

# Who Waits In Faith

To My Wife, Glenys,  
Whose gentle ministries to me and our children partook of sacrifice

HARRY MOYLE TIPPETT  
Author of  
"MY LORD AND I"

Run the straight race through God's grace, Lift up your eyes and seek His face; Life with its way  
before us lies. Christ is the path, and Christ the prize. MONSELL.

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### 1. Too Soon to Quit

Sir Walter Scott had attained before he died a fame that justified a well earned retirement, but the pen that had won him renown was still busy even in his last illness, and he halted his writing in the middle of an unfinished line. Cervantes, the most brilliant of the Spanish succession of literary artists, laid down his pen only when feebleness made his writing no longer decipherable. Cecil Rhodes, empire builder of South Africa, before he had lived out man's normal span of days, whispered from his deathbed, "So much to do, so little done." Longfellow's celebrated Alpine climber, his voice stilled in death on an icy crag, still bore in his hands the standard with the inscription that urged him ever upward: "Excelsior."

There is no discredit coming to a man who closes his life's endeavors in unfinished achievement if his face is toward the heights as his strength fails. The shame is due only him whose whole pathway is strewn with half accomplished tasks or with the flukes of misadventure on the sea lanes of effort. Successful farmers do not leave their fields partly plowed in order to repair the highway. Masons do not stop building the foundation of a house in order to construct an outdoor fireplace. Shipbuilders who abandoned a half-finished warship in order to begin building a tugboat would be considered lacking in judgment. Yet many a worthy project has been lost to the world because somebody lacked vision to see it through, or someone else lost faith in its ultimate value, or yet another quit trying in the midst of his labors.

A young Florentine artist, Baccellino, had the talent and ambition to create from marble a figure that would put him among the immortals. A wealthy friend, knowing of his talent, had a perfect block of Carrara marble delivered to the artist's studio. Baccellino dreamed about it, prayed for inspiration, and eventually began his labors upon it. But scarcely had he picked up his hammer and chisel when an ill-fated blow ruined the stone beyond any apparent remedy. Crushed by his failure, he went into early physical decline and died. The block of marble was cast away. One day Michelangelo saw it and had it set up in his own shop. From its misshapen form he got an inspiration. For out of its rough deformity his consummate genius carved one of the most treasured art objects in the world, The Boy David. If there is anything the youth of today need to learn well, it is the truth that the quitter never wins and the winner never quits.

W. J. Cameron, on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour some years ago, told a story that bore the title of this chapter, "Too Soon to Quit." He related that when Henry Ford was making his first car in the little brick building in the rear of his home, he worked with a zeal inspired by confidence in the outcome of his labors. But when the car was really shaping up he suddenly lost the initial interest he had in it. He was tempted to quit, but it was chiefly on account of the glow of a new idea he had for a second one he was sure would be better than the one he was working on. Yet he forced himself on to completion of the first one, and as he did so found out he was learning some things that would be of advantage when he started his second one. Later he admitted it wasn't really the idea of a second one that made him lose interest in the first one. It was just that he wanted to quit. Somehow the thrill had gone. Yet he was afraid to stop. It might mean that he would never start another, and the Ford enterprise as it is known today would have died in birth in a Detroit back alley.

Perhaps the only plausible reason for dropping a thing unfinished is to start something better. With the permission of the department of public relations of the Ford Motor Company a part of that radio talk is reproduced here:

"Another handy reason for quitting is just the opposite—we want to quit, not because we think we see something better, but because we see nothing at all. So, why continue? Why not throw in the sponge? Well, that depends. Was this thing laid on you to do? Were your motives sound? Had you a clear right and a clear reason to start it? Very well—what has happened? Oh, a cloud has settled down and you cannot see? Well, many a man has never seen the light he needed, or the work he needed, until he entered that cloud and walked through it. Following faithfully on never leads anyone into permanent darkness. But for the quitter, all he is likely to get is a stronger habit of quitting and a lower place to begin again. The man who will not give up, even if he fail of his objective, is led through to another objective; the man who hangs on as if he were paid to hang on can always start again at par or better he has strengthened himself.

"Most of us are where we are for a very good reason. This is our post which has no one to hold it but us. If we abandon it, we discover that it is something in ourselves we abandon. Just keeping on, through the most hopeless aspect of keeping on, may be the important act of one's career. The last dejected effort often becomes the winning stroke! After years of observation one is ready to say that most of the people one has seen quit have quit too soon. Another week; a few more good licks; standing by just a little longer—and the whole situation would have opened into a larger phase. But, no! Most people are more practiced in

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quitting than in staying.

“Only recently one saw a man quit in spite of earnest counsel because he couldn’t get what he wanted; two days later the very thing he wanted came looking for him, and he wasn’t there. He had quit too soon. It is always too soon to quit.

“The theater of this drama is ourselves; the mind may forge a circumstance into a shackle, or it may lift us into the sphere where events are plastic. The power of courage and endurance to rearrange our whole relation to events is proved daily as one of our commonest experiences. In its lowliest form, this compulsion, this power, is simply the act of hanging on, plodding on, doggedly forcing oneself on for yet one hour or one more day. Persisted in, against all odds and all reasons, this attitude leads through-it does lead through. Quitting makes a dead end of any road-often just as it was ready to open. Transfer if you must; catch another wavelength; change your level to a higher one, but don’t quit-it is always too soon to quit.”

The fight for life made by Dr. Robert Jackson, of Toronto, Canada, has become a classic story in modern health literature. At forty-nine he was given up to die within four months by the eminent physician Sir William Osler. His heartbeat was chaotic, his blood pressure was far above normal, he was physically handicapped with arthritis, he had an advancing glaucoma of the eyes, and his sense of taste, of smell, and of hearing had well-nigh vanished. A chance remark by a young mother whose undernourished child he was treating set him to thinking about his own case.

The discouraging thought that his father’s family of twelve had all died of heart disease, that his mother was a bedridden heart case for fourteen years, and that a brother and sister had died of the same malady almost persuaded him that his healing was hopeless. His health situation was therefore the cause of his heroic resolution to get well, cost what it might in denial of appetite and in hours of special and particular attention to a daily health regime. He began with a cleansing fast, followed by a regulation of his diet to exclude all stimulants and narcotics, all meat and condiments, all processed and devitalized commercial foods. He ate what the Bible describes as the natural food of man, grains, nuts, fruits, and vegetables. He began systematic calisthenics, frequent bathing, much walking in the fresh air and sunshine. Within weeks he was a new man physically and spiritually. Discouragement had given way to hope, optimism, good cheer, and abounding vitality. He recovered from all his illnesses and enjoyed superb health into his eightieth year, when his inspirational career came to an end in an accident.

Jackson had decided that at forty-nine it was too soon to quit, and he took the necessary Spartan measures that led to his physical emancipation.

“Success is failure turned inside out  
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt  
And you never can tell how close you are,  
It may be near when it seems afar;  
So stick to the fight when you’re hardest hit-  
It’s when things seem worst that you mustn’t quit.”

In this fight for achievement we have all heaven on our side. When our lives are given over to whatever service God has called us to, we have the promise, “He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.” Philippians 1:6. If our characters are to be “polished after the similitude of a palace,” the high ideal set for earnest youth by David in his Psalms (144:12), there must be no dallying with temptation or temporizing with less than our best.

It is quite true that dismaying circumstances may shock us into sudden fear. On every long journey there are detours we must take as a matter of course. The point to remember is not to stop at the first barrier, for if there isn’t a way through, there is usually a way around. One good rule to keep in mind is that there are no crises with God, for no human problem can baffle His wisdom. The thrilling promise found in that wonderful volume Ministry of Healing cannot be repeated too often: “Our heavenly Father has a thousand ways to provide for us of which we know nothing. Those who accept the one principle of making the service of God supreme, will find perplexities vanish and a plain path before their feet!”

It is the privilege of every Christian to live joyously in the thought that he may be master of every difficult situation. A program on the radio not long ago told the familiar story of a famous violinist playing a concerto with a great orchestra, who had the misfortune to break his A string in the middle of the score. His triumph was to finish the production with only three strings, and so great was his mastery that few if any in the audience knew of the broken string. He met the emergency by drawing upon his reserves of

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knowledge and skill, and with these at his command it was too soon to quit.

Adjustment like that is possible in every life, and there are those around us who need encouragement to rise to the best that is in them when seeming major mishaps mar their performance or threaten to cut short their usefulness. When someone slips deeper into sin even while we are praying for him, let us pray all the harder, for it is surely then too soon to quit. When we stumble in the Christian pathway over some evil propensity that discourages our efforts, let us keep on trying by the grace of God, for until heaven's portals open to receive us, it will always be too soon to quit. After setting our life's goal in education, in personal achievement, in character attainment, let no side issues or snares in the path or lures by the way deter us from those ultimate objectives, else we shall find at the end of the trail that the total accomplishment has been too little or too late.

## 2. Who Waits in Faith Waits in Victory

On his knees man is taller than all his mountains of difficulty. On his knees three times; a day Daniel the prophet was of greater stature than the ninety-foot image of gold erected by Nebuchadnezzar on the plain of Dura. On his knees Livingstone led the march of modern missions into Africa. Ascending the Sancta Scala of Rome on his knees, Luther heard the divine pronouncement within his inner consciousness, "The just shall live by faith," and the great Protestant Reformation was born. On his knees in bitter winter weather at Valley Forge, George Washington turned the tide for American independence. The greatest promise ever made to any earthly sovereign, "a wise and understanding heart riches, and honor: so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days" (1 Kings 3:12,13), was given to Solomon, whose distinguished reign was begun with Israel's king on his knees.

Hustle and bustle can never be a substitute for prayer. Man-appointed conferences cannot take the place of God-appointed audiences with Heaven. Noisy debate in legislative halls can never drown out the whispered petitions of the devout suppliant in his secret chamber, and there have been times when such a petitioner has changed the fate of nations. "Thou God sees me" is a greater stabilizer of conduct and motivator of action than a hundred swaggering slogans like "What are we waiting for?" In the midst of his lamentations Jeremiah wisely concluded, "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord!" Lamentations 3:26. Surrounded by the Syrians, Israel trembled at the enemy advance, but the quiet, waiting heart of Elisha was more than a match for the crisis. "Fear not:" he cried, "For they that be with us are more than they that be with them." 2 Kings 6:16. Then his servant's eyes were unbound, and he saw the encircling hosts of protecting angels.

We must learn the art of relaxation. Worry and tension are the enemies of effective prayer. When anxiety makes our petitions to God incoherent we are but frustrating the working of His Spirit in our behalf, for to suppose that God does not hear or that He does not care is to offer insult to His love. I have prayed with all my might," said a mother to her pastor, "but I can find no assurance that God hears my prayer." Her boy was reported wounded in a military hospital in the South Seas, and she could get no further particulars. In anguish she went to her spiritual counselor for guidance. I have prayed like a beggar," she said. Too many people pray like beggars. It isn't the right kind of thinking about God or the meaning of prayer. Such importunate petitions assume that God needs to be persuaded to do something which we in our defective human judgment think ought to be done. It leaves out of consideration God's wisdom, pledged to every soul who lacks it. It fails to recognize His love, pledged to bring us out into a large place in every problem we bring to Him. It discounts His tender grace, which is more abundant than all our woes and sorrows. To pray like a beggar is not praying with confidence that God does all things well. We must pray with thankfulness that God will do the best possible thing that can be done, with appreciation that our problem is in the wisest hands to which it could be entrusted.

A minister was sent to see a man who had prayed, to no avail, to be relieved of a debt that threatened him with imprisonment if it were not taken care of by a certain date. When the preacher arrived the desperate fellow was preparing to take his own life. He was shown how absurd it was to seek self-destruction as a way out of trouble. He was assured that God had forgiveness for every true penitent and help in every case of need.

Seeking to distract the man from his suicidal purpose, the minister tried to induce him to go to the home of a near-by parishioner whose cellar was flooded and who needed all the help he could get to bail the water out. But the man was so disconsolate that even after an hour of pleading he refused to be

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comforted by any such ruse on the part of his pastor. The latter's appeals failed to awaken any response in him.

Another neighbor, who did go to the help of the man in trouble and worked faithfully to reduce the water in the flooded cellar, found a diamond brooch that had been lost for about twenty-five years. It belonged to the first owner of the house, and he could not be found. The brooch was awarded to the finder. Its value would have more than paid the prayed-for release from debt in the case of the disconsolate debtor. A sharing heart, an ear attuned to His will, ready, helpful hands, and simple trust in God's holy purposes would be sufficient to bring many a soul bowed down in sorrow and defeat to his day of triumph.

This matter of resting confidently upon God's providence and waiting for His leading is one of the joys of Christian experience. A terrible storm on Lake Superior some years ago lasted for three days and nights, strewn the shore with the wrecks of great ships. People along the coast were beaten back time after time as they tried to rescue some of the shipwrecked crews. When the storm finally subsided a few badly battered vessels limped into port. The captains of these ships declared the storm was so bad that their only safety was in staying out in it on the bosom of the waves, for to attempt making harbor would have seen the boats battered to pieces on the rocky inlets. The story is a parable of faith, an illustration of a truth to live by. On the bosom of God's love, no matter how buffeted by adverse winds or how tossed by waves of circumstance, it is safer to wait His leading than to seek one's way through the reefs to safety.

Let us examine some of the analogies that are suggested by God's call to men to pray. Prayer is an experience of friendship, which begins with acquaintance and ripens into fellowship, which begins with timid confidences and ends in tender intimacy. It begins in a sense of inadequacy and ends in a realization of fulfillment. There is a marvelous picture in the National Gallery of Art. Christ hangs upon the cross in dense darkness.

At first that is all one sees. But as in the prayer experience, when one peers into the background, there gradually stands out another form, God's form; and other hands are supporting Christ, God's hands; and another face appears, God's face, as full of pain and agony as the Savior's own. The presence, the sufficiency, the sympathy, the understanding, the fatherhood of God these things grow more sure and wonderful when in our deepest extremity we recognize that He is all that we have left.

Prayer is like a journey too. And journeys lead to destinations and chosen objectives. Lao-tse, the teacher of Confucius, left this statement for posterity: "The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step." Steps unto heaven and to holy achievement here in the workaday world begin with the first lisp of prayer. Like the attempt of a child to walk, the first movements are unsure and faltering, but when spiritual ankle bones gain strength soon comes confidence and steadfastness and a firm tread toward chosen goals. It is not always a scenic journey, for often it leads over tortuous ways. Yet it is a lighted way, for here and there the windows of heaven are opened and the objective and the path become clear.

Yes, prayer is like a growing tree that begins with a slender shoot of desire and grows in sunshine and storm until it reaches maturity, bears fruit, and blesses those whose hunger it appeases. It is a river that begins in a spring away back in the hills, and gathers strength as it passes through the meadows and vales on its way to the great ocean of God's abundance. It is a spiritual drama on the stage of life, beginning with a simple setting but in its development solving some life problem in the final act. Prayer is a life with God that begins with a sense of sonship and ends with princely inheritance. It springs up in need and comes to rest in abundance. It becomes vocal in spiritual slavery and ends in the hallelujah chorus of freedom. It finds its problems in natural causes and its solutions are miracles.

Stories unnumbered support the truth of all that has been said here. Since they fortify the heart and undergird the confidence, let us review some incidents that show God as the wonder-worker when miracle seems the only way out of human dilemma.

A missionary wife in a section of Africa far removed from the comforts of civilization suddenly became ill. Her husband did what he could for her, but she grew steadily worse, until on the third day it looked as though she must die. By some strange leading of the mind, seemingly in delirium, she asked her husband for some tomatoes. She whispered that she felt she would get well if she could have some. The husband wrung his hands in anguish. Where, in this wilderness, was he to find such a delicacy? His only solace was prayer, and now and then his wife would repeat her request with pitiful urgency. One more critical and anxious night passed. In the morning there appeared a native woman at the door with a basket on her arm. Her request was a simple one. Some months before, a white man had left her tribe some seeds. They were planted, and now she brought the fruit to see whether it was edible. Lifting the cover on the basket, the missionary was amazed to see three ripe tomatoes. He bought them when he found the native woman had more. His wife ate them, and recovered from her illness as though in rebuke to her husband's

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lack of faith. It is not strange that He who fed five thousand on a mountainside should supply tomatoes in the wilderness.

The interesting thing about that story is the fact that months before, God knew of the crisis that was to come to that missionary couple, and moved upon the white trader to leave the tomato seeds in time for growth, fruitage, and harvest. Thus it is sometimes that the things we do today may be answering the problems that face us tomorrow. That should make all we do moment by moment and hour by hour more significant, for how each task is done may have a bearing on some situation for which we shall be responsible in the future.

One of the world's most distinguished brain surgeons was telling a group of ministers in one of our metropolitan cities, in as simple language as he could, the technical difficulties of removing a brain tumor. He told of an operation that became so involved that it kept the patient nine hours under the knife. When at last the tumor was removed the condition of the patient was apparently beyond hope. With his patient's respiration three times the normal rate and her fever at 105 degrees, he looked for death in the woman on whom he had operated, and that within hours. He went downstairs to rest, but was so exercised over the tragedy of this mother's probable death when her family needed her so much that he began to pray that now that all that science could do had been done, God would intervene. Exhausted from his ordeal, he fell asleep. An hour later a nurse awakened him and asked him to come to see the patient. The woman's respiration, pulse, and temperature were all normal. Her recovery was plainly a physical miracle.

The great surgeon, after telling the story, made an appeal to these ministers like that the disciples made to Jesus: "Sirs, teach us to pray. You are experts in the field. We are humble, untrained laymen in the things of the spirit. When our scientific knowledge is exhausted we must learn to ask God to take over, and then quietly await His salvation in healing power."

