

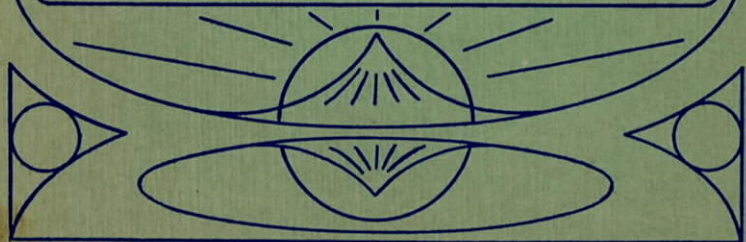
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CLEAR HORIZONS

A QUARTERLY — JUNE, 1940

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OUR COVER

Verna Ekberg Gale, the illustrator of Glenn Clark's new book "The World's Greatest Debate," known throughout Camp Farthest Out groups for her inspiring and understanding leadership in Creative Art, has designed our symbolical cover. Of its symbolism she writes:

1. The Seven Circles—the seven heavens: The Bethlehem star—Christ the center.

(from The Water of Life)

2. The mountain—"the Reality": Its reflection in the pool: The circle of God's love uniting heaven and earth.

(from the Psalm of Harmony)

3. The triangles—God, three in one: the small circles—centered in love repeating on earth the dynamic quality of the heavenly circles—prayer circles.

4. The Line of Rhythm forming the mountain connects "the world of Reality" with the heavens and is "eternally harmonious" with the line of rhythm uniting all the circles within that of the Bethlehem star, the "seventh heaven" of God's love.

CLEAR HORIZONS

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

GLENN CLARK, *Editor*
Macalester College

HELEN CLARK WENTWORTH, *Assistant Editor*
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Foreword

NO CHRISTIAN will dispute the need of emphasis on LOVE as one of the cardinal virtues. Though the term has become hackneyed and the word has been sentimentalized, yet we all know what is meant by the expression, and we recognize its validity and importance.

But the question of how to love—how to merge ourselves in the stream of love—that is a different matter. That is the crux of the problem of Christian living.

This first number of CLEAR HORIZONS is given over, in large part, to articles which form a manual of training in the art of loving, and hence of the art of living. As Henry Drummond says: "It is better not to live than not to love." Or as Tolstoi puts it: "The reason you are living is that you should love your fellow men more and more. When you love them perfectly you have found God,"—have entered the Kingdom of Heaven.

Some of these articles are from the past, some from the present. We are printing them because the approach is different, some more general and some more practical, and we hope that each will have a special appeal, or fill a definite need, of some of our readers.

A Psalm of Love

From "The Soul's Sincere Desire" by Glenn Clark

Thou and Thy Love are infinite;
Thy Love therefore fills all space,
There is no space where Thy Love is not,
Otherwise it would not be infinite.
It is filling the very space which we are occupying,
Here and Now.

That Love is in us and we are in that Love.
We could not escape it if we would,
And we would not if we could.
It abides in us and we in it.
Therefore when we let go doubt, and irritation, and self,
And resign ourselves completely to the great All-Power
That resides within and about us,
We *are* Love, even as God is Love.
God then speaks through us,
Thinks through us, acts through us;
For when we speak, we speak Love,
When we think, we think Love,
When we create, we create Love;
For God always does His work by means of Love made manifest in man.

(Permission obtained from Little, Brown & Co.)

Clear Horizons

An Adventure in Solving Human Problems in a Heavenly Way

The Two Great Commandments

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength."

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

—MARK 12:30, 31.

Love Your Neighbor

Jesus of Nazareth

YOU have heard the saying, "You must love your neighbor and hate your enemy." But I tell you, love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you, that you may be sons of your father in heaven: he makes his sun rise on the evil and the good, and sends rain on the just and the unjust.

For if you only love those who love you, what reward do you get for that? do not the very tax-gatherers do as much? and if you only salute your friends, what is there special about that? do not the very pagans do as much?

I give you a new command, to love one another—as I have loved you, you are to love one another; by this everyone will recognize that you are my disciples, if you

have love one for another.

If you love me, you will keep my commands, He who possesses my commands and obeys them is he who loves me, and he who loves me will be loved by my Father, and I will love him and appear to him. If anyone loves me he will obey my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him and take up our abode with him. He who does not love me does not obey my word; and what you hear me say is not my word but the word of the Father who sent me.

As the Father has loved me, so I have loved you; remain within my love. If you keep my commands, you will remain within my love, just as I have kept my Father's commands and remain

within his love. I have told you this, that my joy may be within you and your joy complete. This is my command, that you are to love one another as I have loved you. To lay down his life for his friends, man has no greater love than that. You are my friends—if you do what I command you; I call you servants no longer, because a servant does not know what his master is doing; I call you friends because I have im-

Love Your Brother

John of Patmos

HE who loves his brother remains in the light—and in the light there is no pitfall; but he who hates his brother is in darkness, he walks in darkness and does not know where he is going, for the darkness has blinded his eyes. Think what a love the Father has for us, in letting us be called “children of God!” And such we are. We are children of God now, beloved; what we are yet to be is not apparent yet, but we do know that when he appears we are to be like him—for we are to see him as he is. Dear children, let us put our love not into words or into talk but into deeds, and make it real. Beloved, let us love one another, for love belongs to God, and everyone who loves is born of God and knows God; he who does not love, does

parted to you all that I have learned from my Father. You have not chosen me, it is I who have chosen you, appointing you to go and bear fruit, fruit that lasts, so that the Father may grant you whatever you ask in my name. This is what I command you, to love one another.

Matthew 5:43-48; John 13:34-35; John 14:15, 21, 23-24, 27-28; John 15:9-17. Moffatt's translation, Harper & Brothers.

not know God, for God is love. This is how the love of God has appeared for us, by God sending his only Son into the world, so that by him we might live. Love lies in this, not in our love for God but in his love for us—in the sending of his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God had such love for us, we ought to love one another. God no one has ever seen; but if we love one another then God remains within us, and love for him is complete in us. Love has no dread in it; love in its fullness drives all dread away, for dread has to do with punishment — anyone who has dread has not reached the fullness of love. We love, because He loved us first. If anyone declares, “I love God,” and yet hates his

brother, he is a liar; for he who will not love his brother whom he has seen, cannot possibly love the God whom he has never seen. And we get this command from him,

that he who loves God is to love his brother also.

I John 2:10-11, 3:1-2, 18; 4:7-12, 18-21. Moffatt's translation, Harper & Brothers.

The Greatest of These:

Paul of Tarsus

I may speak with the tongues of men and of angels,
but if I have no love,
I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal;
I may prophesy, fathom all mysteries and secret lore,
I may have such absolute faith that I can move hills from their place,
but if I have no love,
I count for nothing;
I may distribute all I possess in charity,
I may give up my body to be burnt,
but if I have no love,
I make nothing of it.

Love is very patient, very kind. Love knows no jealousy; love makes no parade, gives itself no airs, is never rude, never selfish, never irritated, never resentful; love is never glad when others go wrong; love is gladdened by goodness, always slow to expose, always eager to believe the best, always hopeful, always patient. Love never disappears. As for prophesying, it will be superseded; as for 'tongues,' they will cease; as for knowledge, it will be superseded. For we only know bit by bit, and we only prophesy bit by bit; but when the perfect comes, the imperfect will be superseded.

When I was a child, I talked like

a child, I thought like a child, I argued like a child; but now that I am a man, I am done with childish ways.

At present we only see the baffling reflections in a mirror,
but then it will be face to face;

At present I am learning bit by bit,
but then I shall understand,
as all along I have myself been understood.

Thus faith and hope and love last on, these three, but the greatest of all is love. Make love your aim, and then set your heart on spiritual gifts.

Moffatt's translation, I Corinthians 13:1—14:1. Harper & Brothers.

An Analysis of Love

From "The Greatest Thing in the World"

Henry Drummond

LOVE is like light. As you have seen a man of science take a beam of light and pass it through a crystal prism, as you have seen it come out on the other side of the prism broken up into its component colors,—red and blue and yellow and violet and orange and all the colors of the rainbow,—so Paul passes this thing, Love, through the magnificent prism of his inspired intellect, and it comes out on the other side broken up into its elements. And in these few words we have what one might call the Spectrum of Love, the analysis of Love. Will you notice that they have common names; that they are virtues which we hear about every day, that they are things which can be practiced by every man in every place in life; and how, by a multitude of small things and ordinary virtues the supreme thing, the *summum bonum*, is made up?

These make up the supreme gift, the stature of the perfect man. You will observe that all are in relation to men, in relation to life, in relation to the known today and the near tomorrow, and not to the unknown eternity. We hear much of love to God; Christ spoke much of love to man. We make a great deal of peace with heaven; Christ spoke much of peace on earth. Love is *Patience*. This is the normal attitude of Love; Love passive, Love waiting to begin; not in a hurry; calm; ready to do its work when the summons comes, but meantime wearing the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Love suffereth long; beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things. For Love understands, and therefore waits.

Kindness. Love active. Have you ever noticed how much of Christ's life was spent in doing kind things,—in *merely* doing

kind things, in making people happy, in doing good turns to people? There is only one thing greater than happiness in the world, and that is holiness; and it is not in our keeping; but what God *has* put in our power is the happiness of those about us, and that is largely to be secured by our being kind to them. Where Love is, God is. He that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God. Therefore *love*. Without distinction, without calculation, without procrastination, love. Lavish it upon the poor, where it is very easy; especially upon the rich, who often need it most; most of all upon our equals, where it is very difficult, and for whom perhaps we each do least of all. There is a difference between *trying to please* and *giving pleasure*. Give pleasure.

Generosity. "Love envieth not." This is love in competition with others. Whenever you attempt a good work you will find other men doing the same kind of work, and probably doing it better. Envy them not. Envy is a feeling of ill-will to those who are in the same line as ourselves, a spirit of covetousness and detraction. How little Christian work even is a protection against un-Christian feeling.

Only one thing truly need the Christian envy, the large, rich, generous soul which "envieth not."

Humility—to put a seal upon your lips and forget what you have done. After you have been kind,

after Love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself. Love waives even self-satisfaction. "Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."

Unselfishness. "Love seeketh not her own." Observe; Seeketh not even that which is her own. Paul does not summon us to give up our rights. Love strikes much deeper. It would have us not seek them at all, ignore them, eliminate the personal element altogether from our calculations. It is not hard to give up our rights. They are often external. The difficult thing is to give up ourselves. The more difficult thing still is not to seek things for ourselves at all.

The fifth ingredient is a somewhat strange one to find in this *summum bonum*: *Courtesy*. This is Love in society, Love in relation to etiquette. "Love does not behave itself unseemly." Politeness has been defined as love in trifles. Courtesy is said to be love in little things. And the one secret of politeness is to love. Love *cannot* behave itself unseemly. Carlyle said of Robert Burns that there was no truer gentleman in Europe than the ploughman-poet. It was because he loved everything—the mouse, and the daisy, and all the things, great and small, that God had made. So with this simple passport he could mingle with any society, and enter courts and pal-

The Spectrum of Love has nine ingredients:

Patience	"Love suffereth long."
Kindness	"And is kind."
Generosity	"Love envieth not."
Humility	"Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."
Courtesy	"Doth not behave itself unseemly."
Unselfishness	"Seeketh not her own."
Good temper	"Is not easily provoked."
Guilelessness	"Thinketh no evil."
Sincerity	"Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

aces from his little cottage on the banks of the Ayr. You know the meaning of the word "gentleman." It means a gentle man—a man who does things gently with love. The gentle man cannot in the nature of things do an ungentle, and ungentlemanly thing.

There is no greatness in *things*. Things cannot be great. The only greatness is unselfish love. Even self-denial in itself is nothing, is almost a mistake. Only a great purpose or a mightier love can justify the waste.

