
Man's Power and God's Power

by Eugene V. Debs

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Man gathers the beautiful stones from the quarry; the iron, the silver, the gold, and the precious jewels from the mine; the many costly woods from the forest, and builds a palace. He decorates it with the genius of the painter and the sculptor and with the deft work of the artisan. He surrounds it with groves of beautiful trees and beds of many colored flowers. Deer wander amidst the sylvan shades and birds sing in the leafy bowers. The palace is complete, it stands proudly in the sunlight.

God scoops out great hollow places in the solid earth and fills them with the rushings of many waters. He heaps up mountains of rock and between them places the fruitful valleys, With His finger He traces the courses of mighty rivers, and above and around all places the storm riven atmosphere. Millions of ages ago He sent it whirling into space around its central luminary, and there it still swings, swiftly, silently, grandly, held by nothing but the eternal will of its Creator.

One is the work of a finite, the other of an infinite mind.

Man consults with his genius and produces the engine. In one of its many forms he sees it rushing like a thing of life from ocean to ocean. Whirling along dangerous precipices, skimming over vast prairies, panting through the hearts of great cities, creeping through dark tunnels, unloading its burden at last where the waves forbid its farther progress. The engine is man's emblem of power.

God gathers the forces of the universe and makes a sun. He sends it upon its grand march into the starry depths, drawing after it a mighty train of planets, moons, comets, and meteors. It sends its rays millions of miles into space, heating with burning heat the mountains and plains of Mercury, and giving to the earth its seasons of ice and

verdure. Great storms sweep over its surface whose effects are felt to the outmost bounds of Uranus. Jets of flame shoot from his surface a hundred thousand miles high and fall back into his eternal sea of fire. Around him lie other suns. Together they sweep through the awful abysses of space, answering obediently to the will of their Creator.

The engine is the type of man's highest power, the sun is the type of God's.

Man calls into activity his ingenuity and makes a watch. It is a marvel of skill and beauty. In the day and through the silent night it keeps up its ceaseless time beat, measuring the seconds as they run.

God takes the wheat of the field and places it in a human stomach; there it is changed by a wondrous chemistry into blood. From the blood a mechanism equally wonderful extracts bone, sinew, muscle, nerve, and skin, and a living breathing man walks forth. Most wonderful of all, a part of the wheat passes into that mysterious alembic, the brain, and a thought is born. It may be a poem of love and hope or a tragedy of fear and death. It may whisper of green fields and pleasant homes or it may dream of prison cells and the hangman's rope. It may breathe anthems of praise to its Creator or it may revel in the orgies of the debauched and the ruined. It may dwell in the mind of the sordid miser or it may prompt the smile upon the face of sleeping beauty dreaming of love and heaven.

The watch is the mechanism of man. Man is the mechanism of God.

Edited by Tim Davenport

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