

**HYMN**

Is true freedom but to break  
Fetters for our own dear sake,  
And, with leathern hearts, forget  
That we owe mankind a debt?  
No! true freedom is to share  
All the chains our brothers wear,  
And, with heart and hand, to be  
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

—J. R. LOWELL.

**PRAYER**

We meet together as brothers and sisters of the one big family.

We confess that we have not yet learned to live together in love and unity. We have thought too much of our own interests and too little of the common welfare. We have enjoyed and even sought special privileges. Our own gain has often involved another's loss. We are heartily sorry for these, our misdoings; the memory of them is grievous unto us.

We acknowledge that we are still divided into alien groups separated from one another by barriers of language, race and nationality; by barriers of class and creed and custom. May we overcome prejudice. May we seek to find common ground. May we recognize the beauty in other types than our own. As we claim that our own convictions should be respected, so may we respect the convictions of others. May we grow in moral stature till we can join hands over the separating walls. May we enter into the joy of a common fellowship.

We have learned how imperfect is our knowledge; how narrow our vision. May we be willing to welcome truth from whatever source it comes. May we endeavor to follow the truth at whatever cost.