



THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS

WILLIAM
PETER
KING

How to achieve happiness through
attitudes toward one's work, one's
fellow men, and one's God

THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS

William P. King

This volume tells how to achieve happiness through the simple things of life and through attitudes toward one's work, one's fellow men, and one's God. It emphasizes a homespun, down-to-earth philosophy which may be applied to anyone's daily living.

It was written by a man who has attained happiness, and sets forth the author's philosophy of how happiness may be found by anyone in his daily life. Serious things are treated with a lightness arising out of true faith, are clarified and made vivid through apt illustration and anecdote.

This volume will be welcomed by all whose lives have fallen beneath a shadow, and whose nerves are taut and frayed. It offers a proved method for achieving and maintaining a happy life.

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By
WILLIAM P. KING, 1891



ABINGDON-COKESBURY PRESS
New York • Nashville

THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS

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To
George Harris
Ruskin
Julia
Howard
Ferne

Who Have Gladdened the Hearts of
Mother and Father



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FOREWORD

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.—*Prov. 17:22*

It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad.—*Luke 15:32*

Cast thy burden upon the Lord.—*Ps. 55:22*

Let all your anxieties fall upon him.—*I Pet. 5:7* (Moffatt)

Do not be troubled.—*Matt. 6:31* (Moffatt)

Never be anxious.—*Phil. 4:6* (Moffatt)

He hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, . . . to comfort all that mourn, . . . to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.—*Isa. 61:1-3*

If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.—*John 13:17*

A distinction has been frequently made between "happiness" as dependent on outward circumstances and "blessedness" and "joy" as the indestructible qualities of the inner spirit. It is held that the etymology of "happiness" indicates that which happens to a person. However, the scriptural language does not make this distinction, and the words have a similar meaning of not being conditioned by externalities. The term "happiness" is used in this volume in its highest significance. The word "pleasure" is sometimes employed as synonymous with "happiness" or "blessedness" or "joy," but it more strictly indicates physical gratifications. When rightly understood the declaration of John Stuart Mill is verified in human experience: "Actions are right in proportion as they tend to produce happiness, wrong as they tend to produce the reverse of happiness."

The search for happiness is a universal quest. In many mistaken ways the multitudes pursue a false trail in seeking satisfaction. One prevalent error is that happiness may be found by a direct pursuit. Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote: "Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wild-goose chase, and is never attained."

According to a proverb, "The eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth." Happiness is never far from us; nor is there any need to take a journey in search of it. A man discovered a map with most intricate directions for finding a great treasure, and made a lifelong search, only to find when his life was spent that the final routing led him into his own back yard.

Happiness is as close to us as our duty, the by-product of duty performed. Happiness and duty are inseparably linked. Duty not only results in happiness, but it is our duty to be happy. We should repent of our gloom. The admonition of Jesus is, "Be of good cheer."

Certain theological notions have created a general suspicion of happiness, with the idea that it is evil in itself. The Beatitudes of Jesus and the Sermon on the Mount evidently intend that we should be happy. Happiness ministers to health, helps us to do better work, creates friendships, and affords evidence of our faith in God.

In contrast, we have the wail of pessimism. History and literature abound in lamentations over the misery of men. Solon was one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, but the final conclusion of his wisdom was, "No mortal man is truly blessed; but all are wretched whom the sun looks down upon." Simonides laments: "Few and evil are the days of our lives; but everlasting is the sleep which we must sleep beneath the earth."

Job sighed in the midst of his misery, "Man that is

born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble."

The author of the book of Ecclesiastes looked about and declared: "All was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

Goethe, in his old age, said: "I have ever been considered one of Fortune's chief favorites; nor can I complain of the course which my life has taken. Yet, truly, there has been nothing but toil and care; and in my seventy-fifth year I may say that I have never had four weeks of genuine pleasure."

According to Voltaire men are "tormented atoms in a bed of mud, devoured by death, a mockery of fate. This world, this theater of pride and wrong, swarms with sick fools, who talk of happiness." Schopenhauer sounded the pessimistic note, "Life is a misfortune, and none but the dead are happy."

A psychologist estimates that one fourth of the people have more misery than joy and that one out of every seven has to struggle at least occasionally against the impulse to commit suicide. It is my earnest desire to minimize in some measure the sum of human misery. Free use has been made of the ideas of a number of writers. Originality may be defined as undetected plagiarism. This is doubtless a plagiarism, and I am sure the following lines are:

He writes best, who steals the most
Ideas both great and small;
For the great mind who wrote them first
From nature stole them all.

If this volume should add something to the sum total of human happiness, I will be richly rewarded. I trust that the very solemn reader will not be repelled by the frequent light touches.

Outside the door at the cathedral at Chester, England, is the prayer:

Give me a sense of humour, Lord,
Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some pleasure out of life,
And pass it on to other folk.

The bow that is always stretched loses its elasticity. We have the incident of a woman who got nervous prostration because at her church they always sang, "Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve."

A scientist after discovering that cheerful people resist disease better than glum ones remarked, "The surly bird catches the germ."

In Part Two on "The Foes of Happiness" chapters could have been added on "Physical Ailments" and "An Evil Temper." But these two factors of unhappiness are easily obvious, and only brief references are made.

In Part Three on "The Conditions of Happiness," if space had allowed, we could have included chapters on "Conforming Our Wants to Our Needs" and "Faith in the Fatherly Love of God." Both of these factors, however, are recognized throughout the volume. It will be readily seen that no effort is made to have the chapters of uniform length.

I am deeply indebted to Dr. Curtis B. Haley for reading the manuscript and making valuable criticisms and suggestions.

W. P. K.

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PART ONE

THE WRONG TRAIL



CHAPTER I

FAME, WEALTH, PLEASURE, POWER, KNOWLEDGE

The search for happiness is universal, but many have followed false paths in their search. Let us expose first the principal misleading trails.

SEEKING FAME

The supposition is made that with the achievement of fame comes contentment. How fleeting is fame in the light of the passing centuries. It is regarded as a distinction to be listed in *Who's Who* or to be a Phi Beta Kappa. How few of those names will survive for a century! I suspect my readers would have difficulty in naming all the presidents of the United States.

Those who are leading editors, authors, educators, and scientists in a century will drop into obscurity. Our little earthly distinctions soon vanish. If as a preacher you have won the long-sought-for D.D., it may stand for Dead Duck or Dignified Dullness. If you are inclined to grow dizzy over some dazzling position, just think of the fact that the college presidents, bishops, city pastors, mayors, governors, congressmen, senators, military officials, and financial magnates of today will in less than a century be consigned to oblivion. In the United States we average about one really distinguished man to every half million people. This would give us today something like two hundred

distinguished people. Then as you consider the lapse of time, not more than two or three of these will stand the test of the passing of centuries. "Surely every man walketh in a vain show." The estimate is that sixty billion people have lived on our earth since the dawn of history. How few of these have perpetuated their names. "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Henry Watterson of Kentucky was assigned by a writer in the *New York Times* a secure and abiding renown. Watterson wrote to a correspondent: "I am a poet myself, my son. Did you never read my great epic on fame? I completed only one verse, which reads as follows:

A mound a little higher graded—
Perhaps upon a stone a chiseled name,
A dab of printer's ink soon blurred and faded,
And then oblivion—that, that is fame."

Fame is fickle and transient. Following his famous flight, Charles Lindbergh within thirty days received 3,500,000 letters, 100,000 telegrams, and 14,000 packages. Eight men were detailed to sort the Lindbergh mail. In Washington one entire bus was filled with telegrams; three mail trucks were stuffed with letters. Ten one-ton delivery wagons were scarcely sufficient for the packages. Large amounts were offered him by motion picture producers. Five thousand poems were dedicated to "the conqueror of the air." In the course of events Lindbergh gave warning of how thorough was the preparation of Germany for war. He was accused of being pro-German. A woman remarked that she knew he was a German because his name sounded like "Limburger." He expressed his honest but unpopular notions about the entrance of the United States into war. Agitation reached a high pitch in Atlanta, Georgia, over changing the name of Lindbergh Street. A

newspaper reporter observed that in the lobby of a hotel Lindbergh received little notice.

You had better not pin your happiness to the praise of man, "whose breath is in his nostrils." It is entirely legitimate to bring yourself into public recognition. We are not to be too backward about going forward, but we are to avoid a feverish form of self-promotion. You doubtless have a valuable contribution to make to the public; but, if you are debarred, you can regret only that the public is deprived of the gems of wisdom which you could have given. Do not pity yourself; pity the stupidity of the public which has not given you due recognition. Your satisfaction in life is not to be found in the recognition of the public.

The great spirits of the world have never sought fame. It has always come unsought and sometimes unwelcome. The master passion of eminent religious personalities was to perform the mission to which they were called.

The great scientists have not been concerned with fame. The joy of achievement that comes from finding something new in the universe is by far their greatest joy. A great research scientist is constantly discovering new things in his field. This is his reward. He knows how to spend long years in preparation and long hours in investigation with no thought of public honors.

It requires a modest disposition to say that if nobody hears of my name, I will not go about blowing my own horn. There is the legitimate desire for the good opinion of our fellow men, but a mania for publicity is as unsatisfying as drinking salt water. According to Mark Twain, "Fame is a vapor, popularity is an accident, and the only earthly certainty is oblivion." In vain we seek to write our name with indelible ink on the pages of history. You can find your consolation in the absence of a transient

fame. It saves you from being interrupted in your rest and work by being called upon for after-dinner speeches.

SEEKING WEALTH

Seeking wealth might well be recommended as an objective for Mammon, but life proves its falseness.

A writer says:

One day I was called to the home of a very wealthy woman. All I knew about her was her name, address, and that she was very miserable. It was a gorgeous home and while I sat waiting for her I was entranced by the costly tapestries and paintings on the walls. . . . When she entered I said, "It must be a great joy to live here, for God has surely been good to you." A whimsical smile, full of sadness, came over her face. She . . . said, "I would take my life in a moment but for the annoyance it might give my friends. I am fed up with life. It is too much for me. Is there some place I can go or someone to whom I may turn for just one day of peace?"

A Wall Street man included in his last will and testament, actually offered for probate in the state of New York, the following excerpt:

To my wife, I leave her lover and the knowledge that I wasn't the fool she thought I was. To my son, I leave the pleasure of earning a living. For thirty-five years he has thought that the pleasure was all mine. He was mistaken. To my daughter, I leave \$100,000. She will need it. The only good piece of business her husband ever did was to marry her. To my valet, I leave the clothes he has been stealing from me regularly for the last ten years. Also my fur coat that he wore last winter when I was in Palm Beach. To my chauffeur, I leave my cars. He has almost ruined them, and I want him to have the satisfaction of finishing the job.

Riches have no promise of permanency. In the finan-

cial debacle of 1929 the promised security turned out to be illusory. "Riches certainly make themselves wings." But even if permanence could be guaranteed to wealth, it utterly fails in producing happiness. In most instances the man reaches the close of his career with high blood pressure and a large stack of disquieting memories, and leaves his millions to soft-handed heirs, who waste life in unearned luxuries.

Jesus said unto them:

Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in abundance of the things which he possesseth. And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?

"Miser" and "misery" are from the same root word. A tourist was walking through an old country churchyard in England, when he discovered, almost hidden by the ivy, a plain slab of stone bearing this epitaph:

Here lies a miser who lived for himself,
And cared for nothing but gathering pelf.
Now, where he is or how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares.

The same tourist later visited St. Paul's Cathedral and observed a plain but massive statue, beneath which was the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of General Charles

George Gordon, who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, and his heart to God."

Jesus warns of the "deceitfulness of riches." Riches deceive both those who have and those who have not. Wealth promises a satisfaction which it cannot give. I do not call attention to this deceitfulness through envy of the rich or as a matter of sour grapes. The indisputable fact of human life and experience is that the love of money is a perilous snare of the soul. In 1932 seventy-nine millionaires committed suicide. Men of wealth had failed to find in their wealth the happiness their souls craved. Possibly their minds were unbalanced; but, in any case, great wealth had not bought happiness. The majority of people who have taken their lives as the way out have been men and women who had been accustomed to plenty and whose resources had not been swept away.

Yet all about us are men and women who are striving with feverish haste to accumulate some degree of wealth in the belief that wealth will bring happiness. So certain are they of this that they are prepared to defy the laws of God in order to attain the coveted boon.

Carlyle puts the sarcastic question: "Will the whole Finance Ministers and Upholsterers and Confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint-stock company, to make one Shoebblack happy?"

A college student who had the misfortune of having overindulgent parents said: "Well, you know I have always got what I wanted; and now I find that, when I get it, I don't want it." The search for happiness in externalities is as hopeless as the predicament of the man who lost his glasses. When his neighbor asked what was the matter, he answered: "I lost my spectacles, and now I cannot start searching for them until I have found them."

If one observes the people who are happy and those who are unhappy, it will be evident that those with, and those without, material advantages are found in both groups. Salaries, comforts, and pleasures are quite desirable, and are the sources of opportunity. They are not a guarantee of happiness.

Not money, but the love of money, is a root of all evil. It becomes a root of all evil when it is made an end in itself. Avarice is the sin that holds on until death. It thrives on old age, and men want more money for the journey of life when less of the journey remains. The love of money gets an increasing hold on its possessor and dries up the springs of generosity. It dulls both the social and the spiritual insight and becomes increasingly self-centered. No sin except hypocrisy is rebuked by Jesus with such withering invectives as selfish wealth.

SEEKING PLEASURE

Trying to be happy by means of jazz is like trying to make a meal out of pickles and pepper. Disillusionment and disappointment follow in the wake of this false trail.

The news was blazoned out in New York papers in the summer of 1931 that Ralph Barton, a gifted caricaturist, had taken his own life. In a letter written for the public, Barton told of the life that he had lived:

I have run from wife to wife, from house to house, and from country to country, in a ridiculous effort to escape from myself. In so doing, I am very much afraid that I have brought a great deal of unhappiness to those who have loved me. . . . No one thing is responsible for this suicide, and no one person except myself. . . . I did it because I am fed up with inventing devices for getting through twenty-four hours a day.

In a feverish chase for pleasure, people find themselves farther away from the end of their pursuit. The society woman came anxiously to her physician crying: "Doctor, I want you to help me; I'm all run down." After an examination the doctor replied: "No, you are not all run down; the trouble is you are all wound up."

George Jean Nathan, a confirmed cynic, gives expression to the false philosophy of life:

To me, pleasure and my own personal happiness are all I deem worth a hoot. The happiness and welfare of mankind are not my profession; I am perfectly willing to leave them to the care of the professional missionaries of one sort or another; I have all that I can do to look out for my own happiness and welfare.

Nathan, with his earth-bound sense, is an apt illustration of "The Tame Old Duck." The old duck had the advantage over Nathan in that it did have faint aspirations left for the upper sky. An apt description is given in a poem by Kenneth C. Kaufman:

I think my soul is a tame old duck,
Dabbling around in barnyard muck,
Fat and lazy with useless wings,
But sometimes when the North wind sings,
And the wild ones hurtle overhead,
It remembers something lost and dead,
And cocks a wary, bewildered eye,
And makes a feeble attempt to fly.
It's fairly content with the state it's in,
But it isn't the duck it might have been.¹

At last the fleshpots become empty, and the seekers of mere sensual satisfaction grope among the tombstones of dead passions. The pleasure seeker exhausts every sensation and becomes satiated and nauseated. It was said of a

young millionaire who after a career of dissipation took his own life: "He died of old age in his youth."

The pleasure seekers who make sensual pleasures ends in themselves are doomed to unhappiness. The selfish sensualist is haunted by a vision of the good which he might have achieved. His only comfort is to persuade himself that he is not totally evil. He derives a slight spark of satisfaction in the realization that he has not broken all of the commandments. The story is told that an army chaplain preached a forceful sermon on the Ten Commandments. One private, who was left in a serious mood, in a little while brightened up and consoled himself: "Anyway I never made a graven image."

A man may be bankrupt in morals with scarcely a single virtue left, but he will constantly reiterate that he is not as bad as someone else and that there are certain evils which he would not do. This is to say that a man's inherent moral sense holds up before him the ideal of a righteous life, and that he is unhappy because he has violated the ideal. So the slim satisfaction is that he has at least a small scrap of good left. But in the absence of happiness there is the craving for some excitement or thrill or sensation which will produce a temporary forgetfulness of life's dissatisfactions.

The pursuit of pleasure becomes a strenuous task. We have the story of a cowboy riding gloomily into town on payday. When asked where he was going, he replied: "Goin' to town to get drunk; and, gosh, how I dread it!" Some people give themselves to a form of recreation so tiring and exhausting that they are in need of rest after their recreation. When recreation is pursued as an end in itself, it becomes a painful pursuit of pleasure. The purpose of pleasure is defeated. Recreation should bring relaxation and not tension. Recreation should be a re-crea-

¹ *Level Land*, Kaleidograph Press, 1935. Used by permission.

tion. The pleasure we pursue in our leisure hours should enhance our physical, mental, and moral fitness. The fact that the Sabbath is with many people a dissipation rather than a recuperation has given rise to the saying, "It's a great life if you don't week-end." There are those who in the chase after pleasure make it the hardest work in the world. A woman complained that she spent so much time playing bridge that she had no time for leisure.

Monte Carlo, which belongs to the principality of Monaco, is a popular resort for the pleasure-mad group who find more pain than pleasure. This gives me the delightful opportunity of saying, "When I was abroad." We visited the Casino of Monte Carlo where the gamblers were watching the roulette wheel with one chance to win against at least twenty-five chances to lose. We saw the hard metallic faces of men and women who for a time at least had more money than mind. Some of the hardest, the most hopeless, and the most joyless faces I have ever seen were around the gaming tables. I was informed that suicides were very frequent. The bitter defeats, the disappointments, and disillusionments of pleasure seekers would fill several volumes.

Multitudes today are obsessed by a practical materialism which ignores the spiritual elements in life. This gives rise to the mania for pleasure, with all of its fascination and allurements.

If a tithe of reports is true, sensuality is undermining the virtue of large numbers of young people. There are young women who imagine that they have escaped when there has been the prevention of exposure and shame. But neither the man nor the woman has escaped. The Word of God does not say that your sin will be found out, but that your sin will find you out. There is no exception to this. It finds you out in your destroyed innocence, in your guilty memory, in your weakened will. Although you may

conceal your sin, you injure your own soul and poison the fountain of genuine joy.

Pile up your sensations; get all the thrills you can; present your nervous system to every experience that comes along. When you have completed that process, you will discover that it has brought you nervous excitement but not happiness.

Byron sounded the depth of sensual pleasure and wrote the woeful wail:

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
 With many a retrospection curst,
 And all my solace is to know,
 Whate'er betide, I've known the worst,
 What is that worst? Nay do not ask,
 Through pity from the search forbear,
 Smile on nor venture to unmask
 And view the living hell that's there.

He demonstrated the truth stated in Proverbs concerning the "strange woman": "Her feet go down to death; her steps take hold on hell."

In his thirty-third year Byron wrote:

Through life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
 I have dragged to three and thirty.
 What have these years left to me?
 Nothing—except thirty-three.

Another poet speaks of banishing good and ill with the laughter of the heart. But, alas, the gay laughter of the heart cannot change the moral order of the world. Jesus said to the woman of Samaria, who had been on the wrong trail: "No wonder you're a thirsty woman. If you could only understand! There is living water that stays fresh and sparkling up to the end of life! You might have it for the asking and never thirst again."

Consideration has been given to the perversion of pleasure, which produces satiety but not satisfaction. There are physical pleasures that are not antagonistic to happiness of spirit. Pleasure and happiness are not inconsistent. The ascetic is in error when he opposes all pleasure. Pleasure when under moral control enhances happiness. God "giveth us richly all things to enjoy."

SEEKING POWER

Men have sought for satisfaction of life in acquiring power. Run over your list of dictators through the centuries, and you find a group of miserable men. The latest conspicuous example is Adolf Hitler, whose mind was a seething caldron of bitterness, hate, and revenge; and no one thinks of him as having won happiness. Those who reach position of power are in constant fear lest their hold on those whom they dominate be weakened or lost.

The financial magnates live in uneasiness through a dread of financial upheavals that will mean loss of their fortunes. The political despots have a gloomy anticipation that the subservient masses may throw off the yoke of oppression. They are suspicious of treachery and the fatal blow of an assassin, and must be strongly guarded. They have the consciousness that sooner or later they will have to pay the penalty for the perversion of power. The very possession of absolute power means that it will invariably be perverted.

The modern tyrant can say with the Roman tyrant Tiberius, "I hold a wolf by the ears." This perversion of power not only fails to produce happiness in the possessor but results in unhappiness to many others. The fact, however, must be recognized that power is one of the ingredients of happiness. The power which Jesus possessed to bring joy to other lives and which we possess in a less measure is conducive to our happiness.

Power belongs to the human personality as a consequence of man's endowment of freedom. Through this power man either develops or degrades his personality. With this power he brings either weal or woe to fellow human beings. Apart from this freedom man could not achieve a character capable of happiness, and with this freedom perverted he becomes a misery-producing agency. That which belongs in common to the three specific temptations of Jesus was the temptation to misuse his power. This is in reality the essence of all temptations; and, when yielded to, power becomes a blight rather than a blessing.

Despite the promise of glory and triumph, dictators at last go down in defeat. Napoleon died a miserable death in enforced exile. Mussolini aspired to be another Caesar. In his pompous pride, he made the attempt to supplant the world-accepted calendar with the date of his march on Rome. In his last moments he vainly cried, "No, no," as he was executed by a firing squad of his own countrymen. His body, together with that of his mistress, was hung head downward on the square of Milan. Hitler's ambition was to dominate the world. In all probability he was a suicide, his body burned and buried in the ruins of Berlin. His Reich, which he boasted would last for a thousand years, is in ruins. These dictators found their "purples rent asunder, disinherited of thunder."

A state founded on violence and terror and falsehood is doomed. History is strewn with the wrecks of nations that violated the principles of justice. The misuse of power has brought disaster and defeat to the most powerful nations. The victorious nations today, including our own, in the pride of victory face the peril of perversion of power. If they fail to employ their military, political, economic, and scientific power in the service of justice and human freedom, they will be sowing the seed of future misery for the world.

Practical science through the utilization of steam and electricity has lifted many burdens from the shoulders of men and women and has ministered to human comfort in a thousand other ways. The achievements of science have freed men from much drudgery through labor-saving machinery.

Science has immensely augmented physical power. Modern scientific discoveries have immeasurably added to human power, which has outrun moral control. As a result these scientific achievements are proving to be more productive of human misery than of human happiness. It is fearful to contemplate the havoc that was wrought by bombing planes and all of the improved implements of war. Power rightly used ministers to human comfort and security, but power perverted is destructive of comfort and security. Mere power, unregulated and uncontrolled, cannot produce happiness.

The world's population of about two billion is increasing twelve million annually. With an application of practical science the earth could possibly support eight billion people. But there can be no freedom from suicidal strife unless the minds of men are under moral and spiritual control.

An estimate is that the electric power used in the United States is equal to the physical equivalent of 150 slaves for each member of the population.

In the textile industry one workman with a machine produces as much yarn as 45,000 did formerly. In the manufacture of boots and shoes, one machine takes the place of 250 men. In ditch-digging one huge steam shovel can do the work of 400 men. One machine today makes as many glass tubes as were formerly made by 600 glass blowers.

This use of laborsaving machinery is only a small part

of the total picture. This increase of mechanical power, though largely adding to the wealth of the nation, has not resulted in an equitable distribution of wealth. It has not brought about an answer to the prayer, "Lord give me neither too little nor too much."

The power of applied science can either deepen the misery or heighten the happiness of vast numbers of people. It has on the credit side shorter hours of labor, more leisure, and a larger opportunity for self-improvement. On the other hand we have unemployment and the abject poverty of the slums. The verdict of Stuart Chase is that on the whole the machine is a benefactor, but makes robots of many and may become a Frankenstein if we do not find a better way of managing the complex things it has created for us.

In brief this power of practical science may be either a boon or a bane. It is only as this power is put under moral and spiritual control that it can result in the welfare and weal of the people. The way of happiness is not found in financial power nor in the power of practical science nor in political power. With some measure of exaggeration Lord Acton said, "Power always corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely."

The latest and most revolutionary discovery and use of power is the atomic bomb. We are informed by scientists that atomic energy is thirty million times more powerful than TNT.

The method of warfare, if war continues, will be entirely changed. It will avail nothing to put our young men into the goose step when a bomb can destroy a whole army or city. Regret has been expressed that scientific discovery was not destroyed in its birth. We are convinced, however, that scientific progress is an expression of the mind and the will of God, but not the employment of science for destructive purposes. The devil is not smart enough to

have wrested this secret from nature. It is the will of God that this power should fulfill a constructive function.

There belongs to the future the employment of this power in various ways for the well-being and happiness of mankind. Only the moral and spiritual transformation of men will prevent the perversion of the power. Will this revolutionary scientific discovery prove to be a deterrent of war? The atomic bomb with its future development will not be the exclusive possession of any one nation or group of nations. If spiritual progress lags behind scientific progress, we have no assurance of the long continuance of a civilized world. It must be one world, or we will have no world. The choice belongs to mankind to bring into exercise a spiritual power that is more powerful than the marvelous power of science. This is the power of love, the Golden Rule that shall bind the nations together in the unity of brotherhood and peace.

SEEKING KNOWLEDGE

As desirable as it is to know, knowledge alone fails to bring rest of soul. A knowledge without faith as it confronts the magnitude of the universe and the mysteries of life simply adds to man's misery. Some of the keenest intellects have been most wretched.

It's no in books, it's no in [lore],
To make us truly blest;
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.

"He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." This is not the wail of a false pessimism, but this declaration has been verified by all the centuries of human experience. One may possess knowledge without possessing

happiness, but knowledge is conducive to happiness when followed by obedience. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." A knowledge of the vital fundamentals of the Christian faith concerning God, Jesus Christ, and immortality is necessary to peace and security of mind.

The heart is enraptured as some new light breaks forth from the word of God. The mathematician thrills with delight as the long-sought solution of some problem flashes on his mind. The inventor is gladdened when his toil is rewarded by some useful invention. The astronomer, when he discovers a new planet or star, experiences the happiness of knowledge.

When the medical scientist discovers some remedy for a destructive malady, he has a joyful satisfaction because relief is brought to the afflicted.

An earlier generation had mastered smallpox, but in our own lifetimes we have seen the conquest of yellow fever, diphtheria, typhoid, scarlet fever, hookworm, typhus, and other scourges of mankind. There has also been further progress in anesthesia, and great reduction in the risks of childbearing and of infancy. Pasteur's far-reaching discovery of the effects of germs from the air upon wounds has opened the way for great advances in surgery.

