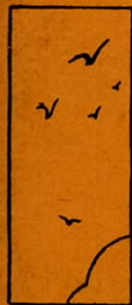


Clear Horizons

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

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Clear Horizons

VOL. 4, NO. 2

OCTOBER, 1943

Day follows day, week follows week, month follows month, year follows year, and we are still living in a world where brother man fights against brother man; where planes hover over helpless cities with their death-dealing cargoes of bombs, submarines and battleships fill the seas, and tanks and guns and thousands upon thousands of armed men are stalking their prey day and night.

Living in such a world, we needs must look above the smoke filled foreground to mountains in the distance, and say with the psalmist, "From whence shall my help come? My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even forevermore."

So, in this October number of CLEAR HORIZONS we are thinking of the Reality of God, what He means to His children, men and women of the present day and of the past. As we realize that He is a living Power, that this is His world, and thus get a farther view and better perspective on the events of the day in which we live, our Faith in the ultimate victory grows.

Love, not hate; peace, not warfare; joy, not sorrow; these are the attitudes CLEAR HORIZONS urges upon its readers. And that spirit can only be achieved where there is Faith that good is more powerful than evil, and that the forces of God will overcome the forces of Evil.

CLEAR HORIZONS

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

GLENN CLARK, *Editor*

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Clear Horizons

An Adventure in Solving Problems in a Heavenly Way

Fourth Year

Volume 4, No. 2

☐ The second in command of the Rickenbacker party tells how his faith in prayer grew.

For Thou Art With Me

Lieut. James C. Whitaker

I WONDER how I ever could have seen anything of beauty in the shark-ridden waste of mountainous swell of the Pacific, and the scalding heat. It took the life of one of my companions and clutched at the rest of us, who were saved only by the intervention of God and two divine miracles. There were five of us, members of the United States Army Air Corps, about to take off for home from Honolulu. Then we learned that we and our Fortress had been reassigned to carry Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker and a military aide, Col. Hans Adamson, upon a secret mission for the War Department.

Johnny Bartek, our engineer, had many duties, but he always found time to read from a little

khaki covered New Testament. In those days, the sight of that little Bible and Johnny's serious face as he read it invariably handed me a chuckle.

I fired up the motors and two minutes later we were at the runway. I ran up all four engines and we were on our way to the first of a series of baffling misadventures that were to dog us for three weeks. Half-way through the take-off and rolling at about 60 miles an hour, a brake expander tube let go, partially locking one wheel. A brief inspection showed repairs that night were out of the question so a second Fortress of much later type was rolled out and was started warming up. During this I saw DeAngelis, our navigator, critically examining his

From *We Thought We Heard the Angels Sing* by Lieut. James C. Whitaker. E. P. Dutton and Co., publishers, 1943.

octant. This, like the sextant, is employed to measure angles and angular distances and to observe altitudes to ascertain latitude and longitude.

"Anything wrong with the gadget?" I asked.

"Doesn't seem to be," DeAngelis answered. "It got an awful wallop, though. During the groundloop (when we landed) it got shot across the table and banged the side of the plane."

He carried the octant aboard the new plane. Hours later, Bill Cherry, our pilot and commander, had been tuning up the radio and tinkering with the DF control to get a bearing on the radio compass. It would move only a few degrees of the circle it was supposed to describe. Then we discovered that we had missed the island where we were to refuel. Then we remembered the octant which had been smashed against the side of the plane during the groundloop. Undoubtedly it had been thrown out of adjustment. Bill Cherry put it into words. "We're lost."

As we attempted to alight on the rough sea, we heard the voice of DeAngelis: "Do you fellows mind if I pray?"

I recall a feeling of intense irritation then at DeAngelis' suggestion of prayer. I thought what a hell of a time to talk about praying when we needed all our wits

to save our lives! How often and how ashamedly was I to remember those brash thoughts in the days to come. We were to learn in the blazing days to come that voices infinitely weaker can be heard if directed to God in adversity.

Landing on the water, and with three small rafts inflated we got clear of the plane, unshipped our aluminum oars and got the rafts together.

On the evening of the second day adrift, I noticed that Johnny Bartek was reading his Testament. Something—I don't know what it was then—kept me from heckling him. It was strangely comforting. It was pocket sized, khaki bound, and had a zipper arrangement that made it waterproof. That last feature saved the little book for us through many a watery day and night to come. There are times in this war—in any war—when the kids need something more than just themselves to hang on to.

One evening Bartek got out his Testament and by common consent we pulled the rafts together for a prayer meeting. We said the Lord's Prayer. (I knew only a word here and there.) I didn't have the least notion that this open-air hallelujah meeting was going to do any good; neither did I resent it. I simply felt it couldn't do any harm. In addition it prob-

ably would be good for morale. I observed that Rick seemed to encourage the suggestion. Col. Adamson was reading from the Testament. He read from the sixth chapter of Matthew:

"Therefore take ye no thought, saying: What shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? For your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need for all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

I thought of these words during the wet, dreary night that followed. I dismissed them finally with the decision I would believe when I saw the food and drink. I was destined to see something startlingly like proof the following night. When the cool of the evening came, it was quite a while before we could summon the energy to assemble the rafts and open our prayer service. I found I was learning the Lord's Prayer. There was a general prayer for food in which I joined, still passively. Cherry repeated his favorite passage about food and drink on the morrow. His voice went on. I realized with a start that he was praying. He was addressing the

Lord as "Old Master." He was saying it with deference and reverence, simply and directly. It was obvious he was deeply in earnest:

"Old Master, we know this isn't a guarantee we'll eat in the morning. But we're in an awful fix, as You know. We sure are counting on a little something by day after tomorrow, at least. See what You can do for us, Old Master."

This is the way we all came to talk to God; just as we would talk to anyone we respected and from whom we craved a boon. We made it simple. There was nothing irreverent or kidding about it. Men don't kid when the chips are down.

Cherry finished his talk to God. Then he fired off our evening flare in the hope that something might happen. And it did! We could see barracuda playing havoc with a school of fish attracted by the glare. Two fair-sized specimens, pursued by the barracuda, broke water and plumped into our raft!

The seventh night we prayed for water rather than food. But the heat the next day increased to oven intensity. But the events of that day from late afternoon on can never be driven from my memory. The time came for the prayer service and it was a chore to haul the rafts alongside one another.

I joined more wholeheartedly than ever before in the prayers. It may have been because of my terrible need or it may have been

a growing conviction that no human agency, acting alone, could save us. I don't know. When the group prayer had been completed, Cherry addressed the Lord in his forthright fashion: "Old Master, we called on You for food and You delivered. We ask You now for water. We've done the best we could. If You don't make up Your mind to help us pretty soon, I guess that's all there'll be to it. It looks like the next move is up to You."

I think now that that prayer, despite its informal wording, has just about everything in it a prayer should have. It presents a petition to God and at the same time it expresses resignation to God's will. Finally, it implies the belief—the faith—that the petition will be granted.

I got to thinking that this was God's chance to make a believer of Jim Whitaker. If there was indeed a God and He could ignore a prayer like that, then He must be a pretty heartless being.

I became aware something was tugging insistently at my consciousness. I looked over to the left. A cloud that had been fleecy and white a while ago now was darkening by the second. While I watched, a bluish curtain unrolled from the cloud to sea. It was rain—and moving toward us. "Here she is!" Cherry shouted. "Thanks, Old Master!" Another minute and

we were being deluged by sheets of cold water.

Faith is a fragile thing and elusive. As the sun rose on our ninth day adrift, the opinion was general that we would all die in our rafts out there on the Pacific. This was in the face of the life-saving rain of the night before which I had regarded as a pretty convincing answer to prayer. At Prayers after our scalding ninth day, I joined feelingly in worship. I know this: I wanted to believe.

Yet, in all honesty, I must confess that there remained enough of my old and false pride to make me say to myself: "Let's not overlook any bets."

I pondered that night on an expression I had heard somewhere out in the Southwest Pacific: "There are no atheists in the fox-holes of Guadalcanal." I can tell you now that there can be no atheists in rubber rafts amid white-caps and sharks in the equatorial Pacific. I was finding my God in those watery wastes and we were meeting as strangers. We might have remained strangers had it not been for Him. He was soon to send the two divine miracles that twice more were to save my life and change the way of it about as completely as a life can be changed.

The thirteenth day adrift had burst upon us as a scorcher. Just after ten o'clock a rain squall

blotted out the sun. We prayed aloud for it to reach us. It was less than a quarter of a mile away when a perverse wind shunted it away.

"God," I prayed, "You know what that water means to us. The wind has blown it away. It is in Your power, God, to send back that rain. It's nothing to You, but it means life to us. The wind is yours. You own it. Order it to blow that rain to us who will die without it."

There are some things that cannot be explained by natural law. The wind did not change, but the receding curtain of rain stopped where it was. Then, ever so slowly, it started back toward us—against the wind!

On the twenty-first day adrift, across the horizon stretched a line of palm trees. Just before 12 o'clock we had reached a point less than 250 feet from shore. Then something happened. A wild current swept us out to sea again. Only a miracle could set our feet

on that island. I cried out: "God! Don't quit me now!" The prayer I uttered that afternoon was more than desperate. It was an anguished supplication, shouted above the wind and the rain. It came from the depths of my soul. And there were no mental reservations this time. I was calling to my God, who alone could save us. The answer was immediate and miraculous; it was the second of the two divine miracles.

Strength surged back into my shoulders and arms. I was not conscious of exerting any strength. There were other hands than mine on those oars. As steadily as though drawn by a cable attached to a steam winch on shore, we moved through the treacherous surface, amid the sharks, and in the face of a buffeting rain squall. It was the second miracle and I recognized it as such. We inched the vulnerable rubber boat across the reef and into the calmer water beyond. It was our first solid land in three weeks.

God is the presence, warm, all-enfolding, touching the drab world into brilliance, luring the sad heart into song, indescribable, beyond understanding; yet by a bird's note, a chord of music, a light at sunset, the sudden movement of rapt insight, a touch of love, making the whole universe a safe home for the soul.

—Arya Samaj of India.

¶ Let us establish "Prayer Banks."

WHO KNOWS HOW MANY PRAYERS?

Recently I was with a group of friends where a young man from New Zealand was present. He was an officer in the New Zealand Merchant Marine, and was telling of his experiences at sea. As is generally known, the merchant marine is the most dangerous of all the armed services, counting a higher rate of casualties than any other. A very likeable chap in every way, he was telling, with no attempt whatever to dramatize his experiences, two instances when his ships had been sunk under him. Once his ship was torpedoed at night, and sank in three minutes. Another time it was bombed from overhead, by planes. Both sinkings were in the cold seas of the North Atlantic.

Finally, when he had finished, one of the party, deeply touched by his account, turned and said in a hushed voice, "And when you climbed aboard the rescue ship, weren't you tremendously grateful? Didn't you utter at least a little prayer of thanks to God in your heart?"

The young officer smiled, and answered thoughtfully, "No, I didn't. You see I am not a religious man. If I had done so, I would admit it frankly."

Later one of the group in speaking of the situation said, "Well, maybe *he* didn't pray; but who knows how many *others* aboard were praying, and *had* been praying all during the voyage?"

Yes, and who knows how many thousands and even millions of others, mothers and fathers, wives and sweethearts, sisters and brothers, and just friends, have been praying for their boys, and *all other boys*, at sea?

Another man, when this was related to him, said, "Here is a new idea worthy of thoughtful consideration. Thousands of people are giving of their blood to be sent in blood banks wherever there are wounded boys who do not have enough blood to meet the shocks of battle. Is there not an even greater need for thousands of us to be giving of our prayers to be sent in 'prayer banks' wherever there are boys wounded in soul or body who do not have enough prayer and faith to overcome the shocks of battle!"

Just this evening the idea struck me that wherever there are army camps now, may they someday be replaced by camps of Religious Retreats.

From a letter from Corporal James Speliopoulos, in a Georgia Camp.

¶ A convincing argument of the reality of God by the author of "A Testament of Devotion."

God

Thomas R. Kelly

How can we be sure that God is real, and not just a creation of our wishes? We have disquieting desires for a God, for a real God. There come to us times of loneliness when we seem to have a premonition of a deep vastness in ourselves, when the universe about us, gigantic as it is in all its starry depths, seems cramped and narrow for our souls, and something makes us long for an abiding Home. We have times of fatigue, of confusion, of exhaustion, of utter discouragement, when we long for a serene and everlasting Bosom on which to lay our heads and be at peace. But how can we be sure that what we call God is not a product of our wishful thinking, a self-delusion we create, a giant shadow of our longing flung up against the sky and asserted to be real?

We have moments when we long, not for freedom and yet more freedom, but for self-surrender, self-dedication, self-abandonment in utter loyalty to an Overself. If I could find an Object worthy of my utmost allegiance, if I could find a Mark worthy to be the aim of the bow of my life, I should gladly pull

the arrow back to its head and let all fly upon a single shot. I should be integrated, freed from internal conflicts, those confusions and tangles within which make me ineffective, indecisive, wavering, half-hearted, unhappy. I should gladly be a slave of such a Being, and know that I am truly free when I am His utter slave. But I see men and women, my brothers and sisters in Germany and Italy and Russia, who joyfully commit their all to the State, to an earthly state, to a state which to them seems noble, glorious, and ideal. They seem to get integration and joy in enslavement similar to that which my religious friends get from commitment to an invisible, spiritual world. Maybe the values all lie on the subjective side, on the integration of self and the dedication of will to *any* object which is conceived as worthy. Maybe the object doesn't have to be real but just to be thought to be real with a vigorous, fanatical intensity. I know that false ideas and misplaced enthusiasms have had as real effects upon men and upon history as have well-grounded beliefs and ideals. Maybe the whole conviction of a Spiritual Reality shadow-

From *Reality of the Spiritual World*, by Thomas R. Kelly, Pendle Hill Pamphlet No. 21. Copyright, 1942, by Pendle Hill, 25 cents.

ing over us all is such a hoax, a useful hoax as long as we believe it intensely, a hoax that stabilizes men and society and one that ought to be preserved and nourished and fostered for its useful social effect. Such is the almost universal argument in the mind of educated man.

But there is an inner integrity in us all which rejects all programs of As If. We cannot merely act *as if* there were a God, while we secretly keep our fingers crossed. This inner integrity demands the *real*; we cannot long tolerate complex ways of kidding ourselves, nor forever whistle to keep our courage up. It is an old maxim, with a double meaning: "Let the truth be known, though the heavens fall." We are such creatures as demand to build upon the Truth. And if the Truth is that there are no heavens, but only earth, no real God, but only human cravings for a God, then we want to know *that*, and adjust our lives to that awful fact.

