

TIME AND SPACE

Catherine Mendenhall

We are much too aware of the passing of Time;
Space is a Force that we foolishly fight.
Pulling ourselves up by our bootstraps we climb;
Then feebly fall back in the face of the night.

But Time is a Teacher; and Space is a Friend;
To keep us from travelling too fast and too far.
We have to learn Patience and then we can blend
With the Time and the Place wherever we are.

COLLABORATING WITH ETERNITY

By

GLENN CLARK

I

TIME AND SPACE ARE TWO TOYS which God has given to man with which he amuses himself while waiting outside the Garden of Heaven. Whenever man puts on the colored glasses of Space his entire life on earth appears as a constantly *moving* process; whenever he puts on the colored glasses of Time, his life on earth appears as a constantly *growing* process. Through the lens of Space everything appears to be coming and going; through the lens of Time everything seems to be growing and decaying.

But are the angels in heaven pestered by all this coming and going; are they bothered by all this growing and decaying?

Suppose that for a moment we took off the spectacles of Time and Space and saw the world as the angels in heaven see it, as a simple temple in the midst of Infinity and Eternity. It would

then be revealed to us, in the twinkling of an eye, that all the Love that ever was, that ever is, that ever will be, exists at this very moment, is everywhere present and is instantly available whenever we need it or seek it; that all the friends we need or crave are seeking us; that all the sunshine we need is already out there coming continually from the solar rays; that all the gas and oil and coal is under our feet, waiting to be mined when the need calls; that all the poems, symphonies and sonatas are waiting for us deep in the mind of man, instantly available when the poet calls.

True, these riches within ourselves or within the earth or within the ethers do not come at every haphazard call. They seem to await some inner, inscrutable Plan worked out in the blueprints of a Master Planner. But whenever we put ourselves in tune with the Divine Plan of this Master Planner all things seem able to come to us in perfect sequence and perfect order, in exactly the right way, at exactly the right time. We must be peaceful and patient. Peaceful because our present need will be filled; patient because tomorrow's need will not be filled till tomorrow.

Will you let me tell you of a great experience? Will you let me share it with you with the sole purpose that it may become your experience, that it may bring you the freedom and joy that it has brought to me? If you will let me tell it with that purpose, and if you will receive it in that spirit, I shall tell it with the hope that it may bring a blessing to you that will be infinite, measureless, eternal.

II

A FEW YEARS AGO A GREAT STILLNESS came upon me. I do not mean a "silence" merely, but rather a motionlessness, a freedom from all self-conscious effort. Yet never did I move so rapidly as I did then. Never did I make so many talks, write so many books, meet so many people, do so much, accomplish so much. And yet I did nothing. I merely stood still in the midst of a great stillness.

And how could I accomplish so much by doing nothing? Perhaps it was because I had so completely entered into that stillness, so immersed myself in it, so identified myself with it, that I partook of the qualities of that stillness. And as it was a great, unlimited, infinite stillness, perhaps I too became great, unlimited and infinite. At any rate, it was not until I had become one with that stillness that I became aware of what true infinity is.

For I filled the universe, I was everywhere at once. Wherever the need drew me, behold I was there; wherever there was that which I needed, behold I was there. Space was blotted out, Time was blotted out. The past was in me, the present was in me, the future was in me. Whatever idea had been known in the past was known to me; whatever idea was to be known in the future was known to me. But I did nothing except to stand still in the midst of a vast stillness, and all power and all knowledge were mine.

Many years ago I was a little child. I am now a man. If time continues to go by I shall

some day become a man old and ripe in years. But I was always a child, and I am one now. I was always a man ripe in years, and am one now. To me there is no longer any past or any future; there is only one time and that is the eternal NOW. There might be to some a world that stretches to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south, but to me there is only one space—the infinite HERE.

But God in His great love and kindness knew that the infinite HERE and the everlasting NOW were too big for me to see all at once and therefore He is unfolding them to me in a perfect sequence and order that has been arranged for me in heaven. All I need do is to trust to that order and sequence, trust all things to unfold according to God's perfect plan—and STAND STILL. And when I stand still I seem to move, to move more rapidly through the world than the world has ever seen me move before. And yet I move not, I merely move through the world's concept of Motion.

And what is the world's concept of Motion? It is that of a train running on its track.

