

"La Vojo"

By L. Zamenhof, Founder of Esperanto

Tra densa mallumo briletas la celo
Al kiu kuraghe ni iras.
Simile al stelo en nokta chielo
Al ni la direkton ghi diras.
Kaj nin ne timigas la noktaj fantomoj,
Nek batoj de l' sorto, nek mokoj de l' homoj,
Char klara, kaj rekta, kaj tre difinita
Ghi estas, la voj' elektita.

Ni semas kaj semas, neniam lacighas,
Pri tempoj estontaj pensante.
Cent semoj perdighas, mil semoj perdighas,—
Ni semas kaj semas konstante.
"Ho chesu!" mokante la homoj admonas,
"Ne chesu, ne chesu!" en kor' al ni sonas:
"Obstine antaŭen! La nepoj vin benos
"Se vi pacience eltenos."

Se longa sekeco au ventoj subitaj
Velkantajn foliojn deshiras,
Ni dankas la venton, kaj, repurigataj,
Ni forton pli freshan akiras.
Ne mortos jam nia bravega anaro,
Ghin jam ne timigas la vento nek staro:
Obstine ghi pashas, provita, hardita,
Al cel' unu fojon signita!

Nur rekte, kuraghe kaj ne flankighante
Ni iru la vojon celitan!
Ech guto malgranda, konstante frapante,
Traboras la monton granitan.
L' espero, l' obstino kaj la pacienco—
Jen estas la signoj, per kies potenco
Ni pasho post pasho, post longo laboro,
Atingos la celon en glord.

Below is our translation of "La Vojo."
The reader will at once get an idea of the
beauty and richness of a language that can
furnish a poem like this:

Our goal thru dense darkness is lightly aglimmer,
T'ward which we with courage are going.
And like the small star that in night-sky doth
shimmer,
To us the direction 'tis showing.
Nor night with its phantoms nor fate with her
knocking
Shall ever affright us, nor men with their mocking,
For clearly, and straightly, and plainly directed
The way is that we have elected.

We sow and we sow, and our task ever cherish,
To hopes in the future we're going.
One sowing will perish, a thousand may perish,—
And still we will bravely keep sowing.
"Ho, stop there!" with scornful advice men assail
us,
"Cease never, cease never!" our brave hearts then
hail us:
"On boldly! In future you will be rewarded
"If patience her duty has guarded."

If storm-laden winds or a dryness infestuous
Our withering foliage scatter,
We turn with a "thanks" to the weather tempestu-
ous,
And get fresher strength for the matter.
Our brave band, the power of death cannot cheat
her:
And no storm opposing can ever defeat her:
She stubbornly marches on, proven and tested,
To the goal that was first manifested!

Right onward, with courage, ne'er from the way
slipping,
Let's stick to the way we are braving!
The small drop of water, by constantly dripping,
Will bore thru the mountain's rock-paving.
'Tis hope, and 'tis obstinacy and endurance—
These three are the banners, and by their assur-
ance
We, step by step, passing a way long and gory,
Attain the goal lastly in glory

TALLADEGA COLLEGE.

Talladega, Alabama.

A Protest

By AZALIA E. MARTIN

Ye who would stop the progress of a race,
Give ear, that race would question thee. So base
A deed as thine belies the name of man.
This bickering that comes 'twixt clan and clan,
Let Justice rule and prejudice erase.
Ye call us enemies of thine to-day,
But when the cannon sounded far away
Calling thy fathers to the battle's din,
This enemy upon thy threshold lay
The watch dog, lest a foe should enter in.
A friend or foe was he to thee and thine?
This upward movement of a mighty host
Is ever onward still. Like Banquo's ghost

They will not down, whatever you design
To bruise and crush it with thy tyrant heel.
The day is past when we knew but to kneel.
Lost is thy purpose, as the wild bird's cry
Within a storm. Its shriek is never heard
Above the mutterings of the thunder's roar,
Though Truth and Right upon the altar lie—
To see them crucified our hearts are stirred
This sacrifice but makes Ambition soar
To loftier heights, and we commit our plan
To Him who better knows each struggling clan,
To Him who rightly judges man and man.

"La Vojo"—Zamenhof's Poem in Esperanto

By WILLIAM PICKENS

To express thought in any way requires effort; for words must be fitted to ideas and ideas to words.

But to express thought in verse, one's own thought even, requires still greater effort. And the greatness of the task varies with the subtlety or profundity of the thought and the intricacy and complexness of the verse. Thought here has the task of adjusting itself to a more or less rigid physical and formal mold.

And there is another task even a degree more difficult than the latter; i. e., to put the *thoughts of another person* into verse. For here two things are to be served,—the original thought and the style or form of the verse. In many cases it is like forcing a square body into a round hole; and the mind here must be more a thing of *ingenuity* than of *genius*. In his own original thinking it could have modified the thought and accommodated it to the mold, but here both the foreign thought and the inflexible mold must be preserved. In some instances this task approaches the impossible.

But hard as is that task, there is another far more difficult; i. e., to translate poetry expressed in one language into poetry of another language. Here the number of interests to be served are almost too many for the mind to grasp simultaneously. The thought and "poetic spirit" of the old must be preserved in the new. It loses *soul*. It is a thing of nature, and translation is a rather artificial process. The poetic conception is like the snow-drop; it is fascinating and lovely in its original form, but if we melt it down and try to freeze it into another shape we get only *ice*. It is like anything that can be torn into any kinds of fragments, but cannot then be rendered as it was in the original form. "Pope's Iliad is strictly Pope's and not Homer's."

But the TASK of tasks is encountered when one endeavors not merely to translate the poetry of one language into the poetry of another, but at the same time to preserve the rhythm and even the rhyme of the original. This greatest task of translation, in which we confess failure, is what we have undertaken

with Dr. Zamenhof's beautiful verses, "La Vojo," given below.

This little poem is written in the international language, Esperanto, of which Dr. Louis Zamenhof is the founder. It is by all means the most marvellously flexible speech that the tongue of man has ever known. He is the only singer that has both literally and figuratively created the language of his song.

It is a brave little poem and can only be



DR. L. ZAMENHOF
The Founder of Esperanto

fully appreciated where it was born, in Esperanto. Like all good poetry it is universal in spirit, and is the *sentiment* of every brave man's heart; and yet it is a little history of the beginning, the struggle and the final triumph of Dr. Zamenhof in conceiving, constructing and fathering a language that is now being used by men in all parts of the world.

Our English version, which follows the Esperanto, might serve to give the non-Esperantist reader some little idea thereof.