

Clear Horizons

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

NEW METHODS OF EDUCATION IN A
NEW WORLD

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Poems by Mae Buckeye and Margaret Agner.



Clear Horizons

VOL. 4, NO. 4

APRIL, 1944

No one would buy an expensive globe today, for the boundaries of the countries, the possessions of the nations, are being constantly changed. Everything is in a state of flux. Our big daily papers publish a map every week or two, showing the changes in the boundary lines, the on-rushing of the fighting hordes.

The man on the street is surmising what disposition will be made of this small country and that little nation after the war is over. For he senses that the diplomats of the world are already planning for the day when peace is declared.

How much more necessary it is that the Christian people should already be dreaming and praying and visioning a world governed not by diplomats, but by the spirit of God's love and Christ's brotherliness! The old things must pass away, yes, not only in the government of nations, but in the hearts of the people.

"I can not help feeling," wrote a friend, "that there is a definite connection between the emphasis of the Fourth War Loan Drive on *hate*, and the repulses of the Allies in Italy."

Hate reacts against those who hate even more than against those who are hated. Love, and love alone, can conquer the greatest of the foes of the civilized world: selfishness. It is selfishness that brought on this world war. And only the spirit of the living God can conquer that foe.

There is a new world to be built—the Kingdom of God. This number of CLEAR HORIZONS we are devoting to the NEW METHODS OF EDUCATION needed for this purpose.

CLEAR HORIZONS

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

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Clear Horizons

An Adventure in Solving Problems in a Heavenly Way

Fourth Year

Volume 4, No. 4

☐ Only a dynamic faith will bring new life to religion and the church.

We Need a Spiritual Awakening

Rufus M. Jones

THERE can hardly be the great religious awakening and spiritual resurrection I am calling for without the coming of a new stage of insight, sacrificial devotion, and enlargement of vision and aims in the Church, which is composed of the churches across the world. This is the hour for greatness of spiritual power and magnanimous aims in the Church, which ought to be on earth the organ of the Kingdom of God, and the Body of men and women here and now expressing in the world the mind and spirit and will of Jesus Christ.

Whatever happens to our world, we must keep the Church at its distinctive spiritual mission; and if we are ever to build our broken

world on right lines for a great future, we Christians must get closer together and we must work together, not as the guardians of a sect, but as vital followers of Christ. The darker the world and the deeper the virus of hate, the more glowing must be our Christianity and the more triumphant the note of our faith.

Martin Niemoeller, one of the most valiant Christians in the world, and perhaps the one who has suffered most for his faith, has nobly said: "I have a consciousness that we all belong together as one great congregation of the Body of Christ and we should like to enter the spaciousness of a real Christian brotherhood, which will unite us one with the other and make us free

From the *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1943.

to serve one another." And Kagawa, one of the greatest followers of Christ now on earth, also like Niemoeller in the enemy's country, has been for years working for a united Christianity and for a religion of life and power.

These two men, if they live until the war is over, will be among the foremost religious leaders of the world, making for the unity of Christianity and for the new era of spiritual religion. But we can not wait for the war to be over. We must have Christian cooperation *now*. We want the unity of the Church *now*. We want the resurgence of a new and creative faith for our supreme tasks *now*. If the churches are not struck awake by the present crisis and the momentous tasks which confront us *now*, they will certainly not be ready for the new and unpredictable situations that will emerge when the fighting ends.

Chaplain Arthur R. Stewart, with U. S. Forces in Dutch Harbor, Alaska, writes airmail to say: "The work of God is ever advancing among the men on all the fighting fronts of the war. I sincerely hope that the work of God on the home front is keeping pace because, if it is not, there will be an awful backsliding of men who for the first time know the companionship of a living Christ. They will be asking you at home, 'What have you sacrificed today for your Lord and Master?'"

Calvary Evangel, July, 1943.

To myself—a heart of steel.
To humanity—a heart of love.
To God—a heart of fire.

