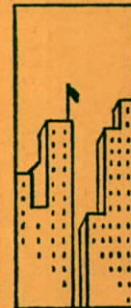
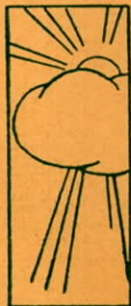


Clear Horizons

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

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Clear Horizons

VOL. 4, NO. 1

JULY, 1943

With newspapers, magazines and books filled with reports of the war, with newsreels picturing the hardships and horrors of the combat, and even the theatres for the most part devoted to war dramas, Christian people must make a special effort to find the inner peace which comes from deep faith in the ultimate victory of the forces of good.

Since Pearl Harbor there has been a tendency on the part of some of our national leaders to display a bitterness, a feeling of hatred, which is disturbing to those of us who have rejoiced in the freedom from animosity that our allies have shown. We are not, as a nation, ready for Peace, prepared for Victory, until we have overcome as individuals any hatred we may have for any foe.

In this number of CLEAR HORIZONS our special emphasis is on the power of LOVE as opposed to HATE. For it is useless to fight for the Four Freedoms unless we are free from the most devastating of all emotions, hatred. And it is impossible to have Peace, unless we have Love.

CLEAR HORIZONS

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

GLENN CLARK, *Editor*

HELEN WENTWORTH, *Managing Editor*

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JULY, 1943

Clear Horizons

An Adventure in Solving Problems in a Heavenly Way

Fourth Year

Vol. 4, No. 1

☐ Why don't we really step out on the promises of God?

The City of Everywhere

Hugh Price Hughes

I ARRIVED there early one morning. It was cold, there were flurries of snow on the ground and as I stepped from the train on the platform I noticed that the baggageman and the red caps were warmly dressed in heavy coats and gloves, but, oddly enough, they wore no shoes. My first impulse was to ask the reason for this odd practice, but, repressing it I passed into the station and inquired the way to the hotel. My curiosity, however, was immediately enhanced by the discovery that no one in the station wore any shoes. Boarding the street car, I saw that my fellow travelers were likewise barefoot, and upon arriving at the hotel, I found the bellhop, the clerk and all the people had on no shoes.

Unable to restrain myself

longer, I asked the ingratiating manager what the practice meant. "What practice?" said he. "Why," said I, pointing to his bare feet, "why don't you wear shoes in this town?"

"Ah," said he, "that is just it. Why don't we?"

"But what is the matter? Don't you believe in shoes?"

"Believe in shoes, my friend? I should say we do. That is the first article of our creed, shoes. They are indispensable to the well-being of humanity. Such cuts, sores and suffering as shoes prevent. It is wonderful."

"Well, then, why don't you wear them?" I asked, bewildered.

"Ah!" said he, "that is just it. Why don't we?"

Though considerably nonplussed, I checked in, secured my

room and went directly to the coffee shop and deliberately sat down by a friendly looking man who likewise conformed to the convention of wearing no shoes. The first thing we noticed upon walking out of the hotel was a huge brick building. To this he pointed with pride.

"You see that?" said he. "That is one of our outstanding shoe manufacturing establishments."

"A what?" I asked in amazement. "You mean you make shoes there?"

"Well, not exactly," said he, a bit ashamed, "we talk about making shoes there, and believe me, we have got one of the best and most brilliant speakers you have ever heard. He talks most thrillingly and convincingly every week on this great subject of shoes. He has a most persuasive and appealing way. Just yesterday he moved the people profoundly with his sermon on the necessity of shoe-wearing. It was really wonderful."

"But why don't they wear them?" said I, insistently.

"Ah," said he, putting his hand upon my arm and looking wistfully into my eyes, "that is just it. Why don't we?"

Just then, as we turned down a

side street, I saw through a cellar window, a cobbler actually making a pair of shoes. Excusing myself from my friend, I burst into the little shop and asked the shoemaker how it happened that his shop was not overrun with customers. Said he, "Nobody wants my shoes. They just talk about them."

"Give me what pairs you have ready," said I, eagerly, and paid him thrice the amount he modestly asked. Hurriedly, I returned to my friend and said to him, "Here, my friend, one of these pairs will surely fit you. Take them; put them on. They will save you untold suffering."

But he looked embarrassed, in fact he was well-nigh overcome with chagrin. "Thank you," he said politely, "but you don't understand. It just isn't being done. The front families, well, I—I—"

"But why don't you wear them?" said I, dumbfounded.

"Ah," said he, smiling with his accustomed ingratiating touch of practical wisdom, "that is just it. Why don't we?"

And coming out of the "City of Everywhere" into the "Here," over and over and over that question rang in my ears: "Why don't we? Why don't we? Why don't we?"

All men desire peace, but few men desire the things that make for peace.

—Thomas á Kempis.

☞ How to empty out our anxieties and weaknesses that God may enter.

Make Room for God

Dana Gatlin

IT SEEMS one of the most difficult things for the human mind to do is to surrender, really surrender.

To surrender preconceived opinions, habits of thought, the race consciousness, personal tendencies and reactions to whatever may be going on around us. To surrender our sense of personal responsibility, the very human tendency to think that we have to get right after every unsatisfactory condition and that we must personally set things right. To surrender our right to fret and stew and strain and tax our human strength and wits and resources to the last notch. To surrender our awareness of duties, of quandaries, of problems. To surrender our notions about the need for haste, the pressure of time—a very prevalent human notion that is a veritable tyrant over the human mind, a ruthless despot, binding and enslaving us, and whipping us on and on in our heavy dragging chains. To surrender our disappointments, our hardships, our perplexities and uncertainties. To surrender our personal prejudices about things, about occurrences, and about people. To surrender our

very definite feelings of futility, frustration, and even despair. To surrender our emotions, our grudges and grievances; our personal conception of our duty to others, and of other people's duty to us; our notion of what is owed us by other people, and of how they have failed in their obligations; our conviction that things are going very hard with us, and that they will probably get worse instead of better. To surrender the incontrovertible evidence that we don't feel well, that we are sick; to surrender our disabilities, our weakness, our pain.

In fact our mind is so taken up with all these things that are going wrong with us, or with the world, that there is little room left to think of God.

We must recognize Him. This is the law, and it is a law that we must obey. There is no evading it. The law never changes. We must change, bring ourselves into obedience to it; that is, *recognize God*. Then the law will work for us, work silently, harmoniously, and powerfully, and we shall cease running around in circles oblivious to it, wrapped up in our human struggles.

From *Unity Magazine*, April, 1935.

We must recognize God. It is the one demand He makes of us. But how can we do this when our attention is so taken up with other things every hour and moment of the day? How can God operate in us, perform His good works and exercise His divine will in us when we will not even admit Him in our crowded, rushing, circling, topsyturvy thought world—a world that we ourselves have ordained and imposed upon ourselves?

Even God cannot do a thing for us when we act in this manner. He made us free agents, gave us the gift of choice.

When men forget God so completely and even will not make room for Him in the clutter of their thoughts, you would think that He might become a little angry or indignant. But He never does. *He is still there, always there.* He is waiting to be recognized, to be called upon, waiting to help. God never changes. He never revokes His law. Never fails to keep His promises. He is the one Presence and Power. *He will never fail.*

So it seems that the most important thing for each one of us to do is to make sure that we do our part in the matter. Make sure that we leave a place in our mind for God.

It may mean crowding out some other thoughts. It may be necessary to throw them out. But this

will probably be all for the best. These thoughts probably have been causing the trouble.

Perhaps you don't like somebody. You don't like his personality, his behavior, his point of view. He gets on your nerves. You can't possibly bring yourself to like him. Well, stop trying. But don't let your mind dwell on his errors and shortcomings. You need not even force yourself to try visioning him as God's child also. Just let go of him, of all thoughts and emotions concerning him. Just remember God. God will handle the matter.

At all events you will presently find yourself feeling more peaceful, and each time you just practice making room for God, you will find your private feelings and reactions regarding other people becoming more peaceful and poised. And God will guide you in what you say to them and do.

Give up pesky little thoughts of irritation, the resentful thoughts. Give them up quickly, at the moment of their intrusion. Make room for God.

Suppose you are worried or anxious about something. This is a good time to say to yourself, "Here is a good place to make room for God."

When I first started to tithe, I hesitated, disturbed by the thoughts of many material needs

and obligations. Then the thought came to me, "God knows no lack, no limitation. God's storehouse is illimitable, and from it God gives freely, gladly, without stint. This is the way He intended us to give. He would have us give knowing that all is from the Father and that He is inexhaustible." In that glad instant I felt unbound and freed. I was glad to give up my human thoughts of hesitancy and calculation to make room for this revelation of God's thoughts and ways—to make room for God.

When you are harassed and uncertain, just surrender. Clear a place in the buzzing turmoil of your mortal thoughts. Make room for God. Do not even worry about what you ought to think. God will take care of that if you will turn to Him in faith, trusting. He will tell you what to think. The right thoughts will of themselves flow into your mind if you will clear a space for them—God thoughts—and you will think His thoughts

☞ "There are no atheists in fox-holes," and few in the armies.

Evensong at Cairo

A General's Letter

SOMETHING to remember—
All Saints' Cathedral,
Cairo, Sunday evening,
September 6, 1942—the Cathedral

after Him. Try Him, prove Him.

When I first tried to receive healing from the Spirit, I strained my mind and kept it fidgety, trying to hop from the seat of one ailment to another. I was too much concerned and too anxious about narrating to Him the details. Finally this dawned on me and I relinquished my personal hold. I surrendered. God knew. I didn't have to tell Him of all my ailments that needed healing. I found that I was even scarcely using words; just "God—God—God." Just aware of His presence, His willingness to help, His infallibility and illimitability, His transcendent power. I let go of my anxiously hopping thoughts, gave over my personal responsibility, and just left it to God. I cleared out the other thoughts and thought of God. And God came in and healed me.

Nothing is too much for God if human beings but give Him a chance.

quite full, perhaps seven hundred soldiers and airmen with about sixty women, mostly Army hospital nurses, Q.A.I.M.N. S., and

V.A.D.'s, and all singing, fit to raise the roof—

O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

You just couldn't help being moved to be up and doing—"to follow in their train."

I wrote the above last night when I got back, with the vivid impression still upon me. I don't think I am an emotional type, but these crowded services in the Cathedral here get me. All this mass of men is there, I think, as much as anything, because *it gives them a feeling of the nearness or link with their own homes*. They are, every one of them, taking part in the service. The acoustics are bad, but the clergy are good! The reading is excellent; the whole service is a corporate effort of everyone.

Over it all there is a feeling of genuine, wholesome religion — a getting together with God, and with Him and through Him, getting in touch with home.

It is all alive, all true, all wonderful. Why shouldn't the home village service be the same? It can be; it should be; it *must* be.

Out here the Church is giving

the lead and delivering the goods. The whole lot of us feeling it, meaning it, doing it, loving it. Trying like mad to "follow in their train." Now, if ever, the whole body of the Church just must get together — man, woman, parson, child—the whole village, the whole of England, and realize what a mighty, cooperative effort is needed from the whole lot of us, if this world of ours is to be a decent world for us all, when all this war madness is over.

The Church is the only cooperative body of us all that can lead and do and act. If we don't, what is the good of Dunkirk? What is the good of Singapore, of Hong Kong, of Crete, of Greece, of our Western Desert here, of all the grand work done and doing?

There must be a great cooperative effort—all of us together, just as we seven hundred were all together last night in the Cathedral—together in the desert, together at Dunkirk, at Singapore, all day and night on the seas of the world, on land and in the air. I know God is with us in all this. My message to the village at home—with the Church and through the Church "to follow in their train."

This letter from a distinguished general to his wife in England is quoted by the Ministry of Information in London, and printed in *What It Takes!* Stories from the Lives of Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen, 25 cents.

☐ Another penetrating message on Prayer by the author of
A Testament of Devotion.

Reality of the Spiritual World

Thomas R. Kelly

THE SPRINGS and sources of dynamic, creative living lie not in environmental drives and thrusts outside us but deep within us. *Within us* is a meeting place with God, who strengthens and invigorates our whole personalities, and makes us new creatures, with new values and estimates of the world about us, seen through the eyes of direct and spontaneous love. A leveling of earthly eminences and of earthly obscurities takes place. The tempests and inner strains of self-seeking, self-oriented living grow still. We learn to be worked through; serenity takes the place of anxiety; fretful cares are replaced by a deep and certain assurance. Something of the cosmic patience of God Himself becomes ours, and we walk in quiet assurance and boldness; for He is with us; His rod and His staff, they comfort us.

How then does one enter upon the internal life of prayer? Dynamic living is not imparted to us by one heavy visitation of God, but comes from continuous inner

mental habits pursued through years. Inside of us, there ought to go on a steady, daily, hourly process of relating ourselves to the Divine Goodness, of opening our lives to His warmth and love, of steadfast surrender to Him, and of sweet whisperings with Him, such as we can tell no one about at all.

I do not have in mind those more formal times of private devotion when we turn our backs upon the family and shut the door of our room and read some devotional book and pause in meditation and in quiet prayer. Those times are important, and need to be cultivated. But the internal prayer life is something still more basic. It is carried on after one has left the quiet room, has opened the door and gone back into the noisy hubbub of the family group. It is carried on as one dashes for a trolley, as one lunches in a cafeteria, as one puts the children to bed. There is a way of living in prayer at the same time that one is busy with the outward affairs of daily living.

From *Reality of the Spiritual World*, by Thomas R. Kelly, Pendle Hill Pamphlet No. 21. 25c.

This practice of continuous prayer in the presence of God involves developing the habit of carrying on the mental life at two levels. At one level we are immersed in this world of time, of daily affairs. At the same time, but at a deeper level of our minds, we are in active relation with the Eternal Life. I do not think this is a psychological impossibility, or an abnormal thing. One sees a mild analogy in the very human experience of being in love. The newly accepted lover has an internal life of joy, of bounding heart, of outgoing aspiration toward his beloved. Yet he goes to work, earns his living, eats his meals, pays his bills. But all the time, deep within, there is a level of awareness of an object very dear to him. This awareness is private; he shows it to no one; yet it spills across and changes his outer life, colors his behavior, and gives new zest and glory to the daily round. Oh yes, we know what a mooning calf he may be at first, what a lovable fool about outward affairs. But when the lover gets things in focus again, and husband and wife settle down to the long pull of the years, the deep love-relation underlies all the raveling frictions of home life and recreates them in the light of the deeper currents of love. The two levels are there, the surface and the deeper, in fruitful interplay,

with the creative values coming from the deeper into the daily affairs of life.

