

MISCELLANEOUS.

STONEHENGE.

Stonehenge, above thy solemn plain.
The canopy of gray still drifts,
Now trailing down its fringe of rain,
Or dropping gleams athwart its rifts,
Whereto the soul of man uplifts
Its answering flash through gray despair,—
So through the ashen ages sifts,
In gleam and gloom
The seed and bloom
And fruitage of unending prayer.

Unending prayer and sacrifice
To what gray gods there be on high,
Who silent take the costly price,
Yonder within their dumb, dull sky;
Moveless they watched thy victims die
Here on this strange-stained altar stone,
Sphinx-silent to the eternal "Why"
Of hopeless pain
That beat in vain
At this cold footstool of their throne.

Stonehenge, the empire's passed from thee,
Thou ruin of an outworn fear!
Thy oak-crowned priests are mockery,
And dry as thy last victim's tear.
Lo, for this many a thousand year
The moss eats wrinkles in thy stone;
And sheep-bells tinkle there and here,—
Light music-falls,
Like laughter-calls,
Life's echo of Death's risen groan.

But still the gods, the gods above,
The gods that neither move nor sleep,—
For Tyranny is strong as Love—

Take toll of all that laugh or weep;
 And far across the centuries' sweep
 The knife yet gleams in lifted hands;
 Though the gray plain
 Have drunk thy stain,
 The Sphynx still gazes o'er the sands.

Still the eternal question waits
 Before the door of Human Birth,
 Relentless as its narrow gates,
 Whereon is graven "Go ye forth!"
 And still the gleaming hope of earth,
 Flames from the altar's awful rust:
 "The gods will yield;"
 The doom is sealed,
 And a new victim dashed to dust.

Lo, all the altars of the world,
 Whereat men kneeling wreathle about
 In circles of bent bodies, curled
 For pain, wrest not the secret out.
 Yet—yet—these Druid stones are stout—
 But see! the mosses hurl the stone!
 Shall Faith not wear
 The gods? Lo, there—
 STRIKE! THE LAST OUTGUARD LIGHTS! THE SUN!

HONESTY WITH THE BIBLE,

Two books lie before me which are remarkable for being frank statements concerning the Scriptures, and both come from quarters in which similar utterances were heretofore deemed impossible. One is called *Honesty with the Bible*, (published by the Acme Publishing Co., Morgantown, W. V.) written by the Rev. Prescott White, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Weston, West Virginia, from 1894 to 1904; the other, *What is the Bible?* (published by The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago), by J. A. Ruth, a man of Christian education, member of one of the orthodox Protestant churches, who passed through life more than three-fourths of the allotted span when for the first time he faced the question "Is the Bible the word of God?" and after a careful examination he came to the conclusion that the Bible is a human production. Both books, so similar in attitude and alike in spirit, are straws in the wind, for they are not attacks on religion and not inspired by any enmity toward the book sacred to all good Christians, but simply follow the course of honesty in confessing the conclusion to which they have been driven against their own wills.

Mr. Ruth begins his book with quoting a prayer from one of the late Joseph Parker's Sermons, ending with the words. "Spirit of Truth, make me sincere!" and similarly Mr White insists that his criticism of the Bible is not literary nor historical, but purely moral and spritual (p.5).