

**THE ATHEIST, AN
ORIGINAL POEM**

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The atheist, an original poem by Arthur Lilley

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ARTHUR LILLEY

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1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters. This section also touches upon the legal implications of failing to maintain such records, which can lead to severe consequences for individuals and organizations alike.

2. The second part of the document delves into the specific requirements for record-keeping, including the types of documents that must be retained and the duration for which they should be kept. It provides a detailed overview of the various categories of records, such as financial statements, contracts, and correspondence, and outlines the best practices for organizing and storing these documents to ensure they are easily accessible and secure.

3. The third part of the document addresses the challenges associated with record-keeping, such as the volume of data generated and the risk of data loss or corruption. It offers practical solutions and strategies to overcome these challenges, including the use of digital storage solutions and the implementation of robust backup and recovery procedures. This section also discusses the importance of regular audits and reviews to ensure the integrity and accuracy of the records.

4. The fourth part of the document focuses on the role of record-keeping in legal proceedings and dispute resolution. It explains how well-maintained records can provide crucial evidence in court and help to resolve disputes more efficiently. This section also highlights the importance of ensuring that records are preserved in a format that is admissible in court, such as through the use of digital signatures and secure storage methods.

5. The fifth and final part of the document provides a summary of the key points discussed and offers some concluding thoughts on the importance of record-keeping. It reiterates that maintaining accurate records is not just a legal obligation but also a best practice for any organization or individual who wants to ensure transparency and accountability in their operations.



THE ATHEIST.

An Original Poem.

BY
ARTHUR LILLEY.

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THE ATHEIST.

CANTO I.

HIS life was in the evening shadows now,
His outward form to set, his soul to rise ;
And, by the wrinkles on his jaded brow,
’Twas visible in life’s bold enterprise
He had not let his days pass by for nought,
But seized the time, and for earth’s knowledge sought.

He’d read of all the pomp of Syria’s kings,
How they had flourished in the days gone by ;
But all their glory now in memory sings,
Only the ruined city now is nigh ;
All else has fled—pride, pomp are in the dust ;
So perish all who but in self have trust.

He'd read of Greece, that land of might and fame,
How it had held the world beneath its sway,
O Greeks! why is your power not the same?
Is this the poet's haunt—the hero's day?
O Greece! thou glory of the ancient world,
What drove thy heroes out, and thee o'erhurl'd?

He'd read how Rome had led her legions forth,
And with her might the nations overcame,
Piercing from east to west, from south to north,
Until mankind stood trembling at her name:
Now all is ruin, and seek where you can
A Roman—earth knows not of such a man!

Had they but known the Truth as we have known,
They might have held the world with such a power
That all mankind would kneel before God's throne,
And they had been the same until this hour,
What they were then—the mightiest in the land,
In mind and glory, as God's chosen band.

But God's immortal wisdom did not deign
That they should bear His message to the world ;
But that above them other lands should reign,
And all their glory to the ground be hurled—
A dread example to each Christian land,
That without God no power can ever stand.

Yet what had all his learning for him done ?
He was alone, and pondering o'er the past :
His years of manly strength had long since gone ;
'Twas strange to him that nothing here could last :
Friends he had known in youth, in manhood, fled ;
Some far in distant climes, some with the dead.

Many whom in his early youth he knew,
Strong, young, just entering on the road of life,
Met death before they had a distant view
Of life's maturer years of joy and strife :
It troubled him that thus they had gone by,
And in the silent grave so soon to lie.

Why should we live so brief, so short a time?

We scarcely look around us ere we die;
And earth is filled with violence and crime;
Men smile at death and calmly pass it by:
Not all his learning, all his mighty lore,
Could solve that question, often asked before.

He was a man, kind-hearted and sincere,

Pitied the helpless, aided the distress'd;
He loved the truth, and had a conscience clear,
And by the poor his name was always blest;
Riches he had, and all that earth could give;
This only troubled him, why man should live?

He was alone—except a little child

That was his all to him in his last years;
It was so young, so gentle, and so mild,
It made him love it and forget his cares;
When he was wrapt in thought, as even now,
It laid a kiss upon his aged brow.