One of the most remarkable career stories I know, illustrating the truth that he who waits in faith waits in victory, is that of Vaughn Shoemaker, chief cartoonist of the Chicago Daily News. It is pertinent to our thought here, for it shows that working while we wait in faith is the true formula for success. From being an extra hand in the art department of his newspaper, whose teacher at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts had told him he had no drawing talent, he has become one of America's most distinguished cartoonists. In May, 1950, he won his second Pulitzer prize, the most coveted award in the journalistic field. And he insists that it all came through prayer.

His philosophy of prayer is interesting. His great passion is that people will let God run their lives. He says: "If we think we're able to run our lives, God will step aside and let us do our best. But if we'll admit we haven't anything of ourselves and turn to Him, He'll work miracles every day. . . . God creates a miracle when there is no other person we can give the credit to."

Let us not deplore upsets or detours or setbacks in our plans, then, for they may be God's means of providing time for reflection and counsel that will open the way for His triumphs in the life. When Lord Clive in a spirit of adventure set out as a young man from his British home for India, the ship on which he sailed was caught in a bad storm, and adverse winds blew it so much off its course that it finally limped into a South American harbor. There the young traveler had to abide for many months before obtaining passage to his original goal in India. During this long wait he acquired the Portuguese language, which later qualified him for an important post with the East India Company. This ultimately resulted in his being appointed by the crown as governor general of India. If delays are beneficial in temporal things, they will likewise serve in spiritual things.

"But should the surges rise, and rest delay to come,  
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, that drives us nearer home!"

Dr. Charles A. Blanchard, late president of Wheaton College, once told the remarkable story of a Pennsylvania Railroad engineer whose wife prayed for his conversion for twenty-seven years without any sign of change in him from his exceedingly sinful life. Then a wasting illness reduced the man to a skeleton. Came the day when the family doctor told the wife that her husband was dead. She protested that it couldn't be so, for she had prayed so many years for her husband's salvation that God surely wouldn't let him die. But the screen that separates the living from the dead was drawn around the man's hospital cot, and the undertaker summoned. The woman implored them to let her pray before they did anything more.

Other doctors were brought in to confirm the man's death, until seven physicians had testified that there was no life in the man's body. The wife prayed on - one hour, two hours, three hours. They brought a pillow at her request for her to kneel on, and she continued to implore God to raise up her husband that he

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might receive Christ. The mealtimes all went by, and still she was on her knees. At the end of thirteen hours her husband opened his eyes and asked to be taken home. The hospital staff protested it would kill him, but the woman replied, "You have had your turn. You said he was dead. I am going to take him home." The husband recovered, became a Christian, and in full flesh and strength went back to driving fast trains on the Pennsylvania lines.

Many readers may discredit such a remarkable story of faith and miracle in this our twentieth century, but the same question is as pertinent now as when Saint Paul asked it nineteen centuries ago: "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?" Acts 26:8. As a matter of fact, the conversion of a soul from spiritual death to life and peace in Christ is a greater miracle than the restoration of a physical heart that has ceased to beat. And that marvel of spiritual rebirth is going on all over the world every day.

No, the day of miracles is not over. But if we would share in them, we must pay the price in faith, in fasting, in fortitude, and in fidelity to the divine will. The very last place many find God is at Wit's End. Then he who waits with Him will win, and he who tarries with Him will triumph.

### 3. "Swifter Than a Weaver's Shuttle"

I have spent my life in the land of tomorrow, and in no other land are the rents so high. This was the text of a chapel talk in college that has stayed with me for thirty years. A celebrated Italian nobleman was remembered because he called time his greatest estate, and the taxes on tomorrow must be paid today-in advance. Today's charges for a fruitful and illustrious tomorrow are alert planning, unremitting toil, unceasing prayer. On the other hand, squander today in idleness and self-indulgence, and tomorrow's harvest will be little apples. Consume time and health today upon lust and pleasure, and tomorrow's returns will be vitiated powers, blighted skills, and barren achievements.

Once upon a time a man surveyed his estate of time. Why, he had all the time in the world. He dreamed of what the future would bring-wealth, leisure, fame. He could afford spending a day or two dreaming about it, and accordingly he smiled indulgently on today. Tomorrow he would draw a few plans and size up his resources. But when the morning came he recollected what a wonderful time he had had the day before just dreaming about his possibilities, and again made it a holiday.

And thus the weeks and the months went by with nothing accomplished. Every morning he would see some reason why he should put off his really big plans until tomorrow. Either he didn't feel right, or the economic situation suggested he keep his nose to the grindstone for a while, or he had fears that perhaps his plans were not wise after all.

Finally this man awoke one day fully resolved that this should be the day of march, the big day of his career. But the old demon procrastination once more seized him, and he cast about for his daily excuse. Ah, he had it; he had almost forgotten-it was his birthday! But-he was eighty years old!

It really was too late to start now, and the man hid his head in his arms and wept some very sad and reproachful tears. Sometimes good sermons close with a repetition of the text, and we might end this part of our homily right here: "I have spent my life in the land of tomorrow, and in no other land are the rents so high."

It is not the longest lives that have been the fullest. Raphael, the great painter, lived only thirty-seven years. Michelangelo lived to be ninety. Both lives were significant in the history of art because each made full use of his time. A single work of art such as Raphael's Transfiguration is enough to bring enduring fame to any man, whether he live his allotted life span or not. Michelangelo's career produced more art objects of wonder and grandeur, but he is not more significant than Raphael, even though the days of his years extended a half century beyond the latter's.

Handel and Haydn both lived to be nearly eighty. If bankruptcy, paralysis of his left hand, and growing blindness had discouraged Handel at fifty, we should never have been thrilled with that mighty "Hallelujah Chorus" from the Messiah. If Haydn had let his wealth and luxury vitiate his ambitions, we should never have heard that wonderful chorus "The Heavens Are Telling" from his Creation. Not how long you have lived, but how fully you have lived is the test of a man's years. Don Marquis wrote in one of his poems:

"I have been defeated again and again,  
But there is something within me which is never defeated.



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For I am full of new beginnings.”

Yesterday, today, and tomorrow-what pawns are these with which to play the game of life! Yesterday for reflection. Tomorrow for a new vision. Today for action. Edward Rowland Sill saw life as an empty round of routines, of hours hurriedly crowding the hours of a day unless they were captured and lashed to a purpose:

“Forenoon and afternoon and night! Forenoon,  
And afternoon, and night, Forenoon, and what!  
The empty song repeats itself. No more?  
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,  
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,  
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.”

Thousands of people each year take their own lives, and chiefly for two reasons: They are either afraid of tomorrow or ashamed of yesterday-usually both, and today is all they have to do anything about it. They have never prayed the prayer of the psalmist, “So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.” Psalms 90:12.

For we cannot number our days unless we have a plan of progression. To pine for yesteryears and the good old days is to obscure the forward look. To dream of future benefits and future happiness without doing anything to make the dream come true is to keep setting the hands of the clock back to high noon, as has been done in Congress to keep a desired bill alive. Numbering our days aright means doing what our hands find to do today to the utmost of our ability. It means being faithful to the present hour and its duties and opportunities. It means doing the most important thing at the expense, if necessary, of the less important thing. It suggests an awareness to what makes the years significant from birth certificate to epitaph.

Some years ago, in a western farmhouse one Sunday evening, a father kindled the spark of ambition in his little daughter by interpreting for her the meaning of Charles Wesley’s hymn, “A Charge to Keep I Have.” When they came to the stanza-

“To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill;  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master’s will!”

the godly farmer told her that God had brought her into the world to make that prayer come true. The little girl believed him and never once doubted after that what she was in the world for. Redeeming the time allotted to her, she became an educated woman, a teacher in a Pennsylvania college, and eventually president of the Evanston College for Women. Though very plain of face, she had one permanent adornment, a chip on her shoulder; and when the liquor forces of America knocked it off they discovered the dynamic Frances E. Willard, all-time ideal of the Women’s Christian Temperance Union. From affluence she was reduced to poverty, because she identified herself with the despised and dispossessed. She had adopted the hardest of vocations, a traveling merchant of hope to those who preferred the mirage of intoxicating drink to the comforts of decency and security in a home reclaimed from the ravages of wine and whisky.

“To serve the present age.” It was written on the standards of every crusade that Miss Willard ever sponsored. And it was because she deeply believed she was ordained to such service that she wrote her name high on the walls of noble fame, the only woman whose sculptured figure is found in Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington.

“What time is it?” This question is asked more often than any other question people ask each other. What a difference there is in its intonation between the prisoner facing the gallows and pacing his cell in fearful apprehension and the youth dawdling at his work and waiting for the quitting bell that he may hurry away to the pleasures of his leisure hours. The question is ordinarily asked only to ascertain the passing of the day, but it is a good question to ask oneself in relation to life’s achievements.

On one of the clock towers at Oxford University, underneath the great hands that point the procession of the hours, appears this solemn reminder in Latin: *Pereunt et imputantur*, Freely translated, the

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words mean this: "They pass and are charged to our account." What time is it, then, in regard to all the good things we intend to do in life?

In his powerfully suggestive poem "Days," Emerson calls the days "daughters of Time" that "bring diadems and fagots in their hands" and offer to each person after his own will – "bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all." Isn't it strange that the great multitude of earth's millions ask only bread? There is no aspiration for kingship in any endeavor. There is no reaching for the stars, no whispered wonder at the twinkling pattern of the heavens in a clear night sky, no thought of a crowning day with a diadem after God's own fashioning. Fagots for the fire and bread for the table, and so the day is done; and of such it is written in the annals of the undistinguished, "And the days of his years were three score years and ten, and he died."

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing he lost" was the admonition of Christ to His disciples after the five thousand had been fed. It is one of the most practical bits of counsel one can conceive in the matter of making one's time count. Mrs. E. G. White, in Christ's Object Lessons, pages 343, 344, shows where these fragments of time may be found:

"Let the moments be treasured. A few moments here and a few there, that might be frittered away in aimless talk; the morning hours so often wasted in bed; the time spent in traveling on trams or railway cars, or waiting at the station. The moments of waiting for meals, waiting for those who are tardy in keeping an appointment - if a book were kept at hand, and these fragments of time were improved in study, reading, or careful thought, what might not be accomplished. A resolute purpose, persistent industry, and careful economy of time, will enable men to acquire knowledge and mental discipline which will qualify them for almost any position of influence and usefulness."

William Rainey Harper, first president of the University of Chicago, scheduled each hour of the day and often dictated to his stenographers at five o'clock in the morning. Corot, one of the world's greatest landscape artists, began his painting in the fields as soon after 3 AM as he could distinguish his colors, and remained often until the sun sank to rest. Beethoven, the deaf composer, with insanity in his family and his father a worthless drunkard, overcame his handicaps by getting up at daybreak, winter and summer, to work on his immortal compositions. John Wesley, founder of Methodism, got up at 4 AM to study and pray.

These are only sample patterns of the way most of the world's geniuses marshaled their hours to achieve great results. And eminence, whether in secular success or in spiritual things, demands the same resolution, the same economy of time, the same pursuit of a vision.

The Oriental religions stress ancestor worship and have great veneration for yesterday. The mystic cults of our modern era look forward to a social and spiritual emancipation for tomorrow. The Christian religion puts the emphasis on today, on passing opportunities and present service. "To day if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

The unchangeable Christ belongs to today-to you and me and the passing hour. Yesterday He was with His heavenly Father, coequal in creation and glory. Tomorrow in matchless splendor He will come again as King of kings and Lord of lords. But "as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." John 1:12. And that is a promise for today.

"Power to become" that is one of the most wonderful phrases in Scripture. Would you become stronger, wiser, purer, nobler, more successful, more spiritual? The way is through Christ. Do you aspire to swim the moats of ignorance and scale the castle walls of privilege? You may start from where you are. There is but one stipulation: You must start today!

## 4. Anonymity - Being a Nobody

Have you ever done any good anonymously? It can be a great experience, a high adventure for the soul, a certain identification with the nameless immortals of New Testament parables and with doers of good in all ages who chose to remain incognito.

This business of being an altruistic or philanthropic nobody is lonesome work. Yet because it is uniquely noncompetitive, everybody wins! And that in spite of the fact that there is no distribution of prizes, of blue ribbons, of service stripes, or of laurels to the acknowledged winners.

What, no public ovation for the victor? No pageantry, no parade, no eulogy? just that indeed, for you cannot shower gifts or honor upon a public benefactor who has chosen to lose himself in the crowd. The tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery, near Washington, D.C., is an example of how

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pitifully inadequate is any attempt to symbolize our national gratitude to our nameless war dead. Its futile thank-you is the nearest we can come to applause for the anonymous heroes of the Battle of the Marne or the Battle of the Bulge.

But it the anonymous living with which we are concerned - those who do good without identifying themselves with their gifts or their service. Are there really rewards for anonymous virtue that outweigh the awards by which the world differentiates the relative merits of public service? Is it only a bit of religious romanticizing to say that virtue is its own reward? Is it true that the golden deeds a man does unknown to anyone but himself and God yield a radiance to the life that outshines the perishable luster of polished marble memorials the world erects to its benefactors?

The good Samaritan was a nobody as far as we are concerned. He was content to let his deed shine rather than his name. The widow whose two mites made the munificent gifts of the opulent Pharisees look tawdry is nameless. The householder who supplied the disciples and Jesus with a room for the last supper when the housing shortage in Jerusalem was acute is likewise unidentified. The woman at Jacob's well whose heart the Savior stirred did not disclose to us even one of her five married names, but she was the cause of an evangelistic revival that swept for days through her city.

Have you ever done any good anonymously? How many people seek public acclaim for eminence in achievement! They are unhappy without a roar of applause from both main floor and galleries. If not applause, they want at least a blue ribbon or silver badge or purse of gold announcing to the world that they were first in this or that or the other contest. If talented on the stage or screen, they distribute their autographed pictures with a lavish hand. If they endow a college or furnish a library, they inscribe their names in bronze tablets on its walls as donors. They are eternally aware of the grandstand. Their pleasure is not in the game or in the race quite so much as in the scoreboard and the prizes. In the synagogue they love the chief seats; in the market place, the praise of men.

This struggle for recognition and popular acclaim manifests itself in striking and curious ways. Some build up a tremendous ego by surrounding themselves with luxury-a palatial home with period furniture, marbled staircases, and curtains from Samarkand; resplendent gardens with exotic lily ponds and imported perennials; expensive cars and porcelain swimming pools; uniformed servants with a foreign accent. They would shine, and often do so, by the reflected glory of their possessions. Verily they have their reward.

There is another class of people-alas, a growing menace to society-who, despairing of the tortuous paths to worth-while achievement or fortune, exploit their skills and talents in crime, proud of the servitude they instill in their minions and arrogant in the means they employ to evade the law. They too have their wretched satisfactions.

But how about you? What aspirations motivate your life? Are your energies being directed to worldly acclaim or to a heavenly citizenship? A few, paradoxical as it may seem, have won eminence in both areas of conquest. Abraham was wealthy in faith as well as in flocks and herds. Job achieved both affluence among men and influence with God. To come to more modern examples, Wanamaker was a great Christian as well as a famous merchant; Melancthon was an erudite scholar as well as a faithful churchman; Grenfell, of Labrador, was a skilled physician as well as a noted missionary. There is no necessary antipathy between unique public achievements and eminence in piety. Genius and sainthood are entirely compatible.

But many, oh, so many, never stand out in talent, acquired skills, or religious devotion. What they do they do acceptably but without distinction. The heroic is routine with them. They doggedly explore the counsel of the wise man: "Whatsoever thy hand finds to do, do it with thy might." They follow the blueprints spread out by the hands of genius, and great cathedrals in all their filigreed beauty take shape against the sky.

Great engineers whose names stand high in the construction world plan arterial highways that bind a continent together, spanning incredible barriers of river, gorge, and mountain pass, but the patient labor of thousands of anonymous hands that brought them into being receive no public notice.

A book expounds some unique philosophy, becomes a best seller, a masterpiece of literary art. The author gets public acclaim and his fortune is made, but there is no distribution of bonuses to the copy editors who smoothed out its rough constructions, to the artists and layout men who planned its format, to the engravers who gave its pictures life, to the printers who made its pages speak, to the binders who gave it beauty, to the women who put on its colorful jacket for counter display. Their contributed labor comes under the classification Anon.

A few of our poets have seen the glory of the commonplace and have sung of these unlisted saints.

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Van Dyke is representative.

Hewing wood and drawing water, splitting stones and cleaving sod-  
All the dusty ranks of labor, in the regiment of God,  
March together toward His triumph, do the task His hands prepare:  
Honest toil is holy service; faithful work is praise and prayer.”  
From “The Toiling of Felix.” The Poems of Henry Van Dyke, Charles Scribner’s Sons.

But we usually associate the word heroic with special bits of service done outside the line of duty. To do such service without expectation of approval or reward is what makes the common soul great. And there are opportunities nearly every day for doing anonymous good, chances to share in the joy God reserves for those who are candidates for the Order of the Good Samaritan, experiences that enable the devoted heart to see into the meaning of Jesus’ words when He said, “The kingdom of God is within you.” A whole new world of spiritual exaltation opens up as a peculiar reward to the anonymous doer of good.

