

age and race,
For there still are giant evils which humanity
disgrace ;
Tis a life-like picture truly that his artist hand
has sketched,
Though his sorrowful examples may be here
and there far-fetched.

Dewart, too, has conjured up no fanciful,
poetic dream ;
In the signs of modern progress he has made
his cheerful theme,
All is true to human nature, and to present,
real life,
But, as ever, good and evil are engaged in
deadly strife.

Which, upon the whole is mightier, who has
light enough to say ?
Does the twilight tend to evening or to bright
meridian day,
Are they gathering glooms that presage an
approaching, dismal night,
Or dispelling shadows, vanishing before a
morning bright?

Many hoary wrongs departed, tell of progress
on those lines,
And, of social peace and comfort, there are
many hopeful signs,
But the old oppressions linger, though in new
and modern forms,
And the heavens are black with cloud-banks
that betoken coming storms.

Lo ! the European nations, always armed for
deadly strife,
While with wars and rumors of them, all the
foreign air is rife,
Britain torn with wild convulsion, law and
order set at naught,
And the wisest statesmen living, with perplex-
ity distraught.

Science has yoked up the forces which
through nature are diffused,
And they lie no longer idle, dormant powers
by man unused,
But monopolists and nabobs, pouncing on them
as their prey,
Reproduce the wrongs and hardships of a by-
gone feudal day.

Coat of armour, bow and arrow, glittering
sword and pointed spear,
Old-time weapons of rude warfare from the
conflict disappear,

Acts of Parliament and charters now empower
the favoured few,
At their wills to fleece the many, just as barons
used to do.

Scholarship and education in these days are
free to all,
But they do not rid the masses of their former
captive thrall,
They are like "dumb driven cattle," forced,
though much against their will,
To obey tyrannic masters and submit to bond-
age still.

Is it now the burning question, in this age
of vaunted light,
What the poet preacher tells us, "Is it true
and is it right?"
Rather do not men and women in our much
enlightened day,
Ask on every mooted subject, "IS IT SAFE
AND WILL IT PAY?"

It is well the poet preacher holds the standards
of his church
Otherwise he soon would be, a theologian in
the lurch ;
Robbed of pulpit, standing, stipend, easy
editorial chair,
In a far-off country exiled, empty husks his
daily fare.

Not a decade yet has vanished since a Method-
ist divine,
Add a Presbyterian preacher, stars that bright
with lustre shine,
Had to eat their words incautious, to escape
sectarian ban,
Just because they dared to venture too far
forward in the van.

Still "the multitude" unheeding blindly "drink
the potion given,"
Take the words of human teachers as the very
words of heaven,
Only few, with faith and courage, truth her-
self supremely prize,
While the slaves of pious custom, still the dead
past canonize.

Still, men meekly cringe and pander to
advance some selfish cause,
And are counted wise and prudent, win the
shallow world's applause,
Who dares brave its cruel hatred, standing
lonely in the fight,
Loyal evermore to conscience, and to what si