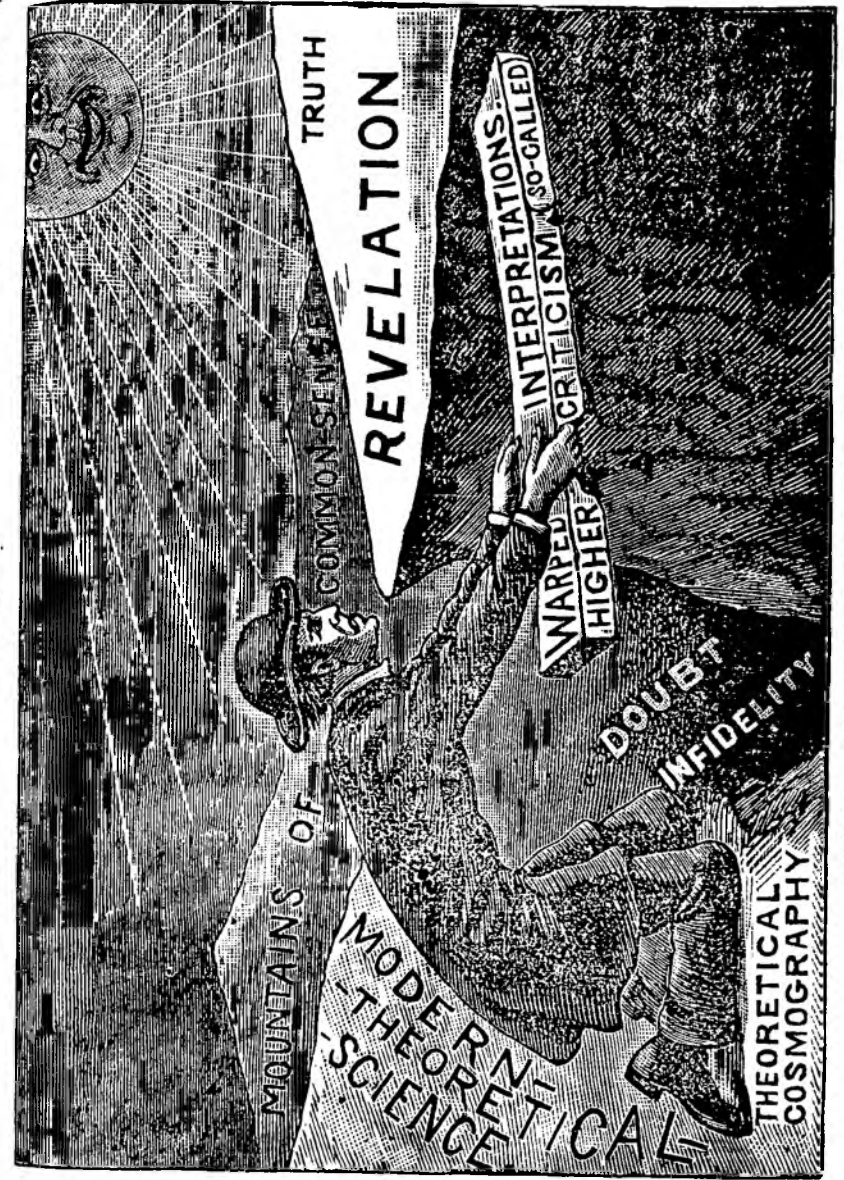


# THE EARTH



6 STATUTE MILES LEVEL

Handwritten phonographic script on a grid background, representing a message or record. The script is dense and fills most of the page below the title.



THE PUZZLED CLERIC.

## THE PUZZLED CLERIC.

By "ICONOCLAST."

The PUZZLED CLERIC depicted in our illustration shows the quandary thousands of his calling, as well as many other sincere people unexpectedly find themselves in after expending their time in schools and colleges poring over mind-staggering literature to imbibe the numerous ASSUMPTIONS which originate in and ramify from MODERN THEORETICAL SCIENCE (so-called).

We advise all who are in this unenviable position to courageously climb back to the MOUNTAINS of COMMON-SENSE and resolutely keep to the track which leads away to the right towards TRUTH, where they will discover the solidly constructed BRIDGE of ZETETICISM, by which the ABYSS of DOUBT and INFIDELITY can be easily overcome without fear or perplexity.

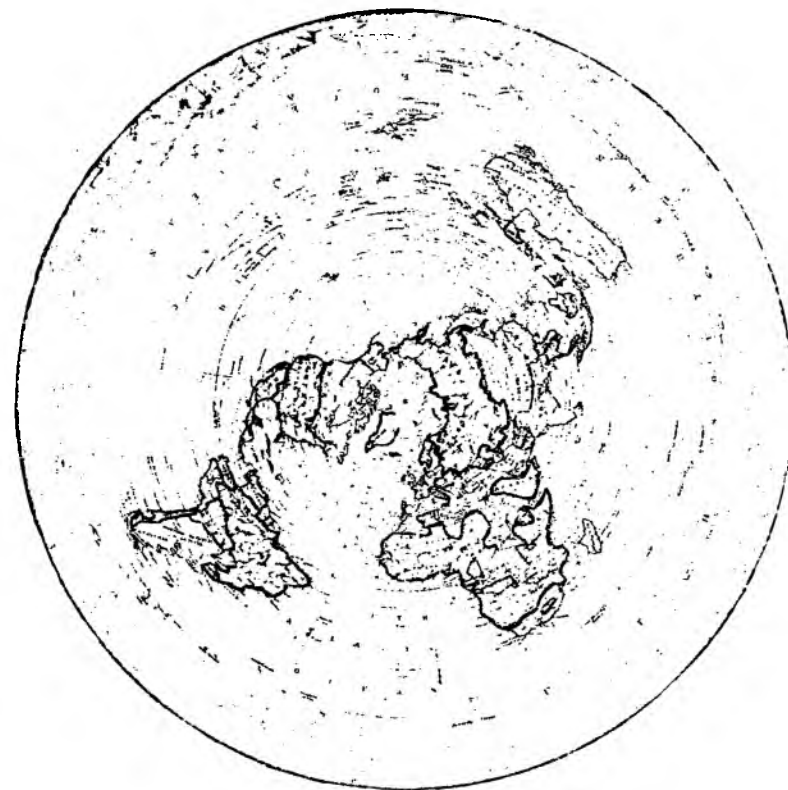
Many superficial thinkers may be inclined to doubt the position of the *Puzzled Cleric*, but those who have passed through the general course of *education*, especially that of the Higher Grade, will admit that it cannot be successfully carried out without a large amount of MODERN THEORETICAL SCIENCE being imbibed, and in such an insidious manner that it is almost impossible for anyone destined to become an expounder of REVELATION to be otherwise than *biased* by his THEORETICAL SCIENCE training; but putting aside for the moment this particular phase of the subject and viewing it from a purely secular point, we have good authority from one of Modern Theoretical Science's most admired and belauded champions, which is condemnatory of this falsely so-called SCIENCE, we allude to PROFESSOR HUXLEY, who has candidly said, "True science is connected knowledge; connection between its conclusions and their *first principles must be capable of demonstration*, that it (True Science) differs in nothing from common knowledge, save its accuracy and *constant testing and verification*, that it *sees FACTS as they are*, or at anyrate without the distortion of prejudice, and reasons from them (the FACTS) in accordance with the dictates of sound judgment. *TRUE SCIENCE IS SIMPLY COMMON SENSE AT ITS BEST*, that is, rigidly accurate in observation, and merciless to fallacy in logic." To condense the above, we may say. true SCIENCE is positive in its character. This question therefore remains for all of us, viz. —Is there any really positive character in MODERN THEORETICAL SCIENCE? After patiently investigating in every COSMOGRAPHICAL, ASTRONOMICAL and GEOLOGICAL direction, we are compelled to answer in the negative, as we find and *PROVE* this so-called SCIENCE nothing more than a mass of groundless ASSUMPTION and SUPPOSITION.

We will now take another glance at The Puzzled Cleric, and also think of those in a like position, quibble or sophisticate as he or they may, the bridging of the ABYSS of DOUBT and INFIDELITY, from the MODERN THEORETICAL SCIENTIFIC ground, by any amount of WARPED INTERPRETATIONS or "HIGHER CRITICISM" so-called, is as impossible as attempting to bridge the ATLANTIC with a cob-web, so called Right Reverend Fathers, Doctors of Divinity and Theology, with Professors "galore," have (honestly in many cases) attempted times out of number, to accomplish the business, with the results, that many have candidly owned themselves beaten outright, while others have sunk abashed into the Abyss of Doubt and Infidelity; and yet with all this, to as much as hint dissent from the original and generally accepted THEORETICAL PREMISS (viz. —THE GLOBULARITY OF THE WORLD) of Modern Theoretical Science, is sufficient to raise a sneer in some, and make even those who openly *call* themselves Christians, put their tongues in their cheeks, or at most, secretly pity what they are pleased to call *THE IGNORANCE OF THE ZETETICS*, and then complacently walk off to their various *PLACES OF WORSHIP* like so many infallible oracles or popes, with their Bibles (which contain THE TRUEST SCIENCE extant, but which they do not virtually believe in) tucked tightly under their arms, and their robes of sanctity and self-satisfaction wrapped around them, as much as to say, "Thank God we are not as other men are!"

*These leaflets obtainable from J. Williams, 32, Bankside, London, S.E., 1/- per 100; also "The Earth (not a Globe) Review," 2½d. post free, and other literature in connection with the fundamental Fact of the non-globularity of the World.*

## THE MAP OF THE WORLD.

When referring to OUR MAP, it should be laid horizontal, and placed by compass according to the position of the user, so that the true direction of any part of the world can be located at a glance.



## THE MAP AND ITS PROJECTOR.

Without doubt, the maps of the World published at various times by members of the U.Z.S. may be accepted as being the most accurate of any ever placed before the public. For general purposes it is not necessary to undergo a scholastic cramming to understand them, as is the case with those on Mercator's projection, or other travesties.

Our maps are scientifically and practically correct without any antipodes; therefore all oceans and seas are uniformly horizontal, and consequently, without any rotundity.

Our present issue is a reduced copy from the one originally projected in 1824 by J. Steer Christopher, with the southern circumferentia. Ice Barrier added by John Hampden. The projector was thoroughly conversant with his subject, being a highly educated gentleman, as well as a practical navigator, and one of a well-known firm of London ship-owners. At one period of his career he was allowed to have sailed the fastest vessel out of the Thames. From his projection, were drawn all the Charts used by himself and his Firm's Captains, and in every instance they were found most reliable and accurate, insuring a saving of many days in long voyages.

Copies of "The Earth" (the Society's Organ), may be had of The Ed. E.A.M.B., 68, Merton Road<sup>d</sup> Wimbledon; Payne & Dale, 70, Kingston Road, Wimbledon; Mr. John Williams, 56, Bourne St. Netherfield, Notts.; Mr. O'Niell, 7, Manor Road, Bowes, Park, London, N.; Jonathan Nicholson Esq., 37, Gt. Eastern House, Bishopsgate Street, London; and Lady Blount, Wimbledon.

1st 2nd  
stacc:  
mf With expression.

As Christmas comes a - gain we see Time's pen - du - lum once more des - cend, Yet glad life  
All hu - man friendship must decline And to the grave its course must bend, But ev - er  
Though sin may reign on earth so drear, Still from its power He can de - fend, And there

it be" If Je - sus is in - deed my Friend! The Night - in - gale's sweet notes have ceased With mid - night ore -  
is mine If Je - sus is in - deed my Friend! Nor height, nor breadth from shore to shore, Nor life, nor death,  
need fear If Je - sus is in - deed my Friend! For Death shall have its dy - ing hour, And sin and sor -

it be" If Je - sus is in - deed my Friend! The Night - in - gale's sweet notes have ceased With mid - night ore -  
is mine If Je - sus is in - deed my Friend! Nor height, nor breadth from shore to shore, Nor life, nor death,  
need fear If Je - sus is in - deed my Friend! For Death shall have its dy - ing hour, And sin and sor -

REFRAIN.

t to blend But still my song's e - ter - nal Peace If Jesus is indeed my Friend. Tho' ev'ry e - vil power may  
it can rend The love of God for ev - er - more If Jesus is indeed my Friend.  
shall end But Life Immor - tal is my dower If Jesus is indeed my Friend.

me their ar - rows sharp to send I shall with - stand each fiery dart If Jesus is indeed my Friend - And so of

and His worth Joyfully my song shall blend When God's Kingdom comes on earth If Jesus is indeed my Fr

DEDICATION.

The following poem is respectfully dedicated, by permission :-

1.—In England, to my friend, and "brother" in Christ, Mr. John Bowker, of Ashton-under-Lyne, in grateful remembrance of his faithful and unaltered friendship towards me when "all men forsook me," as they once forsook a worthier man; and, before him, his Master;

2.—In America, to Mr. W. Carpenter, author of "One hundred proofs that the Earth is not a Globe," and formerly Editor of that open, free, and uncompromising paper, and champion of Bible physics, miscalled "Folly";

3.—Without permission,

To the "Elders" and Churches of the "SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS" in both countries; and to all Astronomers, Sceptics, Ministers,\* Christians, and Lovers-of-Truth, all over the "Globe"

To these it is respectfully dedicated by one who was formerly connected with the church communions, but who has thrice been driven from office and home because he preferred Scripture statements of truth before humanly-devised Creeds and "Confessions of Faith." In the first instance by the late bishop Fraser, "Lord-Bishop of Manchester", because of his belief in the doctrine of "Life through Christ alone"; in the second by "Brethren" of the Ecclesia because of his "views" on the Sabbath question; and, in the third instance, while connected with the church of the "Seventh-day Adventists," in London, when he was formally (or informally?) deprived of office, and afterwards excommunicated, not for any breach of the moral law, but ostensibly because he preferred the Mosaic Cosmogony, or account of Creation, before the comparatively modern, and to his mind, infidel theories of the universe now so prevalent. He was aware that these theories were supported by the great names of "Science," and the "Visions" of Swedenborg; but not aware that they are (as it now appears) also supported by the "Visions" of an aged, and respectable wife, or widow, in the aforesaid S.D.A. denomination. But as he could not submit to these "Visions" as being of equal authority with the Inspired Scriptures, he was "cast out" of the "body."

However, as it is the subject, and not himself he wishes to  
to bring before your notice, he hopes you will give it a fair  
hearing; and while making due allowance for the imperfect  
manner in which it is here set forth, allow him to subscribe himself

Yours faithfully,  
"ZETETES."

Leicester, August, 1890.

\*Especially such "Ministers" as the "Rev." Joseph  
Wood, Birmingham, late of Leicester, author of "The  
Bible; what it is and what it is not;" who, while they  
undermine its inspiration and authority, profess to be  
its very best friends!

Other writers referred to in the Poem are:—

"Elder" D. A. Robinson, Editor of a magazine called  
"Present Truth," and President of the London,  
"Seventh-day Adventist" Mission.  
Mrs. White's "Visions," last edition.  
Hugh Miller's "Testimonies of the Rocks."  
Proctor's "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy," &c.  
"Rev." Mr. Voysey's Sermons.  
Col. Ingersol's "Mistakes of Moses," &c., &c.

SOME STRANGE THINGS,  
AND SOME OF THEM TRUE.

INTRODUCTION.

I've been thinking some strange things to-day, Sir;  
And some of them true too—too true:  
I can vouch for the oldest, while others  
Will readily vouch for the new.  
So you see all are credited somewhere,  
As tradition or truth may enthrall;  
They may take up one side or the other,  
It matters to them—that is all!

I'd read a strange book on the question  
Of the ancient and true Sabbath day;  
It might have been further entitled,  
"The new Astronomical way"!  
It gave one a kind of a notion  
How the days of the week work around:  
The world has a revolving motion;  
Not the sun, but the "Globe," Sir, the *ground*!

And since then I've perused another,  
A "Brummagem" *brochure* a friend got;  
Which tells us—and how very needful—  
"The Bible, what it *is*, and is *not*!"  
If you go by the rules of contrary  
You may find it both useful and good;  
Like beverages some find refreshing,  
And advertised "Wines from the Wood!"

