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HUMAN BROTHERHOOD

BY

WARREN HOLDEN
Professor in Girard College.

With Compliments
of the Author.

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I.

O happy prophet whose far-reaching ken
Beholds the dawn of universal peace;
A day of consummated hope,
When cruel war shall cease;
And the frank brotherhood of men
Insure to love the widest scope!

All nature blossoms as the rose.
Her children sit in undisturbed repose
Beneath the hovering wings of peace.
While each one owns himself his brother's keeper
The wealth of all can but increase,
And love's deep stream flow deeper.

Our common father, God,
Hath laid aside the chastening rod
Since nations will learn war no more,
And all agree
To dwell in harmony,
Food, raiment, friends, and joys in store.

And innocence may walk the midnight street
Free from alarm.
No fear of harm
Where manly honor bows at beauty's feet,
The champion of modesty's sweet charm.

Grim care no more contracts the open brow,
Nor sink the feet in melancholy's slough,
Nor fears at every shadow start,
Nor envy gnaws the narrow heart,
Nor lust of gold grasps all within its reach,

Pushing the weaker to the wall.

Enough for each,

Enough for all.

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The multi-millionaire,

Eager to share

The bounty which he holds in sacred trust,

With fatherly intent, assumes the care

Of every orphan child. Left all alone,

No more the loss of mother's gentle tone

Shall almost break thine aching heart.

A foster-father fills the mother's part:

And heaven will own his stewardship was just.

O prophet, when will time redeem

The pledges of thy happy dream?

How long ere the dark ages are quite gone!

Watchman, what of the night? cometh the dawn?

II.

Blow the brazen blast of war!
Let martial music stir the blood to strife!
Let women loiter in the snug boudoir.
For men the tumult of heroic life!

Gunpowder is too slow for this fast age.
Why not try dynamite
War's savage aim to expedite,
The greatest number quickliest to slay?
The thirst for blood so to assuage,
And give delighted hell a holiday.

Armed to the teeth the nations stand,
Ready to spring whene'er some reckless hand

Flings a firebrand into the magazine
Of adverse interests that lie between:
'Mid hatreds cunningly concealed
Behind diplomacy's two-facéd shield.

Meantime the people groan and sweat
Under a burden grievous to be borne,
To furnish rations to an idle set
Of troops whose trade is to make others mourn.

"See how these Christians love," may heathen say.
"The unspeakable Turk" pursues his infamous way,
Because good Christians can't agree
How to divide the spoil amicably.

Meanwhile the poor Armenians suffer wrong
Which righteous heaven cannot wink at long.

Go on, good Turk, your cup is well-nigh
filled.
And when it runneth over, may the flood
Sweep you to far Arabia's desert sands.
No longer left to ravage other lands,
Bethink you of the innocent blood
Your ruthless hands have spilled.
With your near relative, "Auld Nickie-Ben,
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!"

The Sunday-school is supplemented by
The Boys' Brigade, a new ally
To "teach the young idea how to shoot."
A timely measure, needed to recruit
The ranks of the Church militant, perhaps;
Unless religion's proper battle-ground
Upon a higher plane is found,
Where carnal weapons must collapse.

'Tis prophesied in sacred books:

"Who takes the sword shall perish by the same."

"Change swords to ploughshares, spears to pruning-hooks."

Figures of speech, you know, which facts disclaim.

The world we live in is quite practical;

And to succeed men must be tactical.

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III.

But 'mid the lull of battle, how doth fare
The cause of human brotherhood?
Doth each think other better than himself,
Watching his interest with sleepless care;
Not covetous of worldly pelf
Save for the public good?
Doth he esteem it greatest gain
To bear the burden of another's pain?
Let conscience answer if it find the grace
Amid the scramble for the highest place.

Doctors ransack the earth for some new form
Of horrible disease, where microbes swarm;

Those microscopic monsters that devour
The vitals of their victims. Fearful power,
To ticket shivering ghosts for passage o'er
The river Styx to hades' gloomy shore.

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IV.

To every phase of human misery
Nature responds with ready sympathy.
Alternate waves of cold and heat
Vie with each other to defeat
The hope of harvest's golden treasure,
Or well-laid plans of idle pleasure.
Tornadoes threaten builders' proud creations,
And earthquakes shake their strong foundations.
While rain and hail and flood and drought
Shroud every enterprise in doubt.

Hope not to avert outside effect.
Rather the inward cause eject.

MIND is the motive-power that moves mankind.
Behind the scenes is wove the mazy plot.
From empire down to meanest lot
The actors bow to a mute prompter's nod.
The pageant seen upon the world's wide stage
But shadows forth the theatre of *mind*,
Where spirit forces, Gog and Magog, wage
A war of principles; their umpire, God.

How long must elder brothers serve, O Lord,
Ere they receive their due reward?
All that I have is thine, obedient son.
Yet let us pity the poor wandering one.
A parent's love can never cease to hope
The prodigal's return; whom he will meet
With open arms, and quickly reinstate;
Though selfishness may mope.
Man *must* be free, though he should madly choose

Each borrowed talent to abuse.
God will not tolerate
An abject slave to grovel at his feet.
Upright He made man; upright man shall be,
Despite false notions of humility.
Let stubborn manhood struggle with his fate
Until spontaneous repentance wake,
And he obey the truth for the truth's sake.
There be who will not enter the strait gate
Unless allured by sugar-coated bait
Of "hire and salary."
Bear with the weaker brother, faithful found,
Yet praise him not beyond all bound
Because he never dared to walk alone.
But those who try all things, with choice kept free,
Will cling to truth to all eternity.
And such shall stand the pillars of God's throne.

"And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

"And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

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