

# Clear Horizons

*A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living*

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## Clear Horizons

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JANUARY, 1943

Another year has rolled around, and we are again facing a world which is filled with warfare and suffering. Unless we hold fast to the thought that this is God's world, and that His is the ultimate victory, we shall not be able to go ahead. That thought must become more than an intellectual concept; it must become a part of our very life.

So in this January number of CLEAR HORIZONS we are stressing the importance of FAITH. To some it is a case of "I believe. Help Thou my unbelief!" But as we exercise our Faith and Trust in God, we shall find them developing in strength. Along with this we are emphasizing again the need of preparing for a Peace that shall be enduring because it is based on Justice and the spirit of Brotherhood.

Let us then build up Faith until we can say with Zechariah, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

## CLEAR HORIZONS

*A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living*

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JANUARY, 1943

# Clear Horizons

An Adventure in Solving Problems in a Heavenly Way

Third Year

Volume 3, No. 3

☐ A great preacher tells of how prayer helps under all conditions.

## *The Power of Faith*

*Norman Vincent Peale*

WHEN my old friend, Captain George Barendse arrived in the United States from Rotterdam he attempted repeatedly to communicate with his wife and boy in Holland. He had read of the systematic bombing of Rotterdam, in which it was reported that a great many people were killed and a third of the city reduced to a shambles. All his efforts to reach his family were in vain, probably due to restrictions imposed by the invaders.

His ship destroyed, his wife and child perhaps injured or even dead, his city in ruins, his country overrun, the Captain came to my church. Later he took lunch at my house, during which a great spiritual experience took place. He told of his experiences in Europe.

We talked of his ship, which we all loved, and his family. The Captain, a man of profound faith, controlled but obviously suffering intense agony of spirit, and talking almost to himself as though alone, prayed a noble and courageous prayer.

"God, help me not to hate . . . give your guidance in thought, in speech and action to those who rule over the countries in war and . . . may your will be done and . . . your kingdom come." The words came one by one, slowly as if hewn out of his soul. "God watch over my wife and boy. Before my wife was mine she belonged to you, Lord; before my little boy came to me he was yours, Father. They are in your hands. I trust you. May your will be done."

From *Faith Is the Answer* by Smiley Blanton and Norman Vincent Peale. Abingdon Cokesbury, Publishers. By permission of the publishers.



Again he searched his soul. "I pray for Hitler. God guide Hitler. He has great power over men's lives. You can change his heart, God. Help me not to hate Hitler . . . help me to mean that . . . O God."

There at our table, a simple family dinner, we sat awestruck before a great Christian. In this Dutch Captain, undaunted amid ruins, we saw the superb grandeur of the Christian faith; the magnificence of soul and spirit which it creates in human beings. Something caught at our throats as we watched the triumph; the ineffable victory of faith in the soul of a man. It would have been understood if there had flashed out hate, revenge, bitterness and inconsolable grief.

It was all said very quietly and simply as among close and understanding friends, but it had an eloquence all its own that will never be forgotten. The Captain had a secret that stood him in good stead. He had a faith that was strong enough to sustain him and enable him to see clearly and not be blinded. He had a faith by which he gripped God's hand. He trusted God so completely that with supreme confidence he rested everything in God's hands, and so to him came peace and power.

I believe most people would like to have the benefits given by faith. Their trouble is they do not know

how. They are ignorant of the techniques of faith and hence are unable to practice it. The average man vaguely feels that religion has sources of power available to him but does not know any workable method for tapping this power.

You may develop the art of having faith through two suggestions, if they are faithfully followed: (1) the practice of simple but habitual prayer and devotional meditation; (2) the surrender of your life in childlike trust to the will of God.

Henry Drummond's secret was so simple that anyone can put it into practice. He stated his formula as follows: "Ten minutes spent in Christ's society every day, aye, two minutes, will make the whole day different." Multiply one day by every day and add the cumulative effect of habit and the changed mental outlook, and you will understand how this brief period faithfully observed can change everything, even to your entire life.

We have all known men who have been like saints—strong, radiantly happy—who lived as Morley said of Gladstone, "as from some great depth of being." Examination of their daily program reveals regular periods of spiritual meditation. This simple practice gives control over fears, weaknesses, and those tragic ineptitudes which interfere so disastrously with success in life.

Wordsworth was another who

discovered the amazing values in a daily period of spiritual meditation. Wordsworth's method was unusual but exceedingly rewarding, if we may judge by the quality of his mind and character. It was his custom every day to meditate on a few of Jesus' words, reading them slowly and endeavoring to bring out their full meaning. He would stop and say, "I wonder what Jesus meant when He said that. What was the expression on His face, the tone of His voice?" This approach served to make Christ come near to Wordsworth as a vital living character and to walk with him in His own time.

It is possible for every person to go apart alone for at least ten minutes every day to relax body, mind, and soul, open himself to God and allow the divine energies to flood his receptive spirit.

There is a quality of the mind through which, with practice, we can retire into ourselves, open a little door, and be in our own quiet inner temple. On a train, or bus, or rushing subway we may close our eyes, turn our minds to Christ and withdraw from the busy world into a few minutes of communion that will give us calm strength and imperturbable poise for the day.

I stress this practice, for it is a certain and workable method for developing faith. The result of this habitual daily meditation is

that we come finally to believe absolutely in Him and consequently develop a depth of faith that is sure and positive. Live with Christ in daily spiritual associations and your faith in God will be deep and certain. This makes God a real factor rather than a vague concept. An old blind Indian in the West, a magnificent person with inner peace and kindly spirit, revealed the source of his strength when he said, "It is easy to believe in God when you live alone with Him in the dark." He knew how to have faith because spiritually he lived with God.

If you definitely set aside a few minutes to think about God and Christ, to confess your sins, to pray for those who have done wrong against you, and to ask for strength, and if you do this consistently day after day, a true faith will before long begin to send spiritual health and power through your personality.

The second and ultimate method for having faith is simply to have faith. Many people get lost exploring abstruse procedures, unaware that the secret is to believe by an act of trust. It was for this reason that Christ, the Supreme Teacher, told us that we could not enter His Kingdom until we had a childlike heart.

The New Testament says, "According to your faith be it unto you." *We receive good in direct*



*proportion to the amount of faith we exercise.* "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief," is the attitude that opens the door to new life. In plain vernacular that means, "I trust You, O Lord. I believe, even though I cannot see how it can be. I believe even though shadowy questions haunt my mind." The spirit struggles to believe, triumphing over the weak doubtings of the earth-bound body. The release of power that comes with this victory of faith is the most important phenomenon of human experience.

I was asked to call on a patient in a tuberculosis hospital. This man said he had been helped by my radio program, and wanted to talk to me. His hand was off at the wrist, but he was one of the happiest men I ever met all my life long. I who had gone to comfort him was myself comforted, even thrilled by the story he told.

He was taken to the hospital in 1936 and given up to die. He had been a successful lawyer, with a wife and two sons. Everything he owned went into the battle to save his life.

At the time he became hospitalized he was having frequent hemorrhages with severe pain. He was in an apparently hopeless condition. It was at this juncture that he listened to the radio talk in which occurred this quotation from the New Testament, "I can do all

things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

"You said," he explained, "whoever you are, wherever you are, in whatever condition or circumstance, if you surrender your life completely to God and put your trust in Him, you can obtain Divine power by which you can win over anything. You also spoke of the amount of faith that would help us. 'Even as a grain of mustard seed.' This seemed to me like a small investment for the return offered."

Looking straight at me, this man said, "I had heard that sort of thing all my life,—that is, when I went to church, which was not too often—and it never moved me. In fact I guess I never really knew what it meant. I'm sure I didn't appreciate how deep it went. But this time it came over me as by a wave that it was true. I bowed my head," he went on, "and did just as you said. I guess I was at the end of my rope and I meant it absolutely when I put my life in God's hands. A strange thing happened. I felt a surge of peace. I came to have a conviction that regardless of the number and pain of hemorrhages nothing could ever hurt me again. I went further, repeating my surrender every day, several times a day, and one day I came to believe that my hemorrhages would stop. That was late in 1936, and early in 1937 they

did stop and I've had none to this day." (This was late in 1939.)

With a happy smile the narrator continued: "I am slowly getting better, but that is not the chief thing that has happened to me. The main thing is the strange new strength, this wonderful inner peace, this absolute sense of being attached to the very power of God Himself. We, my family and I, have had to face many difficult problems. Again and again we have been caught in what seemed a blind alley with no way out, but God opened a way every time, and he always will."

☐ A charming story by a writer of the past generation that has its lesson for us today.

## *A Matter of Importance*

*Laura E. Richards*

IT HAPPENED one day that the Angel-who-attends-to-things was hastening along the street, with his wings tucked in and his robes tucked up, for he was in a hurry, when a Duke looked out of his castle window and called to him.

"Stop a moment, please!" said the Duke. "I wish to consult you

I sat there looking at that heroic and inspiring man. I was listening to one of the most amazing accounts of God's grace that has ever come to my attention. We both knew that day that we were talking about no imaginary happening but were awed by the real experience of a man who in his dire need stumbled upon the greatest thing that can happen to a human being—the actual release, through faith, of the power of God into human experience. There is in religious faith and for our benefit a greater power than we realize.

about the succession to my dukedom. You know my grandfather, the Archduke—"

"I cannot attend to you this morning!" said the Angel. "I am engaged on business of importance; your affairs must wait till another time." And he passed on.

"Dear me!" said the Duke. "What can be more important than

From *The Golden Windows*, by Laura E. Richards, Little, Brown and Company, publishers. By permission of the publishers.



the succession? I really must follow him, and see what this great matter is."

So he followed the Angel.

The Angel hurried along, and presently he passed by a Bishop's palace, and the Bishop put his head out of the window and called to him.

"Please come in a moment!" said the Bishop. "I wish to consult you about the Great Synod which is to be held—"

The Angel shook his head.

"I am on business of great importance," he said. "I cannot attend to trifles this morning." And he passed on.

The Bishop looked after him. "What mighty business can this be," he said, "that makes the Great Synod seem a trifle? I really think I must go and see." And he followed the Angel and the Duke.

Presently the Angel passed by a King's palace, and the King looked out of the window and called to him.

"Please come in here!" said the King. "The enemy's forces have crossed the border, and threaten to besiege the capital. I wish to consult you at once on the steps to be taken."

"By and by!" said the Angel. "I am on business of importance now, and cannot stop for trifles." And he hurried on.

The King looked after him. "It must be something of world-wide

importance," he said, "which can make the invasion of my kingdom seem a trifle. I must really go and see what it is." And he followed the Angel and the Duke and the Bishop.

The Angel turned from the wide street, and passed down a narrow lane, and into a dingy court, where poor clothes hung drying. In the middle of the court stood a little child, with its eyes shut and its mouth wide open, crying and roaring as if its heart would break.

The Angel ran to the child and knelt down and took it in his arms.

"Hush! hush!" he cried. "It is all right, dear. You took the wrong turning, that was all. She is just around the corner. Quick, let me wipe the tears away! Look! there she comes this minute."

A woman came flying around the corner, wild-eyed and panting. The Angel put the child into her arms, and the two melted together, and sobbed and laughed themselves away out of sight.

The Angel drew a long breath, and rustled his wings a little, and turned to go back; and as he turned, he saw the Duke and the Bishop and the King, all out of breath and crimson, and staring with big, round eyes.

"Oh; are you there?" said the Angel. "Well, now I can attend to your little matters."

## *Light Springing Up in the Darkness*

*Neville S. Talbot*

LIGHT will spring up in the darkness. That is, I think, what we must look for. We must abandon all effort to explain away the black facts which confront us—all effort to wave over them some theory which shall make them to be other than they are, or to arrive at some satisfying explanation of their origin. And, instead, we should, so to say, let the facts speak for themselves, while we watch and listen to see whether they disclose some deeper meaning than was apparent at first sight. A welling-up of light within the darkness is to be looked for, a coming of relief from the same source as the affliction.

Life is full of this experience. The very phenomena which perplex and distress are found to have within them a testimony which, while it does not explain, reassures and encourages. Thus our very sense of the fleeting transience of this mortal life points to and implies the reality of that which is eternal and abiding. It has within it the evidence that we are more than creatures of time.

So with sorrow—the sorrow of bereavement, the pain of the sun-dering of lovers by death. Nothing, no matter how one pretends, can mitigate the sorrow. Consolation cannot still it, indeed, cannot reach it. But within sorrow is love. Out of love it springs. Were it not for love it would not be. Its very strength testifies to a reality deeper than itself.

So it seems justifiable in face of the dark facts of life's riddle to expect that the facts will themselves prove to be luminous—to have light within them deeper than the darkness.

And so it is. It is the reality of goodness which gives force to the realization of what is evil. The blackness of what is evil is splashed against the whiteness of what is good—else it would not be known. Black upon black is invisible. The dark things of life are indeed mysterious, they affront and perplex the believer in God and in goodness. They are a problem to him. But the good things in life—they are also mysterious, the more mysterious in face of the presence of



the evil things. They are a problem to the disbeliever and the pessimist. There is, in short, a problem of good as well as a problem of evil. The facts of life are not all of one color. They have in them the force of contrast. We know this, of course. Nature declares it. Day succeeds to night, spring to winter. There is "clear shining after rain."

But a further bright light is to be seen glowing at the heart of the dread scene of suffering and calamity. Such things happen to men; and the light is the way in which they meet, use, and overcome them. We may speak (and truly) of a darkness environing man, but it cannot smother the blazing light of human heroism. In fact, it seems to be of life's very savour that it should abound in difficulty, risk, danger, calamity, just because of the tremendous glories of character which spring from the brave encountering of them. "Our highest admiration is always reserved for men who master difficult circumstances. If the story of Joseph, begun beside Bedouin campfires centuries ago, can easily be naturalized beside modern radiators; if Robinson Crusoe, translated into every tongue, is understood by all, the reason lies in the depths of man's heart, where to make the most out of untoward situations is a daily problem. The fullest under-

standing of Ole Bull's playing on the violin was necessarily restricted to the musical, but no restriction bounds the admiration of men, learned or simple, when, in a Munich concert, his A string snaps and he finishes the composition on three strings. That is the human problem in epitome. Getting music out of life's remainders after the break has come; winning the battle with what is left from a defeat; going blind, like Milton, and writing sublimest poetry, or deaf, like Beethoven, and composing superb sonatas; being reared in an almshouse and buried from Westminster Abbey, like Henry M. Stanley; or, like Kavanaugh, born without arms or legs, and yet sitting at last in the British Parliament—all such hardihood and undiscourageable pluck reach back in a man's bosom beyond the strings that ease and luxury can touch, and strike there a reverberating chord. Nothing in human life is so impressive as pluck, 'fighting with the scabbard after the sword is gone.'" So states Harry Emerson Fosdick in his "The Meaning of Faith."

So it is that against the dark background of the stage on which mankind plays its part, the light that shines upon the brows of heroic men and women is thrown into sharp relief. Here is that which is a real counterweight to misery and adversity. A change

comes over the tremendous scene of human existence when character rather than happiness is made paramount in our judgment upon it. Fosdick continues: "We may well inquire, when we complain of this world's misery, what sort of world we are seeking in its place. Are we asking for a perfectly happy world? But happiness, at its deepest and its best, is not the portion of a cushioned life which never struggled, overpassed obstacles, bore hardships, or adventured in sacrifice for costly aims. A heart of joy is never found in luxuriously coddled lives, but in man and woman who achieve and dare, who have tried their powers against antagonisms, who have met even sickness and bereavement and have tempered their souls in fire. Joy is begotten not chiefly from the impression of happy circumstances, but from the expression of overcoming power. Were we set upon making a happy world, therefore, we could not leave struggle out nor make adversity impossible. Said MacMillan, after a terrific twelve-month on the Arctic continent: 'This has been the greatest year of my life.'

