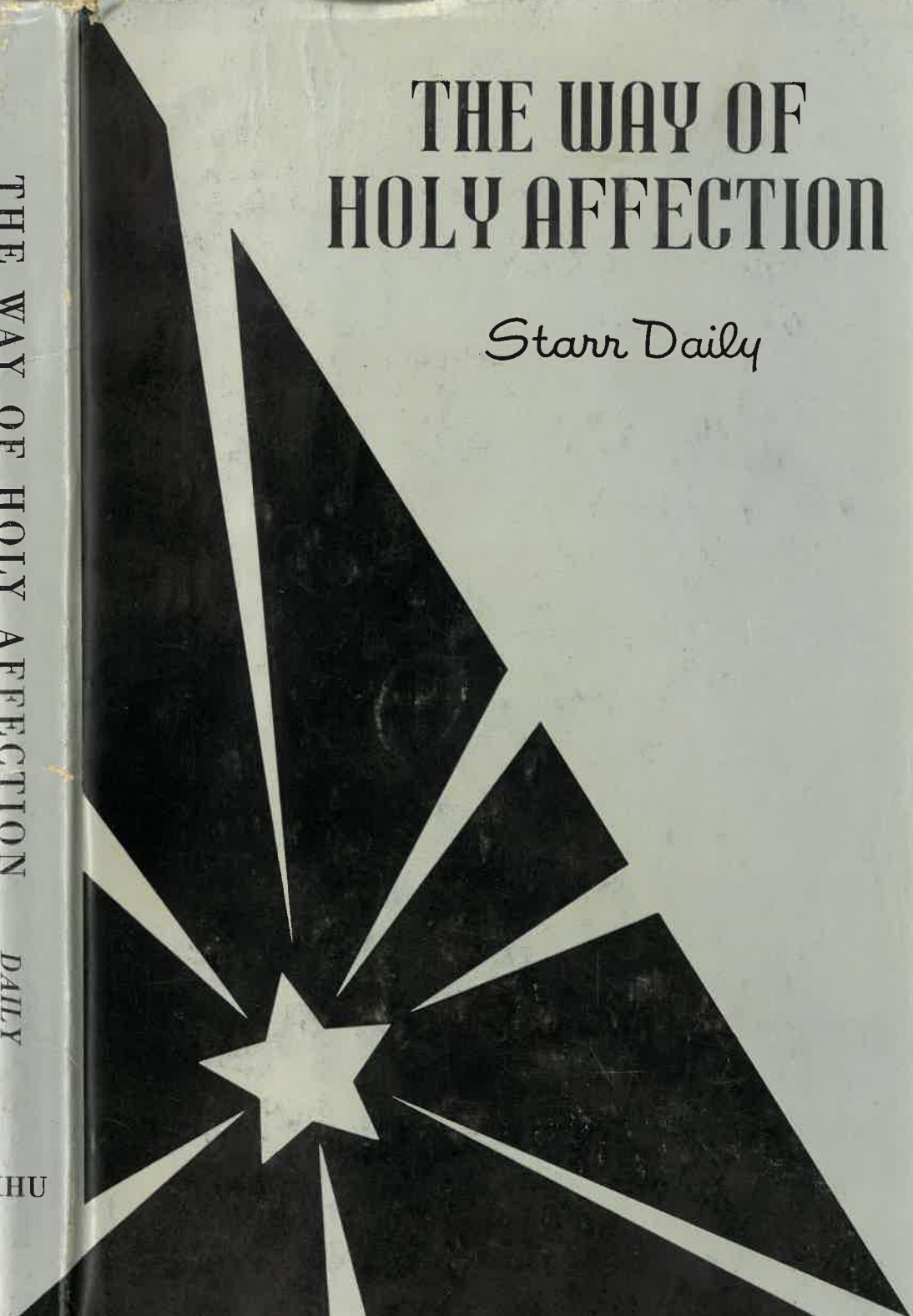


THE WAY OF HOLY AFFECTION

Starr Daily

THE WAY OF HOLY AFFECTION DAILY

CIHU



To George + Phelma -

may all your ways
lead* you pleasantly to
the WAY. Thank you
both for being you -

Starr Daily

THE WAY OF HOLY AFFECTION

by STARR DAILY

CIHU PUBLISHING COMPANY
LEBANON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

PREFACE

It has been thought necessary to say a few words here about the author of this journal. Starr Daily is the writing name of a man who has become widely known in this country and abroad through his books on vital religious subjects.

On behalf of the countless readers of spiritual books who have never made the author's acquaintance, it may be said that from his boyhood Starr Daily spent many years as a rebel in society, casting his best years and energies to the underworld winds, from which he reaped the whirlwinds of prison punishment.

The full story of his conversion has been graphically told in his two best known works, **LOVE CAN OPEN PRISON DOORS**, Willing Publishing Co., San Gabriel, California and **RELEASE**, Harper & Brothers, New York.

As Mr. Daily explained in his **TO THE READER**, this journal was kept while he served a term in prison, and during a period when he was employed as a night nurse in the prison hospital.

The author was released from prison in March, 1930, and since that time has devoted himself to public work, rehabilitation, and writing.

For ten or more years Starr Daily has worked closely with Dr. Glenn Clark, a modern genius in the art of prayer, and a tycoon in the global business enterprise of God. He has been an eager, enthusiastic leader in **THE CAMPS FARTHEST OUT**, founded by Dr. Clark many years ago, which has spread its contagious influence throughout the United States, Europe, and Asia—a spiritual movement which Starr Daily says, "It's the unformalized, silent, creeping leaven that is needed to revitalize a dying civilization."

Dr. E. Stanley Jones, world renowned evangelist, referred in a public address to Starr Daily as "The Greatest Reformed Criminal in America."

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Mr. Daily is a friend of two famous preacher authors in New York City, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale and Dr. Samuel Shoemaker, who have become noted for their practical, down-among-men ministries. Says Starr Daily: "These men preach what ought to be preached, and the hungering, long suffering people hear them gladly. They pit the Eternal Jesus against the complex problems and bewilderments of modern life. Through them the Master walks again. He goes forth conquering and to conquer."

In this journal the reader will catch the secret of a dynamic spiritual process at work from day to day—the process set forth by the Apostle Paul a long while ago, but as up-to-day as the present hour.

The publisher is proud to give the reading public this captivating journal of a man behind the walls and bars of prison. We feel the time is at hand for this kind of a message, penned vividly out of the red blood of experience from hour to hour in a penitentiary hospital. Our hope is that for you who read the document a new horizon of the spirit will be seen, a new and fearless resolution will be made to follow the glorious WAY OF HOLY AFFECTION.

CHARLOTTE M. CLOUGH
Editor

THE WAY OF HOLY AFFECTION

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TO THE READER

The following pages have been reconstructed for publication from entries made in my prison journal at the beginning of 1930.

I had been gripped by Paul's interpretation of Redemptive Love as recorded in his first Corinthian Letter, chapter 13.

As I look back over the chasm of years to that period in a prison hospital where I was employed as a nurse, I now see that the greatest value to me in the Pauline document on Love was derived from the discipline section. As I moved through these various definitions of Love, I attempted to apply them even as I sought to understand them intellectually.

When we practice the thing we know to be true it somehow gets into our blood, and becomes a part of our growing character.

Re-reading these old entries now I am reminded how easy it is to allow speculation about Love to become a rationalistic excuse for avoiding the livingness of Love down here in the hectic world scene.

If these recordings can help the reader to catch a new vision of Holy Affection—even that much will make the publication worthwhile.

There is nothing more than Love, and nothing less.

S. D. Monrovia

1st CORINTHIANS - 13th CHAPTER

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

PART I

In The Absence Of Love



The Hollowness of Eloquence

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not Love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

JANUARY 1, 1930

When Paul exaggerates he means it. When I use exaggeration I am trying to force people to believe that I mean it. Had I penned this scripture it would have been an overstatement. But in Paul I get the feeling it is too conservative; that eloquence in the absence of Love is even more hollow than sounding brass, when he declares it.

I have to put Paul head and shoulders above all the ancient and current philosophers, though I admire them greatly. I think Plato was just about the last word in philosophy, so long as he did not try to synchronize his social idea with metaphysical abstractions. The only way the American, John Dewey, could excel Plato would be at this point. Dewey avoids metaphysics; perhaps because it is a field beyond his intellectual range, and by doing so he more nearly than any other philosopher interprets the whole spirit of his country. I respond to him; but along side Paul he seems to be of small stature. Comparison can be a most discouraging thing, especially when we compare midgets to giants.

I certainly look up to Aristotle, and I think with justifiable envy. But he speaks with authority on the crest of labor, while Paul speaks with greater authority without premeditated effort. Paul makes the difference between revealed wisdom and hard-earned wisdom. Ar-

istotle, though a genius, had to sweat out his information. Paul merely relaxed and let it flow through him.

Spinoza is a favorite of mine; so is Rousseau, and even Voltaire. I eat up the Transcendentalisms of Kant; but believe he was closer to Reality as a boy in his strait-laced orthodox home. I like Hegel with all his faults, and the sourdough Schopenhauer. I admire the egotism of Nietzsche. I suppose there is no philosopher I do not relish. But they all lack Paul's authority to utter truth.

After his Damascus Road experience and his years in desert isolation, he came forth with altitude. He was truly of the divine *Illuminati*.

Hence when he says that platform and literary eloquence have no more importance than a tinkling cymbal, I am forced to believe it, whether or not my vanity wants me to believe it. The authority is there and is recognized by an extra-mental perception. It speaks without benefit of examination or reasonable proof.

When Rad Duncan was assigned to work here in the hospital I was attracted to him because of his intellectual talents. He was well-read and well-educated. Not that I thought him superior from the standpoint of spiritual values, for many an unlettered man in here is far above Rad in that respect. But he had the cleverness and willingness to turn crude conceit into a fine art, and to make insincerity seem a noble thing to cultivate. He had that peculiar genius which could juggle appearances about until they seemed real.

Rad claimed that on the outside he was a professional writer, speaker, and teacher. None of us could deny it even though we'd never seen any of his things in print, and of course we had never heard him teach.

He said that in the teaching field he specialized in public speaking. He called it the art of elocution.

After Rad had been here for some time he gave us a demonstration of eloquence. While he was speaking his piece in the most eloquent manner, a patient down the

ward rapped for his attention. But he ignored his duty and the patient's need and went on with his speech. I was much taken with his eloquence. But I must admit it seemed quite empty in the absence of the love he might have shown the pleading sick man.

I deduce, therefore, that so long as love is not required eloquence may serve as a pleasurable substitute. But in this case love was required, and love and not eloquence could meet the need.

Following this it occurred to Dan Arb to form a class from among the hospital workers and let Rad teach it on Sunday afternoon in the convalescent room. So that was how our school of elocution got started. And, as it turned out, Rad was a capable teacher. He took a covey of jailbirds and turned them into a team of apt word jugglers.

We had been in training for quite awhile when Rad confided that I was his best pupil. I was the most eloquent bird in his flock. This pleased me no end although I found out that he had confided the same thing to each of the others. Each one of us was the best. Rad had no respect to persons in the matter of dishing up his flattery.

When the fundamental concepts of the technique had been mastered, Rad got us down to the more important business of applying them in actual performance. Each one of us had to speak his piece before the others while they listened with a critical ear. Later they would comment on the material and delivery.

"Eloquence," said Rad, "is an omnipotent power. It is a divine gift to be able to impress men's minds, and sway them to your will." He called it the cosmic art of eloquence.

As a matter of fact, I did work hard at the job. Two Sundays ago I used my training with great effectiveness. "In your first sentence," Rad had said, "capture the interest of your audience, even as you also state your

premise and suggest your theme. When the premise is laid and the audience is hooked then illustrate. Most people are picture minded. Use lots of illustrations. Tell these things in parables."

My theme was based upon the text, "Ye must be born again." I undertook to prove that criminal personality did not need a professional diagnosis but a cure, and that the cure was spiritual and not psychological. The criminal had to be born again, an entirely new creature. My rhetorical hook was this:

"Each one of us is a dead bird."

That word *dead* had a quick impact, which was relieved by the word *bird*. It summed up to a sudden shock and a loud laugh. The device had worked. After the pause I added:

"And each dead bird can be alive again."

Rad gave me a smile of approval. He interrupted me to say, "Fellows, that last sentence is pure genius."

The word *dead* had crashed against their minds like a thunderbolt against a passive tree. It had conquered initial apathy and established attention. The words "alive again" sparked hope and curiosity. "How?" With that *how* embedded in their minds each man was caught. Rad called it mastery. And I guess it was, for now I could expand the premise and move into my theme, a rather dull and tedious process, on the crest of captured attention.

My illustration was a graphic account of the Prodigal Son on his way down into a living death and back into eternal life.

When I had finished I had destroyed the critical faculty in all but Rad himself. They had been put under a spell. Rad called my speech a display of art. Then he explained my formula.

"It's very simple," he said. "Here it is, boys. First he shocked you into attention. Then he stirred your curiosity and hooked you with a promise. Then he gave you a

dramatic illustration. Then he gathered up the loose ends and came to a logical conclusion. Through it all he affected the tonal quality of sincerity."

I didn't care much for that word, *affected*, and I said so. But Rad replied: "Few people ever like the truth. It always has a sting in it."

The discussion that followed took an ethical turn. The problem of integrity came up and a lot of pointed questions were put to Rad and me. If I had affected sincerity, then I didn't mean the things I had said. I was merely using a technique to create an effect.

"That is art," Rad explained. "The effect is the thing. If it is achieved it justifies the means. In sales psychology we always teach the students to affect or imitate friendliness, courtesy, and truthfulness. The customers like it. They prefer the counterfeit to the opposite."

Dan Arb said: "You mean your students are taught how to pick the sucker's pocket and make him like it. I'd say it's respectable burglary. I was influenced by the talk alright. Until now. At this moment it's just a lot of hoovey and fraud."

Dan made me feel cheap and shoddy. All my eloquence was now wasted on him. It was hollow and empty, "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." I slunk away to my room to lick my vanity wounds, and to meditate on the vagaries of verbal hypocrisy. I did arrive at a few constructive notions.

For one thing I found out that there's a vast difference between the Voice and the Word; that the Voice is the vehicle for the Word. Without the spirit of the Word the Voice cries in the wilderness. The Word is with God and is God. And the Word is Love in any language. In the absence of Love the Voice is void; it is bankrupt of sincerity and integrity. "God is Love."

By swaying these men with eloquence in the absence of Love I had abused a divine theme. I stood convicted

of perpetrating an intellectual confidence game upon my friends. My technical skill only emphasized the enormity of my sin. Rhetorical ability highlighted my sham and shame. I was feeling very badly when Slim Collins came in to make me feel worse.

"You know," he said, "the chaplain uses these same fake devices in his sermons. Knowing how it's done I can see right in and through the crummy deceit. It's a lot of selfishness and ego. There's no value in it at all. If eloquence could save anybody the whole world would have been saved long ago. For there's never been a holiday on that phony art. The class is over as far as I'm concerned. I'd rather be an honest criminal than to pose as one thing and be another. Dishonesty made respectable by art! Blah!"

His words brought to my mind a guest speaker in the chapel. Our chaplain had preceded him with a flowery, eloquent display of pious phrases as an introduction. Then the speaker got up and just talked to us out of his heart. He seemed to break all the rules of rhetoric, composition, and platform manners. The chaplain's words were "sounding brass." The guest speaker's words were spirit and truth. The chaplain had form. The guest speaker had essence and power.

The question now is, "What am I to do about it?" The way out of this studied burlesque of course is to be genuine. And that means I've got to expose myself to Love, cost what it may to pride and vanity, and to take up the disciplines of Love.

But there is the rub. It is so easy and so pleasurable to prate the high-sounding precepts of holy affection. But when it comes to applying the disciplines the process becomes drab and unspeakably monotonous. I can see these disciplines as Paul lays them out in a row in the middle section of his essay. At least I can separate and classify them even if I never apply them. This will be a start. If I know the disciplines intellectually I may

get around to practicing them actually. That would be something. At the moment I know this by painful experience. I have spoken to my friends with the tongue of men and of angels. I have spoken with professional skill in the absence of genuine Love. My audience bears witness to the damning fact that my words were hollow, "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."



Above All These Things

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not Love, I am nothing.

JANUARY 3, 1930

Paul has this advantage over me: While I cannot accept his position in many respects, I can go with his spirit all the way, and in this particular text I can trust him without question. I am persuaded that when he wrote these words he was inspired by the Spirit of Truth.

Had anybody else made this composite statement, outside of Jesus himself, with its use of the word *all*, I doubt my acceptance of it. For it is utterly dogmatic and devastating in its sweeping implications. It just about does away with all theological effort, and turns religious education into a shambles of nothingness.

There is just one way that intellectual piety and doctrinal religion can be sustained, according to this text. And that is to get Love first and form second. It makes every unloving minister and theologian a pretender, and adds him up to the grand total of zero. "And have not Love, I am nothing."