One gives an account of Creation  
Quite different from what Moses gave;  
Yet the writer maintains Inspiration,  
The credit of Scripture to save.  
The other denies Inspiration  
Where cosmical errors appear—  
Except such as wrote Zend Avesta—  
Yet preaches at—so much a year!

THE "GLOBE."

It's strange that our world is a "Globe," Sir,  
While seeming a circular plane:  
And strange it keeps flying through "space" so,  
Without giving one shock of pain;  
How is it, when turned "topsy-turvy,"  
The stars always seem overhead?  
That we never look for them below us,  
When we venture at night into bed?

How strange we don't fall off while rolling  
 Far worse than a ship tempest-tossed ;  
 We are all amid ships, in mid-ocean,  
 And the Chaplain opines we'll be lost !  
 It's frightful to think of the danger  
 In this wide boundless ocean of " space " ;  
 Had we better *not* go down below, Sir ;  
 Though the hold is a very warm place !

This " space " is a curious place too,  
 Without walls, length or breadth, depth or height ;  
 Where all distance, and therefore all motion,  
 And time too, are *ALL* *lost to sight* !  
 We are sailing without helm, or chart, Sir ;  
 Not a soul in the vessel can row ;  
 And pulled, by some bright loadstone mountain,  
 To a place where we never shall go !

Strange no one's been blown off the deck yet,  
 While floating its freight wrong side up ;  
 For we're living *outside* the great " Ball," Sir,  
 And not in a saucer or cup :  
 I've heard a ship's crockery rattle,  
 As, lurching, she leaped o'er the wave ;  
 But though the " Globe " springs as to battle  
 Our cupboard's as calm as the grave !

It's strange, and it puzzles me sorely  
 As I wonder if all this be true ;  
 But they say that we ought not to doubt, Sir,  
 When great men the thinking all do.  
 They seem to be paid well to do it,  
 Their talents they all try to sell :  
 If the thinking be done like the paying  
 Our wisdom should fill up the well !

Don't *you* think it strange we don't fall off ?  
 But we're used to the deck I suppose ;  
 Yet sailor's sometimes get unsteady,  
 Though perhaps from an over red nose.  
 It's strange that the waters mid-ocean  
 Don't splashing forsake their wide bed,  
 With basins inverted face downwards—  
 But the " Globe " turns so fast, *it is said* !

No wonder we sometimes feel upset,  
 Or " downset " we rather should say ;  
 For the ships, trees, and houses hang downwards,  
 By night, I presume, *not by day* !  
 But if there's no " up," and no " down," Sir,  
 Then the ceiling's the same as the floor ;  
 And the Astronomers heads are inverted,  
 With their feet where their heads were before !

## THE " ANTIPODES. "

Those " Antipodes " folk must be living  
 With heads hanging down to the sky ;  
 What a strange race of beings they are, Sir !  
 Are their feet made like those of a fly ?  
 I'm afraid that my friends in New Zealand  
 Have made a mistake going there ;  
*Their* heads must be turned, it is certain,  
 Or they never could be where they are !

I wish I could " drop " them a letter  
 Through some hole in the ground made right through ;  
 How strange it would be to look " down " it,  
 And see your friends looking " up " too !  
 They say we should look " up " to them, Sir ;  
 Now which way would it really be ?  
 I must leave this for you, Sir, to settle,  
 As the " Globists " and I can't agree.

A better plan, perhaps, were to borrow  
 A balloon on some Bank-Holiday ;  
 Ascend—of course—then remain stationary  
 Till the " Globe " turned around just half-way :  
 Then " drop " on those " Antip ; " quite sudden—  
 How the natives would turn " up " their face—  
 But stop, Sir ; for as the world's turning  
 It's flying away into " space. " !

And I'd not for the world be left off it,  
 Looking after a " Ball " bird-like flown ;  
 For when it got further away, Sir,  
 I could not tell which way was " down. "  
 I might waste all my gas in " descending,"  
 Yet never touch bottom again !  
 How I wish for the lamp of Aladdin,  
 I'd have the " Globe " made like a plane.

If the world had been made all a plain, now,  
 Such dangers could never abound ;  
 People's heads would n't get so inverted,  
 And things much more " level " were found.  
 If we fell off the *Lindis* end there's water,  
 And far North and South there is ice ;  
 But if you should fall off the " Globe, " Sir,  
*There's nothing but nothing*—*HOW NICE* !

You'd better not make my scheme known yet,  
 It's a new kind of travel you see ;  
 I might take a patent out for it,  
 If you'll find the money for me.  
 We should beat Monsieur Verne from the clouds, Sir,  
 If our boat would but keep its right place ;  
 And while it remained still, suspended,  
 It followed the " Globe " into " space. "

But what can be "still" on a Ball which  
 Like cannon-ball shoots through the air?  
 How is it we've got into using  
 Such improper words, without care?  
 You see, Sir, when speech was first given,  
 Or invented—not just as we like—  
 They ignorantly said what they meant, and  
 A spade was a spade, not a pike!

### THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Some "Lectures" on John's "Revelation,"  
 Or rather "The Apocalypse of Christ,"  
 By a "Doctor" in Church Philadelphian,  
 Highly prized, and not too high priced,  
 Declare when the City comes down, Sir—  
 Although there's no "up," and no "down"—  
 It remains in mid-heaven, "suspended,"  
 Above old Jerusalem town.

The author forgot he was living  
 On a "Globe" turning round in the sky;  
 But perhaps he no longer believes it,  
 As *John's* vision gives it the lie.  
 John did not approve the new notions,  
 Nor a city revolving mid-air:  
 Such whirligigs may suit some spirits;  
 A place of sweet rest I prefer.

Alas! what sad havoc they're making  
 Of the Word which we love as we do;  
 We can't accept this word and that word,  
 Though the Astronomer's ought to be true!  
 The "Clergy" have different reasons—  
 Theirs differ from yours and mine—  
 For trying to "reconcile" these things;  
 But I don't pretend to "divine"!

But should the new City come down here,  
 And rest on the firm solid ground;  
 I'll agonise still, as I have done,  
 Among its elect to be found.  
 It won't be filled up with "Confessions,"  
 Crude creeds which the "Churches" crunch o'er;  
 But Confessors of Truth, men and martyrs,  
 From every kingdom and shore.

Yea, "blessed are those who are keeping  
 God's commandments," wherever they be;  
 They shall enter the glorious city,  
 Though shut out of "churches," like me.  
 All who worship "in spirit and truth" too,  
 A kind Father is seeking to save;  
 While the "churches" look after old women  
 The young ones to catch and enslave.

Oh, may you and I be found worthy  
 To attain Resurrection's "New Birth";  
 A place in the kingdom and city,  
 Upon the regenerate earth.  
 The city, which rests on "FOUNDATIONS,"  
 Which Abraham sought as a prize:  
 Not a "Ball" shot athwart *terra-firma*,  
 A mansion for souls in the skies!

### THE LARK.

I've wondered sometimes, standing watching  
 A lark like a speck in the sky,  
 Why the "Globe" didn't leave it for ever?  
 How quickly the sky-lark must fly!  
 I never resolved all the "reasons,"  
 The process had taken too long;  
 And I would not at such times and seasons  
 Risk losing the sense of its song.  
 But now I remember, they say, Sir,  
 That clouds and air follow the ground;  
 Though often seen lazily lounging,  
 Or floating the wrong way around.  
 It's strange there is never a rushing,  
 Like a comet's tail all to the rear:  
 Though better without so much crushing,  
 It certainly looks very queer!  
 If only you travel by train, Sir,  
 You may see the earth spinning about;  
 Revolving in planes horizontal,  
 With axis upright, though not out.  
 Trees, hedgerows, on each side the carriage,  
 All circling in opposite play;  
 There must be two axes or North Poles,  
 On each side the Northern Railway!  
 May this not account for the fact that  
 They cannot find any "pole" south?  
 They say that there is a "South Pole," but  
 This may be but mere word of mouth.  
 Her Majesty's ship, though a "Challenger,"  
 Was unable to find it some vow;  
 And even got lost in South waters—  
 The degrees were diverging somehow!

### OUR "PLANET."!

How strange that the "Globe" is a "planet,"  
 A star in high heaven above;  
 Between fiery Mars, god of warfare,  
 And Venus, that mischief of love;  
 If we could but once give them the slip, Sir,  
 Break the bounds of their orbits right through;  
 While a-courting they went on a trip, Sir,  
 What quiet and peace might accrue!

*En passant*, that Mars quite the soldier,  
 Still proves he's a bit of a blade :  
 He disregards orders and "laws," Sir—  
*All those the Astronomers made—*  
 He's quick in his motions, then slower ;  
 And sometimes reels backwards, askew ;  
 They ought to look after him better,  
 Not wink at his ways as they do !

But perhaps when he gets a bit boosy  
 His generous spirit is stirred ;  
 And his betters don't like to expose him,  
 Aware how his weakness is shared !  
 But since he endangers our safety,  
 And collisions have happened ere now,  
 They ought, for the sake of their credit,  
 To bring him to order somehow.

There's "gravity" in our condition,  
 For the "Globe" struggles hard to be free ;  
 But "Centripetal, solar attraction,"  
 Still frets it, and irritates me.  
 We're kept betwixt love and lust, warring,  
 In a whirling of pleasure or pain ;  
 Shooting off like a meteor, starring,  
 Till we tumble spark out on a plain !

Those comets are curious creatures,  
 Perhaps worlds yet to come, Sir, who knows ?  
 They cannot have heard much of Newton,  
 Nor even of Kepler's famed "laws" !  
 They seem like Cadets, rather wayward,  
 When the Schoolmaster's dead, or abroad ;  
 If Isaac could only come back, he  
 Might make them keep in the right road.

### THE "VISIONS."

It's strange that the planets are "worlds" too—  
 They must be, for Gashmu saith so—  
 And a lady I know had a "vision",  
*But this is a secret, you know !*  
 She visited a world, while a whirling,  
 How she managed is not in the dream ;  
 But she knows that Sir Isaac was right, Sir,  
 And planets are *not* what they seem.

That Swedenborg once was a dreamer—  
 He's too fast asleep now to dream—  
 He "saw" that the planets were worlds, though  
 His "visions" don't follow *her* theme.  
 He never went further than Saturn,  
 In his time they would'nt allow ;  
 If he were a good prophet, then, Sir,  
 Why object to a prophetess now ?

It's wrong to doubt S.D.A. "visions,"  
 More wicked than breaking God's laws ;  
 For though you observe all the latter—  
 Except you have *stock* in the "Cause"—  
 They quietly, privately hint, you  
 Are treading on dangerous ground ;  
 In danger of falling from grace, through  
 The world, or the THE CHURCH, turning round !

If you cannot take broad hints, or *narrow*,  
 And don't pay good tithe up to date,  
 They'll "boycott" you into submission ;  
 Or shut you outside the church gate.  
 The church used to burn awkward heretics,  
 It was short and sharp work you may know ;  
 But now she just cuts off supplies, and  
 It's desperately cruel and slow !

But why should a "paid worker" question,  
 And much less presume, Sir, to test,  
 What pious old women have written,  
 And printed to settle at rest ?  
 But I'd too much faith in my "Folly"—  
 It's not the world's wisdom you see—  
 So bravely one Sabbath, while absent,  
 They dared to ex-communicate me !

This settled the "fact" that this planet's  
 A "Globe," and fast flying through "space" ;  
 I hope that we shall not wander *too* far,  
 Or horrible things might take place :  
 Let's pray to the sun to hold fast, Sir—  
 What a long arm he has to be sure—  
 I'd rather be too warm, than frozen ;  
 But either way who could endure ?

### BAAL-WORSHIP.

But no ! for to pray is to worship,  
 And we've tried Baal-worship before ;  
 Though some now propose it, good Christians  
 Could never sun-worship restore.  
 Some Presbyters turn to the East yet,  
 "Towards Jerusalem," adroitly they say ;  
 But when they go *east* of that city  
 They bow to the dawn of the day !

How strangely we honor the sun's day—  
 That "wild solar feast-day" of fame—  
 As some pagan Potentate ordered  
 Ere being immersed in "The Name" ;  
 While forgetting the much older rest day  
 The sun's Maker commanded and blest ;  
 But the ancient Creation's exploded,  
 So the Sabbath has gone with the rest !

They've altered the old Ten Commandments,  
 And the fourth, which I think is the best ;  
 " The Sabbath was made for man's welfare,"  
 But the Devil will not let us rest :  
 We work harder even than slaves did ;  
 Our wheels spin away like the " Globe !"  
 Whiz whiz, stitch and stich, dip and dip, Sir ;  
 We've need of the patience of Job.

### THE " REMNANT. "

The Commandments are still " read in churches,"  
 Which sing all their meaning away :  
 I hear they're all going to " Babylon,"  
*Excepting, of course, S.D.A. !*  
 And these are the very last " Remnant "  
 Of faithful ones left on the " Globe " ;  
 For the old seven thousand of Israel  
 They have driven away into Moab !  
 The last church is " Laodicean,"  
 According to John, last of seven ;  
 And this one *he* thought was in danger  
 Of being rejected of Heaven !  
 It is rich in its " gifts, " if not graces,  
 Though only one gift *they* profess ;  
 And this exercised but by one, Sir ;  
 They don't allow more, cannot less.  
 I wish they would " covet " some others,  
 And let others covet some too ;  
 Especially those gifts excelling,  
 Faith, Hope, and a Charity true :  
 A love that can answer a brother  
 Without lowering looks *if he smile* !  
 That looks up, right into his face too,  
 Free from priest-craft, suspicion, and guile.  
 The Sabbath was Creation's memorial,  
 His Rest whom we ought to revere ;  
 But while there are those who still keep it  
 They've lost half its meaning, I fear :  
 For, observing the sabbath of Moses,  
 His Cosmogony all they deny ;  
 And take up the new-fangled notion  
 That the world's a big " Ball " in the sky !

### CONSISTENCY.

" Consistency, " S.D.A. tells us,  
 Is a jewel, and one that is rare ;  
 But bring these things meekly before them,  
 And not very meekly they stare !  
 They think your head's turning, *a little*,  
 Though standing where they say they do ;  
 While to you the world's wisdom is " Folly, "  
 To them it is " Science, " deep true.

Just question the one special doctrine  
 Which draws a sect forth from the rest,  
 They'll give you a " Thus saith the Lord, " Sir ;  
 And rightly demand this one test :  
 But bring them some other plain truth up,  
 But one not yet found in their " Creed " ;  
 You may drench them with texts clear as water,  
 They'll give neither you nor them heed !

So we're going, though no ones knows whither,  
 Nor when the vast journey is done ;  
 But only we're all on a " Globe, " Sir,  
 And chariot-like lashed to the sun !  
 Old Phœbus his seat is regaining  
 In a beautiful cloak with new name ;  
 Let us hope that he'll manage the beast well,  
 And not drag us ALL in the flame !

If he lend that young Phaeton the reins we  
 Shall certainly get in a fix ;  
 He's as wilful as Nebuchadnezzar,  
 And may be that Six-sixty-six ?  
 You must bow down your body, or soul, Sir,  
 And worship both Image and Beast ;  
 Or be doomed, that is dammed, and beheaded,  
 Unshriven by Satan's high-priest.

Strange how in this " Christian country, "  
 Men will act if you but cross their whim :  
 And it's worse in the Denominations  
 Since D.D's, or " Dumb dogs " got in.  
 You must speak to the Creed, or be " mum, " Sir,  
 Quite apart from the truth of your " view " ;  
 Or migrate to some " other " kind planet,  
 With unpaid expenses still due !

### " ANOTHER " PLANET ?

Oh ! is there some hetrodox planet  
 Where charity fails not as here ?  
 Where churches believe ALL the Bible,  
 And all its sweet precepts revere ?  
 They would help all the poor and the needy,  
 Irrespective of party or creed ;  
 Like the Founder of an ancient religion,  
 With no recommendation but need !

Some " planet "—but *plane* it—where " Science "  
 Is *knowledge*, conforming to sense ;  
 Not that which is " falsely so called, " Sir,  
 A mere hypothetical pretence.  
 Where the schools are not like all the churches,  
 Mere secular Sects, " Schools of thought " ;  
 Where youth have their minds educated,  
 Not crammed with the theories taught.