"When in biography or among our friends we see folk face crushing trouble, not embittered by it, made cynical, or thrust into despair, but hallowed, sweetened, illumined, and overpowered, we are aware that noble characters

do not alone *bear* trouble; they *use* it. They make it the minister of character; they set it to build in them what nothing save adversity can ever build—patience, courage, sympathy, and power.

"If one imagines a life from its beginning lapped in ease and utterly ignorant of what words like hardship, sorrow, and calamity imply, he must imagine a life lacking every virtue that makes human nature admirable. Character grows on struggle; without the overcoming of obstacles great quality in character is unthinkable. Whoever has handled well any calamitous event possesses resources, insights, wise attitudes, qualities of sympathy and power that by no other road would have come to him. For all our complaints against life's misery, therefore, and for all our inability to understand it in detail, who would not hesitate, foreseeing the consequences, to take adversity away from men? He who banishes hardship banishes hardihood; and out of the same door with Calamity walk Courage, Fortitude, Triumphant Faith, and Sacrificial Love."

In the midst of darkness then light springs up. Thus the spiritual leaders of mankind go ahead, with an unquenchable ardour. They press on into the darkness, never satisfied, never possessed of a final answer, yet never despairing. And all the while they nourish a great



heart-held hope, which they guard as a flame against extinction, feeding it with the oil of faithful expectation. It is the hope that the day of God will arrive, bringing His vindication, the day of His Kingdom and victory.

## Keep Your Poise

Probably the greatest danger to which we are exposed at the present time is the temptation to lose our poise. Constant worries may wear down our resistance. Sudden fears may destroy our peace of mind. Outbursts of anger may unbalance our emotions. Jesus lived through a life beset with temptation, marked with misunderstanding, limited by distrust, imperiled by persecution, yet he always kept his poise. At Nazareth as he began his ministry they would have thrown him over the precipice. He quietly went on his way. At Jerusalem they would have stoned him. Again in the majesty of his sincere manhood he turned away from them. When his apostles were frightened as the boat on the sea of Galilee was storm-tossed, and beginning to sink, Jesus was asleep. When awakened not by the storm, but by their clamor, with perfect poise he stilled the storm. In the upper room with the twelve he was undisturbed, after he had done his best to save Judas, undisturbed, although he knew that the traitor had gone out to betray him. In Gethsemane he was calm as they came to arrest him, wondering why they had sought him there when he had talked openly in the Temple. Still calm he protected his friends. At his trial he did not lose his poise but kept silent as false accusations were made against him. Even on the Cross he was sure of his Father, conscious of those who needed his help, and full of forgiving love.

As we search his last words to his friends we find him making an unusual bequest before he went forth to die. "My joy," he said, "my peace and my love." He wanted them to have his joy, and his peace. His greatest desire was expressed in the words, "Continue ye in my love." He speaks also of God as "my Father." If we can say as he did in our thought of God, "my Father," then his love and joy and peace shall abide within us and we shall keep our poise in the midst of any storm.

—William F. Slade

☐ This modern writer warns us we must get away from our limited ideas of God and recognize His infinite qualities.

## My All-God

Brown Landone

FROM spiritual malaria I suffered long and intensely. Its periods of refrigerated goodness alternated with bursts of flaming youth; its recurring chilly Thou-shalt-not's alternated with heart-hot desires for joy. And so, for a generation, I knew not from one year to the next in what terms I did or could think of God. No sooner did I place my feet flat-footedly on what seemed for the moment to be a solid idea of God than it began to disintegrate beneath me, and I was compelled by spiritual necessity to grasshopper to some other idea, suggested by priest or parson or poet, or born of my own prayer and dreams. Each of these ideas was a part-God concept; each was a reactive concept.

Once a God of punishment to be feared, then reaction—and a God of love too sentimentally kind to enforce justice.

Once a God capriciously blessing or cursing, then reaction—and a God of law, fixed and absolute, and hence unmindful of any appeal of any human heart.

Once a concept of all-dependence

upon matter, then reaction—and a concept of all-dependence upon Mind, with its denial of matter and its creation of a thousand little devils of suppositional error, a thousand devils with which to cope in the darkness of mortal mind instead of one well-known Satan to be met in open battle.

Once a personal God in a physical heaven, with angels (if the account be brought up to date) tuning-in Tiffany radio sets and flying airplanes with motors of gold and wings of pearl, then reaction—and a God of Principle only, lacking in personal love, and forever unchanging as the code of the Medes.

Each was a part-God idea, conceived to complement some other part-God idea. More, each was a reactive concept, opposing and balancing some idea previously held. And worse, each was a pendulum swinging to one side, necessitating a return to the other, which made me so spiritually dizzy that I visioned a new hell of innumerable dangling pendulums, each pendulum a human soul.

Sick in spirit, I stopped soul-

From *My Idea of God*, edited by Joseph Fort Newton. Little, Brown and Company. Reprinted by permission of Joseph Fort Newton.



still, resolved that a no-god was better than swinging forever from one part-God to another. So, longing with my whole soul for the stability of an all-God, I found Him!

My All-God is All! He is infinite in fact as well as in phraseology, including not only essence, presence, existence, and attributes, but also all processes, means, conditions, and things. The truth of His infinite presence was at first only an idea. It is now, however, the existence in which I live. He surrounds me; I am in Him and cannot get out of Him; He extends out from me, from star to star and trillions of miles beyond. Within me, He permeates me; He penetrates to every cell and atom of my body. I am saturated with Him, and literally in Him I live and move and have my being.

So also, my All-God surrounds, permeates, penetrates, and saturates the frog and the blade of grass, the bluebird and the cherry-blossom, the mountain and the universe.

My All-God is within me. As I know that there is electricity in my study to give me light, so I know that God is in me. As I know that not all the electricity of the universe is in my study, so I know that not all of God is in me. I am a son of God, made in His image; Christ is the Son of God. I am one ray of light, perhaps

this color, perhaps that; Christ is the pure Light of all.

My All-God is faith, and I no longer shy even at the term "blind faith," for that at least is freedom—freedom from petty habit of crabbily doubting all things which my own little eyes have not seen or my own hands made. I have not yet straddled a radio message and ridden it from New York to London. Yet I have faith that such messages are sent. So I do not doubt those truths of God which my reason has not yet lassoed and galloped to the end of time. What is reason, anyway, that it should always try to blackball faith and forever fail to do so? Every process of reasoning begins with an assumption; and no man ever reasons about anything except to try to prove to himself that he knows something which he knows he does not know.

With youthful faith I accepted the doctrines of the Church. With smart learning I later rejected all of them. Now, with some wisdom sired by humble pride and conceived in suffering, I know that they are true. Since Loeb has whipped soap bubbles into living substances, why doubt that pure Divinity can conceive a Son?

My All-God makes His creation good. Once I assigned to myself the duties of the Super-God-Supreme-Court Justice, to pass on the reliability of God's statements

and the nature of His creation. I divided His works into good things and evil things, commending spiritual means as born of God and condemning material means as born of error.

I was learned then, in truth. Now, with less conceit, I know that God knew what He was talking about when He declared that everything He had made was very good. He had all the evidence before Him; I had not a thousandth part of it. First, He had made all things out of Himself; second, He had consecrated all things to man's use and specifically stated that He did so; third, after His creation was finished, He carefully reviewed all things He had made; and fourth, only when He had done so, did He pass Judgment that all was very good.

I now accept His statement and see God in every substance. Salt, for example, is a crystallization of a God thought, radiated to create a certain substance to perform its function after its kind; and consequently the use of a substance idealized thus, to effect a result after its kind, is as spiritual as the use of mind to work change after its kind.

My All-God concept condemns nothing, idealizes all things, accepts God's statement that everything is very good, and makes use of all things!

But I wanted something more: I wanted to pray again. I studied the Hebrew words translated in the English Bible by the words, "pray," "prayer," and "praying." I found that the only important Hebrew word frequently translated "pray" in the Bible is *palal* and that the only Hebrew word frequently translated "prayer" is *tephillah*.

All words derived from the root of *palal* prove its meaning. And *palal* means "to judge oneself to be marvelously made;" "to recognize wondrous things within the self, and to do so habitually and continually."

*Tephillah* is formed of two basic roots: one meaning "singing and dancing with timbrels;" the other, the occasion for doing so.

Praying as God asks me to pray, I habitually and continuously recognize the miracle of man being wondrously made in the image of God, and sing and dance with joy because of it.

Learning the mirth of His goodness, my night passed and my sun dawned. The God of mirth and laughter and dancing merriment is my God, this hour and forever. Christ tells me definitely what His aim here was: to give me life and to make His joy complete in me. I accept. Too long I delved in thought; now I dance in sunshine. In Him, the God of cheer and joy



and dancing mirth, I live and move and have my being; and all things are well with me.

All-God is a Personal God. God as absolute principle and as personal love is not a contradiction. My soul manifests one minute as mind, working out algebraic problems according to absolute principle, in which there is no consciousness of personal love; yet the touch of her lips to my cheek, or the pat of a little hand on my knee, or even the look of faith in the brown eyes of my Irish terrier, my soul manifests as personal love. One manifestation does not exclude the other. All-God is principle and also personal love.

In what terms I think of God, changes not at all the nature of Him or Them or It; but what I think and feel integrates or dis-integrates life for me.

All-God is truly all-inclusive. The harmony of a hummingbird's wings, the concert of whizzing

electrons, the tam-tam jazz of the dance, the symphony written in the Milky Way with stars for notes and rays of light for bars—all are of God.

The Power that twirls a mist to a star and grinds a sun to star dust, I term God. The Energy that shoots through quintillions of years of space, I term God. The Activity that forever moves the sea and turns a billion suns; the Mind that calls forth a Betelgeuse and creates an electron; the Love that makes brothers of stars and stores up sweets for the bee; the life that makes man produce man, fern produce fern, and atom atom; the Joy of stars eternally on the wing, of birds at dawn, of running waters, of singing leaves, of all laughter and mirth and cheer and dancing merriment, the joy of knowing that God is Joy—I term God.

Power, Energy, Activity, Mind, Love, Life, and Joy!

Light looked down and beheld Darkness,  
 "Thither will I go," said Light.  
 Peace looked down and beheld War,  
 "Thither will I go," said Peace.  
 Love looked down and beheld Hatred,  
 "Thither will I go," said Love.  
 So came Light, and shone;  
 So came Peace, and gave rest;  
 So came Love, and brought Life,  
 And the Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us.

—Laurence Housman.

Without the Way there is no going,  
 Without the Truth there is no knowing,  
 Without the Life there is no living.

—Thomas a Kempis.

☐ The Christmas message is not of Time but of Eternity.

## When the Angels Sang in Bethlehem

Glenn Clark

ALMOST two thousand years ago the angels sang in Bethlehem. Those same angels are singing now. They were not of Time but of Eternity. The song was not a song of one day but was woven of melodies that bind and hold together all the days of all the years. Like every event that touched the life of Jesus, it was an event into which flowed all the past and all the future. For Christ gathered up in His being all that had gone before, and He gave forth blessings and teachings for all the time to come. In almost the same breath He said, "Before Abraham was I am," and "Heaven and earth shall not pass away until all things shall be fulfilled."

When he blessed the little children he was not limiting His blessing to that day or to that group of little ones that gathered about His knee; by that simple act He was setting in motion a continuous, an eternal blessing that would continue to enrich and uplift the world till the end of Time. All little children who gather before Jesus today are being blessed just as truly as those

who gathered about Him two thousand years ago in Galilee.

When He said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," He was making a universal and eternal statement just as true today as when He healed the paralytic or when the thief hung on the cross. As long as man shall stumble and fall and long to rise again that voice shall continue to be heard.

And as long as man shall awake to the fact that he is a child of the Father of Infinite Love will the Christ continue to be born again in the hearts of men. No matter how unworthy we may feel, if we but climb high enough we may, as did Zaccheus, hear the Master say, "This day I shall abide with thee." What if we are poor creatures to entertain so great a guest? Was not the manger which first received Him also very humble, very crude, very unworthy for containing so great a king?

And we, if we receive the Christ Child into our hearts and crown Him as our king, even though our station be as low as the Bethlehem stable, yet will the three wise men of the East find us out and bring and lay at the feet of the Christ



Child enthroned in our hearts those greatest of all riches: true spiritual wisdom, peace that passeth understanding, and love without end. For the riches that Christ received and gave unto others were not riches that perish, but were riches that last forever; they were not riches of this world, but riches in glory.

So let us accept this Christmas season not as a mere social get-

together or family reunion. Let us accept it rather as a renaissance of the spirit, a rebirth of the soul. May we not be like the inn which was so filled with worldly and temporal things that it had no room for the Christ to lay His head. Then will the shepherds on the hillside again hear the song that angels sang: "This day a child is born . . . Peace on earth, good will to men."

#### PRAYER

Dear Loving Father, as we sit here in the midst of beauty and plenty, enjoying Thy Peace and Harmony, my heart is filled to overflowing with gratitude and thanksgiving, for Thy boundless blessings and mercy. I cannot understand why Thou shouldst have singled me out to receive all these wonderful gifts, while millions of our fellowmen are starving, dying and going through trials worse than death. Open our eyes, dear God, that we may see the purpose of Thy calling and deepen our sense of gratitude, so that we may be willing to lay our best and highest upon Thy altar of Love, in service to the suffering humanity. Dear Father, may the love that has been in our hearts these days become mighty rivers, overflowing to the four corners of this world, taking with it the power of healing, comfort and nourishment for bodies and souls.

Dear Lord, Thou knowest how sincerely we desire for Peace. Wilt Thou not forgive us our sins, individual as well as national, and teach us the lessons which Thou wantest us to learn, and make us worthy of this great gift of Peace. Descend upon the hearts of all the leaders of destruction this day, and grant them a glimpse of the love in Thy eyes, so that they may repent and follow Thee. In the name of Christ who loves all mankind. Amen.—*Daisy Law Hoh.*

We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—*Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg.*

☐ The faith our friends have in us helps us constantly.

## A Man Reborn

The story of FRED STONE as told to  
William L. Stidger

MY friends have always given me courage in myself. They have had faith in me, and that has given me faith in myself. As I look back on a long life I find that faith and friends have had more to do with what little success I have had than anything else. All along the way, for more than half a century, I have had my ups and downs, but whenever I was in one of my down periods my friends always came along to hearten and encourage me and to give me faith in myself. I do not know where I would have been if my friends and loved ones hadn't had more faith in my ability than I had myself.

The first important thing I ever tried to do was to climb a greased pole in Wellington, Kansas, on a Fourth of July. The one who climbed that greased pole was to get five dollars. Ten boys tried that greased pole and none of them got to the top. Then came Eddie Stone, my brother. He had the ingenuity to take handfuls of sand as he started up, and on the way

up he plastered it into the pole. After failing to reach the top, he ran over and whispered to me, "I think you can make it now, Fred, for I sanded it. Hop to it."