Of course Paul is here speaking of genuine spirituality. He is aware of the social values in ethics and philosophy, and of the cultural values in organized religious patterns. In fact he himself is an organizer of external forms of Godliness. He is an administrator of cultural religion, and he teaches religious knowledge and expounds moral precepts. But this Paul has shunted aside in the present text. Here he comes to grips with

the central issue, with the core, the real thing. It is Love or nothing. Take it or leave it. He states the ungarnished truth and lets the chips fall where they may. I trust him here without a moment's doubt or hesitation. For here the illumined, God-conscious man steps forth to testify and bear witness to the truth. "Unless you have Love your spiritual gifts are vain. You are nothing."

I realize that this is hard on spiritual pride and religious vanity. It is hard on every other system of thought that functions in the absence of Love. It is hard on me. Yet I know, if I will permit it, it will go far toward convincing me that without Love all my religious and philosophic manifestations will be discolored by the pigments of vanity. They will have no emancipating effect on my main problem, my soul.

Love is God. God is pure. To the pure all things are pure. Hence man is pure in the sight of God. Religion on the outside of Love can never be universal, and it can never really embrace the inherent goodness of man. Love is universal, and Love alone can see and bear witness to the good in mortal life. A form of religion that is restricted to a few is outside of Love. Hence outside of God! A religious form that sees only the depravity of man is of the Old Covenant. It is of Law and Penalty. It does not perceive the New Covenant. It is outside of Love, and consequently outside of God. These are the hard and bitter facts of Paul's text. They inflict frightful wounds on religious vanity. Each one administers a stripe to the ego. But enough of the inflicted stripes will release the soul. We may keep our little forms, with their tiresome disputes and divisions and wars. We may even label them as religion. But we mustn't deceive ourselves into believing they are of God if they are not of Love, for "God is Love."

In this scripture Paul mentions the four major gifts of God: the gift of prophecy, the gift of wisdom, the gift of knowledge, and the gift of faith. The Giver of these

gifts is Love, according to John. And Paul is saying that these mighty gifts without the Giver are worthless. They are nothing. He is not saying that the gifts cannot be attained by the loveless. He implies that they can be wooed and received by those who are separated from Love. But he says in no uncertain terms that the same is a thief and a robber, and to obtain the gifts without surrendering to Love is to be nothing from a spiritual point of view. The gifts are valid only if Love, the Giver, is present in them. And I perceive that I must become convinced of this truth before I can ever be able to incorporate it into my total life and be regenerated.

The Gift of Prophecy. Paul, no doubt thinking of the great and illustrious group of Hebrew prophets, places prophecy first on his list of major gifts. He puts it before wisdom, though most of the latter day saints and mystics place wisdom at the top.

I sit here trying to imagine what it would mean to be able to make long and short range prophecies, to predict thousands of years in advance what would come to pass. I try to think of the terrifying responsibility such a gift would place upon me. That an unregenerate man is capable of such a gift simply staggers the imagination. It is a power which, if misused, could blight the world.

Yet as great as the gift of prophecy is, if I possessed it in the absence of Love, from the viewpoint of Reality, I should be nothing. Nothing at all. As a matter of fact, I do have the gift of prophecy. I can predict the coming of morning and of evening, of spring and summer and winter, of the return of a comet. But if I do this in the absence of Love I am nothing. Just an unknown convict jotting down entries in his journal. Nothing at all! My mind cannot take in so vast a conclusion. Still I sense the reason. If I possessed prophecy in the absence of Love I should be separated from the Giver of the gift. To be divorced from God is certainly to be nothing. It would be vanity undisturbed by divinity. Nothing!

The Gift Of Wisdom. "Though I understand all mysteries, and have not Love, I am nothing." Prior to the coming of Jesus, back through the dim and distant centuries of antiquity great men established wisdom schools and taught the mysteries of life. They are but pale memories, their works having come to nothing. Love had not yet broken through to dwell among them. The key to soul-emancipation had not been given.

There is a lot of wisdom in the world today. Without Love, it is nothing. I gave a young boy, a degenerate patient of mine, a lot of wise counsel and sound advice. In his eyes I was nothing. I was imposing precepts upon him which were true but which I needed more than he. As a dispenser of wisdom I was nothing to him.

I began to seek God's Love for the same boy. The Love invaded my heart. I stopped counselling professionally and went to counselling lovingly. I served the boy with joy in my heart. He was healed in his body. His personality and character were regenerated. His soul was released from bondage.

With Love my wisdom was something. Without Love it was nothing.

It is a strange but obvious fact that even today the wise of earth remain in bondage while the simple untutored folks are liberated. In the absence of Love, Grace goes unrecognized and unaccepted. Wisdom becomes a refined conceit. The wise, alien to Love, must reject Grace, and thereby reject God, regeneration, and the liberation of their souls.

Wisdom gained in the absence of Love is gained by self-effort. Man cannot save himself. What is gained by self-effort is nothing, because it cannot affect the soul's condition. Self-effort to find God must remain as self-deception until it ends in self-surrender to Love and receives Grace.

I must lose the little life in surrender if I am to have the big life in regeneration. Whether my surrender be

sudden or gradual, it must be surrender, a yielding to Love and the price.

I can gain wisdom by trying, and understand the mysteries, but I can never free my soul until I cease to try and give my life to Love. Without Love, no matter how much wisdom I gain, I am nothing.

The Gift of Knowledge. "And though I have all knowledge, and have not Love I am nothing." The little word *all* causes my mind to reel with dizziness. Suppose I had all the knowledge now bound in the libraries of the world; all the knowledge of the past, and all in the present, and all in the future. I should be nothing.

I told a friend of mine that I had made a great discovery; that I knew who wrote the letter to the Hebrews, and he said, "How interesting!" Yes, how interesting! It was a bit of knowledge over which theologians had been haggling for centuries, like dogs fighting over a meatless bone. "How interesting!" My knowledge was nothing. My friend didn't even care to hear it.

Certainly knowledge has increased in the earth since the middle ages. Are we as a race any better off morally, ethically, socially, spiritually? Knowledge in the absence of Love has failed. We have only to glance around to see this ugly fact. Religious education, stripped of its pretenses and superiority complexes, is all right; but it can never regenerate character and release a soul. Scholarship in the absence of Love is nonredemptive. A man can translate the Bible and still be a soul in exile. His knowledge of Hebrew and Greek roots is nothing.

Someday there may be a tiny humble seminary erected. Before it deals with religious knowledge it will deal with spiritual discipline and training in the ways of Love. It will be something even as the seminaries now excluded to knowledge are nothing. If I had a son I should send him to the former kind of seminary. But I should hesitate to trust his faith to the latter kind. I fear his ego would be expanded and his soul constricted.

Much knowledge about God could make him a stumbling-block to God.

The Gift Of Faith. "And though I have all faith, and have not Love I am nothing." Many pious people put great stock in faith. Creeds by the hundreds have sprung out of it. All sorts of doctrines have been invented out of faith. Yet faith in the absence of Love is nothing. It is spiritually barren, dead, fruitless. It is nothing.

Scientists have vast faith in science. They keep uncovering the secret forces of nature. Without holy love they can neither time nor control their discoveries. Each material blessing conferred in this manner is matched by a much greater menace and curse. Someday the faithful but unregenerate may unlock a cataclysmic force upon the world, and the unsuspecting peoples will realize too late that their magic-workers and laboratory deities have let them down.

I have faith in a certain potion I shall serve up to a patient tonight. It will heal his body. But if it does not release his soul it is nothing. If to my faith in the potion I could add Love the healing would go clear through the body, mind, and soul.

Well, I can see more plainly today than I did yesterday that my first need is for Love, more Love, much Love. But how can I open to Love? I need the Giver before I need the gifts. Oh, yes, I know that the illumined Paul is not going to leave me dangling in defeat. If he is telling me that in the absence of Love there is no salvation and no spiritual value, I know that he intends to show me in a definite and specific way just how I can prepare myself for the incarnation of Love.

I see his design in these initial scriptures. He wants to erase every atom of hope in me that I can be regenerated and liberated in the absence of Love. When he has so convinced me, he will give me the formula for release.

Nor will the formula be a mumbo-jumbo of meaningless abstractions calculated to increase my religious

vanity. The formula will be a discipline. It will not put the Love of God in my heart; but it will soften my heart to receive Love.

However, before he gives me the discipline, I must be certain that without Love I am nothing. I shall be convinced after I have finished with verse three. I'm ready for the next blast.



Service and Sacrifice

*"And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,
and though I give my body to be burned, and have
not love, it profiteth me nothing."*

JANUARY 4, 1930

Jesus gave his body to be crucified in a great cause. He sacrificed himself for the unborn many. But Jesus loved. Here in this prison we have a number of examples of false sacrifice. They are men with a martyr complex. We call them "Stir Bugs" and "stir crazy." They seek to gain attention by abnormal and sometimes unusual behavior.

The test of genuineness of an act of martyrdom or self-sacrifice is Love. Gimpy Wallace, ever so often, decides to protest against the general diet. He goes on a hunger strike. But his motives are read by the prison population. He has no Love in his heart for anybody, nor for the cause he pretends to promote. His motive is a queer mixture of self-pity, a desire for personal attention, notoriety, and sensation. All his self-sacrifices are vain. They attract no sympathy and no cooperation. They lead to a common disgust and ridicule.

Men have given their lives here in an attempt to go over the wall. Not that they wanted to escape; but that they were driven to desperation by an insatiable craving for notoriety. They were willing to go out in a hail of hot lead for a little moment of sham glory and fake heroism. They were sacrificed in the absence of Love. Their act was not admired, as they expected it to be, but instead they were criticized; they were made the

subject of caustic comments. They were a laughing-stock.

Martyrdom in history lives if Love was in the heart of the martyr. Otherwise it dies. It is soon forgotten. But man shall never forget the Christian martyrs because they Loved. It is true that in the absence of Love any self-sacrifice is vain and futile.

When Paul uses the figure, "And though I give all my goods to feed the poor," he is speaking of the social gospel of service.

A young fellow in here came under the influence of an ex-minister. He developed a desire to find and experience God. Because of certain mortifying disciplines he imposed upon himself, fasting and exposure being among them, he weakened his constitution and went down under double pneumonia. During his convalescence I had many talks with him about his religious aspirations. I asked him about the future and his intentions. He said that he intended to enter training for foreign missionary work. He claimed it could be arranged, and that, despite his past, he could go out to the heathens under sponsorship.

Carefully I enquired into his motives and he revealed that in missionary service he expected to find God.

"Do you love the people you intend to serve?" I asked him, and he admitted that he hadn't given that aspect any thought. His purpose was to experience God by means of sacrificial missionary service. In this way he could curry God's favor.

But the truth is so long as social service is on a duty basis or on a basis of spiritual self-interest, he could give all he had to serve the poor, and his body to be burned in their behalf, and the net result would be no profit. He could not win God's favor by good works if the spirit of good works, Love, was not in his heart.

To serve the poor, the outcast, the disfranchised of the earth, in the absence of Love, is to become ex-

hausted, frustrated, and in time to loathe the ones served. Loveless service is equal to cold charity. There is no profit in it either for the served or the one who serves. Cold charity is a necessary evil in an adolescent world.

Hence he was told to let the Love of God come into his heart and then the way for him would open. Love would choose his course for him, and it might be something entirely removed from the missionary field and social service. Whatever it was it would be fruitful in every department of his life, and it would be redemptive in the world.

Duty work is exhaustive, and has no spiritual profit. Loveless labor is fruitless toil. It is identified with the world's evil and not the world's liberative promise. Social philosophy has filled the earth, and civilizations have continued to follow the way of birth, growth, maturity, decline, and death.

Man can neither save himself collectively or individually. His only purpose is to Love first and act second. Get Love and all these things will be added in the right way and in the right time. I am my brother's keeper when I love him. If I serve him without Love I contribute to his weakness. Being my brother's keeper on a duty basis puts him in bondage, and me! There is no profit in the absence of Love. Only weariness, boredom, and disillusionment.

Last fall I came on the wards one evening to face a hospital full of patients. That day the surgeon had gone beyond himself in vigor, having turned in five operations, three of them major. I had seven other bed patients, an assortment of semi-bed patients, besides the crowded T. B. Ward. I wavered before the gruelling twelve hours shift before me.

I was on duty.

In that brief sentence profit was betrayed and penalty anticipated. As a duty nurse by 6:00 A.M. I should

have been utterly exhausted, irritable, and nerve-shattered. What was the solution to my problem? "Consider the lilies how they grow." No resistance! No strain, strife, struggle! No exhaustive toil! But how could I approach my ordeal without resistance, and without labor? The hospital full of patients had to be served. There would be no respite. I should be running the wards without a pause. How could I avoid resistance, and perform my work as the lilies grow? The voice of duty gave no answering echo. And by morning I was worn out, resentful of my patients, reacting against their needs, and burdened with their night-long reactions against me. It was a miserable night, nightmarish and devitalizing.

The following night was no better when I came on at 6:00 P.M. But I was better prepared. This night I was facing profit instead of penalty. For during the afternoon Paul had given me the answer, 1st Corinthians 16:14: "Let all your things be done with love."

All through that night I moved in a perpetual state of joy. I was filled with love for my patients. I could see them as Jesus would see them. There were no reactions, and in the morning I left my work reluctantly, more alive and tireless than when I began. Not a movement during that night was devoid of profit. There was no resistance. By loving those in need I have lived out and demonstrated the Parable of the Lilies.

Love resists nothing and overcomes everything.

"Don't seek God through service," implies Paul. "Seek Love and service will follow. For if I give all my goods and energies to feed and serve the poor, and withhold my love, it will profit me nothing."

I must be absolutely persuaded that in the absence of Love I am a burden bearer and not a fruit bearer. I must know that I am severed from the Vine and am worthless. But if I Love I am in the Vine and what was burden bearing is now fruit bearing, for Love bears all

burdens to the Burden Bearer whose burden is light. I must bear my brother's burdens to Him on the wings of Love.

If I get convinced that without Love union with God is out of the question, and regeneration is a wishful dream, then I shall be prepared for Paul's Love Disciplines, and shall be far more likely to take them up and pay the cost.

What would happen to the Christian Churches if all their pastors suddenly became convinced that in the absence of Love they were unprofitable stewards and nonredemptive shepherds? What would happen? This would happen. The pastors would surrender to Love. They would pay the price in discipline and receive Love. They would set off a spiritual awakening on a global scale. They would loose a planetary Pentecost.

That is what would happen.

Well, Paul has done his best to convince these ministers of their futilitarianism in the absence of Love. He has done his level best to convince me that I might just as well give up any interest in religion if I am to persist in believing I can be pious and loveless at the same time.

I am convinced intellectually. But when I take up his first discipline I may find it much easier to play about on the religious surface than to plunge into the core and heart of the commandment, "Love ye one another as I have loved you."

PART II

The Disciplines of Love



Patience

"Love suffereth long."

JANUARY 6, 1930

Yesterday morning I went into my room and closed the door. For an hour I read and engaged in meditation on the subject of patience. The numerous distractions of the hospital were shut out. My body and emotions and mind were at rest. There was no one or no thing to oppose my peace. In this state of isolation and protection I found it a simple matter to entertain the reality of patience.

In the meditation I asked myself: "Could I ever attain to patience by means of passivity alone? If I were on a deserted island, with all my creature necessities supplied, and nothing to do but woo a life of perfect quietism, would this perfect condition develop the patient state in me? Or is patience something, like faith, which develops by being actively opposed?"

Here in the seclusion of my room I was patient. Could I carry that patience with me into the wards, where I would meet with all sorts of friction and personal contacts with difficult men and situations? Could I be patient amidst the clash of wills and temperaments and personalities?

So I began my work last night with the resolution to apply Paul's initial Love discipline. I figured that the best way to take these steps was one at a time until I had covered the list, and then return to the first step and begin again.

At the moment I am confident that any one of these disciplines, if integrated into personality, would include the personality results of all of them. However, by shifting from one to another I am sure the factor of monotony will be somewhat relieved. As I see it the value lies in the mental training itself. So in this connection one divine virtue is as good as another.

One more thing I am aware of, and that is this: The practice of these Love attributes are the effects of Love. By practicing them I do not develop Love. It is already developed. It is coexistent with me wherever I am at the moment. I need mental response to it and receptivity for it. In order to attain this response and receptivity I have to undo my old mental habits of objection and quicken new faculties. This is the work of mental training. Here self-effort in the disciplines of Love leads to self-surrender to the Love that exists within me and without. If I make myself ready I shall not possess Love but Love will invade and possess me. What possesses me will use me. What wins my attention wins me. And in order successfully to train myself in this new orbit of mentation, it is essential that I meet with opposition and overcome it with good, with Love as good-will. In the present case, as applied last night, I can easily see that good-will requires a monument of patience.

Though I do not understand why it is or how it comes about, I do know by repeated experiences that a firm resolution to carry out some high mental purpose will attract a correspondingly firm assortment of oppositional forces. Seemingly the sole purpose of this is to test the fibre of the resolution. The oppositions will decrease and vanish when the resolution is totally defeated. On the other hand, they will decrease and vanish when the opposition is routed. But a new resolution will invite a new set of oppositions. These are defeated only when they are overcome with good or a militant non-violence. The oppositions are not banished in the sense of being

rejected. They are eliminated by being incorporated; that is, their negative energies are appropriated by the resolution, and thus work toward its integration and habitual establishment in personality, character, conduct and behavior. Thus the oppositional energies are received in militant non-resistance; that is, by positive good-will, and are sublimated into the actual experience of good-will. It is an interesting process of transformation of energy.

