

Religion and Science

By Dr. Charles E. Brown

EVERY age has its own peculiar mental background, what the Germans call the *Zeitgeist*, or spirit of the times, or what we might call a philosophy of the universe. This mental background surrounds us as does the air we breathe and the scenery upon which we gaze. I think it would be better to say that it is like the language which we speak. Our language conditions our thinking, and in the case of a narrow, barbarous language restricts mental development. It is well known by all Christians that it has often become necessary to translate the Holy Bible into various languages of the world. As languages die or change the Scriptures must again be translated into the surviving ones.

What is not so well understood is that just as it is necessary to translate the Bible into the living languages, so it is necessary to translate the gospel message into the thought-life and mental background of the people of each succeeding age.

When the gospel was first preached in Palestine it was heard by people whose mental background was naive and childlike and whose thought was spontaneous and uncritical. Without doubt this was and still remains an advantage, because this is the natural background of the human mind unwrought upon by science and philosophy, just as the soil under our feet and the hills and valleys around us make a direct appeal to the human mind regardless of its knowledge of geography or geology.

But in the course of a few generations the gospel came into contact with the highly articulated philosophy of Greece. This philosophy was more systematic, more technical, and more critical than the spontaneous thought-life of old Palestine. The consequence was that the Christian message soon became translated into the dominant forms of Greek philosophy. Christian theology as a critical interpretation of Christian doctrine was cast into the rigid form of the philosophy of that age. I do not think we ought to blame anybody for this. In fact, it was a development almost inevitable.

Ancient theologians used to believe that Hebrew was the original language of the human race, and so

in time the theologians of the Middle Ages came to think that the standards of Greek philosophical interpretation of Christianity were the regulative norm of Christianity itself.

But all things change. Languages die. Philosophies pass away. Mental backgrounds become different. It was therefore a shock to millions of Christians when Copernicus, a village priest of the sixteenth century, discovered that the earth was not the center of the universe.

Their faith received successive shocks as one after another Kepler and Newton upset the old scientific doctrine of the ancients. The vitality of the gospel was well exemplified, however, when it overcame each of these obstacles and showed itself perfectly capable of being translated afresh into the vital thought of living people.

However this development proceeded with greater ease owing to the fact that men still retained the central thesis of ancient philosophy that the world ground was static. In the nineteenth century there occurred a still further revolution of thought, and the modern scientific conception of a dynamic universe came into being. Millions of Christians found difficulty in interpreting the gospel message into this new language of science. That difficulty persists to the present time.

The fault however was not altogether that of Christians. It is said that there are some languages which have

no word for "home," others no satisfactory word for the Christian idea of God. Obviously it is difficult to translate the gospel into such languages. The dominant scientific philosophy of the nineteenth century proved to be a recalcitrant medium for the translation of the gospel message, owing to the fact that through its hard materialism it resisted every effort to introduce the Christian idea of spiritual values.

Out of this fact have grown many dark tragedies. The faith of thousands has been crippled, their sense of fellowship with God interrupted, and their lives largely bereft of spiritual idealism because their philosophy left no place for God; while others have had

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their faith injured so that their spiritual lives were only a shadow of their potential possibilities. The fact of this stupendous tragedy is sufficient justification for the thoughtful treatment of this interesting phenomenon.

Probably the principle error of nineteenth century science was its attempt to compare things which are not capable of comparison. While there were many remarkable exceptions, yet it cannot be denied that nineteenth century science felt itself under the necessity of bringing all the phenomena of life into subjection to exact, scientific measurement.

But it is impossible to measure goodness, love, mercy, holiness, justice, and truth. It is impossible to measure spiritual idealism. Here materialistic science fell down.

You can put a man upon the scales and determine accurately how much he weighs. You can measure him and learn his dimensions. But all this scientific information will give you no knowledge of the spiritual qualities of the soul. In the same way one can measure the universe, the distance to the stars, weigh the sun, and give a chemical analysis of its contents without being able in the least to discover whether or not there is a spiritual reality underlying all the phenomena of life which we have so carefully observed and measured.

In this discussion I have spoken of nineteenth century science, and I use the term advisedly because the twentieth century has seen the birth of a new scientific conception, a world philosophy as different from nineteenth century materialism as that philosophy from the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle.

It is not easy to explain this new scientific theory in a popular article. It has arisen upon the ruins of scientific doctrines which were more firmly believed in the nineteenth century than any doctrine of the Bible was believed--namely, the conservation of energy, and the indestructability of matter. These two doctrines were more firmly believed by nineteenth century scientists than they believed in the immortality of their souls.