Where " Science " is open to question,  
 As well as the dogmas and creeds ;  
 Where brains are not choked up with smoke, Sir,  
 From burning foul narcotic weeds.  
 Where " brethren " don't exclude a " brother " —  
 If his hat should prove larger than theirs ;  
 And, where doubting the Book and Creator,  
 They never pretend to " say prayers " !  
 Where they've not introduced the new method,  
 Which some of us know to our cost ;  
 As bad as the old one of burning  
 Poor heretics for fear they'd be lost !  
 Where they don't scrape from bread all the butter,  
 Then take away even the bread ;  
 Till it makes even mild mothers mutter,  
 And fathers say things they've NOT said !

### THE EXCOMMUNICATION.

" I knew a man once, in Christ Jesus " —  
 In one of Christ's churches, *he thought* —  
 Whom they tried thus to bring to THEIR reason.  
 But he couldn't be frightened or bought.  
 They " waited six months out of kindness,"  
 To see if he'd starve or give in ;  
 But as, by God's grace, he did neither,  
 They felt it was most wilful sin !  
 They say, Sir, that history's repeated,  
 With some variation I ween ;  
 Well, now and again was enacted  
 A famous old trial and scene.  
 But Galileo was tried by the " Church " then  
 For believing what the " Church " believes now ;  
 She denied it was found in the Bible,  
 But found it soon after I trow !  
 Our S.D.A. friends came together,  
 Not citing the great heretic ;  
 They feared he'd infect all the flock, Sir,  
 And give them the scab or the tick !  
 So they passed the prepared " Resolution,"  
 With hardly one word of dissent ;  
 I'd better translate their theology,  
 Or *you* might not know what it meant !

### INDICTMENT.

" Whereas that A. B. has forsaken  
 The principles laid down in the trade ;  
 AND BELIEVES IN THAT FLAT-EARTH DELUSION,  
 And two more disciples has made ;  
 Thus spoiling their usefulness to us,  
 As workers in Black and White's Co. ;  
 It's resolved on—to keep us united—  
 That Brother A. B. must now go."

" We've waited to print his confession,  
*Not to hear his vain reasons, of course ;*  
 For this, while upsetting the faithful,  
 Would only make him more perverse :  
 There's plenty of proof in the Bible,  
 Especially one text found in Job ;  
 But if there were none *we've the visions,*  
 Which prove that the " Globe " is a *globe !*"

" Yes, the visions, the visions, so sacred,  
*Which the vulgar ought never to see ;*  
 But which are all read by the faithful,  
 And with which all the faithful agree (!)  
 Why the visions you know must distinguish  
 The last and true church from the rest ;  
 And though others claim now to have some,  
 We all know that ours are the best ! "

" Besides he keeps asking such questions,  
 I guess where he'll finally slide ;  
 Our young ladies give the right answers,  
 But still he don't seem satisfied.  
 He doubts if *days* twenty-three hundred  
 Mean *YEARS*, reaching Eighteen forty-four ;  
 When the High-priest first entered the Holiest ;  
 And asks what he was doing before ! "

" In short there's no stopping his questions,  
 And some I have answered myself,  
 BY OUR LADY, and all her good visions  
 Which he quietly puts on the shelf :  
 Then he hands us a Bible, as though, Friends,  
 He'd listen to nothing but *that !*  
 'Twas there that he got that odd notion  
 The Globe's like a penny—round, flat."

" You see he reflects on the visions,  
 And the matter might spread left alone ;  
 It's most deadly heresy, dear brethren,  
 To the true church, or " Remnant "—*our own* :  
 So it's hereby provided our brother—  
*But don't call him BROTHER again—*  
 Be excised from the one elect body  
 For ever and ever."—Amen !

### POOR JONAH !

The " last " church, or Laodicean,  
 Shall " Conquer the people," they say ;  
 So our modern Nicolaitan Elders  
 Make all their " dear brethren " obey.  
 They are nothing but " laity," *people,*  
 But the " Temple of the Lord are all these " ;  
 So the " lots," or the " Clergies " of Peter,  
 Let them " lord " it as much as they please.

So they voted all meekly, obedient,  
 And cast the man out overboard ;  
 Without casting lots, as with Jonah,  
 For the choice of the man by the Lord.  
 It might have turned out inconvenient,  
 And made at least one man feel queer ;  
 But as they dared not thus to trust Him,  
 I need not dilate on it *here* !

Suffice it to say that poor Jonah  
 Was punished because he was " mum " ;  
 Whereas this non-brother, less prudent,  
 Was talking too much, Sir, for some.  
 So they cast him out into the wide world,  
 Without any orders from heaven ;  
 But the " Bull " but preceded the " Vision "  
 They felt must be speedily given !

It is well there is One who shows mercy,  
 Far more than his " Servants " profess ;  
 Who remembers it even in judgment ;  
 Alas that some sinners do less :  
 A man may sink down under water,  
 And his faith like poor Peter's may fail ;  
 But *they* can't stretch out helping hand, No ;  
 Nor even provide a " great whale " !

To the credit of one I should mention  
 He ventured one question to ask—  
 " Doth our law judge a man e'er it hear him ? "—  
 For which he was taken to task.  
 He'll obtain some promotion ere long, Sir ;  
 And a safer though more distant sphere,  
 He'd better be careful—I warn him—  
*Hereafter*, if not now and here !

### AN EXOTIC.

Our heretic—hero—" as you like it,"  
 Had never preached physical laws,  
 Or the Bible account of Creation ;  
 " It might injure the S.D.A. cause."  
 They thought it was quite understood too  
 That even *in private*, at all,  
 He'd never once whisper a doubt that  
 The " Cause " was upheld by a Ball !  
 You see, Sir, this New Revelation,  
 Like an exotic plant, hot-house grown,  
 Is a delicate kind of dumb creature  
 That mustn't be wetted or blown :  
 It cannot stand rough out-door breezes,  
 So certain adversely to blow ;  
 If you breathe on it *inside* it sneezes,  
 And *OUT* with *your* plant you must go !

Well, give me the flower of Truth which  
 Is able to breathe the fresh air ;  
 Which blossoms by fountains of Freedom,  
 As fearless as open and fair :  
 Though courting the zephyrs of heaven,  
 Yet careless of wind or of rain ;  
 Diffusing sweet scent for Truth-seekers  
 Alike on the mountain or plain.

But then, Sir, its all a " delusion "  
 Your " Folly " has put into print ;  
 I fear *you'll* be placed ex-communication,  
 They say, and it seems, " The De'il's in't ! "  
 You had better repent of your doings,  
 Go back to the vision and ball ;  
 Or, like a lame sheep for the slaughter,  
 You'll be punished for having a fall !

They read an old text out sometimes yet—  
 " Blessed are ye when men shall revile ; "  
 Expunging your name as a mistake ;  
 And driving you into exile :  
 So they kindly provide you *this* blessing,  
 Unless you're afraid of their frown :  
 But Shadrachs, Meshachs, Abednegoes,  
 Will never to such gods bow down !

Had the " Remnant " come earlier, Galileo  
 Might not have been stripped of his robe—  
 At *least* not for this—had he pleaded  
 Their motto, " OUR FIELD *is* the GLOBE ! "  
 He taught that the earth was in motion,  
 And just saved his soul with a lie ;  
 But now if you dare to impugn him,  
 You must save yourself likewise, or die !

I am glad " Orthodoxy," like " Science,"  
 Can change right about with " New light ; "  
 That a man so heretical one day  
 May turn out the next to be right !  
 Three centuries make a great difference  
 Where History fades from the view,  
 And going at the rate we are going ;  
 Athenians expect something new.

### THE SUBJECT.

But perhaps I'm digressing a little,  
 So allow me at once to return  
 To the subject from which we have started ;  
 May be there is more yet to learn :  
 Let me see, Sir, where was I ? Where are we ?  
 Oh, flying afar on a " Ball,"  
 Upheld by a rope called " Attraction,"  
 That's fastened somewhere to the " Pole " !

How strange our small sun HAS the power—  
 But it's all " Gravitation," of course—  
 To drag the great " Globe " hour by hour,  
 Like a runaway sweltering horse !  
 Oh, the terrible height he uplifts us  
 To hurl us right down the abyss ;  
 While the careless and wicked ne'er tremble,  
 To think what the dread distance is !

Eight thousand odd miles, in one half turn,  
 Up the great giddy height we must go ;  
 Then eight thousand down the dread chasm,  
 We are whirled by the fly-wheel below :  
 While a thousand, or more, in one minute,  
 We are driven like fury along ;  
 And this day and night, Sir, forever !  
 Don't you think that the Engine's gone wrong ?

They *say* the sun's NOT a small body,  
 But greater than all its " great Globes " :  
 While methinks I just " hear a smile," Sir,  
 From the top of some Clerical " Robes " :  
 " Don't you know that the distance is known, now,  
 From the very vast SIZE of the sun ?  
 And the size of the sun must be great, man,  
 When the very vast DISTANCE is known ! "

I wonder who finds the sun fuel ?—  
 And Ingersoll knows what it needs—  
 A morsel the size of the " Globe " Sir,  
 It can GOBBLE AT ONCE when it feeds !  
 How wasteful it is with its heat, too,  
 Much worse than my gold-finch with seed ;  
 It scatters it all into " space " so,  
 Poor planets can't pick what they need !

### " MISTAKES " SOMEWHERE !

This shows the mistakes—not of Moses—  
 In a universe made like our own :  
 No wonder the sceptic's put out, Sir,  
 He's reason to wrangle I own.  
 But as we can't doubt " Exact science,"  
 Which Presbyters prize, too, as " good " ;  
 I own that man Moses made one, for  
 We sprang out of jelly-fish mud !

I wish they'd be more " exact " still though,  
 And not keep removing the sun ;  
 But a few millions of miles alteration  
 Is as nothing when all's said and done !  
 It's strange mathematics won't settle  
 The Moon in her wanderings wide ;  
 Nor show how mere " laws " of " Attraction "  
 Account for two opposite tides !

The Moon " trapes " all round the " Globe," and  
 The " Globe " is dragged all round the sun ;  
 The Sun circles round some Sun greater,  
 And—*What is the path of the moon ?*  
 It's the tale of the fleas—I beg pardon—  
 Of the dogs which had fleas for to " bite 'em " ;  
 These fleas had fleas smaller on *their* backs,  
 And so on, Sir " *Ad infinitum* " !

Twenty thousand long miles in an hour  
 The Sun whirls the world into " space " !  
 Some hundreds of miles while you're thinking  
 " Well, really ! Can such things take place ? "  
 But the " Globe " travels round in the same time,  
 Sixty thousand—I pray you give heed—  
 And the Moon must keep up with her " Planet " !  
*So what is the Moon's gentle speed ?*

Yet Luna's as cold as old Saturn,  
 She can't " catch her heat " to get warm :  
 If she do, like good housewife with money,  
 She sticks to it all, and no harm.  
 But for the sake of her friends on the " Globe," Sir,  
 She *might* reflect HEAT with her light ;  
 She gives back some silver—they think so—  
 But the gold she keeps ALL out of sight !

Of course she needs some compensation,  
 As she's dragged all about in the sky :  
 The " Globe " sways her this way and that way,  
 And the Sun and the Stars have a try :  
 Though earthward she turns, as we all do,  
 The Globe's going after the sun ;  
 And Sirius is pulling at Sol, Sir ;  
 So who can tell where she may run ?

How is it when Luna's between us—  
 In conjunction with Venus—and Sun,  
 That we don't drive her right into Venus ?  
 We ought then to give her a run !  
 In four or five hours we should reach her,  
 While the sun pulls us hard just that way :  
 But, No ! the young Moon " keeps her distance,"  
 And holds the big " Ball " back at bay !

Then the Moon " falls through Space " just behind us,  
*And further away from the Sun ;*  
 Notwithstanding his greater " Attractions,"  
 She round her dear " Globey " must run !  
 There is no accounting for fancies,  
 And especially those of her sex :  
 But why should she strive all the month, Sir,  
 The Astronomers to plague and perplex ?

### “GRAVITATION.”

No wonder the “Globe” is rebellious,  
 And pulls his “square” best the other way :  
 How they do tug and struggle together  
 Like madmen with ropes at rough play !  
 Then the Moon—how immodest her face is—  
 Pulls at both, or defies them amain :  
 But the strangest thing is, they’re all pulling  
 WITH NEVER A ROPE OR A CHAIN ! !

How strange, while Mazeppa-like riding,  
 We’re lashed without ropes to the steed ;  
 We have this advantage you see, Sir,  
 Or what ropes we should certainly need !  
 What’s that “Stickphast” they call “Gravitation” ?  
 I don’t wish to puzzle or quiz ;  
 But kindly give some explanation,  
 I *would* like to know what it is !

### “OTHER WORLDS.”

Each planet’s a world—peopled, pulling—  
 Or else what good can there be in it ?  
 Astrology’s exploded you know, Sir,  
 Though I don’t just remember who did it.  
 I’m glad *we* don’t live in cold Neptune,  
 With glasses we might see the sun ;  
 And if we were dropped in hot Mercury  
 Our hairs would be singed, everyone !  
 In Neptune, or even Uranus,  
 No light, and less heat, we should get :  
 All water is turned into ice there ;  
 So of course we should never get wet.  
 The seasons could never much vary,  
 In summer there’d be no bright flowers :  
 The year would drag out its long length, too,  
 One hundred and eighty of ours !  
 The “fixed” stars are suns, so they tell us,  
 The Creator at first made but one :  
 How fast they have multiplied lately,  
 But the amours of star gods are known.  
 What “worlds upon worlds” they’ve begotten,  
 All whirling in cycles unknown :  
 The old prophets knew but this one world,  
 And the Saviour himself died for one !  
 It spoils a good text, one I’m fond of,  
 To read in the plural, “Worlds” ;  
 “God so loved THE world,” yes the ONE world—  
 But look how that Elder’s lip curls—  
 To *us* His best gift He has given,  
 To this world The Son comes again,  
 I’d rather live here than in heaven,  
 When Jesus returns here to reign.

Those star-suns they fight so, all pulling  
 Each other by night and by day ;  
 Each striving to drag down the others,  
 And make them forsake the right way,  
 Have heretics got up amongst them ?  
 Each suspecting the other, of course :  
 And every man’s hand ’gainst his brother’s,  
 Like the Sects or the Sciences ! Worse ?

What passions and piques animate them.  
 A-spiralling, perhaps, after place ?  
 But why should they quarrel with neighbours,  
 Millions and millions of miles into “space” ?  
 Like us are they struggling for room, Sir ?  
 Then why should they tug and pull so ?  
 How elastic their arms, or their ropes, are ;  
 It’s strange they don’t snap and let go.

What are those beast-like Constellations ?  
 Do the sects go up there, when they die ?  
 Then they must be the Denominations ;  
 And this gives the clue as to “Why” :  
 No wonder there’s warfare in heaven  
 If the Demons-in-nations go there,  
 With bulls, battles, beads, “accursed” crosses,  
 It’s enough, Sir, to darken the air !  
 I wish all these pullers and people  
 Would only be quiet and still ;  
 Or at least if they’d all pull together,  
 It wouldn’t make people so ill !  
 It makes one feel weary, this crushing,  
 And long for some place further west ;  
 Is there NO star that’s “FIXED,” free from rushing,  
 Where the weary at last can find *rest* ?

### WHERE IS HEAVEN ?

Where is the “Antipodes” heaven ?  
 Which *way* do they go to get there ?  
 “Down,” or “up” ? or the same way as we go ?  
 All most proper questions and fair !  
 Have *they* the same heaven as we have ?  
 Is heaven all round this “dark Ball” ?  
 Or is there another for them, Sir ?  
 Or—*Is there a heaven at all ?*

In one of our hymns it is written :—  
 “Beyond the *bounds* of time and space” :  
 When you get to the brink of that chasm,  
 It is there, if you just find the place.  
 “How long would it take us to reach it ?”  
 If we flew with the swift wings of light,  
 Ten thousand of our solar years, Friend !  
 “Well, I hope we shan’t go there to-night !”

But some of our friends seem so sky-sick,  
 As the Globe-vessel pitches about ;  
 I suppose they are feeling disgusted,  
 And wishing they could but get out.  
 I warned them, but no ! they would travel  
 By a vessel that rolls like a ball ;  
 They knew it, and so must not grumble :  
 I'd rather not travel at all !

