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CLEAR HORIZONS

Vol. 1, No. 4 A QUARTERLY March, 1941

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And a dozen other poems and articles.



IMMORTALITY

Above the entrance to a cemetery in a southern city is the inscription: "Surely so universal a thing as death must be a blessing." There is a wistful longing in the hearts of all people for a continuance of this life. When death strikes those whom we love best that longing becomes so intense that it is almost unbearable. Then it is we turn to the experience of others, search for definite proofs, listen hungrily for convincing arguments for the future life.

It was in the spring of the year that Jesus was lifted up upon the cross, and gave up his life for his friends. His frightened followers scattered. The little band of his disillusioned disciples hid away in an upper room. Then came the Resurrection, and the Christian church emerged. So, in this Easter number of CLEAR HORIZONS, we take up the subject of Immortality, listening to scientist, theologian, business man, philosopher, and housewife. The editors have tried to approach the matter from every angle—hoping that comfort and inspiration might be found by all our readers.

The June number of Clear Horizons will be centered around the general idea of Prayer. As is our custom, we shall seek to make this as complete an approach as possible.

CLEAR HORIZONS

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Clear Horizons

An Adventure in Solving Problems in a Heavenly Way

First Year

Volume 1, No. 4

☐ Life goes on without a break,
the thread in a weaver's loom
is not cut, it simply goes out
of human vision.

Immortality—An Easter Sermon

Lyman Abbott

WHEN Jesus Christ came into the world, the faith in Judaism was a conflicting faith. There were the Sadducees, who did not believe in any resurrection, any immortality; death ended all for them. There were the Pharisees, who believed in a resurrection, but it was a far-off resurrection; the dead dwelt in a shadowland; they were disembodied spirits. The Hebrew conception in this respect was not different from the Greek conception. There was no activity and no life apart from the body. They waited until the resurrection morn. The bodies, therefore, must be preserved, and the greatest pains were taken to preserve them by em-

balming, that when the time came for the soul to reassume its life it could re-enter the body and begin its life again, in some future resurrection. This was the faith of Palestine when Christ came to the earth; and Christ was the first one in human history to teach the absolute continuity of life. I do not find that teaching either in pagan or Jewish literature prior to that time.

This was the message that Christ brought on this subject: Life is continuous; there is not a break; there is not a sleep and a future awakening; there is not a shadowland from which, by and by, the spirits will be summoned to be reunited to the embalmed

corpses; life goes on without a single break. This was the essence of Christ's message. It is clear enough. It is expressed by his promises. I give unto you, he said, eternal life; I give it here and now; it is a present possession. The eternal life which the Pharisees thought was to come in some final, far-off resurrection, Christ said, I hand it to you; it is yours from this moment; you *have* eternal life if you believe in the Son of God. It is indicated in what he said to Martha when he came to the tomb of Lazarus. He said, Your brother shall rise. She said, I know he shall rise in the judgment, in the last day. Christ said, No, you are mistaken; he who liveth and believeth in me shall never die; for him who has faith in the Messiah there is no death; I am the resurrection and the life. The believer takes that resurrection, takes that life, lives on with an unbroken life. The thread in the weaver's loom is not cut, it simply goes out of human vision. That is all.

Christ himself is about to die, and what is his message to his disciples? Why, this: You think I am going to disappear, to be as though I were not. Not at all. I go back to my Father, and yet in going back to my Father I do not go away from you. I live, my Father liveth with me. I live with him, I live with you, I will come

again and make my abode with you; my life does not break off, does not carry me away from you, I continue to be in your presence and companionship more than ever before. It is for my advantage that I should go, for I am going to my Father; it is for your advantage that I should go, because I can serve you better, live more with you, be closer to you, than I ever was in the flesh.

This teaching is intimated in the three resurrections which Christ wrought. He comes to the maiden and says, She is not dead, she is sleeping. He takes her by the hand and says, Arise! He puts back the living soul into the tenement. Yes, the tent had fallen down, and he calls the tenant back, re-erects the tent, and puts her in it. He meets the boy borne on the open bier. The two strange processions meet,—one with a jubilant throng flocking after the Life-giver, the other a mourning throng flocking after the bier—the procession of life, the procession of death. He stops them both, and takes the young man by the hand and says, I say, Arise! and calls back the spirit and puts it in the frame again, gives the boy back to the mother. He comes to Lazarus. The message is the same, "There is no death; he is not dead, he is asleep." And then when the disciples do not understand, he says, He is dead. But at his bid-

ding they roll away the stone, and he calls Lazarus, as though to indicate that Lazarus was not beyond the reach of his voice, and the spirit comes back and fills the body again and animates it. Lazarus not far off, Lazarus not dead, Lazarus living and close at hand.

Finally, he gives it most illustrious exemplification in his own resurrection. He tells them his life will go on, but they cannot believe it. When he rises and returns to the body, or, if you prefer, appears in a spiritual body to the opened eyes of his disciples, he gives them ocular demonstration that he is a living Christ, that it was not in the power of Pilate to put him to death, that the broken heart did not slay him, that he lived on.

Paul getting his first glimpse of the risen Christ in the heavens is always the apostle of the resurrection, and this is his message from beginning to end: an unbroken, a continuous, life. This is the meaning of that fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Not that by and by the grave will open and the dead will come forth. Not at all. Every death is a resurrection, and the life is independent of this earthly body. Paul has argued for immortality, and then he says:

"But some will say, How are the dead raised? and with what manner of body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not

quicken, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but a bare grain, it may chance of wheat or of some other kind; but God giveth it a body even as it pleased him, and to each seed a body of its own. All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one flesh of men, and another flesh of beasts, and another flesh of birds, and another of fishes. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in its glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."

To make this meaning more clear he adds: "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." If the body were to rise, you would only be back where you were before. If the body were to rise, it would be as if the bird were put back into the egg; as if the butterfly were put back into the chrysalis; as if the full-grown man were put back into the cradle. If it did rise, it would be a harm,

not a help. There is a spiritual body; that is, there is a new organism for the new function and the new life and the new condition. If the flesh and blood could rise, there would have to be another death, before the soul could come into the kingdom of heaven.

Death is a sleep. This is one of the New Testament figures. "She is not dead, but sleeping." The child is weary with his toil and sated with his play. The long shadows fall aslant the lawn, and the mother, wiser than her child, goes out and calls him. Fretfully and reluctantly he comes, answering her beckoning. He does not wish to leave his sports, he wishes still to stay, and she takes him in her arms and rocks him to sleep, that she may fit him for new toil and new happiness on the morrow. Death is Christ standing at the door and saying, Children, your work is over and your plays are done, and twilight has come; let me give you rest; and we, fretfully and reluctantly answering the summons, come weeping to the grave that will give us what he gives his beloved—sleep.

Death is an exodus. It is said that on the Mount of Transfiguration Christ spoke of the exodus which he was about to accomplish at Jerusalem; it was as a going forth from a land of bondage to a land of liberty. The children of Israel are in Goshen. They are

fed, clothed, housed; but they are slaves. And when Moses comes to summon them, they hesitate to respond to his summons. They dread the Red Sea and the long wilderness journey and the experiences through which they must pass to the Promised Land. But it is a message of emancipation and deliverance, nevertheless. We are here in a land of Goshen; in bondage to our flesh. Who does not sometimes feel the limitations of his body? Who does not sometimes feel as though he could understand the impatient bird that wishes to spring from the cage and fly away? And death is the voice of Moses coming to men and saying, "You are to be slaves no longer; you are to be bound by your chains no more. The land of liberty is before you." Death is a proclamation of emancipation.

Death is an unmooring. "The time of my unmooring," says Paul, "is at hand." The ship is fastened to the wharf; it is lying there finished. It stands there in the stays, and the workmen are still upon it with hammer and saw. That is what we are in this life. No man is ever finished. We are upon the stays where, with saw and hammer, we are wrought upon—sometimes very much to our discontent—until by a long, slow process the man is made; and then when the time has come and God is ready, he knocks away the un-

derpinning, and the ship breaks from its ways out into the element which we do not understand, but the element for which God is preparing him. Death is an unmooring; it launches us into our true, real element.

Death is home-coming. "In my Father's house are many mansions." Christ does not mean that in heaven there are many different rooms. What he means is this: in the universe there are a great many dwelling-places; this world is not the only dwelling-place; you are not to imagine that life goes on here merely; in my Father's universe there are a great many different dwelling places, and I am going to prepare a place for you, that when your time of sleeping, your time of emancipation, your time of unmooring, comes, you may not come to a strange country. Love makes heaven. And the love

of friends, sanctified, consecrated, reaching up to love of God, makes home and will make heaven our home. Death is a home-coming.

So my message is the old, old message you have heard so often. Life is continuous, there is no break, the flower is not cut off by the sirocco; the water is not spilled upon the ground never to be recovered; the weaver's thread is not cut, broken, lost. No! Death is Christ saying, Come, weary one, and I will give you rest; Come, enslaved one, I will give you liberty; Come, immigrant, I will take you out of the land of your bondage; Come, lonely and solitary one, I will take you to your home. When we take the mystic ship and sail across the unknown sea, it will not be on a foreign shore that we shall land, but they that have gone before will troop out to welcome us, and we shall be at home.

Indwelling

T. E. Brown

"If thou couldst empty all thyself of self,
Like a shell dishabited,
Then might He find thee on the Ocean shelf,
And say—'This is not dead'—
And fill thee with Himself instead.
But thou art all replete with very *thou*.
And hast such shrewd activity,
That when He comes, He says: This is now
Unto itself—'Twere better let it be:
It is so small and full, there is no room for Me."

The Kingdom of God

Francis Thompson

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumor of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars!—
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry;—and upon so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

The Oxford Book of English Mystical Verse, Oxford University Press.

¶ The grubs in the pond could no longer see their brother after he had left them and become a beautiful dragon fly.

The Parable of the Dragon Fly

Mrs. Gatty

“I WONDER what becomes of the Frog when he climbs up out of the world, and disappears, so that we do not see even his shadow; till, plop! he is among us again when we least expect him. Does anybody know where he goes to? Tell me somebody, pray!”

Thus chattered the grub of a Dragon-fly as he darted about with his numerous companions, in and out among the plants at the bottom of the water, in search of prey.

The water formed a beautiful pond in the center of a wood. Stately trees grew around it and reflected themselves on its surface, as on a polished mirror, and the bulrushes and forget-me-nots which fringed its sides seemed to have a two-fold life, so perfect was their image below.

“I have a curiosity on the subject,” continued the Grub. “I can see all of you when you pass by me among the plants in the water here; and when I don't see you any longer, I know you have gone further on. But I followed a Frog just now as he went upwards, and all at once he went to the side of

the water, and then began to disappear, and presently he was gone. Did he leave this world, do you think? And what can there be beyond?”

Suddenly there was a heavy splash in the water, and a large yellow Frog swam down to the bottom among the grubs.

“Ask the Frog himself,” suggested a Minnow, as he darted by overhead, with a mischievous glance in his eye. And very good advice it seemed to be, only the thing was much easier said than done. For the Frog was a dignified sort of personage of whom the smaller inhabitants of the water stood a good deal in awe.

Still, such a chance of satisfying himself was not to be lost, and after taking two or three turns round the roots of a water-lily, the Grub screwed up his courage and approaching the Frog in the meekest manner he could assume, he asked—

“What is there beyond this world?” in a voice scarcely audible from emotion.

“What world do you mean?” cried the Frog, rolling his goggle

From “Parables of Nature.” G. Bell & Co. London, England.

eyes around and around.

"This world, of course; — the world we live in," answered the Grub.

And the Frog shook his sides with merriment as he spoke.

"Then what is the place you don't live in, the 'beyond' the world, eh?"

"That is just what I want you to tell me," replied the Grub briskly.

"Oh, indeed, little one!" exclaimed Froggy, rolling his eyes this time with an amused twinkle. "Come, I shall tell you then. It is dry land, something like the sludge at the bottom of this pond, only it is not wet, because there is no water."

"Really!" interrupted the Grub, "what is there then?"

"That's the difficulty," exclaimed Froggy. "There is something, of course, and they call it air; but how to explain it I don't know. My own feeling about it is, that it's the nearest approach to nothing, possible. But, as I rather admire your spirit I will make you an offer. If you choose to take a seat on my back, I will carry you up to dry land myself, and then you can judge for yourself what there is there, and how you like it. Drop yourself down on my back, and cling to me as well as you can. For, remember, if you go gliding off, you will be out of the way when I leave the water."

The Grub obeyed, and the Frog, swimming gently upwards, reached the bulrushes by the water's side.

"Hold fast," cried he, all at once, and then, raising his head out of the pond, he clambered up the bank, and got upon the grass.

"Now, then, here we are," exclaimed he. "What do you think of dry land?"

But no one spoke in reply.

"Halloe! gone?" he continued; "that's just what I was afraid of. Dear, dear, how unlucky! but it cannot be helped."

And away went Froggy, with an occasional jaunty leap along the grass by the side of the pond, glancing every now and then among the bulrushes to see if he could spy the dark, mailed figure of the Dragon-fly Grub.

But the Grub, meanwhile? The moment came when the mask of his face began to issue from the water. The same moment sent him reeling from his resting-place into the pond, panting and struggling for life. A shock seemed to have struck his frame, a deadly faintness succeeded, and it was several seconds before he could recover himself.

"Horrible!" cried he, as soon as he rallied a little. "Beyond this world there is nothing but death. The Frog has deceived me. He cannot go *there*, at any rate."

The day was declining, and the

active pursuit of prey was gradually becoming suspended for a time; when, as the inquisitive Grub was returning from a somewhat protracted ramble among the water-plants, he suddenly encountered, sitting pensively on a stone at the bottom of the pond, his friend the yellow Frog.