I hopped to it, and thanks to Eddie's help, I made it and collected the five dollars. That sort of experience is a sort of symbol of my life. If I have had any success, it has been because my friends have always come along at the critical moment and put sand on the greased poles of my life; and I have climbed up through their faith and their help. I have known hunger and defeat, ups and downs, but always I have enjoyed it and always I found friends who came to help me at just the right moment.

Dave Montgomery and I teamed up together, and were known as Montgomery and Stone in vaudeville for twenty-five years. One day we were showing in Boston. Just before we went on we looked through the peephole of the curtain. It was a small crowd.

Dave said to me, "Let's go easy

From *The Human Side of Greatness* by William L. Stidger, Harper and Brothers. By permission of the publishers.



today, Fred. There's no audience out there. Let's save ourselves for tonight."

I said to Dave, "No, Dave, we're going to give them the best we have. There may be a manager out there behind a post, or some poor devil who is down-and-out, and needs a laugh. Let's always give them all we have!" We did.

I said that because people have always given me so much of themselves that I wanted to give something in return. I guess that's a good slogan for anybody's life; to give people all you have.

Everybody knows about the time when I fell in my airplane and was broken to pieces. We had just started rehearsals for *Three Cheers*, and my accident meant that several hundred boys and girls in the show, stagehands, and other employees, would be thrown out of work for an entire season if that show did not go on. Dorothy, my wife, was in it, too. Will Rogers gave up his own engagements, which amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars, came East and took my place in that show. And that was just like Will Rogers! I know why everybody loved him, and why they loved him so much. That one act was a good demonstration of Will's spirit and a good explanation of his popularity. It was not entirely because he was a comedian

and a humorist. It was because he was kind and generous. And so, once again in my career, it was a friend who saved my show.

I want to end this story of faith and friends with a little incident which will sum up all that I have tried to say in this article. Not many weeks after my airplane accident, I came back from Florida where I had gone to build up after they discharged me from the hospital. It wasn't long before I got a new show together, so proudly I went to see my surgeon friend who thought that I would never walk again, much less dance on the stage. I actually ran up his stairs as I had threatened to do. I went into his office and handed him complimentary tickets to see *Rip Van Winkle*. I wanted him to see that I could actually dance again, in spite of his dire predictions.

The show opened on schedule. In addition to my comeback, my daughter Paula was making her debut in that show. I was more interested in Paula's *première* than I was getting back myself. We put the show on. It was an exciting evening for the whole Stone family. After the show, we were all gathered in my dressing room, and the reporters came in. One of them got Paula over in a corner and asked her how it felt to make her debut in a musical show. But Paula was not thinking about her-

self that night, for she said to that reporter, "Wasn't daddy wonderful?" I heard that reply out of the corner of one ear—and I have never heard anything in all my theatrical career which stirred me more. I wept a little, I'm afraid. Not that my comeback was more important than Paula's debut. It wasn't to the family—at least to me—but just that she could think

of my comeback on the night of her own debut. That got me down!

But after all, it is just what I am talking about in this story. That is what makes life worth while. It is not that we deserve such love and faith in us. Most of us do not. But, even though we do not deserve it—it is the one great spiritual force which gives us courage to go on!

Luther Burbank, the famous naturalist, shortly before his death, made this statement:

"I can send out Thought Waves. Each of us possesses in his brain the most powerful instrument that has ever come to the knowledge of mankind. We have not used it intelligently. We have hardly used it at all. It has seemed, instead, to use us. We put each other in misery with our destructive broadcasting and kill ourselves with our suicidal fears.

"But it will not always be so. We shall learn to control our thoughts as we do our feet. We do not walk into marshes—and we shall not always walk off mental precipices.

"We shall go consciously about it to think only thoughts that are helpful to all humanity. We shall broadcast only the good and if I be not in error, a public opinion will eventually be formed that will place heavy social penalties upon anyone who may persist in putting into the ether destructive vibrations in the form of thoughts."

—From "*Humanity*," Arvada, Colorado.

What marvels we would witness if all persons who attend meetings where God is recognized as able to do exceedingly abundantly above all we ask and think, *would hold in mind those whom they want helped!*

At first, I thought it was necessary to see personally those who needed help. I kept office hours. Later I discovered that those who wrote or telegraphed, and whom I had never seen, often received greater help than those whom I saw daily. I now know that *since God is omnipresent, man (who is in his image and likeness) is also omnipresent.*

—From "*Mind Remakes Your World*,"  
The International New Thought Alliance.



¶ This great English mystic who died recently has taught us much about prayer.

## *The Life of Prayer*

*Evelyn Underhill*

IT IS the special function of prayer to turn the self away from the time-series, and toward the eternal order; away from succession, and towards adoration and adherence.

Religion is concerned, not merely with the non-extended and the supersensuous, but with the Holy. We may be sure that vast regions of existence lie beyond our sensory range; and that the world invisible includes grades and kinds of being of which we are unable to conceive. But religion as such is not concerned with the totality of the mysterious. It loses its character and squanders its strength, when it leaves the straight way to God for these by-paths. Its business is only with the Holy; with the relationship between man, the derived, imperfect and embodied spirit, and the perfect, spaceless Spirit of all spirits—God.

There is no place where God is not, no situation in which He is not there first; yet something from another dimension called the child Samuel, broke in upon the young Isaiah in the Temple, and on Saul

on the Damascus road. That something we call the Spirit.

And here, that other name of God which is of all the most surely guaranteed by Christ's own experience and teaching—"our Heavenly Father"—comes with its rich suggestions of a personal action which is the outcome of a personal relationship, to qualify that sense of boundless Spirit which is the ground of natural religion. For this term carries us beyond the awed sense of an unmeasured Reality that is "wholly other"; even beyond the confident belief in a creative and fostering Presence, as the origin of "all that is." It hints at a closer link, a certain profound likeness in nature, a fetter of love, between the "rapt Spirit and rapt spright." Religion is penetrated through and through by this conviction of human incompleteness; of our dependence on a personal Reality, which can and does make good the insufficiencies of a creature that emerges from the animal yet possesses a capacity for God.

Though we arise within the

time-series and are conditioned by it, we know that we have another citizenship; beyond succession, in the eternal order. Our small created spirits originate with God the Pure Spirit; owe their being to Him, and depend utterly on Him. Were this not so, the human soul could never have reached that realistic experience of the Spirit, which is characteristic of a fully expanded religious sense. God, who is Absolute Being, is also the Father, Fount and Origin of souls.

There is within us at least a crumb, a seed, which belongs already to the order of the timeless; yet cannot achieve its destiny, become fully real, without a gift from beyond itself. And here we find the basis in experience for all that religion means by prayer and grace—prayer, the Godward movement of the soul; and grace, the manward movement of God's Love.

"Man," says Lionel Thornton, "cannot evade the ultimate conviction that his true home is in the eternal order; and that his individuality was meant to reach its fulfilment through the transforming activity of that order on his life." And the first meaning of a spiritual life is, that in it man accepts this marvelous intercourse as the ruling fact of his existence. On one hand quietly receiving in his ground the action of God, on the

other freely seeking to conform to the eternal order, instead of to the natural series alone.

All descriptions of the spiritual life are tentative and symbolic. They are road maps, not representations of reality. We move with comparative safety step by step; but we risk mountain sickness if we raise our eyes too often to the awful landscape that surrounds us. For our minds are so made that we can only realize Spirit vaguely and in patches; and only by the deliberate use of symbolic speech can give precision to our awareness. When we ascend in prayer to the soul's summit, we find we have come up to the frontiers of another life, in respect of which we are dependent, needy, dumb and dim of sight. So here Religion is justified in her insistence on the blessed state of the childlike and the humble; her constant reminder that what matters supremely is not our own exact degree of understanding, but the hold which the spiritual order has on us, and the power which flows from it through surrendered and self-oblivious personalities. In other words, in the great strange work of man's spiritualization the initiative ever lies with God and His Spirit, not with us. His priority is absolute. We realize, then, why the life of the spirit so often begins in a sense of personal incompleteness, of dependence, and need; and why

From *The Golden Sequence* by Evelyn Underhill, E. P. Dutton and Co., publishers. By permission of the publishers.



man's progress in spirituality, his interior growth, is felt at its deepest far more as a response to that Spirit's incitement than as a deliberate ascent to new levels of life. It is, in fact, an opening of the door of the finite to the Infinite Love, an increasing surrender to the subtle pressure of that Power "which ever lifts and bears us"; not a self-actualized adventure of the independent will and heart, a pilgrim's steady progress from "this world to that which is to come."

"Unto Him who is everywhere," says St. Augustine, "we come by love and not by navigation." Talk of the "Mystic Way" and its stages, or the "degrees of love," may easily deceive us unless the Divine immanence, priority, and freedom be ever kept in mind. We may think of the soul's essential being as ever lying within the thought of God; and equally, of His creative love as dwelling and acting within that soul's ground. These are contrasting glimpses of that total "Truth of which no man may think." And the true life of the spirit requires such a gradual self-abandonment to that convenient and all-penetrating Presence that we become at last its unresisting agents. The persistent inexplicable pressure towards one course—the curious attraction to one special kind of devotion or of service—the blocking of the obvious path, and the opening of

another undesired path—all these witness to the compelling and moulding power of the living Spirit; taking, and if we respond, receiving, the gift of our liberty and our will.

Deep in every soul there is a little chamber, where great stillness reigns and the torrent of succession seems to cease.

The human sense of God, the craving for eternal life, the metaphysical passion of the soul stretching from fear through wonder to delight—this, whatever aspect we choose to emphasize, whatever name we use, is the distinctive character of man. Here we discover the embryonic characters which point to his spiritual destiny. This stretching-out of the self towards something which lies beyond succession and beyond sense—this "metaphysic of the saints"—is the fact which lies at the root of all religion. "To Thee do I lift up mine eyes, O Thou that dwellest in the heavens!" The real work in us of that balanced discipline of prayer and self-conquest which is the essence of spiritual life, is to close the gap—sometimes wide, sometimes narrow, always deep—between sensitive nature, swayed by instinct and full of conflict and disquiet, and the soul's ground or apex, which is turned towards God and desires God.

A fully expanded spiritual life need not be one which seems to

the world given over to the obvious practice either of devotion or good works. But it must be given over with a generous docility to the total purposes of Spirit; correctly adjusted to reality. Bit by bit the all-demanding Spirit must achieve undivided sway over the surface I, as well as over the eternal Me: harmonize and weld them into a single instrument of the Will. The life of Me is an essential prayer. Its very existence consists in an adherence to God.

The goal of our spiritual growth is not some special beatitude, some peculiar condition of awareness, but humble and useful co-operation with God. When we understand this, the stages and incidents of that growth are better understood, its sufferings and derelictions fall into place. All are seen to result from the dependence of our little spirits on God's infinite Spirit, and to be ways in which that Spirit works in and through us, to the accomplishment of a hidden design.

Sometimes it seems that we are bathed in a living Ocean, that pours into every corner of our being to cleanse, heal and refresh.

Sin is the willed departure of man's spirit from correspondence with the Spirit of God; a thwarting of the creative ideal. And such a thwarting of life's purpose is to be expected, when man ceases to

look up and out beyond the world: to lift his eyes to God.

Were we more sensitive to the delicate forces that enmesh and penetrate us, we should feel the operation of that Spirit within all circumstances; increasing in power and clearness with the degree of surrender achieved by those who are its instruments. For the Spirit does not work on our small spirits by way of suppression, but by way of enhancement; and the more complete its conquests, the more plainly does this truth appear. The saints are not examples of limp surrender. In them we see dynamic personality using all its capacities; and acting with a freedom, originality and success which result from an utter humility, complete self-loss in the Divine life. In them supremely, will and grace rise and fall together; the action of the Spirit stimulates as well as sustains, requiring of them vigorous and often heroic action, and carrying them through desperate sufferings and apparently impossible tasks. No man was ever more fully and consciously mastered by the Spirit than St. Paul; and we know what St. Paul's life was like. The same is true of St. Hildegarde, St. Francis, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Vincent de Paul. "The human will," says Dr. Temple, "is a more adequate instrument of the Divine Will than any natural force." Even more truly we might say that



the human spirit, transformed by love, is the most adequate instrument known to us of the Holy Spirit of God—the active energy of Divine Love operating in time.

"I only want one thing," said Elizabeth Leseur, "the accomplishment of Your will, in me and by me." Since the essence of man is his will and his love, that quiet saying—so easily dismissed as a bit of piety—sums up the human being's peculiar destiny, and the very aim of all spiritual life. Where surrender is absolute, the mighty creative action evokes, develops and uses to the last drop its creature's energy; and the result is such an amazing transcendence, such creative and redeeming power, as we see in the saints, whose spirit "clothes and expresses" the Holy Spirit of God.

The goal is not moral goodness, effective service, spiritual knowledge; but a whole life of adoring love, transcending and including all those ends. "Salvation" means this total glad self-offering, this dedication of the whole drive of our nature and its incorporation into the eternal order; not for our own sake, but for the sake of the whole. And clearly nothing short of the immense attraction of that order, the steady pull and pressure of the Love of God, could persuade men to the sufferings and dedications involved in such a destiny as this. For the flame of Living Love

is not a mild and tempered radiance. It burns as we approach, and only gives us of its ardour and its glory when we dare to plunge into its very heart. Perhaps all earth's lesser demands and vocations, the sacrificial call of truth and beauty, the passion of the explorer or the mountaineer, overriding selfishness and ease, are parts of the intricate process by which souls are trained for the supreme self-giving of eternal life.

"Love," says St. John of the Cross, "is an inclination of the soul; an outgoing force or faculty, which makes it capable of ascending towards God. It is the medium which unites the soul to God. Thus love is the substance of a spiritual life. The higher the soul mounts in the degrees of love, the more profoundly she enters into God and identifies herself with Him. So each stage in the soul's growth in love represents a fresh centre, each more interior than the last, wherein she can dwell in God. It is thus we can interpret the words 'In my Father's house are many mansions' in their relation to the life of prayer."

Hence, the soul which is fully given to the spiritual life, whatever her stage of growth and liability to fluctuation, has contracted as it were a "habitude of love." God has become for her the business of businesses; the focus of interest. She possesses at least a

permanent disposition or inclination, away from self-interest and towards self-abandonment to Him. Nor does the Christian know that active peace which is the cause of happiness, until he is surrendered to that habitude of love, which is the secret of all real prayer. Growth in the spiritual life consists solely in an increase of God and decrease of self; becoming at its term a pure capacity for Him.

A calm and selfless steadiness "deflected neither by gladness nor by grief" must be produced in us; accepting in tranquility those alternations of joy and grief, hope and fear, profit and loss, good weather and bad, by which the soul is tempered. This belongs to God and is the answering gift to a maturing love.

We must think of the pressure and penetration of God, on and through His many-leveled living Universe, as steady and continuous. This discovery of the ceaseless Divine action, perhaps the most crucial experience of life, is the clue to the mysterious facts of purification and prayer. We, at each point, are more or less susceptible to that purifying action, according to the way in which we use our limited freedom; our capacity for docility, effort, suffering and love. This susceptibility will normally be manifested in our response to the stimulus of events; and more profoundly, in the move-

ments of the soul in prayer. The bracing, bending, softening and recording which the alertly loving spirit then desires and asks, are commonly given to it through the homely frictions and demands of daily life. The dripping tap or barking dog which teaches patience is as much an instrument of God as the shattering blow which tears two souls apart. One and the same event may be charged for this soul with the purifying call to an utter self-abandonment; and merely incite another soul to a sterile resentment. The cleansing and transforming power of suffering abides not in the degree of pain experienced, but in the degree of acceptance achieved.