There is no happiness in having or in getting, but only in giving. And half the world is on the wrong scent in pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others. It consists in giving, and in serving others. He that would be great among you, said Christ, let him serve. He that would be happy, let him remember that there is but one way—it is more blessed, it is more happy, to give than to receive.

The next ingredient is a very remarkable one: *Good Temper*. "Love is not easily provoked." We are inclined to look upon bad temper as a very harmless weakness, as a mere infirmity of nature, a family failing, a matter of temperament, not a thing to take into very serious account in estimating a man's character. And yet here, right in the heart of this analysis of love, it finds a place; and the Bible again and again returns to

condemn it as one of the most destructive elements in human nature.

The peculiarity of ill temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. You know men who are all but perfect, and women who would be entirely perfect, but for an easily ruffled, quick-tempered, or "touchy" disposition. This compatibility of ill temper with high moral character is one of the strangest and saddest problems of ethics. The truth is there are two great classes of sins—sins of the *Body*, and sins of the *Disposition*. The Prodigal Son may be taken as a type of the first, the Elder Brother of the second. Now, society has no doubt whatever as to which of these is the worse. Its brand falls, without a challenge, upon the Prodigal. But are we right? To the eye of Him who is Love, a sin against Love may seem a hundred times more base.

For embittering life, for breaking up communities, for destroying the most sacred relationships, for devastating homes, for withering up men and women, for taking the bloom of childhood, in short, for sheer gratuitous misery-producing power, ill-temper stands alone. Look at the Elder Brother, moral, hard-working, patient, dutiful—let him get all credit for his virtues—look at this man, this baby, sulking outside his own father's door. "He was angry," we read, "and would not go in." Look at the effect upon the father, upon the servants, upon

the happiness of the guests. Judge of the effect upon the Prodigal—and how many prodigals are kept out of the Kingdom of God by the unlovely character of those who profess to be inside? Analyze, as a study in Temper, the thundercloud as it gathers upon the Elder Brother's brow. What is it made of? Jealousy, anger, pride, uncharity, cruelty, self-righteousness, touchiness, doggedness, sullenness,—these are the ingredients of this dark and loveless soul. In varying proportions, also, these are the ingredients of all ill temper. Judge if such sins of the disposition are not worse to live in, and for others to live with, than sins of the body.

You will see then why Temper is significant. It is not in what it is alone, but in what it reveals. It is a test for love, a symptom, a revelation of an unloving nature at bottom. It is the intermittent fever which bespeaks unintermittent disease within; the occasional bubble escaping to the surface which betrays some rottenness underneath; a sample of the most hidden products of the soul dropped involuntarily when off one's guard! in a word, the lightning form of a hundred hideous and un-Christian sins. For a want of patience, a want of kindness, a want of generosity, a want of courtesy, a want of unselfishness, all are instantaneously symbolized in one flash of Temper.

Hence it is not enough to deal with the Temper. We must go to

the sources, and change the inmost nature, and the angry humors will die away of themselves. Souls are made sweet not by taking the acid fluids out, but by putting something in—a great Love, a new Spirit, the Spirit of Christ. Christ, the Spirit of Christ, interpenetrating ours, sweetens, purifies, transforms all.

Will-power does not change men. Time does not change men. Christ does. "Whatsoever shall offend one of these little ones, which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone be hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." That is to say, it is the deliberate verdict of the Lord Jesus that it is better not to live than not to love. *It is better not to live than not to love.*

Guilelessness and *Sincerity* may be dismissed almost with a word. Guilelessness is the grace for suspicious people. And the possession of it is the great secret of personal influence. The people who influence you are the people who believe in you. In an atmosphere of suspicion men shrivel up; but in the other they expand and find encouragement and educative fellowship. It is a wonderful thing that here and there in this hard, uncharitable world there should still be left a few rare souls who think no evil. Love "Thinketh no evil," imputes no motive, sees the bright side, puts the best construction on every

action. To be trusted is to be saved. And if we try to influence or elevate others, we shall soon see that success is in proportion to their belief of our belief in them. For the respect of another is the first restoration of the self-respect a man has lost; our ideal of what he is becomes to him the hope and pattern of what he may become.

"Love rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." I have called this *Sincerity*. It includes the self-restraint which refuses to make capital out of other's faults; the charity which delights not in exposing the weakness of others, but "covereth all things": the sincerity of purpose which endeavors to see things as they are, and rejoiceth to find them better than suspicion feared or calumny denounced.

So much for the analysis of Love. Now the business of our lives is to have these things fitted into our characters. That is the supreme work to which we need to address ourselves in this world, to learn Love. Is life not full of opportunities for learning Love? The world is not a playground; it is a schoolroom. Life is not a holiday, but an education. And the one eternal lesson for us all is *how better can we love*. What makes a man a good cricketer? Practice. What makes a man a good artist, a good sculptor, a good musician? Practice. What makes a man a good linguist, a good stenographer?

Practice. What makes a man a good man? Practice. Nothing else. If a man does not exercise his soul, he acquires no muscle in his soul, no strength of character, no vigor of moral fibre, nor beauty of spiritual growth. Love is not a thing of enthusiastic emotion. It is a rich, strong, manly, vigorous expression of the whole round Christian character—the Christlike nature in its fullest development. And the constituents of this great character are only to be built up by ceaseless practice.

What was Christ doing in the carpenter's shop? Practicing. Though perfect, we read that He *learned* obedience, and grew in wisdom and in favor with God. Do not quarrel therefore with your lot in life. Do not complain of its never ceasing cares, its petty environment, the vexations you have to stand, the small and sordid souls you have to live and work with. Above all, do not resent temptation; do not be perplexed because it seems to thicken round you more and more, and ceases neither for effort nor for agony nor prayer. That is your practice. That is the practice which God appoints you; and it is having its work in making you patient and humble, and generous, and unselfish, and kind, and courteous. Do not grudge the hand that is moulding the still too shapeless image within you. It is growing more beautiful, though you see it not, and every touch of

temptation may add to its perfection. Therefore keep in the midst of life. Do not isolate yourself. Talent develops itself in solitude—the talent of prayer, of faith, of meditation, of seeing the unseen; Character grows in the stream of the world's life. That chiefly is where men are to learn to love.

How are we to have this transcendent living whole conveyed into our souls? We brace our wills to secure it. We try to copy those who have it. We lay down rules about it. We watch. We pray. But these things alone will not bring Love into our nature. Love is an *effect*. And only as we fulfil the right condition can we have the effect produced. Shall I tell you what the *cause* is?

If you turn to the Revised Version of the First Epistle of John you will find these words: "We love because He first loved us." Look at that word "because." It is the *cause* of which I have spoken. "Because He first loved us," the effect follows that we love, we love Him, we love all men. We can-

not help it. Because He loved us, we love, we love everybody. Our heart is slowly changed. Contemplate the love of Christ, and you will love. Stand before that mirror, reflect Christ's character and you will be changed into the same image from tenderness to tenderness.

Loving Him, you must become like Him. Love begets love.

Put a piece of iron in the presence of an electrified body, and that piece of iron becomes electrified. It is changed into a temporary magnet in the mere presence of a permanent magnet, and as long as you leave the two side by side, they are both magnets alike. Remain side by side with Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us, and you too will become a permanent magnet, a permanently attractive force; and like Him you will draw all men unto you, like Him you will be drawn unto all men. That is the inevitable effect of love. We love others, we love everybody, we love our enemies because He first loved us.

My Peace I Give to You

Myrtle Dean Clark

"My Peace I give to you"

—a white-winged gift of mystic loveliness.

"My Peace I leave with you"

—a soft-winged gift of brooding tenderness.

"My Peace I give to you"

—a gift whose angel-wings uplift one's sorrow,

—a gift which we reject, reject, reject, until tomorrow.

Love

By Mrs. Julia Phillips Ruopp

Without love, words even the most moving, deeds even the most brilliant, count as nothing.

Without love, scholarship and learning, scientific research and truth, mean nothing.

Giving to the poor, or any self-sacrifice without love will have no results.

Love seeks to understand why people think and say and do things; thus love never accuses, is never too severe, does not frighten.

Love is never unfair nor angry, but always believes the best of its loved ones—forgiving and self-giving, thus helping them to grow spiritually: ever sensitive to their deepest needs.

Love finds the gentle, happy, and kind—yet firm—way, instead of the hurtful, sarcastic, jealous, coldly intellectual way which blights all growth in the souls.

Love does not pamper nor weaken; but love shares, gently disciplines, winsomely teaches, helps to face reality, admits its own wrongs, encourages and strengthens.

Such love brings inner peace and harmony, joy and happiness to earth, whereas pride, conceit, greediness, ruthlessness, and selfishness bring in their wake only hardness and confusion, bitterness and hatred.

But love cannot attain these qualities of life and share them until it is first directed toward God and others, instead of toward self: putting away the childishness of a bad temper, touchiness, hurt feelings, vanity, jealousy, covetousness, fear: freeing oneself entirely from worries and anxieties, cares and fretfulness.

LOVE is the greatest force and power in the *universe*.

How Love Evolves

Toyohiko Kagawa

I

“GREECE taught Wisdom,” it has been said, “Rome taught Organization, and Christianity taught Love.” It is the love of Christianity with which we are concerned, but before we can discuss this, we must determine the essence of Love itself.

God is a God of Love.

Just as the sun cannot stop shining so God cannot stop loving.

And the whole history of mankind is the history of man's struggle to learn how to return the love that God bestows upon him so freely.

Little by little this love, hidden in the heart of man, began to show forth. As flame in matted brush it first reveals itself by streams of smoke, so love smouldering in the heart of man made its first feeble appearance in the form of the instinct of mutual aid—the uniting of individuals to accomplish by common effort what none of them alone could hope to achieve.

Beetles assist each other in burying small animals to provide food for their larvae; ants share their already swallowed food with others of the nest; bees by cooperation attain a degree of security and well being impossible for any single

individual. The posting of sentinels by flocks of cranes, the sharing of food by common house sparrows, and the dams and colonies built by the beavers are other illustrations of the first faint outcropping of love in the animal world.

This is the kind of love that first manifested in primitive man. This however, is not genuine Love; it is simply a degree of cooperation to which these groups and all living creatures were driven in order to exist at all. Kropotkin calls this mutual aid. As long as Love rose no higher than mutual aid, many were barred from its benefits. The old, the crippled, the invalids—unable to do their share in the common life—were automatically made outcasts, and were abandoned to starve and die. To meet all the needs of man, a Love which will transcend mutual aid is demanded.

This new transcendent Love was described to us by Paul, “But God proves His love for us by this, that Christ died for us when we were still sinners.”

Love like this is the new force which amends the cosmos, the new design for amelioration where mutual aid cannot avail. Such Love creates in the human soul something which the material world

does not possess. For Love is the new soul-activity which discovers the spirit of God not only in my own heart, but also in my neighbors, in the aged, the sick, the crippled, the disabled;—that is, in all weak and broken spirits.

To men who think solely of the struggle for existence, to men who rely only on mutual aid and consider nothing but the physical and psychical aspects of life, this love of Christ is something incomprehensible. Men able to understand the motive deep down in the soul which prompts the endeavor to reform moral derelicts, see that just as the creative power of God formed light out of darkness, so this same creative power, out of darkness and sin has created a new soul.

Such an attitude toward sin could not have been taken in a less advanced society, and no one but a highly developed spirit could speak of saving anyone. In the history of the world, the movement to save from sin is without doubt a very recent stage of creative activity. Prior to the time of Christ, this type of activity did not exist. Buddhism does not affirm this new creative saving activity, nor does Mohammedanism. The teaching of Jesus alone clearly declares a conscious, creative activity. Genuine love was bestowed to us only when man began to develop from within.

The declaration of Jesus, "I give you a new commandment—to love

one another—as I have loved you, you are to love one another," was indeed a new commandment. It is a new principle, a new requirement for creating a new world. Jesus' new command is that man is to live not merely selfishly, nor yet only to save the weak, but that he is to live so that he is in harmony with the whole universe.