"You here!" cried the startled Grub; "you never left this world at all then, I suppose. What a deception you must have practiced on me! But this comes of trusting to strangers, as I was foolish enough to do."

"As it is clear that there is nothing beyond this world but death, all your stories of going there yourself must be mere inventions. Of course, therefore, if you do leave this world at all, you go to some other place you are unwilling to tell me of. You have a right to your secret, I admit; but as I have no wish to be fooled by any more travelers' tales, I will bid you a very good evening."

"You will do no such thing, till you have listened patiently to my story," exclaimed the Frog.

Then the Frog told how he had lingered by the edge of the pond in the vain hope of his approach, how he had hopped about the grass, how he had peeped among the bulrushes. "And at last," continued he, "though I did not see you yourself, I saw a sight which

had more interest for you than for any other creature that lives," and there he paused.

"And that was?" asked the inquisitive Grub, his curiosity reviving and his wrath becoming appeased.

"Up the polished green stalk of one of those bulrushes," continued the Frog, "I beheld one of your race slowly and gradually climbing till he had left the water behind him and was clinging firmly to his chosen support, exposed to the full glare of the sun. I continued to gaze, and observed presently, that a current seemed to come in your friend's body, and by degrees, and after many struggles, there emerged from it one of those radiant creatures who float through the air I spoke to you of, and dazzle the eyes of all who catch glimpses of them as they pass,—a glorious Dragon-fly."

"As if scarcely awakened from some perplexing dream, he lifted his wings out of the carcass he was forsaking; and though shrivelled and damp at first, they stretched and expanded in the sunshine, till they glistened as if with fire. I saw the beautiful creature at last poise himself for a second or two in the air before he took flight. I saw the four gauzy pinions flash back the sunshine that was poured on them. Then I plunged below to seek you out, rejoicing for your

sake in the news I brought. I incline to the belief that what I have seen accounts for your otherwise unreasonable curiosity, your tiresome craving for information about the world beyond your own."

"That were possible, always provided your account can be depended upon," mused the Grub with a doubtful air.

"Little fellow," exclaimed the Frog, "remember that your distrust cannot injure me, but you may deprive yourself of a comfort."

"And you really think, then, that the glorious creature you describe was once a—"

"Silence," cried the Frog; "I am not prepared for definitions. Go to rest, little fellow, and awake in hope."

The Frog swam close to the bank, and clambered up its sides, while the Grub returned to his tribe.

"Promise!" uttered an entreating voice.

"I promise," was the earnest answer.

"Faithfully?" urged the first speaker.

"Solemnly," ejaculated the second.

His friends and relations were gathering around him, some of his own age, some of a generation younger who only that year had entered upon existence. All of

them were followers and adherents whom he had inspired with his own enthusiastic hopes; and they would have helped him, if they could, in this his hour of weakness. But there was no help for him now but hope, and of that he possessed, perhaps, even more than they did.

Then came an earnest request, and then a solemn promise, that, as surely as the great hopes proved true, so surely would he return and tell them so.

Languid were the movements of the Grub, as he rose upwards through the water to the reeds and bulrushes that fringed its bank. Two favorite brothers and a few of his friends, more adventurous than the rest, accompanied him in his ascent, in hope of witnessing whatever might take place above.

From the moment when, clinging with his feet to the stem of the bulrush, he emerged from his native element into the air, his companions saw him no more.

The sun was high in the heavens when the Dragon-fly parted from his friends, and they waited through the long hours of the day for his return; at first, in joyful hope, then in tremulous anxiety, and, as the shades of evening began to deepen around, in a gloomy fear that bordered at last on despair. "He has forgotten us," cried some. "A death from which he never can awake has overtaken him," said others. "He will return

to us yet," maintained a few who clung to hope.

On the morning of the third day, one of the Grub's favorite brothers came sailing into the midst of a group who were just rousing up from rest, ready to recommence the daily business of their life.

There was an unnatural brilliancy about his eyes, which shone as they had never done before. He said to them: "I feel that I am going to my brother, wherever that may be, either to that new life he spoke about, or to that death from which there is no return. Dear ones! I go as he did, upwards, upwards, upwards! an irresistible desire compels me to it. Adieu!"

The Grub rose upwards through the water. On reaching the brink of the pond, he seized on a plant of the forget-me-not and, clinging to its firm flower-stalk, clambered out of the water into the open air.

Those who accompanied him watched as he left the water; but after that they saw him no more.

But the dragon-fly, meanwhile, was he really faithless as they thought? When he burst his prison-house by the waterside and rose on glittering wings into the summer air, had he indeed no memory for the dear ones he had so lately left? No tender concern for their griefs and fears? No recollection of the promise he had made?

Ah, so far from it, he thought of them amidst the transports of his wildest flights, and returned ever and ever to the precincts of that world which had once been the only world to him. But in that region also, a power was over him superior to his own, and to it his will must submit. To the world of waters he could never more return.

The least touch upon its surface as he skimmed over it with the purpose of descent, brought on a deadly shock like that which, as a water-grub, he had experienced from emerging into air, and his wings involuntarily bore him instantly back from the unnatural contact.

And thus, divided and yet near, parted yet united by love, he hovered about the barrier between them, never quite, perhaps, without a hope that some accident might bring his dear ones in sight.

Nor was his constancy long unrewarded, for as, after his roamings, he never failed to return to the old spot, he was there to welcome the emancipated brother, who so soon followed him.

And often after that the breezy air by the forest pond would resound in the bright summer afternoons with the clashing of dragon-flies' wings, as, now backwards, now forwards, now to one side, now to another, without turn or intermission, they darted over the crystal waters, in the rapture of the new life.

☐ The ecstasy of the experience of contacting reality is here related in words that will remain a classic for all time.

Twenty Minutes of Reality

Margaret Prescott Montague

AS A CHILD, I was afraid of world without end, of life everlasting. The thought of it used to clutch me at times with a crushing sense of the inevitable, and make me long to run away. But where could one run? Life everlasting, eternity, forever and ever: these are tremendous words for even a grown-up to face; and for a child—if he grasp their significance at all—they may be hardly short of appalling. The picture that Heaven presented to my mind was of myself, a desperate little atom, dancing in a streak of light around and around forever and ever. Of course as I grew older I threw off this truly awful conception; yet shorn of its crudeness and looked at with grown-up eyes, there were moments when, much as I believed in, and desired, eternal life, that old feeling of “’round again, and ’round again,” would swoop back upon me with all its unutterable weariness, and no state of bliss that I could imagine seemed to me proof forever against boredom. Nevertheless, I still had faith to believe that eternity and enjoyment

of life could in some way be squared, though I did not see how it was to be done. I am glad that I had, for I came at last to a time when faith was justified by sight, and it is of that time that I wish to write here.

Among my readers there will be those who think that I speak of something that I either imagined or made up the whole thing, or else that it was entirely due to the physical condition of convalescence. Others will think that I am telling the truth, because they too have seen it. These last will believe that it was not because I was returning to health that I imagined all life as beautiful, but that with the cleared vision that sometimes attends convalescence I “saw into reality,” and felt the ecstasy which is always there, but which we are enabled to perceive only on very rare and fleeting occasions.

It is these last for whom I wish to write. If this clearing of the vision is an occasional occurrence of convalescence, then what I saw is of far more value than it would be had my experience been unique.

I do not really know how long

1941

TWENTY MINUTES OF REALITY

13

the insight lasted. I have said, at a rough guess, twenty minutes. It may have been a shorter time, it may have been a little longer. But at best it was very transitory.

It happened me on the day when my bed was first pushed out of doors to the open gallery of the hospital. I was recovering from a surgical operation. I had undergone a certain amount of physical pain, and had suffered for a short time the most acute mental depression which it has ever been my misfortune to encounter. I suppose that this depression was due to physical causes, but at the time it seemed to me that somewhere down there under the anaesthetic, in the black abyss of unconsciousness, I had discovered a terrible secret, and the secret was that there was no God; or if there was one, He was indifferent to all human suffering.

Though I had hardly re-established my normal state of faith, still the first acuteness of that depression had faded, and only a scar of fear was left at this time.

It was an ordinary cloudy March day. I am glad to remember that there was nothing extraordinary about the weather, nor any unusualness of setting—no flush of spring or beauty of scenery—to induce what I saw. It was, on the contrary, almost a dingy day. The branches were bare and colorless, and the occasional half-melted piles

of snow were a forlorn gray rather than white. Colorless little city sparrows flew and chirped in the trees, while human beings, in no way remarkable, passed along the porch.

There was, however, a wind blowing, and if any outside thing intensified the experience, it was the blowing of that wind. Here, in this everyday setting, and entirely unexpectedly, my eyes were opened, and for the first time in all my life I caught a glimpse of the ecstatic beauty of reality.

I cannot now recall whether the revelation came suddenly or gradually; I only remember finding myself in the very midst of those wonderful moments, beholding life for the first time in all its young intoxication of loveliness, in its unspeakable joy, beauty, and importance. I cannot say exactly what the mysterious change was. I saw no new thing, but I saw all the usual things in a miraculous new light—in what I believe is their true light. I saw for the first time how wildly beautiful and joyous, beyond any words of mine to describe, is the whole of life. Every human being moving across that porch, every sparrow that flew, every branch tossing in the wind, was caught in and was a part of the whole mad ecstasy of loveliness, of joy, of importance, of intoxication of life.

It was not that for a few keyed-

From the *Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1916.

up moments I *imagined* all existence as beautiful, but that my inner vision was cleared to the truth so that I *saw* the actual loveliness which is always there, but which we so rarely perceive; and I knew that every man, woman, bird, and tree, every living thing before me, was extravagantly beautiful, and extravagantly important. And as I beheld, my heart melted out of me in a rapture of love and delight. A nurse was walking past; the wind caught a strand of her hair and blew it out in a momentary gleam of sunshine, and never in my life before had I seen how beautiful beyond all belief is a woman's hair. Nor had I ever guessed how marvelous it is for a human being to walk. As for the internes in their white suits, I had never realized before the whiteness of white linen; but much more than that, I had never so much as dreamed of the mad beauty of young manhood. A little sparrow chirped and flew to a nearby branch, and I honestly believe that only "the morning stars singing together, and the sons of God shouting for joy," can in the least express the ecstasy of a bird's flight. I cannot express it, but I have seen it.

Once out of the gray days of my life I have looked into the heart of reality; I have witnessed the truth, I have seen life as it

really is—ravishingly, ecstatically, madly beautiful, and filled to overflowing with a wild joy, and a value unspeakable. For those glorified moments I was in love with every living thing before me—the trees in the wind, the little birds flying, the nurses, the internes, the people who came and went. There was nothing alive that was not a miracle. Just to be alive was in itself a miracle. My very soul flowed out of me in a great joy.

Besides all the joy and beauty and that curious sense of importance, there was a wonderful feeling of rhythm as well, only it was somehow just beyond the grasp of my mind. I heard no music, yet there was an exquisite sense of time, as though all life went by to a vast, unseen melody. Everything that moved wove out a little rhythm in this tremendous whole. When a bird flew, it did so because somewhere a note had been struck for it to fly on; or else its flying struck a note; or else again the great Will that is Melody willed that it should fly. When people walked, somewhere they beat out a bit of rhythm that was in harmony with the whole great scheme.

Then the extraordinary importance of everything! Every living creature was intensely alive and intensely beautiful, but it was as well of a marvelous value. Whether this value was in itself or a part

of the whole, I could not see; but it seemed as though before my very eyes I actually beheld the truth of Christ's saying that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge of the Father in Heaven. Yet *what* the importance was, I did not grasp. I had a feeling that it was in some way different from the importance I had usually attached to life. It was perhaps as though that great value in every living thing was not so much here and now in ourselves as somewhere else.

For those fleeting, lovely moments I did indeed, and in truth, love my neighbor as myself. Nay, more: of myself I was hardly conscious, while with my neighbor in every form, from wind-tossed branches and little sparrows flying, up to human beings, I was madly in love. Is it likely that I could have experienced such love if there were not some such emotion at the heart of Reality? If I did not actually see it, it was not that it was not there, but that I did not see quite far enough.

And all the beauty is forever there before us, forever piping to us, and we are forever failing to dance. We could not help but dance if we could see things as they really are. Then we should kiss both hands to Fate and fling our bodies, minds, and souls into life with a glorious abandonment, an extrava-

gant, delighted loyalty, knowing that our wildest enthusiasm cannot more than brush the hem of the real beauty and joy and wonder that is always there.

This is how, for me, all fear of eternity has been wiped away. I have had a little taste of bliss, and if Heaven can offer this, no eternity will be too long to enjoy the miracle of existence. But that was not the greatest thing that those twenty minutes revealed, and that did most to end all the dread of life everlasting. The great thing was the realization that weariness, and boredom, and questions as to the use of it all, belonged entirely to unreality. When once we wake to Reality—whether we do so here or have to wait for the next life for it,—we shall never be bored, for in Reality there is no such thing.

Perhaps some day I shall meet it face to face again. Again the gray veil of unreality will be swirled aside, once more I shall see into Reality. Sometimes still, when the wind is blowing through the trees, or flowers, I have an eery sense I am almost in touch with it. The veil was very thin in my garden one day last summer. The wind was blowing there, and I knew that all that beauty and wild young ecstasy at the heart of life was rioting with it through the tossing larkspurs and rose-pink canterbury bells, and bowing with the fox-

gloves; only I just could not see inner eye open, and again all that it. But it is there—it is always mad joy will be upon me. Some there—and someday I shall meet it day — not yet perhaps — but some again. The vision will clear, the day!

Unity

George William Russell ("A.E.")

