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Ford Hall Meetings program, 3/15-3/22/1914

Ford Hall Forum

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Ford Hall Meetings

Conducted by THE BOSTON BAPTIST SOCIAL UNION

SEVENTH SEASON — 1913-1914

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING AT 7.30

FORD HALL, corner Bowdoin Street and Ashburton Place

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

COMMITTEE IN CHARGE

Benjamin N. Upham

Leander K. Marston

J. Arthur Sparrow

William E. Perry

James P. Roberts

COMMITTEE OF CITIZENS

Rev. Edward Cummings

Mrs. Richard Y. Fitzgerald

Miss Louise Adams Grout

Miss Ellen Paine Huling

Mrs. Glendower Evans

Rev. Dillon Bronson

Henry Abrahams

George B. Gallup

William C. Ewing

Butler R. Wilson

Robert A. Woods

Edwin D. Mead

John Quinn, Jr.

PROGRAM FOR MARCH 15

Miss CAROLINE M. INGALLS

Soprano

Miss RACHEL SARGENT

Accompanist

1. Come to the Garden, Love

Salter

2. Till Dawn

Lowe

3. The Star

J. H. Rogers

HYMN, "Now Let Us All Arise and Sing"

4. { (a) Cuckoo

Lehmann

(b) Two Roses

Gilbert

(c) Birthday

Woodman

ADDRESS, "The Challenge of Socialism to Christianity"

—Prof. Harry Ward of Boston University

HYMN, "The March of Freedom"

QUESTIONS FROM THE FLOOR

PROGRAM FOR MARCH 22

WHITEMORE

Violinist

SON

Bass

TAYLOR

Tenor

TAYLOR

Accompanist

Bonum est confeteri

Lloyd

Messrs. LANGILLE and COOKSON

Liebesfreud

Kreiser

Violin Solo by Miss WHITEMORE

3. Two Grenadiers

Schumann

Mr. COOKSON

HYMN, "These Things Shall Be"

4. { (a) Minuet in F

Handel

(b) Mazurka

Wieniawski

Violin Solos by Miss WHITEMORE

5. The Lost Chord

Sullivan

Mr. COOKSON

ADDRESS, "The Right to Work"—Frank Oliver Hall, D. D., New York

HYMN, "O Hark, for the Hour Is Coming"

QUESTIONS FROM THE FLOOR

because of the unique attitude of the

The speeches and the questions and answers reported by Miriam Allen de Ford.

people the customs and civilization of France, England and Germany. But whatever is foisted upon a people will some day be resented and thrown off. And so at the opening of the 19th century, when Napoleon

During this time he wrote his works. One of the greatest novel world is Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina. (Applause.) It is great because it st problem of the 19th century. It s

(Continued on Page 4.)

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PRICE FIVE

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defeated by the Russian winter to Moscow, there was threat of the extinction of a nation's result that there was born a spirit. You can find it in the of realistic literature, which er than in England and France it was a protest against the tions then prevailing through (Applause.) We must associate of Tolstoy with those of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, for it was with which Tolstoy was first d yet Tolstoy was one of the f of humanity who stand alone genius was isolated. Born an arms of aristocracy, he very against the life in which trained. He left the univer to his family estate at Yasnaya the condition of the ser men entered the army as a oned officer, and just as he w commissioned he resigned, the chief spirit of anti-m his became the great name of ure; and then, just as he had crown, he turned away to a—became weary of it all, and to get close to the hearts ts. He was not satisfied with the serfs, but went to live w led to think their thoughts, ew that mere legal liberty He traveled over western conditions, and then retu school and develop a theory entirely his own. He devo philanthropy, only to discov ly a patch on a worn garment garment was needed. oy did not move with his For three years he turne for comfort, but he could en he went to the New Te en to the very words of the e he alone, of all the think aid, "Here is the authority." Tolstoy the Russian, th of this great, national moven an apart, in the world, but ll not understand his writi double background. e early years of Tolstoy's have the picture of one out at life as a very in e. He was restive under and felt the need of co he was yearning for co his character at this time s, "Childhood, Boyhood and e Russian Proprietor." he went to Yasnaya Polyana great longing within him to the right social arrangem ing of life. He lived an or their sake and his ow life, not as a spectacle, l blem.

PROGRAM FOR MARCH 29

CONCERT by a Mixed Chorus of Sixteen Voices from the HERFORD CLUB
Mr. CLARENCE HAY, Director

1. { (a) Santa Lucia } *Italian Folk Song*
{ (b) Ciribiribin }
HERFORD CHORUS

2. { (a) Romance } *Wieniawski*
{ (b) Orientale } *César Cui*
{ (c) Serenade } *Didla*
Violin Solos by Miss LAURA KELSEY

3. { (a) Departure } *Mendelssohn*
{ (b) The Legend of the Chimes } *de Koven*
Solo by Miss MARION SMITH HERFORD CHORUS

HYMN, "O God of Earth and Altar"

4. { (a) Ave Maria } *Massenet*
{ (b) The Birdling } *Chopin*
{ (c) My Peace is Gone } *G. Hoffman*
Soprano Solos by Mrs. CONKLIN

5. { (a) The Long Day Closes } *Sir Arthur Sullivan*
{ (b) March of the Men of Harlech } *Welsh National Song*
HERFORD CHORUS

ADDRESS, "The Economic Aspects of Woman Suffrage"

—John Cowper Powys of England

HYMN, "The March of Freedom"

QUESTIONS FROM THE FLOOR

HARK, FOR THE HOUR IS COMING

O 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.
And earth shall forget her groaning,
And learn the song of the spheres
And the tired shall sing that are moaning
And the sad shall dry their tears.

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 forth appointed
And the sun gives forth his heat,
So the sons of men shall labor
Ere they rest in honor's seat.
And 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

Lo, the burden shall be divided,
And each shall know his own.
And the royalty of manhood
Shall be more than crown or throne.
And the flesh and blood of toilers
Shall no longer be less than gold,
And never an honest life shall be
Into hopeless bondage sold.
For we the people are waking
And high and low shall employ
The splendid strength of union,
For liberty, life and joy.

NOW LET US ALL ARISE AND SING

[Copyright, 1913, by the Survey Associates.]

Now let us all arise and sing
The coming kingdom of our King,
The time when all shall brothers be,
Each loving each, all loving Thee.
O, when shall dawn the glorious day
For which we hope and work and pray?

How long, O Lord,—O Lord, how long
Shall these Thy weak ones suffer wrong
Dear Father, use what means Thou wilt
To cleanse our lives from greed and gull,
Help us to put away our sin
And learn to bring Thy kingdom in.

—Emily Green Balch 1913

These things shall
Than e'er the
With flow'r of
And light of
They shall be
To spill no
All that may
On earth, and

O God of
Bow down
Our earth
Our people
The walls
The sw
Take not
But tal

Hark, hark,
A host un
O'er serried
The hills
Whence com
What land
What crea
What laurel
To arms th
To deeds
March on,
And just

Ford Hall Folks

LINES

PRICE FIVE

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

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
Afflame with faith, and free,
Lift up a living nation,
A single sword to Thee.

—G. K. Chesterton.

THE MARCH OF FREEDOM

Music: Marseillaise

Hark, hark, the peal of clarions calling,
A host unnumbered marching by,
Serried ranks the pennons falling!
The hills give back the battle cry.
Hence 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 o'er all lands
The dawn of liberty!

—Charles Sprague Smith.

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