

POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE

RENAISSANCE.

By Thomas Millard Henry.
Arise all ye blacks in the en- of the earth.
To with the new vision, ye with the new birth.
Arise in your strength, and your genius to sing.
And honor the country of President King.

With all of our courage, with all of our pride,
Deny that old kinship and friendship have died.
Not all of our tongues have been lynched let us sing
Three cheers for the nation of President King

Liberia, asylum of freedom and light
The gold-fingered dawn against the African night
Appeals to the heart in America's breast.
That heart should be yours. O ye blacks of the West
48 West 136th St., New York City

SPRING.

Spring has come and earth is glad.
The air is fresh, the roses bloom.
The trees no more are bare and sad
The tender plants in vigor loom

The chirping birds delight to greet
The little breezes as they flow.
And children pat their little feet
And sing in strains of blissful glow

The moon's grand view enthalls the night
With silvery light of hope and cheer
The rills and brooks in shimmer bright
Inspire fine odes and music clear.

Let us arise in spirit of spring
And help to shed a brighter light.
Lift high our heads, rejoice and sing
In praise for strength to face the fight.

CHARLES H W ESTE.
U N I A Literary Club, Montreal.

I AM NEARING CALVARY.
I am nearing Calvary!
And the Cross is hard to bear.
Come, Simon of Cyrene, to me
In this dark hour of despair!

I am nearing Calvary.
Would the cup might pass me by
God, hast thou forsaken me,
Now that the hour is so nigh!

I am nearing Calvary!
Yet, if I fall I will be
Under the blessed Cross
And nearer my God to Thee!

TO OUR FALLEN HEROES.
Memorial Day, May 30, 1917.
Shafts of marble! Urns of story!
And the flowers we strew today
O'er the graves where waves Old Glory
Pointing out the hallowed way.

That in conflict and in passions
By our fallen heroes tread;
Tribute of a grateful nation's
Honor to her hero dead.

From the ocean's darksome cavern,
From the bosom of the earth,
Wake the memory this day given
To our fallen heroes' worth!

Raise them up and sing their praises—
Those who perished in the strife—
"Till our veneration raises
Worthy axioms in this life.

Let their names and deeds illustrious.
In this world-wide crisis blend
With our purposes of justice,
And o'er all the world extend!

In the hearts of men eternal,
May our heroes' valor shine;
Let us pray with faith supernal,
Bending this day at their shrine.

Pray; their mantle on us falling,
Strength may give our course to run.
"Till we hear the Master calling:
"Sheathe your sword! The victory's won!"

Pray; that fratricidal struggle
And the wars of nations cease;
Let our clarion-call of bugle
Be the Gospel words of Peace.

Prince of Peace; in love enthroned us,
"Till we've gathered soon or late
With our fallen heroes. Own us
In the Elysium of the Great.

Honored! Rest in peace forever,
May today your deeds we trace,
Teach the Christian world to sever
Thrill from the human race!

We will not forget you, never!
Though you have forevermore
Faded your tents, beside the river,
O'er on Canaan's better shore.
ERBOT. O. B. JOHNSON.
Co. B, 672nd Inf., A. E. F.
(Read over the graves of American
soldiers and sailors at St. Nazaire,
France.)

IT'S MOVING DAY.
It's moving day,
The first of May,
Will you remember there,
Or worry and stay?
Will you trust to him
And your native land,
Or stay here and dodge
The oppressor's hand?

It's moving day,
The first of May,
Will you remember there,
Or worry and stay?
Will you trust to him
And your native land,
Or stay here and dodge
The oppressor's hand?

The first of May
Hustle and bustle
In New York's fair bay
The second Mayflower
Will weather the gale
For Phyllis Wheatley
Is ready to sail

It's moving day
The first of May
While sun is shining
Be wise and make hay
Can't you feel the lure
Of Liberia a breeze
A-wooing your soul
To sail o'er the seas?

It's moving day
The first of May
Now don't linger here
Or your hair will gray
Away for the land
Of perennial youth
You might live an age
Over there—in truth

It's moving day
The first of May
Your feet are sinking
Deep in sodomy clay
Away for dear life
Don't loiter or halt—
Or you might resolve
Like Lot's wife to salt

It's moving day
The first of May
Please don't hesitate—
Ephraim, don't say nay
Rise like a gallant
Lancelot of old
And sail for the land
Where our stars were sold!

— ETHEL TREW DUNLAP
3233 Wentworth Ave. Chicago, Ill.

FOR MOTHER'S DAY.

MOTHER OF MINE.

