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FRATERNITY.

By Charles Mackey.

What though the crowds who shout the word pervert the meaning it should bear,
And feel their heart with hatred stirred even while their plaudits fill the air ;
Yet shall not we, thou mighty Thought, despair thy triumph yet to see,
Or doubt the good that shall be wrought in thy great name, Fraternity.

By prophets told, by psalmists sung, preached on the Mount by lips sublime,
The theme of every sage's tongue for twice a thousand years of time ;
What happy progress hast thou made ? What bliss to man hast flowe'd from thee ?
What war and bloodsheu hast thou stayed ? What peace affirmed, Fraternity ?

Alas ! the years have failed to teach the obvious lesson to mankind,
And myriad preachers fail to preach conviction to the deaf and blind.
Still do we rush to furious war, still to the slayer bend the knee,
And still, most Christian as we are, forget thy name, Fraternity.

And shall we, cramm'd with mutual haste, despise our neighbor for a flaw,
And sneer, because he promulgates before he understands the law ?
No ! let us hail the word of might, breathed by a nation of the free ;
Thy recognition is a light—thy name a faith, Fraternity.

The preacher may belie his creed, but still the truth preserve its flame ;
The sage may do a foolish deed, yet wisdom shares not in the shame.
Be scornful hushed—be cavil dumb—whatever ills the world may see,
We'll look for blessings yet to come in thy great name, Fraternity.