The discovery of insulin for diabetes is one of the recent achievements of medical science. Also recent is the use of sulfa drugs and penicillin, which have largely reduced the death rate in cases of pneumonia and influenza. These drugs have practically removed the danger from infection. More than three fourths of the men who received abdominal wounds in the first World War died as a result of infection. After the Pearl Harbor attack infection was almost negligible. There were no amputations because of infected wounds. In the first World War 47 per cent of the amputations were necessary because of infection. Thousands, and in the long run millions, of lives

will be saved as the result of this great medical discovery.

Dr. Donald Ross was a deeply religious man, and as he began his investigation of malaria he made this prayer:

The painful faces ask: Can we not cure?

We answer: No, not yet—we seek the laws.

O God, reveal through all this thing obscure

The unseen, unknown, million-murdering cause!

For three years Dr. Ross worked tirelessly, and then made an announcement of almost incalculable significance. He said—and accompanied his statement with ample scientific proof—that malaria is caused by a microorganism which gains access to the blood stream. This microorganism is invariably spread by a certain species of mosquito.

We cannot begin to estimate the joy and gladness which have been brought to human life by these and other well-known contributions of medical knowledge. We are gratefully to recognize that knowledge is an ingredient of happiness, but knowledge alone falls short of the goal of happiness. Dr. H. H. Farmer in *The World and God* advances the idea that every fresh achievement becomes a new instrument and opportunity for sin to use. Even the ministries of medicine can be used to ward off the consequences of wrong living and give new latitude to the evil will.

The old Greek conception was that knowledge and virtue are synonymous. This idea is contradicted by human experience. We are familiar with the proverbial knowledge and wisdom of Solomon: "For he was wiser than all men. . . . And he spake three thousand proverbs: and his songs were a thousand and five." The Queen of Sheba was impressed: "It was a true report that I heard . . . of thy wisdom." And yet the biblical record is that Solomon had 700 wives and 300 concubines—699 wives and 300 concubines too many. "For it came to pass, when

Solomon was old, that his wives turned away his heart after other gods."

It was said of Francis Bacon, "He was the wisest and meanest of mankind." Knowledge, like power, may be perverted. Germany stood at the top among the educated nations, and yet reached the bottom in baseness and moral depravity. Learning of itself does not make men religious or direct their conduct into moral channels. It has often happened that the most learned men have been egoistic and selfish. "Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth." Woodrow Wilson said, "In Washington some men grow, while others just swell." Some of the most consummate villains of our nation are university graduates.

The admission may be made that knowledge does contribute to happiness. "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding."

While much study proves to be a weariness to the flesh, yet it is through good literature that our minds and spirits are enriched. Through books we have access to the great minds of the past and the present. The masters in science, philosophy, poetry, and religious thought bring their valued treasures. The historians, biographers, and essayists add their contribution. But knowledge has its limitations as a happiness-producing factor. The author of Ecclesiastes gave expression to what is sometimes all too true: "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." The further fact is that, even with the abundant opportunity of gaining knowledge, the area of our knowledge is extremely limited.

We are to recognize this limitation of our knowledge and reconcile ourselves to it. The little girl, having gone halfway through her primer, came from school and said, "Mama, does I know as much now as I don't know?" We do not know as much as we do not know. For the man who does not know as much as he does not know and knows

that he does not know as much as he does not know, there is hope. The man who does not know as much as he does not know and does not know that he does not know as much as he does not know is hopeless.

We are not to profess a knowledge which we do not possess, nor are we to be disturbed over mysteries that we cannot solve. We are to avoid an intellectual pride over knowledge that puffs up and freely to admit our limitations. The explanation needs to be made that the different paths of "The Wrong Trail" are not antagonistic to happiness. Fame, wealth, pleasure, power, and knowledge are not in themselves evil. They become evil and result in unhappiness only as they are selfishly pursued as ends in themselves.

PART TWO
THE FOES OF HAPPINESS

CHAPTER II

THE WORRY OF LIFE

Some people are habitually grouchy and always have something to whine about. The old farmer, when congratulated on the fine crops, said: "Yes, but it's mighty trying on the soil." An old woman is quoted as saying: "I feel very well; but when I feel well, I always feel bad, for I know I am going to feel worse afterward." Another woman, questioned about her husband, replied: "He's been enjoying poor health, but he is complaining of feeling better now."

There is something kinder pitiful about the man who growls
Because the sun beats down too hard, because the west wind
howls,

Who never eats a meal but what the cream ain't thick enough,
The coffee ain't been settled right, or else the meat's too tough.
Poor chap, he's just the victim of fate's oldest, meanest trick;
You see, by watching mules and men, it don't take brains to
kick.

THE USELESSNESS OF WORRY

We fail to accomplish anything through worry. "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?" An ordinary intelligence should recognize the futility of worrying over matters we can help, or worrying over matters we cannot help.

We should never attempt to bear more than one kind of trouble at once. Some people bear all three kinds: all they

have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

To fret about that which is gone is worse than futile. Shakespeare is true to our experience when he says:

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

All the grieving in the world cannot change the things that are past. All the sighs and moans and tears and regrets that you can pile up are powerless to change one iota of what has taken place in the irrevocable past. To face fairly this fact and accept the finality of the past will relieve us of useless anxiety. We are to take the energy and concern and thought that are misdirected toward an unchangeable past and to direct them toward making a better present and a still better future. For the buried past, there is no resurrection. It is utterly useless to spend two successive moments in bewailing the irrevocable past. The lament is voiced in the familiar lines:

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

In vain we say, "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight." There are two days which we should not worry over—yesterday and tomorrow.

To fret about the future is equally as useless as to worry over the past. The words of Jesus are directed against this futile form of anxiety. "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow: for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." We can deal with the future only as it becomes the present. When we try to anticipate the future, we are prone to magnify its possible ills.

But the chronic worrier is bound to worry. He will worry for fear that he may worry.

I joined the new Don't Worry Club
And now I hold my breath.
I'm so scared for fear I'll worry
That I'm worried most to death.

The only escape from the fixed habit of worry is to recognize our responsibility for the habit and to exercise our wills against it

The little girl said, "I have had such a happy day, mother, happier than yesterday."

The mother asked "Why is it so different from yesterday?"

The reply was, "Well, yesterday my thoughts pushed me around; today I pushed my thoughts around."

We can persistently refuse to indulge in the various forms of anxiety which we know are of no avail. An Irishman said: "There are so many dangers from the cradle to the grave, it is a wonder that any of us ever live to reach the grave." We are not to try to carry a load that only God is strong enough to bear.

I have not seen as much trouble as some people; I have seen more trouble than some other people. But I could not have gone through the years if I had added to present responsibilities, regrets over the past and anxieties for the future. Whatever difficulties beset you, you can always hold out a little longer. You never know what is just around the corner. So many times when you seem to be approaching a blind alley, it opens up into a broad avenue. If you should come in this life to a dead-end street, it will open up into a golden street on the other side.

THE SINFULNESS OF WORRY

Worry fails to recommend our faith to others. We misrepresent the love and goodness of God when our own lives are unhappy and our faces are drawn into hard

knots of care. We have the safeguard against evil only when we have an inward satisfaction of life. It must be said to the credit of Christian Scientists that they do not brood over their ailments, whether real or imaginary. They do not talk about their sickness. They refuse to mope and whine. They obey the injunction of Jesus, "Be not anxious." We are prone to worry over many matters that are trivial. The keen observation has been made that it is hardly possible to exaggerate the unimportance of things.

When one possesses health and sanity and a good conscience, it is nothing short of ingratitude to worry over things that are incidental. And even if you do not possess physical health, nothing is gained by worry.

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none;
If there be one, try and find it,
If there be none, never mind it.

THE INJURY OF WORRY

The physical harm that results from worry can hardly be exaggerated. Worry produces indigestion and stomach disorders. Dr. W. C. Alvarez, of the Mayo clinic, said: "Ulcers frequently flare up or subside according to the hills and valleys of emotional stress." One patient of Dr. Alvarez is in the fur business, and Dr. Alvarez said that his ulcers always become worse about November 1 when the women in town all rush to his office to get their coats out of storage. Another patient developed ulcer when he lost his money but later became well when his uncle died and left him \$50,000. The observation has been made that, when stocks go down, diabetes goes up. Injury is inflicted on the mind. Brooding over trouble, offenses, and criticisms results in nervousness and insanity. Anxiety

stunts the growth of the spirit. The soul cannot grow in a troubled atmosphere. "Be not . . . anxious for the morrow."

CAUSES OF WORRY

We are familiar with the admonition against a purpose which is below our possibilities. We are likewise prone to aspire to attainments that are beyond our power and to think of our capacities more highly than we ought to think. We assume responsibility for what is beyond our control and doom ourselves to misery because we cannot achieve what is outside the range of our talents.

The distraction of multiplied cares results in tension and strain. These multiform anxieties have been classified as: worries about disaster which never happens, 40 per cent of all anxieties; worries about decisions made in the past, 30 per cent; worries about possible sickness and a possible nervous breakdown, 12 per cent; worries about children and friends 10 per cent; and worries that have a real foundation, possibly 8 per cent of the total.

Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived;
But what torments of pain you endured
From evils that never arrived!

The causes of worry are too numerous for separate notice. One further cause that may be mentioned is an overanxious concern as to the results or lack of results of our work. Our obligation is to be faithful in the task which God has committed to us and leave the results with him. God does not hold us responsible for results so long as our duty is done. Jean Ingelow expresses a true philosophy of living:

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the wrong go right;

But only to discover, and to do
 With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.

The chronic worrier is disturbed by small trivialities. Dr. Fosdick tells of a woman who had a supersensitive conscience about "every idle word." Her conversation dried up, and she ceased to visit.

Blue is all right in the sky,
 It is all right in a maiden's eye,
 But if you let it enter you,
 It will kill you by and by.

ANTICIPATING TROUBLE

A very common cause of trouble is anticipating trouble.

Better never trouble Trouble
 Until Trouble troubles you;
 For you only make your trouble
 Double-trouble when you do;
 And the trouble—like a bubble—
 That you're troubling about,
 May be nothing but a cipher
 With its rim rubbed out.

Jesus bids us not be overanxious because that kind of worry is foolish and futile. Do not cross the bridge before you come to it because you may never come to it; and if you do, it is not likely to collapse. Nine tenths of the things we fear never materialize.

A story is told of a preacher of this worrying sort. He lived in New Jersey. He was going over to downtown New York to preach one Sunday morning. True to his habit of anticipating all possible trouble, he wrought himself up lest he should miss the ferry and be late for the service. When he reached the pier, sure enough there was the ferry

boat four or five feet away. In his anxiety to get aboard he flung first his umbrella and then his grip, and finally made a tremendous leap himself, his long coattails flying behind. But the gentleman who caught him and saved him from falling surprised him by saying: "You idiot, this boat is not going out; it's coming in."

The agitated preacher reminds one of the awful experience of Sancho Panza, who hung half the night by his fingers from a window ledge with a terrible abyss yawning beneath him. When dawn came, he found that his feet were but a few inches from the ground.

A FEELING OF INSECURITY

The very exceptional characters have retained their peace of mind despite circumstances that threatened their physical safety. While the assurance of security is not a guarantee of happiness, yet with the average person the absence of a feeling of safety makes security of mind impossible.

Multitudes of people are haunted by a realization of economic insecurity. Ideally it is true that our stalwart saints have not been dependent on material circumstances for a joy that is beyond the reach of outward forces. But while average individuals are not made happy by economic sufficiency, they become miserable over the prospect of hunger and want.

In the main, material well-being is a necessary element in contentment of spirit. We can scarcely expect that the unemployed with those who are dependent on them will enjoy life when they have no certainty of bread for tomorrow. Average people of average goodness possess no such spiritual wealth as to make them joyful when confronted by material want. But despite the lack of material security, we should realize that there are spiritual values that are forever secure.

Said the robin to the sparrow:
 "I should really like to know
 Why these anxious human beings
 Rush about and worry so."

Said the sparrow to the robin:
 "Friend, I think that it must be
 That they have no Heavenly Father
 Such as cares for you and me."

LOOKING AT THE BRIGHT SIDE

The motto of the sundial is, "I record only the unclouded hours."

Bill Fox may well be called the champion optimist. He was sitting on the roof of his house during a flood, watching the water flow past, when his neighbor who owned a boat rowed across to him.

"Hello, Bill," said the man.

"Hello, Sam!" replied Bill pleasantly.

"All your fowls washed away this morning?"

"Yes, but the ducks can swim."

"Orange trees gone too?"

"Yes, but everybody said the crop would be a failure, anyway."

"I see the river's reached above your windows, Bill."

"That's all right, Sam," was the reply. "Them windows needed washin'."

I am not advocating any Pollyanna optimism, but the viewpoint that looks for the hopeful outlook and that searches for the light, even in darkness.

Browning sounds the note of hope:

My own hope is, a sun will pierce
 The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
 That, after Last, returns the First,
 Though a wide compass round be fetched;

That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blest once, prove accurst.

The same idea, in a lighter vein, is expressed by Robert Loveman, a Georgia poet:

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.

The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

We fail to look on the bright side when we fail to exercise the art of appreciating the good things we possess. We are prone to take the gifts and blessings of God as a matter of fact. Why not consciously enjoy our enjoyments? An Irishman engaged a luxurious room at a hotel and asked to be awakened at five o'clock next morning. He did this for the joy of assuring the clerk that he "didn't have to get up." Why not enjoy life before the darkening shadows of death settle down upon us? Why not enjoy our friend before his voice is forever hushed in this world? Why not enjoy our religion with the freshness of appreciation each day, as fresh as the mercies of God? Why not enjoy home before some members of the family leave us for the wide world outside, or for the wider spaces of the eternal world?

Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange, that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;

Strange, that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air.

TWIN DEMONS

You are to dispel from the spirit the two dark demons of grouchiness and gloom by acting against the feelings. If, when arising in the morning, you are in a melancholy mood, feeling worried and blue, stand before the mirror and practice a pleasant expression. When it is set, you can start out for the day and your good cheer will be contagious.

Volitional activity has its bearing on one's state of mind. The truth was expressed in a slightly exaggerated form by William James, who said in effect that a person does not run because he is scared, but is scared because he is running. The voluntary path to cheerfulness, if our spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, look around cheerfully, and act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there. To feel brave we should act as if we were brave and use all our will to that end, and courage will likely replace fear. To wrestle with a bad feeling only pins our attention on it, whereas if we act as if from some better feeling, the bad feelings soon

. . . fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." When knowledge stops short of action, it fails to reach the haven of happiness. Jesus constantly emphasized the necessity of obedience to the will of God. When some of his hearers pronounced a blessing on a human kinship to him, he said, "Yea rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it."

DISPENSING GLADNESS OR GLOOM

There are many people who are adepts at dispensing gloom and diffusing unhappiness. They dwell on the disagreeable things—their own personal woes, the latest scandal—and they always succeed in stirring the disagreeable emotions. The mood of gloom and melancholy is not an individual affair. It is contagious, as happiness is.

While happiness is not won by a direct chase, yet it is a duty to comply with the conditions that make it a reality. The purpose of Jesus is that his followers should be happy even in the midst of the world's tribulations. He has much to say of peace and joy and freedom from anxiety.

Ours is a singing faith. "Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing." Henry Ward Beecher pronounced the New Testament a book of infinite joy. Christianity has properly been called the most joyous of all the religions of mankind. Its keynote is "good tidings of great joy." Jesus Christ was a "man of joy, and acquainted with bliss," even more than he was a "man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." "For the joy that was set before him [he] endured the cross, despising the shame."

To look on the faces of men and women, even in Christian congregations, sometimes gives one the impression that nothing could be caught from them except the dumps! One of the marks of the man who knows Christ's presence is the possession of a great joy that shines through his eyes and radiates from his entire personality, advertising the nature of religion better than any words. Blessed are the happiness-makers, for in bringing joy to others their own joy is increased.

The promise of Jesus to his disciples is, "Your joy no man taketh from you." This is the sadly missing element in the lives of many professing Christians today. Their lives are as fretful and disturbed as if Jesus had never

promised the grace of joy. We need to recapture this lost radiance. The loss of it and the lack of it involve a twofold peril. The first is that without this inner happiness, our own characters are not safe. The allurements of sensual pleasure become strong and subtle; and, having no inward satisfaction, we are prone to seek it from outside sources. The second peril is that with a gloomy spirit we fail to commend our gospel to the outside world.

In contrast with a hard, cheerless religion, Jesus places emphasis on the joyful life as the secret of victory. His injunction is: "Be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces." "If you worry you'll get a wrinkle. Why not smile and get a dimple?"

Dr. Weatherhead relates his experience in a hospital. A companion was an old army officer. The nurse was very pleasant, but would sometimes say "damn" when she dropped the thermometer. Dr. Weatherhead said that the old chaplain wore the most woebegone expression and talked in such sepulchral tones that he would feign sleep when he saw the chaplain approaching. The army officer remarked that both the nurse and the chaplain were not what they should be, but that he had rather be in hell with the nurse than in heaven with the old chaplain. Some people are adepts at dispensing gloom. The incident is related of the man who visited his sick friend in an attic and said to him: "Bill, they will have a hard time getting your coffin down these stairs." The person is not uncommon who will say to a sick friend, "I knew a person with your symptoms, and he died in a short time."

Dr. C. F. Wishart in a little volume, *The Book of Day*, relates the incident of a young Scotch preacher who lived up the river seven miles from his church. There came a Sabbath when the snowdrifts made the road impassable and the young man skated down the river to his church service. Haled before the bar of his presbytery for break-

ing the Sabbath, his defense was that only by skating down could he keep his preaching appointment. The moderator said: "Young man, there is just one question. Did ye, or did ye not, enjoy the skatin'?"

A faith that does not make for happiness is a false faith based on superstition and bad theology. The story is told that, when a man with a clerical appearance was asked if he was a preacher, he replied: "No, it is indigestion that makes me look this way."

It is our obligation rightly to represent the joy and radiance of the Christian faith. The agent who offers a panacea for physical ailments should at least be a fair physical specimen and free from the ills which he claims his medicine will cure. It is a poor advertisement of the gospel for a professing Christian with a sad, woebegone expression and a melancholy tone to urge his faith upon another by virtually saying, "See what the gospel has done for me." The other person is prone to say, "Well, if it has done that to you, it might do it to me; and I beg to be excused."

It is only as we learn the secret of happiness that we can radiate happiness. The suggestive couplet expresses the difference between two types of people:

Some people bring happiness wherever they go,
Some people bring happiness whenever they go.

It was rather an ambiguous statement when the speaker, in making a presentation gift to a pastor, said: "He was a diligent visitor among his people, and many homes were happy when he left." The meaning evidently was that the preacher radiated happiness. One's happiness is always enhanced as he brings joy to the lives of other people.

Walk up and down the main street of your town, and watch the faces of the people as they pass you. The majority are haggard, worried, and nervous.

The observation has been made that a new type of surgery has developed during the last few years—plastic surgery. People who acquire too many wrinkles go to such a surgeon and have their faces lifted. You may need to have your face lifted, but do not go to a plastic surgeon. Go to church instead and offer praises to God. Think through what you are doing to be thankful for. Go out and live it during the coming week, and your friends will hardly know you. For if you lift up your heart, you will lift up your face; and if you lift up your face, you will draw people from every walk of life to seek the secret of the good news you have found.

Paul said, "Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice." Some Christians act as if they lived on a diet of sour pickles. They are afflicted with hyperacidity of the spirit. Genuine Christian experience so acts upon a man's mind that the barriers to the enjoyment of life are removed; and even in trouble and adversity and pain, his inner song sings on. He sees and knows the stern hardship of life; but, within, there is something which keeps alive the thrill and delight of living. He has gained the ability to enjoy life.

It's better to shout than to doubt,
It's better to rise than to fall,
It's better to let the glory out,
Than to have no glory at all.

TAKING LIFE IN THE LUMP

A further principal cause of worry is looking at life in the lump. Those of my readers who are ancient enough to have used as textbooks McGuffey's readers will remember the story of the old clock on the mantelpiece which suddenly stopped. In the ensuing dialogue, it was found that the clock had become discouraged at having enumerated

the number of times it would have to tick in a year—31,536,000 seconds in a year. When told that it would have to tick off only one second at a time, the old clock regained its morale and resumed its duties.

My friend Dr. Gilbert T. Rowe is authority for the incident of the man who at forty-five counted the number of times he would have to tie and untie his shoes if he should live to be seventy years of age—and committed suicide.

Dr. Rufus Jones told the story of a boy in the primer class who was being taught the alphabet. Pointing to a large *A*, the teacher said to him, "Say *A*." The boy did not answer. The teacher repeated the instruction, "Say *A*."

Then the boy replied, "I am not going to say *A*; for, if I say *A*, you will want me to go on and say *B*." There seemed to be an awful lot of letters between *A* and *Z*, and the prospect frightened him.

No man is able to carry the weight of all the future, and how tragical are the breakdowns which result from the attempt. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." And sufficient unto the day is the good thereof. It would require more than the strength of an Atlas to crouch under the burdens of the past and future, along with the required burdens of the present. We are under the obligation of doing only the duty which belongs to the present moment.

Ezra, in *The British Recorder*, gives a story which further illustrates the truth we wish to impress:

When Dr. Russell Maltby was in Brisbane, he told the folk a story which he said was true because he made it up himself. It was about Peter Blossom, an English plumber, who had the flu during a great freeze. When he was getting better he had a depression of spirits, and he sat in bed one night and calculated what would happen if the thaw came. He calculated that there would be 2,156,891 burst pipes in the whole of England.

In the morning the thaw came. A lady came to him and said, "Will you come as quickly as you can? My pipes have burst."

Peter Blossom said to her: "Madam, do you know that there are 2,156,891 burst pipes in the whole of England?"

The telephone rang, and someone else asked him to come along, and he told them the same thing, until he could not bear it any longer, and he said to himself: "This is too much. I will go and drown myself." On the way a man ran out of the house and saw Peter Blossom, and said: "You are the very man I want to see. There are twelve burst pipes in my house."

Peter said to him: "I am on my way to drown myself. Do you know that there are 2,156,891 burst pipes?"

The man took Peter by the collar, and said to him: "You will mend my pipes, and after that you can drown yourself in my bathtub if you like."

So Peter went into the man's house and mended one pipe, and then he mended another, and he began to get into the spirit of it because it was his work, and he mended them all; and he went out of the house more cheerful. He went from house to house and mended pipes all day. At the end of the day he wended his way home to his wife, who said to him: "Come on in and get to bed, and I will bring you your supper."

He said to his wife, "Give me a real supper." And he sat down and had a great supper and then went to bed. After his tale, Dr. Maltby pointed out where its moral lay, but you have discerned that.

When we endeavor to carry the future responsibilities of even a week, we lose our self-confidence and emotional balance. The mind grows timid, the nerves become frayed, and we become weakened and defeated as we take on the heavy load. The successive resources will meet the successive burdens, but the resources are supplied only for the present needs. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." We are not only to forget those things that are behind; we are not to anticipate those things which are in front of us. The grace of God is sufficient for our present troubles;

but he does not supply us for all the troubles, real and imaginary, of the future.

ONE STEP AT A TIME

The present consists only of the present moment. To make the best and most of the present moment is the best preparation for the future. You come to where the road forks. Do not try to force a decision hastily. A state of suspense is not pleasant, but you can wait patiently. Some impulse, the working of the subconscious mind, some circumstance, the counsel of friends, or divine guidance will direct you at the moment when you have to decide. But it may not be a matter of two roads, but what appears to be a dead-end stop. You cannot see two steps ahead. You can see one step ahead; take that one.

Dr. J. H. Jowett consulted Dr. C. E. Berry as to an important decision. Dr. Berry asked, "When must you decide?"

The reply was, "I have to decide by Friday."

Then Dr. Berry said, "Wait until Friday, and you will know what to do."

Carlyle wrote: " 'Do the Duty which lies nearest thee,' which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer."

When we visualize all the work we must do as it stretches through the days, we become restless and fatigued. We are required to do only the work of the present moment. We are sometimes up against a number of perplexing problems, all pressing for solution. But we do not have to forecast and decide ahead of time; we are to retain our poise of spirit, and we will have clearness of insight when the moment for decision arrives.

It looks as if it is only a blind alley ahead of us, but many blind alleys have opened up into thoroughfares as we

reached them. In any event it is better to trust than to doubt.

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

You will spare yourself much discomfort by taking the next step as the necessity arises. When confronted by some choice between alternative courses which you will have to make next month, you are not called upon to make the decision today or tomorrow. Let the issue rest and the way will doubtless clear when the time arrives to choose.

Jesus insistently warned us against worry over the future. He said: "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow: for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The way to peace of mind is to do the best we can each day, and let God look after the things beyond our control. We are enjoined, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," or, as the original indicates, roll the burden over on him.

An aged Negro was given a ride in an automobile. He said, as he was getting out, "I didn't let all my weight down the whole trip." A man was taken for a ride in a wagon. The driver observed that the man was holding up his heavy luggage and asked why he did not put it down in the wagon. The reply was, "It was kind enough of you to carry me without having to carry my luggage." These stories are very illustrative of the way in which we fail to allow the Lord to relieve us of our burden. We are prone to load ourselves, not only with our yesterdays, but with all of our tomorrows. The entire lump of life is too heavy a burden for frail human shoulders.

God broke our years to hours and days that
Hour by hour
And day by day
We might be able all along
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulders, and the future, rife
With war and struggle, meet us face to face
At just our place,
We could not go;
Our feet would stop; and so
God lays a little on us every day.
And never, I believe, on all the way;
Will burdens bear so deep
Or pathways lie so steep
But we can go, if by God's power,
We only bear the burden by the hour.

CHAPTER III

THE WORK OF LIFE

Not only our worry but our work may prove to be destructive of happiness. If we are not properly adjusted to our work, the result is continuous unhappiness.

What will deliver us from this is the setting before us in our work—as, indeed, in our life—the motive of service. To set up this motive implies that our work is of such character that it is possible in it to benefit others and the community generally. The lack of a high and stimulating motive results in the unhappiness of the worker.

No hard and fast distinction can be drawn between sacred and secular work. Some scientists in the laboratory are more religious than some preachers in the pulpit.

George W. Carver, the noted Negro scientist, made a remarkable contribution to human welfare in his work. In his application of scientific agriculture he increased the yield per acre of the sweet potato 500 per cent and produced from it some two hundred products including flour, dyes, ink, mucilage, and many other items. He derived sixty products from the pecan.