They were used as the basis for the thorough-going materialistic philosophy that denied the existence of spiritual values in the universe. Matter is eternal they said, and energy is never wasted but only transferred from one form to another.

But after Madame Curie discovered radium, studies of this marvelous scientific curiosity wrought miracles in the thinking of scientific men such as the eloquence of the greatest preachers never could have affected. Studies of radioactivity proved beyond doubt that matter was destructible, in fact it is being destroyed, all the time and passing into energy. This is the way in which the fires of the sun are kept continually burning without appreciable loss of substance.

The smashing of the law of the indestructability of matter destroyed the main foundation for the materialistic belief of the nineteenth century. Scientists began to say that possibly the law of the conservation of energy was only a formal law, valuable in physical experiments but not absolutely valid. From this they deduced the theory that the universe had a beginning, a doctrine in complete agreement with the primary forms of Christian thought; and that

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it must have an end, a doctrine which also conforms to the teaching of Holy Scriptures.

These new studies also gave us a new philosophy of matter. Scientists of the nineteenth century saw all matter dissolved into little marble-like atoms. These were the hard indissoluble substance out of which the world was made--eternal, unchangeable, indestructible. Within the life-time of young men who may read this article this theory seemed plausible to the keenest minds in the scientific world. Today it is as much out of date as a Roman chariot.

When the scientist of today dissects matter he goes down to the atom

and then resolves the atom into electrons and protons, comparatively as far apart as the earth and the moon; and yet these electrons are not the hard matter of nineteenth century science but vibrate in the ether, waves of formless energy.

In this way the dominant scientific philosophy of the twentieth century approximates very closely to the philosophic idealism of Bishop Berkely in the seventeenth century, a belief which leaves the road open for the invasion of the divine personality into every nook and cranny of the created universe.

I do not believe that a man can find God through science nor philosophy nor by intellectual searching, but I do regard it as a subject of thanksgiving on the part of Christianmen that today serious students of science have had an obstacle blasted from their path, and that science of the twentieth century has created a world view into which it is possible with the greatest ease to translate the simple gospel of the Lord Jesus as it was preached in Palestine nearly two thousand years ago.

NEWS NOTES

Dean Olt reports a very profitable and pleasant trip to California. He attended the State Young People's Convention at Exeter which was well attended by delegates from all parts of the State. Brother Olt also spoke in a number of congregations in the State including the different congregations in Los Angeles, San Diego, Long Beach, Pomona, Dinuba, Fresno, Tulare, Modesto, Oakland. He also stopped at Denver and Colorado Springs.

M.A. Monday stopped off on his way from Fredricktown, Ohio and spoke in Chapel.

Brother and Sister H.A. Sherwood were welcome visitors to our campus not long ago. Brother Sherwood was just recovering from a severe attack of Influenza. Charles Culp and Mrs. Culp were with them.

Brother and Sister G. M. Byrd came over from Ansonia, Ohio, where he is pastor to spend a couple of days visiting their sons, Cecil and Wendell, who are students here. Through the generosity of their good people at Ansonia they brought to our dining-hall a fine donation of fresh pork and beef. Many thanks to the church people at Ansonia and to Brother and Sister Byrd.

Mr. and Mrs. James T. Murray, missionaries to Africa, are visitors in Anderson at this writing. They spoke in chapel of their work in Africa. Mrs. Murray was formerly Miss Ruth Fisher, a former student at Anderson.

Miss Amy K. Lopez held a successful revival at Stanford, Ill. during and one week following the holidays. Levi Magness is pastor there.

NEWS NOTES

President Morrison will hold a revival at St. Louis, Mo. April 2, to April 16, W. B. Crowell is pastor at St. Louis.

Regular daily prayer meetings are held in one of the classrooms from 12:30 to 1:00 o'clock. The meetings are in charge of Brother Morrison except when he is away. Then some member of the faculty leads the meeting. Students and teachers attend these brief meetings and pray for the spiritual and financial needs of the school. They also remember requests that are sent in through the mail. They pray for the evangelists and pastors on the field. Those who have requests for prayer which they wish to have remembered may send them to Brother Morrison.

Prof. Earl Martin will hold a revival at his old home town St. James, Mo., during the Easter vacation. Eustace Johnson is pastor at St. James.

The Spring semester opens February 6. A few new students are expected to enroll at that time.

Dan Martin, a freshman in college, has been elected president of the Park Place Young People's Society. Mrs. A. T. Rowe is Director.

