

ises so much alike and, reasoning logically, draw conclusions so vastly different. "Philosophy is nothing but discretion," as John Selden said.

In the mind of Socrates the Laws, the State, were supreme; a man was "child and slave" of the State, and this was an agreeable condition to be preserved and cherished. He listed laws along with virtue and justice and institutions as "being the best things among men." He proclaimed love of country as holier and nobler than love of parents. "Doing wrong is always evil," he said, and clearly he implied that defying the law is the highest wrong. A man must obey the law, obey it with his life if necessary, even if it appears to him unjust, Socrates thought.

Thoreau, on the other hand, regarded the law and the government as "only the mode which the people have chosen to execute their will . . . we should be men first and subjects afterward." The poet of Walden Pond also employed the analogy of patriotism and parental honor. True love for either must be a "matter of conscience and religion, and not desire of rule or benefit." Thus, he equated neither love of parents nor country with love of the *law*. On the contrary, defying the law, if justice and conscience dictate, might be the highest good. While Socrates apparently conceived of justice first in terms of the body politic, and of law as the proper instrument of justice, Thoreau understood justice as a matter for individual conscience when he expressed the thought that, "Law never made men a whit more just."

Civil disobedience, or obeisance—which shall we choose? "Every intellectual product must be judged from the point of view of the age and the people in which it was produced," said Walter Pater. He might have added that its *application* must be judged within the context of each present moment. Every man sees truth from a different angle and every man's own conscience must form his perspective.

On Worlds Apart

Gretchen Rhetts

IT WAS A hot, muggy day, and I was more than a little tired of sight-seeing. Swinging my camera over my shoulder, I began the walk toward the monument steps. As I approached I mentally noted that the outward appearance of the building was similar to that of buildings I had been looking at all day. It was white, limestone I believe, with pillars encircling its main walls. It is a statue I thought, only a monument to a dead man. The time is dead too, dead and forgotten. Brushing my hair back from my face, I started upward, toward the entrance of the building. The steps seemed endless, and my camera grew heavier while the stark whiteness of the building reflected the sun's rays, making an almost bearable glare.

Shading my eyes, I could see the outline of the statue, and pausing, I gazed at it. It was as if a great weight had been lifted from my back. I felt drawn to the statue and, without thinking, I began to approach it. The room was cool and dark inside, and no one seemed to be around me. I reached the base of the statue, and silently, reverently, I looked up into the marble face of Abraham Lincoln. There was a vastness of space, an immensity of emotion, and I felt close to the man who had been dead for almost one hundred years. "Mine eyes have seen the glory . . .," the words rang in my ears. Government of the people, that was glory, wasn't it? "His righteous sentence" was the Gettysburg Address or the Emancipation Proclamation. "He died to make men free." Yes, in his own way Lincoln too had died for that reason. The noise was deafening to my ears; I started to cover them, to run away from their thundering truth and away from the depth of emotion raging through me. I turned and found myself staring into the face of a Negro girl. Again I faced the statue; it had seemed to grow larger; its brilliancy was blinding, and yet I saw what my mind and my heart had known. "His truth is marching on." Yes, his truth still goes on—in the city where his mortal body has been reproduced in marble, and his speeches hewn into granite and placed for all the world to see. Slowly I turned around and walked across the grey floor to the bright sunlight outside.

Is God So Small?

Mary Louise Spicer

MY CHURCH actually teaches that God is small. Oh yes, we quote scriptures such as, "God created the heavens and the earth," and, "God so loved the world that he gave his only Son." I could write on and on about the great things we say about God, but the old cliché, "actions speak louder than words," applies to the church, too. Perhaps a good place to see some of the actions of my church is to listen to a meeting of the Official Board, which is the governing body of the church.

This meeting is in progress, and it is a bit unusual, for there is a "special" guest who has slipped into a back corner of the room. None of the board members are aware of Christ's presence.

The financial chairman is making a report of the proposed budget for the next year. "Our statistics show us that we have a membership of two hundred and eight-five persons. Of these two hundred and eighty-five members, more than one hundred and fifty are employed, and they are making an average salary of \$6,500. Our total budget is \$13,014.20. This is approximately 1.3% of the total income of our members. We hope that we can meet this great challenge."

The Board Director asks for comments.