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Philanthropy by a Worthy Vocation

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IV.

Here tho' there may be vacant chairs,
And dreary mem'ries of the past;
Still all in brighter light appears
And worry gets her chilling blast;
For here, where innocence is reared,
Sits peace and beauty side by side,
And even hardened men discard
Their vices "by the fireside."

PHILANTHROPY A WORTHY VOCATION.

BY ARTHUR TURNER

Somewhere in the Bible I have read that man was created a little lower than angels, but I must confess I have never read where he should perpetually remain in that position. I should like to think of there being a possibility of his rising to an exalted position in the presence of his Maker, even where angels are not permitted. But certainly, I would not be so narrow as to conclude that such a place could be reached by any ordinary effort, nor could I believe that such a glory is the reward of a selfish man.

It is indeed fortunate to be born into this world; but it is more fortunate to be allowed to choose one's own course in life. However, a young man or woman is never placed in a more critical position than when called to decide his or her future; because the state of existence in that life beyond depends upon this decision. Moreover, a high position in the life to come may necessitate the lowliest position in the life that is.

There are many worthy causes in which one might engage; but I would suggest that, whenever a young person is puzzled as to what vocation he should choose, decide upon philanthropy. For, after all, our mission upon this earth is, either directly or indirectly, to make this old world better for having lived in it.

36.

To my knowledge, the social settlement movement promises as much for the uplift of mankind as any movement of to-day; and to the man who is anxious to solve the race problem, this is one of the surest means. The reason of this is clear. The social settlement work enables a man to touch the very bottom of those evil conditions which must be removed before society can reach its highest state of perfection.

We can not rid our garden of weeds by trampling them down, nor by covering them over. We must attack them from the root, from the bottom. When we kill the root the weed dies, and not until then. The man who has not the courage, in the heat of the day, to work at the root of the weeds in his garden, is the man who fails to have the best crop. So it is with the human race. We can not free mankind of the bad influence, of the degraded portion, by trampling that class under our feet, nor by covering their evils over. We must attack these evils from the root, and team them out from the bottom. Not until this has been done will the human race reach its highest perfection on earth. The man, who, because he fears criticism, has not the courage to attack these conditions when he sees them is the man who will fail to reach the most exalted position in that life beyond.

It is incumbent upon the strong man to bear the infirmities of the weak one. Who is the strong man? Is it the tramp who loiters upon the streets? Is it the man who spends the morning in sleep, the noonday in idleness, and the evening among evil associates in low and unclean places? Is it the man who, because of poverty or other reasons, is shut out from the advantages of good training and instruction, or is it the man who is blessed with all the privileges which a great university can afford? Which class would you consider the strong, or the more capable of assisting the other? If it is found that we, the students of Howard University, are numbered among the strong, let us not pray to God that the cares of life be easier, nor the burdens lighter; but let us pray that our shoulders be made broader and stronger that we may better bear the burdens of the weak. All those who earnestly make this their prayer will in future years reflect glory upon this institution, and credit upon their instructors. The demands of yesterday were met by our fathers; the demands of to-day and of to-morrow must be met by us and by our sons.

On going out into life, there is one thing to be observed by all. If we have anything to contribute to the uplift of mankind, any support to render to the unfortunate, let us give it where it is most needed, regardless of color, race or public sentiment. If we are to be philanthropists, we must possess the philanthropic spirit, and the true philanthropic spirit is to love and help mankind.

In closing, I again lay stress upon the social settlement work as a great philanthropic and an ennobling vocation. Although, on the one hand, it very often requires the person who truly engages in it to go among the worst and lowest; nevertheless, on the other hand, the work more often leads one before the throne of a mighty God. And it is this close and frequent association with that great and mysterious Being that gives one strength and courage to endure the storms of life.

A SONG OF THE SENIORS.

A. M. SMITH (College '09).

Sing a song of Seniors proud,
The class of nineteen nine.
Paenies, Subs and Middlers tell,
Left 'way back behind.

The time does seem so long ago
We scarcely can recall
Those days so insignificant
When we were "Paenies" small.

The other "preps" would shun us
When passing in the hall
As if we had no right to be
On Howard Hill at all.