

UPT Waldrop



CLEAR HORIZONS

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Also twenty other poems and sketches



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

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Foreword

Practicing the Presence of God

IF a religion means anything to us, it should make itself felt in the everyday life of its followers. It is only as the teachings of Jesus become a part of the daily living of those who call themselves Christian, that its truth will be manifest. And it is only through hours spent in meditation and prayer, and through lives filled with the spirit of love and good-fellowship and of thought for others rather than self, that we can demonstrate the Christ-spirit.

The desire to live the Christ-like life is in the hearts of most of us. The question that puzzles us, and actually floors a good many, is *how to live that life*. It is to provide a manual to help us all to do that, by giving suggestions that will prove of benefit, that this number of Clear Horizons is sent forth.

No achievement is accomplished without effort. An athlete must be willing to give up certain habits, of smoking and drinking and keeping late hours, and go into training that may be hard at times, if he wishes to win his letter. A man must play football for years in order to make the team, even if it is in only one game he may play for the Var-

sity. A hurdler must practice tirelessly in order to gain the form which enables him to skim over the hurdles gracefully and effortlessly.

A pianist can not delight his audience with Chopin or Bach unless he has first practiced hour after hour, day after day, year after year. An artist can not paint pictures of lasting value unless he has through months of study mastered his art.

So we cannot expect to live a beautiful Christ-like life unless we too practice, in our daily living, the rudiments of the art we are trying to master. And that art is practicing the presence of God, every moment of our lives.

But mere practicing is not sufficient to make one a master if one does not have an inner urge, a divine spark, which any amount of five finger exercises or running around a cinder track can not create. This enthusiasm and love can not be achieved by mere routine, no matter how faithfully carried out.

In this number of *Clear Horizons* we are combining both these principles. You will find disciplines, daily routines, to help make you supple and develop muscle

CLEAR HORIZONS

and endurance. You will also find the divine spark—the inner radiation of those who have attained the mystical experience of living in the kingdom of Heaven. Through labor on the one hand and through inspiration on the other many of us may attain to the art of practicing the presence of God.

Facing the Dawn

William Hiram Foulkes

Sunrise and morning star,
And one clear call to give,
And may there be no clouding of the skies
When I set forth to live.
But such a glow, as shining seems ablaze,
Too full for shade or night,
When that which drew from out the sun's vast rays
Bursts forth in light.

Daylight and morning bell
And after that to work
And may there be no soft and subtle spell
To make me shirk.
For though into the maze of toil and strife,
My tasks may set my way,
I hope to meet my Master life to life,
As I shall live this day.

Clear Horizons

An Adventure in Solving Human Problems in a Heavenly Way

*On the pages following will be found
a World Symposium of the Practice of the Presence of God*

Value of Practicing the Presence of God

From "Have You Lost God?" by Winfred Rhoades

DO you want your spirit to have a grip on peace no matter what befalls? Practice the presence of God. Do you want to be loosed from fear? Practice the presence of God. Do you want to get yourself free from the worry habit? Practice the presence of God. Do you want daily wisdom for the daily need? Practice the presence of God. Do you want to be an instrument for the building of that better world for which mankind longs? Practice the presence of God. Do you want your own selfhood to become ripe and rich and beautiful, as it ought to? Practice the presence of God. Do you want this week and the coming weeks and years to be different in their whole feeling from the times that are past, and also better? Begin now to practice the presence of God. If you have been already trying to practice the presence of God, do so more consistently and more intensely from this time forward. When you continually practice the presence of God the world becomes a different place. The quiet room in which you sit—or all the noise and confusion by which you are surrounded if you are out in the world—are felt as the abode of a Presence. It cannot be seen, that Presence; but it can be felt. There is in you awareness of a brooding, life-giving, divine, eternal Life and Spirit. Association with that Life and that Spirit becomes a passion. It leads to a growing peace inwardly.

What Is the Spiritual Life?

From "The Spiritual Life" by Evelyn Underhill

A spiritual life is simply a life in which all that we do comes from the centre, where we are anchored in God; a life soaked through and through by a sense of His reality and calm, and self-given to the great movement of His will.

Most of our conflicts and difficulties come from trying to deal with the spiritual and practical aspects of our life separately instead of realizing them as parts of one whole. If our practical life is centered on our own interests, cluttered up by possessions, distracted by ambitions, passions, wants and worries, beset by a sense of our own rights and importance, or anxieties for our own future, or longings for our own success, we need not expect that our spiritual life will be a contrast to all this.

The spiritual life, then, is not a peculiar or extreme form of piety. It is, on the contrary, that full and real life for which man is made; a life that is organic and social, essentially free, yet with its own necessities and laws. Just as physical life means, and depends on, constant correspondence with our physical environment, the atmosphere that surrounds and penetrates us, the

energies of heat and light, whether we happen to notice it or not; so does spiritual life mean constant correspondence with our spiritual environment, whether we notice it or not. We get out of gear in either department, when this correspondence is arrested or disturbed; and if it stops altogether, we cease to live. For the most part, of course, the presence and action of the great spiritual universe surrounding us is no more noticed by us than the pressure of air on our bodies, or the action of light. Our field of attention is not wide enough for that; our spiritual senses are not sufficiently alert. Most people work so hard developing their correspondence with the visible world, that their power of correspondence with the invisible is left in a rudimentary state. But when, for one reason or another, we begin to wake up a little bit, to lift the nose from the ground and notice that spiritual light and spiritual atmosphere are real constituents of our human world; then, the whole situation is changed. Our horizon is widened, our experience is enormously enriched, and at the same time our responsibilities are enlarged. For now we get an entirely new

idea of what human beings are for, and what they can achieve; and as a result, first our notions about life, our scale of values, begins to change, and then we do.

One of the great French teachers of the seventeenth century, Cardinal de Berulle, summed up the relation of man to God in three words: Adoration, Adherence, Co-operation. This means that from first to last the emphasis is to be on God and not on ourselves. Admiring delight, not cadging demands. Faithful and childlike dependence—a clinging to the Invisible, as the most real of all realities, in all the vicissitudes of life—not mere self-expression and self-fulfillment. Disinterested collaboration in the

Whole, in God's vast plan and purpose; not concentration on our own small affairs. Three kinds of generosity. Three kinds of self-forgetfulness. There we have the formula of the spiritual life: a confident reliance on the immense fact of His Presence, everywhere and at all times, pressing on the soul and the world by all sorts of paths and in all sorts of ways, pouring out on it His undivided love, and demanding an undivided loyalty. . . . We stand in a world completely penetrated by the Living God, the abiding Source and Sum of Reality. We are citizens of that world now; and our whole life is or should be an acknowledgment of this.

God's Need

Mildred Dymond

Mark the day well-spent when, in your need, you have been forced to touch God. It is His way of saying: "I am here within you; why have you waited so long? What is your need? It is my great longing to fulfill it. How can my work be accomplished except you seek me and find me?"

Sorrow and suffering have a way of tearing down barriers but also of building them up. They would not exist except for this purpose: that they force one to seek the Beloved.

"Lord, let me not live to be useless."

—John Wesley

There Is No Unbelief

Alfred Wooler

There is no unbelief!
Whoever plants a seed beneath
the sod
And waits to see it push away
the clod,
He trusts in God!
He trusts in God!

Whoever says when clouds are
in the sky,
"Be patient, heart, light break-
eth by and by,"
Trusts the Most High!
Trusts the Most High!

Whoever sees 'neath winter's
field of snow
The silent harvest of the future
grow
God's Pow'r must know!
God's Pow'r must know!

Whoever lies upon his couch
to sleep
Content to lock each sense in
slumber deep,
Knows God will Keep!
Knows God will Keep!

There is no unbelief!

The Fog Horns on Star Island

Emma Louise Howes

Hark to the fog-horns, cello and bass,
Booming their tones through foggy space;
Sounding their cry to mariners far,
Warning of rock and shoal and 'bar.
The distant tonic sings, "Come not nigh."
The deep, close dominant "Pass me by."
Doh, sol, doh, sol,—rhythm and swing
Over the salty sounding board bring
Tones of kind warning. Negative? Yea—
But ships pass safely on their way
Because of that simple, reiterant "Nay!"

Finding God

From "Have You Lost God?" by Winfred Rhoades

YOU live in the thought that round about you all the while is the Life you need for sustainment in the daily struggle, the Mind upon which you can draw for the wisdom life demands, the Source of peace and joy even when difficulties are most obdurate.

There are souls which live in God, and feel the life of God living in them, just as naturally and simply as they live in the air of heaven and know that air to be entering into them and giving them new life continually. It is not necessary to be abnormal and queer in order to live in union with God. "Where I am, there God is," you say to yourself. You form the habit of letting every happening lead your thought to God. You go forward in the persuasion that union with God will at last bring all the tangled mystery of life to a just and satisfying issue. Teaching yourself such a habit of practicing the presence of God, your religious life becomes a newly simple and an intensely real thing.

An old man was asked by a friend to explain the secret of his serene enjoyment of life, his knack of spreading happiness. He had devoted an hour before breakfast

each day solely to thanksgiving. He never allowed a thought of worry or a difficulty, a fault or a sin to turn his mind from the simple enjoyment of God's presence, from praising and thanking Him for His glorious works. It became a matter of habit with him, just as giving way to worry, a sense of inefficiency, or self-pity becomes a habit with others. That hour of concentration on all that was glorious, beautiful, and satisfying brought him so near to God that the glow of it lasted all day.

In "The Spiritual Life" Evelyn Underhill feels that Adoration accomplishes a similar end.

Consider for a moment what, in practice, the word Adoration implies. The upward and outward look of humble and joyful admiration. Awe-struck delight in the splendour and beauty of God, the action of God and Being of God, in and for Himself alone, as the very colour of life: giving its quality of unearthly beauty to the harshest, most disconcerting forms and the dreariest stretches of experience. This is adoration: not a difficult religious exercise, but an attitude of the soul.

. . . Adoration, widening our horizons, drowning our limited

interests in the total interests of Reality, redeems the spiritual life from all religious pettiness, and gives it a wonderful richness, meaning and span. And more, every aspect, even the most homely, of our practical life can become part of this adoring response, this total life; and always has done in those who have achieved full spiritual personality. "All the earth doth worship thee" means what it says. The life, beauty and meaning of the whole created order, from the tomtit to the Milky Way, refers back to the Absolute Life and Beauty of its Creator; and so perceived, so lived, every bit has spiritual significance. Thus the old woman of the legend could boil her potatoes to the greater glory of God; and St. Teresa, taking her turn in the kitchen, found Him very easily among the pots and pans.

Remember, says Oswald W. S. McCall in "The Hand of God,"

that while you are seeking you are also being sought. You will not be lost, you will not miss the gate. You will be found. You will be led. You will enter in. Look for that. Expect it. Expect to come to revelations of the Lord. Expect shells to break in their season. Expect boats to ride as the tide comes in.

This is hope, to desire and to expect.

To desire but not to expect is not hope, for though you may desire the moon you hardly hope for it.

To expect but not to desire is not hope, for who that expects his loved one to die could be said to hope for it?

But to *desire*, and to *expect* the desire's fulfilment, *that is hope*.

And "we are saved by hope."

When hope is in the heart it is as prophetic as the song of a young stream on the mountains. It is set for far destinies.

Self Portrait

Rachel Olson

I know now why when I have
prayed
For things I knew were right,
And yet frustration came to me
And settled like a blight:

I know now why my dreams have
failed
And turned to ugly stuff:
With all my lofty hopes and aims
I have not loved enough.

Pray Without Ceasing

Gerald Heard

PRAY without ceasing was the definite instruction of Paul to his converts. How is it to be done? Most people have jobs which need their attention most of the day and at night they are tired. Brother Lawrence in his short letters and talks gave his recipe for what he called the Practice of the Presence of God. This is prayer without ceasing. Most people when they read this small booklet think it obvious and are surprised at its being famous. Then they try to make the practice and find that the task is practically impossible. Even when they have some leisure they cannot keep their minds in constant communion. Yet the most cursory reading of Brother Lawrence shows that this man had to work hard at menial tasks; for years his employment was to run the kitchen of his religious house, a task he did not naturally like. If then they will take up his letters and conversations again and study them they will discover that instead of being simple and obvious the system he advocates is advanced; and scattered through his comments are remarks which show him to have had a practical psychological knowledge which was anything but rudimentary. Indeed

Brother Lawrence is discarded by most people not because his is a book for beginners but because he is describing a process which after years of struggle this very gifted man brought to perfection.

The Practice of the Presence, though a thing at which everyone concerned with the spiritual life should aim, is then an end-process. How may we set about attaining it?—for there is no doubt that when it is attained the character is integrated and the power of the dedicated will is close to perfect expression. It seems possible that this beautifully free system cannot be worked until one has begun with what seem rather simple, stiff and formal methods. After all before you can write a free, rapid, lucid calligraphy you have had to practice laboriously at attaining simple strokes and curves. The first thing, before one can think of making prayer constant, is to see that one does not go too many hours without any thought of the Eternal coming into one's mind. It is well for those who have never had any system in their prayer life—save perhaps a few bewildered and wandering moments at night and morning—to make a resolve to keep the three main watches of the day,

dawn, noon and sunset, for a two minutes pause. It is not much to ask but it may prove quite a good deal to answer for.

