

Ford Hall Meetings

Conducted by THE BOSTON BAPTIST SOCIAL UNION

SIXTH SEASON — 1912-1913

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING at 7.30 P. M.

PROGRAM FOR JANUARY 26

ERNEST MARSH Violinist
 JOHN HARRIS GUTTERSON Accompanist

1. { a. "Andantino" *Padre Martini (Kreisler)*
 { b. "Liebesfreud" *Kreisler*

HYMN, "The March of Freedom."

2. { a. "Abendlied" *Naches*
 { b. "Wiegenlied" *Schubert (Elman)*

ADDRESS, "Just Taxation the Hope of the World"
 —Mr. Joseph Fels of Philadelphia.

HYMN, "The Government to Be."

QUESTIONS FROM THE FLOOR.

PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY 2

MAURICE L. LONDON Violinist
 MISS GEORGIA LEONARD Accompanist

1. { a. "Meditation," from "Thais" *Massenet*
 { b. "Aria" *Tenaglia*

HYMN, "Lead, Kindly Light."

2. { a. "Nocturne," Opus 9, No. 2 *Chopin*
 { b. "Hungarian Dance" No. 5 *Brahms*

ADDRESS, "The Right and Wrong of the Labor Union"
 —Rev. John A. Ryan, D. D., of St. Paul, Minn.

HYMN, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee!"

QUESTIONS FROM THE FLOOR.

PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY 9

MISS EMMA HARLOW Soprano
 JOHN HARRIS GUTTERSON Accompanist

1. { a. "A Bud of Life" *Thorne*
 { b. "Life's Maytime" *Newton*

HYMN, "The Living Word."

2. { a. "To Thee" *Oley Speaks*
 { b. "A Better Land" *Cowen*

ADDRESS, "The Growing Pains of Democracy"—Edward A. Filene of Boston.

HYMN, "These Things Shall Be."

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 to 4.30 daily, except Saturdays
 Telephone, Haymarket 2247

PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY 16

MRS. CARROLL J. SWAN Soprano
MRS. KATHARINE FERRISTALL Accompanist

1. { *a.* "Lass with the Delicate Air" *Parker*
 { *b.* "Birth of Morn" *Franco Leoni*
HYMN, "The March of Freedom."

2. { *a.* "Daybreak" *Mabel Daniels*
 { *b.* "Goodnight, Pretty Star" *Noel Johnson*

ADDRESS, "As An Immigrant Sees It"
—Stewart Anderson of Springfield, Mass.

HYMN, "These Things Shall Be."

QUESTIONS FROM THE FLOOR.

THESE THINGS SHALL BE!

These things shall be! a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise;
With flow'r of freedom in their souls,
And light of science in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarm'd shall live as comrades free;
In ev'ry heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And ev'ry life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

These things—they are no dreams—shall be
For happier men when we are gone;
Those golden days for them shall dawn,
Transcending aught we gaze upon.
—John Addington Symonds.

THE GOVERNMENT TO BE

(To the tune of "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 fullness 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;
'Tis 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.

THE LIVING WORD.

(Tune "Arlington")

The spirits of the mighty dead,
In living word and song,
Proclaim the immortality
Which cannot suffer wrong;
For death, transforming dust to dust,
Has not in its control
The destiny of love and truth
Embodied in the soul.

The hero of the living word
May die by sword or flame.
The author of the song of love
May wear a badge of shame.
But when their hearts have passed in
flame
Or mouldered in the grave,
The altars of the human race
Maintain the life they gave.

In secret grove, on templed hill,
The shrine is seen no more
Where priests may offer sacrifice
And dark libations pour.
For all the earth is holy ground
And oracles are heard
Wherever hearts with fire divine
Proclaim the living word.

The spirits of the mighty dead
May walk the earth again
And with the breath of truth revive
The souls of common men.
And down the long, long line of march,
Their voices clear and strong,
Urge onward as we join with them
In living word and song.

—Wm. W. Locke.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; Remember not past years,
So long Thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost a-while!

—J. H. Newman.

THE MARCH OF FREEDOM

(To the music of "Marsellaise").

Hark, hark, the peal of clarions calling,
A host unnumbered marching by,
O'er serried ranks the pennons falling!
|| The hills give back the battle cry. ||

Whence come ye, hero warriors, hither?
What land, what ages, gave ye birth
What crave ye still of bleeding earth
What laurel-wreaths that shall not wither?

To arms the clarions call,
To deeds the doing worth;
March on, march on, till freedom dawn,
And justice rule the earth!

Glory to God, the day is breaking,
The long-awaited golden morn!
The heroes dead who, self-forsaking,
|| Gave all to hasten freedom's dawn. ||

As brothers, comrades, march beside us;
On, then, to conquest of the world!
On, till our battle flags are furled
In freedom's peace, and God shall guide us.

Ye mountains, clap your hands!
Exult, O sky and sea!
March on, march on! breaks over all lands
The dawn of liberty!

—Charles Sprague Smith.



February 2.—Again we will welcome to our platform that genial priest from the Theological Seminary at St. Paul, Minn., REV. JOHN A. RYAN, D. D. On this occasion Dr. Ryan, who has made a profound study of the wage question, will talk to us on "*The Right and Wrong of the Labor Union.*" That this is a subject in which Ford Hall people are mightily interested one need only to have heard the questioning of recent speakers here to conclude. As a matter of fact no more vital topic now confronts the American people; you will wish to hear what this speaker has to say on it.

February 9.—EDWARD A. FILENE comes to us to discuss "*The Growing Pains of Democracy.*" Mr. Filene is one of those rare souls who believes in doing rather than in talking (he is so averse to personal publicity that we cannot here show his photograph as is our custom), but no man who tries to do in these days can fail to be confronted by certain arresting facts. Some of these have so deeply impressed themselves upon Boston's most public-spirited merchant that he desires to call them to your attention. February 9 will be a significant evening at Ford Hall.

February 16.—STEWART ANDERSON of Springfield, Mass., will talk to us on "*As An Immigrant Sees It.*" These will be first-hand impressions, too, for Anderson was a poor lad when he came to this country, not so very many years ago, and he has risen to a position of influence in his community through his own efforts. He will tell us why America seems a promised land to the stranger from o'erseas—and the degree to which it fulfils its promise.



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

FORD HALL, corner Bowdoin Street and Ashburton Place

COMMITTEE IN CHARGE

James P. Roberts	John Moseley	Jesse E. Perry	Harry P. Bosson
Benjamin N. Upham	Jefferson L. Harbour		William E. Macurda

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