People to people calls. With massive speed
The flood goes northward, foaming through despair,
To burst the dams of hate. "Our leaders lead,
But no man tells us where!"

The parsons paddle in their pools of talk;
They pass inquiry a fancy name,
Implore the populace with them to walk
And share their shame.

There was a Heaven once. Where seraphs sang
And God's cool judgment calmed man's querulousness,
Looms now a gibbet huge enough to hang
These parsons and this press.

Along the ruined whiteness of the High
Loop-shadows wait, a sombre gallows tree
Directs the doomed apostles of the Lie
To their last Calvary.

Who knew the ultimate way? Who held the light?
Judges and priests forgot and calmly threw
Their weight behind the wicked prince of Might—
And yet, the people knew!

They knew, perhaps they prayed. The smoky screen
Of sacerdotal blindness held them till
Hope breathed upon their souls and made them clean,
And Truth came laughing over a green hill.

There's gladness in Truth's sunken eyes, maybe,
Confined to miry roads and days of death,
She grows a little happier to see
One green spot on a scorched and blasted earth.

—FURNLEY MAURICE.

Religious and Social Life, and of International Peace and Goodwill. Edited
and published by Rev. Charles Strong, D.D. Subscription, 3/6 per annum.
Obtainable at Cole's, or at The Australian Church. Free specimen copies
on application.