

# On Earth Peace, Good Will Toward Men

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**I**S THIS still only a prophecy or is it a fulfillment to you and to me today?

Much depends upon what has been our quest, much upon the wisdom and zeal with which we have pursued our plans.

The New Year found us visioning only noble things. Our strength was great, our gaze was high, the songs of promise were ringing in our ears. The paths we took were narrowed toward our goal, our acts were wise, our zeal drooped not before the summer's heat nor withered in the winter's cold.

And yet we failed.

Today, perchance, we stand unmanned before a shattered hope. But have we lost?

The times we fail should point more truly toward the aimed-for goal. The strength that comes from well-spent effort should help us surely win. The peace of honest trial is still worth while.

But we tried and won and yet have not rejoiced. The good we sought seems empty, now that it is won. Our choice was colored by our selfish view.

We set our hearts upon the means, and not upon the end—on that which of itself contains no good.

Not that our choice was wrong, but that we chose a part, and not the whole—the shadowed valley when we might have had the mountain view. We thought we strove for substance, but find it but the shadow of that we sought.

**O**UR success seems empty and we live amidst our disillusioned plans. But have we failed? Not if our longings still are for the better things. We take new courage in the promised peace of His good will.

Again go back to the entering of the year. This time we seek the things that make for peace—the gifts of hand, and head, and heart—the grace of spirit that reveals, refines, reshaping all the life.

Here surely we shall find our peace and be content when we have grasped the golden good.

At least this we thought when the year still was in its youth. But we are wiser now.

We know that the end is but the beginning, and that the peace of such possession but reaches out to a more extended good.

Each increment of skill and power but opens much beyond; each stage of knowledge but lifts to a higher plane; each added grace of heart but brings a keener sense for more.

**A** YEAR of growth has left us only with a great desire to grow. We are satisfied only because of the longing with which we now are filled.

Is this unrest the final act of peace? Is the desire for growth, after all, the best reward for living true? Is it the developing cells of the growing boy that make him so constantly overflow with joy? Is this also a natural law in the spiritual world?

On earth peace, good will to men. We may not have realized it at the beginning of the year, but it is now clear that here is an unbreakable bond.

The good will to men and the peace we sought are inseparably one.

**I**T IS the consciousness of desire to serve that brings us peace. Here alone we reach the good without alloy. Here we reap the harvest of richest returns.

Spending in spiritual things is an investment that grows by leaps and bounds. There are no limits in these diviner fields.

Here earth merges into Heaven, and we sail upon the Crystal Sea. This is the pay of the parent who serves the child. Herein is the highest reward for teacher, brother, "elder brother," friend.

Divine unrest, desire to serve are the essence of substantial things. Thus the message of the angels becomes both a prophecy and a fulfillment.

So our hearts tell us on this Christmas Day.

**Yule Song**

Autumn's fruits are gathered in  
And the birds have taken wing.  
What of pleasure's left to win  
After song and harvesting?  
Winter hath its own delight,  
Garnering in fields of snow  
Berries red and berries white—  
Holly and the mistletoe.

Come, Oh! come along!  
Winter's winds shall swell our song,  
While with shouts and merry din  
Comes the Yuletide harvest in!

Age hath reaped its youth and prime  
And the blood stirs cold and thin.  
What for Age hath winter-time?  
What of pleasure's left to win?  
Harvests still of rare delight,  
Joys that once it used to know,  
Berries red and berries white—  
Holly and the mistletoe.

Come, Age, come and sit  
Where the cheery hearth is lit,  
While the young with merry din  
Drag the Yuletide harvest in!  
—Tom Daly