Regularity is very important with everything which has to do with the deep mind. If we miss—as we shall—we must make a point of noting why we did—was it laziness, forgetfulness or was it because we thought there was something more important to do, so that the six minutes which one was going to grant God out of the 1,440 He grants us every day had to be curtailed? Then after three months one may try to make the time three minutes or even five minutes at every watch. After that one generally finds that the thought of God comes into one's mind in between times. Gradually, like a reknitting bone when it has been broken or the mending of a cut nerve, new filaments of growing tissue stretch out to join across the gaps and, if one will continue, the periods of what is sometimes called Recollection, of being reminded of what one wants to have in mind, extend until the greater part of the time one is thinking—of what? Of that which is the centre of one's interest. Where your treasure is there will your heart be also. Our attention is poor because our interest is slight.

How is interest to be mobilized? Negatively by removing those

things which are competing for one's sum of attention. Is it worthwhile giving up say the excitement of betting, or football results or the cinema just to have enough interest to think about God? It will all depend on how real one thinks God to be. One thing is clear, we have not got an indefinite sum of interest and if we are mainly concerned with excitements of this world Eternity will seem very shadowy to us. It must. Of course if God is at all real then the interest of such a subject is apt to grow. If the Eternal is Real then naturally one is not apt to exhaust such possibilities.

Positively one can gain this interest by being with those who have been longer at this exploration than oneself.

Prayer is the strangest of all man's activities. From outside it looks the dullest of occupations. From within it is found to be of all our activities the most absorbing and extraordinary. Men call prayer dull in proportion to their ignorance of it. We should then find out men who pray—not necessarily those who preach, or who do good works or who organize religious activities. All these may be done by men who pray but they may be done by men who have never really prayed in their lives—they have repeated words, they have never found themselves in

that loneliness which is the strangest and yet the most intimate relation a soul can find itself, in which, when it realizes that it alone, undefended, unassisted is confronting the Eternal, is being listened to and looked at by That which is closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet, and yet always the inexpressible and the uncontained. We must find men and women who do that. They

can teach us as no one else can. For so to expose oneself is like exposing the body to an immense radiation. The soul transmutes under the light of the Eternal. Such men may not use fine words; they may speak as simply as Brother Lawrence. But they will tell us what to discard and what to do until we too become those who are able to attain that final proficiency, The Practice of the Presence.

The Path Jesus Followed

From "The Great Conjecture" by Winifred Kirkland

THERE are many roads to choose through life, and only seventy short years in which to investigate any one of them. Only a few steps in any direction, and then one passes through the gate of silence. Each one of us is companioned by his own winged soul that demands our accounting for our choice. What has the mystic to say in excuse for his way of life? First, that it is the path Jesus followed, this method of companionship with One unseen and divine, and of all characters in history Jesus seems to me the man most worth imitating because of his self-security. He was afraid of nothing on earth, and he never for one moment dese-

crated his ideals. He was intrepid in hazarding a hypothesis. Because he dared to believe himself divine he never allowed himself to become soiled with hatred of any one. Because he dared to believe himself immortal, he could indulge his capacity for enjoying this world's commonest beauties. Because he believed in eternity he was able to hold himself a quiescent student of earth and earth's inhabitants for thirty unrecorded years before he felt himself equipped to preach a new gospel. The closer I hold myself to Jesus, the more contagious I find his convictions. Some little of his splendid boldness passes into me, so that in an age black with stan-

andardized hatreds, I may have courage to hold my heart reverent toward my fellow man of whatever class or color or nation. In the shadow of his overwhelming Presence how dare the mystic have anything but love for those whom Jesus loves? Inevitably Jesus' attitude becomes, however faintly and hesitantly, one's own, so that the Christian refuses, like Jesus, to foul his own innate divinity by consent to any form of violence. Because Jesus practised the leisure of his immortality, the mystic who accompanies him may turn aside today from the highroads of speed and the pressure of crowds, and with all the dignity of a tiny child, may touch the sacred April arbutus, or take all the hours he needs to watch the southward flight of God's high-winged birds. The fullness of earth is ours because we have Jesus' sanction for joy. Smothered as we are today by overproduction of every commodity, material or moral or esthetic, the Presence of Jesus beside us gives us courage to be ourselves, free-moving and independent, yet no more eccentric than was he as he swung happily,

a young carpenter, along the homely streets of Nazareth.

To practice the presence of the risen Jesus, to make the rustic teacher of Galilee one's closest companion, is to put in action one's entire character, not some broken off part of it. It is the law of Jesus' reality that he is seen by living him, and this high adventure of hypothesis requires the whole of our being. That Jesus had a heart of utter love we learn by first ourselves exercising our own heart in love for our neighbor. That Jesus had a body ever open to the cleansing and healing of inflowing spirit we learn by first subduing our own nerves and impulses to the quiet inpouring of God's quiet. That Jesus possessed a mind of superhuman lucidity we learn by first patterning our own mental processes on his sane, all-seeing thoughts. Every human friendship is an incessant adventure in faith, incessantly rewarded, but the adventure of the friendship of Jesus is for the mystic the most rewarding association to be discovered in life.

Prayer

"Guide me, teach me, strengthen me, till I become such a person as Thou wouldst have me to be: pure and gentle, truthful and high-minded, brave and able, courteous and generous, dutiful and useful. Amen."

—Charles Kingsley

Program for Prayer

From "Dare You Face Facts?" by Muriel Lester

UNDER the caption, "Let your soul catch up with your body" in a new book "Dare You Face Facts?" Muriel Lester outlines a method which is also a splendid beginning discipline for practicing the Presence.

I. IN THE SMALL HOURS.

Without forcing oneself to it, it is a blessed habit to awake sometime between two and six. One can turn over with a word of thankfulness and a sense of serenity and immediately return to unconsciousness. Or one can sit up and face the blackness of night. . . . Face it with, "Be still and know that I am God. God breathed into man's spirit the breath of life and he became a living soul. God is a spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the age."

"When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun.
Give Him thy first thoughts;
then so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in

Him sleep."

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1695

II. BIRD NOTES.

Your first waking thought is equally joyful. You can get up, go out and walk. The rhythm of walking is a help to prayer. Make this morning prayer quite objective. Forget yourself, forget the day's program, restrict yourself to praise, adoration and thanksgiving. As you become newly conscious of the things that ordinarily you have taken for granted, you realize that it's actually true that earth is crammed with Heaven and that every common bush is aflame with God. . . . You see yourself in God's presence. Yourself, bounded by time, yet aware of the eternal, limited to three dimensions but in touch with infinity; your bodily mechanism, the miraculous affair which enables you to breathe this atmosphere and feel after God, is what makes it possible for you to learn about and to apprehend Reality. This is why you are on earth, to learn a lesson. The coming day, like a day at school, will show whether or not you've learned your lesson. If you have, you'll find a lot more to learn. With the day spread before you, you can give thanks for whatever it may bring.

Among the Osages, the following morning orison is usually chanted.—J. J. Matthews.

When you arise in the morning, give thanks for the morning light. Give thanks for your life and strength. Give thanks for your food and give thanks for the joy of living. And if perchance you see no reason for giving thanks, rest assured the fault is in yourself.

III. MIDDAY.

At eleven or twelve, or sometime before lunch, break off from your figure adding, your dish-washing, your letter writing; if you're driving a machine or an engine you can manage to find some moment of relaxation. Now do some intercession. Enjoy the few moments rest from strain of mind and body; and enjoy the fact of God. Let your breathing lengthen, then grow deeper to match the prayer, "Breathe on me, Breath of God, fill me with life anew." Then bring into this serene presence of God, whomever you want to help.

IV. AFTER WORK.

The after work prayer is essential. It is immensely important and demands a period leisurely enough to enable one to forget time. Take time to give yourself the deep content of enjoying God's presence. Remember that you are His and that He understands you better than anyone else does. He

sees something good in you that you don't see yourself. He knows your nature. He made you Himself. You will be ever restless until you find your rest in Him. Let your breathing follow its own rhythm. Notice that it becomes deeper and deeper, more and more regular as you abandon your unconscious tension. Now you are ready for spiritual cleansing.

She then points out that all the problems of the day which tend to destroy your confidence in yourself and God can parade, "Without confidence . . . it is impossible to do the work God is waiting for you to do."

Having talked it out in God's presence, "you feel quiet and friendly and confident. You can't remain strung up when you are conscious of God. The prayer is ended with thanksgiving. You may now read to yourself the Psalms for the day, or chant them to yourself . . . or you may feel like making up a new Psalm."

V. EVENING.

Evening prayer may contain praise, adoration, thanksgiving and intercession, but must always contain the great act of acceptance. Whatever your handicap be, riches or poverty, deficient strength or deficient imagination, loneliness or overcrowdedness, unpopularity, failure, mediocrity or the sort of

success which gives you no rest, you accept that handicap. You accept your station in life because it is supremely honorable. There is nothing higher than sonship to the Eternal.

After the lights are out and when you are ready to sleep, let your last waking thought be "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit."

Never get into bed with a burdened or a heavy mind; whether it be a vague oppression or a definite fear, shame or remorse, anger or hate, get rid of the evil thing before you lie down to sleep.

Night is a holy time, a healthy time, a time of renewing and refreshment. He giveth to His beloved while they sleep; our unconscious mind, that most faithful servant, is active during our slumber. Settle down restfully to let your mind get clear and your spirit unclogged. It would be better to sit up half the night, wrestling in spirit until you have won your way to peace and wholeness rather than to embark upon hours of unconsciousness with an unresolved conflict, an unacknowledged fear, or an unforgiven friend in your mind. . . . It is a folly ever to shirk the issue of a single worrying, doubting thought. Face each one before you get into bed,

face them in the presence of your Father who knows all your muddled feelings and understands your tempestuous passions.

The day will not be the jewel, the poem, the joy it might be unless one can come to the pitch when one can say the prayer: "Behold me, O Lord, in thy hands ready for all; spin me backward or spin me forward, for I desire nothing other than the doing of thy will, and oh! that I might do it worthily and perfectly!"

It is a good habit on entering a room or a train or a bus to practice conscious reverence for the personality of each of those already there. The mystics used to take time to unite themselves with their environment, so that, whatever it was and however unpleasant, it had no power to oppress them.

We can do it by remembering the Presence of God, looking at our fellow passengers and reminding ourselves that each of them, though perhaps they have no idea of it, is near and dear to God. This thought is infectious; it can be spread in many a bus and train so that Tagore's words ring true. "Thou hast pressed the signet of eternity upon many a fleeting moment of my life."

To live creatively and for purposeful ends lifts mankind to those high levels that link his life with that of God.

—Lawrence L. Cowen

Living Constantly in His Presence

From "Letters by a Modern Mystic" by Frank C. Laubach

I RESOLVED that I would succeed better this year with my experiment of filling every minute full of the thought of God than I succeeded last year. And I added another resolve—to be as wide open toward people and their need as I am toward God. Windows open outward as well as upward. Windows *especially* open downward where people need most!

You who will read these letters will know that I am here exploring two lands which for me are new. One of them is within my own soul, the other is in the soul of the Moros.

For the past few days I have been experimenting in a more complete surrender than ever before, I am taking, by deliberate act of will, enough time from each hour to give God much thought. Yesterday and today I have made a new adventure, which is not easy to express. I am feeling God in each movement, by an act of will—willing that He shall direct these fingers that now strike the typewriter—willing that He shall pour through my steps as I walk—willing that He shall direct my words as I speak, and my jaws as I eat! Paul speaks of our liberty in

Christ. I am trying to be utterly free from everybody, free from my own self, but completely enslaved to the will of God every moment of this day.

It is exactly that "moment by moment," every waking moment, surrender, responsiveness, obedience, sensitiveness, pliability, "lost in His love," that I now have the mind bent to explore with all my might. It means two burning passions: first, to be like Jesus; second, to respond to God as a violin responds to the bow of the master.

In defense of my opening my soul and laying it bare to the public gaze in this fashion, I may say that it seems to me that we really seldom do anybody much good excepting as we share the deepest experience of our souls in this way. It is not the fashion to tell your inmost thoughts, but there are many wrong fashions, and concealment of the best in us is wrong. I disapprove of the usual practice of talking "small talk" whenever we meet, and holding a veil over our souls. If we are so impoverished that we have nothing to reveal but small talk, then we need to struggle for more richness of soul. As for me I am convinced that this spiritual pilgrimage which

I am making is infinitely worth while, the most important thing I know of to talk about. And talk I shall while there is anybody to listen. And I hunger—Oh, how I hunger! for others to tell me of their soul adventures.

Outside the window, as I completed the last page, has been one of the most splendid sunsets I have ever seen. Even the page on which I was writing became red with the reflection from the roseate sky. It was the reflection of my own soul where God had today been painting his wonderful visions. Is not this marvelous sky a parable? Open your soul and entertain the glory of God and after a while the glory will be reflected in the world about you and in the very clouds above your head.

I feel sure now that our thoughts flow around the world even when we do not express them. So I mean to make a contribution with my thoughts every hour. I am making a strenuous effort of will to concentrate upon people, those in my presence and those out of sight, in order to send to them my thoughts of Christ. I propose to think as hard of God as I can when in crowds, in the confidence that really dynamic thought will influence many others.