When God's creative power which formed heaven and earth comes into us, there is born in our heart the love that forgives sinners. This, then, is the origin of the new love. It was for this that Jesus gave His new commandment.

II

Tremendous is the power of physical love. How it tears and rends the individual! Uncontrolled it destroys races, controlled, it builds civilizations.

Whence comes this power?

Schopenhauer says that what we perceive, either consciously or unconsciously, as physical love is after all really the actual will of the universe awakening within the *ego* called man. The love in my own heart, while seemingly my own love, is not so in fact, but is the unconscious Universal Will surging through me. If it were merely my own passion, I could by sheer will power throw it off and free myself from it completely; but the fact that in spite of my efforts to get free from it, I am unable to do so, shows that after all it is due to

a Universal Will which controls me. Oh the terrible power and the remarkable blindness of physical love!

Schopenhauer's contention that love for another is not the self loving but rather the Universal Will causing one to love, agrees completely with John's affirmation that "Love lies in this, not in our love for him, but in his love for us . . . and love for him is complete in us." (I John 4:10, 12.) In other words, Love, whether on the low level or on the higher level, is the upsurge of a certain power from the depths of our being.

With the prolongation of childhood came the purifying and ennobling of motherhood.

But mutual aid as long as it rested on the roots of self preservation, and mother love, as long as it rested on the roots of race preservation were still only in the foothills of genuine love. They were still weak plants growing in the desert of selfishness.

Not until we listen to Jesus enjoin his disciples, "Love your enemies," and "Love sinners," do we see the true genuine love springing from the roots long buried in the depths of the profound cosmic will.

In what unnoticed part of the universe has been rooted this Love which embraces both sinners and enemies? According to Jesus it is neither physical nor psychic but takes its rootage on a higher plane.

To love your enemies and to forgive those who sin against you, says Jesus, unhesitatingly proves that you have made contact with the highest of all known sources of life, God Himself and Jesus seals this truth in the emphatic words, "Be ye perfect even as your heavenly Father is perfect."

Thinking in this fashion we are compelled to say that when the formation of the group is due to economic pressure, and men join for the purpose of securing their food, then such socialistic movements are nothing more than mutual aid. In the same way we are compelled to say that the establishing of a home founded upon the instinct of sex love, and where the love for the children is purely instinctive and possessive does not bring us yet to real love. Love like this depends upon return of benefits—food, protection, or at least for social contact. Love like this makes very fertile soil for such social evils as prostitution of womanhood, the exploitation of children, and such political abnormalities as fascism and communism. Such evils cannot be prevented or ended by laws or propaganda. More basic than such superficial cures is the fundamental necessity of refining men's love, of lifting men's vision to the cosmic love of God.

I may be walking down a highway with an enemy on my right and a sinner on my left, but if I

have the abounding spirit that will make me walk along with them without accusing them, and even, if necessary, stop my own advance and freely exert myself on behalf of sinner and enemy, then and only then may I be said to have reached up to the highest plane of love possible to man.

A person witnessing such expression of love may ask, "Is not that futile? Can limited human strength maintain such love?" Quite true; if I endeavored thus perfectly to love in my own strength alone, it would indeed be impossible. But if I can draw upon a supply of power from a Being greater than I hidden within me, then I can do perfectly what is humanly impossible—even to the point of aiding my enemy.

It is not I who loves the sinner; it is God, who first loves us and then perfects within us the love which loves sinners. If there were no redemption and no resurrection in the cosmos, the effort to love sinners and enemies would in the end be futile; but when I perceive a power and a law in the cosmos which works through me for enemies and sinners, then I know that my efforts will never be in vain.

God's redemption does not come down miraculously from heaven; it flows through human channels. God bestows his uplifting power upon the weak and the powerless, but invariably He works through human agents. It is a fundamental

principle that if there is anywhere in the universe a single flaw, the whole universe suffers; just as in the human body suppuration in one part causes pain throughout the body, and if the condition is allowed to persist, the final result is the destruction of the whole body.

If there were only one sinner in the whole universe, all creation would suffer sorrow and pain—God and I alike would suffer, and thereupon would be born spontaneously the energy which lifts up the sinner. A wound on the little finger, as compared with the whole body, is a small thing; but when we remember that the continued bleeding of the little finger would eventually exhaust all the blood, we cannot look lightly upon the blood of the little finger. However, when we are wounded, the red corpuscles of the blood spontaneously sacrifice themselves, stanch the flow, and prevent the loss of all the blood. Therefore, if we wish to live complete human lives, we must begin to atone for the sin of others. God, in order to perfect His own life on earth, saves beings who are imperfect. In order to accomplish this, he first arouses in men the spirit of sacrifice.

Although we are not all aware of it, it cannot be denied that among us all there exists a hidden love that is neither physical nor psychic. Indeed, everyone possesses the spirit which says, "I will sacrifice, tho' I do suffer loss."

After the Tokyo earthquake there came a contribution of relief funds from a famine district in Finland—a perfect example of this kind of love. Those people were quite unrelated to us by blood and were suffering from famine more than were the people of Tokyo; but they sent their contribution from afar, and their action becomes a revelation of a great, deep love "for the sake of the communal existence of humanity." Through love there is at work an agency which would reform the defects of mankind. It is not the love between blood relations; nor is it sexual passion nor authority. It is indeed the motion of the unseen cosmic will. Only through the moving power of the great cosmic will can the regenerative energy become operative for purifying sinful men and giving them power to advance. When we feel the working of this great principle, we begin to comprehend the law stated by Jesus: "Unless a grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies, it remains a single grain; but if it dies, it bears rich fruit."

Jesus' love for mankind has its inception in this broad point of view; and unless men advance to this point, the perfecting of human love cannot be expected. If we loved only those related to us, we should be quite willing to kill or do as we pleased with those not related to us. Furthermore, if love is merely of psychic origin, then

those who can labor will oppress those who cannot; the well-to-do will despise the beggars; and men will ill-treat women and children.

If men say, as Nietzsche does, that no one loves the weak, the world as a whole will never become better. In order truly to strengthen mankind the weak must first be made strong, ugliness changed to beauty, and evil replaced by goodness. The power which works such transformations is that of re-creation. It is the art above all arts, the device that infuses new light and life into marred souls and creates them afresh. Can there be in the world such a potent regenerative activity? It is easy to model a beautiful form in clay, but how difficult to take a woman, befouled with sins, scorned by the world, ignored, and weeping, and refashion her into the likeness of a new Child of God. If this be not the highest human art, what then may it be? It is the very essence of the art of life.

The love of Jesus, which tenderly lifted up the prostrate vile harlot, breathed love into her and poured out compassion upon her—that is true love for humanity. It is different absolutely from passion; it is the same love which in the beginning created the cosmos. God's power is at work; His electric energy passes into the consciousness of men, melting them as in a white-hot crucible, and sinful souls and human derelicts emerge as re-

created souls. This is rebirth, resurrection; it is creation; it is religion.

Religion is not weak self-satisfaction. Would-be religious people who take selfish satisfaction merely in dressing up in their best clothes and going to worship at church on Sunday have no genuine religion. If that is what is called Christianity, then there is nothing else as weak as Christianity.

True religion, true Christianity, is nothing else than a means of life. It is the entrance of God's power into sinful souls. If it be not courageous, sturdy, and burning like a flame, it is not real religion. It must dare to rise bravely, dare to proclaim itself, dare all things, even though it be fated finally to bear a cross.

—Adapted from *Love, The Law of Life*

Love

Charles W. Wakeley

As far as human need exists
Or echoes call
Love limitless, Divine, persists
About us all—
Its pulsing waters never tell
Of bounding shore;
They surge and roll and rise and
swell
Forevermore.

Friendship

"Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort, of feeling safe with a person, having neither to weigh thoughts, nor measure words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them—keep what is worth keeping and with the breath of kindness blow the rest away." Quoted by Edward Scribner Ames.

Love in Action

From "This Nation Under God." Arthur E. Holt

THERE is a Christian word by which we describe the qualities of men who venture out beyond the boundaries of custom and become contenders for a redeeming God. That word is "love." But love has been so softened by sentimentality that it has lost some of its power to challenge men. It is, however, the best word we have. What is this love?

Love is divine ecstasy. Margaret Montague, facing the fact that she must become increasingly deaf and blind, enters into an experience whereby she can say she is madly in love with every human being and every living creature. Love is that. Love is psychic power. Stanley Daly, a hardened criminal, discovers that love releases more power in his life than was ever released by hate and he writes a book entitled "Love Can Open Prison Doors." Love is that. Love is capacity for identification with the most needy of God's creatures. John Woolman lives by putting himself in the place of the Negro and the Indian and the disinherited. Love is that. Love seeks the spiritual maturity of those with whom the lover comes in contact. Love is fidelity to something more than inclination in the relationship of hus-

band and wife, parent and child. It is that which redeems the relationship of the sexes.

Love is neighborliness. It is that continuing attitude in the face-to-face contacts of the neighborhood which makes people feel a sense of lonesomeness when the good neighbor has gone. Love is public-mindedness. It is Governor Altgeld, with political reputation secure, laying that reputation upon the altar of justice by pardoning men of whose innocence he is satisfied and taking upon himself the hatred of a respectable world. It is Zola, candidate for the highest honors of France, sacrificing them all in the interests of justice to a member of a hated race. It is Graham Taylor thinking and working for Chicago in his last conscious hour. Love is the capacity to seek justice in controversies which are weighted heavily by motives of class-conscious antipathy.

Love is what Paul said it was—capacity to be patient, to seek no evil; love is not envious or boastful, it does not put on airs, it is not rude, it does not insist on its rights, it does not become angry, it is not resentful, it is not happy over injustice, it is happy only with the truth. Love will bear anything,

believe anything, hope for anything, endure anything. Love will never die out. If there is inspired preaching, it will pass away, if there is ecstatic speaking it will cease, if there is knowledge it will pass away. So faith, hope and love endure, and the greatest of these is love.

John Woolman and Graham Taylor and all the desert conquerors represent the doctrine of divine love breaking forth in social projects. To be sure, they had no clear-cut programs but they had that from which programs must stem. They had social passion; they had a concern; they had the will to be benevolent. They had what I call the holy imagination—that is imagination that envelopes people with compassion, with a sense of oneness, with humanity. That attitude, to my mind, is basic in any kind of social program.

The holy imagination is something that roots in the ecstasy of divine love. If social conflict and social need are to be dealt with, this passion must be kept alive. It is the function of the church to keep it alive. If the church fails in this function the flame will flicker out, and then all programs of social adjustment will become legalistic garments which can be fitted to humanity for awhile; but humanity will ultimately throw them off because the designers did not first of all study in the school of compassion the inward nature of man.

These prophetic groups are now faced with one of the greatest struggles in human history, a struggle not unlike that in the early Roman Empire, when the little group in western Palestine contended with Caesar. Today also totalitarian states claim ultimate sanctity for themselves and their short-time objectives. They spit upon compassion and declare that hatred is the dynamic of society. They force men into their image instead of allowing them to grow into the image of God. They remove from the individual all responsibility save that of blind obedience.

A sense of responsibility on the part of the individual is the very cornerstone of the democratic structure. But it should be emphasized that man's sense of responsibility is not built by his focusing upon himself. There is a sense in which he must focus on himself.

To thine own self be true
And it must follow, as the
night the day,
Thou canst not then be false
to any man.

If a man fails to do what is right as he sees it he cannot be true to any larger issues. But man's belief in himself alone cannot sustain him. When Admiral Byrd passed a winter in a dugout on an Antarctic ice barrier only twenty degrees from the South Pole, he nearly perished by asphyxiation from the

fumes of his gasoline engine and his oil-burning stove. But even in his terrible weakness he felt that to give up would be betrayal. At the basis of his belief that he must hold out lay a conviction that a power beyond himself was on his side and was demanding his allegiance. "I am not alone; there is a power—many call it God." So

man's sense of responsibility roots in the conviction that he is not alone. He is not alone because what he is he owes partly to his neighbor. He is not alone because he finds himself in discovering, defining and defending great causes. He is working with God.

