

JX

1963

M15

UC-NRLF

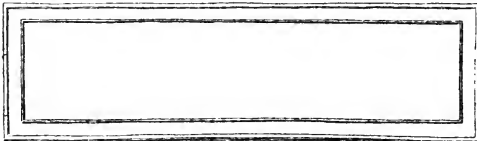
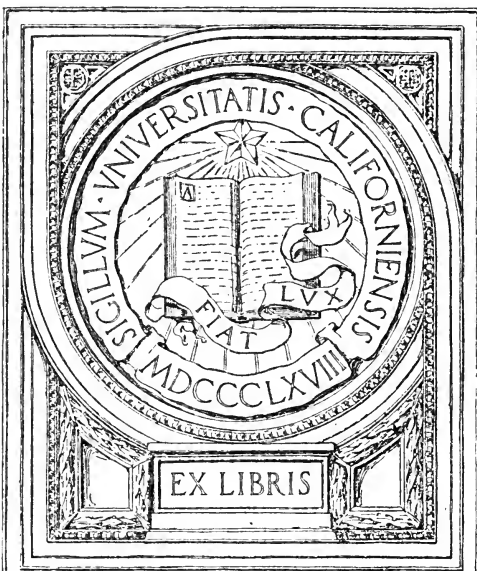


⌘B 20 000

YC 06266



Library of
Benjamin Ide Wheeler



LIBRARY OF
CALIFORNIA

America and the Next War World-Peace, or Downfall

TWO ADDRESSES

BY

OSWALD W. S. McCALL

Pastor

First Congregational Church
Berkeley, California

To YNU
Albion, N.Y.
Wheeler JX 1963
M15

FOREWORD

Having, along with many others, listened with deep interest to Mr. McCall's addresses on "Christ or Armageddon?" and being convinced that their message is one of vital, indeed of imperative concern, those whose names are appended hereto, reinforced by a very general desire, have requested the series for publication. In this pamphlet appear the fourth and fifth of the addresses.

They who read them will desire to bring them to the notice of others for the creating of public opinion toward the end of averting the awful scourge of another war—the impending danger and fearful consequences of which these addresses set forth so vividly and so truly.

- DR. B. I. WHEELER - - - *President Emeritus U. C.*
- DR. C. A. KOFOID - - - *Professor of Zoology, U. C.*
- MRS. C. A. KOFOID *Member Advisory Board, Y. W. C. A.*
- DR. G. M. STRATTON - *Professor of Psychology, U. C.*
- DR. R. O. MOODY - - - *Professor of Anatomy, U. C.*
- MRS. R. O. MOODY - - - *Member of City Council*
- DR. C. S. NASH, *Pres. Emeritus Pacific School of Religion*
- DR. J. W. BUCKHAM *Professor of Christian Theology*
- DR. M. B. FISHER - - *Director of Religious Education*
- MR. LOUIS BARTLETT, - *Ex-Mayor City of Berkeley*
- MR. A. G. FREEMAN, DR. W. W. FERRIER, DR. G. WALFORD

America and the Next War

1918 A. D.

THIS country's position in world affairs was never higher than at the conclusion of the last war. Not only had America undertaken to lend a very practical hand in those affairs, directing her tremendous resources of men and money to the ends that she believed to be right, but, more than any other people, she came to be the spokesman of the world's longing for righteousness and peace. Self-interest seemed less chargeable against her than against any other nation as a motive in the strife; her geographical detachment argued less prejudice in her judgments, giving them therefore the greater weight; the casting in of her naval and military might had decided the issue of the war; and in addition to all this the country achieved the enormous credit of being seen and estimated through its President, Woodrow Wilson.

THE VOICE

The majority of mankind, knowing little of politics and diplomacies, were entirely uninterested in whether Mr. Wilson was a Republican or a Democrat, whether he was a skilled diplomat or a bungler. He might be all and more than his enemies were yet to say about him, but outside of the United States there were few either to love or hate him, for as an individual he was not known. All that men saw or cared about was this uprising of a great Voice that with eloquence and logic, and with a moral urgency not unworthy of a prophet of Israel, was championing the cause of the commonalty. All through the world hearts were sick and tired of the pain and the crime of civilization's fearful lapse; men and women were everywhere ready to vow that this sort of thing should not occur again—but what can common men do, unorganized as they are, and inarticulate? Will the stars step out of their courses because I shake my fist at them? And will wars vanish from the earth because some poor man vows they shall? But the common people of the earth, whose pitiful fate it always has been to bear the brunt of war when it comes, who give most to it, suffer most in it, get least out of it, and have cause deepest to hate it—the common people heard a mighty Voice above the welter and the storm, and it was pleading their cause! It pleaded for peace on earth, for a stanching of the world's streaming wounds, for a co-operation of the nations to prevent recurrence of strife. It seemed to make the golden dream of brotherhood come suddenly near, and millions who had given all they had in the war became almost reconciled to the sacrifice if it had really purchased a beating of swords into ploughshares

and of spears into pruning-hooks. The people's hope stood up with parted lips and moist eyes, wondering if at last one had come to lead it whither it fain would go.

The world saw Woodrow Wilson, but behind him it saw the American nation. His voice was the voice of America, his call to the nations was America's. It was the great Republic from beyond the sea that had arisen to cast out the devil of conspiracy from the peoples and teach them to dwell henceforth as colleagues. No wonder the world had hope! And no wonder America stood high and respected in the earth, not least for her material power, but most of all for her moral audacity. The day of salvation never seemed so near. Galilee appeared to have become audible again through the lips of the President of the American people, and the ends of the earth were ready to look and be saved.

THE GREAT WITHDRAWAL

Thus was it at the close of the last war. Then something happened—it is not necessary to inquire what—but the strong, clear Voice grew uncertain, wavered and died away. For some reason not quite plain to the world, America had failed! Nevertheless, no American infidelity to that dream of peace she had helped most to create could bring mankind lightly to discard it; though conscious of fearful weakening in their task, men bent themselves to bring that dream to earth that it might live with blessing among the nations. But America had seemed so high and had promised so fair!—who was sufficient to explain this great retreat?

There were some who believed that explanation would surely come, and then men began to hear of an "iniquitous peace treaty," and of a League of Nations that was "inextricably bound up with it." Here was some explanation of America's withdrawal from the world-affairs she had seemed about to save. She was not prepared to sign an evil thing: clearly she was remaining true to herself still. Being still herself, mankind might well continue to hope! Her criticisms of the words and practices of Europe and her dissociation of herself from them was from a lofty resentment at their selfishness, and from an assurance that such were therefore inadequate to set the world in order. America was still being true to her own superior standards. Humanity was crying for bread, and the great Republic would have nothing to do with this European offering of stone. That she should stand out was a sign of her intention to do something better for humanity. The world waited.

Since that time this country has done at least one splendid thing toward the healing of the world—she summoned the World Conference on disarmament. That admirable thing would be the easier praised if it were not so badly off-set by neglects which, in the present alarmingly precarious state of the world, seem at least extremely baffling. There may be large business reasons or sentimental reasons or political

reasons or what not to account for America's continued isolation from world affairs, but as surely as I am committed to preach the gospel, when I stand in my pulpit I shall strive to know neither Jew nor Greek, Briton nor American, politics nor traditions, but Christ, the brother equally of all men. And in His name it will be hard indeed to find excuse for any policy that isolates a nation from becoming a savior when it is endowed especially to be such.

AMERICAN ISOLATION AS AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO WAR

You are wondering what all this has to do with the next war. It has this much to do with it, that America's attitude of detachment is perhaps a bigger discouragement to peaceful influences than any other single thing in contemporary history. If the United States were a Mexico or a Holland or some other little nation, what she chooses to do would be a matter of indifference to the world; but because she is not a little nation but in the very forefront of the great powers of the time, what she does is tremendous in influence for good or ill. Power and prestige bring their responsibilities. When the nations are struggling to find common ground upon which to get together it is hard to conceive a more chilling douch to generous attempts of that kind than in America's conspicuous example of hermit-spiritedness. This country has reached adult-hood, and that means that it must be prepared to undertake the duties of an adult and be a citizen of the world. Any attempt to wear still the national policies and doctrines of an earlier and less mature stage will present the United States in the ridiculous resemblance of a young man who, though his voice is breaking and his beard beginning to grow, yet persists in wearing the knickerbockers and pursuing the trivial interests of boyhood! America can choose to behave like a child but she cannot choose to be one again. She has grown, as all must; whether or not she accepts an adult's part she must, before the bar of heaven and of humanity, render an adult's account. Because she owns a mighty navy, is a people of over 100 millions, has vast wealth and influence I must solemnly say this of her: If official Germany, with open eyes, did more than any other nation to provoke the last war, official America today almost more than any other, is an encouragement to the forces that make for the next. For America can do almost anything she will with the world. She can lead it from darkness to light, or she can break its heart with despair.

When the desperate spell of Napoleon lay heavy upon Europe, the battle of Trafalgar broke his power on the sea and proved the French to be not invincible. In the last public words he was destined to utter, William Pitt, the British Prime Minister, cried: "England has saved herself by her courage, she will save Europe by her example." In these days when a groaning world is seeking to throw off the dark spirit that makes for war, what is the example set by this nation? Do the peoples

look upon us and start up with new hope and courage? Or are we a dejecting, weakening, and dismaying spectacle as we foil one effort after another to bring us into the councils of the world, disowning obligation to anything or anyone outside ourselves? "If I have eaten my morsel myself alone," cried Job before God, ". . . then let mine arm fall from my shoulder blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone!" But behold this mighty nation still sitting in its security and affluence "eating its morsel alone."

IF NOT SATISFIED—PROPOSE SOMETHING!

You will observe that I have not said that the United States should enter the present League of Nations. I am content that the wisdom or otherwise of doing that should be decided by the leaders of this country. What I am more concerned about is that the country should realize its solemn obligation to do its part in the reconstruction and leadership of the world. Given such an aim, America will not long be satisfied to side-step, excuse, or argue when invitations come to join a league or a conference, but if dissatisfied, she will come back with counter proposals that will show the nations that her one ambition is not to stand out of things. If she objects to proposals made to her, what has she offered as alternative? I am anxious that we shall find a genuine concern for the part our importance is pressing us to play, so that our international policy, instead of remaining negative and seclusive, shall become constructive and redemptive.

PASSING BY ON "THE OTHER SIDE"

Nursed in idealism; trained in a fine sense of humanity; loyalty to God and devotion to man written into its constitution, and boldly claimed in its literature and art; in exalted sentiment and purpose more out-spoken and more determined to be heard than most nations; the great American nation might almost be forgiven if it deems itself a thing superior, with all its faults a little better sanctified than others, as an ancient priest in the temple was thought holier than other men.

But what shall we say of this favored nation whose foundations were laid in the religious and moral ideals of Plymouth Rock, who sings its creed of wide humanity in the noble songs of Whittier and Lowell, who could give birth to Emerson and Channing—no more capable of being isolated in America than Plato could be isolated in Greece or Shakespeare in England: what shall we say of this priestly nation if I show you humanity lying robbed and wounded on the world's highway—whilst the priest passes by on the other side? "Love thy neighbor!" commands Jesus. "Love thy neighbor!" approvingly echoes America, "But who is my neighbor?" asked the ancient lawyer of the Christ. Then Jesus told the story of the Good Samaritan, of two "righteous" ones who passed by and of the third, with no reputation except it were

an evil, who tarried to bind up the wounds; and Jesus concluded with: "Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?" "He that showed mercy on him," replied the lawyer. If we are indeed determined to "pass by on the other side," if our deliberate and final policy is to show no mercy, let us talk less about the idealism in our flag; let us expatiate less upon the glorious deeds and dreams of our fathers, upon our love of peace and righteousness and upon our benevolent temper toward mankind. Let us rather slink by with head hanging, our every droop and shuffle proclaiming that in the heart of us there is yet left at least enough decency to assume an air not inappropriate to what we do. Let us not deserve that climax of inditement hurled by the old prophet at his people when, after making up the list of their sins, he added one final testimony to their depravity: "Neither could they blush!" For the wider we flaunt our robes as we walk by and make broad with pious and generous sentiment our phylacteries, the more ghastly will be the contrast between our profession and our neglect, and the heavier upon us will be history's scorn, as upon the Priest and the Levite in Christ's great parable of our duty to suffering men.

I care not how high placed he is, he who in any land today uses tongue or pen to encourage isolation, who nourishes old prejudices and keeps alive out-worn shibboleths; he who speaks or writes to weaken the present feeble outreaching of the nations toward co-operation, and seeks to teach his people to wash, like Pilate, their hands from responsibility toward the sons of men—he deserves to be howled out of the land as a stain upon the public morality and a menace to the public health. Today he may be lifted upon the unthinking applause of the groundlings, but tomorrow his name will be cast down as dirt, and his memory shall stink in the land which he once strove to bind to the festering carcasses belonging to the past whilst the whole earth was crying for the new life of the future.

There is only one principle I know of that can save this world, and that is the principle of generous-hearted fellowship spoken and urged upon men by Him of Galilee. The seeds of decay, heart-break and conflict are in everything else. High sounding fatuities such as "practical politics," and "national expediency" give but little blessedness to men if they are allowed to invade that principle. Here, then, I place my foot! From this principle I cannot, as a minister of Christ, I dare not retreat. But that principle of fellowship in every heart and in every nation means nothing if it does not mean co-operation, and I have not found in any dictionary yet that co-operation means isolation.

THE SATIRIST

There are times when criticism of one's country must be plain for the country's sake and the wider sake of the world, but if anyone should

chafe under it let him hear this quaint story and be reconciled: There was once a man who was a Satirist. In the natural course of time his friends slew him and he died. And the people came and stood round his corpse. "He treated the whole round world as his football," they said indignantly, "and he kicked it." The dead man opened one eye. "But always towards the goal," he said.

TAMING THE ALGONQUIN

Who that loves his country and loves mankind will not be ambitious for America to stand up before the nations as William Penn did before the children of the forest, the wild Lenni-Lenape, on the immortal occasion when he made with them that treaty of goodwill and kindness which subdued even their savage hearts, taught them to bury the tomahawk and to come out with joy from the dark night of fear and war. "The English and the Indian," such was the agreement, "should respect the same moral law, should be alike secure in their pursuits and their possessions, and adjust every difference by a peaceful tribunal, composed of an equal number of men from each race." When will the day come when, standing on some such platform as that, America will subdue and regenerate a war-like world as Penn did the savages? That day will come when we ourselves learn the spirit that spoke through that great founder of Pennsylvania when he opened his heart to the men of the Algonquin race gathered from afar to hear him. "We meet," he said, "on the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendship between you and me I will not compare to a chain, for that the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood."

And the Indians renounced their guile and their revenge and answered: "We will live in love with William Penn and his children, as long as the moon and the sun shall endure."

Whilst the Dutch were scarcely ever at peace with the Algonquins; whilst New England and Maryland were repeatedly bathed in blood by Indian wars, never was there a drop of Quaker blood shed by an Indian, and never could the braves forget that they had been conquered by good will and trust.

A broader peace will swiftly dawn when the country of William Penn stands up before the nations to conquer them and break the spirit of pride and subdue the follies of hate and guile with words and pledges of good will, fellowship and love. In the presence of so out-breaking a light there could be no "next war."

World-Peace or Downfall

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX

THE Sphinx of Thebes propounded a riddle to the great city and demanded to be paid in human life until its riddle should be answered. In our day we have seen war rise up grim and terrible in the midst of our golden-towered civilization, propounding a riddle and exacting toll in human blood and tears until it be answered. Not always has war been a menace to the entire fabric of a civilization, for neither the world nor war were always precisely what we find them to be. Today the riddle tormenting the wit of the world is this: How can the nations be turned from international cannibalism to fraternity and peace? And whilst we dally with the riddle more blood flows. We make clumsy attempts to answer it, and every failure is paid for in human life. It is the riddle of the sphinx.

Many there are who seem unawakened to its seriousness, just as in old Thebes there must have been some who felt themselves remote from the perils of the ravaging monster, and so were scarcely interested. In both cases the arousal could be only soul-sickening—a sudden hand on the shoulder, a voice in the ear announcing that their turn had come for sacrifice and that the monster was awaiting them, and then a heart-catching realization that the riddle was evidently not yet answered. Not any one of us is safe so long as that riddle awaits solution: How can the nations be turned from cannibalism to peace? The ravages of war have shaken our civilization to its roots and will yet bring it to collapse unless that riddle is settled. Our Western civilization must achieve world-peace or suffer downfall.

THE THREAT TO CIVILIZATION

Many who think of "civilization" see it in ships and cities, commerce and literature, but these are merely the outward dress of civilization. Civilization is ultimately a mental thing, and if it be destroyed in the mind it will not be long ere its glorious dress will be torn and scattered. An onslaught upon externals may wreck cities and sink ships, but if the mind be not darkened it will build again. Let the onslaught be upon the mind of man, however, and though not a city be damaged nor a ship assailed, if the mind become uncivilized the whole fair show will sink with the mind.

It is worth observing how war has reached a pass in modern times which makes the achievement of peace a sheer matter of self-preservation to us and to our civilization.

I. NEW ENGINES OF DESTRUCTION

We are grown familiar with forecasts of the ghastliness of future wars. According to the managing editor of the continental edition of the London "Daily Mail," the next war will last but a few days. "I mean it literally," he says, "and in those few days, with the new air and gas attacks which have been planned by headquarters staffs, London and Paris will be wiped out in a night. In the next war the civilian population will die, men, women and children. It will be short and the losers will be hurled back into slavery." Here is a pretty picture! The most deadly devices developed during the last war are hopelessly obsolete before the infernal engines of destruction developed since! Not until the hour of actual conflict will be known what means of race suicide lie hidden in the secret knowledge of the nations, and in that fell hour the eagles will be loose in the clouds and the hounds will be baying on the scent or raging in melee—it will then be altogether too late to gather them back and hold them. But I desire to ask you: How much of this sort of thing do you imagine civilization can endure? The heavy blow of the last war sent some ancient and powerful nations staggering to the edge of the abyss and left none of us at so great a distance as to call for confidence. How much more of it can we stand?

II. THE DECAY OF CIVILIZING EDUCATION

The effects of such war upon us need only honest looking at to induce very grave thinking. This country, having tasted but lightly after all the realities of modern war, can scarcely realize the terrible national depletion it causes in blood-letting and in out-poured wealth. Peoples that yesterday were a name for opulence have been drained of their strength, their credit is shattered, they groan under a burden of taxation which they must pass on to their children. This means poverty in place of wealth.

Those treasures of the mind which form the soul of European civilization have been given the youth through great national educational systems, but it is hard to maintain wealth of mind in presence of persistent penury of pocket. The wholesale squandering of treasure demanded by war as we know it today is so serious that a continuance of it can only lead to a general hold-up of the world's progress in knowledge. Men of natural ability may continue to pursue their studies and climb far, but civilization is not built on the few but on the many, and only by the bringing of the spiritual and intellectual prizes of the race within reach and appreciation of the many can civilization maintain itself. This, however, is precisely what cannot continue to be done if the strength of the nations has to be withdrawn from that task and given to war. One can perceive here how a wide-spread weakening of the great educational systems, following upon lack of funds to sustain

them, must lead to a general darkening of the world's mind, causing the world to lose in the course of a generation or two those great lights which are the achievement of centuries, and which we call civilization.