From the peanut he extracted more than three hundred products inclusive of milk, butter, cheese, oils, face lotions, soaps, rubber, linoleum, dyes, wood stains, and various other items. His discovery of the wealth of the peanut was his masterpiece, and the work in which he doubtless found most delight. He published a booklet showing one hundred and five ways of preparing the peanut for table use. He took the peanut to his laboratory and

reverently asked, "God, what is a peanut, and why did you make it?" He explained all his researches thus: "When I get an inspiration, I go into the laboratory and God tells me what to do."

A valuable contribution of Carver had to do with cotton. Sand was a great curse to the Alabama cotton farmer. The short-stalk cotton produced the fattest bolls, and the tall-stalk produced the leanest. Yet the short-stalk cotton left the bolls exposed to splashes of sand when it rained. By a crossing process, Professor Carver got the fat cotton bolls of the short-stalk cotton to grow on the tall stalks that lifted them out of the sand. Officially in Washington, the cross was recognized by the name of "Carver's Hybrid."

From common clay Carver made a variety of wood stains, toilet powder of varying shades, and pigments for making dyes and paints.

Carver found happiness in his work because he believed he was working in partnership with God. When asked by a reporter how he came to make his discoveries, Carver reverently dropped his head and said, "God Almighty gave them to me." This humble scientist, bought as a slave in his childhood for a race horse valued at \$300, is a striking illustration of the possibility of finding happiness in our work.

We can be truly happy only as we learn to be happy in our work and turn what might seem to be drudgery into delight. Since work is supposed to occupy the larger portion of one's waking hours, if we are miserable in our work, then we are miserable most of the time. When someone asked Edison why he worked so hard, he replied: "I have not worked a day in my life; I've just had a good time."

Dr. Albert A. Michelson, the scientist, worked steadily in a study of the measurement of the speed of light. When

asked as to his persistence, he replied, "If you really want to know, it is because the job is so much fun."

One of the saddest mortals is the drudge. You find him everywhere, plodding on silently and persistently, but finding no pleasure in work and no joy in life. To fall in love with our work is the first rule for doing our work well and is also the condition of happiness.

The most important thing for a human being to learn is how to live his life with a maximum of contentment and a minimum of friction. In the commonplace one is to find permanent satisfaction, and to regard the extraordinary and occasional sources of pleasure as matters by the way. The majority of mortals never learn this. Consequently most people are more or less peevish and discontented. The sum of wisdom and of intelligent experience consists in an appreciation of the ordinary events and in a proper discounting of the occasional.

John Wesley, on being asked what he would do if he knew that he would die tomorrow night, answered, "I'd keep on doing what I've planned for tomorrow." This is the kind of faith that makes the present strong!

In our everyday work we are to find gladness and satisfaction. The happiest wife and mother is the one who changes drudgery into delight. The happiest businessman is the one to whom business is fun. The happiest laborer is the one who finds some hidden attraction in his toil. Theodore Roosevelt, who was always cartooned with prominent teeth, when asked how he did so much work, replied, "I like my job."

WORK ESSENTIAL TO HAPPINESS

We must learn the lesson of finding happiness in our work. We must not vainly imagine that we shall find it at the end of some achievement or in some period of relaxation. Happiness is a spirit that pervades all life as

oxygen permeates the atmosphere, as salt permeates the ocean.

Dr. P. Carnegie Simpson names the two essentials of happiness: one is something to do, and the other is someone to love. If we look at people within our own acquaintance whose lives are an illumination of what life really is, we find that they are people who are not idle but are doing something, and who are not selfish but loving.

We need to treasure the words of Carlyle:

Thou too, if ever a man should, shalt work while it is called To-day. For the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.

All true Work is sacred; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and . . . of the heart; . . . up to that "Agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow Workmen there, in God's eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Bodyguard of the Empire of Mankind.

Further emphasis is given to the glory of work in the stanza of Henry van Dyke:

This is the gospel of labour, ring it, ye bells of the kirk!
The Lord of Love came down from above, to live with the
men who work.

We face the difficulty of idealizing work. When a man becomes a mere cog in the industrial machinery, life tends to become dull and colorless. How can the laborer see his work with a halo on it? There is a resentment that produces discontent when the individual feels that he is not

getting a fair share of the profits of industry. If the individual is to attain any measure of happiness, he must see beyond the drudgery and the mere bread-and-butter motive a service that ministers to human welfare.

The admission must be made that it is difficult for the soul to grow in various kinds of work. More than a million miners are digging coal. More than four million farm hands are engaged in the drudgery of farm work. Four million clerks are selling a variety of items to customers, many of whom are disagreeable. Five million, the majority of whom are women, are occupied in the menial tasks of cleaning up homes and hotels. Fourteen million are toiling in steel mills and automobile factories. Four million workers are on railroad and bus lines. How can all this monotonous work minister to growth of character? How can these jobs minister to the art of living?

Though work is a condition of happiness, yet we enumerate it as one of the foes of happiness because so many people are unhappy in their work. When a man despises his job, life is made miserable. Our lifework is varied, handwork and headwork, but the spirit in which we work determines its character.

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

But how shall the dignity of labor be maintained when workmen are regimented, and each man's individual enterprise is swallowed up in a totality? A possible contentment can come when one feels that his vocation, however specialized and mechanical, ministers to the welfare of humanity. Unhappiness is the inevitable result of any kind of work when one's supreme aim is the accumulation of material things rather than making a helpful contribution to the community. When we recognize that we are workers together with God, then our job, though obscure and re-

stricted, is lifted up and exalted. It is then that the words of Jesus bring inspiration to our toil, "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."

CO-OPERATIVE WORK

"We are labourers together with God."

Man is dependent on God. It is also true that God is dependent on man.

The three necessary factors are the individual, the social group, and God. Life is not a solitaire game, but team play. It has been compared to rowing a boat. If you row your own boat in a race, it does not matter much to anybody else what you do. You can pull hard or you can loaf along; you take all the consequences. But in an eight-oared boat it is different. There you must pull your own weight in the boat, or the others will have to pull you. If you weaken, it means a harder job for those who pull the boat across the line. And life is not like a lake where everybody is pulling his own canoe. God did not arrange it that way.

The co-operation of God and man has been finely expressed by George Eliot:

When any master holds
 'Twixt chin and hand a violin of mine,
 He will be glad that Stradivari lived,
 Made violins, and made them of the best.
 The masters only know whose work is good;
 They will choose mine, and while God gives them skill,
 I give them instruments to play upon—
 God choosing me to help Him. . . .

My work is mine,
 And heresy or not, if my hand slacked
 I should rob God, since He is fullest good,
 Leaving a blank, instead of violins. . . .

'Tis God gives skill,
But not without men's hands; He could not make
Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio.

THE OVERWORK OF LIFE

In our modern days men move at a neck-breaking and heart-breaking pace. One of the most popular of American diseases is neurasthenia, a name euphonious enough to give to a beautiful flower or a charming girl. Overtension causes breakage and wreckage which could be avoided. One may claim that he is working strenuously in a good cause. But if the laws of nature and of God are violated, the penalty must be paid. Even if you should overwork yourself trying to get people to heaven, you may break under the strain and fall into the delusion that you are going to hell. The black imps will torment the saint who violates the laws of health as readily as the sinner.

Some good people frequently say, "I had rather work myself to death than to rust out." It so happens, however, that we do not have to do either. Men say with an air of extra piety, "The devil never takes a vacation." I do not desire to imitate the satanic majesty.

Men and women, however important their work, should enjoy necessary relaxation and reasonable leisure. In this way, they will be prepared for continuous service. You should be able to ride a hobby, some diversion that differs widely from your regular work. The cultivation of a hobby brings needed rest and adds zest to life. We should avoid the hurry and flurry and break-neck speed. Physicians speak of "Americanitis" as indicating nervous exhaustion. Amusements minister to happiness. If the bow is to keep its spring, it must be relaxed. Milton speaks of

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot wrote, "There is a life-long satisfaction in productive labor, manual or mental, that is not pushed beyond the limits of strength."

At the risk of making assertions that appear to be contradictory, a word may be said in praise of idleness. All work and no play makes Jack about as dull as all play and no work. If idleness is the devil's opportunity, then overwork is the doctor's opportunity. Many businessmen drive themselves at such a rapid pace that a heart attack takes them away when they are barely past middle age.

Women live longer than men, despite the extra strain upon them of bearing children. Their greater longevity may well be a reflection of the lower tension for work performed at home instead of in an office where excitement and deadlines produce fear and higher blood pressure. Now that women are invading the factories as well as offices, they are beginning to feel the tensions of man's economic sphere and may not surpass man's longevity as much as in former generations.

Taking the figures from 1876 to 1941, we find a gradual rise in the average age of both women and men even though the pressure of modern life is intensified. In 1876 the average age of women was 44.6 years, and of men 41.4 years. The average age increased until in 1941 the average age of women was 68.1 years, and of men 63.4 years.

With the cultivation of leisure and relaxation, together with the increase of medical knowledge and skill, a lengthened earthly existence will follow. The sensible procedure is work, but not overwork.

THE UNDERWORK OF LIFE

Employment in some useful task or occupation is necessary to happiness. Idlers, dudes, and social butterflies find little satisfaction in life and frequently talk of doing something to kill time. The most miserable people on

earth are those who have nothing to do but enjoy life. It is worklessness that explains the sighs of weariness that arise from palaces. It is worklessness that explains the bitterness of the tramp. There is the unhappiness of both the idle rich and the idle poor.

At a popular resort I met a woman and her older and wealthy husband. She remarked, "I keep my husband busy trying to find some new pleasure and recreation for me." One thing is certain, we can never be content in idleness. A young married woman was complaining constantly, always running to doctors, and seeking cures. She adopted two children and forgot her petty ills in caring for them. Now she is healthy and happy.

The dawdlers and triflers and idlers do not find happiness. The rugged Carlyle said, "In God's name work, produce something, and then you will consume your own smoke." The idle person is exposed to all manner of worries and fears. Since he is not occupied in useful work, imagination runs riot. Idleness destroys the possibility of happiness. However, life is essentially active, and the idle person is prone to seek activity in ways that are harmful to him and injurious to society. Overwork may break down the nerves, but underwork breaks down the morals.

And yet despite the apparent contradiction there remains the necessity for idleness and leisure and relaxation.

THE GLORY OF WORK

To have useful work to do and take joy in it lifts the soul and lightens the load and makes us colaborers with God.

The pagan idea still lingers that God has nothing to do. The degraded idea of labor sprang out of slavery. Paul speaks of "the working of [God's] mighty power." The little girl looked up into the sky and asked, "Papa, what does God do all day long?" Jesus has answered the ques-

tion, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." God is not inactive or passive. His is the energy that permeates our world. He is constantly transforming evil into good, and making the wrath of man to praise him. He brings the impact of his Spirit on our sluggish spirits and raises us to higher levels of life.

Jesus found happiness in his work. He said to his disciples, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work."

A poem which appeared in the *Christian Herald* in October, 1941, expresses in quaint style a philosophy of work which will prevent us from becoming "weary in well-doing."

Oh, you gotta get a glory
In the work you do;
A hallelujah chorus
In the heart of you.
Paint, or tell a story,
Sing, or shovel coal,
But you gotta get a glory,
Or the job lacks soul.

Oh, Lord, give me a glory.
Is it much to give?
For you gotta get a glory
Or you just don't live!

The Great, whose shining labors
Make our pulses throb,
Were men who got a glory
In their daily job.
The battle might be gory
And the odds unfair,
But the men who got a glory
Never knew despair.

THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS

Oh, Lord, give me a glory.
When all else is gone,
If you've only got a glory
You can still go on!

To those who get a glory
It is like the sun,
And you can see it glowing
Through the work they've done.
Oh, fame is transitory,
Riches fade away,
But when you get a glory
It is there to stay.

Oh, Lord, give me a glory
And a workman's pride,
For you gotta get a glory
Or you're dead inside! ¹

¹ Berton Braley. Copyright by Curtis Publishing Co.

CHAPTER IV

THE PERPLEXED MIND

There rests upon the mind the heavy weight of life's insoluble mysteries. We recognize the difference between seeing a fact and seeing into a fact, and we allow ourselves to be disturbed because we cannot see into the fact. We are beset by mysteries.

It is a world of mystery,
From every greenest blade that cuts the sod,
To the great star-domed temple of our God,
Pulsing with restless unknown power.

We need to content ourselves with knowing in part and await the coming day when we shall know even as we are known. The mysteries which confront us and the doubts which arise result in restless and disturbed minds. Jesus did not say, "I have explained the world," but "I have overcome the world."

THE IMMENSITIES

The modern world is confronted by the mystery of magnitudes. We face the threefold infinitude of space, time, and power. It was quite a wrench to the mind of man to learn that, instead of the earth's being the stationary center of the universe, it was moving through space at the rate of twenty miles per second.

The extent of the universe is estimated at six billion light years. A light year is the number of miles light

travels in a year, which is six trillion miles. These figures multiplied give some indication of the vastness of the universe. Sir James H. Jeans, the astronomer, compared the number of stars to the number of grains of sand on all the seashores of the world. The sun is a million times larger than our earth. But we are not to be worshipers of jumboism.

What if Betelgeuse is large enough for our earth to swing its orbit inside it? It is nothing but a gas bag. What if Antares makes our sun seem a mere candle flame? It is inferior to the human personality. When the pert skeptic says, "Astronomically speaking, man is negligible," the apt reply is, "Astronomically speaking, man is the astronomer." It is the mind of man that tracks the stars in their orbits and weighs and analyzes their substance.

The cheap physical and material estimate of man is that the elements which constitute an average-sized body can be purchased at the drugstore for ninety-eight cents. If a man with this estimate of his value should be killed in a railroad accident, the family should collect only his estimated value. If he should be about half killed, a claim should be made for only forty-nine cents. If an arm should be broken, a nickel would be ample remuneration. The supreme values of life are infinitely beyond the physical and the material. If the lifeless body of Jesus could have been dissected and analyzed to the minutest cell, no trace could have been found of the love that through the centuries has called forth the responsive love of countless millions, and that is lifting the world to higher heights.

THE INFINITESIMALS

We find the same stamp of divine perfection on the atom as on the colossal heavenly bodies. The mystery of matter is insoluble, but it has been defined as tiny particles of nothing moving very rapidly. The apparently solid rock

is no more substantial than moonshine. I am not referring to the familiar mountain product.

Matter is said to consist of electrons and protons. The electrons in the sky are so strongly attracted to the protons below that they stream madly toward the earth. The sudden leap from air to ground is a flash of lightning. Whatever an electron is, it is flying around in its own little solar system at tremendous speed of about ten thousand miles per second, and is doing all this traveling within spherical limits of about a hundred-millionth of an inch in diameter. The scientist tells us that a proton weighs about one septillionth of an ounce. An electron is lighter, about one two-thousandth of a proton.

A lecturer in a rural town remarked, "Of course, you know what a corpuscle is like." The chairman replied, "Most of us do, but you had better explain for the benefit of those that have never been inside one." The scientist is more gifted in description than in explanation. We have the oft-repeated incident of the small boy who was asked to define a vacuum. He replied, "I have it in my head, but I can't explain it."

A. S. Eddington gives a description of a scientist entering a room:

I am standing on the threshold about to enter a room. It is a complicated business. In the first place I must shove against an atmosphere pressing with a force of fourteen pounds on every square inch of my body, a weight of fifteen tons. I must make sure of landing on a plank travelling at twenty miles a second round the sun—a fraction of a second too early or too late, the plank would be miles away. I must do this whilst hanging from a round planet, head outward into space, and with a wind of ether blowing at no one knows how many miles a second through every interstice of my body. The plank has no solidity of substance. To step on it is like stepping on a swarm of flies. Shall I not slip through? No, if I make the

venture one of the flies hits me and gives a boost up again; I fall again and am knocked upwards by another fly; and so on. I may hope that the net result will be that I remain about steady: but if unfortunately I should slip through the floor or be boosted too violently up to the ceiling, the occurrence would be, not a violation of the laws of Nature, but a rare coincidence. These are some of the minor difficulties. . . .

Verily, it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a scientific man to pass through a door. And whether the door be barn door or church door, it might be wiser that he should consent to be an ordinary man and walk in rather than wait until all the difficulties involved in a really scientific ingress are resolved.¹

The scientist informs us that, if all the protons and electrons of man's body were collected into one mass and all the unfilled space within them were eliminated, man would be reduced to a speck just visible with a magnifying glass.

In the ultimate analysis matter resolves itself into electric forces. The food we eat is in reality electricity. Considering the diet we live on, we should not be slow-motioned but as quick as lightning.

With all the apparatus in the world at his disposal, finite man can never give an adequate statement of life, of light, of electricity, of the energy that propels all living organisms, of those unseen forces that make the movement and life of the universe. All that science can ever do is to find out *how* these forces work. As to the nature and essence of these propelling forces, science must always be content with a general statement.

The scientist relies largely on inference. Inference is a mental process quite distinct from perception and intuition. The latter are direct modes of apprehension, the

¹ *The Nature of the Physical World*, The Macmillan Co., 1940. Used by permission.

former indirect. We infer the existence of atoms, of electrons and protons, of ether, and of numerous other objects of which we have no direct knowledge.

THE THREE MAJOR MYSTERIES

My purpose is to mention them, without any effort to make any argument in favor of any particular theory.

First, what is the nature of the universe? Professed theists differ as to the eternity of the material universe. The distinction, however, between theism and atheism has to do with the presence or absence of a pervading Purpose in the world. To the atheist, the world is the mere sport of the blind forces of chance.

The world rolls round forever like a mill;
It grinds out death and life and good and ill;
It has no purpose, heart or mind or will.

The theist explains an orderly universe as the expression of Mind and Purpose, which is on the side of the good. The ultimate victory over evil is assured.

I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side.

Modern scientific knowledge has immeasurably extended the universe both in space and time. The age of the earth is now stated in terms of multiplied millions of years. According to the traditional conception man appeared on the earth immediately after its creation. In the seventeenth century Dr. John Lightfoot declared, "Man was created by the Trinity on October 23, 4004 B.C. at nine o'clock in the morning."

Second, how shall we think of God? We face the deep mystery of God. There has been a long succession of those who have denied the existence of God. A wide dif-

ference exists in the conception of God from the vague impersonal idea of pantheism to the Christian faith in a personal God who is our Father.

We may trust his love, but we cannot understand his infinity. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" We cannot understand the marvel of his creative activity: "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out." An intelligent Christian faith is possible in our day only by a willing acceptance of the scientific fact of the immensity of our universe. An enlarged conception of the material universe demands an enlarged conception of God. The mistake of some good people is that they endeavor to place a medieval God in the midst of a modern world.

The main difficulty that besets the faith in the fatherly love of God is the mystery of human suffering. We have witnessed the indescribable horror of war, the agonizing mutilation and death of millions of men, and the dark tragedy which came to vast numbers of women and children. In our moments of despondency, the heart asks: Where is God? Is he interested in man? A friend suggested to Carlyle, who was in a mood of gloom, that God was still to be reckoned with. Carlyle replied: "Yes, but he does nothing."

Some considerations which throw light on the dark problems of life may be emphasized. It is impossible to have a good without a possible evil. It is impossible to have a Christ without a possible crucifixion. We cannot have freedom to choose the good without the possibility of choosing the evil. It is impossible to have the reign of natural and moral law without the possibility of the law's being violated. It is impossible to have the solidarity of human society with its possibility of happiness without the possibility of suffering.

Some approach to the solution of our difficulty comes

from a recognition of a necessary limitation of God. As indicated, three factors are inherent in our world order: the free will of man, the reign of law, and social solidarity. If man were not endowed with this freedom of will, he would not be a man but a robot. With this freedom, he is free to choose evil which results in suffering. If God had not established natural and moral law, it would be a topsy-turvy world in which progress and development would not be possible. But in a world of law, pain and suffering follow a violation of law. If there were not social solidarity, men would exist as unrelated individuals—an idea which is not really conceivable. The only possible conception of life is interrelatedness. This involves the fact that a person may bring either help or hurt to other members of the family or society. Apart from these three factors, we would not have a world order in which character and happiness are possible. But with these factors, there is the inevitable possibility of evil and suffering. You cannot have it just one way. There is the inevitable antithesis.

No solution of the mystery of suffering entirely satisfies. But the critics of things as they are have never been able to draw a constructive outline of a different and better world order. These critics express regret that they were not called into consultation, since they could have offered valuable suggestions touching the methods of God in the world. But in a world where there would be no possibility of man's sin enhancing the misery of the world, there would likewise be no possibility of man's goodness enhancing the happiness of the world. This idea is emphasized as affording at least a partial solution of the tragedies of time. We shall have no perfect solution until we pass beyond the veil, and the light of the eternal world shall remove all doubt and darkness.

With full recognition of the limitation of the human

mind in comprehending the mind of God, yet we may venture to assert that some limitation belongs to God himself. In the first place must we not limit the absolute omnipotence of God in order to retain faith in his goodness? Must we not choose between foreordination and a future with some possibilities open? It appears to be evident that God places a limitation on his power in conferring on man moral freedom. In creating self-determining will God limits his own power. The omnipotence of God does not mean that he can do the impossible. According to Borden P. Bowne it means that he is able to "do the do-able." A twofold task of theology is to reconcile the power of God with his goodness, and to reconcile the power of God with the moral freedom of man.

We come next to the question of the omniscience of God and his absolute foreknowledge. We have more readily accepted a limitation of the power of God than a limitation of his knowledge. Since the power of God is limited by the free will of man, the foreknowledge of God is likewise limited by man's free will. If God cannot do that which is not do-able, neither can he know that which is not know-able.

Is not some future choice of a free individual unknowable? If a free moral act of man can be known of God in advance of its happening, it is in principle predetermined. The objection may be urged that foreknowledge is not causative, but this does not free us from fatalism. The person says: "I am destined to do nothing contrary to the divine foreknowledge. Why should I burden myself with a sense of responsibility?" We must either deny human freedom or modify our views of divine foreknowledge.

William James in a well-known illustration presents God and man as engaged in a game of chess. God does not know each separate move of his weaker opponent, but he does know the final outcome of the game. God does not

know the varied moral acts of a world of free individuals, but he does know the ultimate course and culmination of human affairs. To be guided by our own consciousness and to accept freedom as a fact afford a line of certainty which is followed by inescapable inferences. Those necessary postulates are the limitations both of divine omnipotence and divine omniscience. This is not a loss but a gain. Faith in the goodness of God and in the moral freedom of man are made secure.

The third mystery is in the psalmist's question, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" One answer is, "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour." The skeptical answer of Ecclesiastes is, "Man hath no preeminence above a beast. . . . All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again."

Two distinct views exist as to man's origin and beginning. The traditional view is that Adam, the father of the race, was created full-grown by the hand of God. The scientific idea is the evolutionary process by which man developed out of a lower order of life.

Again the mystery of man's mind is beyond our understanding. Some philosophers hold that we have no innate ideas, that at birth the soul is an empty tablet which receives impressions from the outside, and that all ideas come to the individual through some experience. On the other hand, there are advocates of the theory that ideas are innate in the mind and require only the stimulation of sensations to bring them to consciousness.

A further agelong controversy concerning man is that of freedom or determinism. The theory very early had vogue that the Fates wove a web of destiny around man from which he could not escape. Even man's will was determined. All the actions of man were the results of factors over which he had no control. The opposing opinion is

that man is able to choose, or else there would be no possibility of either good or evil. Life becomes meaningful only when we accept the verdict of our consciousness as to our freedom of choice.

We have the opposing theories as to the continuance of the human personality after death. The materialistic position is that the personality does not survive the disintegration of the body. The fact of life itself—its origin—is an insoluble mystery, and to live forever is not any greater mystery than that of beginning to live. One little cell unites with another little cell to form one cell. In this one cell are stored up some of the physical and mental characteristics of parents and grandparents and great grandparents back through the generations.

A sophomore is reported to have submitted a manuscript to a Harvard professor in which he said: "I am going to write a history of life; I have just finished my first treatment of that subject, in which I have explained the universe." The supposition is that an increase of knowledge removed this presumption.

THE EXERCISE OF SPIRITUAL FAITH

Men have always wondered, and worshiped, and prayed, and lived upon the spiritual forces in our world, independently of any adequate explanation.

Someone has given to us a parable of two chicks. The two chicks were housed in eggs which lay side by side under the warm sheltering feathers of the mother hen. They had reached the stage of growth when there came to both of them a strong impulse to break through the shell. A conversation took place through the thin shells which separated them. One was an agnostic chick, and the other a Christian philosopher. The agnostic chick said: "I feel an almost irresistible impulse to break my shell today. I have an inward assurance of light, air, food, a larger world, and

a freer realm of life. But since I have never seen and do not know of this other world, it would be a very foolish thing to tear down the only house I know anything about. I will take counsel of prudence and not break through the shell."

The chick that was a Christian philosopher said: "I do not know anything of any world outside this shell. But there burns within me an instinct which tells me that I should make the venture; that there is a life beyond; and that, anyway, to remain here at last means death. I do not see how feet, wings, eyes, and bill are to come into play, but I feel that assurance of a larger life with boundless horizons; so here goes for the venture."

A beautiful little chick was soon basking in the sunlight. The busy housewife came out to look after the chickens and found in the deserted nest a single egg. She cracked it, and there lay before her the stiff dead body of the agnostic chick.

In the realm of the spiritual we make the venture.

Nothing before, nothing behind;
The steps of faith
Fall on the seeming void and find
The rock beneath.

We must make the venture. Faith makes the venture in the absence of absolute certainty, or it would not be faith. This venture of faith is expressed by Browning in:

Two points in the adventure of the diver,
One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge;
One—when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?

The experiment of faith results in the joy of a spiritual experience.

O World, thou choosest not the better part
 It is not wisdom to be only wise,
 And on the inward vision close the eyes,
 But it is wisdom to believe the heart.¹

The denial of the spiritual is to transform life into a hopeless riddle. It is to hold that the worst in our world rests on reality and is in conformity with eternal truth, while the best in our world rests on the rotten foundation of a falsehood. The only escape from such contradictions is an unshaken confidence in the reliability of our spiritual consciousness. An element of mystery remains in the mind; but if the heart, the love, the longing, and the highest intuitions and aspirations find their object—their resting place in the one sought—the life is at rest.

I have a life in Christ to live
 But ere I live it must I wait
 Till learning can clear answer give
 To this and that book's date.

I have a life in Christ to live
 I have a death in Christ to die,
 And must I wait till science give
 All doubts a full reply?

Other things may wait until that glad day when the mists of earth have lifted, and we see the light within the cloud, and we shall know even as we are known. But even now we may know him, and rest our tired minds and aching hearts upon his love.

¹ George Santayana, "Sonnets, 1883-1893—III," *Poems*, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1923.