Let us imagine that we are on a train that is carrying us to distant parts. Everything is arranged according to law and order. When time comes to eat, a waiter gives the call for dinner. When time comes to sleep, a porter makes our seat into a bed. The schedule is so planned that we are carried through the beautiful scenery in the daytime, and through the less interesting portions at night.

But suppose we do not trust the plan of the

journey. Suppose we believe we are being cheated by the Master Planner who has plotted out the trip. We shall therefore lie awake all night to see the scenery which is being hidden from us behind the curtain of darkness. We should then be so drowsy in the daytime that we should nap when passing the great canyon or beautiful mountain. We may not trust the sufficiency of the table d'hôte dinner promised for the evening, and may waste our appetite—and our pocket book—on the a la carte luncheon that comes at noon. We may nibble on popcorn and candy all afternoon and then be unable to eat at night the wonderful banquet laid before us. We may disarrange the beautiful order and sequence which the great Master has planned, but the order and sequence will still remain. Others will find it. Because we happen to sleep during the day does not mean that the beautiful mountain is not there. Because we lie awake at night does not mean that abundance to satisfy our needs is not there.

We might even rebel against going to the destination which has been planned for us—the beautiful and glorious destination which outshines our fondest dream. We may pull down our curtains and not look out of the window and try to make believe the train is not moving. We may turn our back on our destination and walk away from it. Little do we know that even while walking away from our destination we actually are moving toward it. If we walk far enough, we shall come to the end of the train, and shall have to return again to the comfortable seat that has been arranged for us.

Thus our little rebellions will serve us naught, except to confuse the journey, waste our time, make us miss meeting people who are seeking us, miss scenery that would charm us, miss abundance of food and comfort and rest that has been prepared for us. Ah, how foolish all this restless motion, this fighting and quarreling with the great Plan that the Master Planner has prepared for us! Why try to flee from it, why try to disarrange it or supplant it with little, spiteful plans of our own? Why not simply sit still and abide in peace and calmness and move easily, smoothly, rhythmically onward in harmony with the Great Plan?

III

THE TRAIN WE RIDE ON IS A TRAIN OF the inner consciousness. In reality there is no movement at all, excepting in the consciousness. And the consciousness moves from point to point in the great vastness which God has given us, from period and peak and pinnacle to period and peak and pinnacle. *But we ourselves do not move.*

For we are not the traveller. Our consciousness is the traveller. We are not the train. God's order and sequence of events is the train, and this order and sequence was arranged for us before the beginning of Time. No, we are not the train. We are, rather, the track upon which the train runs. For when man surrenders himself to the perfect Plan that God has arranged for him, he becomes

colossal, spaceless, timeless. He belts the world. He encircles the globe. The universe and he become one. He extends from everlasting to everlasting. He fills all space. One who has put himself in harmony with God's Eternal Plan in this way carries his own order and sequence with him wherever he goes. He carries his own consciousness of God's Plan for him wherever and whithersoever he goes.

When we go in perfect harmony with the Great Planner's Plan, we see all the beautiful scenery of the universe and enjoy all the comforts of the journey. When we are not in harmony with Him, we fail to see or to enjoy that which was meant for us to see and enjoy. And yet the journey is the same journey, whether we enjoy it or rebel against it. For all our rebellion and distrust cannot destroy one whit of its marvelous beauty, happiness and comfort. We may, through our distrust, miss the scenery. That is all. But even if we miss it, it is there.

When we go in accord with God's plan, we have all the fruits and sweets that the world has ever grown or man has made for man to eat—we have all the money ever minted—all the pictures ever painted—all the books ever written.

"Show me your fruits," someone may say. "Show me your money, show me your pictures, show me your books." Ah, friend, we have a million servants taking care of these fruits and books and pictures for us. We would not want to be weighted down by the care of them. As fast as we need them, in perfect order and in perfect sequence, according as our need draws them, they come to

us. A thousand men are digging gold out of the hills, other thousands are minting the gold for us. Bankers are taking care of it for us, taking care of it and giving it out to people who need it, to people who need it to pay us in exchange for services we may render them from time to time. The order and sequence that God has arranged for this money to come to us is according to the measure of service we render. Sometimes the money does not come in as large a measure as the service we render. Then we rejoice and are exceeding glad, for we know that we are having treasure stored up for us in heaven, where banks do not fail nor lawyers foreclose. Sometimes it comes faster and in greater measure than the service we render. Then we are humble and pray that our greed shall not disarrange the perfect schedule of the Master Planner and lead us to miss some of His beautiful scenery and some of His happiness and perfect joy.