One thing in all things have I seen:
One thought has haunted earth and air:
Clangour and silence both have been
Its palace chambers, Everywhere.

I saw the mystic vision flow
And live in men and woods and streams,
Until I could no longer know
The stream of life from my own dreams.

Sometimes it rose like fire in me
Within the depths of my own mind,
And spreading to infinity,
It took the voices of the wind:

It scrawled the human mystery—
Dim heraldry—on light and air;
Wavering along the starry sea
I saw the flying vision there.

Each fire that in God's temple lit
Burns fierce before the inner shrine,
Dimmed as my fire grew near to it
And darkened at the light of mine.

At last, at last the meaning caught—
The spirit wears its diadem;
It shakes its wondrous plumes of thought
And trails the stars along with them.

From the Oxford Book of English Mystical Verse, Oxford University Press.

☐ A Nobel prize winner gives a scientist's reasons for belief in life after death.

Why I Believe in Immortality

Arthur H. Compton

HAS science anything to say about immortality? I am convinced that it has. Not in the sense, of course, that physical fact can be detected by instrument and scientific law, established by deduction. But it speaks in support of faith, and faith in God and immortality may be a thoroughly scientific attitude.

Science is eternally in search of truth. That involves faith in the existence of truth, in its discoverability, in our capacity to ascertain it, and, in a measure at least, to comprehend it.

Faith? Scientists live by faith, it may be said, much as religionists do.

The scientific attitude does not mean the rejection of an unproved hypothesis. Scientists know that accepted principles or laws of science are subject to modification, even rejection, as additional knowledge is obtained.

It is an accepted method of science to use "working hypotheses" as bases, even though they may not have been proved.

As I have pointed out in my recent volume, "The Freedom of Man," it is entirely justifiable to

put faith in a scientific principle when tests reveal that its application leads to correct or at least to useful conclusions.

Science offers no support of immortality as a demonstrable physical fact, but it does validate faith as a procedure. And it clears the way for philosophical, moral and religious reasoning, which alone can afford a basis for the acceptance of the conviction that life continues after death.

And to the believer it offers what he may legitimately consider corroboration. Let us look to that.

Few scientific men today defend the atheistic attitude. The more we learn about the world in which we live, the less the probability that it is a product of chance.

Never yet has there been adequate refutation of the argument that design in the universe presumes an Intelligence. Evidence points to the existence of a Beginner, a Creator of the universe.

A physicist's studies and experiments lead him to believe this Creator to be an intelligent Being.

From a biological point of view, the studies cause one to conclude there is an Intelligence back of all

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earthly things, leading to a definite end or conclusion.

The intelligent God has an interest in and relation to man. And it is reasonable to assume that He would be interested in creating a being intelligent like Himself.

We move on, then, to God's interest in man. May we not venture to make the assumption that a benevolent and intelligent Creator should take an active interest in the conscious beings He has placed on our earth?

I can see only one answer.

It is an inspiring setting in which we find ourselves. As we recognize the greatness of the program of nature which is unfolding before us, we feel that we are a part of a great enterprise, in which some mighty Intelligence is working out a hidden plan.

A lofty, religious concept? Yes. And not unscientific. Consider this statement of prominent American scientists, recently issued:

"It is a sublime conception of God which is furnished by science, and one wholly consonant with the highest ideals of religion when it represents Him as revealed through countless ages in the development of the earth as an abode for man, and in the age-long in-breathing of life into its constituent matter, culminating in man with his spiritual nature and all his God-like powers."

What can we say, if we accept

this view, with regard to the destruction or discontinuance of consciousness or personality in coincidence with physical death? In other words, what is immortality?

Conscious life is apparently the thing of primary importance in the world scheme, and the thoughts of man, which have come to control so great an extent of the development of life on this planet, are perhaps the most important things in the world.

On examination of evidence it appears that correspondence between brain activity and consciousness is not complete. My conclusion that thinking is partly divorced from the brain suggests, then, the possibility of consciousness after death.

Let us look at it from a little different angle. If freedom of choice on the part of man is admitted, as many leading scientists do admit on the basis of indeterminism, then it follows by the same line of reasoning that one's thoughts are not the result of molecular reactions obeying fixed physical laws.

For if they were, his thoughts would be fixed by physical conditions and his choice would be made for him. Thus, if there is freedom, there must be at least some thinking possible quite independently of any corresponding cerebral process.

On such a view it is no longer

impossible that consciousness may persist after the brain is destroyed.

William James held the view that the brain transmits the thoughts to the body, where action occurs, the thought itself originating in the consciousness. He recognized that during life thought needs the brain for its organ of expression; but this does not exclude the existence of thought independent of the brain.

This concept would set up the brain as an agent similar to the detecting tube in a radio receiving set. Obviously, without it no music could be heard. But does destruction of the tube imply destruction of the musician whose song is from afar?

Kant thus observes:

"The death of the body may indeed be the end of the sensational use of our mind, but only the beginning of the intellectual use. The body would thus not be the cause of our thinking, but merely a condition restrictive thereof, and, although essential to our sensuous and animal consciousness, it may be regarded as an impediment of our pure spiritual life."

If conscious persons are the goal toward which nature is working and organisms but the servant in the fulfilment of the vast and noble plan of a benevolent Creator, physical death is but an incident in the process.

May we turn now to a biological

parallelism. Biologically speaking, life, whether it be an apple seed or the germ cell of man, is essentially continuous and eternal.

The apple may decay, but the seed grows into a new tree, which flowers and begets new seeds. The fruit and the tree will die, but there is eternal continuity of life in the cells which develop from seed to tree, to flower to seed, over and over again.

We focus upon the fruit or the tree, the hull that surrounds the living germ, and because they die we conceive that life is destroyed. But contemplation reveals the eternal process of life.

As thought is superior to organism, and, we believe, outlives it, may we not also logically say that continuity of consciousness, mind or soul, may be presumed from the essential eternity of the germ cell?

In the field of light we find another illustration of the thought of immortality of consciousness. Science says the earth is constantly bombarded by rays started on their way millions of light years ago. By the spectroscope we even discover the kind of elements that gave off the light.

It matters not that the source of the light has been shut off or the light put out. The rays, once started, never stop. Put the flame under the open sky and its rays stream on

into interstellar space forever. The flame was mortal, but the light it gave is immortal.

Few in this age, I am sure, would willingly base their lives on a philosophy which to the man of science is demonstrably false. Yet it is a narrow view to say that we should live only by that which can be subjected to scientific tests.

Science offers the firm foundation on which to build the emotional and religious life. The knowledge we attain of the present gives us the starting point for the knowledge we seek of the future.

To the believer there are many evidences of personal immortality which to him are adequate. They are without the realm of science, yet they are wholly legitimate for consideration.

It seems an intuitive belief of almost universal scope. Who can better express it than former President Little, of the University of Michigan, a biologist himself:

"The death of my own parents within a day of one another completely wiped out pre-existing logical bases for immortality and replaced them with an utterly indescribable but completely convincing

and satisfying realization that personal immortality exists. Such experiences are not transferable, but are probably the most comforting and sacred realizations that can come to any of us."

To Gautama Buddha, centuries ago, the extinction of the flame symbolized the extinction of the soul. To modern science it offers the possibility of just the opposite!

Yet Buddha's position regarding the light is much the same as ours regarding the soul. He saw the flame go out and thought the light went with it. Now we know he was wrong. We see the body go out—die. And we think the soul goes out or dies with it. May it not be that we are blind to the soul as he was to the light? How is it possible for us to know that it does not go on forever with a fulness of life corresponding to that of the light?

It is not proof, I know. It is an analogy, and he who wishes may interpret one's influence, which we know to continue long after physical death, to be the parallel of the light. Yet it is not impossible, nor, I believe, implausible, that its spiritual connotation is immortality of human consciousness.

* * *

There is in so devastating a fact as grief an acquisitive quality, whereby the soul makes a certain holy gain out of what seems, at first sight, irreparable loss.

☐ Life after death is inconceivable without the thought of growth and progress from the point which we have achieved in this life.

Life After Death

William Adams Brown

TO ST. PAUL, to die was to be with Christ, and not only with Christ but with all those friends and fellow workers with whom he had been working and for whom he had been praying while here; the people whom He pictures so vividly in his letters; those men and women of Corinth who had given him so much concern, those converts at Thessalonica for whose faith in God he had been so sincerely thankful—these, too, were to meet him in the world to come and his great reward would be that he would see them there.

Life after death, then, for the Christian, is to be a social life. Can we go further and say that life after death will be one of progress?

The fact of progress after death is being more and more recognized in Protestant circles. But if we do this, other changes must follow; for progress as we know it here is unmeaning unless there are obstacles to be overcome and testing to be undergone. Surely, in God's heaven, if it is to be heaven at all, there must be lessons to be learned, burdens to be borne, sacri-

fices to be made, victories to be won.

This gives a new clew to the real meaning of the resurrection of Jesus. Its significance was not to convince the disciples of the fact of a life after death. In that they believed already. It was to give them new light on the nature of that life by restoring their lost faith in Jesus' Messiahship. The crucifixion was a stumbling-block to the disciples not because it proved to them that Jesus was no longer living but because it seemed to prove that His claim to be Messiah was mistaken. A saviour who was crucified seemed a contradiction in terms. How could one who could not save himself save others? The resurrection restored this lost confidence. It convinced them that Jesus was still what they had supposed Him to be, God's chosen redeemer. It re-established them in their faith that the life to which he had called them was the right kind of life for them to live.

This description of the kind of life we are to look forward to after

death will help us to appreciate the reasons for believing in it. Chief of these is the experience of Christ's present power to transform and renew. In the consciousness of capacities as yet undeveloped, of possibilities as yet unrealized, we find at once our reason for desiring immortality and our confidence that it will be given us.

It is with belief in a life after death as it is with belief in God. We believe in God, not because we can demonstrate His existence but because we find in the universe a purpose and a meaning which make it reasonable to believe in Him. So we believe in a life after death not because we can prove it scientifically but because we see the God in whom we believe working out His plan in the world, and this plan included as an integral part the development and perfection of individuals. Like belief in God, belief in immortality unifies our world and meets needs in ourselves which must otherwise go unsatisfied.

We have already glanced at some of those needs. There is the need of comfort. When death cuts off some life on which we have learned to lean, we can accept the separation with resignation if we realize that it is only for a time. There is the need of justice. When our hearts are heavy because of

the cruelty and oppression of men, we can lift up our heads and be of good cheer if we are assured that what we see here is but the beginning of a story whose later chapters are still to be written. There is the need of permanence. When we face the transitoriness of life, the uncertainty and futility of human endeavor, we are reassured if we remember that there is endless time before us in which to finish what is here incomplete.

But we must dig deeper. The need which immortality meets is not simply that of permanence, but of fulfillment, not the preservation of the thing that is, but the completion of that which is to be. We believe in immortality, in the last resort, because Christ Jesus revealed to us within ourselves, and in others, capacities which require another life for their full expression.

If, then, we are to make belief in immortality again a living issue to those who for the moment have lost it, we must begin by making them feel that life here is so significant that it deserves to go on. They will recover their faith in immortality when they have recovered their faith in life.

A belief in social immortality is not enough. Social immortality may conserve what the individual has already achieved, but it fails

utterly to take account of the unrealized possibilities which death cuts short—the plays Shakespeare might still have written, the deeds Lincoln might still have done. Without the resurrection, Jesus would still remain the teacher and friend whose words were cherished in loving memory. He could not have been the Messiah to whose continuing leadership his followers looked forward.

Immortality, then, not in the historian's sense of an immortality of influence, nor in the philosopher's sense of conservation of values, but in the plain man's sense of the continuance of personal identity, remains the Christian answer to the need for fulfillment. It is through our experience as individuals that we discover both the values that we would conserve and the society through which they find expression. Unless there are persons worthy to be the objects of the amazing love revealed on Calvary, Christ would not be Christ, nor God God. If there be such persons, how can God willingly let them go? It was not one who valued life for its own sake, but the most selfless of men, who said to His disciples when death came: "Let not your heart be troubled, . . . in my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. And if

I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

We shall recover faith in immortality as we rediscover in ourselves and in others the possibilities of growth and progress which Jesus, our Lord, attributed to human beings. There are people who make it easy to believe in immortality. It is not hard to believe that Lincoln may be still alive, or Michael Angelo, or Dante, or Shakespeare. That an active spirit like David Livingstone should go from his earthly Africa to some new exploring expedition in the heavenly spaces seems natural and fitting. That death should close the lips of him who spake as never man spake, we simply cannot believe. But you and I, if we die, shall live again we dare to believe only because of the inexhaustible possibilities of life, as Jesus taught us to see them.

God is the central fact in the Christian's universe, whether the part of it we see here, or the other larger part which lies beyond our sight. We long to live, not simply for the joy of living, but that we may worthily fill our place in the immortal company whom God, our Father, is fitting for His fellowship. Whether here or there, life is all of a piece. Death,—without

this promise the last and most deadly of enemies, because the assassin of life,—becomes the greatest of the sacraments; the portal through which we pass to new adventure as we join the innumerable company of every age and name and race who find in communion with the living God and in the doing of His will their peace, their happiness, and their fulfillment.

Prospice

Robert Browning

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go;
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the element's rage, the voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

☐ The greatest inventor of modern times believes that life persists.

Has Man An Immortal Soul?

An Authorized Interview with Thomas A. Edison

Edward Marshall

I DO NOT know whether it would help us much if we knew more than we do about what comes to us after this life is ended by death; but there has been advance in other phases of our knowledge and I will not deny the probability of advance in this. At present the Soul's immortality is one of those things in which man instinctively believes, but about which there is no proof when it is regarded from the strictly practical standpoint. Would proof help us?

