

I have a sense
Of being something greater far than those
Blind makers of the world which science knows.

Worship I must, but may not worship aught
Which I can bind

And yoke to do me service, having caught
The secret of its power, with wonder fraught,
But without mind ;

And while I comprehend it, I must be
Higher than that which comprehends not me.

You do not need to worship ? May be so ;
I judge you not ;

Only, they say the dog that does not know
A master, like a savage wolf, will grow,
Hating his lot,

And is a sorry brute, until he find
A mightier will than his, and nobler mind. *

What is it that Atheism has to offer us in exchange for the holy faith of which she seeks to rob us ? Simply nothing, and worse than nothing. She points us, not to the golden Orient, bathed in beauty and robed in morning light—a symbol of universal Love and Eternal Mercy—but to a black and dismal abyss, from which issue hollow moans, cries of despair, and “the Everlasting No.” She calls upon us to look, not up to a sky clear and tender as the eye of God, “but vaguely all around in to a copper firmament pregnant with earthquake and tornado.” She bids us exchange our faith in a Providence which feeds the ravens, marks the humble sparrow’s fall, and bestows upon man infinite pity and a watchful care that never sleeps, for belief in a Fate cruel as the Furies and unrelenting as Satan. In our distress and our sorrow, when we struggle with sin and pant after power to conquer and sympathy to cheer, she holds up before our tearful eyes, not the cross, a source of comfort to millions of our race, but a cruel skeleton, called Natural Law, with hollow eye-sockets, rattling teeth, and mouldy bones. Listen to what Strauss has to say of the Atheism in which the unbelief of his early years culminated in old age : “The loss of

† Rev. Walter C. Smith, D. D.