Caught in this difficulty, that we long for a Real God, no, demand a Real God, yet can be sure of only our subjective longings, not of God's objective existence, we ask a devout friend, "Are you sure that God is real?" And he replies, "Yes, I am absolutely sure." We then continue, "But why are you so sure there is a Reality, an actually existent reality corresponding to your religious cravings?" He replies, "I find myself in a world which furn-

ishes real objects to answer all my central cravings. In me, subjectively, there is a craving for food. And I find, out there, in the world, that the Universe furnishes me real food. In me I find a profound craving for companionship. And out in the world there are real men and women who give their fellowship in answer to my craving. In me is an insistent craving for sex. And I find myself set in a universe that furnishes real beings of the opposite sex. I find in myself a craving for beauty, and out there I find beautiful objects that satisfy my soul. And when I find in myself a profound craving for God, for an absolute resting place for my soul's devotion, an Object for my last loyalty, I believe that here, too, there is an answering Object. The same structural situation—subject craving, satisfying Object—is to be expected."

But there is a wholly different way of being sure that God is real. It is not an intellectual proof, a reasoned sequence of thoughts. It is the fact that men *experience* the presence of God. Into our lives come times when, all unexpectedly, He shadows over us, and lifts us up in a wonderful joy and peace. The curtains of heaven are raised and we find ourselves in heavenly peace in Christ Jesus. Sometimes these moments of visitation come to us in strange surroundings—on lonely country roads, in a class room, at the kitchen sink. Sometimes they

come in the hour of worship, when we are gathered into one Holy Presence who stands in our midst and welds us together in breathless hush, and wraps us all in sweet comfortableness into His arms of love. In such times of direct experience of Presence, we know that God is utterly real. We need no argument. When we are gazing into the sun we need no argument, no proof, that the sun is shining.

This evidence for the reality of God is the one the Quakers primarily appeal to. It is the evidence upon which the mystics of all times rest their testimony. Quakerism is essentially empirical; it relies upon direct and immediate experience. We keep insisting: It isn't enough to *believe* in the love of God, as a doctrine; you must *experience* the love of God. It isn't enough to believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, you must experience a Bethlehem, a birth of Christ in your hearts. To be able to defend a creed intellectually isn't enough; you must experience as reality first of all what the creed asserts. And unless the experience is there, behind it, the mere belief is not enough.

Second, let us notice that the experience seems to come from beyond us. It doesn't seem to be a little subjective patch in our consciousness. It carries a sense of objectivity in its very heart, as if it arose from beyond us and came in as a revelation of a reality out there.

If I may use a philosophic term, it is realistic. Just as my experience of that wall out there doesn't seem to be a subjective state of my mind, but a disclosure of a real wall out there beyond me, so the experience of God has in its inner nature a testimony that an Object is being disclosed to us.

Third, let us notice that, for the person who experiences these apparent invasions, there is set up a state of certainty about God which is utterly satisfying and convincing to himself. It is not the certainty that follows upon a sound argument. It is different, a kind of self-guaranteeing certainty.

This assurance comes from the fact that lives that have experienced God as vividly real are new lives, transformed lives, stabilized lives, integrated lives, souls newly sensitive to moral needs of men, newly dynamic in transforming city slums and eradicating war. By their fruits we know that they have been touched, not by vague fancies, by subjective, diaphanous visions, but by a real, living Power. The consequences of the experience are so real that they must have been released by a real cause, a real God, a real Spiritual Power energizing them.

But, if religious experience cannot be proved to be entirely reliable by the pragmatic argument, is religion alone in this respect? Far from it. I would remind you that

the whole of experimental science which we revere today rests upon such argument, and faces the same predicament. Every scientific theory that is supported by experimental evidence rests upon the fallacy of affirming the consequent. The outcome is that the whole of scientific theory is probable only, not absolutely certain. But this fact has not paralyzed science, which proceeds all undisturbed by the logical defect, and, with open mind, lets down its faith upon its findings. For science rests upon faith, not upon certainty.

And this is the ground of religion. It rests upon a trust and a faith that for the religious man have become his deepest certainty, the certainty of faith, not the certainty of logic.

The certainties of faith call out our whole selves in wholehearted and unreserved dedication. The certainties of logic leave our wills untouched and unenslaved. Be not disturbed by the intellectual criticism of subjectivity and of mystic experience which I have given. I am persuaded that God is greater than logic, although not contrary to logic, and our mere inability to catch Him in the little net of our human reason is no proof of His non-existence, but only of our need that our little reason shall be supplemented by His tender visitations, and that He may lead and guide us to the end of the road in ways superior to any that our intellects can plan. This is the blindness of trust, which walks with Him, unafraid, into the dark.

MYSTERY

Mabel Willoughby

Capture the storm with its rumbling rhythm,
While the trees sway
And the flowers bend,
While the darkened clouds sweep across the heavens—
Split with darting danger,
Swift with power;
Solve the mystery of the drops on the window pane
And you'll find the God
Who gives the sunshine after the rain.

☞ An unsurpassed description of true fellowship with God.

How to Know God

Brother Lawrence

THE FIRST time I saw Brother Lawrence was upon the 3rd of August, 1666. He told me that God had done him a singular favor in his conversion at the age of eighteen. That in the winter, seeing a tree stripped of its leaves, and considering that within a little time the leaves would be renewed, and after that the flowers and fruit appear, he received a high view of the providence and trust of God, which has never since been effaced from his soul. That this view had perfectly set him loose from the world, and kindled in him such a love of God that he could not tell whether it had increased during the more than forty years he had lived since.

That he had been footman to M. Fieubert and that he was a great awkward fellow who broke everything.

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

That we should establish ourselves in a sense of God's presence by continually conversing with Him. That it was a shameful thing to quit His conversation to think of trifles and fooleries.

That we should feed and nourish our souls with high notions of God; which would yield us great joy in being devoted to Him.

That we ought to give ourselves up to God, with regard both to things temporal and spiritual, and seek our satisfaction only in the fulfilling of His will, whether He leads us by suffering or by consolation, for all would be equal to a soul truly resigned.

That he had always been governed by love, without selfish views; and that having resolved to make the love of God the *end* of all his actions, he had found reasons to be well satisfied with his method. That he was pleased when he could take up a straw from the ground for the love of God, seeking Him only, and nothing else, not even His gifts.

That in order to form a habit of conversing with God continually, and referring all we do to Him, we must at first apply to Him with some diligence; but that after a little care we should find His love

From *The Practice of the Presence of God*, by Brother Lawrence, Fleming H. Revell Co. 25 cents.

inwardly excite us to it without difficulty. That when an occasion of practicing some virtue offered, he addressed himself to God, saying, Lord, *I cannot do this unless Thou enablest me*; and that then he received strength more than sufficient. That when he had failed in his duty, he only confessed his fault, saying to God, *I shall never do otherwise if You leave me to myself; it is You who must hinder my falling, and mend what is amiss*. That after this he gave himself no further uneasiness about it.

That we ought to act with God in the greatest simplicity, speaking to Him frankly and plainly, and imploring His assistance in our affairs, just as they happen. That God never failed to grant it, as he had often experienced.

In his business in the kitchen (to which he had naturally a great aversion), having accustomed himself to do everything there for the love of God, and with prayer, upon all occasions, for His grace to do his work well, he had found everything easy, during fifteen years that he had been employed there. That he was well pleased with the post he was now in; but that he was as ready to quit that as the former, since he was always pleasing himself in every condition by doing little things for the love of God.

That with him the set times of prayer were not different from other times; that at the beginning he had

often passed the time appointed for prayer in rejecting wandering thoughts and falling back into them. That he could never regulate his devotion by certain methods as some do. That, nevertheless, at first he had *meditated* for some time, but afterward that went off, in a manner he could give no account of.

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

That the most excellent method he had found of going to God was that of doing our common business without any view of pleasing men, and (as far as we are capable) purely for the love of God.

That it was a great delusion to think that the times of prayer ought to differ from other times; that we are as strictly obliged to adhere to God by action in the time of action as by prayer in the season of prayer.

That his prayer was nothing else but a sense of the presence of God, his soul being at that time insensible to everything but divine love; and that when the appointed times of prayer were past, he found no difference, because he still continued with God, praising and blessing Him with all his might, so that he passed his life in continual joy; yet hoped that God would give him

somewhat to suffer when he should grow stronger. That we ought not to be weary of *doing little things* for the love of God, who regards not the greatness of the work, but the love with which it is performed. That we should not wonder if, in the beginning, we often failed in our endeavors, but that at last we should gain a habit, which will naturally produce its acts in us, without our care, and to our exceeding great delight.

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

“I was thinking some time ago that we ought to have a Peace Department in our government. This would replace our War Department and use its influence to foster harmony, understanding amongst the nations of the world. It is high time we realized that there is no such thing as America, Britain, Germany, Italy, Japan, China, or India living unto themselves alone. We are one—we rise and fall as one—and if this is true we should make every possible effort to live as one—truly, a house divided against itself can not stand. How utterly stupid of us to deny ourselves all the wonderful things we would have if we orchestrated the efforts or contributions of the whole world. We can't possibly know of all the beautiful things that would be ours if we would do this, but I'm deadly certain it would surpass anything we have now. Our greed, selfishness, superiority, and fear keeps us ignorant and we continually accept brass when there is gold in the offing. One day, however, we will understand. It is good to know we shan't always be in the dark.”

From a letter from Sergeant Robert Peterson—Africa.

The Barrier to Peace Is Within Us

On the day that the mine workers went on strike, the Axis propagandists seized the opportunity and declared that the action was a revolt against a government which had forced the naturally peace-loving American people into an undesired war. Most of the outbursts of the Goebbels propaganda mill seem stupid and dull to us but on one point they are correct. The people of this country do sincerely and devoutly desire a lasting peace. That prayer, conscious or unexpressed, is in the hearts of more people than is any other wish. The longing for a peaceful world is not limited to us. It is true of thoughtful people throughout the globe, whether they be citizens of the Axis or of the United Nations. There are few people indeed who find pleasure or satisfaction in warfare; the vast majority of human beings have no blood lust. In the intervals of peace they pray that we may avoid another war, but when the next quarrel comes it is accepted as inevitable.

What most people do not see, what none of us fully comprehend, is that a state of war need not be inevitable. It can be avoided.

It will be avoided when each individual realizes that the basic cause of international strife is the petty dissatisfactions in his own heart. Warfare has its roots in human selfishness. It will become obsolete only when we learn to suppress that characteristic, just as we have learned to control other animal characteristics which once dominated our actions.

There is a quotation, attributed to an old Chinese grandfather, which sums up the story: "When the heart is set right, the personal life is cultivated; when the personal life is cultivated, then the family life is regulated; when the family life is regulated, then the national life is orderly; and when the national life is orderly, then there is peace in the world."

The heart set right, a cultivated personal life, a regulated family life, an orderly national life, peace in the world. There is the sequence: so simple, so obvious, so tragically difficult to achieve. It is of course over-simplified, but basically it is sound. The barrier to peace will be removed when we destroy it within ourselves.

How A Man Should Rest in God Above All Things

Thomas á Kempis

ABOVE all things and in all things, rest thou, my soul, in thy Lord God, for He is the eternal rest of all angels and saints.

Give me, Lord Jesus, special grace to rest in Thee above all creatures, above all health and fairness, above all glory and honor, above all dignity and power, above all wisdom and policy, above all riches and crafts, above all gladness of body and of soul, above all fame and praising, above all sweetness and consolation, above all hope and promise, above all merit and desire, above all gifts and rewards that Thou mayest give or send besides Thyself, above all joy and mirth that man's heart or mind may take or feel. And also above all angels and archangels and all the company of heavenly spirits, above all things visible and invisible, and above all things that are not Thyself.

For Thou, Lord God, art most good, most high, most mighty, most sufficient and most full of goodness; most sweet, most comfortable, most fair, most loving, most noble, and most glorious above all things; in whom all goodness is together per-

fectly and fully, hath been and shall be. And therefore whatsoever Thou givest me besides Thyself, it is little and insufficient to me; for my heart may not rest nor fully be pacified so that it ascend above all gifts and above all manner of things that be created, unless in Thee.

When shall I gather myself together in Thee so perfectly that I shall not, for Thy love, feel myself, but Thee alone, above myself and above all bodily things, and that Thou shalt visit me in such wise as Thou dost visit Thy faithful lovers? Now I oft mourn and complain the miseries of this life, and with sorrow and woe bear them with right great heaviness. For many evil things happen daily in this life which oft times trouble me and greatly darken my understanding. They hinder me greatly and put my mind from Thee, and so encumber me many ways that I cannot have free mind and clean desire to Thee. Wherefore I beseech Thee, Lord, that the inward desires of my heart may incline Thee to hear me.

O Jesus, the light and brightness of everlasting glory, the joy and

comfort of all Christian people walking and laboring as pilgrims in the wilderness of this world! My heart cryeth to Thee by still desires without voice, and my silence speaketh unto Thee and sayeth thus: How long tarrieth my Lord God to come? Come Lord, come, for without Thee I have no glad day nor hour! Thou art my joy and gladness, and without Thee my soul is barren and void. Let others seek what they will, but truly there is nothing that I will seek or that shall please me but Thou, my Lord God, my hope and everlasting health. I shall not cease of prayer until Thy grace return to me again, and Thou speak inwardly to my soul and say thus: Lo, I am here! I am come to thee for thou hast called me! Thy tears and the desire of thy heart, thy meekness and thy contrition, have brought Me to thee!

And I shall say again: Lord, I have called Thee and I have desired to have Thee, I am ready to forsake all things for Thee. Thou hast stirred me to seek Thee, wherefore be Thou always blessed that hast shown such goodness to me, after the multitude of Thy mercies. What hath Thy servant, Lord, more to do or say, but that he humble himself before Thy majesty and ever have in mind his own iniquity? There is none like unto Thee, Lord, in heaven or in earth. Thy works be good, Thy judgments be right wise, and by Thy providence all things be governed. Wherefore to Thee that art the wisdom of the Father, be everlasting joy and glory! And I humbly beseech Thee that my body and soul, mind and tongue, and all Thy creatures, may always laud Thee and bless Thee.

A CANOPY

Edna Reed

As like the silent pool beneath the pine,
That comes to rest from out the foaming stream,
Where sediment can sink to join its kind,
And clear its waters for a cloudless gleam,
My soul withdraws from out the mad world's rush
Beneath a canopy of peaceful prayer,
Where fret can sink in silent, sacred hush
To clear my views and gain new strength for care.

The Seven Main Aspects of God

Emmet Fox

HAVE you asked yourself the question: What is God like? We are told to pray by turning away from the problem and thinking about God; but how are we to think about God? What is His nature? What is His character? Where is He? Can we really contact Him, and if so, how?

The first and most fundamental thing to realize is that God is not just a superior kind of man. Most people would say, "Of course not;" but my experience shows me that even today the majority of people, in their hearts, do think of God as just a magnified man—that and nothing more, a very good man, an extraordinarily wise man, a man of infinite power, but still a man. Now such an idea is really but a projection of their own personalities, and it requires very little thought to show that such an idea cannot be true. In philosophy, such a being is called an anthropomorphic God (from *anthropos*—man, and *morphe*—form). And no such finite person could possibly have created the boundless universe that we see through our telescopes, or the infinite variety of minute forms that we contact through the microscope;

to say nothing of the infinite creation of which we are still altogether unaware.