Perhaps the effort and money which would be required for such investigations might be better spent on making people happy. Any money intelligently devoted to teaching people how to live this life rightly will also help to teach them how to get the best of whatever life may lie beyond.

Belief in the immortality of the soul to some extent depends upon our definition of Soul. If when we speak about the human Soul we mean the human Intelligence we must admit that if there is any evidence on one side or the other, worthy of consideration by the

scientific mind, it is in favor of the theory of immortality.

We really haven't any very great amount of data on the subject, and without data how can we reach any definite conclusions? But all we have—everything—favors the idea of what religionists call "the hereafter." Science, if it ever learns the facts, probably will find another and more definite descriptive term.

If it is impossible to destroy material things, and we know this to be the case, although of course their forms may be completely changed, the destruction of the immaterial and infinitely more potent things would be an unreasonable supposition.

There are reasons why we do not possess positive knowledge on the difficult subject of the soul and immortality. Principal of these is the fact that we do not at present know how even to begin investigation of them. Thought in this line has been nebulous and loose.

The exigencies of life have developed real investigators into

those material things which generally have been accepted as possessing practical significance. These investigators have gone far and constantly are finding and exploring new regions. I do not say that they ever will invade the other field.

The type of mind which instinctively is fascinated by the study of internal combustion engines or electric dynamos may or may not be a better type of mind than that which has been devoted to the study of theology, but I think it surely is a different type, one which refuses to accept theories as things to be proved or disproved, while the other seems to have been and still has to be content with the formation and the affirmation of theories, demanding little in the way of proof.

But the theory of Soul immortality is not necessarily shocking to developed intelligence of the sort which men call practical. We know that actual life can persist and in certain instances has persisted for a period as long as 4,000 years, and still persists. This does not mean immortality, but 4,000 years is more than 3,900 years farther toward immortality than human life ever gets except in very rare, freak instances. And we now are sure the sequoia trees

of California have lived forty centuries and still live and thrive.

Of course there is an answer to the question as to why the sequoia trees have shown such a pertinacity of life in that particular environment where their existence has been so successfully maintained, when other trees in other environments have shown no such life-persistence. It is because that particular environment has proved to be peculiarly adapted to the well-being of the sequoia, and conversely the sequoia especially fits this particular environment. The reason for the great longevity of this forest species is that in that region there has been perfect balance between redwood trees and all or nearly all surrounding conditions. Is it reasonable to say, if we admit this (as we must), that even physical human life might not be very much extended in similarly favorable circumstances of balance and environment?

And if, as is and from the dawn of history has been the belief, the Mind of man (or call it Soul, if you prefer) is wholly separate from the body of man and does not die with it, may it not continue to exist, in an environment with which it balances, indefinitely? That would be immortality.

☞ Jesus teaches his followers that death brings about a spiritual and eternal fellowship to take the place of the temporal and visible relationship.

The Training of the Forty Days

J. Paterson-Smyth

THE STORIES of the Resurrection and After are very fragmentary. There are large gaps. . . . But even as it is, the design is evident: (1) to demonstrate the reality of the Resurrection and the identity of "this same Jesus" who rose from the dead. (2) To prepare them for the coming withdrawal of His visible presence, to enable them to realize the future abiding supernatural presence when that visible presence should be withdrawn.

The first was easy enough. The second by no means so. The wild delight of that Easter Day seemed to leave little room for any further thought than this: The Lord is risen. The beloved Comrade and Master is back with us. He whom we saw dead is alive again. Oh, the deep, overmastering gladness of it, when they had utterly lost heart, when they had seen His enemies triumphant and the wild delight of finding that He was alive, that He had conquered death and come back as victor into the midst of them again.

Probably they did not know that

the resurrection was the beginning of a new order, that it was a new, mysterious, glorified life into which the Lord had risen.

But they had to be taught this, else they never could grip the *great thought of His continued and abiding presence all the days to come, not with them only but the whole church of the future.*

Studying carefully we can see now that in all His appearances, step by step, He was teaching of that new life as they could bear it. In His very first appearance (it was to Mary Magdalene) that lesson was begun. In her first wondering joy she throws herself at His feet, "Rabboni! My Master!" She had found again the Friend whom she had lost; but no more than that. She has no loftier title than the old one, My Master! My Teacher! He is to her the same human Jesus. His Resurrection is but a return to the old life. She would clasp His feet with loving, reverent hands. Therefore in His reply He corrects and raises her thought: "Touch Me not. Do not take hold of Me. Do not cling to

"A People's Life of Christ." Fleming H. Revell Company, publishers.

Me. Things are changed. But go and tell my brethren to meet Me." It was the first indication that the old intimacy is to be exchanged for a higher fellowship.

So with the disciples on the Emmaus road that evening. They felt the mystery in His presence. Their hearts burned within them as He walked and talked with them. But He did not reveal Himself until the end. Then when they knew Him He remained visible just long enough to make them certain of His identity. As the old familiar intercourse was about to be resumed He withdrew Himself from their sight, and so the truth dawned on them that He belonged to a new order, that the claims of the invisible world were on Him, a world into which they could not follow Him yet.

Then He appears in the midst of the assembled disciples—suddenly, unexpectedly, "when the doors were shut."

As the Forty Days went by the awe and wonder deepened. They see Him no longer subject to human needs nor bound by natural laws of earth. How tired He used to be, and hungry and thirsty—how glad He was of shelter in the Bethany home. All this is changed. The risen Christ needs neither shelter nor rest. Forty Days He lingers in the world but in no earthly home. Steadily the convic-

tion grew that their Lord was moving in another and higher sphere of existence than that of the old days on earth.

He was felt to be different and yet the same. . . . The same heart beat in His breast. His love was as in the old days, strong and unchanged. His memories of the old days went on without a break. Continuity was unbroken between the old life and the new. Everywhere it is impressed on them that the Lord who has returned victorious over death is the same to His friends as ever. He stoops to cheer feeble faith with the same gentleness. He rebukes with the old tender gravity. In every act they recognize the heart of the earthly Jesus unchanged by death.

We notice a change from their old attitude of respectful affection. Solemn reverence and awe and humble adoration had come into it. They used to be like a band of brothers in familiar intercourse. They would sit with Him and eat with Him. Now all this old free intimacy is over. We hear of their worshipping Him, of recognizing Him as My Lord and My God.

Gradually, but surely, they learned the lesson of the Forty Days, that it was the Eternal Son of God in disguise who had been their Comrade and Friend, that He had passed into a higher order, *that He could be present with them*

when they saw Him not, that a spiritual and eternal fellowship was to take the place of the temporal and visible.

So effectually did they learn it that at last they could look forward calmly to the great parting which was to come. The most convincing proof that they had learned it is in the story of the Ascension. There we might surely have ex-

pected sorrow and desolation, the feeling that earth was a poorer place for ever. There is no sorrow, no desolation. *Earth is not poorer but richer and grander.* "He was parted from them." "And they returned to Jerusalem with great joy!" For they had learned His lesson of the Forty Days. *He would be "with them always to the end of the world."*

L'envoi

Rudyard Kipling

When earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and,—faith, we shall need it,—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall set us to work anew.

And those that are good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall pass at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalen, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as They Are!

Death Stands Above Me

Walter Savage Landor

Death stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear;
Of this strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

☐ An authentic experience of release from the body, and having the mind of Jesus.

An Experience After A Long Fast

Lorena Mace

I STEPPED into eternity. I suddenly found myself suspended in the corner of my room. There was no feeling of being tied to that particular place although I did not move from it. I do not know whether I could have gone to different places as I made no attempt.

My attention was called to an inert mass of matter upon my bed. I suddenly realized I was gazing upon my own body, or what had been my body. Now it seemed like a mass of concrete, hard, unyielding and of a dark grey color.

I thought: "This is death, but how lovely. How free I am. Freed forever from carrying around that inert mass of inert material."

My thoughts shifted to my friends and their problems. I was able to view them and all of their actions with a justice, mercy and compassion that I had never known before. I thought: "Now at last I have the mind of Jesus Christ. I can think exactly as He thought."

I remembered all those I had formerly condemned and forgave every sense of condemnation, as I knew, clearly, just what had prompted their every action. The world was a symphony of light, peace and power. Words cannot express the unutterable sense of calmness and poise I experienced. I wondered why anyone could fear death. It was in every sense far more pleasant than living on earth. The sense of relief at being released was overpowering.

My body seemed to be composed of millions of particles of light, as when the sun shines through a slit in the shade into a dark room.

As if a light switch was snapped on, I felt a snap in my brain and I was back in my body. I was overwhelmed with sorrow to find myself again in the prison of flesh. Yet from this experience, I know with a conviction that nothing can shake that life is eternal, everlasting. I don't believe in immortality. I live it.

* * *

How essential it is that our part in life's symphony be harmonized by the Master Musician so that it may be only for the glory of God!

—*Edgar T. Welch*

☐ His experience on an operating table convinced a business man that the vital part of a human being does not die, but merely changes the form and texture of its continuing existence.

A Glimpse of Death

William Crowell Edgar

THE most thrilling adventure an individual ever has in life is the passage from this world to the next. Few, however, having gone far enough on this inevitable journey to reach the border of infinity, return to tell of their sensations as they apparently crossed the line into the country beyond human ken.

Many contemplate the prospect with dread and, as much as possible, avoid thinking of the end that, sooner or later, must come to every human being.

This, perhaps, is natural, considering the mystery involved in the translation from the known to the unknown, but I am now sure that to live in constant fear of death, as if it were some cruel monster, forever hovering over one and threatening to swoop down, more or less suddenly, and carry one off from all that is dear and familiar, to unknown terrors, is not only to suffer in imagination a thousand deaths, but, if my experience is of any value, it is also wholly unnecessary.

The time came, and unexpectedly, when I was to meet this great

adventure. For some time I had been out of condition, but nothing of a serious nature seemed impending. Then I was told that my only chance of recovery was an immediate major operation.

Many people have been "in extremis" and have survived to tell their sensations. Perhaps my own case was somewhat exceptional in that I did not approach the end after a long sickness to weaken me or influence my mind. Except for the discovered growth, which it was the object of the surgeon to remove, I was perfectly well. The disease had not had time to undermine my health. I was absolutely free of drugs or narcotics, my head was perfectly clear and my mind working with unusual alertness.

Except for a local anesthetic, applied to the affected region, which rendered it insensible to pain, I was given nothing to make me oblivious. I remained to the end fully conscious of all the proceedings; I saw the master-surgeon in his working uniform, bending over my prostrate body, the pretty little nurse, standing by my head,

From the NORTHWESTERN MILLER.

ready to give me an injection of ether should I feel the need of it, and the other attendants and assistants. My own doctor stood beside me, watching me, and holding my wrist in his hand, observant of the fluctuations of my pulse. From time to time, I exchanged words with those near by.

Finally, I brought to the occasion the instincts of a trained journalist. I thought to myself:

"This is an interesting event in which I happen to take the leading part. I am about to enter the famous Valley of the Shadow of Death, and few are they who have returned therefrom to tell the tale. Perhaps, even probably, I shall never emerge. Fortunately my wits are all with me. I am not approaching the ultimate finish like a dull and senseless clod, drugged into unconsciousness. I am able to see and hear and reason clearly, and will be to the very end. This is an unusual and very great privilege and it behooves me, as a member of my craft, to make careful and accurate notes of this adventure as it proceeds, and to be very clear concerning it, in all its details."

There was a certain comfort, almost exaltation, in this impersonal reasoning which I maintained to the finish. Meantime, the surgeon proceeded. After a period that seemed long, but was probably brief, I began to be conscious of a

dual personality housed within one frame; the external body lying prone and helpless on the table beneath the surgeon's skillful knife, and an essence of life within me, which rose and fell in alternate waves of vitality, as it were like the rise and fall of a rapidly moving thermometer.

Simultaneously with this sensation of an ebbing and returning life essence, which seemed to recede further, or fall deeper, and to return less abundantly and less surely with each recurrent movement, I became absolutely convinced beyond the faintest shadow of a doubt, that this life element within me was indestructible; that, whatever happened to the body in which it had heretofore existed, it would survive and henceforth would surely be imperishable.

This then, I thought, is the spiritual body, destined to survive and triumph over so-called death. It was true; life undoubtedly persisted beyond that of the natural body. In a few minutes, perhaps, I would actually be living it. The thought made me at once independent of all human environment.

Thenceforth, I became as a purely disinterested observer of events. In the outcome I was not especially interested, it seemed a comparatively trifling matter; if I had any definite bias, so far as I myself was concerned, it was in favor of going on into the unknown

rather than returning to natural life and its vexations.

As against this course, I reflected that there were others who had a right to be considered. There were my own family and friends, who naturally wished me to continue to live, and there were the surgeon, my doctor, and all the others concerned in this attempt to keep me on earth who were making such a magnificent fight to save my natural life; these challenged my sense of loyalty.

It was clearly my duty to play the game from their standpoint of what constituted victory and to do my utmost to co-operate with them, even if it was easier and far more agreeable to me personally to slip gently into the other world on the next inevitable recession of the life essence.

As vitality waned once more, I put forth, reluctantly but earnestly, my utmost powers of resistance and so flickered back, in time to renew another and deeper plunge.

Glancing at the face of my physician, as I again descended toward the border line of the natural life, I observed that it was white and drawn. Afterwards, he told me that my heart had been alarmingly affected, and that several times he thought I was about to go. This must have been at the uttermost ebbs of the vital urge, when I asked myself if the end had actu-

ally arrived and if I was really off on the great adventure.

Repeatedly, and with lessened intervals, the process of ebbing and flowing continued. There came one moment which seemed the supreme and final throb of expiring life, but again it came sluggishly flowing back. During all this time there was no pain whatever.

