

**LIBERTY, LOVE,
AND LAW: AN
AGNOSTIC POEM**

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Liberty, Love, and Law: An Agnostic Poem by C. C. McLaren

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C. C. MCLAREN

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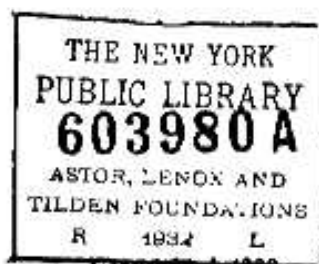
≡ AN AGNOSTIC POEM ≡

— BY —

C. C. McLaren.

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To this sublime fact all men should agree,  
That man is by right and ought to be free.



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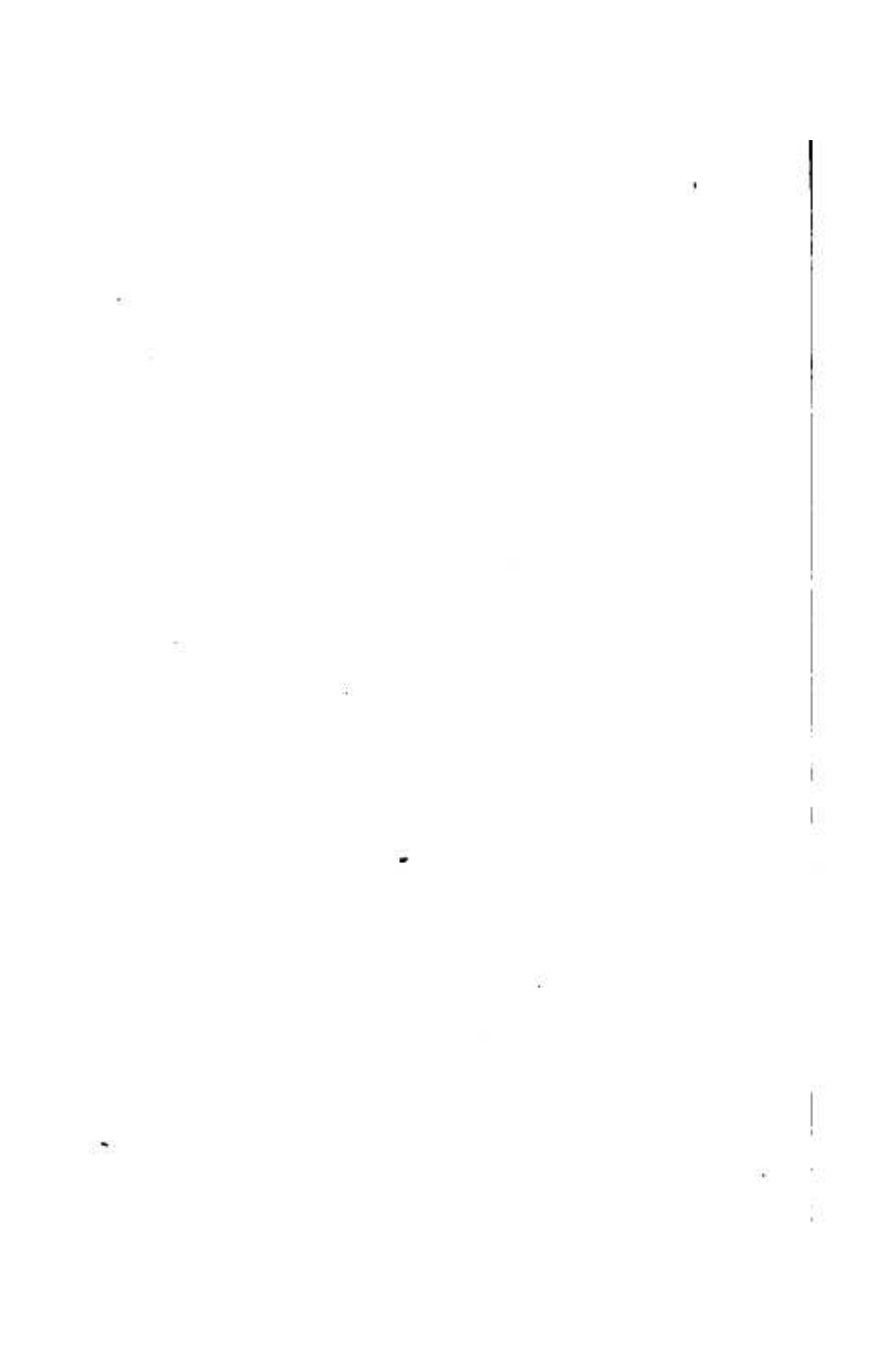


*TO THOSE*

*Who distinguish a fact from an authorized truth,  
Who nourish their years at the fountain of youth,  
Who await a solution of whither and whence,  
To a possible future, an unknown hence—  
Is this Book dedicated.*

—*THE AUTHOR.*

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## Preface.

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In presenting this I have no fears,  
Of causing many sighs or tears;  
In this bright world there's little room,  
For sighs and sorrows, tears and gloom.

You may not Sir, have read it through,  
Pentateuch, Prophets, Priest, King and Jew,  
'Twill save you trouble then, and time,  
To now glance through this little rhyme.

It may provoke from some a sneer,  
Others may express a doubt or fear;  
If you are bound to church or creed,  
I'm sorry for you, Sir, indeed.

But if that, Sir, is your worst fault,  
Brush it one side and do not halt,  
And if you never laughed before,  
I'll bet you smile—bet two to four—

That you will never lay it down,  
'Til in it comfort you have found;  
You may be sad, perhaps not glad,  
But you'd be foolish to be mad.

The only apology, I now make,  
I may have made just one mistake,  
And waited, maybe, Sir, too long,  
To save the weak, as well as strong.

But if you're broad and high and free,  
Just come along and march with me;  
I'm glad to meet a strong, clear mind,  
And feel akin to human-kind.

I love to see a manly man,  
Who on two feet can squarely stand,  
Who has no dust upon his knees,  
And in whose hat there is no fleas.

When I say him, I mean her too,  
Now don't you say I've slighted you;  
I mean the one to make, it plain,  
On whose free soul there is no chain.