WE don't become sick in our vessel,  
 With its flat and broad deck on the sea :  
 You can steady the telescope heaven-ward,  
 When riding at anchor, as we.  
 So let us pursue contemplations,  
 Bewildering as *their* vessel rolls ;  
 But see ! She is throwing out Bibles :  
 I hope she won't lose all her souls !

### CHRONOLOGY.

If the Bible Chronology's true still  
 Six milleniums nearly have gone ;  
 It's now the sixth day, Friday evening,  
 And the seventh, or Sabbath, draws on ;  
 If the " Spherists " and Theorists be right though,  
 We've been moving some millions of years :  
 There must be " mistakes," many, *somewhere* ;  
 And its time we should settle our fears.

Friend Dimbleby knows the right time, and  
 I think his old clock sound and good ;  
 But he cannot take it to pieces ;  
 It hardly is needful he should.  
 Just watch jewell'd fingers in motion,  
 The time you may soon learn to tell ;  
 Without knowing all the fine workings,  
 Understanding mechanism as well !

In " All Past Time," down from Creation,  
 He shows that the Bible is true ;  
 Eclipses, Lunations, and Transits,  
 Are marshalled in order to view :  
 The sun, moon, and stars mark the Seasons  
 All open to every man's sight ;  
 The Clock-work of heaven's in motion,  
 If only we'll read it aright.

If the God of the Bible and " Nature "  
 Be one, then they both must agree ;  
 If not, then that " Goddess of Reason "  
 Will rise up to claim victory :  
 While the FACTS all agree with the Scriptures,  
 The THEORIES, they *will* not conform ;  
 You may try a man's coat on an ass, Sir,  
 But the coat, like the Book, will be torn.

### A " SUN IN FLAMES ! "

Those star-struggles seem quite unseemly  
 Even governed by blind fatal " Force ; "  
 It's strange that there isn't a smash, Sir,  
 That each Star can keep on its course !  
 They tell us a crash does occur though,  
 When a star, or a " Sun is in flames ; "  
 Burning up all its " worlds," with their peoples,  
 Revolving around without names.

A star-sun, alas ! got on fire, Sir,  
 Just over a century ago ;  
 It sent off a fireman in great haste,  
 To let precise Proctor just know :  
 The postman, called Star-light, rushed forward,  
 As quickly as lightning could flash,  
 To tell telegraphists sublunary,  
 All about the catastrophe crash !

How long d'you suppose he was coming ?  
 The Postman—he ran all the way—  
 Jumped on the Mail-train while in motion,  
 It hadn't a minute to stay.  
 Too late, Sir, too late for Sublunaries  
 To render assistance out there ;  
 One hundred long years—all was over—  
 Poor Proctor sank down with despair !

" The Myths and the Marvels of Science "  
 May tell of her " Sweet Pleasing Ways ; "  
 But this myth's the marvel of all, Sir ;  
 I hope our *own* sun's not a-blaze !  
 " Our Place," too, " amongst the Infinities "  
 Requires illustrating with Cut ;  
 For I find, like Dove in the Deluge,  
 No " *place* " for the sole of my foot !

But how does a sun get on fire, Sir ?  
 O, may be by mischievous elf :  
 Or as it shoots off a young world, perhaps  
 It is struck by a spark from itself !  
 They say that our world was once shot forth  
 From the sun in a white glowing heat ;  
 So it made itself an " Oblate Spheroid,"  
 While whirling and plastic—*How neat !*

### EVOLUTION.

If you cannot now credit Creation—  
 And we've all come from somewhere you know—  
 Until Science " knows " THE explanation,  
 You may just pick up this as you go.  
 It's cooled down sufficiently since, Sir,  
 Or you would not be where you are :  
 But how did our forefathers get here,  
 On a molten and bright shooting star ?

This puzzled awhile our dear Darwin ;  
 His "Survivors" though soon found it out :  
 The plastic became "Proto-plasm,"  
 "Bio-plasm," by turning about !  
 The sun "differentiates" matter,  
 Then warms it up kindly again ;  
 Till it changes to jelly-fish batter,  
 Then monkeys, and finally men !

You see how an infidel's made now,  
 If you never knew how, Sir, before :  
 He has a long line of ancestry,  
 Distinguished for wisdom and lore.  
 No wonder he sings the sun's praises ;  
 He must have some god, I will own,  
 To make a distinguished logician  
 From mere muddy water alone !

But the Sun's now declining the business—  
 I presume he is getting too old—  
 And the Moon, notwithstanding volcanoes,  
 Seems always so barren and cold :  
 But somewhere down deep in the ocean  
 They found a "Bathybius" bed ;  
 And out of this slimy stuff, Huxley's  
 Great, great, great grand-fathers were made !

'Twas a sort of live bird-limy matter,  
 And caught some old birds for a time ;  
 Till an infidel friend spoiled it all, Sir,  
 By shouting out—"Sulphate of lime !"   
 How the birds then all hopped off the lime-twigs,  
 Not finding it sticking too fast ;  
 But though they have since preened their feathers,  
 They're sure to be caught at the last.

For this, or some other such matter,  
 Must sometime have bred, Sir, and swarmed :  
 Two atoms once tumbled together,  
 Fell in love, and one molecule formed !  
 The sun doubtless warmed up their feelings,  
 And made them vibrate with great joy,  
 To find themselves sentient beings ;  
 But I *can't* find out which was the boy !

The eye with its wonderful powers  
 Was a miracle task for the Light ;  
 Yet one which the Atoms effected,  
 As witness the old Trilobite :  
 But to save the sun trouble and labour,  
 Out of kindness for what he had done,  
 They fell into labour themselves, till  
 A daughter soon followed a son.

They got a few species together,  
 Plants, animals, crossed them for more ;  
 Some liking the land, some the water,  
 But going still further from shore :  
 That Moses—how men now deride him—  
 Thought each kind created indeed ;  
 Confined, in its seed-bearing power,  
 To bearing its own proper seed !

These hybrids then bred one another,  
 From the elephant down to the flea ;  
 From the minnow in rippling waters  
 To monsters which sport in the sea :  
 From the ugliest reptiles, extinct now,  
 To the beauty of pure womanhood ;  
 Right up to the fine Evolutionist  
 Who sang this new song by a Wood :—

### SONG of the EVOLUTIONIST.

In the infirite ages of past time  
 There was nothing but atoms about ;  
 They groped up and down in the darkness,  
 Or ran in irregular rout :  
 At length seized by gravity's impulse,  
 They all rushed away after one ;  
 And clashing around it struck fire,  
 They so formed the bright spherical sun !

The heat soon expanded his body  
 To most disproportionate size ;  
 And Sol felt himself solitary,  
 Lone occupant then of the skies !  
 With labour he threw off young star-suns,  
 To occupy parts unexplored ;  
 And kept but a few suns about him,  
 Not liking too much to be bored.

The planets he tied to his body—  
 The rest he could never restrain—  
 And these fled the centre from freedom,  
 But strong was great gravity's chain !  
 Our world as he whirled, hot and plastic,  
 Made himself like his father the sun ;  
 But as the long ages rolled over  
 His blazing and brightness got done.

However, at length germinated  
 In a quiet old Cambrian spot,  
 From sunshine and mud in solution,  
 A shapeless albuminous dot :  
 He could push out an arm when he wanted,  
 He learned to catch prey, so he thrived ;  
 And from him, our mighty ancestor,  
 All life on the planet's derived ;

Then active Ascideans evolving  
 Fresh forms he contrived in his spleen,  
 Legs, limbs improvised for the sexes,  
 All sorts up to twelve or sixteen !  
 The strongest the beautiful chosing—  
 The fittest survive on a Ball—  
 And beauties the weak ones refusing,  
 The weakest soon went to the wall.

Too many limbs proved inconvenient,  
 For mammals which came into view ;  
 He therefore dropped ten or a dozen,  
 Reduced them to four or to two :  
 Made monkeys four-legged or four-handed  
 Evolving in time into men,  
 With two legs and two hands for labour ;  
 And toe-fingers, remnant of ten.

So on through the ages still future  
 The world will keep whirling about,  
 The law of survival is cruel,  
 It threatens to make me drop out :  
 I'll eat then and drink, for to-morrow—  
 The Book is right here—we shall die ;  
 And after—there is no here-after—  
 Let's hope all the rest is a lie !

### ADULTERATION.

How strange that those hybrids would breed then ;  
 What makes them so sterile, Sir, now ?  
 My young gold-finch mule is more barren  
 Than John Ploughman's poor old gouty cow !  
 For this, though it now milks no butter,  
 Exudes from a festering sore  
 Very valuable vaccinal matter,  
 Which makes it worth more than before.

It is strange how the vaccinal Virus,  
 Forced into a child's healthy arm,  
 Which first makes it ill—sometimes die, Sir—  
 Protects it from all further harm !  
 Diseases—they've altered so lately—  
 Once followed violations of laws ;  
 And Moses prevented disorders  
 By first getting rid of the cause.

But now you can purchase indulgence  
 For a medical fee, which is due ;  
 And dare with impunity violate  
 The laws of your well-being true.  
 The new gospel's not like the old, Sir,  
 Which visits transgression with hurt ;  
 But then, it is so "Scientific ;"  
 Another sweet "Gospel of dirt."

God spoke, in a great voice of thunder,  
 Ten commandments on Mount Sinai ;  
 But Doctors would read us the seventh ;  
 "Thou SHALT commit adultery !"  
 No wonder—some D.D's. repeal them—  
 That M.D's. may do as they will ;  
 And mix our best blood with beast matter ;  
 They're "qualified" now, Sir to kill !

Old Israelites once were forbidden,  
 To mark cuttings into their flesh,  
 Like barbarous nations around them,  
 Lest they should fall into their mesh :  
 But "Israelites" modern know better,  
 Poor Moses, another mistake !  
 Except, Sir, by breaking the "letter,"  
 We more of the "spirit" partake ?

The "Mark of the Beast" is forthcoming,  
 Although I don't think it is this ;  
 But things will develope ere long, Sir,  
 When all the world worships "The Beast."  
 Some mark on the hand, or the forehead,  
 In one respect like that of Cain,  
 To protect us from dying of "Murder,"  
 If not by the guillotine slain.

It's strange how health comes from diseases,  
 And soundness from festering sore ;  
 That God does not make his work perfect,  
 As old prophets thought, Sir, of yore.  
 But new gods are coming up now, which  
 Our fathers, fine fellows, ne'er knew :  
 Deceiving the world with the wonders  
 The Satan assists them to do !

### FREE THINKERS.

But here, I'm disgrassing again now—  
 How they do draw me out of the scent—  
 My goldfinch's song just reminds me  
 How off from those hybrids we went.  
 Well, the sun was the source of all life then ;  
 But what was the source of the sun ?  
 And what made him start out red hot too ?  
*We've all out of NOTHING, Sir, come !*

I should think the sun once was alive and  
 Intelligent—What is your "view" ?—  
 To make living men from dead matter,  
 Such eloquent "Reasoners" too !  
 If he had neither life, Sir, nor reason,  
 Then what could his strange reason be  
 For getting sons brighter than he is,  
 And such a mixed strange progeny ?

They boast of "Freethought" in fine fashion,  
 As though all free thought were their own :  
 While freedom from thought you might think, Sir,  
 Was fairly deduced from their tone !  
 We've no wilful right to think wrongly,  
 To bring revolution, or worse ;  
 True freedom's distinguished from license,  
 As blessing is distinct from curse.

Reformation is certainly needed  
 Revolution is different work :  
 We want no more French "Reigns of Terror,"  
*Though one is preparing his dirk !*  
 Let's listen to all honest reason,  
 Though reason has limits assigned :  
 But keep from Cain's crime, and foul treason,  
 On failing to vanquish the mind.

These modern men claim to be "Thinkers,"  
 Unfettered, unprejudiced, free ;  
 But some I have seen, Sir, were tinkers,  
 As great slaves as ever could be !  
 If all dropped their aitches, as they did,  
 "Free-thinkers" would be a good name ;  
 Free-tinkers might not sound euphonious,  
 But would be a much better claim !

### SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

This question still waits their solution,  
 How matter, non-living, has bred,  
 And become living matter, organic ?  
 The living produced by the dead !  
 They ignore, or deny, the Creation,  
 An historic and up-risen Christ ;  
 They cannot consent to such miracle,  
 So a greater—not grander's—devised !

These questions are deep, may be too deep  
 For those who can't dive in the sea :  
 The shape of the surface we move on  
 Should first be resolved I'll agree.  
 I've kept a few hens and some chickens,  
 And watched them come out of the shell :  
 But which was the first, *hen or egg*, Sir ?  
 My secular friends would'nt tell !

Our eggs always came from the hens, and  
 The eggs when hatched out became chicks ;  
 Chicks grew into hens, at least some did,  
 So here was the infidel's fix :  
 Which was first? when the "Globe" had cooled down Sir,—  
 For they'd hardly come out while too hot—  
 Hen or egg? Egg or hen? *Il faut choisir*,  
 Between the hot kettle and pot !

I prefer the old-fashioned Creation,  
 Which brings the *hen* first on the field :  
 But let them supply something better,  
 In time my poor reason might yield.  
 But until they can they had better  
 Beware how they scoff as they do ;  
 If we're wrong we're no worse, they no better !  
*But what if the Bible be true ?*

If the Bible be true, in that "if," Sir,  
 A dread possibility lies ;  
 Which has silenced the bravest of scoffers,  
 And turned their vain scoffs into cries.  
 Beware, poor mortal, abusing  
 Thy little brief power of breath ;  
 For sin is a *good* law's transgression,  
 And "the wages of sin is *still* death."

The Sceptic may question a torment  
 Unending, unmeasured, unjust ;  
 But *Death*, which shall cut off his being,  
 And level his pride with the dust ;  
 This, this he will shrink from—we all do—  
 Then let us seek life through the Christ ;  
 Believe, on good evidence, in Him,  
 And into his Name be baptized.

### THE TESTIMONY.

A prophet, who once was respected,  
 Declares that our *heavens* shall burn ;  
 But not by a sun's conflagration,  
 For the sun shall be darkened and mourn.  
 "Hereafter shall heaven be OPENED"—  
 It was'nt *then* all open "space"—  
 And the "Earth be removed like a cottage ;"  
 "Once more" it SHALL move from its place !

Ah ! then we shall own the dread motion,  
 Nor speculate proudly the rate ;  
 For hypocrites, sceptics and scoffers,  
 Yea all men shall meet their just fate.  
 And all who are willingly ignorant  
 Of things which were much better known  
 Than lies about "law," "continuity ;"  
 The Law of the Lord we shall own.

The prophet's world differed from Newton's.  
 ONE could look all its kingdoms o'er then ;  
 And the earth "standing out of the water"  
 Was "outstretched" of old like a plain.  
 They did not bow down then to "Science,"  
 But declared it was "falsely so called" ;  
 That is, they denied it was *knowledge*—  
 Who inspired them to be, Sir, so bold ?



God spoke most directly to Moses,  
 A nation, too, all heard His voice ;  
 They're right, or they're wrong, please yourself which,  
 You must though abide by your choice :  
 But if God *exist* why not speak too.  
 Instructions to creatures to give ?  
 Beware how you slander His teaching ;  
 Strive rather to please Him and live.

We talk of the " Mistakes of Moses,"  
 The dulness of David and Job ;  
 But the error lies deeper and higher,  
 'Than either the " Plane " or the " Globe,"  
 Two Powers now rally their forces,  
 For the Crisis that's coming and near :  
 Light and Darkness—Good, Evil—contend still,  
 May the Morning Sun quickly appear.

Yes, He who has patience with people  
 Who contradict all they " believe " ;  
 They say they believe the Old Book, yet  
 Its teachings they will not receive :  
 They turn it to meaningless metaphor,  
 When it does'nt comport with their creed ;  
 While if " Science " but raises a finger  
 With open mouth all men give heed !

### AGNOSTICS.

They " don't know " the mistakes of " Science "—  
 But how can there *be* mistakes here ?  
 And yet like the Roman religion  
 It changes from year to year.  
 The Agnostic forgets his first letter,  
 When giving Dame Nature her " Laws " ;  
 He strains out the tiniest " atom,"  
 Revolving a " Globe " in his jaws !

