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# Friends Intelligencer

The religion of Friends is based on faith in the "INNER LIGHT," or direct revelation of God's spirit and will in every seeking soul. The INTELLIGENCER is interested in all who bear the name of Friends in every part of the world, and aims to promote love, unity and intercourse among all branches and with all religious societies.

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## Sources of Power for Times Like These

By LEONARD S. KENWORTHY \*

In the midst of the darkest days of the American Revolution a pamphlet was published whose opening sentence read: "These are the times that try men's souls." Those famous words uttered in the midst of a war on another continent 165 years ago apply with a slightly revised meaning to us here and now. "These are the times that try men's souls." How aptly those words express what we have so often thought or experienced.

As I ponder the meaning of that sentence, many personal pictures flash into my mind's eye—pictures of men and women whom I have met in my months with you—pictures of men and women who know the full meaning of that terse statement. Like a kaleidoscope they appear in rapid succession before my eyes. First I catch a glimpse of an old lady, her face hardened by bitter experiences, her eyes almost closed, her jaw determined. In her hand she flourishes a cane as she vents her wrath on all those she can name and ends in a curse on me for not helping her in her plight. Then comes a mother who has just received news that will probably doom her family to what most of us would consider a terrible fate. A woman of refinement and culture, she now lives under miserable conditions. With the tender love of a mother made more tender through adversity, she tells me a little of her family and thanks me for listening. She expects no more. Then, as she leaves, she speaks of the inspiration that comes from knowing that there

are people who care. The puzzled, perplexed face of a young girl of 16 flashes before my eyes. In her short span of life she has experienced most of the extremes which life can offer. She is struggling to understand the world and to maintain her faith in humanity—and in God.

Faces scarred by bitter experiences and haunted by the future—and other faces mellowed by similar bitter experiences and facing the future without fear. Such are the faces that flash before me. The heroic and the unheroic—the spiritually anchored and the spiritually wayward; all have been tested by the times. Some have met the test and others have been found wanting.

What makes the difference? Why are some embittered and hardened and others made more lovely, more tolerant, more Christ-like? The answer is not an easy one. The discovery of the answer has been one of my chief concerns in my few months here. Over and over again I have asked myself the question: "What are the sources of power which this man or woman has which others do not possess?" Often I have asked the friends of the man or woman I have admired. Sometimes I have shared in the family life of these people and have found at least a partial answer through observation. As I have come to know some of these great souls more intimately, they have shared their thoughts and experiences with me.

What have I discovered? Nothing particularly startling, nothing particularly new. But oftentimes it is good for us to rediscover some of the simplest truths. These we often forget when we become too absorbed in finding involved answers to our questions.

I should like to share with you some of the answers I have seen, heard, and felt to the question: "What do some men live by which others fail to find?" I should like to go exploring with you in an attempt to find some of the sources of power for daily living which exist. These sources in many ways resemble mountain springs. Their water is crystal

\* Leonard S. Kenworthy has recently returned from Germany where he had served for the past year as head of the Berlin Friends Center. This address was first given in English in the Vienna Quakerburo, and later was delivered several times in German to groups of Friends or friends of the Friends in Berlin and on a trip through central Germany. It is of especial interest as showing the type of message that can be taken to these people in "times like these." Other talks given more than once included "The Meaning of Christian Service," "George Fox," and "Contagious Christianity."—EDITOR.



clear, cool, life-giving. The springs from which such water flows are often hidden beneath the leaves and oftentimes the water runs along underground for great stretches, only occasionally appearing where it can be easily seen. In dry seasons some of the surface springs dry up and disappear, but the springs for which we search are those deeper springs which are always sources of living water.

Certain qualities are demanded of him who would find these springs. First of all he must curb his "Wanderlust" and be content to search close at home for these sources of power. It was Emerson, the great American philosopher, who once said: "He who would find beauty, must carry it with him." So it is in the search for sources of power for daily living—we must realize that these sources lie close to us, often within ourselves. Explorers who set out for foreign lands or for distant mountains will return ere long like the Prodigal Son—and discover that their neighbors and friends have been the true explorers even though they have remained at home. While explorers in distant places have been wandering hopelessly in search of a new body of water, others will have drilled their wells at home from which will come a continual supply of water.

A second quality of such an explorer is the ability to see those things which are small, and to appreciate that size is not the final test of worth. Another American philosopher, William James, has expressed this idea beautifully in his statement, "I am done with great things, and big things, great organizations and big successes. And I am for those tiny, invisible, molecular moral forces which work from individual to individual, creeping in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, but which, if you give them time, will rend the hardest monuments of men's pride." While one explorer is still hunting for a Victoria or Niagara Falls, another will have found a mountain stream or spring much nearer home—and be fully content with his discovery. And what is more: what he has found, he can use.