So it is sometimes when one becomes a lover of God. One's first experience of the Heavenly Splendour plows through one's whole being, makes one dance and sing inwardly, enralls one in unspeakable love. Then the world, at first, is all out of focus; we scorn it; we are abstracted; we are drunken with Eternity. We have not yet learned how to live in both worlds at once, how to integrate our life in time, fruitfully with Eternity. Yet we are beings whose home is both here and Yonder, and we must learn the secret of being at home in both, all the time. A new level of our being has been opened to us, and lo, it is Immanuel, God with us. The experience of the Presence of God is not something plastered on to our nature; it is the fulfillment of ourselves. The last deeps of humanity go down into the life of God. The stabilizing of our lives, so that we live in God and in time, in fruitful interplay, is the task of maturing religious life.

How do you begin this double mental life, this life at two levels? You begin *now*, wherever you are. Listen to these words outwardly. But, within, deep within you, continue in steady prayer, offering yourself and all that you are to Him in simple, joyful,

serene, unstrained dedication. Practice it steadily. Make it your conscious intention. Keep it up for days and weeks and years. You will be swept away by rapt attention to the exciting things going on around you. Then catch yourself and bring yourself back. You will forget God for whole hours. But do not waste any time in bitter regrets or self-recriminations. Just begin again. The first weeks and months of such practice are pretty patchy, badly botched. But say inwardly to yourself and to God, "This is the kind of bungling person I am when I am not wholly Thine. But take this imperfect devotion of these months and transmute it with Thy love." Then begin again. And gradually, in months or in three or four years, the habit of heavenly orientation becomes easier, more established. The times of your wandering become shorter, less frequent. The stability of your deeper level becomes greater, God becomes a more steady background of all your reactions in the time-world. Down in this center you have a Holy Place, a Shekinah, where you and God hold sweet converse. Your outer behavior will be revised and your personal angularities will be melted down, and you will approach the outer world of men with something more like an outgoing divine love, directed to them. You begin to love men, be-

cause you live in love toward God. Or the divine love flows out toward men through you and you become His pliant instrument of loving concern.

This life is not an introverted life. It is just the opposite of the timid, intuned, self-inspecting life. It is an extravert life. You become turned downward or upward toward God, away from yourself, in joyful self-surrender. You become turned outward toward men, in joyful love of them, with new eyes which only love can give; new eyes for suffering, new eyes for hope. Self-consciousness tends to slip away; timidities tend to disappear. You become released from false modesties, for in some degree you have become unimportant, for you have become filled with God. It is amazing how deep humility becomes balanced with boldness, and you become a released, poised, fully normal self. I like the Flemish mystic's name for it, "The established man."

But let us examine more closely this life of inner prayer.

First, there is what I can only call *the prayer of oblation*, the prayer of pouring yourself out before God. You pray inwardly, "Take all of me, take all of me." Back behind the scenes of daily occupation you offer yourself steadily to God, you pour out all your life and will and love before Him, and try to keep nothing back.

Pour out your triumphs before Him. But pour out also the rags and tatters of your mistakes before Him.

When you meet a friend, outwardly you chat with him about trivial things. But inwardly offer him to God. Say within yourself, "Here is my friend. Break in upon him. Melt him down. Help him to shake off the scales from his eyes and see Thee. Take him."

At first you make these prayers in words, in little sentences, and say them over and over again. "Here is my life, here is my life." In the morning you say, "This is Thy day, this is Thy day." In the evening you say of the day, "Receive it. Accept it. It is Thine." But in the course of the months you find yourself passing beyond words, and merely living in attitudes of oblation to which the words used give expression. A gesture of the soul toward God is a prayer; a more or less steady lifting of everything you touch, a lifting of it high before Him, to be transmuted in His love. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

Then there is the prayer of inward *song*. Phrases run through the background of your mind. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name." "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath

rejoiced in God, my Saviour." Inner exultation, inner glorification of the wonders of God fill the deeper level of mind. Sometimes this is a background of deep-running joy and peace; sometimes it is a dancing, singing torrent of happiness, which you must take measures to hide from the world lest men think you are like the apostles of Pentecost, filled with new wine. Pentecost ought to be here; it can be here, in this very place, in wartime. Christians who don't know an inner pentecostal joy are living contradictions of Christianity. Outward sobriety is dictated by a fine sense of the fittingness of things. But inward fires should burn in the God-kindled soul, fires shining outward in a radiant and released personality. Inwardly, there are hours of joy in God, and the songs of the soul are ever rising.

In such moods I find the Book of Psalms wonderfully helpful. The writers of the Psalms teach us new songs of the heart. They give us great phrases that go rolling through our minds all the day long. They channel our prayer of song. Religious reading ought not to be confined to heady, brainy, argumentative discussion, important as that is. Every profoundly religious soul ought to read devotional literature that is psalm-like in character and spirit. The little book of prayers, "A

Chain of Prayers Across the Ages," is excellent. And Thomas a Kempis' "Imitation of Christ" often gives voice to the song of the soul.

Then there is the prayer of inward *listening*. Perhaps this is not a separate type of prayer, but an element that interlaces the whole of the internal prayer-life. For prayer is a two-way process. It is not just human souls whispering to God. It passes over into communion, with God active in us, as well as we active toward God. A specific state of expectancy, of openness of soul is laid bare and receptive before the Eternal Goodness. In quietness we wait, inwardly, in unformulated expectation. Perhaps that is best done in retirement. Our church services ought to be times when bands of expectant souls gather and wait before Him. But too often, for myself, the external show of the ritual keeps my expectations chained to earth, to this room, to see what the choir will sing, to hear how the minister handles his theme. Much of Protestant worship seems to me to keep expectation at the earthly level of watchfulness for helpful external stimuli, external suggestions. Perhaps because I am a Quaker, I find the prayer of expectation and of listening easiest to carry on in the silence of solitary and of group meditation.

The living Christ teaches the listening soul, and guides him into new truth. Sad is it if our church program is so filled with noise, even beautiful sound, that it distracts us from the listening life, the expectation directed toward God. A living silence is often more creative, more recreative, than verbalized prayers, worded in gracious phrases.

We need also times of silent waiting, alone, when the busy intellect is not leaping from problem to problem, and from puzzle to puzzle. If we learn the secret of carrying a living silence in the center of our being, we can listen on the run. The listening silence can become intertwined with all our inward prayers. A few moments of relaxed silence, alone, every day, are desperately important. When distracting noises come, don't fight against them; do not elbow them out, but accept them and weave them by prayer into silence. Does the wind rattle the window? Then pray, "So let the wind of the Spirit shake the Christian church into life," and absorb it into the silent listening. Does a child cry in the street outside? Then pray, "So cries my infant soul, which does not know the breadth of Thy heart," and absorb it into the silent listening prayer.

The last reaches of religious education are not attained by care-

fully planned and externally applied lessons, taught to people through the outward ears. The fundamental religious education of the soul is conducted by the Holy Spirit, the living voice of God within us. He is the last and greatest teacher of the soul. All else is but pointings to the inward Teacher, the Spirit of the indwelling Christ. Until life is lived in the presence of this Teacher, we are apt to confuse knowledge of Church history and Biblical backgrounds with the true education of the soul that takes place in the listening life of prayer.

A fourth form of inner prayer is what I call the prayer of *carrying*. It consists essentially in a well-nigh continuous support, in prayer, of some particular souls who are near to you in the things of the inner life.

I must, however, speak more at length of a fifth aspect of internal prayer. The Catholic books call it *infused prayer*. There are times, to some people at least, when one's prayer is given to one, as it were from beyond oneself. Most of the time we ourselves seem to pick the theme of our prayer. We seem to be the conscious initiators. We decide what prayers we shall lift before the Throne. But there come amazing times, in the practice of prayer, when our theme of prayer is laid upon us, as if initiated by God

himself. This is an astonishing experience. It is as if we were being prayed through by a living Spirit. How can it be that the indwelling Christ prompts us to breathe back to God a prayer that originates in Himself? Is there a giant circle of prayer, such that prayer may originate in God and swing down into us and back up unto Himself? I can only say that it seems to be that way. And it seems to be an instance of the giant circle in religious dedication, whereby we seek because we have already been found by Him. Our seeking is already His finding. Our return to the Father is but the completion of His going out to us.

In the experience of infused prayer there seems to be some blurring of the distinctions between the one who prays, the prayer that is prayed, and the One to whom the prayer is prayed. Do *we* pray, or does God pray through us? I know not. All I can say is, prayer is taking place, and we are graciously permitted to be within the orbit. We emerge from such experiences of infused prayer shaken and deepened and humbled before the Majesty on High. And we somehow know that we have been given some glimpse of that Life, that Center of Wonder, before Whom every knee should bow and every tongue that knows the language of its Homeland should confess the adorable mercy of God.

I have tried, in these words, to keep very close to the spirit and practice of my three dearest spiritual friends and patterns, outside of Jesus of Nazareth. They are Brother Lawrence, and St. Francis of Assisi, and John Woolman. Of these, Brother Lawrence, who lived in Lorraine three hundred years ago, is the simplest. He spent his life in the practice of the presence of God, and a priceless little book of counsels, by that name, has come down to us. John Woolman, a New Jersey Quaker of two hundred years ago, really so ordered his external life as to attend above all to the Inner

Teacher and never lose touch with Him. But greatest of all is Francis of Assisi, whose direct and simple and joyous dedication of soul led him close to men and to God until he reproduced in amazing degree the life of Jesus of Nazareth. It is said of St. Francis not merely that he prayed, but that he became a prayer. Such lives must be reborn today, if the life of the Eternal Love is to break through the heavy encrustations of our conventional church life, and apostolic life and love and power be restored to the church of God. He can break through any time we are really willing.

☐ From a Catholic country came this lovely prayer.

Our Lady of This House

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

MY husband and I lived for some time in Trinidad, the British West Indian Colony. During our stay there, Archie, one of the many East Indians on the island, came around once every two or three weeks to wax and polish the floors of our little house.

Archie was the color of dark mahogany, and, while it would have been difficult to guess his age,

he had a bright, intelligent face. We learned little about him save that he had a wife and children, but he proved to be a good worker, loyal and friendly.

There came a time when many of the American families for whom Archie worked returned to the United States. He would stop at our house frequently, just to be sure that we were still there. As soon as we knew that we were

to remain for some time, I reassured him. After volubly expressing his pleasure, he told me that when we left he had a gift for us. It was more precious than gold, he said, but refused to offer any further explanation. I guessed that it would be a charm or good-luck piece, as the majority of Trinidadians are very superstitious and child-like in their beliefs.

Finally the time arrived for us, too, to leave. We told Archie several weeks in advance. And one day, just before we left, he came to tell us good-by. With him he brought a piece of lined white paper upon which was painstakingly inscribed a prayer. It was very powerful, he said. We should carry the paper with us until we had

learned the words, for it would save us from any danger and would bring a blessing to our house, wherever we lived. It had never failed him, he said, unquestioning faith shining on his face.

I never knew to what religion Archie professed, and I had never seen that prayer before or since. Possibly it is a prayer of his church; possibly a prayer handed down from father to son in his family, dating back many years; possibly he wrote it himself. I do not know. I do know that Archie's living, triumphant faith would have shamed many a more learned and pretentious man, as he offered to us, as his most precious gift, this prayer.

OUR LADY OF THIS HOUSE

O Sweet and Gentle Lady,
Immaculate Mother of God
We choose thee this day
To be the Mistress and Lady of this House.
Guard it, dear Mother, from pestilence, fire, lightning and tempests;
From schisms and heresies, from thunderings of burglars and the malice
of enemies.
Protect its inmates, sweet Mary;
Watch over their going out and their coming in,
And preserve them from sudden death.
Keep us from all sin and harm,
And pray for us to God, that we may live in His service
And depart this life in His Grace.

Amen.

The true purpose of Silence is not just that we should meditate upon God. We also have to pull down the barriers of our own willing, and launch ourselves upon the Ocean of His love. —Derek Neville.

☐ The catalyst, the chemical agent which transforms other properties while remaining unchanged itself, is here applied to the soul.

Soul Catalysts and How to Use Them

Brown Landone

I HAD AN old rubber plant. In all the years I had had it —although it had grown at a vigorous rate—its rate of growth had been *less* than 1/5th of an inch in height each week. It had been fed with the good plant food chemicals which it needed. But by last December 4th, it had already reached its planthood.

Then on that day, I began mixing some catalysts with the plant food chemicals in the soil in the pot in which it was planted. These catalysts are some of the activating "trace" chemicals which we have lately discovered work such miraculous changes in plant growth.

And what was the result? In three weeks, the old plant—which had already reached its adulthood, began growing youthful again. It grew 4½ inches in those three weeks. That is, 1½ inches each week.

Now remember that previously for years—*without* these activating catalysts—it had grown *less* than 1/5th of an inch a week. This old plant—about 82 years old in terms of man's life—began growing more

vigorously in its old age than it had ever grown in its healthy vital youth. And its new rate of growth, due to the catalysts, was increased exactly 719% per week.

And *you*—do you not wish new changes produced in your life at such an increased rate? You can have them if you use the catalyst of your soul and use it with the same faith of certainty which the catalyst feels.

The catalyst of your soul is Spirit. It never tires, as thinking does. It can work when you are asleep or awake; it can work for one hundred years; and it can perform its miracles for you every day.

In science, a catalyst is an *activating* chemical. It seems to do nothing of itself, and yet, it has an astounding effect upon other chemicals near it. Moreover, although it may increase activities 10,000% it never uses up any of its own energy.

Mind is a soul power, but it is *not* a catalyst. When we use mind, as in thinking, we ultimately become tired. Even if we do only

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brain work—that is, thinking—we do have to go to bed to sleep for hours each night to get rid of the effects of its fatigue.

Spirit, however, never tires. It is the divine catalyst of your soul. And it makes it possible for your other soul powers to do ten times—often a hundred times—as much work as they have been doing in the past. Yes, a thousand times more work. Yet the spiritual catalyst—just like the chemical catalyst—never uses itself up; and never tires.

Oh, dwell not much in your changing thoughts; they change, even hourly. And even your love changes, and your life also. But spirit is eternal. That is why the spiritual urge—the impelling desire within you—is the catalyst of your soul, forever active, never using up its own energy, continuing forever in eternity.

Remember that the catalysts used on my rubber plant transformed it from an old plant, which had almost stopped growing, to a youth again, and increased its rate of growth 719% per week even in its old age. Remember, also, that a catalyst among other chemicals can increase their activity from five to 2,000 units. Certainly you are more than a chemical or a rubber plant. And if you recognize that God is spirit, recognize that spirit is the catalyst of your soul, and have the faith of a cat-

alyst that you can produce what you desire, you too can increase your attainment *more* than any rubber plant and also more quickly.

You remember that Jesus definitely promised that certain stupendous results would be attained whenever two or three are gathered together in His name; and that He promised that those same mighty results would manifest when one person acts alone. He promised, for example, that He Himself actually would be *present*—no matter what place or century—*whenever* two or more should gather together in His name. And He promised that, no matter what thing soever you desire on earth, it will be done for you, if two should agree on it.

