

that makes for this freedom. "He is the free man whom the *truth* makes free and all are slaves beside." If we were true to that we would experience a liberty that the world with all its confederated powers cannot give and cannot take away.

"No man of progress falters,  
But seeks the light within,  
Which comes from fief immortal  
Where is no blight of sin;  
Such never from their course will fly,  
The gh all the world cry 'Crucify.'"

Where, you ask, are its heroes—the heroes of this inner liberty of the soul? You are more or less familiar with the world-renowned heroes of outward freedom; with Herman, the defender of Germany from the Roman power; with William Tell who shot the apple off his son's head and delivered Switzerland from the Austrian yoke; with William Wilberforce whose life was devoted to the liberation of the slaves in England, and with Abraham Lincoln, who, by one master stroke, broke the shackles from millions of slaves in the United States. The heroes of this inner liberty are unfamed and unsung, but they shall be crowned with a greener garland in the other world for their neglect in this. Cowper has sung about this phase of liberty on his sad sweet lyre.

"But there is yet a liberty unsung  
By poets, and by senators unpraised,  
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers  
Of earth and hell confederate take away;  
A liberty which persecution, fraud,  
Oppression, prisons have no power to bind;  
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more,  
'Tis liberty of heart derived from Heaven."

Countless have been the heroes of this inner liberty although history may pass them by in silence. All the long list of martyrs are hers. All those through all the ages that listens to the voice within and is preserved forever free from the enthralling powers of sin and the earth. This is the liberty that shines brightest in dungeons, shows itself the more patient in persecution and the purest at the stake.

May you choose the freedom that

truth and duty give. It may not lead you into those paths that appear the pleasantest to the outward eye, or the easiest and smoothest to your wayward feel. You may have to stand alone against some great enemies, may even have to suffer outward bondage for conscience sake, but you will know in your soul a liberty that your persecutors never experienced, and when bigotry has done its utmost your soul will waken up in the hereafter to enjoy a greater liberty than it dare dream of on the earth.

\*[Essay read at the "Olio" at Coldstream by E. M. Zavitz.]

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### TO-MORROW.

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To-morrow didst thou say?  
To-morrow's sun may never smile on thee,  
And what To-day is that will To-morrow be.  
To-morrow, with its joy and care,  
Its ceaseless round forevermore  
Bearing us ever on and on  
Toward the unseen shore.  
Ah, fond delusion, how quickly hast thou sped,  
For ever, as we stoop to grasp thee,  
Thou hast fled.  
And still we wait and yearn  
For vague To-morrow, which will never come,  
And long for rest and peace and home  
Upon this changeful earth, where sun and rain  
Alternate come—the smiles and tears of life.  
But beyond the darkness, which around us  
Casts its shadow, we may see,  
In the dim future of the sunlit  
Soul, a vast To-morrow,  
A never frozen sea, upon whose  
Waves our barques will smoothly glide,  
And never storm of earth will jar.  
And when at last we near that shore  
Where saints and angels meet the ransomed ones  
Of God, the strong hand of the dear Unseen  
Will guide us safely to that port  
Where we shall be at rest:  
Sweet, blessed rest. L. M. TEST.

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Music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it.—[De Quincey.]