CHAPTER V

THE SELF-CENTERED LIFE

Charles Kingsley once wrote the following recipe for being miserable: "Think much about yourself; about what you like; what you want; what respect people ought to pay you; and what people think of you." The unhappiest people in the world are the self-centered people. The best in us is killed by too much attention to ourselves. General Booth, of Salvation Army fame, said, "Damnation comes from mirrors; salvation from windows." Jesus told his followers to find themselves by forgetting themselves. If a man can give himself to a cause outside himself, bigger than himself, and do it without thought of the consequences, he will find a sure cure for self-centeredness.

Through a cultivation of this spirit we can attain the supreme satisfaction of life. Happiness and selfishness cannot grow on the same stem. Our happiness is found in helpful service to others. Henry Drummond said: "Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting and in being served by others; it consists in giving and in serving others."

George W. Childs, the wealthy Philadelphia editor, a man of extensive charity, declared that doing good was the greatest pleasure of his life. Mr. Scruggs, a wealthy Methodist of St. Louis, with the gladness of his soul shining through his face, pointed out his church to a friend and said, "Thank God, I put more money into that building than into my own residence." D. K. Pearson, the bene-

factor of small colleges, who gave millions to struggling and worthy institutions of learning, declared that giving was the greatest fun of his life. He wished that other men of wealth might learn the lesson of joy in giving.

Instead of making any direct search for happiness, if in the unselfish spirit of Christ you endeavor to make other people happy, your own unhappiness will be forgotten.

EGOCENTRICITY

This incident is only an exceptional instance of the egocentricity of a missionary. A church sent out a missionary to China. The contributors to the missionary's support thought it would be a good idea to supply him with a printing press and a font of type so that he might use it in his work and also print a paper which would bring back home news of the progress of his mission. When the first issue was printed, it stopped abruptly in the middle with the announcement: "I regret that it is impossible to finish this issue, but we have run out of capital *I*'s." There are too many capital *I*'s in the thoughts and aspirations of most of us.

We readily pardon a child for its emphasis on the personal pronoun of the first person. A father heard his little daughter singing on her birthday.

Happy birthday to me,
Happy birthday to me,
Happy birthday, dear Susan,
Happy birthday to me!

A disposition that is pardonable in a child is repulsive in a grown-up. "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things." It is expected of a mature person that he shall pass the stage of egocentricity.

The prayer that Jesus taught his disciples to pray frees the soul from all petty selfishness. The first part is centered on God. It is not that our name may be honored, that we have rulership, and that our will may be done. The prayer is that God's name may be revered, that the rule of his kingdom may come, and that his will may be done on earth as in heaven.

The petitions of the second part of the prayer lift us out of self. The pronouns are "our," "us," never "mine" and "me"; not my daily bread, my forgiveness, and my deliverance from evil. The petitions do not center in self. The others are included; and the prayer is for our daily bread, the forgiveness of our trespasses, and our victory over the evil one.

The words of Paul in his Epistle to the Philippians according to the Moffatt translation are: "Never acting for private ends . . . , but . . . each with an eye to the interests of others as well as to his own." The egocentric person keeps self always in the center.

Somewhere I picked up the lines:

Of all my mother's children,
I love myself the best,
When I have been provided for
Then I will think of the rest.

An expanding personality is possible only to the unselfish spirit. The person whose thoughts are mainly centered on himself is occupied with a small subject. A man is bound to be unhappy if he lives in a world whose center is self.

Herr Hitler afforded a striking example of the bloated ego. A reader reported that in one speech Hitler used the personal pronoun of the first person eighty-seven times. In conversation people do not want to hear you talk exclusively about yourself. If you want the other person to be interested, talk to him about himself. This rule works

well in courtship. It is a good way to secure a husband or wife. The observation has been made that a gossip is one who talks to you about other people, a bore is one who talks to you about himself, and a brilliant conversationalist is one who talks to you about yourself. In a social group you need not bother to talk about yourself—the group will take care of that when you leave. For this reason, I prefer not to leave a company before it has dispersed.

The egoists have an inordinate desire for personal recognition and personal profit. Egocentricity is a common infirmity. Its sole interest is one's self and one's own affairs.

The word picture of Sir Walter Scott is pertinent.

The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

A DUE REGARD FOR ONE'S SELF

The unselfish spirit does not involve a disregard of one's self. It is essential that we should cultivate our self-respect, self-esteem, and highest self-interest. Jesus enjoined not only a love for one's neighbors, but a love for one's self. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." This self-love is far removed from self-centeredness. As you truly love yourself, you put self under the mastery of God. When you are self-centered, you put self under the mastery of self.

Happiness can come only through human relationships. Jesus told us that, if we are to know and appreciate the values of life, they are to be found in loving other people. Therefore, true happiness should be found through cooperation with the immutable laws of God, which are based on love.

SOME OUTGROWTHS OF SELF-CENTEREDNESS

First of all is an undue self-consciousness which dooms one to misery.

The centipede was happy quite
Until a toad in fun
Said, "Pray, which leg goes after which?"
That worked her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in a ditch,
Considering *how* to run.

There are those who live as in a mirror maze, seeing only self whichever way they turn.

We reach our best in the absence of self-consciousness. The self-conscious speaker is on the way to failure. The vital organs most perfectly perform their function when we do not bring them within the range of consciousness. The heart does its best work when we are not conscious that we have a heart. The heart beats 72 times a minute, 103,680 times a day, and 37,843,200 times a year. It generates enough power every twenty-four hours to lift a ton 82 feet in the air, generating enough power in a year to lift 365 tons up to a height of 82 feet. When you reach the age of fifty—presuming that you have not yet reached it—your heart will have put forth sufficient power to lift 18,250 tons to a height of 82 feet. If we brood solicitously over the herculean task, the heart will fail in its work. Do not become discouraged; the heart does not have to do all this at once. We must avoid overmuch attention to the department of the interior.

Self-pity follows in the wake of self-centeredness. The self-pitiers imagine that they bear the maximum of grief and that they have struck the rock bottom of suffering, and regard themselves as the most unfortunate of all individuals. They are so taken up with their own misfortune that they have no thought for the troubles of others.

In making a bid for the pity of others, they succeed only in making themselves disagreeable. The confirmed hypochondriac produces the imaginary ailment which he deplores.

An old woman related to me a true incident which occurred in her own neighborhood. A doctor was called to see a woman who could not get out of bed. The doctor took the husband out of the room and told him that he must give his wife some sort of shock. When the husband returned to the room, the wife with her usual wail said, "I'm going to die."

The husband replied, "I am glad you mentioned it. I have been thinking that I could marry Hattie, our maid, who would be kind to the children."

With that the wife for the first time in weeks jumped out of the bed and angrily replied, "No, you won't do any such thing. Hattie is too fast anyway."

The once bedridden wife renewed her strength and became an active member of the family.

A further offshoot of egocentricity is supersensitiveness. The limerick describes the opposite emotion:

There was a young man so benighted,
He didn't know when he was slighted.
He went to a party
And ate just as hearty
As if he'd been really invited.

The supersensitive person is extremely sensitive over all slights and offenses, both real and imaginary. In a social gathering the sensitive individual detects a couple smiling and looking in her direction. She becomes agitated and says to her companion: "You see those people looking this way. They are talking about me, and I know just as well as if I heard them that it is not anything good. I never did like them anyway, and I dislike them now more than

ever." If it so happens that I am in a social gathering and see people smiling and looking toward me, I feel elated and say to myself: "Well, I cannot hear what they are saying; but I know as well as if I heard it that it is something good, and I do appreciate it." I have seen public speakers irritated over any conversation in an audience. I never become offended. I do not hear the conversation, but I am practically certain that one person said to the other that he made a good point, and the reply was, "He surely did." Of course I might be mistaken, but I prefer making that kind of mistake.

Another accompaniment of self-centeredness is spiritual pride. Jesus pictures the self-centered Pharisee at prayer—his self-praise, his self-complacency, his self-satisfaction, his self-righteousness, and his self-consciousness. For five times in his self-congratulation the "I" rings out. The injunction of Jesus "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," may be freely construed, "Do not shake hands with yourself."

The self-centeredness of the rich fool as described by Jesus in the parable is not a matter of spiritual but rather of material pride. "I have no room where to bestow my fruits." He does not have God even on the far horizon of his life. "I will say to my soul Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." Eleven times he uses the personal pronoun of the first person.

Self-centeredness leads to self-deception. Self-deception begins when a man rationalizes his selfish desires and culminates in self-justification. "Ye are they which justify yourselves."

The modern church is no longer poor after the manner of the apostolic church but has vast material interests and resources. It was a searching and caustic comment of George Bernard Shaw that the Church of England would

give up all thirty-nine articles of its creed before it would renounce one thirty-ninth of its property. This would have likewise the same application to other churches.

Macaulay said that the theory of gravitation would not yet be accepted if it had interfered with vested interests.

According to Paul, "The god of this world hath blinded the minds." With one voice all whose judgments are perverted by selfish interests exclaim, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Rationalization from self-interest is very manifest in some of the advocates of militarism. The matter of profit leads the devotees of Mars to place a halo on his iron brow. If war should result in financial loss rather than gain to the munitions makers, they would become such pink pacifists that by comparison Gandhi would look like a rampant militarist.

An entirely different result of self-centeredness is a hurtful process of introspection. The admonition of Paul is, "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith." But a self-examination that is spiritually wholesome is altogether different from the morbid type of introspection which is constantly feeling the spiritual pulse. To examine ourselves is to test ourselves and to see wherein we fall short of the Word of God and the perfect example of Jesus. It results in bringing the life into a larger measure of conformity to the perfect life.

On the other hand, an introspective analysis of the emotions with a constant questioning of the motives interferes with spiritual growth, just as digging up a plant to look at its roots stunts the growth and may even destroy the life of the plant.

I think it was Horace Bushnell who pictured a man as morbidly introspecting his love for his mother and questioning himself as to this love. At last he reached the conclusion, "I do not love my mother."

In the distinctively spiritual realm of faith in God and love for God, a self-centered analysis produces the pitiable tragedy of the loss of faith and love.

It is altogether possible to be too severe on ourselves. Excessive introspection falls into morbidity in the analysis of our motives. Some people are better than they think they are. The incident is given of Lincoln that he rescued a pig which was caught in a rail fence. He said afterward, "If I had not done it, I could not have slept that night." He finally concluded that he rescued the pig for the sake of getting a good night's sleep. In reality, there was no selfish motive. The act was prompted by his kind and generous nature. By constantly exploring our "mental inwards" we may come to question our most unselfish motives.

Charles Lamb said in effect that it was most gratifying to do a good deed secretly and then have it found out on us. We should not, however, impute to ourselves selfishness because we relish the good opinion of other people. We need the spiritual discipline of self-examination, but not the morbid scrutiny that attributes a selfish motive to our most generous deeds. It is the doctrine of Satan, as declared in the case of Job, that there is no such principle as disinterested goodness.

LOOKING TOWARD A REMEDY

First of all, we should exercise a self-criticism. Judge Logan Bleckly, a noted Georgia jurist, was once asked the secret of his success. He replied, "I do not consider myself successful, but the explanation of whatever success I may have achieved, I attribute to the practice of self-criticism."

A small boy had a friend in a neighbor, who said, "Now I am going away for awhile; and, if you are a good boy, I will give you a dollar."

On his return after two or three days he said to the boy, "Well, how about the dollar?"

The honest boy shrugged his shoulders and said, "Just gimme a nickel."

If people were thus honest with themselves, they would be saved from many failures.

The psychologist William McDougall made the statement that a healthy self-criticism is the best safeguard against neurotic trouble. A healthy self-criticism is indispensable to a happy life. Some of our deepest difficulties arise because we are too easy on ourselves. We are forever making excuses, not only to others, but to ourselves as well. We know we have faults, but we are not willing to admit them, even to our friends and families. But what is more serious, we are unwilling to admit them to ourselves. We push our faults from us, turn our backs upon them, and do our utmost to forget them. We succeed only in pushing these unacknowledged faults down deep inside of us, where they frequently form the beginning of mental disturbances which may play havoc with us in later years.

We should have stated times when we can get ourselves off into a secluded corner somewhere so that we can talk to ourselves about our faults, so that we can say to ourselves: "Now I have you so you cannot get away from me, and I am going to tell you just what I think about you. You are vain; you are jealous; you are hotheaded; you are self-centered; you are stingy; you are envious; and it is high time you began to deal firmly with yourself."

If we were as expert in criticizing ourselves as we are in passing criticism on others, we would make a long stride forward. This habit of faultfinding usually springs out of a feeling of inferiority caused by an unrecognized sense of guilt that can be compensated for only by finding fault with others. Thus we create the illusion of personal superiority. It is much easier to criticize than to construct. Many newspaper columnists have nothing to write about

unless they find someone to besmirch. We can carry this quality into every avenue of life. Church people criticize the choir, the clergyman, and the sexton. Nonchurchgoers point the finger of scorn at what they call the hypocrisy of religious people. Thus they absolve themselves self-righteously.

The habit of criticizing others blocks our own progress, but the criticism of one's self is the secret of self-development and assurance of victory over egocentricity. Criticism is a backslidden word. At first it was passing judgment usually in the way of commendation. By degrees it has come to signify faultfinding.

We should cultivate, in the second place, an interest in other people. Paul exhorts, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Jude describes the opposite type as "feeding themselves without fear."

We are to enjoy the joy of others. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice." We are to enter into the sorrows of others, "Weep with them that weep." We are to be glad when good fortune comes to others—"in honour preferring one another."

All too often our ears are so alert to hear words of praise bestowed on us that we forget to praise someone else. The preacher is very prone to desire to receive praise rather than to give it. You might test your memory by recalling some of the kind things you said about your neighbor, or some of the kind things you said to your neighbor, or some of the kind deeds you did to your neighbor. A small boy in Sunday school was asked by the teacher what lesson he received from the story of the Good Samaritan. He replied, "The lesson I got from it is that, when you are in trouble, your neighbors ought to help you." This is the old note of emphasis on self-interest.

Our emphasis should be on what we may do for others

rather than on what others may do for us. Here is involved the whole matter of a clear guidance in life. If you think of your self-interest, you become perplexed and confused as to what course you should pursue. You know not which way to turn. You walk in darkness. As you think of your duty, the way becomes clear. "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it."

The declaration of Jesus is: "The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness." Success will be achieved in the search for good cheer as we place the emphasis upon our duties rather than upon our rights. People refuse often to give us our rights, and we have no way of compelling them. Our duties, however, are not restricted by outside limitations. No combination of evil forces can prevent us from doing our duty. An emphasis on duties or rights marks the whole wide distance between a happy and a miserable life. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

The emphasis of Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount and the note that runs through all of his words and works is that we are blessed as we minister to others rather than as we receive a ministry from others. As we contend merely for our rights from others, we become miserable. As we give ourselves in performing our duty to others, we achieve happiness.

Think more of what you may do for others than of what others may do for you. The note that runs through all the teachings of Jesus is to think more of your duties than of your rights. Some people dwell constantly on the service others owe them. Others think of the service they owe other people. This difference is as wide as the difference between selfishness and unselfishness, as wide as the difference between misery and happiness. The people who lay the stress

on their rights are supersensitive, contentious, continually aroused over some offense—real or imaginary—and consequently unhappy. The people who place the emphasis on their duties and the service they may render to others have neither time nor disposition to become offended.

We need not complain that life has no joy so long as there is someone whom we may help and whose burden we may lighten.

The road to unhappiness is to lay stress on our rights. People are naturally stubborn; they will not give us our rights. If they would, there is no telling what we might be or where. We might have risen so fast and so high that we would have knocked the bottom out of the top. We achieve happiness as we lay stress on our duties.

A woman complained to her pastor: "I have been a member of this church for three years, and very few members have spoken to me. I am going to quit."

The pastor replied, "You have been a member three years. How many have you spoken to?"

She said, "Oh, I never thought of that."

As a member of the church, the secret of your happiness or unhappiness depends on whether you are thinking of what others can do for you or what you can do for others. If you contend for your rights, you run into a blind alley; you are hedged in. But when it comes to duties, you are on a thoroughfare which nobody can block.

Dr. Walter Russell Bowie in his volume *Remembering Christ* relates a most illustrative contrast. A few years ago two men left messages to the members of their families. One of them gave in substance the instructions to do nothing to endanger the security of their property. The second one wrote: "My son, do not cry. Be strong to comfort your mother. Do not seek happiness for yourself. Step down to help the weak ones who cry for help."

The writer of the first of these two messages, who was

concerned about the rights of his property, was a prominent businessman of international reputation and was highly respected by the churches. The one who wrote the second message urging on his son his duty to "the weak ones who cry for help" was a man whom thousands believed to be innocent of the crime of which he was accused, but who was executed in Charlestown, Massachusetts prison, for a crime which to the last he denied having committed. His name was Nicola Sacco. He was hated and feared because he was a communist. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the communist who died in an electric chair blazed with a passion of pity for the poor when he wrote to his little son, "Step down to help the weak ones who cry for help."

In contrast to those words the message of the great businessman, whose chief concern was that his heirs should not endanger the security of their property, seems pitifully cheap and sordid. The second man, regarded as disreputable, placed emphasis on a duty to the disadvantaged. The first man, highly respected, placed emphasis on the rights of his pampered heirs.

We are to place the emphasis on our duties rather than rights in all of life's manifold relationships from the home to international affairs. Happiness belongs to the home when each member of the family is more intent on what he can do for the other members than what they can do for him.

Peace will prevail in industry as employers and employees alike think more of their duties and less of their rights. The idea with some today is that the relationship of an employer and his employee "shall be about as cordial as that between a bulldog and a back-fence tomcat."

In international relationships, the strife and misery and inconceivable wretchedness of our world today result from misplaced emphasis of the nations. They have placed sole

emphasis on their rights and have neglected their duties.

Because our political leaders have regarded Jesus as a visionary leader, they have missed the way to harmony and happiness and peace among the nations. The way of Jesus is the only practical way, and he would save us, not merely from some future hell, but from hell in the world.

The selfish philosophy of life is responsible for abject poverty, wretched slums, industrial strife, and the mass murder of war. The nations have waded through seas of blood, destroying millions of lives and billions of property, because they have not discovered that, not the strife of nations, but the brotherhood of nations is the only workable principle. Men have been obsessed by military pomp, and the ladies by uniforms and brass buttons. The whole wretched business is insane and criminal.

The insanity and criminality are not to be accredited to the soldiers who were thrown irresistibly into the bloody conflict. The blame belongs to the selfish and muddle-headed political leaders of the nations who in their diplomacy sow the dragon's teeth for future wars.

The nations contended for their rights, or supposed rights, and ignored their duties and came to the edge of the precipice. Nothing is practical in our world except the Christian way. The world has tried hatred, greed, revenge, and selfishness and has come to the brink of perdition. It is curious that we must stand up in the twentieth century and plead with the people who bear his name that Jesus Christ is not a visionary leader, that his way is the living way, and that our only safety is to trust and follow him.

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
 "God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
 The Wrong shall fail,
 The Right prevail,
 With peace on earth, good will to men!"

The one indispensable remedy for the selfish disposition is divine forgiveness.

Self-centeredness is sin. Sin is ever a discordant element and is destructive of happiness. Man is so constituted that he cannot live in sin without the visitation of remorse and the pangs of a guilty conscience. In spite of an outward serenity, the minds of evil people are like the waves of a troubled sea. All efforts to minimize sin, to deny its reality, to deaden the conscience, fail at last. "There is no peace, saith my God to the wicked." Happiness is possible only from the joyful assurance of divine forgiveness. Masefield says in "The Everlasting Mercy":

I did not think, I did not strive,
 The deep peace burnt my me alive;
 The bolted door had broken in,
 I knew that I had done with sin.
 I knew that Christ had given me birth
 To brother all the souls on earth,
 And every bird and every beast
 Should share the crumbs broke at the feast.¹

"The deep peace burnt my me alive."

THE TOUCHSTONE OF PROGRESS

The test of spiritual growth is to be found in love. This does not mean a vague and pointless generalization. When this test is rightly made, it becomes very definite and specific, and we can readily see our success or failure. To

¹ Used by permission of The Macmillan Co.

apply the test of whether our self-centeredness is on the wane, and our love is increasing calls not for a morbid introspection, but for the self-examination which the Scriptures enjoin.

Paul in First Corinthians, chapter thirteen, furnishes a measuring rod. The Moffatt translation makes the distinction between self-centeredness and love. With sincerity we can determine for ourselves our progress or lack of progress. "Love is very patient, very kind. Love knows no jealousy; love makes no parade, gives itself no airs, is never rude, never selfish, never irritated, never resentful; love is never glad when others go wrong, love is gladdened by goodness, always slow to expose, always eager to believe the best, always hopeful, always patient."

The prayer of Paul for the Ephesians is: "May you be so fixed and founded in love that you can grasp with all the saints what is the meaning of 'the Breadth,' 'the Length,' 'the Depth,' and 'the Height,' by knowing the love of Christ which surpasses all knowledge!"

His prayer for the Philippians is: "And it is my prayer that your love may be more and more rich in knowledge and all manner of insight, enabling you to have a sense of what is vital."

To the Colossians he expresses his deep concern "for all who have never seen my face. . . . May they learn the meaning of love!"

Henry van Dyke asked Lord Tennyson if he would inscribe on his portrait those lines from his poems which he would wish to be remembered though all the rest were forgotten. Tennyson without hesitation wrote on his portrait the memorable lines from "Locksley Hall":

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all its chords
with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out
of sight.

The spiritual progress of the individual is measured by his increasing power to say "no" to self. He becomes less self-centered and increasingly Christ-centered. This is expressed in a hymn that is not very singable and is therefore, not familiar:

O the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
"All of self, and none of thee."

Yet he found me; I beheld him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree,
Heard him pray, "Forgive them, Father!"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of thee!"

Day by day his tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and, ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of thee."

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my supplication.
"None of self, and all of thee."

CHAPTER VI

THE DARK SHADOW OF FEAR

Bondage of fear is one of the tragical facts of human life. Basil King in *Conquest of Fear* wrote: "When I say that during most of my life I have been the prey of fear, I take it that I am expressing the case of most people." Dr. George W. Truett was to speak at a college for a week. The president sent out a questionnaire to students as to what subject they wanted to hear discussed. A majority of the student body replied that they wanted the visiting preacher to tell them how to conquer fear. We have too often failed to declare the gospel message in a way that would remove the dark specter of fear from the minds of men. G. K. Chesterton, the British essayist, said, "If I had but one sermon to preach, it would be on fear."

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF FEAR

The traditional view would carry fear back to Adam's fall, "I was afraid." The scientific view traces man from lower forms of life, and his heritage of fear from all of his upward strivings and conflicts of the past. In the first case man met fear on the way down; in the second case he met it on the way up. In any event, primitive man in his ignorance of natural law was obsessed by fear. An eclipse meant that the sun was being swallowed up. Men were victims in the hands of supernatural powers. Evil demons abounded on every hand. The ancient world was under the bondage of fear. The fear of evil spirits and all kinds

of terror loomed large. The saving work of Christ consisted in large part of freeing man from such fears. Disease, as the Gospels show, was accounted for by demon possession. Even today the same kind of fear haunts the backward people. Albert Schweitzer, writing of his missionary work in Africa, said that for the Negro Christianity is the light that shines in the night of his fear.

Another author writes: "A difference between a Christian and a cannibal is that a Christian knows how to sleep, and a cannibal does not. We sent missionaries to the heathen to teach them how to sleep, and preachers ought to ask, as a condition of church membership, 'Do you sleep well?'" The question might also be asked for a negative answer: "Do you sleep in church?"

Various forms of superstition existed, since there was no idea of God and law. The universe, as men knew it, was peopled by a multitude of demons—little demons, big demons, petty mischievous demons, fearful devastating devils—all conscious of man, whose chief concern was to propitiate them so that at least they might leave him alone.

These demons were disturbed when human beings were happy. Even in marriage there was the fear of jealous demons and divine lovers. The bride was veiled so as to conceal her identity. The custom of the best man was to deceive the demons as to who was in reality the happy groom. But there was marriage in spite of fear. The custom of ringing the church bell was not for the original purpose of summoning people to church, but to frighten away the demons that settled around the steeple—and that sometimes settled down lower than the steeple.

A fear of the dead cast a heavy gloom. The corpse was carried out feet first so that he could not see his way back. Primitive man felt that the dead had power to work injury. The extravagance of mourning customs was to convince the ghosts that they were grief stricken. It was necessary

to stay awake with the corpse; for if a watcher fell asleep, the ghost might entice his soul away. The loud lamentations were to drive away the demons which would gather around a dead body. The eyes of the dead were closed to avert the evil eye. Food was supplied to appease the dead.

Fasting was practiced because, if a hungry ghost saw a person eating food, he might enter the body of the living and harm him. The custom of rending the garments was a disguise to prevent the spirits from working harm. The custom of putting on black for mourning is a survival of the effort to disguise. Laceration and putting on of sackcloth were disguises to prevent the ghosts from inflicting injury.

Primitive man feared darkness, since ghosts stalked abroad at night. He feared lest vampires suck his blood while he was asleep. The black shadow of fear constantly haunted him.

This is not to say that the idea of God and prayer and religion originated in fear. The origin and growth of religion cannot be traced to a single emotion. The emotions of reverence, wonder, awe, a sense of mystery, and a feeling of dependence were also present. Present in all religion was the longing for good as well as the fear of evil, the gratitude of praise as well as the gloom of fear.

Fear was not left behind in the ancient world. From life's beginning to its close, we run the gamut of varied forms of fear. Dr. George A. Buttrick in his volume on *Prayer* writes: "Fear is perhaps a primary instinct. It finds us in childhood when we cower beneath bedclothes, follows us in midlife through our dread of poverty or failure or sickness, and overtakes us at last in the vague apprehension of death."

We are not sick all the time, we are not sinning all the time, we are not sorrowful all the time, but some form of fear is lurking and lingering in the mind all the time. We live in a fear-stricken world.

THE TWOFOLD BONDAGE

Man is under the twofold bondage of sin and fear. Sin produces fear, and fear produces sin. This is not to say that all fear is the result of sin. The pulpit has placed due emphasis on deliverance from sin; it has had comparatively little to say about deliverance from fear. Jesus talked more about fear than any other subject. He had many things to say about sin, but he spoke of fear more than he spoke of sin. Time and time again he said, "Fear not," "Be not afraid," "Be not anxious."

I confess that I crave more than all else the faith and assurance of the psalmist: "I sought the Lord, and he . . . delivered me out of all my fears."

The mission of Jesus is not only to deliver us from sin, but to free us from fear. Not only his teachings but many of his miracles—the cure of those possessed by demons—involved the removal of fear. Men and women came to him tempest-tossed with inner storms of emotional anxieties, and went away with the calmness of the eternal within their inner spirits. His touch still has its ancient power. Faith in him is the potent remedy for fear.