How purifying, how deeply humbling, is the discipline of ignorance, the sense of the great life that enfolds us, the dim country surrounding and underlying the small bright patch to which alone our analytic minds are adequate. "Thou, God, who art Infinity, canst only be approached by him whose intellect is in ignorance; to wit, by him who knows himself to be ignorant of Thee," cries Nicholas of Cusa.

That which is adequate to us can never be adequate to God, nor could a Reality we were able to understand ever quench our transcendental thirst. We have to recognize our intellectual concepts as the useful makeshifts they really



are; paper currency which permits the circulation of spiritual wealth, but must never be mistaken for gold. The purification of intellect does not mean deliberate cultivation of a holy stupidity, nor yet a wholesale retreat from the sensible and the homely; for then we reject the rich ore in which the treasure is hidden, and abandon the only machinery for dealing with it that we possess. We need the perpetual intervention of the senses, conveying the messages of Spirit; and in order to deal with these messages, the best mental patterns and concepts that we can achieve. This cleansing of the understanding must be achieved as much through prayer as through thought. Indeed, from beginning to end these work together in the soul. The life of prayer is our total life towards and in God; and therefore the prayer may be, and should be, both cleansing and quickening: by turns conversation and adoration, penitence and hap-

*Yesterday and today one of us found it necessary to care for a dental emergency. Considerable work had to be done unexpectedly and quickly. A friend recommended a Japanese dentist. His office was in the heart of the Japanese quarter. As a dentist it was soon evident that he was an expert. During the treatments we talked of this "spiritual fellowship deputation." When it came to the accustomed time to pay the bill, this able and gracious Japanese cordially and positively refused to accept any remuneration whatever, saying, "If I can contribute in this small way to a mission such as yours, I am grateful: for what you represent is of great and crucial importance today."*

—Mission Report from Honolulu, sent just prior to "Pearl Harbor."

piness, work and rest, submission and demand. The very heart of prayer is the opening up of human personality to the all-penetrating and all-purifying Divine activity. On one hand, we acknowledge our need and our dependence; on the other the certain presence of the supernatural world. Prayer and purification must always go hand in hand. Devotional words and deeds, meditation, aspiration, recollection and the rest, are there to help us to envoke and maintain the spirit of communion with God, which alone matters; to steady the vagrant imagination, give us suitable suggestions, teach and tranquillize our souls.

In meditation, says Surin, we go to God on foot; in prayer of affection we go on horseback; in the prayer of simple recollection we sail in a good ship with a favouring wind. The essential thing is that we should undertake the journey; that the soul's face should be set towards its home.

☾ A timely parable by this South African writer.

## The Lost Joy

Olive Schreiner

ALL day, where the sunlight played on the seashore, Life sat. She was waiting—waiting; but she could not tell for what.

All day the waves ran up and up on the sand, and ran back again, and the pink shells rolled. Life sat waiting; all day, with the sunlight in her eyes, she sat there, till, grown weary, she laid her head upon her knee and fell asleep, waiting still.

Then a keel grated on the sand, and then a step was on the shore—Life awoke and heard it. A hand was laid upon her, and a great shudder passed through her. She looked up and saw over her the strange, wide eyes of Love—and Life now knew for whom she had sat there waiting.

And Love drew Life up to him. And of that meeting was born a thing rare and beautiful—Joy, First-Joy was it called. The sunlight when it shines upon the merry water is not so glad; the rosebuds, when they turn back their lips for the sun's first kiss, are not so ruddy. Its tiny pulses beat quick. It was so warm, so soft! It never spoke; but it laughed and played in the sun-

shine: and Love and Life rejoiced exceedingly. Neither whispered it to the other, but deep in its own heart each said, "It shall be ours forever."

Then there came a time when the thing was not as it had been. Still it played; still it laughed; still it stained its mouth with purple berries; but sometimes the little hands hung weary, and the little eyes looked out heavily across the water. Life and Love journeyed on, and the child played beside them, but heavily, more heavily.

One day Life and Love lay down to sleep; and when they awoke, it was gone; only, near them on the grass, sat a little stranger, with wide-open eyes, very soft and sad. Neither noticed it; but they walked apart, weeping bitterly, "Oh, our Joy! our lost Joy! shall we see you no more for ever?"

The little soft and sad-eyed stranger slipped a hand into one hand of each, and drew them closer, and Life and Love walked on with it between them. And when Life looked down in anguish, she saw her tears reflected in its soft eyes. And when Love, mad with pain, cried out, "I am

From *Dreams* by Olive Schreiner, Little, Brown and Company, publishers. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.



weariness, I am weary! I can journey no further. The light is all behind, the dark is all before," a little rosy finger pointed where the sunlight lay upon the hillsides. Always its large eyes were sad and thoughtful: always the little brave mouth was smiling quietly. He never weighted them; he only helped them forward on their journey.

When they came to the dark ravine where the icicles hang from the rocks—for Love and Life must pass through strange drear places—there, where all is cold, and the snow lies thick, he took their freezing hands and held them against his beating little heart, and warmed them—and softly he drew them on and on.

And when they came beyond, into the land of sunshine and flowers, strangely the great eyes lit up, and dimples broke out upon the face. Brightly laughing, it ran over the soft grass; gathered honey from the hollow tree, and brought it them on the palm of its hand; carried them water in the leaves of the lily, and gathered flowers and wreathed them round their heads, softly laughing all the while. He touched them as their Joy had touched them, but his fingers clung more tenderly. But sometimes they remembered that first radiant Joy, and whispered to themselves, "Oh! could we but find him also!"

At last they came to where Re-

flection sits; that strange old woman who has always one elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand, and who steals light out of the past to shed it on the future.

And Life and Love cried out, "O wise one! tell us: when first we met, a lovely radiant thing belonged to us—gladness without a tear, sunshine without a shade. Oh! how did we sin that we lost it? Where shall we go that we may find it?"

And she, the wise woman, answered, "To have it back, will you give up that which walks beside you now?"

And in agony Love and Life cried, "No!"

"Give up this!" said Life. "When the thorns have pierced me, who will suck the poison out? When my head throbs, who will lay his tiny hands upon it and still the beating? In the cold and the dark, who will warm my freezing heart?"

And Love cried out, "Better let me die! Without Joy I can live; without this I cannot. Let me rather die, not lose it!"

And the wise old woman answered, "O fools and blind! What you once had is that which you have now! When Love and Life first meet, a radiant thing is born, without a shade. When the roads begin to roughen, when the shades begin to darken, when the days are hard, and the nights cold and

long—then it begins to change. Love and Life *will* not see it, *will* not know it—till one day they start up suddenly, crying, 'O God! O God! we have lost it! Where is it?' They do not understand that they could not carry the laughing thing unchanged into the desert,

and the frost, and the snow. They do not know that what walks beside them still is the Joy grown older. The grave, sweet, tender thing—warm in the coldest snows, brave in the dreariest deserts—its name is Sympathy; it is the Perfect Love."

☞ Europe's outstanding inter-church leader challenges the church to act before the clock strikes twelve!

### *Five Minutes to Twelve*

A Spiritual Interpretation of the Oxford and Edinburgh Conferences

*Adolf Keller*

THE helplessness of mankind is a striking contradiction to the idealistic assumption that we can easily mold the world with our hands and our wills. This world is not clay, but granite—nay, harder! Our chisels and hammers break on the inconceivably resistant material which we are trying to shape. It is far less plastic than we thought in our constructive idealism. Our economists hope to organize a planned or manipulated economic system. Their tremendous effort to rationalize the irrational processes of hunger, greed, voluptuousness; of the forces of nature—heat, cold, storm, blizzard, flood, drought, and frost; of the irrational will-to-power, of the exaggerated profit motive—all has hitherto failed.

Certainly we would not deny the slow, majestic progress of ideas. But we cannot wait, and the rhythm of our hunger for and love of life is faster than the rhythm of history. The impatience of the individual and of the nations cannot wait until life, in an automatic process or in its unconscious wisdom, will have accomplished that plenitude which may lie hidden in its impulses. We are hungry. We are dying. We want to live, now and here.

The world's answer to the terrible question of the Sphinx and its provisions for a new world order leaves us in despair.

Has the Church an answer? The answer cannot be a mere theological system, a new or old dogmatic formula, a new school of thought!

From *Five Minutes to Twelve*, by Adolf Keller, Cokesbury Press, 1938. Printed by permission of Cokesbury Press.



It cannot be simply a new and better organization or more efficient administration of the world's business. The Christian spirit has reached a maturity in which it is not satisfied with less than a spiritual experience, a higher wisdom, a deeper love, a new inspiration. Nothing can help us except a new Pentecost, a descent of the Holy Spirit, fire and light from heaven.

The presence of God, of His Holy Spirit, cannot be measured or tested by external signs. We can never be spectators when we are really confronted with God. We have ever before us an objective and concrete reality which bears the visible marks of this presence. Yet our hearts know where God's word reaches us, strikes us down, or lifts us up before His face. Such a confrontation has not an objective but an inner testimony: "Silence! God speaks! Christ knocks at the door! The Holy Spirit breathes upon you!" The inward testimony of such an action of God on human hearts is not so much a mystic enthusiasm, but the certainty that we are confronted with God's terrible and merciful majesty, that we cannot avoid His will, that we are called upon personally and responsibly, that our human "I" stands annihilated and yet uplifted before the inescapable divine "Thou." A real and decisive encounter with God

occurs then when all other avenues are closed and no other way is open than to God alone. Not impertinent identification with the Divine, not an illusory enthusiasm, not a facile and exuberant optimism are the marks of such an encounter; but deepest humiliation, prostration of the sinner, whose lips are unclean, before the Divine Majesty, and then, in the midst of such agony, the merciful voice: "Thou art mine! I have redeemed thee. Hear! Go! Do!"

But the Holy Ghost is no "datum." If we speak of a spiritual experience, it is hardly ever a pure seed cleansed of all weeds or a holy process which is a foretaste of our heavenly existence. Our spiritual experiences are embedded in worldly events and processes and colored with our traditional feelings and emotions. They are often a protest or opposition to other quite as powerful experiences. The emphasis may be placed quite as much on the "No!" as on the "Yea!" The word GOD spells victory, in the last analysis. It is morally the indescribable gift of a decision which cannot be reached by human means. A temptation is always very close to a spiritual experience, the temptation to analyze, to define what is dynamic, and the temptation to force such dynamics by our own efforts or energy.

The conditions of Christian

unity are to be found in the nearness to Him. The nearer we come to Christ, the nearer we come to each other. When I first penned this sentence, the pen had reversed its elements and it stood: The nearer we come to each other the nearer we come to Christ. The spiritual experience of the conferences was the contrary: Christ brings us nearer together when we come nearer to him. The initiative is with Christ, not with us. Religion begins with man, the pious effort of longing. The Christian faith begins with Christ, with the Living God who acted, first and before any human initiative, through Christ His Son. Christ stands therefore not only in the center of theology and of Christian ethics, but in the center of the Christian worship.

Worship has a binding and unifying significance which neither theological thinking nor ethical idealism possesses. Christian worship is far from being a mere esthetic expression of Christian life, or an artistic decoration of it. It is faith as the symbolic manifestation of the Christian congregation. It is faith as that holy conversation between God and the Church. It is faith, not as a theoretical formula, but as the spoken word, the symbolic act, an exchange between Him who gives and those who receive. It is the invisible word becoming visible,

audible, and dynamic.

The Holy Ghost is the mystery of God, the mystery of His will and act. He remains an Unknown God even after His revelation. Yet in the action of the Holy Ghost, His mystery comes near to us; it is no longer remote in a distant, unknown divinity, but within us; God's mystery within us cannot be understood or proven because it is mystery, which cannot be explained nor defined, but is simply there—in our hearts and in our churches. This passes all understanding. It is a mystery which makes even theologians humble. We were united in a mystery. Our theologians said, "Unity cannot be; the differences are too great. Unity is not possible." The Holy Ghost caused us to feel, "It is. You *are* one." Unity *is*, as a divine protest against human disharmony. Unity *is*, as a divine reaction against Christian divisions. Unity *is*, spiritually and dynamically, although it cannot be expressed theologically and organically.

In the theological despair of Edinburgh, the deepest spiritual experience found its expression in that pentecostal cry of present-day Christianity: "Veni Creator Spiritus." It was not left unanswered.

The spiritual experience of which we speak here quite inadequately is certainly not of a



## What Our Readers Write Us

A friend sent me CLEAR HORIZONS to read and then pass it on to another friend, I like it so very much that I want to have a copy of my own to read and to loan others.—*Mrs. J. H. Branson*, Washington, D. C.

I wish you could know what fields of delight and satisfaction open up to me, as I lie here on my bed most of the time, in order to enjoy my freedom occasionally—and for short periods. I have read and re-read each article and two hours of quiet meditation in the early morning seem to fly by too fast—so much love and understanding fill these little magazines, and I have been passing them on.—*Mrs. Donald Smith*, Los Angeles, Calif.

I have been acquainted with CLEAR HORIZONS but several days, and I immediately decided that I must have this source of Christ-like living before me at all times.—*Sgt. Wm. R. Merriman*, Riverside, Calif.

One of the most pleasant evenings I remember spending, was an evening spent reading CLEAR HORIZONS. It is a very inspiring little magazine and is of much help to us who think deeply of life and try to adjust our actions to the chaotic world changes in the "Golden Rule" manner.

—*India Corinne Tolbert*, Ph.D., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed is my renewal for CLEAR HORIZONS. I find so much real use and instruction in it I would be sorry to miss a single copy.

—*Dr. Mary J. Fargeman*, Fergus Falls, Minn.

To me the July number is precious and in these times when more people are awakening to the value of prayer, I think this special one would do much good wherever it goes. CLEAR HORIZONS have given me so much joy that I wish to send it to several friends.—*Mrs. M. F. Tschirgi*, Reinbeck, Ia.

I find CLEAR HORIZONS in times like these a guide that helps gird my spirit, and challenge my weakness. In other words a positive help to so much that is negative these days.—*Mr. Fran Lewis*, Seattle, Wash.

Copies of CLEAR HORIZONS were my daily companions on our summer holiday, when I caught up on reading and re-reading back numbers. I keep them at hand constantly and refer to them frequently. No periodical has been of greater help to me spiritually.—*J. Stuart Innerst*, Dayton, Ohio.

CLEAR HORIZONS is a constant joy.—It's a great spiritual fog dispeller.—*Mrs. Anna White Drake*, New York.

First I want to express my great appreciation for your "Brain Child" CLEAR HORIZONS, and for this last idea of giving us an opportunity to own bound volumes. Many, many of the contributors to CLEAR HORIZONS are old friends of mine, but you have introduced me to lovely new ones, and for this I thank you again and again.—*Katharine Young*, Bedford Hills, N. Y.

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victory over a world which seems to prove the defeat of Christianity.

There is some reason for trembling today. Wherever we look we discover the helplessness of the world to solve its problems. Where America makes experiments, Europe makes revolutions and prepares for war. But an experiment is as little a real solution as a revolution or a war. An economic experiment which fails may be quite as destructive as a war, and there may be no time to try a second experiment. It is five minutes to twelve! The world cannot wait very much longer. Force is no solution. It is a dam behind which a terrible power of resistance and revenge is accumulated. Sooner or later the dam will break and no military or political power will be strong enough to resist the power of hunger, the fury of revenge for centuries of injustice which neither State nor Church nor a ruling class tried to remedy.