(Permission granted by Willet and Clark.)

The Key

All that I craved belonged to me,
God held the gifts and I the key;
And yet I would not understand.
In petulance and discontent
Full many a wasted year was spent.
I cried, "How cruel is the fate
That bids me work and weep and wait
For things which make life worth the living,
Nor rob the giver in the giving!
A little joy, a little wealth,
Result from toil, abundant health;
A chance to do, a chance to be —

And then I looked and found the key;
Right in my heart I carried it,
Divinely fashioned, formed to fit
The lock of God's great reservoir
Which held the things I hungered for,
The key was Love—pure gold acrust
With glittering gems of faith and trust
It fits all doors; it turns all locks.
It leads the way through walls and rocks!
It lifts all bolts, unbars the gate,
And shows us where life's treasures wait.
Oh! are there heights thy feet would press
Seek Love, the key to all success.

—Mrs. A. Lanier.

Love as Seen by Gibran

Floyd Starr

AT THE International New Thought Convention last winter two guest speakers were invited to share their experiences with the Convention. Each New Thought leader was allowed only twenty minutes, the two guest speakers were allowed all the time they wished to take. One of these was Floyd Starr and one was Glenn Clark.

Floyd Starr is founder and president of Starr Commonwealth for Boys, Albion, Michigan. Mr. Starr is nationally known as the man who first voiced the conviction that "there is no such thing as a bad boy," as the directing personality of the unusual school in the Michigan hills where the theory has been so constructively proved. Starr Commonwealth, "a home and training school for boys who need an opportunity," shelters 125 promising youngsters today, is proud of more than a thousand graduates who represent, in commercial, industrial and professional life, a fine type of American citizenship.

Later in the year Dr. George Washington Carver was invited to the Starr Commonwealth and, turning down several influential groups, he accepted this call, lived and talked with the boys there for several days.

Mr. Starr has now invited Dr. Carver, Glenn Clark, Jim Hardwick, and Harvey Hill to come together to the school next Fall. Whether they can accept the call or not this serves as an introduction to Mr. Starr who is truly one of our praying partners doing a great work in a humble way.

TO KAHLIL GIBRAN, his mother was "My Friend." Few memories of the Syrian poet are so significant; few so vividly reflect "this man from Lebanon." I knew Gibran. The simple fact embraces one of my most prized experiences. The finality of his untimely death was almost a physical burden—until its sense of irreparable loss was recompensed by the glorious inheritance of his ever-surviving personality.

Few men I met so infrequently I knew so well. Before our first acquaintance I had been given a copy of "The Prophet"—the "Little Black Book," the author called his best known work. I was profoundly impressed. Later, on a New York visit, my friend Upton Close asked me if there were men in the city I wished especially to meet. I named but one—Kahlil Gibran!

"The most inaccessible man in all New York," Close quickly re-

monstrated. "His telephone is not listed; he is not particularly well; he lives in seclusion, only a few blocks away. Some day I'll take you past his home."

Days afterward, on a Fifth Avenue bus hurrying to keep an appointment, I felt an almost irresistible urge. "If you would see Kahlil Gibran go to him at once," a voice said clearly. Immediately I forgot the day's errand and went to Tenth Street.

In the dim light of a third floor hallway, before the door of his studio apartment, I read his name above the knocker. As I lifted it, the door opened.

"I have come to see Kahlil Gibran," I said simply.

"I am he," said the man before me. "I have another guest. Will it be convenient for you to come another time?"

"No," I answered without hesitation; "nor will it be necessary. I came only to thank you for writing 'The Prophet'."

The door swung wide; silently but with a gesture of fine courtesy, rare hospitality, Gibran indicated the freedom of his home.

There were no hesitations, none of the mental barriers that separate strangers, in the inspiring conversation that followed. We at once were old friends; I think he understood my impulses, my idealities, as intimately as he revealed to me his own. The incident was the beginning of a friendship that proved

one of the most influential of my life. I saw him seldom; not often could I go to New York. Yet the light of his counsel remained with me always; I thought of him then as I think of him now—one among the men I know best.

"What do you do?" He asked directly, after our first meeting. I told him I worked with boys, boys often called "bad."

"How I envy you!" exclaimed Gibran. "I love boys, especially bad boys! May I tell you the true story of a bad girl?"

"I was born, you know, almost in the shadow of the Cedars of Lebanon. Among my friends was one who possessed a very beautiful and costly watch; she wore it attached to a long, skillfully wrought chain, about her neck. The watch was prized not merely because it was very valuable, but because with its chain it was a thing of rare craftsmanship, of inspiring beauty.

"One day the watch was gone; only the chain remained. My friend was filled with grief; her sense of loss was forgotten in the unhappiness caused by one who had taken a prized possession that did not belong to him.

"A few days later a small maid servant, one among many loved and loyal employes, came to my friend to request her wage, with the faltering explanation that she wished to return to her people in the hills. At once my friend gave

her not only what was due but an added sum—and with it the delicate chain from which the watch had hung.

“Take the chain as a remembrance of me,” she told the child simply.

“The youngster dropped to her knees, buried her face in the skirts of my friend; sobbed as tho’ her heart would break. The watch was restored; the little maid did not go back to her people. And in the sanctuary of my friend’s home I have since been served, many times, by the girl who was proved by kindness and understanding to be inherently good—not bad! Among your boys you have had many equally moving experiences, I have no doubt. I am glad to know the man first to voice the conviction—and to confirm the truth—that there is no such thing as a bad boy!”

A few weeks after the passing of Kahlil Gibran I sat in his New York studio and repeated the story to his literary executor, Barbara Young. She listened attentively; at the end she asked: “Do you know to whom he referred as ‘his friend’? His mother! Always to Kahlil Gibran his mother was ‘The chosen, the beloved friend!’”

I am not a linguist. In my work with boys I have found small use for words other than good English. But since I have known Gibran, particularly since his death, I have

wished I knew Arabic—that I might read its graceful characters, recognize the subtle nuances of its not-to-be-translated expression.

For “The Prophet,” one of the most cherished volumes in my personal library, first was written in his native Arabic when Gibran was a student at the College of Al-Hikmat. With him the manuscript went to Paris, eventually to America and the bedside of his mother, in Boston.

“It is well done, Gibran,” she told him. “But the time is not yet. Put it away.”

For five years the Arabic *Prophet* lay untouched. Again in Paris, at 25, the young painter, now widely known, rewrote the entire poem, still in Arabic. Without his friend, now, to counsel him, he decided: “It is good work, Gibran, but the time is not yet. Put it away.”

For ten more years the text awaited its ultimate translation. And then in New York the magic of Gibran’s Arabic became the beauty of Gibran’s English—rewritten five laborious times before it was put in type.

Until one has read what Kahlil Gibran has written of the young Almustafa, his emotional experience, his appreciation of life and beauty cannot be complete. I commend it to the mental explorations of my friends as an adventure of infinite satisfactions, of inspiring discoveries.

Love Can Open Prison Doors

Condensed from book of same title.

Starr Daily

I RECALLED a time when I was being held in jail on suspicion of a burglary. For two days and nights I had been subjected to “third degree” police methods in an effort to torture a confession out of me. My head had been beaten with a rubber hose until it resembled a huge stone bruise, swollen beyond human shape, my face black from the congealed blood beneath the surface. Lighted cigars had been pressed against my flesh. I had hung for three hours with my wrists handcuffed over a hot steam pipe. My arms had been twisted behind me and my elbows beaten with blackjacks until the bones felt crunchy. Heavy heels had ground my bare feet against a concrete floor. On the third night of this I was about at the end of my endurance.

Again I was dragged into the torture room and sat down within the semi-circle of twelve big detectives. My previous sustaining energy of hate and anger had dwindled into a dull sense of indifference. I was alarmed at this new state of affairs. For I had learned that pain could easily be assimilated if sufficient hatred could be thrown against it. I did not want to weaken. Death was

preferable. But could I stand the pain without the sustaining force of hate?

“You’d better open up and come clean,” the Chief informed me. “If you don’t you’re gonna get the works. Y’understand?”

I continued to sit in stoic silence, expecting the worst and wondering if I would be able to take it.

“All right, boys,” said the Chief. “Get busy. Let the rat have it.”

It was the showdown. Unless I broke, my life was not worth a dime. I knew this as two of the detectives stepped forward toward me. Then a strange thing took place in my consciousness. All hate and anger were gone. The vague sense of indifference vanished. And in an unbidden instant there welled up within me an overwhelming compassion for these men, for their pathetic ignorance, their undeveloped souls, for the pitiful condition of their minds and hearts. And as this strange sentiment reached a high peak of intensity within me the Chief spoke, and what he said constituted a minor miracle.

“Don’t hit him again,” he barked out. “Take him back.”

I was returned to my cell, and for the remainder of the night I

was under the care of a doctor. The next morning I was transferred to a private hospital, where I lived for three weeks. Every day a number of women came to see me, bringing flowers and other gifts. It was all quite mystifying, and the nurses' guarded explanations did not clarify the mystery. These women were the wives of city detectives. I could not figure the thing out. I was only a friendless, unprotected bum. They had no reason to placate me with gifts and attention because they feared what I might reveal. I was told not to worry about anything, that all bills would be paid. Nor was I returned to the jail after being discharged from the hospital. Instead I was given an envelope and told that I was free to go. In the envelope was no word of explanation. Only five crisp ten-dollar bills.

It was not until twenty-five years later, twenty years filled with crime and punishment, that I was able to see through this mystery, and to know the power, because of which my life had been spared and this odd consideration shown me.

On another occasion when I was on the dealer's side of the table, I was an unseeing witness to this transmuting power of love in action. I was robbing the safe in the home of a priest. He surprised me in the act. From a stairway above me I heard his unexpected voice:

"What are you doing there, my child?"

I wheeled, my flashlight and gun on him. "Stand where you are," I commanded sharply. "I've got you covered."

"I mean you no harm." His voice had a rare accent of kindness and honor in it. Slowly he began descending the steps.

"Stop, or I'll drop you!" I commanded him. With superb assurance he came on, reached the bottom, and walked leisurely over to a light switch and pressed the button. Turning to me, then, he said: "Put your gun down, my child. I only want to talk with you a while."

Logically, of course, from my point of view, I was in a close place with the odds in my favor. It was not sound criminal judgment for me to accede to his request. The correct procedure under the circumstance would have been to tie him and gag him, then to proceed with the business at hand.

What a singular thing for me to do! I obeyed him and sat in the chair he pointed out. I say singular, because it was so illogical, unreasonable from the viewpoint of a confirmed crimemaster—and because, also, I listened to him while he talked to me about God in a most singular way—a way in which there seemed to be nothing offensive to my God-hating mind. God might have been my own

father, or an elder brother, or a very close friend, anything but the fierce-eyed, black-bearded monster of wrath, anger, and fire I had heard so much about.

At two o'clock in the morning I accepted this priest's invitation, went with him into the kitchen, and joined him in a cold bite. I left his home without taking his money. He shook my hand and blessed me. I had no fear that when I was out of sight he would exercise what the world calls duty and call the police. To this day I am sure he has never mentioned my nocturnal visit.

What was this strange power he possessed over me? Nothing less than love could have caused me to act in a manner diametrically opposite to my habitual character as a criminal. He did this because his love was genuine, not the romantic, sentimental emotion that men call love; but that deep sense of compassionate being that was so eloquently expressed by the Master when he said, "Neither do I condemn thee."

You see, I am introducing you to my theme. I am telling you about a power that resides in the hearts of men, which is a power greater than any power ever to be discovered in the realm of natural science. It is a power possessed by all, but recognized by few. It is the most dynamic and readily accessible power in the universe of men. Every man can contain and

express this power. It is practical. And because it is accessible to every man and because it is practical, I am perfectly safe in making again the boldest statement ever made by another human being: that, except for idiocy and other conditions of mental invalidism, failure is indefensible.