It is natural for a thoughtless person to think of God as being just a bigger edition of himself, just as we may suppose that if an insect could think of God, he would think of Him as an enormous insect of unlimited power. We, however, are beings possessing the twin faculties of reason and intuition, and so we must get beyond this infantile stage to the truth.

God is infinite which is in-finite or unlimited. Reflect upon this every day of your life and a lifetime will not be long enough to grasp all that it means. For instance, you could not go into a room or a building to meet God because if God could be located in a particular room He would not be infinite. What usually happens is that while we are still very young, small children, we form ideas (childish ones naturally) about all sorts of things. We think a three-story house is a skyscraper. We think the road near which we live is so wide that crossing it is quite a journey. We think our parents know everything and could do anything. At that stage we

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think of God as being like our grandfather, or perhaps like the clergyman at the local church. Then we begin to grow up and, as maturity comes, we gradually revise our ideas upon all subjects except one. We revise our ideas about our family, our city, and our country; about business, and sports, and politics; but in most cases people never revise their early idea of God; and so they continue in years of maturity to try to get along with the idea of God that they formed in infancy, and naturally the result is very limiting. It is really as though the grown man tried to wear the shoes of the infant. He could not walk very far.

A great practical difficulty in discussing God is the fact that we have no suitable pronoun to employ. We have to use the word "he" or "him." We have no alternative, but these words are very misleading because they inevitably suggest a man or male animal. To say "she" or "her" would be equally absurd, and the word "it," besides seeming to lack reverence, suggests an inanimate and unintelligent object. The reader is therefore asked to bear in mind that the use of "He" and "Him" is an unavoidable makeshift, and to correct his thought accordingly.

The Bible says that God is spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. To worship Him in spirit means to get a spiritual understanding of

His nature, and we shall endeavor to do this. We shall not attempt to define God because that would be to limit Him, but we can get what is for all practical purposes an excellent working knowledge of God. We shall do this by considering different aspects of His nature, one by one.

Suppose you wanted to see a great building like the Capitol in Washington. You know that you cannot possibly see it all at once, but that does not mean that you cannot become very well acquainted with it. What you must do is to walk around the building, viewing it from different angles until you have seen it all. You would look at it, let us say, from the north, and then from the east, and then from the south, and then from the west; and then you would know exactly what the building looked like. We shall do the same with the idea of God.

The only way to approach God is by thinking about Him. There are no material steps that will bring you to God. Only by thinking of Him can you approach Him. In the East, certain foolish people have tried to get close to God by maiming their bodies or by assuming unnatural and uncomfortable postures, or training themselves to difficult feats of acrobatics—but such things are a waste of time. There is no way to find God except by *prayer*, and prayer is thinking

with our whole being about God.

There are three degrees of intensity in prayer. The first and easiest way is to pray aloud. The second degree, which is a little more difficult for most people but is also more powerful, is to think systematically about God, recognizing His presence where the trouble seems to be. This is meditation, and a good way to meditate is to read a verse of the Bible, or a paragraph from a spiritual book and then let your mind work on it. The third degree is reached when thought and thinker become one and there is a vivid realization of Truth. This is called contemplation, but it is not possible for most people to attain to it yet, and one should never try to do so. At the right time it will come spontaneously, and before the right time you cannot compel it. Most practical problems can be solved by sufficient audible prayer or meditation.

The FIRST MAIN ASPECT I am going to consider is Life. God is Life. God is not just living, nor does God "give" life, but God *is* Life. Where God is, there Life is. God is your life. Life is existence or being.

When you are sick you are only partly alive. To be truly alive means to be well and young and full of interest in the day's work.

Joy is one of the highest expressions of God as Life. Actually it is a mixture of Life and Love, and the

Bible says that "the sons of God shout for joy." This means that when we realize our divine sonship, we must experience joy, and that sorrow is a loss of the sense of the fatherhood of God. Joy and happiness always have an expansive effect, just as fear has a contracting and paralyzing effect. You know how a little child when it meets someone whom it loves and trusts expands like an opening flower and goes out to meet him, but when it is afraid, it shrinks back into itself. That is what happens to the human soul too.

You should realize the Aspect of God as Life for healing sickness, for the "getting older" belief, and for any kind of depression or discouragement. If a person seems to lack ambition treat him for life, of course, by realizing the presence of Divine Life in him.

Here is another interesting experiment which you can make. Some evening when you find yourself in a crowded streetcar or subway train, and most of the people around you are looking tired and worried and obviously wishing they were at their journey's end, just start declaring the Presence of God as Life in all those present; and keep it up. You will be surprised and gratified at what will happen. First one person will brighten up and smile, and then another will obviously relax, and before long the whole crowd in that car will be

feeling and looking differently. Do not say that this is fantastic nonsense, but try it.

The SECOND MAIN ASPECT of God is Truth. God is Truth. God is not truthful but Truth itself, and wherever there is Truth, there is God. God is absolute Truth and does not change.

To know the Truth about any condition heals it. Jesus said, "Know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Truth is the great healer.

You should realize God as Truth when you want information on any subject, or if you suspect that you have to deal with deceit or falsehood. When you have to transact any important business such as signing a lease or contract, spend a few minutes realizing Divine Truth and if there is anything you should know it will come out.

Realizing God as Truth will save you hours of work in research in any field. You will be led to the right book or the right place or the right person without loss of time, or the necessary information will come to you in some other way.

The THIRD MAIN ASPECT of God is Love. God is love. God is not loving but Love itself, and it would probably be true to say that of all the Seven Main Aspects this is the most important one for us to practice. There is no condition that enough love will not heal.

Where there is fear there cannot be love. The best way to rid yourself of fear is to realize Divine Love. When you love God more than you love your problem, you will be healed. If you could feel a sense of Divine Impersonal Love toward everyone, no one could hurt you.

Divine Love *never* fails, but the important thing to realize is that Divine Love must be in your own heart and cannot operate from outside, so to speak. If you had sufficient Divine Love for everyone in your heart, you could heal others by speaking the Word once; and in many cases your mere presence would bring about healing without your having made any special effort at all. Of course, by the time you reached this stage you have gotten rid of all criticism and condemnation.

You probably know the old story of a stranger who settled in a town and asked his neighbor, "What are the people around here like?"

The neighbor, a Quaker, replied quietly with a question, "What were the people like where thee came from?"

The newcomer answered, "I have come from The people there are very mean and dishonest."

The Quaker answered, "I'm afraid thee will find them all here."

A third person who had over-

heard the conversation, joined in by remarking, "This surprises me because I have come from the same town, and I found them a very kind and friendly lot of people."

And the old Quaker, turning to him, said, "Thee will find them all here too."

There is only one remedy for fear, and that is to get some sense of Divine Love, by thinking about it, analyzing it, claiming it, and expressing it in practice toward all human beings without any exception.

If your prayers are not being answered there must be something wrong. The universe is governed by law, and there is no such thing as a broken law. Jesus himself did not break the Law of Being when he performed His miracles; he could not, and He would not have wished to. He fulfilled the law when He prayed. When your prayers are not answered it must be because you have not fulfilled the conditions of the law, and, ninety-nine times in a hundred, it is because you are lacking in a sense of love for all. It is a cosmic law that Love heals and that fear and condemnation damage and destroy.

Do not talk about your prayers, keep your spiritual business to yourself. Do not tell people that you are praying for such and such a thing, or in such and such a way. Keep the affairs of your soul secret.

The FOURTH MAIN ASPECT of God is Intelligence. God is not merely intelligent but God is Intelligence itself. When you clearly realize that this is an intelligent universe it will make a major difference in your life. It is obvious that in an intelligent universe there can be no disharmony because all ideas must work together for the common good. This means that there can be no clashing or overlapping anywhere, and neither can there be any lack. An engine which has been intelligently designed does not have any unnecessary parts and neither are any essential parts lacking. The machine is just right, complete and perfect, and so is the universe when we understand it.

It is especially important to realize that God is Intelligence for the following reason: It sometimes happens that when people outgrow the childish idea that God is just a magnified man, they go to the opposite extreme and think of God as merely a blind force, like gravity or electricity. This means that they have lost all sense of the Love and Fatherhood of God.

We know that prayer is thinking about God, but in order to think about Him at all you must have a certain amount of knowledge of Him, and these Main Aspects furnish that. They enable us to think about God in an intelligent way.

When you dwell upon one of these aspects you are developing that quality in yourself. When you think of that aspect as being in another person, you develop that quality in Him.

The FIFTH MAIN ASPECT of God is Soul, and it is spelt with a capital S.

Soul is that Aspect of God by virtue of which He is able to *individualize* Himself. The word "individual" means *un-divided*. Most people seem to think that it means the exact contrary. It suggests separateness to them, and they are mistaken. Individual means undivided, and God has the power of *individualizing* Himself without, so to speak, breaking Himself into parts.

God individualizes Himself as man, and so you are really an individualization of God. God can individualize Himself in an infinite number of distinct beings, or units of consciousness, and yet not be in any way separate. Only God can do this because He is spirit. Matter cannot be individualized. It can only be broken up. Thus, if you were to tear off half a page of this book, and then tear that into small pieces you would have divided up the page. The remnant of the page would be smaller by the amount of paper torn off; and the whole page would be the sum of all the fragments. This is division; it is not individualization. Spirit, however,

can be individualized, and this possibility is the Aspect of God that we call Soul.

So your real self, the Christ within, the spiritual man, the I Am, or the divine spark, as it is variously called, is an individualization of God. *You are the presence of God at the point where you are.* This does not, of course, mean that you are an absurd little personal God. You are an individualization of the one and only God. Man may very well be compared with an electric light bulb.

The electric current is present in all parts of the circuit but it shines forth, or one might say, figuratively, becomes self-conscious, in the bulb.

So Divine Mind becomes self-conscious in you, and that is what you are. Jesus, who taught the people in a vine growing country, said, "I am the vine, ye are the branches."

To realize in some degree that you are an individualization of God could not possibly make you egotistic or vain. On the contrary, it would give you true humility and at the same time true self-confidence, and, indeed, it is the only pathway to the overcoming of fear.

The fingers of the great pianist are not in business for themselves, so to speak. His fingers are not independent, they are a part of himself. They express him on the keys, and

they do not have to bother to think which note they ought to strike or wonder if they will be able to do it. They know that they will find themselves striking the right note, because the master plays through them or by means of them.

The SIXTH MAIN ASPECT of God is Spirit. We know that God is spirit but what does that mean? Well, Spirit is that which cannot be destroyed or damaged or hurt, or degraded or soiled in any way. Spirit cannot deteriorate. It is the opposite of matter. Matter is always deteriorating. While you sit reading this page, the book is actually wearing out. The clothes on your back are wearing out.

Matter wears out, but Spirit does not because Spirit is *substance*. Herbert Spencer defines substance as that which is not subject to discord or decay.

You are Spirit. Your body is spiritual, but you are Spirit. Spirit cannot die and was never born. Your true self was never born and will never die. You are eternal, divine, unchanging Spirit, in your true nature.

Life is a state of consciousness, and the world we see about us is part of our consciousness. We are conscious of certain objects and certain happenings, but these are mental experiences though we unwittingly give them objective existence.

The time to realize the Aspect

of God as Spirit is when something seems to be damaged or soiled or in decay. If you can realize the presence of Spirit where the trouble seems to be the evil condition will begin to improve, and if your realization is sufficiently clear the condition will be completely healed.

The SEVENTH MAIN ASPECT of God is Principle, and this is probably the one that is least understood. People do not usually think of God as Principle, but such He is. What does the word "principle" mean?

Well, consider a few generally accepted principles. "Water seeks its own level." This is a principle. It is not a particular drop of water and it is not the course taken by a particular drop of water in a particular locality, say the passage of a drop of water from the Ashokan Reservoir to your faucet in New York City. It is a general principle that is true of all water everywhere on earth. It is not a particular thing or a particular action. It is a principle.

Consider another principle: "Matter expands when heated." Because this is a principle it is true anywhere at any time under any circumstances. Heat a piece of steel and it will expand, no matter what country it is in, or who owns it, or for what purpose it is being used. This principle of expansion may help a piece of mechanism to run successfully, if the mechanism is

well designed, but the principle is unchanging. Again, this principle is not a thing or an action. It is not the steel nor is it the actual process of expansion; it is the fact that matter expands under heat.

These principles, I repeat, were true a billion years ago and they will be true a billion years hence. They cannot and do not change.

God is the principle of perfect harmony and God does not change, so perfect harmony is the nature of His creation. Prayer is answered because God is principle, and when we pray rightly we bring ourselves into harmony with the Law of Being. Scientific prayer does not try to change the Law. It does not try to bring about exceptions in our favor. It does not ask God to change the laws of nature for our temporary convenience, but it tunes us in, so to speak, with Divine Principle; and then we find things coming right.

If you have a radio and want to get the program on WJZ, you tune in for WJZ. You do not expect to get that program on WABC. As long as you are tuned to the wrong station, you do not expect the right program, and you do not beg God to change the programs about to suit you; nor do you weep or tear your hair. You alter the tuning of your set until you are in synchronism with the station you want. We have problems and troubles because we have tuned out mentally from

God, or the Divine Principle of our being, and our only remedy is to tune back. If God were to make exceptions because we were in great difficulties we should never know where we stood. If the law of gravity did not work at certain times, say on Tuesdays, or if it were occasionally suspended without notice, say, because a very important man had fallen off a roof, you know what would happen to the world. Apart from anything else, we should be left in confusion because we should not know what to expect; but the law of gravity never does cease to operate, because it is principle.

God is Principle, the Principle of perfect harmony, and therefore *perfect harmony is the Law of Being*. You should note that this sentence is in itself a very powerful treatment.

These are the Seven Main Aspects of God and we have considered them separately, one at a time, but, of course, God has them all, all the time, and one cannot really draw a hard, fast line between them. To take an example, we know that the rose has color—red. It has weight—so many grams. It has shape. It has fragrance—an odor. Here are four different things, color, weight, shape, and fragrance; and we determine them and talk about them all at the same time. So these Seven Main Aspects are all true of God at all times.

☐ A saintly cleric of the old school gives a beautiful vision of the compassionate Father.

The Infinite Fatherliness of God

Andrew Murray

“How much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?”

We are all children and know what we expected of our fathers. The Lord asks us to look up from earthly parents, of whom the best are but evil, and to calculate how much more the heavenly Father will give good gifts to them that ask Him. As much greater as God is than man, so much surer is it that prayer will be heard with the Father in heaven than with the father on earth.

The Lord would remind us that the prayer of a child owes its influence entirely to the relation in which he stands to the parent. The prayer can exert that influence only when the child is really living in that relationship, in the home, in the love, in the service of the father. The power of the promise, “Ask, and it shall be given you,” lies in the loving relationship between us as children and the Father in heaven; when we live and walk in that relationship, the prayer of faith and its answer will be the natural result.

