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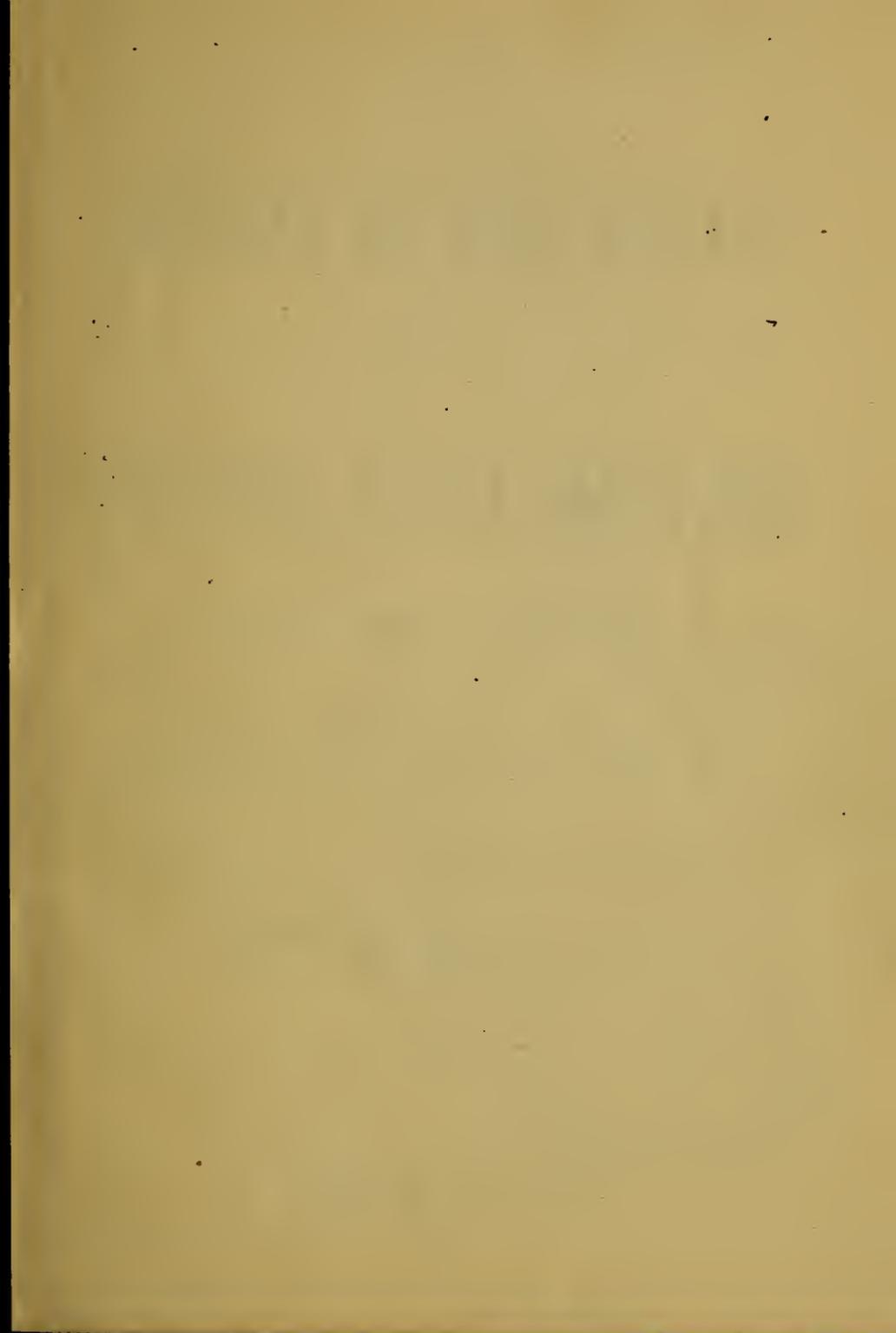
ORIGIN OF THE BIBLE.

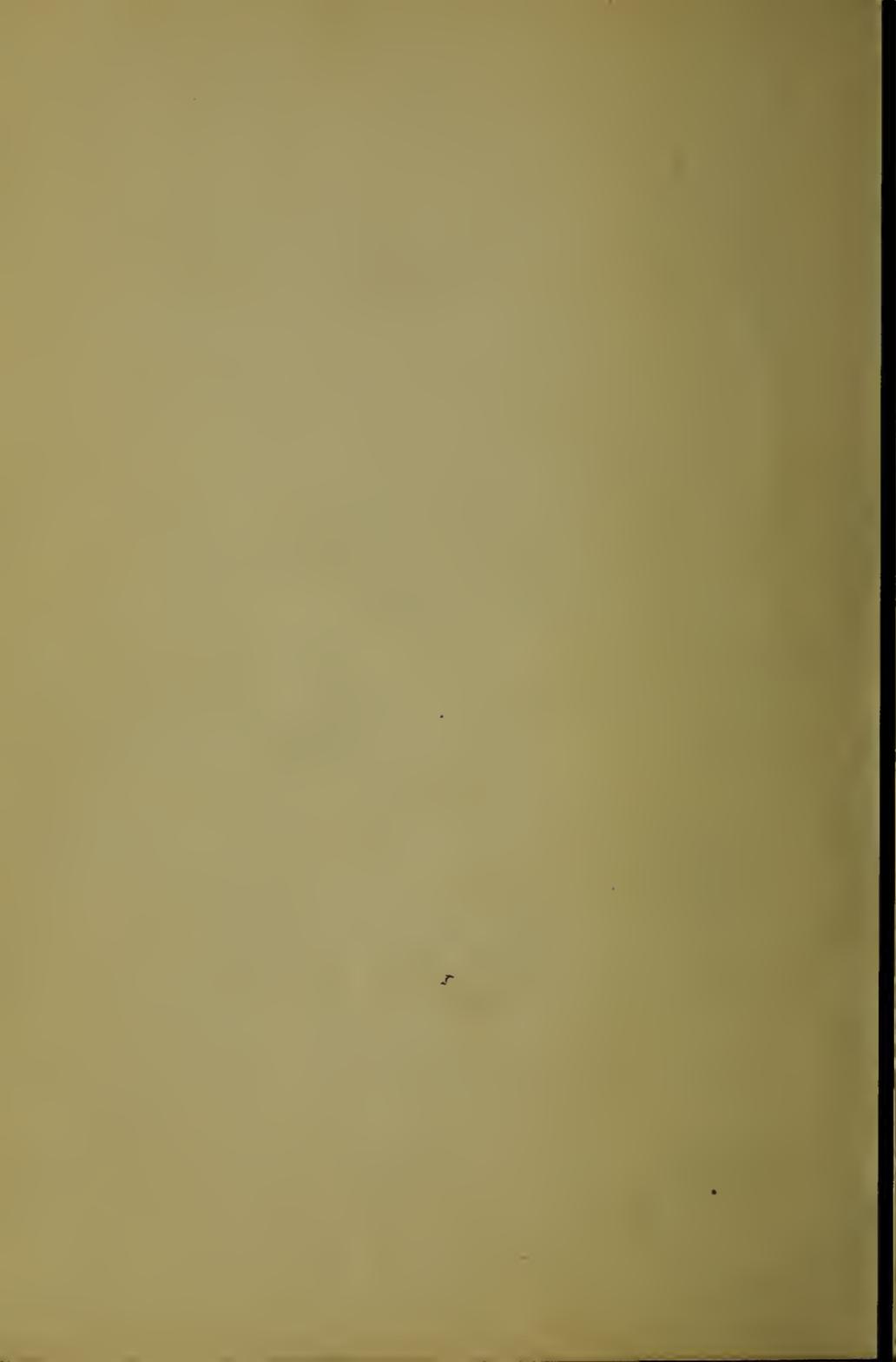
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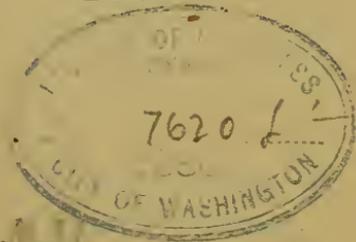
PROSE AND RHYME

WITH OTHER POEMS, BOTH

RELIGIOUS AND DOMESTIC,

—BY—

ASA W. BRAYTON.



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GLEN'S FALLS:
DAILY TIMES STEAM PRINT,
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DEAR READER.

THE origin of the Bible is not very well understood in this Christian land, although the number of Christian churches are seven or eight hundred; whose members are worshiping a Bible God, and drawing their spiritual hopes from the book they call God's Holy Word. It is, therefore, necessary to understand through what channel it came to us; and I here propose to make a few remarks, and give some of the most noted points and facts on the origin of the Bible.

In 311, A. D., Constantine, then emperor of Rome, joined the Christian church, and, by his command, in the year 325, A. D., two thousand and forty-eight bishops assembled at Nice for the purpose of deciding how many of the books, called sacred, should compose the word of God. They differed and quarreled so violently in relation to those books, and the meaning of what they contained, that Constantine disqualified all but three hundred and eighteen from having a voice in deciding which of the books were, and which were not, the word of God. They ignored all the books called Apochrypha, and many others, some of which are the following: The book of Enoch; the third and fourth books of Esdras; the three and four books of Maccabees; the prayer of Manasseh; the testament of the Twelve Patriarchs; the psalter of Solomon; the epistle of

St. Barnabas; the epistle of St. Paul to the Loadiceaus; about fifty gospels, (three extant); acts of the Apostles; the book of Hermes, entitled "The Shepherds;" Jesus Christ's letter to Algarus; the epistle of St. Paul to Seneca, and several others. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John they retained. They rejected entirely the books of James, Jude and the Apocalypse.

After this decision, Constantine arose and solemnly declared that what they had left should be considered as sanctioned by the Divine will, and should, therefore, be implicitly believed as the word of God!

In this general condition the Bible remained until the year 633; three hundred and eight years after the council of Nice condemned the above named books to the flames. Jude and the Revelations were voted back into the sacred canon, after having been rejected three hundred and eight years. During the interval, frequent councils were called, which would each annul the decisions of its predecessors; establishing new rules and propositions to be observed until the assemblage of its successor. Thus were produced, from time to time, modifications in the form of the Bible, as well as the number of books that were to be considered as composing it.

In the council of Toledo, the Old and New Testaments were established in nearly the same form in which they exist at the present day. The priests tell us that Moses was the first Bible writer. He was born in the year of the world 2433; from that time until John wrote the Apocalypse was sixteen hundred and sixty-five years. Thus the books called the word of God were, from Moses' time until the year ninety-four, being written and collected; a period of sixteen hundred and sixty five years. They were written at different times, as years rolled along, by different authors;

the world knowing little, and thinking little of them. A thousand years elapsed after the council of Nice, before the Bible was much known; and probably it would have slumbered much longer had not the art of printing been discovered in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. This at once afforded a means by which those who were anxious for its circulation and for its doctrines to prevail, could accomplish their designs. And, now I ask: In whose hands were the sacred manuscripts from the time Moses said, "In the beginning," until the time when John said "Amen"? And, farther: Whose hands were they in from that time until the year 1378, when Martin Luther made a wide breach in the blood-stained walls? I ask: In whose hands were those writings during the times above specified? Answer: In the hands of what are called *Catholic priests*. Coming, as the Bible does, from the very embodiment of priest-craft, impudence and folly, I ask: What sane mind is prepared to accept and receive it as an infallible word of God? From the Nicene council, in the year 325 until the year 1518, which was 1193 years, (at the end of which time Luther made said inroads upon their Nicene word of God), the *Catholic priests* had the sole management and disposal of the manuscripts; from which they picked, culled, selected—and finally rejected, more than half of what was called sacred writings; christening what remained "The Bible, or Word of God." This, with them, was a good word of God until the year 633 (308 years), when it became dangerously sick, and needed medicinal aid. Consequently a council of doctors, of the same corps, was called to meet at Toledo. On examining the patient, the doctors found that it had been too powerfully physicked by the council of doctors at Nice. They found that an *infallible* word of God had most *miserably failed!* Something must be done

to give infallibility a healthful tone. What should it be? It would not do to administer physic; that had already been done to excess. They finally concluded, seeing that infallibility had failed, that something had been extracted from the word of God. It must be found and restored to its proper place and office in the book of infallibility. So at it they went, and revised the word of God again, by adding several of the old books, and perhaps wrote and added some new ones, in order to make it doubly infallible when the council of Toledo completed its work. In order to ascertain whether we have now an infallible word of God, we must, to say the least, find out which of those councils was actually *infallible*; for, as they did not agree, it is impossible that both should be right. The council of Nice could not have been infallible, for the reason that it was corrected by the council of Toledo; and, for the same reason, the council of Toledo could not have been infallible, or it would not have been subject to corrections by the councils which followed—too numerous to mention here. The Catholics reckon eighteen of them; Bullinger six; Dr. Priedaux seven, and Bishop Beveridge eight. The Cottage Cyclopaedia and History gives us twenty councils and places where the Bible has been tinkered with, and church doctrines enforced, by burning men alive, for no other reason than not agreeing with them on religious points; the same as did John Calvin, when he burnt Servetus to the stake in 1555, for not believing in the Trinity. But I must leave them, with their infallible word of God, over which twenty councils, at least, have been held in order to make it infallible; when lo! it was infallible when the council of Nice had spent its wisdom upon it. After having passed through almost innumerable translations, it is now undergoing a new one, which, when completed, will render this

infallible word of God not only doubly infallible, twenty-fold infallible, but super-super-super-infallible!

Now, I would ask: Who ordered those bishops and priests to furnish mankind with a word of God? Their claiming to be *divinely inspired* proves nothing but their ignorance, impudence and folly. If God inspired the council of Nice to give the world a word of God, he would not have inspired the council of Toledo, nor any of the many councils that followed, to add to, take from, remodel or amend a syllable of it. No, infallibility admits of no alteration or amendment. God never contradicts himself; all that priests, popes and bishops have written, or done, to the contrary notwithstanding. If the God of the universe should see fit to give to the world a written word, for a guide to his rational creatures, it would appear simultaneously in all languages. It would not contain a history of wars; nor would any part of it be so vulgar, or obscene, as to be unfit for the eyes and ears of modesty—as is well known to be the character of what is falsely called the word of God. No, it would be easy to be understood; it would require no doctors of divinity to explain its meaning; it would reach the hearts of all people, of all languages, without the help of any priests to preach or teach them the way to heaven, or damn their souls to a burning hell! So much on the origin of the Bible.

I next propose to consider some of the great fables, fairy tales and self-contradictions which are recorded in the Bible.

You will find, in the book of Jonah, that the Lord called on him to go to Nineveh and cry against it. God, having found out the wickedness of the Ninevites, sent Jonah to go and cry against it; but he, being disobedient, fled from the *presence of the Lord* on the sea,—but God turned his career by a great wind.

Could God be just in destroying six-score thousand persons that could not discern between their right hands and their left hands? But God repented, and turned away from his fierce anger, so they perished not.

