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### The World of Fancy

Earl Clement Davis

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The Word of Fancy.

It was the burden of the  
message ~~that~~ 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  
~~ye~~ I will pour out 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 visions."  
said the prophet Joel, as the  
word of the Lord of the God  
of Israel. It is now

as it were in the clasp of old  
the buckle of the message of  
every human being who  
lives, and refers to the spirit  
of this gravel human life  
that we live. Despite the gloom  
which settles upon every corner  
of room as he faces the stern  
realities, there is an under-  
current of hope and faith  
that bursts forth in to a  
strong martial strain of  
triumph, even from amidst  
the worst impoverished of  
surroundings, just as the  
most beautiful orchid springs  
from the soddenness of the  
walled swamp, and we are  
and unpaired 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

founder's life, 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 to= come, what=  
men may be the form of its  
utterance, is the same yesterday  
to= day, and forever. The hungry  
savage, lying down at night  
beneath the open sky, after a  
fruitless day's effort in search

of food, folk to sleep hoping  
having faith in the possibility  
of actually doing on the women  
that which to night is but a  
fleeting vision of is hungry  
body and mind.

A Booker Washington sleeps  
at night amid the poverty of  
an obscured, degraded, people.  
Beneath the outward <sup>crust</sup> form of  
his disguised 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 fruit, and sow its seeds  
into a thousand directions.

Such people, who estimate the 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 poured out upon all flesh, such are the ones who have broken the shackles of bondage, and lead the nations across the desert 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 at the present. 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 a living out-  
pouring of it <sup>from</sup> in the young men  
who see visions, and the old  
men who cheer cheer 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 joy in which all sorrow  
all weeping, all sin and  
evil are unknown, the fact

is that there is an outpouring  
of Gods 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 <sup>any</sup>  
water quenches souls who <sup>are</sup> thirsty  
after 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 <sup>in</sup> which we  
delight to feast our eyes, and  
drink our fill from the spring <sup>we</sup>  
of the eternal spirit, is a world  
of the present, right here and



now, or else it never has  
been, or never will be. Who:  
ever is unable to see the spirit-  
to-day has never seen it at any  
time, nor will hardly be able  
to feel its pulsating life when  
it forces itself forth to witness.

~~There is now, or there always has~~  
~~been.~~ If you cannot see God  
in the impoverished, unstained  
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  
who tear of fair, and ~~poisoned~~  
~~would fly~~ still stain the clothes

that you and I mean 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 blood and  
one soul that you find 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 above  
the hill tops.

in the year to come there will  
be a noble glorious the noble  
heroes and martyrs  
of history. The future is

~~stone, the wood~~

Now I do not in the least  
wish to lessen the life, the elevated  
faith of the ~~human~~ man in  
the glory and the blessings  
of the future, be that future  
to-morrow or one thousand  
years or one hundred thousand  
years from to-day. ~~But~~ I think  
that the spirit that was in  
the Pilgrim fathers is still  
in our veins to-day. Like John  
Robinson <sup>we</sup> look to see greater  
truths, greater deeds, revealed  
in the years to come than have  
ever before glowed the noble  
~~pages~~ 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 even  
greater perfection than in the  
past.

In truth to wake our faith  
in the expanding and deepening  
life of the future the worst  
organism in our nature, to weave  
it into every fibre of our being,  
and build a ~~big~~ broad deep  
foundation of solid faith, we  
must look ~~not~~ upon the life about  
with all its varying ~~con-~~  
flexities, its imperfections, its  
staggerings, its defeats and

its stains of error and sin,  
we must look upon all this  
and still say as the ~~prof~~ 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 worst common form of  
blasphemy, the worst cheapened  
and galled form of irreligion  
that one comes in contact with  
is the form which sees in  
the living present no promise  
sign of the outflowing of God's  
spirit upon our own times, and  
our own life. The worst scathing  
of criticism, the worst cruel  
and lifeless conception of God  
and his relation to man is to  
be found, not in the scoffer  
nor the so-called irreligion, but in  
the very church itself. What  
ingenious son of man and  
mischance could conceive

of a worse selfish hideous  
monster than the God which  
has figured in ~~the~~ some  
of the historic founts 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  
work fifty, and a travesty  
upon human life, and the  
spirit of all things to ~~face~~  
fill the days and nights with  
hideous cries of complaint  
and ~~an~~ howling over the  
lack of spiritual outflowing  
in our own times. The won

the church, the institution who  
thus spends its time, but commits  
itself before the whole world  
as a failure in its duty. Right  
in the very face of the senseless  
and golden cry of the church  
for a revival of religious interest  
and spiritual fever, there is  
growing and developing a  
new form in which the  
~~of~~ 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 formal so-called standards  
by which we force our judge-  
ment upon the soul that  
is thirsting after righteousness.



