



THE

# SURVEY

ONE HUNDRED  
HYMNS *of* BROTHERHOOD  
*and social* ASPIRATION



*The Chinese Symbol for*  
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

COURTESY NURSES' SETTLEMENT, NEW YORK. SEE EDITORIAL PAGE

# THE SURVEY



## COMMON WELFARE



### CALUMET AND COLORADO-LABORATORIES OF CONFLICT

Charges and counter-charges with respect to what is going on under the crust of civilization in the upper peninsula of Michigan reached a point with the end of the year, where the demand for a federal investigation is not likely to be longer ignored. For example, December 28, the Chicago Federation of Labor called for a congressional investigation.

The record of recent congressional investigations into labor difficulties has not been of a sort to inspire public confidence. The congressional committee which began last spring to investigate the West Virginia strike is still taking testimony, although the strike has been over since the early fall.

The new Federal Industrial Relations Commission is meeting this week in Washington to block out its major lines of procedure. The prospect has been that demand would be made upon it to hold hearings in Calumet—not with the idea that its function is to settle particular disputes, but with the idea that in the copper region and in the coal fields of Colorado exist in an acute degree just that form of struggle between capital and labor that the commission was created to study.

These, it is pointed out, are stupendous laboratories ready to hand, of a sort which may or may not be available later during the life of the commission. Of course, the laying open of the situation by a body of the competence and staff of this federal commission could scarcely fail to make a settlement more possible, in that it would enable public opinion intelligently to back up one side of the conflict or the other.

Mr. Taylor's article in *THE SURVEY* for November 1, *The Labor Clash in the Copper Country*, remains the first and only comprehensive, non-partisan review of the conditions underlying the strike yet put before the public.

Events took a new and critical turn during Christmas week, culminating December 26, when Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of

Miners, was run out of Hancock, Mich. Coming just after the tragedy when scores of persons, mostly children of strikers, were killed in a panic over a cry of fire at a Christmas entertainment, it is feared that its only effect will be a widening of the breach between strikers and mine operators.

After this disaster, members of the Citizens' Alliance, an organization of residents, anxious for industrial tranquility but regarded as hostile to the Western Federation of Miners, raised a sum of money for the relief of the victims. When they attempted to distribute it, however, they were told that the miners' union would take care of its own people, and that no help from others was desired. This action is said to have created great hostility against the union officials.

According to the story told by Moyer, his room was broken into and he was seized, beaten and shot, and Moyer and Charles H. Tanner, another union official, were then rushed through the streets to the railway station, and forced aboard the train under guard of men who said they were deputy sheriffs. Moyer's wounds were treated on the train by a physician called by one of the deputies. On December 27 he arrived in Chicago, and was taken at once to a hospital.

Statements of trainmen and of the physician who attended him on the train seem to corroborate much of Moyer's story.

Some weeks ago Moyer publicly declared that there was a conspiracy afoot to deport him and the sheriff of Houghton County admits that Moyer asked him for a guard. Accordingly, it is charged by some that the deportation had been planned before the Christmas tragedy, and that the latter event had simply been used to intensify feeling against Moyer.

A further offer was made Christmas week by the miners' union, to have the issues in dispute referred to a board of arbitration, appointed by the President of the United States and the governor of Michigan.

### BOSS RULE STRIKING AT THE PHILADELPHIA CHARITIES

During the past two years the boss-controlled councils in Philadelphia have been striving to hamper Mayor Blankenburg's efforts for efficient administration. Their latest move has been to cut from the municipal budget for 1914 the salary appropriations for the assistant director of the Department of Public Safety and the assistant director of the Department of Public Health and Charities. Unless some other action is taken, this practically means the removal of these two officials when the budget takes effect on January 1. Philadelphians hold it to be a vicious attack on good government.

Councils have also passed an ordinance making it obligatory for the assistant director of the Department of Health and Charities to be a physician. The present occupant of the office, Alexander M. Wilson, a social worker of wide experience, is not a medical man. The validity of the ordinance is, however, open to question, inasmuch as it is an attempt to amend an act of the legislature. There seems to be no good reason why the assistant director should be a doctor.

A number of provisions have been inserted in the municipal budget which will handicap the third year of the reform administration, but the attack upon the Department of Health and Charities is beyond doubt the most embarrassing. The assistant directorship in this department is equivalent to the commissionership of charities in other cities. The assistant director has under his care the almshouse, the city's general hospital and its hospital for the insane. In these three institutions, in addition to the sick, the insane and the aged, are included the feeble-minded, the epileptic the tuberculous and the blind.