Now, the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah as soon as the men threw him into the sea; and Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights—boots, clothes and all. Then the fish appeared on dry land and vomited up Jonah. The laws of nature are here shamefully broken, or sadly bent, to accommodate the priest who recorded the story. Can a man live in a whale's belly, under water, three days and three nights? Can a fish swim or appear on dry land? Can a whale swallow a man? The throat of a whale being no larger than the throat of a cow, it would be an impossibility for a whale to swallow a man. This story will pass for fable *number one*.

In the book of Daniel will be found recorded the story of trying to burn three men to death in a furnace seven times hotter than would be required to melt iron. The three Hebrews were bound, hand and foot, and cast into the furnace; the fire burnt the bands loose, but the smell of fire was not found on their garments when they were taken from the flames. But the mighty men who threw them into the furnace perished from the heat thereof. That could not have been the same kind of fire that the church used to burn Jerome Prague and John Huss, a sentence executed July 6, 1415; nor the same fire that John Calvin used in burning Servetus at the stake in 1555. History tells us that John Calvin used green wood to kill his victim; but even the heated furnace could not destroy the three Hebrews. Here, again, you see the laws of nature violated and broken. Can men live in the fire in

these days? Christians tell us that *sinner*s may live eternally in hell fire and not die; and the Bible carries along the same idea with it. You may consider this as fable *number two*.

In the book of Genesis, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th chapters, you will find the story of God's drowning the world, and destroying every living thing except Noah and his sons, and their families, and the animals saved in the ark with them. One would suppose that Noah and family had strong stomachs, to have dwelt with those cattle and wild beasts, shut in so small a space, air-tight (for God had shut them in), for more than a year. How could Noah have found food enough to keep himself, his family, and all the creatures contained in the ark, for more than a year? How could they have found food sufficient to support them after they left the ark? As everything was destroyed from off the face of the earth, it would take one year, at least, to grow food for them. Were Lake George drained, nothing would grow on the bottom of it for five years thereafter. The writer of the Noah story supposed that the earth would be covered with vegetables of all kinds, for man and beast, the moment they stepped on dry land. Mistaken, thoughtless writer. He thought more of getting up a great and good yarn than he did the *truth*. And, to help the yarn, he says, "That Noah lived to the age of nine hundred and fifty years!" This assertion needs proof, as the Bible says, in another place, that the age of man is three-score and ten years; and this we accept as being much nearer the truth than the recorded age of Noah.

In the book of Judges, chapters 15th and 16th, the story of Samson doing wonders, in hunting and catching three hundred foxes, then turning them tail to tail and putting a fire-brand between two tails and letting them go

into the standing corn of the Philistines, burning up both the shocks and the standing corn, with the vineyards and olives. How far do you think two foxes would get in one day, with their tails tied together, one pulling one way and one pulling the other, especially in standing corn or brush? The fire-brand might burn them, and then they would skip and pull the harder. It is not probable they would go over a whole country, though there were three hundred of them. The story of Samson tipping over a house filled with men, women and children, with three thousand on the roof, requires proof in order to secure belief in the fable. Likewise the place where his strength lay. The strength of men, in these days, is presumed to lie in their muscles instead of in their hair.

In the book of Job, you will find a remarkable story of a very good and just man, who, for no other reason than his being a good man, was tormented by his God, with the help of the devil, so that he cursed the day wherein he was born. Job had men servants and maid servants, sons and daughters, and his substance, also, was seven thousand sheep and three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen, five hundred she asses and a very great household. All these were swept away, and Job smote with boils from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. Poor man! No wonder he cursed his day and the night wherein he was born; for he said, "Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it; let darkness and the shadow of death stain it," etc. To make Job amends for all these great evils, his good Lord doubled his substance, so he had fourteen thousand sheep, six thousand camels, a thousand yoke of oxen and a thousand she asses! His sons and daughters did not return; but God gave him other sons and daughters. Where could the poor man find pasturage for all his herd

of cattle; and who would look after them, for all his servants were dead? It would require a great number of men to take charge of so many animals.

Ye good men, beware!
Remember Job's fare,
And trust not his God
For fear of his rod.

He may send the devil,
Equipped with his evil;
Then, oh! how you'll fare—
You had better prepare.

Now, if this story does not appear like a fable or work of fiction, then I am not a judge of good sense. It seems that the people of these days learn to write novels, and big stories, from the great fables contained in the Bible; which is a great loss to the world, both in time and money. The old bachelor, or old maid, who has been disappointed in love, will spend the last dollar to purchase the Ledger or some other novel paper; then watch the mails with great anxiety and a light heart, until the precious jewel comes, when all business must be laid aside, and sometimes sit up all night to read, until all the good is extracted, which swells the bosom with so much fond delight

In second Kings, second chapter, is recorded a very strange and unnatural story about uncle Elijah's ascension to heaven with his horses and chariot. This story needs more proof than we have got. Elisha is the only one who ever pretended to see it; and he probably saw more fire, and horses, and wind than anything else. Elisha followed him off on his journey, a long way, when Elijah took his old mantle and smote the waters of Jordan, and they parted, so he and Elisha passed over on dry land. Elisha secured the old mantle that Elijah dropped, so he

could recross the river again in the same craft. Now, Elijah is up in heaven with his equipage; but were does the old man stable his fleet horses?

The great, the noble and the wise,
 Can ride in chariots to the skies,
 While all the poor must plod behind,
 On dusky road that's ever blind.

The ascension of Elijah into heaven, to have merited credence, should have had more than one witness, Elisha being the only one who saw the ascension. Why did not Elijah let the fifty men, sons of the prophets, who came on purpose to view the ascension, view it, instead of keeping them afar off? There would then have been fifty witnesses to testify with Elisha. If the ascension of Elijah up to heaven, and the resurrection of Jesus Christ, were to convince the world, or the people, of a resurrection—that they had fairly gone up to heaven—the ascension should have been at noonday, in a public place, so all the people could have seen them. Most people are more apt to believe their own eyes than the eyes of others. Instead of doing this, Elijah went away by himself, out of sight of every one save Elisha.

Matthew, 28th chapter, 1st verse, speaking of the resurrection of Jesus, says: “In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn towards the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, to see the sepulcher.” But Jesus was not there. This hour was just before midnight.

Mark, 16th chapter, 1st verse: “And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene,” and the other Mary, went with their spices to the sepulcher at the rising of the sun; and when they made their search, Jesus was not there; he had arisen and gone off in the night. This ac-

count is in the night time, also. Here is one man only to tell the story.

Luke, 24th chapter, 1st verse, reads thus: "Now, upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulcher, * * * and they entered in and found not the body of Jesus." Two men told them he was not among the dead, but with the living. And Luke's account is probably in the dark, too, as it was very early.

John, 20th chapter, 1st verse, says: "The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene, early, when it was yet *dark*, unto the sepulcher." John also makes it a dark resurrection. It is very plain that the resurrection of Jesus occurred in the night time, while all the people were asleep, with no one to look on to detect any frauds that might be perpetrated by his disciples or friends. As no one saw him rise—not even the two men whom John speaks of—and it being a sly, night resurrection, it is no more than good sense and reason to doubt the story of this night ascension, and wait until one occurs by daylight.

In 2d Kings, 2d chapter, we read a lamentable story of a man of God traveling one day, when there came out of the city little children, who said to him: "Go up, bald head." [He heard them, and it made him mad, I suppose, or he meant to teach other little children to reverence a priest.] He turned back, looked on them and *cursed* them in the name of the Lord, when there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children. Strange, indeed, that so good a man should seek so great revenge on little children. Jesus would have said, come unto me, little fellows. Some people regard this fable as a story to frighten children.

And, again, we read of this man of God helping the Shunammite woman to a son. She complained that her hus-

band was old, and she had no child; and Elisha told her that she should have a *son*. He said: "About this season, according to the time of life, thou shalt *embrace a son*;" and the son appeared, as Elisha had promised her. Who could foretell better than Elisha? The probability is that he had seen some signs of such a thing. When a prophet sees signs, he is apt to foretell the truth. But the child died, and Elisha warmed him up, so he came to life again. This is fully equal to what Jesus did when he raised Lazarus from the dead. Jesus said he was sleeping, and he only woke him up. Many strange things are reported as having taken place in olden times: Elisha and the Shunamite woman; Isaiah and his virgin. We read in Isaiah, 7th chapter, when he forced his sign upon Ahaz, saying, that those three kings should not prevail against him; and here is his sign: "A virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel; butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil and choose the good." This prophecy was intended for Ahaz only, and nothing farther. Wise people have thought that Isaiah had a virgin all ready to fulfill all he had promised to Ahaz.

We read in Luke, 1st chapter, about Gabriel appearing to Zacharias, and telling him what should happen to Elizabeth. She should bear a son, and his name should be called John. He should drink no wine, nor strong drink, and should be filled with the Holy Ghost very *young*. Her cousin Mary had also met with young Gabriel, and she was to be called blessed, too, for she was to bear a son and call his name Jesus. Now, here are four instances where women have *cohabited* with Gods! In those ancient times, it was not an uncommon thing for *ladies of distinction*, especially when they had the misfortune to sully their

honors, to claim the Lord as their shelter. And, here I would remark, it is as fair for one as for another. Those unnatural conceptions stand out like *demons*, to stain the pages of the old book; and no fuller's soap can wash the hue away. It forms a subject for the pen of the skeptic, who is ever ready to defend the laws of nature and the attributes of the Great Jehovah, God.

You may read in the book of Joshua, 10th chapter, where, by the command of Joshua, both the sun and moon stood still for nearly a whole day, until he could complete his wholesale butchery of a people who had never wronged him in any way. He wanted their lands and possessions, and for this he slew both men, women and sucklings, and claimed to do it by the express command of God. Can this be written by inspiration? Did God direct the pen? Are you sure of it? Do you believe God commanded these wholesale murders? If so, no wonder that he chose murderers to do his work in other places. Those cut-throats claim to be the chosen people of God, and boast that through the loins of David the great Messiah should come.

We read in Exodus, 2d chapter, where Moses went out unto his brethren and looked on their burdens, and he spied an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew; and he looked this way and that way, and when he saw no man he slew the Egyptian and hid him in the sand. He went out the second day, and behold two men of the Hebrews strove together, and he who did the wrong said: "Who made thee a judge; do you intend to kill me as thou didst the Egyptian?" And Moses feared, and fled to Midian; and the Lord appeared unto him and said: "*Come*, now, and I will send thee to do a little job for me. I want to get the Hebrews out of Egypt into the wilderness." Moses took the job. He had the

same object in view that Joe Smith, the Mormon, had, to get off into the wilderness, beyond law and justice, out of the reach of civilization, so he could have his own way in all things. Here you see the career of the *meek* man began with murder.

Now, we will look after good, righteous Lot. We read a very dismal story, in the 19th chapter of Genesis, of righteous Lot and his two daughters; how they escaped from Sodom unto the mountain, where the old man got drunk and disgraced himself and his two daughters. Please read the story, and then you will understand it yourself.

We read in 2d Samuel, chapter 11th, a story of a man after God's own heart, called King David. Also, we read the story of Uriah, the Hittite. After David had seduced Uriah's wife, he planned his death, to cover up his own sin. David wrote a letter to Joab, and sent it by the hand of Uriah, saying: "Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten and die." Read the whole story.

In 1st Kings, 2d chapter, we read of Solomon, the wise man, slaying his elder brother. "Adonijah," he said, "Shall be put to death this day." And Solomon "sent Benaiah, and he fell upon him that he died." And many others he also slew in the same way—by the hand of a strong man. A very wicked murderer, to kill his own brother. It is said that "No murderer hath eternal life abiding in him."

Are those the bright jewels who grace God's pure word,
 Through bright inspiration, of which we have heard ?
 Old Moses, the murderer, who hid in the sand
 The Egyptian he slew, then fled from his land.

The next comes in line, is good, righteous old Lot ;
 His hist'ry and fame will not soon be forgot.
 He drank so much wine that his courage was bold,
 Then lay with his daughters, the Bible has told.

Next comes uncle David, the man of God's heart,
 Who by his caress did the bridal bed part ;
 His victim, Uriah ; Bathsheba, his wife,
 By David's command, they soon took his sweet life.

The wisdom of Sol, his great science and art,
 Lay mostly in women, the pride of his heart ;
 While in a high passion, his voice it did roar,
 Go fall on my brother and lay him in gore.

Can it be that God would select murderers to write his word, as is claimed by the priests? We are told that Moses wrote the first four books of the Bible. If so, he must have written the story of his murdering the Egyptian ; also, of his own death and burial. Here are Moses, David and Solomon, all three very wicked men (murderers), yet they are claimed to have been the *inspired* writers of God's word. You will please judge for yourself, when you read those stories.

We will now look after some of the fairy tales, as we judge them to be. First, we invite your attention to the 4th chapter of Matthew, where the *devil led Jesus* into the wilderness to work, or play, for him forty days, until Jesus got very hungry ; then the devil would give him nothing to eat but stones. Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and sitteth him on a pinnacle of the temple, saying

unto him: "If thou be the *son of God*, cast thyself down." But Jesus made no bargain to take a *leap*. Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the *world* at one *look*, and the devil said: "All this will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Here they failed to complete a bargain, and the two friends separated, the devil going his own way.

Can it be possible that Jesus went off into the wilderness, *personally*, to play with the devil, forty days and nights, of his own free will? And did he run up and down the steeples of the town with the devil, like two squirrels; or did the devil take him up on a mountain by force? If Jesus did not go those rounds, personally, with the devil, then your uncle Matthew has recorded a fairy tale. Something that never was, nor could happen, save in fairy land. Matthew has put the good Jesus in bad company, and thus set a bad example for others. It may be that children may fancy the devil a good companion to play with. If Matthew dreamed those tales, he should not have recorded them as truth. Dreams cannot be accepted as sacred truth, although Joseph accepted his dream about Mary's misfortune as truth; and perhaps Jacob did, when he saw a ladder that reached up to heaven. You can read in the 28th chapter of Genesis, 12th verse: "And he dreamed and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and, behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it; and, behold, the Lord stood above it." And here God's angels ran up and down Jacob's ladder like so many *squirrels*. Here, Jacob's ladder is represented as a fancy tale, or a fairy tale, as one may choose to call it.

We read in the old book about a personal God and a

personal devil, talking, and making agreements together, as in the case of old Job. We also read much about the devil being sole navigator of the burning lake, where all *liars* are to have their part: in the lake of fire and brimstone, which is the *second death*. Revelations 21, 8. The Revelations are mostly written as fancy and fairy tales. The revelator tells us of men who were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone. And my Bible has the form of the old dragon pictured out, with a serpent's tail, with wings on his sides and a chain about his neck, and an angel holding one end of the chain in his left hand, while in his right he holds a huge key, ready to lock him up in the bottomless pit, I suppose.

