

I LITTLE RECK of that philosophy
Which would to Christ the name of God deny,
And yet would fain behold a Maker's hand
In all the wonders of the earth and sky.

If Christ was nothing more than mortal man,
In vain the world for God's design we scan;
Haeckel and Darwin preach a wiser creed,
And Chance shall end, what Chance alone began.

Relentless Time must shed its deadening blight
On Latin skill and Anglo-Saxon might;
Why strive we for a hopeless victory?
The fight was lost, ere we began to fight.

If Christ be not arisen from the dead,
Our hapless race, by vain illusion led,
Seeks for the godhead in a godless world
From which the glory and the hope have fled.

Put off, put off the follies of the past,
Faith and religion to the dust-heap cast;
This life our one poor hope which can not cheer,
This earth our one sad home which can not last.

The progress of the Christian centuries,
And all the name or faith of Christ implies,
Honor and love and gentle chivalry—
All these are little more than empty lies.

The clouds of doom on all creation lower,
The sun shall slowly lose his healing power,
And man shall fade away to nothingness,
The puny creature of a passing hour.

WITH EAGER GAZE the universe we scan
To seek some proof of how our race began:
A few poor bones, a few dull implements
Alone remain of Tertiary man.