Whenever I go into a city garage these days and am obliged to pay three or four dollars an hour for skilled labor on my car, I recollect a happy episode of some years ago that illustrates what I mean by the joy that one can give by doing good without pay or preferment. One Sunday morning, on an eastern overland trip with my family, my car suddenly stopped as we were through a quiet little Illinois town. The main we were on was deserted. Every shop and garage was closed. Not a filling station was open. While I was peering with unpracticed under the hood to discover if possible the trouble, a young man came out from behind the garage nearby and sauntered over to the car. He proved to be the garage owner. He offered to examine the ignition system, and procured some tools from his shop. He found after a few minutes’ work that we had only blown an ignition fuse. He quickly replaced it with a good one, and the engine responded with its accustomed purr. I was so relieved that I prepared to pay him a dollar or two for his trouble. But he only smiled, waved his hand, and said, “There will be no charge. Glad to help you.” I wonder now that I didn’t get his name. I can’t remember the town. But I shall never forget that generous act of courtesy done beyond the claims of duty. I hope my smile and thank-you and the happy faces of my little girls brought him the reward that goes to the anonymous doer of good.

Sometimes one is awed by a self-effacement that exceeds the demands of our dearest ideals. A story in the Christian Herald a few months ago illustrates the meaning of Saint Paul’s exaltation of love as the prime Christian virtue. A young father and mother were overjoyed at the advent of their first-born, a son. The nurses, however, hesitated to show the babe to its mother, for though well favored in body and facial expression, the child had no ears. He grew to youth and manhood with this physical stigma upon him. He was brilliant in school, noble in stature, and handsome in features, save for the blemish from his birth—no ears. The father consulted a plastic surgeon, and it was agreed that if someone could supply the missing organs, a satisfactory job could be done. The ears miraculously came, the son knew not where from. The surgery was accomplished, and the boy became a successful public figure. Then the mother died, and as preparations were being made for the funeral, the father called the son in, gently turned back the tresses of his dead mother’s hair, and pointed to the fact that she had no ears. She had given them that bet son might win his way in a competitive world. It was the first time he knew, and he knelt by the bier and wept.

The next time you are tempted to get all the credit that is coming to you, the next time you feel a swelling of the ego, the next time you see someone prospering under favors that should have been yours, the next time you do some noble act to be seen of men, remember the counsel of Jeremiah to his secretary Baruch, “Seeks thou great things for thyself? seek them not.”

And as a part of the secret joy for anonymous virtue here, remember that there will be no anonymous ones in heaven. For there will be stars in our crowns for virtues no one knew we possessed, and to each one will be given a white stone, with a new name written therein that will reveal what God thought of us all the while.

## 5. Route 25

Kettering, the automotive genius of General Motors, had his home for some years in Dayton, Ohio, a rather long commuting distance from his Detroit office. It was a week-end trip of four and one-half hours. At least that was the claim Mr. Kettering made.

One of his close friends, who often made the same trip, said it couldn’t be done in so short a time.

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Not in four and a half hours! It remained to be proved. Kettering accepted the challenge and one day invited his skeptical friend to ride with him. At moderate speeds they reached Dayton in exactly four hours and thirty minutes. "You made it," his friend grudgingly admitted, "but it was because you didn't follow Route 25 all the way. You took the by-passes and unfrequented roads instead of the arterial highway 25."

Let us put beside this incident a well-worn but perennially pertinent bit of Scripture from out of the New Testament and see what they may have in common. "And he opened his mouth, and taught them saying," "Enter you in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leads to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat. Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leads unto life, and few there be that find it." Matthew 5:2; 7:13, 14.

God has measured out the days of our years. There is a limit in time beyond which we cannot go. Within that span of allotted days we must select our life's destination, choose our route, and complete our journey. Will it be Route 25, or some less popular way?

Up to the time of Columbus, Route 25 to China in the world of adventure lay eastward across the long, long trail of Marco Polo. Every explorer took it. It was the only way to the Orient, or so everybody said everybody but Columbus. He believed there was another way. He was sure you could reach the East by going west. Everybody thought it was silly.

But above the stinging memory of public ridicule, above the discouraging incredulity of the worldly wise, above the growing mutiny of his rebellious men, the faith of Columbus in a demonstrable truth sustained his resolution as with cupped hands he day after dogged day flung his challenge into the teeth of the Atlantic gales and cried, "Sail on! Sail on!"

And today we sing with fervency "God Bless America" and almost forget that there was a Marco Polo, because Columbus had visions of new worlds to conquer and new ways to El Dorado.

Edison, Marconi, Westinghouse, Pasteur, Curie, Ford, Roentgen, and a whole gallery of other notables in scientific and industrial achievement likewise knew the by-passes of the bottlenecks and hazards on Route 25. Choosing the narrower and less scenic roads to success, they took the trail that demanded more alertness and patience and faith, and conquered physical darkness and mortal pain and spectral fear. They made neighbors of widely separated continents, power the servant of distance, and speed the master of time.

But what about Route 25 in spiritual things? Jesus indicated that it was the broad, popular road full of congested traffic in which thousands jostle one another for the right of way. It is full of Satan's markets, where pleasure is exchanged for virtue and bargains are offered in halos. It is channeled through city vice and amusement areas that impede progress to happy destinations. It provides suspension bridges over rivers of duty and obligation, but the toll charges are very high. Its road signs are disquieting: "Dangerous Intersection," "Falling Rocks," "Sharp Curves Long Hill-Second Gear." To the unwary, it disappears in urban communities and one finds himself up a dead-end street.

Paul, the herald of God to the Gentiles, was following Route 25 on his way to Damascus, zealously persecuting Christians in approved Pharisaical fashion. It was the path of intolerance and self-righteousness, a well-trodden way. But in the midst of his fervor and self-approval there shone at midday a light of effulgent glory, and Paul's path was never the same again. He lost his sight and Route 25 that day, and when he recovered his vision he was in a narrow street called Strait.

That is where God said we must all begin our spiritual pilgrimage, and though its entryway is narrow, it has a door of highest privilege. If you take the beaten road of the multitude, the traffic press is so great that though it is a scenic route, you must keep your eyes on the road lest you be trampled before the journey's end.

But if you tab the path by the still waters of God's Spirit, though sometimes it leads through the valley of the shadow and over barren hills of loneliness, it is still the shortest way to spiritual eminence and to a heavenly destiny through the Gate Beautiful.

Yet Jesus said, 'And few there be that find it.' Few? Tragic word, ah, yes, but what an illustrious few! Hebrews 11 is only a beginning. We have but to adjust our focus to this modern generation to see that the list has spanned the centuries and the end of God's worthies is not yet. Men have forsaken houses and lands, home and family, comforts of civilization and public honor to blaze new trails for the gospel.

Archibald Orr-Ewing was born in a castle in Scotland of wealthy parents. They owned two castles, one on the Isle of Wight and one on the mainland. Their luxurious yacht plied the beautiful waters between these two old manorial homes. Archibald knew the meaning of happy security, for money flowed freely through his hands, aristocratic social privileges surrounded him, and an executive position in his father's manufacturing firm beckoned him. He was surely on the main highway to happiness. To follow the

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line of least resistance seemed the wisest choice.

But the evangelistic fervor of Dwight L. Moody had not been reckoned with, and it was under his preaching that young Ewing found Christ. He spent days in fasting and prayer to know God's will, and eventually he gave himself for China. His fervor and zeal shortened the days of his apprenticeship, and he became superintendent of the China Inland Mission in the province of Kiangsi. Does that sound like a plush appointment?

Not so, for it entailed long absences from home, terrible journeys on foot over unspeakable Chinese roads, bitter winters thinly clad and scorching summers ill protected from the heat, interminable distances between his churches, perils by robbers and hazards to life in a score of ways. Though he could have commanded every possible comfort by reason of his riches, he put himself on the same level as the less fortunate missionaries and was a wise steward of his resources, keeping his personal expenses at a minimum, and giving lavishly to projects that advanced the spread of the gospel.

Before Ewing left home in Scotland he had built the Quarrier Homes for Orphan Boys. He gave lands and buildings for the headquarters of the China Inland Mission at Shanghai, a similar headquarters in London, and the Boys' School at Chefoo. And so the list might be extended—a school and sanitarium in Kuling, homes for missionaries, mission stations, artesian wells, and a multitude of minor needs. How different all this sacrifice compared to the Route 25 he might have enjoyed in Scotland; but he had heard of Paul and the street called Strait.

The road of modern education is a broad road. Increasing thousands tread its privileged ways. It is the open road to the professions and to preferment in the social and competitive world. But some turn out of its turnpike to find service in devious ways to underprivileged and forgotten peoples.

Cornelia Bonnell was one of these. Think of it a Vassar girl who though racked with pain graduated with highest honors. The usual channels of service in the teaching profession were open to her. She could easily have obtained her doctorate and become a distinguished scholar. But so many were doing that. Route 25 appealed to them.

Miss Bonnell sought foreign missionary appointment, but her health disqualified her. She prayed for some avenue of service abroad. She was invited to go to Shanghai to teach in Miss Jewell's school for English speaking children. Landing at last in China, she was carried by rickshaw through the skid-row section of the city. Deeply touched by the squalor and wretchedness of the lives of the women she saw in these streets of iniquity, she asked the Lord to open the way for labor among them. A week later it was Miss Jewell who told her she felt impressed that Miss Bonnell would serve the Lord better among these outcast women than teaching English-speaking children. It deeply moved Cornelia Bonnell, for she knew God was calling her to a test of her consecration. Vassar had trained her for service on the smooth roads to respectable achievement, but like Abraham she chose the way of faith and an uncharted destiny.

Her youth and inexperience, her frail body, and her lack of knowledge of the language and of Chinese were all against her, but she did not falter. She gave sixteen years of unstinted service, pleading the cause of the girls in the Mixed Court, dealing with unscrupulous British and American trained lawyers, who sold themselves to the awful traffic, establishing rescue stations and homes and a sanitarium, until she became known as the "Angel of Shanghai." Her home was in a Chinese alley with a girl she had reclaimed to virtue, and she died at her humble station of service.

What a way to spend an education! What a road to glory! What a substitute for Route 25! John Oxenham's familiar lines come to mind:

"To every man there opens  
A way, and ways, and a way,  
And the high soul climbs the high way,  
And the low soul gropes the low;  
And every man decides The way his soul shall go."

## 6. All That Glitters

Those who have been brought up on the old-fashioned penmanship exercise books will remember the maxim "All that glitters is not gold!" They have written it many times tense, inky fingers wrapped around the penholder, tongue gripped between teeth, head stiffly bent at the forty-five-degree angle. Or at least that is a snapshot of me when I did it.

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In those days I had but a glimmering conception of what that “glitter” meant as I copied line after line of the exercise, each line a little shakier and less like the model at the top of the page. As I gazed out the window of the old Parrott Grade School and wished for recess, I was not lured by anything more glittering than the thought of the shiny tin dippers and cool water awaiting us in the galvanized pails the janitor would have ready for us in the school yard. Bubbling fountains were as yet unknown.

But since those days I have found out both the meaning of the words and the truth of the statement. Experience teaches us some things that we often refuse to learn through observation. As a corollary to the copybook maxim I should like to phrase a Solomon like warning: Get the glare out of your eyes.

A homely story will suffice to introduce enlargement of the admonition. An aging college professor retired from teaching and began raising chickens. To his annoyance, one of his prize roosters would crow lustily about two o'clock every night. He had thought of a rooster as a bird of dawning, awakened only by the sunrise. He stayed awake one night to discover, if he could, the reason for the vocalizing of the sire of his Rhode Island Red flock at such an unseasonable hour. To his chagrin and rather grim amusement, he found that what made the cock crow was the approach of a milk truck making its early morning run to Kokorno. The headlights of the truck shone for several moments directly into the hen house, stirring Sir Chanticleer out of his slumbers.

The enterprising poultry man boarded up the window on the side that caught the flash of the headlights from the highway. With the glare out of his eyes the rooster resumed his natural role as a bird of dawning.

Perhaps gold itself has blinded more eyes to the true values of life than any other lure. The bleaching bones of draft animals and the forgotten graves of men line the old Overland Trail, which so many men with the gold fever followed in 1848-1849 to Sutter's Mill in the Sacramento Valley. Fortunes were made, and as easily lost in the excesses of the times. But one generation doesn't learn much from the other, and the experience of the forty-niners was repeated in a little different form in the Klondyke Gold Rush of the nineties. The gradual diminishing of men's fortunes, as many a man knew it in those days, is neatly summed up in the jumping-rope chant of childhood: “Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief.”

It is true a few men profited then as men grow rich today. Some can acquire riches and live worthily and happily, but there is something sinister in the remark made one time by Andrew Carnegie: “Millionaires who laugh are rare.” It is a pertinent warning to those who look upon the acquisition of wealth as life's greatest conquest.

A story current in the periodical press a few months ago tells of seven of the world's most successful financiers who met in a Chicago hotel in 1923. Mercifully their names are omitted here, but their significance in the world of affairs was as follows: One was president of the largest American utility company, one the greatest wheat speculator of his time. One, the president of the New York Stock Exchange; one, a wealthy member of the Cabinet of the President of the United States; one, the greatest “hear” in Wall Street. One, the president of the Bank of International Settlements; and one, head of the world's greatest monopoly. Their names were headline news for a generation, for collectively they controlled more wealth than there was then in the United States Treasury.

A quarter of a century later here is what had happened to this group of men. Two of them were insolvent -broke; two were in penitentiaries, having run afoul of the law; three had committed suicide. It would seem superfluous to point the moral, for the account reads almost like one of the Savior's parables. These men had learned how to control resources for the acquisition of money, but they did not know how to keep money from controlling them. The glare of money power narrowed their vision and obscured their horizons, for they did not know how to relate their vast wealth to life and its true meaning. Two lost their financial cunning; two lost their liberty; three ended their mortal existence in violence.

But aside from wealth there are other things that distort many a man's vision today. Take education, for instance. True wisdom is from God. True learning makes men and women greater assets to the world they serve. But much passes for education that is only the pretentious gear of a sterile scholasticism. Scholarship of this type often preens its intellectual feathers before university classes and struts its foolish ego in a parade of its academic acquirements, including the degrees and titles pertaining thereto. Scholars who make real contributions to the world's progress do not ostensibly display these badges and insignia of their educational attainments.

You meet them everywhere-these pedants-behind university lecterns, in small college classrooms, in fashionable pulpits, on public school boards, in public office and private professions, and on the pages of pretentious books. And they make me laugh, until I realize how much they fool the public, and then they

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make me sigh; for too many people, inflated with the pride of their mental and educational attainments, are flashing their superiorities in their narrow fields into the eyes of an unwary public and confusing its vision. They distort the focus of ambitious youth and make unclear life's true objectives. They make the world think that glittering intellectual attainments are an end in themselves. Nothing is more subtly deceiving than this estimate of college degrees and what they stand for.

The career of George Washington Carver is one of the best arguments for the proper use of education. The child of slave parents, he rose from direst poverty by sheer force of will and character until the great of earth bowed to his genius and remarkable cultivated talents. In the field of agricultural research he was God's greatest gift to the Southland. He discovered more than three hundred uses for the lowly peanut, and enabled poor tenants and landowners to reclaim a living from ordinary

clay and worn-out soils.

But Carver's scholastic accomplishments were as distinguished as his commercial discoveries and inventions. He was a true scientist and a top-notch botanist, whose knowledge was encyclopedic. He was a man of books as well as of the fields. He knew the Latin name of flowers and weeds as well as their common names. Universities made him attractive financial offers to accept positions on their staffs. Refusing these, he deprecated even the scholastic honors conferred upon him.

You perhaps know the secret of Carver's marvelous service to humanity. It was the admixture of a simple faith and dependence upon God for the activation of his knowledge. His laboratory was as much a place of prayer as of investigation and experiment. There were no delusions of grandeur in him. There was no glare in his eyes, and he died spiritually rich, a witness to what God can do for and with a man whose eyes are ever on the eternal verities and not blinded by the glitter of false values.

Have you ever noticed that the really great men of earth are never known by their titled names, or seldom so? So significant has been their service, so distinguished their gifts, that their simple name is enough. Washington seems smaller if we call him General. Lincoln loses the flavor of his name if we call him President. Osier was greater than his medical degree. Einstein looks silly prefaced by Doctor. And whoever heard of Spurgeon or Moody being called Reverend? It is a wonderful achievement to be greater than a title, so that we honor the title rather than are honored by it. Get the glare out of your eyes.

But again, ease and retirement become for many the summum bonum, the highest good, in life. I am both amazed and amused at young people who make plans for retirement and old-age security scarcely before they have begun to live. The Bible warns against putting one's light under a bed, the symbol of indolence.

I ran across a curious mixture of ambition and misplaced emphasis on retirement when I picked up a young fellow in my car not long ago. He was in his late teens, was dressed rather shabbily, and carried a crosscut saw in the junior size. I asked him whether he was going to school, and he said he no longer attended school. He gathered that I was a teacher, and through narrowed slits of eyes asked me if I taught mathematics. Upon my assurance that I did not, but was an instructor in literature, he could scarcely conceal his contempt.

"Not for me," he laughed. "That won't get you anywhere." So, properly put into my place, I meekly asked him what his plans were. "Oh," he cried, "I am cutting down trees and saving my money to go to a school of photography. When I get my training I shall join the Navy, for there you can retire on full pay at forty or forty-five."

Now, an ambition like that has some unhappy implications in it. The boy wasn't looking at the service he could give as a Navy photographer, a worthy enough aim in itself, but he was thinking of the holiday life would be after forty, when his service to the world was done. The young fellow had some glare in his eyes. He was looking for a short cut to a lazy government pension. He reminded me of the time I was hailed by an older friend of mine who wanted to tell me of his wonderful new job. He had secured a position as an oil man in a large compressor room that supplied compressed air to the drilling machines and engines of a mining company. His face wreathed in smiles, he declared, "It's the best job I ever had—nothing to do, absolutely nothing except to fill the oil cups once a day." I'll let you supply the exclamation mark.