Last night my life was crowded with opposing experiences, all dead set against my determination to practice patience. Our doctor is a warm personal friend of mine, and it has been his custom to trust me completely with the administration of his prescriptions. He has given me unusual authority to act in emergencies according to my knowledge and judgment.

Yet he was here last evening when I took over. He issued a lot of bossy orders that could only be interpreted as irritants to me personally. He acted more like a harried, nagging old woman than a man of medical science. And this put him completely out of his habitual character. Time after time I reacted violently, and it took every ounce of my will-power to return to my resolution of patience.

All during the night it seemed that all the fiends and demons from hell had been turned loose to batter at the bulwarks of my discipline. The truce came around two o'clock this morning. I felt it as a definite sense of release. My patients all slept, and a vast feeling of peace lay over the wards and within my own being. I had many momentary defeats to my patience; but the overall conclusion was victory.

This morning I entered my room with an inner conviction that something good had taken place in my personality. I had a sense of the reality of Love, and a new kind of awareness concerning the element and ministry of Grace. I felt stronger in my character, and there was

an eagerness to continue the disciplines of Love.

Though I applied patience last night I did not look up the meaning of the word until now. My dictionary tells me that to be patient is to suffer pain, hardship, affliction, etc., with a calm and even mind; persevering in good against the irritations of evil.

Many men irritated me last night, and at the moment I am convinced that they are all better men because of my patience and love. Several of those who seemed to be the worst enemies of my patience became the best vessels for receiving it. One young man in particular who had been seized with the most devilish compulsions, and who had hounded me no end with his demands for selfish attention, melted down under my love, apologized for his wilfulness and sought my forgiveness.

Of course there was nothing to forgive since he was only my opportunity to apply a high discipline. But when he showed this attitude I experienced a spontaneous desire to give him attention, which I did. In doing this I had the chance to talk with him about the soul, and the will-process for opening to spiritual power, which redeemed his criminal personality and brought a genuine liberty through regeneration.

The second step in Paul's stairway of discipline lies before me. It will not be long until I have the privilege of trying it. I feel now that because of the victory gained last night I shall be a little better fortified against the testings of tonight. To feel this sense of confidence and moral stamina is in itself a Providential blessing.

Love fills the very room I occupy. It *is*, it *was*, it will always *be*. My need is to receive what is, was, and will be. And to this end I must reeducate my mental faculties. This is done not alone by an academic and theoretic process but by actual discipline and will-directed training. I know now by experience that opposition is necessary, and that overcoming evil with good creates space for the infilling and out-flowing of Love itself.



Benevolence

"And is kind"

JANUARY 8, 1930

During the first half of last night I found small opposition in the application of kindness. The benevolent attitude was interrupted several times by circumstances and demands. But the interruptions were short, and no serious breach in the program was made.

About midnight I went to the kitchen to have a bite with the keeper. I ate quite heartily of food well over on the starch side. When I returned to the wards all was quiet. I sat in the convalescent room and fixed my attention on meditative prayer. Suddenly I was distracted by the convict's most robust enemy, sexual passion. It came upon me out of nowhere right in the midst of a spiritual intention. Try as I did to beat down the onslaught by the force of my will, it persisted.

The experience taught me this: While I had succeeded in exercising kindness toward my sick patients, I had failed to practice the sentiment toward my famished creatures. I had been able to Love my neighbors redemptively, but not myself.

My personality was a household. It was the home of a large and vital family of undisciplined children. These were my senses, faculties, appetites. I loved the men I served. I was kind and generous toward them. But when my own children stirred to demand my attention I suddenly became a relentless and savage tyrant, lashing out at them with my brutal, suppressive will.

In the discipline of applied kindness I see two things very clearly this afternoon. One is that my natural creatures must be trained through discipline. Natural things must constantly be improved or they will run to weeds. My will must not become the victim of my appetites. Yielding to them is not the way to train them. License will not lead to liberty but to bondage. On the other hand, tyranny of will over my appetites is not the way. I cannot train and redirect a natural force by trying to brutalize and suppress it. If I am kind, and if my kindness is to be redemptive, I have got to treat my children with intelligence and guide them with firm but loving wisdom. I have no authority to inflict judgment, punishment, condemnation upon them. I have the divine authority to refine and educate my children, and bring them up to love and respect me and serve the highest purposes of my life and soul.

An experiment was made as I sat there in the convalescent room. I was, as I said, in the throes of sexual passion. I was in a state of dynamic energy, the energy of love expressing furiously on the physical plane of my life. The more I had tried to repress this energy the more feverishly it burned. I reached a new attitude.

"In a case of this sort what is the kind thing to do?" I asked myself. And the answer came: "Energy in itself is neutral, neither good nor bad except as the attitude makes it so. Energy always follows the course of mental attention. If the attention is fixed on a noble view the energy will rise toward that view and will, if successfully achieved, establish the high view in terms of personality and character. The whole man momentarily will be caught up in it by experience."

I fixed my attention on the kindness of Jesus as it was displayed in so many instances of his ministry. My sexual passion raged on while I kept returning my attention to the focal point. Gradually I felt a transformation taking place in this emotional energy. By and by there

was a moment which I can only describe as a *click* in my consciousness, a swift shifting over into a new dimension, in which I no longer seemed to be the thinker, but the instrument of thought, as though I were now being thought through.

With the entering of this new type of thinking there came a correspondingly new type of feeling, so that what had been a physical passion, excluded to my own body, was now an overwhelming compassion that embraced no limit and excluded no man. Momentarily I was caught up in a possessing, regenerating influence, and this remained with me during the remaining hours of the night, dissipating very slowly as morning approached.

It seems to me that herein I have had a glimpse of one major aspect of the New Penology. No matter what the prison system attempts to do in the way of new methods of correction it is always frustrated by the common sex problem, which in this sort of an environment leads rapidly to self-abuse and homosexual and other degenerate practices.

The regeneration of natural hungers is the answer to the prison sex problem, and when this is accomplished it means regeneration of personality, the thing that society needs, wants, and pays for in terms of billions of dollars, loss, misery, and devastation.

Here is a practical type of ascetism that can actually be taught in prisons, and convicts who are ceaselessly harrassed by burning passion could easily be inspired to desire the teaching.

One of the blessings that came out of my experience last night was in the nature of a healing. About two o'clock in the morning a patient rapped for me. He was pleading for relief from the unbearable pain occasioned by a cluster of hemorrhoids, which were bleeding profusely. He begged for a shot to kill the pain. I told him I could not administer narcotics without the doctor's per-

mission. He implored me to wake the warden and get the doctor's permission. His need intensified my compassion and I found it centralized on him.

Within less than ten minutes after this happened his face relaxed, and he said the pain was gone. Investigation showed the bleeding had ceased, and an hour later the hemorrhoids had retreated to the inside, and a little while afterwards there was no longer any swollen part. About five o'clock he had a natural movement of the bowels with only a fraction of discomfort.

This incident gave me an opportunity to talk with him about the healing potency of spiritual power. The healing may turn out to be an experience around which this man can begin to organize his energies and win through to a redemptive healing of his entire personality.

There is something very powerful in the element of kindness, even when it is keyed to mental activity and will direction. But when mental kindness evokes and fuses with a similar emotion the power is redemptive and has an emancipating effect on the soul.

As I look at the third Love discipline in Paul's arrangement, it seems to me that I shall have to do a great deal of self-searching. For on the surface I cannot see that I have very much of the fault he warns me against. Yet I may be filled with it in a way too subtle for me to have noticed.

Right now I am in high spirits and the glow of last night's experience lingers on. But as the next discipline calls to me I realize that I must become detached and dispassionate if I am going to self-examine my motives and subtle inner *drives*.

In the meantime I am grateful for the failures and successes in the disciplines so far. And if I do find the faults mentioned by Paul, I shall do my best to stand out against them tonight.



Generosity

"Love envieth not."

JANUARY 10, 1930

Last winter there developed a little group of intellectual mutuals here in the hospital. My own range of knowledge and interests was no match for theirs. They could discuss art and literature, science and philosophy. Once or twice when I drew near to their animated conversation the subject seemed to change over to hesitant and awkward inconsequentials, and sort of just petered out. I was an odd spoke in their wheel. They were of an inner circle. I was a foreign element. They were within the holy of holies. I was on the outside, unwelcomed, unwanted. I didn't fit in. I didn't belong.

When they were together they rejoiced in their fellowship, mutuality, and common interest. But I did not rejoice with those who rejoiced, and because I didn't I was unable, also, to weep with those who wept. I envied these favored men. And I resented them. My resentment modified my attitude toward those I served, the sick and suffering.

Brooding in my room alone I said to myself: "They've all had educational advantages. But they are in prison just the same. We are common criminals just the same." And I tried to elevate my own stock by pulling theirs down. The effort didn't help my feelings any. I was no higher. I still believed them superior, and I was jealous.

I thought of Peter, James, and John, the little inner circle with whom Jesus fraternized. The favored, privi-

leged trio. And I wondered how the other disciples felt about being left on the outside. Did they rejoice with those who rejoiced?

A couple of years ago a personable convict came under my influence and I did some effective evangelistic and missionary spade work in his fertile but untilled soil. As a result he became an enthusiastic Christian. He also became a popular Christian. He entered the chapel choir, and soon became its leader and reorganizer. He was allowed to make short talks in the chapel, and because of his inspirational quality and personality he won many men to the Christian viewpoint. In the absence of the chaplain one Sunday morning this young man delivered a sermon. It was a simple but powerful appeal to the convicts who crowded the auditorium. And my feeling was that two or three hundred who heard him were greatly stirred that morning and were turned toward Christ.

However, I was not so influenced. I envied the young man. I wondered why it was that he was so privileged and had been so chosen instead of me. I begrudged him this success. I was jealous of his popularity. But in my cell I thought about it.

The obscure disciple, Andrew, came to my mind. He had been the missionary who brought Peter to Jesus, and Peter had become a popular disciple, less capable in many ways perhaps than Andrew. I thought about that great day of Pentecost when Peter stood up and preached that famous sermon which won three thousand souls to Christ.

How did Andrew feel about this success of his brother? Did he envy Peter and resent his popularity? Did he rejoice in his brother's success? He had brought this one to Christ, and now this one was starring before the multitude while he, the first missionary, remained in the background unknown, unsung, obscure.

In these two ways I got rid of envy. Comparison is an

odious process, but it can be redemptive. But did I get rid of envy's tap roots? Only a day or so ago there was some doubt about my owning the vice of envy. But as I think about it now I am not so sure. It lingers on where Love takes leave. On the outside of Love one is bound to have envy. Only "Love envieth not."

Where Love is absent it is well-nigh impossible not to covet another's possessions. No matter how much he owns a Loveless man will desire what others own, and he will be less content after he gets it than he was before he had it. It is a part of unregenerate human nature to want what other people have accumulated. It is a penalty of unregenerate human nature to be placed in bondage by such possessions.

There are so many different kinds of possessions. I have a patient I can't get close to. When I enter his room the atmosphere becomes strained. Yet I want him to like me, as he likes his day nurse. Yes, in spite of everything, I envy the day nurse. I am not yet free of the weed of envy.

Envy has not been conquered in me. It has merely been overlaid in spots, neglected. It remains active in places and dormant in others. With a sudden rise of ambition it may come forth conquering and to conquer. I have put down the sin by being indifferent to it. It is like getting away from something by forgetting it. It is still there, and may pop up again.

Envy is a parent fault with quite a brood of offspring. Besides coveting envy has malice and ill-will. So that in this area I am caught. I do often envy in this connection. I have ill-will toward some. And if I think about the sin deeply enough I shall discover it to be a spontaneous emotion. And therein lies my problem. I cannot command my emotions. They will express correctly when I am on the inside of Love. They will express incorrectly when I am on the outside. When I am in Love obedience will match my knowledge. When

Love is absent in me my knowledge will far exceed my obedience. And my lack of obedience will always cancel out my knowledge. It will do me little good to know about God and His divine economy unless I can obey the commandment, "Envy not." I cannot obey it save when I let God's Love have free possession of me.

I can plainly see, then, that envy is frozen generosity, and where it exists even the philanthropic act is a counterfeit effort to gratify selfishness. A regenerated personality is truly a generous personality. A large soul is an emancipated soul that rejoices with others when they rejoice and weeps with them when they weep.

The elimination of envy is first a discipline of the will. Not that the will can do away with envy; but the effort made can prepare the will for receiving Love, and Love will put an end to envy. At any point where Love touches envy the vice is translated into its opposite virtue.

Last night I applied this discipline with considerable success; and I know that my successes will be preserved as an added power to aid me when I take up Paul's next Love discipline. Already I can see that each discipline has a beneficial effect, bringing to bear a new enthusiasm and fortitude, when I face the following discipline.

But I must go down and take a few turns around the walk, giving my lungs a chance also to expand and fill my bloodstream with a fresh supply of oxygen. The more physically vital I become the more salutary will be the personal impact I make upon my patients.

The night lies before me, a fresh new page of opportunity. Not until morning can I read the page and check the successes against the failures. It will be a better page with discipline than it would be without it. I know this much in advance.



Temperance

"Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."

JANUARY 11, 1930

Last night I had a rather hectic time trying to apply the discipline of temperance by an act of the will. These disciplines in themselves seem so simple when you look at them offhand. Moderation in all things and the temperate attitude of mind should be easy. However when you get down to the business of applying them in the run of actual life then the old habits begin to protest against the new purposes, and a multitude of difficulties become apparent which had never been apparent before.

I was talking with a patient last night about God's redemptive process. As I noticed indications of response in his face my enthusiasm raced ahead of my reserve. I fell promptly into the zealot's chief sin, inordinate utterance and overstatement. I was right then in the mood to go three thousand miles to make one proselyte, as Jesus said the fanatics and zealots would do.

The patient sobered me with a remark: "Of course you know that as far as you're concerned this redemptive process is a reality. It is clear to you. But to me it is still a nebulous generality. It's an abstract idea. It is a very thin theory."

In a very quiet way he told me that he had given some thought to the idea of Grace.

"My father was a lay minister," he said, "and as a young man I toyed with the notion of preaching the Christian gospel. It was on this issue of Grace that I

was not clear. I only believed that I believed. It's so easy to believe that you believe. I would have to *know* what I preached. I would have to be convinced of its truth. I'd prefer the life of a criminal over that of a hypocrite, however innocent and unconscious my hypocrisy."

He noticed the fever of my zeal drop. He said, "I do want to be persuaded. I'd like to be certain of a redemptive process."

Before me was a man exemplifying integrity of mind and temperance of word.

My zeal was gone. I asked him if he was sure about God's evolutionary process. He said that this was revealed in nature. He could not escape belief here with the facts before him. Then I suggested that duality reigned everywhere in creation. He agreed that this was so. But he limited his conviction to the natural world.

"Isn't it reasonable to believe that if there is an evolutionary process, then, there must also be a redemptive process?"

"It is reasonable to assume it," he said. "But the one is fact to me and the other is theory. I know there is a natural world by the evidence of my senses. But I don't know there is a spiritual world, for I have not developed any senses for communicating with such a world. As I said, unmerited mercy, Grace, redemption is beyond my reach of apprehension."

Because of my talk with him I was able to do more with temperance last night.

I had often wondered about the seeming powerlessness of our chaplain's sermons. During the night it occurred to me that one of the reasons was to be found in his intemperance of speech. He tried by might to make us believe what he believed. Men get zealous about a precept that is not clear. A lingering doubt compels an exaggeration of statement. No one ever becomes over-enthusiastic about a real fact. Nobody ever shouts

that two and two make four. Because Jesus apprehended and comprehended the truths of the spiritual realm he never yelled in his talks and sermons. An intemperate delivery from the pulpit indicates an uncertain deliverer. Watch the man who understates the truth. For he is likely to embody what he states.

My old cell mate was never given to over-emphasis. Once I said to him, "With God all things are possible." He replied: "And with mortal man some things are possible. Man can do what God could never stoop to do, and God can do what man would never rise to do. It would cost too much and seem to offer too little."

The plain, naked fact is, I'm always boasting about spiritual things in such a way as to lead others to believe I am certain about them. My cell mate used to tell me, "When you think you understand beware lest you fall."

When I speak of God in the absence of His Love I'm always more or less puffed up over my knowledge. But when I am really in His Love there is a positive simplicity and moderation in evidence. My replies tend more and more toward a "yea, yea and a nay, nay." I say less and do more.

In the T. B. Ward last night I sat on the edge of a bed and talked about God to a patient who will soon be crossing over into a better land than this. While I talked he was seized with a body-wracking spell of coughing. The lungs hemorrhaged. I withdrew and stood at the foot of his bed, looking on ineffectually. Another patient moved swiftly down the ward, took the man in his arms and lifted him to a sitting position, holding a handkerchief to his lips. The coughing passed. The hemorrhage ceased. I left the ward wishing that I had been the one who had done with deed what I had been only talking about with creed.

But these examples helped in my effort to apply the discipline of temperance. I learned a lot last night. And

on many occasions, by force of will, I did use temperance when I wanted to impress others by exaggeration. I learned for one thing just how difficult it is to *be, do,* and keep silent.