Increasingly I was convinced that the vital part of me was not going to die, whatever happened, but merely to change the form and texture of its continuing existence. The absolute certainty that death, so-called, was not the end, but merely a new beginning, was pre-eminent in my mind. Of this I had not the faintest doubt, although I did not conjecture what this new life was like, nor had I any desire to speculate as to this. It was enough to feel assured, as I did, that there was nothing to fear in it.

Had I lived a blameless mortal life, which I had not, I could not have felt less remorse for the past. There was no regret for lost opportunities, no mental reviewing of life's history, no concern whatever, either for reward or punishment to come in the country beyond—only a strong and abiding sense of calmness and peace.

Most reassuring of all was the feeling that, while quite helpless myself, I was in the hands of an infinitely benign Power which

cared for me and would protect me from all that was ill; a Power whose attributes were goodness and mercy. Into this complete assurance the faith I had been taught seemed perfectly to fit, without prejudice to other faiths than mine. The whole scheme of life on this earth, death, and the certain life to come seemed to have meaning and purpose, to be harmonious,

natural, and, above all, beneficent.

Finally, the long operation was over and I still survived. I was lifted from the table and carried back to my room, to begin the long and often painful struggle back to health, during which, even in the moments hardest to bear, there came no fear of death, for my experience had robbed it of all its terrors.

The Way Home

IN HER BOOK "Mysticism" Evelyn Underhill tells us that the mystics say to the bewildered and entangled self, craving for finality and peace, "Come with us and we will show you a way out that shall not only be an issue from your prison but also a pathway to your Home. True, you are immersed, fold upon fold, in the World of Becoming; worse, you are besieged on all sides by the persistent illusions of sense. But you too are a child of the Absolute. You bear within you the earnest of your inheritance. At the apex of your spirit there is a little door, so high up that only by hard climbing can you reach it. There the Object of your craving stands and knocks; thence came those persistent messages—

faint echoes from the Truth eternally hammering at your gates—which disturbed the comfortable life of sense. Come up then by this pathway, to those higher levels of reality to which, in virtue of the eternal spark in you, you belong. Leave your ignoble ease: your clever prattle: your absurd attempts to solve the apparent contradictions of a Whole too great for your useful little mind to grasp. Trust your deep instincts: use your latent powers. Appropriate that divine, creative life which is the very substance of your being. Remake yourself in its interest, if you would know its beauty and its truth. You can only behold that which you are. Only the Real can know Reality."

☐ Death means a new and larger life for those who die, and also for those who continue to live.

New Life in Death

Margaret E. Burton

IS IT thinkable that our Father would tell us that learning love is the very greatest of all life's lessons, would teach us by every means in His power to love with all our hearts, and would then take away from us, forever and irrevocably, those who are dearer to us than life itself? It is inconceivable that God should love us with a love beyond understanding, and not insist on having us with Him forever. But it is more unimaginable that this loving Father would teach us to love, only to break our hearts by destroying our beloved. Would such a thing be possible for human love? How much more—*how much more* impossible for our Heavenly Father! We cannot doubt that His love will keep us with Him through all eternity; that He teaches us love because love is eternal, and "can never lose its own."

How then shall we think of death? Death is a part of life, continuous, growing, expanding life. Death is the opening of a door into another room of our Father's house. Death is going home, where

the Great Friend has gone before us, where He has a place made ready for us.

Is this a thing to fear or dread? Some of us have had the experience of being away from home at school. Every day was full of interest. Though some of our studies were hard, we liked our work. We had all sorts of good times and fun. We made life-long friends, and the days at school were filled with the delight of comradeship with them. School was a good place, an absorbingly interesting place. But one of the reasons we enjoyed school so much was that home was waiting for us at the end of it.

We ask ourselves what death means to those who die. We are confident that it means new and larger life for them. But what does the death of those we love mean to us, who are left behind? May it not mean to us, too, new and larger life? How can it? We are tempted to feel that there is no longer any reason for doing well in our work, since we can no longer see the light of pride and gladness in the eyes of those we loved.

From *Star-Promise*. Reprinted by Permission of the Woman's Press.

The things we used to enjoy most, because we did them together, hurt us most now that the dear familiar comradeship is gone. The very glory of the sunset and the fragrance of flowers pain us because we can no longer share our delight in them in the old way.

But if we think more deeply, we may come to see that our sorrow can mean to us also new life and larger. Because we have known what it is to experience the loss of this fellowship, we have gained new understanding of the sorrows of others, new sympathy, new power to comfort and strengthen those to whom sorrow comes. Only those who have gone through an experience and have found in that experience the way to comfort and courage can give the fullest comfort and courage to others to whom a similar experience comes. And so our loss, if we meet it bravely, means to us, as well as to those who go on into the Other Room, the opportunity of service, richer in its capacity for understanding and helping, stronger because filled with a new power which only suffering could have given.

* * *

All life's forms are akin, yet none is like to another;
They are a Choir that makes God's hidden Art manifest.

Oh, there are households among you where some son or daughter who is dead is stronger in the shaping of the daily life than any of the men who are still alive. His character is at once a standard and an inspiration. To say that he is not with you is to make companionship altogether a physical, not a spiritual thing. To say that he is absent from you, and that the neighbor of whom you know nothing, for whom you care nothing and who cares nothing for you, is present with you, is to confuse all thoughts of neighborhood, to put the false for the true, the superficial for the deep.

This is the difference of men—those whose power stops with their death, and those whose power really opens into true richness when they die. The first sort of men have mechanical power. The second sort of men have spiritual power. And the final test and witness of spiritual force is seen in the ability to cast the bodily life away and yet continue to give help and courage and wisdom to those who see us no longer; to be, like Christ, the helper of men's souls even from beyond the grave.

☞ This is a lesson in looking at life from the spiritual or mystical plane, which is *above* reason.

The Finished Kingdom

Lillian De Waters

AS THERE is what is called a physical plane, also a mental plane of life, so there is a *super*-mental plane of life. Broadly speaking, we find that there are three planes or realms of consciousness.

The lowest plane of life is called the material. Yet, in reality, there is nothing material in the universe. The dictionary tells us that the word "Matter" means "something separate or apart from mind." Now, there is really no inanimate thing in the universe that did not spring from mind or thought, hence, all things, whether good or bad, are really not material things, but are mental things. However, the plane is called material and it is the plane of *things*.

On this plane, certain things hurt, the weather causes sickness; certain drugs are poisonous; there are good things, and there are bad things; and the *thing* has the power—that is, the power seems to be in the THING itself. As it is an objective plane, there is found an objective God to govern and control.

The second plane is called the mental plane, for this is the plane

of *thought*. Things are not called material on this plane, but all things are found to be mental, proceeding from the mind or thought. Thus, THOUGHT is the power that rules this plane. Here it is not the disease that hurts and kills, but, it is the *belief or thought* about the diseases that harms. It is not the weather that brings a cold, but it is the belief in it which is injurious, that causes the trouble. It is not the thing, but the *fear* of the thing that is evil. We find here, good thoughts and bad or erring thoughts, and the good thoughts are used to overcome the erring thoughts or beliefs. The ruling power or God of this plane is Right Thought.

Now, there is the Science that transcends both the so-called material and mental sciences. A Science that is *above* both. This Science is the Divine Science; the Spiritual Science; the Science of Reality; the Science of Perfection; the Science of ISNESS. It is the plane of the Fourth Dimension; the plane of Truth; the plane of the Risen Christ; it is the plane of the *finished Kingdom*.

Much of the metaphysical teach-

From *The Finished Kingdom*. Published by Lillian De Waters.

ing of today strives to make plain a way in which health and wealth and happiness are to be worked into manifestation. Mental science teaches the power of the individual mind or thought, and the way in which right thought may be directed to heal wrong thought. The right use of the power of the mind is a wonderful step to take, but there is still a higher way for those who are willing to accept it.

There is certainly no condemnation of the lesser methods, but it should be known that the ability to produce health and wealth and fame and name after this manner will not completely satisfy, nor is it the Ultimate Way.

The method of thinking that you are getting better day by day is indeed helpful to those who are reaching up to the mental plane. Let us see to it that we are progressing, advancing, always on and up. I would take you beyond metaphysics or the study of mentality and its use and power, and reveal to you the Spiritual Realm, the realm of intuition, love, faith, inspiration, illumination, vision, and point out that state of consciousness wherein healing is spontaneous and wherein the "all things shall be added."

This plane has been called the Spiritual or Mystical plane, because it is *above* reason. Reason can only comprehend the things and thoughts that it can see and

handle. While right reason is the door to the mental plane, it is not the door to the finished Kingdom. Faith is the door, and faith is ever a mystery to reason.

I want to call attention to something that *precedes* thought, for there is a something that gives direction to thought, and a something that follows thought. It is VISION. Light your mind with a vision. Look to yourself now and discover for yourself where your vision is. Is your vision directed toward books, toward right thoughts, toward self? Or, is your vision toward the Most High? Where your vision is, there will your thoughts and feelings be also.

Truth *is*. We do not have to make Truth. Truth has already made us. Truth is independent of all that we can think or feel or reason. It is our recognition of Truth that *is* that brings us freedom.

There cannot be that which is not. Truth is Reality, and is all there *is*, the same forever and forever. Truth is perfection, harmony, omnipotence, love. Truth is omnipresent at all times; for, as the sky may be hidden by the clouds, so back of all appearances lies Reality. Nothing can be added to, nor can anything be taken from that which is Truth, nor can it ever be other than Itself. There is no time, no birth, no death, no space, no limitation to Truth that *is*.

On the first plane of life, we may be in bondage to things; while on the second plane we may be in bondage to thoughts. If we are depending entirely upon our right thoughts to deliver us, then, if we are so fearful or so ill that we cannot formulate a right thought, are we not hopeless?

The I AM is higher and greater than any thoughts conceivable. To have right thought is right and good; but to worship right thought or to consider it God, is not the way of the finished Kingdom. "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." Right thought is but the path in which we walk from earth to heaven, from sense to soul. Loving, truthful, healing thoughts are the wings with which we fly upward and onward.

Our right or wrong viewpoint does not change in any way the viewpoint of the perfect and the viewpoint of perfect manifestation in the Life element. Our viewpoint merely affects our own individual progress and manifestation.

Life cannot be life today and death tomorrow; good cannot have been good yesterday and evil today; nor can health be here one moment and gone the next. We must fix our vision on the ISness state of Life—the omnipresence of changeless harmony—our infinite divinity. Since the Divine cannot change Its inherent qualities, neither can these inherent qualities

of health, strength, courage, love, be changed in us.

Does the air ask for invisibility? Do the stars desire to shine? No. Neither do we long for that quality which we already inherently possess; thus, we *are* courage, we *are* strength, we *are* power, we *have* abundance.

The value of right thought is this: *Think the thought that harmonizes with the universal fact of life. Thus, we automatically receive the blessing.*

We must think and act according to our highest vision. We must turn our gaze from sorrow and look toward the finished Kingdom of triumphant Joy; turn our gaze from dying and look toward the finished Kingdom of Life everlasting; turn our gaze from sickness and look toward the Origin of unspoilable health.

Vision toward the plane of ever-present Reality! Time is not a factor here. As we experience illumined consciousness, beholding the ever-present finished Kingdom, and ourself free Spirit, birthless, deathless, diseaseless, painless, triumphant and victorious, we find that we are all that we would become.

We are Soul drops in the Great Ocean of Life. We are divine sparks of the Infinite Light. Taking this as a starting point in the spiritual recognition of our oneness with the Whole, it blesses and

enriches us. Each is an individual center of consciousness in the great Ocean of Consciousness. How could we then expect to control our thoughts, if we do not start on the right foundation,—*that we are greater than our thoughts?* Only as we realize the Self that is above thinking, do we become capable of controlling our thinking.

The ideal Teacher is one who guides us always up and on, points us to the heights and leads us quietly toward them; who tells us of the Christ within. Our minds should reach up to this great Truth as the river seeks the ocean.

Thus it is that on the high plane one does not attempt to make himself well by his formulated thinking, but always and forever he bears uppermost in mind that he is forever well; for that which *is* and that which shall be, is *now*. We

are well now because Truth *is*, and we *are*, and we are all that Truth is. If you light your mind with this high vision it will lead you to sublime heights.

There is nothing lost, there is nothing sick, there is nothing dead, in the finished Kingdom of Reality. Even a tiny glimpse of this Kingdom is quickening and renewing, uplifting and inspiring.

Truth is first. It has no cause. The finished Kingdom sets aside the mental law or mental cause and effect. There is nothing to oppose Truth. There is nothing besides Truth. Truth is universal freedom. All things are possible unto us for we are in and of this Truth; herein, the beginning is as the end and the end is as the beginning; herein, is permanent IS-ness; herein, is changeless Reality; herein, is infinite Life and Its infinite, finished wholeness.

* * *

Laubach says: "We have to saturate ourselves with the rainbow and sunset marvels in order to radiate them. It is as much our duty to live in the beauty of the presence of God on some Mount of Transfiguration until we become white with Christ, as it is for us to go down where the group is and lift them to new life. After all, the deepest truth is that the Christ-life is glorious—undefeatably glorious. There is no defeat unless one loses God."

Overcoming the Fear of Death

Basil King

THE fear of death was greatly diminished for me on grasping the principle of everlasting Growth.

Our very fear of the death-principle admits it into our consciousness.

An individual must think of himself as an expanding being, not as a contracting one. He must keep in touch with the new. He must keep in sympathetic touch with youth.

I shall take up the two points of view which have helped me to overcome, to some degree, the fear of death.

