

but a *new* generation—free-born—"Sons of the Morning"—
moves ever on, the flush of dawn breaking over the distant
hills and lighting their eager faces, and to them shall be given
to occupy and possess the Land!

Here is a cause to which the keen perception, deep insight,
and judicial penetration of the trained intelligences of those
"Young Scholars of the Universities," who were Bacon's hope,
may well be devoted. Fearless of the capped and gowned and
hooded bogies who would bar their path; heedless of traditions,
hoary with age and grey with dust, handed down with all the
authority of a "faith once delivered to the saints"; strong in
the assurance that the heresy of yesterday will be the creed of
to-morrow, and that upon the men of to-day lies the duty of
bringing it about; let them follow with Hamlet on his tireless
quest for Truth, tracking it through fen and thicket and dank
morass, wherever it may have strayed, *or been hidden*, even to
the bottom of that stately tomb shrined in England's heart!

Indifferent to contempt, scornful of obloquy, let them still
press on and their slogan ever be: "Play up, and play the
game"! quitting the field only as the soldier of old, carrying
his shield, or borne upon it! And if it be that some shall fall
ere yet the victory be won, it shall be joy to those yet in the
strife in knowing that these "have fought a good fight and
have kept the faith"; and perhaps there may yet arise a pane-
gyrist who will worthily tell of their exploit, as one poetaster
has haltingly endeavored acrostically to acclaim the first to fall,
as truly a martyr as any who were flung to the lions on the red
sands of the Arena—"butchered to make a Roman holiday"!

RENUNCIATION.

(Read initial letters *upward*.)

Not as the Maid defied the banner'd power
Of furious England ravishing her France
Comes she, with bravery of sword and lance.
All-weakly armed, fond Idol-cult's high tower
Breasting, she fronts Opioniatry's fell shower,
And cruel stab of lip-curved arrogance,
In fearless quest. Ah! Daughter of Mischance,
Lost, all!—Friends, Reputation, Life's full flower!
E'en as the Maid, by ruthless bigot Time
Despitely used, enshrined in after days,
So, owning Poesy's golden lamp defiled,
Song's laurels shameless worn by buskin'd mime,
Imperial leaflet shorn from mummer's bays
May "Shake-Speare's" England yield New England's
child!

SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.