,
 Helping myself, helping myself,
 And my neighbour if needing it, my neighbour
 if needing it,
 Fortune will come, only bear a stout heart ! [Repeat.]

CHARLES J. ROWE.

Music by Godfrey Marks, from E. Donajowski, 1 Little Marlborough Street, W.

BE UP AND DOING.

LONG hath the world in darkness lain,
And languished long in grief and pain ;
And still the night broods sad and drear,
And still men sigh in want and fear.

When shall this darkness pass away,
When shall the night be turned to day ?
And when shall want and sorrow cease
And all be calm and joy and peace ?

'Tis vain to seek for help from prayer,
For work alone relieves from care ;
In vain, in vain, men look above
For what must spring from human love.

To us, to us, the power is given
To soothe the souls with anguish riven :
To banish want and vice and woe,
And make a heaven on earth below.

H O P E .

HOPE, though slow she be, and late,
Yet outruns swift time and fate ;
And aforehand loves to be
With most remote futurity.

Hope is comfort in distress,
Hope is in misfortune bliss,
Hope, in sorrow, is delight,
Hope is day in darkest night.

Hope casts anchor upward, where
Storms durst never domineer ;
Trust ; and Hope will welcome thee
From storms to full security.

BEAUMONT.

C H A R I T Y .

LET us all help one another,
 And a heart of kindness show,
 As down time's stream, my brother !
 In the boat of Life we row ;
 For when rough may be the weather,
 And the skies are overcast,
 If we only pull together
 We shall brave the storm at last !

Let us all help one another,
 In the springtide's sunny ray,
 And the bonds of friendship, brother !
 Strengthen still from day to day ;
 When there's bright hope of the morrow,
 Hollow hearts will fawn and cling,
 But when comes the night of sorrow,
 Only true ones comfort bring !

G. L. BANKS.

THE AGE OF REASON.

S.M.

DARK superstition's veil
 No more men's eyes shall blind ;
 But truth unsullied will display
 Her charms to all mankind.
 Then shall the time arrive,
 The long expected time,
 When peace, good-will, and social love
 Will reign in every clime.

ON parent knees, a naked new-born child,
 Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled ;
 So live that, sinking in thy long last sleep,
 Calm thou mayst smile while all around thee weep.

From the Persian.

SIR W. JONES, 1746-1794.

AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE REAP.

THE bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed ;
Then seize, O youth, the present hour,
Of that thou hast most need.

Do thy best always, do it now,—
For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plough
Fall seeds of good or crime.

The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown ;
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.

And soon the harvest of thy toil
Rejoicing thou shalt reap ;
Or o'er thy wild neglected soil
Go forth in shame to weep.

JONES VERY (1813-1880).

PSALM OF LIFE.

8.7.8.7.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, tho' stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb driven cattle,
 Be a hero in the strife.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime ;
 And departing leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

H. W. LONGFELLOW (1807-82).

FLOWERS OR THORNS !

WE must not hope to be mowers,
 And to gather the ripe gold ears,
 Until we have first been sowers,
 And water'd the furrows with tears.

It is not just as we take it—
 This mystical world of ours :
 Life's field will yield, as we make it,
 A harvest of thorns or flowers !

A. CARY.

BLEST be the man who gives us peace,
 Who bids the trumpet hush its horrid clang ;
 And, every vigor from the work of death
 To grateful industry converting, makes
 The city flourish and the country smile !

J. THOMSON, 1700-1748.

“VANITY.”

THROUGH wildwood valleys roaming,
A maiden by my side,
I vowed to love her evermore,
My beautiful, my bride.
“All is vanity, vanity,”
A wise man said to me,
I pressed my true love's yielding hand,
And answered, frank and free.
“If this be vanity, who'd be wise,
Vanity let it be.”

I sat with boon companions,
We quaffed the joyous wine,
We drank to worth with three times three,
To love with nine times nine.
“All is vanity, vanity,”
Said wisdom, scorning me,
We filled our goblets once again,
And sang with hearty glee.
“If this be vanity, Hip, Hurrah,
Vanity let it be.”

CHAS. MACKAY.

HAPPINESS WITHIN.