In this there is a secret of new life for us; the secret of new youth; the secret of attaining *all* we desire. In this law of agreement, we find the actual working of the divine catalyst of the soul. It works in plant life; it works in chemistry; it works in human life; it works in Spirit.

I wish to tell you of Luella Watson. She was rheumatic, aging quite rapidly. She was fifty-six years of age.

One night I said, "What you need is to awaken the catalytic power of your soul."

"Good heavens, what is that?" she asked.

"It is the power of soul agreement, and you are missing it, completely. You come here one night a week to listen to me—to get something—some truth for yourself. You are living alone, and thinking alone, and praying *alone*.

"Remember, Christ promises to be in the midst of you only when two or more are gathered together. Go out *every* other night for a month; not to 'get' some new idea for yourself, but go out to join with others to enjoy yourself with them."

Again she made a change. She began staying up as youth stays up, because it enjoys others—that is, feels the joy of uniting *with* them in living the joy of life.

And life once more became a joy to her; and more than that, in six weeks the rheumatic condition with which she had struggled for years had disappeared. Still more, she soon discovered that her body *was* growing younger.

This was a result merely of agreeing with others in clean, sweet, joyous living. Think of the power when two unite in spiritual consciousness.

Divine power resides in the agreement of love. Try it in this way with others, and miracles will be wrought in you and for you.

Catalysts are the activating agents in all things on earth—in chemical action, plant life, animal life and human life. They are the

activating powers in all things. Yes, even in our foods, for there are two great classes of food.

Some usually are called the "good-solid" foods. They are the starches, sugars, fats and proteins. But if you should eat plenty of such "good" foods and only such foods, your nerves and muscles would be exhausted in ten days, and death would occur within sixty days.

Then there are other foods. They are the activating foods—vitamins, mineral salts, enzymes and auxinons. (The latter you can get from very *young, fresh plants*, eaten raw, such as lettuce, turnip tops, water cress, chard, cabbage, celery, etc. Also from very *small young* vegetables—beets, carrots, asparagus, etc.) These you eat with the foods mentioned above. They act on your endocrine glands, so that they in turn produce hormones. Scientists think these hormones are mere physiological catalysts. I think they are spiritual catalysts. Quantity for quality, they give your body about 80,000,000 times as much energy as the ordinary "good" foods you eat.

You often lack power to attain what you want because you are not in agreement within yourself; that is, your ideal of what you want and your belief that it can be attained are *not* united as one in agreement.

There was young George Bird-

man, out of work for three years. He had had trouble with his memory. He had lost two jobs because he had forgotten important details of his work. He was almost afraid to get a new job, because as he said, "My power of memory is gone; I often forget even little things I want to do for myself."

"Are you in love?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, and his face lighted up.

"Do you forget to keep an engagement with the little girl, when you have arranged to go out together for an evening?"

"Never!"

"Do you forget other little things about her, or what you plan to do when out with her?"

"Oh, no, I'm thinking of her all the time!"

"Well, then," I replied, "you have *not* lost your power of memory. There is a something which works and makes you remember, when you deeply want it to work. For example, your idea of spending the evening with the girl you love, and your belief that it is possible to be with her—these two are in agreement, that is, united, so that you do not forget them. Then your urgent desire to be with her activates you so that you unite them with action, and the result becomes an actuality.

"But there is no such love and urgent desire in connection with your daily life, or the work of the

jobs you have held. You are not in love with these other things; and that's the basic cause of most failures to attain health, or abundance, or happiness, or any other thing in life.

"God is love, and in order to attain what you want there first must be love of the thing you want. Then, second, when urgent desire is felt in the mere presence of love, there is agreement and union deep within, and the power of the soul is multiplied a thousand times, so that 'what things soever you desire, ye shall have them.'

"Now for three days vision the details of what you want to do in the ordinary things of life. Visualize each one as though it were a sweetheart, as though each were something from which you wished never to be separated. Long for union with each of them. There is no such thing as loss of the power of memory. It is merely lack of enough love of the thing wanted, and lack of use of the catalytic power of longing, urgent desire.

"And the other phase of your problem is that you are *not* seeking work."

"You're wrong there," he replied. "I *have* been trying to get a job for three years."

"That's just the trouble," I said. "Trying to get a job is one thing; loving work and urgently desiring to do something is another."

Few people like to have you

come around to *get* something from them. Everyone loves to have you come to *give* them something they want.

A soul catalyst must be spiritual in motive. That means, it must be an urge that reaches out to do something, and particularly to do it for others.

If you activate your soul with love of something you want to do, united with the desire to work (instead of to "get" a job) you will find it difficult to choose from the many jobs offered you.

If your soul is thrilled with a great urgent desire to do the kind of work an employer needs done—a desire so great that you even forget that you are seeking a job—the employer will grab for your services because you are offering something to him which he greatly desires.

This is the secret of the spiritual catalyst, which multiplies the power of the soul.

God is love, and if you want God-power to work with you, there must be love of whatever you want, as well as love for the possession of it. And there must be an urgent desire to effect the union of the ideal of what you want with your faith that you shall have it. "Believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them," does not come out of thin air. It comes from the depths of Spirit. Such faith is a spiritual result. It is

the result of the union of the love of what you want with the catalytic power of urgent desire. When these are in agreement, unified as one, then "ye shall have."

To work with God, first expand both your consciousness and the ideal of what you wish to attain; second, resurrect or lift up the desire within you so that it transcends thought and all the limitations of your thought; and third, use the conforming ray of God to give your desire a form so that it can become an actuality.

That this is needed, you already know from experience—you already have conceived hundreds of bushels of ideals in thought, but most of them have been without form, consequently, not even a pint measure of them ever have become actualities.

Even God could not bring into actuality what he wanted to create, without use of this conforming ray. Remember that after he created the heavens and earth in mind, they were still "without form and void." It was only when he used the great Conforming Ray and gave actual form to his desires and ideals that they came forth as water in form and dry land in form—each an actuality in its own form.

So, to make your ideals actually come true, give them form. But not the fixed form of thought. If you limit them, if you nail them up in coffins of the limited ideas of

what you think you desire, they'll look beautiful in their caskets and soon go to that graveyard where the souls of many of your unborn desires are buried.

Instead, give every desire a living Spirit form. A dead form will lead to failure, no matter how strong your desire may be. A living form never remains the same. If you try to keep a plant in its present form, you will stop its growth and ultimately kill it. This is true of all things.

A desire in living form has power of infinite change; and such desires are the only ones that are of Spirit and the only ones that do come true.

Let me illustrate this practically:

Today, I received a letter from a man who writes: "We *must* have \$3,400 by the first of this next month. We are trusting in infinite God, and we *must* have that amount of money to save our home. The home is old; we have not been able to keep up repairs, and it has not many modern conveniences, but it's our home and we like it, and we must save it. The situation is desperate; if we lose it we will have no place to go."

Of course, I recognize the urgent desire of that man's heart, but if I were he, I would not create a dead form of a desire limited to just \$3,400. And certainly I would

not limit love of having a home to that particular old wooden frame structure, already long out of date. Spirit is infinite; I would give my desire a living form—a desire for a suitable home, an ideal in Spirit—not limited by thought, but transcending thought. Then I would be certain that Spirit would save that home and later provide a much better one.

Expand whatsoever you desire without limit; resurrect and lift it up beyond the coffin-form of your old thoughts; and give it a living form so that it will have life enough to become an actuality.

Then you will be working with God, and when you work with Spirit—God *is* Spirit—all things are possible.

It is good first to close your eyes to recognize the divinity of the spiritual center within you.

But it's only the center—it is like the hub of a wheel. And with nothing more than the hub, you do not get very far.

So, as soon as you recognize the divine center within yourself, I ask you to form a spiritual wheel to make the hub worth while. Open your eyes and vision yourself looking out to the hills and stars. Expand and expand and expand until you feel yourself as one with the stars. Thus you become like unto Spirit—infinite in conception and in realization.

Remember, the **FIRST** step is the expansion of yourself out into infinity, so that **YOU** are in tune with the infinity of spirit.

And the **SECOND** step is the expansion of the desire of what you want, so that it will be in line with spirit.

Now, the **THIRD** step is the expansion of some idea or feeling of yourself out into the actual **FORM** of what you want. Jesus states that the heaven within you is the "ever increasing expansion" of your soul. That means expanding out from yourself *to* infinity. So, of course, hell must be the opposite—that is, contracting or try-

ing to pull or draw or attract things from infinity to you.

Yes, I know that some of you have attracted things you have wanted; but, by your use of such attracting and contracting power, you have at the same time been doing something else which ultimately leads to failure. That is, you have been building up the **HABIT** of soul contraction. And hence, year by year, you have been able to demonstrate less and less for yourself.

Everything that is permanently attained comes from the expansion of the soul out into the **FORM** of what the soul desires.

OPPORTUNITY

Edward Rowland Sill

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears! But this
Blunt thing!"—he snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering, crept away and left the field.

Then came the king's son, wounded, sore beset,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with a battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

A Quaker Home and Meeting House

Rufus Jones

OUR HOME was in a very real sense a center of the sacramental life. We began each day with a meal which ended in a deep communion of spirit with Spirit. We all knew what the real presence meant. We went to work, or we went to school, out of a living, throbbing hush of silence in which something more than form or formal prayer had taken place. Here it was that I learned the nearness and the reality of God as spiritual operating presence, and got free from the thought of God as a Sky-God.

But there was something more to our family religion than this morning devotion together. The life in our home was saturated with the reality and the practice of love. We spoke to each other as though love were ruling and guiding us. I cannot remember that Mother ever shouted or scolded. She was often grieved, I know. Her face had a look of sadness, and she conquered my stubborn nature and my thoughtlessness, which was worse, not by scolding words, and not by whipping me, but by looking at me in *her way*. I could stand anything but *that*.

It was an old-fashioned home where *nurture* went on all the time. It was a life-building center. It was here that my anchors were forged. That home nurture, that culture of the spirit in the family-center, was always the determining factor. Three times before I was twelve I looked death straight in the face, and escaped it by the narrowest margin, as one dodges an opponent in football. It was in one of these "life-event" occasions that I first "discovered" Mother and knew what her love meant. It was a little later, when the danger I faced was a moral one rather than a physically fatal one, that I discovered the depth of that love, and saw that it was the grace of God revealed in what a mother did to make her boy find himself.

On Thursdays and Sundays we always went to the Meeting House. There was no bell, no organ, no choir, no pulpit, no order of service, no ritual. There was always silence and then more silence. It might be supposed that a little boy, keyed to action and charged with animal spirits, on a hard bench with feet unsupported,

would have hated this silence and would have longed for a chance to hit the boy in the next seat over the head. But that was not the case. Sooner or later the boy would get hit no doubt when the proper time came for it. But the silence came over us as a kind of spell. It had a life of its own. There was something "numinous" about it, which means, in simpler non-Latin words, a sense of divine presence, which even a boy could feel. It was almost never explained to us. There was very little said about it. No theories were expounded. No arguments were promulgated. We "found" ourselves in the midst of a unique laboratory experiment which *worked*. A boy responds to reality the moment he feels it, almost quicker than an adult does. That experiment with silence in the hush with the moveless group, concentrated on the expectation of divine presence, did something to me and for me which has remained an unlost possession.

A little country boy near my home was gazing out of the window with his eye fixed to the sky, and his mother asked him what he was looking at. He said with simple confidence: "I was thinking how I could go up there where God is. There are a number of questions I want to ask Him and some things I want to talk over with Him!" I was as artless and

naive as that, only I had got over the sky-idea very early in life and thought of God as a Presence in the midst with whom I could commune without any ladder. He came to our meetings with us and we did not need to go somewhere else to find Him. I cannot remember when I first discovered that there was a meeting place within, where Spirit met with spirit and where the Above and the below belonged together. I knew it as certainly as I knew that the water in our lake was buoyant and held up the young swimmer instead of drowning him. The two things came together. I learned to swim and to enjoy silent worship at about the same time. Almost always the silence was broken in the early part of the meeting by a vocal prayer. The prayer always came out of the silence and was more or less the expression of the group-feeling. The prayer was tremulous with emotion and it voiced for the waiting group the yearning for fellowship and communion. We all stood with bowed heads as the spontaneous prayer was being poured out. I was glad to get my little feet on the floor for a few minutes change of position, though I felt even then, and more emphatically later, that the act of rising and sitting down again disturbed the attitude of hush and reverence. But as soon as we were seated again the silence took on a

From *A Small Town Boy* by Rufus Jones. The Macmillan Company, publishers, 1941. \$2.00.

new depth of penetration. The whole burden of worship was thrown upon each individual soul. One could be vacant and unconcerned with empty mind, or one could mount up with wings of eagles into the heavenlies and find the Fatherland to which he belonged. Whatever was done in this period of silence had to be done by the person himself. It was once more like swimming. Nobody could do it for you. You either did your swimming or your worshipping *yourself*, or it wasn't done.

Here in this plain house, with its hard wooden seats and its rustic worshippers, I found my way into

the heart of religion and often felt its supreme realities. However far I might travel in later years with greater light, I should never leave behind as outworn and untrue the lessons that were learned there. In another similar Meeting an ancient Friend with white hair and beard rose and said solemnly, "Be still and know that I am God." A little boy, somewhat awestricken, leaned over and whispered to his father: "Is he really?" It would never have occurred to me that a man, however old and venerable, could be God. The idea of spiritual presence and enveloping divine life was so thoroughly settled.

THE WRECKERS

Edgar A. Guest

I watched them tearing a building down,
A gang of men in a busy town;
With a ho-heave-ho and a lusty yell,
They swung a beam and the side wall fall.
I asked the foreman: "Are these skilled—
And the men you'd hire if you had to build?"
He gave me a laugh and said, "No, indeed;
Just common labour is all I need;
I can easily wreck in a day or two
What builders have taken a year to do."
And I thought to myself as I went away,
Which of these roles have I tried to play?
Am I a builder who works with care,
Measuring life by rule and square;
Am I shaping my deeds to a well-made plan,
Or am I a wrecker, who walks the town
Content with the labour of tearing down?

Brotherhood Ministry

MAN HAS a visible and invisible workshop. The visible one is his body; the invisible one, his imagination. The imagination is the sun in the soul of man, acting in his own sphere as the sun of the earth acts in his. Wherever the latter shines, germs planted in the soil grow and vegetation springs up. And the sun of the soul in a similar manner calls the forms of the soul into existence. —Paracelsus.

If you have proved the sufficiency of the Divine Power to give you health and strength, to provide for your every need, to bear every burden, you will be able to speak as one having authority to those who are willing to learn the lesson of this sublime faith.