It may not be good orthodoxy, but I will risk the statement that it requires more faith and a larger measure of divine power to save a man from fear than to save him from sin. The spirits of many saints who had the assurance of divine forgiveness were still disturbed by fear.

ABNORMAL FEARS

The infant begins life with only two distinct fears: the fear of falling and the fear of a loud noise. But very soon the phobias begin to multiply, running through the alphabet from acrophobia, the fear of heights, to zoophobia, the fear of animals. There is afforded a linguistic paradise to the person who likes to use big words. We

enumerate only a few of these phobias. Agoraphobia is the fear of open spaces. Claustrophobia is the fear of closed spaces. The victim of this fear should be tenderly dealt with by the preacher. When a child, he was shut up in a closet so that he has a terror of a closed space, especially the church.

Ergophobia is the fear of work. An employee said to the company physician, "I eat well and I sleep well; but when I see a job of work, it sets me all atremble." Ochlophobia is the fear of a crowd—the fear that a preacher has on Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Pressphobia is the fear of publicity, the dread of the limelight, a fear that also afflicts some preachers. Phobophobia is the fear of fear. Pantophobia is the fear of everything.

In addition to the heavy load of phobias, very many in our modern age still cling to various superstitious fears despite the contribution of scientific knowledge. A company of thirteen in a social gathering means calamity for some of the group. Well, if it is a dinner, somebody is liable to overeat; and that is bad luck. A hotel in Atlanta, Georgia, numbers the floor just above twelve fourteen, as if it were not in reality thirteen in spite of the false number.

Another ill omen is for a black cat to cross the road. I was once riding out of a cemetery when the driver became suddenly agitated. He said, "Didn't you see that black cat?"

I replied, "Yes, what of it?"

He answered, "It means bad luck. I was driving the other day when a black cat crossed the road, and I came very near running off a bridge."

I began to psychologize to the effect that his fear had produced a nervous condition. He became angry and asked who would fly in the face of providence. I dropped the argument.

A group of joy riders were going sixty miles an hour when a black cat crossed the road. The driver said, "Bad

luck, spit over your left shoulder." It was too late. The car in making the curve turned turtle; and, when the driver regained consciousness, he rubbed the sand out of his mouth and said: "Some rascal didn't spit."

Even some religious people have the idea that God is such a capricious Being that he would bring a calamity on people because of thirteen or a black cat.

THE DAMAGE OF FEAR

A physical injury results from the derangement of the digestive process and the creation of poison in the blood stream. The effect on the mind is to produce nervousness, the gloom of the hypochondriac, insanity, and suicide. An estimate is that 85 per cent of the mental and emotional breakdowns come directly from fears. The spiritual damage is that fear results in cowardice and falsehood. It blocks the way of spiritual progress. The man in the parable of Jesus said, "I was afraid, . . . and hid thy talent."

Fear prevents the exercise of faith which makes the spiritual venture. Fear is the foe of faith. Dr. Crile said: "When a man fears, he does not fear with the mind alone, but every cell and tissue of the body fears." Fear is the primary cause of the larger portion of our mental and spiritual disorders. Fear produces hatred, and we hate those whom we fear, and fear those whom we hate. Fear is the causal factor which produces the thing we fear—"The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me." The "fearful" are listed in Revelation with those guilty of the grosser sins. While fear increases sugar in the blood, it increases bitterness in the spirit and makes man revengeful.

THE USEFUL FUNCTION OF FEAR

Despite the peril of unregulated fear, recognition must be made of the legitimate place of fear in human progress

and welfare. The fear of an accident produces caution in the pedestrian as he crosses the street. The fear of giving the wrong prescription makes the druggist careful. The prudent automobilist fears to pass on a hill. The fear of sickness leads us to observe temperate habits. The fear of disease leads to progress in medical science. The fear of ignorance results in schools and educational progress.

The fear of penalty that follows the violation of the natural and moral laws of God has served as a strong motive for obedience to law. A scriptural injunction is: "Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear." We are to have a reverential fear of God which is higher than the fear of divine retribution.

The fear of death, when it does not assume a morbid and harmful form, serves a beneficent function. This natural and instinctive fear which clings to the best and the worst serves as a safeguard against suicide as an easy escape out of the world.

An importance belongs to fear in the interest of safety and life. In primitive days the men and animals who were not devoured were the men and animals who were afraid and escaped. Those who were not afraid or were afraid too late were destroyed. Fear has been the spur of progress.

The adrenalin that is poured into the blood of a frightened man may result in the saving of his life. A boy was chased by an infuriated bull and leaped a fence. The next day he returned to the spot and tried repeatedly to jump the fence but was unable to do so. A man in a similar situation said that he thought he was running as fast as he could; but, when the horns of the animal touched his coat-tail, he decided that he could make much better time!

There is the wholesome instinct of fear which leads us to carefulness. Otherwise, it would not be safe to walk the streets of our cities. A life devoid of this kind of fear

which leads to self-preservation is not a mark of courage but of insensibility. The fear instinct in time of danger calls out our reserve powers and gives an added strength which is not possible without it. The incident is given of a frail little woman who carried out of a burning building her paralytic husband who weighed 175 pounds. Fear released a stream of energy which gave to the woman more than her ordinary strength.

How shall we solve the apparent contradictions in connection with fear? We face a paradox. Fear is forbidden, and fear is enjoined. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Fear is sinful—a denial of God, a failure of faith, and practical atheism. But it would be the most tragical of all tragedies if we were free from fear in our wrongdoing. Fear is the scourge of God that will not let us rest so long as we try to build life and civilization on the rotten foundation of wrong. A distinction must be made.

Evidently the fear against which Jesus so emphatically warns us consists of a distrust of God, and of all the morbid and injurious forms of fear which weaken human life. The biblical admonitions are directed against the sinful form of fear. That is the kind of fear which we are to strive to overcome.

FEARS HAVE MULTIPLIED

The fear arising out of war has been intense and practically universal. Never before were so many in the grip of fear as during the period of A.D. 1939-45. The foreboding for the future has not been lifted by the defeat of the Axis nations. Science that removes superstition has immensely multiplied fears through its practical application in the invention of the destructive implements of war. We have ceased to fear the demons that people the air, but we live in dread of bombs dropped from the air.

Fear produces war, and war in turn produces fear. The

nations arm through fear. A South Georgia Negro said, "I'se actually so dangerous, I'se scared of myself."

Modern man is hagridden by the fear that he may commit corporate suicide. Entire nations are fearful on account of international rivalry and competition. The failure rightly to adjust our international relationships and to recognize our interrelatedness and interdependence is the prolific source of fear. People cling to the idea and the ideal of absolute national sovereignty. Each nation is its own judge and jury and sheriff. Under the sway of the god of nationalism there can be no relief from fear. There can be no sense of security for a nation except as it is stronger in military preparation than all other nations combined. For each nation to be stronger than all the others is a fallacy which the wayfaring man, even though he be a United States senator, should be able to see.

The attitude, however, toward military preparation has been suddenly changed. We have been plunged into a new era. The atomic bomb will finally knock out the advocacy of compulsory military training and the goose step. The most rampant militarists are being forced into pacifism. No place is left for the agelong military procedure when an atomic bomb can destroy a whole army or a whole city. Pilotless planes and long-range rockets will render large standing armies obsolete.

The defense of war has become an anachronism. We shall witness the passing of the militant preacher who reconciled himself to any amount of bloodshed so long as he thought the Scriptures were being fulfilled. We shall witness the passing of the diplomats and politicians who were strong on proxy patriotism and who were willing to sacrifice the lives of others in defense of their country. Blood did not look so red at a distance. The practical defense of war for the sake of profits has become outmoded. These practical and profiteering defenders of

war were able to make their purses full while they kept their full paunches out of the danger zone. There will also be relegated to the past the sentimental defense with the glorifying of war and the worship of brass buttons and shining uniforms.

The atomic bomb has not knocked out hate and selfish greed. It will, however, practically compel the nations to a peaceful settlement of disputes if civilization is to endure. But men will continue to shudder under the dark shadow of fear until they realize that peace is secure. Two factors will produce permanent peace: international co-operation and spiritual transformation.

First of all is the demand for international co-operation. For a nation to be the sole arbiter of its own acts is the road to continued conflicts. The burden of increasing fears can be lifted from the people of the earth only by a World Court and a union of nations strong enough to enforce the decisions of the court on any lawless and aggressive nation. This high possibility can be achieved and must be achieved if we are to live in a world where there is comparative freedom from fear.

The second factor is spiritual transformation. General Douglas MacArthur, after the unconditional surrender of Japan, said:

The problem basically is theological and involves a spiritual recrudescence and improvement of human character that will synchronize with our almost matchless advance in science, art, literature, and all material and cultural development of the past two thousand years. It must be of the spirit, if we are to save the flesh.

The whole mass of ugly fear will never be lifted until we come to the realization and practice of the gospel of Jesus Christ that we are one family of God, who is our Father, and that we all are brethren.

The fear of national decay belongs to some of our most thoughtful citizens. Our greatest peril is from internal foes. "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." No nation has ever been added to the wrecks of the centuries unless it was first weakened by its own internal corruption. We are the most drunken nation on earth, having spent even in time of war seven billion dollars a year on strong drink. The liquor traffic has a strangle hold on our nation. This dragon of darkness must be met by the spiritual forces of the church with the realization that it is a war to the death. Sensuality pervades our society and threatens the home. The calculation is that, at the present rate of divorce increase, by the year 1965 there will be as many divorces as marriages. Racial hatred and intolerance and injustice toward minority groups are evident on every hand. The crime bill reaches a total of thirteen billion dollars a year. We have selfish greed and luxury on the part of the rich, and sullen resentment on the part of the poor.

Very pronounced at present is the peril of the pride of victory and pompous strut. Peace has her defeats no less disastrous than war.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The danger from enemies within is forcefully depicted by Edwin Markham in "The Menace of the Tower":

In storied Venice, down whose rippling streets
The stars go hurrying, and the white moon beats,
Stood the great Bell Tower, fronting seas and skies,
Fronting the ages, drawing all men's eyes;
Rooted like Teneriffe, aloft and proud,
Taunting the lightning, tearing the flying cloud.

It marked the hours for Venice; all men said
Time cannot reach to bow that lofty head;
Time, that shall touch all else with ruin, must
Forbear to make this shaft confess its dust;
Yet all the while, in secret, without sound,
The fat worms gnawed the timbers underground.

The twisting worm, whose epoch is an hour,
Caverned its way into the mighty tower;
And suddenly it shook, it swayed, it broke,
And fell in darkening thunder at one stroke.
The strong shaft, with an angel on the crown,
Fell ruining; a thousand years went down.

And so I fear, my country, not the hand
That shall hurl night and whirlwind on the land;
I fear not Titan traitors who shall rise
To stride like Brocken shadows on our skies—
Not giants who shall come to overthrow
And send on earth an Iliad of woe.

I fear the vermin that shall undermine
Senate and citadel and school and shrine
The Worm of Greed, the fatted Worm of Ease,
And all the crawling progeny of these—
The vermin that shall honeycomb the towers
And walls of state in unsuspecting hours.¹

It may be added that to give emphasis to the perils that threaten us is not to wail in the minor key. The recognition of the danger is to put us on our guard. An incalculable amount of fear and unhappiness is caused by a hopeless outlook on the future. The faith that takes the long perspective will not fall into melancholic lamentation. As we look, not at the decades, but at the centuries and millenniums, we note the unmistakable evidence of human

¹ Reprinted by permission of Virgil Markham.

progress. Whatever may be the doom and downfall of nations, humanity sweeps onward. While there are different scriptures difficult to reconcile, yet the Christian gospel has a hopeful outlook on the future. The New Testament is marked by apostolic optimism.

Jesus was sure of the future, sure that love is stronger than hate, that right is stronger than wrong. His faith was in the ultimate victory of the good. "Every plant, which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up."

We come next to some fears of the more individual and personal type.

The morbid fear of disease and sickness shadows the mind. Vague pains and feelings of discomfort are magnified into fatal maladies. There is the dread of bacteria and germs. A woman in riding a short distance changed street cars three times to avoid the dangerous bacteria, as if she would find fewer in one car than another. Consult your doctor occasionally and dismiss morbid fears.

The fear of poverty besets rich and poor alike. William James said that poverty is the American's idea of hell. We create a dilemma to the effect that, if we do not worry, we will go to the poorhouse; and, if we do, we will go to the sanitarium. The forecast has been made that, at the present rate of our fear and nervous anxiety, by the year 2139 the world will be one vast insane asylum.

There are those who fear the truth. Reference is not made to the fear of telling the truth, which would be a separate discussion, but the fear of knowing the truth. A woman said in my hearing: "No medical examination for me; it might be discovered that I have a fatal malady." But ignorance is not a cure for anything. Some people are afraid to know more for fear they might believe less.

Their fear of the loss of faith is a fear that betrays the absence of a real faith. The churchmen in the time of Galileo refused to look through his telescope for fear they might

see something new which would disturb their faith. A genuine faith is illustrated in the incident of an Irishman who was building a stone wall. He was asked if he was not afraid a strong wind would blow it down. He replied, "I am building it two feet high and three feet wide, and if the wind blows it down, it will be higher than it was to start with." The person with a strong faith knows that through all the changing scenes and difficulties of life his faith will emerge higher and stronger than before.

The fear of old age robs life of much of its radiance. This fear is not enlarged upon, since a chapter is devoted to old age.

Men are obsessed with the fear of life. The responsibility of life weighs heavily on the spirit, with the dread of possible failure. Instead of the realization that some failure may prove a step toward ultimate success, discouragement prevails, and self-confidence is lost.

The fear of man is manifested in various ways. Very few rise to the heights of the apostolic courage: "We must obey God rather than man."

We eat and sleep and toil and plod,
And go to Church on Sunday,
Some of us are afraid of God,
And more of Mrs. Grundy.

We have largely overcome the fear of magic but not the fear of the majority. There is the fear of those who are in places of authority. People fear that they will not attain some social standing and fear that they may lose whatever standing they have. This fear of men also arises out of a feeling of inferiority. This results in the assumption of a superior air. As a sort of compensation the attitude of pompousness is assumed. A pompous individual was strutting down the aisle of an auditorium when a small boy asked, "Mama, is that God's older brother?" We have

overcome some fears, but there still abides a fear of man, "whose breath is in his nostrils."

We have the fear of being misrepresented, misunderstood, unappreciated, ignored, and unrecognized.

The fear of self-expression belongs to very many people. This has no reference to the group who clamor for self-expression when they have nothing worth expressing, but it refers to those who through timidity or cowardice fail to express themselves. The old Scotch woman after her husband's death was lamenting the fact that during fifty years she had never told him that she loved him. It was of no use to sob over her neglect. She had let pass a half century of opportunity.

There are those who in order to avoid giving expression to their ignorance on a subject will resort to evasion. An Irishman went to his priest with the question: "Father, what is the difference between cherubim and seraphim?"

The priest scratched his head for a moment and replied, "Pat, don't you worry about that. There was a difference once, but it has been adjusted."

A further form of evasion on the part of a public speaker is to discover the opinions of his audience and withhold the expression of any idea which might be objectionable to his hearers. The story is told of a candidate for senatorial honors who was scheduled to speak in a small town. Anxious to discover the religious affiliation of the majority of his audience, he addressed them in this manner: "My great-grandfather was an Episcopalian [silence], but my great-grandmother belonged to the Presbyterian Church [more silence]. My grandfather was a Baptist [silence], but my grandmother was a Congregationalist [continued silence]. But I had a great-aunt who was a Methodist [loud applause]—and I have always followed my great-aunt!"

When freedom of expression might possibly result in a loss of position, the refuge is in silence or a cowardly

evasion. There arose centuries ago the cynical maxim: "If a man will hold his tongue, he can hold anything."

In many instances, silence is not golden, but is the mark of counterfeit character.

To sin by silence when we should protest
Makes cowards out of men.

THE FEAR OF DEATH

This fear looms as a dark cloud on the horizon of life. The writer of Hebrews speaks of those "who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

First of all, there is the fear from the anticipation of the pain and horror of death. A noted physician has said that 99 per cent of all deaths are painless. In the course of life a thousand times more pain is suffered than in death. The majority of people die unconsciously. Even when people face death consciously, the terror has passed away. I heard Dr. James A. Moffatt say that in all of his experiences he had never found anyone face to face with death who was any longer afraid. He said that he had inquired of nurses, and their testimony was the same, except with a few very rich persons who seemed to think that they would not have quite as good a time in the next world as they had enjoyed in this world. As we have experienced living grace, so shall we find dying grace.

Again we fear death because it breaks the continuity of life. Victor Hugo said, "I need a thousand years to do what I have in mind." What kind of activity shall be ours in the future life? The fear of uncertainty as to the possibility and nature of our activity besets the mind.

With a diminishing number there is the fear of the torture of eternal retribution. This fear does not have the prevalence it had in former days.

In our modern age very many are haunted by the lurking

fear of annihilation or extinction. Thomas Henry Huxley declared: "When I think that in 1900 I shall know no more nor be no more than in 1800, it comes over me with a horror which I cannot express. The fact is that rather than cease to be I had rather be in hell, if I could have a place where the climate and company are not too trying."

Jesus strikes the note of certainty: "Let not your heart be troubled. . . . In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you."

My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

The faith of the Christian as expressed by Paul is: "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

In connection with the fear of death, there is the besetting fear of the loss of life's labor and self-sacrifice. The despairing doubt torments us as to whether or not the imperishable values of life are preserved beyond time. We do not care to give our lives to the good, if the good is finally to lose out. If we could have the assurance that life is not defeated by death, we would relish the heroic and daring venture. We would be willing to throw ourselves against the insolent and brutal forces of evil at the cost of suffering and scorn death if we only knew that we were fighting for a winning cause. The faith that endures is the faith that discerns the invisible. "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint

not." "Be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Furthermore, in regard to death, there is the lurking fear in my own mind that I may not know after death how the moral and spiritual values thrive on earth. I am concerned to know what is taking place in the world after I leave it. Reconciliation to death would be much easier. The veil appears to hang thick between time and eternity. We cannot penetrate the veil from this side. The matter of recognition in heaven does not perplex me, but whether or not I shall know not only how it goes with loved ones left behind, but also how it goes with society and civilization at large. I trust that from the other side we can see through the veil and observe the upward march of humanity. I trust that then I shall not "see through a glass darkly; but . . . shall . . . know even as also I am known."

THE CURE OF FEAR

We have seen that the forms of fear are legion and cling like leeches to the mind. Is there any light on the dark shadow of fear? Where shall we look for the cure of fear? We call attention to some helpful considerations before coming to the function of religion and spiritual faith.

We should reckon with the physical. Bodily illness breeds fears. We should take vigilant care of health and strengthen our physical energies for daily living. Play and recreation are destroyers of phobias. Through sports and games subjectivity is removed, and fears dwindle.

We are to occupy ourselves in useful work which does not leave the mind to a random wandering. The reading of books of a sane and wholesome type produces healthful emotions and fortifies the mind against false fears.

Selecting cheerful companionship is a fortification against fear. Associate with people who have courage and

optimism. Courage is contagious. A courageous soul will pour iron into your blood. The hopeful spirit radiates hope. This does not mean that we are to hold ourselves aloof from the fearful and the depressed, but it does mean that we shall be prepared to impart strength to others and not to receive weakness from others.

Talk over your fears with an understanding friend who can enter wisely and sympathetically into your state of mind. John Rathbone Oliver in his book on *Fear* makes his main character say after he had opened his heart to the physician: "It was as if he had pulled out a plug, and all the stuff that had settled in the bottom of my heart flowed out." To share our fear with the right person is to lessen its power over us.

We are not on the road toward a remedy until we fairly face our fears. We are not to try the way of escape from fears and seek to hide from them. We are to make our vague fears as definite as possible and courageously confront them. Flight from fear affords no relief; you cannot dodge the issue.

As we boldly face our fears, the first step has been taken toward the cure. The fears, when fairly faced, may vanish like Hambone's ghost. Hambone said that he knew it was a ghost because when he reached out to "tech" it, it was not there, and when it reached out to "tech" him, he was not there.

The cure of some forms of fear is found in removing the cause. Medical science has reduced fear by greatly reducing the death rate from tuberculosis, by a large reduction of the maternal mortality rate and also of the death rate for babies. Medical science has almost removed the fear of infection and in numerous other ways reduced the mortality rate. The hopeful forecast has been made that the main sources of human suffering are almost entirely conquerable by human care and effort. Furthermore,

scientific knowledge is sufficient for the cure of superstitious fears. But the fact must be faced that there are some fears which are beyond human power to relieve and too deep-seated for science ever to reach. Only faith in God can relieve many of the dreads of life. The psalmist says, "I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." A vital religious faith is the only ultimate cure of fear.

I do not know beneath what sky
Or on what sea shall be my fate
I only know it will be high
I only know it will be great.

We may gain strength against fear as we meditate upon the great words of Scripture. "Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." It is the constant exhortation of Jesus, "Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows." From Genesis to Revelation runs the refrain "Fear not" which will set the joy bells ringing in your soul.

We are assisted in the mastery of fear as we consider Jesus. Back of his admonition "Fear not" was his own fearless life. One man has lived in our world without fear. Dr. Chester Warren Quimby in a volume *Jesus as They Remembered Him* wrote: "Two emotions Jesus is represented as never having experienced, fear and personal hate." He was the one man truly fearless, whether in the midst of a raging storm at sea or in the midst of the fiercer rage of his enemies.

His faith in God's fatherly care overcame fear. The perfection of his love expelled fear. Love is an antidote of fear. "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear." Love for a worthy cause, love for a loved one, love for God make us fearless in our devotion. With this love we risk life itself in utter self-forgetfulness.

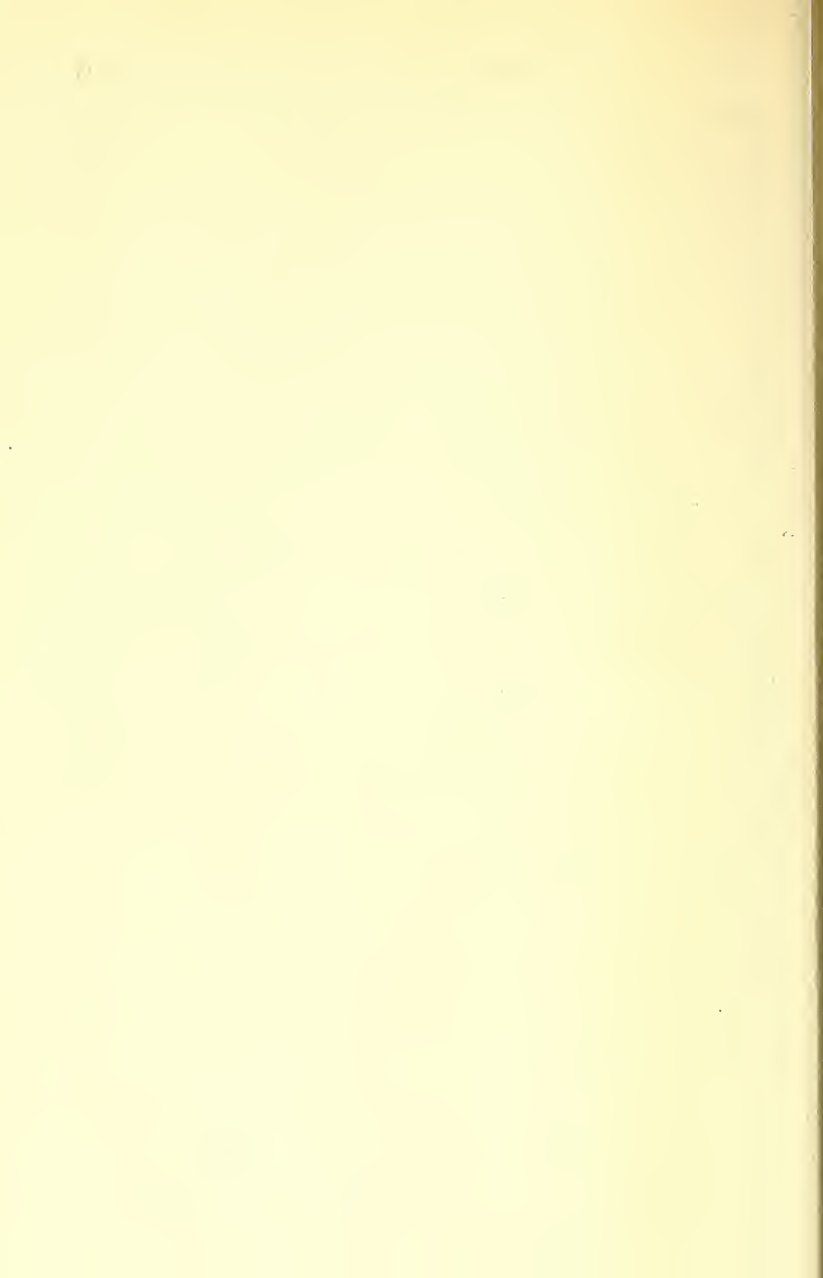
We may possess at the very core of our personality the eternal unsearchable riches in Jesus Christ, which all the incidents and accidents of time are powerless to take away from us. All the evil forces of earth and hell combined are powerless to enter the inner citadel of our spirits and deprive us of those abiding and permanent spiritual values. "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The joyful note runs through all the Scripture like a strain of melodious music: "Fear not"; "Do not be afraid"; "I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

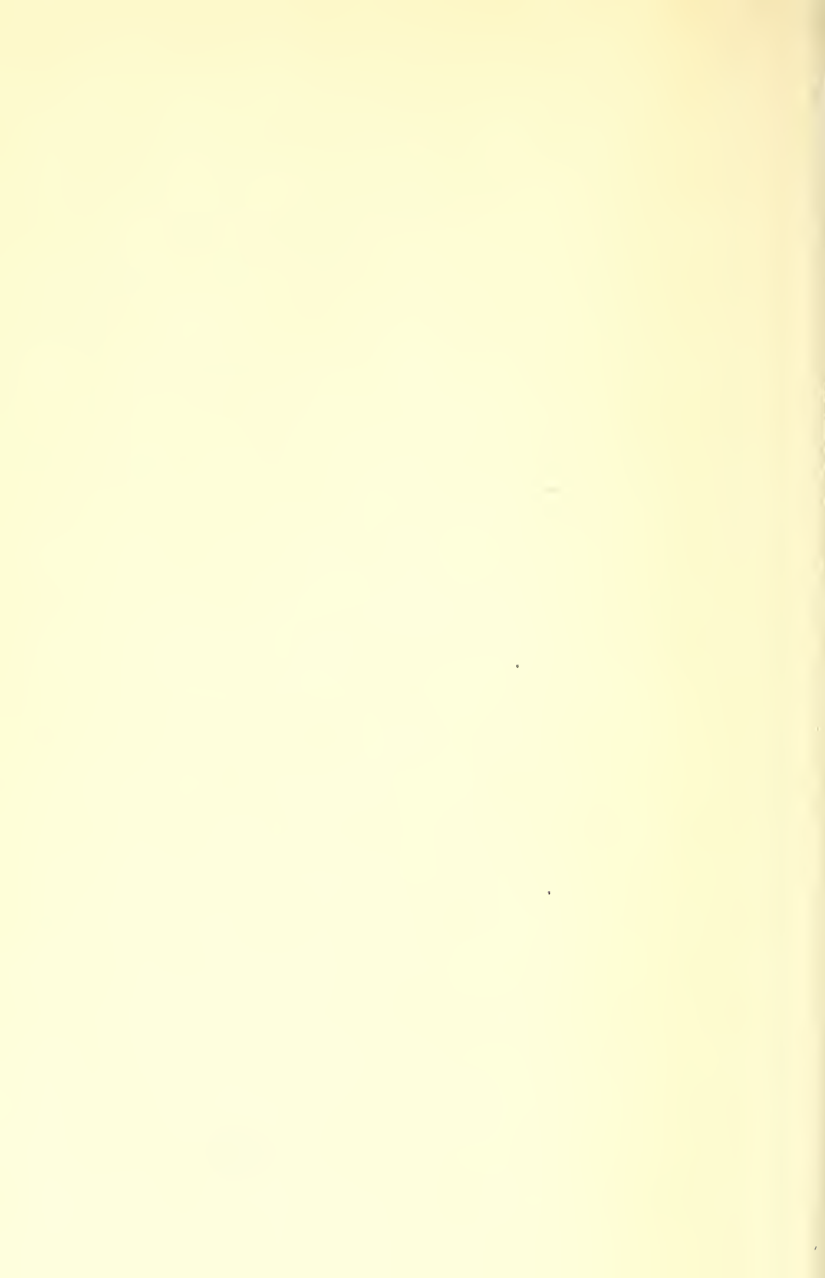
Oh the torment of fear—black, ugly fear that haunts the threshold of the mind and rushes through the open door! It is fear that drives reason from the throne of the mind, creates a million dark demons that terrify the soul, turns the love of God into the hate of a cruel despot, and transforms the harmony of the soul into a disordered bedlam. It is fear that changes radiant hope into lurid despair, tugs at the heartstrings like a weight of lead, and clutches the heart with the grip of a devil's hand.

