

SONNETS AND OTHER VERSE.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Scorn not the Old; 'twas sacred in its day,
A truth o'erpowering error with its might,
A light dispelling darkness with its ray,
A victory won, an intermediate height,
Which seers untrammel'd by their creeds of yore.
Heroes and saints, triumphantly attain'd
With hard assail and tribulation sore,
That we might use the vantage-ground they gain'd.

Scorn not the Old; but hail and seize the New
With thrill'd intelligences, hearts that burn,
And such truth-seeking spirits that it, too.
May soon be superseded in its turn,
And men may ever, as the ages roll,
March onward toward the still receding goal.