

PART 5.

PRICE 6.

6S

FREETHOUGHT READINGS

AND

SECULAR SONGS

COMPILED BY

J. M. WHEELER.

London:

R. FORDER, 28 STONECUTTER STREET, E.C.



NONE III
N688

NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY

FREETHOUGHT READINGS

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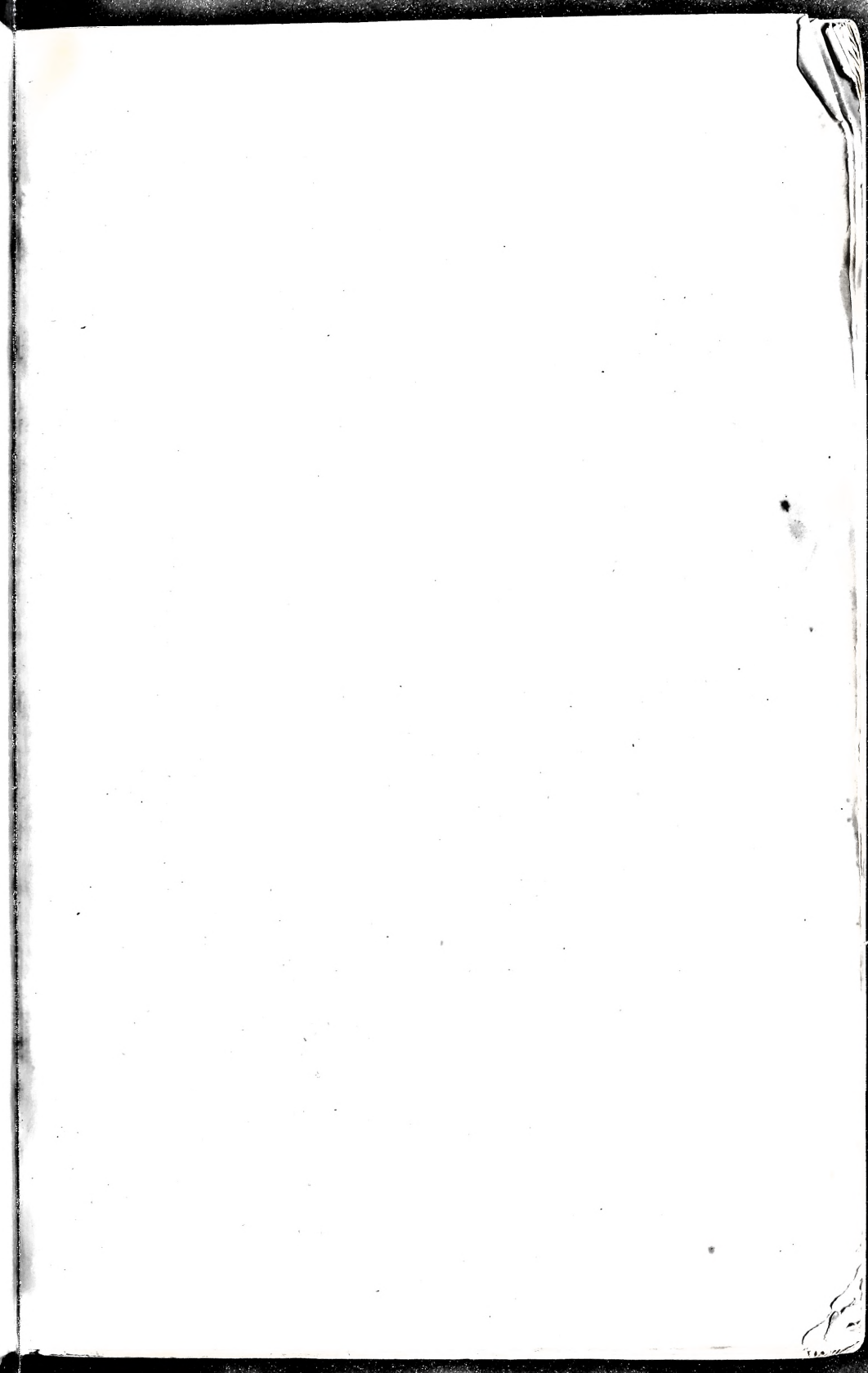
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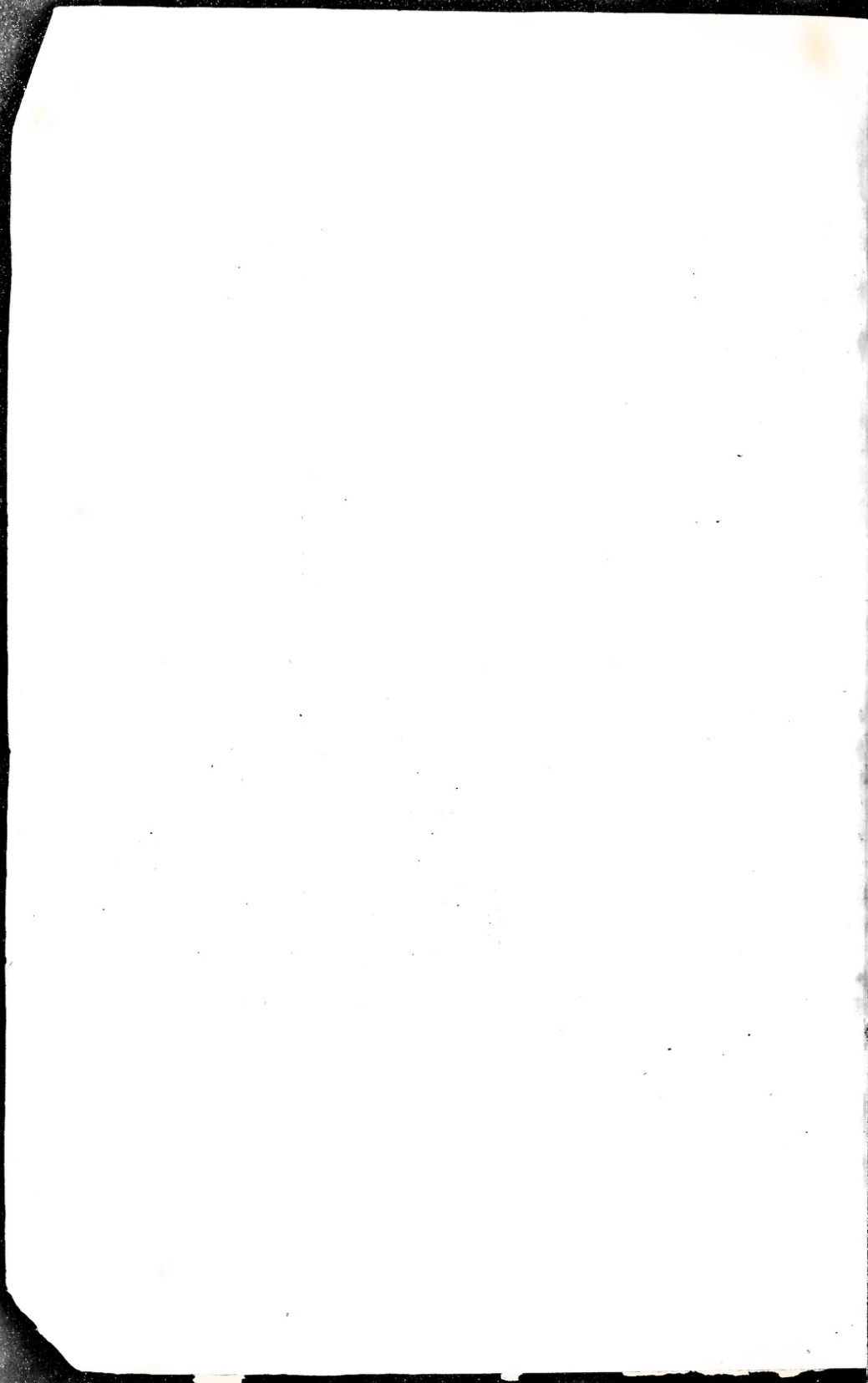
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W I S D O M .