In the third place such an explorer must be consciously and continually dedicated to his mission. Discoveries are seldom matters of chance. What often seems blind luck is really the fruition of hours and days—and sometimes years—of zealous searching. As explorers for sources of power we must know for what we are seeking and be zealous in our search. We must carry in our minds and hearts our concept of the Holy Grail as we search for it, even though the Grail may appear in a different form than we had anticipated. Michelangelo saw visions of his pictures in St. Peter's in Rome long before they actually began to take shape. We must know for what we are searching—if we would find it—and be prepared to meet it oftentimes in an altered form.

And fourthly—as explorers for sources of power we must have patience. Perhaps the most glorious display of trees in the world is in the Giant Redwood Forest of California. Magnificent trees—as wide in diameter as the length of this room, and as

high as an 8- to 10-story house. But do not forget that they are 2,000 years old. Slowly they acquired their magnificence—patiently. We shall never have 2,000 years to explore, but we must remember that the power for which we search also comes slowly. Such are the qualities demanded of spiritual explorers. What have such explorers discovered in their search for sources of power?

It was evening in Vienna. The day had taken its toll of physical and spiritual strength. A friend of mine and I were walking through one of the parks which ornament that city. As friends are so likely to do, we were walking along in silence. Then, suddenly, quietly my friend said to me: "How thankful I am to have this daily walk through the park. It is one of my chief joys." We walked on in silence. Words were superfluous.

Here was an explorer who was also a discoverer. A small park near her home had been discovered as a source of power. For many the park was not beautiful. Piles of snow lay on either side of the walk as if to catch the debris of the city. The trees were bare, bleak in their winter nakedness. But the snow piles were ignored by this friend and the bare, bleak trees were probably beautiful silhouettes against a starry sky. For him who hath eyes to see—there is much of beauty in nature all about us. There, many find one of their chief sources of strength.

I have just finished reading a beautiful novel—"The Yearling," by Margaret Rawlings. In this book a family consisting of a mother, father, and son lived in the scrub-pine district of Florida in the southern part of the United States. They lived alone in a desolate, forlorn section. Others could not understand why. Asked why he chose this spot, the father gave the simple but meaningful answer: "I just craved peace, was all." Here he was close to nature and his sensitivity and sympathy as a father were in part the outgrowth of his closeness to nature. Later in the book it is said that the father "found that the child stood wide-eyed and breathless before the miracle of bird and creature, of flower and tree, of wind and rain and sun and moon, as he (the father) had always stood."

The father had chosen wisely and his choice had brought its reward in the son's love for nature. He felt confident of his son's future as long as he had nature as his constant companion.

I have just read the life of Beethoven. His life was full of sorrow, of tragedy. He struggled through and comparatively found inner peace. His friend Therese von Brunswick says that Nature was "his only trust." He himself remarked, "None can love the land so much as I with its forests, flowers, the echoing woods—all of which men so love." Day after day he took his departure from Vienna to remain till nightfall in God's great out-of-doors. "Oh, God," he prayed, "what rapture in such a wooded sector in the heights is peace, peace to serve thee." And serve Him he did through his music.



The great Master of Men lived close to nature. He drew his parables from mustard seeds, from vineyards, from seeds planted on good ground and stony ground. He spoke with simplicity and feeling about the lilies of the fields. He wandered with his disciples through the wheat fields and plucked the grain. Who knows or ever will know how much strength he derived from his contact with this source of power.

Physically or spiritually exhausted, dejected, weary, tense, we go to nature and there find peace, unity, purpose, healing. The temptation is great to linger too long, to become a nature lover and forget one's love for his fellow men. When one drinks from this fountain, he must drink bountifully but not continually.

Then, too, we think of nature as perfection and forget that the human soul can be as beautiful—yes, more beautiful. As Emerson phrased it: "We see the foaming brook with compunction; if our own life flowed with the right energy, we should shame the brook."

Snowdrops in the backyard, a crescent moon, woods nearby where one may wander, are beautiful, but how many fully appreciate the real messages of love, of patience, of courage, of strength, that nature is constantly revealing through these symbols to those who are spiritual explorers. How far are you and I in our search?

(To be continued)

## Labor Sunday Message, 1941

*Issued by the Department of the Church and Social Service of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.*

The Christian concern for democracy, based on Jesus' teaching of the dignity and essential brotherhood of all the children of God, long an influence in political institutions, has more recently begun to find expression in economic and industrial relations. This concern supports the right of the common man to a voice in determining the conditions under which he works. The labor union movement, like political democracy, has its imperfections; yet it is the major expression of the democratic principle in industry. Employers in increasing numbers are freely granting to labor the right to organize and are working out constructive relationships with unions on the basis of mutual confidence. In many industries, the men and women who work with their hands and tend machines are no longer a struggling minority seeking recognition and a just share of the profits of industry. They have become a great organic movement, involved directly in the worldwide struggle for the preservation and growth of democracy.