The child to whom the inter-course and will and honor and love

of the father are the joy of his life, will find that it is the father's joy to grant his requests. He that gives himself to be led by the Spirit in his life, will be led by Him in his prayers too. And he will find that Father-like giving is the Divine response to childlike living.

Jesus would have us see that the secret of effectual prayer is: to have the heart filled with the Father-love of God. It is not enough for us to know that God is a Father: He would have us take time to come under the full impression of what that name implies. We must take the best earthly father we know; we must think of the tenderness and love with which he regards the request of his child, the love and joy with which he grants every reasonable desire; we must then, as we think in adoring worship of the infinite Love and Fatherliness of God, consider with how much more tenderness and joy He sees us come to Him, and gives us what we ask aright. And then, when we see how much this Divine arithmetic is beyond our comprehension and feel how impossible it is for us to apprehend God's readiness to hear us, then He would have us come and

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open our hearts for the Holy Spirit to shed abroad God's Father-love there. Let us do this not only when we want to pray, but let us yield heart and life to dwell in that love. The child who only wants to know the love of the father when he has something to ask, will be disappointed. But he who lets God be the Father always and in everything, who would fain live his whole life in the Father's presence and love, who allows God in all the greatness of His love to be a Father to him, oh! he will experience most gloriously that a life in God's infinite

Fatherliness and continual answers to prayer are inseparable.

In all the compassion with which a father listens to his weak or sickly child, in all the joy with which he hears his stammering child, in all the gentle patience with which he bears with a thoughtless child, we must, as in so many mirrors, study the heart of our Father, until every prayer be borne upward on the faith of this Divine word: "*How much more shall your heavenly Father give good gifts to them that ask Him?*"

MEDITATION ON CLOUDS

(Suggested by Hilda Conklin's Poem)

Otto T. Mallery

I have a fellow feeling with the clouds
At evening when, like mourning shrouds,
They wrap the valley in their dark embrace.
Like them I've known such valleys of despond—
No light within, no hopeful gleam beyond
To show my way or cheer my heavy pace.

I have a fellow feeling with the clouds
When mighty storm winds sweep them on in crowds,
Dashing them headlong 'gainst high mountain sides.
Like crested waves they leap the utmost dome,
Surmount, o'erflow and break in silver foam.
My spirit lifts and leaps and on them rides.

An anonymous writer of the 17th century writes: "A man should be unto God what a house is to a man," i.e., a habitation of the living presence.

Whither Shall I Go From Thy Spirit?

Margaret Prescott Montague

THINK of the marvel of the everlasting Spirit pouring itself into every manifestation! Think for a moment of the endlessness of the vehicles, and one brushes the hem of ecstasy and of awe—almost of terror! There He is in the clover and wild carrots outside the church and there He is inside in the preacher and the people! Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost—and the clover and grass, the trees and sky, His temple also? Whither shall I go from Thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?

The preacher cried from the pulpit,
and called on the folk to be good,
Nor knew that God was out in the
sunshine, in lake, and meadow,
and wood.

The preacher cried from the pulpit,
and told the gospel news,
Nor knew that Christ, dressed up
in people, looked at him from the
pews.

Nor did the good man gather that
God spoke with his tongue,
And sang with the voice of every
singer, when all the hymns were
sung.

But He is more, much more. He

is in everything, present everywhere, but He is above everything, and more than we can ever be or grasp.

Sometimes when one wakes at night He is there. There is nothing extraordinary about it, nothing unnatural or emotional, only a feeling of complete happiness. One may tell Him everything, offering one's whole life in gratitude, and trying with affectionate thought to bring one's friends into the fellowship. Doing so, one drops off to sleep, and, awakening again much later, finds that the Presence is still there. At the time there is nothing strange about it; it is only when the nearness is withdrawn that it seems astonishing that it ever could have been. Often this happens just as one awakes in the morning also, when one is relaxed, and the mental and physical faculties are in abeyance; the spirit is not caught so fast in the flesh, and is therefore more alert.

At such times one may speak to Him of things so unhappy that one has never confessed them to any human being, hardly even acknowledged them to one's self, feeling

that He understands all the sorrows, all the anguish of the sins and failures.

How many modes of approach He has! Out in my garden the other morning I had a few hours of the purest delight, when I was poured out in affection toward every growing thing, when I felt sure He was at the back of all that mad joy of life.

I have been going through a period of spiritual dryness. A door seemed to have shut, so that I could not get it open to perceive God. Last night, however, just as I was dropping off to sleep, there came over me an aching affection and tenderness toward my mother, and in this human love there came as well a realization of His presence, that He was there in my love for her—no, more! He actually *was* that love. It seemed, indeed, a little revelation that God is love. Love in every form is the great liberator, setting one free of all the dragging little meannesses, and bearing one up into His presence.

I think there is another way in which He comes that we often fail to take note of, and that is in mirth and laughter. If love is at the heart of the world, I believe that humor is there also, a quaint, whimsical, and fantastic mirth. I have this sense of hidden laughter, almost of a joke, about it all at times.

This world's a ball, I know—
They taught me that at school!

Mayhap it is a fancy ball—
I'm dressed in truth as fool!
And all this grief and tears,
And all this drift of woe,
May be a laughter-hiding pall,
Love's checkered domino:
A magic fern-seed cloak
To woo us for awhile,
Till Love shall lift the masks of
all,
And we shall see His smile!

We seem to think that grief is the approved offering to Him, but why not laughter as well!

So He comes to us in innumerable ways: in our affection for one another, in reading, in nature, in beauty, in suffering, and in art. Some find Him more readily in one way, some in another, for "He comes to each in what the heart loves best." He comes to us in whatever moves our affection, for, as one of the old mystics has said, "By love may He be gotten and holden, by thought never."

Tagore says, "I can never find Thee in renunciation." That is true for me also, and I think for most of us moderns. It is in flowing forth in love and service, and in joy, playing as it were the great game of life with Him, that we come nearest to Him. Of course one must discipline one's self, but prayer and activity—outgoing and incoming, both in love—make the perfect, happy, and serene life.

Last night in reading I came across this quotation from Blake:

If God dieth not for man, and
giveth not Himself
Eternally for man, man could
not exist, for man is love,
As God is love. Every kindness
to another is a little death
In the Divine Image.

If every kindness to another is a little *death* in the Divine Image, I think also that every lifting of the heart to Him in love and gratitude, joy and mirth, every realization of the beauty of life, and the simple happinesses of human intercourse, may be a little *birth* in the Divine

Image. I do not want to give up life, but to fill it full of Him—an outpouring, not a withdrawing. I am sure we come nearer to Him and to the life abundant when we are filled with overflowing, outgiving joy in all life, in nature, art, humanity, and God, than when we are crucifying the flesh. I believe in a certain amount of self-discipline and of renunciation, but the little deaths in the Divine Image seem the best and most healthy way of doing it, and the most lovely means of approach to Him.

☐ Making God real to our modern age.

God Revealed Through Christ

Frank Laubach

THERE were years of my life when I thought that Jesus was a good man who had in his due time died. While I admired him, I could not enjoy him as a friend, nor could I accept him as a mighty power to direct my life. During that period he was to me an admirable idealist but a man mistaken in his hopes; a man too good for this heartless universe. Without a living Christ to love, I found only a cold, dead, heartless God. Now that I know that Christ lives and responds, he is my Master and the

Master of the universe. He transforms my views of God and of the Universe and of my own life. He turned gloom into joy.

Love and faith are the two eyes by which we can see Christ. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our Faith." The faith that ensures victory is the faith to try for yourself within the laboratory of your own soul. Doubt is the very opposite of that Faith, its contradiction, its negation. Doubt paralyzes action. Faith engenders courage. All that we need in this

great venture for Christ's friendship is courage and faith; Courage in our own natural powers of inquiry, and faith in the principle that every question has its appropriate answer. That is the faith of the research worker in the field of experimental science. It is also the faith demanded of him who would explore the possibilities of the friendship of Christ.

But someone may ask: "Where is Christ now?"

The science of physics has helped us realize that there is a world about us which we neither see nor hear. Countless millions of electromagnetic waves are carrying music through our bodies every instant, but only those hear the music who possess receiving instruments and are tuned in. Our eyes can see only a narrow band of these waves which throb about us and in us. All those longer or shorter than the special wave lengths of our eyes are unseen, and until a few years ago were wholly unsuspected. Who can guess what spiritual realm may exist unseen before our eyes? If we discover that the spirit world is unseen and

yet is all about us, we need feel no surprise.

Christ said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." We may think of him as sitting in a chair beside us, or standing by our side, with his hand on our shoulders. St. Patrick could feel Christ above, below, in front, behind, beside, and inside like a great enveloping halo. St. Paul exclaimed over and over, "Christ liveth *in me*."

We may be sure to find Christ where there is distress, or poverty, or fear, or bereavement, or loneliness, or helplessness, or heartbreaks, or despair, or penitence. Watch for him in a look of pain. Watch for him in the beggars on the roadside.

When this presence of Christ becomes a reality to our consciousness, it is the most stimulating and revolutionary experience of our lives. As the realization first crashes in on the understanding of some, it sends them delirious with joy. It did so to the early Christians at Pentecost. They were so full of the reality of Christ that they acted like men intoxicated.

Nobody proves God's being. But suddenly, one sees God is here. One speaks and God answers. Thereafter, all is sure.

—Edward Everett Hale.

☾ If the glory of God is within you, you will lift your brother into the light.

The Threefold Plane of Being

HE WHO has found his life in God, controls his life in Man. On no other basis, Brother, can there be grounds for saying to every man, woman and child: "Your birthright is dominion over yourself and all things in your world." Think for a moment what this means to be able to say to the humblest and poorest of God's children: "You may lift up your head, rejoice and be glad, for the Glory of the Lord is within you, the Strength of the Spirit is yours. God is no respecter of persons. To you, therefore, is given this power, this perfection, this gracious likeness." We do not mean, Brother, that these identical words shall be spoken necessarily, but words which convey the same meaning may be given to any human being, no matter what his condition or environment.

Whenever you meet a child on the street, stop a moment, look into his eyes and give him the best in your soul. This is your privilege, your precious opportunity. In this way, Brother, you will enter upon your divinely appointed commission to go forth into all the world and "preach the gospel, heal the broken-hearted, preach deliverance to the captives." In this way you

will redeem those who are held in bondage on the physical, mental or psychical plane, and lift them into the consciousness of the Spirit, where always shines the light of God's presence.

The conditions of human development are so varied that many phases and shadows of darkness will need to be penetrated by the light before the perfect awakening, yet in the wonderful provision for the development of every soul, our father has many devices which operate through many channels. Though you may not see the effect in individual cases, remember this, Brother, that *any good used is never lost*; that sometime, somewhere in the Great Forever, the light-ray from your loving heart will be felt, and contribute to the perfecting process of these souls to whom your thought and service have been given. Living every moment up to your highest aspirations, and according to your best knowledge, you establish harmony in your being, and the right relationship towards all things.

We have told you, Brother, how your thought quality determines the thought you attract; we have shown you how by serving your brother you will establish for him right re-

From the *Illuminati*, an unpublished ancient French document.

relationship, and more than all, and above all, you will have in your own soul that wonderful nearness to God which enables you at all times to be a light shining in the darkness. In this view of the individual, many thoughts will come to you to unlock the mystery in your own, or your brother's character. You will see the impossibility of true judgment, when judging only from the partial glimpse. Not the part, but the whole conveys the true understanding through which you may have charity, all love or interest in emotional experiences.

The reason why we emphasize and re-emphasize the necessity of cultivating the God-like love is because this Love is the Light of the Spirit which is inherent in every man. When this light is uncovered, coming as it does from the highest realms of being, it sheds its radiance upon the physical, mental and psychical planes.

He who is illumined by Love's light in his emotional nature is inspired by the true feeling which will find expression in the true thought and true action. By true, we mean that which is true to the Spirit, hence, we may trace the direct descent: what, in the Spirit, is Love; in the Soul, Sympathy; in the Mind, Charity; in the Life, Brotherhood.

It may be that even in your family relationships there is misunderstanding and unpleasantness. If so,

here lies your great opportunity. First of all realize that it is not in the motives, but in the misrepresentation that inharmony originates. It is not intentional but temperamental antagonism that must be overcome. If your light, Brother, has been first uncovered, it remains for you to hold it so steadily that not only may you be illuminated by its radiance, but all those about you. If you continually seek to live on the highest plane, that is, consciously receiving and consciously dispensing the divine potency, the influence even from your silent presence will be as oil upon troubled waters, and when you speak the very tone of your voice will convey "the soft answer that turneth away wrath."

One thing, Brother, is most essential in family relationships, yea, in all relationships, and that is that every soul is working out his own destiny, and must be left free to develop its individuality without coercion, condemnation, or undue influence. Whatever you can say or do in a loving spirit that will be accepted, that do or say. Having done your best, murmur at nothing, have no regrets and no grief, even though your own counsel, your proffered help, be rejected with scorn. This must be your attitude toward even the nearest and dearest. They do not belong to you—they belong to God. In the larger sense, then, they are not your sons and daughters, your father, mother, husband, wife

—they are your brothers and sisters, they are souls traveling on the same road to the same goal. If they see differently from what you see, or the manner in which you live, it is simply because they are not in the same stage of development. They

cannot see as you see because they have not your standpoint. Let them alone, love them, speak or be silent as seemeth best, but know that in the fulness of time their light will shine forth, and they too will be as those resurrected.

□ The secret of the true wise man is to know that he knows nothing.

"They Had Something"

Albert Jay Nock

KUTUSOV seems to have been one of those peculiarly and mysteriously gifted persons of whom one can say only, as we so often do say in our common speech, that they "had something." Such people appear in history all the way from Balaam, the son of Beor, down to contemporary examples which I shall presently cite; there are more of them, perhaps, than one would think. They "have something," but nobody knows what it is or how they got it; and investigation of it is always distinctly unrewarding. In the late J. A. Mitchell's story called *Amos Judd*—one of those sweet and unpretentious little narratives of the last century which I suppose no one nowadays could be hired to read—

Deacon White says, "There's something between Amos and the Almighty that the rest of us ain't into;" and that is about as far as scientific inquiry into these matters has ever carried us, or probably ever will.

Kutusov commanded the Russian forces at Austerlitz; and there he knew exactly what Napoleon was going to do. He warned the Russian and Austrian emperors that if they took the offensive, as they and the Austrian strategists were keen for doing, the battle would be a total loss because Napoleon was not going to do anything like what they were expecting, but something quite different. If his advice had been taken, it is anybody's guess what might have been the outcome.

From *Snoring as a Fine Art*, by Albert Jay Nock, *The Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1938.

He was overruled, however, and the thing turned out precisely as he had said it would. He presided at the staff meeting held the evening before the attack, and throughout the two hours consumed by the Austrian General Weyrother in reading the disposition of the troops he was sound asleep and snoring manfully. In the battle next day he acted with great energy and ability, but he knew that no matter how the troops were disposed the battle would be lost by reason of contingencies which he, and no one else, foresaw.