BUT IF WE TRUST ALL TO GOD AND STAY OUR MIND WHOLLY ON HIM, THEN ALL THINGS COME TO US IN PERFECT ORDER AND IN PERFECT SEQUENCE, AND OUR MIND IS KEPT IN PERFECT PEACE, BECAUSE WE TRUST IN HIM. THEN THE WORLD BECOMES ONE VAST HOME WHERE ALL ARE OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS. AND SO WE GIVE OURSELVES UNRESISTINGLY TO THE SCHEDULE OF THE MASTER PLANNER, AND STAND STILL IN THE MIDST OF A GREAT STILLNESS.

IV

OUR LIVES ARE LIKE AN ART GALLERY. Beautiful pictures are hung in the rooms, and the rooms are arranged according to a beautiful Plan designed by the Master Designer, who maketh all the days. We cannot see all the rooms at once. So we must go through them one at a time, and the more thoroughly we view each one before we leave it to go to another, the greater riches in beauty and grandeur and harmony we shall carry with us on our journey. So we go from room to room taking each in its proper sequence according to the Plan of the Great Planner, who, if we could only recognize Him, has become our personal conductor and our guide.

First we go through the Egyptian room. We spend an hour with the Greek statuary, then an hour with the medieval paintings, finally an hour with the moderns. Can we say that the modern paintings did not exist till we came to them? No, they existed all the time, changeless, fixed, waiting till you were ready to come to see them as they are. If there was any priority in the hanging of the pictures how do we know but that the modern pictures were actually hung in their room before the ancient pictures were hung in theirs? How do we know but that they were actually *painted before* the ancient pictures, and that we just happened to come into the art gallery from the Egyptian end instead of through the modern end? Is it possible that the picture of Paul was actually placed in that art gallery before the picture of Moses, and the picture of Abraham

Lincoln before the picture of Andrew Jackson? And why should this surprise one? Was it not Jesus the Christ who said, "Before Abraham was I am"?

Now it so happens that never before was the art gallery so full of skeptics, agnostics, materialists, who doubt the very existence of both the artists and of the art gallery—who doubt both the Planner and the Plan. They are the ones who say, with Thomas Didymus, "Not till I have seen with my eyes and felt with my hands will I believe."

Perhaps it is to those that this message that God has laid upon me is to be directed. For He has taken me several times by the hand and led me into rooms ahead of the schedule, that I might each time bear witness that the Plan was there.

One dark night I was leaving a car in a neighbor's garage. A few feet from the door of the garage was staked a vicious bulldog who was leaping passionately at me to the full extent of his chain. I was on the point of padlocking the door and starting for home, when I suddenly KNEW the dog would break his chain within the next five seconds. I removed the padlock and stepped inside the garage and pulled the door to after me. At that instant the chain broke, and the dog plunged futilely against the closed door.

In the winter of 1923 two students asked me why I was so sure that we would not have a war with Japan that year. I asked God to furnish the answer and I suddenly heard my lips saying to them, "Because Japan will be destroyed by an earthquake within the next six months." Five months after this the great Japanese earthquake occurred.

Here were forewarnings, in the first place of five seconds, in the second of five months. What did the difference of time matter? The larger events, like the larger mountains, seem to loom higher in perspective and therefore are more readily discernible in the far distance than the smaller events. That is all. But in every case the thin partition between present and future was wiped out, and all time became one.

I am not alone in this experience. Luther Burbank wrote in a magazine article not long before his death how for one hundred different mornings he awoke with perfect knowledge of every event that was going to happen to him during the day, in exactly the way and order in which it was going to happen. These days, he complained, were very monotonous, as there was nothing new or unexpected to look forward to.

Luther Burbank created fruits and flowers that, if mankind had awaited the slow evolutionary processes of Nature, we should have had to wait centuries for. But Burbank believed with his whole being that Time was as fluid as Space, and he therefore accomplished in a few years what otherwise would have required a millenium.

