

THE FIGHT FOR THE FUTURE

Shall we whose stake in the world's future placed
On war's most awful hazard, has been swept
Into the golden treasury for God's uses kept
Hold back from risk, by prejudice encased
Or timorous dread of overleaping haste
Hoarding and cherishing but blind, inept
At wiping out the stains that long have crept
Over earth's coinage and the divine effaced?
Rather may we with splendid rashness throw
Our fullest weight into the balance; spend
The residue of life in new delight
Of righting ancient wrongs; an added glow
Of joy, and faith clear-eyed shall lend
Courage and skill for this supremest fight.

WHAT LIBERTY DEMANDS

Christ came, and lo! the rigor of the law
Led by the Spirit left its heavy load
But took a loftier flight, a harder road.
Each new-born soul a purer vision saw,
A perfect plan, a mark without a flaw
And joyously obeyed the higher code
Free from the penal gyves, the irksome goad
That pressed men forward, urged, but could not draw.
O larger Liberty! supremely dear
Whose rule of life is Love. Thy nobler needs
And larger faith, and powers in fuller play
Call us to arduous struggle, worthier deeds
To greet the coming dawn; our only fear
To mar the glory of the newer day.