Mr. Wilson's chief service in office has been to develop the plans of Dr. Joseph S. Neff, director of the Department of Health and Charities, for the breaking up of the system which hitherto had confined all of these classes



ONE HUNDRED  
HYMNS OF  
BROTHERHOOD AND  
SOCIAL ASPIRATION



I--Aspiration and Faith

1

Music by Constance Mills Herreshoff, 1913

**S**PLENDOR of the thoughts of God  
For the life of men,  
Visions of the saints and seers  
Burn for us again!  
From the night of ancient wrongs  
Wake our eyes to see  
Dawning in the skies the day  
God shall bring to be.

Lo, from out the heavy dark  
Strained and haggard eyes  
Turn toward that breaking dawn  
With their dumb surmise,—  
Women from their tragic shame,  
Weary men who bow  
To the burden of the world  
Cry Thy coming now!

Shame of all our lust and greed,  
Shame of lives that lie  
Couched in ease while down their streets  
Pain and want go by,—  
In the twilight of our sins,  
These we suffer long,  
While our strength lies dull before  
Earth's unrighted wrong.

Splendor of the thoughts of God,  
Through the shadows rise,  
Burn the films of self and sin  
From our blinded eyes!  
Penitents, we come to learn  
What we ought to do;  
Give the vision—then, O God,  
Strength to make it true!  
W. RUSSELL BOWIE, 1913.

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2

Music: Erfurt—Martin Luther, 1913

**T**O Thee, eternal soul, be praise,  
Who from of old to our own days,  
Through souls of saints and prophets, Lord,  
Hast sent Thy light, Thy love, Thy word.

We thank Thee for each mighty one  
Through whom Thy living light hath  
shone;  
And for each humble soul and sweet  
That lights to heaven our wandering feet.

We thank Thee for the love divine  
Made real in every saint of Thine;  
That boundless love itself that gives  
In service to each soul that lives.

Eternal Soul, our souls keep pure  
That like Thy saints we may endure  
Forever through Thy servants, Lord,  
Send Thou Thy light, Thy love, Thy  
Word!

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

3

Music: Creation—F. J. Haydn, 1798

**T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,  
Their great original proclaim.  
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's pow'r display,  
And publishes to ev'ry land  
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid the radiant orbs be found;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
Forever singing as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712.

4

Music: Brownell—F. J. Haydn

**B**RIGHT ray whose welcome, vernal  
beam,  
Unlocks the silent, frozen stream,  
Unfolds the verdant, leafy bower,  
And brings the yearning bud to flower:  
Thy ministry of light and cheer  
Comes to us from another sphere.

O ray of love whose genial art  
Unlocks the frigid, ice-bound heart,  
Unfolds our budding hope to flower  
And brings within the vernal hour:  
Some other life has touched our own,  
No longer moves our life alone.

Upon our pathway, near or far  
Has beamed by night some guiding star;  
Dispelling darkness from our way  
Some human face has brought the day:  
As world in world attraction finds  
So heart to heart affection binds.

Some higher life has stirred our own,  
Soft zephyrs from another zone;  
Some other heart has made to roll  
The tidal billows of the soul:  
Thy hand, O God! with thanks we see  
In all this angel ministry.

SAMUEL JUNE BARROWS.

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5

Music: Belmont—Arr. from W. Gardner, 1812

**F**ROM Thee all skill and science flow,  
All pity, care and love,  
All calm and courage, faith and hope;  
O pour them from above!

And part them, Lord, to each and all,  
As each and all shall need,  
To rise like incense, each to Thee,  
In noble thought and deed.

And hasten, Lord, that perfect day  
When pain and death shall cease,  
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth  
With health, and light, and peace;

When ever blue the sky shall gleam,  
And ever green the sod,  
And man's rude work deface no more  
The paradise of God.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, 1871.

6

Music: Rudolfstadt—Old German Melody,  
Arr. by C. L. Safford, 1909.

**E**TERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round  
Of circling planets singing on their  
way,  
Guide of the nations from the night pro-  
found  
Into the glory of the perfect day,  
Rule in our hearts that we may ever be  
Guided and strengthened and upheld by  
Thee.

We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,  
The brothers of Thy well-beloved Son;  
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,  
Into our hearts, that we may be as one,  
As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend;  
As one with Him, our Brother and our  
Friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,  
One in our love of all things sweet and  
fair;  
One with the joy that breaketh into song,  
One with the grief that trembles into  
prayer;  
One in the power that makes Thy children  
free  
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

O clothe us with Thy heavenly armor, Lord,  
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love  
divine;  
Our inspiration be Thy constant word;  
We ask no victories that are not Thine.  
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,  
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.  
Digitized by JOHN W. CHADWICK, 1864.