In countries where liberty and equality prevail as ideals of human relations, there the labor movement is strong. Where they are not applied to industrial relations, there unions are few and weak. Where democracy has been discarded, as in the totalitarian states, there the independent labor union movement has disappeared. The existence of these contrasting situations is not a mere coincidence. Democracy, by the very law of its nature, must extend into industrial and economic as well as political relations. Totalitarianism, by an equally inherent law of its nature, must destroy an independent labor union movement. Industrial civilization must either extend more democratic control to those who produce and to those who consume economic goods and services, or it must center total power in a political state. There seems to be no other alternative. If we cannot have the spirit of Christian democracy in industry, all democracy is jeopardized.

It is well that church members face this fact and come to terms with it. A new missionary opportunity presents itself. The churches should urge the further application of the Christian principles of democracy to industrial and economic relations. If this new missionary call is heeded, the Christian forces will play a vital part in the era just ahead. If it is ignored, they are likely to have little part in solving our most urgent social problems and infusing spiritual life into society.

The fundamental religious concern with industry has to do with its spirit and purpose. If we are to develop an economic order which will express the spirit of Christ, who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister," the primary test of production and distribution must be not a private advantage but the common good. A Christian spirit must find appropriate economic forms to fulfill its basic purpose of the greatest service to human need.

In the area of industrial relations the churches must make clear not only that labor has the right to organize, but also that the principle of such organization is socially sound. At the same time as labor grows in power, it must assume the moral responsibility which power entails. Organized labor can command public support only as it deals effectively with various elements in its ranks which weaken confidence in its integrity. It must live up to the Christian spirit which is essential to democracy. It must itself practice democracy in control and, where necessary, put its own house in order. It must, also, refrain from discriminating against any workers because of color or creed. Many unions have led the way in fair interracial relations in their own membership and have set a worthy example to civic and religious organizations. Others have yet to accept and to practice this Christian democratic principle.

This hour of crisis calls for a Christian movement



for propaganda purposes, a statement which just does not conform to the essence of Christ's message.

It seems to me that it is understandable that men who believe in violence and force as solutions of the world's problems should be willing to engage in war to preserve an economic system under which they have prospered. But people should clearly understand that they are not preserving Christianity by those methods.

Frequently the question is raised as to what kind of future Christianity can expect if the totalitarian states are victorious. I personally think that it would be bad for institutionalized Christianity, yet since the days when Christ walked among men his philosophy has been persecuted and has survived. The real spiritual strength of Christianity has frequently come in times of bitter persecution.

Whether under a slave economy, or a feudal, or an agrarian, or a competitive, industrial, State Socialism,

or State Capitalism, Christianity will survive and develop if men, in their hearts, have an understanding of the fundamental realities of God. Under all types of economies, men have had certain freedoms and certain repressions. And yet through it all the spiritual values of Christianity, aside from any creed or dogma, have survived.

At the breakup of each empire in the past, men have lamented that the end of all civilization was at hand. The same is true today.

Yet during each catastrophe of the past small groups of men and women have retained the light and kept it ready to re-awaken mankind when the immediate program of hate and violence was over. So today small groups of concerned people in all the various religious groups are attempting to keep alive the flame of love and understanding so that a better world may be born from the destructiveness of the present-day madness.

## Sources of Power for Times Like These

By LEONARD S. KENWORTHY

(Continued from last week's issue)

It was evening in Munich. Behind me lay strenuous days in Vienna—soul-searching days. A friend and I had talked together about some of the experiences my days there had brought. We talked together of plans and possibilities for the future. There come times when talk should profitably end and petty plans should be lost in something more perpetual—more eternal. So with us in our conversation. The time for the gathering of strength rather than the expending of it came. Together we listened to the music of some of the great German composers—to Mozart's "Die kleine Nachtmusik," to Bach's "Johannis Passion Choral," to Schubert's "Ave Maria" and "Du bist die Ruh." The finest of composers and the most wonderful music that has been produced through the centuries available for us in times like these!

Is it any wonder that after hearing a Beethoven symphony, Edna St. Vincent Millay could write:

"Sweet sounds, oh, beautiful music, do not cease!  
Reject me not into the world again . . .  
With you alone in excellence and peace,  
*Mankind made plausible, his purpose plain.*"

She describes further how even the spiteful and the stingy and the rude lose their meanness under the spell of music and the timid blossom forth. She speaks of such moments as "the best the world can give" and of music as her "rampart."