From the moment Moscow was captured and occupied Kutusov seems to have known exactly what Napoleon was going to do. Moreover, it is clear that he was the only one who did know.

Kutusov could not tell the Tsar or anyone else what he knew, because it was something so fantastically improbable that he would instantly have been deprived of his command, if not certified to an asylum as a hopeless lunatic. Napoleon was a good officer; he was supposed to be the best general in Europe. He had already conquered a large slice of Russia, and had taken Moscow. After that, there were several courses equally open to him, any one of which a good officer might creditably choose. The course which he actually did choose, however, and which Kutusov apparently knew he would choose, was

one that no kind of officer, even a shavetail lieutenant just out of West Point, would ever dream of taking.

What Napoleon actually did was to remain idle in Moscow for a month; then march out, ill-prepared and at the very worst time of year, in a half-hearted search for the Russian army; and then, after the indecisive collisions at Maley-Yeroslavetz and Tarutino, which Kutusov did his best to avoid, he broke into a headlong stampede for the frontier by the worst route he could have chosen—the road by Mozhaisk toward Smolensk, which led through utterly devastated regions. Who could possibly have predicted anything like that from the greatest military genius of Europe? Yet, as I say, apparently Kutusov knew Napoleon would do just that, and knew it so well that with Tsar and court and his own staff all against him he staked the future, not only of Russia but of Europe, on his knowledge. When his lackadaisical campaign was over, Napoleon was finally and completely done in; done in for good and all—Waterloo was only a coup de grâce. Napoleonic France was also permanently done in; and when the *Grande Armée* straggled across the border there was not enough of it left to be worth counting.

What more could one ask? Even the Tsar had to bottle up his chagrin in face of the fact that, even

if his old general's management had not been exactly what one would call stylish, it had nevertheless somehow turned the trick in the cheapest and most effective way.

The peculiar something which Kutusov had, the "something between Amos and the Almighty" which made him so confidently aware that the unlikeliest thing in the world was the thing which was going to happen, seems to be entirely dissociated from intellect and personal will. Count Tolstoy says that young Prince Bolkonsky went away from an interview with Kutusov feeling greatly reassured about the old general's conduct of the campaign, because "he will put nothing of himself into it. He will contrive nothing, he will undertake nothing. He knows that there is something stronger and more important than his will; that is, the inevitable march of events; and he can see them and grasp their significance; and seeing their significance he can abstain from meddling, from following his own will and aiming at something else."

The whole passage in *War and Peace* which describes this interview is worth a great deal of close meditation; it is the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of Part X.

Not only is that something, as I said, dissociated from intellect, but also if the intellect be applied to it in any attempt at rationaliza-

tion, however cautious and tentative, it refuses to turn its game for you and leaves you in the lurch.

The case of the poet Wordsworth, for example, strongly suggests that this is so. Wordsworth unquestionably had something; and when he was content to leave that something in full charge of his poetical operations—when he resolutely bottled up the conscious and intellectual Wordsworth and corked it down—he was a truly great poet. When he summoned up the conscious Wordsworth, however, and put it in charge, as unfortunately he too often did, the conscious Wordsworth was such a dreadful old foo-foo that the poetry churned out under its direction was simply appalling.

I once had an acquaintance, whom I shall call Smith, for that is not his name; he is still alive and flourishing, I believe, and would presumably boggle at this kind of publicity. Smith's career was unusual. He had great intelligence, ability, energy, determination, and in his earlier years he had thrown the whole sum of these into various enterprises, all of which went wrong. He wanted money, quite disinterestedly too, for he had some highly commendable semi-public purpose in view; but money ran like a scared dog whenever it saw him coming. Rather late in middle life (this is his own account of it) he discovered that he "had something"

or that something had him; something, as Tolstoy says, quite apart from intellect and knowledge, which—provided he kept his conscious self in complete abeyance towards it—would really settle things. After that, everything he touched went right.

What most interested me about Smith was this attitude of studied quiescence. He had somehow, quite independently and off his own bat, formed the idea that the effort to do any examining or analyzing or rationalizing would be ruinous.

Kutusov seems to have done everything he could to keep his consciousness from playing upon the sequence of events which he alone knew was going to take place. In the chapters I have referred to (and I repeat, they are a great study) Count Tolstoy says, "All Denisov had said was practical and sensible; what the general was saying was even more practical and sensible; but apparently Kutusov despised both knowledge and intellect, and was aware of something else which would settle things—something different, quite apart from intellect and knowledge." In view of this, he took every means to keep himself as nearly as possible in a state of complete selflessness. He attended to routine, watching everything, putting everything in its place, holding everything up to the mark; but beyond that he kept his mind as far

off the actual course of the campaign as he could. He read French novels, corresponded with his lady friends, meditated on all sorts of non-military matters; and, most effective and rewarding of all conceivable relaxations, he snored. Like nearly all old persons he dropped off to sleep easily, almost at will; and being big and fat, he snored; and when a person is snoring he is about as inaccessible and unsuggestible and selfless as a living human being can become.

What in any case it all boils down to, I suppose, is the rather trite fact that merely "to have something" is by no means enough. If one is sure one has something, the next thing is to know what to do about it; and in most circumstances—in more, at any rate, than is commonly supposed—snoring is a sovereign procedure. It is presumable that many persons who have something, and know they have it, lose out on it by a futile effort to coordinate "the intimations of the Daemon" with suggestions of desire, curiosities of intellect, impulses of will.

I simply suggest that the More Abundant Life might now be appreciably nearer if our national leaders would put enough confidence in their premonition to do a great deal less thinking, planning, legislating, organizing, and a great deal—oh yes, a very great deal—more snoring.

A Gospel of Love

The Last Word

Starr Daily

"I am the way, the truth, and the life." John 14:6.

THE loneliest soul we've ever seen sat down with us one day and told us her story. In some respects it was like the Parable of the Prodigal Son. Only at the time the climax of the story had not been reached. She thought it had. She said as much.

"This need not be the climax," she was told. "Most good authors are able to arrange a happy ending for their tales. In the tale of life the Great Author can bring it out right, providing the leading characters in the plot yield themselves to His designs, His story plan, and do not try to manage the whole thing themselves. The Author of our story has a plan for us. We are free to interfere and snarl the whole thing up. Even to bring the story of our days to a bitter, tragic end, much as an amateur story writer does until he learns his creative art!"

"God knows I'm willing to yield now," she said. "I'm just like that. I've made a terrible mess of everything."

When you sit before a broken human being and that human being seeks to vindicate himself of blame,

when he deals in self-pity and excuse-making, you feel a sense of revulsion. But when there is a deep penitence, an honest confession of fault, your heart goes out in compassion. Yes, her story could start as the Great Parable:

There was a woman and she had two sons. Her love had been so noble all through the formative years of their lives that her judgment had been wise and her guidance fruitful. In turn they had honored her with their thoughtful affection, respect, and obedience. One day the elder son said to his mother, "Mother, it's happened, I guess."

Almost in a flash the mother he had known ceased to exist, and in her place stood an alien. "Who is it?" she asked, an obvious note of fear and resentment in her voice.

The boy told her the girl's name. "We want to get married, mother," he added, a hint of apprehension and doubt in his face for the first time. This was not the same mother whose approval he had sought on so many occasions in the past. He sensed the lack of understanding he had always known in his mother. His request tensed her body, and etched hard lines of resistance across her face.

"Have you proposed this notion to her, son?"

"No. Well, not yet, mother. I thought—"

"Then don't, son."

"But why, mother?"

"Now don't argue with me. I know what is best. I forbid you to go any further with this affair."

The testing time for this mother's love had arrived. The inevitable had happened. She was in danger of losing the thing she loved. The time had come when the genuineness of her love was to be determined. And she failed. She could not let go.

Driven on by a desperate sense of possessiveness she employed every device she could conceive to bind her son to her. She preyed upon his emotions of loyalty and duty. She scolded and nagged and threatened. She reminded him that her life had been one long martyrdom for his best interest and happiness. Her resistance, however, did not prevail. He fought back, and the emotional scenes grew hot and bitter. He tore himself loose from her. He married the girl of his choice. Within the year the marriage collapsed, because of in-law interference. For this he hated his mother with a black and searing hatred.

The thing she loved was lost to her. Possessive love does not make perfect. Real love is wise. It knows when to let go and how to do it.

Her possessiveness was now transferred to her other son. The day came when he wanted to launch out on his own and seek a career for himself. But she had different plans for him. His respect for her vanished, turned into disrespect, and finally outright hatred. The war came and wrenched him from her. He was glad. The war was looked upon as a private act of Providence in his life. It set him free from an intolerable bondage.

She is alone, empty, with two great deep wounds in her life. Her love twice tested and found wanting, she bleeds in vain. She blindly clutched and clutching lost the heritage of a mother. Possessive love makes imperfect that which is perfect. Real love is wise. It knows when and how to let go. By losing itself for others it finds itself and others. Real love attracts response after its kind. Possessive love attracts reaction after the manner of resistance. Approach real love with real love and all relationships are made perfect in love.

What, then, is at the root of possessive love? It is fear. The fear of losing the object of love. In real love fear does not exist. "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love."

By losing her sons this mother feared their loss. The best guidance and protection for a child is real

love, and the surest way to bind them is to free them by the exercise of a Christ-like affection.

Nothing makes perfect except that which is perfected in love. Not even the law and its observance make perfect. "For the law made nothing perfect." The nature of love is always self-giving, an outpouring toward others with no thought of profit or even of gratitude. "If thou wilt be perfect," said Jesus, "go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me."

Jesus, the supreme embodiment of love on earth, is the highest example of self-giving. Giving himself in love to others he possessed all needful things in earth and in heaven. He instructs us to follow this path, if we would be made perfect.

"And we have known and believed the love that God hath in us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment."

We do have one capacity which can answer to Jesus' counsel for perfection. Our redemption, our regeneration, our oneness with God, waits upon our willingness to exercise love in a Christ-like way. Each moment in this sort of love is a perfect moment, a perfect gem in the Diadem of Time.

She is alone, empty, with two great deep wounds in her life. But let us shift from the present tense to that day when she told us her story.

"Now that you've lost them to yourself, are you willing to put on the seamless, white robe of the Christ-like love—and let go? If you can't have them, are you willing for God to have them? Really, you know, they belong to Him anyway. They were loaned to you for a little while. You interfered with God's plan for them, as though they were your exclusive property. You tried to bind them to you, and you lost them. If you are willing to release them now, even from the negative emotions of your sorrow, you shall be released."

Together we prayed. Suddenly she let go. The tensions went out of her. Having let go a great release came in, a vast sense of peace. The floodgates of her soul were opened, and the joyous tears rained down her cheeks. She was free and unashamed of them. They came from eyes which at last had become the soul's windows.

Oh, yes, the story has had a different climax, a happy ending. When she, an actor in the drama, turned the story business over to the Great Author, He made it come out right. He always does. There was a reunion in all departments. The elder son and his wife were reunited. Both boys are now in the

armed service of their country. Her daughter-in-law is with her, and they are both in defense work, the daughter-in-law building armament, the mother-in-law building morale. The boys will come home again. Of this they are persuaded. It is not for this writer to affirm their conviction. But it is his privilege to quote the Master's answer to their prayer, "I will."

What did I do in the matter? How did I treat her problem? I let go of my own ways, listened with sympathy, and felt an outflowing love for her. Having let go and let come it was given to me in that hour what to say. Sometimes a helpless sort of silence is given and sometimes words of counsel. One never knows. The only needful thing is to love and listen.

Christ has the Word. He can let it remain silent, or he can break it up into fitting words. Of this I am certain, he has the last word in every circumstance, and that word is always simple. Even a child can grasp and understand it.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."

Jesus has a passion for saying big things in short lines and small words. He never uses two syllables when one is available. How I envy him now! "I am the way, the truth, and the life." What a profound statement—all in one syllable words! His supreme greatness is

demonstrated in his supreme simplicity.

A befuddled man said: "All my life I've been a theologian and student of comparative religions. By comparison I have to admit that I can't find any special place in my understanding for Jesus. He is but a last edition to a long and illustrious book of saviors. I can't see your emphasis on him as *the* Savior."

"I've probably come to my conviction because of a lack of learning," I replied. "The conviction came first." There'll be nothing to unlearn and much to learn. With no knowledge I accepted the Master's supreme authority on faith. What learning I've since attained has not depleted but has strengthened my conviction.

Such scripture as quoted above was a stumbling block to him. The mark of authority and greatness, he thought, was revealed in "a passion for anonymity" and a complete freedom from assumption.

But Jesus did not deal in assumption. That is why this seeming assumption of deity puts him out in front of all saviors. Their lives were notably free from self-assumption. They felt no authority to equalize themselves with God. Jesus felt this authority. He didn't assume it. He *was* it.

Everything I found in the life and teachings of Jesus indicated that he was the long-hoped-for

Messiah. Since no other savior had assumed what Jesus so easily and simply declared, I took it for granted that he was *the* Savior, the last word. For this I have no regret, no defense, no argument, no theological speculation.

How the matter was figured out in my mind I don't know. But it came out somewhat after this fashion: The first word was Law. The last word was Love.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life." Here the Law was excluded by being included. His *way* was the way of his love commandments. No mistake about that. And in this love was the light of truth and the abundant life. His way was the way of love and light and life. With these translated into personality conduct and character behavior, the law would be totally fulfilled. While men lived by Law, Love and its authority to confer Grace was little known. It was the last word in the vocabulary of redemption.

He came with the new way of self-giving, as against the old way of self-getting. The old way under Law was self-discipline, self-enquiry, self-examination, self-seeking—all with the goal of self-realization. The new way under Love retained self-discipline, but eliminated self-enquiry, self-examination, self-seeking.

Hence the only obligation since the coming of Jesus as the embodiment of love *is to love*. This done all

things will come out right, the figures will add up. Not done nothing will come out right. All will be a hopeless jumble of profit and penalty, the profits serving only to highlight the penalties. Consequently, "Owe no man anything, but to love one another, for he that loveth hath fulfilled the law. Love worketh no ill in his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law."

Most people realize how barren life is without love. In fact, apart from love there is no life worth mentioning: only a kind of burlesque, a living death, a ceaseless play and interplay of torment and vexation. Without a sufficiency of love there is a sort of reflected life, like that seen in a mirror. From this hollowness there is an endless search for release. To gain it some seek various kinds of diversions and entertainment. Some seek it in liquor and drugs and sensuality. Others seek it in work, in the drive of ambition, in position and wealth, in travel. But always when pursued it turns out to be a grim mockery of real life, a fantastic illusion, a death-state which even dupes its victims into believing they have life, though every effort leads to satiation and boredom. Countless millions grub and toil for the reflection of life, thinking they can have it by piling up things, dead things, which they call an evidence of life and progress.

But there is a genuine life, a real, abundant life: "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren."

Being the manifestation of this love, Jesus can say truly, "I am the way, the truth, and the LIFE." Love does not destroy the law, but it fulfills it—fills it full of justice, love, light, life. Love adds the *plus* of forgiveness through Grace. Christ is love-in-action. He is now the first as well as the last word. "I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last." He gave the great love commandments. "There is none other commandment greater than these."