Dr. Andrew Johnson, Methodist evangelist of Wilmore, Ky., was a recent visitor and speaker in chapel.

Dan Martin: "That problem you helped me with last night was all wrong, Dad."

Father: "All wrong, was it?" Well, I'm sorry."

"Well, you needn't worry about it, because none of the other dads got it right, either".

HERBERT THOMPSON TELLS OF SOUTHERN TOUR OF QUARTET

It was with anticipation that the Jubilee Quartet started upon its vacation tour of the Southland. Such trips always mean the meeting of old friends and the making of hundreds of new ones. The boys were given a royal reception at all the places visited. And, oh, boy! what a feast of good things to eat! Tables were spread fit for any king. Hot biscuits, gravy, and everything; roast turkey, chicken in great quantity, served with Southern hospitality.

I would not be offensively sectional but I believe in that sectional patriotism which makes home better than any other spot on earth. It does seem that God made an extra stroke with His creative hand when He made the Southland. He poured out his floods of sunshine upon her valleys and dimpled her green hills with shadowy coves where gay birds flutter and sing and where bright waters ripple in eternal melody. Space permits me to barely mention a few of the outstanding places of interest we visited.

On Thursday we arrived in Chattanooga, Tenn., in time to visit Lookout Mountain, the scene of the famous battle above the clouds, where once the blood of our countrymen flowed freely down its rugged slopes. From here we had a thrilling trip of about three hundred miles to Hickory, North Carolina, across a range of the Appalachians known as the Great Smoky mountains, which reached an altitude of over 6000 feet occasionally. It was at Hickory, that Laude Hays, Herman Smith, and Melvin Miller delivered a message that was weighing heavily upon their

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SOUTHERN TOUR

souls. After spending three days here, we bid that usual long-drawn-out good-bye, took that last look and wave and were off for another three hundred mile lap across another magnificent range of the North Carolina mountains, across Tennessee into the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia and along the famous trail of the Lonesome Pine. We were filled with awe and admiration at the wonders of nature as we scaled the sides of the mountains and glided down into the valleys and through the gorges. The music of the clear mountain stream thrilled us with ecstasies of joy as they surged, rippled and splashed their way over the rugged rocks.

Wednesday I was thrilled with excitement as we approached the scene of my early boyhood days. I saw again the old house, the old school, and the church and many other scenes of fond remembrance among which was the once famous but now forlorn, dejected and dilapidated water mill to which I used to carry my "turn" of corn to be ground into meal, out of which was made the famous corn pone.

Friday, nearing the end of the tour, found us at the West Virginia Young People's Convention in Bluefield, where we met many old friends, among whom were former students of A. C. T. S., O. Lee Stephenson and Edward Sexton. The convention closed with a consecration service as the Quartet sang, "I'll Be True To Thee". Everyone went his way with pleasant memories that will linger long.

On Saturday, Hays, on being asked the question, "Why are you so forlorn and dejected?" replied, "This business of getting married and leaving your wife isn't what it's cracked up to be."

Smith, in his characteristic way interrupted,--"I never did crack it up to be much". Miller joined the conversation with a sigh, "O what would life be without Martha?"

Sunday morning we were at Oak Hill, West Virginia, the home of A. G. Kinzer. Never were we treated with greater courtesy and hospitality. It is no wonder that A. G. gets homesick.

Sunday night we were at Charleston, West Virginia, our last engagement. It took all my skill in argumentation to convince the married men that they ought to sleep instead of starting out for home after church.

Bright and early Monday morning although we had overslept the time set by two hours--very pleasant dissatisfaction to me--found us gliding toward home. And did that "Chevy" run? I'll say!

--Herbert Thompson.

Frank Towers, '32, and his wife Lucille, left Wednesday, Jan. 11, to go to Cadillac, Mich., where he will assume the oversight of the Church of God. Rev. Towers sang for three years as the first tenor of the Anderson College Male Quartet, which disbanded early this fall. He filled the unexpired term of John Lackey, '32, as President of the Student Council last spring and was reelected for this year but did not return to school this year. Mrs. Towers is an accomplished pianist. This is Rev. Towers' first pastorate.

He to whom time is not precious and who lives not by RULE, never finds time sufficient for anything--is always embarrassed--always in a hurry, and never capable of bringing one good purpose to proper effect.

--Adam Clarke.