C. M.

HAPPY the man whose cautious steps
 Still keep the golden mean ;
 Whose life, to wisdom's rules conform'd
 Preserves a conscience clean.

Not of himself too highly thinks,
 Nor acts the boaster's part ;
 His modest tongue the language speaks
 Spontaneous from his heart.

Not in low scandal's arts he deals,
 For truth dwells in his breast ;
 With grief he sees his neighbors' faults,
 And thinks and hopes the best.

To sect or party his large soul
 Disdains to be confin'd ;
 He loves the good of every name
 'Mong all the human kind.

STAND UP FOR FREEDOM.

Air—Sankey's Solos, No. 15.

STAND up ! Stand up for freedom,
 Ye soldiers of Freethought ;
 Raise high the noble banner,
 'Neath which our fathers fought.
 From victory unto victory—
 The people we will lead,
 Till every wrong is righted
 And Justice reigns indeed.

Stand up ! Stand up for freedom
 Against the fierce array
 Of Ignorance and Bigotry,
 Which strive the Truth to slay.

No frowning gods fill us with awe,
 Our minds are free as air ;
 The terrors of the Christian law,
 For freedom's cause we dare.

Stand up! Stand up for freedom,
 Till we remove the stain
 Of the blood of noble martyrs,
 Whom Bigotry has slain ;
 Till kings and priests shall lose the power
 Our leaders to consign
 To scaffold, or to dungeon tower,
 Or dark Siberian mine.

Stand up! Stand up for freedom,
 'Tis the noblest cause to serve ;
 The music of our onward march,
 Our arts and arms shall nerve !
 To raise Truth's spotless banner,
 And keep it still unfurled—
 Emblazoned with the hallowed names
 Of the saviours of the world.

Stand up! Stand up for freedom,
 We know our cause is just ;
 And clothed in Reason's armor,
 We smile at every thrust,
 Which Falsehood aims against the life
 Of our humanity ;
 And onward press thro' all the strife,
 Till all mankind are free.

REAL LOSS.

SOMETHING is lost when your possessions perish,
 When fortune pitiless for ever frowns,
 But still a dream of better days you cherish,
 Of days which fortune, changed, with rapture crowns.

How much is lost when tarnished is your glory,
 When you are cursed by a dishonored name ?
 But combat, bear, and toil, you live in story ;
 Atonement gains a new unsullied fame.

All, all, is lost, when noble valor leaves you,
 When craven terrors bring profound despair,
 Nothing on earth more gladdens now or grieves you :
 Then seek the grave, your home is only there.

True life is in true courage ; sternly, boldly,
 The true man welcomes grand the dreadest doom ;
 Fiery in his heroic deeds, he coldly
 And unrepining sinks into the tomb.

After Göthe, by W. MACCALL.

BETTER RUB THAN RUST.

IDLER ! why lie down to die ?
 Better rub than rust ;
 Hark ! the lark sings in the sky—
 “ Die when die thou must !
 Day is waking, leaves are shaking,
 Better rub than rust.”

In the grave there's sleep enough—
 “ Better rub than rust ;
 Death, perhaps, is hunger-proof,
 Die when die thou must ;
 Men are mowing, breezes blowing,
 Better rub than rust.”

He who will not work shall want ;
 Nought for nought is just—
 Won't do, must do, when he can't ;
 “ Better rub than rust.
 Bees are flying, sloth is dying,
 Better rub than rust.”

E. ELLIOTT.

C O U R A G E .

THE world was ne'er improved
 By timid, fearful men ;
 Nor mighty wrongs removed
 By slavish tongue or pen.

Our noble sires of old
 Were dauntless and were brave ;
 Their hearts to truth not cold,
Dared prison-cell and grave.

They suffered for the right,
They won the martyr-crown,
 They fought the noble fight,
They braved the priesthood's frown.

Help on what they began.
 And strive for objects great ;
 Let us their errors shun,
 Their virtues imitate.

E. L.

THE BETTER CREED.

I HEAR thee speak of a better creed,
 Where reason and science are taught, instead
 Of fasting, and prayer, and faith, and grace.
 Mother, O where is this better place ?
 Is it richly endowed, and upheld by the State,
 And only free to the rich and great ?
 Not so, not so, my child.

Is it far away 'neath the sunny sky
 And the balmy breezes of Italy
 Whose despot rulers are monkish knaves,
 And the priest-ridden people wretched slaves ?
 Can it be from the halls of the Vatican
 That truth and science are taught to man ?
 Not there, not there, my child.

Is it nearer home, when on Sabbath days
 The hearers yawn while the minister prays,
 Or nod assent while he dares to tell
 That honest *sceptics* are doomed to hell?
 Is it truth, they teach, dear mother, say,
 From the Protestant pulpits on Sabbath day?
 Not so, not so, my child.

Eye would not see it, could they prevent,
 Ear would not hear with their consent,
 The little band still struggles away,
 Waiting the dawn of a brighter day;
 When the hoary fabric of error shall fall
 Then shall flourish the Freethought Hall.
 It is there, it is there, my child.

J. WILSON.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

WHEN kings are forgotten and priests are no more,
 When royal and righteous mean truth at the core,
 When work stands for worship, and worship is worth,
 The kingdom of heaven will come on the earth.

When valor is noble, when toil is secure,
 When hope may be cheerful, and sacrifice sure,
 When service shrinks not from its glorious girth,
 The kingdom of heaven will come on the earth,

When honor means duty, when duty is known,
 When faith dwells no more in her closet alone,
 When conscience to consequent action gives birth,
 The kingdom of heaven will come on the earth.

When love liketh wisdom, and worshippeth right,
 When peace kisseth him who has fought the good fight,
 When virtue is mother of beauty and worth,
 The kingdom of heaven will come on the earth.

W. J. LINTON.

V I C T O R Y .

WORK can never miss its wages,
 One wide song rings through the ages
 " Ever loss true gain presages."

Not alone that flowers are blowing
 Over graves; that bread is growing
 In warm tears from heaven flowing.

Let the conquerer blush for winning
 Little worth his conquest sinning:
 They who lose are so beginning.

Through the years one chorus ringeth
 The death-chant the martyr singeth
 Is the root whence victory springeth.

Ever through the book of ages
 The same echoes close the pages:
 " Ever loss true gain presages."

W. J. LINTON.

T H E T R U E E D E N .

ALL before us lies the way:
 Give the past unto the wind:
 All before us is the day:
 Night and darkness are behind.

Not where long-past ages sleep
 Seek we Eden's golden trees;
 In the future, folded deep,
 Are its mystic harmonies.

Eden, with its angels bold,
 Trees, and flowers, and coolest sea,
 Is less an ancient story told
 Than a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
 In the passions tame and kind,
 Innocence from selfish care,
 The true Eden shall we find.

It is coming, it shall come
 To the patient and the striving;
 To the quiet heart at home
 Thinking wise, and faithful living.

When the soul to sin hath died,
 True and beautiful and sound;
 Then all earth is sanctified
 Up springs Paradise around.

EMERSON.

T R U T H.

8's.

A CONSCIOUS fortitude sustains
 The heart of him who guile disdains;
 Firm as a rock his faith he builds,
 Which to no storm or tempest yields:
 He builds on truth, whence ev'ry joy
 Is lasting, free from all alloy.

Shall servile imitation's smile,
 Us of this fortitude beguile;
 And, led by custom, visions prize,
 While truth seems little in our eyes?
 It must not be; vain dreams begone!
 Oh! give us truth, and truth alone.