Our night keeper is a simple, unlettered man. He has the sense of honor and the gift of plain, rugged honesty. As we had a midnight meal in the kitchen I asked him if he believed in prayer. He said, "Yes." And there was no elaboration. I believed what he said without a doubt and without a question. That unanalyzed "Yes" was enough.

The incident reminded me that I had once told him that I believed in prayer, and had then spent thirty minutes telling him why I believed in it. He would have accepted my "Yes" had it been a true "Yes" but the explanation left him confused and wondering.

I must watch the beliefs which I feel moved to explain. If I get Love temperance will come in and explanation will become superfluous.

Something was accomplished last night, I am sure. It was an interesting adventure. If nothing else, the discipline banished all sense of time and monotony. It gave me an effort at self-control. And at the moment the experience of last night makes me eager to set out upon a new adventure tonight. It is much better to begin my shift with eager anticipation than with the down-pull of resistance and reluctance.

Paul's next Love discipline is going to be a challenge and a promise. If I can obey the challenge the promise will take care of itself. I find in these Love disciplines a kind of game, with the percentage on the side of the dealer.



Control

"Love doth not behave itself unseemly"

JANUARY 12, 1930

I practiced this discipline last night, and I believe with a deal of real success. First I looked up Paul's word, "unseemly," which meant, *unbecoming*. I quickly concluded that to be unbecoming was to be uncontrolled.

The quality of Love, then, of which Paul writes, is a Love that adapts itself to the circumstances and situations at hand. It would not display that familiarity which leads to disgust in others. It would subdue piety rather than exhibit it. It would not engage in religious pretenses and holy affectations. It would hide the personality as the personality hides the person. It would not shock others nor offend their sensibilities. It would conceal its instrument in a cloak of naturalness. It would be under an unstudied control.

Jesus was the supreme example of this kind of Love. Other people often referred to his compassion. But he himself never embarrassed anyone by saying, "I Love you." That is a pleasing statement to an undeveloped personality and to an undisciplined ego. But it is offensive to the keen perceptions of the soul.

I told one of my patients that I Loved him. He instantly associated my remark with an abnormal sexual intention. Then I was forced into self-defence and a long explanation, which did not explain and did not convince.

"Don't tell anyone you Love him," my old cell mate once told me. "Let your Love speak for itself. You keep silent. Do and not say."

When a man says to a woman, "I love you," he is usually dealing in flattery, or his desire is mostly below the diaphragm. Human love pleases a physical person. It is obnoxious to a person in whom the soul has been released. Real Love is under control. It never is unseemly. It promptly measures the other person and adapts itself with wisdom and discernment.

All the motion pictures that are shown in here display unseemly love. They drool with sex and afterwards the sex-starved convicts drip with self-abuse. The reason why sex movies cover the earth is because the race soul is very young. The collective development of society has three sources of pleasure, sex, sleep and food. Why censor the movies? They merely portray humanity as it is to date. Entertainment follows the state of mass souls. External religious systems cannot move inwardly any faster than the souls of men move outwardly. A civilization is always where it is because of what it is. The commandment is not to the mass but to the individual: "Come out from among them and be separate. Save yourself from the untoward generation."

Love does not seek to save the world. It seeks to attract prepared souls out of the world. Love gathers its own around it, as a lustre gathers around a clean brain.

Seemliness is a Love discipline before it is a Love result. In the personal will Love has its seat, and by the right exercise of the will dormant Love is quickened and will is made ready to transmit it and communicate it.

Last night I had the experience of compassion. It was during one of those lulls that often come in the wards between ten and twelve, when the patients are still awake but quiet and undemanding.

I took advantage of the condition, went into my room, and wooed the meditative mood. When I felt what I thought a sufficient depth of stillness I chose one of my patients, a man doomed to a very slow and increasingly painful death, according to medical diagnosis.

With him as my focal point I began a will-directed course of mental prayer. Somehow I was guided not to pray for his recovery; but rather to pray that he be laid upon my heart as a prayer burden which I could then pass on to the Burden Bearer.

As I continued steadfast in this mental prayer I began to sense an inner creeping of the Love sentiment for the man. It was first manifested as a deep sympathy for him and his family. I was sorry for his people, and I pitied him because of his mis-spent life and wasted energies and opportunities. Gradually my feelings expanded into a more refined Love in which the appearances of sickness and the family tragedy passed away, and I saw him and his family, not as they were, but as they ought to be and could be. This was a glorious family portrait cast in cosmic lights and overtones of significance. Then there welled up within me an overpowering compassion for the patient. In this the burden of him was not shifted to the Burden Bearer; but was now unbelievably heavy on my own heart. Now the suffering that he was passing through I felt. His defeat was my defeat; his sins were mine; what he was and all he had been I shared as though it were my own.

I was under an almost impossible pressure to run to him with my tear-filled eyes and smother him with expressions of this Love in my heart. But I was under discipline, and my need was for reserve, naturalness, and control. While in the throes of compassion I entered his room as often as I could without arousing his curiosity and with detached conversation and ordinary professional manners I let my feeling flow toward him. On one of these visits I had the experience of feeling him in union with God. At the moment I had that experience he interrupted something he was saying and made a sharp digression. "I have no pain," he said. "I feel so strange. And I'm getting sleepy." He was sound in sleep

when I left the room. He slept the night through for the first time.

I have no way of knowing what took place within him, of course, but I should not be surprised to see him take a turn for the better in the days to come. The negative physical condition may have been reversed in that experience of his; healing energies I know not of may have been set in motion; and I shall be watching his case with more than a common interest.

Had I gone to his room and spilled my Love over him in a wild emotional torrent he might have been confused by it, and he might have reacted destructively against it. Who knows?

I do know this that it is difficult to control Love emotions which seem uncontrollable. That opportunity gave me a hard discipline. One of the hardest so far encountered in this program of mine. But an overwhelming Love must be offered a stable vessel of behavior. Behavior is the channel through which the current of Love must flow. The channel must not behave unseemly when the power is turned on.

My impulse right now is to give this same discipline my attention again tonight. My experience of last night makes me want to recapture it by the same discipline. But it is a part of my discipline to move on with Paul, and if need be sacrifice the possible joy for a possible discomfort.

And I must say that Paul's next Love discipline does not look too promising. But there it is before me. I fool myself if I try to detour one demand in preference to another. The jots must go with the tittles. The adventure moves on.



Selflessness

"Seeketh not her own."

JANUARY 13, 1930

This is a mighty discipline of Love. I quickly realized, of course, that the imitation of selflessness is a discipline, and nothing more. But I learned this about it last night: there is a kind of meshing together, like the combining of cogs on a gear shaft. The earnest, purposeful imitation of a divine virtue has a tendency to mesh with the next virtue above it. Thus *imitation* tends to become *emulation* and *emulation* tends to become *actualization*. It is a refining process of consciousness, as I see it now.

To imitate a virtue is to act as though the virtue were a part of your habitual character. It is a purposeful pretense. Hence it is a good pretense—as good as the motive behind it.

I saw that if I had a vain or selfish motive for the thing I pretended, no harvest of good fruit would be gathered. The result would match the quality of my motive. But if my motive were good it would generate good out of my action.

I asked myself therefore, "What is the motive behind my imitation of selflessness?" When I could say—"It is to illustrate the Love of God"—and mean it, then I knew my motive was right and I was given the go-ahead signal.

To imitate selflessness was to copy it by my manners. Without a good motive this copy of the original would have been no more than a counterfeit, like a counterfeit bill.

I saw very plainly that to imitate a thing with a wrong motive was to be cut off from the thing itself because of being psychologically satisfied with counterfeit. With this satisfaction no effort would be made to attain the genuine article.

What I experienced in the discipline of last night was very wonderful to me, though it might be child's play to someone who was farther along in these matters.

Along toward midnight I found myself desiring the virtue I was imitating. Suddenly I realized that this new feeling was *emulation*. To verify my intuition about it I looked the word up in my dictionary and discovered that it meant three things.

"*Emulate*: to try to equal; to try to excel; to try to rival."

This new desire took in all these things. From a mere imitation of selflessness, I now wanted to equal, rival, or even excel in that virtue.

I had passed from *imitation* to *emulation*. For two or three hours I fostered this desire, prayed for its fulfillment and meditated about it. While in meditation I dozed. Suddenly I was awakened by the tapping of a patient. Later I realized that I had answered his call and gone through an ordinarily difficult cleaning task, which included the patient's body and the bed, and had done it in a resistless spirit of selfless Love.

From the emulation of selflessness I had passed into the actualization of that virtue. Actually I experienced it in my whole being.

That this progressive method had been demonstrated in the space of one night filled me with such joy that I actually experienced physical manifestations of it. It was like tingling goose-flesh, or electrical currents racing through my body.

I was like a child with the proverbial new toy. To a person more experienced in these Love matters my

exuberance would have seemed naive. I guess it was that in no uncertain term.

About five o'clock in the morning I was called by another patient toward whom I had entertained an indifferent attitude. I had always waited on him and served his needs, but with no particular or special interest in him.

As far as he knew, I suppose, I was sincere in my ministration. But I knew that my sincerity was only skin deep. It was an excellent imitation of the real thing: but it was not the real thing.

When I ministered to him now I had the glorious experience of doing it with genuine sincerity. To most people an experience of this kind would be a commonplace event in their lives, not having been addicted to habits of insincerity. But to me who had devoted a lifetime in the qualities of sham suddenly to experience an onslaught of unmodified sincerity was nothing short of revolutionary.

To practice these Love disciplines with an earnest purpose can produce some of the most astonishing results, both within and without. If there is any recreation or pastime which is capable of generating more real pleasure, I can't imagine what it could possibly be.

Men in here seek diversion and health through planned physical exercises. But to catch the knack of working in Love is to put callisthenics in the shade. For in Love every move you make and every task you perform is like some supernatural grace or benediction sent straight to you from heaven itself.

The time races so that you feel like reaching out to hold it back. I feel so sorry for the men in here who have never broken the shackles of Time. They claw at their sentences like caged tigers, watching both the clock and the calendar. Time is a terrifying bondage to those who have never learned to use it in Love.

I don't know whether anything will ever come of these

words. It is reward enough to let them flow onto the tablet. But if by any chance they do reach the eyes of others, I certainly recommend this Pauline Love discipline of selflessness—but not in the sense of becoming self-debasing and impotent, like a useless rag or worn door mat. I don't mean a negative selflessness, which is little more than a low grade of egotism. I don't mean a selflessness that takes all the sparkle out of the eye and all the lustre out of the personality. The real thing will not take away anything of good in personality. It will add a lot to what you already have.

I've seen men striving in here to attain a spiritual something or other, and the more they strive the more washed out and shoddy they become. They have no life in them because they have no Love.

I'd like to go out on the playground every Saturday afternoon and give a talk on Love and how to apply the Love disciplines. But the warden would never stand for that, and I'm not sure that it would be the thing to do.

I was in this prison a long while ago when attending the religious services was compulsory. How the inmates resented it! It must have been tough on the chaplain to preach to men who were forced under guns and clubs to listen to him.

I would be in that position, too, if I were to talk on the playground. My talks probably would do little good. But I'd like to do it anyway. If only one or two caught the idea of using Time in here the Love way it would be worthwhile.

The discipline for tonight looks rather interesting, because it looks rather difficult. It is amazing to consider the meagre rewards that follow meagre ways and easy tasks.

Jesus was right when he said little value could be had from loving only those who love you. The real value comes from loving the hard customers and bad actors. It is better to fish for a whale that gets away, than to

catch a little fish you have to throw back.

I suspect I'd better call this off. There is a stirring in the corridor. That means the shifts are about to change. I have a twelve hour chore before me. I wonder what I'll be able to do with it. If Paul walks through the wards with me all will be well. I have him in his counsel for tonight. Could I ask for more?



Stability of Mind

"Is not easily provoked"

JANUARY 14, 1930

Before going on duty last night I had what I like to call a successful meditation. When meditation woos you into a state of consciousness where your whole being seems to have reached a saturation point of serenity, there is then a passive stability of mind. Your mental life is at peace. Everything is tranquil and only thoughts of good-will toward your fellowmen are present.

Your difficulty begins when you rise from the passive meditation and enter into active service. In the true meditational mood you are not easily provoked. Here you are extremely charitable toward unlovely and unlovable persons. The stupid, blundering, and tackless dolts do not disturb your peace of mind. You make generous allowance for those who are cheap and shoddy and tawdry. Your critics and enemies are held up in the light of your benevolent understanding. God is in His heaven and all is well with your world.

Then by taking a few short steps you are suddenly in another world. Here you come face to face with those irritating personalities toward whom you had so recently felt a high regard. You seek to serve one of them in loving kindness, and with humiliating and caustic words he repulses your offering. Now you find that the kind of love you had previously entertained has suddenly slipped its moorings. You are now in a different kind of love. From soul-love, which cannot be wounded by another person, you are now in ego-love, which can be

wounded by another person. And so long as you remain in ego-love you are in fear, and you have no peace of mind nor stability.

Ego-love is generated from vanity and pride. It takes little to wound these parents of ego-love. Love that is the product of vanity and pride is easily provoked.

It did not take me long to discover this fact last evening. I came on duty to find a man with a broken foot. There had been a time when I claimed him as one of my close inmate friends. We had shared alike our rebellious philosophy. We enjoyed the same beefs and gripes against society, and nursed a similar spirit of protest against prison conditions. We had everything in common, as a matter of fact.

When I got religion, as he sneeringly called it, we seemed to have nothing in common, and he never missed an opportunity to undermine me with other inmates.

I hadn't been in the ward five minutes last evening until his verbal abuse, unleashed in the presence of several other patients, had hurled me out of my beautiful response to Love and peace into murderous reaction against him. He made me plummet from soul-love to ego-love in a matter of seconds, and I realized that this kind of love was easily provoked.

I went angrily about my duties for awhile licking my wounds, not even wanting to shake off my homicidal mood. But this was the night I was to practice the discipline of a stable mind, the Love that was not easily provoked. I had started out with it as a grace of spiritual passivity. I had promptly lost it in the very first encounter with robust opposition.

Working in a sort of stormy silence with myself, it came to me that I ought to stick the neck of my bleeding ego out again, to expose myself once more to the man's abuse, to turn the other cheek, as it were. About nine o'clock I decided to face him.

I entered his room and said: "Hub, I don't blame you

for being sore at a guy who turns his back on the old racket. But the best years of my life have been battered out of me in one *stir* (prison) after another. I could see myself becoming a whining, whimpering, feeble-minded old *stir bum*. Just like the ones down there now in the crank gang. And finally I'd be carted out the back gate and dumped in a hole, after the chaplain had mumbled a few words over me. I've figured that no racket is worth it for me. For me, mind you. The other guy might get away with it. But not me. It isn't worth the price for me."

Hub did not react to this abusively. He only said: "Every man to his own notion. That's my motto. You to yours and me to mine. I blew my top. It was because of this damn foot. It's giving me hell. Don't you have anything in this joint to kill pain?"

That was all. I gave Hub some knock-out slubs (sleeping tablets) and he was soon pounding his ear.

All through the night I kept trying to think of him in terms of loving kindness. I made him a kind of an object, a focal point for mental control and discipline. As I persisted in this many other things entering in did not provoke me. Hub became an opportunity, and though he didn't know it he was a partner with me in the practice of this particular phase of Paul's Love discipline.

Just before going off duty this morning Hub called me in and thanked me for the knock-out slugs and apologized for blowing his top.

So all in all I think I did pretty well with last night's Love discipline, especially for an amateur. What I'll be able to do with the next one I haven't the slightest notion. Off hand, as I look at it, it seems like one of those impossibilities we hear people talk about in regard to the hard sayings of Jesus. But I'd better wait to cross that bridge when I get to it. It may not look so tough by then.

There is something curiously fascinating about this

Love discipline. This 13th Chapter of 1st Corinthians is probably the most read and most quoted chapter in the Bible. I knew it by heart and talked about it endlessly. I knew it was true. But I'm certain that I used the device of preaching it to others as a dignified way of avoiding it in practice. But now I'm finding the attempt to apply it more interesting than discussing it.

When you actually try to live this higher Love you find odd things happening to your old thinking and feeling patterns. One thing you discover is that life is made up of a series of unoriginal habits. They've been purloined from others, even to your thoughts, and you have no idea that you're just a mental kleptomaniac, being moved about by the stale thinking of other people.

As you work in these disciplines of Love you are surprised to discover that you're thinking something new—at least you think the old things in a new way. And it gives you a good feeling to realize that you're not just a sounding board for somebody else's ideas, or that you're not a mere echo in a hollow cave.

This is a great chapter when you try it out. For Love is better than all spiritual gifts combined. Just before he put his pen to this essay on Love Paul wrote: "Covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet I show unto you a more excellent way."

Paul doesn't say: "I'll show you a more excellent sermon," or "a more excellent debate" or "a more excellent theory for discussion." He says, "A more excellent way." A "way" is a path you walk in. It's something you do first and discuss second.

It is this trying to walk in the Love way that has given me so many pleasurable surprises, not a single one of which ever came to me out of preaching on Love and analyzing it before trying it.

But I must close the tablet for now. And I imagine I'd better do some praying before I launch out on tonight's Love discipline.



