

totally unfamiliar with the language and customs of the land to which they have migrated, have nevertheless apparently needed only a generation or two to become groups characterized by an extremely high level of scholarship in the schools and colleges, by an exceptionally low incidence of crime, poverty, and dependence, and by leadership in business and the professions.

Perhaps we shall make faster progress towards understanding the world we live in and the forces in operation within it, once we have faced up to the possibility that all human groups are *not* exactly equal and exactly alike.

A MEDITATION UPON CHARITY

(After Webster)

Richard J. Schoeck

My soul, as I was walking down the street —
 Driven somehow like a ship in black storms
 Mind has known, driven by enormous hurt
 And shouting lost in some hell-hunted harm —
 Until some time came home at last the ship
 (And from the sea the sailor home on shore:
 So I, not drunk, unsteady have my lapse
 And down the street my consciousness explore).

Driven, I say, my soul my ship I know
 Not whither nor from whence the winds were blown,
 When suddenly in city dark a light
 Is friendly and a stranger asks my woe:
 I cannot tell the storm where I was gone
 But only the terror when was only night.