Perhaps you have begun to suspect what tremendous dynamite lies hidden in this idea. If Chris-

tian people, the *really* Christian people of the world, began to comprehend the power of thought, they could use it as a lever to lift the world! If people realize that telepathy is a fact—though as yet not reduced to law—that ought to be the signal for a tremendous movement among Christian people to *keep* their thoughts right, to make them helpful every hour from morning to night. We may yet attempt to make the world over by the sheer force of good thoughts!

The sense of being led by an unseen hand which takes mine while another hand reaches ahead and prepares the way, grows upon me daily. I do not need to strain at all to find the opportunity. It piles upon me as the waves roll over the beach, and yet there is time to do something about each opportunity.

Perhaps a man who has been an ordained minister for sixteen years ought to be ashamed to confess that he never before felt the joy of complete hourly, minute by minute—now what shall I call it?—more than surrender. I had that before. More than listening to God. I tried that before. I cannot find the word that will mean to you or to me what I am now experiencing. It is a will act. I compel my mind to open straight out toward God. I wait and listen with determined sensitiveness. I fix my attention there, and sometimes it requires a

long time early in the morning to attain that mental state. I determine not to get out of bed until that mind set, that concentration upon God, is settled.

But why do I constantly harp upon this inner experience? Because I feel convinced that for me and for you who read there lie ahead undiscovered continents of spiritual living compared with which we are infants in arms.

And I must witness that people outside are treating me differently. Obstacles which I once would have regarded as insurmountable are melting away like a mirage. People are becoming friendly who suspected or neglected me. I feel, I *feel* like one who has had his violin out of harmony with the orchestra and at last is in harmony with the music of the universe.

As for me, I never lived, I was half dead, I was a rotting tree, until I reached the place where I wholly, with utter honesty, resolved and then re-resolved that I *would* find God's will, and I *would* do that will through every fibre in me said no, and I *would* win the battle in my thoughts. It was as though some deep artesian well had been struck in my soul of souls and strength came forth. That thing is eternal. That thing is undefeatable. You and I shall soon blow away from our bodies. Money, praise, poverty, position, these make no difference, for they

will all alike be forgotten in a thousand years, but this spirit which comes to a mind set upon continual surrender, this spirit is timeless life.

My teacher, Dato Pambaya, told me this week that a good Muslim ought to utter the sacred word for God every time he begins to do anything, to sleep, or walk, or work, or even turn around. A good Muslim would fill his life with God. I fear there are few good Muslims.

But so would a real Christlike Christian speak every time he did anything—and I fear there are few good Christians.

What right then have I or any other person to come here and change the name of these people from Muslim to Christian, unless I lead them to a life fuller of God than they have now? Clearly, clearly, my job is not to go to the town plaza and make proselytes, it is to *live* wrapped in God, trembling to his thoughts, burning with his passion. And, my loved one, that is the best gift you can give to your own town.

The most wonderful discovery that has ever come to me is that I do not have to wait until some future time for the glorious hour. I need not sing, "Oh, that will be glory for me—" and wait for any grave. *This hour* can be heaven. *Any hour* for *any body* can be as rich as God! For do you not see

that God is trying experiments with human lives? That is why there are so many of them.

"Fill my mind with Thy mind to the last crevice. Catch me up in Thine arms and make this hour as terribly glorious as any human being ever lived, if Thou wilt. And God, I scarcely see how one could live if his heart held more than mine has had from Thee these past two hours."

Will they last? Ah, that is the question I must not ask. I shall just live this hour on until it is full, then step into the next hour. Neither tomorrow matters, nor yesterday. Every *now* is an eternity as it is full of God.

Last Thursday night I was listening to a phonograph in Lumbatan and allowing my heart to commune, when something broke within me, and I longed not only to lift my own will up and give it completely to God, but also to lift all the wills in the world up and offer them all in utter surrender to His will. To feel this great longing as I felt it then with all my being, to desire to put one's shoulder under all the world's hunger and need, and to carry it all to God, is not this the highest longing one can ever have?

How infinitely richer this direct first hand grasping of God himself is, than the old method which I used and recommended for years, the reading of endless

devotional books. Almost it seems to me now that the very Bible can not be read as a substitute for meeting God soul to soul and face to face. And yet how was this new closeness achieved? Ah, I know now that it was by cutting the very heart of my heart and by suffering. Someone was telling me this week that nobody can make a violin speak the last depths of human longing until that soul has been made tender by some great anguish. I do not say that it is the only way to the heart of God, but I must witness that it has opened an inner shrine for me which I never entered before.

Are there periods when business, and pleasures, and crowding companions must necessarily push God out of our thoughts? "Of course, that is self-evident. If one thinks of God all the time, he will never get anything else done." So I thought, too, until now, but I am changing my view. We can keep two things in mind at once. Indeed we cannot keep one thing in mind more than half a second. Mind is a flowing something. It oscillates. Concentration is merely the continuous return to the same problem from a million angles. We do not think of one thing. We always think of the relationship of at least two things, or more often of three or more things simultaneously. So my problem is this: Can I bring God back in my mind-

flow every few seconds so that God shall always be in my mind as an after image, shall always be one of the elements in every concept and precept?

I choose to make the rest of my life an experiment in answering this question.

If our religious premises are correct at all then this oneness with God is the *most normal* condition we can have. It is what made Christ, Christ. It is what St. Augustine meant when he said "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our souls are restless until they find their rest in Thee."

Any hour of any day may be made perfect by merely choosing. It is perfect if one looks toward God that entire hour, waiting for His leadership all through the hour and trying hard to do every tiny thing exactly as God wishes it done, as perfectly as possible. No emotions are necessary. Just the doing of God's will perfectly makes the hour a perfect one. And the results of that one perfect hour, I believe, will echo down through eternity. This philosophy, that *one can begin all over instantly at any moment*, is proving of great help.

Strain does not seem to do good. At this moment I feel something within "let go" inside, and lo, God is here! It is a heart melting "here-ness," a lovely whispering of father to child, and the reason I did not have it before was

because I failed to let go.

I am finding every day that the best of the five or six ways in which I try to keep contact with God is for me *to wait for his thoughts, to ask him to speak.*

O God, how I long to help you with these Moros. And with these Americans! And with these Filipinos! All day I see souls dead to God look sadly out of hungry eyes. I want them to know my discovery! That any minute can be paradise, that any place can be heaven! That any man can have God! That every man *does have God* the moment he begins to speak to God, or listens for him!

As I analyze myself I find several things happening to me as a result of these two months of strenuous effort to keep God in mind every minute. This concentration upon God is strenuous, but everything else has ceased to be so. I think more clearly. I forget less frequently. Things which I did with a strain before, I now do easily and with no effort whatever. I worry about nothing, and lose no sleep. I walk on air a good part of the time. Even the mirror reveals a new light in my eyes and face. I no longer feel in a hurry about anything. Everything goes right. Each minute I meet calmly as though it were not important. Nothing can go wrong, excepting one thing. That is that God *may slip from my mind* if I

do not keep on my guard. If he is there, the universe is with me. My task is simple and clear.

With the Moros, I do nothing that I can see excepting to pray for them, and to walk among them thinking of God. They know I am a Protestant. Yet two of the leading Muslim priests have gone around the province telling everybody that I would help the people to know God.

The week with its failures and successes has taught me one new lesson. It is this: "I must talk

about God, or I cannot keep him in my mind. I must give Him away in order to have Him." That is the law of the spirit world! What one gives one has, what one keeps to oneself one loses.

The other experiment—what happens when I do succeed—is so successful that it makes up for the failure of number one. God does work a change. The moment I turn to Him it is like turning on an electric current which I feel through my whole being.

Prayer and Action in Love

From "Leaves of a Secret Journal" by Jane Steger

William Blake—

If God dieth not for man, and giveth not Himself

Eternally for man, man could not exist, for man is love,

As God is love. Every kindness to another is a little death

In the Divine Image.

"Every kindness to another is a little death in the Divine Image"—how marvelous! How infinitely beautiful! These words make my whole being stand still in a wonder of delight and worship for their wisdom. . . .

When those words came to him I think his whole being must have

been standing on tiptoe, reaching up to a higher shelf of thought than any of us shorter people could reach for ourselves.

I like that idea better than the offering of one's suffering to God. That has its beauty too, but it may also become morbid, too passive, introspective, and exclusive, as being just between God and one's own soul. Whereas the other is active and outgoing, and must include at least one other human being. . . . Tagore says, "I can never find Thee in renunciation." That is true for me also, and I think for most of us moderns. It is in flowing forth in love and

service, and in joy, playing as it were the great game of life with Him, that we come nearest to Him—not in morbid renunciation. Of course one must discipline one's self, but prayer and activity—outgoing and incoming, both in love—make the perfect, happy, and serene life. . . . "Because I loved these words of the 'Little death,' they threw me into an ecstasy of the nearness of God. Love in every form is the great liberator, setting one free of all the dragging little meannesses, and bearing one up into His presence.

How much simpler the requirements of the spiritual adventure often are than we fear they may prove! He never took me half so seriously as I took my small conventional self. I used to be afraid that if I gave myself completely to Him He would demand something terrifying, like preaching at street corners from a soap box, distributing tracts, or nailing up placards—Are You Saved?—on telegraph poles, the very thought

of which filled my quaking little soul with sheer panic. . . . The fear of what I might be commanded to do held me back for a long time, but at last I did summon sufficient courage to make a surrender of obedience—not a very good one, it is true, but still a gesture toward Him, after which I waited in apprehension of the soap box and the tracts. Was I directed to them? Not in the least. Of course not! Who was I to convert the world when I was not even sure of my own conversion? Instead, the inner direction that I received—but so clear that I could not doubt it—was to tidy up my desk and bureau drawers!

"If I could have a million stars,
Ten whirlwinds and a sky,
I'd make a song all thundering
bars
To shout His greatness by.
But I have such a foolish mind,
It moves me more to see
His littleness, which chose to
find
The littleness of me."

Prayer

"O God, may the mind which was in Christ be also in us. May we follow in His footsteps, give up our rights for the good of others, be willing to accept second place, prefer to be hidden from the unhappy desire of becoming great. In the service of one another may we find our happiness, and in the spirit of a surrendered will, may we follow on to know the mind of our Master."

—*Today Magazine.*

Affirmations for Clear Thinking

From "Have You Lost God?" by Winifred Rhoades

I will trust the universe.

I will trust life.

It is more important to be like God than even to believe in God.

If there is any God the practice of love will make me like him.

My business is to grow a soul. and thus shall I find connection with God if there is a God.

If the greatest thing I can do is to grow a soul there must be at the heart of the universe something which corresponds to the human soul and can satisfy its hungers.

God must be.

God is That Which must be, the everlasting, all-embracing Must-be.

There is a must-be on my side also: because I am reaching out after God it must be that I am joined to him.

"Thou wouldst not seek me if thou hadst not already found me."

That in which I live, and

move, and have my being is the eternal God.

But now this beginning must be developed. Here is intellectual intuition, but your soul desires more than that. It desires that quickening, sustaining awareness of God, that experience of God, that habit of living with a Presence, of which the greater souls have told.

If God is an environing fact just as truly as the air one breathes is an environing fact, then living with God is like breathing the environing air all the while, and taking pains not to starve oneself for air. That is the practice of God. The practice of God makes God more real, and a greater power in one's life.

Relax your whole being into God. Awareness of God can become a habit.

Like the air we breathe, God is pressing in on us from all sides. It takes a definite act of will to prevent the breath from coming into our lungs.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy.

—*Oliver Goldsmith*

We become like that upon which our minds habitually dwell.

—*Hoyt M. Dobbs*

In the Garden with God

From "Stepping Heavenward" by Louise Miles Clark

MAY 16. A beautiful dwarf Rambler Rose was given to me when I was recuperating from the auto accident. It was aflame with color and such a bit of bright beauty. One morning I awakened to find the blossoms all withered, and I was so sorry we had not given it enough water. But as we kept on adding water to the hard, dry earth it showed signs of reviving, and soon the flowers came back to their fresh beauty. It seemed a real miracle for the blossoms had been so wilted. Sometimes we are so depressed and dejected with life's exigencies that it hardly seems possible that we can be revived. But the water of God's love continuously poured into our hard-baked, dried-out spirits gradually has a revivifying power and our souls respond and we are made whole again. We simply cannot keep fresh without God's power daily supplying us with new strength.

May 18. I talked over the subject of guidance with an elderly judge who to me epitomizes the ideal gentleman. I said some one told me that he (the judge) tried to do his best, and if he made mistakes he felt no concern. "But," he said to me, "I go a bit further

than that. I pour out love to God and to my fellowmen, and ask for guidance; and then I feel I do not make mistakes."

I know a woman who has this same attitude toward life. She is carrying on an educational work of rather big proportions, and carrying it on by faith and the resultant guidance that God through her listening ear gives to her. Not only does she possess this spirit, but the beauty of it fills all her co-workers. Her contagious spirit goes out into their lives and their work, as well as to the young people whom they teach, putting on them an impress for good that they never will lose and that will carry them over rough places in their future work or in their homes.

It is put upon me to live in the Kingdom of God on earth and to help others by my living. To live in the Kingdom I must get guidance in all I do.

July 2.

"As dry torrents in summer
Suddenly rise, though the sun
Is still shining, because
Far off at their sources
Rain has been falling,
So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'er-flowing:
And they that behold it

Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining."

July 15. This summer I planted a garden. Like my neighbors I put gunnysacking over the seeded ground and kept the place watered. In spite of heat and drouth, at the end of six days the ground had produced such big plants that the gunnysacking was taken up and the garden prospered marvelously with average care and water.