It surely is a wasted heart
It is a wasted mind,
That seeks not in the inner world
Its happiness to find:
For happiness is like the bird
That broods above its nest
And finds beneath its folded wings
Life's dearest and its best.

LETITIA E. LONDON, 1802-1838.

REASON.

Joy to the world the light is come,
The only lawful king ;
Let every heart prepare it room,
And moral nature sing.

Joy to the earth ! now reason reigns ;
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let superstition grow,
No thorns infest the ground ;
This light will make its blessings flow
To earth's remotest bound.

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

LET us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path ;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff ;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from the way.

Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
For our reaping by-and-by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown !
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone !

Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.
Then scatter, etc.

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed upon the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?
Then scatter, etc.

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses,
For our reaping by-and-by.
Then scatter, etc.

HOME SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain—
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home, home, etc.

H. PAYNE.

WORDS AND ACTS OF KINDNESS.

LITTLE words of kindness,
How they cheer the heart !
What a world of gladness
Will a smile impart !

How a gentle accent
Calms the troubled soul,
When the waves of passion
O'er it wildly roll !

Little acts of kindness,
Nothing do they cost ;
Yet, when they are wanting,
Life's best charm is lost.

Little acts of kindness,
Richest gems of earth,
Though they seem but trifles,
Priceless is their worth.

IT CAN'T BE ALWAYS SUNSHINE.

It can't be always sunshine,
For, since the world was made,
By turns has man been walking
In sunshine and in shade.
Then why should care oppress us,
When clouds obscure the day ?
Through ev'ry doubt and danger,
We've hope to lead the way !
There's sunlight in the distance,
Wherever we may be,
Which they who are in earnest
Can never fail to see.

*It can't be always sunshine :
Should we the gloom despise ?*

*If we saw not our errors,
 We never should be wise.
 The race crowns not the fleetest,
 Nor vict'ry oft the strong ;
 And truth can only triumph
 By grappling with the wrong.*
 Then onward for the future,
 Nor heed the present gloom ;
 When wintry clouds o'ershade us,
 We know the rose will bloom.

It can't be always sunshine :
 Look back to history's page,
 And think upon the darkness
 Of many a by-gone age,
 The light is round us breaking,
 But we must do our part
 To clear the weeds of error,
 From every canker'd heart.
 And still we must remember,
 When doubts our task assail,
 Though 'tis not always sunshine,
 That light and truth prevail.

J. E. CARPENTER.

“HAPPY DAY.”

All in love with one another !
 What a world this world would be !
 Each so kind to every other !
 How 'twould seem one scarce can see.

For in caverns dark and dreary,
 Jealousy is deeply hid ;
 Forced Labour, worn and weary,
 Sleeps, his rusting chains amid.

Anxious Fear, and all the Terrors,
 Banished ever from the earth,

Followed off by stupid Errors,
Seen no more in all its girth.
Suffering with pallid features,
Sorrow with sad eyes of woe,
Can no longer press earth's creatures
Down to earth, back-burdened so.
Faces bright and voices cheery,
Joy the sunny hours away,
Show in contrast to the teary
Lives before this happy day
Honest, just, and good, and truthful
Lives with beauty are aglow.
Work is sweet, for souls are youthful—
And all because man wills it so.

B. ARNETTA.

L O V E .

If love with other graces reign,
The mind is truly blest ;
For love, the noblest of the train,
Aids and exalts the rest.
She suffers long with patient eye,
Her kindness still will last
She lets the present injury die,
And soon forgets the past.
Meekness and peace her bosom fill,
From wrath and malice pure ;
She hopes, believes, and thinks no ill,
And all things will endure.
With pitying heart and willing hand,
The needy she supplies ;
And, if her enemy demand
Her help, she ne'er denies.

BENEVOLENCE.

BLESS'D is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels for his neighbor's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain.

With generous zeal he flies to help
The stranger in distress ;
And mourns the wrongs which from his aid
Admit not of redress.

He lends a kind supporting arm
To ev'ry child of grief ;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And yields a prompt relief.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

B E T R U E .

BE true, be true ! whate'er beside
Of wit, or wealth, or rank be thine ;
Unless with simple truth allied
The gold that glitters in thy mine
Is but dross—the brass of pride
Or vainer tinsel—made to shine.