The old sweat, blood, and tears way of the Law has an incredibly long and torturous past. Its conditioning influence on human consciousness has been well-nigh beyond overcoming.

Hence it is no surprise that the new love way of Jesus is so universally rejected, even by many Christian churches, which have traded loving fellowship for a cold, detached theology, a marginal form without central redemptive power. In love alone lies the power of regeneration, personally and collectively. Love is this redeeming power in action. Love is the way, the truth, and the life. Outside of this trinity of affirmations, lie a million short-cuts to God, not one of which, in the

absence of love, has *arrived*. None is the circuit. All are short-circuits.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door (love) into the sheepfold (fellowship of love), but climbeth up some other way (short-cut), the same is a thief and a robber."

According to this, then, apart from the energy of love there is no genuine regeneration, only a pretense, a pale copy. For "above all things put on love, which is the bond of perfectness."

Why strive for less when the whole is available? The answer: Long ages under the Law have so conditioned men to a corresponding blindness that having eyes they can see not and having ears they can hear not. The new vision of love is a blur, and without that vision men continue to perish. A great man in history promised to join that church which would write above its portal, "Love One Another," and demonstrate the motto in its conduct. Unable to find such a church, he preferred to remain in the Shepherd's Fold, churchless but secure in the Shepherd's love. Theology as a way to the way of love would be a worthy means to a high and noble end. Theology as the end itself is a hull without a kernel, a wire without a current, a fact without a truth, a form without life.

☐ Geometry knows only three dimensions.
How many does the soul know?

The Fourth Dimension

P. D. Ouspensky

THE MOST difficult thing is to know what we do know, and what we do not know.

What do we know? We know that with the very first awakening of knowledge, man is confronted with two obvious facts:

The existence of the world in which he lives; and the existence of psychic life in himself.

Neither of these can he prove or disprove, but they are *facts*: they constitute *reality* for him.

Space, with its extension; *time*, with the idea of *before, now, after*; quantity, mass, substantiality; number, equality and inequality; identity and difference; cause and effect; the ether, atoms, electrons; energy, life, death—all things that form the foundation of our so-called knowledge: *these are unknown things.*

Kant established the fact that everything that is known through the senses is known in terms of time and space, and that out of time and space we cannot know anything by way of the senses. That, in reality, apart from our sensuous knowledge of them, things exist independently of time and space; but we can never per-

ceive them out of time and space, and perceiving things and phenomena thus sensuously, by virtue of it we *impose* upon them the conditions of time and space, as belonging to *our* form of perception.

In other words, space and time do not represent properties of the world, but just properties of our *knowledge* of the world gained through our sensuous organism. From this it follows that the world, apart from our knowledge of it, has neither extension in space nor existence in time; these are properties which we add to it. Space and time are *categories* of *intellect*, i.e., properties which are ascribed by us to the external world. They are signal posts, signs put up by ourselves because we cannot picture the external world without their help. It is necessary for us to divide things *somehow*, and we divide them into the categories of time and space. We think in space and time by perceptions only; but by concepts we think independently of space and time.

Kant established the fact that the development of knowledge under the existing conditions of re-

Earth holds heaven in bud; our perfection there has to be developed out of our imperfection here.

—Christina Rossetti.

From *Tertium Organum* by P. D. Ouspensky. Alfred A. Knopf, publisher.

ceptivity will not bring us any closer to things in themselves. But there are theories asserting that it is possible, if desired, to change the very conditions of receptivity, and thus to approach the true substance of things. In his book, *A New Era of Thought*, C. H. Hinton tries to unite the scientific foundations of such theories:

"Our space, as we ordinarily think of it, is conceived as limited—not in extent, but in a certain way which can only be realized when we think of our ways of measuring space objects. It is found that there are only three independent directions in which a body can be measured—it must have height, length and breadth.

"But why should space be limited to three independent directions? Geometers have found that there is no reason why bodies which we can measure are thus limited. There is really no more difficulty in conceiving four-dimensional shapes, when we go about it in the right way, than in conceiving the idea of solid shapes, nor is there any mystery about it. When the faculty to apprehend in four dimensions is acquired—or rather when it is brought into consciousness—for it exists in every one in imperfect form—a new horizon opens."

Space is for us the *form of the universe* or the form of the matter in the universe. Space pos-

sesses an infinite extension in all directions. But it can be measured in only three directions independent of one another—in length, breadth, and height; these directions we call the dimensions of space, and we say that our space has three dimensions. Our geometry knows only three. But why three only and not ten or fifteen? This we do not know.

The idea of a fourth dimension arose from the assumption that in addition to the three dimensions known to our geometry there exists still a fourth, for some reason unknown and inaccessible to us, that there are things and phenomena in the world undoubtedly *really existing*, but quite incomprehensible in terms of length, breadth and thickness. By really existing we understand that which produces definite action, which possesses certain functions, which appears to be the cause of something else. But there are different modes of existence. There is *physical* existence, and *metaphysical* existence. *A house exists*, and the *idea of good and evil* exists. But they do not exist in like manner. A book exists and also the contents of a book. A coin exists, and so does the purchasing value of a coin.

It is possible that four-dimensional space is the distance between a group of solids, separating these solids, yet at the same

time binding them into some to us inconceivable whole, even though they seem to be separate from one another. If we touch the surface of a table with our fingertips, then upon the table's surface will be five separate circles. How from them is it possible to imagine a man, with all the richness of his physical and spiritual life? It is impossible. Our relation to the four-dimensional world will be analogous to the relation of that consciousness which sees five circles upon the table to be *a man*. We see just "finger tips"—to us a fourth dimension is inconceivable.

What is time? Reality is continuous and constant, but in order to make possible the perception of it, we must dis sever it into separate moments; imagine it as an infinite series of separate moments out of which there exists for us only one. In other words, we perceive reality as if through a narrow slit, and what we are seeing through this slit we call the present; what we did see and now do not see—the past; and what we do not quite see but are expecting—the future. Let us imagine a stupid traveler going from one city to another and half way between these two cities. A stupid traveler who thinks that the city from which he has departed last week does not exist now. Only the memory of it is left; the walls are ruined, the towers fallen, the

inhabitants have either died or gone away. Also, that city at which he is destined to arrive in several days, does not exist now either, but is being hurriedly built for his arrival, and on the day of that arrival will be ready, populated, and set in order, and the day after his departure will be destroyed just as was the first one.

We are thinking of things in time in exactly that way—everything passes away, nothing returns! But what does exist? The present. But the *present* is not a seizable moment, it is continuously transitory into the past. So, strictly speaking, neither the past, nor the present, nor the future exist for us. *Nothing exists!* And yet we are living, feeling, thinking. Consequently, in our usual attitude toward time there exists some mistake.

We are going forward like a blind man, who feels paving stones and lanterns and walls of houses with his stick and *believes* in the real existence of only that which he touches now, which he feels *now*. He sees neither backward nor forward *because* he does not see anything, because his instrument of knowledge—the stick—has a definite, and not very great length, and beyond the reach of his stick non-existence begins.

That consciousness which is not bound by the conditions of sensuous receptivity can outrun the

stupid traveler, ascend the mountain to see in the distance the town to which he is going, and look off and see on the horizon the towers of the city where he has been. It can make the blind man recover his sight and see the road along which he has passed and that which lies before him. The past and the future cannot *not exist*, because if they do not exist then neither does the present exist. Unquestionably they exist *somewhere* together, but we do not see them. The present, compared with the past and the future, is the most unreal of all unrealities.

Our conceptions of the past and present are much alike. As to the *future*, there are two theories—that of the foreordained future, and that of the free future. In every given moment all the future of the world is predestined and is existing, but is predestined conditionally, i.e., it will be such or another future according to the direction of events at a given moment, unless there enters a *new fact*, and a new fact can enter only from the side of *consciousness* and the will resulting from it.

In reality our relation both to the past and the future is far more complicated than it seems to us. In the past, behind us, lies not only that which really happened, *but that which could have been*. In the same way, in the future lies

not only that which will be, *but everything that may be*.

The line of time extends in that order of succession of phenomena which are in causal interdependence—first the cause, then the effect: Before, now, after. The line of eternity extends perpendicularly to that line. It is impossible to understand the idea of time without conceiving in imagination the idea of eternity; it is likewise impossible to understand space if we have no idea of time. From the standpoint of eternity, time does not differ in anything from the other lines and dimensions of space—length, breadth, and height. Just as in space exist the things that we do not see, so in time “events” exist before our consciousness has touched them, and they still exist after our consciousness has left them behind. Consequently, *extension of time* is extension into unknown space, and therefore time is *the fourth dimension of space*.

The Apocalyptic angel swears that THERE SHALL BE TIME NO LONGER. We do not know what the author of the Apocalypse wanted to convey, but we do know that in the change of time sense, the beginning of the fourth form of consciousness is expressed, the beginning of the transition to COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS.

☞ The distinguished author of “The Story of Prophecy” meets the Third Front

Teach Us to Pray

Henry James Forman

WHY DO MEN PRAY? Because they can't help it. It is instinctive with all of us, and today more people are praying than at any time in decades. But what do we actually know about prayer? Though we are all supposed to have learned it at our mother's knee, multitudes pray either mechanically or spasmodically, or are wholly confused on the subject of prayer. Yet if soldiers in battle and men on rafts find prayer so necessary, comforting and efficacious, then it behooves us all to know more about it. We must either relearn or learn for the first time the art and the way of prayer.

For months I had been hearing of a traveling school of prayer, that was moving about the country. From Minnesota it came down the Mississippi Valley, through the Middle West and the deep South, then up the Atlantic Seaboard. In three-day sessions this institute, headed by Glenn Clark, whose books on prayer I already knew, was teaching people how to pray. I was immediately interested, because I was skeptical whether large groups could be successfully taught in three days what many never learn in a lifetime. By the

time the prayer institute came to New York, I had already enrolled by sending the small registration fee of one dollar to a local volunteer secretary.

There were no other formalities, nor was the registration obligatory. From the first meeting, which began with perhaps a hundred persons on Friday evening, the session grew to an enthusiastic integrated body of many hundreds at the last meeting, 48 hours later. After that session I noted the faces of many of the audience. There was something new and different about them, an expression of renewed hope and satisfaction. Every church and every sect of Protestantism was represented and even some Catholics and Jews were present. For Glenn Clark, who began as a Presbyterian, shares the Quaker belief that “there is that of God in every man,” and that if religion does not mean the brotherhood of man, it means nothing. Glenn Clark is not a clergyman, not a professional evangelist, not a cultist. He is quite simply a man—a layman—of prayer. Short and solidly built, he looks like what he actually is—a middle Western college professor. From Des Moines, his birthplace, he went to

Grinnell for his first college degree, and to Harvard for his graduate work. He became a teacher and has remained a teacher—first of English and creative writing at Macalester College. He has even been an athletic coach and coached many a football and track team. But his hobby, his chief interest and the absorption of his life has been prayer—the power of prayer in quickening and enriching life, the healing force of prayer, the inspiration, the tremendous energizing value and benefit of prayer in daily and hourly living.

He will speak in a church, in a hall, a classroom, a gymnasium—wherever two or more are gathered together. He is on fire with his discovery that prayer, given half a chance, works. And he must report the good news that, rightly used and coming sincerely from the heart, prayer is always answered. It may not then and there change conditions, but it changes us, and then conditions change.

The Institute employs none of the emotional pyrotechnics of old-fashioned revivalism. The meetings start with a brief period of silence. Effective prayer needs a background of silence. This is in reality a brief exercise in selflessness and self-effacement. Relax your taut nerves and quiet your whirling thoughts. Drop your emotional stirrings and tensions. It is a spiritual cleansing process

“a coming to rest in the presence of God.” By this step all ego can be cleaned out of our consciousness, all hypocrisy, all anger, all fears and jealousies. All the great religions have copious instructions upon preliminary stillness, and Jesus, it will be recalled, advised going into one’s closet and shutting the door. “Let out self and let in God” is the way Glenn Clark puts it.

It is only after we have filled ourselves with this fullness of God, that we can ask in prayer for the material things we need—though by then we will be less clamorous for those things. A few weeks or months of this kind of prayer, this inflow of the tide of spirit, and we will find ourselves in a new world. Clark cautions us, however, against praying for impossibilities, and American-wise illustrates with a story:

A small boy came home from school one day, his lips working in earnest prayer.

“What are you praying about?” his mother asked.

“I am praying,” he told her, “that Vienna is the capital of Australia.”

“But you know that’s impossible, don’t you?”

“Yes, Mother,” he said, “but that’s what I wrote in my examination.”

Glenn Clark refers again and

again to the art of letting go—slipping out of—the tensions of anxiety, worry, anger and hostility, that grip man like a vise. Anger and worry, those twin offspring of the insistent thought of self, have blocked more prayers, ruined more churches, retarded the spiritual development of the race more than all other vices put together. Anger is a sign that we do not love God. Worry is the sign that we do not trust God—the opposite of faith. And anything which affects the flow of love and trust toward God blocks the perfect flow of prayer. Hence the constant injunction in every religion, and every psychology, too, to get rid of fear, that paralysis of all mental, psychic and spiritual life.

The Lord’s Prayer is at once the greatest and simplest of all prayers. “Thy Kingdom come,” we repeat. Then open the doorway with the realization that the Kingdom has already come—for is it not within you?—and that God’s will is already being done on earth as it is in Heaven. Let it increasingly be done *in you*. Have absolute faith that God’s love and power is flowing down to us and through us.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is said to have professed that his entire creed consisted in the first two words of the Lord’s Prayer “Our Father.” A moment’s reflection brings home the tremendous im-

plications of the phrase. Our origin and source and our universal brotherhood; our faith and our gratitude; our heartfelt love and our need for guidance—these are only a few of the strands implied in those two words. Hence Clark’s insistence upon the importance of that single prayer—a marvelously devised psychological and spiritual instrument for tuning in on the source of all power.

“We know,” Clark affirms with glowing confidence, “that war and all the causes of war could come to an end before a concerted vision of the Kingdom on earth held by a million people.” That is one of the things he means by the mighty levers of prayer, a theme he recurs to again and again. We can all use those levers. Those visions of a better, saner world, of health and peace, of beauty and brotherhood, must be held steadfastly before the mind’s eye, and for their realization we must pray without ceasing.

The words in which we pray matter little, so long as they are sincere, and come from the heart. Prayer is often spoken of as the practice of the Presence of God. It means keeping that Power, greater than our small selves, which creates and sustains us and the universe, constantly in our consciousness. This awareness can increase constantly, does increase if practiced, and becomes a habit,

intuitive, instinctive, like breathing. It not only enriches and irradiates life, but forms a protective net against trouble.

Trouble, however, has its uses. Actually, it can be the greatest of blessings. For there is nothing else that can so quickly remove barriers between man and his Maker. Some of the experiences of our men in foxholes or on rafts at sea are poignantly sweeping back into our homes and attention—vivid illustrations of the universal resort to prayer in the extremity of trouble. All those men in their desperate need were certainly past any of those blockages to “tuning in” such as vanity, greed, anger,

or even fear. Their souls stood stripped and naked before the God they prayed to, and their prayers were answered—or we would not have heard about them.

Glenn Clark simplifies his message into a single sentence: “Lift up thine eyes unto the hills and be not concerned with the shadows in the pool.”

He hopes someday to establish a college or resident institute to train leaders and teachers of prayer. He is not satisfied merely to have set thousands praying. He wishes the numbers to grow into millions. For his deepest conviction is that to learn how to pray is to learn how to live.

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

Alfred Tennyson

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Divine Love is qualitatively different from human love. Human love leads to innumerable complications and tangles; but Divine Love leads to integration and freedom. In Divine Love the personal and impersonal aspects are equally balanced; but in human love the two aspects are in alternating ascendancy. Human love in its personal and impersonal aspects is limited; but Divine Love with its fusion of the personal and impersonal aspects is infinite in being and expression.

¶ We must do all in our power to meet the responsibility for which we pray.

Big Men in a Little World

A. R. Maulsby

SIZE IS wholly a matter of comparison. To a man on foot the world is tremendously large; its oceans and mountain ranges all but unsurpassable barriers to his progress.

To the man in the cockpit of a modern airplane the world shrivels in size. Its oceans and snow-capped peaks provide him with scenic beauty but impede his rocket ship not at all.

To the astronomer, who traverses the limitless universe and holds communion with the stars, the world is infinitely small—a speck of stardust in the eternal abyss of time and space—tossed from the hand of the Creator, but not forgotten.

In our lifetime the world has shrunk tremendously. When we were children it took weeks to cross the Atlantic. A few days ago a lad flew across it in 6½ hours. It can be crossed today, at almost any point, in 12 hours. In the not-too-far-distant future any of us who are able to pay the fare can spend the week-end in Berlin, Paris or London, if they are still there, and be back on the job Monday morning without having lost any time from our work.

Less than a century ago it would take a year or more to communicate with one's fellow man at the bottom of the earth. Today, by the use of a little radio set, we can hear him whisper to us from the other side of the world.

Space and time are in the process of being annihilated. The world is getting constantly smaller and *all* people must, therefore, live closer together and, consequently, know a lot more about each other. It takes Big Men to live close together peaceably in a little world.

The question with which we are confronted today—one that gives us pause and causes us concern—is whether or not we, as Christian Americans, are big enough, do we have the spiritual stature to furnish the type of leadership that will bring permanent peace to a crowded world? What does the future hold for America? What place can she and will she hold, what part should she and is she willing to play in this *new little world*?

For months I have been able to see in the present world crisis only disaster and dissolution, the exodus of the human race, as it were, into another dark age, the ground-ling of decency and Democracy for

another decade of centuries. And such an ending is not wholly impossible or improbable.

However, in recent weeks there has come to me a star of hope in this "Night of Death" and with it the thought that these dark hours may but herald the dawn of a new day, may mark the genesis of the human race into a new era of peace, a rebirth into a period of idealistic realism where men will be big enough to get along with each other in a smaller world. That hope lies with America and Christian Americans, a nation and a people strong enough in resources and large enough of soul to furnish that unselfish, intelligent leadership for which a war-sick world is ready and waiting.

We find ourselves in this position not because of merit but because of inheritance. The heir to his father's millions has the opportunity to become the benefactor of thousands, if not millions of his fellow men, not because of merit but because the fruits of the labor of his forebears come to him as a legacy, the means for making great contributions to human welfare or the means by which he may become a curse to himself and his fellow men.

We, through inheritance, are the most fortunate and at the same time the most forlorn people on the face of the earth. Endowed as we are with a political, social and

economic heritage the like of which no other race can boast, we find ourselves bewildered, confused and all but helpless as we selfishly squander our inheritance and think we are prosperous while the economic structure of the world is progressively crumbling to ruin in plain view of our self-inflicted blindness.

We, because of our marvelous inheritance, are in position to furnish the kind of leadership that will point all nations to a new era of peace, mutual goodwill and prosperity. The sumptuous bosom of Mother Earth is amply able to furnish nourishment to all her children if her resources are husbanded and distributed equitably through the medium of unrestricted commerce.

However, before we can furnish that leadership for which a starving world is waiting we must first experience a rebirth in our own hearts and souls. We first must grow to a spiritual capacity commensurate with the mighty task at hand. Selfishness, indolence, ignorance and indifference—those things which dwarf our souls and make us small in the sight of God and man—must be purged from our hearts if we are to gain the spiritual stature necessary for world leadership.

Is such a statement justifiable? Have we as individuals, and as a nation, so conducted ourselves at

home and abroad during the past 30 years as to make us undeserving of criticism, as to make such a purge of selfishness, ignorance and indifference unnecessary as we strive to act as a leader in the congress of nations?

There is an abundance of evidence which forces a negative answer to that question. Listen to what Secretary Hull has to say about us in his latest address to the nation:

"After the last war too many nations, including our own, tolerated, or participated in attempts to advance their own interests at the expense of any system of collective security and of opportunity for all. Too many of us were *blind* to the evils which, thus loosed, created growing cancers *within* and *among* nations—political suspicions and hatreds; the race of armaments, *economic nationalism* and its train of *economic depression and misery*, and finally the emergence of *looters* and *thugs*, at home and abroad, who found their *opportunity* in disorder and disaster."

These are the best recent utterances of one of America's greatest statesmen. His words certainly challenge us to take invoice of ourselves and to determine to what extent we, as individuals, have contributed to this national and international delinquency, and to determine what *changes* we must

make in our *thinking* and *acting* if we are to be big enough in spiritual and mental stature to furnish the leadership to which we aspire.

George Washington once said: "In proportion as the structure of government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

In these stupendously critical and revolutionary days of the past three decades, what effort have we, members of these two classes, made to know the truth about the great political, economic and social worldwide revolution progressing in our very midst? Other than a casual glance at the headlines of a government-controlled associated press, or listening to the sponsored newscasts over the radio, what honest and determined effort have we made during these months and years, to dig out the truth and to know causes and thereby be in position to recommend remedies?

An informed people, an enlightened and well-fed people, cannot be led by political demagogues into situations and practices which inevitably result in national and international complications such as those in which we now find ourselves.

We Americans have the lowest percentage of illiteracy of any nation in the world yet we, as a whole, are among the least informed. *America's greatest sin is*

the sin of "IGNORANCE."

Ignorance is America's greatest sin, common to all of us, men and women alike. "Seek ye the truth" is today more than ever a God-given command. It still carries the same promised reward, "And the truth shall make you free."

I have no fear of contradiction when I say that in order for us to qualify as leaders in the congress of nations we must first get rid of the devastating *indifference* of which we are all guilty. So engrossed in our own business affairs, so entranced by our social activities, we have been indifferent to affairs of state and have entrusted our political heritage in city, county and nation, to the thugs and exploiters.

Oh, yes, we clap our hands and wave the flag as the boys go to the front, thinking ourselves patriotic by such gestures, but all the hand-clapping and flag-waving we can do will never wash their blood from the souls of us who, through our indifference, our ignorance and selfishness, have allowed such a crisis to engulf them.

And even *now* while they are fighting your fight and mine, even *now* while they are paying in blood for our foolish mistakes of the past, what are we *doing* to bring them home (what's left of them) to a better place than that which they left? How much further than hand-clapping, flag-waving

and buying an occasional bond with our surplus, are we willing to go in order to provide them a permanently peaceful home to which they may return?

I cannot believe that an intelligent, fundamentally well meaning American citizenry will forever continue to bury its head in the sand while the ruddy sky in the east is heralding the dawn of a new day. I cannot believe that the heirs to such an inheritance will cling to their selfish, indifferent course and lose sight of the sunrise. America the beautiful is still ours! No fairer land in all the world. We still have the right to *think* and *speak*, to *write* and *pray*, unmolested by the hand of despotism. Ours is still the privilege, the opportunity, and the obligation to furnish that intelligent, Christian leadership for which the world is waiting.

To assume that leadership, however, means no small sacrifice. It is a tremendous task but promises a reward commensurate with both sacrifice and effort. To be capable of such leadership means *study*, seeking for the truth regardless of the tradition-disturbing discoveries into which the search may lead us. It means *training* and *discipline* in the broadest interpretation of the "law of self preservation," a new procedure which destroys enemies, not through death, but by converting them into friends by giving

them, *too*, a chance to live, an equal opportunity for preservation for themselves, thereby removing their incentive to destroy.

It means economic and social adjustments on a world scale that may result in the scrapping of long established practices—possibly the abandoning of one's own business sacrificed on the altar of the common good.

The assumption of such leadership means a new *objective* in the field of *commerce* and *industry*. It means that all business activity points primarily towards *service* rather than profit. It means that business be motivated by competitive effort in *service* and *distribution* to the expansion of which there are no limits. It means that the *production* and *profit* motive which results in restricted markets and restricted consumption must take second place in industry.

This leadership means a new interpretation and adaptation of the Golden Rule in all human relationships, local, national and international. It means the inoculation of our own and national blood streams with the spirit of brotherhood which is world-wide in its application, which embraces all races and colors, which reaches down *into* and becomes a part of all our business transactions.

To qualify for such leadership means that each of us most fortunate Americans must grow in

spiritual stature commensurate with our unlimited material resources, our physical prowess and our intellectual ability. It means that we must be tall enough spiritually to overlook the narrow prejudices, the petty selfishness, the restricted concepts, the limited goals of the less fortunate, and because of our greater vision and broader understanding, be able to point our fellow men to a higher destiny where freedom and equality find no barriers, where the opportunity for security is every man's heritage.

My optimism relative to the place America will hold among the nations of this new little world is based upon the fundamental soundness of American character. Careless and selfish as we are, indifferent and uninformed as we sometimes allow ourselves to become, when once we realize the seriousness of the situation, when our shortcomings are revealed to us, no people will sacrifice more, dig deeper for the truth, strive harder to correct their mistakes, or do more to make amends than will Christian Americans.

There's a new day coming. Its advent depends upon how long it takes the rank and file of Americans to wake up to their responsibilities and opportunities, and assume that type of leadership that will pilot all mankind into a new era of Peace and Good Will.

You and the War

George E. Carpenter

PEACE is the major objective of the war in which you and I are engaged. You and I are in the war because we are Americans, and America symbolizes peace. We will work and pray for a just and lasting peace. We do not want another armistice, which is but a cessation of hostilities. It isn't an end to war. It isn't peace. It is just a pause in fighting that permits preparation for the next war. We do not want another armistice. We want peace.

The world is at war because of sense consciousness. If there were enough people in the world who believe as we believe there would not be war. But the sense man feels that he must settle his differences with the sword and not with love, with hate and not with good will.

The great majority feel that war is the only way to win peace. Therefore we can support the war effort because peace is the goal of every true follower of Christ. We pray that our goal may be quickly reached and with as little destruction as possible. We can but pray that the number killed and wounded may be the irreducible minimum. We do not want our boys to die for America. We want

them to live and lead America and all the world to peace.

If we are true Christians, we will hold the thought of life for German boys and Japanese boys. If we believe in one Father, one family, and the brotherhood of men, we do not want other parents' boys killed any more than we want our own. As Truth students we cannot wholeheartedly rejoice in the loss of enemy lives. We can only rejoice in the coming of peace and regret that it comes at such a cost.

Now let us consider some of the ways in which the war affects you as an individual. Perhaps it affects your vocation. It may have put you out of business. Your employer may have gone out of business, and you are facing the problem of unemployment. These things are happening. How does the Truth student handle them in time of war?

First he realizes that the same things happen in times of peace. Depressions come; businesses fail; men lose their jobs; families wonder how they will manage.

Then he turns to the source of all supply, to God within himself, and asks to be shown a new occupation, another way in which he

can work and serve. As in peace so in war.

Another problem that is daily reaching into more and more homes is that of the loved one who joins one of the armed services. It is not easy to see him (man or boy) march away and then live with the thought "Will he come home again?"

Again the rule is as in peace so in war. In times of peace young men strike out for themselves. They leave home and go far away, even across the country or to a foreign land. There they start a new life for themselves, a new business, a new job, a new home. And what do we Truth students at home do? We turn to God and we pray for their guidance, protection, and success.

Your boy in the army or navy left home to live a new life, and he needs your prayers in that life. No need to remind you of the hazards of war. But remember that in times of peace there were many hazards. Then you prayed that your boy would escape those dangers and that he would be divinely guided and prospered. Can you not do the same thing for him today, even though he be at the battle front?

What is your fundamental belief? You answer, "The omnipresence of God and the saving power of His love." Then are you going to deny that the protecting pres-

ence is with your boy on the battlefield just as He was with him in a peacetime pursuit? Surely, surely, God is with your boy today. "The Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save." His love is just as powerful as ever. Peace and war have alternated down through the centuries, but our heavenly Father is "the same yesterday, and today, *Yea* and forever."

So pray for your boy with the same faith, the same trust, the same assurance that you would if there were no war.

Think what it would mean to our boys in the service if each of you who read this would pray for just one boy every day; if every day you would surround one boy, your own or someone else's, with the protecting love of God. Even as Truth students it is hard for us to imagine what it would mean if every boy in the service had just one person praying for him; one person who understands the technique and the power of prayer and who would pray with perfect faith that his prayer would be answered. You are such a person. So pray for one boy and then pray for all boys. Then pray for the guidance of their leaders and all the leaders out of the service.

Pray for our President. Remember him in your prayers every day. Surely he needs all the spiritual support that he can re-

ceive. When the world looks to us it looks first to our President. Upon his shoulders today rests the greatest load that has ever been put on any man in all history, because at no other time has so much of the world been involved in conflict. That load is beyond one man's human strength, no matter how capable he may be. We know the shortcomings of the mortal man, and we know the unbounded capabilities of the spiritual man. We remember that Jesus said, "I speak not for myself; but the Father abiding in me doeth His works." Every day pray that the same Father who was in Jesus, and who is in our President, may guide him and strengthen him, that he may lead the world to the goal of abiding peace.

You do have a part in the war.

You should know that you have a part in the present conflict. This is your greatest opportunity to use Truth that you know, because the human family faces the greatest peril. Do your part, and do it knowing that in Truth you can do infinitely more than those who live in sense consciousness. For example, if you went to Washington, you probably could not see the President. He is too busy. He is too big a man, and you are relatively unimportant. But through

your prayer you can reach his consciousness. Your prayer may be just the one he needs today or tomorrow.

The future is cloudy. Live in the present, just live from day to day. Each day surround some boy in uniform with God's love and protection. Each day pray that our leaders may be divinely guided. Each day ask God to show America the way, not just the way to more destruction, larger armies, and greater armaments, but the best way to win the victory that will bring peace.