But the seeds that were not cared for in this way came up very sparsely, did not grow so well, and the miracle was not soon produced in them.

It came to me that this is true of our spiritual life: As we begin to grow spiritually we should use the quiet, unseen method of being alone with God. Then we may weed and hoe out self and self-thoughts, water our delicate plant of spiritual growth with God's love, and in prayer and meditation give ourselves to the power of the Spirit working in us and through us, until we become so firmly rooted that we can stand the heat of life.

October 25. This summer I continuously gave flowers from my garden, and so often when my own vases were empty, vases of flowers would come to me; or plants and bouquets of flowers—until I truly believe "Bread cast

upon the waters shall return unto you."

The wonderful miracle of the cosmos that blooms in the fall! The more you pick it the more beautiful blossoms you find each day! Just so with God's infinite power—the more we use it, the more we have it! Just so with His infinite love—the more we depend upon it, the more we realize it!

November 2. "After all, the kind of world one carries about in one's self is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color, and value from it."—J. R. Lowell. As we live with Christ Jesus, meditate on His love in our quiet periods each day, and grow in our power to read His words and understand His meaning and the resurrection of the life everlasting, "we can make a heaven of hell," and we will know the only way to get to heaven is to take it with us. Thus life becomes a "Kingdom of Heaven on earth." Someone has said, "Jesus Christ took all the experiences which came to Him and out of them wove a life of bewildering beauty."

January 24. God has a unique purpose for each life. Otherwise I see no reason for His infinite effort to make each one of us a separate individual, different from uncounted millions of others. Our first morning request should be: "Father, in each thought, word, act of this day, let me be following

Thy purpose for my life." Then listen in the silence that comes after, and listening, make one by one all our other petitions.

May 25. We all made prayer lists, but I felt impelled to make a thanksgiving list, and it grew and grew until I knew it never would stop.

June 9. Each day is a new adventure in the practice of consecrating the circumstances of life in the fruits of the spirit of joy, love, and peace. If at night one can feel he has loved more deeply, met circumstances with no criticism, cynicism or jealousy, been full of the joy of the spirit and at peace with God and with his fellowmen, then one may know that he has climbed a step heavenward. Joy, love and peace must fill each day, however, and the growth of the spirit must continue daily, bringing greater power to live the Christ-like way.

October 31. Three promises I have lived by and brought up my children on. They have given me steadying strength in times of illness or perplexity: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." "Commit thy ways unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He will bring it to pass." "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths."

The more one uses these prom-

ises the more one comes to realize that the only way to make them a part of one's life is to really let go and know that God's power is ever available for all our needs. As one grows in power, life takes on a new joy and peace that passes understanding.

I would urge anyone who has a child to teach her to rely on a Power other than herself; it is through relying on these promises that one can depend on such a Power. If Christ lives in us we can relax, for we are not doing anything—He is doing it in us and through us. We of ourselves can do nothing. If we depend upon the promises of God we shall have no fear; we shall cast off worries completely.

December 8. The power of God is so great that if we surrender all to Him we can know His infinite Plan will come to pass in the lives of all our loved ones. We do not need to hurry its coming. "There is in the swiftest wheel that revolves upon its axis a place in the very center where there is no movement at all, and in the busiest life there may be a place where we dwell alone with God in eternal stillness. There is only one way to know God: 'Be still and know.' 'God is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.'"

December 14. The fact that life is curtailed for some must have a

reason. If there is a door closed it means another will open on ahead. When one desires a more active life, more social, more intellectual, more spiritual contacts, and they seem necessarily cut off, one must relinquish it. Only through guidance does one arrive at selflessness, and only through selflessness does one find the doorways that lead one toward the

heaven of one's dreams.

February 21. "When a bit of sunshine hits ye, fling it back to someone else." This is religion—the only way of living as God would have us. Harry E. Fosdick seems to have had such a thought when he said, "We defend religion too much. Vital religion, like good music, needs not defense but rendition."

If Discouragement Comes

MEISTER Eckhart says, He is no farther off than the door of thy heart. There he stands and waits and waits until He find thee ready to open and let Him in. Thou needst not call Him from a distance; to wait until thou openest is harder for Him than for thee. He needs thee a thousand times more than thou canst need Him. Thy opening and His entering are but one moment.

Earth cannot escape the sky; let it flee up or down, the sky flows into it and makes it fruitful whether it will or no. So God does to man. He who would

escape Him only runs to His bosom; for all corners are open to Him.

You say: "I have given myself to God, and therefore I *belong* to God." Fact is independent of feeling. Ebb tide is not the loss of God, even though it be a temporary loss of quick awareness of God. The continent of God remains just the same as it was before, and its everlasting foundations are still holding the sea in place. God is always the same, be the soul's tide at flow or at ebb. In that assurance there is comfort for the struggling soul.

Creative Prayer

From "Creative Prayer" by E. Herman

WE NEED TO learn that the practice of silence is sound wisdom for common folk bent upon the prayer of intimate communion. The sense of unreality which so persistently haunts the beginner in prayer is due to the fact that he is engaged in a monologue and not in a conversation. For the object of prayer is not merely to find expression for one's deepest yearnings, but to converse with Another, to hear the Divine call, and to feel the Divine response to the movement of the soul.

Prayer always begins with God. As the little child learns its first prayer from its mother's lips, the soul learns to pray from God. We could not pray aright unless the Lord of Prayer taught us, and the only prayers that remain unanswered are the prayers which He does not inspire. But we so often refuse to come to prayer through the antechamber of silence. We will not wait and listen for the prayers which He is waiting to pray in and through us. And the result is a long, weary, discouraging monologue, which becomes intolerable as we become aware of our aloneness.

When prayer seems a hallucination, the simple expedient

of hushing the soul to silence often serves to assure us, past all doubting, of the reality of our contact with the Unseen. It is upon our willingness to listen and hear God speak that our prayer life from first to last depends. This should be clear when we remember that prayer is the soul's pilgrimage from self to God; and the most effectual remedy for self-love and self-absorption is the habit of humble listening.

We of today have lost the sure-footed certainty which our spiritual fathers had. We wait wistfully for some one or something to set us on the path. We wait impatiently, feverishly turning the pages of a hundred guide-books, making voluble inquiries of this expert and that, embarking upon any and every adventure that tempts our vagrant fancy. We are even violent at times, but with all our violence we do not take the Kingdom by force.

Accustomed to commune with anyone and everyone, we have lost the art of communing with our own spirits, and the prospect of such self-communing does not inspire us with confidence. And yet a deep instinctive wisdom—part of our inheritance from an age when man dwelt alone and walked

with God—tells us that in quietness lies our salvation. In order to live we must stand aloof from what the crowds call living. A discipline of solitude and silence is essential for those who would acquaint themselves with God and be at peace.

The solitary worshiper who really touches God, and touches Him not with a merely self-regarding motive, but with a heart of love for all men and a tender fellow-feeling with human need and woe, is engaged in a more genuine act of fellowship than a thousand gregarious individuals who mistake external togetherness for vital unity. We need not decry togetherness; it is a necessity for the normal human being, and experiences are possible to a company of men of one heart and mind which are not possible for even the noblest and saintliest individual alone. But mere togetherness is not the equivalent of true unity, and the man who feels within himself the Divine call to solitude and silence is not thereby cutting himself off from the fellowship. When we turn to the inner circle of spiritual masters we find that their roots struck deep into the soil of spiritual silence. Living in the world and rejoicing in sweet human relationships, they yet kept a little cell in their hearts whither they might run to be alone with God.

The saints were capable of spiritual silence simply because they had not contracted our modern habit of ceaseless talk in their ordinary life. Their days were days of silence, relieved by periods of conversation, while ours are a wilderness of talk with a rare oasis of silence.

It is useless to imagine that one can pass at a bound from a daily round in which the lust of talk absorbs three-fourths of the soul's energy to a state of harmonious, revealing stillness. The practice of silence must begin, not in the "quiet hour" or in the fellowship meeting, but in the office and the home, the playing-field and the church. The soul whose virility has been allowed to ooze through the tongue during eleven hours of the day, need not hope to regain it during the silent twelfth hour. To put it bluntly, the first step toward attaining interior quiet is to hold one's peace more frequently and to better purpose in the ordinary ways of life. "Silence," said Thomas Carlyle, "is the element in which great things fashion themselves together, that at length they may emerge full-formed and majestic into the daylight of life which they are henceforth to rule. Do thou thyself but hold thy tongue for one day, and on the morrow how much clearer are thy purposes and duties; what wreck and rub-

bish have the mute workmen with in thee swept away when intrusive noises were shut out!"

A strong, plain working woman whose mastery over adverse circumstance was little short of heroic said: "When I was a little girl my mother taught me that arnica was good for bruised flesh, and silence was good for a bruised soul, and she made me apply both whenever they were needed."

We frail, distracted children of men have no chance to hear the voice of God until we have learnt to be silent and listen. Before we have any right to discuss the difficulties of communion with God we must have resolved, at the cost of whatever hardship to our relaxed and dissipated souls, to learn the secret of silence.

More especially we must learn to cultivate a deep reticence regarding the affairs of the soul. F. W. Faber's words are worth pondering: "In spirituality, talking is always a loss of power. It is like steam. It is mighty when imprisoned, a mere vapor when it is set free. So also is it in good works. Many fine plans have been spoiled prematurely by being made public; not only because it was indiscreet, and had raised obstacles which would otherwise have been taken quietly and disarmed unawares, but also because we get tired of a thing which we talk much about."

By the time we have talked a subject threadbare, we have evaporated its essence and when at last we think of setting it before God, we are overtaken by a humiliating sense of emptiness and futility.

If prayer has any reality at all, it is founded upon a sense of God, and as it develops into something more than an occasional spasmodic cry under the pressure of need or anguish, our sense of God becomes a dominant factor in our lives. We are learning the habit of referring everything to Him, and measuring everything by His standard. The love of talk is apt to breed that cowardly and servile temper which is the antipodes of dynamic prayer. For if prayer be indeed a great adventure, a giving of all for all, then only the brave can pray.

It was in His hours of solitary communion with the Father, when all other presences receded before the one overshadowing, all-inclusive Presence, that Jesus heard the cry of the world's life and looked deep into its heart. It was then that He divined the uttermost of human need and sorrow.

Spiritual silence is the turning of the soul in quietness to a Power beyond itself. And it is only by the constant, patient effort to attain that stillness in which the voice of God can be heard that we shall ever find rest to our souls. If religion is of any value at all, it must

be demonstrable beyond the reach of doubt—as demonstrable as that water wets or fire burns. And it is in the silence that our faith will be spiritually verified.

The soul that waits in silence must learn to distinguish the voice of God from the net of other voices—the ghostly whisperings of the subconscious self, the luring voices of the world, the hindering voices of misguided friendship, the clamour of personal ambition and vanity, the murmur of self-will, the song of unbridled imagination, the thrilling note of religious romance. To learn to keep one's ear true in so subtle a labyrinth of spiritual sound is indeed at once a great adventure and a liberal education. One hour of such listening may give us a deeper in-

sight into the mysteries of human nature, and a surer instinct for Divine values, than a year's hard study or external intercourse with men. That is why the great solitaries always surprise us by their acute understanding of life. They are at home among its intricacies, have plumbed both its meanness and its grandeur, and know how to touch its inner springs of action. And they know man because they know God and have heard His voice. To know God "preeminently" is their distinction, and it may be ours, at the cost of simple, painstaking honesty with our Maker. Prayer of positive, creative quality needs a background of silence, and until we are prepared to practice this silence, we need not hope to know the power of prayer.

I Need Wide Spaces

L. R. B.

I need wide spaces in my heart,
Where faith and I can go apart
And grow serene.

Life gets so choked with busy living,
Kindness so lost in fussy giving,
That love slips by unseen.

I want to make a quiet place
Where those I love can see God's face
Can stretch their hearts across the earth,
Can understand what spring is worth,
Can count the stars, watch white violets grow,
And learn what birds and children know.

Practicing the Presence in the Class Room

E. McClung Fleming

THE READERS of this page will already be familiar with that quality of being variously referred to as "in tune," "in balance," "centered." They will know, moreover, how much easier it is to conceive or intuit it than to *realize* it in the moment-to-moment activities of the days and weeks. So easy, in fact, that mere mental recognition of it often creates the vicious illusion of living it out. There is no better cure for this cheap deceit than consciously seeking to practice this quality of being in one's professional work where other habits and routines are so deeply fixed. It is, then, especially fitting that experiences with this effort in various practical fields be contributed and discussed. This article seeks to initiate what it is hoped will turn into a fruitful exchange of views on such experience in one field—teaching. It is written against the background of six years of college classroom work in history. Yet it must be confessed that on hardly more than a dozen occasions have the conditions about to be described been fully realized. What inertia we are guilty of! What lack of balance!

The classroom manifestations of

centeredness are unmistakable. First of all "oneness,"—thirty-five students and an instructor have become one organic working unit, knit together by the awareness of a central creative purpose shaping all questions, answers, comments into a meaningful wholeness. Shouts from the campus, laughter from the next classroom, the dropped book, are heard but do not fragmentize attention. Secondly, timing, meaning, and effortlessness characterize the discussion. Timing, which provides appropriateness and progression of remarks,—things "click"; meaning, which includes the quality of intrinsic significance, and the relation of parts to a whole; effortlessness, which involves spontaneity, and the sense of an inner momentum that uses the group as a channel.