As your own regeneration began with right thinking, you will teach them the law of right thinking, and will give them words of hope, joy and courage to repeat, to study, and to *live*. You will point out to them the effect of their words upon the body and upon their mental conditions, and, as soon as possible, you will substitute the large, unbiased view of life for the narrow, petty view they have hitherto held. You will teach

them of the perfection of their own spiritual being, and continually suggest to them the higher possibilities and more perfect conditions which await the unfolding of the soul. You may do this by the audible word and lengthy instruction, or by the silent, loving thought.

Inasmuch as thought may be sent forth from one mind to another, it will be possible for you to send a message to your friend or brother wherever he may be. If he is in distress or in discouragement, your message will be one of hope, of reassurance, or invigorating courage. Your own faith will be conveyed to him. In order that you may more surely reach his consciousness, it will be best to have a definite time for this thought message, and to fix that time at some hour when his mind is likely to be most passive. This will be either at night when he has retired and is asleep, or early in the morning about four o'clock. Many times this thought-message which is to work such beneficent results, should be sent without any knowledge on the part of the one to whom it is sent, for the reason that his skeptical and unbelieving

state of mind might oppose, and therefore refute your efforts.

One point, Brother, we emphatically repeat: the *unselfish, pure, brotherly motive must animate your ministry and permeate your message. Under no consideration and at no time must you give forth to any person a selfish or harmful thought.*

On the basis that his spirit is the real being, which is perfect, diseaseless and deathless, you can say audibly and mentally to the spirit of any person, no matter how diseased the body may be, words like these: "My Brother, God has created your spirit in his own image. The holiness of God shall show forth in your mind as harmony and happiness, in your body as wholeness or health. God's peace is within you—God's love is within and about you. God's life is your light. As you are whole in the Spirit, manifest *now*. Peace be with you!" *Your word of faith is creative power, and when not only your message but your faith is conveyed to those you would help, the effect is marked and often wonderful. If a little child is in need of help, even in the throes of fever or disease, sit beside it and softly croon in sweet, low, chanting tones: "Peace, little one, peace. Peace*

be in thy heart. Peace be to thee as the breath of the morning. Peace, peace, peace. The angel of Peace is within thee to heal and to bless."

As you remain sitting, continue inaudible singing. You will find in an incredibly short time the little one will be asleep, or charmed into restful stillness. This method of mental singing is also most effective if you happen to be where there is fear, discord, or inharmony of any kind. Many times when an audible word would be resented, the sweet ministry of silent song will be as the fragrance of flowers, or the sound of majestic music.

Yes, dear Brother, it is the rare atmosphere of harmony and faith underlying the words which so wondrously works miracles. Let your intelligence be joined to your love, that you may have both light and warmth in your outgoing radiance.

Overflow with words of glad sweet ministry. Do for any creature, animal or human, whatever you can to give comfort, health or courage.

Round us everywhere,
Men their griefs and burdens bear.

You have been commissioned to help and bless your brother by loving him.

Show men unlimited faith as the coin with which you will deal with them, and they will invariably exhibit the best wares they have.

☪ This charming Southern writer describes the experience of realizing that we really belong.

"Arise and Go to My Father"

Margaret Prescott Montague

I AM THE happy possessor of a small goddaughter, a little lady of some three years, who is insatiably fond of stories. She prefers to have them told to her, but failing that, she will tell them herself. Their invariable ending is "An' him went home to him's muvver." Bears, lions, tigers, even elephants and crocodiles, pass through the most agitating and breathless adventures, but in the end they all go home to their mothers. Is not this a far more satisfactory conclusion than the old impossible fairy-tale one—"And so they were married and lived happily ever after?"

"And him went home to him's muvver." What a port after stormy seas! How restful—how soul-restoring—how human!

An astonishing bit of wisdom to be evolved by a little person of three! And does it not embody a deep truth which has come down to us from the gray dawn of Time, preserved in many an old myth? One remembers Antaeus, for instance, whose strength was always renewed every time he touched his mother Terra, the earth.

One of my little goddaughter's

most recounted adventures of her heroes is, "An' he ate a lot of candy an' got very sick, an' *ven* him went home to him's muvver." "I will arise and go to my Father." Is not hers an exquisite baby version of the Prodigal Son, freshly inspired, I do not doubt, by the great source of all inspiration? And has not her little tongue expressed a deep need felt by us all?

Just what I mean by going home to one's mother, in this larger sense, is perhaps a little difficult to define. Yet, surely, it must be a universal experience. Have we not all at some time—often following a period of confusion and stress of circumstances—suddenly experienced that deep sense of finding ourselves where we belonged? A sense of restfulness, of home-coming, of general rightness and well-being? It is a sloughing off of the non-essential and the trivial, and a shifting of the spirit into deeper and simpler channels; a pause when, in the midst of all this mad dance of time and circumstance, one gets a sudden, enlarging glimpse of Truth and of Eternity.

I have been home to my mother

From *Home to Him's Muvver* by Margaret Prescott Montague. E. P. Dutton and Co., publishers, 1916.

very many times, and by very many different paths. Sometimes by way of books, when I have stumbled upon a revelation of thought which presses open spiritual doors; sometimes by way of familiar music; again, and perhaps most often of all, led home by Dame Nature, my hand in hers.

Every spring the trivial and ephemeral accumulations of the city winter melt away in the genial atmosphere of out-of-doors, but what has been gathered of permanence, the spirit takes up and knits into its being. All the spinning confusion of life is tranquilized and for a little while the soul kneels down in obedience to that world-old command, "Be still, and know that I am God."

Ah! these Heaven-sent periods when the littlenesses of Time are swept away in a great in-rushing realization of Eternity!

Out of the past I recall one such glorified moment. Unexpected visitors had arrived just at supper-time, and there was bustle and haste and some apprehension lest the larder should fall short. I remember hurrying out across the back yard to the storeroom and then, all at once, out there in the wide, soft darkness, I remember I stood still. The heat and confusion of the kitchen were almost in touch of me, and yet were infinitely far away. For an instant, I withdrew into a place of peace.

Afterwards I went swiftly on my errand. But now all was changed. For that glorified instant out there in the dark I had touched bottom. I had been "home to my mother."

But what was this return? Nothing was apparently changed by it, and yet everything was really changed. It was a spiritual setting of one's house in order; a showing up of temporal things in the light of things eternal.

There comes a time for all of us when we are met by the need of some such setting in order. Surely the world is faced now by as crucial a need as it ever knew. In a few breathless, poignant months the old comfortable ways of half the world have been trampled into blood and destruction. We stand still, appalled, asking ourselves how we may meet these overwhelming catastrophes. I answer in all seriousness and with a deep conviction that it can be done only by going home to our mother. Only those of us can withstand the awful present who have the ability to enter into spiritual sanctuaries. Only the things of the spirit can shelter us.

"Be still, and know that I am God." Oh, little goddaughter, this is the real going home to one's mother. I can ask no more golden talisman for you to hold fast, through all the years to come and into eternity, than this magic gift of the spiritual return.

☐ One major post-war problem will be to free people from despair, bitterness and hate.

A Permanent Cure for a Sick World

Loring T. Swaim, M.D.

TODAY America faces her greatest hour — we have a rendezvous with destiny. Will we keep it? Total victory in the present struggle calls for unheard of human sacrifice and effort from the American people. We must gird ourselves to live and produce at a pace unparalleled in history. It calls for a supreme state of fitness in the physical, mental and spiritual life of the nation. For every last resource in the deep springs of our national life will be tapped. These days demand of each one of us the extra plus in planning, in effort, in living and in inspired thinking. It is my firm conviction that the medical profession *can* and *must* play a major role in the attainment of that total national fitness.

MacKenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, in a recent speech said: "Much is being said today about the new world order to take the place of the old world order when the war is at an end. If that new order is not already on its way before the war is over, we may look for it in vain."

Broken bodies, warped minds, bitterness of soul—we expect these effects of war to happen to our armed forces, but never before have civilians been forced to suffer in the same way, as is happening on such a huge scale all over the world. The post-war period will consequently be a critical time and will bring unique problems of adjustment, one of which will be finding the way to free people from despair, bitterness and hate.

One of the most remarkable things about the medical profession is that it has not sunk into an easy complacency, but is ever pioneering and exploring the unknown, fearlessly and unselfishly. The profession must look to the future. Therefore medicine must go all the way in its experiments, not only to cure bodies but to find the spiritual answer to these destructive emotions which hold back man's spiritual progress. We must lay the foundations for permanently curing a diseased and maimed world.

As I have said, doctors have always fearlessly pioneered in medicine. Why should we not pioneer

The inaugural address of the President of the American Rheumatism Association, at the Ninth Annual Meeting, held at Atlantic City, New Jersey, June 8, 1942.

still further into the great intriguing soul of man, which through spiritual illness has brought the world to its present state, and heal it as we have healed man's body? Dr. Steinmetz has predicted that the next important discoveries will be along spiritual lines. America can be the nation, the pioneer, to give that necessary new thinking and living to the world. Descartes has said:—"If ever the human race is raised to its highest practical level intellectually, morally, and physically, the science of medicine will perform that service." Because of experiments with arthritic patients which I have been carrying out in my practice, I am convinced that these predictions can be realized.

We are increasingly aware that rheumatoid arthritis is a constitutional disease in which joints are simply a manifestation of a small part of the trouble. It seems reasonable to believe that since the disease affects all parts of the individual, to get the best results we must treat the whole individual, not only his body and mind but his soul. We have made great strides in the medical care of rheumatoid arthritis. We know fairly well what results we may expect from diet, rest, gold salts and medicines, from building body resistance, by overcoming anemia and the vitamin deficiencies; and we know what to expect

from removal of foci of infection. These are all essential in the treatment and the recovery of people suffering from rheumatoid arthritis. It has been increasingly evident, as pointed out by doctors everywhere, that physical health is closely associated with and often dependent upon spiritual health. No constitutional disease is free from the effects of mental states, which are part of life. Rheumatoid arthritis is no exception.

It has been repeatedly shown that emotional upsets are so frequently associated with the ups and downs in the activity of rheumatoid arthritis that this can no longer be considered mere coincidence. That fear and anger have profound physiological effects has been shown by Dr. Walter B. Cannon's experiments. My own investigations in the last ten years show that anxiety and resentment are the two most constant emotional reactions found in the arthritic patients who have come to me. This suggests that maladjusted human relationships are a fundamental problem.

But why are resentments and fears the most common reactions? What fault of character has been developed which makes these reactions possible? What quality of heart is undeveloped or lacking? It appears true that a selfish, self-centered and demanding character is usually fearful, worrying, re-

sentful and easily angered; and a spirit that is unselfish, outgoing, generous and loving is fearless, happy, even tempered, tolerant and forgiving in its attitude towards people. Finding this true in my series of 171 cases, the question is how to change individual character so that selfish impulses do not exist. Psychology gives us understanding, but we must go further and learn how to change character so that there is no selfishness. We instinctively know certain reactions are good or bad, and we may avoid showing the bad ones, but we cannot of ourselves change the quality of spirit which causes negative reactions to life. What we really want is a change of heart, a new spirit in man which will rule out selfishness, the curse of men and nations. We need unselfishness in our friendships, patriotism and world outlook, and a new philosophy for living.

From accumulating experience, I am convinced that there are spiritual laws which will change lives if they are scientifically applied to the actual problems of life, and a new philosophy results. My study of patients makes me believe that all forms of selfishness point to a starved, undeveloped spiritual life. The spiritual life needs to be nurtured to develop an unselfish character.

Gradually a plan has evolved

for feeding a starved spirit. Supplementing the routine medical history, questions are asked about the patient's intimate relationships with members of his family, with his friends, and in business. It is surprising how simple it is to get the "relationship" history and how eager people are to unburden themselves. Just the telling of grievances, disappointments and frustrations seems to be the beginning of a way out. Of course people always think that their problems are everybody's fault but their own, and it is essential to help people see their own failings, of disposition, of attitude and of action.

One never gets anywhere by tackling problems as such. We have more success if we try to make people see and rectify their own mistakes.

The next step is to explore the personal beliefs or set of standards by which he actually lives. It is important to know if his beliefs affect his thinking and actions, or are purely intellectual, for on these foundations we must build, using such beliefs as he has as stepping stones to further growth. Day by day by explaining and teaching the spiritual laws found in the Bible, by times of directed reading and thinking along lines of conduct, such as honesty, unselfish living, caring for others, the patient grows in understanding. Peo-

ple often do not know how to be honest even with themselves and are blind to the selfish motives behind their own thinking and actions.

I could give histories of many patients coming for arthritis who were spiritually starved and who through feeding their spiritual lives through a regime of daily Bible study, reading and thinking, have found that their whole personalities were changed. People do not like to face unpleasant truths about themselves, but if you can lead them to get their own convictions of where they are wrong, it is far more effective in causing them to want to change than if someone else points them out. Most patients have very little conception of these great spiritual forces at our command, for building up character or as healing agents in their lives. Time is necessary and supervision must be constant as with the education of the body or mind. People do grow and their spiritual lives deepen as they are helped to develop a personal relationship with God. This super-force is the crux of the miracles that happen.

You may ask what are the results on arthritis of this spiritual approach. It does not always cure the arthritis or restore all the joints to normal, but it is an essential factor, a factor without which the patient cannot advance

beyond a certain point. It has a very definite place in "complete treatment." It makes life an entirely different thing for the patient if he remains crippled. But above all else it makes people live victoriously. As one woman recently said to me: "Now I am perfectly happy in my wheel chair because my house is filled with people every day who are seeking help and are far more in need than I am, and I can help them."

My feeling is that if the "complete treatment" could only be instituted early, there would be very many fewer cripples, and if people would cultivate a mature developed faith and belief in a super-force as part of their lives, they would never react with fear and anger the way they do under emotional strain. Their health would be better and they would be less susceptible to disease. This "complete treatment" is no longer an experiment with me, but medical success or failure in many cases depends on this spiritual factor.

To go further, let us consider the situation we find ourselves in as a nation, and our responsibility for building the future world which is now in the making. The reason the world is sick today is because nations have been starved exactly the way these patients have been starved—they have not accepted God. The nations have not learned to live together any

more harmoniously than these patients have. They have exactly the same relationship problems. The remedy is the same—to feed the spiritual lives of nations through individuals. The world as it is to be will be new only as it has this new spirit, for the most potent feature of the passing world is the old spirit of selfishness, fear and resentment. If these qualities are carried over, the world after this war will be merely a continuation of the old, actually in essence the same. A new order requires a new spirit.

We doctors are admittedly lead-

ers. Shall we pioneer again? Shall we seek this new spirit for ourselves that *we* may lead the way and guide our nation and our world to the highest spirituality? Are we prepared to accept this challenge and be changed ourselves, for as a wise person has said: "The trouble with nations is human relations, especially you and me." A determined minority could remake our world. Now is our great opportunity. Shall we lead the way to make or bring about the greatest revolution of all times—the revolution in the hearts of men?