III. REVOLUTIONS

Poverty not merely makes for ignorance, but also for misery, and misery breeds discontent. Pain galls men to revolt, which can be a good thing. Revolution can sweep away abuses and clear the ground for a better social order. On the other hand it can simply destroy existing institutions and hurl us back into barbarism. Which it will do depends largely upon its power to create as well as to destroy. Nothing seems surer than that a continuance of the miseries wrought by war can lead only to wide uprisings the end of which no one could foresee.

Some time ago a rabbit trapper in Australia left his camp to visit his traps, forgetting to unchain his dogs before departing. He was absent about a week. Upon returning his first act was to begin to release his famished dogs. He unchained two, and was immediately attacked and torn to death by the hungry brutes. It was a pity, but will you blame the dogs? And shall we whine overmuch if tomorrow the people that have been starved of peace and comfort until miseries and diseases have driven them mad, should turn ravening upon their masters and rend them? Not by whining should we prove that we did not get our deserts. But our getting of our deserts will not necessarily save our civilization.

It is idle to quote virtues that have come from some past revolutions and then argue hopefully of revolutions to come. There is no necessary analogy. The world is different. It is bigger and its interests are more interwoven. In centuries gone wars could happen as a sort of side show; today the entire strength of peoples is concentrated in them and the scorching lash of them falls upon the shoulders of us all. If the people rise in wrath and pain to cast out a social system that seems unable to restrain the scourge, they can bring in a happier day and preserve civilization only by achieving peace among men. Then we shall see it was really the health of the world that arose to cast out the disease of war, and we shall be glad. But let us not deceive ourselves, revolution can just as easily proceed to tear down what laborious centuries have built up and give us nothing in the end but confusion worse confounded. If on the one hand Spain is an illustration of a great light of yesterday now darkened through a malaise in the soul and ignorance in the brain of her people, on the other hand we have Mexico as an example of little enough gained by much revolution. Revolution that breaks out from a fierce sense of wrong is a dangerous thing to all classes, and can have disastrous effects upon the cultural treasures of the race.

We are in acute need of some big changes, but it is construction and vision that should produce them, not savage demolition and blind hate. Yet this last war deeply provoked the masses and left them—who will wonder?—in an ugly mood. War must cease or civilization must go, Either war must cease by the act of democracy as we know it, or a way will be found by revolution and recasting, but war must cease. Yet if neither our present order nor any order resulting from radical changes can abolish war, then civilization must go. For war has become suicide; civilization can no longer stand the strain!

IV. THE MENACE OF AN EVIL WORLD-CONSCIENCE

These are but some hints of the manner in which war and all it entails is striking through material channels at the mind of civilization. I reserve until now, however, a consideration which of itself would be sufficient to introduce degeneracy into that mind. The world has reached another cross roads in a great moral question, and the conscience of the world will now be either light or heavy according to the road it elects to take. No civilization can long sustain the disintegrating action upon itself of a bad conscience. A sense of moral ill-health swiftly impairs a hundred fair prospects that seem but distantly related to it; it destroys idealism, unnerves courage and enterprise, darkens justice, encourages tyranny, nourishes cynicism and pessimism. When a master moral issue presents itself to the peoples their destiny pauses on suspended wing, waiting to fly toward the day or toward the night. A great and conscious sin in the world's soul will eat at the foundations as doth a canker, and not all the glory of a Greece or the grandeur of a Rome can suffice to keep the towers safe when the foundations are crumbling.

Yesterday the world was not aware of the moral crime of war. Today its crime is so confessed that it is becoming fashionable to protest oneself a lover of peace. Unfortunately it is not yet fashionable to concede some prized prejudice or tradition to maintain the peace we so easily and lightly "love"! But the world stands at a junction of ways with regard to war that it has not known in history. Apologists for the old order of things may argue that men have always fought and that war in the past has not been without its virtues, but the hand of the Almighty is today raised before the conscience of men, whilst of the past and its ways He is saying: "The times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent!" Times have changed.