Our volatile Voysey denies, Sir,  
 'The Christ was Divine, or he'd known  
 The shape of the earth he looked over,  
 When tempted by that " Evil-One."  
 Of course Mr. V. " knows " it well, Sir,  
 Though declining to have all things " proved " ;  
 We heretics oftentimes differ,  
 Though may be once " dearly beloved."

The " Scientists," Gnostics, like Bishops,  
 Might formerly be modest men ;  
 But soon as they speak *Ex cathedra*  
 They all grow infallible then.  
 Galileo might question the Pope, and  
 The Pope tolerate him awhile ;  
 But question the High-priest of " Science,"  
 You get—such a *cynical smile!*

### VIVISECTION.

How " Science " converts men to sceptics,  
 And cynics too, not as of old ;  
 With finer humane feelings blunted,  
 And hearts like their heads, hard and cold.  
 These modern Scientific Vivisectors  
 Would cut off life's best truest hopes,  
 Like the nerves of so many wild rabbits ;  
 First binding us fast with " law " ropes.  
 How they do vivisect those dumb creatures,  
 Cats, kittens, dogs faithful and true ;  
 The dog which would guard *them* from danger,  
 They'll open his vitals to view !  
 They don't like *their* nerves lacerating—  
 They secure their victim with chain—  
 While the hand which dissects the live tissue  
 The dumb dog will lick in his pain !  
 All done in the name too of " Science,"  
 A very great god, though but young ;  
 Requiring for sacrifice, torture,  
 From even mean mice meanly wrung !  
 Would Moses have ever allowed men  
 To cut into sentient lives,  
 And keep them in lingering torment,  
 For cold Vivisectionist knives ?  
 By the tree of the Knowledge of Evil,  
 'The old Serpent whispering lurks ;  
 " That Moses was not scientific,  
 Nor those who condemn such good works !"  
 The fruit of the tree how alluring,  
 Ambition still offers a slice ;  
 But the Knowledge you get there will drive you,  
 And *leave* you, outside Paradise !  
 It's " Science " to know how to madden  
 Sane dogs till you give them the blues ;  
 To know what will stop them from yelling ;  
 Where to pinch a cat's tail till it mews !  
 To know how to cultivate microbes,  
 Which madden in lesser degree,  
 Silly sheep which run to poor Pasteur,  
 When bitten by dog with a flea !

### " MICROBES."

These microbes of science infest us,  
 Our nerves and blood-vessels they fill,  
 Like hordes of uncivilized creatures,  
 Whenever we're what we call " ill,"  
 So we cultivate civilized microbes,  
 And send them to breed in the blood ;  
 Till they swarm and give battle to bad ones,  
 When victory favours the good !

But sometimes the conflict has raged so—  
 Though conquest of course was assured—  
 That Pasteur's poor patients have died, Sir,  
 A little before they were cured !  
 But "cured" is not the right word now,  
 And "disease" is an improper term,  
 Since the mountain of Science has laboured  
 And brought forth a "microbe," or germ !  
 It isn't your back that is bad now,  
 You've got the Baccilli you see ;  
 You have'nt "Rheumatics" but Microbes  
 Invading your shoulder, and knee.  
 Send cultered Bacteria to kill them,  
 Good thieves can catch bad thieves *instantur* ;  
 The dose homeopathic, be careful !  
 "*Similia similibus curantur.*"  
 But *we* ought to be as dumb creatures  
 When "Science" has something to say ;  
 Or own as its victims will own, Sir,  
 "It's unscientific to pray !"   
 The Bible's a Living Book still, but  
 Its vitals some seek to destroy ;  
 Find physical causes for all things,  
 To deaden all spiritual joy.  
 With weird anæsthetic they deaden  
 The nerves of the soul and the heart ;  
 And Death takes a holiday trip while  
 The Lancet relieves his dull Dart :  
 In hospitals, schools scientific,  
 Heroic experiments lie—  
 While students take notes and pulsations—  
 And most "Scientifically" die !  
 But Oh ! there's a Nemesis looming,  
 She comes on historical track,  
 With scalpel of just Retribution,  
 Low moaning with screw and with rack :—  
 "As you sow you shall certainly reap, Sirs,  
 The Apostle's old Creed is most fair ;  
 And Peter shall prove a true prophet,  
 Scientific Vivisector, beware !"

### ECLIPSED AT LAST.

Yes, Peter although not a Pope then,  
 Dared to write as he wrote and to show  
 That when our bright sun shall be darkened,  
 The moon with her own light will glow.  
 And I in my own simple manner  
 Have watched an eclipse of the moon ;  
 And seen her when fully eclipsed, Sir  
 Still shining a dark deep maroon !

"But how can the moon be eclipsed then ?"  
 These "Thinkers" cry out in great haste ;  
 They think they can eclipse us here, Sir,  
 Where the *pons asinorum* is placed !  
 Let them learn the first four propositions,  
 Then this we will kindly explain ;  
 But until they understand four, Sir,  
 The fifth we might teach them in vain !  
 They assume first the world is a spheroid ;  
 That it drives a dark shadow about ;  
 That this shadow falls on the Moon, and  
 That this puts fair Luna's light out.  
 Now let them prove these propositions,  
 Or only that one, "The earth moves,"  
 We will help them right over the bridge, Sir,  
 As Logic, like Euclid, approves.  
 Those "Lights" have been placed in the heavens  
 For "signs and for seasons" for man :  
 Then let us try lightly to read them,  
 Not coldly and sceptically scan.  
 The dread day of doom is approaching  
 When Stars shall fall down to the ground ;  
 When the "refuge of lies" shall be broken,  
 But where will the liars be found ?  
 We need not, however, wait that time,  
 To prove which position is right ;  
 We've given young "Elders" enough though  
 To engage them till then, I think, quite !  
 If darkness and light are substantial,  
 As some of the "Gnostics" agree ;  
 Then a "Lunar Eclipse" would occur, Sir,  
 When she got in the dark density.  
 The old Book—its not been o'erthrown yet—  
 Declares that the sun rules the day,  
 And not our supposed "Axial motion" ;  
 How could mere hypothesis pray ?  
 But could they prove contrary teaching,  
 They'd find us quite willing to learn ;  
 The truth, but the WHOLE truth, we're seeking :  
 Have *they* the same mind in return ?

### B. NATURAL.

They say that our Sun's a small star, Sir—  
 It's strange how they do change their tune—  
 While the Earth is a large shining orb, and  
 A Moon to the Man in the Moon.  
 Don't think it a Lunatic's vision,  
 For the "Spherists" affirm it is so :  
 Our dull distant mountains are shining  
 The "Dark terrene Ball" is aglow !

It were strange should an angel revisit,  
*But this perhaps were better reserved,*  
 For the Globe-ship's becoming inverted ;  
 And our friends are still sky-sick, unnerved.  
 How tickle some stomachs are getting,  
 With doctor's drugs—Doctors divine—  
 We've swallowed some pills sugar-coated :  
 But I have'n't got sugar for mine.

Some people have very strange gullets.  
 A great Teacher once told his few friends ;  
 They strain out the tiniest gnat from  
 Their wines—and they keep the best blends—  
 While the very next time that they drink,  
 Without seeming to injure their gall,  
 They can gobble a camel right down, Sir ;  
 With a hump on its back like a ball !

But strange *should* an angel revisit,  
 Our "Globe," and should find it was gone :  
 Or see it rush past like an Express,  
 Would he venture, do you think, to get on ?  
 Express ? No ! A shot cannon ball, Sir,  
 Shooting faster than the lightning's dread flame ;  
 And revolving around on its axis—  
 Even "Jove" might attempt it in vain !

Just think of the awful momentum,  
 Mighty mountains all dashing away ;  
 The Continents, Islands, deep Ocean ;  
 I tell you it isn't child's play !  
 Then multiply all by the speed, Sir,  
 "The velocity into the weight" :  
 More than one thousand miles in a minute,  
 With its living, but ill-fated freight !

### "THE BOOK WRONG" !

A preacher once speaking in public  
 Was proving the Bible is true :  
 "No man in the world could disprove it,"  
 And he challenged the sceptic to do.  
 So a man soon popped up in the meeting,  
 And said he could prove the Book wrong  
 If they'd give him ten minutes to speak in—  
 You see, Sir, it doesn't take long !

He turned us to Joshua, tenth chapter,  
 About the sun, and the moon, "standing still" ;  
 And he thought *he* could stop the good preacher  
 Like the sun over Gibeon's hill !  
 But *his* name was not spelled like Joshua's,  
 Nor had he his faith, nor his sword ;  
 But only a leer like a Bad laugh,  
 To cut at both preacher and word.

"Did Joshua believe the sun moved then ?  
 Did he know 'twas the *Globe* which revolved ?  
 Did the One who inspired him know better ?  
 Then how could the riddle be solved ?  
 He wanted no shuffling evasion ;  
 Did the Book never mean what it said ?  
 He'd no patience with prevarication,  
 Like much he had (written ? and) read !"

The Christians looked rather alarmed there—  
 They seldom have very much faith—  
 For here was Goliath, and armed, Sir,  
 So the Israelites all held their breath !  
 The preacher picked up a smooth pebble,  
 Acknowledging all that was right :—  
 "The Bible denies the Earth's motion ;  
 Attributes it all to the light."

"Then the Bible is wrong, and you own it !"—  
 "Oh no ! Hold young man, just a minute"—  
 "But you own it denies the earth's motion,  
 So it must be, and therefore I've done it"—  
 "You've *done* it ! Done what, let me ask you ?  
 Just proved a divergence, that's all !  
 There is error, and grave error somewhere :  
*But is it in BIBLE or "BALL" ?*

The sceptic now looked quite bewildered ;  
 "Never heard of *Science-Sceptics* before !"  
*His* scepticism was but one-sided,  
 Like that of a great many more.  
 The question was "utterly superfluous !"  
 "Was it offered in earnest or jest ?"  
 "Well, Well !" he could "never have thought it :"  
 "EXACT SCIENCE to be put to the *test* !"

"Why, don't you believe the *Globe's* moving ?  
 I thought every school-boy knew this"—  
 "Every school-boy is TAUGHT IT, like you've been ;  
 But *answer the question, Sir, please !*  
 You question my Bible, all right Friend ;  
 We've the right to a question or two :  
 I question your "Science," d'you see, Sir ?  
 Now prove which is false, and which true !"

Remember WE want no evasion,  
 You affirmed the Book false and untrue ;  
 And I hate all prevarication  
 As heartily, perhaps, Sir, as you !  
 If the earth—not to sit on your "Globe" yet—  
 Has diurnal motion, we're wrong ;  
 So prove now the Bible is false, Sir,  
 But don't keep us waiting so long !"

Poor man, how he fumbled and muttered,  
 He never expected to PROVE ;  
 He thought all his claims were conceded,  
 So instead of the earth, HE was moved !  
 He " wasn't prepared to prove this fact,"  
 " Never doubted the FACT (*sic*) before : "  
 Though invited again, we last saw him  
 Quietly carrying his hat to the door !

This man's but the model of many  
 Who don't understand what they say :  
 But the incident shows us how " Science,"  
 Is " attracting " men out of " The Way."  
 A light flashed athwart this man's " vision,"  
 He hadn't been *sceptic* enough :  
 He learned a good lesson of caution,  
 And never forgot the rebuff :

A young scholar once went to school, Sir ;  
 The Master soon gave him a sum :  
 He worked it, but not the right answer ;  
 He worked it again—" It won't come ! "  
 So off he soon goes to the Master,  
 Self-confidence making him strong ;  
 " Please, Sir, I have got the right answer,  
 But the answer of the Book, Sir, is wrong ! "

### OUR " ELDERS."

We Christians have yielded too much, and  
 Our leaders are yielding up more :  
 They'll soon leave the field altogether,  
 And run for the boats on the shore.  
 Well, let them embark, for the tempest  
 Is looming, and waiting its prey ;  
 The wind which is ominously wailing,  
 Will sweep craven cowards away !

The Scriptures are scarcely now heeded,  
 While " Ministers " make matters worse ;  
 They resolve them to " Fine Eastern Figures,"  
 Or emasculate them of force.  
 And yet they are paid to defend them,  
 By those who will still have it so :  
 Then what will the end be, ere long, Sir ?  
 They will let the Old Writings all go.

Yet Ignorance cries, " It don't matter,  
 Salvation's not hanging on this :  
 It isn't essential, important,  
 We don't care *what* shape the Globe is ! "  
 Aspirations they have, for their safety,  
 Their " Love of the truth," Oh ! how small :  
 " It don't matter what shape the *Globe* is,"  
 But they must live—and die—on a Ball !

What matter, if only we " get through,"  
 Whether walking in darkness or light ?  
 Do the best that you can—that is, nothing—  
 In the end it will all come out right !  
 Oh, Yes ! right will come out at last, Sir ;  
 Rewards too according to works :  
 So he who finds Truth too much trouble  
 Must lose what he wilfully shirks.

Is Genesis wrong on Creation,  
 Then what is the Apocalypse worth ?  
 Is the Bible all right about heaven,  
 And in error respecting the earth ?  
 If you cut out the earlier chapters,  
 Then what of the next, and the next ?  
 No Creation, no Adam, no Fall, and  
 No Devil to make us so vexed !

How now brother R—I beg pardon,  
 " Elder " R—what now of your plea ?  
 Does the " Globe question " touch our Salvation ? "  
 Not *yours*—Oh ! never mind *me*.  
 I own you're not YOUR Brother's keeper :—  
 " It don't matter " what HIS fate may be ;  
 " If I but get through, with my people "—  
 The doubters may go to the D— !

If it's nothing to do with Salvation,  
 How came it to be in your books ?  
 Are they mere Astronomical tracts then ?  
 How very suspicious it looks.  
 Blot out that " Globe " stamped on the papers ;  
 Don't send them " Globe Parcel Express : "  
 Don't write such *flat* themes with " Globe pens," Sir ;  
 Study GENESIS more, " Visions " less !

When you read the first chapter, pray tell me  
 Whether earth or the sun was first made ?  
 Was the " Globe " without " Solar Attraction " ?  
 You are sceptical now, I'm afraid !  
 How many days was this world making ?  
 How many for sun, moon and stars ?  
 For *one* world five times all the others ?  
 How the Bible and *your* faith jars !

Why " wash " the clean feet of a brother,  
 In token of love that's not there ?  
 Then drive him outside, in his barefeet,  
 Because your stiff boots he can't wear ?  
 The hard stones and brambles may wound him,  
 Till he weeps in despair on the road ;  
 While you kneel on carpets of comfort  
 And make pious prayer into God :—

### THE ELDER'S PRAYER.

" I thank thee, O God I'm thy Servant,  
And set for the gospel's defence,  
Another black sheep we've discovered,  
And excommunicated him hence :  
We've rubbed off thy mark which was on him—  
We knew that thou wouldest disown—  
We've not put the mark of Cain on him,  
Lest the Devil might leave him alone ! "

" While he like a fugitive wanders,  
We thankfully bend on our knees,  
Because—although in the Judgment—  
We're found in such comfort and ease.  
Oh, God, bless the Third Angel's message,  
And prosper our S. A. D. cause ;  
We are thy peculiar people,  
We keep all thy statutes and laws."

The old Sons of Israel, or Jacob,  
Thou hast in thine anger consumed ;  
Ten Tribes were soon lost, Lord, for ever,  
And the rest, those false Jews, are all doomed.  
But Thou art UNCHANGING in Mercy,  
So we have stepped into their shoes,  
Though Gentiles, we are the true Israel,  
And many confess we're *true Jews* ! "

" That A.B.—it proves he's backsliding—  
Now thinks from the Tribes we are sprung :  
We thank thee we're NOT their descendants,  
Though Israel's hymns we have sung !  
But we are true *Christian* Israel ;  
Make up each Tribe twelve thousand strong ;  
Our meetings though frequent are weakly—  
To which Tribe shall we, Lord belong ? "

" Restore us, but not back to Canaan,  
We never have been there before :  
Restore us to Canaan above, Lord,  
As prophets have promised of yore.  
We look for the land to be emptied,  
When death with its pall, or black robe,  
Shall spread o'er the earth desolation ;  
For Darkness shall cover the Globe."

