

Wisdom

"For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God" (1 Cor. 3:19).

In my own mind I sought one truth,
Clean winnowed, pure,
So, with long thought and greatest circumspect,
I penned a line I fancied would endure.

Then came one wiser, more profound,
With mind more keen,
And, probing to the depths of my own thought,
Drew forth an error that I had not seen.

From his reflections then there grew
A purer thought,
Dissected by the blade of sharp debate,
In texture of the finest language wrought.

But, ere a period to his thought
Was firmly laid,
A sage, gray-haired, with wide and lofty brow,
Disclosed a fault that none could then evade.

Words heavy with the weight of years
Announced his rule.
Then God, from out His great omniscience
Spoke forth in low and pitying tones, "Thou fool."

Thus let us learn—we who are men
Born of the sod—
Look not within for wisdom, or to men,
But upward to the Wisdom that is God.

THOMAS A DAVIS, *Editor in Chief*
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India! India!

THOMAS A. DAVIS

Where lie the deep Himalayan snows,
To where the Indian Ocean flows,
Your millions cry with endless woes,
India, O India!

To ancient superstitions wed,
Unnumbered souls are never fed
The heavenly fare, the Living Bread,
India, O India!

O God, the empty souls and hands
Reach out for aid to other lands.
Hear now, as ebb Time's running sands;
Save India! India!

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Incense By THOMAS A. DAVIS

*Silently the incense arose,
silently as dawn out of the east;
quiet as Sharon's roses
opening in the light.
Silently, over the dark veil of the temple,
the incense communed its blessing
to the congregation,
though they saw not
the swinging censer.*

*So from my life,
as from the censer unseen,
may the sweet incense of Thy preciousness
be wafted to the people
over the dark veil of my deficiencies—
wafted as silently as dawn out of the east;
quiet as Sharon's roses
opening in the light.*