—St. Augustine.

What we need most is a more vital church service, which reaches the deeps in the attenders and refreshes them with a powerful sense of reality. It ought to have the effect that the rising of the water has on a ship in a lock, which goes out for its voyages on a higher level. There ought to come, more often than usually does come, a return to the freshness of life, the joy and radiance which were the striking features of Christ's life, even though He was consciously moving toward tragic issues. We need to recover the spell of eternity under which His early followers lived and wrought and suffered. It brought to them, as it always does bring, a new dimension of life, a notable expansion and inner amplitude of being. Here, not in outworn formulations, is the pattern of our new time, and in breathings of the everlasting spirit is the inspiration for the birth of a dynamic faith that will bring a new epoch for religion.

☞ This great evangelist tells us "how" to pray.

What Prayer Really Is

E. Stanley Jones

IF I WERE to put my finger on the greatest lack in American Christianity, I would unhesitatingly point to the need for an effective prayer life among laity and ministers.

If I had one gift, and only one gift, to make to the Christian Church, I would offer the gift of prayer. For everything follows from prayer. Prayer tones up the total life. I find by actual experience I am better or worse as I pray more or less.

In the prayer time the battle of the spiritual life is lost or won. Prayer is not an optional subject in the curriculum of living. It is a required subject; it is *the* required subject. And there is no graduation into adequate human living without prayer.

Perhaps we are all more or less convinced of this viewpoint but the "how" of prayer is the crux of the difficulty. To try to answer that word "how" is the burden of this article.

1. Breathe the prayer, "Lord, teach me to pray" as you begin the quest for a prayer life. Bathe your very quest in prayer.

2. *The universe is an open universe.* In this world of freedom

amid law, just as many things are left open contingent upon the human will—things which will never be done except the human will decides to do them—so there are many things open to prayer that will never be done unless we co-operate with God to do them.

3. *Prayer is not only the refuge of the weak; it is the reinforcement of the strong.* The idea that only weak people pray is false. The Man who changed the world turned to the prayer resource.

Prayer, then, is not merely for the weak; it is the strength of the strong. Is the scientist weak who humbly bends his knees to the facts of nature and lets them take him by the hand and lead him into mastery through obedience?

4. *Prayer is not bending God to my will, but it is a bringing of my will into conformity with God's will, so that his will may work in and through me.* Prayer is not bending the universe to your will, making God a cosmic bellhop for your purposes, but prayer is co-operating with the purposes of God to do things you never dreamed you could do. The highest form of prayer is that of Jesus in Gethsemane: "Never-the-less, not my will, but

From *How to Pray*, by E. Stanley Jones, published by J. J. Handsaker, a reprint from *The Christian Advocate*.

Thy will be done"—not "Thy will be borne" as we often translate it, but "Thy will be *done*"—a cooperating with an outgoing redemptive will that wills our highest.

5. *Prayer is not an occasional exercise to which you turn now and then. It is a life attitude.* It is the will to co-operate with God in your total life. It is an attitude rather than an act. If men pray only when in foxholes then prayer is a means of getting you out of a hole—foxholes or other kinds—but no part of a life program.

6. *Prayer, then, is primarily and fundamentally surrender.* Kagawa was right when, asked to define prayer, he replied: "Surrender." It is a surrender of your purposes, your plans, your will into the hands of God to work out with him. But surrender does not mean weak negativism.

Prayer is the surrender of the wire to the dynamo, of the flower to the sun, of the student to the processes of education.

You, as an individual, surrender to God and then—shall I say it?—God surrenders to you—his power is at your disposal. You are working with an almighty purpose and almighty purpose is working with you.

7. *Prayer is secondarily assertion.* After you have surrendered to the will of God, you can assert your will within that will.

Two attitudes combine—surrender and assertion. The two have to be together: if you only surrender you are weak; if you only assert you are weak. But if you are surrendered and then assertive, you are really strong. You are going to be a positive creative person because surrendered to the will of God.

