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## The World of Fancy

**Earl Clement Davis** 

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The world of Vancy. It wor the buden of the merroge that of the feeffets. that there world at serve folio time he are ortforing of goods spirit rofun the world. It shell come to face that spirit vfor see plack, and your sour and your dangtters shell frofery, your Ill men shell cheam dreams, and you young wen sholl see wiring." said the fifthe food, or the wouthfore of the Gool of Israel. It is wow

as it were in the clops of old the bucker of the werrage of every human being who lines, and responds to the spirit. of this gravel howen life that we line. Desfite the gloom which settles upon wary a say of room as he fores the stern nolities, there is an muclen: curent of hele and faith that but forth in to a storing weathirl strain of triumph, even from annal the wort imformathed of surroundings, just on the west beautiful chelich springs from the sordicher of the wordlord sweet, and ween and improved except by the

very fother himself, It stouch a symptol and an incomotions. of the eternal amich the west transcient and flooting of notices surrenchings, this formeller bofe, this underlying faith in the outformings of Gods in the days to come, has been the folan star of all life, and all fuguer in the history of won. Shut faith which spoke of a letter dry to= wower, whit= ven my be the from of ils utterance, is the some yesterday to day, and forever. The hungry soroge, lying down stright beneath the ofen sky, after a fuitler days effort in seach

of food, folls to sleef by Soming faith in the foishlit of actually doing on the women that which to night is but a fletting visien of is hurghy body and ruind. a Booker Washington sleep At night amid the fenenty of an obvied degraded, people. Quenth the outwood from of his disfised and ignorant ferfle there is being vorieshed to reed of a heartiful flomer which is to break the hardened. soil, give to waterity, hear its fruit, and sow its seeds into a thousand direction.

Such ferfle, who estimate the worth of life, and the richness of living, by the visions which me as yet uneolized, by the cheans ar yet un frelfilled, who see the outline of some lavel flowing with with and bruey, and have the faith that God spiil will be formed out ofm all flesh, such are the ones who have broken the shockles of bridage, and lead the notion secon the desert. the they wight him in preclum and in the flavel of their own God. But de vot be decemed in inexpectly of lunguese to somey

the idea of at the feeflet. God mill form out his oficil- sufon all flesh at some future time to be seve, but the very howledge of that ontfirming the very faith in the certainty of its realizations is in itself so less a fresent and a with and a living out: forming of its in the young were who see visions, and the old men who checum she curs this very day. However worch you and I way to be sleight in the outfrings of the spirit the shell some to for in the slop that are before us, however would we delight to live in that wald of forey in which all sonow all weefing all sin and enil are unknown, the fort

is that there is an outforming of God's spiril - this very dry vot len, but even greater this at any time in the fast, farily les in intensity but wo less in unfortune, and significance the any outfining that way water greech souls who thirt often eightenesser in the drys to come. The outforming of the forture un neuer come until the outforing of the fresent for filled the life ovel the soul her ogive because thurly. this world of forecy which we delight to feart our eyes, and dink on fill from the spring of the stevol sprit, is a world of the fresent, right here are

now, or she it never box been, or never will be. Into: ever is mable to see the spirilto day has never seen it at any time, vor mill hardly to oble to feel its following life when it four itself forth to weren, there is now or there always how theme. If you count see god in the imponeished, sinsteined outrat of the steet, who hears for us the burden of one sin, selfishnen, and greed, you are no les oble to see him in Jesus the Christ, If you count see God in the hungry izunant, degraded human heing who team of fair, and formaled word fly still stain the clother

that you and I wear as me rome with the fresence of God to worship him you connot see God in Jasur chying on the cors. If you count see God in the Chrisamel and one souls that you form by on the street each dry that you line, you are as dead and as lifelen as any decrying The truck the strict like a direct sentivel alue you the hill tof.

strue, the wood How I do not in the least wish to lessen the life, the slewer faith of the home war in the glory and the plessings of the foline, he that foline to = women or one thousand years or one hundred throad yearfrom to cely. The I think that the shirt the won in the Pilgin fre pothers is still in our neins to day. Like form Robins & look to see greater trulks, quater deeds, revealed in the years to some the have wer work gloring the woble protest kerver and marys of history. The future is

bright with the forfeel of glorieons life, and were in whom the ideals of hummily still he inconvited in even greater furfaction this in the fort. on tuth to woke on faith. in the exponding and defering lift of the future the work organic in our nature, to meane it will every file of our heing. and hild a tig hood deep forwdolin of soliel faith, me must look ant upon the life about with all its varying com: flexities ils imperfections, ils stateuring, its defeats and

its stains of error and sin, me must look you all this and still say as the fof fight for olverys said, but translating his fortune teure with the fresent leure, and his type and faith into the voice of assurance, and victory. It has come to fair that I am forming out my spiritrfor all flesh, and your some and your daughters are froflerying, your old men are cheaming sheams, and your young were are seeing mines.