What slaves some people are to the proprieties, another type of glitter that sometimes stands in the way of accomplishment. At any cost they will be proper, however insincere they may appear to be. The social amenities—are their god, and all else must be sacrificed, if need be that this god shall be appeased. In true social poise they are inept, for they think not of others but of what others think of them. The grace of kindness is not theirs but their manners are only a kind of artificial grace that fools no one. They have not



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learned that-

“There’s nothing so kingly as kindness, And nothing so royal as truth.”

Efficiency and method and proper organization are one more supreme desideratum in the minds of some. Anything that saves useless motion is not to be deplored. Any time-saving procedure that produces results more quickly and just as expertly as an old method is to be commended. But have you ever seen the type I mean the fussy individual who spends so much time polishing the, whistle that he lets the steam to blow it die down?

Here is the picture of a student I read about recently. He resolved to spend a big evening at study. He procured a pair of easy-feeling slippers to wear, a checkered lounging jacket to keep warm, and an adjustable desk lamp to fasten to the arm of his study chair. He spent some time getting the light at exactly the right angle. He had bought a nice green shade for his eyes. He had had a carpenter build him some rotating shelves for his books, so that he need only to reach out and spin the shelf for any desired volume. His chair was also swiveled for easy turning, and its back was adjustable to three different inclines. With sharpened pencils at hand, his notebook open, his slippers and jacket on, the lamp and eye shade adjusted, his textbook selected from the shelf, he gently let himself back into position number two of his reclining chair. He sat there congratulating himself on the efficiency of his study arrangements, but in five minutes-you’ve guessed it-he was fast asleep. He probably was exhausted with his arrangements!

So in a larger sense the cozy, comfortable things of life often stand in the way of success. We lose our judgment of relative values. We laugh at and pity the South Sea Fuzzy-Wuzzy who wears a discarded pork-and-beans can as a bracelet, but he is not nearly so much to be pitied as the educated, civilized person who fails to tell the significant from the superficial, the meritorious from the make-believe.

This glitter we have been considering reaches even into the spiritual realm. We can sing from lovely calfskin hymnbooks, carry the finest Oxford Bible, worship in the nicest stone church on the avenue, listen to the best pulpit orator in the city, pay handsomely our church dues, and not realize we are spiritually bankrupt.

Wealth, educational polish, titled honors, cultivated manners, personal efficiency, church affiliation-all these are desirable and not to be despised. But when they become an end in themselves and not a means whereby we may serve God and men, we have a blinding glare in our eyes. The remedy is to take a different stance and look at life and its objectives from a different angle until every value is in proportionate focus with every other related value.

## 7. Imprisoned Splendor

Angela Morgan, noted American poet-journalist, coined a wonderful phrase in the title of her book *The Imprisoned Splendor*. Called on by the Chicago editor for whom she worked to interview celebrities as they passed through the city and present sympathetic pen portraits of them for the paper, she was overjoyed at the assignment. She had conceived the idea long before that every person has within him some imprisoned splendor crying for expression. It was her purpose now to release if possible some of that inner glory she felt was to be found in every one of her prospects.

So Angela Morgan prayed about her assignments. She opened her mind to good will and love, and cultivated her natural human sympathies. She spared no pains or time or convenience to win the confidence of those she interviewed. She wrote her findings in such an understanding way that distinguished men and women were not afraid to confide in her. And the result was that many a public figure appeared to the world in a new role, for something of the inner spiritual beauty that motivated his life shone forth in those published interviews.

Her simple philosophy was that not only does each one have radiant possibilities within him but each one may help to release that inner beauty in the lives of others. In one of her poems, “God’s Man,” she declares that we walk “blindfolded in a world of light. We could touch hands with angels if we would.”

The poet who stirs a human heart to noble feeling with his rhythmic lines, the preacher who plumbs the depth of human longing with gospel appeal, the singer who rouses a human derelict to resolute reform, the writer who touches the springs of human aspiration that makes men assume heroic burdens, the friend who walks and talks with us until our hearts bum within us by the way all these cooperate with God’s Spirit in releasing the inner grandeur and promise in human lives in whatever sphere. These surely

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are they who indeed touch hands with angels in their ministry.

Saint Paul made the observation long ago that no man lives or dies unto himself. No one can be wholly an isolationist. We are interdependent social creatures. Each has some influence on those round about him. Sometimes one has a profound sway in the life of another, and it may be for good or ill. We corrode, or we bless; we shrivel another's spirit, or we fortify his courage; we hedge up his advantages, or we enlarge his opportunities. What imprisoned splendor was unfolded in the life of Helen Keller by her teacher and companion, Miss Sullivan!

The science of nuclear fission in atomic physics is a startling analogy of how the spiritual energy and physical and intellectual power of an individual may be released through the touch of one life upon another. Sometimes a chain reaction of influence is carried forward even from one generation to another.

John Newton's mother lived a good while ago in foggy old London. A humble pride showed through the seams of her poverty, for even the washtub over which she earned her living was not enough to subdue the nobility of her spirit. She loved God and held high the banner of faith that sustained her in the midst of her adversities. And the greatest reverse of her life was the loss of her son John, who ran away from home in his teens and became a roving sailor.

John Newton's mother prayed. She mingled her tears with the suds of her daily labor. She prayed for his safety; she prayed for his conversion; she prayed for his return home. The Bible teaches, "Love never failed." Prayer like that never fails either. And John Newton found Christ, his Redeemer. He became known as the sailor preacher of London. He turned thousands to God and the hope of heaven.

One of his converts was Thomas Scott, a cultured, scholarly man who said he didn't need a Savior. The Spirit of God touched his life through Newton, and he became a mighty evangelist of the gospel, winning thousands from a life of sin.

Scott worked hard with a young dyspeptic poet, a man who said he was too bad to be saved. But the young man was Cowper, England's beloved hymn writer, whose hymns have turned thousands to a faith in God. One of the lives touched by Cowper's hymns was that of Wilberforce, the man who freed England's slaves. Wilberforce influenced the churchman Richmond to write devotional books, and one of those books was translated into forty languages, and had widespread evangelistic power.

And so the call of God went on, a spiritual fission reaction that began with a gray-haired workingwoman crying over a washtub for the soul of her son. Was hers a divine vocation? Yes, indeed, and when she turned the key of faith in the golden lock of promise God released the hidden splendor of countless lives.

"The slightest breeze that ever blew  
Some slender grass has wavered;  
The smallest life I ever knew  
Some other life has flavored."

But what are the hindrances in you and me that keep the imprisoned splendor of our own lives locked up and prevent us from inspiring others to explore and release a beauty of their own?

"Oh," you say, "I have never looked at it in that way. I didn't realize that perhaps there are untapped powers in me. I have been unaware that the failure to let God's love and power light up my life has not only kept me obscure but has stood in the way of the unfolding of perhaps many another life than mine."

God knows that the things we acquire too easily are lightly esteemed. Perhaps that is the reason He hides many a blessing from us. He hides Himself, therefore, in pain that we may know His healing. He hides His best gifts in baffling disciplines, that they may come forth with the glow of the eternal. He conceals His purposes from His righteous jobs, that He may reveal them to His pleading Jacobs. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field," Jesus said. God designed that our possession of it should be a continual quest, even to the dedication of all that we have.

But where shall we begin our search? Shall we wait with folded hands until God calls us to some glorious errand from a bush aglow? Shall we despise our meager talents because our associates apparently have greater ones? Shall we withdraw further and further within our natural and acquired inhibitions until our horizon seems to encircle us with insurmountable handicaps? Is there any use in beginning at all?

Let us just begin where we are. Let us begin today. The quest moves on from the here and now. Scrutinize the heart of every tame and sober duty for what it may conceal of spiritual enrichment. Look for the imprisoned splendor in humdrum routine. Watch for the unsuspected gold to be found in the rushing

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streams of everyday experience. Agassiz wrote a book on the plant and insect wonders he found in his back yard in a single summer. Matthew Maury had such faith in a single Bible phrase, “the paths of the seas,” that he discovered the great ocean currents and charted the sea lanes that modern mariners follow.

“Stir up the gift of God, which is in thee,” said Paul to the young Timothy. Enthusiasm in doing well the one thing we can do leads to the discovery of some things we never knew we could do at all. Has not God promised to His followers, “Greater works than these shall he do”? Keep your eyes and ears open then, day by day and hour by hour, for some divine surprise.

It was a divine surprise to David when God passed by all his well-favored brothers and anointed him king. How Queen Esther must have been surprised as Mordecai challenged her to save the Hebrew nation from imminent destruction, “Who knows whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?” It was likewise a surprise to Moses when out of the cloud on Sinai he heard the divine command, “Be ready in the morning, and come up in the morning unto mount Sinai.” And Moses, always with his accounts with heaven up to date and in balance, as the morning sun cleared the mountains of Seir and shone upon the plains of Paran, climbed the heights of Sinai and wrote his name high above every other name in Hebrew history. But the secret of the greatness of Moses and Esther and David was that they were fully prepared when the hour of destiny struck.

Is it not unfortunate that so many of us need the treatment found on so many bottles of medicine, “Shake well before using”? We need to be shaken out of our complacency, our self-congratulation, our diffidence, and our apathy, until we are stirred to exclaim, “Lord, my utmost for Thy highest.” Then in service mingled with faith there is released through us a power that lights up burdened hearts and drab lives all about us.

In Saint Mark’s Cathedral in Venice the great alabaster pillars beside the main altar look dull and lifeless until they are touched with the light of tapers in the hands of tourist guides. Immediately a transformation takes place. The pillars come alive with radiance and color, glowing with fire and a kind of glory. Likewise when the Master Guide touches our lives with the light of the glory in the face of Jesus Christ, there is a transformation that seems to work from within outward. His own glory is revealed in us. The splendor of the holy touches the monotony of life and suffuses all we do. We then in turn evoke the hidden radiance in the lives of others around us.

“Four drops a day” - that is how “Caver” John explained the huge stalagmite that almost barred the corridor to a marvelous underground cave. It had been growing for many decades from the floor of the cave until it reached and joined the stalactite that hung from the ceiling. Now weighing hundreds of tons and as dense as a wall of steel, this enormous pillar of onyx all but blocked the entry way to the inner wonders of the cave.

“Four drops a day of calcium carbonate,” the old cave master explained, “had left its microscopic cargo to dry upon successive deposits until it had become a threat to the passageway.”

There were galleries and rooms of surpassing beauty beyond this barrier. They caught the flashes of light from the lamps of explorers and reflected color and pattern and harmonious combinations that suggested the carvings of a sculptor. It would have been a wonderful vacation attraction for thousands of tourists, but it was back in the mountains off the road and slowly sealing itself up at the rate of four drops a day.

There is a ceaseless shaping and forming process going on in human life quite akin to the magic molding of beauty or the sinister building of barricades within the darkness of limestone caves. And the process of development is so slow, so subtle, that one scarcely realizes how life and its circumstances have fashioned his character. One reaches fullness of years before he recognizes that certain traits have become characteristic in him and certain habits of living and thinking quite well fixed. Sometimes one’s mature inventory of himself is startling.

Especially is it disquieting if one finds that he has permitted the calcium carbonate of envy, jealousy, mistrust, hate, and all their vicious category to block the way to nobler virtues within. How like the four drops a day that built the giant stalagmite are the little indulgences of spite, revenge, disparagement of others, discourtesy, and unkindness that gradually build up a wall of separation between us and our fellows or between the world’s estimate of us and what nobilities and graces are scaled up within us.

At a roadside stand in California we purchased some figurines that shone brilliantly in the darkness with a phosphorescent glow after they had been exposed to a strong light. Every life that yields itself to the divine splendor in the glory of Jesus Christ will likewise reflect a beauty of character and service that could come only through contact with the Light of the world.

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### 8. Your Influence Is Showing

The missionary woman answered the timid rap on her cottage door in one of the interior provinces of China. She was surprised to find a well-dressed Chinese woman of apparent refinement on the doorstep, but she invited her in. After they were seated and courtesies were exchanged, the visitor said, I have come to apply for the position of servant in your compound. I saw the notice down in the city.”

Much surprised that a woman of such unusual culture should apply for the menial position she had to offer, the missionary, with not a little embarrassment, explained that the work might prove too drudging, for it entailed scrubbing floors, making beds, washing clothes, preparing meals, and a hundred kindred daily tasks. I quite understand,” said the woman with a smile, and am prepared to place myself under your every order.”

An agreement was made, and in a short time the new servant was well oriented to her duties. She proved to be an excellent worker. Then she began to attend the mission meetings. Being a woman of education, she taught her American employer to read Chinese. The two women were thrown into frequent companionship, and a bond of affection grew up between them.

On several occasions, however, the mission worker saw her servant hastily hide something within the folds of her gown. She could never quite make out why her Chinese friend was so secretive in these instances. But one day the matter came out into the open when the servant failed to hide the object in her hand quite quickly enough. Seeing that a statement was due, the woman exclaimed.

“O madam, it’s coming! It’s coming! The light on my face! I used to see the Christians on the way to the chapel. I noticed how bright their faces were. I wanted that light myself and thought if I could come and work for you, I could get some of it. My husband tells me the light is coming, and I have been so happy that I have carried this little mirror with me to see whether it is true.”

The story reminds us of the Bible account of Moses, who when he came down from those wonderful forty days shut in with God in the mount, “was not that the skin of his face shone.” Exodus 34:29. But the children of Israel saw the glowing of their leader’s face, and they were so awed that they dared not approach him. Not until he veiled his face did they gain courage to talk with him.

The point especially to be noted is that Moses was entirely unaware of the reflected glory of God that was radiating from his personality. Only when he called them to come near, and they hesitated, and someone tremblingly pointed to his face and then to heaven did he understand their fear and always thereafter veil his face after communion with God when he wished to talk to the people. The most charming people are they who are truly unconscious of their charm. Those who have the greatest influence for good are the people who are the first to deprecate any goodness ascribed to them. The most charitable person is he who gladly effaces himself that he may bestow his favors anonymously.

Moses and the spiritual heroes of all time veiled their glory and were instruments in the hands of God. How different their story from that mythical Greek allegory of Narcissus, the youth who admired his image in a pool until he fell in love with it, pined away, and died for love of himself. Nothing is more spiritually tragic than to be so aware of our talents, our personal charm, our intellectual brilliance, our social standing or our moral rectitude that, instead of blessing those about us with an influence for good of which we are unaware, we demand admiration for, recognition of, and obeisance to our eminent advantages, natural and acquired.

Certain it is that our influence is always showing, either for good or for evil, for no man lives unto himself. Paul told the Corinthians that they were a “savor of life unto life” or “of death unto death.” That is peculiarly true of the Christian life, for a denial of one’s profession of Christ by alliance with the world or a lowering of the banner of truth may be the cause of spiritual shipwreck in those who have looked upon us as a tower of unchanging loyalty to the Master.

Not all influence is unconscious, however. It is our privilege to know when our conduct is exemplary or contributive to laxity in others. It is possible to live a life of conscious rectitude and spiritual leadership without that offensive self-approval that made the Pharisees so obnoxious to Jesus. Paul was conscious of his high calling of ministry to the Gentiles, but the thought that his hands had been stained with the blood of martyrs kept him humble. When he called himself the chief of sinners, he was not just coining phrases, but when he said, I am crucified with Christ,” he recognized it as an experience which made his service and leadership acceptable to God. Job was recognized of God as a righteous man, and he even cleared himself before his accusers as an exemplary citizen, father, and church leader, but after all his apparent self-justification, he cried, “Behold, I am vile; I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.” Job 40:4. No one need be ignorant of his true condition before God.

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A careless word, a thoughtless act, a jesting mood how little we realize the far-reaching influence it exerts, sometimes not revealing itself until friendships are broken, someone is thrown out of adjustment to his handicaps, or even careers are spoiled. One of our modern artists who has achieved ranking popularity in a special field of commercial drawing tells of a boyhood incident that shows how words spoken in jest sometimes do untold harm. His oldest brother came into his room one Sunday and found him drawing a picture. "Ha, ha!" he laughed, "I saw a boy half your age yesterday, blind in one eye and paralyzed in both hands, and he could draw better than that." The younger boy idolized his big brother, and he took the remark seriously. Not until years later did he realize his brother had been joking. But the tragedy of the incident was that for forty years that aspiring young artist didn't take his talent seriously. For forty years it lay dormant, and doodling was the nearest he ever came to production of a picture. His later success scarcely redeemed those uncreative years. Nothing could ever justify that cruel, taunting remark of the older brother, who meant it only as a casual jest.

But the happier side of this subject to contemplate is the power for good in an honest and courageous example. When Captain Joseph Bates first went to Battle Creek to carry the gospel of the kingdom into Michigan, he inquired of the postmaster as to who was the most honest man in town. Apparently without hesitation the postmaster said, "You must mean David Hewitt. He's a Presbyterian." Hewitt was an itinerant city peddler of kitchenware and notions and, like our immortal Lincoln, had developed an enviable reputation for square dealing. He became a bulwark of strength to Bates's evangelistic labors there. "The most honest man in town" one might covet that as an epitaph! Honesty is one of the ingredients of the formula for winning friends and influencing people.

LeTourneau, the noted Christian manufacturer of Texas, who mixes religion with his business, told a story in Moody Monthly not long ago showing how God cooperates with those whose hearts are set to do good. He had arranged an interview with the engineer of a great steel mill to show him certain special machinery the mill was using. Both men became greatly engrossed in the subject that concerned them so much. But LeTourneau was distressed at the flow of profanity from the other man's lips. He silently prayed to God that the way might open for him to speak to the engineer about this evil habit.