The teacher himself, of course, must do and be a good deal in helping this centeredness to take place. On the physiological plane there must be sufficient health to guarantee vitality, poise, and even nerves. Fatigue, tension, and irritability are fatal! Sometimes it requires special effort to surmount unfavorable factors in the physical environment. Four months of lecturing through steam-riveting

twenty yards from the classroom revealed the effect of noise on nerves, and the relation of nerve-tone to inner centeredness!

On the psychological plane there must be a minimum projection of fear or resentment; as little emotional identification with particular points of view as possible; the elimination of unconscious needs to dominate, or decline responsibility; the cultivation of freedom from automatic dependence on conventional patterns. Relaxation is a primary condition—the ability to "let go" rigid plans or preconceived results and remain flexible, "open" to new creative emergents. Humor will be found a priceless solvent of tensions, stuffiness, spirit-killing solemnity: the whole group should feel the underlying playfulness and

fun of it all. Above all the teacher must really *care* about his students, warming to them as individual personalities, and feeling a real—not a sentimental—oneness with them. Finally, he should consciously maintain an attitude of expectancy: that important values can and will break through the all-too-brief classroom hour.

It is not clear whether one can force this creative moment—or order it at will. Possibly one can only try to fulfill those conditions that seem most favorable to its appearance—and then humbly wait upon that inflow of power and illumination which is beyond our conscious manipulation and which we call "grace." But this is the essence of that adventure which is teaching.

Peace that Passeth Understanding

If one lives a long time immersed in God's grace, there stretches across one's soul a calm that nothing can destroy. When in prison, when marching with 150,000 people in a riot, when threatened by daggers, the jewel of peace within me was in no wise disturbed. When, in an automobile crash, the city train rumbled over me the inner peace remained. When my sight was threatened, I experienced no swells on the calm sea of my soul. I stand amazed at this calm,—neither the earth's quaking, nor the alarm of fire, nor blizzard nor avalanche can shake it. Even cruelty can not destroy this calm.

—*Toyohiko Kagawa.*

A Call to All Christians in All Lands

Muriel Lester

WHEREAS GOD KNOWS how this war may end,
WHEREAS GOD KNOWS what the basis of a lasting peace may be,
WHEREAS IN THE MIND OF GOD LIES the solution of every
problem that torments the mind of man today,
THE ONLY HOPE FOR THE WORLD LIES IN HIM.

* * *

But we cannot look to the clouds nor read His will in the rainbow.
Because God is no dictator, He will not force us to save ourselves.
He honours our free will even if we insist on committing suicide.
He has to bear the pain of watching us hurry toward perdition.

* * *

The law of cause and effect is being made manifest today.
The retribution that inevitably follows sin is upon us.
The moral law is being revealed in quivering flesh, in horror, in gross
darkness.

Doom automatically follows slackness, self-will, pride, callousness.
This scourge of war has been prepared by millions of us negative, lazy-
minded people in Germany, Britain, France, and the United States
of America.

* * *

Man has really believed that he knew better than God.
Forms of worship have been adhered to, but intellect has been relied on,
rather than God.
Prayer, self-discipline, and other sorts of spiritual training have been
considered crude, naive.
Man's confidence in the future, in his fellows and even in himself, has
withered as he has lost confidence in God.

* * *

BUT GOD EXISTS.
HIS MERCY ENDURES.
HIS HAND IS STRETCHED OUT STILL.
HIS CREATIVE SPIRIT IS MORE REAL, MORE ENDURING
THAN THE FIRES OF HATE AND DESTRUCTION.

* * *

The unbreakable serenity and joy in the heart of His devotees is the
sure ground of our hope.

Life is not worth living without this deep peace.
Let us who are called Christians accept the challenge of this our high
calling.

Should not all the Lord's people be prophets?
Are we not called to be saints, all of us, the weakest, the most ignorant,
the most sinful?

Let us boldly proclaim in deed as well as in word the things on which
our peace depends.

* * *

TO WHOM CAN WE TURN IN OUR EXTREMITY BUT TO
GOD?

AND WHO BUT OURSELVES MUST MAKE KNOWN GOD'S
WILL TO THE NATIONS?

"THERE WAS SILENCE IN HEAVEN FOR THE SPACE OF
HALF AN HOUR AND A VOICE SAID, 'Whom shall I send
and who will go for us?'"

JESUS STILL ENQUIRES, "WILL YE ALSO GO AWAY?
MUST I GO AGAIN TO JERUSALEM TO BE CRUCIFIED
FOR YOU?"

* * *

The Churches mold their destiny according to their answer to this
question.

Will each member prepare himself to help God to save the world?
Ask yourself, "What sort of Church would my Church be, if every
member were just like me?"

We cannot remain negative, passive, half-awaked.

We cannot any longer go on evading the Cross.

We cannot any more run away from the Hound of Heaven, the Love
of God.

We have got to discipline ourselves.

We must out-train the totalitarians just as the first century Christians
"out-lived, out-loved, and out-died the pagans."

We must become Trainees of the Spirit.

* * *

Let us set up a graduate scale of self-discipline.

Let us have a minimum grade from which people can step up into the
next as soon as they like.

* * *

THE FIRST GRADE:

Let the minimum be twenty minutes a day spent in prac-
tising the presence of God.

Twenty minutes a day given to adoration, joy, thanksgiving, meditation, and intercession.

This prayer-time could be spent sitting, kneeling, lying, walking, whichever one finds more apt.

It could be split up into fractions of time or taken in a single period.

* * *

THE SECOND GRADE:

Here the implications of the basic prayer, "Our Father," would send us out into the appropriate fields of action.

This would mean the crossing of frontiers, SOCIALLY, RACIALLY, ECONOMICALLY, NATIONALLY.

Now "The stranger would see in the stranger his brother at last and his sister in eyes that were strange."

Now John Masfield's couplet would be our slogan: "I knew that Christ had given me birth to brother all the souls on earth."

Here we would recover our share in the joy of the universe: the sense of beauty that is in all God's work.

The leisureliness without which life is not worth living: the serene care-free gaiety that is the gift of the Spirit.

* * *

THE THIRD GRADE:

Here we would know what it is to empty ourselves of ourselves and let Christ live in us.

Here we would learn "to live in time and in eternity simultaneously."

Here we would realize that death is only an incident, probably no more painful than birth.

Here we would be equally ready to live or die, to be full or hungry, to be free or in prison, to be poor or rich, to be popular or persecuted.

Here we "would fain be unto the Eternal Goodness what His right hand is to man."

* * *

IS THERE ANY CHRISTIAN WHO DARE KEEP OUTSIDE ONE OR OTHER OF THESE GRADES OF DISCIPLINE? IF ANY HESITATES LET HIM IMAGINE WHAT HIS ANSWER WILL BE AT THE LAST JUDGMENT WHEN ASKED:

"WHAT DID YOU DO TO HELP SAVE THE WORLD IN 1940?"

The Mystical Experience of Brother Lawrence

From "The Practice of the Presence of God"

IN THE WINTER, seeing a tree stripped of its leaves, and considering that within a little time the leaves would be renewed, and after that the flowers and fruit appear, he receives a high view of the providence and power of God, which has never been effaced from his soul. That this view had perfectly set him loose from the world, and kindled in him such a love for God that he could not tell whether it had increased during the more than forty years he had lived since.

That he had desired to be received into a monastery, thinking that he would there be made to smart for his awkwardness and the faults he should commit, and so he should sacrifice to God his life, with its pleasures; but that God has disappointed him, he having met with nothing but satisfaction in that state.

That he had placed his sins betwixt him and God, as it were, to tell Him that he did not deserve His favors, but that God still continued to bestow them in abundance.

That when he began his business, he said to God, with a filial trust in Him: O my God, since Thou art with me, and I must now, in obedience to Thy com-

mands, apply my mind to these outward things, I beseech Thee to grant me the grace to continue in Thy presence; and to this end do Thou prosper me with Thy assistance, receive all my works, and possess all my affections.

As he proceeded in his work he continued his familiar conversation with his Maker, imploring His grace, and offering to Him all his actions.

When he had finished he examined himself how he had discharged his duty; if he found well, he returned thanks to God; if otherwise, he asked pardon, and, without being discouraged, he set his mind right again, and continued his exercise of the presence of God as if he had never deviated from it. "Thus," said he, "by rising after my falls, and by frequently renewed acts of faith and love, I am come to a state wherein it would be as difficult for me not to think of God as it was at first to accustom myself to it."

That he had no scruples; for, said he, "When I fail in my duty, I readily acknowledge it, saying, I am used to do so; I shall never do otherwise if I am left to myself. If I fail not, then I give God thanks, acknowledging that the

strength comes from Him."

That when sometimes he had not thought of God for a good while, he did not disquiet himself for it; but, after having acknowledged his wretchedness to God, he returned to Him with so much the greater trust in Him as he had found himself wretched through forgetting Him.

His very countenance was edifying, such a sweet and calm devotion appearing in it as could not but affect the beholders. And it was observed that in the greatest hurry of business in the kitchen he still preserved his recollection and heavenly mindedness. He was never hasty nor loitering, but did each thing in its season, with an even, uninterrupted composure and tranquility of spirit. "The time of business," said he, "does not with me differ from the time of prayer, and in the noise and clatter of my kitchen, while several persons are at the same time calling for different things, I possess God in as great tranquility as if I were upon my knees at the blessed sacrament."

Brother Lawrence continues: We ought to *quicken*,—i.e. to *enliven our faith*. It was lamentable that we had so little; instead of taking *faith* for the rule of their conduct, men amused themselves with trivial devotions which changed daily. We ought to give ourselves to God, with regard both to things temporal and spiritual,

and seek our satisfaction only in the fulfilling of His will.

With him the set times of prayer were not different from other times; he retired to pray, according to the directions of his superior, but he did not want such retirement nor ask for it, because his greatest business did not divert him from God.

He says:

That we ought to make a great difference between the acts of the understanding and those of the will; that the first were comparatively of little value, and the others, all. That our only business was to love and delight ourselves in God.

That all things are possible to him who believes; that they are less difficult to him who hopes; that they are more easy to him who loves; and still more easy to him who persevered in the practice of these three virtues.

That there needed neither art nor science for going to God, but only a heart resolutely determined to apply itself to nothing but Him, or for His sake, and to love Him only.

Let us not content ourselves with loving God for the mere sensible favors, how elevated soever, which He has done or may do for us. Such favors, though never so great, cannot bring us so near to Him as faith does in one simple act.

Let us seek Him often by faith. He is within us; seek Him not elsewhere. If we do love Him alone, are we not rude, and do we not deserve blame, if we busy ourselves about trifles which do not please and perhaps offend Him? It is to be feared these trifles will one day cost us dear

He was very sensible of his

faults, but not discouraged by them; he confessed them to God, but did not plead against Him to excuse them. When he had so done, he peacefully resumed his usual practice of love and adoration.

He had no other care but faithfully to reject every other thought, *that he might perform all his actions for the love of God.*

Guide Me Today

Adapted from a Prayer by the Bishop of Bloemfontein

O Holy Spirit of God—

Come into my heart and fill me:

I open the windows of my soul to let Thee in.

I surrender my whole life to Thee:

Come and possess me, fill me with light and truth.

I offer to Thee the one thing I really possess,

My capacity for being filled by Thee.

Of myself I am an empty vessel.

Fill me so that I may live the life of the Spirit,

The life of Truth and Goodness,

The life of Beauty and Love,

The life of Wisdom and Strength.

And guide me today in all things:

Guide me to the people I should meet or help:

To the circumstances in which I can best serve Thee;

Whether by my actions or my sufferings.

But, above all, make Christ to be formed in me,

That I may dethrone self in my heart

And make Him King:

So that He is in me, and I in Him,

Today and for ever. Amen.

Out of the Depths

Daniel Bliss

WE ARE living in a world at war with disaster threatening us at any time from abroad. At home unemployment and uncertainty make the future dark and forbidding. We have fallen deeper into despair than ever before. The first verse of the 130th Psalm seems an appropriate text to fit the mood of our times, and with the ancient Hebrew Psalmist we can cry: "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord."

Despite the depths to which we have fallen, whether personal, social or international, men and women of faith know that above despairing humanity there is a God of love and light. All we need to do is to get up above our difficulties and discouragements and drink in God's sunlight.

Last summer after a rich experience at Camp Farthest Out at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, in order to get back to my church in time to preach on Sunday morning, I had to take a plane from Chicago to New York. It was one of those hot and muggy, sticky and grimy days. When we left Chicago visibility was less than three miles and we felt oppressed and confused but as soon as we left the flying field we began to climb, spiralling up from the murky denseness of the city

towards the light. For fifteen minutes we climbed 5,000, 8,000, 10,000 feet, until finally at 13,000 feet we suddenly burst out into the clear sunshine. The blue dome of heaven was never more brilliant and from the humid temperature of 88 on the ground the outside temperature had dropped to 45. It was crystal clear as we leveled off. The horizon above the heavy haze of the lower atmosphere could be seen on all sides for forty miles in all directions and from then on into New York it was clear and magnificent flying.

