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A JELLY-FISH swam in a tropical sea,
And he said: "This world it consists of but ME;
There's nothing above and nothing below
That a jelly-fish ever can possibly know,
Since the highest reach we can boast of—sight,
Is only the vaguest sense of light,
And we've got for the final test of things
To trust to the news which one feeling brings.
Now, all that I learn from the sense of touch
Is the part of my feelings viewed as such;
But to think these have an external cause
Is an inference clear against logical laws.
Again, to suppose, as I've hitherto done,
There are other jelly-fish under the sun,
Is a poor assumption that can't be backed
By a jot of truth or a single fact.
In short, like *Fichte*, I very much doubt
If there's anything else at all without;
And so I come to the plain conclusion,
If the question be only set free from confusion,
That the universe centres solely in me,
And if I were not, then nothing would be."
Just then a shark, who was passing by,
Gobbled him up in the twink of an eye,
And he died with a few convulsive twists,
But, somehow, the universe still exists.