

# THOUGH CREEDS CRUMBLE

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Once long ago men said, "There is no magic!  
"Come, let us worship Jupiter no more!  
"Wands there are none, and all this talk of Muses  
Fairies and wands is naught but classic lore".

So were these gods dethroned and disembodied,  
Cast down to utter ruin and decay;  
But from the ruins, rose refined, transfigured,  
All that was true to an immortal day.

And howsoe'er the floods of future ages  
Sweep their eroding currents through our thought  
Still there will stand, like rugged buttes unyielding,  
Some truths that Time and Change can alter not.

Still will Eternal Mercy's footsteps follow  
Their immemorial trails to pain and woe;  
Still will Eternal Goodness like a beacon  
Shine from men's eyes and keep their hearts aglow.

Still will pure souls give forth a holy fragrance  
Far more refreshing than the morning tide;  
Still will men's souls go down in wild contrition  
And from Remorse's flames come purified.

Still from the spirit's highest, purest heavens  
There will resound the summons of the Right,  
And leaving all, men will arise and follow  
Through fire and flood and over mountain height.