If we can only get up high enough we can pierce through the murk into the clear light of God's love. That was what the Hebrew Psalmist was doing when he cried to God out of the depths. The secret of the survival of the Hebrew people lay in the fact that they never lost their sense of unbroken connection with God. That feeling gave a hope and faith that enabled them to overcome any difficulty.

That, strange to say, is also the key to our survival: to keep unbroken our connection with God. To do that it will help if we think of the relationship between God and ourselves in two specific ways. In the first place, we can use God

as a reference point for our personal living and for our social lives. By that I mean what mariners mean when they use the sun or the stars as reference points. With the proper instruments a good navigator can tell within a few miles just where he is on the earth's surface. It is called "shooting the sun" but it is in reality a method of ascertaining how far and in what direction the sun is above the horizon. Then by reference to tables and by mathematical calculations he can arrive at the knowledge of how far north of the equator he is. Without the reference point of the sun he would be lost and would drift more than likely to his destruction. God must be for us such a reference point as we look out upon our world horizon. Without such a regulating principle we are lost indeed, and if the clouds of war, the mists and fog of stupid statesmanship, the storms of industrial strife engulf us too long without our being able to pierce through to God, we shall go down into the chaos of unplanned and unknown disaster.

It is important, therefore, for every individual to construct his own sextant, to learn the difficult computations, to persist in trying to find God through the instrument of prayer and at the same time to keep a view of the horizon despite murky weather and pitching and rolling deck. We must have some of the courage of all navigators and explorers, some of their in-

domitable will to sail on into new seas, some of their faith that they will be able to reach the desired haven, some of their perseverance, for the voyage ahead of us has not been fully charted. We must make our own soundings and we must run the risk of shoals and rocks and now-a-days of man-made mine fields and torpedoes. God must be a sure and available reference point.

There is a second metaphor that may help us to keep unbroken our relationship to God, a metaphor not of the sea but of the land. Just before Christmas we installed on our church spire flood lights to illuminate the spire at night as a symbol in a darkening world of the fact that the church is alive and is standing for the best things in society and shedding abroad its light and the Light of the World that gave it birth. When the workmen were installing the floodlights 200 feet off the ground, I had an opportunity to climb on their extension ladders to within thirty feet of the top of the spire to the highest deck in the stone open-work near the top of the spire. It flashed across my mind as I was nearing the top how wonderful an instrument such a commonplace thing as a ladder is. Without it we are cut off completely from the height toward which we long, but with it we are in unbroken connection with the summit, and no matter how far up or down the

ladder we may be, if we climb, we can reach the top. Our relationship to God can be like that. As long as we have set up a ladder and have set our feet to the lowest rung, there is hope.

The world outlook may be dark,

but if we climb into the light of God and keep unbroken our fellowship with him, we can still hope courageously and maintain our faith in the fulfillment of God's purposes and in the coming of his Kingdom.

Shadowless

Evelyn Lovejoy Pierce, Published in "The Churchman"

As birds flying,
So will the Lord of Hosts defend Jerusalem;
Defending also he will deliver it;
And passing over he will preserve it.

—Isaiah.

Not as the hawk,
Not as the bird of prey,
But shadowless,
Like warm snow
Over the city
Hovers the Bird of Love.
Over our undefended towers,
Into our open streets,
Like a slow crystal wave
Turning in a blue ocean of sky . . .
Like a white dawn
Dome over us
The wings of the Bird of Love.

Helps by the Way

From "Signs and Symbols" by Ethel P. S. Hoyt

“IN ALL THY ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths.” “I am the Way and the Truth and the Life.” “Follow thou Me.”

We all know these verses from the time of our childhood and we believe their teaching, but we want to do more than believe in them; we want to realize them, make so real their power in our lives that we shall ever feel the consciousness of Christ's presence as our daily companion, our guide in all our ways.

It seems to me that there are two kinds of practice which can help to make very real to us God's guiding presence along the way: First, the reading of the signs giving His directions at all turnings of the road, and secondly, the habit of letting the ordinary acts of life symbolize spiritual things, that we may be constantly reminded of His presence and power within us. At first, as in motoring, we may have to stop a moment in order to read the signs carefully, but as we pass the same way over and over we no longer have to stop, for the very sight of the signpost brings to mind the directions written thereon, and we go on our way rejoicing in the knowledge that we

are on the right road. Let us, then, go through the usual events of an ordinary day looking for the signposts of Bible teaching by the way, and seeking for symbolism of spiritual things in the common acts of living.

PREPARATION FOR THE DAY. As you wake you see by your bedside a sign which says “Be still and know that I am God.”

Rest for a moment in stillness as you realize God's omnipotence, and then with thankful heart pray: “O Thou who givest to all life, and breath, and all things . . . I give thanks unto Thee and bless Thy Holy Name. . . . Open Thou mine eyes that in Thy light I may see the light.”

Then arise with joy and exclaim: “God is my strength and power and He maketh my way perfect. . . . As my days so shall my strength be.”

When you leave your home to go to your work, look over the door for the sign—“Go out with joy and be led forth with peace,” and follow literally the direction of Christ when He said, “Into whatsoever house” (and that includes business offices or the various departments of your own home), “Into whatsoever house

ye shall enter, first say, 'Peace be to this house.'" And whether you enter the house by the front door, by letter, or by telephone, you can still say, "Peace."

On your desk or in your workshop place the sign, "God is with thee in all that thou doest." Before you begin your work take a moment to think deeply what this means, and try to realize the actuality of God's presence with you. Then, as people come to you with the many problems of each day, let your "Good morning" signify "May the peace of God which passeth all understanding keep our hearts and minds together in the presence of Jesus Christ." This will be a kind of spiritual introduction; a reminder of Him who is with you always.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him." Many times in the Bible it is recorded that Jesus lifted up his eyes to Heaven or that he gave thanks before undertaking some special work. If Jesus felt the need of looking up to God for strength, how much more do we need to acknowledge Him in all our ways?

THE DIRECTION TO WORK. "With goodwill, doing service, as to the Lord, and not to man," transforms drudgery into joyful effort, and yet as we go along the road of our daily work we constantly pass by-paths leading down to discouragement. But at the forks in

the road the sign always points clearly upward, saying, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." The fishermen of Galilee toiled all night, casting their nets over and over again, and they caught nothing, but the first time they cast with Christ's blessing they made a miraculous draft of fishes.

All along the road there is no sign more helpful than that which says—"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," and it is evident that Jesus meant not only rest after work but the rest of work shared, for he added: "For my yoke is easy and my burden is light," and a yoke not only relieves weight and pressure, but it binds two together for the sake of greater accomplishment.

FOOD. As we go to our meals we find a sign which says, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God," and "Thou shalt eat thy bread with joy." To obey these directions it may at first be necessary to take a few moments of quiet before each meal in order to empty your mind of all thoughts of unkindness or worry, so that you may truly approach the table in peace.

It is obvious that if we eat things which we know will disagree with us it will decrease instead of increase our power of

service and we cannot "eat to the glory of God." It is equally obvious that if meals are made a time for nagging children and repeating unkind gossip we cannot eat our bread with joy and help others to do likewise. If we would but practice the habit of joy and peace at meals it would not be long before all nervous indigestion and kindred ills would disappear, and we would be stronger and more joyful for God's service.

RECREATION. A good sign to put up on the way to recreation is: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." "Thou shalt make him full of joy in Thy presence."

We all believe that joyful, loving service to God and man is the chief end and aim of life. To accomplish this end we all need recreation—*recreation* of body, mind and spirit. In making our recreational budget, let us *first*, put down time for spiritual recreation and then fit in the time for physical and mental recreation; *second*, let us be sure that the kind of recreation which we choose for ourselves does not prevent others from finding their truest recreation, too.

SYMBOLS BY THE WAY. As we hold out our hand in friendly greeting, let us reach for the best that is in every man, always drawing the good toward us. As we prepare our spare rooms for honored guests, let us not forget to

leave a prayer of peace and joy and strength in the room as well as magazines and flowers. Let us remember to tie each gift with a prayer of love, and let us make each little sacrifice of the day a cheerful gift to Him who loves a cheerful giver. If we could regard the payment of money as a symbol of gratitude for what has been done for us, how different would be our feeling on the first of every month! Let us think of each necessary period of waiting as a gift of time to be used in rest, in prayer or in constructive thought.

BEAUTY. Every time we realize and acknowledge God's power and glory in the beauty of land or sea or sky, of flower or tree, of art or music, of starlight or sunlight or lovelight, we are drawing closer to him in unity of joy and power and love. David sang "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork," and Jesus was looking through beauty to God when he spoke of the lilies of the field.

REST. When we come to our times of rest, let us not fall heavily into bed saying, "Oh, how tired I am!" for the good-night sign by the bedside reads: "They that rest in the Lord shall renew their strength like an eagle." Rest in the Lord, knowing that underneath are the everlasting arms.

"My Vocation Is Love"

By *Ste. Therese De Lisieux, a Roman Catholic Mystic*

SO, notwithstanding her littleness, she would dare to gaze upon the Divine Sun of Love and would burn to dart upward into its fires. She could only flutter her wings, but she would fain fly as the eagle. And when inflamed with this soaring ambition she would wield the sword, she would be a priest, an apostle, a martyr, a doctor of the Church. She would do the most heroic deeds. She would burn with the spirit of the Crusader. She would gladly die on the battlefield in defense of the Church. She would be a light unto souls. She would travel the world over to raise on heathen soil the standard of the Cross. And one mission would not satisfy her: she would spread the Gospel in all parts of the Earth, even to the farthest isles. But her greatest desire of all was to win the martyr's palm. She would be scourged. She would be crucified. She would be flayed alive. She would be ground by the teeth of wild beasts. Martyrdom had been the dream of her youth. It had only grown more vivid in Carmel's narrow cell.

Then she read the twelfth and thirteenth chapters of the first Epistle of St. Paul to the Corin-

thians, and saw that all cannot be apostles, nor all prophets, nor all teachers, nor all healers. She read that though there was the same Spirit there were "diversities of gifts."

"The same Spirit of God worketh all in all," but there are "diversities of operations . . . To one is given the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy. The body is one but hath many members. If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it."

This she read and understood from the twelfth chapter. She could not be anything. She might not be an apostle or a prophet or a martyr. She might not be one of these. Yet she was determined to reach God. And as the chapter closed she read how St. Paul would show "a more excellent way." And she read in a new light what she must have often and often read and heard before, the famous thirteenth chapter. Charity—Love—was the more

excellent way to God. Charity gave her the clue. She might have the gift of prophecy, she might understand all mysteries, she might have all knowledge, she might have faith enough to move mountains, she might give all she had to feed the poor, she might suffer a martyr's death, but all would be of no avail if she had not charity. Charity—Love—was the one essential.

Things now became clear to her. She might not be the eye of the body—of the Church. She might not be the ear. But the body must have a heart; and she would be that heart—that heart on fire with love. Only love imparts life to all the members. Should it fail, apostles would no longer preach, martyrs no longer sacrifice their lives. Love was the one thing needful.

Beside herself with joy she cried out: "O Jesus, my vocation is found at last—my vocation is love." She had found her place in the Church. She would be the love in the heart of Mother-Church.

But love proves itself by deeds. What should she do? She, the little one, would strew flowers by the way. And the flowers would be the smallest actions done for Love. Each word, each look, each little daily sacrifice—all would be done for Love's dear sake. "He

that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh cities." Through little acts of charity, practised in the dark, missionaries would be helped, plentiful alms would be obtained, and churches would be built. Love was to be the main-spring of every action. She would have everyone enter whole-heartedly into her little way. These would be the flowers which she would strew by the way to the Throne of God. And she would sing Love's canticle in silvery tones. Not in loud organ peals but in gentlest tones would she sing as she scattered her flowers. And should any of her roses be gathered from amid thorns, she would still sing. The longer and sharper the thorns the sweeter would grow her song.

This was the new way she found to God. This was the path to Perfection. The little way. The way of little sacrifices, little kindnesses. And it was an ordinary way which everyone might follow.

Nor was it from any littleness of soul that she chose the little way. Only the greatest soul could see the greatness of this little way. She was great enough to see that to do to perfection the little things of everyday life, and do them with the glow of love in the heart and a smile on the lips, is the sure and certain way of reaching heaven.

But she knew well that it would require of her a concentration, a persistency and inflexibility of purpose which even the greatest heroes might lack, and she steadied her soul for the effort.

The pontoons of God's Power

K. Hall

I am through with this deep-sea diving
to see what is wrong with my soul!
Bring me the pontoons of God's power
And His love shall lift up the sunken
weight of my dead despair.
I am through with this diver's helmet,
this looking hazily through a misty glass—
this artificial oxygen tube—my heavy-weighted boots of self.
Here they go! I will throw them far out to sea—
This introspection—this pondering, smothering ME!
Let me kick off the sea-weed tangles,
the clinging barnacles.
For God has given me wings! I, too, must fly—
Far out over this dark troublous water,
On far-shining clear wings of the spirit—
Out to the horizon where the blue waters dance in the sunlight
Self is the tomb which buries my spirit.
God, lift me up to life's surface waters
To join the fleet of your forward moving plan!

(The Isle of Shoals campers were tremendously interested in the raising of the Squalus by pontoons, a few miles from the Camp.)

"A pontoon lifts by the air that is pumped into it from above. The first attempt to raise the Squalus failed because there were not enough pontoons.

"The power that will lift this world out of its present depths will be men and women filled with the power of the Spirit of God breathed into them by the power of God."