Redemptive Thinking

"Thinketh no evil"

JANUARY 15, 1930

When I asked my old friend about the word "evil" he told me that it meant the reversal of GOOD. Love was something GOOD. It was very GOOD. "A more excellent way." But when it was completely reversed it was hate, the apostasy of GOOD. The same energy used differently established a different result. In between Love and Hate there were degrees of reversal, some shades that seemed so nearly like Love that it was hard to distinguish them: an offensive look in the eye which nullified the sweet tenor in the voice; a critical reaction to a wounded personal opinion; a lingering resentment that seemed logical and justified; a picking at a brother's fault until it appeared as a running sore; unlovely gossiping organized around some personality not present. Shades so subtle that they were neither Love nor Hate.

That Evil was the reversal of GOOD meant that it was also the reversal of Real Life, of REALITY. The old-timer, a genuine sage, if you please, had me spell out the word EVIL on a piece of paper, and then to reverse the spelling and spell the word backwards. When I did I was surprised to find the word LIVE staring me in the face.

LIVE, as a verb, he told me, was in the present tense of life. "I live the message NOW." He had me write it down in the past tense, LIVED. Then he had me reverse the spelling, and there before my eyes was the word, DEVIL.

"The Devil's job," he said, "is to reverse GOOD into Evil."

He told me that playing with words, while artificial, could often cast a bright light upon darkness. It could sometimes focus the attention on concord in the midst of chaos. It could assist true meanings to emerge out of hidden places. I was not to make a fetish out of the practice. That which was artificial, if it clarified, it was justified. If it took the place of the thing to be clarified, even it could serve the Devil and reverse into Evil that which was GOOD.

So my discipline last night was a combat with the Devil. My task was to think no evil. It was to live in the presence of God, the Ultimate Good.

And the old-timer told me that if I sought to do this in the abstract I would fail. Love and Good as terms of Reality would so thin out my thinking that I would neglect my duties. I had to live Love and Good now right down among my patients. I had to lay hold upon Love and Good, snatch them out of their abstract setting and bring them into actual concrete expressions on the wards of the prison hospital. The shifting of a sick man's position; the fluffing of a pillow under a sick man's head; the way I took a temperature, counted a pulse, ran my hand across a fevered brow; the way I moistened a pair of dry uncomfortable feet, rubbed a tired back, offered a word to quicken the will and spirit in a man whose will to live had become jaded and weak. These were some of the things that would reveal Love and Good.

I would have to see Love and Good personalized. I would have to see God in Person. Said the old-timer, "See Jesus and you'll see God. You will not come to the Father save by His only begotten Son. Keep your left hand in the right hand of Jesus tonight, and you will defeat the Devil and will think no evil.

One of my patients was expected to die toward morn-

ing. The doctor thought he would pass between two and five this morning. As I ministered to him on one occasion there was an uncommon sense of Presence in the room. I thought of the impossible case confronting Peter and John at the Gate Called Beautiful. A man who had never walked, crippled from birth. Peter put forth his right hand and caught the hand of the cripple and commanded him to rise. And he did. He leapt and praised God.

What a miracle, I thought. But was it? No. Peter had his left hand in the right hand of Jesus. Jesus had his left hand in the right hand of God. All that was lacking was a ground wire, a connecting with human need, and the all-conquering, irresistible Love and Power of God would flow through. The cripple's need was the ground wire. Peter's loose right hand was the contact, the conductor. When he made the contact with the need the power raced to its object, the man crippled from birth. It was inevitable when the requirements had been met. Peter fresh from his Pentecost experience could meet the requirements.

I do not wish to say that this great Christian act was duplicated. I merely say that I felt a Presence in the room. When I reached down and took the hot, wrinkled hand of my patient I first felt death in the man's hand. As I held there crept into my consciousness a sense of blessed assurance. The patient's weary, suffering eyes were upon me, a strange, childlike searching, like a baby scrutinizing the face of its mother. I was impelled to speak, to echo words that were not my own. "Erik," I said, "everything's going to be all right." A scripture sounded on the board of my memory, "Let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid. Ye believe in God: believe also in me."

With his hand in mine Erik relaxed and went to sleep. This morning I was carrying the chart for the doctor. When we came out of Erik's room he said, "A change

for the better has taken place during the night. I believe he has a good chance now to pull through."

I have always looked upon this Pauline maxim, "think no evil" as one of those peculiar bits of perfection advice impossible of achievement down here among the rough and tumble life of the world. But here in the afterglow of last night I'm not so sure. I have a strange feeling that Love and Good are more normal ways of life than Hate and Evil.

And oddly enough, what I expected to be a rugged tussle and difficult discipline for last night was not a tussle, nor could I say that it was a discipline. There was a smoothness in the flow of Time's river which had its source in six o'clock last evening and emptied into the ocean of six this morning.

I have so often been told by bright men doing time in here that Good and Evil were twin mysteries too deep for the little brain of man to comprehend.

This morning I wonder about that. If Evil is just the reversal of Good, then neither should be too difficult to understand. And surely if man has the power to reverse Good into Evil by the same token he has the power to reverse Evil into Good.

So I look forward to the walk with Paul tonight. What a masterful interpreter he is of the way of Love and the gentle Nazarene!

Even now, with nothing more than a baby step taken in the Master's precept and example, I am beginning to see Him emerge as the True Norm of life. He is not only the sound pattern for my future conduct and behavior; but he is the True Doctrine around which I can assemble the elements of my faith. I am beginning to see that I can trust my life to him and accept what he says—that he will never let me down if I never let him down.

I think I'd better sleep on this remark. The night lies before me, a clean white page, a document yet unmade, a challenge yet unfinished. I close the tablet for now,



The Joy of Truth

*"Rejoiceth not in iniquity
but rejoiceth in the truth"*

JANUARY 16, 1930

As I faced this discipline of Love yesterday afternoon I had to ask myself the old, old question, "What is truth?" There were a lot of truths, but what was *the* truth? Every law and principle in Creation was *a truth*. But what was the common denominator, *the Truth*?

A tree outside my window was now bare. Last summer it was clothed with vital, green leaves. Now its skeleton branches were dressed in frost and snow. How about those leaves? Were they truths or facts? They had deserted their home, had dropped to the ground, and no longer existed as leaves. They had been subject to alteration, to change. Hence they could not be truths, for a truth is unchangeable. They fell to the ground because of a principle, a law, called the law of gravitation. The leaves had fallen and decayed; but the law of gravitation remained the same. That law was a truth.

I thought of God, and I asked myself, "Is God Law?" If He is Law, then why do I pray to Him? A law is deaf, dumb, and blind. It just *is*. It operates. It does not hear my prayer. And if it did it could not answer. It could only operate according to its purpose and nature. The only prayer law could answer would be my obedience. Laws were to be applied: not petitioned. They would not change in order to accommodate me, no matter what my need.

I thought: "What a tragic position I'd be in if I had

to depend upon a God of Law to unsnarl my evil, sinful, twisted life." I didn't need justice. I needed mercy. And law had no mercy. I needed Grace, not consequence. I needed a Person with a warm, loving heart, not a principle with a cold, unyielding demand. I needed a Saviour.

No, my God could not be confined to the orbit of Law. He had to be Law *plus* if my need were to be met by Him. He had to be more than Life, also, and more than Light. He had to be Love.

I had to have a God Who was close and warm and personal, and Who embodied all the laws in Creation, and obeyed them all. He had to embody and transmit the Light. He had to have eternal life and be able to bestow eternal life. And He had to be the manifestation of redeeming Love. He had to be *the Truth*, the total Truth, and nothing but *the Truth*.

In Whom then should I trust.

A Figure loomed on the film of my memory and spoke: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh to the Father save by me. I am the Door, by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture. I am the Good Shepherd. I am the Bread of Life. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another."

It was so much easier to walk the wards last night with a Personal God and close Companion than to move in fear under the whiplash of a merciless God of Law.

"What is truth?" "Where dwellest thou?" "Come and see." "Follow me." Great scriptures, those. They make the difference between fear and failure and faith and favor.

Jesus therefore being the whole Truth, the discipline became quite simple. Only one part of it needed to be applied. Either part taken separately would cancel the other part. If I were to rejoice in iniquity I couldn't rejoice in the Truth. If I were to rejoice in the Truth I

could not rejoice in iniquity. My problem became merely a matter of choice. My decision was to rejoice in Him Who *was, is* and always will *be* the Truth.

Now there is a certain kind of pleasure in iniquity. There are psychological pleasures and sensual pleasures. And these do very well. But if you even so much as taste of Him Who is *the Truth* you will be forever ruined as a disciple of iniquity. The old sensations will no longer satisfy. Increasingly they will bring exhaustion, disillusionment, futility, boredom.

One of my patients is a young man. He has been caught in the trap of sexual excesses. He is a deviate who acquired his various habits. He has been punished for practicing fellatio and homosexuality. He has sought sexual gratification by engaging in vile conversation; by writing and reading lewd stories which go from deviate to deviate in here; by drawing and exchanging perverted pictures; and here in the hospital by excessive masturbation.

All these efforts at sensual pleasure have failed him. He is beyond the satiation point. He is exhausted with the futility of it all. He keeps it up now just out of habit.

A plan is unfolding in my mind for him. I'm going to find a good landing place on his tiny island of selfhood. And then I'm going to nurse him along until I can get him to take a nibble at *the Truth*.

Once he eats fully of this Bread these other hungers will vanish. Once he drinks deeply of this Water he will thirst no more for the forbidden wine. He has rejoiced in iniquity for so long he is now sated; a chalky, bloodless creature, his eyes dull, his face pimpled, his sockets circles of sickly dark blue. His scalp is drawn tightly, especially around his temples. His lips hang loose, now a repulsive pair of limp symbols revealing the departure of his moral sense.

It will not be easy to move in on him. Habits are not

so difficult when there is still some desire to break them. But when they have become automatic like eating or breathing you have to have the hand of supernatural grace to give you assistance. I'll pray for that, and when it comes I'll know what to do and how to do it. One day I'll rejoice with this young fellow in the Truth.

Last night the keeper and I were having our midnight snack in the kitchen. He unburdened himself to me. He told me that he had a wife and five small children. Another keeper in the prison was trying to undermine him with the Deputy Warden and get his job because it paid more money. He knew that this man had manufactured a lie, which he was going to present to the Deputy Warden, and he didn't know how to combat the falsehood.

I said to him: "Cap, we'll pray for that keeper. He's in need of love and understanding. You pray for him as you stand fearlessly in the truth. The best way to short-circuit a lie is to hold fast to the truth. The best way to dissolve a lie is to baptize it in the truth. Just hate his sin but love the sinner. Do this and you'll have no fear. You'll have faith instead. When you stand firm in faith and love and truth whatever happens will be the best thing."

The burden slipped from his shoulders; his face brightened as anxiety lifted. We had prayer over our coffee cups. We rejoiced together in the truth.

"Why," he said, "my job doesn't matter, does it? The truth and my concern for my brother officer—these are important."

"That's right, Cap. Truth and Love, these are the things that matter."

His joy during the rest of the night was contagious. I caught it from him, until it seemed to me that I was walking about on thin air, right down in the midst of suffering and defeat.

I have a feeling that something good is coming for

both these prison keepers. I don't know what it could possibly be. But the feeling persists.

It seems that I want to write on and on. The experiences of last night jostle each other for my attention. But I must close and obey the natural law that commands me to sleep for a spell. A good law. But God is better still.



The Fortitude of Love

"Beareth all things"

JANUARY 17, 1930

As a discipline of Love this "beareth all things" at once is seen as a test of endurance. But this is only while Love is in its disciplinary stage. It is no chore for Love itself to "stand the universe" and the most savage creatures in the universe, human beings. Sadism is unknown to the animal kingdom. All lower animals kill and rend out of natural instinct and creature necessity. Only man can be sadistic by choice and voluntary consent.

Sadism is that sexual degeneracy that is gratified by inflicting injury upon another person or upon a collection of individuals. The perversion operates in many degrees ranging all the way from fault-finding to the attempted annihilation of racial groups. All mobs are composed of these perverts. A sadist may sit on a jury and gratify his degenerate passion for torture by voting to send an innocent man to the electric chair. All character assassins are sexual perverts; that is, they are sadists. Baseless criticism of a personality is sadism. Tale-bearing and back-biting are sadism. All mischievous gossip and unfounded condemnations are sadistic.

This degeneracy is deeply rooted in unregenerate humanity. It is found in the pew and pulpit, and in every department of human life. It was the thing Jesus came to redeem by the power of His Love.

The most bestial of all sadists down through the ages have been people who have cloaked their degeneracy with an external veneer of religion. These perverts were

behind all the "holy wars" and the unspeakably fiendish inquisitions. They dragged the helpless woman to Jesus with stones in their murderous hands. Sadistic monsters masquerading as righteous people threw against the Nazarene that last full measure of their sadistic natures. He met it all with Love. He bore all things, and almost with his last breath he said, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do."

Only God could say that, for these human fiends had been endowed with free will. They knew what they were doing from a moral point of view. They were sadists, and the driving force underlying their homicide primarily was sexual. By means of this greatest of all sexually degenerate debauches in human history, Love was put to the supreme test, and it was not to be found wanting. "Love beareth all things."

Paul himself had been a sadist, satisfying his degraded sexual appetites by inflicting pain upon Jesus' little band of followers. That might have been the reason for his later crusades against all forms of sexual deviation. It is not at all unlikely that those who martyred the early Christians experienced ejaculation, many perhaps a physical orgasm.

This same Paul was to learn that Love could stand the world and all the sadistic displays of perverted men. When he wrote "Love beareth all things" he was speaking from experience.

I can't imagine what the reactions to the following statement would be, considering my position as an inmate of this prison. But there is no denying the fact that the punishment system as a method of dealing with criminals is rooted and grounded in social degeneracy. It is a monstrous mixture of fear, revenge, and sadism. How can a degenerate society heal a degenerate segment of itself? "Can Satan cast out Satan?" "Can you gather figs from thistles?" Can you cure crime with crime? Can you banish murder with murder?

Only Love can bear man's inhumanity to man and forgive it.

Before this kind of Love is a fact it is an experimental discipline. As such it will fail often. One can only rise and try again.

Last night one of my patients called the keeper and told him that I had refused to give him the medicine at ten o'clock which the doctor had prescribed. The fact was that the man had refused to take the medicine. Both the keeper and I were in a bad spot. It would be necessary for the keeper to report what the patient had told him. He didn't want to do this. I'd be called before the Deputy Warden, and I didn't want to tell the truth, lest the patient be accused of lying and later punished.

My first reaction had been sadistic. I said to the keeper: "Go ahead and report me. Then add that you are sure the patient was telling a bare-faced lie. When I am called over I'll tell the truth about it." Thus we decided.

But what about my Love discipline, "beareth all things?"

I told the keeper that I was not satisfied with our decision. Neither was he. We then decided to have a prayer time about the matter. Afterwards we talked about the mystery that caused the patient to do this thing. As we talked we seemed to lose our sense of anger. We grew mellow and loving toward the man who was now asleep. Just before I went off duty the keeper said:

"The Deputy has enough burdens without adding another to his list. The fellow didn't know what he was doing. As far as I'm concerned it didn't happen. Have a good rest."

We have one of the finest keepers we've ever had since my time in the hospital. That man is a Christian.

I don't know whether I'll ever arrive at the place where I can "beareth all things." But I can say this that the discipline connected with my trying is mighty good

medicine for my own peculiar brand of sadism.

The war that goes on inside of people is curious. I seem to like people who are a little mad, angels one minute and jackals the next. That strange admixture of saint and sinner, the pure and the perverse can generate the most interesting personalities. And they really get things done. Some of the world's greatest helpers have been abnormal.

I'm becoming so used to these disciplines of Paul that I'm beginning to wonder what I'll do after I come to the end of them. I could start all over again. Or I could gather out a new group from the teachings of Jesus.

"Love ye one another as I have loved you" would be a good one to sharpen my spirit on. The New Testament is full of disciplines waiting for disciples.

It seems to me by what I've read of the Christian saints that all their mortifications, detachments, austerities, and self-imposed denials were calculated to lead only into one goal, the discipline and application of Holy Love that can bear all things and make allowance for all things, even forgive all things.

I did pretty well last night; but not well enough to satisfy me. I have an idea that if a man wrote a book that satisfied he'd be the most monumental egotist. For writing is like pouring molasses out of a jug. So much of it sticks to the sides that you can't feel puffed up about the portion that comes out.

While I didn't do all that I might have done on the score of this "beareth all things" I did do more than would have been done if the discipline had not been attempted.

It's now nine o'clock. I'd better call a halt on these jottings and get some shut-eye. Sometimes I find it hard to go to sleep in all the excitement and anticipation of the night watch just ahead. So, Mrs. Tablet, I'll say "So long" until tomorrow. "You've been a patient friend indeed."



Faith Grows by Exercise

"Believeth all things"

JANUARY 18, 1930

A fellow said to me last night, and he was dead in earnest: "I'm burned out on doing time. This is my fifth hitch in stir. I started when I was a kid. I've got a hunch you're through with the grift. I'd like to change my life. What's your medicine? I could stand a dose. A big one."

"Mac," I said, "there are some mighty good medicines in this hospital that are not on the shelves. All you have to do to change your life is to change your thinking."

He told me that he had many times looked into religion. But always he had hit a snag. It was a common snag. I had bumped into it a hundred times.

