

XII.

Why should I live? One son had forged on his father and fled,
And if I believed in a God, I would thank him the other is dead;
And there was a baby-girl, that had never looked on the light:
Happiest she of us all, for she passed from the night to the night.

XIII.

But the crime if a crime—of her eldest born, her glory, her boast,
Struck hard at the tender heart of the mother, and broke it almost;
Though, name and fame dying out for ever in endless time,
Does it matter much whether crowned for a virtue or hanged for a crime?

XIV.

And, ruined by *him*—by HIM—I stood there naked, amazed,
In a world of arrogant opulence—fear'd myself turning crazed;
And I would not be mocked in a madhouse! And she, the delicate wife,
With a grief that could only be cured, if cured, by the surgeon's knife,—

XV.

Why should we bear with an hour of torture, a moment of pain,
If every man die for ever, if all his griefs are in vain,
And the homeless planet at length will be wheel'd through the silence of space,
Motherless evermore of an ever-vanishing race,
When the worm shall have writhed its last, and its brother-worm shall have fled
From the dead fossil skull that is left in the rocks of an earth that is dead?

XVI.

Have I crazed myself over their horrible infidel writings? Oh, yes,
For these are the new Dark Ages, you see, of the popular press,
When the bat comes out of his cave, and the owls are hooting at noon,
And Doubt is the lord of this dunghill, and crows to the sun and the moon,
Till the Sun and the Moon of our science are both of them turned into blood,
And Hope will have broken her heart, running after a shadow of good;
For their knowing and know-nothing books are scattered from hand to hand—
We have knelt in your know-all chapel, too, looking over the sand.

XVII.

What! I should call on that infinite Love that has served us so well?
Infinite Wickedness rather, that made everlasting Hell,
Made us, foreknew us, foredoom'd us, and does what he will with his own:
Better our dead brute mother, who never has heard us groan!

XVIII.

Hell! If the souls of men were immortal, as men have been told,
The lecher would cleave to his lusts, and the miser would yearn for his gold,
And so there were Hell for ever! But were there a God, as you say,
His Love would have power over Hell, till it utterly vanish'd away.

Ah, yes—
Of a God
But the G
If there b

Blasphemy
A madman
Blasphemy
Oh, would
Blasphemy
But, to my

Hence! S
You needs
Our orthod
And the st

AN

ALL Freethi
is an invalua
repay them
much encour
monologue
lost faith in a
this, resolve
man is rescu
read these v
stands Freeth
doubt that he
man and won
of an individ
irreconcilabili
taken as type