

So then, I possess a most positive creed
One nicely adapted for giving
Some part of the godly contentment I need
When rancor denies me a living.

And, not being a Turk, I can bear near the throne
As many as prove themselves brothers ;
But I have too much conscience just now of my own
To be ruled by the conscience of others.

Not far can the voice of my heresy reach,
Hemmed in like the hero Gordon,
On the west by the billows of Pubnico beach—
On the east by the swellings of Jordan.

While others, warmed up by the orthodox fires,
And by hatred's sharp winter unbitten,
Possess the whole land, from the Island of Briars
To our Ultima Thule—Cape Breton.

You say that my doctrine with men might prevail
Had it future rewards to beguile 'em.
Dear soul, I am striving to pull down a jail,
And not to erect an asylum !