—Glenn Clark at the Camp Farthest Out.

The Parable of the Snow Drift

E. C. Dymond

THE Kingdom of God is like unto a Highway Department, as witness:

Owing to meteorological conditions prevailing throughout the night a great drift lay across the road, well nigh obstructing it. The highway department announced that sometime during the morning its rotary snowplow would be along to open up the traffic lanes. But Mr. O. B. Zealous, who lived nearby, felt that it was up to him to do something about it at once. So he phoned several friends, saying, "Grab a teaspoon and come along. If enough of us get together we can move this drift out of the way in no time."

"But," protested one, "didn't you hear the message that was sent

out?" "Yes, yes," impatiently replied Mr. Z., "I know, I know, but that isn't to be believed. That stuff about the plow coming through is all the bunk. The esoteric interpretation of those plain words is that we have got to do it ourselves."

So Mrs. Z., and a few others who joined him, spooned away valiantly without making any appreciable impression on the great drift. Eventually, however, according to schedule, the plow appeared and presently normal traffic was re-established. Mused Mr. Z., "I see now that what I should have done was to get on the roster of the department so I could help man the plow."

Transmutation

From The Tree of Life, an Anthology

It's a very odd thing—

As odd as can be—

That whatever Miss T. eats

Turns into Miss T.;

Porridge and apples,

Mince, muffins and mutton,

Jam, junket, jumbles—

Not a rap, not a button

It matters; the moment

They're out of her plate,

Though shared by Miss Butcher

And sour Mr. Bate;

Tiny and cheerful,

And neat as can be,

Whatever Miss T. eats

Turns into Miss T.

Feeling God's Nearness

Muriel Lester

YESTERDAY brought a vivid sense of God's nearness. You closed your eyes, and the feeling of it crept all through you. You opened them again, and the nearness was still there. Nature seemed as the very garment of the All-Father. The deep blue of the sky was the veil over His face. The sweet air was His living breath. Where you sat, where you stood, where you walked, there was God. You made no straining after God. God was experienced: a living Presence enfolding your derived life in his underived Life. A great peace filled your heart, and a lovely joy.

Today, at the very beginning, when you tried to pray, your restless thoughts ran off on other errands. The atmosphere was no longer consciously vibrant with the Eternal. The sky was only distance, trees and flowers merely products of the earth. Religious thinking is not so easy today. The feeling of God's immediacy is gone. You perhaps even wonder if yesterday's feeling of awareness was only a delusion. You feel alone. Alone! Life does not give satisfaction to your yearning spirit.

And God is there just the same! "In Him we live, and move, and

have our being": the sublime words are just as truly a matter of fact today as they were yesterday. The breath you breathe is still the breath of life from the soul of the Eternal. The sweet murmur of nature that comes to your ears is still the voice of God—one of His voices—speaking from His exhaustless Life. Down beneath the depths of your need is still the deeper depth of God. All through the fog that lies low upon your sea of life is still the nearness of God. The sufficiency of God is still available for your support.

Sometimes there comes an almost unbroken sense of joy, peace, and harmony with God and our fellow which lasts for several hours; we begin to think it is going to last for several days; we begin to think it is going to last forever; all our conflicts are in abeyance; we are at rest yet full of vigor; everything turns out right for us; there is no worry, no weariness, no hurry; everything happens to suit our needs, we feel that we have actually begun to enjoy eternal life here on earth.

Then comes a clash, a minor crisis, a disappointment, and the current seems insidiously to have changed without our knowing how. One false move, one out-

burst of ill-temper, or one bitter word spoils the whole thing. We become so disgusted with ourselves at having lost control that we feel everything is hopeless. . . .

As it is there is no need hopelessly to throw up the sponge; by retracing our steps to the *last point of harmony* with God, we can make a fresh start.

Different Ways of God

Winfred Rhoades—"Have You Lost God?"

One person is above all things practical: he gets his sense of nearness to God by trying to do the work of God. Another wants God in some way made concrete: he gets his best realization of God, and his strongest feeling of nearness to God, by thinking of Jesus Christ, talking to him, walking with him in mind and spirit. A third goes straight to the eternal Fatherhood, the everlasting Source of All Things, which he

visions, perhaps, along with Dante and the Apostle John, as everlasting Light: a Light which enfolds all creation and from which all creation receives life. And a fourth realizes God most vividly in the thought of the enfolding, ever-living Spirit, the soul's nearest Companion, always present as energy for daily need, as wisdom for the crises of life, as guidance into that ever larger truth, as giver of ever greater life.

Heaven's Glory Shines Through

Translated from the Buddhist Shingon Service Book

For what reason, pray,
Have I come on life?
And what, now that I'm born
Should I do or be?
If to eat, to work, to sleep—
If such be all my task—
What else am I, pray tell,
Than bird or beast?

Is it not that I should holy live?
That Heaven's glory, and Earth's
too
Should glow through me?
Is it not that I
Should give forth fragrance, too,
That some, at least, of this world's
dust
Should be made sweet?

Joy Can Be Ours

From "Creative Prayer" by E. Herman

DURING our self-centered stage, we cling to material pursuits and pleasures. Then comes the birth of Christ in us, and we are weaned from these delights by the inrush of spiritual joys. A new range of pleasures has become ours, and our former delights appear dull and worthless. And in our absorption in the delights of the spirit, we imagine that we have left self behind for ever. It is all so new, so entrancing — we cannot get enough of it! Trouble and adversity fail to quench our infant joy; "what matters treasure, what matters pleasure," so long as we have the riches of God for our own?

But self is not dead: it has merely lost consciousness of its existence for a season, in its absorption in a new object of desire. It clings to its spiritual treasure as it once clung to the goods of earth. It is only when God withdraws these spiritual possessions from us that we realize how largely self entered into our holding of them. One by one they leave us—the first joy and fervour, the first well-nigh intoxicating sense of God's presence, the first inrush of unconquerable might and dauntless confidence. They are taken from us, not harshly, but

to make room for something less vivid and joyous, yet even more solidly sustaining—a deep, calm peace, a sense of perfect rest in God. We know why the first gifts have been withdrawn: it was that we might gain that self-knowledge which is power. We had grasped them too feverishly; their continuance could not be wholesome, in the long run. They were the blossoms of springtime, and it is meet that the riot of spring, the song of the rising sap, should give place to the calm, sunlit stillness of summer. We find, as we go on, that this new stillness of peace has a charm all its own. It, no less than the exuberance of joy, is a luxury. How gladly we let ourselves sink into its depths! It is worthwhile feeling a little sober and pensive, since it makes us aware of the Everlasting Arms. A sense of satisfaction grows upon us, a fullness as of deep, still water filling a pool. We think that we have stripped ourselves of ambition: in quietness and confidence we have discovered our strength.

But again it is self-love that hugs this white peace of God to its arms, and we never really become aware of the depth of our self-love until God begins to tear

it out of our hearts. Now peace, in its turn, is taken away from us, and we go forth into an arid wilderness. Our spiritual imagination fails, our feeling is numbed, words forsake us, thought is clogged, our spirits faint within us, and the heart is left cold as last year's nests. We know not what to do. We have lost, not only self-confidence, but self-resource. God has withdrawn His hand, and we are left desolate. It is at this stage that the temptation to turn back and renounce the pilgrim's habit becomes a real danger. At other stages this temptation arises from fickleness; it is but one mood among many. Now it springs from a vision of grim reality. For the first time we see ourselves as we are apart from God—naked, impotent, dead. At last we know that we can find no rest in self; and God—how far away God has withdrawn Himself! But this hour that seems so evil is the hour of our salvation. In it, as in nothing that has gone before, God is surrounding us with the purifying and healing energies of love. The shadow that frowns above us is the shadow of His hand; the emptiness that yawns within is His sure prophecy of a wondrous fullness. If we are being straitened, it is that we might be the more greatly enlarged. In withdrawing His felt presence

from us and making us to know that without Himself we can do nothing, God desires to dilate our hearts by loving and longing and so enable them to receive the fuller self-revelation which He longs to impart. If we are willing to walk through the wilderness of spiritual aridity, if without impatience or bitterness we turn our dull and empty hearts to God in a simple movement of love, we shall discover the wonders that are wrought in that desert of the soul.

Our greed for that sensible warmth of religious feeling mis-called "experience" in some quarters is one of our most dangerous enemies. We constantly hark back to the radiant happiness of the early Christians, point to the palpable gladness that throbs through the Apostolic narrative, and say that spiritual life must be like that; if we lack joy, we lack God. But we forget that joy does not come by seeking it. "Seek God, not joy," is the motto of the saints, and it is the experience of the saints that those who truly seek God shall be led to joy in His own time. To the early Christians, who embraced God with perfect simplicity, asking no questions, giving not a look behind them, and selling the whole field of the world for the pearl of great price, joy came immediately; for joy is the reward of complete surrender, and God never

keeps one waiting unduly. But we, hesitant, sophisticated, torn between rival theories and allegiances, making a study of self-analysis and self-expression, do not, as a rule, make this complete surrender until, by pain and desolation, the heart has been purged of its idols and the roots of self-love cut out of the soul. It is then, and only then, that joy can come. The way to it may be long and hard, but the moment the last step is taken and the life wholly yielded up to God, joy such as we have never known—radiant, triumphant, immutable — becomes ours.

Love in Marriage

A Protestant Mystic of England

TO the lover of God all affections go up and are enclosed, in one affection, so that we have no love for anyone or anything apart from God. And marriage-love is included in this. In every way it can become a sacrament, she says. There is nothing in it which is not holy. In no way does the marriage bond of the body separate the spirit from acceptableness to God. Marriage is the physical prototype in this physical world of the spiritual union with God in the spiritual world. This relationship between men and women is His thought, His plan, not ours. Our responsibility is only to keep the bond of it pure and clean and sweet, and submit ourselves in all things as completely and orderly as possible to His plans, whatever they may be. He has no wish to impose distress and suffering on us. His will towards us is pure joy, pure love, pure peace, pure sweetness. This bond of earthly marriage is of the flesh and can be kept by the body, and yet the heart, mind and soul remain in lovely, perfect charity. This is exquisite freedom.

Each soul has its own secret place
Where none may enter in
Save it and God—to them alone
What goeth on therein is known—
To it and God alone.

—John Oxenham

Spiritual Power on the Athletic Field

Bill Rose

When runners swap tips on how to do better in their events, that is the height of friendliness. When a professor from a college writes a book on athletics and a runner from a rival school follows the advice to victory, that is the height of something else.

It was in my sophomore year at Hamline University that my mother gave me a little pocket sized book about "Power in Athletics." Because the long and arduous training season was just beginning, I decided to explore its contents to see if it had anything that would give me that extra something to make me a better trackman.

Much to my surprise the help and advice I found in this book written by Dr. Glenn Clark of Macalester, Hamline's ancient rival, did not tell me how to get a longer stride, what diet to follow, or suggest a training schedule. It told me how to change my attitude toward others through love and prayer.

This little book told me to get rid of any ballast I might be carrying,—not material ballast but ballast in the form of hate, jealousy, fear, and the desire to be a hero. My job was to learn to work for team spirit, be good friends

with everybody, and to realize that victory didn't depend on me.

I kept this book near my bed so I could read it every night. As I began to absorb and practice some of its contents, I began to do something I hadn't done for a long time—and that was pray. I prayed not that I would win but that I would do my best.

In order for any athlete to do his best he must be in condition. Knowing this I began to train as I had never trained before, both physically and spiritually. Knowing that God was helping me become a better runner made the task of getting in condition a good deal easier.

For two months I practiced the advice of Dr. Clark while I was getting myself physically fit and now the time for me to discover how much I had improved was rapidly approaching. I had specialized in the half-mile my freshman year but had run the two-mile three times.

This year however I had decided to put all my eggs in one basket and the event I chose was the two mile run. I entered the first meet of the season with something I never had before. That something was the knowledge that I had done my best to follow the

advice of Dr. Clark, a former track coach.

In this first meet it took 11 minutes and four seconds to get the answer. I had improved 15 seconds over the year before. Besides doing better than ever before, I had won the race. As the season progressed I won only one more race while losing two. Although I had continued to improve, my biggest test was yet to come—the State Meet at Macalester.

The night before the meet I read my little book through and prayed that I would do my best. I went to sleep satisfied that I had done my utmost to co-operate with God and my fellowmen. In the morning I awoke rested but a little excited about the coming event.

After eating breakfast, I went to see my coach. Together we tried to figure how the points would be divided that afternoon. My coach had a little more confidence in me than a good many others. He thought I might be able to place fourth.

Later, as I walked across the campus toward Old Main I met the football coach. He greeted me with this wager: "If you win the two-mile this afternoon, I'll get a Heinie haircut like yours." The coach had long pompadour hair which would stand straight up if cut short. After wishing me the best of luck he left me. I returned to my home to eat dinner and rest.

During the morning rain had fallen and the sky still looked like rain so the track was sure to be wet. If Macalester's track didn't get too wet it would be fast by the time the races started. Some of my best races had been run on tracks in similar condition. Besides knowing the condition of the track I knew that I was meeting four men who had better times than I had and one of these men hadn't been beaten in three years. He and his team mate were favored to win first and second as they had done in years previous.