This is the snag of cancellation. Unless you watch yourself, especially in the New Testament, one doctrine will cancel another; example will cancel precept, one interpretation will be cancelled by an opposite interpretation, that which is practical will be cancelled by the impractical.

Mac said that he had often assembled a group of Bible sayings for his own use, only to discover later on that other scriptures condemned his effort as selfish. I knew what he meant. I was attempting three of the great faith-building scriptures, and it was a battle with cancellation.

"And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

I accepted that as true. Then I'd run into an assort-

ment of passages that made me feel like a cad for asking of God that my down-to-earth needs might be met.

It was the same when I started to apply, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." Here it was "All things," again. That word ALL! "Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

Of course if a man is called to be a saint he'll be apt to follow only those scriptures that have to do with self-surrender and self-giving. But what I needed was something for a spiritual baby—something to get me started. A beginner's faith has to grow by success and not failure. He's got to see some of his petitions get answered. It's like anything else. If a writer did not get anything but rejection slips for his effort, he wouldn't grow in assurance and confidence. These things would vanish. It's alright to attempt the big heroic chores of self-sacrifice and the detached life; but it is mighty good sense to start with something more practical. It is not easy to give the things of God until you've first received them. You can give out theories about God. But people are more likely to be helped by what you know of God as a living witness. Your experience reported will do more good than a hundred theoretical sermons.

Mac wanted to know if there was a good scripture that would back up my assertion that a man could change his life by changing his thinking. "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind," I quoted.

"That's from Paul," I added. "Paul also suggested that we emulate the type of thinking that Jesus did: 'Let that mind be in you that was also in Christ Jesus.' How are you going to let Jesus' mind be in you unless you try to think as he thought?"

It seems to me that most of the religionists in here are so bent on justifying their doctrines about God that they never get around to attempting the Will of God. They have more faith in religion than in the Source of re-

ligion. If you bring a piece of advice such as "believeth all things" they present a dozen arguments against it, and tell you that you've got to believe only the things they believe. Don't believe all things. Just believe some things. These things, for instance, and then they present their doctrines.

A fellow said last night: "Never mind. It's of no importance." He believed that. But I believed the opposite. And we had a lively discussion. It did my mind good to try to prove to him that everything was important. There was an importance in the unimportant. Both consistency and inconsistency were great virtues.

All through the night I found that in the consciousness of Love I could believe all things and that all things would work together for the highest good.

What is this discipline anyway but the effort to reorient my thinking habits? Within a few months I'll be leaving this place. I don't propose to come back here. But if I leave here with the same old mental patterns I had when I came in I'll be right back again. My life will be changed if my thinking has been changed.

I believe in all the doctrines of salvation that are going around here. By some unimaginable exercise of God's Grace you can be saved without any effort, just by declaring your acceptance of Jesus. I declare my acceptance; but just to be doubly sure I'm going to try to do something about it. I aim to change my thinking habits. If I can do something along this line I'll not have to worry about running back to crime like a dog to its vomit.

Among all the things I believe there is none so sure as this: The greatest success by chiseling, crooked means only emphasizes the magnitude of failure. Every dollar gained by dishonest methods turns upon the thief to eat like acid. Every dishonest penny a man carries is a cancer on his soul. The most pathetic creature on earth is the protected crook who cheats himself by cheating

others. Even the most slightly tinged money is a dangerous poison. I've learned this truth the hard way.

I think I'll have a little prayer time now and hit the hay. Had a good night of it. All seemed to go uncommonly well. So I look forward with eager expectation to the night ahead.



The Balance Rod

"Hopeth all things"

JANUARY 19, 1930

Last night with no effort on my part something was achieved I had been seeking for a week. A young inmate of 21 entered the hospital a week ago with a curious breaking out all over his body. The doctor could not diagnose the disease. So the treatment has been in the dark. Personally I've felt that the kid is victimized by his nerves.

Before he came here he had been twice in Reform School, and before that the only home he had known was an orphanage. I had wanted him to talk about himself. He had steadfastly refused until last night. I went into his room and he started talking. I sat on the edge of his bed and listened.

He told me that when he was a boy his mind was very dull. He seemed unable to learn even the most elementary things in the orphanage school. His teacher, her patience exhausted, fell into the habit of calling him stupid. He became known as "The Dunce" of the orphanage. The dormitory mother, an irritable woman of neurotic character, took a violent dislike to him, and often told him that he was a worthless brat. She said over and over that he would wind up in prison or be hanged. Then she began to use a devastating reference to his face: "You're as no good as a head louse, and as hopeless as a church mouse."

The constant impact of this suggestion resulted in a

feeling of utter hopelessness. So the boy decided to watch for a chance to run away. With no hope of a decent life in his heart he became rebellious. He was not a psychopathic personality in any sense. His criminal tendencies were acquired. They were simply mechanical expressions of protest rising out of a feeling of hopeless defeat. He had no inner response to his criminal acts. He stole with complete detachment and dispassion.

When I had his story I had the cause of his physical ailment. His outer conduct was in conflict with a moral sense that would not die. His skin eruptions were caused by ragged nerves. I also had the key to his personality problem. It was only a matter of inspiring him until his vanished hope had been reborn.

There was something about his talking last night that has me in a dither of speculation, and I've been putting a lot of questions to the Voice, or to myself, or maybe to God.

Why did he wait until the night I was to practice "hopeth all things"? It seemed strange to me that he would reveal his hopeless state on the very night I was to apply the Love discipline of hope.

Right now I have an inner assurance. It's a hunch, an intuitive thing which I can't explain. It simply grips me and will not let me go. It sums itself up in my mind something like this: God has this lad under His loving observation, and He wants to help him break the bondage of crime. And by the signature of the events that took place last night, I am to see God's hand in the matter, and then I can be used to rehabilitate this inmate by helping him to regain his hope.

At this moment I have no idea what the next step will be. I shall take no anxious thought and shall trust that scripture to the best of my ability that tells me to keep relaxed in trust, for it will be given to me what to do or say in that hour.

It is peculiar how an indescribable sense of joy comes

to a man when he anticipates some use God is to make of him on behalf of a fellow being. There is no way to put such a feeling into words. I simply feel excited about it, and yet it is not the usual sensual excitement. It is a kind of inner glow, which means nothing of course when you say it. It is something you must experience, which loses its meaning when you try to report it. It makes me realize why all the angels in heaven sing with joy when one sinner is about to be redeemed.

I doubt if there is anything so common and yet so great in man as the desire to be needed by others and then be able to meet the need. And the greatest joy seems to be in the anticipation of meeting another's need.

All through the night I was in a Love mood. It was nothing dramatic or sensational. No outstanding spiritual experience. It was just an abiding hope in all things good, bad, and indifferent working out to fulfill a divine pattern or providence. Once I said out loud to myself, "Even the enemies of Jesus vigorously promote his cause by keeping people's attention fixed on him."

It occurred to me that every man walked on a kind of tight rope between the cradle and the grave. And that the rod by which he kept his balance was hope. The more hope a man had in the out-working good of Providence the more balanced he would be on the tight rope of life.

He would never be in perfect balance except when he was in perfect Love. But with the rod of hope teetering back and forth he would always be in a state of dynamic action.

This Love discipline of "hopeth all things" has an extra-ordinary ability to increase the element of hope in the consciousness. And when hope is increased awareness is increased, especially concerning the significance of commonplace happenings and ordinary events. Common, simple things take on the lustre of parables. "The

kingdom of heaven is likened unto the air we breathe. While it does not resist us it is irresistible." Things like a table take on new meanings. Old familiar faces are seen in a new light. Old things pass away under new perceptions. "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." It is the new sight for old things. "So shall the knowledge of wisdom be unto thy soul: when thou hast found it, then shall there be reward, and thy expectation shall not be cut off." It is an astonishing testimony to observe how stimulated hope can stimulate a keener awareness. And yet why should it be so astonishing?



All-Conquering Endurance

"Endureth all things"

JANUARY 20, 1930

Long ago I discovered the technique of negative endurance: "What can't be cured must be endured." Every man who serves time behind prison walls knows about that method of endurance. You merely adapt yourself to your environment, and like everything else in the creature world that adapts itself, you decay and die.

A man who adapts himself to prison life becomes institutionalized, whether he be inmate or official. If an inmate he is said to be a "stir bum." He becomes increasingly dependent upon the creature comforts supplied by the state; incentive and spunk vanish; responsibility fades out; and he becomes as helpless as a prenatal baby.

I never had the misfortune to adapt myself to prison life; but I did endure it by virtue of a constant protest against it.

This I have found out about Love. While your consciousness is filled with Love, Time and Place no longer appear as bondages. While living in Love you don't have too much time on your hands. You have too little. And the place you are in at any given moment has no significance except opportunity. While Love remains with you a prison cell is as much of an opportunity as a mansion. Love will fill any place, no matter where it is or what it is, with grace. When place and grace are one you

can never experience anything but joy and victory.

Golgotha was a place (The Skull). It was so filled with such grace that it transformed the Cross of Jesus into joy and victory. The Christian martyrs could not be hurt because of God's full armour of Love. In prison Love saturated place with grace. They knew only joy and victory. They went to their deaths in joy and triumphed over their murderers.

So I have discovered that so long as I can remain in Love, I can endure everything in this prison joyously and victoriously. My attitude is totally free, for whatever Love sets free is free indeed. It makes no difference to me whether I go out or stay. In Love you can "go in and out, and find pasture." Not a lot of dead weeds. But lush green pasture. And this whether you are in or out. The pasture is no richer outside than it is inside. When I'm outside I'll be no happier or better off than I am now. When I'm not in Love this place is drab and barren and hard to endure. It would be the same outside were I not in Love.

A loveless life is always a dry, dead life no matter where it happens to be, amidst wordly splendor or biting penury. There is no joy and nothing but a spurious pleasure in the life for a man who lives in exile to real Love.

The more wealth a man owns, while divorced from Love, the more pauperized he is in the wealth of joy and victory. The more poverty-stricken a man is in worldly good the more miserable he is, if he is barren of Love. Nothing really matters except Love. If that is missed there is no purpose of a man's being on earth, except perhaps to fail enough that he'll be forced to take Love.

I was talking with the Yard Captain the other day about Love. For some reason he's taken a fancy to me. Sunday is his day off but nearly every Sunday afternoon he comes over to the hospital to chew the fat with me. He says this Love business of mine has got his goat,

The other day he said: "Dammit, I know this Love stuff is a lot of sentimental tripe. I know it wouldn't work for me. But I'll be damned if you don't make it work. I've never seen a jail bird change like you have. What would happen if I'd go soft and start to loving these rats in here."

"I don't know, Cap," I said. "Why don't you try it and see? You might be surprised."

"I'm a religious man," he said. "Well, I go to church, and all that. My wife's a Christian woman. Our kids go to Sunday school."

"You ought to be a happy man," I said. "I know I'd be happy if I had a good Christian wife and some children. Are you happy?"

"What in the hell do you mean by happy?" he exploded. "Who wants to go around blubbering happiness!"

The Captain is neither victorious nor joyous. He claws at life. Every day is just a long test of negative endurance. It is only because he has so little Love in his heart.

Last night I didn't have to practice "endureth all things." I went on duty with Love in my heart and everything that happened was endured, not only without effort, but with joy. I've never seen a twelve hour shift go so fast.

Sometime shortly after midnight I went into the T. B. Ward on my sneaks. I stood under the one tiny green light in the middle of the big room. I thought all the men were sleeping. Then I saw an arm rise down toward the far end. I went down. It was a patient the others called "Mamma's Boy."

I sat down quietly beside him. He'd been awake all night crying in his pillow. We couldn't talk or even whisper. But I held his hand and just sort of caressed his hot face and forehead, thinking this would be what his mother might do. He closed his eyes; but two or

three times when I started to remove my hand from his, his fingers would tighten around mine. By and by his hand relaxed. I slipped away leaving him sound asleep like a very tired child.

"Mamma's Boy" had been enduring the long, restless night. But what a different kind of endurance when Love came to touch him and soothe away his fears and terrible homesickness. Next morning he asked me not to tell the other fellows about his crying. He said that they would make fun of him.

I said to myself after leaving his bedside, "I must look after 'Mamma's Boy' a little more from now on."

Such small, common gestures, when they come from the heart, give a man a strange feeling of joy and purpose. Experiences of this kind seem to give life meaning and worthwhileness.

Another thing that happened last night to add joy and victory to my shift was the fact that a patient asked me to pray with him.

I haven't been used to vocal prayer. My method for the most part is meditation, or a sort of silent communion. But he had asked for prayer, and I did the best I could. It made me feel good.

So if I were going to counsel with anyone who was finding the pattern of life hard to endure, I think I'd just try to Love and try to quicken Love in him.

For there is one thing I know beyond the shadow of a doubt, and that is that genuine Love can "endureth all things."

PART III

In The Presence Of Love



A Never-Failing Power

"Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away."

JANUARY 23, 1930

"Love never fails." When Love is present all failure is absent. The problem is to get Love below the conscious mind and deep down into the unconscious mind that operates our functions automatically even while we sleep.

If we can let Love sink in, as it were, it becomes the best medicine in the world. It is the deepest possible kind of healing therapy. During the many months I've been nursing in this hospital I've seen Love succeed where the best we had in medicine and surgery were doomed to fail.

It is comparatively easy to penetrate the will with Love and also the realm of conscious thought. By exercise we can transmit good-will toward men, and by conscious thought we can think Love thoughts. If both these things are done with an earnest, sincere purpose and desire to be possessed of Love a sort of fusion takes place in the consciousness.

At first the will and intellect are cool, collected, dispassionate. Love is willed and thought, but it is not yet felt. By the persistent exercise of both, however, with a sincere desire, a time comes when suddenly the thoughts of Love somehow excite and fuse with a corresponding feeling of Love. This Love infusion affects every area of human life: spirit, soul, ego, mind, will, body, nerves,

emotions. So that while in the throes of Love no thing can enter, such as worry, fear, and sorrow to unbalance the personality and cause sickness.

I doubt if any kind of disease, hysterical, functional, or bacteriological, could have entered the body or consciousness of Jesus without being dissolved or redeemed.

A young man in this prison is what the officials call a model prisoner, a title which the cynical inmates loathe. He is now employed here in the hospital as an assistant dentist. Four months ago he was declared to be hopelessly incorrigible, a prison bad actor. Everybody feared him and everybody hated him. He was dangerous. He would strike a man down on the slightest provocation with anything he could lay his hands on.

I talked with the Yard Captain about him and suggested a curative plan. My idea was to get him into the hospital under observation for criminal insanity.

"He's insane alright," the Yard Captain said. "He's a psychopath with pronounced homicidal tendencies. He would have to be kept locked up, I'm afraid. Otherwise he might take a notion to slug some patient."

So "Knife" Dugan found himself in the hospital under The Eye and under lock and key.

He was surly and rebellious at first, and received cold, indifferent attention from the attendants on the day shift. At night I made a habit of dropping in on him for little chats as time would allow. Though he didn't know it I was learning some things about him. I studied his hands, the texture of his skin, his gestures, and mannerisms. I learned that he leaned toward the artistic; that he understood and appreciated good music and poetry. He mentioned composers and poets by name. I found out that he had once studied designing and had hoped to specialize in the creation of women's attire. He had also had ambitions to be a drama producer and director of choruses. And all these things I learned about him added up to confirm an intuitive con-

viction of mine: that Dugan was not a bad actor at heart; he was not psychopathic. He was putting up a front and maintaining a reputation for self-defensive reason.

He had been born with the reproductive organ of the male. This was all he had inherited of his father's nature. His mind and emotions were predominantly those of his mother. There was a predominance of the feminine in him. He was homosexual by nature but not by practice. He had long suffered secretly because of his misfit condition. When he first awakened to the fact that he had an attraction for immoral men he hated himself. When he came to prison his mind was made up. He would not tolerate familiarity, nor stand for any of the titles prison inmates pinned on his kind, such as "lamb," "fairy," "queer," "doll," and so on. To discourage this tendency in the prison inmates he soon won for himself the more respected title of "Knife."

All these things were quietly talked over with the Yard Captain. And one day quite by surprise "Knife" Dugan was assigned to his new job here in the hospital. He is in a position of importance; inmates respect him; he is taking a course of study in designing; and he has plenty of opportunity to exercise his artistic leanings. He is a model prisoner.

Fear of this young man had not healed him. Hating him had not corrected his trouble. But Love was able to go behind all the false appearances, uncover the truth and open the way for the cure.

Dugan is one of my closest friends here in the hospital, and there is no end to the ways he is able to help me, quite apart from being a constant source of inspiration.

I have known several other cases like his, though probably less severe.

Now prophecies shall fail. Among the great spiritual gifts prophecy stands well up toward the top. The great

long-range Hebrew prophets, especially, were God-inspired men, upon whom the Almighty had conferred a great gift. And yet it is possible for their prophecies to fail. This means that God may reverse Himself in regard to prophecy. He may change His mind. But in regard to Love, God is unalterably committed. Here He will not reverse Himself, nor change His mind. Prophecy may fail but Love will not.