Be true, be true ! to nerve your arm
For any good ye wish to do ;
To save yourselves from sin and harm,
And win all honors, old and new ;
To work in hearts as with a charm,
The maxim is, BE TRUE, BE TRUE.

KIND WORDS.

DEAL gently with the erring one,
You may not know the power
With which the first temptation came
In some unguarded hour.

You may not know how earnestly
He struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus he fell.

Speak gently to the erring one !
O do not thou forget,
However deeply stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.

Speak gently to the erring one,
For is it not enough
That peace and innocence are gone,
Without thy censure rough ?

O, sure it is a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who have a happier lot
May well their chidings spare.

K I N D N E S S .

Air—" Won't You Buy My Pretty Flowers."

THERE'S a charm too often wanted,
There's a power not understood ;
Seeds spring upward as they're planted,
Or for evil, or for good !
We forget that charm beguiling
Which the voice of sorrow drowns ;
Smiles can oft elicit smiling !
Frowning can engender frowns.

There's a temper quick in sowing
Care and grief and discontent !
Ever first and last in showing
More in words than language meant :
Ever restless in its nature
Until sorrows set their seal
On each pale and fretful feature,
And the hidden depths reveal.

If a smile engender smiling,
If a frown produce a frown,
If our lips—the truth defiling—
Can the rose of life cast down !
Let us learn, ere grief hath bound us,
Useless anger to forego ;
And bring smiles like flowers around us
From which other smiles may grow.

C. SWAIN.

I ASK NOT FOR HIS LINEAGE.

Air—"Tara's Halls."

C. M.

I ASK not for his lineage,
I ask not for his name,
If manliness be in his heart,
He noble birth may claim :
I care not though of this world's wealth
But slender be his part,
If "yes", you answer when I ask,
"Hath he a noble heart?"
I ask not from what land he came,
Or where his youth was nursed,
If pure the stream, it matters not
The spot from whence it burst :
The palace or the hovel low
Where first his life began,
I seek not of, but answer this,
"Is he an honest man?"

WHAT MAKES A NOBLEMAN?

Air "Partant pour la Syrie."

I DEEM the man a nobleman, who acts a noble part,
Who shows alike by word and deed he hath a true man's
heart ;
Who lives not for himself alone, nor joins the selfish few,
But prizes more than all things else, the good that he can
do.

I deem the man a nobleman, who stands up for the right,
And in the work of charity finds pleasure and delight ;
Who bears the stamp of manliness upon his open brow,
And never yet was known to do an action mean and low.

I deem the man a nobleman, who strives to aid the weak,
And sooner than revenge a wrong, would kind forgiveness
speak ;
Who sees a brother in all men, from peasant unto king,
Yet would not crush the meanest worm, nor harm the weakest
thing.

I deem the man a nobleman—yea, noblest of his kind,
Who shows by moral excellence his purity of mind,
Who lives alike, through good and ill, the firm unflinching
man,
Who loves the cause of brotherhood, and aids it all he can.

H O P E .

Air—"In a Cottage Near a Wood." (Song.)

HARD is now the constant woe,
Bitter is the long despair,
Casting doubt on all we know,
Blotting out our visions fair,

Weakly strain we after truth,
Slowly mount we toward the good,
Searching long in gloom and ruth
For the soul's sustaining food.

Man's immortal task is great,
Greatly must it be achieved ;
And his doom is still to wait,
Hoping still, though still deceived.

Hoping for the greater day,
Hoping for the larger light,—
Day that shall endure for aye,
Light that yieldeth not to might.

OUR ANSWER.

THOU say'st it will never be,
This unity and love ;
This peace, this joy without alloy,
Till one comes from above.
THOU say'st alack ! and then, alas !
You weep, and groan, and pray ;
But we begin to sow the grass,
And later comes the hay.

THOU say'st, ah ! we remember, lord,
Thy mercy and thy love ;
We worship thee and trust to see
Thy Regent from above.
O lord his coming hasten—speed—
O haste his advent. Pray !
But we will work till darkness lead
To dawning of the day.

THOU say'st, " Poor sinner fear not thee,
Thy faith will bear thee through ;
Thy murders, thefts, forgiven be,
A crown, a throne for you.
THOU say'st that we may join them there
For ' god ' is good and just " ;
But we will stay, contented, where
Those are we love and trust.