If we are incapable of meeting the ringing realities of this present day; if we shun the command of God to turn from the unenlightened conscience of the past to the grand new ethic; if the nations have come to the foot of a new Sinai and have heard, as though in terrible thunders,

a great Voice speaking in men's hearts: "Thou shalt not kill!" and if we can only resist the Voice and continue in our ancient ways—then shall we be cast upon the scrap heap of history, where lies the junk of many nations, the inane litter of civilizations whose boast once went up higher than ours! Woe, woe, unto the people who see a great light and turn from it!

"THE FATEFUL BELL IS BEATING OUT ITS BURDEN"

Processes of doom are not spectacular. When in the midst of a storm a large building in New York collapsed, it was discovered that white ants had been eating at the foundations for years, unheard, unsuspected as the silent judgments of God. What the world will do at this time will not be announced with fanfare of divine trumpets in the heavens, but if we do wrongly the results will pass silently into the foundations of our civilization, and will work there and mock at the lordly superstructure that every day is reaching toward the moment of its fall.

Solemn is the hour that is tolling in the conscience of the world! Amid the glitter of our Western culture the fateful bell is beating out its burden! Let those whose ears are choked with lust of pleasure or lust of gain be deaf, as such have always been whilst hours of destiny have been striking, whilst God has been winding up the centuries and weighing civilizations in the balances to see if they be wanting. But him that hath ears to hear, let him hear! And him that hath a heart to tremble, let him tremble! For the peoples hear a Voice calling them to peace and good-will, and upon their answer wavers the fate of many generations. If at this time the peoples' eye be evil, the whole body of our civilization will become full of darkness, and if the light that is in it be darkness, how great will be that darkness?

"ONE MORE MOVE!"

I have no safety to offer—except that which is in Christ. He is the enemy of the spirit of war and of all unbrotherliness, and I know of no way to peace and happiness and life except in His spirit of fellowship. He is "despised and rejected of men," but the philosophies they have chosen in His place have not saved them! He is crucified and mocked, but in silencing His blessed lips they have silenced the only message of life! They thought they had buried Him and that He was done with, but He is rising again, as He always does, for in Him is the deathless truth. And lo, the world must hail Him and bow to His law of kindness and good-will—or perish!

"The Last Chance" was painted to show the devil playing chess for the soul of a man, and many who studied the picture and the disposition of the pieces said: "It ought rather to be called 'Checkmate', for the game is finished and the devil has won. The man is beaten!" But a

famous player stood long before the canvas, wondering why the artist had termed it "The Last Chance," until suddenly he started and exclaimed: "Yes, he's right. The man has one more move! If he misses that he's lost!"

I have not called my subject "Checkmate!" for the Christward move is still open; but it is the only move bearing hope. The Christ-spirit is the way of peace, and without that the devil has won. Because the way is still open, and because men may still give to their children a safer and happier world to live in than their fathers knew, I am lifting up the warning of these addresses.

I do not fear that men's opinions will be widely astray on the need of organizing for peace; one can be sure of languid approval of most good things.

What I do fear is the dreadful mountain of inertia.

It is not wholly impossible for me to imagine the world tomorrow amid disasters looking back to our time and speaking in some such way as did the switchman after a fearful railway smash caused by his negligence. Called to account, he stood pallid before his judges and spoke:

"I have nothing to say. I was asleep!"

These combined addresses are sold
Single copy, 20c.

For distribution by those interested
in promoting the cause they advocate.

| | |
|----------------------|--------|
| One-half dozen | \$1.00 |
| One dozen..... | \$2.00 |

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

MAY 24 1937

SEP 21 1937

LD 21-100m-8,'34

Photomount
Pamphlet
Binder
Gaylord Bros.
Makers
Stockton, Calif.
PAT. JAN. 21, 1908

692711

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