But the struggle evidently goes much deeper than economic or social or political conflicts. The final battle will obviously be not simply one between economic forces, social classes, or political systems. It will be a religious war. Religion is not only the finest flower of the human mind, but the greatest and most exclusive force of man. It is not so certain that Tertullian was right when he said that the soul was by nature a

Christian. But it is certain, and modern psychologists, like Jung, corroborate this, that the soul by nature is religious. Even atheism can be a form of religion. Subconscious forces of the soul stamp man not only with a terror but with a terrorism which is the most dangerous form of an intolerant, combative instinct. Not only Christianity hears voices which claim obedience, and an unconditional religious attitude is not the exclusive privilege of the Christian Church. The modern paganism is discovering these natural religious forces in the soul of man and is preparing for a decisive battle with Christianity.

It is five minutes to twelve even in the religious situation of the present world. And the future battle will not be between the Protestant denominations or between Protestantism and Catholicism, but between Christendom and paganism, between Christ and Anti-Christ. And Europe will be the battlefield.

It is five minutes to twelve! This should not be a "scarehead" phrase, but a challenge to the Church of Christ to use what may be its last opportunity. Facing this opportunity does not mean rushing into feverish activity, to do a little better the hundred and one things which the World is trying to do. It means, taking the Gospel seriously as the force to save those



who believe in it. But as a force from God, not as a most sublime and lofty force of man; as revelation in Jesus Christ, and not simply as man-made religion. This Gospel of Jesus Christ, as the Word of God addressed to man, must again be placed in the center of our life and thought. We need a force we have not and which the world has not. God gives it through Christ.

As the World offers no solution, let us try the last, the ultimate, the only one: the Gospel! If we take the Gospel seriously, our insoluble world problems become problems of faith. It is characteristic of our times that all our difficulties are more and more becoming religious problems. An economic problem may be insoluble as such. A political conflict may offer no satisfactory political solution. A moral or social tension may destroy us. These problems for which political force, economics, social doctrine, moral philosophy find no solution appear more and more as fundamental religious questions for which faith alone has an answer. Not a recipe prescribed in advance,

but a dynamic solution which appears in that unique moment when God's Spirit answers a human question and man replies: "Here I am! Send me forth!"

This means at the same time a new baptism of our human relations. They must be immersed in that Holy Presence which makes life sacramental. If our human and Christian relations are really baptized with the Holy Spirit, it will no longer happen that Christianity shows less heroism, less enthusiasm, less of the spirit of sacrifice and self-surrender than Bolshevism or Fascism inspire in their adherents. If our Christian relations are rebaptized, they will not be simply denominational or ecumenical, because it would be a negation of the Holy Spirit to refuse recognition and fellowship to what He has touched and sanctified.

The unconditional attitude of faith is not simply a passive receptivity. We have to do great deeds with God. And what we cannot accomplish we leave God to do in His own time, and to God's judgment and Christ's final victory at the end of this aeon.

When in the closeness of a friend I know  
A feeling of great peace,  
Then I am sure that in the after-world  
It will not cease.  
In that glad moment I am filled  
With awe that I may see  
A glimpse of great eternities  
That are to be.

—Margaret Read.

☐ This message, addressed to ministers, is equally applicable to all Christian workers.

## A Minister Helps to Bring Healing

John Sutherland Bonnell

PASTORAL Psychiatry is the ministry of pastors directed to the healing of the soul. It is distinguished from the practice of the psychiatrist and the physician by the fact that the pastor works to bring his parishioner into contact with God and the spiritual resources that flow from Him.

Interestingly enough, all physicians throughout the world come nearer to being unofficial agents of God than they are aware. Regardless of how physicians may consider it, the daily work of a general practitioner of medicine contains very much in it that ministers of religion think of as service not only rendered to man but also to God.

The harmonious interrelationship of ministers and medical men can best be achieved when both realize that while each group has a distinct function to fulfill, their ministrations overlap and the effectiveness of each is enhanced by working in harmony with the other.

The physician works with the body, the psychiatrist with the mind, the pastor with the soul.

But soul, mind, and body act and react upon each other. The body influences the mind, the mind reacts upon the body, and the health or unhealth of the soul will have a determining influence on both mind and body. Many disorders of body and mind are due to maladies of the soul with which only a spiritual ministry is equipped to deal.

The minister who brings men and women into a vital contact with God, who teaches them how to use the Bible for spiritual development, how to meditate, how to pray, how to develop a strong and radiant faith, will be rendering an incalculable service to the minds and bodies of his parishioners as well as to their souls.

Dr. David W. Mackenzie, senior, a foremost Canadian surgeon, in his presidential address to the American Urological Association in June, 1938, reminded his hearers that the patient is a soul as well as a body.

"Sir Thomas Browne said three hundred years ago in *Religio Medici*, that he could not go to cure the body of his patient, but he forgot his profession and called

From *Pastoral Psychiatry* by John Sutherland Bonnell. Harper and Brothers, Publishers. By permission of the publishers.



unto God for his soul. Today in our practice we need to remember that the patient is to be regarded as a soul as well as a body, that human beings are mental and spiritual as well as physical organisms. We need to remember this all the more because in our day the emphasis on early specialization and on over-specialization tends to make us forget it. We need in our treatment to restore some of the viewpoint of the old and vanishing family physician while not sacrificing important and necessary values, or the benefit of concentration in special fields. We must remember, above all, the totality of the patient.

"The doctor may forget that it is his duty, and indeed his ideal, to assure the patient not only health of body when possible, but also peace of mind and soul. What matters most, after all, is the patient's comfort and happiness. Our treatment is not an end in itself, it is a means to an end; and that end is the patient's comfort and happiness and peace. Life is basically a keeping of body and soul together and the good of the two is inseparable. Human nature includes spirit and body and we have to deal with both in their interrelations; only by such an attitude and such methods can we attain our best results and realize our highest ideals."

Not a few physicians and sur-

geons believe in God, carry on the daily practices of religion, and observe and encourage in their patients constructive spiritual activity.

I talked with a physician who is chief anaesthetist in a large general hospital. Out of the experience of twenty-five years administering anaesthetics to many hundreds of people annually, he said:

"For a long time I have observed the mental and spiritual attitude of patients coming to the operating-room. This is, of course, a serious moment for them all. Many times I have noticed their lips moving in prayer just as I was about to adjust the mask to give them the anaesthetic. I have noticed that persons with a strong religious faith have far less dread of the operation beforehand and a smaller measure of surgical shock after the operation. Many surgeons would testify to that. Patients who go to the operating table with a confident faith in God take less anaesthetic, recover from it more easily and with far less of the usual distressing after-effects. They go through the crisis of acute disease more readily and have a quicker and less eventful convalescence. They carry out the doctor's orders better and cooperate more freely with the nurses and other members of the hospital staff."

Leaders of thought in the Chris-

tian Church of our day have for many years been drawing the attention of ministers to this fruitful field of service. Dr. W. R. Inge, until recently Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, writing to the English Press, says:

"I hope that in the future the clergy will regard themselves primarily as physicians of the soul. I should like to see the practice of private consultation much more developed, and treated more as a matter of course, than it is in the Protestant churches. A clergyman who has tact, experience, and real sympathy can do much more good in this way than by his public ministrations.

"If we were set to fill a number of narrow-necked vessels with water—and we are all narrow-necked vessels—should we set them up in rows and dash a bucket of water over them? That is the method of the pulpit. A few drops may get in here and there, but most of the water is wasted. The most important part of a clergyman's work should be that of physician of the soul. The Church has neglected that important part of a clergyman's duty—consultation. It ought to be a matter of course for our people to come to us when they are in difficulties about their souls."

Everyone familiar with hospital routine knows that surgeons demand an unvarying ritual of preparation for an operation in the

case of every patient. This preparation is of almost equal importance with the operation itself. I believe that, in addition to the physical preparations unvaryingly made before each surgical operation, there is indicated also definite spiritual preparation. There are few moments in human experience when the need for a spiritual ministry is so urgent as in those trying and critical hours when one is awaiting an operation. Then, if ever, one needs to draw upon spiritual resources of quietness and confidence. Then, if ever, the relatives, too, who are fearfully awaiting the beginning and the end of an operation upon a dear one, need the upholding power of these self-same spiritual resources. How steady to them in such an hour of crisis is the promise of God set forth by His Prophet:

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

Spiritual quietness and calm well up from within. The heart possessed by love of God and love for its fellows has nothing to fear. Nothing can come to God's child save what the Father wills, and His will is accepted without rebellion and without fear.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

This peace differs from secular calm in that it is a peace that the world cannot give us and cannot



take from us. Secular calm is so often at the mercy of one's environment. A slight change in environment—financial loss, the death of a friend, or some other happening may wreck it instantly, but the heart and mind that is stayed on God possesses deep within it a peace untroubled, unshaken, untouched by all the storms that rage.

What new advances might be possible in hospitals and especially in operating rooms if all patients went through the ordeal of illness with their minds stayed upon God and with His peace in their hearts; and if all doctors and nurses were upheld by a faith akin to that which is set forth in the *Religio Medici* of Sir Thomas Browne! The physician of souls includes in his ministry all classes and conditions of men—the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the old and the young—irrespective of their rank or station in life. He deals with all who come to him in the spirit of sympathetic understanding, friendliness, trust, and love. Never by word or sign does he indicate that any of the confidences that have been given to him have hurt or shocked him. Instantly he puts himself in the other person's place, and realizes the difficulties that he or she is facing because he has first known himself. Whatever confidences are given to him he receives in the spirit of

sympathetic understanding. It is not his task to judge people. He is here to serve them as a minister of Christ.

He is friendly to those who come to him seeking his help. It is too easy for ministers, as it is for doctors, to become professional in their manner of dealing with people, to treat them as "cases," to forget they are souls.

He trusts those who come to him. He lets them know that he believes in them, in the possibilities of good latent in them. Oftentimes the people who come to consult a minister have lost faith in themselves as well as in God and their fellow-men. Trust and confidence on his part in them will awaken their self-confidence.

Finally, he will have a consuming love for souls. The man who does not love men and women, who is contemptuous or cynical of them, has no place in the Christian ministry or in any other profession where he must meet and deal with individuals. Jesus linked in equal importance love of our neighbor with love of God. We are never more God-like than when our hearts are moved with sympathy, compassion, and love for our fellow-men.

The human heart that receives and expresses the love of God is a heart at peace. The pastor who would be a true physician of souls will himself dwell in the love and

peace of God. If those who come to him with their problems and their needs find that the minister is unsympathetic, nervous, lacking in serenity and poise, sympathy, and love, they will not bring their problems to him. Rather will they go away saying, "Physician, heal thyself." Therefore, nothing is of such importance to the physician of souls as his own inner life, his own knowledge and experience of God. He who himself is living the abundant life is able to lead others into it. He who himself has the peace of God brings it to others. He himself is a living example of what faith in God can do for a man. His very presence inspires hope and confidence, and radiates spiritual power.

The physician of souls seeks above all else to bring people to God. Whether they be normal people desirous of continuing normal, sinful people bearing on their

hearts a burden of guilt unconfessed and unforgiven, fearful people living amid a nightmare of abnormal anxieties, unhappy people caught in a tangle of unsolved problems or untamed passions, or even little children who, because of wrong training or bad environment, have formed behavior patterns that, uncorrected, will mar their happiness through life, each and all of these the physician of souls brings to God, where fretted lives find restoration and peace. Ministers without knowledge of psychiatry and with a strong faith in God have worked effectively with individuals, but he truly is a physician of souls who brings to each individual coming to him for help not only all the knowledge and experience that he can glean from the physician of the mind but also an experiential knowledge of the healing and transforming power of God.

"Like millions of other men I'm off to war. I'm in the Medical Department which relieves me of handling a gun. My life in the Army hasn't hurt me any. I've had my share of breaks and disappointments but a good deal easier than the average soldier.

"I'm now located with a company whose job it is to teach men the three R's, and to be good soldiers. Many of them do not know English at all and must be taught. Our present group is largely French Creoles and Mexicans.

"I for one have found the Army a place where one can become a better Christian. It means taking a lot of kidding but then there's always the peace that passeth understanding, that makes one feel he has kept the faith."—BILL ROSE, *Camp Robinson, Arkansas*.



## *Amos on State and Randolph Streets*

*Rabbi Jacob J. Weinstein*

THE WORDS of Amos, a farmer from Pleasantville, which he saw concerning the nation, and which he spoke to the crowds on State and Randolph, two weeks after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, in the days of Franklin Roosevelt and Adolph Hitler.

And he said:

The Voice has again come from Jerusalem,  
And the warning, from the high places in Zion,  
That blood and sweat and tears shall pour abundantly,  
And the green pastures shall be whitened with the bones of youth.

Thus saith the Lord:

For three transgressions of Nippon,  
Yea, for four, I will not reverse the Judgment of Doom;  
Because they took Manchukuo with deceit  
And threshed the patient Chinese with sledges of steel;  
And ignited dynamite of air and sea with the pipe of peace;  
So will I send a fire into the house of the Sun-Emperor,  
And it shall devour the palaces of Hirohito  
And the mighty houses of the Samurai.  
And the rising sun shall set in darkness of blood.

Thus saith the Lord:

For three transgressions of Italia,  
Yea, for four, I will not reverse the Judgment of Doom,  
Because they rained death upon the inhabitants of Ethiopia  
And called the shell-shattered bowels of the dusky people  
"Beautiful as orchids flaming from the ground":  
Because they played the jackal to the raging beast from the North;  
And betrayed the brotherly Covenant for gains of Empire,  
I will send a fire against the walls of Rome  
And it shall devour the strutting Caesar from the high balcony,  
And strip the black shirts from an enslaved people;  
Thus shall liberty be restored to the sons of Mazzini,  
Laughter and song to the people whose speech is sparkling wine  
And melts like music in the ear.

Thus saith the Lord:

For three, aye, for thirty, transgressions of Germania  
I will not reverse the Judgment of Doom;  
For they loosed the dogs of war on all mankind,  
And branded the flesh of myriad innocents with a double cross;  
They devised devilish devices of destruction,  
Turned my vaulted chambers into arsenals of death,  
Streaked the wide savannahs of the air with furious dragons of fire.

From an address delivered at the Chicago Theological Seminary. Reprinted by permission of Dr. Weinstein.

Yea, they harness the waves of the air to parachutes of lies,  
And drop the subversive word into the wells of living waters  
To breed suspicion and rancor in the councils of free nations,  
To set white against black; rich against poor; Gentile against Jew;  
And make of no effect the will of the fair-minded.

Terrible and dreadful is this bitter and impetuous nation  
That marches through the breadth of the earth  
To possess dwelling-places that are not theirs;  
Their laws and their majesty proceed from themselves;  
But, lo, I have raised the Stalin rod of my vengeance,  
The resolute Bear of the East, whose paws are hammer and sickle,  
To pursue him with the fury of an east wind,  
And hold his panzers in an icy grip,  
Until the Lion and the Eagle have recovered their strength,  
And the day of final reckoning shall be at hand,  
And the sons of violence shall be winnowed like chaff.

The Day of Judgment and of Reckoning; the Day of the Lord, indeed! But think not, O people of Chicago, that this will be a day of light and rejoicing, a day of carousing and carnival. It will be a day of penitence and deep searching of soul, a day of confession and true atonement. Think not that ye are the chosen of the earth, inasmuch as I have cast your lives in pleasant places, and given you the kidney fat of wheat and the rich corn, that ye have become the millers and meat-packers of the world. Think not that ye are set above my other children. For your people are but branches of my planting in lands across the seas. Ye are a nation of Nations—in you is all of Europe and Asia and Africa. Think not that the cushions of water about your lands are shields from the pestilence that walketh by day or the arrow that flieth by night.

People of America, take this to heart and consider it well. Ye have I endowed more richly than all other nations. Ye have I given soil veined with silver beneath and crowned with fields of golden grain. Ye have I given forests of good wood, and lakes and rivers abounding in fish. And I have brought you tested men to match my mountains. Therefore do I expect of you a double responsibility, and will visit upon you all your iniquities. Simple and just is my rule: "From each according to his abilities; to each according to his needs." I have set this plumb-line in the midst of the people.

For, have ye not heard that the Earth is mine, and all that is therein? Hath it not been proclaimed aforetime that the Lord God is Father to all; that the children of Manchuria, Ethiopia, and Andalusia are as dear unto me as the children of England and America: Wherefore, then, did ye snugly wrap thy oceans about thee and turn thy broad back on Europe's woes that time my servant Woodrow Wilson pleaded that ye rise to your high-born part and create a *league of nations* in the



image of the United States? Where was thy brotherly heart when the Chinese perished, and the Ethiopians were murdered, and the Spanish massacred by the unrepentant sons of Edom, the streamlined barbarians of earth? Did ye not say, as Cain of old: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Two mighty oceans of water will not dilute the brother-blood in the heart of my creatures. Therefore, the very ground cries out with the blood of the innocent and will not open itself to thee until every drop of blood, drawn from my abandoned children, is recompensed by one drawn from the callous of heart. It will go ill with thee, but by Justice, and Justice alone, can the Earth endure.

(At this point there is an interruption. A woman shopper in an expensive fur coat and wearing a diamond wrist watch, yawns audibly, takes out her jeweled compact to powder her nose, while whispering, not too softly, to her neighbor: "There ought to be a law against these Communists. They're bad for business." Amos hears part of this whisper and speaks:)

Hear this word, ye contented cows in mink's clothing;  
That dwell in the suburbs of Chicago;  
That oppress the poor, that crush the needy;  
That say unto your husbands: get riches  
That we may feast in splendor and ride in limousines.  
Lo, surely the day shall come upon you  
That ye shall be taken away with hooks  
And the survivors of you will scrub floors and plow fields;  
And give the favor of your smile for a crust of dry bread.

As the apple tree bringeth forth apples;  
And the seed of all growing things yieldeth fruit after its kind,  
So is the present state of the world the harvest of your individual planting.

Therefore, seek not beyond the seas and above the skies the cause of the world's agony. But closer—nearer than hands and feet; in your hearts and in your minds. Nations are but gatherings of the people. States are but the embodied will of men and women. Evil nations do not spring from good people.

Therefore look into your hearts; seek, and ye shall find:  
That ye have sold the righteous for silver,  
And the needy for a pair of shoes.  
Ye have blinded the eyes of your judges with bribes,  
And corrupted your officials in various subtle ways.  
Ye have silenced your holy men with sops of charity,  
And hated him that spoke uprightly in the gate,  
Saying to your Prophets: "Shut up! Prophesy not!"  
Ye have thought that a little prayer here,  
A little charity there, would salve your conscience  
And bring atonement with your Maker.  
But ye cannot pull the wool over my eyes,  
And flatter me with sweet-scented oils;  
For I hate, I despise, these bribes;

I will not accept them;  
Neither will I regard the peace-offerings of your pet charities;  
But let Justice well up as waters,  
And righteousness as a mighty stream!  
Woe to you that were at ease in Zion,  
And secure in the vastness of America;  
That put far away the evil day,  
And caused the seat of violence to come near;  
Who lay upon beds of ivory,  
And ate fatted calves out of the midst of the stall,  
And anointed themselves with chief ointments  
And were not grieved for the hurt of the stranger and the poor.  
Ye have stored up grapes of wrath;  
Ye have "sown the wind and will reap the whirlwind."  
For days will come which will be days of darkness and not of light.  
They will be known as the years which the locusts have eaten.  
Lamentation shall be in all the broad places.  
And they shall say in the streets, "Alas, alas, her boy has gone down with  
the ship in Pearl Harbor,  
And the son of such a one died in Manila;  
The husband of this young bride was killed at Singapore;  
And the father of that one met his death in the air over the Southern Seas!"  
The voice of sorrow will be heard in the land  
As the mourning for an only son,  
And the end thereof as a bitter day.  
Thus shall all the stored-up violence be expressed  
And ancient wrongs be requited in blood.  
Then will the remnant of the people be sound,  
And get them a heart of wisdom at last,  
And raise up again the fallen tabernacle of David;  
A permanent Assembly for all nations;  
A Court of Justice for all peoples.  
And Peace, girded by Justice, shall come back to earth,  
And men will turn their swords into plowshares,  
And breathe freedom from the four winds,  
With none to make them afraid.  
Behold, the abundant days come,  
That the plowman shall overtake the reaper,  
And the treader of grapes, him that soweth seed;  
And I will restore the captive peoples to their lands,  
And Israel to his long-promised land.  
And men shall build the waste cities and inhabit them;  
They shall make gardens, and eat the fruit of them.  
And Man shall no more be plucked up out of the land which is his home.  
On that day alone shall man inherit the earth,  
And be worthy of his God.

Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
That Life is ever lord of Death,  
And Love can never lose its own!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.



☐ This social prophet who died last year has left a message worth while considering these days of a "war for the four freedoms."

## *The Backwash of World Empire On Democracy*

Arthur E. Holt

EMPIRES are built on spiritual assumptions. They are founded on certain assumptions about race, on how to make money, how to govern, the right to rule, and the will to power. Empires are terribly sensitive about assumptions.

I have said recently that when you break open the modern political struggle, you find it a contest over spiritual issues. In other words, the great world economy can now be seen through spiritual windows. That is still more true, it seems to me, when you come to foreign empires.

Since empires are built out of the same stuff of which Christianity is also made, Christianity has the right to inquire about these spiritual assumptions.

The most obvious conclusion is that the missionary, at the best, works at the "receiving end of empire." The missionary labors under handicaps in the South Pacific Islands, Africa and India. He must promise to accept the empire as a fact with which he will not tamper. Why should not the

churches in Europe and America do something about the "projecting end of empire?" Empires are not made in Hawaii or the Philippines, nor in Java, Africa or India. Empires are born in the minds of certain people in London and New York and Berlin. Dealing with the philosophy and policies of empire is not the task of foreign missions nor of home missions but the responsibility of the churches themselves in the big cities of the United States and Europe in whose pews very often sit the men who are at the "projecting end of empire."

If the church is to deal with empire at the "projecting end," let me enumerate a few items in the high cost of implementing such an effort. It will call for a clergy skilled in spiritual and social criticism. Nothing short of well planned and well financed agencies equipped to gather facts which are pertinent to our programs of Christian civilization will serve us at this present time. In addition to this task shared by every clergyman, there must be trained experts

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in the field of social relations who will help the church answer the questions as to why and how and with what social results we govern, and why and how and with what social results we trade. The churches need a "secretary of state" and a "secretary of commerce" whose function it will be not to win for ourselves places of prestige at state functions but to express the mind of the Christian conscience in times of national crisis with reference to procedure in which we are clearly involved.

This does not mean that the church shall enter the realm of politics as politicians. In the hinterland of all political issues there is a world of human issues, a super-political conscience which, if cultivated by the Christian church, will guarantee the outreach of the Christian mind in political affairs. The world will not continue to watch uncritically the spectacle of missionaries being sent abroad in the same boat with the products of empire-implemented capitalism. What is needed is a program for the church.

The church must expose, with all its agencies of analysis at home and abroad the evils of unsocialized political power. It must work for the amelioration and change of those enterprises and policies of governments that result in disadvantage to native peoples.

It must work for and be sym-

pathetic with the legitimate aspirations of native peoples in other countries and of underprivileged minorities at home which are in harmony with democratic principles. We must disassociate ourselves from bad practices, both governmental and commercial.

It seems to me that we have to recognize that underneath all this are certain ideas about which the church is concerned. Those ideas have to do with race, with property, with power, and with every one of these big examples of empire and capitalism. Back of empire capitalism stand first of all the assumptions of capitalism. Capitalism inevitably drives men to seek the place where they can get raw materials cheapest and where they can get labor cheapest. It also drives them to win markets which they can supply with the products of their mass productions. Capitalism must inevitably impel men first of all to these great undeveloped continents where raw materials are abundant. Second, it drives them to seek legislative means whereby the native is forced to work.

We ought to explore and understand and proclaim before the world the difference between what we think might be a good empire and a bad empire. The League of Nations laid down the following rule for the government of colonies: that when an issue came up



between the welfare of the natives and the welfare of the white man who was out there, it was good policy to put the welfare of the native above all the rest because he was the man who was there and he was the man who would be there when all the rest were gone. It is pretty much basic assumption that the white man has the right to go there and leave the natives, when he is through with them, spiritually mature and capable of self-government. That I think is Christianity's test of the state.

The time has come for a new crusade. The wild men with their short-time objectives have led us long enough. The tame men, who can see all sides of a question and finally are willing to rationalize the status quo, have lulled us to sleep too long. Christians who believe that their pilgrimage to spiritual maturity requires a social order in which it is possible for common men to make choices and accept responsibility, that fellowship offers a more enduring cohesion than a society based on force and fear, must find their appropriate standards and march to the rescue of civilization. Their call is not to destroy but to fulfill.

Democracy needs a twofold defense. While not closing our eyes to its political expression and need for defense, we recognize that both democracy and the world require a successful demonstration that

the democratic order will work. We need industries which believe that all work can be a cooperative adventure and can bring it to realization. We need cities which believe in the democratic way of life and can make government a cooperative effort of all forces composing a city. We need rural communities which take their place in a national adventure for welfare which does not forego the cooperation of the local communities. We need nations which recognize that international cooperation is necessary and possible.

Now, manifestly, this crusade cannot come without a renewal of faith. It cannot come without the cooperation of all the free agencies—the labor unions, the cooperatives and the industrial organizations, the vocations and professions. It is of the essence of democracy that it should be so. But recognizing all this, it is a question of the total end of our existence which is at stake, that is, religion. Down through the ages the torch of human progress has been carried, first by the servant of religion, then by education, then by industry and politics. Once again it is passing to the hand of the servant of religion. The great spiritual truths of Christianity and democracy call for men of faith for their appreciation and defense.

The morale of the church in the

West is built around crusades. Our American clergy undergirded the struggle for self-government in the first century of our existence. The leaders accepted the separation of church and state as an adventure of mutual advantage to both. By voluntary offerings, a free church, with an educated and married clergy, has been supported since the early part of the last century. These churches, which trusted their existence to voluntary giving, accepted the challenge of providing churches and colleges for the largest valley ever opened up to rapid settlement by man. Over other valleys humanity has spread at the pace of the ox; here there was the speed of the iron rail and steam engine.

When new people with strange tongues came on the scene, these churches accepted the mission of translating the gospel into these languages and developing new adaptations. They established schools and colleges for the illiterate. Out to the frontier went the church and fought the four great racial scourges—intemperance, prostitution, gambling and ignorance. It developed a special concern for the isolated and backward people. Before the state came into the picture the church carried half the burden of higher education, and until recently in modern cities it was responsible for hospitaliza-

tion. It will not do to dismiss the church easily with some glib phrases which represent shallow thinking and less responsible acting. If any institution can be counted upon to work for freedom of function among the agencies which serve modern society, it will be that institution which has paid the heaviest price that there might be mutual freedom of church and state.

Will the youth of America sacrifice for the church as their forebears have in the past?

One of the most interesting periods in the world's history was when the Roman Empire, assuming for itself the sanctity of a holy cause, surrounding its emperor with an adoration amounting almost to worship, giving to its laws the sanctity of a moral code and relying on the motives of force and fear, was challenged by Hebrew Messianism, representing God's revelation over two thousand years to a group of people who had been engaged in moral and spiritual discovery—a Messianism which challenged the Roman Empire.

It said that God, revealed in Christ and not in the emperor, was the legitimate object of worship, that the basis of social cohesion should be social trust and faith and not force and fear, that man was to be guided not by adherence to law but by his social



imagination. If you want to know how to treat your neighbor, put yourself in his place. All evil, adultery and murder especially, go back to the evil imagination; the purification of the heart is the only basis for right conduct. Finally, it lifted the cross instead of the sword as a symbol of social progress. These two forces—the Roman Empire and the early Christian church—fought it out around the Mediterranean Sea, and the result was the revelation that at the center of the cosmic structure is love.

That battle is being fought over again. When I entered college, the most important person in society was the scientist, because he was answering the questions which society wanted to have answered. He was answering the questions of technique, the questions of *how*. Men today are asking those questions that have to do with the *why*—the purpose, the great ultimate realities of life; and they are asking the questions which only religion answers. Not the scientist but religious leaders are “on the spot” today.

And for that reason it behooves all of us to take seriously the task we have in mind. Not only must we be interested in the spiritual center of life, but we must be interested once more in the church as that institution which keeps the revelation of God in Christ

alive in the world. Other religions envy us our church. I had fine students in India, and one of them said to me: “I wish there was a church which could give me the backing the way your Christian churches give backing to your young men who go even to foreign lands to serve the good cause.” When I thought about his feeling for the church I somehow felt very humble, because I knew how our churches fell short of that admiration which he had for them.

In the next place, you and I must understand the modern state. It will not do to talk about the state as though it were all bad. We are not dealing with the kind of state the early Christian church contended with in the days of the Roman Empire, although it is true we may be encountering it in certain countries. Such states once more are coming to the front. But the state you and I know is one which does so many things well that it is almost impossible to keep from honoring it as the complete servant of society. When I see the state fighting the social scourges of famine, plague, cholera; when I see a state organizing a great police force; when I see a state carrying on mass education in a way that no private agency could do it; when I see a state with all its welfare services becoming an agency of mutual aid, I am almost ready to say, “Let the state do it

all; it does these things so much better than we can do them as private agencies or as churches that we had better turn the task over to the state.”

And yet there are some things which the state does not do well. In discriminating between the services which it does do well and those which it does not do well, we find our task at the present time. The state does not do well those things that have to do with the conscience of people. It is just because we need some agency which can stand over against the state, look it in the face and criticize and challenge it from the standpoint of conscience, that the church must exist in modern society. There is no other agency that can do it—education cannot do it; the universities cannot do it. The universities in many places are becoming the “yes men” of these totalitarian states, or are finding ways of rationalizing their subservience to the state.

More than that, I think it is time to renew our faith in a society

built not on force and fear, but on persuasion, consent, and mutual loyalty. War, revolution and the philosophy of empire—all of them eventually throw us into the hands of the military power and give us a world built on force and fear and not on faith and mutual loyalty. It is the principle on which the world is organized that is wrong. The nations are still grabbing territory, still anxious to hold more territory than they are entitled to, still desirous of maintaining the superlative value of certain races.

This business of particular states setting themselves up as God's preferred people in running the world will have to stop. In some way, by mutual respect, by persuasion, we will have to build a world not on force, not on empire, but a world that is held together by the social cohesion of love and trust. And that is going to call for all the courageous exploration we can do and all the confidence we can have in the revealing power of God as love.

It is a great trial to see only the black side of things, but that does not depend completely on you. Do your best to detach your heart from the cares of this world, and above all from creatures; then you may be sure that Jesus will do the rest. He could not suffer you to fall into the abyss. Be comforted, little one, in Heaven you will no longer see *all black* but *all white*; yes, all will be clothed with the divine whiteness of our Spouse, the Lily of the Valley. Together we shall follow Him whithersoever He goeth. Oh! let us profit by these brief moments of this life to give pleasure to Jesus, let us win souls for Him by our sacrifices. Above all let us be little, so little that all the world may trample us under foot without even our appearing to feel it or to suffer from it.

—St. Theresa



## Victory—*for Humanity*

Albert W. Palmer

EVERY Christian must be deeply concerned about attaining a constructive, healing and permanent peace at the conclusion of this war. If he is truly an ecumenical Christian with a world view, he desires a victory for all humanity to come out of it. Without such a victory, a military decision or even a knockout blow favorable to America and the United Nations might prove to be only an illusory triumph, merely preparing the way for another war.

Now what kind of termination of this war would really constitute a victory for humanity? Obviously one that would clear the way for an acceptable world organization which all nations, so far as possible, would have a part in formulating. We need a new world order sincerely based upon equality of treatment and opportunity for all races, regions and populations. Such a world order must also provide reasonable flexibility so as to allow progressive change in order to meet future needs and shifting conditions. Local self-government, national, cultural and religious freedom, international cooperation

in economic and other matters of world concern, such as the oversight of colonies and undeveloped areas, and provision for the adjustment of grievances and injustices and for the easing of changing tensions without recourse to war—that is the goal! Any peace which does not at least honestly try to reach this goal is just another armistice. But if we can bring the common sense and enlightened conscience of all mankind to accept some such norm and standard for life upon this planet, we shall have achieved a victory for humanity. No lesser goal will do.

Hard-headed, realistic observation of history and human nature clearly indicates, moreover, that such a goal is not likely to be reached by the method of a total victory, desirable and even necessary as that way of terminating the war inevitably seems to almost everybody on both sides of hostile battlelines. It is not humanly probable that any group of men or nations in the flush of victory, and after the exasperation and hatred evoked by desperate resistance, would be wise or far-sighted enough to refrain from revenge,

punitive exactions and self-seeking. For the sake of immediate security would they not betray future security and in the name of liberty destroy liberty, as has been done so often before in European history?

There are apparent exceptions to this pessimistic prediction. The treaty of Ghent, after the War of 1812, ignored the supposed causes of that war and merely established peace once more, with an added guarantee of disarmament along the Canadian-American frontier. These hopeful exceptions—but they are only partial exceptions—should not make us too optimistic, however, as to what kind of peace the victors would set up at the close of this present war. Wisdom, restraint, justice, generosity, far-sightedness are not bred by the emotional tensions aroused in modern war and the propaganda which accompanies it.

A dictated peace, therefore, contains slight hope of attaining the kind of goal which would provide a real victory for humanity. What then? The desirable alternative would seem to be some kind of negotiated peace, anathema as that word is to most people. By this I mean a peace based on scientific analysis and genuine intelligent concern for the welfare of all humanity—a peace which would be so just and reasonable that it would be curative and not

provocative of future wars. How could efforts in this direction be made? How could they be safeguarded from betrayal?

There seem to be four kinds of negotiated peace. Let us look at them and appraise their values and possibilities.

1. There might be a *postponed negotiated peace after victory*. This is being widely advocated today, and in very influential quarters. People who favor this sort of peace would propose that victory be followed by a cooling-off period of from two to five years, and then, after the passions of war have subsided and the smoke of battle has cleared away, an effort could be made to work out a just and durable reorganization of the world with due regard to the rights and necessities of victors and vanquished alike. Such a proposal recognizes the peril of trying to settle things in the flush of victory and seeks to avoid the tragedy of another Versailles.

This solution might secure a creative and hopeful peace, provided all peoples were fairly represented in the making of it and its counsels were not unduly dominated by the military victors. Such a constructive and shared peace, as a desirable alternative to a coercive dictated peace in the hour of military triumph, should always be kept in view. But is it a practical possibility? Would the vic-



tors give it complete freedom? Could they sufficiently restrain their thirst for vengeance, their instinctive desire to dominate? Would not their shallow wartime theories and the one-sided solutions instilled by propaganda distort it? Would not their hatreds, fears and prejudices poison it? Would not the economic pressure for immediate settlement be too great to permit postponement?

2. A second possibility is *the negotiated peace of practical defeat*. This is what people generally seem to suppose is meant by all advocates of any kind of negotiated peace and accounts for the high degree of unpopularity of that term. War propaganda has given the words "negotiated peace" a bad name by always assuming that they mean surrender to Hitler and uncritical acceptance of his terms—another Munich. Munich was partly a dictation by Hitler's military power and partly a surrender of other people's rights by agents who had no proper mandate for what they were doing.

No, a peace with any real hope in it for future world order could not be an abject surrender. People who honestly desire a lasting peace must try to build a peace which will in itself be so fair, so in accord with basic geographic, economic and psychological facts, that people will want it to endure.

3. In the third place there is *the*

*negotiated peace made possible by a stalemate*. That came very near being effected in 1916 and it is entirely possible that conditions are rapidly approaching this situation in the present war. Nobody knows for sure, because military secrets are so closely guarded and this war has exhibited such increased mobility and power of attack that its military character is very different from that of the First World War. However, if the hope of immediate victory grows dim and the war is evidently going to require years and years of exhausting and devitalizing struggle, a realistic mind must recognize that the psychological moment might arrive for consideration of the possibility of reaching a fairly decent peace by negotiation, particularly if there were some knowledge on both sides of what reasonable and non-punitive terms were actually under consideration.

4. This leads us to the fourth possibility, *a frank and definite campaign for peace negotiations through continuous publicity of peace aims*. Of course they would have to be fair and impartial peace aims. The Atlantic Charter with its punitive attitude toward Germany will only make Germany fight harder. *Fortune's* solution to the problems of the Pacific by shutting Japan up in a cage will only make the Japanese more furiously determined. This is unfor-

tunate because there are so many good features in the Atlantic Charter and in *Fortune's* proposals.

What is needed as soon as possible is something which will do for the world today what Wilson's Fourteen Points did in 1918, only do it better. Many people are telling in these days what they would do if they were President of the United States. Now if, by some wild flight of imagination, I were seated in the White House (you may well thank God I am not!), I would go to Congress and urge the immediate appointment of a non-partisan Standing Commission on Permanent Peace. The purpose of this commission would be to make as scientific and fair minded a clinical diagnosis as possible of the causes of war in our modern world and then seek out the basic principles in world organization which are essential to a new and better international relationship where war would be unnecessary and its possible outbreak prevented. Much spade work in this area has already been done by various scholars, notably by the Commission on the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace of the Federal Council of Churches and by other bodies.

If, as some now think, there should be no single dramatic peace conference to end the war but if peace should come gradually and regionally, if the shape of things

to come is really being worked out *right now* and will evolve bit by bit rather than be set up all at once by some future world assembly, then the value and urgency of such a congressional commission would be all the greater and its appointment *now* an imperative necessity.

This congressional commission should include representatives of the best brains in the country, broadminded, well poised, thoroughly trained men and women from fields of international relations, economics, race relations, social psychology, business, labor, agriculture, European history, Oriental history, education, medical diagnosis, psychiatry, youth and religion. Personally I would like to see on it men like Justice Felix Frankfurter, former President Herbert Hoover, Ambassador Grew, Maynard Krueger, Ernest Hocking, E. Stanley Jones, Monsignor John A. Ryan, Arthur Compton, Mildred McAfee, Pearl Buck, Howard Thurman, John Foster Dulles, Robert Hutchins, Quincy Wright, Harry Emerson Fosdick and others of like caliber and ability.

Then I would issue a presidential proclamation as follows:

AN INVITATION TO ALL THE  
WORLD  
By the President of the  
United States

The people of the United States are appalled at the world-wide suf-



fering of both friends and foes in this suicidal war. We believe that in every nation, as in our own, there exists a deepening mood of profound repentance for the blindness and sins that have brought this tragedy upon mankind. The need of a cooperative world organization to set up a new peace based on equal opportunity and justice for every race and nation has now become obvious to all men of good will everywhere. The Congress of the United States has therefore appointed a Commission on Permanent Peace ready to confer with all who will confer, whether friends or foes or neutrals. The people of all nations are hereby solemnly invited to take similar action for the healing of the wounds of the world. We seek nothing for ourselves that we do not desire equally for all mankind.

The Commission on Peace should then go into continuous session. It would submit its propositions to the country and secure congressional endorsement. The world would be continuously and progressively informed of the bases on which the United States is ready to enter into negotiations. Correspondence, collaboration and conference would be constantly invited from all other countries, neutrals, friends or enemies, either with or without cessation of military activities.

We want to get back of Hitler

to the German people, and this is the quickest and surest way to do it. If we can convince the German people that they can obtain their own real welfare, together with the peace and security of Europe, by an open covenant, openly arrived at, Hitler will either obey public opinion or be overthrown.

With our skill in education and advertising, our airplanes, radio and inventive genius, surely we can spread this message to all the world. "But, remembering how the Fourteen Points were disregarded, will not the Germans distrust and scorn us now?" That depends on our genuine humility, the definiteness of our proposals and the guarantees which we might give through Congress or even by a plebiscite endorsing the presidential proclamation.

"But it has never been done before! In the past any attempt to talk things over has had to wait for defeat, victory or a stalemate." Yes, but that was because in the past each side has always sought victory for itself. Here is a situation where we seek a victory for humanity, a victory equally desirable for our foes and ourselves. In the very nature of things this sort of victory cannot be obtained by mere military triumph nor by coercion. It must be obtained by careful diagnosis, honest humble recognition of our own short-com-

ings, willingness to sacrifice for the common good of the world and the future of humanity—in a word, by sincere negotiation and collaboration. We must employ right reason, cooperation, constructive thinking, and not neglect the real solution—in the realm of ideas.

If the world is not to expire in a stifling poison gas of cynicism, brutality and violence, someone must show a better way than coercion, sheer brute force, and mili-

tary might. The common people of the world in their suffering and despair await some word of hope, some summons to a really Christian world philosophy, some heroic, creative, ringing word of faith in God and human brotherhood. Who can better say that word than America? What can move America to say it except the Christian conscience as embodied in the church of Jesus Christ? We must not fail the world in this great hour!

## *The Prayer Tower*

WHEN the Prayer Tower was first established, it was with the suggestion that it be tried for a few months, with Thanksgiving Day given as the date to close the period of prayer. So many people are finding comfort in the hours of meditation and prayer, that there will be no cessation at this time. That is, those who wish to continue may be assured that all over this country and other lands the Tower of Prayer is reaching up to Heaven.

The following, clipped from Elinor Maxwell's column in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat of October 4, 1942, shows the widespread interest in prayer as a power for good:

In these days of agony and strife, more and more people are turning to God. In this year of 1942 when the United States is in the gravest peril it has ever known, men, women and children are coming to realize that God is our hope, that right will eventually mean might, that justice and good will finally prevail.

Many letters on the subject of prayer have come to me in the last few weeks. I wish I could quote them all, but time and space prevent. However, one that arrived in my mail only yesterday is so comprehensive in thought that I feel I should choose it from the lot as a sort of "cover all." It was written by Margaret Seidlitz Allen of Des Moines, Iowa, wife of Judge Donald Allen, and it reads:

"In your column of several weeks ago you spoke of that younger brother's faith that his prayer would keep the older brother safe, and you must have touched a deep spring of interest in many of your readers. We hear and read a great deal about how only Christ can save the world, but to the average



man—even the average church-goer—this sounds like impossible magic. What we DON'T hear about are the hundreds of thousands of people who are actually contacting Christ through prayer groups all over the world. As Christianity grows like 'leaven in a measure of meal,' just so slowly and imperceptibly are these prayer groups spreading.

"Dr. Glenn Clark of St. Paul, Minn., has established an Around-the-Nation, Around-the-Clock Prayer Tower for PEACE. Each hour of the 24 is allotted to groups in various cities throughout the country all the way from the Eastern seaboard to Hawaii. The units of this network pray that we may benefit from the discipline derived from the war, and that the outcome may be a world truly patterned after God's own plan. Each praying person is aware that the prayer he offers must BEGIN IN HIMSELF, so that he may become an instrument of Christian living. His first prayer is that he may learn to

express the qualities of love and charity, of faith and trust, of patience and mercy, of forgiveness and unselfishness. He knows, too, that ANSWERS to his PERSONAL prayer will depend largely upon the quality of his own life.

"Dr. Clark has as coworkers in the Prayer Tower project such religious leaders as Frank Laubach, George Washington Carver and Starr Daily. The Prayer Tower schedule lists 10 o'clock in the morning for St. Louis, which means there must be one or more links in this chain operating in your vicinity. The prayer groups are never advertised, nor is membership solicited, but the man or woman who is genuinely interested will surely find one. This, you know, is a Kingdom of God movement, for only as 'we become as little children can we find the Kingdom of God.' That little brother's prayer is a real and powerful thing. May his elders 'catch' the power and the joy and the beauty of it!"

#### YOUR IDEAL SELF

Make a picture of the kind of person you want to be, and hold it in your mind continually. Vision yourself as one who is fair-minded, self-possessed when others are excited, not given to anger or complaint but an encourager and helper of other struggling souls; conceive yourself as a person who sees small things as small and really big things as really big, who can stand pin pricks and also hurts that are more serious and make small reckoning of them; see yourself as a person whom it is easy to live with, and who none the less is striving always toward the better things of life. As your picture becomes greater during the passing years and you have the habit of living with it in your mind all the while, your "self" will increase in value and loveliness, and your life will come to satisfactions that it did not know in earlier and cruder days.

—Winfred Rhoades

Growing grain always depends upon a certain number of dark days.

—*The Christian Advocate*

The mistakes of today are the lessons of tomorrow.

☐ This popular author and former missionary to China asks a striking question.

## Can the Church Lead?

Pearl Buck

TODAY it is obvious that although we are increasingly in earnest about this war, we are not yet putting forth our full effort to win it. This is not through lack of wish to win, but through lack of will to win.

Why is it that as yet this will has not been stirred in our people? We are going through all the proper motions for war, but the all-out determination to win has not yet taken hold of us. The cause for this spiritual apathy is simple—there are emotions stronger in us than the will to win this war for freedom and human equality. That is, we cannot fight to win a war for freedom so long as practically we do not want freedom for all peoples, and we cannot fight to win a war for human equality if we do not actually want human equality. Bluntly, the man or woman who is determined to keep alive the traditions of empire in Asia or Africa is putting imperialism ahead of winning the war, and the man or woman who insists on Jim Crowism and total Oriental exclusion at home is putting race prejudice ahead of win-

ning the war. And if these two are to be the pillars of society instead of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, we had better know it and stop wasting our people in this war for freedom and human equality. We cannot possibly win it.

Here then is the spiritual confusion in which Americans now are and out of which we must somehow be led. We are faced with the necessity of fighting a war for principles in which we say we believe but which actually we do not want to practice. We talk about the American way of life and we go on tolerating and encouraging and demanding Jim Crowism and Oriental exclusion which are the Nazi way of life. We can never get pure energy out of such a conflict. The spark is applied to wet tinder. There will be no flame.