Occasionally when a man has suffered enough he will take this power and use it. Sometimes his suffering is so great that the sheer intensity of his need will awaken him to this power which is closer to him than breath, and will heal him instantly. I call love the "last experiment" because though it is the closest and most fundamental thing in a person's life, it is the last thing he will turn to for help when he is in distress.

In talking to you about love, I shall not get mushy and sentimental. For love is everything that sentimentalism is not. Love is power, while sentimentalism is the misuse of power. In its practical application love is as precise and scientific as mathematics. Without it there could be no universe, no cell organization of any kind. Because love is the only integrating power in existence. It is all that can establish order out of chaos or maintain order in chaos. Wherever it is recognized by man he recognizes harmony. Love is never a disintegrating force. Science deals with disintegrating natural forces; but wisdom deals

with the power of love. Natural forces lead to change; love to permanence. Love simplifies life. All that is less than life complicates it. Love is endurable, eternal. It is the one ultimate expression which can combine and sustain all principles of the natural and physical world. Its application releases the soul of man from the bondage of limitation. Love is God in action. And the process of becoming the doctrine of love is to grow into oneness with God.

The beautiful thing about the doctrine of love is that it casts out all fear, all striving and all struggling. You merely act and express the virtues of love, and all that is needed to sustain you in happiness and harmony are inevitable consequences of your action. You are attached to nothing except the action of love. You desire no results but possess perfect assurance that the correct results necessary to your life at a given time will be supplied. The sense of impending insecurity is unknown to him who lives the doctrine of love.

With the light of love to guide us the idea of seeking God fades on the film of our consciousness, and we know, then, that this idea, long held and fostered by men, is as false as the beard of Hercules. It is God who is doing the seeking. It is God who stands at our door and knocks. When we consciously and deliberately set out to seek

God, we are simply being annoyed by God's seeking us. His incessant pounding on our door gets on our nerves, we try to escape from the friction and irritation of it, and we call this "seeking God." We go to church, or the lecture hall, or we drop a coin in the hand of a beggar, or we join a charitable organization. And the more we seek the further we drift from the realization of God's presence, for we stifle His voice and drown the sound of His knocking. God is the Supreme Shepherd, and it must be forever the logical procedure for the shepherd to seek his lost sheep, and not for the lost sheep to seek him. When we are lost in the woods our sense of direction is gone and we move about in fruitless circles. It is only when we cease seeking our way and sit down and get quiet that we regain our poise and balance sufficiently for intuition to lead us out of our dilemma.

In God service and love are one and the same thing. If we learn to love in the true sense we cannot help serving God. But if, by our wills and misconceptions, we force ourselves to serve with the mistaken notion that we are serving God, or if in our service the motivating quality of love is absent, then service and love are separated, and our service is questionable; indeed, it is false and spurious. We must, therefore, learn to love first, and having learned to love,

all else is added as a natural consequence.

When God's Spirit has become your spirit, when you have actually known Him by a deep inner experience of knowingness, you are capable of serving Him in works, faith, and prayer. But to pray to God without loving God, or without having the capacity to love Him, is to render lip service to an unknown God, and the only possible value in such a prayer must be psychological and not spiritual.

Finally when we have suffered and been defeated enough we shall turn to the last experiment, we shall turn to love and begin to learn to love by practicing love. As we become love we draw God to us; when we know God we cease all straining and quietly lay our burdens in His lap, knowing that he knows best how to dispose of them. But how do we begin the practice of love? Love is charity in the true sense of that misused word, and charity begins at home. Hence we begin the practice of love first in our homes. It is when we learn to love those that are nearest to us that we are then able to love our neighbors, the citizens of our community, and finally of the state and the nation and the world. And then our love reaches out to embrace all nature. With this accomplishment the Grand Passion is born full-blown in our hearts and we love God with an affection that is holy. To love

Him is not to seek Him longer, but to accept Him who has long been seeking us.

—
We cannot escape love. If in the physical body we ceased to love for an instant we should die. Hate is nothing more than an intense form of self-love. It is a twisting of God's love, causing it to operate negatively rather than positively, destructively rather than constructively in the direction of our own best interests. Because God loves, we love. Our love does not create that which was before. Before our love, was God's love. It is His love which created our love, and which supports, sustains, and expands it. We are partakers of God's love. We act in the direction of those qualities of being which we conceive to be of God. God's love is always creative. We are creative when we express His love in action. As to what His love creates, through us, is a matter of our own choice. To act in the direction of kindness, faith, discrimination, gratitude, reverence, forgiveness, is to build the qualities of constructive love into our personalities. To act in the direction of hate, doubt, indiscriminate, ingratitude, unforgiveness, is to build into our personalities the destructive qualities of love.

—
This is the great love. We move toward it. In this high sense, love

is all a bestowal, a giving of ourselves with a discriminatory purpose—that of moving in the right direction. The very air we breathe is a bestowal of God's love to us. To become aware of this fact is to be grateful for the grace that makes breathing possible, and to become aware of love in the smallest degree is to partake of more of love's inexhaustible supply. Our outbreath is a bestowal of love

whose chemical qualities sustain and support the lower forms in nature. To become consciously aware of this unselfish process is the important thing for us, for increasing awareness is the measure of expanding consciousness, and expanding consciousness is the increasing capacity for receiving, containing, and expressing the love which God has bestowed upon us.

Not to the Strong

(From The Commonweal)

Some say because of malcontent
We must be strong
In self-defense and armament
To get along.

So were the dinosaurs—prepared
With armored skin
And giant flesh, and should have fared
For long therein.

The deer were pacifists and so
One should expect
They would have perished long ago
For their neglect.

How well did they survive the wars
Of yesteryear?
You cannot ask the dinosaurs,
So ask the deer.

—Claude Weimer.

A Voice from Israel

Glenn Clark

I HAVE lived for months with Jeremiah and Isaiah. I know their agony, the agony of catching a vision only to find that one's people heed it not, nay repudiate it and cast contumely upon one who bears it.

I have walked with Isaiah and set at his feet and listened to him pour forth his message:

"Seek not an alliance with the old nation of ancient privilege and ancient craft and duplicity—Egypt; Ally thyself not with the new nation open and boastful, cruel and relentless—Assyria. The old nation hoards the wealth that it has. The other seeks that which now it has not. Seek ye only the Lord of Hosts. Make alliance only with Him.

"This is not surrender—it is the most powerful form of resistance, the most impenetrable sort of bulwark. As birds flying so will the Lord of Hosts defend Jerusalem. So He will deliver it and passing over He will preserve it."

But in spite of Isaiah and Jeremiah, Israel sought to ally herself with Egypt. Egypt they said was their motherland: had they not spent 300 years within her? Had they not married and intermarried with Egyptians till hardly a Jew

but carried some Egyptian blood? Joseph, parent of two of the twelve tribes, had taken as his wife the daughter of an Egyptian priest. Had not Israel been received by Egypt during seven years of famine and given the good land of Goshen as their home? By Egypt their very lives had been saved. True, under a later Pharaoh, a sort of George the Third, they had been bitterly oppressed, required to make bricks out of straw, worse far than a mere tax on tea.

But under Moses they had rebelled and had managed to escape at last, and in much shorter time and with far less bloodshed than our own forefathers had to undergo when escaping from George the Third. But the ties were there, the entangling alliances still held, ever since the days of the millionaire Solomon and in times of drouth the people of Israel still longed wistfully for the flesh pots of Egypt.

Then it was the Prophet Isaiah spoke:

"Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help; and stay on horses, and trust in chariots, because they are many; and in horsemen be-

cause they are very strong; but they look not unto the Holy One of Israel, neither seek the Lord!

"Yet he also is wise and will bring evil, and will not call back his words; but will arise against the house of the evildoers, and against the help of them that work iniquity.

"Now the Egyptians are men and not God; and their horses flesh, and not spirit. When the Lord shall stretch out His hand, both he that helpeth shall fall, and he that is holpen shall fall down, and they shall all fail together.

"For thus hath the Lord spoken unto me, Like as the lion and a young lion roaring on his prey, when a multitude of shepherds is called forth against him, he will not be afraid of their voice, nor abase himself for the noise of them: so shall the Lord of Hosts come down to fight for Mount Zion, and for the hill thereof.

"As birds flying, so will the Lord of Hosts defend Jerusalem; defending also he will deliver it; and passing over he will preserve it."

Today there are as few people that believe that the Lord will save

us if we trust him as there were in the days of Jeremiah. We know what happened there. Egypt, ancient ruler of the world, maneuvered the little nations one after another into a war to check the Assyrians' march on the Nile until one after another most were destroyed. They trusted in her chariots as today we trust in England's warships. The climax came when the ten tribes trusting to the chariots of Egypt were carried into captivity never to return.

Today Great Britain represents the stability of the past, Germany the vigorous rebellion of the future. Isaiah and Jeremiah, were they living today, would say "Trust not in the navy of Britain, trust to the Lord of Hosts . . . like a bird flying He will deliver you."

Four laymen believing that the method of the prophets is more powerful than the method of the warriors sent out a call for Minute Men of Prayer to rise all over the nation. The response has been splendid. Let us continue to send out love broadcasts all over the world and prayer eternally to heaven.

Love Expressed

Glenn Harding

THERE OCCUR in the Scriptures many times passages referring to "the hardened heart" as expressing an attitude of resistance to the love, the will, or the goodness of God. "And the Lord said unto Moses, Pharaoh's heart is hardened. He refuseth to let the people go." Or in Proverbs, "Happy is the man that feareth alway: but he that hardeneth his heart shall fall into mischief." And again in Mark: "And when he had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, he saith unto the man, 'Stretch forth thine hand.'" It is a very striking figure—and is peculiarly revealing when applied to the art and the impulse of Christian love.

Probably few Christians would deny in theory and in a certain type of practice the power of love—in our own lives and our relationships with others. Yet the channels of its power and effectiveness seem to be so limited and thinned out that the number of individuals is small—perhaps only three or four—for whom each of us actually has a sense of tenderness, sympathy, deep personal interest and concern: for whom we

are willing to disarrange our lives and give of our substance—not just surplus—with a gladness and abandon entirely free from any thought of return.

This kind of love is present in almost every life, no doubt, with reference to some one or few, but toward the great body of strangers, acquaintances, and even those we call friends, it often seems almost non-existent.

But it sometimes seems that the restrictions, limitations and conditions with which we surround our high impulses are too often like weeds in the garden in their effect on the flowering of our love. They kill the beauty, choke down the fruitfulness, destroy the fragrance of our lives—and harden our hearts. They root not so much from our genuine love and concern for the one in need as from our self-concern, fears, and self-righteous judgments of the other which we lump together and term "practicality." For the chosen few, our help is available regardless of circumstances—as the mother stands by her self-confessed and convicted "prodigal" son; but for the great masses in all classifications the walls of our personal "protective tariffs" are sufficiently high

and complete to suspend the intercourse of love. Jesus' comment on this attitude was—"If you love only those who love you, what credit is that to you? Why even sinful men love those who love them!" after which he adds, "No, you must love your enemies and help them, you must lend to them without expecting any return; then . . . you will be sons of the Most High!"

Ah yes! this loving of enemies! How often we have heard it; how seldom succeeded in it! And the reaction—the puzzlement—of most people as they consider this command reveals how widespread are certain misconceptions among us as to the very nature of love. For they say—most honestly—"How can you love someone when you know he is full of meanness and wickedness, deceit and selfishness, and that he doesn't care a thing for you or anyone else?"

Yes, that is just it. Most of us apparently believe that the attitude we have toward others, whether of hatred, indifference, or love, is determined by *their* virtue or lack of it, and little if at all by the condition of our own hearts. Well, there is a degree of truth in this, no doubt—just enough to be misleading. One cannot normally stand beside a fire without feeling its warmth and being warmer oneself. Neither can we easily be in the presence of one who is all kindness, consideration, and free of

self without feeling a response within us of heartwarming love and affection. But the more dependent we are upon the fire for our bodily warmth, the less alive and vital we are within ourselves; and when our bodily fires truly flag within us, how bitter and relentless is that chill which no amount of outer heat can see into reach.