Revelations 12, 7, and there was war in heaven; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought, and his angels. [How do you suppose the dragon got up to heaven? We think he run up Jacob's ladder, as it reached from earth to heaven.] Here we see the devil making war against the fortifications and breast works of heaven! But uncle Michael was there, with his angels, all equipped for war; and they beat the old devil off, or, at least, compelled him to raise the siege and retreat. I have to find fault with Michael here. If he did not want the devil in heaven, why did he not chain him fast, or serve him as David did Goliath: take his sword and cut off his head, then drag him down into some low, deep valley, and bury him deep in the earth; then roll a mountain on him, to make him secure, so he could not go among the women to do any more mischief, as he did with little Eve.

We hear of the devil transforming himself into a snake, or serpent, and appearing in the Garden of Eden to little baby Eve, and telling her that God doth know that you will not die in the day thou eatest thereof; but it will make

you wise. So he handed her an apple, and she did eat, and then she gave a part of it to Adam, and he nibbled the rest of it.

Between the two, an apple ate,
 And God did well arrange the bait ;
 Then with great skill he set his trap,
 And caught poor little Adam, chap.

And then we hear about God and the devil talking together about the matter, and God said: "The man has become as one of us, knowing good and evil." Plainly acknowledging they knew nothing, but were idiots, indeed.

Now, it is time to inquire, who made the devil? Did God make him when he made the rest of the animals? If so, he must have been good, for he pronounced everything good, and very good. Perhaps he did some good in opening the eyes of little Evey: for he told her the truth, and God acknowledged it when he said: "The man has become as one of us, knowing good and evil." The presumption is that the priests made the old creature for their own use. It is very plain they could not do much without him in their business. He was their tool to work with in all their great revivals. He was the tool to torment the rich man in hell, when he called on father Abraham to send Lazarus to dip the tip of his finger in water to cool his parched tongue, for he says: "I am tormented in these flames." The flames that tormented the rich man so much, perhaps, were the same kind of fire that the Christians used in burn-Gerome and John Huss in 1415.

A good Christian friend one said he saw the devil, as we went switching through the branches in the tops of the trees; and he had a tail as long as a rail! I think my friend misjudged in the length of the tail! It cannot be possible his tail was half as long as a rail. Now, my good friend, do

you want to take a sly peep at the old gentleman? If you do, I can tell you where you may see him at your leisure. Get up early in the morning, wash yourself clean, then dress up, comb your hair all nice, and fix all right for church, then go to the looking-glass and see how fine you look, and you will see the old gentleman standing behind the glass; for he always likes a sly place. He thinks he is hid; but you can see him through the glass. Draw back your fist and smite him in the face, and say to him: "Get thee behind me, Satan, and not be gazing me in the face all the time." Then you will not be troubled with Mister Satan any more in a long time, I guess.

Now, here you can see I have passed through with a review of this personal devil, touching the principal places in the old book where he has been most accommodating to the Christian churches—playing with Jesus, afflicting Job, tempting little Eve, running the burning lake, and scaling the walls of heaven, and fighting a great battle with Michael, &c.

If you can show that these great acts of the devil have ever been performed, personally, then you have the best of the argument; if not, then you must allow them to be but fairy tales. No, nothing but fairy tales, that ought to be blotted from memory's page, and taught no more to little children as realities.

CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE.

We will now call your attention to a few of the contradictions of the Bible:

GOD IS SATISFIED WITH HIS WORKS.

And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was *very good*. Gen. 1: 31.

GOD IS NOT SATISFIED WITH HIS WORKS.

And it *repented* the Lord that he had *made man* on the earth, and it *grieved* him at his heart. Gen. 6: 6.

GOD IS SEEN AND HEARD.

And I will take away my hand, and thou shalt *see* my back parts. Ex. 23: 23.

And the Lord spake to Moses, *face to face*, as a man speaketh to his friend. Ex. 33: 11.

And the Lord *called* unto Adam, and said unto him: Where art thou? And he said: I *heard* thy *voice* in the garden, and I was afraid. Gen. 3: 9, 10.

For I have *seen* God, *face to face*, and my life is preserved. Gen. 32: 30.

In the year that King Uzziah died, I *saw*, also, the Lord sitting upon a throne, high, and lifted up. Is. 6: 1.

Then went up Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihue, and seventy of the elders of Israel, and they *saw* the God

of Israel. They *saw* God, and did eat and drink. Ex. 24: 9, 10, 11.

GOD IS INVISIBLE AND CANNOT BE HEARD.

No man hath *seen* God at any time. John 1: 18.

Ye hath *neither heard his voice* at any time, *nor seen his shape*. John 5: 37.

And he said: Thou *canst not see* my face, for there shall *no man see* me and live. Ex. 33: 20.

Whom *no man* hath seen nor can see. I. Tim. 6: 16.

GOD IS TIRED AND RESTS.

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and on the seventh day he *rested*, and was *refreshed*. Ex. 31: 17.

I am *wearry* with repenting. Jer. 15: 6.

GOD IS NEVER TIRED, AND NEVER RESTS.

Hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, *fainteth not*, neither is *wearry*? Is. 40: 28.

God is everywhere present; sees and knows all things. The eyes of the Lord are in *every place*. Prov. 15: 3.

Whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art *there*; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art *there*; if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth, even *there* shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand hold me. Ps. 139: 7, 10.

There is no darkness, nor shadow of death, where the workers of iniquity may *hide* themselves. For his *eyes* are upon the *ways* of man, and he *seeth all his goings*. Job 34: 22, 21.

God is not everywhere present; neither sees nor knows

all things. And the Lord *came down to see* the city and the tower. Gen. 11: 5.

And the Lord said: Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous, I will *go down* now and *see* whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which is come unto me; and, if not, I will know. Gen. 18: 20, 21.

And Adam and his wife *hid* themselves from the *presence of the Lord*, amongst the trees of the garden. Gen. 3: 8.

GOD KNOWS THE HEARTS OF MEN.

Thou, Lord, which *knowest the hearts of all men*. Acts 1: 24.

Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising; thou understandest my thought afar off; thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art *acquainted with all my ways*. Ps. 139: 2, 3.

GOD TRIES MEN TO FIND OUT WHAT IS IN THEIR HEARTS.

The Lord, your God, *proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord, your God, with all your heart and with all your soul*. Deut. 10: 3.

The Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to *prove thee, to know what was in thy heart*. Deut. 8: 2.

For *now I know* thou fearest God, seeing that thou *hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me* Gen. 22: 12.

GOD IS ALL POWERFUL.

Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh; is there *anything too hard* for me? Jer. 32: 27.

With God, *all things are possible*. Matt. 19: 26.

GOD IS NOT ALL POWERFUL.

And the Lord was with Judah, and he drave out the inhabitants of the mountain, but *could not drive out* the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron. Judg. 1: 19.

GOD IS UNCHANGEABLE.

With whom is *no variableness, neither shadow of turning*. Jam. 1: 17.

For I am the Lord; I change not. Mal. 3: 6.

I, the Lord, have spoken it; it shall come to pass, and *I will do it*. I will *not go back*, neither will I spare, neither will I *repent*. Ezek. 24: 14.

God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should *repent*. Num. 23: 19.

GOD IS CHANGEABLE.

And it *repented* the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. Gen. 6: 6.

And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God *repented* of the evil that he had said he *would do* unto them, and he *did it not*. Jonah 3: 10.

GOD IS JUST AND IMPARTIAL.

The Lord is *upright* * * * and there is *no unrighteousness* in him. Ps. 92: 15.

A God of truth, and without iniquity, *just and right* is he. Deut. 32: 4.

There is *no respect of persons* with God. Rom. 2: 11.

GOD IS UNJUST AND PARTIAL.

Cursed be Canaan; a *servant of servants* shall he be unto his brethren. Gen. 9: 25.

For I, the Lord thy God, am a *jealous* God, visiting the

iniquity of the *fathers* upon the *children* unto the *third and fourth generation*. Ex. 20: 5.

GOD GIVES FREELY TO THOSE WHO ASK.

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, *that giveth to all men freely*, and upbraideth not, and it shall be *given* unto him. James 1: 5.

For every one that *asketh receiveth*, and he that *seeketh findeth*. Luke 11: 10.

Those that *seek me early shall find me*. Prov. 8: 17.

GOD WITHHOLDS HIS BLESSINGS FROM THOSE WHO ASK HIM.

He hath *blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts* that they *should not see* with their eyes, nor *understand* with their heart, and be converted, and I should heal them. John 12: 40.

Then shall they call upon me, but I will *not answer*; they shall *seek me early*, but shall *not find me*. Prov. 1: 28.

GOD CANNOT LIE.

It is *impossible* for God to *lie*. Heb. 6: 18.

GOD LIES BY PROXY; HE SENDS FORTH LYING SPIRITS TO DECEIVE.

For this cause God shall *send them strong delusion*, that they should believe a *lie*. II. Thes. 2: 11.

Now, therefore, behold the Lord hath *put a lying spirit* in the mouth of all these thy prophets, and the Lord hath *spoken evil* concerning thee. I. Kings 22: 23.

And if the prophet be deceived when he hath spoken a thing, I the Lord *have deceived* that prophet. Ezek. 14: 9.

GOD TEMPTS MEN.

And it came to pass after these things that God did *tempt Abraham*. Gen. 22: 1.

O Lord, thou hast *deceived* me, and I was *deceived*.
Jer. 20: 7.

Lead us not into temptation. Matt. 6: 13.

GOD TEMPTS NO MAN.

Let no man say when he is tempted, I am *tempted of God*; for God cannot be tempted with evil, *neither tempteth he any man*. James 1: 13.

KILLING COMMANDED.

Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and *slay every man his brother*, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor.
Ex. 32: 27.

KILLING FORBIDDEN.

Thou *shalt not kill*. Ex. 20: 13.

CHRIST TAUGHT NON-RESISTANCE.

Resist not evil, but whosoever shall *smite* thee on thy right cheek, *turn to him the other also*. Matt. 5: 39.

All they that take the *sword* shall *perish* with the sword.
Matt. 26: 52.

CHRIST TAUGHT AND PRACTICED PHYSICAL RESISTANCE,

He that hath no *sword*, let him sell his garment and *buy* one. Luke 22: 36.

And when he had made a *scourge* of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple. John 2: 15.

MICHAEL HAD NO CHILD.

Therefore, Michael, the daughter of Saul, had *no child* unto the day of her death. II. Sam. 6: 23.

MICHAEL HAD FIVE CHILDREN.

The *five sons of Michael* the daughter of Saul II. Sam. 21: 8.

CHRIST IS EQUAL WITH GOD.

I and my Father are *one*. John 10: 30.

Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be *equal with God*. Phil. 2: 5.

CHRIST IS NOT EQUAL WITH GOD.

My Father is *greater* than I. John 14: 28.

Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my *Father only*. Matt. 24: 36.

JESUS WAS ALL POWERFUL.

All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Matt. 28: 18.

The Father loveth the Son, and hath given *all things into his hand*. John 3: 35.

JESUS WAS NOT ALL POWERFUL.

And *he could there do no mighty work*, save that he laid his hands on a few sick folk and healed them. Mark 6: 5.

NO MAN IS WITHOUT SIN.

For there is *no man that sinneth not*. I. Kings 8: 46.

For there is *not a just man upon earth*, that doeth good and *sinneth not*. Eccl. 7: 20.

There is *none* righteous, no, not *one*. Rom. 3: 10.

CHRISTIANS ARE SINLESS.

Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; he cannot sin because he is born of God. Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not. He that committeth sin *is of the devil*. I. John 3: 9, 6, 8.

The self-contradictions of the Bible are sufficient proof to establish the fact that the Bible was not written by inspiration, as is claimed by priests. If Moses was inspired to write that he had seen God, face to face, and did eat

and drink in his presence; and did converse with him, as with a friend, then John would not have been inspired to give Moses the lie, and say: "That no man hath seen God, at any time, nor can see him and live." And here the Bible-makers have impeached themselves, like the witness upon the stand, who swears for and against. On his direct testimony, he swears, positively, that the facts are thus, and so; and, on his cross-examination, he swears, positively, they are some other way. In all such cases the court withholds the testimony from the jury, and orders them to render a verdict of no cause of action. Hence, you can see, there is no cause above what the priests have acted.

And now, in conclusion, I would only say to the candid reader: Remember, you are reading for yourself only, and it is of great importance to you that you be your own man.

The Bible-makers lived, 'tis said,
 Three hundred years since Christ was dead;
 They gathered up, and often wrote—
 Then passed the "Word of God" by vote.

The three hundred twenty-fifth year,
 Since Jesus ended his career,
 The emperor of the Roman band
 Called the first Bishops of the land

To meet at Nice, in council deep,
 To make a book that he could keep
 Before the people every hour,
 And use it as an engine power.

To wheel the people to and fro,
 And damn their souls should they not go
 And tread the road that he might say,
 From youthful morn 'til aged gray.

Two thousand and just forty-eight
 Of these fat Bishops, tall and straight,
 That Constantine commissioned in
 To make a Bible—free from *sin*.

Then to their work they all did start,
 But jealousy was in the heart;
 They quarreled when they first begun,
 So nothing of the work was done.

Constantine being engineer,
 Then threw the rigging out of gear,—
 For one man there had caned another,
 And *killed* him, too, although a brother.

Therefore Constantine did declare
 He would not have so many there;
 And by command he drove them all,
 As sheep go skipping o'er a wall.

But just three hundred and eighteen
 He then selected,—by their mien,—
 To finish what he'd undertook,
 And have "God's Word" safe in a book.

This little band did well agree,
 For each one knew his destiny;
 They learned the tunes, and played the notes,
 And *passed* the "Word of God" by *votes*!

They gathered all the manuscripts—
 A mighty load, like wood or chips—
 And when they'd got them all in view,
 They said, "at least, one-half *won't do*."

They ignored all the Testament
 That says so much, "you must repent."
 But Matthew, Mark, Luke and St. John,
 They said, with time, they might run on.

There half the word of God, or more,
 Was kicked and voted out of door ;
 The rest of the New Testament,
 Like some old gun, went off half bent.

Constantine then being engineer,
 Knew very well which way to steer,
 And by his high and great decree,
 Declared the rest they should let be,

And hold it sacred to their God,
 Believing *all*, it was his word,
 And came direct from his high place,
 With love for all the human race.

Constantine issued a command
 By a decree throughout the land ;
 It should be held as sacred truth,
 By hoary age and blooming youth.

The Nicene council here got through,
 Three years of labor, hard and true,
 To fit *God's Word* so it would pass,
 And not all go to chaff and grass.

The Lord, I think, should pay them well,
 To get his word where it will tell
 The people all his mind and will—
 That no more Jesus he will kill !

To pay the Lord his own demand,
 What was his due from Adam's band,
 That God might never more get mad,
 And slay the good ones for the bad.

'Tis more than monarch ever done,
 To sacrifice himself or son
 To buy a pardon for another,
 Whether his darling or his brother.