Thou say'st our work is work in vain,
 Our hope, our trust in man ;
 That sin and strife, and grief and pain,
 Are borne till heaven's ban
 Is lifted, and his majesty
 May move the upas root ;
 But we will watch and trim the tree
 Until the time for fruit.

Thou say'st, " Poor sinner see the fold
 And enter it in peace ;
 And wear a crown of gems and gold,
 Eternity thy lease.
 And those who trust in ' god ' may play
 On harps with golden strings"—
 But we have love and joy to-day,
 We want no crown—no wings.

We'll work and watch, and onward go,
 No fear, no dread can stay
 Our loving hearts and hands, although
 We may not win to day.
 The morn is nigh ; we see afar
 The daybreak glimmer bright ;
 Ah, see ! behold ! that morning star
 Foretells the coming light.

EDGAR T. BENTON.

GENTLE WORDS.

Air—"Tara's Halls".

C. M. D.

ROSES in the summer-time
 Are beautiful to me,
 And glorious are the many stars
 That glimmer on the sea :
 But gentle words, and loving hearts,
 And hands to clasp my own,
 Are better than the fairest flowers,
 Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
 The dew the drooping flower,
 And eyes grow bright and watch the light
 Of Autumn's opening hour :
 But words that breathe of tenderness,
 And smiles we know are true,
 Are warmer than the summer-time,
 And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give
 With all its subtle art,
 And gold and gems are not the things
 To satisfy the heart ;
 But oh ! if those who cluster round
 The sunny home and hearth,
 Have gentle words and loving smiles,
 How beautiful is earth.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

Air—" Ring the Bell, Watchman ".

11's.

BE kind to each other, through weal and through woe,
 For sorrows are many for hearts here below ;
 The storms of this life beat around us in vain,
 If kindness controls us in pleasure and pain.

Be kind to each other in sorrow and grief,
 'Tis sympathy only can give us relief ;
 Dividing our sorrow but lessens our pain—
 Be kind to each other—affliction is vain.

Be kind to each other when sickness has come,
 Let nothing but smiles ever dwell in your home ;
 Encourage and succour, and soothe the distress'd,
 Be kind to each other, and thou shalt be bless'd.

Be kind to each other through life to its close,
 And when thou art freed from its pleasures and woes,
 Though absent, thy friends in their hearts shall enshrine,
 The mem'ry of deeds which like beacons shall shine.

FRIENDSHIP.

Air—"Auld Lang Syne". [From "Hymns of Life", published
by Thomas Laurie, London.]

C. M. D.

THE kindest, most endearing thing
That human hearts can woo;
The fount whence truest blessings spring,
And richest comforts too;
A priceless gem irradiate
With beams of love divine:
A refuge from the storms of fate,
When suns no longer shine.

Its language is a kindly word
Proceeding from the heart:
Its smiles a ready balm afford
To those who deeply smart.
It scatters flow'rs in every state,
And weaves a charm for all;
But often leaves the rich and great
At cottage doors to call.

Give me the friend that varies not—
Or else no friend at all—
Who owns me in my straw-thatched cot,
As in my marble hall;
Who'll chide me when I do amiss,
And praise when praise is due;
And help me on in righteousness,
And be for ever true.

FUNERAL HYMN.

CALMLY, calmly lay him down!
He hath fought a noble fight,
He hath battled for the right;
He hath won the fadeless crown!

Memories, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past ;
He was faithful to the last—
Faithful through long toilsome years.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness, and truth—
These, the objects of his youth,
Unto age he still pursued.

Kind and gentle was his soul,
Yet it glowed with glorious might ;
Filling clouded minds with light,
Making wounded spirits whole.

Dying, he can never die !
To the dust his dust we give ;
In our hearts his heart shall live ;
Moving, guiding, working aye.

W. GASKELL.

T O - M O R R O W .

HIGH hopes that burned like stars sublime
Go down the heavens of freedom,
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need them.
But never sit we down and say,
There's nothing left but sorrow ;
We walk the wilderness to-day,
The promised land to-morrow.