Also it is possible for a false prophet to appear and deceive many. But no one can be deceived by a false Love unless he wants to be deceived or unless he is incapable of discerning between right and wrong. The very elect of God can be lured from the true path by a false prophet. But there is no God-responsive person who can fail to see through a sham Love. It is the same with false teachers, and miracle-workers. They may make glamour look like glory, and dazzle people with their magic; they may assume prerogatives and authorities of God, and lead people astray in their spiritual lives; they may claim to be able to save others even though they are not saved themselves; they may teach psychology in such a clever way that it looks like genuine religion; they may present a humanist philosophy of life as a spiritual way of life; they may go to church and deceive themselves. But they can't present a fake Love and get away with it. Unless a man is so perverse as to crave false love and flattery he will see right through the imitation.

Speaking in tongues is a spiritual gift of considerable importance. Many criticise it but few have it. And it is quite likely that there are false tongues as there are false prophets. We had an exhibitionist in the hospital for a month. He had more religious claims than a warden has headaches. He would gather a little group in the convalescent room and exhort them. He told them that he could teach them how to get "in the Spirit" and talk in tongues. He would rattle off a lot of mumbo-jumbo and some of the fellows would be amazed. At one of his

meetings I asked if I might say something. With a great display of generosity he granted me the privilege of a few words. I knew he had nine one-dollar bills on his person. So I mentioned our hospital fund, which was often drawn upon to supply certain men with necessities which were not supplied by the state. So I asked "Parson" Bob if he'd contribute a couple of dollars to this fund which was a Love fund and Christian to the core. He said he had a little money, but that he had a worthy cause of his own. He intended to make his tithe to it. After that the fellows seemed to lose interest in his meetings. His tongues and other religious claims had failed. But had he shown real Love, that would not have failed. His tongues ceased for want of an audience.

Even had the tongues been genuine, they could have been silenced; but if he had possessed Love, it never could have failed.

Paul said in another place, "Let all your things be done with Love." For the only way to keep your teachings true and redemptive is to offer them in Love. When Love gets out of the picture the whole thing falls flat. It is words without music, wires without current, ballons without gas; forms without life. Sometimes our chaplain Loves us and we eat his sermons up. Other times he just preaches, and we vow not to go back. It is the Love that makes the thing real or just half real. When a man says he is saved and then acts out of the presence of Love he is either deceiving himself or he is play-acting.

A fellow in here got stirred up by a guest speaker who delivered an evangelistic sermon. Most of the inmates laughed at the preacher because of the airs he put on. He was on a stage rather than in a pulpit. He belled and yelled and roared and whispered. At one time he would look like an undertaker; and at another time he would look like a saint ought to look; then he would become a zealot and fanatic; and again he would be as innocent and mild as a sheep. The fellow

sitting beside me said: "His wife must not be taking proper care of him. He needs some below the diaphragm love." But had he done all these things in Love, allowance would have been made for them, and he would have been effective. But he acted more like a pulpit savage than a follower of the Loving Jesus.

Anyway this fellow "got religion" under that sermon, or whatever it was. He claimed he was saved. He had been a pretty decent sort of guy before he got this emotional hypo. After that he acted as though he carried a chip on his shoulder for everybody who didn't swallow his piety pills. With no love in his heart his salvation claims were more phony than the beard of Hercules. He went around trying to scare others into his wild conception of heaven in order to escape his wilder conception of hell. He finally became a stumbling-block and laughing-stock. Then he came to himself, and realized that without Love he was a fraud.

"God is Love."

In John's first Letter he writes, "He that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God." That simply means that when Love is not present in a man, God is absent in him. Men will do everything under the sun to avoid the disciplines and responsibilities of Love. They will dignify their Lovelessness with every kind of religious pretense and pious covering, even to the effecting of gloomy attire and theatrical manners. They will bring out all the best tailored robes and paraphernalia, go through all the motions, assume all the forms of godliness, and thus escape without too much sting from the unmovable commandments to Love. Nearly all the organized World Religions upon close study will be found to be a dignified way to avoid Love. To escape the issues of God! "He that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God."

Men will preach every conceivable sort of message in order to get away from the primary message of Love. If a man has no Love he is usually honest enough not to

preach Love. If he does preach Love when he has no Love he is self-accused of hypocrisy. Again in John's first Letter he writes, "This is the message that ye have heard from the beginning, that ye should Love one another." Evidently those founding Christians not only dwelt in the presence of Love, and embodied Love, but preached Love as the essential message of all messages. That of course is what Love is. It is *the* Message. Outside of this message lies a spiritual Void.

There are other mere men who claim to be able to forgive sin. If they have their hearts saturated with Holy Affection they can be instruments of God's forgiveness. But they are putting on a fake religious show if they claim to forgive sin while they are divorced from Love. In St. Peter's First Letter he writes, "And above all things have fervent Love among yourselves: for Love shall cover the multitude of sins." What a jolt for a Loveless, wordy theology!

The beginning, the middle, and the end of genuine religion is Love. Speaking of the end of religion Paul writes in First Timothy: "Now the end of the commandment is Love out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned." And then he adds the right cross to the Loveless religionists of today: "From which some having swerved have turned aside unto vain jangling." That is a top-notch description of Loveless theology—"vain jangling."

We had an ex-minister in the hospital with a bad heart condition. I asked him how he got it. He said he had shouted his heart out for twenty years trying to make people hear him in a church sanctuary that violated all the laws of acoustics. The church had not been built to delight God, but to delight the monumental vanity of man. It was not a temple of Love, but of pride. It broke the laws of God in order to appease the religious egotism of man. The theatres, if they followed

the same example, would go broke for want of spectators.

"Whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." Knowledge has increased in the earth, and yet man has not touched the fringe of the knowledge he will later unlock. Without Love the Enemy always turns man's discoveries into diabolical instruments of destruction. Our so-called civilization is bankrupt in Love but not in Loveless cunning. Forces are yet to be unleashed which, unguided by the Hand of Love, will bring the entire world to its haughty knees. And if men do not even then dethrone their pride and vanity they will be wiped from the face of the earth. Not only their knowledge but they with it will vanish away.

Our age is coming to the end of its shame and sham, its pride and pretense. Its profits are moving it to unimaginable penalties. Let it eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow it will die.

Not one Loveless stone will remain upon another in its Loveless temples. The Judgments of Holy Love are upon it. The sands of its time are running out. The burlesque is about over. All will fail. Only Love will remain, unconquered, unailing.



Perfection Now

"For we know in part and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

JANUARY 26, 1930

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Some order! This passage has been called "The counsel of perfection." It has also been called "The doctrine of the impossible." I've never known a prison chaplain to select it for a sermon text. Often the unbelievers refer to it as an example of Jesus' inconsistency, and to discredit him as a thinker.

A modern religious philosopher recently wrote: "You may as well ask the earth to become the moon. Why not ask a woman to become a man? It would make just as much sense as it would to ask a human being to become perfect. There isn't a perfect hair in a man's head, or a perfect cell in his body. It is not unlikely that any man has ever expressed a perfect thought."

And we do know how utterly imperfect is human nature. We know that none of our senses are perfect. We have no perfect human faculties. Every mortal thing about us is imperfect, subject to whim and change, death and decay. Our circulation is imperfect. Our bodies are full of flaws. Our digestion, assimilation, breathing—all are imperfect. Our wills are imperfect, our feelings, our actions, our mentations, our ambitions, our loves. We have imperfect knowledge, judgment, perception, wisdom, and imperfect courtesy, honesty, sincerity, and truthfulness.

A criminal is one who more glaringly reveals the im-

perfections of human personality, nature, and character. The imperfections of society hypocritically judge the judgments of crimesters.

Hence it would really seem as though, in giving this counsel to man, Jesus was commanding the impossible, "Be ye perfect even as God is perfect."

Yet in this injunction to man Jesus has a powerful witness whom it would be difficult to brush aside. The ablest thinkers of ancient Greece had been too wise to dispose of this witness with a bright phrase or a skeptical sneer. It would have been folly for them to have called the Apostle Paul a fool or a shallow thinker. His intellect was as keen as any they had produced. He was of the *illuminati*, plus being a Christian, and they recognized brains when they encountered them. And Paul had affirmed perfection possible to man NOW. "But when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part (imperfect) shall be done away."

That the perfect *can* come Paul entertains no doubt. It is only a question of finding out what he means by the word *perfect*. We know it cannot be knowledge. Nor can it be faith, for faith is about the most imperfect thing that men possess. "Ye of little faith." We can explore the world in our search for the perfect human element, and failing to locate it, we are forced back to the Apostle for an explanation. What does he mean by perfection? We can hear his reply coming across the intervening centuries, "And above all these things put on Love, which is the bond of perfectness."

A bond is that which fastens us to something else. In this case Love is the bond that puts us in union with perfection. As the possession of the Love-Bond is possible, according to Jesus and Paul, we can be made perfect in Love. We can literally fulfill the commandment, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." A prisoner in his cell can be perfect. God's Love in him can reverse his hell into heaven.

We know that the Father is perfect Love, according to John, and that therefore, according to this commandment, we are capable of receiving and communicating this divine perfection.

A few years ago I had the privilege of sharing a cell with a man who could receive perfect Love and communicate it. These signs in his personality and character were a few of the fruits of his Love life.

His purity of heart was present when he was in an unbroken Love. But this purity was not obvious to the impure. It was known only to soul perception. He was honest without appearing different from other men in here. His sincerity was authentic, yet it passed unnoticed. He spoke the truth without separating himself from the congregation of liars. He was clean inside and out: but he attracted rather than repulsed the unclean. He never argued to prove a point: yet his quiet authority prevailed. His courtesy was real without seeming odd to those who affected this quality. He possessed a side-splitting humor that was never ugly, crude, or vulgar. He was in prison and not of it. Yet he seemed to be one with all other inmates. His guilelessness was set with insight and sound judgment. He was innocent and appeared sophisticated. He was wise and often seemed foolish. His illusions were gone, yet he was full of child-like wonder. The imitations had been transformed in him; so had the respectable religious frauds and honorable hypocrisies. It was the same with all the other vast assortment of acceptable sins. Still he wore no mask of piety, no funereal air, no holier-than-thou look. He was a real man.

He was not ashamed to speak of his unworthiness; but he was ashamed when he was tempted to exploit his merits. He could feel free to mention his ignorance; but not his intelligence; his sinfulness; but not his deliverance. I never heard him claim salvation.

"When I'm one with Holy Love," he once said, "I am

wise. Out of that Love I am blind. I am nothing. In Love I'm washed. Out of it I'm tarnished. In Love I have divinity. Out of it I am a creature of vanity. In Love I express my soul. Out of it I parade my ego."

If then we can fulfill the commandment of perfection, the question that comes up in our minds is *how*? We have gone through a series of disciplines which were keyed to the *how*. But we may consider a few specific disciplines.

Why I keep using the plural pronoun "we" is a puzzle. I have been studying some lessons in literary composition, which suggest the use of "we" when the "I" is meant. This eliminates, according to the lessons, the display of egotism. Though for the life of me I can't see how. If one feels egotism it is hard to see how it could be eliminated by the use of an awkward affectation. I can't imagine Paul saying this: "And it came to pass as we made our journey, and were come nigh unto Damascus about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about us. And we fell unto the ground, and heard a voice saying to us . . ." But the "we" does have rhythm.

Redemptive Willing. This is a fundamental Love discipline. It is based upon the assumption that man is not a mental kleptomaniac who is compelled to steal and express other people's ideas. It assumes that in the relative world, at least, man's will is free; that he is not under compulsion to think the habitually negative thoughts of the human race; that he can consent to think God's thoughts, and exercise a good rather than a bad will. It is possible to discover the Will of God in connection with any given circumstance, and to so incline the personal will that it conforms to the Divine Will.

Redemptive Thinking. This is another fundamental Love discipline. It is the putting of good-will into diversified mental actions, or the expansion of a generally good-will into particular thoughts. We are not only to

will good for others, we may also communicate good thoughts toward them. In order to do this we must look beyond their appearances to their potentialities for goodness. We must not let our good thoughts be blocked and piled up against their problems. We must penetrate their problem area and think of them in terms of their possibilities. If we steadfastly persist in this their faulty appearances will become less and less apparent.

Redemptive Feeling. This third fundamental Love discipline is the fruit of redemptive thinking. It adds the spontaneous emotion to the directed thinking, and thus makes thought dynamic. When the thinking is redemptive, and the corresponding emotion is added, the redemptive principle becomes dynamic in its total impact. Redemptive feeling comes to us as the gift or reward for redemptive thinking. It is by thinking redemptively that redemptive emotions are evoked. Redemptive thinking also tends to overcome mental inertia and the countless distractions that always control an undisciplined mind. We may look upon redemptive feeling, therefore, as the fruitage of our victory in redemptive willing and thinking. We cannot command our emotions; but by commanding our thoughts we can pretty well determine the quality of our emotions. The feelings can be trained and transformed through mental discipline.

Redemptive Acting. This is the fourth and final Love discipline in the present series. It marks the difference between a Christian disciple and a nominal Christian, or a real Christian and a play-acting Christian. For Christian discipleship is determined finally by conduct rather than by concept. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another." This kind of Love without a corresponding action is unthinkable. We show our Love for one another in Loving behavior. We go an extra mile with a smile. We give more than is required, not only the shirt off our back but our coat also.

This is the foursquare redemptive process, *Willing, Thinking, Feeling, Acting*. We will good, we think good, we feel good, we act good.

It is somewhat similar to our nutritional process. Food is received in the mouth and is partially prepared for digestion. It passes to the stomach where the digestive process is continued. It passes down to the intestinal system where the digestion is finished and the food energies are assimilated into the bloodstream. The energy is then distributed to all the organs, members and functions to be expressed in terms of action.

A redemptive truth is received into the personal will. It is passed to the conscious mind for partial digestion. It passes into the subconscious mind where the digestion is finished and the truth is assimilated into the total psyche, to be later expressed in terms of redemptive actions.

Many years before a Mr. Yoke had served a term in state prison. Upon his release he never repeated his offense. Instead he worked hard, saved his money, and later started a little business, which grew with the years into an important community enterprise.

In a similar business was Mr. Doke, a rival and competitor. Mr. Doke took an unfair advantage of Mr. Yoke, and at first Mr. Yoke reacted bitterly against his rival's shoddy action. He even planned to retaliate in kind. But Mr. Yoke was a Christian. So in facing up to the situation he plainly saw that in order to follow Satan's course he would have to reject the course of Christ. To carry out his course of revenge would cost him Christ's plan of redemption. He could not be Christian and satanic at the same time. In this connection he noted that pagans and heathens and atheists were often better Christians than he was at the moment. So he faced the main issue, a Christian practice, and made his clear-cut decision. Between Satan and Christ he would

stand with the latter, come what may, cost what it would.

It was no easy decision for Mr. Yoke.

"If I act upon the direction of Satan," he told himself, "then I'll stop pretending Christianity and go after Doke with his own medicine. I'll fight him with his own weapons. But I'll get out of the church. I'll at least be honest."

He prayed much. He sought the Eternal for strength to do the Christian thing. Mentally he forgave Mr. Doke. Then he began to discipline his will and thinking toward his competitor. It was a gruelling program for awhile. Good-willing and good-thinking did not come easily when feeling was crying out for acts of violence. But in the end he had the victory. What he communicated as cold but right thought gradually transformed his feelings, until finally what his head declared his heart confirmed. He loved Mr. Doke and had concern for his soul.

He then began to act in order to complete the circle of Love and to make the bond perfect. In many secret ways he performed good deeds for his rival, telling no man. He recommended Doke's products, and sent customers to him for items he did not have in stock. He now knew that behind the personality of his competitor there was essential goodness.

Such actions could not long remain secret, however, and Mr. Doke began to see in his rival the elements of a friend. He therefore began to respond to the finer and higher note. The two men came to act more like business partners than rivals. And since they were acting that way it occurred to them that they just as well be that way. So they worked out and established a merger.

In the deal each one lost an enemy and gained a friend; each sacrificed a rival and won a partner. Both deserted Satan and embraced Christ. They both short-circuited hate and turned on Love.

They proved that the commandment of perfection was not an impossibility. It was a call to manhood and a challenge to accept the highest realism. Love was the bond that bound them together in God.

To take up the Love disciplines, therefore, is not a sacrifice but a privilege. For the discipline leads to the ultimate good. That is to Love, the bond of perfection, to God.

Bitter rivalry in business is one thing. It is a part of the competitive process of the world, and is greatly mixed with evil of various kinds. This kind of competitive rivalry does not belong in the world of religion. Competition and rivalry, yes. But a competition and rivalry of Love; competing not to get but to give. It is a competition in the realm of values instead of material profits.

When the world's method of competition is carried over into the religious field it is total tragedy. Nothing can be so evil and devastating as religious jealousy and warfare between rival groups.

But even here, when Christian Love is actually applied, the barriers of hate melt down, old collective wounds are healed, and new Love relationships are established.

Denominations should never lose their identities. There is power in the unity of diversity. They should be vigorous rivals and competitors—striving against each other and seeking to outdo each other in expressions of Christian Love and Christian service.

Thus they are many in one. All may work according to their respective lights; but at the same time all are bound together by the divine cement of Love, "the bond of perfectness."



On Becoming An Adult

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

JANUARY 28, 1930

When we consider that Jesus presented a little child as best representing those who could enter the kingdom of heaven, we get the feeling that Paul, in this passage, is speaking of a different kind of child. He probably is thinking in terms of childishness, with its Pollyanna, kittenish ways, and not in terms of a child-likeness in the sense of being pure, innocent and spontaneous.