'Tis truth from error purifies,
 While vice but borrows error's guise,
 With dazzling show to lure the sight,
 And make what's wrong seem what is right;
 But truth and virtue seek no aid,
 Both best in native worth array'd.

THE DAWN OF FREETHOUGHT.

L. M.

A GLORIOUS day at length is breaking,
 When Freethought shall triumphant reign ;
 The world from slumber is awaking,
 In error ne'er to sleep again.

The gloomy night of Superstition
 Flies before the approaching day :
 Religious fraud and imposition
 Can our minds no longer sway.

As the hazy mists of morning
 Fly before the sun's bright beams,
 So let Truth, our path adorning,
 Scatter all those foolish dreams.

Though long by priestly lore confounded,
 Let us seek a better way,
 And with joy and peace surrounded,
 Hail with triumph Freedom's day.

ANON.

T R U T H .

L. M.

ALL nature speaks ! let men give ear,
 And stand erect, attentive, free ;
 The voice of nature they shall hear,
 The works of nature they shall see.

Behold the stars with sparkling light,
 And planets which in order move ;
 They mount in ether's tow'ring height,
 And raise our thoughts to orbs above.

The glorious sun, whose gentle beams
 Enliven all things here below,
 And lucid moon, with paler gleams,
 Does nature's power in grandeur show.

Survey the whole capacious earth,
 The sea and land, rocks, hills, and plains ;
 The power of nature gave them birth,
 And by one law the whole maintains.

Behold the trees in verdure rise,
 What beauty shines in all their leaves !
 Behold the birds that mount the skies,
 And fish that fill the mighty seas :

In them is seen the matchless power,
 From which all living beings came ;
 Then let us all the *truth* adore,
 And bow before her mighty name.

E D U C A T I O N .

THERE is in every human heart
 Some not completely barren part,
 Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
 And flowers of generous virtue blow ;
 To plant, to watch, to water there,
 This be our duty, this our care.

And sweet it is the growth to trace
 Of worth, of intellect, of grace,
 In bosoms where our labors first
 Bid the young seed-time burst,
 And lead it on from hour to hour
 To ripen into perfect flower.

The heart of man's a soil which breeds
 Or sweetest flowers or vilest weeds :
 Flowers, lovely as the morning's light :
 Weeds, deadly as the aconite ;
 Just as his heart is trained to bear
 The poisonous weed or flow'ret fair.

BOWRING.

THE NEW BORN LIGHT.

L.M.

THE day is here, the dawn of hope,
 The light of some new life supreme,
 For which in sadness we did grope,
 Of which in gladness we did dream.

Clear reason, steadfast love and faith,
 In greater deeds and purer joy—
 These take the misery from death,
 These all our mocking doubts destroy.

We lose the fear which once enthralled,
 We hold the hope which once we lost;
 Our souls no longer move appalled
 O'er some dark ocean, tempest-tost.

But always with the new-born light,
 And always toward the far-off peace,
 With faith in truth and trust in right,
 Move onward till their flight shall cease.

PRESENT TIME.

C. M. D.

[From "Gems of Moral Song," by permission of
 Mr. F. Pitman, London.]

THERE'S no time like the present time,
 The future is not ours,
 If we would make our lives sublime,
 Improve the present hours.
 For oh, how little can we tell
 What future hours may bring,
 So if we use the present well,
 Our past will bear no sting.

There's no time like the present time,
 The deeds we do to-day
 May make our memories sublime
 When we have passed away;

The present is the time to build
 The structure of our *past*;
 Let every stone and tile be made,
 Of thoughts and deeds to last.

There's no time like the present time,
 For doing kindly deeds,
 And gathering in a generous store
 To serve our future needs;
 To-day we write a page of life
 The future shall unfold;
 But let there be no tale of strife,
 No dross among the gold.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

L.M.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky;
 The flying cloud, the frosty light;
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress for all mankind.

Ring out the slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite,
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

TENNYSON.

EARTHLY PARADISE.

TELL me not of climes celestial,
 Mansions furnished in the skies,
 Whither souls from earth disjointed,
 Shall take airy wing and rise.

Tell me not of endless pleasures,
 For a life of toil and pain,
 When awak'ning from death's slumber,
 Men shall rise and live again.

Sure this earth, a hell sufficient,
 Might a paradise be made,
 Were not keeping it so wretched
 A commodity in trade.

Dream no longer, wake to action,
 And bid grief give place to mirth;
 Let each man be deemed a brother—
 Make a heaven upon earth.

THE VOICE AND PEN.

OH! the Orator's voice is a mighty power,
 As it echoes from shore to shore,
 And the fearless pen has more sway o'er men,
 Than the murderous cannon's roar!
 What bursts the chain far over the main,
 And brightens the captives den?
 'Tis the fearless pen and the voice of power,
 Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!

Hurrah!

Hurrah for the Voice and Pen!

The tyrant knaves who deny Man's rights,
 And the cowards who blanch with fear,

Exclaim with glee—"No arms have ye,
Nor cannon, nor sword, nor spear,
Your hills are ours, with our forts and towers
We are masters of mount and glen."
Tyrants beware! for the arms we bear
Are the Voice and the fearless Pen!

Oh! these are the swords with which we fight,
The arms in which we trust;
Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand
Which time cannot dim or rust.
When these we bore we triumphed before,
With these we'll triumph again,
And the world will say no power can stay
The Voice and the fearless Pen!

T R U T H .

L. M.

BE error known on earth no more,
But truth displayed from shore to shore,
Till men of every land shall see,
That it alone shall make them free.

Truth makes our way both clear and bright,
As sunbeams from the source of light;
Its glorious rays will never fail,
But will through endless time prevail.

Through earth its glory be displayed,
As one bright day without a shade,
Where all may in its beauty find
Love, to improve the human mind.

Hail, Truth! our friend, assist our cause;
Inspire our hearts, teach us thy laws;
From ignorance our minds set free,
Let wisdom our instructor be.

NOBILITY.

TRUE worth is in being, not seeming—
 In doing, each day that goes by,
 Some little good—not in the dreaming
 Of great things to do by and by ;
 For whatever men say in blindness,
 And spite of the fancies of youth,
 There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
 And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
 We cannot do wrong and feel right,
 Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
 For justice avenges each slight.
 The air for the wing of the sparrow.
 The bush for the robin and wren,
 But always the path that is narrow
 And straight for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
 The heart of its ills to beguile,
 Though he who makes courtship to Glory
 Gives all that he hath for her smile ;
 For when from her heights he hath won her
 Alas ! it is only to prove
 That nothing's so sacred as honor,
 And nothing so loyal as love !

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
 Nor catch them like fishes in nets ;
 And sometimes the thing our life misses
 Helps more than the thing which it gets ;
 For good lieth not in pursuing,
 Nor gaining of great nor of small,
 But just in the doing, and doing
 As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, and hating,
 Against the world early and late,
 No jot of our courage abating,
 Our part is to work and to wait.
 And slight is the sting of his troubles
 Whose winnings are less than his worth ;
 For he who is honest is noble,
 Whatever his fortune or birth.

ALICE CARY.

THE TRUE PATRIOT.

Is there a thought can fill the human mind,
 More pure, more vast, more generous, more refined,
 Than that which guides the enlightened patriot's toil ?
 Not he whose view is bounded by his soul—
 Not he whose narrow heart can only shrine
 The land—the people that he calleth *mine* ;
 Not he who to set up that land on high,
 Will make whole nations bleed, whole nations die ;
 Not he who calling that land's rights his pride,
 Tramples the rights of all the earth beside—
 No ! He it is, the just, the generous soul
 Who owneth brotherhood with either pole,
 Stretches from realm to realm his spacious mind,
 And guards the weal of all the human kind,
 Holds Freedom's banner o'er the earth unfurled,
 And stands the guardian patriot of a world !

T R U T H .

THINK truly, and thy thoughts
 Shall the world's famine feed ;
 Speak truly, and each word of thine
 Shall be a fruitful seed ;
 Live truly, and thy life shall be
 A great and noble creed.

H U M A N I T Y .

Hush the loud cannon's roar,
 The frantic warrior's call !
 Why should the earth be drenched with gore,
 Are we not brothers all ?

Want, from the wretch depart,
 Chains, from the captive fall !
 Sweet Mercy, melt the oppressor's heart ;
 Sufferers are brothers all.

Churches and sects, strike down
 Each mean partition-wall !
 Let Love each harsher feeling drown ;
 For men are brothers all.

Let Love and Truth alone
 Hold human hearts in thrall,
 That Heaven its work at length may own,
 And men be brothers all.

J. JOHNS.

H U M B L E I N F L U E N C E .

I saw a little streamlet flow
 Along a peaceful vale :
 A thread of silver, soft and slow,
 It wandered down the vale ;
 Just to do good it seemed to move,
 Directed by the hand of love.

The valley smiled in living green ;
 A tree, which near it gave
 From noontide heat a friendly screen,
 Drank from its limpid wave.
 The swallow brushed it with his wing,
 And followed its meandering.

But not alone to plant and bird
 That little stream was known ;
 Its gentle murmur far was heard,
 A friend's familiar tone !
 It glided by the cotter's door,
 It bless'd the labor of the poor.
 And would that I could thus be found,
 While travelling life's brief way,
 A humble friend to all around,
 Where'er my footsteps stray ;
 Like that pure stream with tranquil breast,
 Like it, still blessing, and still blest.

STODDART.

A BRAVE HEART.

LET the world scorn, Fortune make jest of me,
 Fling its worst venom to sully my name,
 Mock and deride, or flout and despise me,
 Thousands of others have known just the same.
 Now 'tis for me, now p'rhaps some other wight [*Repeat.*]
 Surely will feel all its sting and its smart.
 So the world wags, so the world wags,
 Well, let it please itself; well, let it please itself—
 Fortune will come, if you bear a stout heart ! [*Repeat.*]

Let the world scorn, I'll be no sychophant,
 Creeping and crawling to woo its false smile,
 Bowing and cringing to sinister influence,
 Seeking reward thro' some treacherous wile.
 No ! not for me, spite of adversity [*Repeat.*]
 Mid life's stern fray I'll yet bear my part,
 Helping myself, helping myself,
 And my neighbour if needing it, my neighbour
 if needing it,
 Fortune will come, only bear a stout heart ! [*Repeat.*]

CHARLES J. ROWE.

Music by Godfrey Marks, from E. Donajowski, 1 Little Marlborough Street, W.

BE UP AND DOING.

LONG hath the world in darkness lain,
 And languished long in grief and pain ;
 And still the night broods sad and drear,
 And still men sigh in want and fear.

When shall this darkness pass away,
 When shall the night be turned to day ?
 And when shall want and sorrow cease
 And all be calm and joy and peace ?

'Tis vain to seek for help from prayer,
 For work alone relieves from care ;
 In vain, in vain, men look above
 For what must spring from human love.

To us, to us, the power is given
 To soothe the souls with anguish riven :
 To banish want and vice and woe,
 And make a heaven on earth below.

H O P E .

HOPE, though slow she be, and late,
 Yet outruns swift time and fate ;
 And aforehand loves to be
 With most remote futurity.

Hope is comfort in distress,
 Hope is in misfortune bliss,
 Hope, in sorrow, is delight,
 Hope is day in darkest night.

Hope casts anchor upward, where
 Storms durst never domineer ;
 Trust ; and Hope will welcome thee
 From storms to full security.

BEAUMONT.

C H A R I T Y .

LET us all help one another,
 And a heart of kindness show,
 As down time's stream, my brother!
 In the boat of Life we row;
 For when rough may be the weather,
 And the skies are overcast,
 If we only pull together
 We shall brave the storm at last!

Let us all help one another,
 In the springtide's sunny ray,
 And the bonds of friendship, brother!
 Strengthen still from day to day;
 When there's bright hope of the morrow,
 Hollow hearts will fawn and cling,
 But when comes the night of sorrow,
 Only true ones comfort bring!

G. L. BANKS.

THE AGE OF REASON.

S.M.

DARK superstition's veil
 No more men's eyes shall blind;
 But truth unsullied will display
 Her charms to all mankind.
 Then shall the time arrive,
 The long expected time,
 When peace, good-will, and social love
 Will reign in every clime.

ON parent knees, a naked new-born child,
 Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
 So live that, sinking in thy long last sleep,
 Calm thou mayst smile while all around thee weep.

From the Persian.

SIR W. JONES, 1746-1794.

AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE REAP.

THE bud will soon become a flower,
 The flower become a seed ;
 Then seize, O youth, the present hour,
 Of that thou hast most need.

Do thy best always, do it now,—
 For in the present time,
 As in the furrows of a plough
 Fall seeds of good or crime.

The sun and rain will ripen fast
 Each seed that thou hast sown ;
 And every act and word at last
 By its own fruit be known.

And soon the harvest of thy toil
 Rejoicing thou shalt reap ;
 Or o'er thy wild neglected soil
 Go forth in shame to weep.

JONES VERY (1813-1880).

PSALM OF LIFE.

8.7.8.7.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream!"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, tho' stout and brave,
 Still like muffled drums are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb driven cattle,
 Be a hero in the strife.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime ;
 And departing leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

H. W. LONGFELLOW (1807-82).

FLOWERS OR THORNS !

WE must not hope to be mowers,
 And to gather the ripe gold ears,
 Until we have first been sowers,
 And water'd the furrows with tears.

It is not just as we take it—
 This mystical world of ours :
 Life's field will yield, as we make it,
 A harvest of thorns or flowers !

A. CARY.

BLEST be the man who gives us peace,
 Who bids the trumpet hush its horrid clang ;
 And, every vigor from the work of death
 To grateful industry converting, makes
 The city flourish and the country smile !

J. THOMSON, 1700-1748.

"VANITY."

THROUGH wildwood valleys roaming,
 A maiden by my side,
 I vowed to love her evermore,
 My beautiful, my bride.
 "All is vanity, vanity,"
 A wise man said to me,
 I pressed my true love's yielding hand,
 And answered, frank and free.
 "If this be vanity, who'd be wise,
 Vanity let it be."

I sat with boon companions,
 We quaffed the joyous wine,
 We drank to worth with three times three,
 To love with nine times nine.
 "All is vanity, vanity,"
 Said wisdom, scorning me,
 We filled our goblets once again,
 And sang with hearty glee.
 "If this be vanity, Hip, Hurrah,
 Vanity let it be."

CHAS. MACKAY.

HAPPINESS WITHIN.

It surely is a wasted heart
 It is a wasted mind,
 That seeks not in the inner world
 Its happiness to find:

For happiness is like the bird
 That broods above its nest
 And finds beneath its folded wings
 Life's dearest and its best.

LETTITIA E. LONDON, 1802-1838.

REASON.

Joy to the world the light is come,
The only lawful king ;
Let every heart prepare it room,
And moral nature sing.

Joy to the earth ! now reason reigns ;
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let superstition grow,
No thorns infest the ground ;
This light will make its blessings flow
To earth's remotest bound.

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

LET us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path ;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff ;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
For our reaping by-and-by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown !
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone !

Strange that summer skies and sunshine
 Never seem one-half so fair,
 As when winter's snowy pinions
 Shake the white down in the air.
 Then scatter, etc.