Presently the steel mill official turned to LeTourneau and remarked, "Say, that's a wonderful plane you ride in. How does it come the government hasn't made you turn it over according to the demands of the war restrictions?" This was the opening LeTourneau had been waiting for. He explained that he had been granted use of the plane because he had three scattered plants doing war work, and besides, he went out to churches every week end preaching the story of Christ. The engineer was much taken back. To think he had been so freely profane in the presence of an avowed Christian embarrassed him not a little. Then LeTourneau gently reprimanded him for taking the name of the Lord in vain. "He's my Savior," said the industrialist, "and I love Him very much." The simple statement of faith deeply moved the man's heart. He curbed his words from that time on lest he should offend. Then he insisted on taking LeTourneau to the airport, so as to discuss further the Christian way of life in which he had been brought up, but from which he had drifted away. A "savour of life unto life" or "of death unto death"-which will you be?

Our associations indicate the trend of our thinking and the quality of our tastes. Sometimes because we have been careless in choice of our associates, we are found in places where we ought not to be. One time curiosity led me to follow a mob that was storming a county jail to release a labor union victim. The crowd almost bodily carried me along, and with them I suffered the ignominy of a hosing by the city fire department, for only in that way could the clamoring men and women be dispersed. If you want to influence people, keep away from mobs and mob thinking.

W. L. Mackenzie King, the late prime minister of Canada, was respected throughout the world as a gentleman and statesman. Only since his death have been revealed some things showing the bulwarks of his character. One of these was his inviolable rule every morning to spend the first fifteen minutes at his desk, from nine to nine-fifteen, in private devotion, reading the Bible, and kneeling in prayer. No matter how urgent the business of the day, no matter how grave the affairs of government, the pattern of his life was the same. Members of the cabinet would sometimes burst in upon him, only to be halted, awed and subdued at the sight of their ranking national leader bent in humility before the King of kings. Who can calculate the influence of rulers who put the matters that concern the nation before the God of wisdom each day?

In a small group of tourists being conducted around the reconstructed village of Williamsburg, Virginia, so full of early historical significance, I found myself only a few feet away from a young woman who seemed to have a military escort, one from the Army and one from the Navy. Soon it was whispered around, "That's Margaret Truman." Then we recognized her from her likeness to her press pictures. She naturally drew more attention than did anyone else in her group, and more than many of the historical

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antiques we saw. She was unacquainted with any one of us, but naturally was aware of being recognized by the members of the guided tour. She conducted herself with such poise and natural charm, however, entering into the occasion with such apparent zest and simple ease, chatting and laughing with her escorts, that I am sure everyone sincerely admired her. It must be hard for her to walk abroad as the daughter of the President of the United States, for she is under the continual reminder that her influence is showing.

A greater obligation than this, however, rests upon the youth who confesses being a Christian. Where he goes, what he says, how he acts—all these have a bearing upon his standing in the eyes of those who know him. If he is living an exemplary Christian life, he will not be asked to compromise his principles by participation in borderline activities. His very rectitude saves him from such embarrassment. It is only when his conduct and practices are inconsistent with his high profession that he finds himself in a dilemma, when he is asked to engage in some amusement or business deal just a little beyond his already too liberal interpretation of the Christian code. Thus one's influence can be a debit or a credit to the cause he espouses. Peter and John were powerful in their witness for God because the people "took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus." For good or ill, for shame or honor, for victory or defeat, your influence is showing.

## 9. Five Grains of Corn

It was the custom in early New England at Thanksgiving time to place five grains of corn at every plate as a reminder of that first winter of the Pilgrims, when the food was so scarce that only five grains of corn at a time were rationed to each individual. Succeeding generations wanted their children to remember the sacrifice and bitter hardship of those who had settled in America in a bid for a freedom that they had not known across the Atlantic. The sixty-three days spent in the Mayflower, the buoyant hopes and fervent piety that kept their spirits alive, the terrible winter that well-nigh swept away the entire population of Plymouth, the inhospitable welcome to wilderness life, the will to survive, to build, to wrest from the soil a livelihood, the slow molding of the colony into an integrated community, the gradual entrenchment of their forces as they held their gains and pushed the frontiers ever farther inland—these beginnings of their freedom they wanted their children to know and never forget.

On three successive Thanksgiving days I have wandered over some of the battlefields of the Revolutionary and Civil wars. So much inspiration has accrued to me from these visits that I can commend the practice as a sort of annual hobby. One day a year in addition to Independence Day is little enough to spend recharging one's sense of patriotism.

I am a citizen of no mean city," cried Paul when under duress from the mob at Jerusalem. He was proud of his lineage and of his freeborn Roman citizenship. It won him the right to speak to the populace at Jerusalem, and under the guard of two hundred soldiers, two hundred spear men, and seventy horsemen, to escape next day to Caesarea. There a few days later Paul witnessed to King Agrippa of his heavenly citizenship in such a fervent way that from the trembling lips of the dissolute king were rung the words: "Almost thou persuades me to be a Christian."

If you have never known a genuine patriotic emotion, stand beside a battlefield monument marking where some great soldier fell. Read there the tribute to his sacrifice as I did at Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson was lost to the Confederate cause on the eve of a great victory. Visit Yorktown or Antietam or Gettysburg, and try to catch something of the meaning of the sanguinary struggle that enshrines these spots to every loyal American.

Plan a holiday sometime following the foot-weary soldiers of some historical engagement over the dimly marked roads of long ago from attack to retreat, from encampment to breastworks, from bivouac to battle. Hear again in reverie the noisy clatter of the sweating, toiling cannoners as they urge their horses on to strategic spots for their lumbering field pieces. See with visual eyes the straggling columns of tattered men and boys moving on to engagements doomed to failure under the pressure of superior numbers and better equipment. Visit the museums which once housed wounded soldiers, the floors of which still bear the marks of human gore. See the tattered and faded ensigns of the campaigns that schoolboys read about out of nice, clean history books. No, the experience will not glorify war and national conflict so much as it will impress you concerning the birth pangs out of which our national freedoms were brought forth.

The United States Army Department of Defense undertakes as part of its responsibility the orienting of the people under American jurisdiction in occupied areas in the American way of life. Through the Institute of International Education, in New York, the Western pattern of democratic living has been held

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before these conquered peoples as the surest and sanest path to permanent peace. Among the unique methods used was the plan of bringing a group of top industrialists and labor leaders from Japan and Europe to study American ways first hand in this country. These representative thinkers were shown the prosperity that attends the efforts of the common man. They were introduced to management-and-labor agreements and the effect of them upon the standard of living. They were taken to our industrial plants to see the operations, the labor-saving devices, the conveniences for the employees. Into private homes they went, and ate with common people the ordinary menu for the day.

But among the things they were shown were the memorial shrines which I have been pointing out as something precious in our American tradition. They visited the places revered for what they symbolize of the sacrifice which brought this nation to its commanding position among the nations of the world. And as they went from place to place they were told the story of the conflict, the struggle, and the triumph that added to our national glory and progress. And the report of one American escort was that among the thousand things that impressed them, this introduction to American backgrounds on the various historic spots they visited was the most inspiring. They saw in these national shrines the symbols of the things Americans stand for, and returned to their own land with a greater and more profound respect for this country than they had when they entered it sixty days before. The hope is, of course, that they will exert their tremendous influence as industrial leaders to convey their impressions to their respective groups.

Perhaps our Government agencies set up to investigate and check subversive activities might have less to do if every American from Nome, Alaska, to Honolulu, and from Niagara Falls to the Everglades could be required to make an annual pilgrimage to Plymouth Rock or Valley Forge or Gettysburg, gradually covering all the places year by year made sacred by sacrificial devotion to patriotic ideals, and to review again and again the story of conflict that made the Stars and Stripes wherever it waves the banner of the unshackled mind and spirit.

Oliver Wendell Holmes had a keen sense of national loyalty. His poem "Old Ironsides," which saved the Constitution, is well known, but his tribute to the flag has been neglected:

"Washed in the blood of the brave and the blooming,  
Snatched from the altars of insolent foes, Burning  
with star-fires, but never consuming, Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose."

But thinking of those five grains of corn, symbol of Pilgrim hardships, perhaps the custom of putting them by each plate at Thanksgiving time should be revived. These five nuggets of corn might also stand for the liberties under which we live today as American freemen.

Perhaps you ask, "What are the five freedoms? I have heard of only four." It is true that during the last global war President Roosevelt popularized the phrase "the four freedoms" to stir participation in the national defense, but the four basic freedoms we enjoy are listed in our American Bill of Rights. These are freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, and freedom of worship. But there is a fifth freedom made possible by these basic freedoms, and that is freedom of choice.

Freedom of speech is a wonderful bequest to us by our Founding Fathers. It is the commonest way man dramatizes his thought. It is the common medium of communication from mind to mind and from heart to heart. Progress halted, if it did not take a step backward, when Galileo was compelled to retract his announcement of belief that the earth revolved about the sun. The spoken courage of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty, or give me death," gave impetus to American resistance against tyrannical oppressors. Whether the populace will hear him or not, every man has a right to speak, whether he is perched on a soap box or occupies the speaker's chair in Constitution Hall. The safety against abuse of this freedom is the freedom of choice, for though I may choose to hear, I need not choose to believe or be persuaded to action.

The wonderful development of the printer's art is the greatest witness to the freedom of the press one could wish. Faster and faster the presses run, recording the panorama of life in America, its wonders, its material achievements, its political and religious controversies, its conflicting group ideals, its sectional and industrial adjustments, its varying philosophies concerning government and society and the individual. What a glorious contrast is this to the rigid control of the press in lands where only matters with official sanction may be published, where studied propaganda regiments mass thinking. In such a land, freedom of choice is nonexistent, for there are no alternatives from which to choose.

Since the human family is social by nature, eager to confer and agree, to argue and dispute, to persuade and conciliate, freedom of assembly is one of our greatest boons. It operates from the boys' clubhouse in the backyard to the university forum, and from crossroads chapel to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. It provides the setting for freedom of speech, whether it be a political controversy or a religious

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ritual. It makes possible military pageants and sports spectacles. It invites community cooperation and coordination of social forces. If subversive actions arise from abuse of freedom of assembly, we have a system of law and order to cope with them. For though men see their liberties through smoked glasses, we still insist that their minds shall be free and that the privilege of choice shall be theirs. Wonderful heritage this!

The Pilgrims came to America not to accumulate riches but to worship God, and the greatest wealth they left unborn generations was their heroic example of sacrifice that their souls might be free. Through this great principle of free worship America became the land of the up reaching heart, and as it reached up it reached out, championing the right of freedom of choice in matters of conscience to all men everywhere. It became the greatest distributor of the Sacred Scriptures, emblem of the highest freedom, the freedom of the soul. That is why representative monuments to varying beliefs can exist side by side in this free land. The Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City and the Bahai Temple in Chicago have nothing in common, but their existence is a testimony to America's fifth freedom, the freedom of choice. The proposed two-million-dollar Mohammedan mosque will be in strange contrast to the Washington Cathedral, but freedom of assembly and freedom of worship guarantee even Mohammedans sanctuary under our broad concept of national liberty.

“God bless the flag and its loyal defenders,  
While its broad folds over the battle-field wave,  
Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splendors,  
Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave!”

Patriotism is a part of good religion. It is enjoined in the Bible on every Christian believer. Paul counseled Timothy to “put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work.” If we exercise the right to vote, we should do everything we can to learn about the various candidates and the platforms on which they run. To vote blindly is to be recreant to the Christian idea of citizenship. We cannot intelligently obey Christ's command, “Render to Caesar's,” until we understand civic issues. To be embroiled in them is not for the true Christian to choose, but to be ignorant of them and how to cast one's influence is to be careless of one's noblest privileges. Civic and community responsibility is one of the dudes surely included in the mandate of the Savior, “Occupy till I come.”

Sir Walter Scott recognized that something either had died or never was born in the heart of a man who lives without recognition of the traditions and sacrifices of his fatherland:

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!”

Remember the Pilgrims and their five grains of corn, and the next time Old Glory passes by salute it as the insignia of three centuries of costly liberty.

## 10. The Triumph of Surrender

Submission and surrender sound like weak virtues, but they are great attributes of character if the idea or ideal to which one submits is more noble or more worthy than one has known before. In such case submission brings triumph, and surrender promotes advancement. Yet we are so used to the practice of approaching the blockades to our desired objectives with daggers in our teeth and cudgels in our hands that the thought of laying down our offensive weapons in the hope of overcoming opposition seems utterly impractical. Fighting a warfare with the tools and implements of peace suggests opposing a well equipped and trained soldiery with pitchforks and barrel staves.

But the submission and surrender under consideration here have nothing to do with yielding to an enemy. They suggest rather a yielding of the will to the superior wisdom and authority of another. The captains of the great liners that so proudly buffet the ocean waves yield their command to skilled pilots



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when they come into harbor. Early American pioneers blazed their way to new settlements by submitting their leadership to trusted Indian scouts, who were versed in the ways and the paths of the wilderness. Our greatest troubles, our deepest sorrows, our most humiliating reverses come when we think we know all the answers necessary to solve every problem and refuse to submit to greater experience or wise counsel.

Ours is a headlong age. We are proud of our go-getter initiative. We know and employ but one strategy - a frontal mass movement against the breastworks of difficulty. We have not learned the strategy of occasional temporary withdrawal. We look upon such a movement as a confession of weakness. We bristle with confidence and flex our biceps to show how competent we are to meet our contestant. We refuse to wait for the morning; we must enter the arena tonight. All these things have their advantages, it is true. In many instances victories have been won by such decisiveness.

But some victories are too costly. Some campaigns cost the lives of both conquerors and vanquished. Such conquests are called Pyrrhic victories. It was Pyrrhus, perhaps you remember, who first led the Greeks against the Romans at Heraclea in 280 BC. He completely defeated them, and then at Asculum the next year repeated his military success. But his losses were so great that he exclaimed, "One more such victory, and I am lost."

In a peculiar sense some moral and spiritual battles take too much out of us because we fight them in our own strength. We exhaust our wills until our reserves are gone and we lower our defense. Satan then administers the lethal blow that utterly dismays us. Exaltation is so often followed by discouragement. Witness Elijah after his great success on Carmel against a nation of idol worshipers. What a magnificent spectacle of vindication of faith that was. Yet see him next day fleeing like a hunted quarry before the threats of Jezebel. Single handed under God he slew the prophets of Baal, but one shrewish woman drove him from the mount of triumph to the valley of despair.

Surrender of the will to a noble purpose or a holy ideal is the kind of submission recommended here. And the easiest way to do that is to surrender the will to Christ for His leadership in the life. Like the skillful glazier who took the fragments of a great cathedral window blasted in the war and molded them into their original beauty, so when we yield our hearts and wills and purposes to God. He takes the broken promises, spoiled plans, and abject failures, and molds the life into one of eminent usefulness and holy service.

But the art of surrender must be learned. It does not necessarily mean the cessation of our own effort. It is a yielding of our unbelief that we may believe. It is a giving up of negative stubbornness for a positive resoluteness to walk the straight way. It means being so enamored of our ideal that it possesses us and stirs all our enthusiasm.

Once when Toscanini was rehearsing his famous orchestra in one of Beethoven's concert pieces, his leadership was so inspiring that all the musicians rose again and again, and cheered him for the performance. Toscanini was visibly surprised and somewhat embarrassed. He made a gesture of deprecation as he smiled and said, "You see, gentlemen, it isn't me, it's Beethoven." Enraptured himself by the genius of the great composer, the renowned orchestra leader had yielded his will, his great talent, his enthusiasm, to the perfection and power of the older master. Like Toscanini, our significance in our sphere lies not so much in what we master as in what masters us.

Who has not been thrilled at the singing of the great radio tenor Richard Crooks? We listen with growing wonder at his display of volume and range and tone control. But most people do not know the story back of his consummate skill. It began when he was but twelve years old. He was known in his neighborhood for his beautiful voice long before he had the means for lessons. Then came that supreme moment in his life when the magic touch of encouragement set the fires of ambition burning within him. At a Trenton, New Jersey, festival, Madame Schumann-Heink heard him and exclaimed, "You have the voice of an angel!"

What mattered fatigue and dreary days of labor after that? What mattered his icehouse Job which required him to be at work at three in the morning to juggle big blocks of ice for distribution in the city? What did it matter that he had to skimp and bind about his wants so that he might have money for music lessons? What did it matter that only a few knew of his long, hard apprenticeship hours, of his slow rise to favor through serving as soloist in a New York church to become eventually tenor with the New York Symphony Orchestra. It is this kind of surrender, a commitment of one's best effort to the leadership of a stirring ideal that led one of our poets to write, "Is wise surrender crowns the king."

We can see, then, that surrender to the noblest aspirations within us or to the noblest leadership open to our choice is not a weak passiveness. The hands of Saint Paul as persecutor of the early church were stained with blood, but when his heart became impassioned with the Christian ideal those same hands

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penned that masterpiece of all his epistles, the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. He had learned the lesson of spiritual surrender to the best things within him and cried, "When I am weak, then am I strong." Love became his greatest master when the Master became his greatest love.

Surrender to evil propensities, native and acquired, to self-indulgence, to "weakling loves that fondly cling" - this is man's greatest folly. The spirit of "I'll do as I please regardless of what people say or think" is an open bid for failure. A stubborn will set against the moral code of God or against the accepted conventions of respectable society may seem to prosper for a season, but the greater the outward advancement on such a plan, the more devastating is the retreat that inevitably must follow.