Six hundred and thirty-three years
 After Christ left this "vale of tears,"
 A council met upon the plain
 To tinker up God's word *again*.

Toledo was the place where came
 Those Romish priests, all of great fame,
 To pick and cull God's word and notes,
 And pass them all by *Bishops' votes!*

To make the word of God more plain,
 What Nice ignored they here retained,
 And voted in the Book, at least,
 What had been *lost* for ages past.

Saint Paul, the Acts and Revelation,
 Now take a part in our salvation—
 At Nice the council threw them out,
 Here they came in, *without a doubt*.

At Toledo, that sacred place,
 They finished up the Word of Grace,
 And left it nearly, in that age,
 As we now find it on the stage.

But many councils met between,
 And fixed it o'er, as has been seen,
 To suit their taste and show their skill,
 And have a *Bible* to their will.

Full eighteen times it has been fixed—
 So say the Roman Catholics—
 But still there is some little waste,
 It needs yet more to suit their taste.

Can God be deaf, or close his eyes,
 And let those priests his word revise
 Full eighteen times, as I've been told,
 By good authority of old?

Thoughtless, indeed, must be the mind,
Which thinks God's word need be refined
Yet once or twice in every age
To suit the bishops on the stage.

God's writings were of such a length,
The mind requires supernal strength
To mark the times and fix the place
Where all his favors met our race.

Moses spoke in the beginning,
And early said man had been sinning ;
Yet Moses lived, as you may see,
Twenty-four hundred thirty-three,

After the world was on the wing
And filled with every living thing—
Though how he got man's first offense
We will not say 'twas impudence.

The Revelator lived, we're told,
And wrote his gospel very bold,
In novel style, with fancy's pen—
In ninety-four he said *amen*.

Writers have kept the time alive,
Sixteen hundred and sixty-five
The manuscripts were being wrote
Then passed into God's word by vote.

The real writers no one knows,
But Jewish Priests, as we suppose ;
Think you God e'er commissioned them
To write his word or say *amen* ?

Apocrypha did only lack
Three votes of being in the pack,—
But here they made a compromise,
And slipped it in, it being wise.

What impudence—those who aspired,
 And claimed by God to be inspired
 To write his *word* and print the lines,
 To be classed as his wise divines.

Their claiming to be men of God
 Does nothing prove, save that the rod
 Should teach them how to treat mankind,
 And leave such useless trash behind.

The Bible finished, now it stands
 Safe in the Roman Bishops' hands ;
 They teach, and preach, and even cull,
 And when they choose they disannul.

The Bishops then matured their plans
 To keep the *Book* in priestly hands—
 They ruled the people through their fears,
 More than eleven hundred years ;

'Til Martin Luther broke their chain,
 And set his fires o'er hill and plain,
 Which swept the land like autumn gales,
 And lowered the haughty Bishop's sails.

John Calvin bore a mighty sway
 In damning infants night and day ;
 And for Christianity's dear sake
 He *burnt Servetus* at the stake.

They drove a stake down in the ground,
 Then piled green fagots all around
 To make a sure and steady fry,
 And have their victim slowly *die*.

What was this victim's great offense
 Against the priest's omnipotence ?
 I'll make it plain, so all can see—
 He *disbelieved the Trinity!*

John Calvin said he certain would
 Burn him to death with all *green* wood,
 And so he piled on beech and birch—
 The founder of the Baptist church.

In fifteen hundred fifty-five
 John Calvin burnt a man alive,—
 Now all good people blush with shame
 To think of Calvin's Christian fame.

Religion wore a sable hue,
 Which all good people then did rue ;—
 If any taught another way,
 Off went his head some early day.

They called a trial very quick—
 The priests pronounced him heretic ;
 Then with the fagot and the stake
 His debts were paid for Christ's dear sake.

And thus through many a rolling year
 Such *bloody scenes* marked their career,
 Where e'er good laws did not oppose
 Such scenes of grief and human woes.

And now I ask any sane mind :
 Think you the Bible is divine ?
 'Tis full of fables, as you see—
Infallible,—'tis God's decree.

And when you read the Bible through,
 You'll see a book of crimson hue,
 Of war and strife—you'll surely find
 She leaves a *bloody trail behind.*

So thorough were the Christians drilled,
 The mind with wild confusion filled,
 That art and science kept away,
 To follow on some future day.

In eighteen hundred thirty-five
 Christianity was all alive;
 Her advocates were running wild,
 And scarcely thought of home or child.

Then to the camp they all would go—
 Next came protracted meetings so
 Thick and fast, and held so long,
 No head was sane, or thought it wrong.

The heart was lit with sacred fire,
 All souls for heaven did then aspire;
 The pearly gate they soon would meet,
 And tread with joy the golden street.

But soon *Religion* stepped away,
 And let the *mind* have fairer play
 To study laws that God did give
 To improve the age in which we live.

Then Robert Fulton built a boat,
 And on the Hudson made it float
 With boiling steam, and engine power.
 Which rules the travel of this hour.

The Telegraph then took her place
 To make the nations of our race,
 And bid them come, and said they must,
 (While Christians grovel in the dust).

To *life* and *light*, to *truth* and *deed*,
 While *art* and *science* take the lead
 To renovate the world anew,
 And bid the Christians' gloom adieu.

But now the world is born anew,
 With all machinery so true,
 That blesses nations, every one,
 Which dwell beneath the glowing sun.

Our fathers in this Christian land
 Once cut their grasses all by hand ;
 We now, with pride, the mower ride,
 The grasses falling by our side.

Now with the rake we gather hay—
 The cars are run both night and day—
 The iron-clads do clear the way ;
 Both *Art* and *Science* come to stay.

Now by progression's steady power,
 The world moves on from bud to flower,
 And searches Nature's hidden laws,
 And stands by truth in freedom's cause.

The reason here I'd wish to give,
 Of this great change, in which we live ;—
 The Bible got a mortal blow,
 Which laid the power of priest-craft low.

Some men of thought began to write,
 And made it plain, to human sight,
 That Reason ought to interfere,
 And bid the world be of good cheer.

For all the *Devils* are now dead—
 And Nature bows her sunny head
 To give assent to Reason's cause,
 And claim the right of all her laws.

For Nature's laws are ever right,
 And Reason says, " Maintain the fight
 'Til every priest shall step aside,
 And truth and science be our guide."

The liberals gave them a call,
 And drove their Bible to the wall,
 With all its tables, fairy tales,
 Self-contradictions—may ails.

At Rochester the fight began—
 And soon the Christians' lion ran
 And hid his head under a leaf,
 Like a great coward or a thief.

Then here the Deist spoke and said
 To Revelation, "Hide your head,
 For in the future Truth, at last,
 Shall banish error to the past."

Then Revelation soon did hide,
 And inspiration stepped aside,
 For mystery we can't abide;
 So Christians to the rear must slide.

And prophecy is no true guide,—
 Only a jack for priests to ride;
 While down the current and the tide
 Those bold impostors smoothly glide.

Paine's "Age of Reason" and Voltaire
 Soon drove the lion from his lair;
 And when he left his feather bed,
 He wagged his tail and shook his head.

And then he roared in thunder tones,
 Saying, "With one pounce I'll break your bones;
 The Sunday school I'll institute
 In spite of Paine, or Gol., the brute.

"I'll call the children to my side,
 And treat them as I would my bride;
 With candies sweet and picnics nice,
 I'll gain their friendship in a trice.

"They'll soon grow up to be a host,
 Of which the Sunday school may boast,
 And then the churches soon will fill
 If we keep up the Sunday drill.

The churches then, being very thin,
 The Sunday school did quick begin
 To teach and flatter and to drill,
 To form in youth a stubborn will."

Which should last them while on the stage,
 And crown them saints in dying age ;—
 They tell them, as they catechise,
 Their parents' sin against them lies.

They struggle hard, still very blind,
 To carry out their base design ;
 To flourish in their old career,
 But God has bid them to the rear.

'Tis education forms the mind,
 And we by observation find,
 That as youth starts on his career
 He runneth on from year to year.

The youthful mind from care is still
 Open and free for Sunday drill,
 And in the Sabbath schools are taught
 The dearest lessons ever bought.

The lessons which they here obtain
 Bring misery instead of gain ;
 They wake and haunt the peaceful breast
 From slumbers and from quiet rest.

A burning lake before the mind,
 To swallow them, or friends so kind.
 Alas! how could one happy be
 To think himself or enemy

Should in a fiery lake be cast,
 When this brief span of life is passed,
 And ever dwell in burning pools
 Such lessons taught at Sabbath schools ?

Shame on such foolish, fiery stuff!
 Have not the children had enough?
 Better to let them stay at home,
 Or in the bowery woodland roam.

To gather roses on the hill,
 To study Nature's laws—her skill,
 In making these sweet flowers, so true,
 With cups to catch the sparkling dew.

Take up your pencils, small and great,
 And these fair roses imitate;
 Your skillful fingers here may draw
 What nature planted here by law.

The flowery landscapes sweetly smile
 On the fair youth so free from guile,
 Who worship here, with rev'rent nod,
 At the pure shrine of Nature's God.

Nature inclines her snowy head—
 Says, "Come to me and all be fed;
 When weary, rest upon my bed,—
 Regard no more what priests have said."

Here, then, we bow and give assent,
 That Nature is omnipotent;
 By her decrees the earth was laid,
 The destiny of man was made.

There's many kinds of Bibles now,
 Which pain the heart and shade the brow
 Of old and young, both great and small,
 Who fill asylums' crazy walls.

The Protestants, of very late,
 Revised their *Book* to make it straight—
 Infallible, in every pore,
 It needs but tinkering once more.

The Catholics claim theirs the best—
 The origin of all the rest—
 Perhaps it is as nearly right
 As any one which meets our sight.

'The Bible was born unto them,
 And all the angels said amen ;
 And in their hands, as others say,
 They've kept it safe unto this day.

Joseph Smith dug a Bible great
 Out of the earth in New York state—
 The founder of the Mormon band
 Who settled out in Utah land.

He said unto his saints, "'Tis true
 That God had hid it there for you ;
 It is a mystery, he said,
 And its great truths must be obeyed.

The Koran was a mighty work
 Of which Mahomet told the Turk ;
 It came direct from heaven's high place,
 Brought by an angel for his race.

A revelation, too, he said,
 Which fired the heart, inspired the head ;—
 The greater mysteries are made,
 The greater stress on them are laid.

Now, here we see are Bibles four,
 And in the world are many more ;
 Each claims to be the word of God—
 Claiming your reverence by a nod.

The difference in these books is great
 Of the great tales which they relate
 Of God, and what belongs to him—
 Which makes the people's case more dim.

Although their author is one God,
 Who wisely rules without a rod ;
 He giveth some good bread and meat,
 And others naught but stones to eat ;

As Satan did the Lord of bliss
 When he was in the wilderness ;
 He played with them till he felt faint,
 Then to the devil made complaint.

Full forty days he stayed, or more,
 Till he was hungry, faint and sore,
 And then for bread aloud did cry,
 And bid his friend a short good bye.

Can roses bloom, both black and white,
 Upon one bush, by day or night ?
 Or streams bring forth bitter or sweet
 Water—some cold, some filled with heat ?

Can God send forth so many streams
 Of Bibles, as there are, it seems ?
 On no two questions they agree
 About God or eternity.

The Orthodox claim but three Gods—
 Of them Mahomet has the odds—
 Just ninety is his living host,
 Without a Jesus or a ghost.

FANCY CHURCH.

This fancy church, that you gave birth,—
Makes you more trouble than its worth;
You'd better let the thing alone,
And lounge about an idle drone.
Upon the banks of Horicon—
Viewing the works of great "I am"—
The sombre pine, the silent shade,
The lofty mountains He hath made.
'Twas Nature's God that formed these hills, —
By Nature's laws down run the rills;
These everlasting mountain rocks,
Withstood all "Noah's torrent" shocks.
Here stands the noblest work of earth,
Formed by the hand that gave us birth;
For ages this immortal rock
Has stood the earthquake's strongest shock.
Beneath this mountain's morning shade,
A splendid place to court a maid,
This carpet rock, and mossy stone,
Will cool the rays of burning sun.
The breath of Nature fans the trees,
With zephyrs floating o'er the lees
To kiss the mountain and the dell,
Then pass away where none can tell.
Your works of art can never vie

With this grand mountain, tow'ring high;
This crystal lake, with emerald strand,
The fairest work of Nature's hand.
The coon, the rabbit and the fox,
Roam daily o'er these granite rocks;
The little birds, on joyous wing,
O'erlook the scene, and sweetly sing.
The busy bees, through every hour,
Are humming songs in Nature's bower,
And kissing every flowery vase
To gather sweets to feed their race.
The mink and otter here are found,
And oft we hear the partridge's sound;
Here stands the noble fellow deer,
And bruin walks without a fear.
The panther here has left his track,
And stepped away to woods far back;
The wolf's sharp howl here once was heard,
But, long since, he has disappeared.
In the clear waters, at the base
Of the dark mountain, lives a race
Of fish, no finer ones e'er swam;
Forming the choicest food for man.
The name of this immortal stock
Was early known as Mountain Black;
Its highest peak far off is seen
Clothed in its robes of evergreen.
Here in the lake are many isles,
Where once has dwelt the savage wild;
They took no thought where they should dwell,
They had no fear of burning hell.
They had no time to pull and haul,
They had no time to howl and bawl;

They lived quite happy, all in glee,
And revered naught but Deity.
The good "Great Spirit," ever true,
His happy home they had in view—
And Nature whispered in each ear,
Saying, to die you need not fear.
They never heard the Sabbath bell,
Nor ever knew of burning hell;
The red men were a happy race
Without the love of Jesus' grace.
When first I came to hunt the deer,
The Indian's hut was standing here;
Its outer walls were very rude,
Its greatest charm was quietude.
If e'er you call to view this spot,
Impressions, which cannot be forgot,
Will tell upon your heart so free,
They lived in perfect harmony.
They never heard of Sunday school,
They never saw a burning pool;
No priestly garments ever stained—
The God of Nature with them reigned.
I never heard, in pagan land,
I never saw a Christian band
Where friendship true, without a stain,
Could equal this, the red man's brain.
Beneath this mountain's morning shade,
Here sleep those creatures God hath made,
Who, having left their earthly home,
O'er "happy hunting grounds" now roam.
They tread not on each other's toes,
Nor ever snub each other's nose;
In perfect happiness they sleep,

And never for their sins do weep.
 They never heard of "Adam's fall,"
 They never thought of sinning all;
 They never dreamed of pardoning love
 To wing their souls to joys above.
 'Tis plain to see, by red-skins each,
 That God intended thus to teach,
 That we're no better than the others—
 Only one family of brothers.
 No one in heaven's highest court,—
 No blood so low to make us sport,—
 Can ever change our God's decrees;
 He doeth all as He doth please.
 Although you move the mountains great,
 And open wide high heaven's gate,
 By fervent prayer, as I've been told,
 With faith like mustard seed of old.
 Take lessons of these savage souls,
 And then drop gently in your holes;
 Forgetting of your former sage,
 That you blush not in riper age.
 Are there no lessons for the church
 In animals that feed on birch?
 Their little homes quite happy be,
 Their little souls are blest with glee.
 They sleep together in the wood,
 And think of naught but what is good;
 The deer, the fox, the blackest bear,
 Each tread around the other's lair.
 Now take this lesson as you ought,—
 These beasts can have no evil thought,
 Nor push, nor crowd, nor root around
 The weakest one, when he is found.

Can Christian love e'er equal this,
With all their hopes of heavenly bliss,
And with the help of Jesus' grace
To march along the heavenly race?
The tower of Babal hath no charm,
Only a story to alarm;
But when we take the second thought
It goes to nothing, as it ought.
Like Jonah's gourd, at morning light,
For he'd been dreaming, through the night,
How he had broke the jailer's pen
In time to preach to Ninveh's men.
The Jonah story finds a flaw
To change the course of Nature's law,
And coop poor Jonah from the earth,
Beneath the ocean's briny surf.
Here Jonah must have held his breath
Three days—endured the pains of death—
Because he disobeyed the Lord,
Refusing to go preach His word.
I think his punishment so great
'Twill be remembered long and late;
And unto priests a warning be,
That they ne'er from their duty flee.
I think old Michael quite too bad,
To whip the devil till he's mad,
Then kick him, from the royal court,
Down to our earth to make more sport;
Where he can tempt the Lord of bliss,
And lead Him to the wilderness—
And entertain Him forty days,
Striving to teach Him evil ways.
One question I would like to ask:

Did Christ go willingly to the task,
 Or did He only go by force?
 The devil's strongest, then, of course.
 Take this dilemma as you please,
 On either side you'll have no ease;
 So, here your Uncle Matthew fails,
 Unless he means them "fairy tales."
 They met beneath the evergreen,
 Next on the highest steeple seen,—
 Like actors on the lofty stage,
 Or fairies in some darker age.
 From hence away these friends did fly,
 And lit upon a mountain high,
 To view the earthly kingdoms o'er,
 From Africa's strand to Birmah's shore.
 And here bold Satan claimed the right
 To sell your Lord a noble site;
 But there remained one lingering doubt
 By which these bosom friends fell out.
 Pray, why should God to Satan bow?
 And, Christians, will you tell me how
 The play between the two began
 When Jesus after Satan ran?
 This iron heart means no offense,
 Well knowing soon we must go hence.
 I only wish to vindicate
 The laws of God, who did create
 Those upper walls on which we look,
 And read them plain in Nature's book;
 We hear them sounding in our ears,
 The sun, the moon and starry spheres.
 This vast machinery is run
 Without the aid of any one

Of angels, son or Holy Ghost,
 Or all the devil's fiery host.
 If this is anything but true,
 Omnipotence is last to view;
 Omniscence, too, is also slain,
 So, Christians, you run on your train.
 Lock up your *pits* and fiery *pools*,
 And teach no more, in Sunday schools,
 That children's souls must feed the fires
 For sins committed by their sires.
 Shame on such naughty, foolish, fiery stuff!
 The world, long since, has had enough;
 Pray tell the children they are free
 From aught put what their sins may be;
 And then this world will take a stride,
 With art and science by her side,
 And march along in Nature's road.
 And leave the yoke of Satan's load.
 Come, take a stroll in Nature's bowers,
 Dear friend, tread lightly on these flowers
 That Nature scatters on the strand,
 The work of an Almighty hand.
 No bells to chime for people here,
 No Christian *saints* to drop a tear,
 No priestly stains upon the *sage*,
 No sins to blush for while in age.
 Here let me say, 'twill help the race
 When priests and kings are out of place,
 And reason tells the mighty crew,
 Ere long they'll have no work to do.
 Shall you distrust the great first cause
 Which gave you birth by Nature's laws,
 While every insect of the earth

By law is bursting into birth?
 Though scattered broadcast o'er the land,
 Still they are fed by Nature's hand.
 The flowers grow sweetness for the bees,
 And Nature formed them hollow trees
 Where they can stay, till winter's past,
 In shelter from the stormy blast;
 Then with the opening flowers of spring,
 Their tuneful notes of joy they sing;
 Then why distrust the laws of God
 When you are laid beneath the sod?
 Why look for aught beyond our range,
 Where Nature's laws do never change?
 What proof have you that you will rise
 And wing your way to blissful skies?
 Will cast your dusty garments by,
 In shining robes to heaven fly?
 Go search o'er Nature's sunny field,
 And see if this she has revealed,
 By any flower within her vase,
 To gem your cup with heavenly grace.
 The roses bloom, then soon decay,
 All flesh does breathe, then pass away,
 And Nature stamps that great decree,
 No bud to bloom for you or me.
 The fiery pit you wish to shun—
 And righteous Lot from Sodom run,
 And then got drunk, as I've been told,
 And both his daughters' virtue sold.
 His wife got weary,—made a halt,—
 Was changed to a "pillar of salt;"
 Bear this in mind, throughout your days,
 Never turn back to evil ways.

Let reason come within your walls,
 And think no more of "Adam's fall;"
 Then you will need no substitute
 To die for you, above the brute.
 I heard the priest, last Sunday morn,
 Blow reason with his priestly horn;
 The tune he played is often heard:
 "You must not reason with God's word;
 Use not man's reason, I declare,
 Against God's word, not anywhere;
 That right to man was never given,
 Not here on earth nor in high heaven."
 Then why did God give unto men
 A little reason now and then?
 Why not have given it all to priests,
 And kept the people down like beasts?
 This precious gift no one would sell,
 Though priests should damn his soul to hell;
 For reason is of heavenly birth,
 Though suffered now to dwell on earth.
 Then why may we not criticise
 The word of God,—and then apprise,—
 To find the true and only worth
 Of "fairy tales," that priests gave birth?
 Now, here I'll finish up my song;
 I go from hence ere it be long—
 Full seventy years, already told,
 And yet my God I never sold.
 Rest, weary friend, from all your cares,
 Be still, and know that God declares,
 By everything that we behold,
 From sunny south to icy cold.
 He gave us reason so we could
 Refuse the evil, choose the good,
 And ever dwell, where He may please,
 Eternally in His decrees.

ORIGIN OF THE EAST LAKE GEORGE CHURCH.

When first the glory fell,
From heaven's high place,
You all remember well,
Upon the heathen race.

'Twas near to "Sheldon's Home,"
By Reverend William Lee,
The Olive Branch did come
Beneath the "But'nut tree."

Put off your shoes, I pray,
Tread lightly, if you will,
The ground o'er which you stray
Is holy, holy, still.

The zephyrs, floating higher,
There kissed the "sacred tree,"
And set all hearts on fire
To help good William Lee.

The infidels stepped back,
The lightning train took fire,
And flew along the track
By telegraphic wire.

The news was borne above
 That Lake George *sin* was dead;
 Down came a little *Dove*
 And lit on "C. L.'s" head.

She fluttered her bright wings,
 And whispered in his ear;
 She told him many things
 About which way to steer.

She told him to be good,—
 He was the chosen tool,—
 And do all that he could
 To teach the Sunday school.

Then "C. L." stood amazed;
 Unto the dove he said:—
 "How can our God be praised
 Without a church and shed?

"The school-house is too small,—
 Seven by nine at most,—
 And will not hold, at all,
 Half of this pilgrim host.

"Five thousand it may take,
 We'll put in pennies all;
 A meeting-house we'll make
 Before another fall."

Then all went to their work,
 And each man to his post;
 Not one disposed to shirk
 Of all that pilgrim host.

Soon a house erected
 Stood firm upon its pins;
 Deacons four elected—
Aunt Clara taken in.

The dove then said, “Be true,
 Be good and faithful men;”
 Then bade them all adieu,
 And ne’er came back again.

Three cheers for Reverend Lee,
 Who broke the stony heart,
 Beneath the “But’nut tree,”
 Where first we took our start.

Some nice picnics followed,
 The bands did sweetly play;
 Then to our God we hollowed,
 And kept this sacred day.

Christmas trees are tokens
 Of our best friends, and love—
 But “C. L.’s” heart was open
 Without the little dove.

When the dove took her leave,
 To wander o’er the plain,
 She very much did grieve,
 But ne’er came back again.

NO SPIRITS.

LINES TO A. ORTON.

What is a spirit but a name,
Or an angel highest in fame?
I find the seraph in a fix,
Like fairies playing fancied tricks.

Here's prophecy I can't abide,
And mystery may step aside,
And revelation you may hide,
And inspiration priests do ride.

Now, what are all this number eight,
But fancies thrown out for a bait,—
For our imaginations wild,—
To lure us like a little child?

Now, here are questions hard to tell,
Where all those witch'd fairies dwell;
But when we take the second thought,
We find that priestcraft hath them brought

To use as tools, to peck and drill,
To form in man a stubborn will
To last in him, while on the stage,
And crown him saint in future age.

Now, here I am, past middle age,
And hope to meet some good all sage
To tell me where those spirits be
No mortal eye did ever see.

No ear so keen to hear their sound,
 No tongue to tell when they're around;
 No nose to scent their sly retreat,
 No hand to fell them when they greet.

No heart to feel their bitter woe,
 No love to give them when they go.
 Now, here are our five senses true,
 And more we have, if they'll not do,

To prove that we are nearer right -
 Than any logic now in sight;
 All Nature tells us we are right,
 And Reason says, "Maintain the fight."

All vegetation makes some earth,
 So of all creatures that have birth;
 Though we may have some great desires,
 Remember, here, that all expires.

There's nothing of another life,
 Nor to live on in war and strife;
 So here we take another view,
 And bid the old a long adieu.

And in the old immortal glass,
 Just kiss the gem and let it pass;
 Though all the nations of the earth
 May much desire the second birth.

What proof have you that you will rise
 And wing your way to blissful skies,—
 Then cast your dusty garments by,
 In shining robes to heaven fly?

Go search o'er Nature's sunny field;
 So see if this she has revealed,
 By any flower within her vase,
 To gem your cup with heavenly grace.

The roses bloom, then soon decay;
 All flesh doth breathe, then pass away,
 And Nature stamps that great decree,
 No bud to bloom for you or me.

Why should this mortal die at all?
 Will you tell me, Uncle Paul,
 Why suffer all these pains of death
 If we soon live, then draw our breath?

No proof that we shall live again,
 Or to live on, and life remain.
 All people die—become extinct;
 Now, here we meet the severed link.

Can we go back, be born anew?
 Then who's the mother of this crew?
 Now, here the art of priestcraft fails,
 And all their great inspiring tales.

When in my youth I thought of this,
 And much desired immortal bliss;
 But Nature whispered loud, at last,
 And said, "My friend, run not too fast.

"Rest, weary friend, from all your cares;
 Be still, and know that God declares,
 By everything that we behold,
 From sunny south to icy cold.

“ ’Twas God who gave to man his breath,
 And by His laws we meet our death,
 And ever dwell, where He may please,
 Eternally in His decrees.”

The elements we call the God,
 The highest power o’er the sod;
 For Nature’s God doth all create,
 And by His laws He deals our fate.

MICHAEL AND SATAN.

Why did not Michael firmly chain
 Satan upon Arabia’s plain,
 Or bury him, just like a knave,
 And roll a mountain on his grave?

That he might never more get out,
 And with the women make a rout,
 And never one of them deceive
 As he once did good Mother Eve.

Why did not God the devil slay
 Before he tempted Eve away,
 And brought upon us “Adam’s fall?”
 And ever since we’ve “sinned all.”

Why did not God foresee the ill
 So His dear son He need not kill,
 To make atonement, by His grace,
 For sins of all the human race?

A sad mistake—'tis even so—
 That God should let the devil go,
 And never make him give parole,
 But let him roam from pole to pole.

'This gentleman, being on the wing,
 Then tempted Eve, poor little thing,
 Ere she was old enough to cry,
 And for the same the world must die.

Between the two an apple ate,
 For God had well arranged the bait;
 Then, with great skill, He set the trap,
 And caught poor Adam, simple chap.

Did Wisdom know she had beguiled
 This little infant (Adam) child,
 And used the devil as a tool
 To lure him as an infant fool?

And when the mischief all was done,
 God ordered *out* His *only son*,
 And in the gateway hung a sword,
 For fear he might come back for board.

When they were through with all their muss,
 God said, "They were as *wise* as us."
 The devil was their only guide
 To wisdom, truth and knowledge wide.

This noted tempter went, one day,
 Out east to view God's sons at play,—
 It was their custom to do so,—
 Satan thought he would also go.

Where'er those pious saints would meet,
 This chieftain surely would them greet.
 Now, when God saw him in the crowd
 He to the tempter meekly bowed.

“Come, step a little out this way,
 To you I've something now to say:—
 Have you considered, servant Job,
 Most patient man upon the globe?

“Does patient Job serve thee for naught,
 Or do much better than he ought?
 You've hedged him in on every side,
 And spread his blessings far and wide.

“Put forth thy hand, withdraw thy grace,
 And Job will curse thee to thy face.”
 Then, saith the Lord, “This very hour
 All that he hath is in thy power,—

“Only on Job put not thy hand.”
 Then Satan went forth, in the land,
 With His commission for to kill
 All of Job's cattle with a will.

Then fire from heaven, falling hot,
 Burnt sheep and servants on the spot;
 His sons and daughters all were slain,
 And naught of all he had remained.

Satan moved God, against His laws,
 To torment Job without a cause;
 And when he'd cursed him all he could
 Job still held fast to all his good.

Says Satan then, "He'll surely sin
 If you but touch his bone and skin."
 Here Satan got of God the right
 With sorest boils poor Job to smite.

Then Satan, "walking up and down,"
 Smote Job with boils from sole to crown.
 Job then sat down in ashes deep,—
 In pain and sorrow there did weep.

Can God be just in doing so,
 In cursing Job with bitter woe,
 Letting the devil deal the blow?
 'Twould be unmerciful, you know.

What great inducements here we see,
 For all mankind to righteous be!
 How upright Job so sadly fares.
 So filled with pains, and griefs, and cares.

Job cursed the day that he was born;—
 Declared it wrong, feeling forlorn,
 That he should be, by Satan's laws,
 Tormented so without a cause.

I think your Lord is small, indeed,
 To suffer Job for naught to bleed,
 Or any other man who's good;
 Where is the human heart that could?

Is this the God, my Christian friends,
 On whom you think so much depends
 Of life and love, from bitter woe?
 Aye, friend, he may deal you a blow.

ODE TO NATURE.

Perhaps some friend, being so bold,
May ask, who made this world of old
Before it grew into its prime,
In youthful morning, march of time?

'Twas Nature's hand that drew the chart,
And printed with majestic art;
The architect was Nature's God,
Decreeing all things with a rod.

The rod we understand to be
The laws which bind immensity;
By law the elements were stayed;
In due submission, all obeyed.

They work together like a charm,
Refusing to each other harm;
No jarring sound salutes our ears,
Nor witnessed by the starry spheres.

The central sun like fire doth burn,
And wheels the planets in their turn,
And ruling gently, without a strife,
Giveth all vegetation life.

The genial sun is clothed with power
To germ the sprout and bud the flower;
To melt away the frozen sea,
And set the ice bound prisoners free.

Perhaps parental is the sun,
 Imparting life to every one
 Who dwells upon this humming earth,
 Under whose laws all things have birth.

This earth is tipping up and down,
 Each twenty-four hours it turns around;
 A perfect wheel is truly seen
 In the eternal world's machine.

No grasses grow upon our fields,
 No golden corn her harvest yields;
 No roses bloom to deck the vase,
 No world's gems beaming on our face.

No vegetation on the earth,
 No living creatures giving birth;
 No life exists in any one
 Without the genial, glowing sun.

Well might we call Him Nature's God,
 And ruling all things with a rod;
 His gentle laws, when all obeyed,
 Give life and health, and death is stayed.

The starry worlds are on their course
 By central power, or magic force,
 To tread their distant circuits round,
 In law and duty always found.

The elements are on the wing
 In honor of their Great High King.
 By law they work, each one his part,
 And form a speck on Nature's chart.

The red man casts his dusky eyes
 Far off into the distant skies,
 And prays his Father Spirit come
 To warm his icy wigwam home.

Through all the snowy winter's cold
 His sparkling eyes the sun behold,
 And when the opening spring returns
 His heart for the Great Spirit burns.

The Indian claims the sun to be
 The only God and Deity;
 We will not say he is not right,—
 Without the sun all would be night.

No Christian ever shows his face,
 Or holds the power to bless the race,
 Like this immortal, genial sun,
 That giveth life to every one.

Nor could we see a darling one
 Were it not for the glowing sun.
 This earth would then to us be naught,
 And all its beauties vainly sought.

The little one could not behold
 Its mother's face if it was gold;
 The starry worlds would have no light,—
 All would be one eternal night.

The starry world in darkness lies
 If the bright sun refuses to rise,
 Or veil himself, with sable cloud,
 Like some high priest who's getting proud.

Where do you look for higher power?
 Is it not God who buds the flower?
 Where is your God you claim to be
 Above the sun or Deity?

The Christian says, "On heaven's tower
 There is a God clothed with great power,
 And Moses saw God upon high.
 But John says. "Moses, you do lie!

"No man hath seen our God at all,
 Not since old Adam's Christian fall;
 I'm under *oath*, the truth I'll give,
 No man can see our God and live."

A God who hides His head all day,
 Then forty days goes out to play
 With the devil on a steeple,
 Only means to fool the people.

The highest power that we do see
 Is what we call the Deity,
 Although you steep three Gods in one,
 The Father, Ghost and Mary's Son.

Some one may ask me, in an hour,
 Who made the sun with all its power?
 This question I will turn on thee,
 Who made so many Gods as three?

The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 Three Gods in one, and three at most;
 The three will make a ring or row,
 And in the church a mighty show.

What office does the Ghost perform?
 Only a tale the heart to warm,
 And make imagination wild
 In father, mother and the child.

Whose apparition does the Ghost
 Appear of all the saintly host?
 It can't be Christ's, that man of love,
 For, long since, he has gone above.

His soul and body both went up,
 After he drank the bitter cup,
 And dwell together, in one form,
 To keep the good man's body warm.

Where is the little, thinking man
 Who thinks himself, or others, can
 Fully comprehend the Great First Cause
 Which formed the world by Nature's laws?

Great thoughts will sometimes seem to rise
 About the founder of the skies;
 But when they ask who made the Lord,
 Our thoughts are soon returning void.

The elements, when all combined,
 Make power above the human mind,
 And in that power our God is seen
 Who runs the world's immense machine.

We think the earth is growing still,
 As water floweth down the hill.
 Every old tree upon the plain
 Is doing much to make it gain.

And every leaf on Autumn's gales
 Will do its part,—it never fails.
 The grasses, growing in the field,
 A bounteous harvest always yield.

All vegetation of the earth
 By law is giving to her birth.
 All flesh that breathes the giddy smile
 By law is heaping up the pile.

The little pebbles by the sea
 Are destined, soon, great stones to be;
 And by progression rocks are made,
 And thus the earth's foundation's laid.

This magnet rock is full of gold,
 By which the earth for ages rolled
 The central lode-stone's engine power,
 To run this earth, her circuit tour.

Geology has made her boast
 That she is wise and knows the most;
 But when we put her to the test
 We find that others know the best.

Has she e'er weighed the hills in scales,
 And measured all the earth in pails,
 To see if there is loss or gain
 Of all the mountains or the plain?

Geology is in her youth,
 And here has missed a mountain truth,
 And flouncing round, all in the dark,
 To see if she can hit the mark.

We're told that this great noble earth
 Was just as large when it had birth,
 And was born without a mother,
 Or a sister, or a brother.

That it has never grown at all,
 Not since old Adam's garden fall.
 Perhaps the tree fell on her head,
 And, like old Adam, knocked her dead.

If this is right, and truly so,
 No wonder that Miss Earth don't grow;
 But when Jesus pardoned all sin,
 Did not life come to earth again?

Did she not take another stride,
 With Art and Science by her side,
 And march along, in growth and charms,
 Safe as a child in mother's arms?

The child was small when he began;
 But soon grew up to be a man;
 So of this earth, millions of years,
 Has grown beside the starry spheres.

Some men who lived in Illinois
 Were digging wells for their employ,
 When, fifteen feet down in the ground,
 A nice, good well, stoned up, was found:

The well was twenty feet in depth,
 And four or five feet in its breadth,
 And full of water to the top;
 So here the men were glad to stop.

Way down in Louisiana state
 Some bones were found uncommon great.
 The men who found them had a prize,
 For they were of the mammoth size.

Twelve feet beneath the surface ground,
 Where these great mammoth bones were found;
 Now, all believe, but some dull drones,
 The earth grew over well and bones.

NATURE'S LAWS.

By God's decree I'm where I be,
 And you can boast no more.
 The law was passed which made all fast
 On time's far distant shore.

No other world is on our course;
 We run the race by law and force.
 All nature testifies to this,
 And we must bow the law to kiss.

All vegetation on the plains
 Soon goes to dust and there remains.
 The sturdy oak, on Plymouth shore
 Is soon to fall and rise no more.

The noble pine, on tow'ring height,
 Withstood the gale by day and night,
 And crowned the woodland night and day,
 Will soon fall down and ever stay.

This noble tree that graced the hill,
 In dust and ashes now lies still.
 No time will raise it up again,
 In dust, forever, 'twill remain.

We leave the woodland to decay,
 With all the blooming flowers of May,
 And turn to view the little fox
 Who daily treads these mountain rocks.

Here stands the noble, bounding deer
 Who slips away with timid fear;
 Next comes the humble, fleecy sheep
 With two young lambs both fast asleep.

Here stands the cow, at evening dim,
 Who fills the pail up to the brim;
 Also the ox, and he is good
 To draw the plow and haul the wood.

Just cast your eye into the stall,
 You'll see the horse which crowns them all.
 His splendid style and noble form
 Outstrips the gale or thunder storm.

And when you meet him on the course
 You'll see his power and mighty force;
 And then you'll think it no disgrace
 To take your horse to win the race,

As was by good Elijah done,
 When with his horse the race he won;
 When he went up to heaven's hall
 He took his horse and chariot small.

He dropped his mantle by the way,
 And bid his friends a long good day;
 And soon was up in heaven's bowers,
 Cooling himself mid shady flowers.

My Christian friends, there's flesh and blood
 In all those beasts that God hath made,
 Of which you have not much to boast,
 Of your high blood or your great ghost.

Perhaps your spirits are as good
 As any beast that's in the wood;
 Those beasts will never lie nor steal,
 Nor kill their brother in the field,

And hide him on a sandy shore,—
 Where he could meet his wife no more,—
 As David and as Moses did,
 Both Hittite and Egyptian hid.

A Bible writer wisely said,
 Pre-eminence none had when dead;
 No man can be above a beast,
 Not even though he were a priest.

Both die,—alike go down together;
 In dust and ashes stay forever;—
 Man dieth, giveth up the ghost,—
 Now, where has he got much the most?

Now, how can you expect to rise
 And wing your form up to the skies,
 Since all these noble forms do fail,
 And Nature tells some other tale?

Go search all Nature's sunny field
 To see if this she has revealed,
 By any flower in her vase,
 To gem your cup with heavenly grace.

The roses bloom, then soon decay;
 All flesh doth breathe, then pass away;
 And Nature stamps that great decree,
 No bud to bloom for you or me.

Did not God make every man?
 And can it be He made no plan
 Where all created things should be,
 And fix their great last destiny?

Do men e'er work without a mind,
 And do great things they've not designed?
 If you are bound to heaven high,
 The question is, Why do you die?

Why not live here,—this world enjoy,—
 Which is the hope of every boy?
 This earth is beautiful, you know,—
 To leave our friends we shrink to go.

Nature decrees that soon we must
 Sleep our last sleep beneath the dust,
 And Reason says that is the way,
 For all is doomed and must decay.

*The following lines were addressed
to Sophronia Mattison, on the
occasion of her marriage.*

The time has come to leave my home
And my parents I hold so dear.
Oh, little you know the grief and woe,
Or pain, that fills my breast;
For I am going to a distant land
With the man that I love best.

Oh, mother dear, dry up the tear
That's trickling down your cheek,
And never sigh to say "good-bye,"
But give your bosom rest;
For I am but going to a sunny land
With the man that I love best.

There's one thing more I do implore
Of the parents loved so well,
To forgive their child, if she's been wild,
Or pained their quiet breasts;
For now I am going to another land
With the man that I love best.

Oh, sister dear, be of good cheer,
When I am far away,
And think of me, while you are free,
And dwell among the blest;
That I am away in a stranger land
With the man that I love best.

I leave behind four brothers kind,
Also one sister dear,
To love our ma and care for pa
When age shall call for rest;
For I am to leave my much-loved home
With the man that I love best. -

TO MARY JANE.

Beneath the mountain's morning shade
Where dwells my friend, a comely maid;
The great the noble here do meet—
Happy within this cool retreat,
To breathe the purest mountain air,
And rest within Miss Mary's care.
Her table crowned with deer and fish,
And everything that heart can wish;
Her habitation, in the wilds,
Fronts the "one hundred lovely isles."
And here the blooming youths do go
To "trip the light fantastic toe,"
And many a lady, fresh with charms,
Though cradled in the mountain's arms,
The Horicon will touch with grace
In honor of this splendid place.
The scenery here is most sublime,
The grandest ever met in time;
The echoes in the evening air
Tell us that Nature's God is there.
Then let your thankful heart rejoice,
Since you have heard His gentle voice,
Who formed those mountains with such art.
Though but a speck on Nature's chart,
They hold the waters of the deep,
Where fishes play and nightly sleep.
And here the sportsman, day by day,
Will cast his line for ready-pay;
And when he feels the nibbling fish

They soon will crown his dainty dish,
 So all his friends can have a share
 If they could just in time be there.
 I never had the gift of speech
 To put on *airs* and try to preach;
 For language fails to give the cause
 Of Nature's God and His wise laws.
 So here I rest the weary case,
 Of searching out God's hiding-place.
 The more we strive to hit the mark
 The further we slide in the dark.
 The Great First Cause is fathomless
 And no one e'er will know the bliss
 Of tracing out the hidden cause
 That governs all of Nature's laws:
 This we consider a plain case
 That nothing can be out of place;
 For Nature stamps that great decree,—
 All things were made by *Deity*,
 Who rules the starry world by night,
 Proclaiming all things to be right,
 And engineers the world's machine,
 Magnificent, as all have seen.
 Then little man may hide his head
 And recognize what Pope has said,—
 That "everything is truly right,"
 And not a cloud to veil that light.
 Acts are not *things*, you may retort,
 Neither are *deeds*,—they are cut short.
 Acts cannot see, they cannot talk;
 Deeds have no life, they cannot walk.
 Acts may bring weal, deeds may bring woe,—
 May deal a friend a deadly blow.

Ah! who can compass act and deed,
 Causing the stoutest hearts to bleed?
 All things are measured by their worth,
 That dwell upon this noble earth.
 All Nature testifies to this
 And we must bow the law to kiss.
Madame, to you these lines were wrote,
 While gently rocking in my boat;
 And if you think they are not right
 Just fancy them a dream at night.
 Miss Mary, while a maiden free,
 Do not forget to think of me;
 But let your heart and pen incline
 To write and send your valentine.

TO C. L. NORTH.

To you C. L. the truth I'll tell,—
 'Tis hard to be endured,
 For us to pay our cash away,—
 Like fools,—to get insured.

Then very quick we all got sick,
 And now we sadly grieve
 That we went in to such a sin,
 So here we take our leave.

Our cash is spent, our credit bent,
 For you have got it all;
 Just pay us back what we now lack
 To feed our children small.

There's many doubts just hereabouts
 That when the time comes round,
 And turns the pay the other way,
 No company will be found.

If this be true, it will not do,—
 Here we must consider,
 Or we may grieve and nothing leave
 To feed and clothe the widow.

Your duns came thick, on double-quick,
 And payment never fails;
 We've *smelt* your *bait* at such a rate,
 We've turned to you our tails.

TO JAMES RIPLEY.

The sweetest hour in Nature's bower
 I met while in my prime,
 And since I'm old oft have I strolled,
 O'er all this northern 'clime,

To hunt the game called deer by name
 That bound along the hills;
 Also the fox. on mountain rocks,
 Or by the tinkling rills.

With nimble feet made quick retreat,
 Far from the bullet's wake.
 The hounds did bark—you've missed your mark,
 We'll take him in the lake.

Where waits a man the lake to scan
 In ambush snug as mice;
 At the first splash to ply the ash
 And take him in a trice.

The darkest mink upon the brink
 I surely meet in time;
 Then with my hound I run him down
 If he is in his prime.

The otter's skit I viewed with pride,
 Then with a hunter's art
 I set my trap, which soon did snap
 The vital from his heart.

This flowery vale can never fail
 To yield a rich perfume;
 The little bee comes here in glee
 To hum her sweetest tune.

The roses sweet, and pinks so neat,
 I always did adore;
 The lilies white and violets bright,
 And many a thousand more.

A splendid vase, by Nature's grace,
 Far on the mountain lands,
 For God is there to love and care
 For every flower that stands.

The bird that hums and partridge drums
 Comes here on summer tours;
 The turtle dove meets here her love,
 To spend their happy hours.

The stars at night and Luna bright
 Are sentinels so true,
 To watch the vase with heavenly grace
 And water it with dew.

Old Sol in turn his fires will burn
 To light the darkest gloom,
 To bud the flowers in Nature's bowers
 And nurse them into bloom.

The humid cloud has meekly bowed
 To kiss the vase complete,
 And with much grace she dipped her face
 Among the flowers so sweet.

The gentle breeze that fanned the trees
 Bore incense on its wing,
 To God's own bower, Who sits in power,
 And reigns supremely king.

In good old age I leave the stage,
 Resigned unto my doom,
 And leave my wake on hill and lake
 To others in their bloom.

The lovely day has passed away
 With me below the sun;
 Still I'm at ease in God's decrees
 Since all my work is done.

TO MRS. COLLINS.

Awaken, distant stranger,
Unto a grateful heart;
Full well do I remember
The good you did impart

While there was no one other,
And garments lying by
Half-finished by the mother
When she was called to die.

Her needle on the waistcoat
Of her dear little one
Told plainly what she last wrought
For her dear darling son.

One other aged lady,
Whose name I have forgotten—
Her hand was also ready;
Her tears bedewed the spot.

And here is our friend Curtis,
Whose eyes gushed drops like dew,
While sending forth his virtues,
Now, here, my thanks renew.

It grieves me beyond measure,
My pen can scarcely write,
Since I have lost my treasure,
And death blew out my light.

One thing is very certain,—
 The pain we never know
 Till death has drawn the curtain,
 And fate dealt us the blow.

'Tis pain unto distraction,—
 No kindred hear the sigh
 Or witness death's last action,
 Or close the dying eyes.

No father there, nor mother,
 Whose briny tears will tell;
 No sister, nor a brother,
 To whisper love, farewell!

Our grateful hearts do follow
 The friends who've been so kind;
 Their memory we hallow,
 And treasure in our mind.

Could my child come back again
 To care for every ill,
 And stay while I do remain,
 'Twould be my latest will.

Fate has brought this bitter woe
 Upon my lonely heart,
 So I grieve until I go,
 And bear the burning smart.

I'll finish up this poem,
 It being somewhat rude,
 While Nature's God is flowing,
 And will us all conclude.

When all our work is ended,
 Like Charta we shall rest;
 We'll go where God intended,
 For He knows what is best.

IN MEMORY OF DR. JENKINS.

Alas! and where is my physician?
 Gone I fear to some distant shore;
 He tarries long at intermission,
 And I fear he will come no more.

Perhaps he has gone to see the lady,
 Whom her physicians said must die,
 But she, we hear, is safe already,—
 Grim Death has passed her slowly by.

The people here are in great sorrow,
 And greeting every one they meet,
 And asking, who, upon the morrow,
 Shall sift the bitter from the sweet?

Go to the Doctor's lonely dwelling,
 Where fate has kissed the nuptial shrine,
 Their briny tears are often telling
 How their fond hearts for him do pine.

Go ask the father if he misses him,
 As his old age rolls slowly on;
 And the fond mother when she kissed him,
 When he was but her only son.

We hear the brothers, sisters weeping
 As they approach the silent tomb,
 Hoping their brother is but sleeping,
 And on the morrow will be home.

We've laid him in his casket dwelling,
 Where the red sands are ever new,
 And the bright stars are ever telling
 That he has taken his adieu.

Nightly have I been out a strolling,
 Through many a storm and chilling breeze;
 And now I find, while earth is rolling,
 That he is safe in God's decrees.

The best decree made by Jehovah,—
 Chained by his law and purpose plan,
 So pious priests can not turn over,
 Nor change the destinies of man.

WILLIE TO ELLA.

Beneath the mountain's morning shade
 There dwells a weary, comely maid;
 Her hours were slow, her footsteps frail,
 Though sheltered in a pleasant vale.

For weeks and months this weary form
 Was cradled in her bed so warm;
 Her cheeks like water-lilies pale
 Did plainly tell the bitter tale.

While in her prison, day by day,
 The little birds would come that way
 And perch upon the trees above,
 And sing their sweetest songs of love.

And when the balmy spring was here
 The sweetest flowerets would appear
 To scent the casket and the vase,
 And gem the cup of Ella West.

May heaven speed her blessings bright,
 And nerve her footsteps, once so light,
 To tread the path where pleasures flow
 On sunny fields where flowers grow.

WILLIE TO HIS TEACHER.

To my good teacher I will send
 A little present from a friend;
 Not for its great intrinsic worth,
 But for the form that gave it birth.

This little keepsake store away
 To meet your eyes some future day;
 In your nice casket let it be
 As jewels gem'd for Willie D.

And when the roses kiss your cheek,
 Our lonely cottage come and seek,
 And bring your love, and likeness, too,—
 I'll think of you until you do.

When I grow up to be a man
 I'll come and see you, if I can;
 You taught me lessons in my youth,—
 I hold them dear as sacred truth.

I've learned to write, to read and spell,
 And learned geography quite well;
 I've learned to love my teacher, too,—
 I'll not forget them as some do.

A VALENTINE.

I am sitting alone in my rough, rugged home,
 With paper and pen in my hand,
 And writing away, by the light of the day,
 To my darling in some foreign land.

She is beautiful, gay, like the flowerets of May,
 And her heart it has never been stung
 By the base luring art, of some wretched false heart,
 For angels inspired her tongue.

Like the lily, she's fair, as she combs her red hair,
 And second to none on the stage;
 She leaves on her trail not a weep nor a wail,
 And nothing to blush for in age.

Oh, fain would I meet, and be happy to greet
 My charming and dear little friend,
 Before the cold chills do blight the green hills,
 Or the leaves shall begin to descend.

But, alas, I'm in doom, and past all bloom,
 With the frost of Old Time on my head;
 And the time is not long ere I write my last song,
 And sleep to awake with the dead.

I breathe not a sigh when the summons is nigh
 To take me away with its might;
 But, resting in ease, upon God's decrees,
 That the end of all things will be right.

TO ALICE.

Alice, my dear, be of good cheer,
 Let friendship ever last;
 In your good heart give me a part,—
 Can you forget the past?

Ere you grow old, and somewhat cold,
 Be kind, without a jar;
 And then in time, a lady prime,
 Bright as the morning star.

Come to my cot, a pleasant spot,
 On shores of waters blue;
 The lilies grow where waters flow;
 Kind friend, they bloom for you.

LADIES' RIGHTS.

Mr. Chairman, be wise, for our rights we do prize,
 And give us a place on this sphere
 Where we can attend to ourselves, and a friend,
 And never more stand in the rear.

Oh, husbands, be kind, for our hearts they have pined,
 While many dark ages have rolled,
 To stay in this place, loaded down with disgrace,
 And never a vote yet have polled.

Will my good father dear just come and revere
 His daughter's young delicate hand,
 And give her a right, that no one can slight,
 All over Columbia's fair land?

Can you give to the black what your daughters now lack?
 You franchised them, truly 'twas well;
 Then take off our mask and let us all bask
 In the sunshine of progress as well.

LADIES' RIGHTS—No. 2.

I claim the right for ladies bright
 To make the first advance,—
 To ask her beau if he will go
 And take her to a dance.

That if she would, her cause is good;
 Here you see the sequel,—
 A noble man then never can
 Be but her own equal.

If passions rise, her love disguise,
 And pine away in sorrow;
 Wait for a swain, and not complain,
 Till the lazy to-morrow.

A burning shame on woman's fame,
 That through the world she goes,
 And has no chance to make advance
 Beyond the ayes and noes.

Her chance is small,—just none at all,—
 To make a decent show;
 In custom's way all she can say
 Is either yes or no.

Make women free to think and see,
 And choose the right of way;
 Then she'll be true, and you'll not rue;
 Act, men, and clear the way.

ACROSTIC.

FOR CYNTHA IRISH.

Come to my home in early spring,
 Your precious jewels with you bring;
 Now, my green bower awaits for thee,—
 There's room enough for you and me.
 Have not the plummy birds been here
 And gem'd my casket rich with cheer?
 Is not the rolling water deep
 Rocking the weary ones to sleep?
 In Horicon lives dainty fish,—
 Shall we not meet them in the dish?
 Hath Cynthia seen no mountains high?
 Come, take a stroll up to the sky,
 Where you can view the kingdoms o'er,
 From Africa's strand to Burmah's shore,
 And kiss each flowery scented vase
 That gems the cup of Uncle Ase.

A MEMENTO FOR AUGUSTA.

Our welcome friend has now returned,—
Hailed from the west where fires burn,
And great, majestic rivers run,
Far off beneath the setting sun.

Then turning to some other clime,
Her car ran quick, and made good time;
Then dashing on, this jaded one,
Until she met an eastern sun.

And here she paused to breathe awhile,
To see if she could catch a smile
From any one she knew in prime,—
In youthful morning, march of time.

Then she dropped in to see the place
Where mother kissed her weeping face,
While in her blooming infant charms,
And cradled in her mother's arms.

The child at play spends happy hours
With busy fingers nipping flowers;
Then skipping off, on nimble feet,
To dress their play-house so complete.

Our prisoner bird enchanted me
With notes of love, beneath the tree,
While sister sung me lullaby;
Those seraph strains can never die.

The childhood home is sacred earth
 Where our dear mother gave us birth.
 No time, no space, nor even age,
 Can wipe the prints from memory's page.

Like angel visitors they come
 To cheer and bless a lonely home,
 And soothe the prisoner's care and woe,
 And lighten pain where'er they go.

Sweet roses, blooming fresh and gay,
 On angel pinions wing this way
 To scent my casket and my vase,
 And gem the cup of Uncle Ase.

Now, here I bid my friend adieu,
 Her splendid form and lily hue;
 But when my vase wants flowers again,
 Oh, then I'll think of Gussie Paine.

THE LILLIE M. PRICE.

A pleasant sail, mid calm or gale,
 From Caldwell to the Narrows.
 The Lillie M. the tide will stem;
 No trouble save one borrows.

Her timbers sound, and iron bound,
 A just and perfect model.
 A noble crew, and pilot true,
 And through the lake she'll toddle.

Come, take a tour on Lillie flower
 Down through the little islands,
 To view them o'er, their rock-bound shore;
 Also, the mountain highlands.

A pleasant spot, not soon forgotten,
 In reverence give a nod.
 The mountain peak, it seems to speak,
 And tells of Nature's God.

A splendid scene, for king or queen,
 To breathe the mountain air,
 Where Moses saw God's higher law;
 Just leave your sorrows there.

When you return your heart will burn
 With love for what you've seen,
 And through the night your heart is light
 With many a happy dream.

WILLIE.

Here stands the boy but three feet high
 To meet your gaze, and piercing eye,
 And swell the notes, and give the strains,
 Of Nature's God who ever reigns.

These little hands, these little feet,
 Are presents from His mercy seat,
 For which I owe my highest praise,
 In coming years, in future days.

And when I leave this humble stage
 To climb the hill of youth and age,
 Perhaps one thought will linger still,—
 That I'm descending down the hill.

Soon I shall step into the shade,—
 Soon in the grave this form be laid;
 Then Nature yields, and gives a nod,
 In due submission to our God.

By Nature's laws we gain our birth,—
 By Nature's laws we sleep in earth,
 And ever dwell, where He may please,
 Eternally in God's decrees.

FROM LIZZIE.

I came here a stranger, but many there be
 Who never again will be strangers to me,
 For the bond that unites us is sympathy's own,
 And my heart beats responsive to friendship alone.

I go, fare thee well, may I ne'er be forgot
 Wherever I am and whatever my lot.
 It will lighten the burden of parting to know
 That thy friendship will follow thee wherever I go.

Neither I, in my turn, will ever forget
 The friends left behind me with such fond regret;
 But, faithful and fervent my prayers all shall be,
 That heaven's best blessings may rest upon thee.

TO LIZZIE.

Farewell to my friend, I shall see thee no more,
Like the flowers that have gone to the tomb.
Thy spirit departed from Horicon's shore
Like a seraph in beauty and bloom.

Shall I meet thee again, in some future day,
Under friendship's bright banner alone,
Ere I shall be winging my exit away
To the land where my fathers have gone?

Precious thought that awakens my lone-beating heart
To the scenes in a past sunny day,
When friendship was first, and last to depart,
From my casket no gems drop away.

In friendship I bid thee a farewell adieu,
With your roses that bloomed on the plains.
Your vase may be ruined and broken in two,
But the scent of your roses remains.

Away you may wander to some lonely hill
Like the dove to a far sunny plain;
This heart that beats lightly will think of the still,
And in dream-land will meet thee again.

A MEMENTO FOR AUNT SALLY.

Oh, what shall I send to Aunt Sally, my friend?
Was my thought as I lay down to rest.
I will send her my love, she will prize it above
All the passions that dwell in my breast.

From whence did she come to jewel my home,
 And linger so long in my heart?
 'Twas by the lake shore, where bright waters roar,
 And the mountains were formed with such art.

In youth's golden hours we gather sweet flowers,
 And steep them, with care, in a vase.
 From the leaves and the stems we select the bright gems
 To scent the best casket of Ase.

Some sink in the tide, while others abide
 To scatter good seeds on the plains,
 With a diligent hand, in a far distant land,
 But the scent of her roses remains

Malinda's afar, beneath the west star,
 Maranda is towards the north pole,
 And Parsey half-way, while Sarah — no, stay,—
 But we think of her good, happy soul.

I wish I could stop, see good little Pop,—
 She lives over east, I am told.
 O'er on the hill side she makes a good bride,
 And never a word does she scold.

A FAREWELL TO MY MICHIGAN FRIENDS.

Hail, friends of my childhood, in youth's golden hours,
 Near the foot of that mountain, so queenly in power,
 That forms the green border of Horicon's shore,
 And throws back the waves when the tempest doth roar.

Magnificent! Splendid! the scenery so grand,
 Amazement and wonder on every hand;
 The tourist and stranger who travels this way,
 So filled with delight, would evermore stay.

Oh, here is the spot where we oft come to rest,
 Away from all care which disturbeth the breast.
 One week is the tour on this northern route
 To break up our fast on good bass and good trout.

The crown of the sport is in taking the fish,
 Likewise the wild deer that we meet in the dish,
 While the berries are sprinkled all over the ground
 And the sweet-scented roses are scattered around.

Oh, where are the ones that composed this band?
 Some have gone to their graves, some to far distant lands
 To gain a livelihood, by the sweat of the brow,
 In clearing the wild woods all fit for the plow.

Thirty years have rolled round as time wore away,
 And we have now met, a short time for to stay,
 To greet the kind hand and to have a good time
 Beneath a setting sun in a far distant clime.

Like the swift-winged eagle the hours do glide,
 With rapture unbounded, while sitting beside
 My long absent friends, who departed in might
 In the morning of life when the bosom was light,

With pride and ambition to stem the clear tide
 That fancy had painted, with hope by her side,
 Though death and destruction might stand by the way
 To cloud the bright morrow and darken the day.

Farewell to my friends who dwell on this plain,
 I think it quite certain we meet not again;
 In youth we have met, and we part now in age,
 And soon will be tumbling, headlong, from the stage.