☐ The surgeon general of the United States gives a challenge to our youth.

Fellowship, Not Hate, the Aim

Dr. Thomas Parran

THESE IS that other kind of pestilence which I have touched upon and which may spring up in many lands when the fighting is over. That is, the mental distress, even serious mental illness, arising from years of hatred, unsatisfied desires, repressed and conflicting emotions. Resentment and despondency will surely be widespread in the defeated and conquered nations—feelings inspired by disillusionment

in leaders who have let the people down so often and so badly, even abandoning them with no regard to their fate. This may seem too gloomy a picture. But let me remind you that now, and in the future, everlastingly, we have working with us a force stronger than hate. A force, which if coupled with the energy now so destructively released in aggression, will indeed make the world free. This constructive force goes by many

From an address at Awards Dinner of the Second Annual Science Talent Search. From *The Health Finder*, May, 1943.

names, frowned upon, I regret to say, by some scientists as not being subject to proof. It is brotherhood, charity, love—the force for good in each of us. We have not yet used this force as we should; nor have we yet been able to put “love” in a test-tube. In fact, we have been so busy harnessing our environment that we have learned relatively little about man himself.

Here, then, is a challenge to science and the future. A challenge to you and the future. Some of you may have read or seen Sherwood Anderson's fine play “There Shall Be No Night.” If any of you boys and girls have entertained a doubt that there is no longer room for the pioneer in science, these words should still it. The central character of the play says:

“You have heard it said that the days of exploration are over—that there are no more lost continents, no more Eldorados. But I promise you that the greatest of all adventures in exploration is still before us—the exploration of man himself—his mind—his spirit—the thing we call his character—the

quality which has raised him above the beasts. ‘Know thyself,’ said the oracle. After thousands of years, we still don't know. Can we learn before it is too late?”

You see, we need you and thousands like you, for the world we build will be your world and your children's. Science needs not only the talent and the skill to acquire new knowledge, but the spirit and the faith to apply knowledge for the welfare of men, women, and children everywhere.

Among countless millions, there is today a growing sense of fellowship, a growing will to have done with destruction, and to release instead mankind's capacity for peace. This underlying faith stems from the sure knowledge that practical application of science can be used with the same revolutionary effects in *saving* life as it has been used to destroy. We have only begun to glimpse the future's promise; I know that these young men and women, armed with the disciplined freedom of science, will help fulfill it.

PROOF

Would there be gold in the buttercup? Would there be moss in the wood?
Or dew in the flash of a cowslip if the world wasn't meant to be good?
Would there be grass by the wayside or songs in a waterfall,
Or frills to the cap of a daisy if there wasn't a God above all?
Would there be music and laughter, and friendship and courage and love,
Or the urge to create, if there wasn't a greater Creator above?

—Kathleen Partridge.

☐ From his rich experience, Mr. Daily gives counsel on a present day problem.

The Final Duty

Starr Daily

“**B**UT THE end of the charge is love out of a pure heart and a good conscience and faith unfeigned.”

—1 Tim. 1:5. (E.R.V.)

“I've been trying to follow your love teaching,” said a young man, as he tossed his hat on the radio.

“It's been pretty good to you, hasn't it?” I asked.

“Yep. It's changed my life, my home, my work, everything.”

“Well, what's on your mind?”

“My conscience,” he said. “I've got to register for military service. If I don't—there's the conscientious objectors' camp.”

“Yes, go on.”

“I guess this love message of yours has gone pretty deep. The problem now is, how do you make love fit into war?”

“It doesn't fit in,” I said, “into all the departments of war. But it very definitely fits into some.”

“For instance?”

“Into any department whose duty it is to save life, such as medical and hospital departments, stretcher-bearing, supplies, and so forth.”

“Then I register. Is that it?”

“Why not? Wherever the

greatest need is, is where Christ is. Unless he's changed. And I think he's the same yesterday, tomorrow and today. The realm of love is deeds—deeds of mercy and redemption.”

“That all sounds good,” he said, “but I'm a musician and not a doctor. Of course I can ask for one of these noncombatant posts; but that doesn't mean I'll get it.”

“I shouldn't ask for anything, if I were you. I'd put my faith in Christ and let go and let come. Let's open the Bible at random, just for fun, and see what turns up. Close your eyes, open it, put your finger down. What does it say?”

He read, “But the end of the charge is love out of a pure heart and a good conscience and faith unfeigned.”

“You were lucky,” I said. “Can anybody give you better advice? I can't. The end of your military charge is love. Would you have a good conscience as an objector? Or would there be some subtle misgivings to haunt you in your camp of security? Might there not be some feelings creep over you that would cause you to wonder about your real motives as

an objector? It's all your problem. And I believe it is the kind of thing that must be decided not only on your knees, but on your feet. If you can make this scripture yours, there is nothing to worry about. If you go in with a real unfeigned faith in Christ and a heart full of love and mercy, you'll have fulfilled your charge. The intentions are yours. You can leave the results with God."

He is in the army now. He's been for some time. He's in the medical corps. He made no demands, he requested no favors. He was offered any one of five noncombatant positions, including espionage and interpreter. He is located where he can extend mercy and save life.

You would probably be amazed to learn that this young man is only one of many who have faced the issue of war in a similar way. They have gone in with an unfeigned faith in Christ and an earnest desire to exercise the ministry of love. My wife can join me in testifying that not one in the group has been placed in a position other than that of extending mercy and saving life.

There is suffering on the global battle fronts of this war. And Christ is in the midst of that suffering. Our government can use tens of thousands of men who carry his banner of mercy above their country's standard. There is no

danger of there being too many with a pure love and good conscience and an unfeigned faith to do the works of the Master of Mercy. The danger is in there being too few of this particular kind.

Whatever the charge may be, the end of it for the minister of mercy is love. The charge accepted with this attitude, the conscience is bound to agree, and where there is agreement of conscience the faith is strong and unfeigned.

With this scripture integrated into one's life, one can go anywhere with perfect dependence upon God to match the outer results against the inner intentions. The outer environment is a reflection of an inner state. The two correspond. If Christ is at the center of life, His work will be on the margin, and if His work rejects certain kinds of conduct and action, He may be relied upon to keep these things away from His servants. He will not lead into temptation, but away from it, and if His servant falls in, He will grant protection: "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

The mighty Christian who said

that was to be found in places of need, with Christ, his Lord—in the enemy's camp, in jail, on the sea, in the desert and on the hill. With that kind of faith and passion for the works of redemption, you can go anywhere, and nothing under the sun can divide the love of God in your heart and conquer you. You will run the full race, fight the good fight, and put down your tool only when you can cry out with Jesus, "It is finished."

As Paul is here persuaded of the unconquerable unity of love, I am persuaded that he is right, and that in that unity of love is protection for those whose ministry of love is free of fear and doubt and divided loyalties. There is an over-

shadowing Providence which works in the affairs of men generally and in the affairs of men personally. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father: but the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

This completeness and utter closeness of our Father's care is not easy to imagine. He is in our very breath itself, our life, and if we can take His nearness on faith, if not on reason, we can be certain of His protection. His promise will not disappoint a faith that is equal to it.

☐ A Canadian rector now a chaplain presents this challenging attitude toward death.

Death is a Gateway

Quintin Warner

JESUS often spoke of new eyes and new ears—new seeing and new hearing. He talked, too, of a new freedom as against the halting way people walked. He said much about purity as against the leprosy which sets people off from each other, and He led people to hope for life from the dead.

I am well aware of the fact that Jesus healed physical diseases. The blindness, lameness, deafness and leprosy were evident in physical bodies. Today, the treatment of such ailments does not lie solely within the realm of the Church as an institution. It *does* lie within the realm of the Way of Life which Jesus demonstrated. We

From *The Calvary Evangel*, April, 1943.

are learning more every day about the essential relationship between being "at ease" with God and being "at ease" in one's body.

The factors which promote physical "disease" are within the mind and heart of man. Of these factors *fear* is perhaps the most potent. The very fear of finding out what may be wrong is often present in people. That fear is curable through faith in Christ.

Jesus dealt with the barriers to living faith before He treated the body. I talk with doctors a great deal. When they tell me that a festering thought is often the cause of physical decline, I know that people still need the touch of Christ. Complete confidence in Him as the Lord of Life makes it possible to be rid of poisonous ideas—fear, resentment, doubt, irritation, anger, worry, and the whole long list of blocks to full victory.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. All the other enemies have to be faced first before that final enemy is overcome and so ceases to influence one's way of living. For many of us it still does influence action. It is not in every case swallowed up in

victory. You can think of many such cases. I meet them every day of my life. The answer to that fear is allowing Christ to transform one's life and to live with Him in victory over death. That is, to live *knowing that one is to live forever*. This consciousness is immortality achieved, or brought to light. It is our essential work to make this clear to people and to lead them to have it. It is our contribution to overcoming fear of physical disease.

After all this treatment has been sincerely accepted, and after we have given everything over in living trust to God, and death still follows, let us remember that it is for us *a gateway to further experience* of that same life which we have begun to enjoy. I think I can say quite simply, knowing what it is to have passed through the experience of being very close to death, that I look forward keenly to the next stage in life eternal which awaits me. I have no desire to shorten this period of that life—there is no point in even thinking of it since eternal life has already begun. There is no time factor in eternity. Christian experience is just *being*.

If the Christian people, the really Christian people of the world began to comprehend the power of thought, they could use it as a lever to lift the world.

—Frank C. Laubach.

□ A soldier-psychologist contrasts love and hate.

An Evaluation of Love in an Age of Crisis

Norman K. Elliott

THOSE who propound the religious ideal of Love are often thought of as timid men or the feminine type. Love, as a way of life, is sneered at as being at least unworkable. The businessman and the tradesman, used to the cut-throat competition of their worlds, smile with disgust at the suggestion of Love as a way of running one's life. It is safe to say that most men look toward Love hopefully as a way of life, but when they place it beside the life in which it must operate they feel compelled to renounce it as unfit even though they do this regretfully. It is only the handful of "timid" and "feminine" men who hold to it as the guide of their life, they say. Let us look at this subject a little more closely.

Love, as a way of life, as a guide by which your behavior is governed and evaluated, has been best epitomized in the few words of Jesus of Nazareth when he said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." The behavior which this inward goal and dedication must effect might be summed up in the words "Do unto others as you would have

others do unto you." Not as others are doing but as you "would have" others do unto you. Self-esteem or self-love is a trait and a feeling which is common to all people and intense with all people. It is true that this emotional regard for oneself is often the channel for human tragedy but this is only so when the individual remains self-centered. It is only when self-love and self-centeredness are coupled together that tragedy results. Love works for the best which can be given or happen to the object loved. So self-love is not a base nor immature emotion as it has often been pictured. When our behavior is directed and driven by the desire to do unto others as we would have others do unto us, we sublimate the activities of life to the highest apex of which we are capable. When, in addition, the individual feels unity with Nature and the Animation which governs the universe, the activities of life are directed and evaluated by the standards of divinity and the wisdom of Deity. We are at unity with life; we are one with the Creator of life. We not only feel akin to the deep purple spread of night winking at us with a million sparkling eyes, but in every human

being on the face of the earth we see and feel ourselves. We feel intimate with the swirling green foam which gushes through the coastal rocks of New England; we say to the fresh green bud of spring, "I know you and I'm glad to see you again"; and in a boat nestled on the mirror of a lake at eventide we feel at home as in one of the mansions of God. "Consider the lilies of the field . . ." seems to echo through the corridors of centuries reminding us we have caught the Spirit of Jesus. God is no longer that objective Animation, the somewhat distant Creator, but OUR FATHER.

"But it won't work," cries the man in the streets.

"It" won't work? or "we" won't work? Let us look into this a little further.

Today we are in the midst of war. War is based on hate. In England and this country we have heard the advocates of hate. They tell us that we must have an intense hate for the enemy; as military laymen they instruct generals that the soldier must hate the enemy; that only in such a state of mind and emotion will we do our utmost. So far little positive action has been taken on their suggestions. The army prefers rigid discipline to an emotional gush. A Marine, recently returned from the Pacific war zone, summed

up the common reaction to battle. He said, "We hated them for the first couple of days, but after that it was just as impersonal as shooting clay pigeons." Hate is an intense emotion and if an individual is kept under this strain for long he will crack mentally. The army realizes that a rigid impersonal discipline, "just like shooting clay pigeons," is much more efficient and effective. This is precisely what the government authorities in England found out when they called off their hate campaign of propaganda. Hate will mentally and physically destroy those who hate.

Hate is the twin of fear. From our observations of the bombing of London, we almost have to conclude that hate and fear are the only emotions which can unify people. During the height of the bombing of London when destruction rained from the heavens, a hopeless, desperate fear gripped the throats of millions. An invasion which meant national oblivion was imminent. Church bells were silenced and every heart hoped they would remain silent because the pealing of bells meant their fears had come true. England, as a nation of individual human beings, was welded together as never before. In desperate human hopelessness England turned to God in prayer. It was an England stripped of the sophistry of

human civilization which submitted itself to God. The greatness of this was not an England crying to their God to save them, but an England with no hope which submitted itself to the will of the universal Father regardless of the result. In wonderment of this transition in the lives of the English people we often lose sight of the fact that it was hate and fear which brought about this metamorphosis. It was the realization of human weakness which actuated it. How can we reconcile this with our plea for Love as the way of life? Our only answer is that if England had submitted herself completely to God before the bombing the resultant hate and fear would never have had to wring her heart free of self-centeredness, and false self-sufficiency. However, we are still faced with the problem as to why it is that hate and fear, the antithesis of Love, seem to be so much more efficient as a tool for unifying people.

Hate and fear are the logical effects of ignorance and incompetence in dealing effectively with the daily events of life. The bite of a mad dog before the pioneer work of Pasteur meant certain death to the victim. Is it any wonder that the crowded streets of London and Paris were thrown into a panic by the sight of a mad dog? One scratch from the fangs of the mad beast and you were hopeless. Fear

was conquered as the cure was effected. Hate is the logical effect of insecurity and uncertainty. Opposing tribes of old took all precautions to guard themselves against the wiles and might of the enemy. The situation was not hopeless but was constantly uncertain. Security of home and limb hung constantly in the balance. It is little wonder that the tribes should hate each other. Hate was conquered as they learned to live together peaceably. Thus fear and hate are the offspring of ignorance and insecurity.

