

So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really, neither joy, nor love, nor light,
No certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain ;
And we are here, as on a darkling plain,
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

And again we hear the same writer uttering, in touching words, the melancholy within.

"Light flows our war of mocking words, and yet
Behold, with tears mine eyes are wet,
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll."

Strauss, in the later confessions of his life, speaking of the hopelessness of unbelief, says :

"The giving up of the faith in a Divine Providence is certainly one of the most sensitive losses that can befall man. You see yourself placed within the awful machine of the world, with its iron-teethed wheels revolving with terrible rapidity, its heavy hammers falling stunningly to the ground ; in this awful machine man sees himself placed helplessly and *alone*, not a moment safe, but he may be crushed or torn to pieces within those roaring wheels and falling hammers with which he sees himself continually surrounded. This feeling of abandonment is something terrible."

To the same effect is the extremely sad confession of the late brilliant, but atheistic, Professor Clifford :

"It cannot be doubted that Theistic belief is a comfort and solace to those who hold it, and the loss of it is a very painful loss. It cannot be doubted, at least by many of us in this generation, who either receive it now, or received it in our childhood, and have parted from it since with such searching trouble as only cradle faiths can cause. We have seen the spring sun shine out of an empty heaven to light up a soulless earth. We have felt with utter loneliness that the Great Companion is dead."

It is evident to all that Atheism utterly and forever fails to make any provision for man's religious convictions and his needs ; he asks in his hunger for bread, and in return receives nothing but the empty echo of his own deep and unending cry.