But Space was not always fluid in the consciousness of man. There was a time and that was not long ago, when it was the solidest kind of solid substance, even more solid than our present day conception of Time. To cross a continent required the long-drawn-out agony and untold hardship of ox team and covered wagon. Rivers were unfordable, mountains were impassable, and letters were few and far between. Newspapers were carried by pony express riders. Telegraphs and

telephones were unknown. A man a thousand miles away from his brothers was in another world—a banished man. The solid barriers of the solid substance Space separated mankind into isolated units, each group shut off to itself. In that era of solid Space the world was simply crammed full of skeptics and agnostics regarding the possibility of ever rendering it a fluid. They would have dismissed as a madman's dream the hint that a flying machine could ever carry a man through the air at the rate of 300 miles an hour. They would have thought it positively preposterous to even hint at the possibility of hearing another man's voice a thousand miles away.

Within fifty years all these miracles in conquering Space have come to pass. But the skeptics and agnostics are still with us. They have merely transferred their skepticism and agnosticism from the fluidity of Space to the fluidity of Time. Fifty years ago they scoffed at the possibility of an event, such as a boxing match or an inauguration, being announced in all its detail to an audience a thousand miles away. Today they scoff at the possibility of such events being announced in detail to an audience removed from them a thousand weeks in Time. And yet, what is the difference? Are not Time and Space merely twin devices given us by which we may chart and bring under control the immensities of Infinity and Eternity which stretch out without us and within us?

Space stretches off to the right and to the left, up and down, into Infinity. Time stretches off before and behind us into Eternity. There is no limit to Space and there is no limit to Time. They

are all there, but we can see only as much of either of them as is passing within the radius of our experience right HERE and NOW.

V

OUR SENSES, INASMUCH AS THEY ARE normal and perfect, are our "end-organs" by which we detect the presence of objects in Space. Our dreams and our desires, insofar as they are the expression of *real* aspirations and *real* needs of our inner soul, are the end organs by which we detect the presence of events ahead of us in Time. When our ears are disturbed by a sound of falling water, and our eyes are disturbed by the appearance of mists ahead, we know we are approaching the rapids. When our hearts are filled with a vague foreboding or our imaginations are caught up with the glimpse of a Utopian dream, we can know that an old enemy or a new friend is coming toward us down the corridors of Time.

Yes, our dreams and desires are the end organs of the soul, by which we are made aware of the proximity of events still unborn in our consciousness, but which are already full grown and complete, awaiting us out there in the world of Eternity. Just as our eyes and ears are the end organs of our objective minds, making us aware of objects still unknown to our consciousness, but which are fully grown and complete and perfect, and waiting for us out there in the world of Infinity.

But our dreams and desires are surely not

as true and infallible as our sense of sight and sense of sound, says someone! Whoever said that our senses were infallible? In this age so rampant with astigmatism, far-sightedness, near-sightedness, and color blindness; in this age of deafness, is it not reasonable to expect some astigmatism and color blindness in our dreams and desires? But even then it is not the senses that are wrong nearly so often as our minds, nor is it our desires and dreams that carry us awry nearly as often as it is our souls. The keenest senses will not guide a man aright who has a disordered mind; neither will the purest desires and most exalted dreams guide a man aright who has a disordered soul.

One of the chief requirements we demand of the railroad engineer who is to conduct us on a journey is that he be a total abstainer from anything which would cloud the mind. We do not want to commit our lives to the control of a leader whose mind is drunk, and who, when his eyesight sees red, misinterprets it as green and drives us into a wreck, and when the light is green misinterprets it as red. A clear mind is far more necessary than clear senses. In the same way, ninety-nine out of one hundred times if we have a clear soul we can let our dreams and desires take care of themselves. The time has come when we should make the same demands of those selected to lead us on political, religious and educational journeys that we have made in the past of those who lead us on our journeys through space—for is it not our mental, social and national welfare as essential as our physical? And as we refuse to let our trains be governed by men with maudlin minds, neither should we let our nations be led with men with maudlin souls.

Put your mind in order and your senses will guide you aright. Put your souls in order and your dreams and desires will guide you aright. But if your souls are askew, when you dream of abundance, you will demand satiety; when you dream of service you will demand fame; when you desire the opportunity to share, you will demand possession; when you dream of peace and stillness you will demand sloth and lethargy; when you dream of bliss you will demand pleasure.

The time has come when we should demand of the nation as we demand of the individual, PUT YOUR SOUL in ORDER. And to put your soul in order is to bring it into alignment with the Plan of the Great Master Planner, and to let it rest in stillness in the midst of the great stillness of God.

