

THE PAST

The past holds the history of our group as in a spell. We look back through the pages of history, till we find dates and boundaries fading into mist of fables.

We look beyond the horizon line where fables melt into legends and discern the flitting to and fro of forms that are dim and shadowy. In vain we strain our vision to find some parallax, some Taimor, in the wilderness of our wanderings.

And in vain we turn to the baffled world for a reason, we hear only a faint cry from finite civilization, telling us that the speechless past is lost, lost and gone forever.

Fifty-seven hundred years ago a Pharoah sat on the throne of Egypt, beyond that date is a wall of darkness.

The only authentic proof we have of our past dates from the Sphinx and the Pyramids; these by many centuries antedate the Roman Coliseum. The smouldering ruins provide a shelter for mumbling monks.

Go, and gaze upon the mighty Pyramids; you will find the conformation left by a once mighty race, the thick lips, flat nose, and the curly hair, so true to those who shaped these gigantic wonders, that no reasonable man or race of men can dare dispute the handicraft of the builders who were men of our color.

Let the world with an unprejudiced hand pull back the curtain of time.

There will be seen our mother Ethiopia in the center of the stage, it was she who wooed civilization and gave birth to nations. Egypt was her first born, Er, the Chaldean, she sent into Asia there to scatter empires as the wanton winds of autumn scatter the seeds of flowers.

By the blue Mediterranean she built Phoenicia, and in ships with purple sails she sent her sons and daughters down the Aegean there to found Greece, the marvel of man and the queen of history.

Troy was hers; from out the burning city fled the swarthy Eneas, who laid the ferment of Rome, the eternal city.

She breathed her breath into Arabia, and from out the mystic desert surged the black soldiers of Islam, who weld the world into a new empire, and sang their songs of love and victory in the vales of Andalusia.

On isles of every ocean from where the crossbow bends low to kiss the restless waves to where the Arctic holds in leach its frozen world her fingers have touched. Art, Science and Religion, all have had birth within her domain; and all have strived under the radiance of her glow.

Untold races of man have reached the apex of duration and passed unknown into oblivion. Some have by their arrogance; some by their indolence neglected to chronicle their coming or their going, such is not the lot of the blackman, he leaves a record in those mighty relics; that have defied remorseless time, telling of his faded glory.