If we knew the baby fingers,
 Pressed upon the window-pane,
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
 Never trouble us again—
 Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow?
 Would the prints of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now?
 Then scatter, etc.

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
 How they point our memories back
 To the hasty words and actions
 Strewn along our backward track!
 How those little hands remind us,
 As in snowy grace they lie,
 Not to scatter thorns—but roses,
 For our reaping by-and-by.
 Then scatter, etc.

HOME SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
 Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain—
 Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again;
 The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
 Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
 Home, home, etc.

H. PAYNE.

WORDS AND ACTS OF KINDNESS.

LITTLE words of kindness,
 How they cheer the heart !
 What a world of gladness
 Will a smile impart !

How a gentle accent
 Calms the troubled soul,
 When the waves of passion
 O'er it wildly roll !

Little acts of kindness,
 Nothing do they cost ;
 Yet, when they are wanting,
 Life's best charm is lost.

Little acts of kindness,
 Richest gems of earth,
 Though they seem but trifles,
 Priceless is their worth.

IT CAN'T BE ALWAYS SUNSHINE.

It can't be always sunshine,
 For, since the world was made,
 By turns has man been walking
 In sunshine and in shade.
 Then why should care oppress us,
 When clouds obscure the day ?
 Through ev'ry doubt and danger,
 We've hope to lead the way !
 There's sunlight in the distance,
 Wherever we may be,
 Which they who are in earnest
 Can never fail to see.

It can't be always sunshine :
Should we the gloom despise ?

*If we saw not our errors,
 We never should be wise.
 The race crowns not the fleetest,
 Nor vict'ry oft the strong ;
 And truth can only triumph
 By grappling with the wrong.*

Then onward for the future,
 Nor heed the present gloom ;
 When wintry clouds o'ershade us,
 We know the rose will bloom.

It can't be always sunshine :
 Look back to history's page,
 And think upon the darkness
 Of many a by-gone age,
 The light is round us breaking,
 But we must do our part
 To clear the weeds of error,
 From every canker'd heart.
 And still we must remember,
 When doubts our task assail,
 Though 'tis not always sunshine, -
 That light and truth prevail.

J. E. CARPENTER.

“ HAPPY DAY.”

All in love with one another !
 What a world this world would be !
 Each so kind to every other !
 How 'twould seem one scarce can see.

For in caverns dark and dreary,
 Jealousy is deeply hid ;
 Forced Labour, worn and weary,
 Sleeps, his rusting chains amid.

Anxious Fear, and all the Terrors,
 Banished ever from the earth,

Followed off by stupid Errors,
 Seen no more in all its girth.

Suffering with pallid features,
 Sorrow with sad eyes of woe,
 Can no longer press earth's creatures
 Down to earth, back-burdened so.

Faces bright and voices cheery,
 Joy the sunny hours away,
 Show in contrast to the teary
 Lives before this happy day

Honest, just, and good, and truthful
 Lives with beauty are aglow.
 Work is sweet, for souls are youthful—
 And all because man wills it so.

B. ARNETTA.

L O V E .

If love with other graces reign,
 The mind is truly blest ;
 For love, the noblest of the train,
 Aids and exalts the rest.

She suffers long with patient eye,
 Her kindness still will last¹
 She lets the present injury die,
 And soon forgets the past.

Meekness and peace her bosom fill,
 From wrath and malice pure ;
 She hopes, believes, and thinks no ill,
 And all things will endure.

With pitying heart and willing hand,
 The needy she supplies ;
 And, if her enemy demand
 Her help, she ne'er denies.

BENEVOLENCE.

BLESS'D is the man whose soft'ning heart
 Feels for his neighbor's pain ;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Is never raised in vain.

With generous zeal he flies to help
 The stranger in distress ;
 And mourns the wrongs which from his aid
 Admit not of redress.

He lends a kind supporting arm
 To ev'ry child of grief ;
 His secret bounty largely flows,
 And yields a prompt relief.

To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow ;
 He views, through mercy's melting eye,
 A brother in a foe.

B E T R U E .

BE true, be true ! whate'er beside
 Of wit, or wealth, or rank be thine ;
 Unless with simple truth allied
 The gold that glitters in thy mine
 Is but dross—the brass of pride
 Or vainer tinsel—made to shine.

Be true, be true ! to nerve your arm
 For any good ye wish to do ;
 To save yourselves from sin and harm,
 And win all honors, old and new ;
 To work in hearts as with a charm,
 The maxim is, BE TRUE, BE TRUE.

KIND WORDS.

DEAL gently with the erring one,
You may not know the power
With which the first temptation came
In some unguarded hour.

You may not know how earnestly
He struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus he fell.

Speak gently to the erring one !
O do not thou forget,
However deeply stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.

Speak gently to the erring one,
For is it not enough
That peace and innocence are gone,
Without thy censure rough ?

O, sure it is a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who have a happier lot
May well their chidings spare.

KINDNESS.

Air—" Won't You Buy My Pretty Flowers."

THERE'S a charm too often wanted,
There's a power not understood ;
Seeds spring upward as they're planted,
Or for evil, or for good !
We forget that charm beguiling
Which the voice of sorrow drowns ;
Smiles can oft elicit smiling !
Frowning can engender frowns.

There's a temper quick in sowing
 Care and grief and discontent!
 Ever first and last in showing
 More in words than language meant:
 Ever restless in its nature
 Until sorrows set their seal
 On each pale and fretful feature,
 And the hidden depths reveal.

If a smile engender smiling,
 If a frown produce a frown,
 If our lips—the truth defiling—
 Can the rose of life cast down!
 Let us learn, ere grief hath bound us,
 Useless anger to forego;
 And bring smiles like flowers around us
 From which other smiles may grow.

C. SWAIN.

I ASK NOT FOR HIS LINEAGE.

Air—"Tara's Halls."

C. M.

I ASK not for his lineage,
 I ask not for his name,
 If manliness be in his heart,
 He noble birth may claim:
 I care not though of this world's wealth
 But slender be his part,
 If "yes", you answer when I ask,
 "Hath he a noble heart?"
 I ask not from what land he came,
 Or where his youth was nursed,
 If pure the stream, it matters not
 The spot from whence it burst:
 The palace or the hovel low
 Where first his life began,
 I seek not of, but answer this,
 "Is he an honest man?"

WHAT MAKES A NOBLEMAN?

Air—"Partant pour la Syrié."

I DEEM the man a nobleman, who acts a noble part,
 Who shows alike by word and deed he hath a true man's
 heart ;

Who lives not for himself alone, nor joins the selfish few,
 But prizes more than all things else, the good that he can
 do.

I deem the man a nobleman, who stands up for the right,
 And in the work of charity finds pleasure and delight ;
 Who bears the stamp of manliness upon his open brow,
 And never yet was known to do an action mean and low.

I deem the man a nobleman, who strives to aid the weak,
 And sooner than revenge a wrong, would kind forgiveness
 speak ;

Who sees a brother in all men, from peasant unto king,
 Yet would not crush the meanest worm, nor harm the weakest
 thing.

I deem the man a nobleman—yea, noblest of his kind,
 Who shows by moral excellence his purity of mind,
 Who lives alike, through good and ill, the firm unflinching
 man,

Who loves the cause of brotherhood, and aids it all he can.

H O P E .

Air—"In a Cottage Near a Wood." (Song.)

HARD is now the constant woe,
 Bitter is the long despair,
 Casting doubt on all we know,
 Blotting out our visions fair,

Weakly strain we after truth,
 Slowly mount we toward the good,
 Searching long in gloom and ruth
 For the soul's sustaining food.

Man's immortal task is great,
Greatly must it be achieved ;
And his doom is still to wait,
Hoping still, though still deceived.

