

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL.

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress,
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine ev'ry flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And ev'ry gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

—Katharine Lee Bates.

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE.

When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations,
Not thrones and crowns, but men.
Flow'rs of Thy heart, O God, are they,
Let them not pass like weeds away,
Let them not fade in sunless day.
God save the people.

Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That men shall toil for wrong?
"No!" say the mountains; "No!" the skies;
"Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs."
God save the people.

When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men.
God save the people, Thine they are;
Thy children, as Thy angels fair,
Save them from bondage and despair.
God save the people.

—Ebenezer Elliott.

A FORD HALL HYMN.

Come from many sundered races,
We from all the lands of earth,
Turn our sunrise-lifted faces
Toward a whole world's glad rebirth.
Thou, great Spirit, who, existent
Under many names, art God,
Hear our footsteps, still persistent
In the paths Thy prophets trod.

One in passionate desire,
One in righteous wrath at wrong,
Thrilled by sacrificial fire,
Here we lift to Thee our song.
Speed the dawn, so long expected,
Herald of the common good,—
Justice free and resurrected,
Our triumphant brotherhood.

—Miriam Allen deFord.

The Collection Boxes, which may now be seen in the Hall, are for suggestions or contributions to promote the extension of the *Ford Hall Idea*.

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 to 4.30 daily, except Saturdays
Telephone, Haymarket 2247

THE DAY OF THE PEOPLE IS DAWNING.

(To the music of "Lyons")

We knelt before kings; we bent before lords;
For theirs were the crowns, and theirs were the swords;
But the times of the bending and bowing are past,
And the day of the people is dawning at last.

We cringed before gold; we deified wealth;
We laid on its altar the life and the health
Of manhood and womanhood, childhood and youth:
But its lordship is doomed in this day of the truth.

The strength of the State we'll lavish on more
Than making of wealth and making of war;
We are learning at last, though the lesson comes late,
That the making of man is the task of the State.

Great Day of Jehovah, prophets and seers
Have sung of thy coming for thousands of years;
Thank God for each sign that the dark night is past;
And the day of the people is dawning at last!

—William Pearson Merrill.

O GOD OF EARTH AND ALTAR

(To the music of "Webb")

O God of earth and altar
Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earthly rulers falter,
Our people drift and die;
The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide,
Take not Thy thunder from us,
But take away our pride.

From all that terror teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men,
From sale and profanation
Of honor and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
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
Aflame with faith, and free,
Lift up a living nation,
A single sword to Thee.

—G. K. Chesterton.

HAIL THE GLORIOUS GOLDEN CITY

(To the music of "Austria")

Hail the glorious Golden City,
Pictured by the seers of old!
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous tales of it are told:
Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming wall;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that city;
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts;
All our lives are building stones:
Whether humble or exalted,
All are called to task divine;
All must aid alike to carry
Forward one sublime design.

And the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with our years;
It will last and shine transfigured
In the final reign of Right
It will merge into the splendors
Of the City of the Light.

—Felix Adler, 1909.



FEBRUARY 28.—PETER WITT, Commissioner of Public Works in Cleveland, Ohio, will appear for the first time on our platform. It will be remembered that Mr. Ross of Buffalo recently referred with the utmost enthusiasm to Peter Witt's gifts as a speaker, declaring that he possesses spiritual fervor in so marked a degree that, in one year no less than eighteen churches of Buffalo were glad to welcome him to their pulpits. Mr. Witt was one of Tom Johnson's most trusted lieutenants and, since Mr. Johnson's death, has carried on many of the reforms dear to the heart of that great and good man. One of these reforms brought a three-cent car fare to Cleveland and of this and allied movements Mr. Witt will tell us in his lecture, "*A City Finding Itself.*"

MARCH 7.—RABBI SAMUEL SCHULMAN of New York, the first man who ever drew what might be called a good audience to a Ford Hall Meeting, will speak on "*What Constitutes a Good Jew.*" Dr. Schulman's first lecture here was an extraordinary massing of the social and intellectual achievements of this chosen people and a passionate arraignment of the unjust attitude many otherwise fair-minded folk assume towards Jews. We may fairly expect a similarly stirring address when he comes to us on March 7.



MARCH 14.—JOHN SPARGO, who first became known in England when, at the outbreak of the Boer War, he protested publicly against England's stand in that famous contest, will come down from his present home among the hills of Vermont to talk to us on "*Socialism and the War.*" Mr. Spargo is one of the most engaging speakers in the socialists' ranks, a man whose gentleness and sweetness always make friends for him, whether one accepts his economic doctrines or not. The Spargo night should be a big night at Ford Hall.

**FORD HALL, corner Bowdoin Street and Ashburton Place
DOORS OPEN AT 7.00 O'CLOCK**

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