

## The Post-war World

E. Dixwell Chase

Evidence continues to arrive from Occupied Europe to prove that, by some miracle, the men and women of the overrun lands are still able to think constructively about long-range peace problems, despite the desperate pressure of the immediate, personal, day-by-day struggle to keep themselves alive and uncompromised. The evidence consists mainly of copies of underground newspapers that have found their way to neutral and allied countries. Here are excerpts from Norwegian, Polish, and Dutch underground newspapers, reprinted in England by the International Transport Workers' Federation.

The following is from the Norwegian newspaper Free Trade Unionism, issue of July 10. "The United Nations, for their own good and for the sake of future peace, must be prepared to promote a democratic system of government in Germany as well as in Italy and other dictator countries. The destruction of all free organizations and the Nazi poisoning of youth, together with the material effects of war and defeat, do not provide a favorable basis for the reconstruction of German democracy. Nevertheless, the problem must be solved. It cannot be solved from the outside." The article goes on to call for United Nations' support for the working class and the social democratic forces in Germany against the Junkers, industrialists, and army officers. "Intervention against popular democratic and socialist movements are not only contrary to the spirit of the Atlantic Charter, but will also strengthen reaction."

The Polish underground newspaper Freedom writes: "The seeds of hatred, force, and crime, sown widely by the Nazi occupation, will grow quickly, trying to cover the whole of Europe, and change it into a jungle free-for-all. The yearning for revenge, so just and understandable, today makes us clench our fists in righteous fury. But this can easily change into the desire to dominate other nations, and thus, after the defeat of Nazism, its very methods and ideas would be triumphant again. We shall therefore have to leave the passion of revenge and seek the ideals of justice. The Polish nation is fighting this war, not for revenge, but for the stabilization of its future, which can be brought about by the realization of its just demands. . . . Whoever wants to persuade the Poles to adopt Nazi methods (and there are some who do), whoever wants them to apply these methods after the war to weaker or younger nations, actually wants to destroy for Poland the effects of victory. The aim for which we should strive is a commonwealth of all nations and the collaboration of all the States of the world."

And here is what a Dutch underground newspaper has to say on the same subject: "You will have to go beyond the dethroning of the reactionary powers (in Germany). It was the tragedy of the Weimar Republic that for the masses of the German population democracy was synonymous with inflation, war debts, depression and unemploy-

ment. Therefore every policy of holding down Germany economically, let alone of dividing her up, is out of the question; it is definitely necessary to receive Germany into a planned European economy. . . . What matters is that the European community, and no longer the national state, should be taken as the starting point of our considerations, and that only afterwards will it be found out how much sovereignty can suitably be left to the particular states and stateslets."

Here is proof enough that the spiritual vitality of Europe is surviving. Here is also a sharp warning that Europeans intend to have a hand in shaping their own affairs after the war. Let the American and British governments help, yet, say the underground workers, but let them not try to impose something that is alien to Europe's organic growth.—Worldover Press.

## Title Deeds of Great Wealth

"Dominie, ef you hev a leetle time to spare, I wish you'd look over the papers in my strong box."

The words were almost whispered, for the voice was weak from old age and long illness. Room "F," in the Home for Aged Men, was about to lose the peaceful face that had greeted the minister time and again with a smile of heavenly cheer.

Stephen Holoway had lost almost everything in life except his good name, his memory and his faith in God. His dear one had died, his money had been lost, his eyesight had failed, and his limbs had long refused to support his trembling frame. Nevertheless, when the minister was in special need of stimulus and inspiration, he was apt to drop in for a few moments at Uncle Stephen's bedside. This low spoken allusion to a "strong box" startled him. It could not be that this venerable saint, so long an object of charity, had been hoarding unsuspected resources! Or was his keen, alert brain at last failing?

Rev. Mr. Alton bent tenderly over his old friend.

"You know I'm rich, dominie," went on the feeble voice.

"Ah!" thought the minister, "his mind has suddenly given away."

"As rich, as rich," continued Uncle Stephen, his tones growing clearer and stronger, "as rich as the Lord Jesus Christ!"

His patient old face was suddenly illumined. Mr. Alton said kindly:

"Uncle Stephen, you can have all of my time that you need. Where is your strong box?"

"Why, there!" replied the invalid, smiling, and pointing to the large leather-bound Bible on the stand. "Please take it and sit down a few minutes. When I was in business years ago, an' makin' a heap of money, I hed an iron box fer my vallable dokerments and specie. There wasn't no safe deposit vaults in them days, an' I kep' the box in my bedroom closet, an' I was allus worryin' about it, 'fraid of burglars an' sich, an' scairt of losin' the key. But sence I hed this box

what the Lord give me, I ain't hed no trouble with it, and the key is 'faith.' That key is hid deep into my heart where the enemy can't find it. Hallelujah!"

The minister had seated himself with the great, time-worn volume on his knees.

"Now," said Uncle Stephen, "we'll look over them dokerments a leetle, I can't see 'em no more with my eyes, but I know 'em by heart. The fust one in the bundle I never git tired thinkin' about. You see, dominie, many years ago I lived under a good King that I didn't love, an' I rebelled again Him, an' tried to hender His cause an' to hurt His kingdom. I was an ortful rebel. Finally, I was arrested an' thrown into a dark dungeon, an' while I was there I found out that I was under sentence of death. I wept an' repented, but the dungeon was jest as dark as ever, an' death was starin' into my eyes when up rode a messenger from the King, bringing a paper signed an' sealed, an' my name on it. It was my pardon! Jes read it over, will you? It's marked St. John 3:16."

Mr. Alton read the familiar words: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish."

"Then," went on the invalid, "after I was a free man and had promised to serve the King, he actually adopted me right into his own glorious family, an' the paper was drawn up an' made as sure as eternity. I love that paper, too. It's labeled Romans 8:15. Please read it."

The minister turned the leaves with a new glory in his soul, and read:

"Ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father."

"Now those next papers air wonderfully comfortin' to look over," said Uncle Stephen, "the three that I've tied together, the insurance policies—accident, an' life, an' fire insurances. There's Romans 8:28."

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God," read Mr. Alton.

"That's the accident policy," said Uncle Stephen, with the simple joyousness of a care free child in his voice. "St. John 11:26 is the life insurance."

"Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Mr. Alton's own voice had caught the ring of triumph in that of the aged conqueror on the bed.—Selected.

## Conscience

Orvall Burdette Lippincott

Conscience is a tricky thing  
Seldom to be trusted,  
Sometimes it is worn too thin,  
Often it is rusted.  
So wily is the conscience,  
The wise man may be fooled;  
All too often we judge sin  
The way we have been schooled.  
I think it might be safer,  
Dealing with our brothers,  
To judge those little sins by  
Pain they have brought others.

Lima, Ohio