" The earth, all the Globe, not land only,  
Shall then *lie* a desolate waste ;  
The wicked destroyed—we in Heaven—  
But, Lord, where is Heaven now placed ?  
Send down that strong Angel with great chain—  
If Gravity, let it be strong—  
Let Satan be bound on the planet,  
With chain twenty thousand miles long " !

" Ah, then when the Globe shall lie empty—  
Or may be still flying mid air—  
The Devil in perilous prison,  
May roam the abyss solitaire :  
We'll look down upon him from heaven,  
Or up, if he career right o'er ;  
But still circumstances will bind him  
To deceive the *dead* nations no more " !

" While he drives in fury around us—  
Though some think how funny it looks—  
We'll sit on high stools up in heaven,  
Examining Register books.  
Ah ! then we shall know who are black sheep,  
And those who have not paid full Tithe ;  
The latter we know, Lord, already :  
How *their* worms will wriggle and writhe " !

" I pay all my tithes—and receive them—  
I fast twice a week, from *flesh* food ;  
I drink no strong drinks, tea or coffee ;  
And cheese I'm afraid is not good !  
Swine's flesh is but fit for foul Demons,  
To eat unclean things is a sin :  
Who ever persuaded the Apostle  
To think there was nothing unclean ? "

" I preach nought but Third Angel's Message—  
What Gospel with this can compare ?—  
Except when I go to strange places,  
To try some fresh fowl to ensnare.  
Then, Gospel, or Temperance, Good Health, Lord,  
Or any good bait that will draw ;  
Of course we keep back things offensive ;  
Our *Visions*, and *Thy Sabbath Law*."

" I tell them to search Holy Scriptures,  
Sufficient for salvation, quite ;  
I would not directly deceive them,  
But some Reservation is right !  
We then lead them on to new Visions,  
When once in the old Gospel net ;  
But some fishes, Lord, are so slippery,  
Especially while they are wet."

" We thank thee for all the good Visions  
Thou hast given as through dear Sister White ;  
We've printed a later edition,  
And one which will *now* bear the light.  
Some words, and some sentences also,  
Which former editions contained,  
We thought might be better omitted,  
That points for the truth might be gained " !

“ Forgive us if acting imprudent,  
 Those cavillers make us feel sore ;  
 But one Vision now, Lord, is lapsing ;  
 We dare not suppress any more !  
 Thine hand-maiden saw in a meeting  
 Some hearers for worms would be food,  
 Some suffer the seven last plagues all,  
 The rest never die, they're so good.”

“ We've now been expecting translation,  
 Soon fifty long years it will be ;  
 The Stars fell, *or rather the Meteors,*  
 In year Eighteen thirty and three ;  
 The sun has been turned into darkness,  
 The moon bloody red once was seen,  
 One hundred and ten years ago, Lord ;  
*Why has the Messiah not been ?*

“ But still we'll not doubt the good Vision,  
 It builds us all up in the faith :  
 The Jews lost their building, but we shan't,  
 For we are true Israel it saith :  
 Oh, God bless Thy people, all those who  
 Still shelter beneath our white robe ;  
 Our papers, all free from all error,  
 They post them all over the Globe.”

“ Our girls—hem !—young ladies, deaconesses,  
 Into houses most carefully creep ;  
 They draw women down to our meetings ;  
 Lord bless them, they're not half asleep !  
 They speak too, sometimes, in our churches,  
 Paul wasn't aware of their skill,  
 Or he wouldn't have said what he did say ;  
 But we know much better Thy will.”

“ Now seal us, Lord—not with thy Spirit—  
 But the Sabbath, the Law with the Law ;  
 Melt hearts with the Law, or with Cospel,  
 But draw all men to us, Lord, draw :  
 The Mark of the Wild-beast, or Sunday,  
 Will soon be on every brow ;  
 Though Jews, and S. D. B. keep Sabbath,  
 We are the true Israel now.”

“ This, Lord is truth for the present,  
 THE PRESENT TRUTH only I preach ;  
 Our paper contains it—nought else does—  
 That the Angel the masses may reach.  
 Oh, God bless the Third Angel's Message,  
 And prosper our S. D. A. cause ;  
 We are thy peculiar people,  
 We keep all thy statutes and laws.”

## THE THIRD ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

The third Angel heard it though standing  
 A long way from where they all prayed :  
 He frowned, half in anger, half pity,  
 And these are the words which he said ;—  
 “ The Law which you hang up in houses  
 Get into your hearts if you can ;  
 For Love, and LOVE only, fulfils it ;  
 First love to our God, then to man ” !

“ The third Angel's message—*I'll give it—*  
 The Commandments of God, Faith of Christ,  
 Is not to be mixed up with Visions,  
 Private prophecies, carefully spiced !  
 All additions to THIS ONE GRAND BASIS,  
 But lead to division and strife ;  
*Who gave you the right to cast out men*  
*Who are walking in newness of life ? ”*

“ Let the visions just stand on their merits,  
 And everything else that's believed ;  
 Truth's stronger, though stranger, than fiction,  
 So finally Truth must succeed.  
 The Truth needs no Priest-craft, nor State-craft,  
 To help her to hold but her own ;  
 Don't bolster her up with those pillows  
 You've made to each armhole and sewn.”

“ There's need to make pillows to armholes  
 Of error with shoulders awry ;  
 But why hunt the souls that won't wear them,  
 And hunt them to make them all fly ?  
 But woe to the women to sew them,  
 Who prophecy from their own hearts ;  
 To bring weaker souls into bondage,  
 And cut up the stronger in parts.”

“ Prophecy, Son of man, yes, *against* them,  
 Nor be thou afraid of their fear ;  
 God's Word is thy warrant, THIS ONLY  
 Call *thou* upon all men to hear.  
 Hear the Word of the Lord, all ye faithful ;  
 PREACH THE WORD, and stand up on your feet,  
 Whether Israel will hear or forbear it :  
 For what is the chaff to the wheat ? ”

Why tithe mint and anise and cummim,  
 And weightier matters neglect ?  
 Good judgment, sweet mercy, and kindness,  
 To these the Lord still has respect :  
 Oh when will you learn to translate them  
 Into living activities true :  
 By doing to others as you would  
 That others should do unto you ?

If any man worship the Beast or  
 His image, whatever it be ;  
 In some respects Friends you are like it,  
 Just look at your methods and see !  
 You have an infallible standard  
 Outside the Book of the Lord ;  
 And you excommunicate those who,  
 Refuse to add *it* to the Word.

“ Don't fix your own time for the advent,  
 Beware of such Visionary talk !  
 Honor all men, and honor the King too ;  
 Fear God, with a God-fearing walk.  
 Love all the great Brother-hood, *love them*,  
 Don't drive them away as you do :  
 Lest, when the Lord comes to be glorified,  
*In them*, he will not be in you ! ”

“ For if you ACT right while you're waiting,  
 Whenever the Advent occur—  
 WE know not the day nor the hour—  
*You* need not to trouble nor fear.  
 But if, on the Master's returning,  
 He find you but beating a slave ;  
 Prepare, not for joy on earth with Him,  
 But darkness and death in the grave ! ”

“ He'll certainly come as he promised,  
 He's worthy to Reign—Oh his worth—  
 And every eye shall behold Him  
 All over the outstretchèd earth !  
 He'll send you the signs in their seasons,  
 To warn all the truly sincere ;  
 Encourage and help the weak-hearted,  
 For men's hearts will fail then for fear ! ”

Pray, pray for more Christian union,  
 The Spirit your hearts to unite ;  
 True Union's in Christ, not in dogmas,  
 Get *in* Him, the rest will come right.  
 Be humble for all your transgressions,  
 Burn most of your books but the Word ;  
 And love one another, as He loved,  
 Before the dread trumpet is heard ! ”

Thus spoke the Third Angel, and vanished ;  
 He went to confer with the two,  
 They knew he would never precede them  
 Though often invited to do.  
 They all praised our God for his goodness,  
 In giving men time to repent,  
 Before they proceeded to judgment ;  
 Then each on his own errand went.

## SPIRITUALIZERS.

“ But the Bible is not scientific ! ”  
 Sad Swedenborg cries with disdain ;  
 “ It's too bad to take it so *literal*,”  
 To flatten the “Globe” to a plain !  
 “ Genesis consists of fine figures,  
 The Flood's *allegorical* truth ;  
 'Twas a deluge of error, not water ;  
 You are worse than the Baptists, forsooth ! ”

“ And heaven's a *state*, nothing local ;  
 Such ideas are things of the past ;  
 No firmament's visible now, Man ;  
 We view a VACUITY VAST !  
 Dull David might think there was “Handiwork,”  
 And there was, *in a sense*, in his view ;  
 But *our* motto's forward and upward,  
 Why do you go back as you do ? ”

Take it gently, brave brother, don't frighten,  
 Save stars should fall down on your head ;  
 And they cannot on your supposition,  
 Notwithstanding what Jesus has said.  
 Don't pretend that the truth is in danger,  
 When it was your old dog did'nt bark :  
 Remember the error of Uzzah,  
 With his powerless hand on the ark !

If Heaven's no place, where's the Saviour ?  
 Did he not ascend—“ascend”—there ?  
 How strangely you honor his teaching ;  
 What “place” has he gone to prepare ?  
 The City, the true New Jerusalem,  
 Which yet shall come “*down*” from the sky ?  
 Don't quarrel with me, but your Master,  
 Give Him, as you do give, the lie !

Next, Moses will be a “fine figure,”  
 He *is*, in a sense you don't mean ;  
 The patriarchs' lives mere stories,  
 As though such men never had been.  
 True Israel's true Israel no longer,  
 Sour grapes are evolving good pears ;  
 The birthright of Jacob is nothing,  
 “Cui bono ?” What Edomite cares ?

Soon Moses will be “old Morality,”  
 The prophets mere “beautiful lights ;”  
 Fine effigies stuffed with the fervour  
 Inspired by “Arabian nights !”  
 Yet the Book is “all true taken spiritually,”  
 “All humbug,” was meant but not said,  
 If not now historic and real ;  
 I'm sick of such rodomontade !

If you cannot subscribe to the Scriptures,  
 Then own that you can't like a man :  
 The fault may not be in the Book, Friend,  
 Disprove it of course, *if you can* !  
 If you cannot, beware what you're doing,  
 Lest the Book should turn out to be true :  
 And if—if it should—Oh remember  
 That some day the Book will prove *you*.

### SCIENTIFIC SECTS.

But don't, pray don't "reconcile" darkness  
 With daylight, and evil with good :  
 I hate such pretences with hatred,  
 As the faith you profess says we should.  
 If the Bible is not scientific,  
 Be sure that your "Science" is true ;  
 For the Sects have got into the "Sciences,"  
 Which differ as much as they do.  
 Some say this poor "Planet" through *fire*,  
 First came into what we call "Earth ;"  
 While others, perhaps those more phlegmatic,  
 Affirm it had *watery* birth !  
 These Vulcanists with the Neptunists,  
 Like water on a fire when thrown,  
 Make a fizz and a fluster of steam, Sir ;  
 Till both in cold ashes lie down !  
 Where's the "Science" of the last generation ?  
 Where ours will be by and bye :  
 Of course I mean what's "theoretic,"  
 Like "Theoretical Astronomy."  
 The "Missing link" hasn't been found yet,  
 Though "Bathybius" supplied a good tale ;  
 And they'll never prove water convex, Sir,  
 Till Jonah can swallow the "whale" !  
 Some think they can put all the world now,  
 Or "Worlds," if the "ages" make more,  
 Into neat little nut-shells, all labelled,  
 To place in a cabinet drawer.  
 We may perhaps admire the collection,  
 But many are mere empty shells ;  
 What Christian could feed on the kernels,  
 For if he should find one it smells !  
 The Sceptic is less inconsistent  
 Who can't contradictions believe ;  
 He sees where our "Ministers" are so  
 He laughs, rather loud, up his sleeve.  
 He jumps at conclusions, however,  
 Seeing "Science" and Scripture oppose ;  
 And, rashly condemning the latter,  
 He stands like a cock when it crows !

Has "Science" made men any better ?  
 Less selfish, more gentle and kind ?  
 Are even its physical comforts  
 Distributed throughout mankind ?  
 While wealth drives an Equipage grander  
 Gaunt poverty stalking seeks bread ;  
 And the blood of Society, money,  
 Is congested all in its head !

### THE "ADVENT" NULLIFIED.

The Advent is doubtless approaching ;  
 But since Eighteen forty and four  
 Adventists have made many mistakes,  
 And likely, alas, to make more.  
 What can you expect when discussion  
 Is stifled, and papers all closed  
 To candid enquiry, lest "Visions,"  
 Or errors in Creeds be exposed ?  
 We ought to be willing to hear all—  
 Yea swifter to hear than to speak—  
 Objection urged fairly against us ;  
 If we cannot it shows we are weak !  
 "Hear *both* sides," a good ancient proverb,  
 Much wisdom condensed in a line :  
 You may have your favourite sayings,  
 "*Audi alteram partem*" is mine.  
 "But we have no creed," S.D.A. cry—  
 None formulated !— "the Bible's our Creed ;"  
 And this you bring down to the "Message,"  
 The "Third *angel's* message," indeed.  
 This "basis" is plausible theory,  
 But how does the practice conform ?  
 Contradict any one of the "Visions,"  
 You'll raise a cyclone, or a storm !  
 Your "Advent Review" needs reviewing,  
 It says you've a Globe for your "Field" ;  
 Our *English* fields don't appear globular ;  
 If American fields do I yield.  
 "The Signs of the Times" are portentous  
 When fields are assuming such forms :  
 But things are "most strange" over water,  
 Where Floods are but mere local storms !  
 It *would* be "most strange" if the Advent,  
 Could ever take place here at all,  
 If flying away like a wild-bird,  
 And quicker than fowler's best ball !  
 Some, therefore, have given up hoping  
 Since working Sir Isaac's great sum ;  
 But since I've examined his *figures*  
 I think the Messiah will come.



### LAND FLOATING.

The Flood might be well universal  
 If the Bible Cosmogony's true ;  
 The " Earth," or dry *land*," like a vessel,  
 Was founded upon the deep blue :  
 In the storm all her deck was submerged, Sir,  
 But she rose up again with the tide ;  
 When the deck-water flowed to the ocean,  
 That again the great vessel might ride !  
 " But how can Earth float, Man, on water ?  
 Her specific—well—gravity's great ;  
 And what is there under the ocean,  
 To support the Earth's terrible weight ? "  
 Well, Friend, you allow the Earth's hollow,  
 Surrounded by silvery moat ;  
 And great heavy vessels of iron,  
 When properly ballasted, float.  
 I am glad you allow the Earth's *got* " weight,"  
 Though the word seemed to come rather shy :  
 It's strange how a Plain needs supporting,  
 While the " Globe," like a bubble can fly !  
 Your good sense asserts itself, sometimes,  
 When made to stand still on a plain :  
 But soon as the magical " Ball " whirls,  
 It seems to desert you again !  
 How clever men conjure with fine words,  
 Like magic they twist them about,  
 Till the very room seems to be turning,  
 At least until you get out !  
 I like the short words of the Book, Friend,  
 Good Saxon, plain, forcible, straight !  
 Some cry, " *Homo unius Libri*,"  
 But mine tells about the Earth's " weight."  
 " He hath *weighed* all the hills in a balance,  
 The mountains hath put into scales :  
 He takes up these Islands as wee things,  
 Before Him Leviathan fails.  
 He measured the seas—all one ocean—  
 In the palm of an Almighty hand :  
 And sits on the *circle* of heaven,  
 Surveying the sea and the land."

### HELL, A " HOLE."

" He hangeth the earth—that is " dry LAND"—  
 Upon nothing, but watery waste ;  
 He stretched out the north over TOHU,  
 Where Hell and Destruction are placed ! "  
 In this dull, dark, deep, dreadful Dungeon,  
 Abaddon, old Job saw concealed ;  
 Where " Spirits in prison " are waiting  
 The " Judgment of God," when revealed.

Tartarus has puzzled the " Spherists,"  
 Though Peter's poor flock knew it well :  
 Great Tophet, ordained from of old, Sir,  
 The " Pit of the Abyss," deep as Hell " !  
 In this dark, cold, cavernous prison,  
 The Angels that sinned at the Flood  
 Were captives of old waiting judgment ;  
 But judgement of One kind and good !

