

Poetry

BROTHERHOOD.



It's the kindly hearts of earth that make
This good old world worth while.
It's the lips with tender words that wake
The care-erasing smile.
And I ask my soul this question when
My goodly gifts I see :
Am I a friend to as many men
As have been good friends to me?

When my brothers speak a word of praise
My wavering will to aid,
I ask if ever their long, long ways
My words have brighter made.
And to my heart I bring again
This eager, earnest plea :
Make me a friend to as many men
As are good, staunch friends to me.

—Nixon Waterman, in the " New England Craftsman."

LIFE AND DEATH.



So he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.
But say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth ?

It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride.
Was it harder for him?

But to live—every day to live out
All the truths that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt,
And the world with contempt.

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he led,
Never mind how he died.

—Ernest Crosby, in " Masonic Tidings."