the wort common form of blasheng, the wort cheafened and gollen form of ineligion that one comes in control with is the form which sees in the living fresent or forming sigue of the ortforming of gods spiil afor our own times, and on our life. The wort scathing et critism, the wort cruel and befolen conseption of beal and his relation to won is to be found, not in the scoffer por the so-collect ineligions, but in the very showel itself. brothet ingenious son of sin and micheelun swed concerns

f a worr selflist hideous. wristen then the God which has figured in the to some of the shirterice forms of Christianity. How for is the God of some of the theologies from the God of whom ferrer stoke, and to whom he fraged, with whom he worked to gether in the Kingdom. It is shut a work fiely, and a travely you hum life, and the Efinit- old things to force. fill the dry and nights with hideon cries of conflaint and as hewailing over the lock of spiritual outforming in our our times. The won

the church, the wishibition who this spevels its time, but connichitself before the whole world as a failure in il-cluty. Right in the very fore of the senseless for a received of religious interest and spiritural fever, there is givering and developing a a new form in which the He outforings of Goels spirilis Fas real and hital and lift giving as the only at the day of fewtrers. In shite of the forword soullen structored, by which we four oringingle. ment of on the soul that is Thursting often rightens.

Even amid the wort and devents with which we have bourshed them, there is an wany an orleast who has yet tof blasheme the boly spiil- and to he counted working in the women't when the cleword to do the will of god is work ofor them. the har ferfle sing with alest feeling the avoille be alunt folletic were it not so humerous the song. I think when I real the sweet stry of old, when Joses wor here among men How he colled little children as lewbe to his fold. & with that of carlel time

heer with him then." But they forget in singing that Jesus wer an inteast, disfisid and registed of men, a mere writhles vogotmel as measured by the stendards of seconomics à heratie, and of blaghemen of god as wearned by the scriber and phaisees, a non: descrift of the common feofle ar wearmed by the stindness of social formalities. Where that some ferus to come away un to day, he would doubtless have of fortunity to watch the cloud curved of singers of the sentimental share forle away with the chrome

as each one looked upon the outword life in which the spill that wer in Jesus manifested itself. The fives long forecl forwalis. of Jerus dry mere slill to for when Gol thoughour nt his toly afait ofor all flesh, and the some and daughter stoll proflery, and the old wer shell chean cheaus, and the young men still see moins whele Jews himself war overwalking short the country racialing

into every dark and gloving come the spiril-of the Folker and stone though his face and flowed from the tip of his fringers. Fordry he would dorbtles get of em followers away the for and the out: costs, as he did in the dop. If we but had the eyer to see, the inchisation to with the disposition to sea the ortforming of the sfirst wherever it way diffey it self, our gloom world diraffear, on long vocont store after some far off to wowen of

forfution would give way to to interriby of withert and delight in the ever glorions wonifestation of the ortformings of the shirt in our own dry and tingenestin. Och vot in the least minimize the ample notity of sin and word wil. dovot sare for a world of fairles sin, or a world of fainles sounders joy. The fairs and the sorrows have been the chartering formers which have loosed the the fine spill- from its forson of confort, hisery and eure. That form of religions

faith whill looks for the outforing of the spirit-in the four of anortheties that at shut nesself from the very affrent evils fairs and unconflated, and imperfact specering of life, has or flace awing healthy robust wanty feofle. not to avoid form, but to obserel it, vot to flee from it, but to fore. and transform its with the sunshine of the send, the he who drinks each clay the cof of foir way give full each dry the sun light

the very wight of sin at which I for my head in shame thinking that we have softilled in one trust, in the . In the new face of sin, of michedry, inferenties such as the wort defencel con ming before un toicky, it is still two that if ever god for formed forth this spirit-ufon oll flesh in the fort, a ever will in the year yet to come, he is doring it this very dry, dup, eteral unelotions of the former of leve, of tweel gordan and hearty, are

are sending forth flocker of the spil- from every work the the chof before the supe you the grant and trees are transformed with sunlight gewis though which the light of the sum forces . But the both genrel of history the light of the truth and goverhers and hearty as it is differed and enverged in the thorsavels upon thruravels of hours lives his thining its reignborn of ideolism, of whom arch is were conflete, when colors are were district the any bow of the ford.

This outforming of the spirit-in our own twin is though thoseway of humin heings the won whe life is vot given to prelfiling the function of his life, Nows vot he to judge the degree of Refection with which his falfil neighbor frefils his privation. The won whose life is given In frespeling his tirth of severbing the spirit for vot the line and the unchination to judge of others. I do vot know you were Thoughts, of the it for giorles that they ar as well wolnied or any homen hengs.

but this Delv som the if you court see the ortforing of the spirit-in the perent, then you are vot able to see it is the fort. wer will you 12 ofte to see it in the forture. Jon have swohed the leve of you soul in the fires of some four of selfishvers, and the wiew and the orlboh of life is blemed, distribut, not to soy confletely obscured by the swoke of your own worke.