Their sin was like that of old Sodom,  
 They went after flesh not their own ;  
 Alas, that such passions prevail yet—  
 In " civilized " countries they're known.  
 The " Sons of God," such as first sung, Sir,  
 Creation's grand paeon of praise ;  
 Saw " Daughters of men," fairer looking,  
 And " giants were born in those days " !

We never must palliate sin, No !  
 But I can't revile the " Fair Sex " ;  
 A beautiful NON-virtuous woman  
 Might Satan himself, Sir, perplex.  
 But beauty to goodness is wedded,  
 There cannot be beauty in sin ;  
 You may put some paint on to cover  
 The spots which are crying, " Unclean ! "

So Sisters your heads should be covered,  
 When kneeling in house meant for prayer ;  
 And this, as saith Paul the Apostle,  
 " Because of the Angel " that's there.  
 Yes, " Lead us not into temptation,"  
 The angel's have needed to pray ;  
 But see ! I'm digressing again Sir,  
 Those Women just drew me away !

But ere we return to Tartarus  
 I'd like just to give them a hint :  
 I am glad that *they* don't become " Elders ; "  
 They'll forgive, though I put it in print.  
 I wish they would fetch back their bonnets—  
 'Twas the Devil that stole them away—  
 And let their hair grow for a covering ;  
 They look better modest than gay !

Well, now I'm afraid we may go down  
 To Sheol, or Hades, or Hell ;  
 " The *heart* of the Earth," not its surface,  
 Where bosom-like snow mountains swell.  
 What strange things there are in Creation,  
 If only we'd " Search " with the Book ;  
 We might know the world with its wonders,  
 And into the Earth's bowels look.

### PREACHING TO "SPIRITS!"

But sunshine down there even glinted,  
 As Peter would have us infer ;  
 The Christ when uprisen, or "quickened,"  
 By Spirit went down to them there.  
 "HE *went*" and He "preached" the glad tidings  
 Of conquest o'er sin and the grave :  
 "He descended to hell," not to suffer ;  
 Nor then to "destroy," but to "save."  
 Yes, "He that ascended" first "descended,"  
 "Into the lower-most parts of the earth ;"  
 Captivity led forth a Captive,  
 "A multitude," bringing them forth !  
 With these "He ascended to heaven,"  
 The "First-fruits," or "Wave-sheaf," he waved ;  
 In token of triumph and harvest,  
 When all the good grain shall be "saved."  
 They had not, like we have, probation  
 Upon a bright green sunny earth—  
 Not subsequent to their transgression—  
 But darkness which deadens all mirth ?  
 Then let us repent of our errors,  
 Preach pardon to all who will turn ;  
 Lest judgement should supercede mercy,  
 For the chaff he will certainly burn.

### MY "MISTAKE" !

But stop—I'm all wrong, for the "Visions"  
 The new exposition have given :  
 I've given the old one, in ignorance,  
 So perhaps there'll be pardon in Heaven.  
 On earth, Sir, you mustn't expect it.  
 When with an old lady at strife ;  
 You had better, perhaps, Adam-like hearken :  
 To the voice of the woman, his wife.  
 The Sons of God were not God's sons, but  
 The sons of Old Adam, through Seth :  
 The daughters of men *were* men's daughters,  
 But Canaanites, may be through Heth ;  
 Those good men espoused these bad women—  
 Their beauty must prove them depraved—  
 The offspring were giants, "in *one* sense,"  
 Small men by great passions enslaved !  
 You see how they turn things about now,  
 So different from what ancients wrote :  
 Had I only time, or more paper,  
 From "fathers," *not mothers*, I'd quote.  
 They preached on an earth with "foundations,"  
 Some with, some without, hood or gown ;  
 To make men walk upright, while now, Sir,  
 They preach all the world upside down.

### THE "FATHERS."

Oh ! shades of the Christian "Fathers,"  
 With all your backsliding—ah, me !—  
 When you could stand on ice you stood upright,  
 Your *legs* were'n't turned upwards, I see.  
 Your antipathies sent some head downwards,  
 But not to the "Antipodes" heaven,  
 Where snow and hail always fall upwards ;  
 But somewhere where snow is not given !  
 But if in dark Hades, or Sheol,  
 You know what is going on here—  
 And some say you do, and moreover  
 That sometimes you even appear !—  
 But if, I say "if" because Solomon  
 Was once a wise man, I believe ;  
 And I *don't* like to contradict writings  
 I profess in my heart to receive.  
 So IF you are but semi-conscious,  
 The knowledge must surely appal,  
 To think how your sects, and their sections,  
 Have all gone to dance on a Ball !  
 No wonder that *they* are backsliding  
 Down the slopes of a sphere they have got ;  
 We are all a "Tobogganing" now gone ;  
 So sleep on until *we* are "NOT."

### THE RESURRECTION.

"O, yes" cries the Sceptic," they'll sleep on,  
 For Death is an *eternal* Sleep !"  
 But stop, my young Secular friend, for  
 The ages their Histories keep !  
 Christ died, really died, and was buried,  
 And rose up again the third day ;  
 Or where was the body to witness  
 It's nought but the fable you say ?  
 "I can't just now answer your question,  
 I *can* ask another instead ;  
 Where are the three days and three nights, man,  
 He lay fast asleep in his bed ?  
 You can't make three days from two pieces,  
 From Friday, when thitherward borne ;  
 And certainly not more than *two* nights,  
 To Sunday, the first day, at morn !"  
 You should first ask me, Friend if I want to,  
 I don't reckon "one and one three :"  
 But where did you learn it was Friday ?  
 You are in the old muddle, I see.  
 When, *when* will you learn to distinguish  
 What Scriptures themselves really say  
 From what half the world think they should do ?  
 But you, Sir, can "*reason*"—Do pray !

Our Matthew says, "Late on the *Sabbath*,"  
 Christ rose as the first day "drew on ;"  
 The ancient, true day ends with sunset ;  
 Your reckoning with Rome, Friend, is wrong.  
 Christ rose on the Saturday evening,  
 Was buried just three days before,  
 On Wednesday evening, not Friday ;  
 Come reckon your sum up once more !

### ANALOGY.

"But the earth is a globe for the Moon is,  
 And the sun and the stars are all spheres."  
 Oh, "analogy proves it"—not Butler's—  
 Dispel then those infidel fears :  
 The lights in your hall hanging high, Sir,  
 With globes are sometimes covered o'er :  
 When they are, all the chairs and the tables  
 Are spheres, as well as the floor !  
 The earth like a hall was first builded  
 Before the "great lights" swung on high ;  
 The stars were all made to subserve it,  
 "To rule it by night." or to try.  
 Old sages all thought so, I think so,  
 How benighted they were and forlorn !  
 They should have waited the nineteenth century,  
 Or at least until Newton was born.  
 God waited a long while for Newton ;  
 Pope says—and of course Popes are right—  
 Nature's laws were all hidden in darkness.  
 Till Newton said, "Let there be light !"  
 And there *was* light, a light radiating  
 From stars into churches and schools ;  
 The former were world-suns, gyrating ;  
 The latter were—hitherto fools.  
 How strange old Astrologers even  
 Could rightly foretell an eclipse,  
 Not knowing the shape of the earth, Sir,  
 Nor how much the curvature "dips."  
 Our ancients were NOT naked savages ;  
 Though some failed to build to the skies ;  
 Some one built that very "Great Pyramid,"  
 Which builders and ages defies !

### THE GREAT PYRAMID.

The great Pyramid was a grand structure,  
 The greatest the world has yet seen ;  
 In an ancient mysterious country,  
 In Egypt, not of it, I ween ?  
 It tells the true shape of the Earth too,  
 So those who have seen it declare ;  
 They've measured it inside, and outside,  
 A perfect flat base, and foursquare !

It "circles the square" though, precisely,  
 Diameter, apex to base ;  
 The apex will give the sun's height, and  
 Time's shadows are shown on each face.  
 I won't stop to give you the figures ;  
 But if you would "square" the sun's height,  
 Take nine-tenths the semi-diagonal—  
*It seems that the Planists are right !*

How strange it's so near their notions ;  
 So far from the Astronomer's guess :  
*These* give it some ninety odd millions ;  
*Those*, three times ten thousand times less !  
 But the ancients you know were "plain" people,  
 Whether Israelite, Saxon, or Dane ;  
 The world was a "tent" with four corners,  
 Upon an immovable plain.

Some "Fellow," but not of our college,  
 Whose writings I'm acquainted perhaps with ;  
 And may be a distant relation,  
 If Adam *was* called Adam Smith.  
 This gentleman thinks that the Builder,  
 Who lived before Moses, with Job,  
 Knew more than these worthies revealed, Sir ;  
 In short, *that the earth was a Globe.*

But being an "Israelite" prudent,  
 Respecting their forthcoming Books,  
 He hid the "Globe" under that great pile  
 Which not very globular looks.  
 They say he was doubtless inspired  
 To know all our system of spheres,  
 But hid it within the King's chamber ;  
 It's lain there for four thousand years !

But some one broke into the chambers—  
 They do brake old structures down now—  
 And stole all the treasures they took there,  
 Though some more are left I'll avow.  
 If people would but "plainly" view it  
 Fresh features might come into view ;  
 I haven't the means now to do it,  
 And so I appeal, Sir, to you.

Ezekiel and John may have seen it,  
 For the City that's yet to come down,  
 Is like it, in all but the size, Sir,  
 Of course it's a very large town.  
 It "lieth foursquare"—get the square root—  
 Height, length and breadth equal are found ;  
 The "mountain of the Lord's House," a grand pile,  
 Twelve miles high, and with "Wall," fifty round !

May the Pyramid not be a model  
 Of this City, and not of the "Globe" ?  
 I suggest it to those who are able  
 To doff that long prejudice robe ;  
 Which hinders so much all progression,  
 Excepting perhaps that of the "Sphere" :  
 But this may be stopped before long, Sir,  
 In the coming great Pyramid year.

### THE FLOOD.

Ancients wrote of an Earth with "*Foundations*,"  
 Of a "Firmament" arching the sky :  
 It seems rather stronge we don't need it,  
 But the "Waters above" it are dry ;  
 Of heavens "outstretched as a tent," though  
 The tent has been struck as not "good ;"  
 Of "windows," or flood-gates," once in it,  
 All broken by Swedenborg's "flood" !

But since the Flood was universal,  
 How strange it went all round the "Globe" :  
 For mountains "all under high heaven,"  
 Were covered with watery robe.  
 But where could the waters return to  
 When the seas and the valleys were full ?  
 I cannot surmise, maybe you can ;  
 But I give it up, I'm so dull.

If "Spherists" would only explain things—  
 And may be they could if they liked—  
 The Planists in flat-bottomed vessels  
 Would find their guns sinking or spiked :  
 But the foe prefer not to give battle,  
 Entrenched behind titles and names :  
 Fair fields and no favours we ask for,  
 But *our* fields all favour the plains !

Of course some young Elders "explain" it  
 By denying the Bible account ;  
 Or making it "merely metaphor,"  
 Like the Devil with Christ on the mount.  
 But the sceptic is less inconsistent,  
 Who denies it *in toto* to be,  
 Than Presbyters bound to believe it,  
 Who yet with the sceptic agree.

That the Flood, Sir, was quite universal  
 The hills of themselves all declare ;  
 You find fossil shells and sea "remnants,"  
 On "all the high hills" everywhere ;  
 But perhaps as Voltaire gravely hinted,  
 A "*Lusus Naturæ*," or freak  
 Of dame Nature, or "Syrian Pilgrims,"  
 Dropped all those fine shells on the Peak !

### GENESIS OR GEOLOGY ?

How strangely would some "reconcile" them,  
 The word with philosophies vain,  
 Make "Worlds" out of small stars of light, and  
 A "Globe" from a motionless Plane,  
 With great swelling words of proud reason  
 Make nonsense and jargon of truth,  
 While training the people to treason,  
 And poisoning the minds of our youth

Hugh Miller tried hard his hand at it  
 To make the "Rocks" say what he thinks ;  
 And then make the Book speak to them, too,  
 While Lucifer looks on and winks !  
 The days of Creation were "periods,"  
 A "day" means a period *sometimes* ;  
 And therefore it *must* mean so here, Sir,  
 The Clock of Geology chimes !

The light was NOT made on the first day,  
 Ere ever the sun and the moon (!)  
 But still Moses made no mistake, Sir,  
 Don't draw your conclusions too soon.  
 The sun was the first evolved,  
 It came from its cauldron quite hot ;  
 But so thick was the steam generated  
 When it tried to shine through, it could NOT.

For three unknown cycles of ages  
 Sol hacked and he hewed, like poor Hugh,  
 At the clouds and thick mists, there before him,  
 Till the "fourth," when his bright beams broke through ;  
 So Moses takes out memoranda,  
 "Notes the facts as they seem," Sir, to him :  
 As a grand old man says, of a grander ;  
 But *his* eyesight may be is dim ?

These "Testimonies" sometimes remind me  
 Of the lady's, I spoke of just now ;  
 But their rocks are not like our great Rock,  
 Our enemies even allow.  
 We build on a MAN, for foundation,  
 Whose Word, aye, for ever endures :  
 Their testimonies seem rather rocky ;  
 But *their* fields are "Globes," Sir ! are yours ?

Old sages thought earth was created,  
 Not evolved, in a week of six days ;  
 They knew no Geological cycles,  
 Nor theological cant in their praise :  
 So they wrought for six days and then rested—  
 As man was commanded to do—  
 Instead of for ages of ages,  
 And then giving up one or two !

In the beginning God created two great lights,  
 So we read on the much reviled page ;  
 But the moon has grown blind and opaque since,  
 I presume it's with very old age.  
 We're told that she's but a "Reflector,"  
 Not having a light of her own ;  
 How strange that a *sphere* can reflect, Sir !  
 Would *you* make a spherical one ?

It's strange how the moonshine too differs  
 So much from the sun's burning flame :  
 If reflected, proportionally weaker,  
 In *nature* it should be the same.  
 They seem to have little in common,  
 Except as "great lights" in the sky ;  
 Both circling the *same* way in spirals ;  
 One less quickly, a little less high.

That Moses—*I'm* not ashamed of him—  
 Thought stars were small bodies light ;  
 And, strangely, the very best glasses  
 Won't magnify stars while in sight :  
 But when the Stargazer sits writing  
 He puts a fresh glass to his nose ;  
 And the stars then assume such dimensions,  
 It's wonderful how a point grows !

One precept of Paul we've forgotten,  
 I therefore record it again ;—  
 "Beware, lest any man spoil you  
 Through deceitful philosophies vain !"  
 Through the lofty pretensions of "Science"—  
 Full often not "Knowledge" at all ;  
 Grandiloquent theories, *universes*,  
 From an "apple" which happened to fall !

### THAT APPLE !

"But why should an apple fall down then  
 If Gravity's nought but a word ?  
 There must be a something to pull it ;  
 The apple is not a live bird !"  
 What powerful logic is yours, Friend,  
 That something must "pull" IS ASSUMED ;  
 That *that* "something" *must* be "Attraction,"  
 And so the "Flat theory" is doomed !

"But the apple falls down, and why does it,  
 If there's no Gravitation to draw ?  
 It can't move itself without life, Eh ?  
 What a *Flat* you must be, man, Pshaw !"  
 Thanks, thanks, gentle man, for your courtesy,  
 There's one of us certainly dull :  
 I'll ask you a few simple questions,  
 If you will not behave like a bull.

Is the apple pulled downwards, or upwards ?—  
 O, I see you allow there's a "down"—  
 Well, is it pulled down from below friend,  
 Or pushed from above when ripe brown ;  
 Come, is it a "pull" or a "push" now ?  
 Attraction—Repulsion—explain :  
 And what is that "something," which pulls it ?  
 Pray do make your meaning more plain.

Then when you have told us what this is,  
 I *would* like to know how it pulls ;  
 Is that "something" alive, with long fingers ?  
 If dead you allow it annuls.  
 "A dead apple can't move itself," Friend,  
 Although a much bigger ball can :  
 And dead "Globes" can throw about apples  
 To strike a philosopher man.