Yet, if one dare to criticize such a writer and such a poem, the danger lies in music becoming an ecstatic experience and not a source of strength for daily living. There is a difference and as explorers we must not be misled. We must, like the men Gideon chose,

drink and march on, and not like those whom he rejected, linger too long, unmindful of the daily march.

In the fall here in Berlin I sat with hundreds of fellow worshippers in an old Gothic church and listened to Brahms' "Das Deutsche Requiem." Soldier and civilian, rich and poor, old and young, musician and music lover sat there together with all differences swept aside—united in worship through the medium of music. I shall carry the memory of that experience with me as one of the finest examples of the German soul—hundreds of people worshipping through music—in times like these.

Yes—men of all races and religion, of all lands and all times have found here a source of power. I think immediately of the American Negro. Seized in Africa and transported to the New Continent, he spent his day under the hot sun picking cotton or planting potatoes for his Christian master. He heard the stories of the Old Testament and built his songs around these stories. He knew what these stories meant, and could chant the song:

"Go down Moses, way down in Egypt land,  
Tell old Moses: Let *my* people go."

Or he could sing:

"Nobody knows de trouble I see,  
Nobody knows but Jesus.  
Nobody knows de trouble I see,  
Glory Hallelujah."

Yes, he had his troubles—more than almost any other race of men has had, but he found strength in his music. In it he found his way to God. For me the sorrow and pathos in these Negro spirituals is moving, but the simple trust and child-like faith is the most remarkable.



Always available for us, too, are the great hymns of the past and the present. Hymns written out of deep experience, hymns which speak to us today. Would that more of us knew the rich treasure that lies buried in the great hymnals of all nations. Two exceptionally fine and completely different songs leap into my mind: "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" and "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," the first written by Luther—a German—but it belongs to us all; and the other by Whittier—an American Quaker, but it also belongs to the world.

What sources of strength such glorious hymns can be, if our memories are filled with them or if we search them out. How often a Quaker meeting is enriched for us when we can draw from our memory such musical prayers or when someone else recalls them to our minds. Even if we are not musical, the words of these songs have messages for us in our search for sources of power for everyday living—in times like these.

It was Saturday morning in Frankfurt. I was spending the morning with two fine boys in their teens. One is interested in snakes and stones and skulls and African drums made from skins. In his attic room he has a good collection. What was more interesting, however, than any of those curios was a beautiful reproduction of one of Michelangelo's friezes—the one depicting the creation with the magnificent face of God, the Creator. This large color reproduction hung in a prominent place in his room and his enthusiasm over his new acquisition was contagious. Not long thereafter I saw a little reproduction in black and white of Michelangelo's Ezekiel hanging over the door in a Lutheran minister's study. How strange, but how striking! One had chosen a picture by Michelangelo for artistic reasons; the other for religious reasons. But where does one draw the line? Art is a source of strength, of spiritual strength—today—for many, be they teen-age boys or Lutheran clergymen.

In the opening paragraph of a little pamphlet on the practice of prayer, Douglas Steere speaks lovingly of the copy of Leonardo da Vinci's "Head of Christ," which hangs above his desk in his home. Weeks go by without his noticing it, but at other times it almost seems to move. How much that means to him no one else dare judge.

A simple but beautiful wood carving hangs in the home of a Berlin Quaker family: "Religion no longer close to our life; our life itself religion." Do they see that statement often? Probably not, but it hangs there and gives its message anew every time they happen to see it.

But art need not be strictly religious in the narrow sense of that word to help us in our daily living. A German minister I know whose study attracts many people in need, has a simple country landscape with mountains in the distance, as its main picture. It brings rest and peace and comfort to weary souls who go there for help.

A friend in America who was German by birth wrote me soon after I arrived in Germany to be sure to see the good collections of Renaissance and Netherland Art in the Berlin museums, and the German masters, too, Lucas Cranach, Albrecht Durer, and especially the beautiful wood sculptures of Master Tilman Riemenschneider. "One feels like praying when one looks at them. This is one side of the German soul," she wrote.

Two postcards go with me back to America—a reproduction of Durer's "Praying Hands" and the picture of a Wayside Crucifix in the Austrian Alps. How simple are those sources of power—yet how often we overlook them in the everyday struggle.

It was January. I was spending two days with a fine Christian family in a little community in western Germany. The mother of the house radiates love. The father is a great spiritual leader. As the father and I talked together, I glanced at his desk and picked up casually a book by Nansen. He offered the remark: "That book or some other book by Nansen or about Nansen always lies there on the table. That is my refreshment reading." Earlier he had found another means of spiritual refreshment. He had made little collections of the finest sayings of Wilhelm Raabe and Wilhelm Busch and carried them in his pocket to read whenever he felt the need for maintaining his sense of humor or deepening his spiritual life. From this idea grew the series of "Erbgut-Heftchen"\* for which we are all so indebted.

When one stops to think of the possibilities of reading as a source of spiritual nourishment one is bewildered, unless he knows what his diet lacks and strives to supply these needs. There are times when the biographies of great men and women "speak to our condition." There are times when novels meet our needs. There are times when books of inspirational readings satisfy our wants. At all times the Bible can be our constant friend. Some parts of it, particularly, speak to us in times like these. Read the powerful words of those great prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah, or Ezekiel and Hosea, read carefully the Epistles of John or James or the wonderful letter to the Philippians. Rich rewards await those who read with their hearts as well as their heads.

Nor would I pass by without special mention of poetry as a source of strength for daily living. Not many days ago I spent a memorable evening with two friends. One is a lawyer; the other a chemist. Both are deeply religious and contact with both is a rich experience. In this one evening I had an intimate glimpse into one of their sources of power. One and then the other would recite a favorite poem; oftentimes it was from memory. Two business men who are not so caught by the insane drive for power and money but that they can spend many such evenings

\* A series of leaflets published by German Friends each with a brief biography of some famous leader of thought or action followed by inspirational quotations from the man's works. Typical leaflets are on Elizabeth Fry, David Livingstone, and Martin Luther.



in spiritual refreshment.

How rich a heritage in literature you Germans have in Goethe, Schiller, Eichendorff, Morke, Rilke, and a host of others. Is this spiritual spring known to you? Do you drink deeply from its lifegiving water? Or have you passed it by in recent months? Books and poetry were made for times like these.

(To be concluded)

## The Assay of Conscience

By JOHN W. HARVEY

(Extracts from an article appearing in the "Friends' Quarterly Examiner" of London—issue of Seventh Month, 1941.)

It is now two years since the first Tribunals for Conscientious Objectors to Military Service were set up. After the interval of a generation we have once again been witnessing a prolonged experiment in the probing of consciences. Many beliefs are sincerely held and acted upon which we should hardly call matters of *conscientious* conviction. What do we mean by the phrase?

Two views seem to be prevalent, both of which are, I think, misleading. The first is that a genuinely conscientious conviction must be based upon religious faith, must have the sanction of religion to back it. Now we may, indeed we must, believe that a man's capacity for moral discrimination and for following the lead of the moral imperative within him is a manifestation of "that of God within him." But it is none the less plain untruth to suppose that to be genuine a conscientious conviction must have behind it an explicit religious belief. The agnostic and the atheist have as much right to exemption on grounds of conscience as has the Christian pacifist.

The second misleading view is the implied assumption that "conscience" is a mysterious and quasi-oracular faculty which delivers utterances admitting no criticism or argument. There is truth mixed with error in this. Assuredly man's capacity to respond to goodness and to meet its challenge is a mystery, a divine mystery if we will, like human freedom and self-consciousness. But it is a mistake to present this mysterious centre of human nature as though it were a separate faculty, something apart from the rest of man's life as a social, rational, and spiritual being. A man's conscience is a name for his moral apprehension, and that is a function of the whole of him, not a separate organ within his mind.

What is most unfortunate about this tendency to think of conscience as a sort of oracular faculty is that it prevents justice being done to the moral solidarity of men, and to the extent in which one man's moral apprehensions may be quickened or intensified by another's. Conscience is given an almost personal character and then assigned a private location "within the breast," and the result of this personification and insulation is a morbid individualism that almost seems to prefer for their own sake isolation and divergence

from "tradition" and "authority." It would indeed be a tragedy if the conscientious objectors, who are making such a stalwart stand for the responsibility of each individual to be loyal to the right as he sees it, were to lose in any degree the vision of a divine, harmonious, moral order in which all have a place and whose laws each may corroborate. For when the last word has been said as to the conflict of ethical codes and the opposition of different views of right and wrong, it remains true that the leadings of sincere, patient, and reverent-minded men and women do not diverge at random, but converge upon a single goal.

## Cadwalader Morgan

*Antislavery Quaker of the Welsh Tract*

By THOMAS E. DRAKE \*

The roll of recognized Quaker antislavery saints is a short one, for most modern Quakers think only of Whittier and Lucretia Mott in the nineteenth century, Woolman in the eighteenth, and the dimly remembered Germantown Friends who openly protested against slavery in 1688. The fruitful or striking efforts of these few have obscured the labors of many others whose contributions to the antislavery struggle were, cumulatively, at least, of vital importance.

John Woolman's quiet persuasions might not have been so successful had not the eccentric little Benjamin Lay and the pathetic Ralph Sandiford cried out before him in the wilderness of slavery. John G. Whittier and Lucretia Mott would not have fared so well if Elias Hicks in New York, and Daniel Neal, and Abraham L. Pennock in Pennsylvania had not previously pointed out that Friends were compromising their antislavery testimony by using the cotton and sugar which slave labor produced. These lesser lights among the antislavery Friends, and many others like them, deserve beatification if not canonization for their efforts in a noble cause.

One of these minor prophets of the Quaker abolition movement who has been completely eclipsed is Cadwalader Morgan, an early settler in Penn's Welsh Barony. His testimony against slavery, offered to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in 1696, was completely forgotten until recently, when it was discovered among the manuscripts in the Record Depository at 302 Arch Street. But, as will be seen by reading the copy here appended, Cadwalader Morgan's paper on slavery was as fresh as that of the Germantown Friends of eight years before, and it was as inspired if not as well expressed as the essays of John Woolman himself.

Cadwalader Morgan, like his Dutch and German neighbors across the Schuylkill, was a recent immigrant from the old country, and a pillar Friend in his little Meeting at Merion. He had come to Pennsylvania in 1683, with a certificate from the Men's Meet-

\* Thomas E. Drake is Curator of the Quaker Collection and the Charles Roberts Autograph Collection, Haverford College.



dying? May we reverse the old proverb and say, "Where there's a way there's a will"? What should be the marks of a modern Friend's will? Then as now there was much legal convention. The old-time Friend who signed with his or her mark apparently often had little peculiar language to insist on in the wording of his last will. But many of the old wills impress me with their originality and vigor, and incidentally with the light they cast upon a lost chapter of Quaker history.

They may at least remind the modern Friend of the specific concerns of our Society which deserve

our financial support through bequest. We may not begin our wills as did one of these our forbears: "Firstly, I do hereby publish and declare that I die in the Christian faith professed by the Lord's people called Quakers," but we may well find some equivalent to a later item in the same will: "Sixthly, I do give and bequeath unto the Windward Meeting of my friends the people called Quakers the sum of ten pounds current money of the island for the use and service of the said meeting."

NOW AND THEN.

## Sources of Power for Times Like These

By LEONARD S. KENWORTHY

(Concluded from last week's issue)

As I have been reflecting on the sources of power for daily living, letters have come to me from four of my best friends. Hundreds of miles and an ocean separate us, but thoughts leap out across geographical barriers and our hands clasp in spiritual friendship. The fact that they are there produces a feeling of uplift. Our lives are not separated. A part of them is with me and a part of me is with them. The knowledge that we work together, together or apart, gives one added strength in his daily tasks.

We have all found this source of power in some form. But often it is so obvious that we forget that it exists. Not so with a family whom I visited recently on a trip in western Germany. On my first evening with them a group of us had discussed the theme of sources of power. The next morning the mother of the family told me that the feeling of harmony in the family was one of her greatest sources of power. On the way to the train her husband expressed a similar thankfulness. I am sure that they had not spoken to each other about this source of power. It was so meaningful to both of them that it found expression from each, quite irrespective of the other.

In several families with little children I have been privileged to share in the family life. How often children are the unconscious source of power for a family—and oftentimes for a wide circle of friends. They cause worry, anxiety, care, but they bring joy untold.

In times like these we naturally rely more and more on a small circle of friends. We develop more intimate acquaintanceships. Outside events in war times often strengthen the family unit and the circle of close friends. Then it is that we learn to know each other thoroughly, to depend upon one another, and to trust one another.

Group fellowship, such as the fellowship which we are trying to develop in our little Quaker groups here and there, is only an enlargement of the family group to include like-minded Seekers after Truth. That, too, is a source of power which no one who has experienced it would underestimate.

Friendship and fellowship, however, reach far beyond the small circle of one's family, beyond the larger circle of one's intimate friends, even beyond the circle of Christian men and women in groups like the Berlin Society of Friends. Friendship encompasses a large group of fellow thinkers—of fellow seekers—whom we have never met, but with whom we have *spiritual* communion. The Swedish Friends expressed this thought beautifully in the Epistle from their last Yearly Meeting when they wrote: "The multitude of new hindrances and walls between nations and individuals did not prevent us from meeting in fellowship with you all. This was made possible because we search for our rooting, even in the time of the world's distress, in the deep regions of root-life and there we find unity."

I think here of Christ and his short span of years on earth. I wonder what Mary and Martha and Lazarus could have written about friendship or what Jesus would have said about the meaning of their home to him. I wonder what happened when Jesus and his disciples walked along the shores of Galilee or retreated from the crowds in a boat. These hours must have been precious hours of fellowship and of friendship. These disciples must have known the true meaning of this source of power. How personal seems the benediction which Christ bestowed on his disciples in the words: "Even as the Father hath loved me, I also have loved you; abide ye in my love." How outflowing is the message to them: "These things have I spoken with you, that my joy may be in you and that your joy may be full." Perfect friendship; what a source of power!