A. According to God's Will, we come into this phase of being for an "appointed time" which we do not always reach;

B. We pass out of this phase of being as we came into it, for Growth.

The question of an appointed time seems important chiefly to the right understanding of God's love. Between us and that understanding bereavement is often an obstacle. Oftener still it is a great puzzle. Why is it, we ask, that God snatches away those who

are needed, leaving those who might be spared? The blame for it is clear. Falling on no one individual, it does fall on an organization of life which gives all the chances to some, denying them to others. Let us not confuse all the issues of life and death as we do by saddling the good and the beautiful Will of God with the ills we make for ourselves.

To the best of my knowledge the plant, from the blade of grass to the oak or the orchid, always fulfills its life-span, unless some act or accident cripples or destroys it. I mean that we never see God bringing the shoot above the soil just to nip it before it unfolds. Having given it its mission, He supplies it with rain, sun and sustenance to bring that mission to its end. A man shoots a lion, or the lion kills an antelope; but they do so through misreading God's Will, not through fulfilling it.

I have been delivered of the fear of being taken away in the midst of my responsibilities, and before my work is done.

According to my judgment, God

From *The Conquest of Fear*. Doubleday, Doran & Co., publishers.

having helped me to go as far as I have gone, will help me to finish my task before giving me another one. My duties having come to me not wholly of my choosing, but having come to me according to what I may call His weighing and measuring, I take them to be the duties He would have me perform. If so, He would naturally have me perform them till I come to the place where I can reasonably lay them down. If I go, it will be because He has the succession of events so planned as to reduce collapse, failure, or suffering to a minimum.

The thought that the minute after death will only be a step forward in Growth, to be followed by another and then another, as we are used to growing here, greatly diminishes one's shrinkage at the

change. Changing our static conception of life to that of a dynamic will to unfold, we see the climax we commonly call death as only a step in unfoldment. Whatever I have been the step must be in advance.

Going to the Father without fear! All the joy of life seems to hang on that little phrase. Going to the Father without fear is a privilege for every minute of the day. More and more knowledge of the Father is the progress for which we crave, since more knowledge of the Father means a fuller view of all that makes up the spiritual universe. Into that knowledge we are advancing at the hour when we die. The Father will be showing us something new; the something new will be showing us to the Father.

A Letter from Goethe

It is entirely impossible for a thinking being to conceive for himself an annihilation, a cessation of thought and life; in so far everyone carries the proof of immortality in himself and quite involuntarily. But so soon as one tries to step out of one's self objectively, so soon as one tries to prove, to comprehend personal survival dogmatically, so soon as one decks out

in Philistine fashion that inward perception, one loses one's self in contradictions.

I must confess I would not at all know what to do with everlasting bliss, if it did not offer me new tasks and difficulties to overcome. But this is well provided for; we need only look at the planets and suns to know that there will be plenty of nuts to crack.

From *The Farther Shore*, Griffin & Hunt, Houghton-Mifflin Co.

☐ We cannot penetrate far into the reality of any life other than our own. So the mystery of God and His heaven remains a mystery.

The World To Come

Evelyn Underhill

I EXPECT Eternity as the very meaning and goal of all full human life, and especially of the Christian art of living. "Let us press on to perfection," says the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, "because we have *tasted* of the heavenly gift and the powers of the world to come."

It is as if the soul said, "I believe in and utterly trust one living Perfect God, and His creative purpose, His ceaseless action. And because of that—because I have glimpsed the sparkle of His mysterious radiance and heard the whisper of His inexorable demands—I trust and go on trusting, in spite of all disconcerting appearances, my best and deepest longings. I expect the fulfillment of that sacramental promise which is present in all beauty: the perfect life of the age, the world, that keeps on drawing near. I look past process and change, with all their difficulties and obscurities, to that Perfection which haunts me; because I know that God is perfect, and His supernatural purpose must prevail."

So, since the Christian life of prayer looks through and beyond

Time toward Eternity, finds its fulfilment in Eternity, and ever seeks to bring Eternity into Time, the note that we end on must be the note of inexhaustible possibility and hope. Because we believe in the Eternal God, whose very nature is creative Charity, we believe in and expect the fulfilment of His plan; the hallowing of the whole Universe, seen and unseen. It is true that in the course of this long history much will be discarded, as much in our own lives is discarded—often at the cost of pain—as we move on. Much that we, with our short sight and feeble telescopes, take for destruction or ultimate loss, is a phase in His deep work of transmutation: a necessity, an austerity of love. I expect resurrection. "God is the Lord, through whom we escape death," says the Psalmist: we enter with our full surrender to His action another level of being, where our lives are fulfilled in His life.

"Whoever shall leave all for my sake shall receive in this world a thousandfold, and in the world to come life everlasting." That is one of those promises of which all can see the fulfillment here and now.

The School of Charity, Longmans, Green and Co.

For what the human spirit desires above all in this world is to have its being justified, to be used, feel that there is some meaning in that which it attempts and undergoes, some place for it in the mysterious process of life. And here those who relax their clutch on what we absurdly call "the" world, and give themselves to the real world of charity, redemptive action, co-operation with God, do receive a thousandfold. They receive an increasing and astonishing enrichment of existence, a deepening sense of significance in every joy, sacrifice, accomplishment and pain; in fact, a genuine share in that creative life of God which is always coming, always entering, to refresh and enhance life.

We are to expect the pure joy of a keen, un baffled intelligence, of an unhindered vision of beauty; ears that can hear what the universe is always trying to say to us, hearts that are at last capable of a pure and unlimited love. Then that sense of reaching forward, of coming up to the verge of a world of unbound realities, which haunts our best moments of prayer and communion will be fulfilled. I look for the life to come, and see hints of it everywhere.

The narrow limits within which even the physical world is accessible to us might warn us of the folly of drawing negative conclusions about the world that is

not seen. We cannot penetrate far into the reality of any life other than our own. The plants and animals keep their own strange secret; and it is really a sign of maturity when we recognize that they have a secret to keep, that their sudden disclosures of beauty, their power of awakening tenderness and delight, warn us that here too we are in the presence of children of the One God. With what a shock of surprise, either enchantment or horror, we meet the impact of any truly new experience; its abrupt reminder that we do really live among worlds unrealized. Our limited spectrum of color, with its hints of a more delicate loveliness beyond our span, our narrow scale of sound: these, we know, are mere chunks cut out of a world of infinite colour and sound—the world that is drawing near, charged with the unbearable splendour and music of the Absolute God.

The stay-at-home Englishman, going for the first time to the great mountains, cannot know or guess the true quality of the experience which lies before him. All the guide books and photographs—even the strange exciting literature of Alpine adventure—tell him little or nothing of that enlarging, humbling, cleansing and exalting revelation, which comes from fresh and personal contact with a wholly new aspect of our world. There

it is, in its majesty and aloofness: waiting for him, living its own life, but only to be apprehended by those who make the adventure of faith. So, too, the Mystery of God remains a mystery. We believe in, we cannot yet conceive in its independent splendour and reality, that world which in moments of communion we feel to be very near. The life which is ruled by its own deep longing for God, and is really moving in the direction of God, is always moving toward that Country. But it is not easy to realize that, while the train with its unexciting apparatus of sleeping berths and restaurant cars runs through long tunnels and cuttings, and over interminable stretches of agricultural land.

When the traveler enters Switzerland, and draws up the blind—perhaps somewhere near Berne—in the early morning, he may see on the far horizon a line of snow. The majesty of eternal snow is really there. He glimpses the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. What

we call "religious experience" is rather like the pulling up of that blind. As the train rushes on, or lingers in sordid stations covered with advertisements and entirely destitute of any view, that glimpse reminds us of the solitude and awful beauty of the spiritual summits; the demand on the utmost endurance of those who are called to them, the long steady climb, the risks, the hardships, and the unspeakable reward.

It is true that we cannot conceive all that it means and all that it costs to stand in that world of purity and wonder from which the saints speak to us; those high solitudes where they taste the mountain rapture, the deeply hidden valleys with a vista of white splendour at the end, the torrents of living water, the quiet upper pastures, the tiny holy flowers. But because we believe in the One God, the Eternal Perfect, His love and faithfulness and beauty, so we believe in that world prepared for all who love Him; where He shall be All, in all.

* * *

Great minds have purposes—others have wishes. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortunes—great minds rise above them.

—*The Log Book.*

☐ Every seeming calamity should incite us to a step forward and upward.

Up and Onward

Ralph Waldo Emerson

MAN'S LIFE is a progress, and not a station. The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Evermore it is the order of nature to grow, and every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends and home and laws and faith, as the shellfish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house. In proportion to the vigor of the individual these revolutions are frequent.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. We are idolators of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in today to rival or re-create that beautiful yesterday. We live in the ruins of the old tent where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain.

The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward forever more!" We cannot stay among the ruins. Neither will we rely on the New; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a style of living, and allows the formation of a new acquaintance and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny flower-garden, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener is made the banyan of a forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

☐ An octogenarian, who has chosen Faith for his steed in the steeple chase through life, wagers his whole on that mount.

The Art of Living

R. W. Montague

"A man should live as if he were immortal."

—Aristotle

We all have a four-mile steeple chase to ride through life and of the various mounts offered us I choose Faith, which I define to be the decision to live one's life as far as possible as if certain unproved things were true. Something quite different from belief, which must satisfy the intellect, but something on which one can build or not, as he chooses. Faith, as I define it, appeals to the will and the emotions, which are the driving forces with humanity; the function of the intellect is like the rudder of a ship, to steer by, to prevent one going around and around in an aimless circle. I am so constituted that even if I am wrong in my conclusion, still I have got more out of this life, which was all I had with certainty—little enough, perhaps, but still somewhat; and if I am right I do not know how high the stakes are and so win either way. I do not take my mount of Faith as an hypothesis, but as a bet. I wager my whole life on it, all I have, for I think that it is every one's business to get what he

can out of this life, to look upon it as an end in itself, regardless of what the future holds in store, and if the chances are against me, I have the right to console myself with the thought that the winnings will be correspondingly large, as is the case when one backs a rank outsider.

The physicist tells me that all matter, including the brain, is composed of atoms, made up of protons and electrons, themselves probably dissolving into some form of energy.

How does it come about that from the elusive, dancing things we call atoms, the mind can create or make manifest the solid objects we see and handle? Until he can explain that and locate it in the brain, the most the biologist can hope for is a Scotch verdict of "not proven" and until then, he should be less dogmatic.

The same answer of science to this riddle is still indeterminate. To the biologist I am a machine; other things, some of them perhaps not strictly scientific, but equally compelling, tell me that I am something more, at all events, something different. The physicist might

describe me as a complicated mathematical formula, as Eddington suggests. To myself I appear to be a profound mystery.

As we look at life here and now there appears to be three aspects of it, which differ in kind rather than in degree. One, the life of the plant, with intelligence but without consciousness; and two, the life of the animal, with intelligence and a limited consciousness; and three, the life of man, with intelligence and a consciousness still limited, but capable of abstract thought with a germ of moral and aesthetic sense.

How impossible it would be to give an unborn child, granting him a developed brain, any idea of the world he was about to be born into. If he has a philosophical turn, he might conclude that he would "drop into the infinite" and be chagrined when he comes blundering into this world.

The chance of winning my wager does not seem so desperate and is at least an even bet, fifty to fifty. In spite of the warnings that scientists and philosophers are always giving us of the danger of the "will to believe", there is also the will to disbelieve to be equally guarded against. One can doubt almost anything, from the existence of one's neighbor, as Berkely suggested, to the multiplication table, as Mill intimated.

The mount which I have chosen and which I ride gaily and with confidence is no untried two-year-old, good for only five furlongs, but one with bottom enough to stay through the whole gruelling course and one on which countless others have ridden successfully, though in different saddles. St. Francis's saddle was studded with gems and his saddle cloth was cloth of gold, while mine is plain pig-skin, but we both ride the same horse. I am aware that my saddle girth may break and horse and rider come to grief, but I do not think it will. It is woven from the strong fibre of the aspirations of the race. In it are humanity's hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, its pain and renunciations. Though it has been frayed many times at the edges, it has never broken, and I trust it. Even if it breaks, I have got my stake back in zest for living and only stand to lose what I hope to win.

Whatever my mental attitude is, the "sin" the philosophers remind me of, by which I suppose they mean credulity or self-deception, fades out of the picture, for in that case there is no game to play, no race to ride, no values to conserve worth anything. Pure hedonism, you say? Perhaps, but I should not be the hedonist, but God himself, who creates the human race to get some mysterious

satisfaction from the lives of the few who live nobly and then throws them and the rest of us into the discard. I should merely be following His lead. The question of survival involves His character even more than it does man's, for there will always be a few sentimentalists who will cling to the idea that virtue is an end in itself. I do not mean that the reason for virtue lies in its reward, rather that the reward is a by-product, which the Cosmos must produce to justify Itself. As the doctrine of eternal punishment, though the belief in it is still too prevalent, is gradually atrophying from the Christian world as being inconsistent with the character of a benevolent Creator, so perhaps annihilation will come to be regarded as in the same category, and the emphasis will be shifted from Man's desire for a future life to how a God, as conceived by Christianity, could withhold it.

There is a group of modern intellectual apologists who are so acutely sensitive to the misery of the world that they explain it by supposing that the Creator of the Universe, while beneficent, is not omnipotent. The world is not to their liking. It is very different from what they would have made it, if they had had the power, and so they conclude that the power was wanting to make it conform

to their ideals, and if survival is denied us, it is not because it would not have been gladly given, but because it could not. Such a view seems to me so anthropomorphic as to be almost comic in its humanitarianism. It would be equally rational to suppose that the human race enacts a drama from which the Creator gets so much satisfaction that He is unwilling to let the curtain drop. Such an idea very properly would shock the sensibilities of those I referred to, but if one departs from the old conception of a beneficent and omnipotent God, he has as much right to curtail His beneficence or wisdom as to limit His omnipotence.