VI

THE TROUBLE WITH THE END ORGANS, both of our Space mind and of our Time mind, is not that they are uncertain or untrue, but rather that they extend for such a small distance—oh, so small a distance ahead! Left to them, mankind would hardly be prepared for an event or an object until it was almost upon us, or we upon it. We have been like blind men walking with our arms outstretched, feeling our way and listening our way along our path. To remedy this situation Science has been working night and day to extend our area of vision and audibility. Unfortunately Science has been limiting its excursion entirely to

the realm of Space. It has altogether neglected the realm of Time. But see what it has accomplished for us in its chosen field: the flying machine has beaten down Space underfoot; the radio has all but annihilated it. What the flying machine has done for the sense of motion, and the wireless has done for the sense of sound, television has now accomplished for the sense of sight.

These tiny end organs—eyes, ears, touch and sense of motion with original capacity for sensing objects only within a few feet—have in a few years become so magnified in their powers as to enable a message to encircle one half the globe in a matter of seconds. The time is rapidly coming when no longer will it be possible to say that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives. For there will be no space where man's prying ears and eyes elongated by these cunning devices will not be enabled to pry and penetrate. There remains at present but one step further that we can humanly expect to go in completing the conquest of all Space and that will be in the field of mental telepathy. But that only awaits the time when man has made the inner atmosphere of his soul as purified and clear as nature has already made the outer atmosphere of the physical world.

In Time, however, we have as yet failed to discover any instrument comparable in sensitiveness of apprehension to the radio in Space. The movie and the radio have filled our ears and eyes full of the Space world, but the fulfillment of the dreams and desires of our souls for the Future Time World is today a very slow process, save here and there at the hands of such sensitive eternity-moving souls as Luther Burbank and George

Carver and Thomas Edison. Indeed most of us, in terms of time, seem to be moving by the old ox-team and covered wagon way. The next problem before us is how can we change this condition.

How can we step out of the ox-team bondage of Time into the radio liberation of Eternity? There is only one thing I know of which can serve as an instrument for overcoming Time which is at all comparable with the radio as an instrument for overcoming Space. And that instrument is Prayer.

When John Adams was President, the method of carrying a speech from Washington to California was a long drawn-out process. First a copyist would have to copy it down, then a courier would take it on horseback to the first relay station, and another horseman take it to the next. The process would require almost three months.

Is not that almost exactly similar to our present-day method by which a grain of wheat is converted into a loaf of bread? First the soil is ploughed, then the grain of wheat is planted, then cultivated and carried through many weeks, then harvested, next ground into flour and finally baked. In Washington's day, to carry a speech from Washington to California and to multiply one grain of wheat into a loaf of bread, both required three months. Now listen to two great miracles and tell me which is the more wonderful. Today the radio under the control of a broadcast man brings the speech of a president in Washington instantly from the lips of the speaker straight to the room in California where 5,000 people may be dining. Two thousand years ago, prayer, under Jesus' con-

trol, brought bread instantly from the sunshine straight to the place where 5,000 people were dining.

Here are two wonders of overcoming, of foreshortening Space and Time. But one is understood—understood now, I mean—it was not understood in Jesus' day. The other is not understood today, although it may have been understood in Jesus' day. How do we know but that it will be understood again tomorrow? Who can tell? There may be many reasonable agnostics who will say, "I do not know." There certainly cannot be found truly scientific-minded agnostics who will dare say, "It *cannot* be." Indeed, it is a question in my mind which of the two wonders would have seemed more wonderful a century ago—the more unbelievable. I am quite sure, however, that the people of Jesus' day would have been more amazed if Julius Caesar, while standing in the Roman capital, had been heard distinctly speaking to them while they stood within the synagogue in Jerusalem, than they would have been amazed at the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes.

VII

WE ARE JUST COMMENCING TO UNDER-stand the delicate instrument of the radio. We are just beginning to find the causes of that greatest of all great enemies of the radio, the result of discordant clashes and flashes which have themselves only been partly understood—known as *static*.

In dealing with Prayer, we are dealing with a still more delicate instrument than the radio. If discord is the great enemy of radio, it is infinitely more an enemy of prayer. In the South Seas only the old, worn-out moving pictures are sent from America—imperfect, flected with light; and the natives seeing nothing but films full of flickering lights believe that it is always raining in the countries where white men come from.