It is easy to arouse fear and hate because of the structure of the group upon which they parasite. There must be what sociologists call a we-group. In other words, a group which is separate, at least in its own thinking, from others. Examples are the home, the gang, the tribe, the nation and the race. However, the further we ascend this scale the more general become the attributes by which we can designate the group as a we-group. Thus, they might be common parents, common interests and familiarity of neighborhood, common ancestry and culture, common government and language, and common physical characteristics. One can see at a glance that the more simple and personal the attributes which go to make up the we-group the easier it would be to incite the group to unified

action. Threaten these attributes and you arouse the whole group. However, the main thing about a we-group is the idea of separateness. In general, this separateness is based upon ignorance of the rest of mankind. In some manner the rest of the world is considered as a different species. The rest of the world is not like us. Even though all this is true, we have tended throughout our history to enlarge the we-group until today we have such vast population areas as the British Empire and Dominions and Colonies and the United States and her possessions. A long stride has been made from the tribal we-group. Today we are thinking about and actually operating under larger we-groups. We are now thinking in terms of United Nations. What we are being driven toward by the practical necessities of life is a we-group which will include the whole world. But we are having bitter lessons to learn along the way toward this goal. We are having to fight the ignorance and superstitions of the ages. And in fighting them, we are having to turn whole portions of the earth's populations against one another. Where there is unification of large populations it has always been under the self-centeredness of a victor. Never has it been a voluntary fusion of personalities and peoples. Perhaps we shall approach this

too in the future. Such is a picture of hate and fear, the offspring of ignorance and insecurity; throwbacks to race infancy and superstition. They blind even those on whom they are a parasite to the inevitable goal of mankind, which is cooperation. As they are conquered men become brothers.

Love, on the other hand, is based on those attributes which all groups have in common with each other. It is this commonness which is stressed. This way of life is the antithesis of the life governed by hate. When we see ourselves in peoples of all races and nationalities, we destroy the hate and fear of ignorance and insecurity. By starting with this wisdom of the universe as our guide, by recognizing and accepting the brotherhood and the divinity of all men, we free ourselves from the human limitations which are indigenous to the human intellect. Let us take one example of these limitations. Intellectually there seems to be a geographical limit to the area which the human mind can absorb with intimacy. We seem to do fairly well with our own nation, less well with the English, until when we think of the Chileans or the Iranians, we are merely thinking in verbal abstractions which for all we know and feel do not really exist. This is true even with college people who have the utmost educational opportunities offered

to them. To the average individual on the street who is not particularly interested in the subject, his geographical limit might only circumscribe his own city or section of the country. It is this very limitation of the intellect which seems to doom attempts at federations of nations. They are striving for the right thing but in the wrong way. They are trying to attain the good goal through self-centeredness instead of through self-love which sees self and the Over-Self in all. The individual who directs and evaluates his behavior by the

principle of Love is the cosmic-minded person. He is the great man. Great in the sense that he has captured the spirit of the universe and found the truth of the maxim of Jesus of Nazareth, "God is LOVE." This man is cosmopolitan as opposed to local; national as opposed to provincial; international as opposed to national; and universal as opposed to international. This is the sturdy man. The man who has looked at life and seen himself in everything and everyone. The man who has looked at everything and seen God.

THE NEW ORDER

When I asked Harnack, the great scholar, what the Christian solution of a certain problem was, he replied, "Christianity provides no solutions; it gives a goal, and power to move on to that goal." That goal is the Kingdom of God on earth. The Kingdom of God is a new Order standing at the door of the lower order. This higher Order, founded on love, justice, goodwill, brotherhood, redemption, stands confronting this lower order founded on selfishness, exploitation, unbrotherliness, with its resultant clash and confusions. This higher Order is breaking into, renewing, cleansing, redeeming the lower order, both within the individual and the collective will wherever we allow it. It will finally replace this lower order, for it is God's Order, the ultimate way to live. Everything else breaks itself upon the moral facts of the universe.

—E. Stanley Jones.

MEDITATION

Meditation is simply prayer without words, prayer of the soul and mind and heart. In its best form, it is like talking to God with the tongue of the spirit and hearing Him answer with the ears of the soul. It is filled with consolations unknown to those who never practice it. At its poorest it is the highest form of prayer, but at its best it is a foretaste of Heaven's joy.

—Bishop F. C. Kelly.

☐ This striking testimony to his faith comes from our Chinese ally.

I Bear My Witness

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek

I HAVE been a Christian for several years and during that time I have been a constant reader of the Bible. Never before was the sacred book so interesting to me as during my two weeks' captivity in Sian.

This unfortunate affair occurred suddenly and I found myself in captivity without a single earthly belonging. From my captors I asked but one thing: the Bible. In my solitude I had ample time for reading and meditation.

The greatness and love of Christ burst upon me with new inspiration, increasing my strength to struggle against evil, to overcome temptation, and to uphold righteousness.

I was deeply conscious of a strong spiritual support, for which I extend hearty thanks to all my fellow-Christians who prayed for me, and to which I testify that the name of God may be glorified.

In all my meditations the words of Christ recurred and provided me with rich spiritual sustenance. Truly great is the love of Christ. Surrounded as I was by enemies, and in their power, I recalled how

He entreated forgiveness for His own enemies: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Before I went to Shensi I was already aware of the perverted thoughts and unusual activities in the army there. I had received reports of the intrigues and revolutionary rumblings that were threatening to undermine the unity of the state. My associates tried to persuade me to abandon the journey, but I replied: "Now that our country is unified and the foundation of the state established, the commander in chief of the armies has responsibilities from which he dare not withdraw. I have dedicated my soul and body to the services of China without regard to my personal safety."

When Christ entered Jerusalem the last time, He knew the danger ahead, but triumphantly He rode into the city without fear. What greatness! What courage! In comparison how unimportant my life must be! So why should I hesitate?

My fondness for my troops has always been as great as the love

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I BEAR MY WITNESS

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between brothers, and this love drew me into the heart of the rebellion.

This disregard of danger caused deep concern to the government and worried the people, and numerous prayers were offered by Christian friends. In the midst of it all my understanding and my love increased.

Following my detention, my captors made demands, offered terms, flattered me, threatened violence and torture and a public trial by the "people's front." On every hand was danger, but my faith in Christ increased and I had no thought of yielding to pressure. In this strange predicament I distinctly recalled the forty days and nights our Lord withstood temptation in the wilderness, His prayers in the garden of Gethsemane, the indignities heaped upon Him at His trial, and the prayers He offered for His enemies while dying upon the cross. I remembered the prayers offered by Dr. Sun Yat-sen during his imprisonment in London. These scenes passed vividly before me again and again like so many pictures.

My strength was redoubled to resist the recalcitrants, and with the vision of Christ on the cross before me, I was determined to make the final sacrifice if called upon to do so. Having determined

upon this course of action, I was comforted and at rest.

Following the settlement of the Sian affair, the rebels were naturally frightened, knowing that their actions were treasonable. But I remembered Christ's injunction to forgive those who sin against us "seventy times seven times" upon their repentance, and I felt that they should be allowed to start life anew.

At the same time I was humbled because my own faith had not been strong enough to influence and restrain my followers.

I am an ardent follower of the revolution begun by Dr. Sun Yat-sen and based by him on San Min Chu I (Principles of the People). Dr. Sun was a Christian, and the greatest thing about him was the love he received from Christ—love which sought the emancipation of the weaker races and the welfare of oppressed peoples. This spirit remains with us now and reaches to the skies. At the outset my faith in Dr. Sun did not appear to have any religious significance, although it was similar to a religious faith. For faith in the cause of revolution is not unlike faith in the religious sense.

Since I began training my Christian cadets and launched the expedition to unify China, I have repeated to my followers two principles:

From the *Minneapolis Star-Journal*, Sunday, May 2, 1943.
By permission of the *North American Newspaper Alliance*.

1. On detecting selfishness on my part, or any plans contrary to the interests of my country and people, any one may accuse me of guilt and put me to death.

2. Should my words or actions betray lack of truth and good faith, or indicate departure from the causes and principles of the Chinese revolution, any of my subordinates may take me for an enemy and put me to death.

I believe these two principles are in line with the spirit of the love of Christ, and the forbearance and magnanimity of Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

Today I find that I have taken a further step and have become a follower of Jesus Christ. This makes me realize more fully than ever that the success of our revolution depends upon men of faith, men of character who, because of their faith, will not sacrifice principle for personal safety under circumstances of difficulty and crisis. In other words, a man's life may be sacrificed or his person held in bondage, but his faith and spirit can never be restrained. Such is

the importance of faith in the revolution and faith in God.

The life of Christ is a long record of affliction and persecution. His spirit for forbearance, His love, and His benevolence shine through it all. No more valuable lesson has yet come to me out of my Christian experience. Without religion there can be no real understanding of life. Without faith our human problems, great and small, are difficult of solution. Often when face to face with opposition and possible danger, we mortals are prone to retreat and to abandon our work half done. Such lack of confidence in ourselves is often due to the absence of a strong religious faith.

What I have said represents my spiritual conceptions, interspersed with a few facts out of my own experience. I offer them as a testimony, and not in any sense to exalt my own worthiness and achievements. I take this opportunity to express my thanks to Christians everywhere for their earnest and continued prayers in my behalf.

"Instead of saying that man is the creature of circumstance, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstance. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstance. From the same material one man builds palaces, another hovels, one warehouses, another villas. Bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks until the architect can make them something else."

—*The Seeker.*

☐ There is no place for hate in our plans for ultimate victory.

Hatred is Unnecessary

The Federal Council of Churches Denounces Hate

THE propagation of hatred in the United States and other countries is wrong. It will not only hinder the war effort but will also make impossible the achieving of a just and durable peace, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America decided March 21st through its executive committee. The statement follows in full:

"We record our gratitude that even in the throes of war there has been so little hatred among the people of the United States and so much discipline and restraint. We commend the recent statement by the National Education Association counseling against 'intense and revengeful rancor' and specifically against teaching hatred of the enemy and desire for revenge. We note with hearty approval that the British commander in chief of the home forces and the chief of the special services division of the United States army have both advocated the same policy in the training of men for combat. After five years of war, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, speaking for the Chinese people, said, 'While it may be difficult for us not to feel bitterness

for the injuries we have suffered at the hands of aggression, let us remember that hatred and recrimination will lead us nowhere.' The people of Great Britain have won our respect because, while facing their enemy with implacable determination, they have refused to permit this resolution to turn into blind hatred and indiscriminate desire for revenge.

"We therefore deplore the public statements of certain citizens, in civilian and military life, urging that we should foster attitudes of hate among our people. It is our conviction that, if we are to achieve the ends we seek as the result of the world conflict, we dare not sacrifice those very values for which we are contending. We do not dispute the necessity for taking such measures as justice requires against evildoers; but we do protest the attempt to develop attitudes of persistent enmity and rancor leading to mere retaliation. We recognize that never before in history has there been so widespread a provocation to hatred. In a world where human beings are still imperfect, it is inevitable that hatred should flare up in the souls

From *The Christian Century*, April 7, 1943.

of those who are the victims and eyewitnesses of degradation and infamy.

"Nevertheless, if that hatred is deliberately fomented and spread until it becomes the emotion that predominantly determines how the United Nations will act, then the forces of evil will have won their greatest victory. They will have infected those who are mightier than the Axis. Thereby they will have assured a continuity of cruelty and folly that will make hatred a self-perpetuating thing and render it impossible for mankind to achieve a just and durable peace.

"If that catastrophe is to be avoided the American people must make a major effort to subject themselves to spiritual discipline and self-control. We profess to be a Christian nation and we have, through God's goodness, become a great and powerful nation. We have not been subjected to the violence of evil men as have the peoples of Europe and Asia whose lands have been overrun and whose homes have been blasted. God, working in ways that are beyond our finite understanding, has so far made it easier for us to obey Christ's injunction against hating our enemies. While we cannot know why that is vouchsafed to us, we do know that it has its price. For to whom much is given, of them is much required. Our easier circumstances make it peculiarly

our duty to prevent the contagious spreading of a hate hysteria that would make men mad.

"Some pretend that hatred, however evil in itself, and however destructive in its long-range consequences, is nevertheless necessary for military victory. Even were this argument sound, we would reject it. For this is a matter where our spiritual allegiance takes precedence over any temporal allegiance. But the argument is demonstrably false. Modern war requires, to an extreme degree, that the military and civilian forces of a nation be cool in their judgments and planning and disciplined in their acts. We would never tolerate a general staff whose decisions were determined by emotional hatreds or whose armies moved under the directive of angry hysteria. Similar coolness of judgment and discipline in action are, in total war, required of the civilian population. That this does not weaken the national will has been shown by the British people.

"The emotional fervor that comes from hatred and vengefulness makes for neither competence nor sustained power. It confuses the thinking, blurs the vision and ultimately undermines the will power of those who rely upon it. Men may be so circumstanced that they cannot wholly avoid this evil. But to seek artificially to create it cannot be too strongly condemned.

☞ Another step on the author's journey about the country.

Rediscovering the Soul of America— Chapter II

Glenn Clark

I JUST finished a journey which was like a tree planted by the River of Life, with rootage in all that I hold near and dear to me.

First, I returned to the old college campus where I began my life with Louise. To this I took my son—to the house where we first met, where she lived, where we were married; the campus where we plighted our troth; through the store her father owned; ending in the church where she and her family attended divine worship.

Then to Carlinville, Illinois, where my mother was born and reared. Here beside the vacant lot where her old home stood was a huge rock, and upon it was inscribed, "Here in 1858 Lincoln gave an address to the citizens of Carlinville in his campaign against Douglas." I remembered Mother telling us how people crowded their front porch and sat on the railings to listen to him, and how he came in and took her upon his lap and told her stories.

This led me down the trail to Springfield, where Dr. Pratt, one of the greatest Lincoln scholars in the world, gave a whole day to

taking me to all the shrines of Lincoln, his home, old Salem filled with memories of Ann Rutledge, the capitol, and finally the tomb where replicas of all the statues of him are found, and all his family except one are buried.

From the precious realities in my own past and the realities in the past of Lincoln, it was a short step to the realities in the lives of the people of the nation. For my journey took me especially to colleges rooted in real things. At Blackburn College, where all the students work their entire way, and at Georgia State College and Friends University, where the students grapple with reality in other forms, but above all, at Berry School, described elsewhere in this issue, I felt I was getting down to the grass roots of reality.

Above all, I felt that this was a special journey into the realities of God. God made all the arrangements, set up all the programs, drew the people, paid the expenses, and not for one moment would He let me forget that He and He alone was doing it all.

And so in all the cities where I went, Grinnell, St. Louis, Car-

linville, Springfield, Quincy, Kansas City, Des Moines, and Wichita, where 1,200 people greeted me every day during Holy Week, I learned that it doesn't matter so much how or what we do, where we go or when we get there, what we say or how we say it, what we plan or how we plan it, provided

God does all the planning, all the directing, and looks after all the results. Yes, the all-important thing is to find Reality and the longer we live the more convinced we become that God is the one great Reality, before which everything else is as nothing. Find Him and we find all.

☐ A little patch of heaven
in the Georgia hills.