You are beginning the adventure of co-operation with God. Prayer is just that—cooperation with God

What Is Prayer?

1. Begin with the environment, the surroundings in which you are to learn to pray. They should be as favorable as possible. In every home there should be a shrine, perhaps a place curtained off, into which you can enter to keep your tryst with God.

2. Then make your own shrine by your power of inward withdrawal. Learn to "shut the door" even when amid conditions that otherwise would be disturbing.

That would mean physical and mental relaxation. It is a psychological fact that you cannot engrave anything on a tense conscious mind. Relaxation is necessary to receptivity. This means that your body should be in a condition in which it is least obtrusive.

3. Then say to your soul: "O soul of mine, you are now in the audience chamber of God. You will meet him. He will come. He is coming. Let down all the barriers of

your inmost being and welcome him. For he is here—now."

4. Remember that the essence of prayer is found in right relationships with God—not the getting of this thing or that thing. Don't hasten to put things before him for God to grant. Let that go for the moment. As he comes let him put his finger on anything in your life not fully surrendered to his will.

5. Suppose that, while you are praying, your mind wanders. Don't become worried over that. Simply take the wandering thought and make it lead you back to him.

6. We cannot repeat too much the old statement: "You cannot help the birds flying over your head, but you can help them building nests in your hair." The fleeting thought is not sin; the harbored thought is.

7. If you are interrupted, let the interruption be not an irritation, but an interpretation. But at the end come back to the prayer period as Jesus did. Don't let the interruption keep you permanently from the prayer time.

Almost the whole of Jesus' life was one interruption after another, but he didn't muddle those interruptions. He mastered them and made them contribute to the central purposes of his life. The spirit of his interrupted prayer went into the interruption and made it illustrate his essential spirit.

We are now ready to take the

actual steps of prayer, and there are about nine of them.

First, decide what you really want. "In the day that Thou seekest me with the whole heart, thou shalt be found of me." God can only give a whole response to a whole request from a whole person.

Second, decide whether the thing you want is a Christian thing. God is Christ-like. He can only act in a Christ-like way. He cannot answer a prayer that would not fit in with his character.

And remember that, if it is not a Christian thing, it would do us no good if we got it, for only the Christian thing is the thing that is good for us. Ask God to cleanse your prayers as well as you.

Third, still the mind. The stilling of the mind is a step in receptivity. Prayer is pure receptivity in the first stage. "As many as *received* him, to them gave he power." If you come to God all tense, you can get little.

Now you are ready for the Fourth step; *Talk with God about it.* Note I say, "Talk with God," not "Talk to God," for it is a two-way conversation. And the most vital part may be, not what you will say to God, but what God will say to you.

There is a Fifth step: *Promise God what you will do to make this prayer come true.* Since the conversation is a two-way affair, the

accomplishment is also two-way. You and God answer it together.

At this point be silent to hear God again, and see if he makes any suggestions to you about your part in answering the prayer.

Sixth. *Do everything loving that comes to your mind about it!* This step is important, for it is a cleansing and clarifying step. The word "loving" is important. The first fruit of the Spirit is "love," and if the suggestion does not fit in with love then don't do it. Wait for the suggestion that does fit in.

Seventh: *Thank God for answering in his own way.* God will answer that prayer. No prayers are unanswered. But he may answer "no," as well as "yes." "No" is an answer, and it may really be next in order leading on to a higher "yes."

Moreover, the answer may be delayed in order to toughen your fibre. God may be more concerned that the prayer be there than that the answer be forthcoming. He

often holds us off to deepen our characters, so that we will not be spiritual "cry-babies" if we do not get everything we want and get it at once.