Let us see how this principle of surrender actually works out in meeting the desperate problems that so often confront us. Usually we do not think of surrender until every resource of our own has been exhausted. And then the problem is to choose who or what shall be our master. If my best plans and highest hopes fail, to what shall I surrender? Shall it be to frustration with its impatience and bitterness? Shall it be to a false pride that seeks alibis for failure? Shall it be to self-pity and its emotional extravagances? No, indeed not, never to these, but rather should we submit to Christ and the compulsion of His love.

Samuel Shoemaker, rector of Calvary Episcopal Church, New York, in his stimulating little book *Living Your Life Today*, recommends five steps one must take who has reached the end of his resources. They are these: Face your problem with Christ, uplift it to Christ, commit it to Christ, release it to Christ, and leave it with Christ.

He tells of a young man who in making his decision to go into Christian service thereby offended his fiancée so that she broke their engagement. What greater emotional problem can affect youth than a severance of a happy romantic attachment? This fellow, like all others in similar cases, was wretched with grief and despair. He wished he might die. Then he remembered the five steps to take when in trouble, which are listed above.

So the first thing he did was to dry his tears and face the fact squarely that he had lost his sweetheart beyond recall. Tearing up the earth and resorting to every other sort of dramatics would only sap his energy and betray his Christian profession. Instead he took his trouble to God in prayer. With Christ he faced his sorrow. Here was courage. Then he uplifted his problem to the Savior. Here he found counsel. His next step was to relinquish his wisdom in the matter and seek the wisdom of Jesus. This was commitment and surrender. But to surrender and yet keep holding the strings in the matter is not true submission. So he decided to take his hands off the problem entirely. He subjected his will to the will of God. The shadows here began to lift from his mind. Finally he took up the thread of life again where it had been broken, and for the broken portion he merely trusted. He found peace of mind in believing that if God wanted him to do any more about it, the way would be opened.

Christ became real to that young fellow, and he confessed that he felt God so near he could reach out and touch Him. His life became a radiant witness from that hour. He became a strong tower and counselor for others who found their burdens too heavy for them.

When the great and noble General Robert E. Lee, of the Southern Confederacy in the Civil War, decided to surrender to Grant, he did it with consummate dignity. He knew many would criticize him for yielding the field to his conqueror, but he said he was concerned not as to what his contemporaries would say but as to whether history would prove he was right. And remembering the rags and tatters of his army and the desperate lack in every kind of resource for continuing the war, he decided surrender not only was right but was a heroic kind of wisdom.

"True living counts its passing days,  
Not by a globe's diameter,  
But by the drama spirit plays  
From London Town to ancient Ur.

"Love well thy pains! Achieve the phase  
Of dying which is life at spring;  
For if thy self thy self would raise,  
It is wise surrender crowns the king."  
FRANK C. HADDOCK.

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### 11. Faces of Truth

Somewhere I have read that John Mulholland is the only magician listed in Who's Who in America. To be renowned as a magician, one must be master of the art of illusion. Yet those who practice it say that it is rather a simple art. The chief consideration is to keep the audience baffled by emphasis upon movements that are of no consequence. When the people are watching the unnecessary movements of the performer, movements that are stressed purposely to hold their attention, the essential movement that does the trick is made deftly so as not to attract attention to itself.

Mulholland himself tells the story that after some years of public performance he felt he was not getting full response from his audiences. One day while rehearsing a trick before a mirror, he said, I know now what's the matter. It's my ears. They stick out too much. People have been watching them instead of me." His strategy was to let his hair grow luxuriantly over his ears, so that his head looked wider and his ears were scarcely noticeable. From that time on he received more and more appreciation. His crowds were watching his performance and not his ears.

The whole world is subject to illusions. Economic plans that benefit the few and straddle the many with unjust loads are tolerated because of arguments that have a deceptive front. Governmental schemes that are essentially evil flourish because millions of people are fooled with benign assurances. Religious cults become popular because they ignore the reality of sin and its inevitable harvest. These religious groups that seem to mushroom into prominence overnight gather adherents because in many cases they promise freedom from tension and fear at small cost, either materially or spiritually.

Yet be these things as they may, there remains the fact that many a reality is hidden under an illusion too. There are many kind and noble hearts, for instance, that are betrayed by homely and rugged faces. Often when one gets to know these people who are so unprepossessing at first glance, the original impression is obliterated in a warm and sincere love for them.

"Life is real, life is earnest" wrote Longfellow in his deservedly popular Psalm of Life, but the stubborn fact remains that in real life, no matter how earnest and lofty its goal, things are not always what they seem. That also applies to the so-called realism which treats only of the sordid and distressing aspects of life.

One time I was sent to hitch up the horse to the delivery wagon of the store in which I worked. The regular driver was ill, and although I had never hitched a horse before, I felt I should try. After what seemed an interminable time, I got the horse backed into the shafts and hooked up after a fashion. In fact, the whole harness assembly looked so good to me that I was a little exultant. But when I arrived at the store the owner came out, looked puzzled, and then said, "What's the matter with that horse?" I couldn't see a thing wrong with him, and said so. He walked slowly around the animal and wagon a time or two, and then threw up his hands. "Ach," he said, "you have his collar on upside down." I had fastened the collar as men do, under the horse's throat, instead of back of his mane. To say that it wasn't a perfect fit would be understatement. To my unpracticed eye, the horse and wagon were ready for business, but my boss saw differently. My humiliation in changing the collar there on the public street was part of my lesson. I learned it very well.

What do you see when you look into the face of things? Do you see the accidentals and the caricatures of truth, or do you see truth itself? Sometimes truth is hidden in the accidentals of a situation or problem, as it is in the case of the performance of a magician. Some forms of art are conceived on that plan. The object to be portrayed is not actually seen at all, but is only suggested by shadows. One of Jerome's great pieces of gospel art is painted in that way. The three crosses on Calvary do not appear at all; only their shadows are cast on the foreground of the picture by the light which seems to come from behind the beholder. You feel that the crosses are just as poignantly real as though they were in full view.

Perhaps you have heard the saying, in reference to some particularly unprepossessing face, "Only a mother would love a face like that." I rather like that saying, for it suggests that it takes a love and an idealism like that of a mother to see in the face of some of our realities the true beauties of life. How often truth and healing and understanding are hidden in some discipline that looks only painful and without any good purpose.

One cold January night I climbed into the tower of Angell Hall at the University of Michigan and asked the attendant whether I might look at the man in the moon. He smiled and assured me that it was an excellent evening for such an adventure. I climbed the first series of ladders, walked gingerly around on a catwalk, climbed again into a seat perched on another ladder, and after proper adjustments had been made

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by the attendant, looked into that great pointer of the skies, which was focused on that fairyland of imagination celebrated in song and story—the mountains of the moon. The attendant said—but I forget what he said - I was enthralled by the illusion of nearness that great scope made for me. Here was no man in the moon at all, but great craters, and mountain ranges, and fissures, and plains. That happy fancy of my boyhood that I could see a human face on the moon's silvery medallion was dissipated now, for I saw things pretty much as they were.

One time I wrote to the renowned editor of an American periodical protesting that the story he was running serially in his magazine was offensive to the adherents of the church to which I belong. The Bible assurance that Jesus will come again in visible form was made fun of in the story in question. He wrote in a very lofty and superior way in reply that “the fears for the human race which the church you represent holds as a matter of conviction seem to most of us illusory.”

How very true it is that the carnal mind cannot see the things of God because spiritual truth is spiritually discerned! Too many people, like this editor to whom I referred, can deal only with the things that are seen, yet said Paul, “The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.” Seeing the face of truth, then, often depends on insight and not on eyesight.

Do you merely look, or do you see? An American real estate man on his first visit to the Pyramids of Egypt made as his first observation, “They are certainly in a bad state of repair.” All the rich legend and human drama back of those great memorial piles was lost on him, for he was evaluating them in the light only of a practical modern mason. In his business decaying structures had no commercial value; hence, he had no eyes for any other aspect of truth than that producing financial gain.

A woman on a vacation tour visited the studio of the great artist Landseer. She pointed to one of his studio pictures and cried, “I have never seen a sunset like that!” “No,” smiled the artist, “but don't you wish you could?” The rude woman had no insight. She was like the candid camera fan today who sees truth only in untouched actualities. To look is not necessarily to see. Someone has observed that half the people of the world are wearing glasses, and the other half should be on their way to the oculist. But it takes imagination and feeling to see into the heart of things with an insight that reveals what no glasses could possibly reveal.

Truth may be seen as a great panorama, or it may be viewed microscopically. The microscope, however, sometimes turns us in aversion from what to the naked eye is perhaps lovely. A drop of water from what seems to be a pure fountain, when under the microscope, will reveal so many kinds of bacteria that our thirst for the moment fails. The telescope is likewise useful, but looking at things from its big end, we feel much superior to the things we see; they are so diminished. How easy it is to distort our vision, to change our viewpoint, and to misjudge reality!

An American who had newly acquired a fortune was making a tour of Europe. His culture was rather shallow, but he had heard that all cultured tourists visited the Louvre and its priceless treasures of art. He had about forty-five minutes to wait for his train, so decided he would “do” the Louvre. He entered the place and hastened from room to room, finally emerging with twenty minutes to spare. With a lofty toss of his hand he said to the important-looking attendant at the door, “Nothing but a lot of junk.” The offended doorman stiffened and cried, “Sir, these pictures have been viewed and appreciated by kings and queens. They are no longer on trial, but the public is.” That was the retort, courteous but well barbed. The great things of the spirit which men can perceive only by insight have been properly appraised in God's Word. To scoff at them does not detract from their value so much as from the character and intelligence of the scoffer.

There are moments in our experience when the face of truth is particularly illuminated. I saw it one day at an evensong service in a great cathedral. The sun was touching the rose window of the transept with golden streamers of light, filling the shadowy niches and corners of the interior with the soft glow of fading day. The Scripture portion and sermon were brief; the anthem was inspirational. Then the great organ broke into that ever joyous “Jesu, joy of Man's Desiring,” by Bach, and as the music of the beautiful organ filled the transept and chapel and nave with those lilting violins and flutes against the solemn diapason theme of God's suffering and love for man, my soul was transported to a world of spiritual reality that is timeless. The benediction was a ritualistic blessing, and then the white-vested choir began its recessional, singing the simple words and tune of Pleyel's hymn, which a half century ago thrilled my heart as a little boy in an ivy-covered chapel on the shores of southwest England. Through my tears at evensong I saw truth in the aspect of beautiful worship, for I had felt the Savior lifted up, and in keeping with His promise, “and I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me,” I felt the appeal of His Spirit.

There are those who will try to prove to you by evolutionary postulates that there is no God in the

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heavens. How then do we find Him in literature, in the canvases of great artists, in scores of noble oratorios, in imperishable statuary, in the frozen music of great architecture, in the church bells of Sabbath eve, in the trusting smiles of little children, in a mother's kiss and a father's sympathetic tear?

Would you test yourself on this matter of insight? If you can see the handiwork of God in a snowflake crystal as well as in the Pleiades. If you can distinguish between legitimate and foolish thrills. If you can find equal pleasure in quiet meditation with an uplifting book and in facing the bracing winter breeze on a ski slide; if you can evaluate other men's talents without envy while you criticize your own. If you can find worthwhile friendships among the underprivileged as well as among men and women of influence; if you can find humor in adversity and tragedy in frivolity; if you can see man as only a little lower than the angels, and Christ walking among men in the dust of the common road, then you are on the way to a clear revelation of Him who is invisible.

A little child just put to bed upstairs in the dark cried for the comfort of her mother, but the mother was busy with friends, and she assured the daughter that God was there in the darkness with her. The little girl replied with sincere pleading, "But, Mamma, I want somebody with a face." How typical that is of many adults! In the obscurity of earth's night they peer through the darkness for the face of truth. Some find it and are comforted, but oh, how many fail to find solace in the shadows, even though the Scriptures assure us God is "not far from everyone of us." Though we see through a glass darkly today, in Him there is promise of a clear morrow.

"Some day the plan divine, which now perplexes,  
Ah, let me see and kiss those hands, nail riveted,  
And I'll remember through the eternal ages,  
Thy life, dear Lord, for my poor life was given.  
To see Thy face! To see Thy face!  
Some day, not distant, Lord, I'll see Thy face!"  
-ETHEL HOSKING.

## 12. Beyond the Margin

One October night a few years ago the cage tenders of the East Colusa mine in Butte, Montana, signaled the surface engineer from the 2,200-foot level for ascent to the 1,600-foot station. The engineer, an experienced and competent man, manipulated the levers on the big twin-drum Nordberg engine, opened his compressed air throttle with a firm pull, and with a steady increase to full speed the three-deck cage with two cars of ore and the two cages rushed up the mine shaft.

Within seconds something happened. There was a loud snap in the engine room, and a piece of the mine cable flew past the engineer, narrowly missing his head. The engine became so accelerated that it was only presence of mind that brought it to a stop. Immediately the engineer saw what had occurred. The cable had parted on the engine drum, and the loaded cage had probably dropped to the mine sump 2,450 feet below. He gave the alarm and a wrecking crew boarded the idle cage in the other compartment of the shaft and slowly descended to estimate the damage.

When they arrived at the 2,400-foot level, a half mile of steel cable lay twisted into fantastic shapes all over the floor and up to the top of the station. With their carbide lanterns they descended the rest of the way, realizing that only tragedy awaited them at the bottom. When they reached the wreck of the cage, now collapsed into half its normal height, they saw the inert and broken bodies of Jerry and Big John hopelessly entangled with the twisted gratings and struts of the steel cages. Ten hours later, after acetylene torches had cut away the barriers, the shapeless forms of the two men were removed and carried to the surface. It was another chapter in the story of copper mining during World War I - a tragic episode.

But the point of the story for my purpose lies in that parted mine cable. An inch and a quarter thick, made by the American Steel and Wire Company, its breaking strain was a dead pull of fifty-six tons. Its maximum working tension was about half that. Seldom was there more than a ten-ton strain on it at any time. From every mathematical calculation, the cable was safe, for it had been used only eight months of its two-year utility guarantee. The miners and cage men rode up and down the shaft every day with a reasonable sense of security, for the margins of safety were all in their favor. What, then, was the matter?

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Investigators of the accident found that the cable when first hung in the shaft and wound around the engine drum was apparently flawless. There was no charge against the manufacturers. But in some inexplicable way, the steel wire rope had been wearing smooth as it slapped against the flange of the drum on its lap over to rethread when the cage stood at the 2,200-foot level of the mine. Over and over in that one spot there was extra wear that weakened the cable. On the night of the accident, with only two thirds of a normal load on the cage, the cable snapped at that point of strain and four tons of steel wire dropped into the shaft upon the cage that had crashed at the bottom.

Two nights later I was detailed to ride the new cage and the new cable down the shaft, so as to signal the engineer where to paint spots on the steel wire rope indicating the station levels. I did a lot of thinking about margins of safety that night, for I was alone in the shaft where my partners had dropped to their death, and on the morrow I would attend their funeral.

There are physical laws in the natural world that determine the limitations of action and reaction. The human heart has a normal beat, with considerable latitude below and above its seventy-two pulsations a minute. The temperature of the body, however, has a rather narrow margin of safety. A degree or two above normal, and we take to our beds. Five degrees above normal, and we become alarmed. Ten degrees above normal but before that the attending physician has nodded to the mortician.

Architects who plan great stadiums make careful calculations of the stress and strain on every supporting pillar and beam. In their specifications to the builders they allow for what is known as the "weight of enthusiasm." When the stadium is filled with its teeming multitudes, the ordinary tension of the materials takes care of them as they sit quietly awaiting the spectacle. But when a goal is scored, and the crowd rises to its feet as one man, yelling, cheering, jumping up and down, and vibrating with enthusiasm, the marginal safety must be carefully calculated and built in, or disaster would threaten every great public event held therein.

Society has established its margins too. The code of public behavior is observed by the majority of our citizens, for experience has taught them what the community accepts as standard conduct. In our free America there are wider margins of conduct open to our citizens than in any other country in the world. They are so wide that there is plenty of room for the expression of individuality. Yet there are limitations beyond which one cannot go and stay out of prison. The law of the land is liberal within certain boundaries, but outside its margins is where crime flourishes. The traffic rules, for instance, are reasonable, for they are made for the good of all, but signs along the road such as "STOP," "RAILROAD CROSSING," "SINGLE LANE ONLY" tell us what our traffic hazards are. To fail to heed these signs is to jump the margins and court disaster.

There are laws of the mind which operate within margins of safety likewise. Perhaps a concrete instance will suffice to teach the lesson here. Charles Darwin, who wrote the book *Origin of Species*, which became one of the standard works on the evolution hypothesis, was a devout religionist in his youth. He wrote early in life: "I liked the thought of being a country clergyman. Accordingly I read books on divinity. I did not then in the least doubt the strict and literal truth of every word in the Bible." Then came his invitation to join a scientific expedition, and during his five-year voyage on the ship *The Beagle* he lost his faith, his plans for the ministry died, and at thirty his higher esthetic tastes began to dwindle. His love for poetry, art, and music vanished. His mind had become a machine chiefly for grinding out general laws from a large collection of flora and fauna. He became unable to think except in the special field of his investigations and with the injury to his intellectual nature came also a fading of his emotional nature. It is one of the most dramatic collapses of a man's varied powers on record. Darwin failed to recognize that there is a fine balance in a man's personality factors. The intellectual and emotional natures were created to complement each other. To exercise only one to the exclusion of the other is to ignore the mental margins by which we live and achieve.

How many friendships have been severed because of violated confidences? How many families have been torn apart by a disregard of the margins of convention and propriety? How many lives have been sacrificed on gory battlefields because nations overstepped the diplomatic margins of good will? It is a tremendous piece of folly to suppose that one may stand with one foot on the brink of law and order, of decency and good will, and swing his other foot over the chasm of special privilege without hazard. Beyond life's clearly designed moral margins lie the perils of privilege.

