

**THE APISTOPHILON:
A NEMESIS
OF FAITH**

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The Apistophilon: A Nemesis of Faith by Frank D. Bullard

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FRANK D. BULLARD

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OF FAITH**

THE APISTOPHILON



F. D. Bullard

THE APISTOPHILON

(τὸν ἀπιστόφιλον)

A NEMESIS OF FAITH

BY

FRANK D. BULLARD, A. M., M. D.



CHICAGO

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS COMPANY

1899

TO
ROBERT J. BELFORD

THERE BLOOMS AN AMARANTH WITHIN THE SOUL
WHOSE PLEASANT PERFUME FILLS THE GARDEN FULL,
MEN CALL THE FLOWER FRIENDSHIP, AND FOR ITS SAKE,
BELFORD, I DEDICATE TO YOU THIS SCROLL.



Notes

I

Recollection is the only Paradise from which we cannot be
turned out. RICHTER.

II

And the night shall be filled with music
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away.
LONGFELLOW—The Day is Done.

III

Ah, happy years! once more who would not be a boy.
BYRON—Childe Harold.

Prologue

I

When crooning winds soft in the gloaming blow,
And lull to sleep with music sad and low
The drooping eyelids of the drowsy day,
'Tis sweet to dwell upon the long ago.

II

When dreamy reminiscence fondly cheers
And to myself my former self appears,
Then fade the fretful follies of the day,
And fain I see the wraiths of yester years.

III

First skips the merry, laughing, careless boy,
Whose untamed spirit bubbles o'er with joy,
Who little recks the laws of creed or school,
—Ah, his the heart that pleasure could not cloy!

NOTES

IV

"Orthodoxy, my lord," said Bishop Warburton in a whisper, "orthodoxy is my doxy—heterodoxy is another man's doxy."
JOSEPH PRIESTLEY—Memoirs.

V

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.
TENNYSON—In Memoriam.

VI

The man of wisdom is the man of years.
YOUNG—Night Thoughts.