Since he included the passage in his great essay on Redemptive Love, we can assume that he considers a person mature who embodies and expresses this type of Love; that to be an adult is to Love redemptively, and that to Love redemptively is to be an adult. The two things are interchangeable. They go together like bread and butter.

We have an amateur chemist here in the hospital who, as one of his duties, must keep a close eye on our river water supply. He tells me that the hope of the world is now in the hands of science.

In this I'm sure he is speaking as a child, understanding as a child, and thinking as a child. I know that a genuine scientist has a love far above the average, which causes him to deny himself joyously. Because he loves his work it is not considered a duty, a sacrifice, or a burden no matter how exacting it may be. If he considers the matter at all, he looks upon his work as a privilege.

It is bound up in his life as a necessary function, like eating and breathing.

But to love one's work is not enough to save the world. Such love is compartmental and is not redemptive, no matter how exalted it may otherwise be.

If the scientist's love were redemptive he would be able to control his discoveries after they were made. He could dictate their use, and command redemptive services for them. If all the great scientists were moved by the Love of God they would boycott the world the minute Satan took over one of their discoveries. And Satan would fade quickly from the scene. But without the Love of God to motivate them, what they discover in good faith, the Devil seizes and exploits in bad faith. The scientists are unselfish men; but the irony of it is that they are the greatest contributors to selfishness. They are peace-loving and peaceful men. But they are not peacemakers. They are directly responsible for unimaginable destruction, suffering, and diabolic cruelty. Uncontrolled by the Love of God they promote international genocide, instead of international cooperation and the abundant life.

Yes, this inmate chemist spoke as a child. He had not put away his childish things. He was not yet a man, after the Pauline standard.

Our warden is a kind-hearted, splendid man who has noble ideals. Several times he has talked with me about his hopes and ideas for a prison system that will really work; that will correct the most ingrained criminal habits in men.

His ideas are excellent, and if he were unbound by politics and antagonistic public opinion, he would put more of them to use in here than we now have.

He lists a number of things which have therapeutic value, including diet and a better type of hospitalization. He is a firm believer in recreational and occupational therapy.

But in regard to habitual, psychopathic criminals, I am certain he is naive and speaks and understands and thinks as a child. While these marginal things may help in the rehabilitation of a conditioned criminal personality, they will not heal criminality of themselves.

The habitual criminal needs redemption, and redemption is an inside job wrought by the Grace and Love of God. At least this has been my observation. I've seen many old habituals thoroughly cured by religious power; but none cured by any lesser power. I've seen old-timers give up the racket because they were burned out and had lost their nerve. But giving a thing up out of fear and inadequacy and being cured are very different things.

The warden's ideas will get a try-out long before the redemptive power of Love gets a hearing in the prison system.

One of my permanent patients is an ex-banker. He has a bad liver ailment and diabetes. For most part he is bed-ridden. So he has a lot of time to think.

He enjoys telling me about his plan for ending the depression. It is a rather complicated scheme which he believes in with all his heart. It is regulated economy in which the Federal Government takes over the task of planning for all its subjects. By means of a related system of bureaus elected officials are practically eliminated. Politically it becomes a one-party system, the bureaucratic machine rendering an oppositional party useless. Representatives of the people have little to say. They merely keep up the illusion of democracy. The rulers are appointed and not elected.

"What will this do to freedom?" I asked him.

He said that freedom was a vague delusion. There would be no need of freedom if the people had security. It was his opinion that freedom was not a motivating desire in the human heart. The deepest and most uni-

versal urge in man was to be economically secure. That was human nature.

"But in the end," I asked, "will not the people be taxed out of security in order to maintain this planned security? May not the fallible planners kill the goose that lays the golden egg?"

He had that all figured out, too.

As convincing as his scheme seemed to be, I knew that he was speaking as a child, understanding as a child, and thinking as a child. For when you turn loose an army of appointed economic regulators and dictators there can be only one eventual result, waste, corruption, ruin. They start the taxing snowball and it can have no stopping place this side of national bankruptcy. This has been the history of rising and falling cultures and civilizations.

So this banker, as far as I could see, spoke as a child, understood as a child, thought as a child. He had not put away childish things.

I can only hope and pray that the depression will not create public apathy and cause the people to trade their freedom for a spurious security. If they do the end will be disaster.

What is needed in this depression are some leaders with the vision of the Apostle Paul. He has the cure for our economic illness in Redemptive Love. He speaks as an adult, understands as an adult, and thinks as an adult. He has put away his childish notions. Men can neither save themselves nor become mature by living in exile to the Love of God.

Coming back to the individual in a depression-blighted world, what is the best way to adulthood and maturity? I am sure the best way is presented in this Corinthian Love chapter by St. Paul. The shortest cut out of childish speaking, understanding, and thinking is to will Love, think Love, feel Love, and act Love.



New Eyes For Old Problems

"For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then I shall know even as also I am known."

JANUARY 30, 1930

Wherever we may be we draw to us by a mutual correspondence those who belong to us by the grace of Love. This may appear as a common need, either for comfort or instruction; or it may also appear as the coming together of a common need and a corresponding supply.

If, for example, I possess a certain need in my spiritual quest, the one is present and available through whom God can supply my need. I have only to be aware, either by primitive faith or by intelligent perception, that this is so, and it will come to pass. In the quest there is nothing impossible to a small band of spiritual mutuals and common seekers if they have love one for another.

Love for one another is more important than sitting apart in the solitary place loving God with rapturous emotions and illumined intellect, as great as these graces are in the divine economy. Spiritual feelings are at best the effects of certain divine causes. The causes are permanent: the effects are fleeting. The causes and effects correspond to the commandments and the promises. The commandments are sturdy and stable: the promises are fluidic and temperamental. They are employed by God to entice the seeker. He gives them out as bait. Having been so enticed, having tasted the bait sufficiently, God withdraws the promises, but never the commandments, for it is better for the seeker to give

himself in obedience than it is to pause and delay in the blisses and ecstasies. It is better to give than to receive.

Because of our mutual need a little band of us, all employed in the prison hospital, were drawn together. Our jobs were such that we were cut off from chapel service on Sunday morning. Being free in the afternoon we would gather in my room for discussion and sharing. We rarely knew what turn the conversation would take. On this afternoon in particular three of us had assembled and the matter of emotional love came up.

George was a man of middle age. He had been trying to follow the WAY. In the beginning of his quest he had been like a beginner at dice, very lucky. His prayers were easy, mostly of the personal petition type, and the promises of God came to him so readily that he had begun to take God for granted. He found an emotional delight in telling of his prayer demonstrations, and in the telling there was a noticeable absence of humility and gratitude.

Then quite suddenly his demonstrations ceased, and George was caught up in the hard, dry problem of struggle. The more he struggled the more meagre seemed the rewards. So he came to our meeting with his difficulty. "I am no longer able to feel anything," he said. "I'm cold, empty, and dead inside. My prayers return to mock me. I'm even beginning to feel foolish when I pray, as though I'm muttering to myself. I'm being tempted to believe that this whole business is an illusion, a piece of mental trickery."

George was voicing a common difficulty in the spiritual life. Ecstatic emotions are not the goal. The goal is character, and character unfolds slowly out of struggling obedience. The emotional interludes of joy, like the inclinations to wrong, are only by-products, the first given to rest us and the other to test us.

When George lost his delightful feelings his spiritual moorings snapped and he was catapulted into the

opposite extreme, the testing time. He was like a baby from whom a toy had been taken. He was capable of negative protest; but was blinded to positive humility and gratitude for temptations and testings whose values he failed to apprehend.

Mark and I loved George, not just because he was one of our little band of mutuals, but because we couldn't help loving him under the Will of God. We now saw his need in the nature of a spiritual crisis, and therefore as our opportunity to be used, if this were in the divine plan. It were better if we could give the supply than to receive it, were the positions reversed. Both were willing to remove George's crisis, or leave it, so long as in either case we were in the Will of God.

I had many times observed this, both in others and myself, that when the cause of criminality had been cured by redemptive power, the cure had been followed with a lingering glow of joyous feelings; but that these did not put temper in the stuff of character.

Where cured criminality is concerned the redemptive process must go on beyond the delights of God and do battle in the deserts of evil. A criminal personality must be greatly redeemed, and his character must be unbreakable, when he turns back to the social world, and attempts to live in it and not of it. The conventional world becomes his desert of temptation, and while its influence may be charitable to the conventional society, to the cured criminal it can be filled with unimaginable evils. It may not forget his black past. Its legal processes may hound him. He may be put under its suspicions. It may ostracise him, snub him, and refuse a chance to earn an honest living. In this desert of nice people he can be a foreigner, an outcast, an untouchable. Unless both love and character are his, he may fall.

But his fall will not be in the nature of social rebellion or a return to crime. His healing here is complete. The

fall will be more subtle, but not less dangerous to himself. It will favor society, but not his own soul. Instead of rebelling against society he will conform to it. This will be due to a new kind of tension, or pressure. He has been cured of a criminal source of pressure only to find himself victim to another source.

Whereas formerly he resorted to crime, alcohol, drugs, or sensuality for relief, he will now resort to an artificial religious emotionalism, join some emotional though respectable sect, and settle down as an accepted member of society. His emotional religious sprees will not serve him in the same way under the new tension as his crime sprees served him under the old one. The present cause for his illness cannot be cured by medicine, and he has successfully alienated the power in redemptive religion. His hope of cure is now a matter for psychoanalysis. He is a psycho-religio-neurotic, a creature of social fear with a well-established anxiety complex concerning social judgment and condemnation. Conformity has saved him by killing his vital spiritual life and arresting his character development.

Of course a man does not have to have been a cured criminal in order to become a psycho-religio-neurotic. This neurosis can and does lay hold on other people. It is present when a religious person has more fear of public opinion than he has of God's opinion. One of the manifestations of this neurosis is found in a rejection of "the fear of God." He will misinterpret this passage to rationalize his rejection of it. "God is love," he will say, "and love casts out fear." But the stubborn fact will still remain that if a man of religious claims has more fear of man's opinion and judgment than he has of God's he is a religious neurotic, and is in need of psychoanalysis, a treatment discovered and developed by an atheist. It is, to be sure, a rather embarrassing situation for a seemingly religious man to depend upon an atheist for treatment of a religious disease.

Now George had been cured of criminal personality by the redemptive power of God. He had lived in the afterglow of blissful emotions, and had tested the sweetness of true emancipation. We knew he was safe from the disease of crime, since its cause had been removed. But he was not safe from the apathy and danger of conventional religious attitudes. What he needed was character. In order to get on the right path of character development he had to see that the struggle of obedience was better than the graces of spiritual consolation and sweetness. And I'm sure that Mark spoke to his need out of pure inspiration and experience. Said he:

"Here we are, three of us. We have not one creature care in the world. All our physical needs are supplied by the state. Our penalty has solved our economic problems. We have almost perfect security.

"Now suppose," he went on, "that we also had perfect spiritual security. Suppose we were all sitting here in divine rapture, with nothing to do but feed on God's blisses, and experience only those aspects of His love which are joyous and ecstatic. Then suppose that out there in the ward some patient needed our immediate services. Which would be more pleasing to God and beneficial to us, to remain here in ecstasy, or to drop our joys and perform the simple task of ministering to the patient's need?"

A smile of perception broke over George's face. The tension went out of him. A scripture flashed into his mind, "When I am weak I am strong," and he shared it with us. This caused an apt passage to flash into Mark's mind, "I could wish that myself were cut asunder from Christ for the love of my brethren," which Mark also shared. We all laughed, and were glad, for in this simple way, our friends, George, had slipped the knot of a common temptation and had been put back on his spiritual feet.

He was no longer hypnotized in the quest by signs

and wonders. He knew that emotional effects had their place in the WAY; but that far above them in importance was the metal of character which grew not out of pleasurable effects but out of heroic obedience.

Where ever there is authentic need in the economy of God there is also supply to match it, and sometimes the supply reaches us in most unexpected ways and from the most unexpected sources.



The Greatest Of Gifts

"And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is Love."

FEBRUARY 2, 1930

A strange and fitting climax to the greatest of all stories—the Love story as God wrote it through the mind of an inspired man. "These three," he said, "and the greatest of these is Love."

And this greatest of all gifts called Love has the curious power to distill from the worst the best. She rejects nothing, but changes everything She touches. She deletes by absorption. She invites Her enemies, and if they accept She transforms them into friends.

To every human heart She is sounding Her call, "Come and see." To every human mind She is speaking Her commandment, "Follow me."

She is a magnificent Mistress, the Divine in all its fullness, always clothed in a tireless freshness, and always ready and eager to ignite the dry faggots in every human soul. She can wait and not be tired by waiting. It is a wonderful and glorious thing to have the ultimate answer for every creature problem, the solution for every difficulty, the key to every door, the all-seeing eye for every mystery. "Covet earnestly the best gifts." Ah, yes! "And yet show I unto you a more excellent way." The Love way all the way.

After all the puzzled questionings; after all the feverish questings; after all the half-blind wanderings among the religious sideways and byways of the world, the impact is profound to discover at last that the Final Word

is not there but here. "The kingdom of Love is within you." Not by seeking Her are we found, but by yielding to Her who is seeking us. She restores the soul when we release the man-form and the mind-charm.

In Love's embrace we are warmed by a supernatural fire. The friction flame goes out. An indescribable peace settles over us. Here is the thing we have been looking for all the time. We put our burdens down.

What shall I write about next? What jottings shall I record in the rough pulp-paper tablet? Is there anything more than Love? Dare I write of anything less? But the best writing is living. The living! Quite another story! Old habits are strong. Man is notorious as a resister of the Highest. The pull is not an upslope but a down-draft. Love understands and lingers until the man grows weary and lets go.

Faith is a mighty thing, and so is hope. They are the framework upon which the house of Love is built. Hope anticipates the Kingdom; faith precipitates It; Love appropriates It; Love is the Kingdom. Love is at hand. Hence the Kingdom NOW.

Tonight as I run these wards there will be an opportunity to live what I now write. The right word at the right time to the right man. Chatting a moment with this one and that one. Just doing the loving thing. That is all. Each sick man is the nurse's chance.

Each doubtful man must have his hope stimulated tonight, and his faith quickened.

But greater than these is Love.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

It has been thought necessary to say a few words here about the author of this journal. Starr Daily is the writing name of a man who has become widely known in this country and abroad through his books on vital religious subjects.

On behalf of the countless readers of spiritual books who have never made the author's acquaintance, it may be said that from his boyhood Starr Daily spent many years as a rebel in society, casting his best years and energies to the underworld winds, from which he reaped the whirlwinds of prison punishment.

The full story of his conversion has been graphically told in his two best known works, **LOVE CAN OPEN PRISON DOORS**, Willing Publishing Co., San Gabriel, California and **RELEASE**, Harper & Brothers, New York.

As Mr. Daily explained in his **TO THE READER**, this journal was kept while he served a term in prison, and during a period when he was employed as a night nurse in the prison hospital.

The author was released from prison in March, 1930, and since that time has devoted himself to public work, rehabilitation, and writing.

For ten or more years Starr Daily has worked closely with Dr. Glenn Clark, a modern genius in the art of prayer, and a tycoon in the global business enterprise of God. He has been an eager, enthusiastic leader in **THE CAMPS FARTHEST OUT**, founded by Dr. Clark many years ago, which has spread its contagious influence throughout the United States, Europe, and Asia—a spiritual movement which Starr Daily says, "It's the unformalized, silent, creeping leaven that is needed to revitalize a dying civilization."

Dr. E. Stanley Jones, world renowned evangelist, referred in a public address to Starr Daily as "The Greatest Reformed Criminal in America."

Mr. Daily is a friend of two famous preacher authors in New York City, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale and Dr. Samuel Shoemaker, who have become noted for their practical, down-among-men ministries. Says Starr Daily: "These men preach what ought to be preached, and the hungry, long suffering people hear them gladly. They pit the Eternal Jesus against the complex problems and bewilderingments of modern life. Through them the Master walks again. He goes forth conquering and to conquer."

In this journal the reader will catch the secret of a dynamic spiritual process at work from day to day—the process set forth by the Apostle Paul a long while ago, but as up-to-day as the present hour.

The publisher is proud to give the reading public this captivating journal of a man behind the walls and bars of prison. We feel the time is at hand for this kind of a message, penned vividly out of the red blood of experience from hour to hour in a penitentiary hospital. Our hope is that for you who read the document a new horizon of the spirit will be seen, a new and fearless resolution will be made to follow the glorious **WAY OF HOLY AFFECTION**.

CHARLOTTE M. CLOUGH, *Editor*

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Dr. Samuel M. Shoemaker, Rector of Calvary Episcopal Church, New York City, has this to say about "The Way of Holy Affection" . . .

"Those who know Starr Daily face to face, or through his books, realize that he is an instance of God's power to change human nature radically. We may have wondered about how this change first began to affect him, while he was yet in prison. Here is the account of it, taken from his journals at that time. It is a moving document, disclosing how through conversion he has been lifted above the level of the life of the men about him, and by the love of God been kept in touch with the immediate needs about him. All of us need a change as deep, and a commitment to those who do not know Christ which is as compassionate and zealous."

S. M. SHOEMAKER