If God should give me the power of bestowing one supreme boon on humanity, I would lead every troubled fearful soul into the deep current of the river of the water of life, where the fevered brows would be cooled and the aching hearts bathed in the healing waters.

Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.



PART THREE
THE CONDITIONS OF HAPPINESS



CHAPTER VII

ACCEPTING OURSELVES

We are on the way to poise and peace if we accept ourselves as we are—that is, if we construe this in the right way. William James quotes a lady as saying that the happiest day of her life was the day she ceased trying to be beautiful. If the number of beauty shops are an indication, not many of our women have come to this viewpoint.

Some years ago I boarded a small train on a branch railroad and entered into a conversation with a Negro porter, who was busy about his work. In the course of his remarks, he said, "I'm so glad I'm black, I don't know what to do. I jes' wish I was a shade darker." I did not see how that was possible; but, anyway, he lingers in my mind as a picture of contentment.

Many people are tormented by a discontent with their position or work or station in life. They are dissatisfied with their task and look with envious eyes on others who are more prosperous. The Scriptures give constant emphasis to the attainment of contentment. "A good man shall be satisfied from himself." "Godliness with contentment is great gain. . . . And having food and raiment let us be therewith content." "Be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Discontent also arises from disappointed ambition. The aspiration to achieve distinction in some field of human endeavor has not been realized. We are to recognize not only the difference of talents but the inequality of talents.

We are to do the work appointed for us, however humble, and preserve our self-reverence. We have no right to complain, since we are not making full use of the talents that we possess.

You are not only to reconcile yourself to such gifts as you possess; you are to adjust yourself to the situation which confronts you. Even though endowed with five talents, you may be called upon to adapt yourself to a subordinate position. The dominance of ambition and pride may prevent this adaptation so that the higher goal may be missed.

Daniel Webster was an intellectual giant of his day with his heart set on being president of the nation. When Harrison was nominated, Webster was sought for vice-president. He was too proud to take second place. It went to John Tyler. A month after inauguration Harrison died, and Tyler became president. Again Webster refused to be running mate for Zachary Taylor, who died in about one year after his inauguration and left Millard Fillmore, who was vice-president, to succeed to the presidency. Thus for the second time the unbending ambition of Webster deprived him of the goal of his aspirations. A refusal to accept the second place deprived him of the first place.

Hiram Johnson refused second place on the ticket with Harding. Coolidge accepted the vice-presidency and, following the death of Harding, became president.

The spirit of discontent leads us to want to be what we are not, and to want to go where we are not.

Dr. Russell H. Conwell in a lecture on "Acres of Diamonds" told a true story of an old Persian, Ali Hafed, who owned a large farm and was contented until visited by a Buddhist priest who told him of the value of diamonds. The old man could not sleep and sold his farm and went out to find a diamond mine. At last, discouraged, he threw himself into the waves between the pillars of Hercules.

The man who bought the farm led his camel down to the brook. He saw a flash of light and discovered the world's richest diamond mine—the Golconda. The largest diamonds on earth come from that mine.

Men have become dissatisfied with their circumstances, and have lost the fortune that was within reach in a vain search for some far-off treasure.

POISE, NOT POSE

As we accept ourselves as we are, we cultivate poise rather than pose. We are to be natural according to the best significance of the term. You have heard the preacher who speaks in unnatural and tearful tones. We are to avoid a weak imitation. If any two of us are alike, one of us can be spared.

According to Paul, "Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."

The false assumption is that to be natural is to be our worst self. To be natural in its true significance is to be true to our spiritual nature. We are spiritual beings, and to be truly natural is to be spiritual. Any other way is to be unnatural and abnormal. Browning expresses the true philosophy:

The common problem, yours, mine, and every one's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be,—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means: a very different thing!

In so far as external events are concerned we are to accept with full resignation, if not with gladness, that which is absolutely unavoidable. Our disappointments may not be God's appointments, but they are inescapable. We must learn how to accept defeat gracefully. This was the

method of a candidate who met overwhelming defeat. He had posted in his office window the notice: "A \$100 reward is offered for finding the man who voted for me." Stephen A. Douglas, the unsuccessful rival of Lincoln, said at the inauguration of Lincoln: "If I cannot be president, I can hold the president's hat."

James G. Blaine was defeated for president in 1884. One of his supporters, a preacher, sounded the unfortunate slogan against the Democratic Party: Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion. In addition to this, a rainstorm kept away from the polls many of Blaine's former supporters. Blaine said: "I feel quite serene over the results as the Lord sent me an ass in the shape of a preacher and a rainstorm. I am resigned to the outcome."

Our problem is to reconcile ourselves to the inevitable and the unavoidable. You may be hedged in by limitations—physical ailments that cling to you or to some member of your family. You may be shut off from coveted opportunities and cherished ambitions. Your plans may be thwarted and fond desires frustrated. You may be cribbed, cabined, and confined within a small circle. Cultivate a gratitude that is able "in everything to give thanks." By a spiritual alchemy transmute the baser metals into gold. Your best opportunity is to do your duty where you are, and to stay where you are if that is your duty. The Lord said to Moses: "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

ACCEPTING THE WORLD ORDER

You can change your own attitude, but you cannot change the order of the universe. When Carlyle was told that Margaret Fuller accepted the universe, he replied, "Gad, she'd better!" The story is that, when it was reported that Matthew Arnold had arrived in heaven, the reply

was, "Too bad. He won't like God." Discontent with things as they are takes the form of railing against Providence and the natural order of the world. In the *Rubáiyát*, Omar Khayyám makes the protest:

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this Sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's desire!

Another poet flings his defiance at God:

That not for all thy power, furled and unfurled,
For all the temples to thy glory built,
Would I incur the ignominious guilt
Of having made such men in such a world.

In Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Ophelia, the sister of Laertes, is driven insane by cruelty. As Laertes listens to her ravings, he cries out, "Do you see this, O God?"

Different forms of suffering result from the three factors of natural law, the free will of man, and social solidarity. These factors inherent in the world order carry the possibility of both good and evil. The world is not a one-way street. We cannot have the highest good without the alternative of possible evil.

ACCEPTING THE INEVITABLE

We need to make terms with the inevitable. We are prone to discontent if our ambitions exceed our ability. Some poet in words not so elegant has written:

If you are de tail, don't you try to wag de dog.
Pass de plate if you can't exhawt an' preach.
If yo're jes' a little pebble, don't you try to be de beach.
When a man is what he isn't, den he isn't what he is;
An' sure as I'm a-talkin, he's a-gwine to get his.

We are to recognize our limitations and also our capability. Limitation in one direction does not mean total disability. Do not bother about what you do not have when you can use what you have. Learn how to accept with gladness the inevitable. "If the Lord sends rain, then rain is my choice." You may be in a quandary as to the possibility of one of two positions; so make as your choice the one that comes to you. If you do not receive some promotion which you thought might be conferred upon you, then rejoice that you did not and confidently believe that matters turned out the best for you.

As expressive of my own attitude, I may add a personal word and say that I have learned to maintain my poise whenever I come to the forks of the road. The road on which I find myself traveling becomes my choice; and thus far, when I have seemed to be approaching a blind alley, it has opened up into a thoroughfare.

While "accepting ourselves" expresses a true principle, yet there is doubtless suggested to the reader a need of some modification. Invariably as we pursue a proposition, the inescapable paradox arises. We are not to be content with what we are. There is a contentment that arrests all progress, whether intellectual or spiritual. The same great spiritual leader who had learned to be content also said: "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Paul was content as to his external circumstances, but was urged on by a divine discontent to higher spiritual attainments.

AVOIDING A FALSE RESIGNATION

We are not to construe the acceptance of the inevitable as involving a kind of fatalism. We should not accept as unavoidable that which should not be and which need not

be. We are not to resign ourselves to wrong social conditions, but we are to wage ceaseless warfare against that which hurts human life. The words of Jesus, "The poor always ye have with you," have been interpreted in rigid literalness.

In the warning to the rich concerning the camel and the needle's eye, the eye of the needle has been so enlarged that the camel can go through, hump and all. Some of the privileged have preached that poverty produces piety, but they want the experience worked on others. They endeavor to comfort the poor by placing emphasis on the future interests in heaven, but their real concern is for vested interests on earth. The platitudes in praise of poverty fall on the ear with a hollow and hypocritical sound. Things may be all awry in this present world; you may suffer injustice; the good things of life may be inequitably distributed; but all of that is due to the inscrutable providence of God. Never mind; above all, do not meddle with the problem. It will all come right in another world. If you cannot have a piano on earth, you will have a harp in heaven. Endure for a while with patient resignation. The discipline is good for the soul, and you will get your reward beyond. But this answer no longer satisfies. The demand is for justice here and now. The suffering from inhumanity and injustice can no longer be construed as the divine chastening for the discipline of the soul.

The promise of heaven is not to be used as an opiate for the consolation of the poor. The gospel was never intended as a dope to quiet the pangs of pain when the cause should be removed. We have no moral right to be resigned to social and economic wrongs. It is our business to help remove the unnecessary sufferings of life. It is a false interpretation of life and blasphemy against God to say that it is his will. We are to wage a truceless warfare against the oppression of the weak. Religion and revivals of religion

were never intended for resignation results. There are the "high-ups" who are very anxious that the "low-downs" get religion with the hope that the low-downs will be more contented with their lot.

CAPITALIZING THE HANDICAP

We have a long roll of brave souls who accepted without resentment the difficulties that beset them. They refused to surrender to defeat and triumphed over disadvantages. Only a very few instances of an exhaustless number may be mentioned. Regardless of one's political affiliation, the victory of Franklin Delano Roosevelt over a serious handicap calls forth admiration. In 1921, when thirty-nine years of age, he was suddenly stricken with infantile paralysis. The supposition of politicians was that his affliction had removed any political possibility. But in twelve years after he was stricken he was inaugurated as the thirty-second president of the United States.

Helen Keller became blind, deaf, and dumb after a severe illness when two years of age. She learned to read by the Braille system, and graduated with honors from Radcliffe College in 1904. She became a well-known lecturer and writer. She is the author of a number of volumes, among which are *Optimism* and *Out of the Dark*.

An impressive and less conspicuous example of turning a "handicap into a halo" is given by Dr. Clarence W. Hall in the *Christian Advocate*. Evelyn Harrala was born with neither hands nor feet. For ten years she tottered around her father's farm on the stumps of her legs. She became an honor student at Hamline University and is an active worker at Simpson Methodist Church in Minneapolis. She is a musician in much demand for concerts. Evelyn Harrala modestly says: "Many persons more handicapped than I have made good, and some of them have not had the chances I have had."

No particular illustration may open up a way out of difficulties for others. Instances could be multiplied in which people on sickbeds have made themselves highly useful. The one thing to be desired is the purpose to persist. If you have some handicap, you are to find in your own way some work which will prove helpful and which will relieve you of the tedium of life. You can turn your obstacles into steppingstones. We are on the road to happiness not only when we accept ourselves as we are, but when we accept the happenings of life as they are.

Fanny J. Crosby, many of whose hymns are familiar to all worshipers, became blind at six weeks of age. She testified: "I am the happiest soul living. If I had not been deprived of my sight, I would never have received so good an education, nor cultivated so fine a memory, nor have been able to do good to so many people."

Great souls in suffering have not complained, though fettered by fate and cribbed and cabined by hard circumstances. Victor Hugo, banished from France by Napoleon, turned his exile into the opportunity for his greatest literary achievement, the writing of *Les Misérables*. Jonathan Edwards was pastor at Northampton, Massachusetts, for twenty-three years. As a result of a controversy in his church, he was dismissed by a vote of the congregation. The outlook was gloomy with a wife and ten children. He went to a smaller church at Stockbridge. He turned his disappointment into intellectual activity and wrote his notable volume on *Freedom of the Will*. He was soon recognized as the leading thinker of his age and became president of the College of New Jersey, now Princeton.

The heroic spirits have refused to surrender to defeat or despair. They have verified the prophetic promise: "I will give . . . the valley of Achor [trouble] for a door of hope."

William Wilberforce was such a sufferer that he had to take opium to assuage the pain. In spite of his handicap,

he carried on a relentless fight against the slave trade. Robert Louis Stevenson never saw a well day, but he refused to mope and left to the world a rich legacy of literary productions. Charles Lamb had an insane sister who killed their mother. Lamb gave up marriage, patiently brought his sister back to sanity, and gave to the world some rare gems of literature. General William Booth was informed that he was going blind. He said to his son Bramwell: "I have done what I could for God and the people with two eyes. Now I will do what I can for God and the people without eyes." George Matheson, the Scotch preacher, practically blind throughout his adult life, revealed that it was at a time when he was alone in darkness and desolation of spirit that he wrote the lines:

O Love that wilt not let me go,
 I rest my weary soul in thee;
 I give thee back the life I owe,
 That in thine ocean depths its flow
 May richer, fuller be.

Take out of the world the priceless values which were left by the long line of brave spirits who turned tragedies into triumphs, and the world would be too poor to live in.

They are the world's great altar stairs,
 That slope through darkness up to God.

It needs to be added that the triumph of heroic spirits over obstacles should not lead us to underestimate the importance of physical well-being. The average individual cannot achieve happiness if beset by disease and pain.

For when the body's sick and ill at ease
 The mind doth often share in the disease.

The familiar ideal is "a sound mind in a sound body." It is

our obligation to comply with all the requirements for good health. In so far as the record goes, Jesus is portrayed as having a body free from sickness.

Robert Browning wrote:

To man, propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

Health contributes to happiness, and happiness in turn contributes to health. But our point of emphasis is that, however unfortunate and inevitable are the physical ills, the heroic spirits have maintained a happiness of mind and a serenity of spirit. Through no fault of theirs, they are often the victims of painful and incurable maladies. Paul retained an abiding joy despite his "thorn in the flesh." He accepted the inevitable without complaining or whining.

Beethoven suffered from rheumatism, indigestion, weak eyes, dropsy, and was never in good health. In his thirty-second year he began to lose his hearing, and eventually could not hear the music he composed. He wrote, "Poor Beethoven, there is no external happiness for your soul. You must create your own happiness." He became totally deaf, but applied himself to his music to the last. He died when fifty-seven years old and said with his last breath, "I shall hear in heaven."

William Cowper suffered two attacks of insanity. In his melancholia he thought that he was not one of the elect. He continued to write hymns. Some of the best-known are: "Sometimes a Light Surprises," "God Moves in a Mysterious Way," "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood," and "O for a Closer Walk with God."

Henry Drummond suffered a most painful malady. In his suffering he retained his good cheer and said, "How suddenly the water deepens, sometimes in one's life. Well

I suppose it must be better this deeper sea than the shallows where the children play."

Sir Walter Scott had an attack of infantile paralysis when eighteen months old. He accepted his physical handicap without bitterness. If he had not been a cripple, he would have been a soldier with a great loss to the world. He was the author of two hundred volumes. Calamity followed calamity. The bulk of his fortune was swept away by the failure of a publishing house. He lost by death his favorite grandson. His wife had an incurable disease. In his diary were two lines from Shakespeare's *King Henry*

Are these things then necessities?

Then let us face them like necessities.

It is this willing and heroic acceptance of the inevitable that turns tragedy into triumph. We turn back to Paul for the highest manifestation of the heroic spirit. He prayed to be delivered from "the thorn in the flesh," but the Lord said to him, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." He ceased groaning and began glorying. He wrote to the Philippians: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Georgia Harkness wrote: "It is in the triumphant acceptance of life's inevitables that our Christian faith has its most visible testing." The prayer of a Negro as quoted by Harry Emerson Fosdick was, "O Lord, help me to understand that you ain't gwine to let nothing come my way that you and me together can't handle." We are to do what we can and leave with God that which is beyond our power.

“THE WORST TURNS THE BEST TO THE BRAVE”

To resign one's self to a calamity is much easier idealized than practiced. It is the way to happiness and usefulness. Henry Fawcett, a young Englishman, was hunting with his father. In shooting at a bird the father hit his son, putting out both eyes. Henry Fawcett said, “I made up my mind within ten minutes of the accident to stick to my main purpose so far as in me lay.” He worked his way through Cambridge University and was made professor of political economy. He became postmaster general of England and devised the system of parcel post, afterward introduced into America.

Dr. John Benjamin Magee, president of Cornell College, related out of his own knowledge the incident of a hero whom he did not name. The man had prepared himself as a doctor. When he was ready to begin practice, he was taken sick and was paralyzed from his shoulders down. Only his head and arms were still alive. He courageously faced the inevitable. He kept a mirror through which he looked at the world outside his window. With two telephones by his bed he conducted his business. He edited a newspaper column called the “Sunshine Column.” He called up the sick and hurt and underprivileged. He dispensed laughter and good will from his couch of weakness. For twenty years he carried on despite his severe handicap. Dr. Magee added:

When we buried him the service was held in the largest hall available. Hundreds came to look upon his face. And as the long line of mourners filed by, guided by the police, there came people in wheel chairs, cripples on crutches, helpless ones who had to be carried. It was such a testimony of loss and blessing as I had never seen before or since.

Self-acceptance means that we do not indulge in a useless resentment over what has happened to us. However

unfortunate the circumstances, they have come, and you are not to protest against the inevitable. You are to strive to transform adversity into victory. We can meet an unfortunate situation bravely and afford encouragement to all who are handicapped. The lesson that needs to be emphasized is not solely one of encouragement to those who are fettered by hard conditions. But the triumph of the sorely afflicted over difficulties should put to shame the people who are not physically handicapped, but who lead aimless and useless lives.

When we whine over our own troubles, we only augment our unhappiness and make other people more miserable. To accept ourselves as we are is a primary condition of personal happiness and progress. Noah in *The Green Pastures* said, "I aint very much, but I'se all I got."

Aspiration in excess of ability may create such a tension between the ideal and the real possibility as to make life gloomy and hopeless. This discrepancy between aspiration and ability may result in discouragement and a sense of defeat. As has been noted, men are endowed with an inequality of talents as indicated by Jesus in the parable. That which Jesus calls for is a faithful use of our ability, whether it be great or small. The man who made use of his two talents received the same rich reward as the man with five talents: "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

If the servant with only one talent had made faithful use of it, he would have received the reward of joy as the two other servants. The one talented servant was not condemned because he did not accomplish great things, but because he did not do what was within his power. It is not how much a man has, but the fact of his faithfulness that is the test of character. The one-talented man is prone to become disgruntled because he does not possess as great gifts as others. If we possess only one talent, we have no just cause for complaining of our limitations when we

do not make use of the gifts which are ours. No matter how limited is your ability, take what you have and use it. Accept yourself as you are. This is the road to success and happiness, and the way that leads to eternal joy.

There are diversities of gifts and differences in talents. "One star differeth from another star in glory." We are to accept ourselves as we are. We are to reconcile ourselves to our limitations and harmonize ourselves with our circumstances. The faithful spirit is unconquerable, and victory is in our grasp.

If only we strive to be good and true,
To each of us, there will come an hour,
When the tree of life will burst into flower
And rain at our feet the glorious dower
Of something better than ever we knew.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SAVING SENSE OF HUMOR

A sense of humor is one of the faculties God has planted within us to save us from going mad or becoming pompous and conceited. It has probably done more to maintain the mental balance of persons under strain than any other factor. Since humor is a necessary element of human nature, it must belong to God. The business of living is much too serious to be taken solemnly. When the tension of life is tight, and we are all tied up in knots, a hearty laugh lightens the strain and lifts the load.

You may have humor without happiness, but you can hardly have happiness without humor. Man is the only animal who laughs and weeps, who detects the incongruous, and who is able to compare things as they are with what they should be. In cases of insanity, humor is utterly lacking. Humor makes for sanity and health and religion. It allays hostility and oils the machinery of human relationships.

HUMOR WINS WHERE LOGIC FAILS

You may present a cause with flawless logic and yet lose out through a lack of the saving sense of humor. Dr. George A. Gordon, the revered pastor of the New Old South Church, Boston, related this incident of the American Board of the Congregational Church. The board was involved with extreme zeal and heated fervor in a discussion of probation after death. There was a "holy rage"

on the part of both sides, which seemed ready to disintegrate the old organization. It was then that Dr. Parker of Hartford sprang into the debate with a mirthful story.

"Last evening in front of this very hall in which we are now gathered," he said, "two men were talking. One addressed the other by saying: 'These religious people have jewed us out of our fun on Sunday. They have jewed us out of our liquor, and I'm blamed if this American Board ain't talking about prohibition after death.'" The writer states that the effect was "a thunderstorm of applause and laughter, continuing, it seemed, for minutes and recurring again and again. There were a few more serious speeches, but the end was evidently nigh." Dr. Gordon said: "The work had been done, not by logic, but by laughter, inspired by him, I cannot doubt, of whom it is written, 'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh.'" "

No great personality who has been devoid of humor has ever put over successfully a profound truth which has lifted society to higher levels. The great leaders in the religious, the political, the philosophical, and the scientific realms have seasoned their reasoning with humor. Through the use of humor they have put their hearers in a receptive mood and won out in their argument. Through humor they have punctured fallacy.

THE HUMOR OF JESUS

The record is that twice Jesus wept, and no mention is made of his laughter. The natural inference is that his laughter was not an exceptional occurrence. His humor doubtless created a ripple of laughter among his hearers. Jesus was making use of humor when he said, "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." "Ye . . . strain out a gnat, and swallow a camel!" "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" We are

sure that, if Jesus had not been merry-hearted, he would not have attracted the children as he did.

He who jested about a great camel trying to scrunch through a needle's eye must have had a keen sense of the comical. We can see the responsive smile break across the faces of his listeners as he ridicules degenerate principles of conduct that new ideals might gain headway.

Jesus' appeal was largely to the common people, who gave him a hearty hearing and a large following. If he had been solemn and gloomy, he would not have attracted such numbers. We are left to imagine the twinkle in his eye, the smile that lit up his face, and the tone of his voice as he dramatized the stories he told.

In Jesus, humor was associated with serious matters. The Pharisees accused him of ignoring traditional customs. He answered with two illustrations: One is of a woman who used an unshrunk piece of cloth to patch a trouser seat. When it was washed for the first time, the patch shrank and pulled away, leaving a larger hole than before. One can imagine the laughter in the household as the woman held up the trousers and saw her mistake.

The other humorous illustration is the picture of a man who filled with new wine a wine skin already stretched to its limit. The juice began to ferment, and suddenly there was an explosion as the wine skin burst. Only one who had laughed at such a picture himself would use it, and there were some in his audience who got the point more quickly because of the humor.

NOTED HUMORISTS

You can hardly name a stalwart and dynamic personality who did not possess in a large measure the saving salt of humor. Abraham Lincoln at once comes to mind. His humor was typically American, as when he said of one of the arguments of Douglas: "It is as thin as homeo-

pathic soup that was made by boiling the shadow of a pigeon that had been starved to death." When the burden of the nation's sorrow rested upon his soul, he said: "If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole of the human family, there would not be one cheerful person in all the earth." He once remarked to surrounding officials: "Gentlemen, why don't you laugh? With the fearful strain I should die without laughter."

Two Quaker ladies were discussing the prospective outcome of the Civil War. One said that she thought Jefferson Davis would win because he was a praying man. The other lady said that Abraham Lincoln was also a praying man. The first replied, "Yes, but he is so given to jokes that the Lord will not know whether or not he is in earnest when he prays."

Henry Ward Beecher possessed humor to a marked degree. He said, "Blessed is the man that has a sense of the humorous. He has that which is worth more than money." Once when he was in the midst of an impassioned passage, a drunken man in the balcony waved his arms and crowed like a rooster. Beecher stopped, took out his watch, and remarked: "What, morning already? I wouldn't have believed it, but the instincts of the lower animal are infallible." The crowd roared; the orator caught up the threads of his discourse and went on as if nothing had happened.

Again, in England, when he was addressing an audience sympathetic to the South, a heckler shouted, "I thought you said you of the North would whip the South in six months. Why haven't you done it?"

Beecher shouted back above the tumult, "Because we are fighting Americans, not Britishers."