In spiritual things there is a wide margin of safety within the compass of the moral law as set forth in the Decalogue-those ten commandments thundered from Mount Sinai. In Deuteronomy the twenty-eighth chapter there is a guarantee of happiness to all who keep these precepts of the Creator. Blessings are enumerated-blessings in the city and on the land; blessings in material possession, in herds and crops, in

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basket and store; blessings in influence and in spiritual preference among the nations. The only stipulation is that one stay within the moral and spiritual boundaries.

Let us look candidly at one of the Christian virtues and see what we mean by moral margins and perils of privilege. Take chastity for example. It is rather an absolute standard, is it not? It is absurd to speak of anyone's being almost chaste. A person is either chaste or unchaste. There is no twilight zone possible, else we have a contradiction of terms. But what are the perils to chastity? Where is the precipice over which many a youth falls from purity to immorality? Are kissing, petting, and familiarities with persons of the opposite sex within the margins of safety? If we could lift the blanket of shame that covers confession in such cases, we would hear a wail of regret from millions of unhappy youth who wish they had kept within the security of the seventh commandment.

Unchastity begins in the mind, as Jesus so clearly pointed out. Pure love begins with a respect for and an idealization of the one beloved. It seldom stems from an attraction initiated through unchaste physical intimacies. Begin a friendship with physical thrills, exploit the emotions by which life itself springs forth, and what is there left for what the church calls holy matrimony? It becomes only a legal ceremony, a ritualistic compact by which one may have claim upon the property of the other, but not upon the things he most desires-honest respect, admiring esteem, tender regard, and solicitous care. And if two people marry and do not have these latter, they do not in any sense have each other. Without true love they have at best only what they began with-physical thrill that often leads to thralldom.

Let us beware then the things we allow because "everybody's doing it." Be assured by Him who is holy and sees every secret thing, that the rewards are greater in the end to him who stays away from life's borderlines. Lot fled from Sodom, it is true; but he compromised when he went into Zoar by reasoning, Is it not a little city? (Genesis 19:20.) Likewise many a youth reasons concerning the privileges he takes with the opposite sex, "It is such a little thing that surely no harm can come from it." But eventually he is carried away from safe moorings in an overwhelming emotional tide.

The weakness in the East Colusa mine cable began with the seeming trivial slap upon the wire strands at one focal point. The cable lost its protective covering of tar at that point and became shiny. The shine was the danger signal. But no one gave heed, and a tragedy occurred. The weakness in your life and mine begins often times in the thrill that comes from an abuse of privilege. The experience "shines"-it's lots of fun. Who's afraid? And then some night the moral margins of safety having been invaded, restraint gives way, and our spiritual house crashes with sorrow and bitterness as the aftermath.

Beyond the margins set by God in His Word lie the perils of privilege.

## 13. Patterns for Power

Since Hiroshima, it is no secret that we live in an age of atomic power. It makes newspaper headlines. It fills scientific minds with mingled hope and fear-hope that this new-found force can be turned into increasing utilities to bless mankind; fear that unless controlled by rational thinking and planning it may become the scourge of civilization. Books and magazines roll from our presses with increasing volume, speculating on its great possibilities for both good and evil.

The miracle aspects of the advancing science of electronics strain the imagination of even the most credulous. Machines that do mathematical calculations with a hundred times the rapidity of the human mind are but an elementary example of the new electronic devices. Televisual telephones and memory cameras that reproduce past events at will are now projected. Chemistry, astronomy, physics, biology, and every other science have become new studies under this new release of power.

But one is struck with the very patent truth that man's spiritual powers have not kept pace with these increasing potentialities in the physical world. Men seem less competent today to find a solution for their human problems than ever before in history. And this appears true even in the problems that confront God's church. That "all power" which Jesus promised His followers seems sadly lacking, for spiritual feebleness makes slack the hands and faint the heart in many an enterprise that should challenge our spiritual enthusiasm.

"I sing the mighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise,

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That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies;  
I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at His command,  
And all the stars obey.”

Yes, we devoutly sing about the power of God yet limit the operation of that power in our daily lives. We limit God by letting our knowledge of His Word grow rusty, so that we are not able to give an answer for our faith when our beliefs are questioned. We limit the wonder workings of God in our experience by feebleness in prayer, and by letting the world’s work and its din crowd out the quiet hour. We limit the power of His gospel among men by keeping silent when we have opportunity to witness for Him. We limit the proclamation of peace to all peoples by our social insularity and our racial and religious prejudices. We limit His progressive revelation to us by our intellectual pride and our academic reasoning and scientific rationalizations. We limit Him by disobedience to the laws of health so that our energies fail in the midst of maturity. We limit the spread of His truth by hoarding our means or by spending it upon that which is good for neither body or soul.

The list tends to lengthen, and unless we are realists we raise our hands in protest and cry, “Oh, we are surely not so bad as all that!” Such a protest brings us to that greatest of all obstacles in experiencing the power of God-self-approval. Yet the picture is not one that cannot be touched up with the brilliance of the original Master Artist. We need but to go back to our primer of fundamentals. Its very first words are these: “In the beginning God.”

Here is where we must begin rethinking our problems. Here is where we must begin refurbishing our faith. Here is where we lay the foundations of our theology. Here is the genesis of a wholesome life philosophy. Here is the beginning of power. For without it there never could be a twenty-third psalm or an Isaiah 53 or a John 3:16. Without its wonderful assurance there never could have been any Christian hymns of obedience and trust, any forms of prayer, any church bells or steeples, any Moses or Elijah or Paul, and most desolating contemplation of all-never any Savior.

“Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you” -thus speaks the God of beginnings. James 4:8. As we follow that invitation we see wonders in His order, in His grace, and in His power. God’s pattern of power follows the law of spiritual dynamics. The formula is always the same. First there comes a great vision, then a great resolution, then a great consecration. Abraham followed it; Moses found eminence through it; Elijah startled Israel with its miraculous manifestation; Paul founded the church among the Gentiles by its formula. It works with unerring fulfillment of promise today.

Not only in the field of the spiritual does it work, as in the case of Dwight L. Moody, who in his evangelistic career said he had prayed individually with 750,000 people. Or as in the life of General William Booth, who founded the Salvation Army, which has probably reclaimed more human derelicts than any other movement in history, or again as in the case of Kagawa, who, with four chronic illnesses wasting his body, became a standard for Japanese Christianity. No, for in all effort dedicated to the benefit of humanity the principle of power is the same.

“I had only faith,” said Florence Nightingale. But the modern nursing profession today is a monument to that faith. I had but confidence,” said Madame Curie. But the scientific discoveries made possible through radium have justified that confidence. “My boy is not stupid,” said Edison’s mother when the lad was sent home from school as too dull to learn; I will teach him myself,” and the greatest electrical inventor of our modern era was given his inspiration. Vision, resolution, dedication-these are the paths to power.

Ordinarily we do not think of spiritual vision as being the genesis of the great public projects that bless humanity, yet who shall say it was not a quality of the spirit that made James J. Hill begin the building of a transcontinental railroad through a wilderness where practically no one lived. For it was his vision, his enthusiasm, that founded an empire. By spiritual resolution he turned forests and plains into a thousand El Dorados, and commanded all the gold and credit needed for the markets of Amsterdam and London, enabling millions of Americans to discover for themselves great bonanzas in the trackless Northwest.

When Jesus said plainly, “According to your faith he it unto you,” if we fail, it plainly is not the power that is lacking but the will to accomplish.

What wonders we see in God’s order and plan. It is revealed in the myriad aspects of nature. Each



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watermelon has an even number of stripes on the rind. The phenomenon never fails. Each ear of corn has an even number of rows. Each ear of wheat has an even number of grains, and all grain stalks count out their rows of grains in even numbers, How accurate Jesus was then, when He said that grain properly cast would bring forth thirty fold, sixty fold, and hundred fold harvests, all even in their proportions.

All flowers have their specified hour for blooming during the day, so that Linnaeus, the great botanist, said that if he had a conservatory where he could control the soil, the moisture, and the temperature, he could tell the time of day at any hour of the day by noting which blossoms were open and which closed. In his charming book *Through My Binoculars*, O. C. Durham, pollen expert of the Abbott Laboratories, points out that for some inexplicable reason God has ordained that the wedding of some grasses shall take place at two o'clock in the afternoon, and the cross-pollination of other varieties at two o'clock in the morning. With infinite patience he has watched both processes time and again. The question arises, If God can arrange these wonders in the natural world, can He not arrange the life that is entrusted to Him for the outworking of His plans?

The evangelist Sam Jones used to say that the mountains are God's thoughts piled up. The prairies are His thoughts spread out. The rivers are His thoughts in graceful motion. The flowers are His thoughts in lovely bloom, and the harvests are His thoughts in abundant provision for our sustenance. Jesus, His life, sufferings, and sacrificial death were His thoughts of love to humanity. Perhaps, too, the trials that beset the Christian pathway, the self-denials that make us weep, and the circumstances that fret our thinking are part of God's thoughts toward us that the pattern of our lives may be arranged according to His purpose. In His Word He assures us, "The thoughts that I think toward you" are "thoughts of peace, and not of evil." Jeremiah 29:11.

These thoughts of peace are expressed in unique ways. Perhaps it is only a whimsy, but someone has pointed out that there is no cap of bone to the joints of the finger, to the elbow joint, or to the shoulder joint, but on each knee has been placed a cushion cap of bone, suggesting perhaps that the God of our spiritual comfort is God of our physical comfort when we kneel before Him in prayer. Should it not induce us to pray, and pray, and pray yet again?

In olden time the length of the English yard was fixed by the length of the arm of King Henry I. And we are still apt to measure values by such a variable standard as the arm of flesh. But in the great crises of life a more dependable security is the mighty outstretched arm of God. "Cursed be the man that trusts in man, and makes flesh his arm," was the message Jeremiah received from God. Jeremiah 17:5. "For," He said, "he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good comes; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land not inhabited." Verse 6.

The desolate picture here painted of a desert shrub, dwarfed and stunted, is a perfect symbol of the life that has deserted God's patterns of power and has put its trust in the accomplishments of the flesh. These shrubs of the Eastern deserts-how forlorn they look in their bleak and cheerless habitat! No, they do not see when good comes, for the breath of spring which brings growth and fragrance to other plants leaves these desert roots without any apparent change. So he who has departed from God, and lives only in worldly confidence, derives no sense of blessing from God's gifts.

God's pattern of power produced Enoch, the seventh from Adam through Seth, and he walked with God until he was translated. Man's pattern of power produced Lamech, the seventh from Adam through Cain, and he was an adulterer. God's pattern of power was in Jacob's altar at Bethel. Man's pattern of power was in the tower at Babel. God's pattern of power was in Moses, who died to worldly honor in Midian, yet was resurrected from the top of Nebo. Man's pattern of power was in the Pharaohs, who enslaved God's people but who are now but numbered mummies in dusty museums. God's pattern of power produced the martyrs of the Roman arena. Man's pattern of power produced the Roman Pilate, the Roman Herod, and the Roman Caesar. God's pattern of power presented the world with a risen Savior. Man's pattern of power produced a thousand times ten thousand cities of the dead. How pertinent in view of all this is Isaiah's counsel, "Cease you from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." Isaiah 2:22.

God gives men power to exalt Christ in varied gifts. A Raphael exalts Him as a child in a Dresden gallery. A Rubens in an Antwerp cathedral hands him down from the cross to an astonished world. Enders, the Norwegian artist, reveals Him on an exquisite altar cloth in a little chapel away up in Molde, Norway, under the shadow of the midnight sun, as the light of Joseph's tomb. Thorvaldsen presents Him in his exquisite statue of Carrara marble as the crystal Christ of blessed human service. Handel brings an English king to his feet in Westminster Abbey with the climactic Hallelujah Chorus of his great oratorio. Blind Milton sees Him the triumphant protagonist over Satan in a paradise restored and gives England its sublimest poem. Yet just as endeared to the heavenly host is the human heart which has no great gifts or

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talents to reveal but yields itself as a submissive instrument in the sphere of its everyday influence.

Gypsy Smith once said that God has a special regard for the lost, the last, and the least, and He has a plan for each of them. Christ ate with the lost, associating with publicans and sinners. He chose His disciples from among the last stratum of society one would suppose He would choose. He put His hands upon the heads of little children and blessed them, His symbolic blessing upon the least. And those categories will take in every classification of mankind.

If we have a limp in our service or a blind spot in our vision; if our temper is too brittle, or our tongue too sharp; if self is too assertive, and our witness too feeble, let us remember that these are not God's patterns for us; they are fashioned by another spirit.

A colored man in the uniform of the Salvation Army visited the church at Nottingham, England, where William Booth was converted. He stood before the memorial where this friend of the friendless received his baptism of power. Then he dropped upon his knees and, raising his hands to heaven, cried, "M God, do it again!"

As we review the wonderful demonstration of God's Spirit in the lives of men who wholly gave themselves to God-patriarchs, prophets, apostles, saints-as we remember Pentecost and God's power in the church through the ages, is it not appropriate that we too pray most fervently, "O God, do it again, and make me an instrument of power for Thee"?

## 14. The Contagion of Friendship

"He who loves scholarship will make haste to double the books in his library. He who loves sweetness will double the sweetness of his melody. He who loves industry will strengthen his toil and lend it influence. He who loves friends will double their number and strengthen their affection."

Newell Dwight Hillis, who swayed his Brooklyn congregation for a generation with his eloquence and wisdom, was writing here about love's being the fulfilling of the law. To be a scholar, man must love knowledge. To be a philosopher, he must love wisdom. To be an astronomer, he must love the stars. To be a botanist, he must love the flowers. To be a saint, he must love God.

In the matter of friendship one "must show himself friendly," the wise man of the Bible declares. To love people is the fulfilling of the law in friendship. But such love is costly. It is not a passive virtue. It means more than feeling kindly toward your neighbor. Being a sociable fellow is its lowest common denominator.

Indeed, friendship is a militant passion, for in its noblest manifestation a passion it truly is. Read again the lives of David and Jonathan or of Ruth and Naomi for its rarest human example, and the story of Calvary for its most divine sacrifice. The greatest tribute to Jesus wrung from human lips was that He was "a friend of sinners." The last word He said to Judas was "friend." It welled up out of the active principle of love in His own heart, and was not meant as a rebuke to the baseness in the heart of His betrayer. For "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." John 13: 1.

Operating on the human level, friendship has been the spring of action in many a noble life. It is doubtful whether Turner would have attained any fame whatever as an artist if Ruskin had not been his friendly champion. Dorothy Wordsworth's relation to her brother William, was more than a family tie; it was a self-sacrificing friendship which obscured her own poetic talents that her brother's might shine the more brilliantly. Paul Laurence Dunbar ties the thought up in a neat little bundle of lines:

"Because you love me I have much achieved,  
Had you despised me then I must have failed,  
But since I knew you trusted and believed,  
I could not disappoint you and so prevailed."

The great John Bright of England loved his wife with a devotion that few women have known from their husbands. When she died, leaving him and his motherless little girl bereft, he was disconsolate. His closest friend, Richard Cobden, went to offer him his sympathy, but his words brought no comfort. Out of his grief-laden eyes Bright looked into his friend's face and said: "It has pleased the Almighty to take from me my beloved and cherished companion. Until she became mine I did not know that mortality could

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be the abode of so much that is pure and lovely. I am in the depths of grief and despair, for the sunshine of my life has been extinguished. I cannot carry on.”

In such a situation what could friendship do? Witness its dynamic operation in the relationship of these two men. Cobden straightened up, looked the great public benefactor in the eye, and said: “Your grief is sorrow to me also, but there are the Corn Laws. There are thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger because of laws that must be repealed. Come with me.”

And John Bright put aside his deep sorrow and threw himself valiantly against the abuses of the Corn Laws. At first he was little heard. Then he was joined by scores. Later the multitudes championed his crusade. Minorities in Parliament became majorities, and finally the victory was won. There were no more starving children because of selfish and stupid statutes.

Miles of mourners followed John Bright’s cortege when he died. They carried banners inscribed with tributes of the poor to his public spirit: I was an hungered, and you gave me meat,” I was naked, and you clothed me,” I was in prison, and you came unto me.” And all because John Bright had a friend who made him see that in the face of personal loss he must carry on.

You have seen many beautiful tributes to, and definitions of, friendship. The one I have long cherished as the one that speaks most to my own heart is this: “A friend is one who knows all about you and loves you just the same.” That was the kind of friendship Jesus had for men. He loved them for their potentialities without excusing them for their frailties.

But let us think up some definitions of our own. A friend is a photographer who softens the hard lines of your face and makes it beautiful in serenity and repose. He is a physician who assuages in you the pain of mediocrity and heals the wounds of social neglect. He is a banker who cashes your discounted virtues at their premium value. He is an attorney who pleads clemency for your blunders in the face of damaging evidence. He is a florist who weaves laurels of praise for your obscure deeds of valor and fashions nosegays of memory to brighten your darker moods. He is a chemist who transmutes bitter waters of defeat into an elixir of hope with the alchemy of encouragement. He is a policeman who arrests in mid-career the tongue of slander that sullies your reputation. He is an architect who sees in your unappropriated gifts and talents adequate materials for a noble structure of achievement.

Friendship laughs at the artificial barriers that men set up for the stratification of society. It can well do so, for friendship knows not the great gulfs fixed between wealth and poverty, between the scholar and the untutored, between master and slave. Thus we see Archibald Rutledge paying tender tribute to his lifelong companion of forty years, Prince Alston, plantation roustabout and friend extraordinary to his renowned employer, South Carolina’s great poet and philosopher-naturalist. One was a man of the schools, with great talents, the other a child of the mystic forest swamps, with unique and varied natural gifts. They were not equals in any sense, but they were kindred spirits. Greater than their difference in race, greater than their difference in formal culture, greater than their difference in material possessions was this bond of fellowship in the things of the spirit.