So it is with love. The bodily vigor and warmth which no amount of outer cold can quell and which burns only the more strongly because of outer buffeting is analogous to the love of which Christ spoke—the love of enemies—when He said, "Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you and revile you and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad!" That kind of love has nothing whatever to do with the apparent worth, character, or attitude of those toward whom it is directed, unless perhaps to flow forth in richer abundance where it would seem least deserved, because it proceeds from a higher principle, and seeks nobler ends.

The reason, of course, that bodily fires are able to blaze up and maintain warmth in the midst of severe cold is that the body is well-nourished and in good working condition. If the nourishment is cut off it soon succumbs, having no ultimate resource within itself. And so with love. The entire ques-

tion of whether or not I am able to love truly either friend or foe depends upon my spiritual nourishment—my unbroken and continuing contact with the source of all light, love, and power. In other words, I do not love, but the Father loves through me. Or again, in words of Scripture, "We love, because He first loved us."

Perhaps again we might find among Christians a widespread, nominal acceptance of such statements as true, even if only because taken from Holy Writ. Yet it can be the most profound truth in the Universe and mean *nothing* to you and me unless our inner contacts are real, vital and productive. This then is the point at which we either succeed or fail in fulfillment of the command of love. Of what may we take hold that will help us to succeed and really answer our honest query—"How can I love the unlovely?"

Jesus was really answering our question with dramatic power when to the unspoken question in Simon's mind he gave a question of his own—the while a sinful woman sobbed at His feet, bathing them with her tears, drying them with her hair and anointing them with precious ointment. "There was a money lender," he said, "who had two debtors; one owed him fifty pounds, the other five. As they were unable to pay, he freely forgave them both. Tell me,

Simon, which of them will love him most?" "I suppose," said Simon, "the man who had most forgiven." "Quite right," he said.

". . . You see this woman?" (proceeding to contrast her attitude toward him with that of Simon) "I tell you, many as her sins are, they are forgiven, for her love is great; whereas he to whom little is forgiven has but little love." It was the same person—Jesus—toward whom we would suppose love would flow in abundance from *anyone*. Surely this would be true if love were really drawn out from us by the merit of those about us. Yet it is plainly seen that Simon did not love Jesus: that the sinful woman did. Nothing had happened within Simon: something tremendous had taken place in her. God had forgiven—and loved her!

There is no experience of greater power than the deep awareness of God's love as it expresses itself in forgiveness and the peace and joy that attend the re-establishment of one's wayward spirit with that of its Creator. Nothing will open and clear the channel between God and man for the free-flowing of His love to all about as will this. But it of course cannot even begin unless there is some comprehension of need for forgiveness, which Simon apparently lacked. Once achieved, and the channel cleared, love just flows. It flows to lowest as well as highest, to the undeserv-

ing as easily as to the deserving, for it is charged with the power of God which is over and above all and must find outlet. All will not receive it equally. Many will be closed doors, at which the lover can only stand and knock. Yet love will continue to flow. The essence of the matter seems to lie in the extent of the contrast in one's consciousness between man's nothingness (without God) and God's Allness.

When I ask myself—"How often have I failed the highest, the truest, the most beautiful—only to be given chance after chance, forgiven debt after debt?" and answer it honestly, the flood of gratitude and repentance is so overwhelming that I simply *cannot* then turn upon my brother, and either through judgment, sense of injury, or any other "hardness" demand that he conform to my puny standard, or meet my requirements. For if I do, I immediately put myself in the place of the unjust servant of Jesus' story to Peter when he answered Peter's question on forgiveness.

You remember the servant on his plea for mercy was forgiven a debt of *three million pounds* by his master, but as the servant went away, "he met one of his fellow-servants who owed him *twenty pounds*, and seizing him by the throat he said, 'Pay your debt!'" Three million to twenty! I wonder how our betting fraternity would

like such odds! When the master learned of the servant's hardness, he was enraged and compelled that servant to pay *all* of his debt—the whole three million! And Jesus ends, "My Father will do the same to you unless you each forgive your brother *from the heart!*"

Unless this tremendous consciousness of the infinite extent of God's gifts, grace, mercy, and love are kept ever fresh and clear in our minds and hearts, it is not easy—perhaps not possible—to love in God's all inclusive way. But when it IS present, the great surge of thankfulness and praise wells up within and everything that once blocked the channel and hardened the heart is swept away in a great stream of pure, forgiving love.

When I ask myself, "How can I repay the Creator for His gifts to me? I am completely devastated. I am either eternally in debt and enslaved by the debt; or I am eternally forgiven and immersed in gratitude. How utterly impossible for any of us ever to *repay* the blessings of God! How could any of us repay the gift of life itself? It is absolutely incommensurable with any value we have ever known or ever conceived! It simply is a contradiction, an impasse that is final, complete, incontrovertible! And since it is impossible ever to repay in any real ultimate sense, but only to pass gifts on eternally, it makes giving and

forgiving essential elements in the life process itself—so that if they are blocked, so is everything else. "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive others" said Jesus, "for if you do not forgive others, neither *can* the heavenly Father forgive you." And that forgiveness includes standards, obligations, responsibilities, duties, judgments, resentments, opinions,—everything and anything which *we* in our *human* capacities set up.

To those of us who think *we* are pretty good, this will all seem rank foolishness—despite Jesus' rebuke that "There is none good save God!"—not even Jesus! The attitude which some hold that "the world owes me a living" could find no place in this position. For the Creator owes the created nothing, as Job finally learned, although He *gives* mankind wealth untold.

Those who acknowledge the existence and sovereignty of God, and those who, regardless of expressed belief, have known the experience of forgiveness in their lives, should have no difficulty in seeing these truths. A million is to infinity as one is to the same infinity, say our mathematicians. "A thousand years are as a day in Thy sight" says the Psalmist. Our only problem is to widen and widen and widen our perspective and the area of its effectiveness. Despite our best efforts we repeatedly lose God's perspective, and hardness of

heart creeps in,—making us indifferent to this, antagonistic to that, envious of another—and we *determine* to have our way, *resolve* to stop someone else, or simply *refuse* to yield to anything! We surround ourselves with judgments, standards, material values and desires so thickly tangled that love filters through with difficulty if at all and is robbed of the great potential of God's power.

One reason the phrase "hardness of heart" seems so revealing is that the experience of love as Jesus knew it actually seems to come through an inner "melting" of hardnesses and resistances, as ice yielding to the Spring, letting go here, then there, until finally it merges and loses itself in the quiet pools, running rivulets and all-embracing seas and oceans of its own element. To us this element is brotherhood. If one has believed that goodness lay in actions, and in the maintenance of outer standards—by compulsion, if necessary—this "melting" and "letting go" will seem utter surrender and failure. How else can the right prevail than by our insistence? But a deeper insight reveals that "letting-go" in the *heart* is what clears the way for true fulfillment of the right, because the spirit and power of the Most High can then find expression as Divine love.

The experience of peace, love, and purified joy that comes to one

who has let "hardness" melt and flow out in this way is not to be gainsaid. Yet of equal importance is the fact that wherever this occurs, the level of life for all is lifted, whether viewed from within or without. The fear that the relaxation of outer disciplines will mean a collapse of standards is seen to be unfounded and instead that fulfillment of them is only attained from within. This is true "overcoming of evil with good"—not be resisting what seems evil or defending the good but by the release of love over it in thankfulness to God and self-giving to others.

To many this will prove a difficult task, our hearts are so hardened. Yet it is the *only* way to open anew the old channels for His love through our world. Over and over in the lives of myself and others with whom I have shared the experience, it has performed its amazing miracles. Why should we limit its power? Given full release it can restore this war-torn world to peace, and heal its wounds as by a miracle. Blocked as it is today, we can go down in the whirlpool of chaos and destruction. He waits for us to yield, forgive, surrender, melt, repent, and love—the unlovely, the sinner, the hardened, the evil. Love, like electricity, always flows in one direction, from a higher potential to a

lower, and He does the loving. WE are the hardened and evil.

We may say truly with the Psalmist—"I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." Yet Christ's love showed us—and we have been lifted ever since. St. Francis caught it—and swung the course of civilization upward again. Kagawa, Gandhi, and others in our day are testifying to its power. Shall we, too, yield to Him, or do we prefer darkness and death?

Thankfulness to God for the gift of life and all else; the dropping of all ideas of our own merit and of judgment as "between me and thee"; the surrender of all personal sense of responsibility for the maintenance of the status quo or the defense of the "good"; gratitude for His unending forgiveness of our failures and departures from His spirit and being; the "melting" of all resistance in our hearts and flowing out in love—complete and absolute—and gratitude to all about us; perfect trust that He will provide all that is needful for the doing of His will; perfect relinquishment of all conditions in life—even life itself. These are the swinging strides of our path along the highway of love, and the only way to our home in the heart and being of God!

Of the Wonderful Effect of Living Love

Thomas a Kempis: "The Imitation of Christ"

AH, LORD GOD, Thou Holy Lover of my soul, when Thou comest into my heart, all that is within me shall rejoice.

Thou art my Glory and the Exaltation of my heart: Thou art my Hope and Refuge in the day of my trouble.

But because I am as yet weak in love, and imperfect in virtue, I have need to be strengthened and comforted by Thee; visit me therefore often, and instruct me with all holy discipline.

Set me free from all evil passions, and heal my heart of all inordinate affections; that being inwardly cured and thoroughly cleansed, I may be made fit to love, courageous to suffer, steady to persevere.

Love is a great thing, yea a great and thorough good; by itself it makes everything that is heavy, light; and it bears evenly all that is uneven.

For it carries a burden that is no burden, and makes everything that is bitter, sweet and tasteful.

The noble love of Jesus impels a man to do great things, and stirs him up to be always longing for what is more perfect.

Love desires to be aloft, and will

not be kept back by anything low and mean.

Love desires to be free, and estranged from all worldly affections, so that its inward sight may not be hindered; that it may not be entangled by any temporal prosperity, or by any adversity subdued.

Nothing is sweeter than Love, nothing more courageous, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller nor better in Heaven and earth; because Love is born of God, and cannot rest but in God, above all created things.

He that loveth, flieth, runneth, and rejoiceth; he is free, and cannot be held in.

Love oftentimes knoweth no measure, but is fervent beyond all measure.

Love feels no burden, thinks nothing a trouble, attempts what is above its strength, pleads no excuse of impossibility; for it thinks all things lawful for itself and all things possible.

It is therefore able to undertake all things, and warrants them to take effect, where he who does not love, would faint and lie down.

Love is watchful, and sleeping slumbereth not.

Though weary, it is not tired; though pressed, it is not straitened; though alarmed, it is not confounded: but, as a living flame and burning torch, it forces its way upwards, and securely passes through all.

Enlarge Thou me in love, that with the inward palate of my heart I may taste how sweet it is to love, and to be dissolved, and, as it were, to bathe myself in Thy love.

Let me be possessed by Love, mounting above myself, through excessive fervor and admiration.

Let me love Thee more than myself, nor love myself but for Thee: and in Thee all that truly love Thee, as the law of Love commandeth, shining out from Thyself.

In whatever instance a person seeketh himself, there he falleth from Love.

Love is circumspect, humble and upright: not yielding to softness or to levity, nor attending to vain things. It is sober, chaste, steady, quiet, and guarded in all the senses.

Love is subject, and obedient to its superiors, to itself mean and despised, unto God devout and thankful, trusting and hoping always in Him, even when God imparteth no relish of sweetness to it: for without sorrow none liveth in love.

He that is not prepared to suffer all things, and to stand to the will of his Beloved, is not worthy to be called a lover.