Hoping for the greater day,
Hoping for the larger light,—
Day that shall endure for aye,
Light that yieldeth not to might.

O U R A N S W E R .

THOU say'st it will never be,
This unity and love ;
This peace, this joy without alloy,
Till one comes from above.
Thou say'st alack ! and then, alas !
You weep, and groan, and pray ;
But we begin to sow the grass,
And later comes the hay.

Thou say'st, ah ! we remember, lord,
Thy mercy and thy love ;
We worship thee and trust to see
Thy Regent from above.
O lord his coming hasten—speed—
O haste his advent. Pray !
But we will work till darkness lead
To dawning of the day.

Thou say'st, " Poor sinner fear not thee,
Thy faith will bear thee through ;
Thy murders, thefts, forgiven be,
A crown, a throne for you.
Thou say'st that we may join them there
For ' god ' is good and just " ;
But we will stay, contented, where
Those are we love and trust.

Thou say'st our work is work in vain,
 Our hope, our trust in man ;
 That sin and strife, and grief and pain,
 Are borne till heaven's ban
 Is lifted, and his majesty
 May move the upas root ;
 But we will watch and trim the tree
 Until the time for fruit.

Thou say'st, " Poor sinner see the fold
 And enter it in peace ;
 And wear a crown of gems and gold,
 Eternity thy lease.
 And those who trust in ' god ' may play
 On harps with golden strings"—
 But we have love and joy to-day,
 We want no crown—no wings.

We'll work and watch, and onward go,
 No fear, no dread can stay
 Our loving hearts and hands, although
 We may not win to-day.
 The morn is nigh ; we see afar
 The daybreak glimmer bright ;
 Ah, see ! behold ! that morning star
 Foretells the coming light.

EDGAR T. BENTON.

GENTLE WORDS.

Air—"Tara's Halls".

C. M. D.

ROSES in the summer-time
 Are beautiful to me,
 And glorious are the many stars
 That glimmer on the sea :
 But gentle words, and loving hearts,
 And hands to clasp my own,
 Are better than the fairest flowers,
 Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
 The dew the drooping flower,
 And eyes grow bright and watch the light
 Of Autumn's opening hour :
 But words that breathe of tenderness,
 And smiles we know are true,
 Are warmer than the summer-time,
 And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give
 With all its subtle art,
 And gold and gems are not the things
 To satisfy the heart ;
 But oh ! if those who cluster round
 The sunny home and hearth,
 Have gentle words and loving smiles,
 How beautiful is earth.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

Air—" Ring the Bell, Watchman ".

11's.

BE kind to each other, through weal and through woe,
 For sorrows are many for hearts here below ;
 The storms of this life beat around us in vain,
 If kindness controls us in pleasure and pain.

Be kind to each other in sorrow and grief,
 'Tis sympathy only can give us relief ;
 Dividing our sorrow but lessens our pain—
 Be kind to each other—affliction is vain.

Be kind to each other when sickness has come,
 Let nothing but smiles ever dwell in your home ;
 Encourage and succour, and soothe the distress'd,
 Be kind to each other, and thou shalt be bless'd.

Be kind to each other through life to its close,
 And when thou art freed from its pleasures and woes,
 Though absent, thy friends in their hearts shall enshrine,
 The mem'ry of deeds which like beacons shall shine.

FRIENDSHIP.

Air—"Auld Lang Syne". [From "Hymns of Life", published
by Thomas Laurie, London.]

C. M. D.

THE kindest, most endearing thing
That human hearts can woo ;
The fount whence truest blessings spring,
And richest comforts too ;
A priceless gem irradiate
With beams of love divine :
A refuge from the storms of fate,
When suns no longer shine.

Its language is a kindly word
Proceeding from the heart :
Its smiles a ready balm afford
To those who deeply smart.
It scatters flow'rs in every state,
And weaves a charm for all ;
But often leaves the rich and great
At cottage doors to call.

Give me the friend that varies not—
Or else no friend at all—
Who owns me in my straw-thatched cot,
As in my marble hall ;
Who'll chide me when I do amiss,
And praise when praise is due ;
And help me on in righteousness,
And be for ever true.

FUNERAL HYMN.

CALMLY, calmly lay him down !
He hath fought a noble fight,
He hath battled for the right ;
He hath won the fadeless crown !

Memories, all too bright for tears,
 Crowd around us from the past ;
 He was faithful to the last—
 Faithful through long toilsome years.

All that makes for human good,
 Freedom, righteousness, and truth—
 These, the objects of his youth,
 Unto age he still pursued.

Kind and gentle was his soul,
 Yet it glowed with glorious might ;
 Filling clouded minds with light,
 Making wounded spirits whole.

Dying, he can never die !
 To the dust his dust we give ;
 In our hearts his heart shall live ;
 Moving, guiding, working aye.

W. GASKELL.

TO-MORROW.

High hopes that burned like stars sublime
 Go down the heavens of freedom,
 And true hearts perish in the time
 We bitterliest need them.
 But never sit we down and say,
 There's nothing left but sorrow ;
 We walk the wilderness to-day,
 The promised land to-morrow.

Our hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
 With smiling futures glisten ;
 Lo ! now its dawn bursts up the skies—
 Lean out your souls and listen.
 The earth rolls Freedom's radiant way,
 And ripens with our sorrow ;
 And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
 Brings victory to-morrow.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
 And yet the tide heaves onward ;
 We climb like corals, grave by grave,
 And beat a pathway sunward.
 We're beaten back in many a fray,
 Yet newer strength we borrow ;
 And where our vanguard rests to-day
 Our rear shall rest to-morrow.

Through all the long, dark night of years
 The people's cry ascended ;
 The earth was wet with blood and tears
 Ere their weak suffering ended.
 The *few* shall not *forever* sway,
 The many toil in sorrow ;
 The bars of hell are strong to-day,
 But right shall rule to-morrow.

GERALD MASSEY.

JUDGE NOT A MAN.

JUDGE not a man by the cost of his clothing,
 Unheeding the life-path that he may pursue,
 Or oft you'll admire a heart that needs loathing,
 And fail to give honor where honor is due.
 The palm may be hard and the fingers stiff-jointed,
 The coat may be tattered, the cheek worn with tears,
 But greater than kings are labor's anointed ;
 You can't judge a man by the coat that he wears.
 You can't judge a man by the coat that he wears,
 You can't judge a man by the coat that he wears !
 For greater than kings are labor's anointed ;
 You can't judge a man by the coat that he wears.

Give me the man, as a friend and a neighbour,
 Who toils at the loom, at the spade, or the plough ;
 Who wins his diploma of manhood by labor,
 And purchases wealth by the sweat of his brow.

Why should the broadcloth alone be respected?
 The man be despised who in fustian appears?
 There are many that have their limbs unprotected—
 Then why judge a man by the coat that he wears?

Judge of a man by the work he is doing—
 Speak of a man as his actions demand!
 Watch well the life that each is pursuing,
 And let the most worthy be chief of the land.
 That man shall be found 'midst the close ranks of labor,
 Be known by the work that his industry rears;
 His chieftom, when won, shall be dear to his neighbour—
 We'll honor the man! whatever he wears.

JOHN BEDFORD LENO.

TRIUMPH OF FRATERNITY.

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
 And this old world is growing brighter;
 We may not see its dawn sublime,
 Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
 We may be sleeping in the ground
 When it awakes the world in wonder;
 But we have felt it gathering round,
 And heard its voice in living thunder—
 'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time
 Foretold by seers and sung in story:
 For which, when thinking was a crime,
 Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory!
 They passed, nor see the work they wrought;
 Now the crown'd hopes of centuries blossom!
 But the live lightning of their thought
 And daring deeds doth pulse earth's bosom—
 'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, empires, systems rot with age,
 But the great people's ever youthful !
 And it shall write the future's page
 To our humanity more truthful !
 The gnarliest heart hath tender chords,
 To waken at the name of "brother,"
 And time comes when brain-scorpion words
 We shall not speak to sting each other.
 'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming !

Ay, it must come ! The tyrant's throne
 Is crumbling, with our hot tears rusted :
 The sword earth's mighty ones have leant on
 Is cankered, with our heart's blood crusted,
 Room ! for the men of mind make way !
 Ye robber rulers, pause no longer,
 The world rolls on, the light grows stronger—
 The people's advent coming !

GERALD MASSEY.

SECULARISM.

Sing with joy, for a good time is dawning upon us,
 The fire has been kindled, long may it be fanned ;
 Then farewell to all falsehood, deceit, and imposture,
 When Secularism shall spread o'er the land.

Then farewell to the clergy, and State aid to priestcraft ;
 Farewell all whose mansions are built on the sand ;
 On the firm rock of truth man shall build in the future,
 When Secularism shall spread o'er the land.

Then farewell to the ermines, the gowns, and the candles,
 The meaningless mummeries that none understand ;
 Theology's corpse shall be buried unmourned for,
 When Secularism shall spread o'er the land.

Farewell, war and murder, farewell inquisitions,
 Religions of hate that mankind shall not stand ;
 Insure your lives, oh, ye strife-making creeds for
 When Secularism shall spread o'er the land.

Then all hail to the true, to the just, and the honest,
 The kind loving heart and the welcoming hand,
 And closely-knit love through our country, the wide world,
 When Secularism shall spread o'er the land.

D. A. ANDRADE.

MORAL WORTH.

I LOVE the man who scorns to be,
 To name or sect, a slave ;
 Whose heart is like the sunshine—free—
 Free as the ocean wave ;
 Who, when he sees oppression, wrong,
 Speaks out in thunder tones ;
 Who feels with truth that he is strong
 To grapple e'en with thrones.

I love the man who scorns to do
 An action mean or low ;
 Who will a nobler course pursue,
 To stranger, friend, or foe ;
 Who seeks for justice, good to gain,
 Is merciful and kind ;
 Who will not cause a needless pain
 In body or in mind.

INDEX OF READINGS.

	PAGE		PAGE.
A Clerical Performance ..	85	Ghost Story	92
A Fable Emerson	103	Giordano Bruno .. Swinburne	5
A Kind of Preacher E. Fawcett	71	God Willing .. J. M. Peacock	118
A Recusant .. J. Thomson	133	Gold T. Hood	29
A Wish M. Arnold	137	Grease the Fat Sow J. B. Leno	104
Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel L. Hunt	15	Holy Willie's Prayer R. Burns	72
Address to the Unco Guid ..	88	Honor Wordsworth	75
R. Burns		Hymn to Death .. P. Greg	69
An Atheist's Thoughts W. P. Ball	127	Icarus G. Bruno	5
Aquinas's Prayer for the Devil	78	Iconoclast .. C. T. Rooke	92
W. M. W. Call		If "Boston Investigator"	53
Atheist, The Dying	12	Immortality .. R. H. Horne	112
At the Church .. R. M. W.	59	In Memory of Charles Brad- laugh G. Anderson	124
Be Content .. T. Maguire	28	Lay Me Low "All the Year Round"	138
Beldagon Church Ernest Jones	34	Let us all be Unhappy on Sun- day Lord Neaves	24
Beyond the Grave A. P. Martin	91	Life E. T. Benton	30
Blind Men and Elephant ..	7	Mimmermus in Church ..	99
J. G. Saxe		W. J. Cory	
Bruno (Giordano) Swinburne	5	Miracles .. Walt Whitman	107
Burial Service Austin Holyoake	141	Mr. Save-His-Soul-Alive-O! ..	9
Careless Gods .. W. Forster	54	J. Thomson	
Christian Superstition Emeritus	121	Mr. Smith	60
Clear the Way .. C. Mackay	122	Natural Piety .. Wordsworth	97
Confucius, A Saying of Schiller	11	Nebuchadonozar Patroclus	54
Course of Time .. Shakespeare	98	Never Despair	103
Cremation v. Corruption ..	76	On the Portrait of Miss Peel ..	134
C. C. Dick		J. M. Robertson	
Crucifixion of Manhood ..	29	Orthodoxy .. W. Blake	70
G. Barlow		Outlook E. Fawcett	9
Death Shakespeare	25	Ozymandias of Egypt .. Shelley	32
Death, Hymn to .. P. Greg	69	Patience, or the Ale in the Par- son's Cellar	66
Death, Pomp of .. V. Lee	136	Persian Epicurns .. Omar Khayyan	21
Deathward Ways P. B. Marston	136	Persuasion .. Ben Jonson	105
Death of the Devil Beranger	16	Prophecy of the Galilean's De- thronement	101
Devil Went a Fishing	14	Religion Shelley	83
Dying Atheist	12		
Euthanasia .. E. W. Gosse	98		
Everlasting Memorial .. Bonar	106		
Fable Emerson	103		
Fortitude W. E. Henley	112		
Funeral Hymn .. W. J. Linton	140		

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Song of the Sabbatarian ..	87	The Lord's Loving Kindness ..	26
Sonnet <i>J. A. Symonds</i>	90	<i>F. Felt</i>	
Strange Story of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram <i>T. Paine</i>	79	The Noble Nature .. <i>B. Jonson</i>	52
Superstition <i>S. Rogers</i>	133	The Papist and the Jew .. <i>T. Paine</i>	113
Suppressed Poem .. <i>R. Burns</i>	115	The Perfect Crowning Sleep ..	100
		<i>J. L. Warren</i>	
Tardy Retribution .. <i>M. J. Savage</i>	15	The Priest and Jack Ass ..	102
Three Chinese Sects	8	The World and I .. <i>T. Paine</i>	69
Three Voices .. <i>Norman Britton</i>	33	The Universe Void .. <i>W. B. Scott</i>	20
The Aristocrat's Dream	124	Time's Remedy	48
The Babe <i>Sir W. Jones</i>	121	To the Front .. <i>W. S. Landor</i>	65
The Church Christ .. <i>E. Fawcett</i>	127	Tribute to Bruno .. <i>G. E. Macdonald</i>	30
The Contrast .. <i>Ex-Ritualist</i>	135	True Nobility	82
The Devil is Dead .. <i>W. Denton</i>	120	<i>Beaumont and Fletcher</i>	
The Doubter <i>E. Fawcett</i>	117	Two Careers .. <i>Ella Wheeler Wilcox</i>	51
The Eclipse of the Gods	125		
<i>C. Bright</i>		Vision of the Gods .. <i>S. Britton</i>	108
The Equality of Death .. <i>J. Shirley</i>	139	Voltaire and Gibbon .. <i>Byron</i>	97
The Fountain <i>J. R. Lowell</i>	132		
The Free Spirit .. <i>G. Chapman</i>	58	Waiting <i>J. Burroughs</i>	125
The Hours <i>H. Martineau</i>	68	What is God? .. <i>Allen Davenport</i>	82
The Iconoclast <i>R. F. Tooke</i>	91	When Womanhood Awakes ..	17
The Law of Death .. <i>J. Hay</i>	49	<i>S. Wixson</i>	

INDEX OF SONGS.