The mystery of pain is not so easily accounted for. The world's woe has come wailing down from time immemorial, but its laughter rings through the centuries as well. I would not lightly minimize the misery that exists in the world, but I am not ambitious enough to offer an explanation. I merely suggest as an escape from the old dilemma, that for some unaccountable reason pain is an essence in the world He chose to make, not an accident; that Omnipotence Itself cannot do anything that involves a contradiction. Any child can see that it cannot make a triangle with less or more than three sides. We do not so readily see that to abolish pain might involve

a similar contradiction. To those who would say that in that case the world was not worth making, I have no hesitation in replying that at present they are not in a position to pass so broad a judgment.

So I say with Horace, though with a different meaning:
 "I shall not wholly die. Some part
 Nor a little shall
 Escape the dark destroyer's dart,
 And his grim festival."

Here stand I, an old man who has wagered all he had on the proposition that death, like birth, is only the next step in our personal evolution, who is waiting unhurried and unafraid, but with a certain decent curiosity for the final empiric test of his conclusion. "We brought nothing (material) into this world and it is certain we shall take nothing out," but each of us brought a potentiality and will take out a character. Some of us are constrained to ask whence the potentiality, whither the character. Are they or are they not matters of indifference in the Cosmos?

Survival is either a fact or it is not a fact, but the average man is forced to make a decision to avoid being tossed about on a shoreless sea. If he has a taste for heroics and likes to grit his teeth with "head bloody but unbowed," let him take the Stoic's mount, Despair, sired by Despondency out of Academy; if however, he is so constituted that for the environment in which he finds himself there is a compelling need for something less melodramatic, let him take Faith, sired by Life out of Discretion. Neither view affects the fact, but each preserves that intellectual integrity to which the man in the street has his own right.

To the Stoics I would commend Arthur Guiterman's quatrain,
 "And so we part, my Crito, thou
 and I,
 Thy doom is yet to live and mine
 to die.
 And which the better Fate! Ah,
 that is known
 To him who ruleth Fate, to God
 alone."

* * *

THE GREAT COMMANDMENT

Matthew 22:36-40

"Teacher," he said, "what is the greatest command in the law?"

He replied, "*You must love the Lord your God with your whole heart, with your whole soul, and with your whole mind.* This is the greatest and chief command. There is a second like it: *you must love your neighbor as yourself.* The whole Law and the prophets hang upon these two commands."

Moffatt's Translation. Permission from Harper & Brothers.

¶ When the blundering bodily presence is removed, remembering and recalling, we see the real soul of those we have loved and seemingly lost.

As Far As I Can See

Wimifred Kirkland

I HAVE found no way of enhancing life so good as saying to myself, There is no death. Instantly the agnostic asks, But how do you know? And instantly I answer, But how do *you* know? There are two supreme surmises, one that we go out like a snuffed candle, the other that we live forever. All I can say is that I have found nothing so enriching and invigorating for my mortal years as my conviction that I am immortal. Once again I declare without apology that in a world so relentlessly scientific that there is no advance except by guess work and adventure, I have a perfect right to live out my seventy years on any supposition that I have found rewarding. I believe I am immortal, and I believe that the reason I find that conviction so endlessly exhilarating, is that it is the most absolute assertion any one can make that the spiritual is more real than the physical. As air is a necessity for the lungs, so faith is the law of life for the soul—if one desires to have a soul. The adventure of denying death

is the greatest adventure of my life, for death is not given us to accept, it is given us to annul.

The reason the Christian faith so swiftly gripped a decadent world was not its ethical teaching. High idealism was not new to Romans or Greeks or Jews. The reason the new religion ran like a rivulet of fire around the Mediterranean borders was that it said, There is no death! This impossible new creed began by proclaiming its most impossible demand first of all. It announced, "You must believe in life or death." Those convictions that we today tamely mumble or languidly argue, began with men who went laughing to martyrdom shouting, "I declare to you that a man gave himself to death and then became alive again. Behold what the resurrection of my Master has wrought in me!"

Gradually the blaze of the resurrection faded, to become too often a flickering hope, not a surging, burning reality filling a mere mortal man or woman with all the power of the unprovable. Slowly, not the life, but the death of Jesus

From "As Far as I Can See"—Scribners.

became the base of faith, and it has been the Cross rather than the riven tomb that has dominated men's eyes raised to the God-man. It is so much easier to believe in the power of death than in the power of life. So strong are the jungle fears even yet dormant in us that we still go on asserting that death is a greater fact than life, even the death of Jesus. All the world seems slipping back toward the jungle. The day has come to reassert the Resurrection. For nineteen centuries of the slow evolution of man, Someone has been walking close beside us with the result that as we look on Him today, after the increasing enlightenment of his long companionship, we should be seeing in Him something new. It was not the cross but the victory over the Cross that the first missionaries blazoned. Like the death of every good man, the death of Jesus Christ is significant because it is the culmination of many hard-won victories in the past. His resurrection is the promise to all of renewed victories in the future. By always emphasizing Jesus' final sacrifice, we neglect the challenge to our souls of all the tragic smaller sacrifices that led up to it. Fastening our eyes upon a nail-pierced hand we fail to perceive a living hand that yearns toward ours. Absorbed in listening to a voice from the Cross that moans, "I thirst!" we fail to

hear a resurrection voice that demands of every follower, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?"

In my own personal effort to annul death, I concentrate not on the manner of Jesus' birth, nor yet on the manner of His death, but rather on the fathomless mystery of his continuing life upon earth.

To those of us who accept the significance of the Resurrection, and attempt for ourselves to deny dissolution, all arguments for a battlefield decision seem vain and inconsequent. We live on the assumption that the individual soul survives the body, and that its conduct while in the body has some mysterious importance which civilization cannot afford to neglect. Since the souls of the young men killed in the great War are continuing somewhere, why should we have denied ourselves the ministry of their dreams and hopes now and here? Point to any one who has been benefited by their deaths. Point to any question that has been settled by their sacrifice. To all who believe in personal immortality, war is meaningless, for since to us it is impossible to kill any you only kill within yourself some divine seed. You only let jungle impulses flow in again over the emergent human soul. Patriotism remains a sickly streamlet rather than an avalanche of power because of its age-old insistence that dying is braver than living.

Suppose all preoccupation with death were suddenly removed from human living, what an astounding release of energy there would be! Think of the minds of today whose chief occupation is plotting the destruction of their fellow-man! We go all crippled and snarled with fears, jungle fears, cave-man fears. Suppose each one of us should suddenly dare to believe "I am immortal! And my brother also is immortal! I will cease to murder him. I will even cease to soil the human mind I share with him by planning forever how best to kill him. For a little while I am permitted to enjoy with him an earth across which we pass in pilgrimage, side by side. That pilgrimage is too mysterious for us to shorten it for any man by killing!"

Considering that from end to end, today, nine-tenths of all this earth's resources, mental and material, are being devoted to destruction, it does seem as if a few of us are excusable for thinking that immortality may prove a better guess than death. Think what secrets might be discovered in all the laboratories of the world if scientists should refuse to devise any more engines of extinction! Think what books might be written, what pictures painted, if even half a dozen artists should come to believe their dreaming souls immortal! Think what statesmanship

might achieve if all its building were no longer confined to the brief gasps of peace between wars!

I am a Christian! I believe there is no death. I believe that death is only another gate to adventure. Since we are indestructible, it makes small difference on which side of the gate we are climbing, provided we never swerve aside from One who lived all his mortal days as if he were immortal.

Because I believe that the Son of Galilee lives forever, I try to regard the death of loved ones as I regard the death of Jesus, as a gate, no more than that. Is not the greatest fear in the world the fear that we may lose those inestimably dear to us? They go out of our door, to the business or the pleasure of their day; will they return? Some sickness dims their eyes, or knots their hands; will it take them from us? For all our sanity and poise, terror goes fingering our heartstrings. I try to fight it with faith. In part I succeed, a little, that is, I succeed in believing that if struck down, those I love would, in some safer place, be continuing to be themselves. But that is not the sting in my fear of their death, but rather, left here without them; could I continue to be myself?

Fear is the great destroyer. Faith is the great upbuilder. Therefore I must not permit myself any fear, even the fear that

those I love best may die. God has created them indestructible, I must keep saying that to myself over and over. Out of His fathomless tenderness, He has permitted our souls to meet each other here through the family and through friendship. I cannot believe that the God revealed in the tenderness of Jesus would create affection only afterwards to sever those who love each other. I cannot believe in Jesus and at the same time believe that my loved ones will ever die, because I cannot at one and the same time believe that God can be ineffably kind and then ineffably cruel. They are God's primarily, those we love, not ours at all, for He created them; they are only lent to us.

As I have considered the passing of individuals whom I have known and loved, I have arrived at this surmise, that perhaps sometimes God, looking into our souls, may conceive some threat to the integrity of a relationship He meant to be beautiful. So He drops a veil between us, and separates us for a little while, that when we meet again we may see clearer and do better toward each other. Then also God does not create us merely for each other, but also for Himself. When God transplants a little child, He has some high and wise intention like any gardener. Only, since we, too, the parents, are also to God, little

children, I can never believe that He, being Father, would have revealed that small deathless loveliness to us for a little while, our own for a few earth-years to cherish and to tend, only to snatch it from us forever in mockery. "Safer with me," God is saying, "Safer with me. Only do you grow, also, where I have planted you, so that presently all three, in my keeping, will be ripe for your restoration."

Death is a great revealer of our splendor to each other. Earth-life keeps us too close to see clearly. And bodies, and all the irritating or obscuring tricks of the flesh separate us. Our hands are clumsy even in caress. Our voices trying to utter kindness are strident to the ear. Then suddenly the blundering bodily presence is removed, and year by year, remembering and recalling, we come to see the soul, and are made ready for reunion.

As long as we are fearful of their death we cripple those nearest and dearest us. Since it is only their soul's growth that matters, let us leave them free for danger or for discipline. Don't let us stunt them with the fetters of our small worries and fears, but let us give them rather the wings of our faith.

For myself I try to apply to my human relationships the same rule I follow in my relationship to the

Divine Friend. I try to hear His voice, to listen to His opinion, to follow where I think He will go, all most imperfectly, yet with the increasing effect of making an unseen Companion alive beside me. In the same manner I endeavor to remember the personalities of friends who have experienced the earth-life with me, but have now entered the other. I try to imagine the advice they would give, or the humorous insight they would con-

tribute to some puzzling situation. Just as I try to keep Jesus, the master of living, close beside me in order that when I meet Him face to face, I may more easily fall into step, so I try to keep beside me the people that have in their degree given me illumination, in order that when we come together again, I shall not have forgotten the habits of their minds, and shall more readily reassume the old comradeship.

The Enemy

I dreamed that I was already dust, that I was a meter of dark earth by the side of the road. Close to me the soil formed a little mound of red clay, and thinking that it, too, might hold a soul, I asked it, "Who are you?" It answered, "I am your enemy, she whom you used to call simply and terribly, 'The Enemy.'" I answered, "I used to hate when I was still flesh that had youth, flesh that had pride. But now I am dark dust and I love even the thistle that grows above me and the wheels of the carts that mangle me as they pass." "Neither do I now hate," she said. "I am like a red wound because I have suffered and they put me close to you because I asked to love you." "I wish you were nearer," I answered,

"upon my arms which never enfolded my heart, in the place on my heart that bore the burn of your hatred."

One evening a potter passed. He sat down to rest and gently caressed both mounds of earth. "They are soft. They are equally so soft, although one is dark and the other blood red. I will carry them away and make a vase of them." The potter mingled us together more completely than anything is mingled in the light, and no acid, no chemistry of men could have separated us. When he put us into the glowing kiln, we acquired the most luminous and the most beautiful color that the sun ever looked upon. It was a living rose with freshly opened petals.

When Heaven Speaks to Earth

Grace Hall Heminway

ONE MORNING, my father said to his family: "I want you to sit down and listen. I have something to tell you that is important. I have had a very wonderful experience. It happened to me once before, but I was so upset and frightened by it, at that time, that I could not speak of it to anyone. But now that it has come again, I feel compelled to tell you.

"Don't imagine that I was dreaming. It was the middle of the day and I was sitting there quietly in the store, amid the noise of business, trying to solve a problem, when suddenly, without warning, I had the most wonderful experience! The atmosphere was bathed in radiant color! Wonderful sounds! Exquisite joy! Such amazing happiness!" . . . As he hesitated for lack of words, I exclaimed: "Well, what did you see, Daddy? What did you hear?"

"That's just it," he said, with a gesture of despair. "There are no words, no language, to express it." And then, after a pause, in which he struggled for lucidity . . . "The only way I can make you understand is with a parable.

"Suppose an angle-worm came

up out of the ground, and, for a few minutes, was able to experience and appreciate all the joys we human beings know—great orchestras and symphonies; the notes of birds. Able to appreciate gorgeous sunsets and white sails on turquoise waters. Able to understand poetry and great literature; the beauties of Nature and the joys of human love and companionship. Then, suppose the angle-worm went back into the earth and tried to tell the other angle-worms about it. No words! No background of experience! I am the angle-worm," said my eloquent father.

The experience came again, a third time, to him, some years later. It changed his entire outlook on life. As nearly as I can explain, he saw the world, and everything in it, from God's standpoint, not man's. He loved everyone he came in contact with, especially the unfortunate. He seemed to understand and feel for dumb animals. Every morning, on his way to business, as he walked down South Water Street, a market place for truck farmers, he would give a bit of fruit . . . an apple, pear or banana . . . to each

discouraged horse or mule standing there in the heat, after an all night haul of its load. They would look up at him with such amazement . . . somebody cared! He had such a God-like sense of justice, my father! People remonstrated with for iniquitous dealings, hung their heads and slunk away. People unjustly treated, when comforted by him, forgave. Only once or twice did I know of his righteous anger displaying itself.

