PROTESTANT THOUGHTS, IN RHYME

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Protestant Thoughts, in Rhyme by Baptist W. Noel

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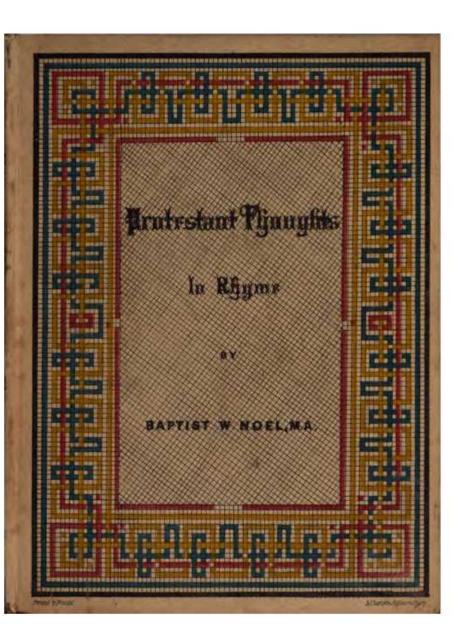
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BAPTIST W. NOEL

PROTESTANT THOUGHTS, IN RHYME





PROTESTANT THOUGHTS,

IN RHYME.

BY

BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A.

When nations are to perish in their sias, 'Tis in the church the leprosy begins.

Then Ceremony leads her bigots forth,
Prepared to fight for shadows of no worth;
While truths on which eternal things depend
Find not, or hardly flud, a single friend.
As soldiers watch the signal of command,
They learn to how, to kneel, to sit, to stand;
Happy to Bli Heligion's vacant place
With hollow form, and gesture, and grimace.

Their learning legendary, false, abourd, And yet exalted above God's own word.

Cowran.

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PROTESTANT THOUGHTS.

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

I DREAMED last night a woeful dream, Such as I'd fain forget; But thrilling as a woman's scream, It haunts my spirit yet.

I seemed upon a raging sea,
My boat was small and frail;
And the roaring winds had torn away
My rudder and my sail.

From evening till the morning dawned I felt the tempest's power; And fearfully the ocean yawned, As though it would devour. I longed as never wretch before To touch the distant land; And safe upon the quiet shore, Escaped from dangers stand.

A weary watch I seemed to keep, Toiling in wind and surf; But then I'd lay me down to sleep Upon the verdant turf.

Famine had preyed upon my cheek, And I was almost dead; But I should hear sweet voices speak, And find enough of bread.

And I should cool my burning brow With water from the spring; And lay me where the myrtles grow, To hear the wild birds sing.

I reached it: 'twas a dismal land, Where never herbage grew; A boundless continent of sand, With neither rain nor dew.