

Moses on Nebo

*Now lay me down, my children; it is time.
Here on the earth's high table, near to God.
He is my friend, I hope; I have been His.*

*The hosts are silent in the plain below.
Behind us over Egypt sinks the day.
On Moab stands the night; and here I stand.*

*It is not what I looked for. I had hoped
To fold my hands at least within my tent
In my own land — these hands that broke the sea,*

*And led a people out upon the earth
To wander homeless in the wilderness.
Homeless and heartless in the wilderness.*

Your doing, Blessed Power, not my own.

*The hosts are silent; they are at their thoughts.
Sinai behind them, and the wars ahead.
On Edom stands the night. Where stands the day?*

*Oh Joshua, my little bird, what leaf,
What message do you bring me from the floods
That pour upon the world? What happy sign?*

Only the barren twig of Jericho?

*Jerusalem — it has a holy sound.
Rome and Seville and Frankfort — what strange names
Beat on my ears like tocsins of alarm.*

There is no peace in them. There is no peace.

*Where shall the Holy Tabernacle rest?
What land is promised, Lord? I cannot see.
Only the bitter deserts to the north.*

*David and Jesus, children of my bones,
Have you nowhere to bid us welcome home?*

*Low over Egypt westward sinks the sun.
Ammon in darkness too, and all the plain.
Night stands in Midian; and here I stand.*

Robert Nathan

Have Not and Prosper



by **EDWIN MULLER**

WE HEAR violent demands today from the “have not” nations — Germany, Italy, Japan. Each says in effect: We have not enough land to support our population. We lack raw materials. We are a strong and proud people. If you do not give us those necessities we will take them.

But are those particular “necessities” essential to a happy and abundant life? Must every nation have them or starve?

The story of Switzerland would indicate that land, raw material, and colonies are not as important as they sound. Here is a nation with a small territory and a high density of population, with not nearly enough arable land to feed herself. She has neither iron, coal, oil, nor the other raw materials to supply her industries. She has neither colonies nor access to the sea, but is surrounded by larger and more aggressive neighbors, in the very center of the cockpit of Europe. She not only has large alien minorities but is composed of such diverse elements that her citizens speak four different languages.

A nation with such handicaps should be in a poor way, according to the dictators of the other “have not” nations, the ones that are giving up butter for guns with which to improve their positions. Her citizens must live a bare and meager life.

What are the facts? They are not easy to arrive at, the Swiss not being articulate about themselves. You can’t imagine their leaders standing in the focus of a hundred spotlights, before an audience of millions, telling the world through the microphone what fine fellows they are. They are parsimonious in publicizing their country. But, when you have dug down to the facts, they come with something of a shock.

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WE OF THE United States consider ourselves the wealthiest nation on earth. Well — in 1928 the per capita wealth of the United States was \$2,098; that of Switzerland was \$3,126. And there are few rich men in Switzerland to pad the average.

Even today we boast that Americans have a much higher standard of living than inhabitants of any other country in the world. Well, the Swiss have just as high — if not a trifle higher — real wages: the amount and quality of food, housing, clothing, etc., that one gets for his day’s work. And unemployment in Switzerland is under two per cent.

How do they do it?

Fundamentally, of course, the answer is in the Swiss character, which one is forced to describe in paradoxes. The Swiss are a race of