And again the audience expressed its appreciation. On another occasion in this country, after he had said in a speech to a vast audience, "The voice of the people is the

voice of God," from the gallery a man shrilled, "The voice of the people is the voice of a fool."

Beecher replied, "I said the voice of the people, not the voice of one man."

Beecher was never caught off guard.

One of the most noted of American humorists was Mark Twain. His humor did not produce happiness for himself but doubtless relieved much of his gloom.

Exaggeration is an American type of humor. Much of Mark Twain's work is made up of wild exaggeration. At his seventy-fifth birthday dinner someone asked Mr. Clemens to tell why it was that he had lived so long and appeared in such excellent health. He replied:

I have a few little rules that are good for me. They may not be good for anybody else, but they fit me. When I eat anything that disagrees with me, I keep on eating it till one or the other of us gets the best of it. I never smoke—more than one cigar at a time. I never drink—by myself. I never go to bed—as long as there is anybody to sit up with. I never get up until I have to. And I never did a lick of work in my life.

He published his *Joan of Arc* anonymously because, his chief reputation being as a humorist, he believed that the public would not take his work seriously.

William J. Bryan, the great Commoner, enlivened his political campaigns with humorous stories. Fiercely attacked by Republican speakers, the Commoner in rebuttal said that some years ago a celebrity had returned to his alma mater, a small college in the west. After a speech in the chapel by the visitor, the president of the institution inquired if he would like to visit the room he had occupied while a student. The celebrity said he would be delighted to do so; and the two men crossed the campus to the old dormitory, climbed to the second floor, and knocked at the door of the room. Now it happened that the present

occupant of that room was digging out his Latin with the help of a fair coed—a violation of the rule that forbade girls to visit the boys' dormitory. The boy, suspecting that this caller might be a faculty member, told the girl to step into a convenient closet. This she promptly did, and the student answered the knock. The president presented his distinguished guest and explained the nature of the call. The celebrity looked around the room and smilingly remarked, "The same old table, the same old chairs." He went to the window and looked out, "Yes, and the same old tree." He turned about, "And the same old closet, into which I should like to peep." When he opened the door, he saw the coed and exclaimed, "And the same old girl!"

The student spoke up, "Yes, my sister, sir."

"And the same old lie," rejoined the celebrity.

"Now," concluded Bryan, "my Republican friends are at it again telling the same old lies about me."

Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Artemus Ward, Will Rogers, and other noted humorists have contributed to the health and happiness of people.

Will Rogers had his chuckle—even when he went to church—and the dear old preacher, bald as a billiard ball, took for his text, "The hairs of your heads are numbered." There was no acid in his humor—it was just pure fun. He made us laugh hard because he laughed with us, not at us. He said, "I've poked fun at all the big men of my time, but I never met a man I didn't like." When a charming woman chided him, "You don't remember me," he replied, "Why, my dear lady, I have been trying to forget you so I could go on with my life." His humor never left a sting.

"Wit comes from the brain, humor from the heart." It was pure wit when someone said of an endless talker that he had "occasional brilliant flashes of silence." That was

pure wit when Dean Inge remarked, "A man who can hold his tongue can hold anything, even a bishopric."

Humor is a social and political balance wheel. It punctures all shams and humbugs. It has been well said that "a man is ridiculous not so much for what he is as for pretending to be what he is not." Humor helps us to see ourselves as we really are; and so it may be even a means of grace enabling us the better to obey the injunction "not to think of [ourselves] more highly than [we] ought to think."

Each generation should have at least one gadfly to sting it into sanity. Such a gadfly was Dean Swift, and in our day Dean Inge. This "social ragging" has been the salt of English political life. In Hyde Park agitators are laughed down when advocating absurdities.

Humor keeps religion wholesome. Fanatics in religion are always devoid of humor. Has laughter any place or part in true religion? Our grandfathers did not think that faith and fun ever mixed. They seemed to think that, if a thing was enjoyable, it was wrong. In the third edition of Cruden's *Concordance of the Bible*, 1769, we read: "To laugh is to be merry in a sinful manner." There was no laughter in their liturgy—to smile was near akin to a sin.

George Eliot wrote an essay entitled, "Can a True Christian Consistently Smile?" It was satire, but there was much in the thinking of her day to justify her jibe at a joyless religion. No doubt, in our reaction against a repressive religion, we have gone too far. In refusing to be solemn, we often fail to be serious; but at least we see that the two are not always the same.

A BISHOP AND AN EVANGELIST

Bishop Warren A. Candler eased the heavy burdens of his own life and brought good cheer to others with his abounding humor. He was at his best when presiding over

a Conference session. Often his humor was a keen thrust at those whom he regarded as wise only in their own conceit. He said that the miracle of Balaam's time was an ass talking, and the miracle of our day would be to stop asses from talking. The bishop assured an audience that God did not strike people dead for lying in our day as in the day of Ananias and Sapphira. He then added: "If God should do that today, where would I be? I would be standing up here talking to a lot of corpses." His explanation for not playing golf was that because of his *avoir-dupois*, if he could see the ball, he was too far away to hit it, and if he was close enough to hit it, he could not see it.

On one occasion a somewhat consequential layman inquired, "Bishop, why is it we have so many poor, good-for-nothing preachers?"

The bishop replied, "Well, I don't know unless it is because of the sort of laymen we have to make them out of." For the most part Bishop Candler made use of humor to drive home some truth. In reply to those who advocated withholding money from the common schools of Georgia because the Negroes got some of it, the bishop said: "We are in danger of the folly of the man who in order to freeze his dog to death went out in the cold and held the dog until he himself was dead, while the dog survived."

Sam P. Jones was the outstanding humorist of his day. The Hon. Thomas E. Watson pronounced him the greatest genius of Georgia in his own generation, or possibly in any generation. No man with a heart so tender ever dealt in language so strong. He made use of the rough terms "scoundrel," "fool," "lying rascal," "red-nosed devil," and "the hit dog howls." He said: "If I hew to the line and let the chips fall where they will, the people say, 'Oh, Sam Jones said it; he can say anything.' Well, now, if I can say anything and if I am the only one who can, then I think

I ought to keep at it all the time." "I photograph your ugliness, and you sit there and laugh at it. You ought to be ashamed." "If any of you don't like the way these services are going, there are three doors; you can just rack out." "You may not like my grammar. I am trying to get my style and grammar down to your level." "When I first started out, I was afraid I would hurt somebody's feelings—Now I'm afraid I won't. If any man don't like what I say, let him come up to me afterward and say so; and I'll forgive him."

In one of Sam Jones's meetings in Nashville, in common with other students I was a regular attendant at his services. The theological students relished the courage with which he tackled the leading political figures. He had criticized the pardoning record of Bob Taylor, then governor of Tennessee, and the governor crossed swords with him in the public press. Jones came back with the story of the little dog who in front of a locomotive was defying its approach, and he concluded with a twinkle, "That dog was ever afterward a sadder and wiser bobtailer dog." Sam Jones held complete mastery over an audience, and his audience caught the contagion of his good humor.

"Everything they say about me helps me. If they lie about me, I'm so glad it's a lie I can't get mad. If they tell the truth about me, I'm so sorry I can't get mad. So I always keep in a good humor." "I can somehow stand to be swallowed by a whale, but to be nibbled to death by minnows is awful; and now that the terrapins begin to bite, it is time to wind up the line and quit." Much of his philosophy is summed up in one closing quotation, "I'll tell you how I've stood all I've been through. I'm always in a good humor. I believe that fun is the next best thing to religion; and if religion can't triumph over temperament, it ain't much account."

MIXED METAPHORS

The form of humor arising out of mixed metaphors is never intentional on the part of the speaker or the writer. A speaker in behalf of the poor declared that thousands were grinding their faces in the dust of poverty and at the same time were trying to keep their heads above the water.

A preacher said: "We often pursue the shadow until the bubble bursts and leaves nothing but ashes in our hands." Another declared that the report of something or other about which he was being eloquent would "re-echo in golden letters along the corridors of the river of time." Another mixer admonished his hearers to make hay while the pot boiled. Still another official said to the town council: "I do not want the council members to get their fingers burned with a white elephant." The keynote speaker at the Democratic Convention in Chicago contended that "the juggernaut has laid its hand upon the country's neck." A congressman once exclaimed in debate, "Mr. Speaker: I smell a rat. I see it floating in the air, but I shall nip it in the bud."

Huey Long exclaimed: "You can spur a horse so long, but finally the ship of state will sink."

The dean of a college was warned that a certain course would give the institution a black eye. Then he declared, "We will just have to like our black eye and swallow it."

A man was addressing the annual meeting of a church society some months ago and said: "I must confess, ladies and gentlemen, that our work is only in its early stages. But I do claim that we have driven in the thin edge of the wedge and devoutly hope that ere long we shall leaven the whole lump and see our endeavors bearing fruit a hundredfold."

In connection with a report at the Methodist General

Conference of 1940 concerning the General Conference expense fund, a member of the Conference exclaimed in impassioned tones: "If they don't stop shearing the wool off the sheep that lays the golden egg, they're going to pump it dry!"

The Negro preacher said, "Preaching to some of you people, it's like pouring water on a duck's back. It goes in at one ear and out at the other."

The typical politician sits astride the top rail of the fence and trims his sails to the wind, with one eye on the main chance and one ear on the ground.

THE INCONGRUOUS

Another type of humor consists in irrelevancy or incongruity. You can make a statement perfectly irrelevant to what has gone before, and it will sound very funny. For instance, Artemus Ward said: "I used to know a man in Utah who had lost all his teeth—he didn't have a tooth in his head, a perfectly toothless man; but he could beat a bass drum as well as any man I ever saw." The matter-of-fact person will say: "I don't see what his lack of teeth has to do with his beating the bass drum." That's the source of the humor—the irrelevancy.

It so happened that I was once the chief actor in an incongruous situation. I was a guest preacher at the First Methodist Church, Houston, Texas. I was just seated in the speaker's chair when a lady came out in front of me and extended her hand. With my natural gallantry, I arose and clasped her hand. With flushed cheeks she said, "I am directing the choir." Thinking rapidly for one time in my life, I held her hand and remarked on the large congregation and the fine choir. The audience supposed that we were old-time friends. If I had collapsed in confusion, the audience would have given way to merriment.

JOKES—OLD AND NEW

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man in days of yore
Could say, when Adam cracked a joke,
"I've heard that one before."

But we should not object to a joke because it is old. It's venerableness entitles it to respect, and some jokes are actually new. Then, as a matter of fact, a joke renews it's youth every seven years. The courteous consideration must be kept in mind that no gentleman has ever heard a joke before. Henry Grady, the matchless southern orator, spiced his speeches with jokes. Even in his epoch-making oration before the New England Society of New York he had the temerity to tell this story—a story that still bobs up from time to time:

There was once an old preacher who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old, he took unto himself a wife who was"—then turning the page—"one hundred forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch inside and out." The old preacher was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said, "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept this as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

A chaplain reported one of the soldiers as the most difficult man in the army camp, surly and odd. Dick Sheppard was invited to the camp. He talked with this particular soldier and left him smiling. The chaplain inquired, "Dr. Sheppard, how did you approach that man? I have not been able to get near him in six months."

Sheppard said, "Oh, I asked after his mother and told him two or three funny stories."

A British editor made the observation that during the fearful bombing of London the morale of the people was sustained by faith and a sense of humor. We are in need of relaxation because life is so tense and so serious and so crowded with calamities that, if we brood over them, we are liable to break under the strain. My objection to some very solemn brethren is not that they regard life as a very serious affair, for life is tremendously serious and at times tragical. My objection is that they take themselves too seriously.

There are people who see ten reasons for sobbing where they discern one cause for rejoicing. It should not be so with the Christian. If he is a son of God and joint heir with Jesus Christ, the smiles ought to chase away the frowns. There should be a chair of humor in our schools and colleges, and especially in our theological seminaries. In what other way can you deal with a person who struts? In what other way can you puncture pomposity? In what better way can you penetrate the thick hide of a snob? In what better way can you help the person who takes himself too seriously? You are to take life seriously; life is a serious affair; but you can take yourself too seriously.

A saving sense of humor will prevent you from becoming gloomy, grouchy, and grumpy. In looking beyond time, we are convinced that something would be lacking in the happiness of the future life if the element of humor were excluded. The fact that humor entered into the mental life of Jesus would indicate that it will continue in the next world; otherwise, there would be a real loss of human values. Why should we consider solemnity as the distinctive feature of the blessed immortal? There are not a few who in this present life seem to be preparing themselves for a smileless eternity to which they look forward

by banishing all gaiety from their countenances and all joyousness from their hearts.

A NOTE OF WARNING

We should not have our pleasantries at the expense of another's pain. The best mirth "gives a side-ache to everybody and a heartache to nobody." "As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool." Jesus rebukes those who make a jest of life and turn the most serious matters into a joke: "Woe unto you that laugh now! for ye shall mourn and weep."

The warning has been sounded that we are in danger of becoming a nation of clowns. A dash of Tabasco sauce in soup is appetizing, but a spoonful is torture. Even when a man's purpose is serious, his humor may prove to be a handicap. It has been said that the only thing which kept Benjamin Franklin from writing the Declaration of Independence was the fear that he might slip a few jokes in it. It is said that Tom Reed, speaker of the House of Representatives, was disqualified as a serious presidential possibility by a reputation for too-great wit and humor. Tom Corwin said the way to succeed in politics was "to be a solemn ass."

Even if one keeps his humor within bounds, he risks paying the penalty of being accused of lacking solemnity. He will be accused of frivolity by the pompous person who does not have sufficient discernment even to laugh at himself.

There is of course a risk to be run. People laugh with you so long as you amuse them; but if you attempt to be serious, they must still have their laugh, and so they laugh at you. Humor may prevent you from attaining some desired position or promotion. Sidney Smith said in speaking of his more successful brother: "We have reversed the laws of gravity. He has risen by his gravity, and I have

sunk by my levity." The serious-looking individual may walk off with the honors, but a merry heart with a gift of humor is worth far more than it costs.

We are under the necessity of being serious, but we should not identify it with dullness. Boswell remarked to Dr. Johnson that Sheridan was naturally dull. Johnson said: "Yes, Sheridan is naturally dull; but he must have attained his present state of dullness by persistent effort. Such dullness as he now exhibits is altogether beyond nature."

Benjamin Brierley, the English essayist, made the observation:

Too many theologians have been dyspeptic to begin with, and their biliousness colored their doctrine. It is only a few days since I heard the remark made concerning a well-known professor of dogmatics and champion of orthodoxy, that if only he were cured of his dyspepsia, it would make such a difference in his theology.

"There is gloom enough to keep you glum; there is gleam enough to keep you glad." Gloom or gleam, one may have which he will for the choosing.

A TIME TO LAUGH

Many personal combats have been prevented by one or both parties' possessing a sense of humor. If Fundamentalists and Modernists could meet together and exchange a few jokes, it would go very far toward taking the "dern" out of "Modernism" and the "dam" out of "Fundamentalism."

Humor and ridicule have proved effective in great reform movements. These forces were used by Cervantes in *Don Quixote* and by Dickens and Thackeray.

Many divorces might easily be prevented if humor were used on the verge of a quarrel. Women are apt to be more

intense than men. They express themselves with greater freedom and say things on the spur of the moment that they do not really mean. In these moments they may indeed be reaching out for some gesture of affection. When husbands because of a lack of humor allow themselves to be drawn into the same mood instead of passing over the occasion lightly, then tragedy is likely to result. Women are entitled to their moods, and to treat them too seriously is only to increase the tension. When a situation is artificial, it can be neutralized by a little touch of humor.

Society must have humor. The church needs it. It helps to oil the machinery and prevent friction. There is many an old grouchy brother whose influence for good would be multiplied if he only knew that laughter is divine and not devilish.

In his *About Ourselves—Psychology for Normal People*, H. A. Overstreet asserted that "we are led to feel that humor, whatever it is, is a gift of the gods." Then he made the point that we have been so accustomed to associate humor only with jokes and funny stories that we have overlooked the fact that it is highly important in building a strong normal human life.

Henry Rutherford Elliott wrote:

Are you worsted in a fight?

Laugh it off.

Are you cheated of your right?

Laugh it off.

Don't make tragedies of trifles,

Don't shoot butterflies with rifles—

Laugh it off.

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Does your work get into kinks?

Laugh it off.

Are you near all sorts of brinks?
Laugh it off.
If it's sanity you're after
There's no strategy like laughter—
Laugh it off.

THE LIMITATION OF HUMOR

The fact must be recognized that there are specters of gloom that natural merriment cannot chase away. There are sorrows too deep and difficulties too hard for humor ever to remove. Some of our greatest humorists have been the saddest of mortals.

Charles Matthews was said to be the greatest English comedian of his day. He could make the great city of London merry. Worn out in body and brain, he became a victim of sad despair. He called on an English specialist for treatment, exclaiming: "Doctor, what can you do for me? I am so sad that it seems my heart will break."

The physician made a most thorough examination and said: "My advice to you is to go and hear Charles Matthews. You need to laugh; you do not need medicine. His humor is a tonic."

The poor, nerve-racked comedian replied: "I am Charles Matthews."

Humor is a helpful ally of faith, but it is not a cure-all, a panacea for human sorrow. The happy, radiant spirits of the world are those with a vital faith in God. "The joy of the Lord is [their] strength."

CHAPTER IX

KNOWING HOW TO GROW OLD

We should strive to meet the conditions of continued usefulness and happiness. We must avoid certain tendencies of the advancing years. We must reckon with compensating values of old age.

THE PERILS OF OLD AGE

One tendency is to live in the past. The claim is that the good old days were the best, and that the world is going to the bow-wows. We are prone to place a radiant halo on the past and to bewail the awful degeneracy of the present.

We must avoid a fixedness of opinion. An old man objected to the tractor and said, "I have spent more than forty years studying the taste, temperament, and peculiarities of the mule; and I am not going to throw all that knowledge away for some new-fangled affair." In contrast with this, Jonathan Edwards, after he reached old age, said, "I am resolved to accept any new conception of the truth, which is supported by reason and evidence, however long I may have held a different conception."

Anxiety and worry are to be avoided. We are to cultivate the joyful emotion. If we are to keep young while growing old, then the glad emotions must have right of way. Worry is a foe to the heart, to the digestion, to the circulation, to every nerve and brain cell.

A tragedy of life is the loss of the wondering mind. We are to retain the spirit of wonder and inquisitiveness.

“And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt. And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him.” Because Moses had retained the freshness of the wondering mind, God could make use of him for forty years longer. When we lose interest in the new things of the new and marvelous present, the black border of the dead line is already behind us. This is what Jesus means by becoming as a little child. The topmost tragedy of human life is the death of the child in the grown person when the instinct of wonder has died out of life.

An increasing sense of uselessness and futility is a peril of old age. The old man is prone to feel that he has fallen into a state of innocuous desuetude. He complains that he is no good to anybody and can only sit and watch the world go by. There is also the realization—not without some reason—that he is not afforded the opportunity of being as useful as he might be. The aged sometimes become embittered through lack of attention and are childish and irritable. The sense of uselessness is intensified when the poor come to a dependent old age, having laid up nothing for a rainy day.

It is possible for the aged to resist and to overcome the feeling of futility and to retain a joyful outlook on life.

We are to retain activity of thought and an active interest in life. There has prevailed a kind of superstitious attitude toward the Bible and what it has to say concerning our allotted time on earth. The psalmist mentions three-score years and ten as the normal length of life in his day. Some people, when they reach the end of this period, think there is nothing left but to die or else to continue a decade longer in labor and sorrow.

At the time of his death, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, for many years president of Harvard University and then president emeritus, though over ninety years of age, was still one of

the most progressive thinkers of his generation. William E. Gladstone at the age of eighty-five was the mastermind of the British Empire and the leading statesman of the world. John Wesley at eighty was as busy as he had been at any time in his life.

Professor Edward L. Thorndike said: "If I had to draw a general conclusion, I should say that the results demonstrate that the ability of adults to learn is very close to that of persons from seventeen to nineteen years of age. The ability of an old dog to learn a new trick largely depends on the dog."

In a summary of four hundred of the most noted men of all time, 64 per cent of the great achievements of the world were by men over sixty; 23 per cent of the achievements were by men between seventy and eighty; and 1 per cent of the achievements was by those under forty.

We are to be continuously interested in worthy enterprises, and retain an alertness of mind. A man's age does not depend upon his accumulated birthdays but upon the elasticity of his spirit—the vigor of his mind. A well-known professor of psychology tells us that "the brain does not reach maturity until the age of fifty, and if it is properly exercised, it may remain young at ninety."

A further peril that besets old age is the spirit of boasting. Instead of a frank acknowledgment of physical infirmities, the person may boast that he is almost as strong as he ever was. This leads to a failure to take proper precaution against overexertion. The same kind of claim is made as to an unabated mental vigor. Other people observe the mental infirmity—the weakening of memory and the constant repetition of incidents and stories. Boasting is a sure sign of senility.

Along with the fault of boasting, the old person tends to become increasingly garrulous. He talks at length not only about his achievements but about his ailments, unfavorable

physical symptoms, and imaginary ills. His reminiscences are exhaustless and exhausting. How the neighbors of Methuselah must have suffered! It is a fortunate state of affairs that we do not have Mr. and Mrs. Methuselah—and a Reverend Methuselah would mistake time for eternity. It is only fair to say that some old people avoid the disposition of excessive talkativeness.

The tendency, however, is for the old man to be interested more in what he wants to tell you than in what you are telling him. His cup is already full and running over. He listens in a listless way to your narrative and is impatient for you to stop so that he can start. Your nuggets of wisdom and rarest jokes fail to register and serve only to remind him of precious gems which he is anxious to impart to you. He is an active talker but an inert listener. You should be patient with the older person, for where he is now, soon you will be. At the same time you can be on your guard against the perils of old age.

A wise old owl sat on an oak,
The more he saw the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard;
Why aren't we like that wise old bird?

Old men face the peril of envy. We are to possess a willingness to decrease. The advancing years remind us that, as compared with our younger brethren, we must decrease and they must increase. They should not, however, be too anxious about our decrease or decease. We do not care that our younger brethren should sympathetically allude to our increasing decrepitude and comment on signs, or supposed signs, of a failing mental vigor with irritating expressions of concern. All of this is in the absence of the victim, but it comes to his knowledge. But we have the unrighteous satisfaction of knowing that the years are on their trail. Seriously, we should recognize that

we have had our day, and we should rejoice in the promotion and success of those who follow after us.

Those who are older must avoid envy of the younger men who have come to the front. You have to look back to see your future. If you have any clouds of glory, they are trailing like a comet's tail behind you. Some older preachers resent the fact that the churches prefer a younger man. This has doubtless been carried to such an extreme as to justify the sarcasm that churches should employ a pediatrician as an associate for the pastor. The older preacher may truthfully claim that he possesses superior knowledge and experience and can preach better than ever before. In some instances he doubtless overlooks the fact that his mind grows stiff along with his knees. The older man should reckon with his handicaps as compared with the younger man. His health is more precarious. In the midst of a pastorate he may be rendered inactive by a paralytic or heart attack or some other old-age ailment. Very naturally the churches prefer a vigorous and active pastor.

We should not unduly anticipate death. Cicero remarked that no man is so old but that he expects to live another year. We can be overpessimistic as to our continuance in life.

Dr. William Lyon Phelps told of a visit that he made to President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard. Dr. Phelps said, "I hope you will always be as courteous in the future in permitting one to call upon you as you have been in the past."

In reply, Dr. Eliot said: "I should like to have you call when you are in Cambridge; but when you come again, I may not be here."

Surprised, Dr. Phelps inquired if he were intending to resign.

Dr. Eliot replied, "Resign? No, you do not understand, for you see I am a man sixty-six years of age."

But Dr. Eliot continued active until his ninety-second year.

We must win the victory over fear of old age. We are to meet the advancing years unafraid. William Allen White on his seventieth birthday said, "I am not afraid of tomorrow. I have seen yesterday, and I love today."

The fear of old age is a common fear. People begin anxiously to study the mirror. A woman said, "Husband, this is the sorriest mirror we ever had." It is not a question of age, but of spirit and purpose. Emerson remarked, "We do not count a man's years, until he has nothing else to count." The familiar saying, "The good die young," is profoundly true, since if the good die at all, they have to die young. They maintain an eternal freshness of spirit. We cannot arrest the advancing years, but we do have a choice. We can grow old gloomily, grouchy, and grudgingly; or we can grow old gladly, gratefully, and gracefully. We can grow old cynically and cravenly, or we can grow old cheerfully and courageously.

Old age is not so much the accumulation of years as the acquisition of fears—not so much in gray locks as in gray looks.

A very bright woman who felt the weight of the advancing years said, "Jesus suffered everything that we suffer except old age." It may be added, however, that Jesus can bring happiness to old age.

COMPENSATING VALUES OF OLD AGE

There is to be recognized the advantage of disadvantages. Cicero names four reasons why old age is regarded as an unhappy period in life.

The person is withdrawn from active employment. This, however, is true only of physical activities. There need

not be any let-up in intellectual pursuits, and one may grow old learning something new.

Old age enfeebles the body. This is closely related to the preceding item. Despite this fact, the mind may increase in wisdom, and the soul may increase in goodness.

The person is deprived of certain sensual pleasures. But these constitute a peril to character.

There is the haunting thought of the nearness of death. Cicero adds the comforting consideration that death is "coming to port at last after a long voyage."

Cicero states the alternative that death either extinguishes the soul or ushers it into the realm of happiness. He quizzically observes that, if the first alternative is true, the skeptical philosopher will have no chance to deride us for our faith. He further adds a disadvantage in that old persons are neglected by those from whom they formerly received attention. The old Roman has something there. The old person is responsible if he allows himself to become fretful and ill-tempered and disagreeable. Cicero represents Cato as saying: "Men, of course, who have no resources in themselves for securing a good and happy life, find every age burdensome. But those who look for all happiness from within can never think anything bad which nature makes inevitable!"

We who are older, however, are not convinced that it is inevitable that we should be shut off from all opportunity. But we are not to be sensitive, and we must avoid self-pity. We should rather pity the unfortunate public, the real loser, which does not have the chance to hear us. We might say with Ruskin, "I do not wonder so much at what people suffer as at what they lose."

Old age is prepared for a keener spiritual insight. With increasing years we more readily discern the things that are vital. The incidentals fall away. We lay hold of the central verities of the faith by which men live. We see

in the calm light of experience what the major issues of life are. There comes on an increase of the wisdom that discriminates.

In old age the hollowness of worldly pomp is exposed. We come to see how artificial is the distinction between the so-called lower and higher positions in life. We come to see the emptiness and vanity of all earthly honor and glory.