even amid the worst and  
deserts into which we have  
banished them, there is ~~an~~ many  
an outcast who has yet to ~~be~~  
blessed the Holy Spirit and  
to be counted working in the  
world when the clearest to  
do the will of God is work  
of them. ~~We have~~ People  
sing with ~~about~~ 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  
how he called little children  
as lambs to his fold. I  
wish that I could have

hear with him then." But they forget in singing that Jesus was an outcast, despised and rejected of men, a man worthless & regarded as measured by the standards of economics & a heretic, and a blasphemer of God as measured by the scribes and Pharisees, a non-descript of the common people as measured by the standards of social formalities. Where that same Jesus to come among us to day, he would doubtless have opportunity to watch the close crowd of singers of the sentimental rhyme folk away into the distance

as each one looked upon the  
outward life in which the  
spirit that was in Jesus  
manifested itself. The  
fierce long faced Pharisees  
of Jesus day were still  
crying for the time to come  
to pass when God ~~shall~~<sup>shall</sup> pour  
out his holy spirit upon  
all flesh, and the sons and  
daughters shall prophesy, and  
the old men shall dream  
dreams, and the young men  
shall see visions, while  
Jesus himself was now walking  
about the country teaching

into every dark and gloomy  
corner the spirit of the Father  
as it shone through his face  
and flowed from the tips of  
his fingers. So dry he would  
doubtless get a few followers  
among the poor and the out-  
casts, as he did in those  
days. If we but had the  
eyes to see, the inclination  
~~to~~ with the disposition to  
see the outflowing of the  
spirit—wherever it may  
display itself, our gloom  
would disappear, our long  
vacant stare after some  
far off to whom of

perfection would give way to  
to intensity of interest and  
delight in the ever glorious  
manifestation of the outpourings  
of the spirit in our own day and  
~~true~~ generation. I do not in  
the least minimize the awful  
reality of sin and moral evil.  
I do not care for a world  
of fainter sin, or a world  
of fainter sorrows and joy. The  
faint and the sorrow have  
been the chartering forces  
which have loosed the ~~the~~  
fine spirit from its prison  
of comfort, luxury and ease.  
That form of religious

faith which looks for the  
outpouring of the spirit in  
the form of anesthetics  
that ~~do~~ ~~not~~ would shut  
oneself from the very  
affluent evils fair and  
uncompleted, and imperfect  
specimens of life, has no  
place among healthy robust  
manly people. Not to avoid  
foin, but to observe it, not  
to flee from it, but to free,  
and transform it into  
the sunshine of the soul, that  
he who drinks each day the  
cup of foin may give forth  
each day the sun light

of hoppers and joint. In  
the very midst of sin, at which  
I bow my head in shame,  
thinking that we have so failed  
in our trust, in the. In the  
very face of sin, of wickedness,  
imperfections and iniquities  
such as the worst defences  
can bring before us to-day,  
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 form of love, of truth  
goodness and beauty, are

are reaching forth flocks  
of the spirit from every rock  
like the chaf <sup>grain</sup> upon the ~~roof~~  
upon the gear and trees are  
transformed into sunlight  
gears through which the light  
of the sun flows. But the  
dark ground of history, the light  
of the truth and goodness and  
beauty as it is diffused and  
converged in the throats of  
throats of human lives.  
his turning its neighbor of  
idealism, of where and is  
were complete, where colors  
are were distinct than any  
bow of the fort.



This outflowing 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 of his life, knows  
not how to judge the degree of  
perfection with which his <sup>neighbor</sup> ~~self~~  
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 voluted  
as any human beings.

But this I do know - that if you  
cannot see the outflowing 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 fumes of some form of  
selfishness, and the view  
and the outlook of life is  
blurred, distorted, not to  
say completely obscured by  
the smoke of your own  
work.

## 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 visions<sup>1</sup>" 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

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<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 spirit 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

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<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 deserts 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 non-descript 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 {???) .