The water from all these springs, with the possible exception of the last named, lacks one element essential to spiritual health. That element is unselfish service. Without that element one is spiritually undernourished.

One can commune with nature and still remain self-centered, drinking in its beauty without giving it out again. One can listen to the greatest symphonies, read the most stirring poetry or look upon the masterpieces of art and not find the abundant life which



one seeks. One can even regard his friendships as selfish, personal possessions even though an element of self-denial or sharing enters into all such relationships.

We are exploring together the sources of power for our times. We must not overlook the spring of unselfish service to others. Life only becomes meaningful when we become absorbed in others, when our lives reach out and touch the lives of others and become a part of them.

"All who joy would win  
Must share it. Happiness was born a twin."

To most of you this spring is familiar, but it is astounding how many people fail to know that it exists or fail to drink from its healing waters. Such service, however, must be unselfish, if it is to be effective. He who drinks from this spring with the tainted lips of selfishness will poison the water as he will also poison the water of all the other springs we have mentioned so far.

Every week in the rooms of the Berlin Quakerburo individuals and groups devote precious hours to simple tasks like erasing pencil marks from books and endlessly scanning the pages of books to see if they meet the requirements for materials which can be sent to war prisoners. How much more profitably these members could spend their time, some may say. No—the time could not be spent more profitably. That room is full of joy and the individuals who work there have learned that in the mathematics of service, multiplication is the result of division: the more one unselfishly gives, the more one receives. Curious mathematics, but nevertheless a fact.

The Great Mathematician who expostulated this theory expressed it differently: "He that shall lose his life shall find it and he that shall find his life shall lose it." He himself applied the theory in everyday living. "I am in the midst of you as he that serveth," was no idle boast, no theory. It was a fact illustrated by scores of examples of personal and unselfish service. His three years of public ministry were three years of private service.

Is our path to this spring a beaten path, or is it blocked by fallen trees and covered with brushwood? Have we exhausted the possibilities for service to the full limit of our strength? If so, we know the soul-satisfaction that comes from this source.

"Alone." Such is the title of a book by Richard Byrd about his South Pole expedition a few years ago. Alone is a fitting title. For months he lived at the farthest tip of the world, a self-exile from the rest of his expedition. What are man's thoughts in such a solitude? Listen to these words from his diary, words which he wrote after a bitter struggle with life, both literally and figuratively.

"The universe is not dead. Therefore, there is an Intelligence there, and it is all-pervading. At least one purpose, possibly the major purpose, of that Intelligence is the achievement of universal harmony.

"Striving in the right direction for Peace (Harmony), therefore, as well as the achievement of it, is the result of accord with that Intelligence.

"The human race, then, is not alone in the universe. Though I am cut off from human beings, I am not alone.

"For untold ages man has felt an awareness of that Intelligence. Belief in it is the one point where all religions agree. It has been called by many names. Many call it God."

In his own words Byrd says: "This is the gist of the philosophy which had come to me out of April's hush." He had won his victory over life—literally and figuratively. His faith in God had been tested and restored and strengthened.

There are times for us all when nature seems cold, when music is merely sound, when art is merely an ugly blur of color, when poetry is not understandable, when service to others demands more strength than we have, when friendship does not suffice. Then men turn to God and their soul's longing is satisfied. Here they find the source of All-Power.

But why do we wait until then? This source of power is always available and not merely "a very present help in time of trouble." These men and women who have really learned to live triumphantly, creatively, joyously in times like these, are in constant contact with this source of power.

There are those who find their way to God through nature, through music, through art, through inspirational reading, through friendship, through service. These are some of the paths along which one meets God.

But man also finds God in the silence of his soul through prayer with the Great Friend of Mankind. He may find Him in the silence of the frozen stretches of the South Pole or in the group search of a Quaker meeting or in the silence of his inner chamber. God waits and when we search for Him in the silence, He is there. One walks with Him, one talks with Him, one feels that He is his own. This is a very personal relationship.

One of the great spiritual leaders of the Orient has made it a practice to have a half hour of silent worship each morning and each evening, and each week to rest, relax, read, and write, meditate and pray for 24 hours in silence. His soul and his body have found this brings strength. In our western world, especially under war conditions, we cannot find time even for odd moments for such spiritual meditation.

The accounts of Christ's life do not reveal all of his sources of power, but we know that he retreated from the sorrow and suffering and demanding duties of his intercourse in whole nights of prayer. No passage speaks with more emphasis thereon than the significant phrase that he went into the mountains to pray "as he was wont to do."