Looking into the future through discordant dreams and desires will not bring us the true pictures, but such blurs that only the most careful interpreters could interpret them aright. That is why we are not yet ready to overcome Time on a safe and sure basis. Should we try to do so now would make us think we were going to a future where it was always raining! In the past, as is true today, the gift of prophecy was only vouchsafed to man occasionally, and that usually at long separated intervals. It is not and will probably not be for sometime to come, a part of our common general experience, such as radio is today. Like the airplane it has not yet passed the dangerous stage. Great disasters would result if everyone tried to fly his own airplane of divination tomorrow.

Anyone trying to get a message through from the future would discover that the static in the world today is positively awful. The hate thoughts, covetous thoughts and pride thoughts are so multitudinous that until the air gets a great deal clearer, rarely can one hope to penetrate the murky haze. Only as one can occasionally rise to the top of some very high mountain peak of prayer can he hope to get a clear vision of that which is before.

Not till the world, or a much larger share of it, has gone through the three temptations of Christ in the wilderness and been purified of their selfish dross sufficiently, will the atmosphere be cleared enough for great common use to be made of this spiritual telescope of the future. Just imagine for a moment how foreknowledge of a presidential election might be used by Wall Street for selfish ends! Not until a man is strong enough to resist the temptation to turn spiritual stones into earthly bread will he be allowed to use the *golden wand of prophecy*.

Therefore, those who would hasten the day of this millennium when all may foresee the good and avert the evil that may be ahead, have their work already cut out for them. For the initial step necessary to bring it about is first to clear the atmosphere of anger, fear and covetous thoughts and the place for every man to begin is *within his own soul*. Moreover, as each one begins, and as he attains this purification, the gift will commence to come to him, or if not the particular gift of divination, a greater gift than this shall come to him—that which I mentioned at the beginning of this booklet, and which I shall refer to again at the end.

VIII

BUT SOME MAY SAY, "WE DO NOT want to hasten this coming. How terrible to foresee all the things that are coming to us—things that we cannot by any means avert."

There is no basis for this fear. It confuses

the conception of God's perfect Plan with fatalism. Fatalism means that man is going down a blind alley and that what is ahead of him is ahead of him and no amount of thinking, praying or anything else will prevent his *running straight into it*. That is certainly not God's way of doing things. In His perfect Plan you have all eternity to move about in, and there is no excuse for running into blind alleys.

As we lengthen and amplify our sense of sight and hearing, through the radio and wireless, we are able to hear of storms and washouts ahead of us in our journeys, and are thus able to avoid disaster on our journeys through Space. Is it not equally reasonable to assume that by lengthening and amplifying the quality of our dreams and desires we may become aware of approaching evil in time to avoid it in our journey through Time?

Once get this clear in your mind and you will see that this is not fatalism—it is not even predestination, excepting insofar as you are predestined for good. Fatalism is where a man with blindfolded eyes goes down a dangerous road with outstretched hands and straining ear, completely at the mercy of any object coming toward him. The higher divination I am writing about is where mankind moves forward with all bandages removed and the area of foresight so greatly increased that they can avoid all necessity of accident. When that day of foreknowledge comes we shall find that it will be for mankind the actual beginning of free will.

Supposing following World War II we should get a foreknowledge that unless the white

racesshould bring to an end their imperialism and exploitation of the dark races that in thirty years would come World War III, in comparison with which World War II would appear a mere parlor game. Supposing the leaders of the nations should accept this as a true and scientific forecast, what would happen?

If the Christians honestly accepted this forecast they would start praying. If the political and economic leaders would accept it and take warning they would cease their exploitation of the dark races and establish a cooperative relationship instead for the mutual benefit of all. As a result when the thirty years had elapsed there would be no war. Our governments by raising a billion dollars and sending missionaries, agriculturists, doctors and teachers to Asia, would save the expenditure of 400 billions on war. Our churches by training and sending 100,000 missionaries to carry a gospel of love would save the world the need of giving 100 million of its young men in death.