Dearest of all in the world to me,
Symbol of truth, love and charity,
Light of the home you will ever be
Mother of mine, I love you

Faithful and true, a confiding friend,
One who will last to the journey's end
Eager and willing her hand to lend,
Mother of mine, I love you

When dangers oppress me she's always there,
Ready and willing my burdens to share,
Teaching that all have a cross to bear,
Mother of mine, I love you.

Never a word of her grief or pain
Constantly counting life's loss as gain,
Seeing God in both the sunshine and rain—
Mother of mine, I love you.

I pray that your life is all made up with
years,
Filled with life's sunshine, not drenched
with its tears;
And one thought supreme, let it dwell
in your ears,
That mother of mine, I love you.
—RUBY CARMEN BERKLEY

COME TO MY ARMS, O EPHRAIM!

Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
My heart has trembled for you,
A child adrift in a foreign land
Where hearts have proven untrue.
Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
Cold is your brow—your hands chill.
Let me minister unto you—
My love will give me the skill.
Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
You have been injured I know,
Tender your soul, for nature nursed
Your aches in the long ago.
Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
The dagger has not thrust through—
Only a blood stain—water will cleanse.
Slumber, I'm watching you.
Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
Come! Look over the seas!
The wind that blows from the balmy east
Is like Abyssinia's breeze.

Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
The purest soul that I know,
Wander with me and memory
Where your fathers dwell long ago.
Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
We'll stray by Africa's strand.
There the spray has a cooling touch
And God watches over the land.
Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
We'll fly to some fair plateau
Where clouds are captive—the only
chains

Vines that the breezes blow.
Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
We'll flee from the land of grief
To jungles and feel them Paradise.
Where the lash is the wind-blown
sheaf.
Come to my arms, O Ephraim!
When we sail over the sea
We'll lock grief in a casket wave
And throw the Atlantic the key.
—ETHEL TREW DUNLAP
March 26, 1921.

WHEN WISHES ARE REALIZED

If I could have my wish
I'd want to be in Africa
Where flowers ever bloom:
To be among the boys and girls
Of Africa, dear Africa.
I'd wish to see my little sister
At play among the flowers
On evenings when the sun is low,
Or chasing butterflies,
In Africa, dear Africa.

So I must keep on wishing
And pray that God may give our leader
The strength and power to endure
And remove the barriers
That bar us from Africa, dear Africa.
And where others falter
May he firmly stand
As Moses of old; we support his hand
While guiding us through victory
To Africa's sunny land.

Mrs. D. INCE,
Boston, Mass.

GEORGIA

Georgia

"A name

To conjure with

Sound it

It becomes

The mouth

As well

Philosophies on it

Ah

There's the rub

I wonder

If

The pillars

Of Georgia

Are aware

They are making

History

And

If they are

So much

The worse

As

The future history

Of Georgia

Will be

What

Past and present

Georgians

Have made it

LEONARD BRATHWAITE

ETHEL TREW DUNLAP

My Dear Miss

Or Mrs. Dunlap:

While reading down

The columns

Of

The Negro World

I came across

That

Melancholy

Soul stirring

Bit of poetry

Of yours

And

My soul

For the moment

Wandered

Where

The willow weeps

The weary hours away

Where

The slave trade thrives

As in days of yore.

Where

Little bloom—

White doves grieve

Where

The yellow river leaves

Its silver trail

Ah!

I must stop.

To what Elysian heights

Is the soul lifted!

LEONARD BRATHWAITE

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HELL

Do You Believe in It?
Do You Know Why Most Ministers Preach Hell Always to the Poor,
And seldom to the Rich?
Is Hell Worse Than Lynching?
Do You Understand the Spiritual Force of Garveyism?
These Questions Are Answered in THE GREAT CHALLENGE
MAGAZINE—THAT FEARS ONLY GOD.

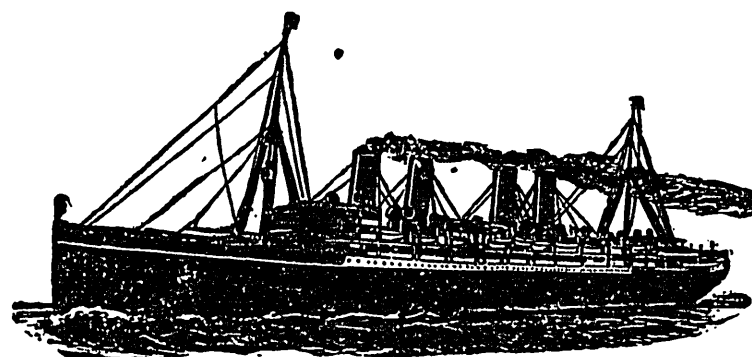
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