The roses that bloomed in youth's golden hours
 Have faded in sunshine and droopéd in the showers,
 And Nature refuses to bud e'er again,
 So, naught but the scent of the roses remain.

Our socials are over, I must leave you now;
 The thought of our parting has shaded my brow;
 But hope is immortal and lives through all time,
 Yet still may we meet in some far better clime.

My heart is now turned to youth's chosen flower,
 Who scented my casket and shaded my bower,
 To sleep my last sleep by her side in the earth,
 Near the home of my childhood and land of my birth.

TO MY SISTER LOIS.

One more day has gone forever,
 And the evening shades have come;
 One step farther, nearer ever,
 To our everlasting home.

Friends have fallen, bright hopes blasted,
 And our hearts with sorrow burn
 For the precious hours we've wasted,
 Which can never more return.

And when sickness, pain or sorrow
 Falls on us by night or day,
 We remember, on the morrow,
 Some good cabin friends away.

But they pass like burning fuel,
 And we miss them from our berth,
 As their forms, like precious jewels,
 Lie deeply hidden in the earth.

Loved ones now are sweetly sleeping,
 Though we watched with grief the end;
 And the moss is slowly creeping
 O'er the stone which guards our friend.

From early dawn to latest hours
 They have shared our weight of care,
 Gem'd our cup with scented flowers;
 Now, they're resting "over there."

God's decrees laid the foundation
 Of this world, and all mankind,
 Laying in the dust each nation,—
 Nothing ever left behind.

When this mortal life is ended,
 And we breathe our life away,
 Then we go where God intended,—
 Or, may we choose our own way?

Could we choose our destination
 We would ever stay on earth;
 So would all this Christian nation,
 Freed from sorrow, pain or death.

God has formed this earth in beauty
 Where the people feign would dwell;
 Filled with friendship, love and duty,
 As the Adventists oft tell.

Years one thousand, they've been telling,
 The millennium will last;
 Then, perhaps, they will be dwelling
 In the winter's chilling blast.

As this world was made for mankind, —
 Each one free to choose his place,
 Naught like Grassy Point suits my mind
 As the home for Uncle Aæ.

I would tarry by the fountain
 Where the red man dwelt of yore, —
 Left his trail on hill and mountain, —
 On the Horicon's green shore.

Middle Bay hath four small islands,
 And beside a rocky reef,
 Far beneath the mountain highlands,
 Safely hidden like a thief.

In those rocks are many mortars
 Where the red man ground his grain, —
 By the hand of dusky daughters, —
 In the sunshine and the rain.

Here are models of great beauty,
 Where those ladies dealt the blow
 In the work of common duty,
 In the days of long ago.

Where are all those dusky daughters,
 And those dark-eyed tawny men
 Who once braved these stormy waters?
 Gone where God prepared for them.

Can it be that they have perished,—
 All this noble, dusky race?
 Such a thought we cannot cherish;
 They'd not heard of Jesus' grace.

If God had doomed this red nation,
 Would He leave out the white race,—
 Little more in cultivation,—
 Shall he not find all a place?

Adam's sin is like a mountain,
 For his race to stumble o'er;
 Jesus' blood the Christians' fountain,
 When once in they shut the door,

As was done to preacher Noah,
 When he got in six or eight,
 God came down, nailed too the door,—
 Sealed them to a dismal fate.

LOST BEAUTY.

Youthful beauty disappeared
 As time was flitting by,
 And those scenes that long have cheered
 Hasten to droop and die.

Where is beauty? Tell the truth;
 And why so soon away?
 Gone to kiss the blooming youth.
 And ever, ever stay.

The beauty of the shining ore
 Is doomed to fade and rust,
 Tho' found on California's shore
 And formed of golden dust.

The rose that sweetens every breath
 Is doomed to meet the scourge,
 And pine away in chilly death,
 While autumn pipes the dirge.

Beautiful flowerets of the vales,
 Whose fragrance fills the air,
 When Boreas fans them with his gales,
 Our loved ones are not there.

Alas, and where has beauty gone?
 We blush to speak her name;
 She early went, and tarries long,
 And leaves but little fame.

Some gain an artificial fame
 By painting hair and face;
 Perhaps they'd better paint their names,
 To hide some sore disgrace.

Lost beauty ne'er can be regained,
 To character or name.
 When once the snowy fleece is stained
 It bears a tarnished fame.

The beauty of the form and face
 Lasts only in our prime;
 The beauty from within the base
 Can never waste with time.

The rays of beauty from within,
 Which light a thoughtful eye,
 Flow from a heart that knows no sin;
 Such charms can never die.

My years are nearly seventy-two,
 My bark is very frail,
 Which gives me little else to do
 But seek my parents' trail.

Oh, may we walk in virtue's way,
 Possess a spotless name,
 And nothing ever do or say
 To make us blush with shame.

TO NELLIE BRAYTON.

Thirteen to-day, the records say,
 Now in the ladies' row;
 What joys or ills, in climbing hills,
 No mortal yet doth know.

Time tells its tales, and never fails,
 If we are only good;
 The roses sweet bloom at our feet
 As scattered in the wood.

They blush at shame, and smile at fame,
 So does the Mother Earth,
 With smiling thought, that she hath brought,
 And gave so fine a birth.

The race we run is wove and spun
 As long as life shall last,
 And by the way we choose to stray
 Our destinies are cast.

When grand-pa "Ase" has run his race,
 And bowed his frosty head,
 No burning sin will e'er come in
 The city of the dead.

Here all is still by Nature's will,
 No ripple on the shore;
 In quietude, in home so rude,
 His clock will tick no more.

Low in the dust, as all men must,
 Who do the best they can
 To break the chain, o'er hill and plain,
 That binds the end of man.

The vanquished foe, now lying low,
 Slain by the Maker's art,
 Like golden fruit, or tiger brute.
 For all must share a part.

All makes a man, or ever can,
 With Him they do expire,
 And leave their fame, aught but a name,
 And then forced to retire.

The flow'ry field no proof shall yield
 Of anything but death,
 When autumn gales tell their last tales,
 And breathe their latest breath.

As all decay, and pass away
 From off this rolling earth,
 By this you see 'twas God's decree
 When first He gave us birth.

All Nature fails to tell her tales,—
 Hath no such thing to say,—
 So we conclude 'twas steeped and brewed
 By priests' Satanic way.

The second birth was born on earth
 Hailed from the bishops' head.
 That lazy crew no work will do
 To earn their daily bread.

The priest at once said to the dunce,
 "You bring me in some food,
 And then the Lord will you reward,
 And I can feed my brood

"Some pies and cheese, butter and peas,—
 Some chickens would be good,—
 Some lamb and steak, and flour to bake;
 Also, a load of wood."

A MEMENTO FOR TUNE.

Winter's gone and left our dwelling,
With its cold, frost-bound icy chain,
For these flowers now are telling .
That opening spring has come again.

Blithely now the birds are singing,
Warbling their sweet notes away;
One bright-plumed bird now is bringing
Notes of love near the close of day.

Happy the days and fleet the hours
While those sweet notes did nightly come;
Those enchantments left our bowers
For a southern and sunny home.

Birdie, come and tarry longer,
Until those hostile beams are o'er,
Then, perhaps, you may be stronger
To wander on some distant shore.

Your plummy wings are quite tender,
Though with much grace they flit away,
Like a fairy in great splendor,
Or an echo back on the way.

Other skies may bend above thee,
Other sweet hearts may seek thy shrine;
But, in all the land that bore thee,
No home like ours for thee doth pine.

May heaven smile on the teacher,
 While she is roaming o'er the plain,
 Not forgetting this good creature
 Till she passes o'er Jordan's main.

Here you have my composition,
 Dreaming of friendship's golden ray,
 So you see my high ambition
 For my dear friend now far away.

A MEMENTO FOR MRS. WARREN.

To Mrs. Warren, as a friend,
 A little present I now send,—
 Not for its great intrinsic worth,
 But for the form that gave it birth.

My photograph you store away,
 To meet your eyes some future day,
 As a keep-sake from "Uncle Ase,"
 Until some other takes his place.

In your nice casket let it be
 As jewels gemed from Asa B.,
 Till age shall wipe those prints away,
 And leave our memories to decay.

Now, here you have my form and face,
 And all the blessings of my grace,
 And in the future, as the past,
 My friendship will forever last.

And when our days are clouding o'er,
 The sunny side we see no more,
 With resignation leave the stage,—
 May we forget to blush in age.

TO HELEN PYLE.

Miss Helen Pyle, I like your style,
 Think you are very kind.
 How you did tell your last farewell
 Still lingers in my mind.

Sweet summer's past, and autumn's blast
 Is daily on the wing.
 The winter's snow will come and go,
 And leave us gentle spring.

The opening spring sweet flowerets bring
 To scent my vase so good.
 The roses sweet bloom at your feet,
 All scattered through the wood.

Then plummy birds, with songs and words,
 Will wing their way back here;
 Then Helen Pyle will bring a smile,
 Her absent friends to cheer.

Then happy day, in June or May,
 When bird, or bee, or flower,
 Shall hum about this northern route
 And call at Asa's bower.

The sunny field much sweet doth yield,
 For all the human race;
 Then fill your cup with flowers up
 And steep them in your vase.

Then cast away all that won't pay,
 But treasure up the gain
 In your good heart, the better part,
 As jewels that remain.

TO SISTER LOIS ON HER BIRTHDAY.

'Tis very sweet for us to meet
 The one we hold so dear
 On her birthday, in June they say,
 That comes but once a year.

Here's peace and grace from Uncle Ase,
 Likewise from all the rest;
 We've come to meet, also to greet,
 The heart that loves us best.

When we were young this little tongue
 Could tell the scenes of youth;
 What she had done for every one,
 And loved us as the truth.

And when our pa and loving ma
 At times could not be there,
 And went away to work or stay,
 They left us in her care.

The eldest one, of girl or son,
Of her it has been said,
She kissed us all, both great and small,
And then put us to bed.

Now, where's the heart that feels no smart
When they remember this ?
Our friendship true we here renew
And seal it with a kiss.

Now, may each heart some love impart,
Sweet as the flowers of May ;
With our good friend we do intend
To let those treasures stay.

Now, she is old and does not scold,
While sitting in her chair ;
Still she's alive, and eighty-five,
And works for love and care.

And when we leave may she not grieve,
But as herself remain ;
And when we part we feel the smart,
But hope to meet again.

TO MY FRIEND DELL.

It would be sweet if we could meet
The one we love so dear,
On memory's page, from youth to age,
Let them be far or near.

While by your side in youthful pride
I still remember now,
Sweet moments flew, bade us adieu,
But left a shady brow.

May your good heart some love impart,
Sweet as the flowers of May;
With your old friend just condescend
To let those treasures stay.

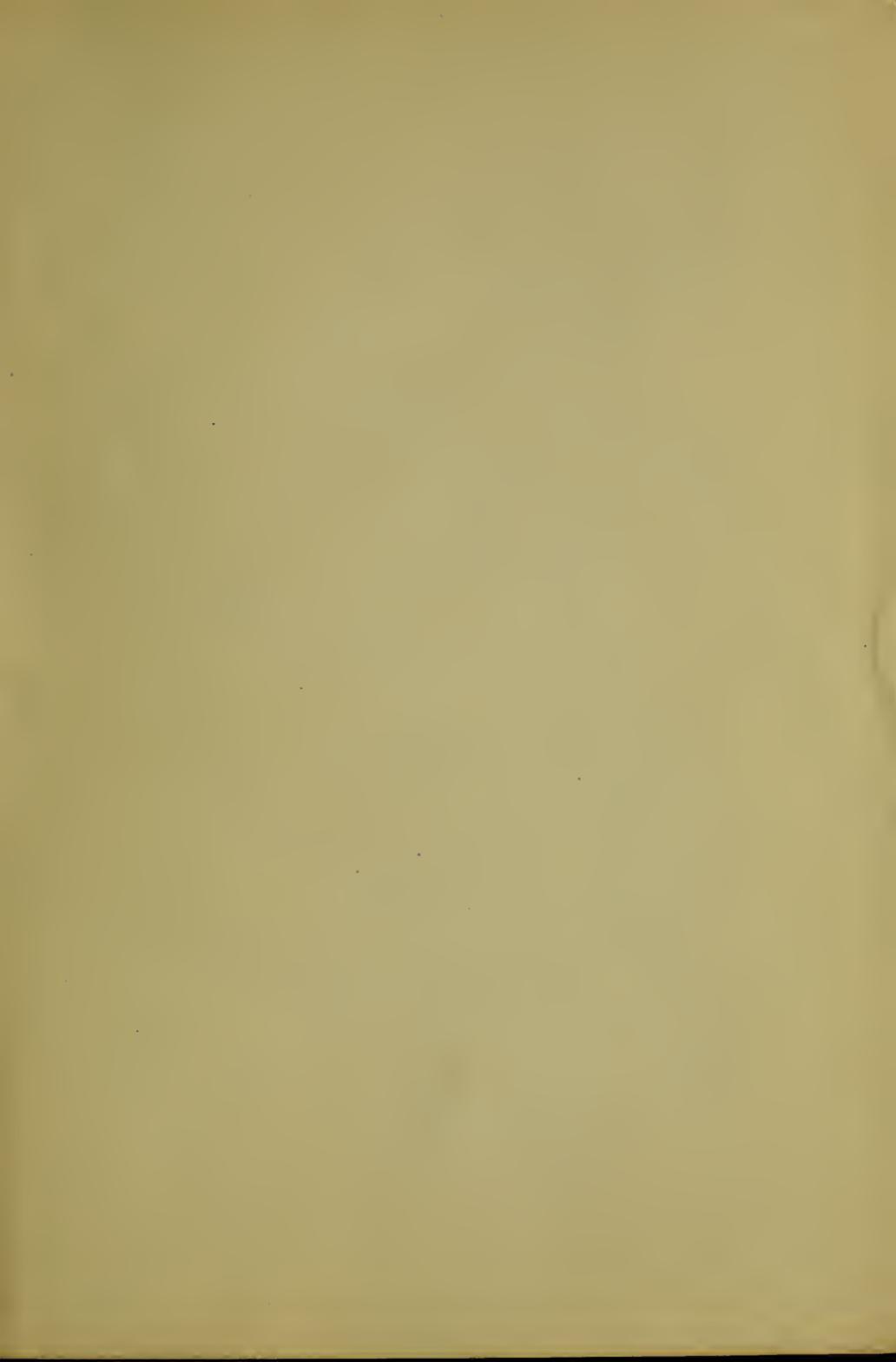
'Tis sweet to be remembered free,
And know our friends are there;
Though times may shift we cannot drift
Beyond their love and care.

May ills retreat, but pleasures sweet
Be your good happy lot
While on this plain you do remain,
And I am long forgot.

I close this theme, sweet as a dream,
Let fancy paint the rest
In colors high, bright as the sky,
As you may think it best.

I here rehearse in every verse
One word of sweet for thee.
Please find that word my plummy bird,
And write it back to me.







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