Was not this the case on a much smaller scale with Ninevah? Jonah was commissioned much against his will to proclaim to Ninevah that unless it repented in sackcloth and ashes it would be totally destroyed. He was so anxious to see the despised enemy of his nation crushed that he did not want to reveal to them the prophecy, knowing that through the revelation they might be induced to repent and find the door of escape. Finally, after many rebellions, he was literally picked up and bodily forced to his mission. This Ninevah was built along a long street which would take three days' journey to travel from end to end. He had

gone just one day's journey when the nation repented and took to sackcloth and ashes. So great was Jonah's disgust and disappointment that his nation's enemy was saved, and that he besides would be made out to be a poor prophet, that he went out and sulked under a gourd tree.

IX

IF IN SPACE YOU COULD RISE TO A great height and see a burning city ahead, would you have to run right into it? Supposing you are riding across the country and see a stone wall, or a steep cliff ahead, will you dash against the wall or fall over the cliff? Or would you, because of your foreknowledge, change your course? If you see a town you are approaching burning, you certainly would not run right into the fire.

Who said we ever had to go on into anything, or bump against anything? All the bad things we foresee are there for us to avoid. They are there for us to try to remedy, to overcome or, failing in that, to flee from them. And how? By turning. Turning where? To God. That is exactly what three-fourths of the troubles ahead of us are for—not something for us to run into, but something for us to avoid **BY TURNING TO GOD. THEY ARE, IN SHORT, NOTHING MORE OR LESS THAN SIGNPOSTS POINTING US TO GOD.**

The flood was foretold to Noah. He could not stop the flood but he could build an ark. The

burning of Sodom was foretold to Lot. He could not stop the burning but he could flee away in time. And each could take with him such of his family and friends who would hear the voice of God speaking through him and obey it. EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THE TIME OF NOAH COULD HAVE ESCAPED THE FLOOD IF THEY HAD TURNED TO GOD. EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THE DAY OF LOT COULD HAVE ESCAPED THE FIRE IF THEY HAD TURNED TO GOD. AND EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THE DAY OF WORLD WAR III CAN ESCAPE IT IF HE TURNS TO GOD. The purpose of prophecy in the Old Testament was not to tell the kings what was inevitable, but what was inevitable if they went forward without turning to God at every crossroads.

To foresee, then, is not so important as acting wisely after we foresee. One is the means the other the end. If you get the end without the means you do not need the means. If you get the means without the end your labor is dust and ashes. To PROPHECY is not the big thing the world needs—TO TURN is what the world needs. The little prophets gave themselves to the excitement of prophecy, some of them actually became lost in the thrill of being able to foresee the future and forgot to go on to the greater and the more essential end for which the prophecy was intended—to turn to God in the Present. But the great prophets prophesied little and gave much attention to interpreting the meaning of the warning

for which the prophecy stood: "To love mercy, do justly and walk humbly with thy God.

The real purpose of prophecy, then, is not to foretell the future but to turn people to God. If it is used for any other purpose it is being prostituted to petty, selfish ends, it is turning stones into bread for selfish gratification, leaping from the temple top to win applause, or going up into a high place in order to obtain dominion over the world.

Prophecy is something to be used humbly, sacredly, simply and always in the service of God, in the service of Love. As a means to an end it should never be invoked unless it is needed. It should never be sought, unless it comes in spontaneous unexpected response to an unselfish effort to aid others. And finally, it never has any use, never would be needed, if you can get mankind to turn to God without its use.

X

I SHOULD LIKE TO CLOSE THIS BOOKLET with reference again to the prophecy of a World War III. It happens to synchronize with the purpose for which this has been written, and thus becomes a clarion call to the nation to **TURN TO GOD**. It becomes an announcement that it is time for statesmen and rulers, not of this nation only, but of the world as a whole, to give up their false gods of materialism and turn to the only **TRUE GOD**, the God of the **KINGDOM THAT IS WITHIN**, for counsel and guidance. The time has

come when instead of taking as the only advisers and counsellors the so-called practical business men and politicians, the time has come for the rulers to take as counsellors and advisers, the prophets and seers, for assistance in guiding the counsels of the nation.

And when I say, turn to prophets, I do not mean to those who are able to foresee the future, for this would be tantamount to counselling them to seek counsel from every fortune teller and mountebank who would peddle his wares, but I mean to turn to those sages and seers who live close to God and whose sole aim in life is to **TURN PEOPLE TO GOD**.

It is time for the rulers not to seek to pry into the future, for the future will take care of itself, but to seek to find the kingdom of God and its righteousness, knowing that when they have once found this and taken this into their statecraft and into their kingcraft, all other things will be added unto them.