Now is the time to prove what we have professed for many years. This is a great opportunity, because World War I did not end satisfactorily. In fact it did not really end! Twenty-five years of partial peace is not an end to war. This war must end in abiding peace. This must be. The world cannot afford every twenty-five years to kill the finest of its young men and leave civilization in the hands of old men and those less fit. Civilization cannot prevail if that is to be the order. Truth students have a great part in establishing a new order. It is their duty to do their best to end this war in such a way that liberty, justice, righteousness, and peace shall rule the world forever.

Patriotism is not enough. We must have no hatred in our hearts toward anybody.

—Nurse Edith Cavell.

☞ A western columnist quotes a mother's beautiful letter.

When Her Son Was Killed in Action

Ben Hur Lampman

A N Oregon mother, whose son, a lieutenant - commander, recently was killed in action somewhere in the Pacific, wrote the letters from which these paragraphs are taken:

"I have recently received word that my son was killed in action. Now that the first shock of grief is over, I sit out under the fruit trees and try to be philosophical and sensible about it. Scraps of things which my son has written since Pearl Harbor go through my mind now like living words. Many times he has written that, while standing watch on blistering decks in the tropical seas, his discomfort has been allayed by memories of a cool, driving Oregon rain. That the memory of pheasants flying out of lush, wet grasses in an Oregon spring of long ago has been a comfort to him. Or that, while he was on the alert for the enemy, his spirit was walking again over frost-hardened lanes, under autumn-gay trees in Oregon. Even when he slept, he said, he dreamed constantly of being in places which were dear to him in boyhood.

"'But even if I could get leave, Mother,' he wrote, 'as much as I want to see you all, I wouldn't en-

joy it until this job is done.' The last letter from him was written a few days before his part of the job was finished. The last paragraph reads, 'It has been six years since I have seen you, and ten since I was home. But I still have the feeling I'll be with you before too much time passes.' He was at Pearl Harbor when the war began. He was in every major naval engagement which took place on the Pacific from the Coral Sea to the Solomon Islands.

"I'm rapidly emerging from the depths and am able to smile again. I deplore the fact that you carry a feeling of hatred toward those who brought on this war. I know what the feeling is, for it haunted me with its presence all during the last war. Grief is much harder to bear when it is surrounded with hatred. I am glad to say that I am entirely free from it now. Three days had passed after I heard of my son's death before it dawned on me that the Japs had killed him. Even then I had no impulse to say, 'Those d—— Japs!' But for the grace of God I might have been a Jap or a German; as it is, I have the privilege of being an American.

From the *Portland Oregonian*.

"Even so, as an American, I do not feel that my son died just for his country alone, but also for a vision that is greater than any country, or all countries on earth put together. He and I both felt that he, and all the other men in service, were fighting for the Japanese, Germans and Italians rather than against them. For when, and only when, the entire world is freed, can there be any peace on this earth. We can't be isolationists when that great day comes. The vision and the gift must be for all.

"One thought especially has comforted me. It is this—in having one son a mother has had countless sons, from the babe in arms, through the years to maturity, each day one of these boys has come and gone. There was no grief when the child learning his first steps went away and left in his stead a sturdy youngster who could walk alone. And even though each left to give place to another, that one, the one who had departed, never went away entirely from the mother's heart. She has them all to this day in such safe

keeping that no enemy bomb nor gun can destroy them.

"I believe that the essence of nature in any form is never wasted nor lost. What once was my son's body will surely sustain in some way, somewhere here on the western shore, a pine tree which he and I always said was our favorite flower. I feel that the spirit is changeless and deathless. I think that one who makes his transition from this world to another is greatly surprised to find that he is still living and thinking.

"Before you die it is a beautiful thought to think and feel that when you are gone from this earth, what you once were will become white hyacinth or a pine tree giving pleasure to others. But it is rather an empty satisfaction if your consciousness is not going to be there to enjoy it with them. As no one atom of our bodies ever is wasted or lost, surely neither is our consciousness nor personality. There is nothing in all the years of my son's life for me to regret, and surely there should be nothing for me to regret in his death."

If a thousand definitions of God were assembled from all the religions and from all the centuries, one thought would thread them all—man's trust that the universe in its deepest meaning is on the side of human ideals.

—A. Eustace Hayden in *"The Quest of the Ages."*

☞ This gentle Christian looks back to a childhood experience which influenced her whole life.

Supreme Experience

Julia Black

IT WAS A winter morning in our little Illinois town. I was twelve years old, the sister-mother in a family of five children. My father, mother and I had attended special services at our church. I was interested and had asked questions. So as we walked to and from the meetings, they talked of the way of salvation and explained it clearly and earnestly to me.

They dwelt upon the promise that "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." They said to take God at his word, and if I believed in Christ and confessed my faith in him as the risen Lord, I would be accepted, whether I felt any great change or not.

I did humbly and solemnly take Christ to be my Savior, believing him to be the risen Lord and asking forgiveness for all wrong things that I had ever done. It was a waiting time, waiting upon God. I hoped that I might know I was received as his child.

On this Saturday morning of which I speak, I had bathed the baby brother by the warm fire and was dressing him. How I loved

him, a darling baby with shining brown eyes, soft dark hair, pink cheeks and radiant smile. All of this time the Holy Spirit must have been with me as I prayed. And as I sat holding the beloved child and thinking upon these things a flood of light and joy came surging over me. Words cannot describe it. I could almost see the glowing light in the room. My heart was filled with unutterable love for Christ who died for me. I was overwhelmed, my heart fairly sang. Was this God's way of owning me? I could scarcely comprehend it.

What should I do or say? I could not wait to tell Mother. Placing the baby in his bed and tucking him in to sleep, I went to find her in another part of the house. I poured out the story to her; it must have been with tears. She took me in her arms and we talked on and on about this great new happiness.

She sought my father, a physician, in his office; he was deeply moved and shared our wonder and gratitude.

I said, "How shall I make my life different? I have always tried to do right." "Yes, you have," she answered thoughtfully, "but

now you will do good things and right things for Jesus' sake, to please him and honor him."

This new gladness illumined my daily life. I looked out of the window and saw people going about their ordinary business without seeming to think of Jesus. Why were they not looking up, to worship the Father in heaven?

At night I was afraid to go to sleep for fear I might lose my

joy before the coming of another day. I had the thought that if I were on an island in the sea, a thousand miles from home, and Jesus was there, I would never be lonely. I do not know how long this exaltation continued. We come down from the mountain-top. But we ascend again and again and the Master meets us there.

Lt. Matthew L. Vinson, 24 years old, of Houston, Texas, co-pilot of the Flying Fortress "Blackheart Junior," stayed without a parachute Thursday and watched his ten mates bail out after two internal explosions riddled his ship.

Then he rode it down like a furiously blazing torch and lived to tell the tale Friday in a hospital.

"There is only one explanation," Vinson said. "The Man Upstairs brought me down; I talked to Him plenty—and He must have heard me."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*, August 21, 1943.

SEEKING GOD

Edward Dowden

I said, "I will find God;" and forth I went
To seek Him in the clearness of the sky.
But over me stood unendurably
Only a pitiless, sapphire firmament
Ringing the world,—blank splendor; yet intent
Still to find God, "I will go and seek," said I,
"His way upon the waters," and drew nigh
An ocean marge weed-strewn and foam besprent;
And the waves dashed on idle sand and stone,
And very vacant was the long, blue sea.
But in the evening as I sat alone,
My window open to the vanishing day,
Dear God! I could not choose but kneel and pray,
And it sufficed that I was found of Thee.

☞ "Keep a green bough in your heart, and God shall send thee a singing bird."

Keep on Hoping

Rev. W. H. Elliott

SOME OF you have had a lot of sadness lately. Somebody has died—somebody very near, very dear. That leaves somebody else's life very dark, very empty, very lonely, unless hope comes peeping in at the window. Then the lovely truth dawns on the poor tired heart. There is no death. That dear soul did not die, could not die. All that happened was that it left the body behind, as you or I might leave a coat behind. But in a more marvelous body—beyond our seeing—the soul has gone on. There is hope for you!

Then you will see him again? Yes, most surely, but do try to realize that you are not separated even now. We say that those who have died have "gone." They have not gone. We grieve because we have "lost" them. We have not lost them at all. They have passed into another state, not another world. They are as near as ever but your eyes can't see them. They have become invisible to you, but you have not become invisible to them. They can see you, hear you, help you, and they do day by day. I am sure of it.

But this is not all. Death only points to the importance of life. We have got to face life, all of us, and sometimes I think that is harder than facing death. Why is it sometimes harder? Because, I suppose it seems too much for us, more than we can tackle, more than we can understand, more than we can bear. We, ourselves, too, seem such poor things, so stupid, so weak, always falling into the same old sins. What hope is there for us? Why, just when we might almost despair of ourselves, our faith comes in. It is God, of course, who is our hope. When we are at our wits' end, His wisdom comes to our rescue. When we are almost too weak to stand, His power floods in upon us. When we don't even care much—and nobody else at that moment seems to care much—His love breaks in upon our wilderness and makes it soon rejoice and blossom as a rose. If those should seem just words to you, try them out in your experience. At the very moment when you just don't know which way to turn, stand still and ask Him! When your strength seems to be giving out, stop for a quiet

From *The Seeker*, Perth, Australia, Feb., 1943.

moment and ask Him. When you feel your heart grow hard within you and almost loveless, keep silence before Him and let Him do His mighty work.

Nothing, remember, is ever hopeless with God. A home may lie in ruins, a life may be in pieces, a heart may seem broken once and for all, but hope with God can always begin again.

Nor is any living person ever hopeless with God. The hope that we clutch for ourselves we must offer to others. In our bad moods we often call people "hopeless," especially of course the people we don't understand and don't like. Well, they may be rather trying, but they are not hopeless. God can make something of them if we can't. The fault may perhaps be in us. We can't see the good in them, but it is there. We have only touched the edge of our lives; of the vast unknown con-

tinued beyond that edge we know nothing. God does know, and God hopes—always. But even God can't do all this for us, if we won't let Him. He can't give us hope if there is nothing solid in us—no faith, no love, no sympathy, no unselfish and kindly feeling—for hope to rest upon.

"Keep a green bough in thy heart, and God shall send thee a singing bird." That is what I have been trying to say. When a day is dark and dreary, go out and do something for somebody. Call up happy memories. Think with good will and good wishes of those who are far away. Sit down and write a letter to a friend—perhaps a lonely friend. In that way you can make sure of your "green bough"—the something that must be within you. Then comes your singing bird, and it was God who saw your green bough waiting and sent it.

Christ of the Andes, Christ of Everywhere,
Great lover of the hills, the open air,
And patient lover of impatient men
Who blindly strive and sin and strive again;
Thou Living Word, larger than any creed,
Thou Love Divine, uttered in human deed,
Oh teach the world, warring and wandering still,
Thy way of peace, the footpath of Good Will. Amen.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Reprints of A WOMAN'S PRAYER FOR HER MAN OVER THERE are now available at 2c a copy, or 5c if on cardboard. The plain copies may be had at 15c a dozen, to be slipped in letters.

This beautiful prayer, whose author we do not know, was printed in the July number of CLEAR HORIZONS.

What Our Readers Write Us

CLEAR HORIZONS was given to me for Christmas, a year's subscription, by a dear friend. The second copy came the other day. Had I known of such a fine publication I would have subscribed from the first edition. I am so grateful for it, grateful to the writers of the articles and their helpfulness. I read and reread the January number over and over until the April one came. In this chaotic world of today it fills a dire need. Would that we had more like it.

MRS. MAIDA McLAUGHLIN, San Francisco, Calif.

I can express my appreciation of CLEAR HORIZONS by bringing it to others. It is broad as well as deep, "A river the streams of which make glad the city of God."

MRS. L. V. FRIEDMAN, Medomak, Maine.

CLEAR HORIZONS is such an unusually fine publication, every issue a gem, that I should like a copy of every one published.

GLADYS R. WILLIAMS, Oakland, Calif.

I just received the April number and while they have all been fine I think this surpasses them all. Thanks for giving us such a fine, inspirational magazine.

MRS. GEORGE KENDALL, Long Beach, Calif.

CLEAR HORIZONS is a wonderful magazine. I try to send it to two friends every year, so more will know about it.

MARY M. KELLEY, Kansas City, Mo.

Thank you for the inspiration and help that comes with every issue of your magazine. It helps to integrate and link together the members of praying, hoping, believing, loving Christians who are scattered in many places, and through that integration gain power.

MRS. CECIL COLE, Long Beach, Calif.

I have found the "READER'S DIGEST" of the religious world. A radio friend in Long Beach sent me some copies of CLEAR HORIZONS published by Dr. Glenn Clark. We have subscribed to it as it brings the words of the world's greatest spiritual thinkers to you in a condensed and delightful form.

THE STAFF, Liberal Catholic Quarter Hour, Hollywood, Calif.

I certainly cherish the many gems of thought and suggestive programs of action that are contained in CLEAR HORIZONS. Each volume is extremely helpful. Here is hoping that the Horizons ever widen and its influence be felt among greater numbers.

WALTER SCHERBAUM, Glenside, Pennsylvania.

Again I wish to express appreciation of CLEAR HORIZONS as an inspiring and helpful influence in my life.

KATHARINE N. BARBOUR, Paterson, N. J.

We love CLEAR HORIZONS very much—in fact I am having my numbers bound.

RUTH BUCHANAN, Ann Arbor, Mich.

CLEAR HORIZONS is the most helpful magazine I receive.

BETH BOWERMAN, Philomath, Ore.

I think CLEAR HORIZONS is a very unusual and inspiring magazine and greatly needed in times like these.

FRANCES C. BLOCK, Banning, Calif.

I wouldn't be without CLEAR HORIZONS, look forward to it long before it is due, and every word is precious.

MRS. F. VERNON HALL, LaCrescenta, Calif.

"All the Articles Are So Good"

The day before yesterday I received the April issue of CLEAR HORIZONS, and have now read it through, and I want to tell you that I think this is the best issue of all that I have read. I was very much interested in the article telling about the Third Front and about the passing of Dr. George Washington Carver. I can just imagine Glenn Harding leading the singing of the Hallelujah Chorus. I will never forget the time I came into the Presbyterian Church in Portland as the audience was singing a hymn. I thought I had never heard such singing in my life. He seems to be able to pull the music out of people's hearts.

I liked also Dr. Walter Judd's article "A Philosophy of Life that Works," "The Practice of the Love of God," by Kenneth Boulding, "The Song of Our Syrian Guest," "Sunward I've Climbed" and "Soldiers Look Up." But all of the articles are so good that it is hard to pick out the ones that I like best. I was particularly impressed by the "Soldiers Look Up" and I have copied it to send to a friend who has two sons and a son-in-law in the Army.

A mother in my Sunday School class told me that in the letters from her son in Australia, he says that if the boys are not Christians before they leave America, they all become Christians after they get over there. It seems to me that the letters from the boys to their parents will surely make some of them think, if they are anything like the one in CLEAR HORIZONS. I had a letter from a mother today and she said her boy had quoted in full Joshua 1:8 in his last letter from overseas.

—HAZEL VAN EATON, Salem, Oregon.