A lover ought to embrace willingly all that is hard and distasteful, for the sake of his Beloved; and not to turn away from Him for any contrary accidents.

God, what a world, if men in street and mart,
Felt that same kinship of the human heart,
Which makes them, in the face of fire and flood,
Rise to the meaning of True Brotherhood.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Love Is My All in All

Toyohiko Kagawa: "Love the Law of Life"

AH, this famine of love! How it saddens my soul! In city, and country, in hospital and factory, in shop and on street, everywhere this dreadful drought of love! Not a drop of love anywhere: the loveless land is more dreary than Sahara and more terrible than Gobi. When the last drop of Love has dried away all men will go mad and begin to massacre all who ever thought of love or appreciated it. Behold them armed with guns, swords, spears, and even ancient maces, hating and suspecting one another!

Japan is assailed by a whirlwind of fear, and its organization is shaken from the very foundation. I do not mean that Japan has no army or no government. What I mean is, there is no spirit here: the soul of Japan has been shaken, as was the land itself in the great earthquake. Japanese people are not trusting each other. They are tasting the sorrows of the conqueror. They have discovered that in the very heart of their capital city there is living a horde of traitors. Japanese people no longer believe in themselves. This saddens me.

There was a time when we Japanese thought that the nation was

created by the sword: when we used to think that the sword was the soul of Japan—but that time is no more. Henceforth in the spirit of Japan, love must be regnant.

Love is the supreme sovereign. Love alone can subdue the world. All those men who dreamed of world empire have failed: the first Emperor of China, Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Julius Caesar, Napoleon, the Kaiser — all have vanished like a dream. Conquest by the sword is but for the moment; it has no validity whatever.

Love binds society together from within. It is both linchpin and girdle; and Love can never be annihilated.

Japan does not believe this, and hence cannot subdue the world. Would-be conquerors can subdue merely the surface of a globe, 7,900 miles in diameter; but the conquerors of men's spirits subjugate the very core of the cosmos.

Oh, do not rehearse to me the horrors of the European War. My heart is sick with them. They were not the doings of humankind: they were rather the deeds of nationals — of Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen — not of human beings. Those men had become mere machines. They were beasts without

souls. For beasts do have souls, but they—they have sold their souls for passion, for gold, and had bound the sons of men in front of the mouths of cannon. Why did they in order to purchase destruction, murder eight million souls and wound twenty-two million people?

Why? It was retribution. It was the vengeance of Heaven. Thus did the loveless recompense themselves. For twenty-seven years they had been teaching hatred and strife, and the world naturally became what they had prayed it might be. When the trees are felled, the springs of water fail; and when love had dried up, the very next day the Great War began.

Never talk to me of any doctrine of communism that is based on hate, for I wish to love. Show me how any communism founded on hate can ever exist! Is not communism that is maintained by the sword mere tyranny? Revolution may break out in a day. Czar Nicholas was frightened by the booming of cannon on the Kronstadt; Kerensky fled without fighting; and the fall of Kiel made the crown topple from the head of Kaiser Wilhelm the Second.

But Love cannot be born in a day. Therefore the mob chooses the easy way of the sword. As for me, this famine of love makes me faint and sick.

My soul, whither wilt thou flee, and find an oasis in this parched,

loveless waste? Where wilt thou find a fountain of love?

Child, search not for springs of love in the deep valleys, nor yet in the bosom of another being. The spring of love, ah, it must well up in thy own heart.

I ask, who will love those who fail to love others? When will they be moulded into personalities, if they do not mould themselves? Ah, poor soul, grasp a handful of clay and shape therewith a nose. Then the eyes, the mouth, and last the ears and you have a man! Love is a sculpture: it is a carving chiseled upon the soul of a man.

Therefore, I do not lose hope, nor do I fear when I see this drought in the land. I shall dig down deeper, still deeper, into my soul, and there, in my heart of hearts, shall I find the spring of love which can never be found on the surface. I shall dig down to the God who is within me. Then, if I strike the underground stream that murmurs softly in the depths of my heart, I will tenderly cherish this oasis of the soul—so rarely found—and to it will I lead a few thirsting comrades.

Begone, you sword and gun jugglers! For I must work with God to set up the Kingdom of Love in the earth, where not a single sinner shall be molested, nor a single beggar be despised.

Ah, dreamer, think you that the Kingdom of Heaven will come

easily and soon? Your Utopian phantasies will be rudely jolted!

But, my child, never fear. The Kingdom of Love has begun in my own soul; and little by little it is growing. Yet I do not expect it to grow without sacrifice. A cross awaits me on before. Then, let the cross, and death, too, come! If it be for the sake of Love, I will gladly die.

I have only one gospel, only one way of salvation: it is that the cross be overpassed by Love.

Through Love all things are born again. Love only is all-powerful. Love creates, rears, leads. Love alone is eternal. Love created

the world, and Love maintains the world. Love is the very essence of God.

When I must suffer, to Love I entrust my body; when I must die, to Love I submit my soul. Love is the final conqueror of my heart. I am love's bond-slave. Oh, glorious bondage!

If any man desires me to revere him, let him offer me love. To the loving I shall grudge no word of reverent praise. Even if his love be but imperfect, for me it is a revelation and a way leading me toward God.

Where Love is, there is God.

Love is my all in all.

Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And Love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will then seem parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above;
They cease to have who cease to give:
Such is the law of Love.

—Anonymous

Station L-O-V-E

Franz Aust

THE most popular exercise in the world today is tuning in on the daily broadcasts. Broadcasting stations all over the world are going continuously night and day.

For ten years the Camps Farthest Out have been broadcasting stations of Prayer. It was discovered that different ones had different capacity for prayer. Some have the ability to pray for money, and attract money to them. Others have the ability to pray for healing the sick, and the sick are healed. Others have the ability to pray for justice, and justice comes in their midst. But as Love is a universal emotion of mankind, so there are many more people who have the ability to radiate love and to be a broadcasting station of love than there are people who can radiate health and supply. As one sends love to the remotest parts of the earth, he will find that his capacity for love will be ever increased and the source springs of his love will be replenished.

In recent years we have discovered what the world needed, even more than it needed broadcasting stations of Prayer, it needed broadcasting stations of Love.

What Matthew 18:19 is to the

prayer laboratory 1st Corinthians 13 is to the broadcasting station, L-O-V-E. "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall seek, it shall be done for them," definitely indicates that we are confronted with problems which present a golden opportunity for two people to bring their spiritual energies to bear upon one particular situation. 1st Corinthians 13 definitely points the way whereby each individual may become a complete broadcasting station, sending forth the beam of love not only to those he holds dear, but to those hungry souls that are crying out for love. If, as some one has said, hate is just inverted love, then the presence of hate indicates a longing for love in the world today.

Hate helps to defeat everything that we believe to be enduringly worth while. Given its full scope, it is self-defeating. War is always an indication of a failure to find in human relationships the basic linkages between people and nations. We destroy one another because we fear one another. We suppress individuality in others because we fear that we may be dominated by others. It is our individual task to create an order

amongst ourselves which is world-wide in its relationships and far removed from fear and hate.

If prayer laboratories are successful, why shouldn't athletes of the spirit join together in their meditations and prayer and become a highly efficient and extremely powerful broadcasting station for love? Here each can help the other to realize the full significance of those three words, "Love never faileth" and again the value of patience that, "Love suffereth long," and the need for kindness for "Love is kind." Tolerance and generosity and humility are the natural by-products of love, for "Love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself; it is not puffed up."

There is an old adage which says, "Many hands make work light." Again, "the continual impingement of the forces of gravity centered in a falling drop of water will wear away the most resistant stone." In the spiritual sense we might say that the impinging force of many minds brought to bear upon one inverted life may so fill that life with love that only the love can live therein and only the creative forces of good can emerge therefrom. Many such broadcasting stations distributed over America will have a potent influence in breaking down the hate centers, not only in our own country, but in foreign lands. True love in the individual is God-given,

and it cannot help but fill the void created by the hate.

Athletes can not limit their training to the athletic field. Their training must be carried consistently day by day into every phase of their lives. Sleep and diet, work and thinking must all be considered even when the athlete is by himself and far removed from the restraining influences of his companion athletes. And so it is with each of us if we are to be athletes of the spirit. Each must train himself daily not only in the contemplation of love but in the dissemination and practice of love. This sometimes is very hard to do. Many people find it difficult, but by the interchange and interplay of points of view, it sometimes becomes very simple. We must start with that which is familiar to us. Every normal living person loves some person or some thing. It is the natural way of life.

One can increase his capacity for love by vitalizing one's emotions and contemplating objects of love. To love someone more should mean to hate someone less. The ultimate removal of hate from one's life should be the eventual objective of everyone. Frequently it is true that the person whom we hate the most is often the one who is placed in our pathway so we may learn to love him the most. And by seeing the person whom we hate through the same set and

frame of mind, through the same feelings of happiness and well-being as we see the person whom we love, we may often experience the barriers melting away and our capacity for love be increased. The contemplative act in which one transfers the emotional attentions first from the image of the one he loves to the image of the one for whom he has no love is an excellent exercise for the athlete of the spirit. It is this technique which enables us to discover the real

power of love. If this technique proves futile, the united efforts of the group may bring into play the spiritual law of love as has often been demonstrated. But it has been said by the great apostle of the 13th chapter of I Corinthians, "Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Broadcasting stations of L-O-V-E present many possibilities and are a tremendous challenge to every Christian-thinking person.

But what chance will Love have against a wild beast like Hitler?

Has Love ever been tried?

When the German armies, driven back in all parts, surrendered to the propaganda of the Fourteen Points, did they get Love? No, they didn't even get one of the Fourteen Points.

When they laid down their arms expecting at least that food-stuffs would be shipped into their starving land, did they get Love? No, they didn't even get food. The blockade was continued eight months and starved 800,000 men, women, and children.

When the inflation struck the Republic of Germany and they appealed to the other republics for international bankers to peg the

mark as they had already pegged the franc during France's hour of peril, did they get Love? No, all help was refused and the mark sank until at its lowest point foreigners with one penny of American money could buy \$100,000 worth of German real estate. In this time of need did Germany get Love? No, outsiders, including some Jews, came in and bought up most of the German real estate for a song.

Wherever they turned—dishonored, defeated, deflated—they received no Love, nothing but indifference and hate.

Has Love ever been tried on Germany?

Yes.

At the Camp Farthest Out, at

Koronis, Minnesota, a band of one hundred praying people on a hill-top one evening broadcast Love to all nations, and, acting on Jesus' command to love your enemies, special attention was given to broadcasting love to Germany. The last week in August, at the Isles of Shoals, New Hampshire, where another Camp Farthest Out was being held, a remarkable thing happened.

For a week Love had been broadcast to the nations of Europe. Then one evening a dramatization was given of the effect of this broadcast upon Hitler. So beautifully and so simply was it worked out that at the climax, where Hitler was represented as changing his policy of ruthlessness to one of mercy, a great silence filled the hall and everyone present *knew* that something had happened in Germany.

The next day the Boston *Transcript* arrived with stunning headlines. The day before the German Army had had orders to start their blitzkrieg march into Poland at four that morning. But suddenly

Hitler cancelled this order, and opened telephone connections with London and Paris, which had been closed for seven hours, as he renewed attempts to obtain the Corridor through Poland, and some other rights he thought necessary, through diplomatic cooperation instead of by war. Then the account added, "Those close to Hitler know the exact hour and minute when he made this change. It was at two o'clock in the morning." Careful comparison of this time with the daylight saving time of New England revealed that it was at the *identical moment of the climax of the prayer drama at the Isles of Shoals that Hitler made his change.*

This we know, and know with absolute conviction, and it has been borne out whenever and wherever it has been put to the test: that Love is more powerful than cannon and tanks and bombing planes. All that is needed is enough of it. If, by broadcasting love, a hundred praying souls can halt war for a day, could not a million halt war for all time?

Encircling Love

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in.

—Edwin Markham.