A Symposium

For twenty years Emily Vanderbilt Hammond has taken a party of pilgrims from New York to Georgia to visit the Berry Schools. This year Jugoslavia, Hungary and England were represented in the party as well as the United States. Such interesting people visiting so interesting a place created a sort of "Lightning of the Spirit," a little of which we are flashing on these pages through this symposium.

Josephine K. Colgate

I WAS ONE of the fortunate ones to visit Berry this Spring with Mrs. Hammond. I had heard of Martha Berry for many years and so I was delighted to have the opportunity of visiting the school.

We were met at Atlanta and taken to the home of Mrs. Campbell, who is Martha Berry's sister, and after a delicious supper we were motored to the school. The surrounding country was very beautiful and as we approached the school at sunset, the near-by mountains were bathed in the afterglow of the setting sun, truly

a lovely picture. We drove through the "Gate of Opportunity." Boys and girls were on each side of the long driveway holding lighted candles, a symbol that we were entering the "Shrine of Enlightenment."

Milena Pavlovitch Barilli

In the early night in an invisible park, our cars entered through a long and winding road of young people holding, each one, flames in front of their hearts and facing us. At the far end of that glittering road of human fireflies, when we got out of our cars, they all sang to us. That first mutual contact was so moving and romantic

that no one could have marred the transition by spoken words.

Gladys Szechenyi

The earthly setting was as beautiful as one could wish, in that April countryside. Each one of the buildings, from the largest stone hall to the smallest log cabin, was just right, and one was never disappointed on entering it. The frame was never finer than the picture. Some of them were like dream places. The cottage in the woods, where a few girls were studying home economics, was like a play house where little women were realizing a long wished for opportunity. They seemed to have come there to cook and have fun in an ideal home. It wasn't like school or anything terribly serious—just a happy episode. At Possum Trot School, the small children who were studying looked keen and gay. Where the girls were weaving, and sewing, and dyeing, and baking and cooking for hundreds of hungry students, there was the same atmosphere of peace and calm. Each building seemed a perfect unit. Had there been just it to see, it would have been worth seeing.

Those three days will always stand out in my mind for I found in them something that I did not know existed—a living Christianity that works today. It shone out from every face in goodness and

determination, happiness and strength. There were none of the elements that have crept into our public in the last years that shock and jar. Nothing cheap or rough, or cynical, or sophisticated. The boys were strong and fine, and one felt that the girls were as free from makeup inside as they were out, and that they worked with joy and pride for the sake of working, that the opportunities which had been given them were being used to the greatest advantage, and that their school was to them what it seemed to us, a bit of Heaven on earth.

Glenn Clark

Here we found nothing but *real* things and *real* people. Here we got back to the grass roots of the soil and the grass roots of the soul. Here every *real* need found its *real* supply reaching out to meet it and fulfill it.

One real need of all is to learn the dignity, the habit, and the joy of work. Here every student works eight hours a day, two days a week, and attends classes the other four. The students look forward as eagerly to their work days as to their study days—enjoying alike the thrill of working with their hands and working with their heads.

Another *real* need is friendship with real folks, and here there are 1,200 splendid, thoroughbred

young Americans that anyone would be proud to know.

Another real need—a need often overlooked—is the need for beauty, and here beauty is found in overwhelming abundance. The pine forests, the roads, the swans in the streams and the peacocks in the barnyard, the prize cattle, and the wild flowers from the Gate of Opportunity to the House of Dreams simply fill the campus with beauty.

The greatest of all real needs of every young man and woman is to find God. No need to beat about the bush, nothing—neither creeds nor dogma—can satisfy the craving of the human heart like a real experience of God.

Alan Thornhill

Religion at Berry is not a "Subject"—one among many. It is an *object*—the object of all that is done, in the farm as well as in the classroom, in the kitchens and playing fields as well as in the chapel. Miss Berry's object in all that she planned and in all that she built was to equip boys and girls for full, happy, out-going lives of service to others and to their country. For her there was only one basis for such a life, and that was Religion. Not just a religion of Sunday services. The "Sunday lady" was much too real and workaday a person to think that. But a Religion of trusting

and obeying God every hour of every day, and asking for His direction in every project, whether it was baking a cake, or learning a lesson, or building a house.

Barbara Miller

And so our stay was full of fun and interest and inspiration. We saw the children at Possum Trot at work and play. We watched the older students cooking, sewing, weaving and carving. We were entranced by their accomplishments in every kind of work. We heard their beautiful voices through the still evening as they say "Now the Day Is Over." It was always with regret that, as we closed the windows, we realized another day was over and the end of our visit nearer. Although we had to leave Berry, our spirits will remain there because just as the candles struggled bravely against the cold night air so do the boys and girls of Berry stand undaunted facing a world of horror and turmoil. Just as the candles spread warmth and light into the blackness of night, so do these same boys and girls extend into our death-haunted world friendliness, gratitude and love. From this life of worldliness, selfishness and death, the candles still beckon for us, and as weary travelers we will try to follow the flame, the flame of truth and love, back to its origin—back to Berry.

☐ "When dollars cannot cross frontiers, soldiers will." Here is the best practical solution for preventing future wars.

Economic Union

Otto Tod Mallery

WHEN Hell Gate Bridge was being built to connect New England with the South, a caisson had to be sunk in a certain spot in the East River where the piers must rest. On this spot a sunken barge was found half-buried in the mud. Two, three, four, five tugs could not budge it. Then a workman suggested: *Use the tide instead of the tugs!* So at low tide a flat boat was floated above it and fastened to the sunken barge beneath. When the tide rose the tide lifted the barge out of the mud. Then the piers were built in the right place.

The sunken barge represents liberal international trade, sunk and covered with mud these many years. The barge was set aleak and sunk by colliding with trade barriers. Somehow this old sunken barge has to be lifted out of the mud before the foundations of any new bridge of trade can be constructed. A force is required more powerful than tugs, more powerful than steam, more powerful than any mechanical churning of

the waters. *What cannot be dragged may be lifted.* The sunken barge of trade must be fastened to a rising tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to victory.

Can the tides of today lift the wreck of yesterday, sweeping away the discarded, the old, the inferior, and sweeping in the fresh, the new, the better? Is Economic Union the first wave of such a rising tide? May it not be the foremost line of waves of an incoming tide, each seventh wave edging a little farther up the beach, each wave a part of the same tide which, far out to sea, is invisibly lifting ships of all nations that trust to its mighty action?

Economic Union is an extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreement Program which bears the honored name of Secretary of State Cordell Hull and which has the approval of the American people.

The Hull Reciprocal Trade Agreements deny that trade can only follow the flag of empire. They assert that trade will follow mutual agreements between po-

From *Economic Union and Durable Peace* by Otto Tod Mallery. Harper and Brothers, publishers, 1943. Price, \$2.00.

litical equals. They deny that it is necessary to occupy a country to trade with it, or that it is necessary to have exclusive markets. World markets are, in the long run, better than exclusive markets because that which is shared by consent is less costly than that which is held by coercion.

Each of the Hull Trade Agreements is made between two countries only. Why not plan these agreements by group negotiation so that they cover several countries? When we do this, when we take this next step in international agreement, we shall be establishing the base of Economic Union.

As the story unfolds, it will be seen that Economic Union is not a *supernational* political organization because it does not rule nations. Neither is it *international* in the sense that its governing body is composed of the responsible ministers of nations. It is rather *extra-national* in so far as it is partly managed by representatives of economic groups. The meaning of these distinctions will become clearer later, after Economic Union has been compared with other forms of association between nations.

Economic Union is not a political alliance or a federation of states. It does not depend upon political unification of the world or upon the prevalence of a single

form of political organization. Nor does it depend upon world economic unification. It assumes continued diversity of political and economic organization. If a single political framework is impracticable, then a series of economic groups must be the alternative. On the other hand, if a large part of the world is capable of being politically unified by federation, as proposed by Clarence Streit in "Union Now," or otherwise, then Economic Union may be regarded as a framework upon which the early stages of federal Economic Union could be built.

If the League of Nations were to be reconstructed, the methods of Economic Union would fit into its original intention of reducing trade barriers and increasing the access of all nations to the raw materials of the colonies. If a world political union or federation is impracticable, then Economic Union of a few or of many nations under United States leadership remains a possibility during a period of transition and reconstruction.

If regions are to be the basis of a world order, each Economic Union may be a geographical region, without excluding the principle of ultimately enlarging any region to include a larger and larger section of the world.

There is no novel element in Economic Union. There are no

new ingredients in cellophane. But when well-known substances are combined, the result may be an entirely new synthetic. When well-known political and economic ideas and institutions are fused by the fiery temperature of human suffering, cooled by reason, and tempered by experience, the product, Economic Union, may be capable of new uses. Economic Union is a plastic—a plastic less rigid and less brittle, more elastic and more capable of wrapping itself neatly around a package of trouble, than were the bristling political systems of our day. Its ingredients are old, even if its implications are new. In the laboratory all these implications cannot be foreseen any more than were those of cellophane; nor can the methods and objectives of Economic Union be fully understood without reminding ourselves of the unsound economic and trade policies of many nations, including our own, which Economic Union aims to modify and eventually to replace.

Although there is nothing perfect in any method, one that has worked is preferable to one that has never been tried. Therefore, Economic Union should be based upon the participation of representatives of employers, workers, and governments. Their decisions should not be binding until ratified by their respective governments. When so ratified, they will be more

firmly based, more widely understood, and more likely to lead to continuing progress. Release and expression will be given through Economic Union to powerful elements, expanding forces, and potent ideals not operative in previous purely political organizations.

Destiny seems to hand to the American people the ultimate balance of power and of resources in the world after the war.

What would you and I like to do with this power?

Once upon a time an American investigator died and went to heaven. Before settling down he asked to be allowed to satisfy his curiosity by visiting hell. He found a circle of hungry-looking cadaverous individuals around a banquet table spread with a great feast. Each man had a long metal spoon strapped to the inside of his arm, like a splint, so that he could not bend his elbow. No one could feed himself. They sat, hungry and disconsolate. On his return to heaven, he found another delicious banquet spread, surrounded by a circle of well-fed and happy people. Each man had the same kind of spoon, strapped in the same way. Each was feeding his opposite neighbor.

In this parable you, the reader, are the investigator. The warring peoples of Europe, Asia, and

Africa are the hungry, cadaverous people who have been starving themselves to death because of their unwillingness to cooperate for peace and prosperity. The people of the United States would like to be among the well-fed and happy ones. They would like to see other people happy, well-fed, and more prosperous. They believe this will happen if each nation will consent to aid its neighbors—to feed them and in turn be fed by them. To study plans for preserving peace in the post-war world is the most important homework in the school of life.

The pages of history are cluttered up with the failures of economic empires. A fresh page lies open before us. The future of every man and woman in the United States and of every child, born and unborn, depends upon whether the United States follows the old road of economic empire or builds a new road of Economic Union.

That an attempt at a durable peace failed in 1918 is the best reason for trying again now. The worst effects of this war may be averted by solving some of the issues which precipitated it. If European and American statesmen were once not wise enough, that is the reason for greater wisdom now. Few deny that the major issues are economic or that any peace would be only an armistice until an economic basis has been

found on which the people of the strongest military nations in Europe and in Asia can live on the same earth with the people of the strongest naval and industrial powers. Until that basis is established, small nations will be mutilated and blockaded and the United States will offer its vast resources and virile youths to determine the temporary balance of world power.

Let us seek a settlement so sound economically that the youth of the United States, long unemployed and without enough openings to earn a useful living, can make new homes and maintain them. Let the full impact of the gains of science and invention be used, not for destruction, retaliation, and economic conflict, sowing new seeds of war, but for raising new standards of living at home and abroad. Science and invention offer the American people, and eventually all peoples, the opportunity for such comfort, grace, beauty and safety of living as our forefathers never dreamed. Yet these same forefathers dreamed an even greater dream of America, the Land of the Free.

Let us sit down in front of the limitations of things as they are and produce a masterpiece of things as they might be. In patience and fortitude let us seek to find a basis for a dynamic peace, and for restoring the years which the locusts have eaten.

“You can't hate people, because people are life, and you love life.”

She Was a Strange Girl

Luella Markley Mockett

“I DO hope Elsie's next will be a girl,” said Mrs. Sparrow, clipping off a pink thread with her teeth and turning the little outing flannel garment in her lap. “Seeing her last two have been boys. Now Victoria, if she had one to look forward to, maybe she'd take it different.”

“Victoria doesn't take things like other people do,” said Mrs. Matthews bitterly. “Even when she was a little girl she'd go on in the strangest fashion. I couldn't get anything out of her about things. The way she has acted this last month is just the same—only worse.”

Victoria sat by the sea wall in the garden. With her eyes half-closed against reality, she could make out that the sea gulls, flying now dark, now silver in the sun, were a squadron of distant airplanes, turning, banking, heading into the wind. A single monoplane broke formation and came in over the Gate, as David's plane had so often come.

Near and directly overhead it soared, but she wilfully projected it into a great distance, refusing to

accept it for what it was, until he landed smoothly on the sea wall, a pompous gray and white gull, delicately balancing on his diamond-shaped pink feet.

To Victoria the silent landing was accompanied by the shriek of motors tearing into impenetrable granite, the grinding of strong metal into minute fragments, the roar of one final explosion which destroyed the universe and herself.

“If she'd only go on with the garden,” said Mrs. Matthews. “They hunted up all the rocks to build the terraces, and on her birthday he gave her some kind of a fancy primrose. That's the last thing I'd have thought she'd like.”

Victoria shoved the trowel into the soil and the small soft crunch of sand against the metal was an agony of sound. It too was the shattering of steel against mountain tops. It was the splintering of white bones as they tore through brown flesh.

David built toy ships and sent them into the air on doomed flights, reflected Victoria bitterly. David took a woman who had

From the story *She Was a Strange Girl*, McCalls, March, 1943. By permission.

made herself into a thing of impregnable hardness, transformed her into a creature soft with moods and emotions, and then flew his airplane into a mountain top.

"I can't stand it," said Victoria, seeing the wilting garden and the broken ships. "He has been dead a month now. Why don't you snap out of it? Other people have died. Other women's husbands have gone to war," they seemed to chorus ruthlessly.

Mrs. Matthews was telling the story of Victoria to her sister. "She wouldn't ever do things like other girls. She just read books, or else she played tennis and basket ball and things like that. It was a load off my mind when she married, even though she barely mentioned it in a letter one day. She wrote, 'I'm married to an aviator named David Hall. We have taken a house up on a cliff which overlooks the ocean, and are very happy.' It seemed strange for a girl to write her own mother that way about getting married. I wrote David and said how glad we were to welcome him into the family, and he wrote me a real nice letter. He said there must be something special about the mother of a girl like Victoria because he had never found any-one else like her at all."