# The World of Fancy Earl Clement Davis No Date

It was the burden of the message of the prophets that there would at some future time be an outpouring of God's spirit upon the world. "It shall come to pass that I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions1" said the prophet Joel, as the mouthpiece of the God of Israel. It is now as it was in the days of old the burden of the message of every human being who lives, and responds to the spirit of this grand human life that we live. Despite the gloom which settles upon many a son of man as he faces the stern realities, there is an undercurrent of hope and faith that bursts forth in to a strong martial strain of triumph, even from amid the most impoverished of surroundings, just as the most beautiful orchid springs from the sordidness of the woodland swamp, unseen and unpraised except by the very Father himself. It stands a symbol and an incarnation of the eternal amid the most transient and fleeting of nature's surroundings. This boundless hope, this underlying faith in the outpourings of God's in the days to come, has been the polar star of all life and all progress in the history of man. That faith which speaks of a better day tomorrow, whatever may be the form of its utterance, is the same yesterday, today and forever. The hungry savage, lying down at night beneath the open sky, after a fruitless day's effort in search of food, falls to sleep having faith in the possibility of actually doing on the morning that which tonight is but a fleeting vision of his hungry body and mind.

A Booker Washington sleeps at night amid the {???} of an abused, degraded people. Beneath the outward crust of his despised and ignorant people there is being nourished the seed of a beautiful flower which is to break the hardened soil, grow to maturity, bear its fruits, and sow its seeds in a thousand directions. Such people, who estimate the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Joel 2:28.

worth of life, and the richness of living, by the visions which are as yet unrealized, by the dreams as yet unfulfilled, who see the outline of some land flowing with milk and honey, and have the faith that God's spirit will be formed out upon all flesh, such are the ones who have broken the shackles of bondage, and lead the nations across the dessert that they might live in freedom and in the land of their own God.

But do not be deceived in incapacity of language to convey the idea of the prophet. God will pour out his spirit upon all flesh at some future time to be sure, but the very knowledge of that outpouring, the very faith in the certainty of its realization is in itself no less a present and a vital and living outpouring of its power in the young men who see visions, and the old men who dream dreams this very day. However much you and I may take delight in the outpourings of the spirit that shall come to pass in the days that are before us, however much we delight to live in that world of fancy in which all sorrow, all weeping, all sin and evil are unknown, the fact is that there is an outpouring of God's spirit this very day not less, but even greater than at any time in the past. Possibly less in intensity but no less in importance, and significance than any outpouring that may quench souls who may thirst often righteousness in the days to come. The outpouring of the future can never come until the outpouring of the present has filled the life and the soul has again become thirsty. This world of fancy in which we delight to feast our eyes, and drink our fill from the spring of the eternal spirit, is a world of the present, right here and now, or else it never has been, or never will be. Whoever is unable to see the spirit today has never seen it at any time, nor will hardly be able to feel its pulsating life when it pours itself forth tomorrow. If you cannot see God in the impoverished, sin-stained outcast of the street, who bears for us the burden of our sin, selfishness, and greed, you are no less able to see him in Jesus the Christ. If you cannot see God in the hungry ignorant, degraded human being whose tears of pain still stain the clothes that you and I wear as we come into the presence of God to worship him, you cannot see God in Jesus dying on the cross. If you cannot see God in the thousand and one souls that you pass by on the street each day that

you live, you are as dead and as lifeless as any decaying tree trunk that stands like a dismal sentinel alone upon the hilltop.

Now I do not in the least wish to lessen the hope, the eternal faith of man in the glory and the blessings of the future, be that future tomorrow or one thousand years or one hundred thousand years from today. I think that the spirit that was in the Pilgrim forefathers is still in our veins today. Like John Robinson<sup>2</sup>, we look to see greater truths, greater deeds, revealed in the years to come than have ever made glorious and noble heroes and martyrs of history. The future is bright with the prospect of glorious life, and men in whom the ideals of humanity shall be incarnated in ever greater perfection than in the past.

In truth to make our faith in the expounding and deepening life of the future the more organic in our nature, to weave it into every fiber of our being and build a broad deep foundation of solid faith, we must look upon the life about with all its varying complexities, its imperfections, its shortcomings, its defeats and its stains of effort and sin, we must look upon all this and still say as the prophet has always said, but translating his future tense into the present tense, and his hope and faith into the voice of assurance, and victory. "It has come to pass that I am pouring out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters are prophesying, your old men are dreaming dreams, and your young men are seeing visions."