Our hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten ;
Lo ! now its dawn bursts up the skies—
Lean out your souls and listen.
The earth rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with our sorrow ;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward ;
We climb like corals, grave by grave,
And beat a pathway sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray,
Yet newer strength we borrow ;
And where our vanguard rests to-day
Our rear shall rest to-morrow.

Through all the long, dark night of years
The people's cry ascended ;
The earth was wet with blood and tears
Ere their weak suffering ended.
The *few* shall not *forever* sway,
The many toil in sorrow ;
The bars of hell are strong to-day,
But right shall rule to-morrow.

GERALD MASSEY.

JUDGE NOT A MAN.

JUDGE not a man by the cost of his clothing,
Unheeding the life-path that he may pursue,
Or oft you'll admire a heart that needs loathing,
And fail to give honor where honor is due.
The palm may be hard and the fingers stiff-jointed,
The coat may be tattered, the cheek worn with tears,
But greater than kings are labor's anointed ;
You can't judge a man by the coat that he wears.
You can't judge a man by the coat that he wears,
You can't judge a man by the coat that he wears !
For greater than kings are labor's anointed ;
You can't judge a man by the coat that he wears.
Give me the man, as a friend and a neighbour,
Who toils at the loom, at the spade, or the plough ;
Who wins his diploma of manhood by labor,
And purchases wealth by the sweat of his brow.

Why should the broadcloth alone be respected?
The man be despised who in fustian appears?
There are many that have their limbs unprotected—
Then why judge a man by the coat that he wears?

Judge of a man by the work he is doing—
Speak of a man as his actions demand!
Watch well the life that each is pursuing,
And let the most worthy be chief of the land.
That man shall be found 'midst the close ranks of labor,
Be known by the work that his industry rears;
His chieftdom, when won, shall be dear to his neighbour—
We'll honor the man! whatever he wears.

JOHN BEDFORD LENO.

TRIUMPH OF FRATERNITY.

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice in living thunder--
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time
Foretold by seers and sung in story:
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory!
They passed, nor see the work they wrought;
Now the crown'd hopes of centuries blossom!
But the live lightning of their thought
And daring deeds doth pulse earth's bosom—
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, empires, systems rot with age,
 But the great people's ever youthful !
 And it shall write the future's page
 To our humanity more truthful !
 The gnarliest heart hath tender chords,
 To waken at the name of " brother,"
 And time comes when brain-scorpion words
 We shall not speak to sting each other.
 'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming !

Ay, it must come ! The tyrant's throne
 Is crumbling, with our hot tears rusted :
 The sword earth's mighty ones have leant on
 Is cankered, with our heart's blood crusted,
 Room ! for the men of mind make way !
 Ye robber rulers, pause no longer,
 The world rolls on, the light grows stronger—
 The people's advent coming !

GERALD MASSEY.

SECULARISM.

Sing with joy, for a good time is dawning upon us,
 The fire has been kindled, long may it be fanned ;
 Then farewell to all falsehood, deceit, and imposture,
 When Secularism shall spread o'er the land.

Then farewell to the clergy, and State aid to priestcraft ;
 Farewell all whose mansions are built on the sand ;
 On the firm rock of truth man shall build in the future,
 When Secularism shall spread o'er the land.

Then farewell to the ermines, the gowns, and the candles,
 The meaningless mummeries that none understand ;
 Theology's corpse shall be buried unmourned for,
 When Secularism shall spread o'er the land.

Farewell, war and murder, farewell inquisitions,
Religions of hate that mankind shall not stand ;
Insure your lives, oh, ye strife-making creeds for
When Secularism shall spread o'er the land.

Then all hail to the true, to the just, and the honest,
The kind loving heart and the welcoming hand,
And closely-knit love through our country, the wide world,
When Secularism shall spread o'er the land.

D. A. ANDRADE.

M O R A L W O R T H .

I LOVE the man who scorns to be,
To name or sect, a slave ;
Whose heart is like the sunshine—free—
Free as the ocean wave ;
Who, when he sees oppression, wrong.
Speaks out in thunder tones ;
Who feels with truth that he is strong
To grapple e'en with thrones.

I love the man who scorns to do
An action mean or low ;
Who will a nobler course pursue,
To stranger, friend, or foe ;
Who seeks for justice, good to gain,
Is merciful and kind ;
Who will not cause a needless pain
In body or in mind.

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