	PAGE.		PAGE
Age of Reason	161,	Kind Words	221
Aladdin's Lamp ..	<i>C. Swain</i>	Kindness	201
All Nature Speaks	200	Laws of Nature	165
As ye Sow, so shall ye Reap	<i>V. Jones</i>	Learn to Labor	<i>R. Nicholl</i> 149
A Brave Heart	<i>C. J. Rowe</i>	Liberty	175, 188
Aspirations of Youth	<i>J. Montgomery</i>	Life is Onward	<i>T. Fownes</i> 192
A New Faith	170	Light	<i>F. W. Bourdillon</i> 160
Benevolence	166, 183,	Live by Nature's Laws	164
Be Kind to Each Other	226	Live for Something	167
Better Rub than Rust	<i>E. Elliott</i>	Love	219
Be True	220	Love at Home	156
Be Up and Doing	210	Marriage	<i>G. W. Fox</i> 176
Charity	<i>G. L. Banks</i>	Moral Worth	232
Earth's Heroes	<i>R. Nicoll</i>	My Freedom	168
Earthly Paradise	204	My Task	<i>L. S. Guggenberger</i> 176
Education	<i>Sir J. Bowring</i>	Nature	181
Eternity of Nature	<i>W. C. Sturoc</i>	Never Say Fail	161
Flowers or Thorns	212	New Version	<i>C. K. Laporte</i> 157
Freedom	174, 191	New Year's Eve	<i>Tennyson</i> 203
Friendship	227	Noble Purpose	185
Funeral Hymn	<i>W. Gaskell</i>	Nobility	<i>Alice Cary</i> 206
Gentle Words	225	Our Answer	<i>E. T. Benton</i> 224
Good Will to All	190	Present Joys	186
Happy Day	<i>B. Arnetta</i>	Present Time	202
Happiness Within	<i>L. E. Landon</i>	Psalm of Life	<i>Longfellow</i> 212
Home, Sweet Home	<i>H. Payne</i>	Real Loss	<i>Maccall</i> 194
Honest Doubt	<i>J. Lawson</i>	Reason	177, 215
Hope of the World	<i>C. Mackay</i>	Religion	179
Hope	210, 223	Scatter Seeds of Kindness	215
Humanity	172, 207	Science and Superstition	149
Humble Influence	<i>Stoddart</i>	Secularism	<i>D. A. Andrade</i> 231
Incitement to Perseverance	<i>Clough</i>	Secularism (Aims of)	<i>E. King</i> 184
It Can't be Always Sunshine	151	Service of Man	<i>E. B. Harrison</i> 172
.. ..	<i>J. E. Carpenter</i>	Speak Gently	<i>G. W. Hangford</i> 163
Judge Not a Man	217	Stand Up for Freedom	193
.. ..	<i>John Bedford Leno</i>	The Actual	164
	229	The Better Land	<i>H. Reese</i> 170
		The City of Man	<i>S. Johnson</i> 171
		The Dawn of Freethought	200

	PAGE.		PAGE.
The Freeman's Resolution	147	'Tis Time	148
<i>W. Denton</i>		To-morrow .. <i>Gerald Massey</i>	228
The Happy Life <i>Sir H. Wotton</i>	159	Triumph of Fraternity	230
The Ladder of Life <i>Longfellow</i>	165	<i>Gerald Massey</i>	
The Living to the Dead	158	True Worth	222
<i>C. W. Beckett</i>		Truth .. 189, 199, 200, 205, 207	
The Newborn Light	202	Vanity	214
The Pride of Worth .. <i>Burns</i>	150	Victory .. <i>W. J. Linton</i>	198
The True Eden .. <i>Emerson</i>	198	Wheat and Tares <i>L. Houghton</i>	173
The True Freeman <i>Lowell</i>	174	Wisdom	193
The True Patriot	207	Words and Acts of Kindness ..	217
The Voice and the Pen	204	Work	180, 189
The World and the World	148		
<i>C. G. Leland</i>			
This Life is What we Make it..	154		

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
A conscious fortitude sustains..	199	Happy they who are not weary	185
A glorious day at length is breaking	200	Hard is now the constant woe..	223
A glory gilds the ample page ..	177	High hopes that burned like stars sublime	228
All are architects of Fate ..	183	Higher, higher, will we climb ..	178
All before us lies the way ..	198	Hope, though slow she be and late	210
All in love with one another ..	218	How happy is he born and taught	159
All Nature speaks! let man give ear	200	Hush the loud cannon's roar ..	208
All things good for good unite..	160		
As ships becalmed at eve that lay	180	I ask not for his lineage ..	222
A storm sped over sea and land	187	I deem that man a nobleman ..	169
Augustine well and truly said ..	165	Idler! why lie down to die ..	195
		If all the world must see the world	148
Base oppressors, leave your slumbers	182	I love the man who scorns to be	232
Be error known on earth no more	203	If love with other graces reign..	219
Be kind to each other	226	I hear thee speak of a better creed	196
Be true, be true! whate'er beside	220	I saw a little streamlet flow ..	208
Better to know the truth that maketh free	153	Is there a thought can fill the human mind?	207
Blest be the man who gives us peace	213	Is there for honest poverty ..	150
Blest is the man whose generous heart	166	It can't be always sunshine ..	217
		It surely is a wasted heart ..	214
Calmly, calmly, lay him down!	227	Joy to the world the light is come	215
City of Man! how broad and fair	171	Judge not a man by the cost of his clothing	229
		Keep striving! 'tis wiser ..	161
Dark superstition's veil	211		
Deal gently with the erring one	221	Let exiled Reason be restored ..	161
		Let's oft'ner talk of noble deeds	154
Earth of man the bounteous mother	152	Let superstition be destroyed ..	170
		Let the world scorn, Fortune make jest of me	209
Freedom's charms alike engage	191	Let us all help one another ..	211
From Greenland's icy mountains	157	Let us gather up the sunbeams	215
		Life is onward—use it	192
Goodwill to all the watchword be	190	Life may change, but it may fly not	175
Great source of being! fount of life	181	Little words of kindness ..	217
		Live for something; be not idle	167
Happy the man whose cautious steps	193	Lo! here hath been dawning ..	159

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Lo! when we wade the tangled wood	160	The kindest, most endearing thing	227
Long hath the world in darkness lain	210	The laws of Nature, they are sure	165
Man is his own star	175	The night has a thousand eyes There are brighter things in this world than gold	160
May every year but draw more near	155	There is a song now singing ..	187
May I possess an honest heart	183	There is beauty all around ..	156
Men! whose boast it is that ye	174	There's a charm too often wasted	221
Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam	216	There's a song the rills are singing	168
Now for all new day is dawning	172	There's no time like the present time	202
O dumb forgotten ones	158	Think not that martyrs die in vain	149
Oh had I but Aladdin's lamp ..	162	Think truly, and thy thoughts	207
Oh the orator's voice is a mighty power	204	Thou, Nature, grandest theme of all	166
O joy! at last my mind is free	168	Thou sayest it will never be ..	224
O thou fair Truth, for thee alone we seek	179	Through wild wood-valleys roaming	214
Our sister and our brother ..	176	'Tis coming up the steep of time	230
Praise to the martyrs	186	'Tis time that kings were taught to know	148
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky	203	To all earth's blessings	164
Roses in the summer time ..	225	To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love	172
Say not the struggle nought availeth	151	True worth is in being, not seem- ing	206
Sing with joy, for a good time is dawning upon us	231	Truth and goodness	179
Something is lost	194	Truth is great and must prevail	191
So should we live that every hour	153	We all must work with head or hand	173
Speak gently, it is better far ..	163	We must not hope to be mowers	213
Stand up! stand up for freedom	193	Were once this maxim deeply fix'd	189
Superstition, deeply rooted ..	149	What, with this fenced human mind	176
Tell me not in mournful numbers	212	When kings are forgotten and priests are no more	197
Tell me not of climes celestial	204	Why should the man of honest doubt?	188
The bud will soon become a flower	212	Why should we ever seek to know?	164
The day is here, the dawn of hope	202	Work can never miss its wages	198
		Work, for the night is coming..	189
		Work! it is thy highest mission	180