Mrs. Sparrow featherstitched a neat pink corner and said, "We called on them after you wrote us,

and we thought David was just awfully nice. Victoria said she wasn't much good at looking people up, but she dropped in to see Elsie one morning and played with the little boys. She talked to them about airplanes, and they seemed to think she was just grand."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what's to become of her," said Mrs. Matthews. "I don't suppose we'd know about Davy's death if it hadn't been in all the papers. It was a wonderful thing he did, volunteering like that right off when he could have stayed home safe."

Victoria shrank back to the refuge of her life with David. "This is Victoria," said David, presenting her to his friends. "She is wonderful because she is not afraid of winds and storms and flying. Once upon a time she was just a beautiful statue who painted clever pictures, but I made her fall in love with me and she came to life. Now she lives with me on the top of a cliff, and we talk about books and horses and flying. She beats me at tennis and I tell her what's wrong with her painting. Come, Victoria, let's go home."

They went up the path to the cliff top in a universe simplified by a thick fog which shut out everything but themselves. "I love it this way," said Victoria. "When it's like this I am alive. When I am flying in a ship, or riding a

horse, I am alive. With people I am dead. I hate people!"

"You can't hate people," said David simply, "because people are life, and you love life. You can try to solve people like riddles—to take them apart and strive to understand them. You can agree with them or disagree, or think them stupid or interesting, but you can't hate them."

"I do hate them," said Victoria stubbornly. "I can't be alive with them. I must have died somehow, a long time ago."

"Not died," said David gently, drawing her back to him. "You were hurt by something you couldn't understand, and it was your way to hate people for it forever. But you mustn't," he said, and his words were a command. "You see, the world is not this one small spot on a cliff top. It is a vast world, and one must be ready to live in it anywhere, whatever happens. I have found you for myself. But I shall not be here forever. None of us will, and my time is shorter than most. Look back, Victoria, and find the thing which hurt you. Understand it, and then don't let it be more important than it is. You might be a great artist but you aren't. Your color and lines are perfection, but you are vicious. You hate too much. You must learn to love as intensely as you hate, and then you may be worthy to endure. Great-

ness comes from understanding—not from hate.

"I'm going away, Victoria," David said, telling her for the first time. "There are men who need medicines desperately. If anybody can get through to them, I can. I want you to understand why I went—because I love life more than I love myself—more, even, than I love you. Try to understand, won't you?"

"Yes," said Victoria, and the thought was plain and clear to her. She could do it easily, with David to show her the way.

A tiny silver gull floated far out over the water. "Like that," thought Victoria, "like that he went away, and delivered the medicine, and then flew into a mountain. He didn't have to go. Someone else could have gone in his place."

"Pick off the blossoms and buds when you transplant," David had said, "bury the root deep." Victoria dug hard with her trowel and cut right through the root of the flower. "I have killed the primrose," she thought. She seemed to have cut through everything which bound her thoughts to the garden.

She fastened herself in her place by intently regarding little near things—the tracery of lichens on a rock, the swelling ooze on the severed stem, a wasp, dressed in a suit of black and yellow velvet. The wasp flew away and carried

Victoria's thoughts with him. They went easily to a time of her childhood and to another wasp she had once seen gathering mud. She traveled again the journey with her father and mother along the dusty road which led straight from town.

"Land's not worth much," observed Mr. Matthews. "But the mortgage was cheap at that, and this might be oil country some day. Anyhow, it's always fair grazing land."

To Victoria, bouncing about alone on the back seat, everything was exactly and beautifully right—the sound, the color, the smell of things.

Where the grassy ruts flowed at last to their very end, in the hollow of three low hills, there stood a doll's house of rough white limestone, and a tiny barn for toy animals, and a quiet little windmill with a broken fan. "Look," cried Victoria, "the darling little house."

"I'm sure I don't know who'd want to live in it," Mrs. Matthews said, dusting at herself with a handkerchief.

Victoria hid her rapture in a silent, secret place where no one could reach it, but she had to press her hands hard over her mouth when two little dolls stepped out of the house. Simultaneously they raised their hands to shade their eyes against the glare. They grew larger as the distance lessened, and

became a little old man in blue overalls and a little old woman in a blue dress and white apron.

"How perfectly perfect," sang Victoria's thoughts, over and over.

While her father talked to the little old man beside the barn, and her mother went into the house with the little old woman, Victoria watched a wasp in a suit of black and yellow velvet gather building materials from the mud which remained at the bottom of the drying and rusted watering tank. She felt how she loved the little old dolls and their tiny house, tucked safely in the silence of the hills.

Half-hidden in the tumbleweeds which clung to the sagging fence beyond the garden, she noticed a curious board with some letters on it, old and crookedly carved. Victoria stopped to read them. The little old woman doll came out of the house and walked toward her with short, quick steps, as if she had been newly wound. The little puckered mouth opened and began to speak. "There was my little dog Schotsie," she said. "He was all the baby I ever had. You come to see him sometimes when I am gone, ya?"

"Oh, yes," promised Victoria promptly. But it was incredible that the dolls should leave their little stone house. "Are you going away?" she asked, astonished.

"Oh, ya," said the woman, nod-

ding. "Your pop, he takes the farm now. Twenty-five years we been here, and we owe him so much moneys than we can pay."

"But we don't need the money," faltered Victoria. "I'll speak to Papa. I'll ask him to let you stay."

The old woman did not hear her. She kept looking at the little grave, and said once more, wistfully, "You come to see him sometime, ya?" Victoria stood miserably by the crooked headstone, speechless with the burning tears she was holding back. Mrs. Matthews came out of the house, buttoning her duster. "Come on, Victoria," she called. There was nothing to do but climb silently onto the hot leather cushions of the back seat.

Victoria pressed her face against the little oval glass in the back of the car and watched the dolls come to attention with their hands before their eyes. She fought the swelling sobs from her throat until she could speak. "You can't take their house from them," she said violently.

"Whose house? What are you talking about?" asked her father.

"The doll's house—the little old people—where they live—" she could get no more words through her tight throat.

"You mean those folks back there?" asked the astonished Mr. Matthews. "Why, child, they can't stay there any longer.

They're old. They're going back to Pennsylvania where they've got kinfolk to look after them. And besides, I've foreclosed the place."

"You could give their house back to them, Papa, as a present," she begged hopelessly.

"They're lucky to get rid of it," said Mr. Matthews.

Victoria lay silently on the seat all the way home. She refused ice cream at the drugstore and at home went to bed without her supper. She was Victoria, going off alone to grieve over the little dolls, and to hate her parents who had caused their destruction.

A cool wing of fog brushed her cheek and she awoke from her reverie as if waking from her childhood sleep. Waking, she tried to cling to the bitter grief she remembered but somehow she had cut through it as surely as she had cut through the primrose.

"There was a picture to paint, but I didn't know it then. David, David, I've looked back, and I've found what began it. The poor little old things," she murmured with intense pity. "It was a child's perspective I clung to. I forgot the old people long ago, but I remembered the bitterness, and on that I built a belief that no one understood me. I built a wall to shut people out, and that's how I came to shut myself in. And when I looked out through my wall, I saw only with bitterness and hate.

I mixed bitterness with my paints, and let hate guide my hand. Only David broke through my wall. And I found I could not shut him out, because he understood me and I loved him. I thank you, David, for this flower," she said, and dropped the broken stalk into the sharp-fingered surf. Then she went into the house.

"I was just going," said Mrs. Sparrow, biting off an unfinished thread. Victoria stood silent. David

would have known what to say. David did not despise women who talked only of coming grandchildren and the way their husbands liked their roast beef done. David said they were important to life. Suddenly Victoria wanted to do a picture of the worn, complacent woman, near-sightedly feather-stitching baby garments under the lamp. She felt a mighty warmth within her, and knew a great yearning in her fingers.

Prayer Hours

Helen Clark Wentworth

FROM Mrs. Robert Berger of Lincoln, Nebraska, comes this statement: "You might be interested in sort of a chain idea that is developing down here. Every hour, on the hour, quite a few Lincoln people of various denominations pray for peace and love in the hearts of all of the people in the world, so that the war may be shortened if that is God's will. They keep this in mind for five minutes. Any of them who want to tell their friends about it do so—so of course we'll never know how many people are tuning in."

From Mrs. Don Allen of Des Moines, Iowa, comes the word: "This morning about twenty-five were here for the monthly meeting of our Prayer Tower. We

went back to the eight o'clock Des Moines hour with renewed vigor. We also found ourselves a link in a chain of Mississippi Valley prayer groups: Minneapolis and St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Wichita, Oklahoma and Texas. These places all have prayer groups that we know of and zig-zag south from St. Paul like lightning! How do you like that? We love it! We are going to try to get in touch with them all and may need your help."

It is not Lincoln and Des Moines alone which are doing this. Other cities are observing a prayer hour in one form or another. Some are denominational groups; many are made up of people of all faiths and creeds. What is important is that people everywhere are learn-

ing to depend on prayer.

Some weeks ago we at the Macalester Park Publishing Company started out to observe the prayer hour. Each hour one or another of the staff or the volunteer workers quietly rises from his or her desk, withdraws into an "inner room," and there for three minutes turns in prayer to the One whose Kingdom we are striving to bring upon earth. It is amazing how much more smoothly the routine tasks unfold when the wheels have been oiled with prayer.

We do want our readers to realize that any one who enters into prayer at any hour of the day is not alone. He is joining his prayer with many others all over the world, who are praying for the coming of God's Kingdom and the end of all wars, and all hate, and all injustice.

It has been suggested that there be held a "United Nations Day of Prayer," to inject into the veins of the world through prayer the positive virus of Faith, Hope and Love to offset the disease germs of hate, revenge, fear and despair that are rampant now. Or that we observe a "global day of prayer, praying for an uplift of humanity and the world's spiritual awakening."

That prayer should be, not for peace at any price, but for a cleansing of the United Nations

that they may be prepared for a peace that shall be permanent; that the Four Freedoms shall be established in all parts of the world.

All those who desire to do so are asked to join with us in special prayer on the fourth day of each month for the remainder of this fateful year of 1943. August Fourth will be in preparation for the big day of prayer on September Fourth. October Fourth and November Fourth might be used for "follow up" days. We shall see later whether December Fourth should be set aside as another *very special* Day of Prayer.

This call comes not from the League of Nations, nor the National Government, nor the Federal Council of Churches, and it is not broadcast by radio, newspapers or the blowing of trumpets. It is called by a group of praying men and directed especially to those who profoundly believe in the power of prayer. The call is being spread secretly by word of mouth, at inspirational camps, at churches, at Sunday School classes, wherever the spirit moves. Among the men calling this are Rufus Jones, Stanley Jones, Glenn Clark, Sam Shoemaker, Frank Laubach, Rufus Moseley, Starr Daily, Sherry Day, H. Glenn Harding, Walter Judd, Howard Thurman, John Magee, and others with whom prayer is the most real thing in the world.

Bound Volumes of Clear Horizons

For the present, it is impossible to have Volume III of CLEAR HORIZONS bound. However, at \$1.25 the copy, there are still a few copies of the first and second bound volumes on hand. Since the subject matter in these quarterlies is not a perishable commodity, but food for the soul, to have these volumes on your shelves is to provide yourself with a veritable storehouse of priceless value.

LET US RECEIVE YOUR ORDER SOON, AS THE NUMBER OF COPIES IS LIMITED.

There are still certain single copies available, at 25c the copy: March, 1941, Immortality; January, 1942, Deepening the Spiritual Life; April, 1942, Guidance; July, 1942, Prayer; October, 1942, Facing the War in a Spiritual Way; April, 1943, Faith and Prayer, and some of the first year, 1940.

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"A Woman's Prayer for Her Man Over There"

O God,

I Make this prayer for HIM.

He has gone into War. Let HIM find the higher meanings of War, and not the lower; war's beauty, and not its ugliness.

Let HIM find such things as self-surrender for the common good, self sacrifice for an ideal, such devotion to a cause as shall develop heroism, such patience under hardship as shall create strength of soul, such courage in peril as shall bring out all that is noble and Godlike in HIM.

Let this war be, to HIM, an adventure fine and wonderful, an education wherein HE shall learn life's deepest lessons, an apprenticeship for ultimate manliness, a training that shall provide HIM a perfect body, a spiritual opportunity that shall enable HIS soul to come to its due stature.

Keep HIM from war's debasements: from excesses that loosen life; from cruelty and brutality that harden life; from lust and drunkenness that rot life; from dishonor, cowardice, and all things that make life coarse and common.

If HE shall have good fortune, favor, and advancement, give HIM modesty and the greatness of spirit that shall leave HIM unspoiled.

If it be deemed by destiny that HE shall be wounded, or taken prisoner, or be in anyway unfortunate, may HE show that noble spirit which redeems disaster.

And if HE fall, if HIS life be among those that are to pay the penalty of the world's misgovernment, may HE die as a hero, leaving to me the memory of HIS great sacrifice as an undying inspiration.

O God, let HIM ever feel that my loving thoughts hover about HIM night and day, as guardian angels.

Make HIM a help and not a hindrance to HIS comrades.

Make HIM the pride and not the shame of HIS country.

And keep HIM the hope of my heart, and nest of my dreams, the chosen one of my love, my treasure of treasures, that I give to my God and my country.

Let me be in every way worthy of HIM.

And bring us, in Thy divine mercy, some sweet day to a blessed reunion, where all these severed, bleeding heart-strings shall be healed and knitted up.

Thou, who art all compassion, hear this cry of a woman's soul for one she loves more than her own life.

The Joy of Sharing

My copy of CLEAR HORIZONS—also booklets—came yesterday and I cannot tell you how precious they are to me.

I want duplicate copies of the booklets to loan to others. I will read my copies over and over, for, for several years I have been practically a shut-in. I am also hard of hearing, but my audiphone isn't powerful enough for me to hear sermons, so I listen to the radio with it.

I am so thankful that your booklets are reasonable enough in price so that I can buy and share them.

I am so sorry I am not financially able to attend the Camp Farthest Out.

My first impulse is always to share. Five of those booklets are already to be loaned on Sunday.

In closing I want to tell you an odd occurrence. In order to get my Catholic neighbor to go back to church I said I'd go to Mass if she would go. She claimed she was too weak to go. For two Sundays I have gone with her.

After Mass was over, I turned to the woman next to me and said, "Your face is so pleasant, I'd like to shake hands with you." She was incredulous. Then her face lit up. She asked for my name. When I was about to leave her, she asked me if I would help her down the steps, as she had injured her knee and was lame.

Now I had broken my shoulder last November and blood poisoning had set in and I had been saved by prayer. So I could tell her with absolute assurance that prayer would heal her. God guided me to sit beside a woman who needed my testimony, possibly the only one who did.

Your booklets feed one and as soon as I know CLEAR HORIZONS is due I can hardly wait until my copy reaches me. I've talked a whole lot, haven't I, but perhaps this will be my only contact with the outside world today.

Sincerely,

Anna E. Hamilton
Route 3, Box 421
Pensacola, Florida