The truth is that we have not yet carried the war into the place where it really hurts. We can give up sugar, but we cannot give up segregation. We are willing to ration our gasoline but we do not want to insist that colored labor

From a pamphlet, *Can the Church Lead?* by Pearl Buck. P. O. Box 94, Madison Square Station, New York City.



shall have equal rights with white labor. We consent to the heaviest of taxes for military warfare but are not willing to treat the Chinese as we treat the British. Unfortunately, democracy cannot be bought with material goods, nor is human equality to be paid for with silver. Democracy can only be won by the sacrifice of everything that is undemocratic, and human equality can only be had by the will to have it at all costs. The material sacrifice is easy, the spiritual sacrifice is hard and it is here that our people must be led.

Never, I think, in history have human issues been as clear as they are today when millions of people in our own country and in all parts of the world cry out for one thing—freedom. And the only way to establish freedom as a way of life upon earth is to determine that men are indeed brothers, and that all shall be treated alike, without regard to color or class. Where is the Church that it does not come forward and declare itself not only as a body corporate, but through its own members in the separate practice of their individual lives?

At a time when the secretary of agriculture and other government officials are making impassioned pleas against all food wastage, why should any of the grain which we are told is essential to winning the war be diverted into distilling and brewing? Walter Winchell reported in a recent column that the government has assured the liquor interests that there will be no limitations placed on their production and operations during the war. Why not? While limitations are being placed on automobiles, refrigerators, articles of clothing, certain kinds of food, why should booze be promised immunity from making sacrifices?

—*The Christian Century*, Jan. 14, 1942.

Now, if ever, the Church ought to furnish the leadership for our people to make the sacrifice of our prejudices and our greed which through all the centuries we have not been strong enough to make. If the Church cannot produce the necessary moral leadership then religion is dead indeed. It may be that religion is dead, and if it is, we had better know it and set ourselves to try to discover other sources of moral strength before it is too late.

And yet, I am loath to believe that the church is really dead. For I know the Church is no separate entity in itself. It is only men and women of a certain mind and temper and spirit, who declare in themselves their belief in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. But perhaps they believe only intellectually and not in their hearts and so they sleep. If they are only sleeping, then let them awake. If the Church in our country does not lead now, it may never have the opportunity again. Now is the moment of crisis.

☐ This author, lecturer, and wife of a college president tells charmingly a story of the natives of the Amazon.

## *The Man Who Came Back to Life*

*Marguerite Harmon Bro*

MRS. Robert Platt, research geographer on University of Chicago expeditions, brought a Christmas story from the upper Amazon, and with the story a brown robe with a wide stenciled border such as a chief might wear. It was in northwestern Brazil that she was flying with her husband over the Andes spotting communities which are hidden from trade with the outside world by the fastness of the cliffs which lock in their small valleys. One such subsistence village of the Piros tribe had been stocked a few years earlier with orange trees and vanilla vines in the hope that the people might be able to raise more food and have something to trade. When the pilot-engineer found that Mr. Platt was hunting for this particular village of Piros, he remarked, "I wonder if we will see the man who came back to life."

"The man who did what?"

"Came back to life. The last time I was in there, a group of Campos from the highlands came to ask if I knew how to bury a man who was too stiff to fit into

their peculiar coffins. I suspected something unusual and went with them to see their chief, Marunkos, who had been bit by some strange insect. They assured me Marunkos had been dead for hours but when I used the old watch crystal method of detecting breath, it seemed to me there was a faint haze on the crystal. I didn't have the slightest idea what to do for the chap but I suddenly remembered that I had with me a cattle syringe so I gave the 'dead' chief a whole syringe of adrenalin and then began to use artificial respiration. By and by the chief sighed, shuddered and took a deep breath but at the first stir of life every Indian hastily disappeared except the chief's wife and mother. I stayed by until he fell into a natural sleep. Of course I have no idea whether he finally lived or died. Maybe we'll find out."

In time the hidden village was sighted and the plane landed. Before the investigations were finished the rainy season descended upon the land and the exploring party was unable to leave, although as Christmas drew near they were

From *Thursday at Ten*, by Marguerite Harmon Bro, Willett and Clark, 1942. By permission of the publishers.



increasingly anxious to get back to the coast. Three days before Christmas, when Mrs. Platt was scanning the sky for some signs of a break in the clouds, one of the Indians asked her why she was so much in a hurry to get away.

"We have an important feast day coming," she explained.

"What feast day? Is it one we do not know?"

"But yes," she explained. "It is the birthday of the great white teacher who was the son of Him-who-made-everything."

Him-who-made-everything, the Piros understood. "Tell us more," they said.

So Mrs. Platt told them and as she talked she began to fashion a crèche. With a blue handkerchief, some cotton and a piece of paper from her notebook she made a lovely little Virgin. At once the Indians caught the idea and vied with one another to see who could fashion the best Baby. When Mrs. Platt came to the story of the animals which are said to have knelt down, the Indians reached for clay and began to fashion the animals they knew—an alligator, a monkey, a boa constrictor, an anteater. The crèche itself was made of banana leaves with stars cut from the tin foil around a camera film.

Suddenly while they were working a group of Campos came

around the bend with one tall, distinguished-looking old man in their midst. Mrs. Platt felt at once that he must be Marunkos. At his appearance every Piros vanished, for there had been a wife-raid on the Campos village recently and this was no time to expect a friendly visitation. But Marunkos paid no attention to the whereabouts of the Piros. He came straight to the log where Mrs. Platt was sitting and pounded on it earnestly with his fist.

"Once I was up there, too, where you come from. Why did I have to come back?"

"You were where?"

Marunkos gestured toward the sky. "I was there in the all-white. Why did I have to come back?"

"Were you alone in that place?"

"No. Many people."

"Doing what?"

"All going to see Him-who-made-everything. Somebody tapped me on my shoulder and I had to come back. Why?" The man's earnestness was terrific. He had only one question and it consumed him. "Why?"

Mrs. Platt parried. "When you were up there, did you have plenty of food?"

Marunkos shook his head affirmatively. "Much."

"Did you have plenty to wear?"

"Plenty. Why did I have to come back?"

"Were all the people Campos up there?"

"No."

"Were there Piros also?"

"Um."

"Were the Piros and the Campos fighting?"

"No fighting. All doing things. All happy. Why did I have to come back?"

"Marunkos, you are a Campos and you fight the Piros all the time. You fight so much that no one has time to tend the orange trees and the vanilla vines. No one has time to plow the fields or weave the cloth. Now you are the Big Man of your people, aren't you?"

Marunkos beat his chest. "Yes. But why did I have to come back?"

"You were sent back to get the Campos and the Piros to work together happily."

There was a long pause. Then Marunkos said, "Um." He rose sedately and walked away, followed by the rest of his Campos.

The Piros returned from wherever they had been. The sun came out and the plane prepared to leave at once before the clouds again closed in the valley. "The sun comes three more times before the birthday of the Baby?" the Piros asked.

"Yes, three times."

Then, the Indians said, they would also celebrate the Baby's birthday since they had a festival of their own coming up at about the same time.

The next year, a month or so after Christmas, Mrs. Platt received a package. It contained a worn brown robe with a stenciled border such as a chief might wear. She recognized it at once as Marunkos' robe. In the same mail was a letter from the pilot-engineer of the year before. He said he had gone back to the village of the Piros toward the end of December. Immediately Marunkos appeared, asking for the Platts whom he was expecting. Why had they not come? The crèche was made and the feast was ready. When finally he understood that Mrs. Platt would not be returning, he sent a message to her. Would the pilot please say to the white woman that for a year there had been no war between the Campos and the Piros, although for himself, Marunkos, the work of keeping peace was much harder than making war. "Tell her that the oranges are growing. The vanilla is growing. The fields are heavy with harvest. We are taking care of the calves that she sent to us and already we begin to have good milk. Here is my robe to prove that it is I, Marunkos, who has said these things. And now ask her—*when can I go back?*"



Vern Haugland writes how

## "The Lord Is My Shepherd"

Saved Him

DETAILS of the noted Associated Press foreign correspondent's near-miraculous escape from death, when forced to bail out of a crippled bomber over the jungle-and-mountain wilderness of New Guinea last August, make more fascinating reading than any event Haugland ever reported.

From the time he plummeted earthward through pitch blackness into the heart of that unknown land to the moment he opened his eyes in a Port Moresby hospital to find Gen. Douglas MacArthur pinning a Silver Star on his chest, it was prayer, Haugland believes, which saved him from death.

Haugland, former University of Washington student, and five crewmen bailed out of the plane when it ran out of fuel in a storm. All except the navigator finally reached safety.

"When I pulled the ripcord after jumping from the plane, there wasn't much of a jerk," he wrote to his mother in San Francisco and to his brother, H. W. Haugland, of Seattle.

"I drifted down and down, evidently from about 13,000 feet to a mountainside maybe 6,000 feet above sea level. I tore through

*Seattle Times*, Nov. 8, 1942

trees and landed on a steep slope with quite a jolt.

"It was raining and pitch dark, with a lot of glow worms, fireflies and phosphorescent rotting wood throwing off eerie lights. Making sure I had no broken bones, I pulled the parachute around me and spent the wet, rainy night in it. At daybreak I was soaking wet."

The country through which he was traveling he describes as "terrible — all steep, sharp, jagged rocky cliffs and mountains and ridges, cut through by dozens of rushing creeks and several dangerously swift rivers. It is high country, thickly covered with a jungle of vines, reeds and trees. Once in a while I found some berries or something that I could chew on."

Haugland said it required 34 days of "almost foodless" traveling to get him out of the mountains and down to a native village.

"I'd never have made it," he writes, "but for God's care and the prayers I know were being said for me. I often repeated the psalm, 'The Lord is My Shepherd, I Shall Not Want.' It was marvelous how it worked; I would be unable to go one step farther, and then I would remember 'I shall not want' and sure enough, there'd be some berries or chewable grass, or a creek with good water, just ahead."

☐ Prayer was a factor even in the early days of the Mayos' hospital at Rochester.

## The Early Days at the Mayos' Hospital

H. B. Clapesattle

BOTH Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie Mayo, shortly out of medical school, were entirely without experience in hospital management and practice; neither of them had served an internship. The little band of sisters of St. Francis were as untried as the doctors, and they were not prepared in either disposition or training for hospital service.

To inexperience was added the further handicap of inadequate equipment. The operating room was crudely furnished. There were three wards and one private room. About a dozen iron cots had been provided; the mattresses did not fit the cots and slipped around so freely on the crude springs that the nurses had to be alert to prevent them from sliding to the floor, carrying the patient and bedclothing with them. The sisters carried lanterns to light their way through the hospital at nights. Water was piped from the city mains into a large reservoir in the basement. All water had to be carried up stairs from this basement supply.

When a critical case needed special attention at night the sisters took turns staying up to give it, remaining on duty the next day too, since there were not enough of them for one to be spared in the daytime. The Mayo brothers took turns on night duty when required, depending on the alarm clock to arouse them from the sleep they dared not entirely forego.

Under such conditions the local editor might well think it worthy of awe that in a succession of 400 admissions to St. Mary's Hospital there were but two deaths. The dauntless sisters deserve a goodly share of the credit; for they helped to make a success of what might for all the surgeon's skill have been a failure—by unceasing toil, by determination to make good, by willingness to offer whatever sacrifice the task demanded.

And also by the inspiration of their faith, no doubt, for to their labors they added prayer. Often while they worked lighted candles in their chapel kept vigil for them. When a critical operation had to be done they sent word to the

From *The Doctors Mayo*, by H. B. Clapesattle, The University of Minnesota Press, 1941. \$3.75. By permission of the publishers.



convent for their prayers, and many a rosary was said to bless the surgeon's work while he was operating. The Drs. Mayo did not share the sisters' faith, but they did not scorn it. One time when Dr. Will Mayo was leaving a seemingly hopeless case, he said to Sister Joseph, "I know she can't live, but you burn the candles and I'll pay for them." And—so the story reads—the patient lived.

#### HOLD STEADY!

Grow hard! Hold steady! At this moment we are not the hammer, but the anvil. Others, mostly strangers and backsliders, are hammering at us, and wish by violent means to "reform" our nation, ourselves, our youth, by bending us out of our straight attitude to God. We are not the hammer, but the anvil! Just look at a smithy. Ask the smith, and let him tell you. The thing that is worked on the anvil receives its form not only from the hammer, but also from the anvil. The anvil cannot hit back, nor does it need to do so. It simply has to be firm and hard. If it is sufficiently tough, firm and hard, the anvil usually lasts longer than the hammer.

—Count Galen, Roman Catholic bishop of Münster

#### Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933

of Clear Horizons, published quarterly at St. Paul, Minn., for January 1, 1943.

State of Minnesota }  
County of Ramsey }ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Glenn Clark, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of Clear Horizons and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macalester Park Publishing Co., 1698 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; Editor, Glenn Clark, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; Managing Editor, Helen C. Wentworth, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; Business Manager, Helen C. Wentworth, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn. 2. That the owners are: Glenn Clark, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn., and Helen Wentworth, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contains not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed, Glenn Clark, Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1942. (Seal) Fernan N. Budolfson, Notary Public. (My commission expires November 14, 1947.)

For the accommodation of our readers, arrangements have been made whereby the books from which articles have been quoted may be obtained through the Macalester Park Publishing Company, St. Paul, Minnesota.

#### HUMOR

Methodists have a delightful story about John Wesley. He was walking along a narrow path through a field of mud when he met a large man coming from the opposite direction. The man growled out: "Stand aside. I never stand aside for fools." Politely stepping into the mud, John Wesley bowed and replied, "I always do."

The following notice appeared in a small town newspaper: "On next Wednesday evening the Ladies' Aid will hold a rummage sale at the Methodist Church. Good chance to get rid of anything not worth keeping, but too good to throw away. Bring along your husbands."

It is only men of small moral stature who have to stand on their dignity.—Arnold Bennett.

#### TROUBLES THAT NEVER COME

Oh, I worry over this thing and I worry over that,  
But I notice when the atmosphere has cleared  
That bad luck I'd looked for didn't come and knock me flat,  
And I didn't have the trouble that I feared.  
Oh, I like to start the morning with an apprehensive sigh,  
For I find a bit of worry to my taste.  
But I cannot help a-thinking as the years go speeding by,  
That an awful lot of worry goes to waste.

—The Pittsburgh Post.

I'm glad the sky is painted blue,  
And the earth is painted green,  
With such a lot of nice fresh air  
All sandwiched in between.

—Selected.

A preacher saw a group of little boys sitting in a circle with a dog in the middle. He asked them what they were doing with the dog. One little fellow spoke up and said: "We ain't doin' nothin' to the dog; we're just telling lies, and the one that tells the biggest one gets the dog." The preacher told them that he was very much shocked, that when he was a little boy he would never have thought of telling a lie.

The little boy said: "Give him the dog!"

—William Cary Ross, *A Scrap Book for My Grandchildren*.



*From a Reader  
in Chile*

"The first copy of CLEAR HORIZONS (the July number) to reach me on the field has just arrived. I've no doubt it is the first number and perhaps the only one so far to be sent to Chile. I can't tell you the 'lift' it gave me just to see it in the wrapper and opening it I found I had a feast spread before me. Only those who are serving in foreign lands in these days of stress when so much demand is made upon our spiritual resources can realize how much an inspirational magazine like yours can mean to tired souls. I want to share it with all my co-workers and still keep it near at hand to read again and again."

Kathryn L. Dutton,  
*Missionary under Bd. Foreign Missions,  
Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.*

Casilla 77D, Santiago, Chile