The riches of Christian experience are enhanced with the lapse of the years. Faith, hope, and love are deepened and strengthened. The light of God's love shines brighter and brighter.

E'en down to old age all my people shall prove,
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love.

It is the privilege of old age to possess a more confident assurance of the immortal life.

For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

This assurance of immortality rises above the groping uncertainty that was expressed by Cicero on old age. The jubilant note of certainty rings out in the words of the poet:

Because I know the spark
O God has no eclipse,
Now death and I embark
And sail into the dark.
With laughter on our lips.

Paul voices the victorious strain:

Death is swallowed up in victory.
O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?

A HAPPY OLD AGE ILLUSTRATED

Old age may become the happiest period of ones entire earthly sojourn. It is possible to retain an eagerness for new knowledge and experience and to avoid the "fixation" of ideas.

An abiding confidence in life and people should be held to, especially a faith in young people. Cynicism should be allowed no foothold toward the new generation. We should freely accept the limitations which the passing years put upon us. We should keep busy with tasks that lead us to think of other people and their needs. We should ever remember that God's help is a reality. Our God is abundantly "able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think."

I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best.

An old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

To be helpful, cheerful, merry-hearted is to live longer—and is to make people want us to live longer. A few years ago I was associated with two good friends who had reached a happy old age, one a Methodist and one a Baptist. My Methodist preacher friend, Dr. George W. Yarbrough, wrote me:

I find it hard to believe all the hard things I hear people say about this old world. Last Saturday I went squirrel hunting with the little rifle given me by Dr. Young J. Allen. He hunted with it when he was fifteen years old. I might feel old if I were to try, but I have found out that in the realm of the spiritual there is no such thing as age. The saddest of sights is age with all the portholes closed and all the lights gone out. In the meantime we will always have our Bible and devotional litera-

ture of the best type within our reach, and no grass in the path to the mercy seat.

My Baptist friend, Dr. D. W. Key, wrote me:

"I am not counting on great strength; I will need to economize on physical expenditure. As I walk along the margin of two worlds, I have a sort of double pleasure of happy reminiscences and joyous anticipations. I know whom I have believed."

Dr. J. B. Cranfill, who for a long time was a prominent figure in the Baptist churches of Texas, wrote in his eighty-fifth year:

My prescription free to all of you is: if you are now old, sing your way on into Heaven. There will be no preaching in Heaven, and I guess some of the sleepy-headed deacons will be awfully glad of it. So, my dear friends, hug my prescription to your hearts, and say along with me: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Bishop Edwin H. Hughes addressed his Jurisdictional Conference in Atlantic City on retiring from the active episcopacy. His gracious and inspiring words will be treasured:

For my remaining years I seek no vacation. Having cultivated the art of preparation and having been in love with toil, I feel that I must not cease. Perhaps your release of me from one kind of work may permit me to do more of another kind of work. . . .

I have had a happy life, so very, very happy. For thirty years the Shepherd has led me through sunshine with scarcely a clouded sky. When I did go into the valley of the shadow, He was with me with the comfort of the rod and staff. Now He grants me this solemnly joyful hour with you all. I beg

you to continue to give me your love. I could not well live without it—since you have made me so used to its climate.

The happiness of old age is enhanced by glad memories of the past. But life cannot thrive on reminiscences. A happy old age looks with faith and hope to the future.

I am done with the years that were, I am quits;
I am done with the dead and the old.
They are mines worked out; I delved in their pits;
I have saved their grains of gold.
Now I turn to the future for wine and bread;
I have bidden the past adieu.
I laugh and lift hands to the years ahead;
Come on, I am ready for you.¹

¹ Edwin Markham, "Look Ahead." Reprinted by permission of Virgil Markham.

CHAPTER X

MEMORY AND IMAGINATION

It is within our power so to treasure in memory the happy events and experiences of the past as to bring joy to the present. The homely lines that follow are expressive:

There was a dachshund, one so long
He hadn't any notion
How long it took to notify
His tail of his emotion;
And so it happened, while his eyes
Were filling with woe and sadness,
His little tail went wagging on
Because of previous gladness.

Many people have reason to be grateful for the gracious memories which help to carry them over the dark days. Let us thank God for any "previous gladness" that may serve to encourage our hearts. If we are tempted, because of personal sorrows or national tribulations, to sink into the depths of despair, the memory of better days will help to quicken the hope which was voiced in the Negro spiritual: "Ev'ry day'll be Sunday by and by!" It is for memory to lay up a rich store of blessings in early life.

THE FUNCTION OF MEMORY

The memory of life's high moments and rich experience kindles gratitude, and the grateful heart is the happy heart.

The treasures of memory produce happiness both in this world and in the world to come.

Memory keeps the personality intact and gives unity to our otherwise incoherent existence. Amnesia breaks up the unity of life. The incident is given of a shell-shocked war veteran who appeared on a public platform with the pathetic plea, "Can anyone tell me who I am?"

As necessary as is memory to our happiness, we are to avoid living too exclusively in our reminiscences. The past must not be overstressed to the neglect of the present and future. An old story illustrates: A man had an operation to restore his memory, but he lost his eyesight. He then had an operation to restore his eyesight, but he lost his memory again. He became jittery and went to see the finest surgeon he could find. After an examination, the surgeon said, "I can perform an operation and give back your memory, but you will lose your eyesight. Which had you rather have?"

The man reflected only for a moment and said: "I had rather have my eyesight. I had rather see where I am going than to remember where I have been."

Some things we do not want to hold in memory. Memory brings ghosts to the banquet table. Memory may be a bane or a blessing, a curse or a joy. Happiness in life depends on the kind of memories we have.

We must not hold in memory that which is destructive of happiness. The motto of Paul was, "Forgetting those things which are behind, . . . I press on." A suggested prayer is, "Lord, teach me to forget what I ought to forget, and remember what I ought to remember."

There are memories, however, that follow on the heels of evil and cannot be erased. Burns, the poetical genius of Scotland, gives voice to his own experience. He wrote these lines to a mouse which he upturned while plowing.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But, och! I backward cast my ee
 On prospects drear!
 'An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

THE ART OF FORGETTING

We must learn and practice the art of forgetting.

Forget the steps already trod
 And onward urge thy way.

The failures of the past must be forgotten, with our mistakes and errors and sins and disappointments. This is not to say that we must not cultivate the art of remembering. The goodness and mercy of God must be treasured in memory. Without this memory of the past, hope for the future would die. Memory is one of the good angels of God. "The tender grace of a day that is dead" should abide with us. We are softened and uplifted by the memories of other days—the memories of those whom we have loved long since and lost awhile.

But we are specially concerned just now with forgetting. We must not morbidly give way to vain regrets. The unalterable past is not only beyond human power but beyond divine power to change. Very much of our unhappiness arises from chafing over certain acts and choices which are forever fixed in the past. Tennyson described it in the almost perfect poem:

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
 Oh death in life, the days that are no more.

These vain regrets are most poignant in those incidents of life when we were forced to make a choice, when the reasons appeared to be almost evenly balanced for either of the two ways between which we had to choose. In some instances we are consoled when, in the light of after events, we feel that the choice we made was the wisest and best. In other instances we are tantalized with the thought that the decision which we did not make would have been better. In a situation like this we should forget in the realization that, since the past is irrevocable, we only hinder our progress with regretful recollections.

"If I had done this instead of that, . . . If I had gone to another school, . . . If I had settled in another location, . . . If I had got ten years ago that job I wanted so badly, . . . If I had chosen another vocation, . . . If I had made another investment, . . ." Some even go so far as to say, *"If I had married John instead of Henry, or Sara instead of Jane, . . ."* Their lives are full of if's and might-have-beens. "If" has no place in our lives. What is past is done, and we cannot change it. Why waste energy bemoaning it, making our lives miserable and bringing pain to others, when it is much better to use that energy meeting the problems of the present and the future? Drop "if" out of your vocabulary once and for all. Instead of thinking in terms of if's—conditional events—or dreaming about might-have-beens, think in terms of actual, new, and concrete experiences. "If" can and will upset your spiritual equilibrium.

After all, it is by no means certain that the other choice would have been better. The business venture which you think would have been successful might have resulted in disaster. As to the matrimonial venture, it is very probably true that you did not get your first choice, but you had better not confess it. Then if you could see that first choice forty years afterward, you might be led to self-congratulation.

Vain regrets are as useless as they are harmful, and they paralyze the powers which make possible our future progress. Forget your mistakes and errors and failures. Do not keep them before your eyes; but keep them as stepping-stones under your feet, and organize victory out of defeat. Forget the sins which God has forgiven and forgotten. He has cast our sins into the depths of the sea. To brood over them is as injurious as to make light of them. Cease to pry into the sepulcher of the buried past. Forget the sins of others against you—your enmities and alienations, old hatreds, old prejudices, and old grudges. We need to throw the useless trash away.

We must forget past successes, past achievements, and past service. "Forgetting those things which are behind, . . . I press on."

A past experience of religion will not avail you now. Past service for the church and the kingdom of God is no substitute for continued labor and sacrifice. You have not stored up a superfluous supply of merit. I know of an old man who said in the experience meeting, "Brethren, I feel that the Lord ought to be mighty good to me, for I've done a heap for the Lord." There are those who are of very little service to the church, since they are so busy recounting the deeds of the past.

Church people will fling away hundreds and thousands of dollars for show and pleasure—the parade and the pride of life, luxury and amusement, and automobiles for pleasure riding—and forget all about it. But when they give a few hundred dollars to a church building or church enterprise, if it were ten or twenty years ago, it is as fresh in their memory as if it were today. The result is the paralysis of the spirit and the prevention of progress. They are much in favor of progress in their own private financial matters but become the chronic standpatters in the church.

A discriminating memory makes for happiness—a memory that sifts out what proves a hindrance and retains what is helpful.

THE FUNCTION OF IMAGINATION

In contrast with memory, which derives happiness from the past, the imagination may minister to the happiness by projecting itself into the future. It has been pertinently observed that in the average man the range of the senses is the limit of the emotions. G. Stanley Hall said:

The imagination is one of the most potent of all human faculties. . . . By it we escape the limits of time, space, and even all personality that hedges us in; lives may be ever so limited, yet by this power we can almost become citizens of all time and spectators of all events. By it the poet, artist, and prophet have wrought their magic in the world.

Agnosticism says: "I will accept nothing but the visible, the tangible, the knowable. Away with probabilities: I will have nothing but facts." Such a philosophy flings away the part of us that dreams and hopes. Like Confucianism, it attempts to build up, without the imagination, a system of philosophy in which the unseen world is left out of accounting. But imagination cannot be brushed aside; it is so large a part of the human soul. As long as "hope springs eternal in the human breast," so long will imagination visualize the immortal future.

Through imagination we visualize a more glorious future in this present world. It is not an easygoing optimism that is blind to the forces of evil, but faith in the ultimate victory of the good. Jesus announced not only a personal victory but the victory of humanity when he declared, "I have overcome the world." "They that be with us are more than they that be with them." We need a clearing of the mental vision to enable everyone that fights on God's side

to see that he has no reason to fear, though a host should encamp against him; for a stronger force is camping with him. When Elijah thought that he was alone, he was told that there were seven thousand with him. Elijah had spent so much time in the woods and mountains and deserts that he had grown despondent. We can excuse his fault, for it had been dangerous for him to mingle much with men; but in this day there can be no sort of excuse for the man who ventures to say to God or to the world, "I am left alone." We have as our allies an unseen army, and in this assurance joy takes the place of a disturbing anxiety. Through imagination we can picture the sins and deformities of our lives—our pride and envy and selfishness and cowardice and hypocrisies—and thus be put on the way toward removing the peace-destroying elements that beset us along the way.

Through the exercise of the imagination we may bring either misery or happiness to ourselves. Through the exercise of the imagination we may bring either happiness or misery to other lives. How shall we treat our fellow man? In the Golden Rule Jesus answers: "Use your imagination to put yourself in his place and treat him as you would like to be treated yourself." It was a unique contribution of Jesus that he enlisted the imagination of men in the interest of the good way of life. The cruelty with which nations treat nations, and individuals treat individuals, results from the absence of imagination.

We need to visualize the suffering of others from a personal perspective. A man must see a man as a neighbor before he will treat him as a neighbor. Both evil and good spring out of the imagination. Jesus tells us that murder may be just an act of the imagination, and adultery is first of all a sin of the imagination. Likewise the imagination is necessary in the realization of the highest spiritual truths. Jesus tells us as we ask after God to use our imagi-

nation and picture him as a good Father. The psalmist makes the same sort of appeal. "Like as a Father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

THE LIGHT OF THE AFTERTHOUGHT

An imagination that looks to the future will aid in the mastery of temptations that would work our ruin.

We are to use imagination to give to life in the midst of temptation and duties the light of the afterthought. The most cruel mockery that tortures a poor wayward human being is the passing from that deception that arrays a prospective sin in fascinating colors to the awful and unveiled hideousness of vice in its aftermath. If a young girl, face to face with the temptation to surrender the glory of womanhood, will only turn away from the persuasive voice long enough to project herself far enough into the future to see the hue of passion on the cheek turned into a blister of shame; to see herself rejected, despised, dishonored, and cast as rubbish to the void; and to picture to herself the unspeakable remorse and despair of a broken heart and blasted life; she would flee with horror from the tempter who would destroy her. Form the image of yourself and your sin and your regret when the charm of sin has gone, and you face only the guilt of life!

The function of spiritual imagination is to penetrate the glitter and glare of sin's disguise and to hold before the mind the horror and remorse that inevitably follow in the wake of evil. When the brain grows dizzy and the senses are charmed under the spell of a present and near temptation, our refuge is to visualize the blow to our own self-respect and the divine displeasure which would follow a surrender to the temptation.

The mother of the famous artist Millet gave this counsel to her son, "Go down and get the last day of your life and make it always your company keeper." The wish of Moses

for Israel was, "O that . . . they would consider their latter end!" We need in the light of the afterthought to enlighten our forethought. We need to visualize the final goal toward which our present conduct is leading. We have the power to visualize the final consequences before crossing the black border line into the wrong deed. When confronted by a strong desire, we have the power of reinforcing our will with the memory of the good things of our past and with an imaginative forecast of the good or evil which may be ours in the future. How different the wrong act appears as we look back upon it. If the drunkard could be made to see the pitiful figure he cuts when gibbering under the influence of alcohol, the hideous object lesson would be more effective than the most eloquent temperance oration. To realize through imagination the disgust that follows the forbidden pleasure serves as a strong restraint.

The man with murder in his heart thinks revenge is sweet. But when the slain enemy lies bleeding at his feet, then follows the bitterness of remorse—the awful awakening of the moment afterwards.

Someone has said, "We pity the victim in a great crime. But ought we not to pity the criminal more?" A measure of truth is contained in this exaggeration. If the malicious man could be made to see himself as he appears when anger has swept reason from the throne, he would struggle more bravely to keep himself under firm control.

Nothing can be more pathetic or tragic than the moment which follows some terrible wrong committed in one moment's absence of self-control. There is doubtless always a gracious moment, a moment of rescue if we will but reckon with it, that will save us from a moral catastrophe when hard pressed by strong and subtle temptations. There is the saving moment when we may project ourselves into the future and ask, "How will I wish I had

acted? What would be my choice in the light of the afterthought?"

We have the power of taking the long look and weighing the profit of tomorrow against the pleasure of today. Our sins and follies and tragedies would be avoided if only we would exercise a spiritual imagination to project ourselves into the moment after. It is the visualizing of the moment afterward, the entire life afterward, and eternity afterward, which will assist us in achieving victory of soul and contentment of spirit.

CHAPTER XI

HAPPINESS IN THE INNER SPIRIT

Happiness springs out of inner attitudes. It results from loving and from the consciousness of being loved. Unhappiness is expressed in the desolate words, "No man cared for my soul." The spirit of gratitude is an unfailing source of joy. The gratitude of Jesus is voiced in, "I thank thee, O Father." Paul was thankful not only for the mercies of God but for the kindness of men. He passes on his prescription of happiness, "In every thing give thanks." The grateful person contemplates the goodness and mercy of God, and gratitude disperses gloom. Happiness is the indestructible possession of the loving and grateful spirit.

Happiness is inward and not outward. It does not depend on what we have but on what we are. This is the message of the Beatitudes. Dr. W. R. Maltby wrote:

In the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus promised his disciples three things—that they would be entirely fearless, that they would be absurdly happy, and that they would get into trouble. They did get into trouble and found, to their surprise, that they were not afraid. They were absurdly happy, for they laughed over their own troubles, and only cried over other peoples.

Since happiness was within, no outward storms could ruffle their inner calm. This primary and major and all-

inclusive condition of happiness needs to be stressed. It is a vain search for happiness in life's externalities. Neither life nor happiness consists in the abundance of things which we possess. Happiness can never be found in the multiplication of material possessions and cannot be achieved through fame or wealth or pleasure or power or knowledge. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

The promise of God according to Jeremiah is, "I will put my law in their inward parts." "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

When a man travels, he changes his skies but not himself. A man may escape everything else, but he cannot escape himself. The heart of spiritual religion is that peace is a state of mind.

A lady who was restless and unhappy in spite of much wealth told her colored maid that she thought a change of scenery was what she needed. She spoke of a place with pleasing prospects. "I could be happy there," she said.

"No, ma'am," replied her maid, "you surely would not be happy there, 'cause you'd have to take yourself with you wherever you went."

A frantic, aimless pace destroys peace. Physical sensation is a poor substitute for spiritual serenity. Even if all life were comfortably adjusted in material affairs, and even if we had achieved social justice, and even if all people were living together in moral decency, still there would be a restlessness in the human soul unless these human strivings of ours have some validity in an infinite purpose.

A DEFINITE GOAL

Some lives have been compared to a whirlpool—plenty of motion, but no progress—merely going round and round. Some lives are like a ride on a merry-go-round—they get off where they started from.

A person went into a retail store to purchase a compass. The clerk replied, "We have compasses for drawing circles but not for going places." One type of instrument can draw circles, but the other can hold a vessel true to its course. We need the type of compass that helps us to go places.

Stephen Leacock's description of the man who "mounted his horse and rode off in all directions" is pertinent. We are told of the Scotchman who had a penchant for attending funerals just for the ride. In our chaotic life "with its sick hurry, its divided aims," we

. . . see all sights from pole to pole,
 And glance, and nod, and bustle by;
 And never once possess our soul
 Before we die.

This incident was related of Professor Huxley, who was about to be late in catching a train. Thinking the porter had stated his destination, he said to the driver, "Drive fast." The driver laid the lash on the horse. Huxley began to realize that he was not on the direct route to the station. He asked, "Do you know where you are driving to?"

The reply was, "No, your honor, but I'm driving fast."

The speedometer should not be allowed to displace the compass.

This aimlessness is expressed in the familiar slang, "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on the way." Without a philosophy of ends, one is like the dog at the railroad station that has eaten its tag—the dog knows, and everybody else knows, that he is going somewhere; but nobody knows where.

I once approached a ticket agent and said, "I want a lower berth. What is the price?"

He replied, "Are you going anywhere in particular?"

To know where we are going—to have a definite goal—makes for an inner serenity of the soul.

The declaration of Paul is: "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, . . . I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

LOOKING UNTO JESUS

There belonged to Jesus the emotion of radiant joy. Only twice is he said to have wept: once at the grave of Lazarus and again in his lament over Jerusalem. These were tears from compassion, and not from a temperament of gloom. He found enjoyment in social life. His joy was a constant rebuke to men with tombstone faces. Beset by persecution, he exhorted his disciples, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

In the beginning of his ministry, he taught his disciples that happiness was a possession of the inner spirit which outside circumstances and forces could not destroy. Happy are the poor in spirit. Happy are the mourners. Happy are meek. Happy are those who hunger and thirst for goodness. Happy are the merciful. Happy are the pure in heart. Happy are the peacemakers. Happy are those who have been persecuted for the sake of goodness. Rejoice and exult in it, for your reward is riches in heaven.

Jesus lived the Beatitudes before he ever expressed them. They were the transcript of his own inner experience. Jesus kept himself free from fear and tension, maintaining calm strength and confidence in the face of overwhelming odds. He went alone to the wilderness, the seashore, the mountains, and there gained freedom from physical exhaustion and mental tension, for he knew that in solitude he could regain clear vision and restored energy. Most of us never stop until we near the nervous breakdown stage.

Jesus never lost sight of God. He lived day by day with an awareness of the Invisible. He steeped his soul in the assurance of the Old Testament: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." "Fret not thyself because of evil-doers. . . . Rest in the Lord; and wait patiently for him." "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." The presence of the Father fell across the work of his life. The most serene person who ever walked this world lived with an intimate sense of God's presence.

As we live in fellowship with Jesus, his promised peace will steal into our hearts. We shall not be disturbed by life's material externalities. It was a great saying of a businessman following a financial failure, "Thank God, I did not lose anything but my money." As we retain the spiritual values our source of joy abides.

Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts!
 Thou Fount of Life! Thou Light of men!
 From the blest bliss that earth imparts,
 We turn unfilled to thee again.

.
 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
 Make all our moments calm and bright;
 Chase the dark night of sin away;
 Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

Jesus lived with a calm in his mind and a serenity in his soul because he never lost the sense of perspective. He always correctly evaluated the things of the world. Emerson said, "The supreme lesson of life is to learn what the centuries say against the hours." Jesus took the long view of life. No outward persecutions and calamities could ever mar the inner joy of his spirit.

A vital faith in God will bring us joy in the midst of the disappointments and sorrows of life. "Let not your heart

be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." "All things work together for good to them that love God."

Read the Sermon on the Mount and meditate upon it until the faith and the spirit of it seep into every crevice and pore of your being.

Outwardly the life of Jesus was disturbed, and the storm of opposition beat with pitiless fury upon him. Inwardly there was a great calm, as smooth and unruffled as a sea of glass. Tumult and tempest, tempest and tumult, broke upon him; but nothing could disturb the quiet serenity of his spirit. At last his worn body was laid in the grave, but the great calm was always in the inner life. Misfortune could not reach him, for he had no fortune. Injury to reputation could not affect him, for he "made himself of no reputation." Even when his enemies were hounding him to death, he said to his own inner circle of disciples, "Peace I leave with you." We are to have his mind of meekness and lowliness of spirit.

The rest of Christ is the missing note in our religious experience. The first martyr fell before a shower of stones, and the beholders saw his face as the face of an angel.

THE SOURCES OF THE JOY OF JESUS

We are so accustomed to think of Jesus as the "Man of Sorrows" that we fail to reckon with his abounding joy. Deeper than his sorrows were the inexhaustible springs of his joy—"who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross."

What were some of the sources of the joy of Jesus?

First of all the physical vitality and strength of Jesus contributed to the happiness of his spirit. His body was the perfect medium for the expression of his mind and will.

Again his singleness of spiritual purpose was an un-failing source of happiness. He performed his mission with no divided aim. With a perfectly integrated personality

directed toward a great cause he moved with poise and serenity toward the goal which he set before himself. No selfish aims marred the perfect purity of his purpose.

Jesus possessed the hopeful spirit that was confident of victory in at last attaining his supreme objective. He saw "Satan as lightning fall from heaven." He knew that the right was sure to win.

Jesus possessed complete harmony with the will of God. His own prayer was: "Not my will, but thine, be done." He taught us to pray, "Thy will be done." When the human will is in conflict with the divine will, unhappiness of life inevitably follows. The spirit of Jesus was radiantly happy, and his supreme happiness finds explanation in his words: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." No suffering or persecution could swerve him for one moment from the loving will of God.

Jesus found happiness in self-expression, since it was the expression of the best. In his incarnation he expressed the mind of God.

The joy of God was in expressing himself in the incarnate Christ. In our everyday human intercourse we find a measure of happiness in speaking our thoughts. In a social group, in the exchange of ideas, we are prone to make a selfish monopoly of the conversation. It is said of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes that he left his sentences unfinished in order to avoid any interruption. Our happiness is increased when we have something that is worth expressing.

By way of reiteration, happiness springs out of gratitude. This is the very heart and hub of happiness. The grateful heart is happy. The grateful person does not brood over disappointments, but meditates on the mercies of God. This is expressed by the old hymn:

Count your blessings,
Name them one by one,

Count your blessings,
See what God hath done.¹

JOY DESPITE CIRCUMSTANCES

The purpose of Jesus was that his followers should be happy despite outward circumstances. His Beatitudes sound the keynote of happiness. He invites the weary and heavy-laden to enter into his rest. He said to the woman who was a sinner, "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." To all who are disturbed by life's perplexities Jesus says, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." In his risen appearance he said to his disciples, "Peace be unto you." He promises a "joy no man taketh from you."

The spirit of Paul was one of abounding joy on account of the inner wealth of spiritual resources. His faith was victorious over hard circumstances. When, together with Silas, he was cast into the Philippian jail, the record is: "And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God." Stoicism never sings. Agnosticism voices no hymn of praise. The joy of Paul and Silas was a radiating happiness. The other prisoners heard them, and the jailer sought a salvation that could make men joyful in tribulation. The injunction of Paul to the early Christians was, "Rejoice evermore." Modern Christians are sorely in need of this jubilant note.

Paul declared that the secret of his own happiness was in the inner quality of his spirit, and not in outward surroundings. "For I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: every where and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need." The jars of life, the sudden transitions from favorable to unfavorable circumstances,

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could not disturb the serenity of his spirit. The lines of Whittier breathe a prayer.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

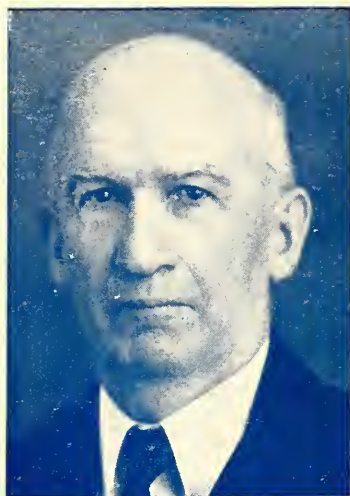
One of my favorite hymns is by an unknown author:

O for a heart of calm repose
Amid the world's loud roar,
A life that like a river flows
Along a peaceful shore!

Come, Holy Spirit! still my heart
With gentleness divine;
Indwelling peace thou canst impart;
O make that blessing mine!

Above these scenes of storm and strife
There spreads a region fair;
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that heavenly air.

Come, Holy Spirit! breathe that peace,
That victory make me win;
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
And find a heaven within.



WILLIAM PETER KING, a native of Georgia, received his education at Emory and Vanderbilt Universities. An ordained minister, he has served pastorates in Missouri and Georgia. He has also served as editor of the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate*, the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, and the *Nashville Christian Advocate* and as book editor for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Dr. King has been a frequent contributor to periodicals and is the author of several volumes including:

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