7

## THE HYMN OF JOY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arr. fr. Beethoven, 1824

Joy-ful, joy-ful, we a-dore Thee, God of glo-ry, Lord of love;

Hearts un-fold like flowers be-fore Thee, Hail Thee as the sun a-bove.

Melt the clouds of sin and sad-ness; Drive the dark of doubt a-way;

Giv-er of im-mor-tal glad-ness, Fill us with the light of day! A-men.

1 JOYFUL, joyful, we adore Thee,  
God of glory, Lord of love;  
Hearts unfold like flowers before Thee,  
Hail Thee as the sun above.  
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness;  
Drive the dark of doubt away;  
Giver of immortal gladness,  
Fill us with the light of day.

2 All Thy works with joy surround Thee,  
Earth and heaven reflect Thy rays,  
Stars and angels sing around Thee,  
Center of unbroken praise:  
Field and forest, vale and mountain,  
Blossoming meadow, flashing sea,  
Chanting bird and flowing fountain,  
Call us to rejoice in Thee.

3 Thou art giving and forgiving,  
Ever blessing, ever blest,  
Well-spring of the joy of living,  
Ocean-depth of happy rest!  
Thou the Father, Christ our Brother,—  
All who live in love are Thine:  
Teach us how to love each other,  
Lift us to the Joy Divine.

4 Mortals join the mighty chorus,  
Which the morning stars began;  
Father-love is reigning o'er us,  
Brother-love binds man to man.  
Ever singing march we onward,  
Victors in the midst of strife;  
Joyful music lifts us sunward  
In the triumph song of life.

Henry van Dyke, 1906

From "Poems of Henry van Dyke." Copyright, 1911, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

8

Music: Hursley—Peter Ritter, 1792; Arr.  
by W. H. Monk, 1861.

○ LOVE divine, whose constant beam  
Shines on the eyes that will not see,  
And waits to bless us, while we dream  
Thou leav'st us when we turn from Thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire,  
All hearts of prayer, by Thee are lit;  
Or dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire  
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

And everywhere Thy Spirit walks  
With man as under Eden's trees  
In gardens of the heart, and talks  
In all his varied languages.

Nor bound, nor clime, nor creed Thou  
know'st;  
Wide as our need Thy favors fall;  
The white wings of the Holy Ghost  
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

9

Music: Rockingham Old—E. Miller, 1790

○ LIFE that maketh all things new,—  
The blooming earth, the thoughts of  
men!  
Our pilgrim feet, wet with Thy dew,  
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,  
From eye to eye the signals run,

From heart to heart the bright hope glows;  
The seekers of the Light are one.

One in the freedom of the truth,  
One in the joy of paths untrod,  
One in the heart's perennial youth,  
One in the larger thought of God.

The freer step, the fuller breath,  
The wide horizon's grander view,  
The sense of Life that knows no death,—  
The Life that maketh all things new.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

I O

Music: Aurelia—S. S. Wesley, 1864

THY Kingdom, Lord, we long for,  
Where love shall find its own;  
And brotherhood triumphant  
Our years of pride disown.  
Thy captive people languish  
In mill and mart and mine;  
We lift to Thee their anguish,  
We wait Thy promised Sign!

Thy Kingdom, Lord, Thy Kingdom!  
All secretly it grows;  
In faithful hearts forever  
His seed the Sower sows.  
Yet e're its consummation  
Must dawn a mighty doom;  
For judgment and salvation  
The Son of Man shall come.

If now perchance in tumult  
His destined Sign appear,—  
The rising of the people,—  
Dispel our coward fear!  
Let comforts that we cherish,  
Let old tradition die;  
Our wealth, our wisdom perish,  
So that He draw but nigh.

In wrath and revolution  
The Sign may be displayed,  
But by Thy grace we'll greet it  
With spirits unafraid.  
The awestruck heart presages  
An advent dread and sure,  
It hails the hope of ages,  
Its Master in the poor.

Beyond our sad confusion,  
Our strife of speech and sword  
Our wars of class and nation  
We wait Thy certain Word.  
The meek and poor of spirit  
Who in Thy promise trust  
The Kingdom shall inherit,  
The blessing of the just.

VIDA D. SCUDDER, 1913.

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I I

Music: Hummel—Heinrich C. Zeuner, 1832

THY kingdom come—on bended knee  
The passing ages pray;  
And faithful souls have yearned to see  
On earth that kingdom's day.

And lo! already on the hills  
The flags of dawn appear;  
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,  
Proclaim the day is near:

The day in whose clear-shining light  
All wrong shall stand revealed,  
When justice shall be clothed with might,  
And every hurt be healed:

When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,  
Shall walk the earth abroad,—  
The day of perfect righteousness,  
The promised day of God.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER.