

THOUGHTS FROM THE INNER CIRCLE

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649429509

Thoughts from the Inner Circle by William Harris & John Alfred Langford

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

WILLIAM HARRIS & JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD

THOUGHTS FROM THE INNER CIRCLE

Thoughts from the Inner Circle.

"For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."
TENNYSON.



LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.
E. C. OSBORNE, BIRMINGHAM.
J. T. PARKES, MANCHESTER.
1850.



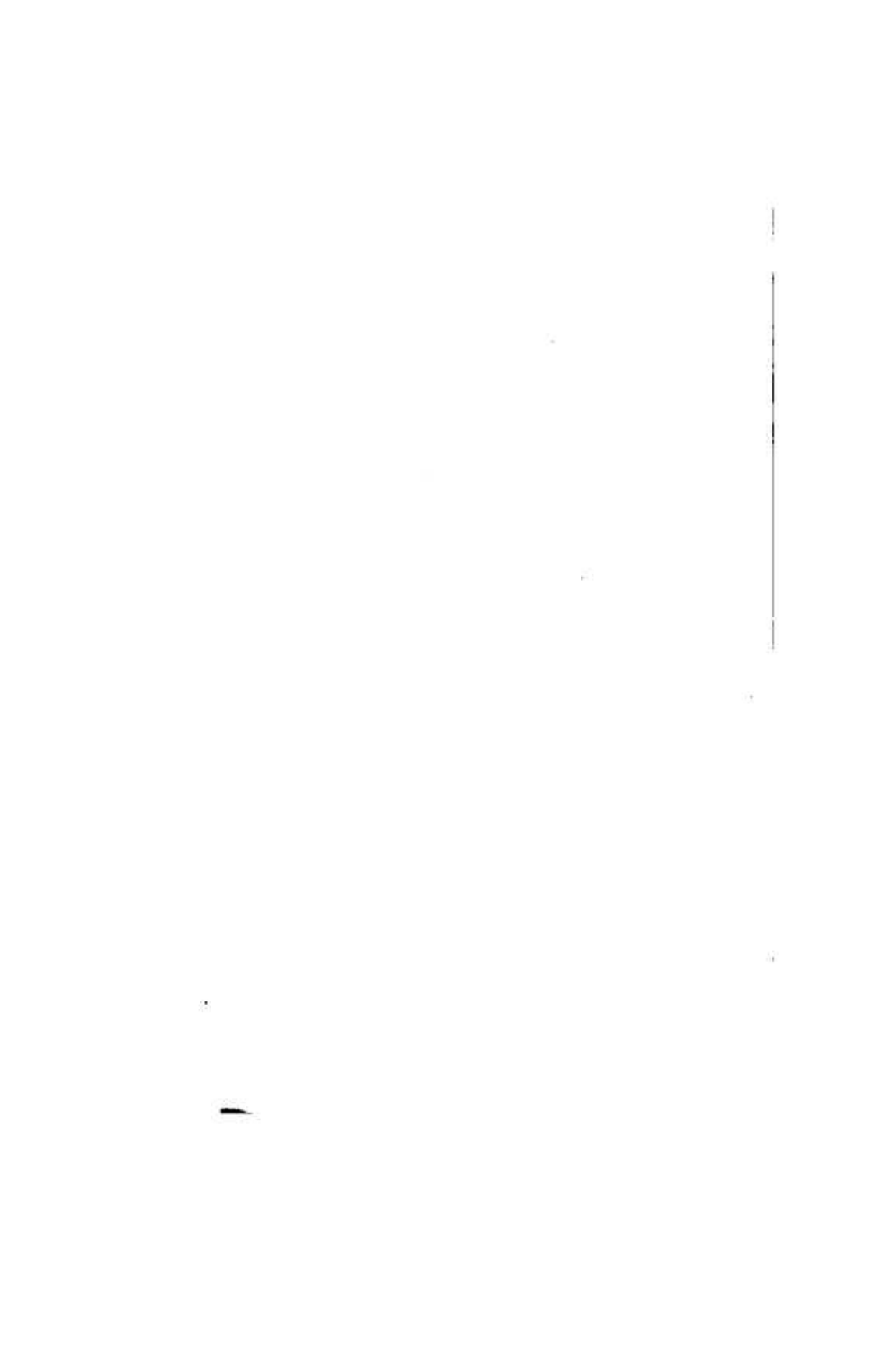
P R E F A C E .

THE most appropriate preface to the present volume will be its history.

In the Summer of 1848, a few friends agreed to meet for the purpose of obtaining close and intimate intercourse upon the great questions affecting the interests of humanity.

For this purpose they met once a month at their respective homes. At one of these meetings it was determined that some subject should be written upon by each, read at the following meeting, and preserved as a memento of the deep pleasure received from their intercourse. These meetings they called "The Inner Circle;" hence the title of the volume.

Being desirous that others should adopt a plan which had been of so much importance to their own individual culture, and no course appearing so well calculated to effect this object, as that of publishing some of their compositions, they have done so, and the present volume is the result.



THE AGE.

'Tis pleasing to the thoughtful mind to trace,
Ev'n step by step, the progress of mankind:
The early struggles of the infant race,
The first emancipations of the mind;
Its Titan labours wild, and gropings blind,
To 'scape the tyrant's thrall, and despot's power;
Now seeming still; now like the rushing wind
Of Asian land, whose fury, in an hour,
O'erwhelms in stricken death all 'neath its awful shower.

The past hath epochs high, august and grand;
Exemplars unto us of later day;
Landmarks on History's varied page they stand,
To point the path, and indicate the way.
"Thus did your fathers, thus do ye alway;
And as ye gain in knowledge, strength, and age,
Our errors shun."—Thus unto us they say,
Their voices trembling with that holy rage
Which fires the souls who dare with tyranny engage.

The lesson we have learned, and heard their voice;
 Nor hath the past a nobler epoch seen
 Than this in which we live,—ay, and rejoice
 To live: an age whose like hath never been
 For wronged humanity. Calm and serene,
 We view its anarchy; for well we know,
 That storm, and strife, and rage, must intervene
 With calm, before the sun of peace can glow,
 And Liberty and Love unite mankind below.

The age hath much to give us pain; but more
 To fill the heart with trust, and hope, and joy.
 The despot kingdoms fall, and few deplore
 Their utter ruin; themselves, themselves destroy,
 And men look on with aspirations high,
 And gather promise of a better day,
 When freedom shall be pure without alloy;
 They smile, and tremble not, though nations say,
 "Thrones crumble, empires fall, dynasties pass away."

The age is for the many, not the few;
 For suffering weakness, not aggressive might;
 Its love is for the beautiful and true;
 Its hope, the high ascendancy of right;
 Its trust in God: and thus, through day and night,
 We labour with the highest end in view,
 Amongst the peoples to increase the light
 Of knowledge, wisdom, truth; and thus to shew
 How they may wrongs redress, and passions ill subdue.

The age is full of promise. Hand in hand
Democracy and Christ's religion go,
Like sisters-twin; and many a goodly band
Of earnest, hopeful souls, whose bosoms glow
With freedom's holiest fire, receive them so;
Fit harbingers of that appointed time,
When all, the greatest and the least, shall know
And do the right; and man in every clime
Shall live a righteous life—simple, august, sublime.

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

March, 1849.

THE AGE.

Look back upon the ages of the past,
 And read the records of the days gone by :
 There learn the deeds sublime, experience vast,
 Left unto this age as a legacy.

How poet-spirits, 'midst distress and pain,
 Strove for mankind, hopeless themselves to serve ;
 How patriots bled, whom neither hope of gain
 Nor fear of death could ever tempt to swerve :

And how, when tyrants dared in God's place stand,
 And proudly dictate what men's faith should be,
 Then the heroic, glorious martyr band
 Died, that souls from thenceforth might be free :

How, through that mighty gift, the printed page,
 Minds, distance parted, meet in union ;
 And with the wise thoughts of the wisest sage,
 The lowliest of us hold communion.

And we of this age, whom each year doth gift
 With some new lesson, some new trust to guard,