

*The same  
comes out of your  
heart  
his deeper  
many things  
while life*

So still my second great question is un-  
answered. And so far as anything definite is concerned is  
the question which started me on the road of inquiry, My  
first awakening came when I realized God was not what I thought  
he was. My first relief from that discovery was when I  
conceived that I could find him with a microscope. When  
the microscope failed, or really when I had to abandon it,  
I turned to philosophy and theology. And every now and then  
I had hopes that in this or that system I was going to find the  
complete formula, the assurance of a directing force. I never  
found a philosophy nor a theology that did not eventually lead  
me in a new path, <sup>but not far</sup> the point to which I could go no farther,  
and with a formula that I could only adopt. if I silenced the question's it raised. Man's terrific  
need of something sure, leads him as a rule to do just that -  
accept a creed which unless he stills his mind leaves him  
still at sea. But my experience at least has been that if I  
found no complete satisfaction in any of the marvelously  
fascinating intellectual exploits of men making philosophy and  
making theology, ~~xxx~~ in all of them I have found intimations,  
proofs, and hope which makes me more and more confident  
that there was something in what I sought, that if the God  
I lost as a child was a very childish conception, that the  
need of man as well as his sense of man that there was something  
there for him to find, and to define. One of the fundamental  
facts in human life as time went on and as man struggled more and  
more with this problem of life and its relations to this  
mysterious directing power he would find out things about himself,

I am inclined to think that the only  
 God is this - <sup>man</sup> man he has been the man  
 among

his relation to others. Perhaps the greatest thing he had  
 found, although he had never been willing to admit it, was that  
 this thing of life was an unfathomable mystery. What it came  
 down to finally with me was that the greatest of reality  
 was a mystery, that God himself was the reality.

The truth of it is, as real as anything in  
 life to me, is the mystery of life, the mystery of God.

The greater the mystery, the greater the reality

If God is a greater mystery - so great -  
 that I cannot know it with all my  
 most present intellect, God is the greater  
 reality, a reality of the spirit - I -

More & more clearly I see that if I am  
 with the mystery of life & its destiny - from its  
 most basic that the conquest of life & death  
 & good & evil - in the proper <sup>conquest</sup> to reach that  
 that he who conquers the spirit is greater than he who  
 rules a city - one is a <sup>man</sup> man of words - the other a  
 conquering conquest - in effort & in later the one  
 from you - <sup>that</sup> for the man you have lived to  
 you may well take over the city.