ALUMNI ARE PIONEERING IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The one field of religious work into which our graduates are entering with evermore zest and understanding is the field of religious education. There is Mack M. Caldwell, '22, for instance. His work and interest in religious education won for him an appointment on the Iowa State Christian Education Committee. As a member of this committee he proceeded to organize teacher training classes in all of the churches of God in Iowa. He set about to discover accredited teachers who could teach these classes--and he found them. He found them in the persons of former students of Anderson College and Theological Seminary. Some of his teachers are: Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Coolidge, Mr. and Mrs. Schutjer, Elmer E. Lawson, Franklin Miller, and Mrs. Caldwell. (With the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Schutjer and Mr. Coolidge these are not graduates but they have taken enough work in religious education to make them eligible to teach several courses.) The organization of leadership training classes immediately followed the accreditation of teachers. The following churches were the first to start classes: Cedar Rapids, Clinton, Fort Dodge, and Marshalltown. Other churches will be starting classes soon.

Brother Caldwell also conducted a leadership training class at the Iowa State Camp meeting. Perhaps that was the germ of the idea that he and his staff are nurturing now. They plan to have a leadership training camp in Iowa next summer. What a brilliant idea! Why didn't someone think of that before? Now that Brother Caldwell has thought of it perhaps others will conduct leadership training camps.

The Schutjers are going things on their own initiative, too. They introduced leadership training to the ministerial assembly at Marshalltown, Iowa, recently. It

met with a very ready response.

We predict that Iowa will be doing big things for the Kingdom very shortly.

Others of the graduates are working in large fields. Miss Ethel Wilsie, '27, has worked quietly in Michigan until she succeeded in organizing the state for religious education. Her new field of activity will be Missouri, which she hopes to organize also for more efficient work in religious education. The Board of Religious Education is backing Miss Wilsie in this work.

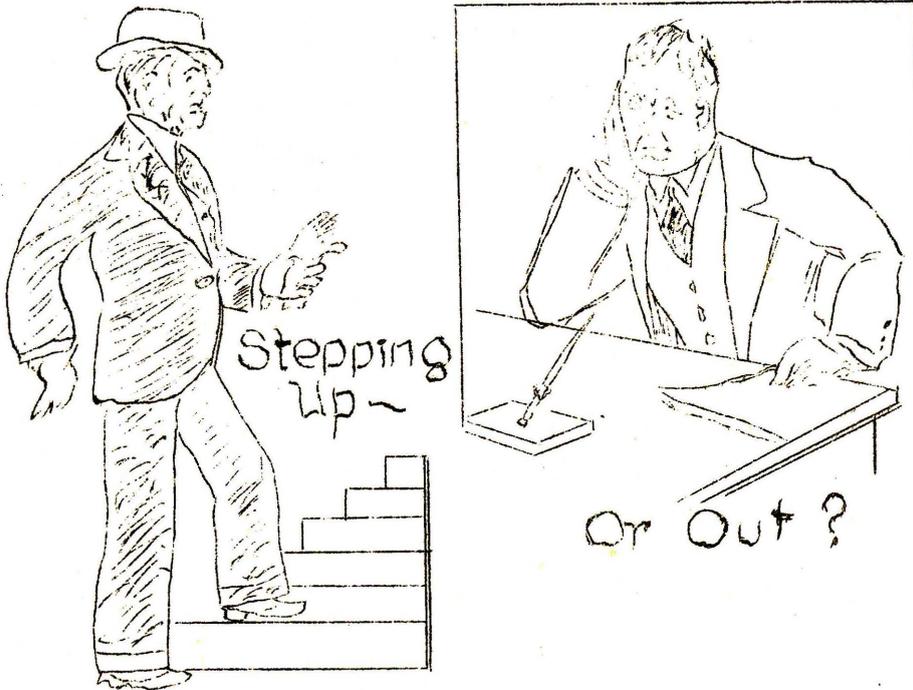
Anna Ratzlaff Thompson, '28, of Lanett, Ala., is doing similar work in her territory. The Sunday School Board at their meeting last June appointed Mrs. Thompson regional director of the Southern states. As director in this section, she is endeavoring to organize the states for religious education work.

Daniel and Betty Schemmer have been busy in Kentucky. They have stirred up considerable interest in Kentucky for a Sunday School Convention in that state. There are rumblings of the same kind elsewhere. Who knows what another season will bring forth?