In individual silence man seeks through prayer to find the Center of his life and to center all his activities, his plans, his dreams, there. Here he brings his problems, not to leave them for someone else to carry,



but to gather renewed strength so that he may himself carry them.

In group silence the level of man's spiritual life is raised by the fellowship of kindred Seekers, searching, too, to find the center of their lives.

Silence and prayer are a source of unlimited power. As William James has pointed out: "Energy which but for prayer would be bound is by prayer set free and operates." The apostle Paul spoke of it more subjectively when he proclaimed: "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me." That is the power that through the centuries has given unbelievable strength to Christians everywhere.

For many of us this is the greatest source of power, the most refreshing water that we have ever drunk. We keep returning constantly as spiritual explorers and spiritual discoverers to this spring. Here we find our greatest strength for daily living. We covet this experience for others who have not found this spring or who have never drunk deeply from this eternal spring which surges up within us.

Traced to their source, all these springs which we have explored today flow from the same point. Consciously or unconsciously we are all seeking to find that Ultimate Source. Robert Louis Stevenson once told of an experience which happened to his grandfather. He was caught on a vessel in a terrific storm. The ship was headed toward the rocks and certain destruction. In the midst of the storm he crept up on deck. There he saw the pilot lashed to the wheel, exerting all his energy to avert disaster. The pilot caught sight of him and smiled. With new confidence he went back to his cabin thinking: "We shall come through, I saw the pilot's face and he smiled." May we catch the Great Pilot's face as he smiles and find strength for times like these.

### How Readest Thou?

I supposed I knew my Bible,  
 Reading piecemeal, hit or miss;  
 Now a bit of John or Matthew,  
 Now a snatch of Genesis.  
 Certain chapters of Isaiah,  
 Certain Psalms—the twenty-third!—  
 Twelfth of Romans, First of Proverbs—  
 Yes, I thought I knew the Word.  
 But I found a thorough reading  
 Was a different thing to do,  
 And the Way was unfamiliar  
 When I read the Bible through.  
 You who treat the Crown of Writings  
 As you treat no other book—  
 Just a paragraph disjointed,  
 Just a crude, impatient look—  
 Try a worthier procedure,  
 Try a broad and steady view;  
 You will kneel in very rapture  
 When you read the Bible through.

JOSEPHINE GRIFFIN.

### Illinois Yearly Meeting

"In the Religious Society of Friends, each person is of inestimable value, but none is indispensable." Expressing this thought, William Mackensen, as Clerk, opened the 67th annual session of Illinois Yearly Meeting on August 14th. His words had particular significance to Friends in this area for the Mackensen family are departing in the immediate future for new experiences, as directors of the Patapsco Civilian Public Service Camp near Baltimore. Verbal tokens of appreciation for the various "adventures in understanding," which the Mackensens dealt in so generously, were sincerely offered.

The new clerk appointed for next year is Charles Whitney of McNabb, Illinois, with Harold W. Flitcraft of Chicago to serve as minute clerk.

In some respects Illinois Yearly Meeting seems very small, when compared with the various larger bodies elsewhere. But it is not insignificant, when considered as one Friend has observed, "But you have just as much business and just as many concerns as the larger Yearly Meetings." In this sense one remembers the sessions of a year ago and Arthur Jackson's oft-repeated quotation from Isaac Wilson, "A little pitcher full is just as full as a big pitcher full."

The visitors to the sessions added much color to the design of the meetings. In this relation we should mention the attendance of Howard Elkinton, recently of the Berlin Center, and his son Peter. Also Bliss and La Verne Forbush and two of the junior Forbushes and five young representatives from the Chicago Inter-racial Work Camp. To this list certainly should be added the voluntary delegation of Baldersons and others from Scattergood Hostel in Iowa, plus the presence of Charles Beal, as chairman of the mid-west office of the Service Committee and that of Sylvester Jones from the Civilian Public Service office in Richmond and his wife, May M. Jones; as well as other Friends from Waynesville, Ohio, Chicago and Peoria, Illinois. Many of the above visitors contributed splendidly from their rich backgrounds to the special or general meetings.

There was no hot prairie sun this year to blister one's initiative and this, together with the delectable food and friendly fellowship, added zest to the day's pattern of business.

The work of the Advancement Committee seems to grow more healthy with the years. Lucretia S. Franklin, as chairman, told of visits made by herself and 41 other Friends to 14 different communities in the mid-western area. They included such college meetings as La Fayette, Earlham, Ann Arbor and Urbana. In the matter of Yearly Meeting visitations, eastern visitors urged a reverse of the usual pilgrimages from east to west. The Forbushes especially invited attendance at Baltimore Yearly Meeting. The chairman told also of the Camp Ill-Ind-O project and its thriving condition after three summers. In describing Ill-Ind-O, she was aided by crisp phrases