Robert Frost expressed it imperishably in his poem “Wending Wall.” He and his neighbor would get out to their dividing line after the hunters and hounds had broken down their hedge, and the work of repairing the wall would begin. His neighbor believed in walls of separation. “Good fences make good neighbors,” he said. But the poet saw the futility of it all. He couldn’t see what they were walling in or walling out. His own land was apple orchard; his neighbor’s land was pine. Certainly there was nothing to be gained in a stone barrier that emphasized ownership rather than friendship. The thought called forth that most-often-quoted line-

“Something there is that doesn’t love a wall,  
That wants it down!”

It is when two hearts beat with the same aspirations, with the same ecstasy at the beauty of a sunset, with love for the same fundamental principles of conduct, with mutual appreciation for the things that make life sweet, that walls of separation and distinction seem so absurd. No, friendship is a jumper of hurdles where walls are concerned.

How easily we classify people we don’t know as bad or good. We fashion for ourselves divine credentials and elevate our judgment to oracular discernment in dividing humanity into sheep hood and goat hood. And often our only dividing line is a wall of homemade suspicion or a thorny hedge of religious intolerance. What interesting discoveries about people who might prove to be inspiring friends are

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prevented by ancient moats of race prejudice or hastily erected mobile barriers of political disagreement.

On the other side of those stony walls of coldness and reserve lies the secret of how your neighbor has come to be what he is. We often ask ourselves what makes one man a drunkard and another man a saint, or how it came about that in this other man there is such a curious mixture of saint and sinner. The answer is on the other side of those fences erected by our social, religious, and political conventions. Break these down, or surmount them, or burrow under them, and we find to our surprise that people we didn't know very well are worthy of a confidence we should never have given them had we stayed in our own stockade of aloof self-approval. Then after we have broken bread with them, or suffered some defeat with them, or compared notes with them in the interpreter's house, we become their friendly champions and they ours.

The faculty of reaching out and touching one's neighbor where he really lives is one of the greatest of human achievements. The story of human salvage through friendship is a never-ending tale. The story of John B. Gough, the great temperance social worker of the last generation, is an inspiring one of God's grace. Gough was brought to a career of usefulness when one day Joel Stratton put his hand upon his friend's shoulder while he was sodden with liquor, and said, "Man, there is a better life for you than this." It awakened something heroic in Gough, and he arose to be a dynamic rescuer of men and women from dens of evil. But after his reformation he fell again, and one night when he was scheduled to lecture in a public temperance rally, he was found in his cups once more. This time it was a friendly bishop who went out into Gough's old familiar haunts and brought him home and restored him to a brokenhearted repentance. He never fell again.

In his *Adventures in Friendship*, David Grayson says that everyone is so full of humor, tragedy, hope, fear, and passionate human longing that all he needs to become whole again is a sympathetic listener, someone who will loose the floodgates that have dammed up the creative impulses that need expression in every life. Jesus saw the tenderness and virtue and beauty of character buried under the scarlet robe of the Magdalene, and with persuasive sympathy presented her to the world in the most sublime friendship on record in sacred or secular literature. Bobbie Burns was more seer than poet when he wrote:

"What's done we partly may compute, But know not what's resisted."

The coin of friendship is at everyone's hand. A nod and a smile, a lift in the car, a phone inquiry concerning one's health, the loan of a book, a birthday remembrance, a sharing of confidences, a card of congratulation, a spoken word of compliment or sympathy-how very accessible they are as tokens of mutual appreciation. They open gates of understanding and build stiles over many a stony hedge to the rare privileges of fellowship. Margaret Sangster expresses the tragedy of an unfriendly insularity in these lines:

"Ah woe for the word that is never said  
Till the ear is deaf to hear;  
And woe for the lack to the fainting head  
Of the ringing word of cheer.  
For baffling most in this weary world  
With its tangles small and great,  
Is that bitterest grief too deep for tears,  
Of the help that comes too late."

Inspired by the wonderful symbol of friendship given to us in the cross of Calvary, I like to think of other symbols that partake of its spirit. Among these to me there is no nobler example than that great art masterpiece by Durer called *Praying Hands*.

In his struggle to competency in the art world Durer had the experience in common with many a genius, a wrestle with poverty during the days of his training. But Durer had a young artist friend who proposed that they live together and pool their expenses. The plan still proved insufficient, and it was proposed that one of them should earn the living while the other attended art classes. Durer wanted to be the first to work, but the other man, being older, insisted on assuming the burden. Accordingly he worked in a restaurant at menial tasks for long hours, and accepted any other odd jobs that came his way.

At last the day came when Durer sold his first wood carving. It was his turn now to earn the living while his friend attended classes. But something had happened in those hard days of toil, so that his friend's hands could no longer manipulate the brushes and the palette. His fingers were twisted, his joints enlarged,

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and his muscles unresponsive to his will. It was quite apparent that in his struggle for existence for himself and his friend he had forever sacrificed his artistic skill.

Durer was filled with a deep sorrow over the matter. One day he returned rather unexpectedly to their room, and found his older friend on his knees, his knotted hands folded in prayer. I will show the world my gratitude by painting those hands," he thought to himself. Thus it was that this notable canvas came into favor. Those praying hands have ever since been to me a noble symbol of the deepest meaning of friendship, for said the Master Artist of life's colorful drama, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

For myself I would pay tribute to those friends of mine through the years who have made me ashamed of my ignoble and ungenerous acts, to those who have taught me the wonder of fellowship and the nobility of human tolerance, to those who have cheered me on to new exploits when worthy plans failed, to those who have stirred my humility by praising my small successes, to those who have goaded me to new ambitions through constructive and kindly criticism, to those who have helped me keep my pride in my work and in my family honor, to those who have challenged my spiritual nature with heroic disciplines, and to those who have encouraged me in the shining path of hope and courage and a living faith in God's eternal verities. Friendship is contagious. Has it taken hold in your heart and experience?

## 15. To Bleed Awhile and Fight Again

Two hours before, I had sauntered into the dingy little secondhand bookshop in one of the side streets of the Loop. Depressed and heavyhearted at the thought of a great personal defeat I had just sustained to one of my life's ambitions, I wandered rather aimlessly among the counters stacked high with bargains in books. At one of the tables I tumbled over dusty volume after volume, glancing briefly at titles, flipping the pages of some that looked more promising, and browsing in others that mildly interested me. The shadows had already grown deeper in the canyon of the street that cowered under Chicago's skyscrapers, and I decided I had almost outstayed my welcome. But just then I picked up a thin little paper covered volume entitled *Courage* and began to read. Soon my roving eye caught the lines of an old ballad, and two of its phrases gave me such a mental lift that I bought the book and was happy with my bargain.

Isn't it remarkable how inspiration has a way of arising sometimes out of the most unpromising places? My hands were soiled from handling so many dusty tomes, my brow was perspiring from the close and stuffy little shop, but my spirit was soaring somewhere in the blue above the bustle of State Street. For in James M. Barrie's little volume I had found the formula for new resolves and increased effort. The book was a transcript of a rectoral address Barrie had given years before at St. Andrew's University in Scotland. The rectoral line of St. Andrew's has been distinguished for generations, but the annual address is usually supposed to add more honor to the speaker than inspiration to the heckling students. Here Barrie was, however, vocal again after many years.

You will want to read the ballad stanza that induced me to make my purchase, and I present it herewith.

"Fight on, my men, said Sir Andrew Barton, I am somewhat hurt, but am not slain,  
I'll lie me down and bleed awhile, And then I'll rise and fight again."

To bleed awhile and fight again—here is the formula for all the sublime victories of the soul in every age. It is compounded of those free things of the spirit that never perish. It is the herald of tomorrow's triumph, no matter how desolating today's defeat. It is a challenge to fear and to every other bogey of the mind that makes man lay down his arms even before he has begun to fight.

The battles of life are lost or won in our minds, for it is the decisions we muster that make or mar achievement, that call for resolute advance or cowering retreat, that lead to spiritual eminence or the valley of despair. "At Arcole," said Napoleon, "I won the battle with twenty-five horsemen. I seized a moment of lassitude, gave every man a trumpet, and gained the day with this handful. Two armies are two bodies which meet and endeavor to frighten each other: a moment of panic occurs, and that moment must be turned to advantage. Every moment lost gives opportunity for misfortune."

I boarded my train at the Illinois Central station, and soon we were speeding through the night.

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Chicago's kaleidoscopic South Side flashed by, but I was engrossed with some new definitions of the splendor of God. Yet they were not new, but as old as God's Word itself, for still in this twentieth century, "If any man will do his will, he shall know." And what a multitude of good things there are to know when a man's will is ranged on the side of God and His purposes in human life.

Barrie, the man who said his business was playing hide-and-seek with angels, was speaking to my heart. "You must excuse me," he said, "if I talk a good deal about courage today. There is nothing else much worth speaking about to undergraduates or graduates or to white-haired men or women. It is the lovely virtue-the rib of Himself that God sent down to His children."

I closed my book and meditated upon the choice of Wilfred Grenfell, who, a half century or more ago, at the height of his academic brilliance, when his classmates were predicting for him prominence in the field of surgery, turned his back upon the calcium lights of London's hospitals in order to serve the poverty-bitten peoples of Labrador. This too must have been what Barrie was talking about-the courage to make heroic decisions at the risk of losing almost certain advantages. I must be about my Father's business," said Jesus.

The lights of populous suburbs were streaking by in the darkening even glow as I finished my stimulating little volume. The author was saying: "In bidding you good by, my last words must be of the lovely virtue. Courage, my children, and greet the unseen with a cheer." I recognized, as you will, the optimistic philosophy of Browning's epilogue to Asolando in that concluding phrase:

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, Sleep to wake!"

To "bleed awhile and fight again!" The velvet blanket of the summer night had fallen, and the Twilight Limited roared its way through the railroad yards of one of the great steel centers of America. In the distance yellow glares of reflection from the blast furnaces gave assurance of busy industry, cheerful reminder of God's pledge to labor: "In the sweat of thy face shall thou eat bread." Reminder too it was that the path of victory is the way of struggle, and the highway of achievement is the thorny path of toil. And yet some speak of the tyranny of labor, catch phrase of the superficial mind, and a mental decoy to the youth today who thinks the world owes him a living. He who associates moral earnestness and spiritual stamina and an honest day's toil with the horse-and-buggy age shows himself thereby woefully behind the times. For perspiration is still the handmaiden to inspiration and genius.

David V. Bush, in his popular volume *Spunk*, tells the story of Major Lynn Adams, one-time head of the Pennsylvania Constabulary, as an example of physical courage. In the first world war his bravery and fearless conduct, combined with right good sense, had promoted him from private to major before he was mustered out of service. He joined the Pennsylvania State Police as a private and within a year was head of the organization. He was always facing forward. He never turned his back on fear. Single handed he had captured desperadoes singly and in groups. One time when running down a gunman he was shot above the heart. Bleeding profusely, he stuffed his handkerchief in the wound and made his way to a doctor's office. The physician was not there. When he took the handkerchief out of the hole in his chest, the blood shot out in a frightening flood. The office nurse fainted, and Adams had to plug the wound until he could revive her. He survived to tell the tale, and it is a graphic portrayal of what fearlessness will do in surmounting handicaps, whether inherited or accidental.

Yes, for Adams went into the United States Army a private and came out a major, and that without the benefit of a West Point commission, a rather unheard-of accomplishment. But how many Christians today go into the army of their great Leader as majors and because of fear and timidity and indecisiveness soon are content to rate as only common privates. God gives us a commission as soon as we profess Christ's name. "You are my witnesses," He says, and that amounts to the privilege of wearing the stars of a field general if we conduct ourselves aright. Isn't it a rather timorous sort of psychology to sing:

"Surely the Captain will remember me,  
Though but a standard-bearer I may be."

We may be only ensigns and standard-bearers now, and that is no dishonor, but to be content with no higher aspiration than an honorable discharge at the end of the conflict is hardly the ideal of a good

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soldier of the cross. Oak-leaf clusters are given for outstanding deeds of valor and not for passive roles in routine duty. A pat on the head by the field marshal is undoubtedly the thrill of a lifetime, as my youngest brother reported when General Pershing called him out of line one day in a review of the troops in France and commended him when he found he was an enlisted man. Though Ed was up in a captive reconnaissance balloon several times after that, he said his spirits were never higher than that day on the parade ground. And service for God brings great moments like that too; only they should urge us forward to new spiritual exploits.

It is true that there is a kind of courage that belongs to patient waiting, for one may bleed in soul as well as in body. Sometimes there comes a complete upset of all one's plans, which requires unusual spiritual fortitude. Moses in his forty years of obscurity after being a favorite in Pharaoh's palace knew what it meant for pride to bleed as he humbled himself before God. Paul, in his three years of Arabian solitude, knew it too. And so did Bunyan, imprisoned for twelve years in Bedford jail. I never cease to be inspired with the story of Frances Ridley Havergal, who waited through nine years of wasting illness before she could produce her Ministry of Song, the hymns of which have blessed thousands with their spiritual uplift.

Yet the supreme type of courage is that which throttles the tyranny of those destructive forces that threaten to engulf the life and erase one's influence for good. More to be feared than dictatorships, more to be dreaded than the infiltration of subversive elements into our society, sinister and evil though that is admitted to be, more to be apprehended than foreign invasion, is the tyranny of lust, unbridled emotions, and moral decadence in the individual life. What a barricade to spiritual progress they make-these deputies of social enslavement! Fashion, daughter of vain pride and mother of social snobbishness-what moral fortitude it takes to combat that in some hearts! Amusement, despoiler of meditation, devotion, and true culture; liquor, enemy of chastity and virtue; cigarettes, seducer of clean boyhood and charming girlhood-against these allies of evil we must take resolute stand. And though temporarily overcome by any one of them, we must learn the courage it takes to "rise and fight again."

To use a phrase of William Allen White, "Cheap calls unto cheap" in modern art, morals, and social practices. Sometimes there is an infiltration of the cheap and unworthy if not the unholy, even into religious promotion and practice. Tinsel crowns are given for trivial achievements, and bargains in laurels abound on every hand. The milky way of stardom from Radio City to Hollywood counts its satellites by the scores. Vogues in exhibitionism vary from the vulgarity of the fan dancer to the silly stupidity of the chimney sitter. Despoilers of the Bible are having their day, reaching their ultimate in irreverence in a modern slang version of the Scriptures while public acclaim is given the man who spent thirty years of his life producing it. What possible appeal can such tawdry ideals have for the youth who has caught a vision of the splendor of God and of his eternal plans? How much have we bled for our holy ideals?

This battle against the world must be carried on from within the citadel of the soul. Satan lays siege to the very gates of the heart life of a youth who confesses Christ. Sometimes the crossfire is fearfully close. The outer walls of pride are scaled by the enemy, the spiritual wardens at the roadway gates fly to the inward keep, demon foes of temptation swim the moat, and battering rams of elemental forces beat at the inner portals of the soul. Then it is that, bleeding but courageous, we stretch our gaze to the cross that gleams afar, and gather strength to "fight again."

My train was gliding now through the fruit orchards of southern Michigan, but the fragrance of the heavily laden boughs was shut out by the scientific air-conditioning of my coach, an interesting comment on what price we sometimes pay for dubious comfort. It was almost time for me to detrain, but as I thought of the book I had been reading and of its inspiration to greater faith and nobler effort I found myself repeating the words of that challenging song of Arthur Salmon in "O World Invisible":

"The outworks all are taken And the purlieu passed;  
But the keep remains unshaken The gate is fast."

I see them from the casement, The trampling foe;  
But this last wall's abasement  
They shall not know."

"Grief, hunger, madness, weeping, Prevail without;  
A central peace is keeping The last redoubt."

## Who Waits In Faith

Young people who have experienced that “central peace” will not be afraid to bleed by their standards for their ideals. They will be able to face triumphantly every problem confronting them, from the social loneliness of the small-town church to the glittering lures of metropolitan centers, from questions of employment and church affiliation to problems of marriage and social conduct. For however we may have failed in our tussle with life Christ can bind up our bleeding wounds and with the sword of His Spirit we can fight again.

The hour glass of human history will be turned but a few times more before the consummation of the conflict of the ages as outlined in divine revelation. But confidence in that fact need be no cause for gloom. The glorious dawning promised to those who keep pace with God’s leading should be a spur to cherish more deeply the virtues of true living set forth in these random glimpses of the things that provide life’s deepest satisfactions.

The easy chair may beckon to quiet retirement and a yielding of one’s place to more aggressive forces, but no one ever left footprints on the sands of time while wearing carpet slippers, and that should be a reminder that as long as time is a talent it is too soon to quit.

The east wind of circumstance may drive you often from your course. The tide may go out sometimes and leave you stranded. You may mistake lesser beacons for the great Bishop Light that marks the main channel, but in every dark discouragement that challenges progress, cast out the anchors of faith and wait for the day. And when it comes, as it always must, you will find the faces of truth and God’s path through the sea of trouble.

To wait in faith, to choose the right road in every controversy, to be friendly to the socially underprivileged and helpful to the spiritually forlorn, to recognize true values from sham substitutes, to face reality with heroism and fortitude, to stay within the margins of moral conduct, to keep in touch with heaven and Christ’s promised power, to guard your influence and be loyal to every private and public responsibility this is Christian valor in a modern tempo. This is successful living on the plateau of spiritual idealism.