Experiences of Teachers in the Love Way

I DECIDED early in the term that after every period of physical or mental exertion we would have a quiet time. After several minutes of perfect silence—by the way, it required about three weeks for the children to know when and why we were having the quiet times—I break the silence by quoting something of an altruistic nature. As time has gone on the children have learned several quotations. The one they like best so far is “May our eyes be filled with His truth; may all unloving thoughts go away from our hearts; may we follow what is good, noble, and truly beautiful.” That is usually the one we use first thing in the morning—it sets us up for the day.

Early in the Fall I followed the quotation by another silence, then asked the children to stand and we saluted the Flag, after which I spent several days explaining the meaning of the Pledge of Allegiance. I have woven in, daily, the idea of love and brotherhood, and now they are fairly steeped in love. We of course used what was closest to us—our homes, the school, the community, then launched out into a larger field of conquest in seeing what we can do in the world situation.

I tell you I have never spent such a thrilling year in all the fifteen I’ve been teaching!

After I felt quite sure they understood what it means to love—say Mr. Hitler and the others they were inclined to hate because of conversations heard elsewhere—I led their thinking in the quiet time somewhat in the same manner as the prayer laboratory is used at camp—asking the children to imagine what the world would be like if all the people everywhere were loving each other instead of hating; what the world would be like if all the thoughts people think were good instead of evil, and so on. It is impossible to tell here all that I have used in slowly developing this concept. Having about one-half my class Jewish children, several Catholics, and others something else or nothing as the case may be, I have probably held back more than is really necessary. But even at that I am beginning to see results every day.

One youngster said: “If they would only start loving each other in Europe there wouldn’t need to be any fighting.” You would have had the thrill of a lifetime if you could have heard that! It had such a beautiful tone of finality to it and

a ring of sincerity that will and must ring on through the ages. And mind you, these are seven and eight year old youngsters. I could go on and on telling other things that have come out of our silences.

Our latest acquisition is the booklet I received from Shirley, “The Man Who Talks With the Flowers.” I read it through last Sunday night before I went to sleep. The next morning I used it for the quiet time after the quotation and salute. I told them very briefly about the little booklet I had received the day before and some of the things I found out when I read it. The children were so interested they begged me to read it to them. I told them I would be glad to bring it the next day and read parts of it to them. They are positively intrigued with it, Dr. Carver and Jim and you. They want to memorize Dr. Carver’s favorite poem.

Besides the above I should tell you also that I have two classes together—one very slow, or *was*. I have succeeded in bringing the majority of the latter up to grade, and the principal says I have done the best job of teaching I have ever done. She cannot get over the idea that as soon as the last bell rings the children are all sitting quietly in their seats, their eyes closed, just sitting relaxed and calm—without my having to scold them, etc., etc. . . .

From a teacher in Demarest, N. J.:

I attended the meeting at Riverside Church on Saturday and there is so much I could say thank you for, but I should like to tell you what a deep spring of inspiration your talk a year ago has been to me. You remember you talked about the secret of all miracles, and quoted as the key “And Jesus looked at him and loved him.”

I teach seventh grade girls in a small city, where social position is of great importance to most of the families whose children come to our school. Of course many unnecessary tensions develop, especially where money is less than it used to be. Many of my girls suffer from the twisted point of view, and too many of them come to be “problems.” I put your secret to work, picking out my most obstinate, unpleasant girl to concentrate on. Daily I prayed for her, and often in school as she sat studying I sat loving her silently, looking through her antagonistic front to the lonely, hungry, half frightened spirit inside, asking God’s peace to calm her jitters, and bring confidence to her. I really had faith, but I was astonished myself to see the miracle work. I tried it on others and was filled with joy and amazement to see the Power work so quickly and surely. The first girl passed her examinations the first time in three years; her mother called me up to say, “I don’t know what you’ve done to

Anne, but she is a different person." I answered, "Oh, I just loved her."

This year I have a girl so badly adjusted to her associates that she simply hated school last year and just wouldn't come half the time. Her mother came today to see me and said that Joan's happiness in school is remarkable, her social adjustment far beyond her hopes—indeed she is almost too popular. She said she knew I was responsible—but I know that I couldn't have done much, but that the

"Power that worketh in me" is "able to do exceedingly abundantly above all we ask or think." You can understand what a really thrilling experience teaching has become, being a channel for that Power.

I've put the secret to work in my family with fine results. Each member has developed more purpose, and the vital enthusiasm which has drawn us together over a God-sent project is finer than I could have imagined if I'd had a fairy's wishing ring.

Complacency

Betty Lee

The present suffering of this world is not
Because of the bad people who are caught
In the mad mesh of human circumstance;
Whose lives are torn and twisted by the chance,
Grim desperation of a hungry day,
Who've done some wrong and cannot get away.

Suffering comes because the folks called "good"
Look upon life as if in playful mood;
Care not for others; hold themselves aloof
From battles that are real; await the proof
That no man's life need ever be so rough
If the good people are just good enough.

Fog

Elizabeth Meredith Lee

The fog lies heavy on the isle tonight,
All thick and damp, impenetrable;
A silent wall of darkness, shutting out
The sea, the moon, the stars.
The only link between us and the world
Is the insistent fog-horn's measured boom,
Grim warning for all men who'd find their way.
Even the strong feel helpless in a fog.

With morning comes the sun, rising to high heaven,
Slowly drawing, lifting the drops of water
Above the earth. An orange glow
Comes in the sky. Then more light and warmth and visibility,
Till, lo: the world shines in brightness.
The fog is gone.

The fog lies heavy on the world tonight,
A dense shroud of darkness over many nations,
A wall of hate, distrust, and greed
So thick men cannot penetrate the world of love and light.
Listen! The fog-horn is the heavy murmuring of men
Made bitter by the want of bread and freedom.
It is the hammering of arms
That bring destruction in their train.

But day will come. The Sun of God
Is rising in His heaven.
Here and there men dare to try His ways
And find them good.
The penetrating heat of His abundant love
Can lift the fog,
And the whole world breaks forth again in His own brightness.

Clear Horizons

An Adventure in Solving Problems in a Heavenly Way.

Helen Clark Wentworth

ONE CAN *overcome* many problems if he can *come up over* them, merely rise high enough to vision the *clear horizons* beyond the immediate problems and all things fall into their proper place in clear perspective.

"Lord, what a change within us
one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will avail
to make!
What heavy burdens from our
bosoms take;
What parched grounds refresh, as
with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems
to lower;
We rise, and *all the distant and the near*
Stands forth in sunny outline,
brave and clear!
We kneel, how weak! we rise, how
full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do our-
selves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always
strong;
That we are ever overborne with
care;
That we should ever weak or heart-
less be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us
is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage
are with Thee?"

One by one we shall hope to take each problem as it comes to our attention and lift it high enough to clear it in the light of God's perfect plan for the world.

Prayer will be the underlying theme for each issue. Different phases of the means of living more adventurously and more abundantly will be taken up in different numbers. This first number stresses LOVE. The September number will emphasize Practicing the Presence of God. The December issue will deal with Prayer itself in the problems of life. Then in the Lenten season will appear a copy especially treating Immortality. But always the practical working out of this philosophy will be brought out, with articles by our own camp folks telling of their experiences.

Although this is the first printed copy of *Clear Horizons*, the little magazine is not quite new. In the summer of 1935, returning from the Camp Farthest Out at the Isles of Shoals, off the coast of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a caravan of westerners was resting at Ypsilanti, Michigan. Sitting under the shade of trees, waiting for minor repairs to be made on one of the cars, the subject of a camp

magazine was broached. It was Louise Clark who suggested the name, "Far Horizons." And that fall the first copy was mimeographed and mailed to campers.

Learning that the Student Volunteers published a *Far Horizons*, we changed our name to *Clear Horizons*, the name being suggested by the poem printed above. From December, 1935, until the spring of 1939 the little magazine appeared every little while, in mimeographed form. Since seven hundred and fifty copies were being put out, and the work was all volunteer labor, it grew to be quite a task.

The time seems to have come when if it is to be continued it should appear in printed form. And it seems to some of us that it is worth while to spread abroad the philosophy of life that to those of us who are following it has become inexpressibly dear. It helps us to be better teachers, and ministers and students and Y.W.C.A. secretaries, deaconesses and merchants and

writers and salesmen and business men generally, and housewives and mothers and fathers, and sons and daughters. We know that from our own experiences day by day. Why then do we not let others in on the secret? Perhaps the printed page which tells of our experiences will help do that.

Naturally, printing the booklet adds to the cost. Hence we will be able to mail copies only to our subscribers. If you feel it worth while to continue the publication, help us build up our subscription list. And write in any suggestions as to how to make this a unique and valuable publication such as we feel it should be.

Because the subscription list is *small* and the price of publication large, we are getting out the *Clear Horizons* as a quarterly. When there is sufficient demand for more frequent issues, we shall get them out at as small an additional cost to our subscribers as possible.

The Camp Farthest Out

E. McClung Fleming

THE CAMP FARTHEST OUT is a vision of a certain way of living, and a fellowship dedicated to the fulfillment of the conditions on which the realization of this way depends. It is a vision that many men in many ages and places have cherished and sought to express in varying metaphors in numerous languages. It is as old as the human hunger for more life, and as new as the latest birth of the spirit. While there are, and always have been, those who feel that it is neither real nor desirable, others are aware that for them no other way is real.

It is the Pearl of Great Price: a prize well worth the surrender of every lesser value. It is The Kingdom of God: a dwelling place where we may have our being here and now. It is the Christ Consciousness: the awareness of our union with God through that redeeming center of love in us which is The Christ. It is continuous prayer: a way of living each moment of our solitude and fellowship, our work and play in the presence of God. It is Enlighten-

ment: the clarification of our understanding, and the unification of our will. It is Emancipation: the release from the impoverishment of ego-centricity. It is the life of attunement, orchestration, dynamic symmetry, of "falling into rhythm and harmony." Its by-products include buoyancy, freedom, audacity, radiance, joy.

This way of living, the Camp believes, is the expression of laws and principles as authoritative as those of the physical sciences. We seek to understand those laws by illustration, discussion, study, and the contagion of example. But we also seek to realize them here and now by personal practice and discipline. The most important principle involves the replacement of the little ego by the God-Channeling Self. This is done by the practice of: letting go, surrender, non-attachment, relinquishment, "emptying of self," stewardship.

Members of the Camp seek to be Athletes of the Spirit, Troubadours of God, Children of the Kingdom.

My Impressions of the Camp Farthest Out

Rachel Olson

ONE morning last summer during my quiet hour I opened Glenn Clark's "Lord's Prayer" to the descriptive page about "The Camp Farthest Out," and as I read a growing conviction overtook me that here was what I needed for mental stimulation and physical relaxation. I knew no one who had been there and nothing about the camp except that if Glenn Clark were there it would be worth while.

Arriving at Lake Koronis a total stranger I knew I was stepping into a group of friends. To those who have been to camp the daily routine is well known. To me it was a joyous experience from the seven o'clock morning devotional to the final evening meditation under the stars as the music of Bach was wafted out from the chapel.

To become a channel through whom God could speak and create became an adventure whether in painting, writing or rhythm, and although I was a muddy one, I at least learned the technic of sedi-

mentation of self so that He could flow through.

Not the least of my joys were the friendships formed and the chance to discuss heart problems with kindred souls.

But the high point of the day came at twilight when we gathered on the porch overlooking beautiful Lake Koronis and under the expert leadership of Glenn Harding became one in a glorious harmonious songfest closing with that lovely hymn, "Galilee, Sweet Galilee," which was always the signal for Glenn Clark to take over the meeting. Crystallizing the day's experiences into a pass key he, who has a master key, led us into the kingdom of Heaven.

It was with reluctance that I left that mountain top experience at the end of the week to return home but to my delight I found that I had not relinquished my pass key and although it does not turn so easily in my inexperienced fingers I find it can be kept from rusting by frequent dipping in Glenn Clark's books.

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