

See that you understand what righteousness means and set hand to it stoutly; you will always measure your neighbor's creed kindly in proportion to the substantial proofs of your own.—*Ruskin*.

ALL CREEDS MUST DIE.

Man must be greater than all creeds,
The earth must nourish more than weeds,
For weeds alone must die.

The prettiest flower was once a weed,
The greatest tree was but a seed,
But flower and weed must die.

All are nourished at the self-same breast,
And nature's laws seem always best
For man, for plant and beast.

All creeds, all trees, all weeds must die
And from their death a new birth cry
For ever will be heard.

ERRORS of the past are but first instalments
of what we now term truth, paid for at times
with the purest blood.