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# Ford Hall Meetings

Conducted by THE BOSTON BAPTIST SOCIAL UNION

FIFTH SEASON—1911-12

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING

AT 7.30 P. M.

## PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER 26.

MISS HARRIETT C. WESTCOTT . . . Soprano  
ARTHUR R. P. HEYES . . . . . Tenor  
GEORGE MENDALL TAYLOR . . . Accompanist

1. "Again As Evening Shadows Fall" . . . . . *Lynes*
2. "Be Strong" . . . . . *Hahn*

MISS WESTCOTT

HYMN, "What I Live For."

1. "The Lord Is My Light" . . . . . *Alitsen*

MR. HEYES

ADDRESS, "The Case Against War"—President Jordan

HYMN, "Our Hope and Purpose."

QUESTIONS FROM THE FLOOR.

## PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER 3.

FRANK E. KENDRIE . . . . . Violinist  
GEORGE MENDALL TAYLOR . . . Accompanist

1. "Andante Religioso" . . . . . *Thone*  
HYMN, "Hark, for the Hour is Coming."
2. "Berceuse" . . . . . *Kirkman*
3. "Madrigal" . . . . . *Simonetti*

ADDRESS, "Racial Adjustment"—President Mitchell

HYMN, "Our Hope and Purpose."

QUESTIONS FROM THE FLOOR.

GEORGE W. COLEMAN, Chairman and Director of Meetings

Miss MARY C. CRAWFORD, Secretary for the Meetings

Office Hours at Room 707, Ford Building, State House Hill, 3.30-4.30 dally, except Saturdays.  
Telephone, Haymarket 2247

### COMMITTEE IN CHARGE

Charles N. Bentley	Benjamin N. Upham	James P. Roberts
William J. Hobbs	William E. Perry	Harry P. Bosson

### COMMITTEE OF CITIZENS

Russell B. Kingman	Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly	Mrs. Susan W. FitzGerald
Rev. Edward H. Chandler	George B. Gallup	James P. Munroe
Miss Ellen Paine Huling	Meyer Bloomfield	Henry Abrahams
Franklin H. Wentworth	Robert A. Woods	Rev. Dillon Bronson
Rev. Edward Cummings	John T. Prince	Edwin D. Mead

## THE GOVERNMENT TO BE.

(To "Austria")

Thro' the clamor and the riot  
That is heard from sea to sea,  
I can feel the coming quiet  
Of the government to be;  
Vain the effort to dissemble  
For the truth is clear to all,  
And the old conditions tremble  
Like a ruin doomed to fall.

Vain the veiling and disguising  
Of the evils which exist,  
For new systems are uprising  
From the wreckage and the mist;  
And the mills of God are slowly  
Surely grinding out their grist,  
While the laws of right and justice  
Hold and evermore persist.

As the sun first tints the border  
Of the darkness with his light,  
So the faint far gleam of order  
Gilds the chaos of the night;  
And the dawn shall grow in splendor  
To the fulness of the day  
When the hands of greed surrender,  
What from toil they tore away.

For the land to all was given—  
It belongs to you and me;  
'T is a law of earth and heaven  
Broken now from sea to sea.  
Let monopoly be driven  
From the fortress of the free;  
And let liberty bid welcome  
To the government to be.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me, whose hearts are warm and true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me and awaits my spirit too;  
For human ties that bind me, for tasks my God assigned me,  
For bright hopes left behind me, and the good that I can do.

I live to read their story who suffered for my sake,  
To emulate their glory and follow in their wake.  
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages, the noble of all ages,  
Whose deeds crown History's pages and Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season by gifted minds foretold,  
When men shall live by reason and not alone by gold,  
When each to each united and every wrong thing righted,  
The whole world shall be lighted as Eden was of old.

## HARK, FOR THE HOUR IS COMING!

Hark, for the hour is coming,  
When your ears shall anointed be,  
Aye! listen, 'tis rising and swelling,  
O'er populous land and sea,  
The morning stars began it  
At the dawn of creation's birth,  
And the circling spheres go swinging  
And singing it unto earth.

For the song of the spheres is motion,  
And motion and toil are life,  
And the idle shall fail and falter,  
And yield at the end of strife  
As the stars tread path appointed  
And the sun gives forth his heat,  
So the sons of men shall labor,  
Ere they rest in leisure's seat.

Lo, the burden shall be divided,  
And each shall know his own.  
And the royalty of manhood  
Shall more than crown or throne,  
And the flesh and blood of toilers  
Shall no longer be less than gold,  
And never an honest life  
Into hopeless bondage sold.

The kings are to serve the people,  
And wealth is to ease the poor.  
And learning to lift up the lowly  
And strength that the weak may endure  
For we the people are waking  
And low and high shall employ,  
The splendid strength of union,  
For liberty, life and joy.

—M. D. Babcock.

**THE MEETINGS ARE ENTIRELY FREE  
NO TICKETS REQUIRED**

**FORD HALL, cor. Bowdoin Street and Ashburton Place  
Doors open at 7 o'clock**

**O GOD OF EARTH AND ALTAR.**

(To the music of "Webb")

O God of earth and altar	From all that terror teaches,
Bow down and hear our cry,	From lies of tongue and pen,
Our earthly rulers falter,	From all the easy speeches
Our people drift and die;	That comfort cruel men,
The walls of gold entomb us,	From sale and profanation
The swords of scorn divide,	Of honor and the sword,
Take not Thy thunder from us,	From sleep and from damnation,
But take away our pride.	Deliver us, good Lord.

Tie in a living tether  
 The priest and prince and thrall,  
 Bind all our lives together,  
 Smite us and save us all;  
 In ire and exultation  
 Allame with faith, and free,  
 Lift up a living nation,  
 A single sword to Thee.

—G. K. Chesterton.

**OUR HOPE AND PURPOSE.**

(To "Webb")

We strive not for dominion;	Whate'er his clime or color,
Whoe'er the worthiest be	His lineage or creed;
Shall bear the palm and garland	To him be honor given
And crown of victory.	For honorable deed.
In kindly emulation	Arise, ye nations, rise ye!
His willing hand we'll seek,	Exalt them—for ye can—
And own him for a brother	The dignity of labor,
Whatever tongue he speak.	The brotherhood of man.

Our leaders and our people  
 The grateful truth have learn'd,  
 And strive for glory finer  
 Than soldiers ever earn'd.  
 Arise, ye nations, rise ye!  
 Let ancient discourse cease;  
 And earth, with myriad voices,  
 Awake the song of peace!

**PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER 10.**

MRS. H. CARLETON SLACK . . . Lyric Soprano  
 GEORGE MENDALL TAYLOR . . . Accompanist

1. "The Bird and the Rose" . . . . . *Horrocks*
2. "Spring Song" . . . . . *Becker*
3. "Gloria" . . . . . *Buzzi-Peccia*

HYMN, "O God of Earth and Altar."

ADDRESS, "The Church and Social Justice"

—Bishop Williams

HYMN, "The Government To Be."

QUESTIONS FROM THE FLOOR.

**PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER 17.**

MR. A. R. FRANK . . . . . Basso  
 GEORGE MENDALL TAYLOR . . . Accompanist

1. "Lord God of Abraham" . . . . . *Mendelssohn*
2. "Invictus" . . . . . *Bruno Huhn*
3. "Pilgrim's Son" . . . . . *Tschaikowsky*

HYMN, "O God of Earth and Altar."

ADDRESS, "The Man and the Machine"

—President Faunce

HYMN, "Hark, for the Hour is Coming."

QUESTIONS FROM THE FLOOR.

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**December 3.** — PRESIDENT SAMUEL C. MITCHELL of the University of South Carolina will speak to us on "*Racial Adjustment.*" Dr. Mitchell has made a life-study of the race problem in the South and there is no man whose opinions on this subject are more respected by both the blacks and the whites. A Southerner by birth, he knows the North also; he was for some time a lecturer on history at Brown University. Incidentally, he is a wit; there will be nothing *dry* about his discussion of this tremendous question.

**December 10.** — BISHOP WILLIAMS of Michigan, whose Single Tax address last year was one of the red-letter events of our season, comes to us again. This time he will speak on "*The Church and Social Justice,*" a topic no man in America is better able to handle suggestively. *The American Magazine* has called Bishop Williams "the most unconventional man who ever filled an Episcopal chair!"



**December 17.** — PRESIDENT FAUNCE of Brown University will discuss "*The Man and the Machine.*" All who heard the remarkable lecture which this distinguished speaker gave us last year on "*Education Without Schools,*" will be glad to hear from him further as to how a man may rise above and through his work to a profounder knowledge of life and its manifold meanings.

**December 24.** — PROFESSOR ZUEBLIN, whom Ford Hall folk always hear with joy, will speak to us about "*The Nation's Human Resources.*" On the eve of that season when all that child-life means to the world is particularly brought home to us we are fortunate, indeed, to be afforded a Zueblin lecture on this most significant of all human subjects. You will need to come early.