The most common form of blasphemy, the most cheapened and godless form of irreligion that one comes in contact with is the form which sees in the living present no signs of the outpouring of God's sprit upon our own times, and our own life. The most scathing criticism, the most cruel and hopeless conception of God and his relation to man is to be found, not in the scoffer nor the so-called irreligious, but in the very church itself. What ingenious son of sin and wickedness could conceive of a more selfish hideous

 $<sup>^2</sup>$  John Robinson (1576-1625) was the pastor of the Pilgrims before they left on the Mayflower. Along with Robert Browne and Henry Barrow, John Robinson was one of the founders of the Congregational Church.

monster than the God which has figured in some of the historical forms of Christianity. How far is the God of some of the theologians from the God of whom Jesus spoke, and to whom he prayed, with whom he worked together in the Kingdom. It is but a mock piety, and a travesty upon human life, and the spirit of all things to fill the days and nights with hideous cries of complaint and bewailing over the lack of spiritual outpouring in our own times. The man, the church, the institutions who thus spend its time, but commits itself before the whole world as a failure in its duty. Right in the very face of the senseless and godless cry of the church for a revival of religious interest and spiritual fever, there is growing and developing a new form in which the outpourings of God's spirit is as real and vital and life-giving as the outpouring at the day of Pentecost. In spite of the {???} soulless standards by which we pass our judgement upon the soul that is thirsting after righteous, even amid the most arid desserts into which we have banished them, there is many an outcast who has yet to blaspheme the holy spirit and to be counted wanting in the moment when the demand to do the will of God is made upon them. People sing with feeling that would be almost pathetic were it not so humorous the song, "I think when I read the sweet story of old, when Jesus was here among men who he called little children as lambs to his fold. I wish that I could have been with him then." But they forget in singing that Jesus was an outcast, despised and rejected of men, a mere worthless vagabond as measured by the standards of economics, a heretic and a blasphemer of God as measured by the scribes and the Pharisees, a nondescript of the common people as measured by the standards of social formalities. Were that same Jesus to come among us today, he would doubtless have opportunity to watch the crowd of singers of that sentimental rhyme fade away into the distance as each one looked upon the outward life in which the spirit that was in Jesus manifested itself. The pious long-faced {???} of Jesus' day were still crying for the time to come to pass when God shall pour out his holy spirit upon all flesh, and the sons and daughters shall prophecy, and the old men shall dream dreams, and the young men shall see visions, while Jesus himself was walking about the country radiating into every dark and gloomy corner the spirit of the Father as it shown through his face and flowed from the tips of his fingers. Today he

would doubtless get a few followers among the poor and the outcasts, as he did in those days. If we but had the eyes to see, the inclination, the disposition to see the outpouring of the spirit wherever it may display itself, our gloom would disappear, our long vacant stare after some far-off tomorrow of perfection would give way to the intensity of interest and delight in the every glorious manifestation of the outpourings of the spirit in our own day and generation. I do not in the least minimize the awful reality of sin and moral evil. I do not care for a world of painless sin, or a world of painless sorrowless joy. The pains and the sorrows have been the chastening powers which have loosed the pure spirit from its sin of comfort, luxury and ease. That form of religious faith which looks for the outpourings of the spirit in the form of anesthetics that would shut oneself from the very apparent evils, pains and uncompleted, and imperfect specimens of life, has no place among healthy robust manly people. Not to avoid pain, but to absorb it, not to flee from it, but to face and transform it into the sunshine of the soul, that he who drinks each day the cup of pain may give forth each day the sunlight of happiness and faith. In the very face of sin, of wickedness, imperfections and incongruities such as the most {???} can bring before us today, it is still true that if ever God has poured forth his spirit upon all flesh in the past or ever will in the years yet to come, he is doing it this very day. Deep eternal revelations of the power of love, of truth goodness and beauty, are sending forth {???} of the spirit from every soul as the drop of rain upon the grass and trees are transformed into gems through which the light of the sun pours. But the background of history the light of the truth and goodness and beauty as it is diffused and [sic] in the thousands upon thousands of human lives, his {???} its reign born of idealism whose arch is more complete, where colors are more distinct than any bow of the past.

This outpouring of the spirit in our own times is through the agency of human beings. The man whose life is not given to fulfilling the function his life, knows not how to judge the degree of perfection with which his neighbor fulfills his function. The man whose life is given to fulfilling his task of revealing the spirit has not the time and the inclination to judge of others. I do not know your inner

thoughts. I take it for granted that they are as well {???} as any human being's, but this I do know that if you cannot see the outpouring of the spirit in the present, then you are not able to see it in the past, nor will you be able to see it in the future. You have swathed the lens of your soul in the fires of some focus of selfishness, and the view and the outlook of life is {???}, distorted, not to say completely obscured by the {???} of your own {???}.