There is an eighth step: *Release the whole prayer from your conscious thinking.* It may become an anxiety-center. Let it drop down into the subconscious mind and let it work at that greater depth. Then there will be an undertone of prayer in all you do, but there will be no tense anxiety. Dismissing it from the conscious mind is an act of faith that, having committed it to God you leave it in his hands, believing he will do the best thing possible.

Prayer is not so much an act as an attitude. The first Beatitude says: "Blessed are the renounced in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of God."

Prayer is opening the channels from our emptiness to God's fullness, from our defeat to his victory.

At what point is the approach of danger to be expected? I answer, if it ever reach us, it must spring up among us; it cannot come from abroad. If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of free men, we must live through all time or die by suicide.

—Abraham Lincoln.

We do not need more national development; we need more spiritual development. We do not need more intellectual power; we need more spiritual power. We do not need more knowledge; we need more character.

—Calvin Coolidge.

☐ A great teacher gives us a living, breathing picture of the humble monk who practiced the presence of God.

The Practice of the Presence of God

Georgia Harkness

THREE centuries ago there was a cook in a French monastery by the name of Nicholas Herman, better known as Brother Lawrence. He did nothing more spectacular than to live a simple, radiant life of fellowship with God. He did not even write a book. He wrote some letters, and sixteen of these, with four accounts of conversations with him and some maxims, have come down to us to make an immortal classic on *The Practice of the Presence of God*.

The starting point of Brother Lawrence's spiritual victory is often overlooked. Externally, the details of his life are meager. He tells us "he had been a footman to M. Fieubert, the treasurer, and that he was a great awkward fellow who broke everything," but that desiring to be made to smart for his awkwardness he had entered the monastery. During the first ten years of his attempt to practice the presence of God he seems to have suffered from what the mystics know well as "spiritual dryness" or "the dark night of the soul." But he hung on, even when it seemed that "all creation, reason,

and God himself" were against him. The joyous outcome he states with touching simplicity:

"When I thought of nothing but to end my days in these times of trouble and disquiet (which did not at all diminish the trust I had in God, and which served only to increase my faith), I found myself changed all at once; and my soul which till that time was in trouble, felt a profound inward peace, as if it had found its center and place of rest."

It is this "profound inward peace" that makes the dominant motif without which we should never have heard of him. A sentence epitomizes his life: "When the appointed times of prayer were past, he found no difference, because he still continued with God, praising and blessing Him with all his might, so that he passed his life in continual joy."

This repose of soul affected his vocation. His kitchen work, to which he had naturally a great aversion, became easy, and he was able to find dignity and greatness in the most trivial act. Among the best

From *The Christian Century*, Jan. 26, 1944. By permission of the publishers.

known passages are those in which he speaks of turning the cake that is frying in the pan or picking up a straw from the ground for the love of God.

His religion had its effect upon the body. Not only was serenity written in his face as a witness to his faith, but it gave him a transcendence over bodily ills such as our feverish age might well covet. He says that "he expected, after the pleasant days God had given him, that he should have his turn of pain and suffering; but that he was not uneasy about it." In his old days he writes, "I have often been near expiring. I did not pray for relief, but I prayed for strength to suffer with courage, humility, and love." He goes to the root of a most important matter when he says, "If we were well accustomed to the exercise of the presence of God, all bodily diseases would be much alleviated thereby."

His total adjustment to life was the product of his practice of the Presence. Though he lived in a simple environment he knew what it was to have conflicting demands impinging on him from several directions at once. "The time of business," said he, "does not with me differ from the time of prayer, and in the noise and clatter of my kitchen, while several persons are at the same time calling for different things, I possess God in as great

tranquility as if I were upon my knees at the blessed sacrament."

Who is there who would not like to have such "an even, uninterrupted composure and tranquility of spirit?" Is it possible to have it, pressed upon as we are by many matters? Let us see how Brother Lawrence found it.