Has an apple no weight of its own, Friend,  
 Sufficient to make it drop down ?  
 Then why should it NOT fall, stalk withered,  
 And apple quite ruddy, or brown ?  
 Your Gravity's all in the "Globe," Sir,  
 My "Weight" in the thing of itself ;  
 Like the colour, or sweetness that's in it  
 After lying awhile on the shelf.

### "ATTRACTION."

Why don't we feel "Gravity" pulling  
 Our feet down when off we would stalk ?  
 I'll rise up and try mine—O, dear ;  
 Have mercy, good "Globe," I can't walk !  
 Have *you* never sat awhile cross-legged  
 Till one leg has gone fast asleep ?  
 The foe, ever watchful, springs at it,  
 And drags it until you could weep !

Well, really, that is like a magnet  
 Would act with a good piece of steel :  
 But bring them together, it clinches ;  
 Withdraw it, it pulls, you can feel.  
 Well now I'll just try some *wood* on it ;  
 Here's baby's wooden-headed good Doll :  
 Forshame, you bad magnet ; Come ! love it ;  
 It wont, Sir, embrace it at all !

Well, now then how very peculiar ;  
 The "Globe" can draw wooden heads well !  
 That Doll, Sir, must be a young heretic :  
 How is it ? for I cannot tell.  
 Oh ! may be it's "Solar attraction" ;  
 I'll try an electric globe light :  
 You *may* depend, Sir, upon *that* shape ;  
 My Magnet's not spherical quite !

If "Attraction" reside in each "atom"  
 How is it some atoms repel?  
 And why don't they all run together?  
 Let Spherists and Physicists tell.  
 Why don't all the stars crowd together,  
 Make "Milky Ways" thicken to curds?  
 And if they *must* fly into "space," Sir,  
 Fly all in one flock like wild birds?

### CIRCUMNAVIGATION.

"But men have sailed all round the Globe, man  
 And this is no fancy but fact;  
 To cease that sad satire of someone  
 Who once Baal-worship attacked.  
 Remember the dons and the Doctors  
 Who hindered Columbus to row;  
 From them learn a lesson of caution,  
 And go to Salamanca, Man, go!"  
 Then Doctors go wrong, do they, sometimes?  
 Well, I will not run against "fact":  
 I might try a Syllogism on it,  
 To see, Sir, how it would act.  
 I once sailed around a small island,  
 For the good of my lungs, the left lobe;  
 "A sphere can be sailed round"—Well that was—  
 The Isle of Man's therefore a globe!  
 What excellent logic they're teaching  
 Now in the new Schools we all laud:  
 The schools are all right in their places,  
 But the Schoolmaster's doubtless abroad.  
 But when his vacation is ended,  
 Just give him a hint for his cue,  
 To make some more globes, hollow paste-board,  
 The British Isles need one or two.  
 How strange they have found these things out, Sir,  
 After five thousand years or more;  
 While the good, and the great, once devout, Sir,  
 Never saw such strange "visions" before.  
 The sceptic may well doubt the Bible,  
 It's wrong in the Astronomers' "view";  
 But what if *they* all prove mistaken,  
 While the Bible still proves to be true?

### DEMONSTRATION.

Here's an "Israelite" can't believe Moses—  
 Though professing in Christ to believe  
 Who endorsed all his writings—A sceptic,  
 Who neither of these will receive:  
 Well, let them go out both together,  
 To lake or canal in the field;  
 Examine the surface, say six miles;  
 IF WATER'S NOT LEVEL I YIELD!

They'd better take off their green glasses,  
 Adjust honest telescopes right;  
 For Nature, like Truth, hates pretenders,  
 And coyly keeps out of their sight.  
 Let honest men try open issues,  
 Without either libel or bet:  
 And question the Dame with respect, Sir,  
 When a right honest answer they'll get.

Or let them but watch the sun's shadows,  
 And mark out their course through the day;  
 If they act as they should on the "Globe," Sir,  
 I'll have nothing further to say:  
 But if they behave as they should do,  
 With a light circling o'er a still plain—  
 And they surely can tell how they would do—  
 Then let them own up like true men!

And if they are venturesome spirits,  
 They might try Balloon in mid air;  
 Ascend the six miles, then look over  
 To see how the world looks from there.  
 They'll find it "out-stretched," as the Word says,  
 As far as weak vision can reach;  
 But nowhere horizons are sloping,  
 No curvature theorists teach!

All knowledge, that rightly so called, Sir,  
 Is circumscribed, partial, and weak;  
 Like the horizon to every man's vision,  
 Seeming less to the lowly and meek:  
 Alas, for the man who is puffed up,  
 Because through a glass he may glance:  
 But the tube has an unconscious action,  
*It magnifies both ends at once!*

This world's but a "speck," they will tell us,  
 A moat may be floating in "space":  
 But it has some fine specks, or sparks on it,  
 Like those on the moon's swollen face.  
 And these, though they're little to sense, Sir,  
 Have grown into "mountains" of late:  
 So the sparks on this "speck of a planet"  
 Have given it "Gravity," *weight!*

### MOONSHINE!

Those bright and dark spots of fair Luna,  
 Must be "mountains" as many *suppose*;  
 Although some appear but like shadows,  
 And others mere moonshine, WHO KNOWS?  
 But it's "ignorant" to doubt men of Science,  
 No matter how prophets may fare;  
 And though our own mountains are solid,  
 For solids now float in the air!

It's strange how the Man in the Moon, Eh ?  
 Was banished to live out up there,  
 For picking up sticks on the Sun's day :  
 A hoary and sad *Solitaire*.  
 Had he known but the old ten Commandments,  
 He had quoted a thought from the fourth :—  
 "Thou shalt do thy work on the first day"—  
 Come back Man in Moon, Man, to Earth !

But may be, like good Nehemiah,  
 He did not sufficiently fear  
 That prophetess named Noadiah,  
 Her "testimonies" perhaps wouldn't hear ?  
 "To the Law," on Mount Sinai given,  
 "To the Testimony" only that's true :  
 But mind, you'll be banished to heaven,  
 Like the Man in the Moon if you do !

According to S.A.D. "Visions"  
 The Millenium comes to the earth  
 To find it a desolate prison,  
 For Satan alone in its dearth :  
 The Man in the Moon may take comfort,  
 When he sees such another sad case ;  
 Lone Devil on Earth-moon, or Star, Sir,  
 A picture one cannot efface.

Ah ! then he'll obtain "satisfaction,"  
 For who must have taken him there,  
 For trampling upon the new Rest-day ?  
 So Satan the same doom shall share :  
 The latter treads down the true Sabbath,  
 And makes all the world disobey ;  
 So let him shine out on lone planet,  
 Like the Man in the Moon for Sunday !

But may be, since planets are peopled,  
 The Moon's an inhabited world ;  
 Although she's no air to support men,  
 And never a flag is unfurled.  
 They'll not need two lungs, Sir, to breathe with ;  
 No lungs, no consumption, that's good :  
 No hearts—Oh ! what curious people—  
 To drive to their lungs the bad blood !

But perhaps they don't make such bad blood, as  
 Sublunary mortals have got :  
 You question some "Elder," or preacher,  
 Whose manner says, "Question me not" !  
 He lays down the Law and the Gospel,  
 Oh, yes, he will lay them *quite* down ;  
 I fear they'll be blown of the "Planet,"  
 For Charity's already flown.

### "OTHER BIBLES ?"

How strange since the Bible has stood, Sir,  
 The test for some thousands of years ;  
 Our Clergy apologize for it,  
 Whenever an infidel sneers :  
 Let them give us ONE PROOF that we're moving,  
 That Joshua was wrong with the sun ;  
 If they'll put it in print, *when they've found it*,  
 We'll review it for nothing—but fun !

Most men are adorned by their titles,  
 But few can adorn them I fear ;  
 And how all the people bow down still,  
 To reverence, or *seem* to revere.  
 Call no man religiously "Father,"  
 Or "Rabbi," or "Reverend," Christ said ;  
 But is it not strange, Sir, to notice  
 How much his "Ambassadors" heed ?

But "Christian" Agnostics and preachers  
 Affect not to follow in this ;  
 They honor the new god of "Science,"  
 And preach up *his* grand prophecies ;  
 He promises they shall be gods soon—  
 Their conscious supremacy see,  
 As belting themselves with the Zodiac,  
 They carry it with great gravity !

The Vedas of Brahma some now choose—  
 Myth, fable, and plagiarized psalm—  
 The Buddhist Tripitica others,  
 Who think *they* will bear off the palm :  
 Parseean old rolls, Zend Avesta,  
 And those of Confucius too ;  
 With the Koran, the last of the seven,  
 Beat Old and New Testament through !

Yet strange when you notice their influence,  
 To see what these books have all done :  
 The most sacred writings of heathens  
 Have left them in dark heathendom.  
 But the race of the Bible, or Saxon,  
 Is rising and dominant found ;  
 And Aaron's rod swallows all others,  
 While Bel bows himself to the ground !

Woe, Woe, to the "priests," or the prophets,  
 Who handle God's Word with deceit ;  
 Who compass the land, and the water,  
 One proselyte (wealthy) to greet :  
 Who look all around the horizon,  
 To find out where heaven comes down ;  
 That there they may pitch their own tent, Sir,  
 Like Lot in a Sodomite town.

If the Scriptures don't give us God's Word, then  
 It cannot be found anywhere !  
 Who'd bind with the Bible the Koran ?  
 Or Mormonite " Visions " compare ?  
 Yet strange while some praise " other Bibles " !  
 They rave at the right one as wrong ;  
 And stranger, their raging affects it  
 As much as the storms old Mont Blanc !

The pitiless hail of cold criticism—  
 All " higher criticism " or none—  
 Would have made the old Book bleak and barren,  
 If they could but have kept down the Son.  
 But a risen Sun warms it to life yet,  
 Adorning its beautiful slopes ;  
 Enchanting the eyes that are open  
 With sweet Aspirations and hopes.

### DESIGN.

The heavens declare still God's glory,  
 And creatures must some duty owe ;  
 But if we have no Revelation  
 How are we that duty to know ?  
 But that a great Voice once has spoken,  
 A nation *en masse* testifies ;  
 And the Scriptures have not yet been broken,  
 They must have come down from the skies !

The blind should be pitied, but not those  
 Who will not, and don't want to see,  
 Design in the clock-work of heaven,  
 Right down to the sting of a bee.  
 The Designer may n't be to our liking :  
 We perhaps misinterpret his skill,  
 Yet star motions prove, not " attraction,"  
 But power and precision of *Will*.

A Power that is kind, or his creatures  
 Would not fill the World I am sure ;  
 He sends them all food, though the selfish  
 Keep back the fair share of the poor.  
 An Artist we see in the beauty  
 Which pencils each product of power :  
 From the Firmament spangled with jewels  
 To a fluttering butterfly flower !

The Bible's a wonderful Book, Sir :  
 Let us read it and study it more :  
 It's going from kingdom to kingdom,  
 And spreading from shore unto shore :  
 This phenomenon needs explanation,  
 Whatever you think, **THIS IS FACT** ;  
 It comes and demands a fair hearing,  
 And tells you how *you* ought to act.

Christ honored the teachings of Moses  
 Let Israelites honor them too ;  
 Jew or Gentile, if Christian, rally,  
 Come sturdy old Protestants, do.  
 The Bible, the whole Book or nothing,  
 The Bible we'll take to our heart ;  
 Let those who dare cut it to pieces,  
 They only cut off their own part !

### WISDOM.

The popular flatters the idle ;  
 True wisdom, like treasure lies hid :  
 It is found but of diligent seekers,  
 In coffer sometimes without lid.  
 But mortals who live to " make " money,  
 With only one thought, " Will it pay ? "  
 Would tear Mercy's lid from the Ark, and  
 Turn disappointed away.

But in that dread chest there was hidden,  
 The Law on two tables of stone ;  
 Obey it, and strength will be given ;  
 And wisdom the world has not known.  
 If any man lack for true wisdom,  
 And truly God's Will seek to do ;  
 Let him ask, let him act, t'will be given :  
 He shall know if the doctrine is true.

Don't mind if you're laughed at, or scoffed at ;  
 The truth has its Gilead balm,  
 For the upright and downright Truth-seeker,  
 In a spirit invincibly calm.  
 He bows to no " priests "—not of " Science "—  
 Nor like a Galileo kneels  
 To " curse " and " detest " his own faith, Sir,  
 While cravenly cringing to please.

In the heart of the Law lay the Sabbath,  
 The Seventh, not first of the week ;  
 The Lord's day, " the Lord of the Sabbath,"  
 Its owner, himself did bespeak.  
 For man, for his welfare he made it,  
 For mankind, not merely the Jew ;  
 You honor its Lord when you keep it,  
 And bye and bye He'll honor you.

Violate it you trample the Law down,  
 Transgression of law is still sin ;  
 Sin's wages is death and destruction,  
 But life through our Lord we may win :  
 Let Israel return to his Lord's day,  
 Give up that Usurper's at Rome,  
 For soon all the world shall observe it,  
 When Judah returns to his home.



To "err and to stray" is still human,  
 But still to forgive is Divine ;  
 Ah ! Well there is One that can do it,  
 Your patient Creator and mine.  
 Then let us confess ALL our errors,  
 We cannot forsake them too soon ;  
 Nor Cain-like cut off a good brother  
 Because he can't dance to your tune.

The works of the Lord they are great all,  
 Sought out of the Lover of Truth ;  
 Instructing the wise and the aged,  
 Enchanting to Maiden and Youth.  
 Then let us accept His descriptions  
 Apart from all sceptical dreams ;  
 Read THE BOOK with its own Illustrations ;  
 How true to fair Nature it seems :

If earth can be beautiful now, Sir,  
 While error and sin so abound ;  
 Oh ! what will its beauty e'er long be,  
 When Righteousness springs from the ground ?  
 When a King, yea a " Righteous Despot,"  
 Shall cause all oppressions to cease ;  
 And make all the true and meek-hearted  
 One brother-hood dwelling at peace !

Ah ! then shall the glorious City  
 Be the joy of the whole redeemed earth ;  
 Its light shall be seen in all Kingdoms,  
 Giving songs in the night, joy and mirth.  
 The City will not need the sun, though  
 The rest of the world of course will ;  
 For the sun, although sevenfold brighter,  
 Will pale before Zion's grand Hill !

I've studied the Word very closely,  
 For days and nights, weeks, months, and years ;  
 And " searched out " the Scriptures for life truth,  
 With earnestness, candour, and tears :  
 But don't accept my word, but HIS Word,  
 Life, Righteousness, Peace it will give ;  
 Get wisdom, understanding, but chiefly  
 Get wisdom how rightly to live.

### CONCLUSION.

And now just a word for the Sceptic,  
 And one for the Christian as well,  
 Do try to cast out mental bias,  
 That peurile prejudice spell.  
 " Prove all things " is Scripture, Sense, Science ;  
 Hold fast to the good, old or new ;  
 Nor dare to revile Holy Writings,  
 Which yet shall be found to be true.

Oh, God ! how Thy Word's been despised,  
 By worldings in Churches disowned :  
 Whilst fables to fill itching ears,  
 From pulpits are softly intoned.  
 Oh send us the Prophet Elijah,  
 To turn our hearts back from the worst ;  
 And give us the faith of our father,  
 Lest we, with the earth, be accursed.

Oh, send out Thy Light and Thy Truth now  
 And lead us to Thy Holy Hill ;  
 And write all thy laws in our hearts that  
 On earth we may all do Thy Will.  
 We've erred and strayed like the lost sheep  
 Of Israel the Christ did redeem :  
 Come Shepherd of Israel restore us,  
 And lead us to life-giving stream.

All men have been shaded by error,  
 But Christians have each their small light ;  
 How strong we should be if united,  
 Red, yellow, and blue, would make white.  
 Then let us strive after true union,  
 In Christ, and His precepts fulfil ;  
 No Creeds but good lives, such Communion,  
 Would sickly sectarianism kill !

But why should we countenance errors  
 Which make foolish Infidels shy ?  
 Their wisdom is " Folly," the Word says ;  
 Our wisdom comes down from on high.  
 How strange if the Bible be GOD's Word,  
 In which we can place *full* affiance,  
 We swallow the deadliest drugs, if  
 The bottle be but labelled " Science " !

---

JOHN V. 46, 47.

" Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed Me ; for he wrote of Me : But if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my Words."

F I N I S .

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