A poor German woman kept a small candy and cigar store to support her children and her husband, who was dying of tuberculosis in the back room. She told my father the deputy sheriff and his men were coming to turn them out. He went home, pocketed his revolver, and returned to her place. When the men came, four of them, with legal power to dispossess her, he stood calmly at the door and said: "The first man that carries out anything from this place, I will kill."

They took counsel and disappeared, for there was something in his eye that brooked no argument.

He had no fear of death, being confident of immortality. Of old, they said of men like my father: "He walked and talked with God." Many times I have burst into his room, as daughters do, and found him kneeling at a little table, looking up, smiling, with his eyes wide

open, and talking to God. The picture remains.

One instance will suffice of the many which indicated that his later life was wholly guided by God. We were riding home one winter night on the Lake Street horse-cars from the opera, which my mother and father both enjoyed so much. They bought season tickets for us children also, though we were so young that we always went to sleep after the first act. (Many years afterwards, I wondered why the first act of every opera was so familiar . . . I almost knew it by heart . . . but I never knew what was coming afterward.) Well, to resume, we children were cuddled in Mother's arms, one sleeping against her, when my father came in from the front platform of the car, where he had been smoking. He said: "Wait for me, Carrie, at the corner drugstore. I'll be along on the next car."

My mother knew what that meant. He had received a *direction*, some certain thing to do. He alighted and walked to a store with the sign above it: "Gospel Meetings Here." It was midnight and the building was dark. He knocked on the door and tried the handle. It was locked.

"I cannot have been mistaken," he said to himself, and knocked and shook the door again and

again. Finally someone came, opened the door only a crack, and said: "The meeting was over at ten o'clock. There is nothing more tonight," and tried to close the door, thinking my father just another poor seeker, probably drunk and not to be reasoned with. However, my father forced the crack open and said: "How are you getting on?" "Oh, very well. We had a good crowd tonight, but it's late now. Won't you please go away?"

"Just a moment," said my father. "I want to give you this."

And he handed the man fifty dollars.

"My God!" said the man, his voice shaking. "He sent you. I've been on my knees, in the dark, ever since we closed, telling God we just had to have it tonight, for rent and coal, or close our doors. We just had to have fifty dollars," he muttered, still dazed . . . and he closed the door. An old-fashioned saying has it: "God has no pocket-book, so He just has the pocket-books of those who trust and know Him."

The Immortal Hour

Rachel Anmand Taylor

Still as great waters lying in the West,
So is my spirit still.

I lay my folded hands within Thy breast,
My will within Thy will.

O Fortune, idle pedlar, pass me by.

O Death, keep far from me who cannot die.

The passion-flowers are lacing o'er the sill
Of my low door.—As dews their sweetness fill,

So do I rest in Thee.

It is mine hour. Let none set foot therein.

It is mine hour unflawed of pain or sin.

'Tis laid and steeped in silence, till it be

A solemn dazzling crystal, to outlast

And storm the eyes of poets when long-past

Is all the changing dream of Thee and Me.

☞ The present moment is a cross-section of eternity.

The Eternal Now

Claude Bragdon

THE "Eternal Now" of Hindu philosophy is a universe in which everything exists always, in which there is no before, no after, but just one present, known or unknown. Our only means of conscious contact with the "things" of this universe is through the present moment, for every moment of every consciousness throughout the universe is as it were a temporal cross-section of the line. Acute concentration on the present moment, accordingly, is the way of access to the intuitive world. By the practice of this, one becomes one-pointed, with the consciousness focused, like a burning glass, upon *the Now*. The habit of dwelling on the past or speculating about the future is vicious because it robs us of our only contact with reality, which is through the narrow aperture of each passing instant; absorbed in the contemplation of chimerical images of our own creating, the veiled queens unheeded pass us by. We should take a lesson from little children, who live solely in the present.

Power over time is power over the present moment, because that

is a cross-section of eternity,—eternity is imaged in it, as a landscape is imaged in a drop of water.

There is a Hindu legend to the effect that in the morning of the world, man, glorying in his power and immortality, so prevailed through his quality of activity that he menaced the sovereignty of the gods themselves, and therefore they took away his immortality and afflicted him with death. But when they debated among themselves where they would hide his captured godhead they were at a loss. For they said: "Man is a mighty hunter: if we hide it on the highest mountain he will climb it, if we bury it deep in the earth there he will dig; or if we sink it in the sea he will explore its bottom—there is no place in which he will not seek." But Brahma said: "Give it to me and I will hide it where he will never think to look for it." He hid man's divinity within man himself, and it is indeed there that he does not think to seek, but goes unrestingly up and down the world looking for his lost godhead, overcome by death again and again.

From "Delphic Woman." Alfred A. Knopf, publisher.

The Eternal Matrix and the Fourth Dimension

Glenn Clark

ONE PROOF of Immortality is what might be called the mathematical proof. In plane geometry we live and move and do our thinking in a plane of two dimensions. In solid geometry we enter into a world of three dimensions, a world of length and breadth and height, which men call Space. But now Einstein and Bragdon come along to tell us that there is also a fourth dimension.

Let us imagine that the letters of the alphabet are two dimensional creatures living, say, on a flat piece of paper, with eyes capable of seeing nothing outside their flat domain. A pencil moving above them in space would be invisible until it pierced the paper. Then a great commotion would occur. The letters would gather around it and exclaim, "What a cute little letter!" Then as the pencil was pressed further in, from the point to the full cylinder, the letters would exclaim, "How fast it grows!"

Having attained its full maturity it would continue through the paper until in time it would complete its course and would be drawn out on the other side. As

the little two dimensional creatures would gather 'round the space it formerly had occupied, they would take out their handkerchiefs, weep a bit, and the pious would say, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" and the cynical would mutter, "Death ends all." How astounded they all would be if they were suddenly granted three dimensional eyes and could look upward and see the pencil in all its height and length and width and depth, whole, entire, and complete in the large spaces above them! We, too, were we granted suddenly fourth dimensional eyes, would be amazed to know that our beloved had entered a larger dimension where the full length and depth of his being could be realized and expressed and enjoyed in all its completeness and beauty and perfection far better than in this little world bound within the limits of time and space.

If the letter people living in flat land could lift their eyes and see the pencil coming to them before it arrived, they would actually be living, for that moment at least, in the fourth dimension.

That, or something analogous to

it, was experienced by William Crowell Edgar in *A Glimpse of Death*, by Lorena Mace in *An Experience After a Long Fast*, and by Margaret Prescott Montague in *Twenty Minutes of Reality*.

Another proof of immortality I derive from the matrix of the printer, and the master die of the government mint. I have in my library a book which has been the inspiration of my wife and her daughters, and will be to their daughters, to the third and fourth generations, indeed, as long as life shall be on this globe. It is called "Little Women." Our personal copy is badly worn. It is as old as I am. One more generation and it will be completely worn out.

Shall I mourn over the loss of this book as the only thing of its kind in existence? No. Even though men live only three score years and ten on this earth they manage to accumulate at least enough wisdom to take good care to see that the matrix or linotype of this book is always set up and ready so that when this old dog-eared volume is no more, they can always run off a new edition.

I hold in my pocket a little red cent piece worn from much use. What will happen when this cent is no longer legible enough to pass for specie? I need not worry, for there are some men down in Washington who value this cent enough to see that the matrix for

running off many more coins is always set up and is ready to go into action. When this old copper can no longer pass as legal tender it can be shipped back to the mint in Washington, be cast into the smelter, and again be stamped afresh.

Now is it not reasonable to believe that if little Man who lives and accumulates wisdom over the short period of three score years and ten so values a little book for children, yes, even a tiny little one cent piece, so much that he takes foresight to see that they shall never be lost, can we not trust the wisdom and foresight of a loving God, whose period of existence bridges all Time and all Eternity, to value us far more than any man could value a book or coin?

Buddha called this inner matrix or connecting point with the Infinite, the Deep Self; Socrates, the Greek, called it his Oracle, or guardian angel; Seneca, the Roman, called it his genius; Al Raschid, the Arabian, called it his genie; and Jesus called it his "Name, written in heaven."

Jesus was referring to this immortal and eternal part of ourselves when he said to the seventy apostles after they returned elated over their many adventures on the preaching tour, "Rejoice not that the demons are subject unto thee, rejoice rather that your names are written in Heaven."

Socrates never started the day without consulting his "oracle" or "guardian angel." He consulted his inner matrix the morning that he was to receive the verdict of the senators. When he reached the assembly and received the verdict he was amazed to find it was Death, not Life. When asked if he had anything to say, he replied:

"My dear judges—I should like to tell you of a wonderful circumstance. Hitherto the familiar oracle within me has constantly been in the habit of opposing me even about trifles, if I was going to make a slip or error about anything, and now as you see, there has come upon me that which many thought, and is generally believed to be, the last and worst evil. But the oracle made no sign of opposition, either as I was leaving my house and going out in the morning, or when I was going up into this court, or while I was speaking, at anything which I was going to say; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech; but now in nothing I either said or did touching this matter has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this? I will tell you. I regard this as proof that what has happened to me is a good, and that those of us who think that death is an evil are in

error. This is a great proof to me of what I am saying, for the customary sign would surely have opposed me had I been going to evil and not to good.

"If death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musaeus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I, too, shall have a wonderful interest in a place where I can converse with Palamedes, and Ajax, the son of Telamon, and other heroes of old. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition; or Odysseus of Sisypus, or numberless others, men and women, too? What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! For in that world they do not put a man to death for this; certainly not. For being happier in that world than this, they would be immortal, if what is said is true.

"Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by

the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I can see clearly that to die and be released was better for me; and therefore the oracle gave no sign."

Christians do not know much about "oracles." They know about Christ, instead. Why cannot we consult our Christ every morning before we start our day? If we consult Him faithfully we shall

some day hear Him as He spoke to His disciples, with even greater emphasis on Immortality than Socrates' oracle ever spoke to him: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

Present Trends in Religious Thought

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The friends to whom CLEAR HORIZONS was sent for Christmas were more than delighted with it. This digest of current religious thought is going to be of exceptional value to us in the leadership of our women's work, and especially helpful in the field of worship materials and present trends in religious thought.

ANN ELIZABETH TAYLOR,
Secretary, Missionary Support.

What Is Dying?

Anonymous

I stand upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength and I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where sea and sky come down to mingle with each other. Then some one at my side says: "There! She's gone."

Gone where?

Gone from my sight—that is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of destination. Her diminished size is in me, not in her; and just at the moment when some one at my side says, "There! She's gone," there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "There she comes!"

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To me it is a miracle that so many riches can be put into such compact form as CLEAR HORIZONS. It has proved to be the most satisfying gift to have been able to find at any price.

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DALLAS, TEXAS

It would be hard for me to express in any adequate way just how much I appreciate this fine quarterly. CLEAR HORIZONS goes beyond anything I have ever read in pure spiritual power. I hope "we" may soon have a million subscribers.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.

I feel as though, with CLEAR HORIZONS, my life would be guided at every turn. I want to pass it on to all my friends. Your grand little magazine is selling itself. I bought two extra copies of the first number, gave one to Mrs. Johnson who ordered four subscriptions from our prayer group. I gave one to Mrs. Hubbell in Houston, Texas. She sent for two more to give to friends in the hospital. Now I am subscribing to two gift subscriptions.

Florence T. J. Bradley.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Let me say that I am enjoying more than I had dared hope I would, CLEAR HORIZONS. I could wish that such a magazine as this might be in the hands of all the members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. It would seem to me to serve our purposes more adequately than anything I know.

E. LeRoy Dakin.

ONE YEAR OLD

CLEAR HORIZONS with this number completes its first year of publication as a quarterly. To be sure, there had been a little mimeographed magazine by that name which had come out every once in a while for several years, but that was "a gray horse of another color." Our official birthday was in June, with the appearance of Vol. 1, No. 1.

When in the fall of 1939 it was announced that CLEAR HORIZONS would be published in the spring, a number of subscriptions came in, so that several hundred names were on our mailing list before the publication of the first number. After the appearance of each copy, the subscriptions have come in, approximately doubling the list each quarter. Today we have over 2000 paid subscribers, and the letters accompanying the requests have indicated the general feeling that this little magazine is doing a unique thing in giving a spiritual digest of the best things in the field of deepening one's spiritual experience.

Each number has its own theme, is a little document by itself, adapted to filing away for reference, to be thumbed through frequently for a word of help for friends as well as for the subscriber himself. The first issue took up LOVE, the fall number considered Practicing the Presence of God, the third Spiritual Healing, and this fourth number is devoted to a consideration of Immortality. During the next year the same general idea will be carried out, taking up Prayer-life, Can One Be a Christian and a Good Business Man, How Can We Meet the World Situation, and other topics.

It is our desire that copies of CLEAR HORIZONS should be on library shelves in our city libraries, our college and Theological Seminary libraries. Could you make it possible for your own town library to place it on its reading table, or would you like to help put it within the reach of young ministers and college men?

It was through the Louise Foundation that the publication of CLEAR HORIZONS was possible. With the first of January we were able to cut the apron strings, and CLEAR HORIZONS is paying its own bills. We have been asked to publish it in Braille, but it will be some time before we can afford to do that. We are happy to be standing on our own two feet, and have faith to believe that within a few years we will be able to take forward steps of usefulness. Our subscriptions have come in through our friends who are already subscribers. We thank you one and all for your generous cooperation.