At least Kentucky is not going to be behind in its teacher training program as the following lines from Myrtle Hunt, Yake, Ky., indicate:

"Dear Miss Koglin:
I am here for what was supposed to have been a two-week's vacation in the mountains, but the Sunday School teachers at the church here are very anxious about a teacher training class; so we are starting in tonight with Teaching Religion. We plan to meet every night, and so finish the course in as short time as possible. If it would be possible for them to receive credit for the work by doing it this way, please send me a dozen lists of questions on that course. We are spending forty-

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five minutes on each chapter and covering two chapters each night." Several other alumni are conducting leadership training classes. Among them are Pearl Lewis, '26, who is conducting several classes in the vicinity of Bertha, Minn.; Margaret Bunch Handy, at Williamsport, Pa., William T. Schroeder, at Muskegon Heights, Mich.; Esther Boyer, '30, at Dundalk, Md. The future will tell how well these workers are building.

--Anna E. Koglin.

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EDITORIAL

WHO OF US SHALL BE THE GREATEST

I am disgusted. I am sick at heart. I am almost ashamed of our human family. Why?

I have just met and talked with a "high-hatter." And always when I meet such a fellow I feel as I feel now and it is a very unpleasant experience, I assure you. Since "high-hatter" is a new word for an old article and is still outside the dignified enclosure of the dictionary perhaps some of our readers will not know what I mean by the term unless I explain. So I shall explain. The "high-hatter" is the fellow who thinks the world is important, mainly, because he is in it. Before his advent nothing mattered much. He is the type of fellow who "struts his stuff." He belongs to the peacock group of society. He is the man who counts himself above the "common herd" of people. He cannot speak to the janitor who keeps his office clean. He does not know the driver of the laundry truck who calls to get his soiled laundry and returns it to him clean. He would be embarrassed to meet and be recognized in the street by the hired man who used to work for father down on the farm. In short the "high-hatter" is a poor judge of values. He supposes greatness to reside in appearances rather than in reality.

The early disciples of Jesus were great and brave souls but in the weakness of their humanity some of them once fell to disputing as to which of them should be the greatest in the Kingdom of God. They carried their dispute to Jesus and he at once assured them that the road to greatness was the road of service. "He that would be great among you, let him be the servant."

Great men are always humble, always. If a man is not humble he is not great. He may be wealthy, he may be educated after a fashion, he may be famous, he may be powerful; but unless he has a modest estimate of his own importance and recognizes himself as a mere tiny and helpless speck in the vast plan of the universe he cannot be properly classified with the great.

Human existence is so organized that however wealthy, however wise, however accomplished one is, he is still dependent on others. The great captains of industry, the great leaders of thought, the great statesmen—the Fords, the Einsteins, the Hoovers are helpless without the labor and the good will of the common people.

One morning not long ago we met over at the College building as usual to grind out the days toil. But it was soon apparent that something was wrong. The halls and classrooms were cold and uninteresting. The Dean

was there; the Professors were there; the Bookkeeper was there. All the white-collar fellows were there. But something was dreadfully missing. Down in the boiler room the fireman with greasy overalls and black face was having trouble with the boiler. Late into the night before, and early that morning with little to eat and little sleep he had wrestled with the stubborn monster. When he had finally conquered the difficulty and had built a great roaring fire shooting the steam through the radiators, driving the chill and the gloom from office, studio and classroom, then we all felt a new interest in the good man who day after day in his working clothes passes about the campus and in the boiler room. I have a feeling that this fireman, if he does his job well, faithfully ministering to the comfort of others, is no less great than a professor or administrative officer who likewise does his job well. True greatness does not consist nearly so much in *what* a man does as in *how* he does it.

Were we asked to name a great woman I suppose most of us would name Mother. We would name her without consideration as to her riches, her social standing, her physical beauty, her education. We think she is great because with loving hands and loyal heart she ministered to our needs in the helpless and tender years.

In the early part of our married life Mrs. Morrison and I lived for one year in the mountain regions of West Virginia. We were poor almost to the point of destitution and the winter was hard and cold and long. We are still poor, but comfortable, and we have tender memories of a family there in the mountains who in simple-hearted kindness shared with us the log house which was their home. Their names are not known beyond the bonds of their community and their family, but somehow I think of them as really great, because in spite of their own poverty they helped us when we were far from home and much discouraged.

Great persons are not ostentatious. They do not make a show of learning. They do not flaunt their wealth. They do not boast of their piety nor brag about their humility nor talk overmuch of their spirituality.

I recall hearing the late Mr. Bryan say something like this: "Many people spend most of their time trying to be great. Now and then a man, in his eagerness to serve, forgets himself into greatness."

Yes, "He that would be greatest among you must be servant of all."

—J.A.M.