

like a volcano's burst, came out the African temper in shouts and songs, in leaping and wildest tossing, in a frenzy of gratitude and gladness. This spent itself, and the waning night was given to Scripture, counsel and meditation. The morning came, and in the fresh, early light—as on the Red Sea strand of old—stood a people free, eight hundred thousand strong.

Such a life as was that of Wilberforce! Shedding such colour and fragrance on a world sorely needing it all! Fit to be taken to

The everlasting gardens,  
Where angels walk and seraphs are the  
wardens,  
Where every flower that passes death's  
dark portal  
Becomes immortal.

### THROUGH LIBERTY TO LIGHT.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN,  
*The Poet Laureate of Great Britain.*

"Fixed is my Faith, the lingering dawn despite,  
That still we move through Liberty to Light."

—*The Human Tragedy.*

When God out of chaos primeval divided the day from the night,  
And moved on the face of the waters, ordaining, "Let there be Light!"  
And commanded the creatures that perish to people wave, wood, and wind,  
Then fashioned Man after His image, and gave him the godlike mind,  
He said, "I, the Lord, now make you lord of the earth, and the air, and sea,  
And I lend you My will to work My will, and now behold you are free!

"Free to be strong or feeble, free to be false or true,  
To withhold you from evil doing, or, what I shall ban, to do;  
Free to be crooked and craven, or fearless and frank and brave,  
To love as yourself your brother, or make him your bond and slave;  
To hallow the world with freedom, or fetter your fellow-men;  
But, as you shall do, at the Judgment Day My Justice will judge you then."

Then the sons of men multiplied gladly, and, proud of the boon of birth,  
They teemed over main and mountain to the uttermost bounds of earth;  
They built up cities and empires, commonwealth, throne, and state,  
And some are pillared on force and fraud, and some upon fear and hate.  
For the strong care but to enjoy their strength, the mighty to use their might,  
And the vanquished were lashed to the victor's car, wherever his sword could smite.

But out of the mist of the Northern Sea a blended race arose,  
Whose blood was warmed by the wind and the wave, and braced by the winter snows;  
A race with the wisdom of long-linked years, yet the hopeful heart of youth,  
Who hated the lie and the liar, and dared both to speak and hear the truth;  
Who loved the Light for the Light's own sake, and as none but who love it can,  
Keep the Torch of Liberty still aflame, and passed it from man to man.

And they circled the sea, and they girdled the earth, and they spread round the rounded  
world,

And the sound of their clarions never ceased, and never their flag was furled,  
And, wherever those shrilled, or this was seen, men sprang to their feet, and cried,  
"Now the Tyrant shall quake on his throne for fear, and the lash no more be plied;