I arrived at the Mac gym about 3:20, changed clothes, and proceeded to warm up for my race, which was soon to begin. I returned to the locker room and after sitting awhile I got down on my knees and prayed. I told Him He wouldn't need to worry about the first six laps but on the last two I'd need plenty of help. Then through the stillness of the room I heard, "First call for the two-mile."

If I ever felt good before a race, it was that day. I was entering a race with everything to gain because no one was counting on me to win anything. I was a little nervous but my mind was free from worry. The air waves were again set in motion with, "Last call for the two-mile." The long-awaited moment had arrived.

There was no time for any re-

grets or wishes now. The starter was barking his orders. "Runners to your marks. Get set." Then followed three seconds that seemed like minutes before the crack of his pistol sent us on our way.

The first lap I was tenth. The second lap I moved up to fifth and then something happened. Some men from the sidelines were picking up the champion and favorite from the track with a badly aching side and stomach.

The fourth and fifth laps found me in third place. On the sixth I passed a man from Macalester for second. The man still ahead was the fellow who had won second for two years. But as I watched him bound along I noticed he was feeling the effect of not having his running mate, the champion, pacing him.

As we started the seventh lap I told God I needed help. He didn't send it then. He waited awhile. On the back stretch of this lap I made two attempts to move into first but couldn't quite make it. Just before we passed the judges for the last lap, two things happened.

First I remembered how Gregg Rice and Walter Mehl had raced the last quarter in the NCAA meet the year before. The second was the surging through me of the strength I had asked God for. That was all I needed.

I raced my opponent to the corner and beat him. From that point to the finish line I increased my lead to twenty yards. Victory was mine but another surprise still remained. I had run the race 39 seconds faster than the year before and 23 seconds faster than my first race of the season.

As I stood under a shower rubbing my tired muscles, three thoughts came to my mind. There underneath a shower I thanked God for helping me, my mother for giving me Dr. Clark's book, and my parents for their faith in me.

Without the little book, "Power in Athletics," I probably would never have asked God to help; without that help of God I'd not have won.

P. S. The coach got the Heinie haircut.

The December issue of *Clear Horizons* will be an Anthology on Spiritual Healing. John Gaynor Banks, formerly editor of *The Nazarene* and now editor of *Sharing*, is helping the Editors out of the wealth of his experience to make this the best compilation ever made. We believe it will be of great value to all. Tell your friends.

Let Us Fight Hitler with Power

Glenn Clark

Do you believe in resisting Hitler? I am asked.

To this my answer is: Yes, I believe in resisting Hitler and Hitlerism and all it stands for with every pound of energy I possess, lifted to its highest degree, and I intend to resist Hitler and Hitlerism to my dying day.

But I am just a little bit finicky about my choice of weapons, that is all.

I don't like bombs because they blow people to little bits and leave a lot of grease around. And they blow up property so that when the war is over inflation comes into the country, and finally spreads to my own country and throws me out of work, too.

I don't like machine guns because they mow down fair-haired boys that look exactly like my own boy, turning them into fertilizer in the twinkling of an eye, or leaving them to rot in veteran hospitals for the rest of their lives. And I love boys, no matter where they come from, and I can't get over loving them.

But with all my prejudice against bombs and with all my love for boys, I might still give up my aversion to the conventional weapons of war if I did not know

of some other weapons for stopping evil infinitely more powerful than these weapons can ever pretend to be.

The weapons I believe in are Faith and Love.

I have seen the power of these weapons when Jacob, returning to his native land rich with cattle and sheep, found himself confronted with Esau with four hundred armed men, and a vow in his heart to kill the man who had defrauded him of his birthright. I have seen Jacob take his wives and his children up into a mountain and there, surrounded with everyone who was near and dear to him, put on a love broadcast that turned back the sword of destruction.

An angel of the Lord wrestled with him throughout the night, and at dawn stretched out his hand upon him and lamed him for life, so that henceforth he could no longer fight even if he had wished. The next morning he sent great gifts of sheep and cattle as outer expressions of his love and repentance to his brother. When he followed after, expecting to meet his death, instead he found his brother returning the gifts, and running to embrace him.

I have seen love look out from the eyes of Stephen as he said to his executioners, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." And I have seen Saul, the man who hounded Stephen to his death, the greatest Gestapo agent of his day, who threw Jews into concentration camps and who held their clothes while his followers stoned them to death—I have seen this Hitler of his day stricken down by a bolt of light and become the greatest disciple that the Christian church has ever known.

I have seen a Man on a cross in his suffering, after he had been betrayed and scourged and crucified for sins which he himself did not commit, cry out, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do." I have seen that Man conquer the world.

In my own experience, I have found hate coming toward me, and transmuted that hate by love, not only making me as impervious as a citadel from injury, but overcoming the person who did the hating.

I have seen this work out in marvelous ways at the Camp Farthest Out. In August last year when we broadcast love toward Hitler, I have seen him stop in his tracks as he started his march into Poland; and had Love enough gone forth to him from France and England this war might never have been. This is described in detail in *Clear*

Horizons of June, 1940, pages 46-47.

I have seen it work in the Camps Farthest Out this spring when, on June 30, 1940, we broadcast love toward Mussolini on the last night at Glendora. We had finished the broadcast, and I had started speaking when suddenly I stopped, and said, "For some reason I can say no more. It seems the time for talking has ended this night, and the time has come for us to listen to the Voice of God." Then after a pause I said, "A vision comes to me of Mussolini standing in his customary pose, head back, chest out; but now something is happening. I see him slowly bend his head forward; he is bowing lower and lower, until I see him kneel, and slowly put his head clear down until his forehead touches the ground."

When I returned to Los Angeles, I received a letter containing a clipping from a New York newspaper with these words, "Little Brown Company reports that a copy of Glenn Clark's book, 'The Soul's Sincere Desire' was ordered by Premier Mussolini, who sent his *personal* check."

I do not counsel anyone to lie down before evil, fold up, give in to it, surrender to it—either in the form of Hitler or in any other form. I do not believe in appeasement or compromise of any sort. I believe in using the most power-

ful weapons of resistance which the universe can furnish, and using them to the full capacity of one's powers.

Unless one has been trained consciously to the point where he believes—nay, *knows*—that Love is the most powerful force in the universe, it would be quite useless for me to counsel him to exchange bombs and machine guns for Love. We would all admit, I am sure, that it would be folly for every soldier to start off as a pilot of an airplane before he had been trained in the consciousness and technique of flying. I, who *know* from experience that Love and Prayer are more powerful than bombs and airplanes, also know that it would be folly for a man to expose his loved ones to the attacks of the enemy, who was not trained in consciousness to the point where he believes—nay, *knows*—that Love is the strongest force in the universe, and who is not trained in the art and technique of prayer. It is not for me to say that a man should not take up arms and fight if his

conscience says that he should do so. It is not for me to say that a nation is entirely sold out to Satan if it turns itself into an armed camp. It is only for me to bear witness with the utmost power which I possess, to that which I have actually seen with my own eyes and experienced in my own soul. And that witness bears positive and, for me, convincing evidence that the most powerful and irresistible weapons are the weapons of Prayer and Love.

One good feature about this way of fighting I am advocating is this: when you win, you win permanently, and you will never experience what the allies experienced after their "victory" of Versailles. And what is still more important, even when you lose, you still *win*; as witness Stephen overcoming Saul of Tarsus at the price of his own death, and Jesus overcoming the world at the price of the cross. So while the nation is arming itself to kill, let us help the nation and the world by arming ourselves to Love and Pray.

While some of us cannot love our "enemies" let us at least train ourselves to love unfortunate peoples that have fought and been vanquished by our "enemies," and the most evident and practical way to express that love will be by feeding them before they starve.

Speed the Food Ships

Muriel Lester

A commonsense sort of war work awaits all women. It needs no training, only imagination. It can be done in one's spare time or can fill 16 hours of one's day.

This work is nothing less than the feeding of Europe. Numerous difficulties and obstacles immediately leap to one's mind. But we are accustomed to difficulties and obstacles. We have learned throughout the ages how to circumvent them, by passion and by pity.

Send shipload after shipload of your surplus food to Europe. Distribute it yourselves.

Grow even more food to load up this sort of Armada—American 1940 style. It will be a new sort of invasion, an entering wedge into the old-fashioned unscientific surgery of Europe. Perhaps it will prove to be a new page of history written in gold letters for all the world to read, America's impact on Europe's body politic.

Let us examine the obvious snags: First, Perhaps Britain won't let the ships get past its blockade of continental Europe. Second, Perhaps Hitler won't let the ships get past his submarine blockade of Britain.

Only in so far as the leaders of both countries depend on starv-

ing out women and children can they object to this action of the U. S. A. The vast mass of the common people of Europe, British and continental, will hail it as sublime common sense. After all, it will only be supplementing the resolution put forward a few months ago at Westminster by the Bishop of Birmingham before the House of Convocation, that "We should feed our enemies." None of the high ecclesiastics present could support this plea. Sorrowfully, though sincerely, they pointed out that Britain's national policy made it impossible. Then they waited for the Bishop's reply to their regretful speeches. But he had nothing to say, except that it wasn't he who originated the idea.

Numerous Britons agree with the Bishop rather than with the starvation method. They remember the last blockade in 1918 and 1919; long after the Armistice and long after the Peace Treaty was signed, children were to be seen in the parks and streets of German cities, children whose bones bent if you put even a little pressure upon them, children whose bodies were described as "flimsy."

The British don't want Dutch or German, Belgian or French children to get like that.

Nor do German people want British children to get like that.

Americans, who are free to act and speak, don't want any children anywhere to get like that.

God doesn't want any children to get like that (e.g. the "Inasmuch" parable).

If Hitler refuses to call off his U-boats from the food ships which convey their precious cargoes to the rest of Europe, what's to happen? Must the will of God be ignored if the War Office objects to its fulfillment?

It may be that the British government would welcome the whole conception as an honorable way out of a situation which may ruin both protagonists. But even in that case they would have to take a firm stand against the project at first. They would probably complain that the U. S. A. was interfering in European affairs, that you were being naive, sentimental, idealistic, meddling with mercy instead of munitions.

It may be, on the other hand, that the War Office would consider the plan tragically misconceived. They might implore you to desist, point out that it would be a stab in the back, actually as mortal as Mussolini's. They may use all the psychological methods known to government to rebuff

you, to impugn your motives, your good faith.

To the military mind, both British and American, it may look like treachery. But most human beings don't possess the military mind. Ordinary people look at things differently. This often creates awkward situations for the ordinary person. It may also create an awkward situation for the militarists. In this situation the War Office may feel so sincere a dread of the scheme that they have to inform the U. S. A. that they must keep the food ships outside Europe, by force if necessary; that they must sink any ship that defies the blockade. They would be within their rights if they did this. In which case the U.S.A. would send ships regardless, for they would be manned by Americans, millions of whom would gladly risk death in the effort to save life. This would introduce a new technique for the settling of international problems.

Seeing that it is the common instinct to feed the hungry, no political or military situation is likely to be able to hold back for long the great stream of generosity once it has burst its way through the obstructions that have so long impeded its life-bringing flow.

The Shadow of the Four Horsemen

Glenn Clark

After the war comes Famine. And after the Famine comes Pestilence.

Pestilence doesn't stop with national boundary lines. Pestilence is stopped neither by rivers nor by oceans. In the last World War those millions who died in battle were only a handful compared with the tens of millions who died by famine and pestilence.

Upon unquestionable authority we are informed that at least a million people in Europe will die of starvation before Christmas no matter what we do. Unless the United States sends food, this million will be multiplied into six or seven million before the winter is over.

The estimated surplus in United States granaries is 500,000,000 bushels of corn and 300,000,000 bushels of wheat. Our annual surplus will support 13,000,000 Europeans for a year, our accumulated surplus will support at least 30,000,000.

The starving nations are willing to pay for the food. Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Poland have the resources with which to buy their imports over the winter if they could get through the blockade and their own domestic supplies were not

interfered with by the Germans. There need be no call upon our Government for public charity. But even if they could not pay, is there any better use we could make of our own unused stores of grain?

The question remains, Can we get the food to the nations that need it without benefiting Germany?

We are told by Herbert Hoover that when he fed Belgium during the war of 1914-1918, the German government was required to guarantee that none of the imports or domestic supplies of the occupied countries should be taken by them, and they strictly obeyed the regulations, even though their own starvation was one of the chief reasons they lost the war.

If the Germans should break this guarantee the supply could immediately be shut off.

The only benefit that might possibly come to the Germans, according to Herbert Hoover, is that there is always the danger that starving people will riot before they die and that there might develop contagious disease which might spread through Germany. As far as food supplies prevent these two things, it would benefit Germany. But who would wish

that ten million innocent Belgian and Norwegian women and children should die in order to make the Germans suffer?

"We met exactly the same obstructions when we organized the relief in 1914," writes Herbert Hoover, "and had we not persisted five to seven million people would have died. In the end the Allied cause was done no harm,—in fact, the Allies were very proud of it."

Is it not time for America to come to the aid of the world in this hour? We, too, may see the time when we shall "be proud of it."

The food shortage affects the children the worst. They must have fats and milk or they become stunted or die wholesale. There are about ten million children under 14 years of age in these areas.

This is something that should appeal especially to all the women of the land. Muriel Lester is trying to arouse the women of America to get behind the movement.

Let us talk it up.

Let us lift it up.

Let us pray it up.

Speed the food ships!

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"One of the best anthologies of Love, Ancient and Modern"

June issue of Clear Horizons

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