1. He let his ends determine his procedures. The end of all his actions, he tells us repeatedly, was to do everything for the love of God, "seeking Him only, and nothing else, not even His gifts." Such singleness of purpose is the clue to the fact that he could continue to trust God even during the first ten troubled years. It is when the Christian loves the gifts of God, including the spiritual gifts, more than he loves God that darkness engulfs the soul. What Brother Lawrence saw was that the chief end of man is not to enjoy God or even His richest gifts, but to glorify Him. It is when God and His Kingdom are first that "all these things" are added.

2. He made his set times of prayer continuous with the life of devotion. He did not give up his regular periods of prayer. Without a sense of the presence of God in the activities of the common life prayer tends to become an emotional luxury, a thing apart from the world of commonplace duties and demands in which most of our hours are spent.

The ordinary Christian today is barren in his prayer life of both types. Those who have a regular time of daily prayer are probably in the minority in our churches. But the life of continuous devotion in the midst of other activities is so rare as to raise the question whether it is possible.

Is it possible? What does Paul mean when he enjoins us to "pray without ceasing?" Is the experience of Brother Lawrence, or of Frank Laubach, as reported in *Letters of a Modern Mystic*, so abnormal that we can only admire without emulating it? And if we could do it, would it not mean a division of attention curtailing our effectiveness in practical matters?

Observe how Brother Lawrence did it. He was not in conscious prayer all the time. But he tried always to be responsive to God's "inward drawings." To increase his receptivity he uttered short prayers in the midst of his business "by such words as love forms upon these occasions, as for instance, 'My God, behold me, wholly Thine: Lord, make me according to Thy heart.'" When an occasion arose that required the practice of some virtue he addressed God, saying, "Lord, I cannot do this unless Thou enablest me," and received strength more than sufficient. When his mind wandered he drew it back and again fixed his thought upon God.

With prayer as the dominant

mood or attitude of one's life, the practice of the Presence becomes habitual. Not the continuous utterance of vocal petition, which obviously would be impossible if one were doing anything else, but the surge of the soul Godward, is the heart of the experience. All of us can go further in this direction than we have.

3. Brother Lawrence understood the limitations of human nature, including his own. One must think of God "the most he can." One must "accustom himself, by degrees, to this small but holy exercise." Speaking of an over-ardent sister he writes, "She seems to me full of good will, but she wants to go faster than grace. One does not become holy all at once." He expected and had dry times, for he speaks of the need of fidelity "in these times of dryness, or insensibility and irksomeness in prayer, by which God tries our love to Him."

There is a tendency among religiously sensitive persons to condemn themselves for their shortcomings. Not so with Brother Lawrence. "When he had failed in his duty, he simply confessed his fault, saying to God, 'I shall never do otherwise if Thou leavest me to myself; it is Thou who must hinder my falling, and mend what is amiss.' After that he gave himself no further uneasiness about it."

He found enough to do for others

to keep him from self-concern. Finding so much comfort and blessing in the practice of the presence of God, he desired to recommend it to others, and they were more influenced by his example and the "sweet and calm devotion" of his appearance than by his arguments.

However, Brother Lawrence was an intercessor and a master of the art of counseling. All but one of his sixteen letters end with the assurance of his prayers, and all are full of understanding and comfort. There is in them no condemnation, but much of humble witness, encouragement, sympathy, direction as to how to pray and what to pray for. One cannot read them without knowing that Brother Lawrence had the channels of his life turned

outward, and that being fed from God they could not help watering the dry places in the souls of others.

What shall we make of him? Could he have foreseen that he would become an immortal, it would have seemed so incredible to him that one wonders whether his tranquility could have stood the strain! Yet he did nothing except what any of us can do. He was not a fanatic or a saint, but a simple Christian who talked with God and let God carry his troubles for him. There is good psychology and sound sense as well as good religion in his words, "Everyone is capable of such familiar conversation with God, some more, some less. He knows what we can do. Let us begin, then."

THE NORMANDIE

Helen Augusta Ranlett

The great ship floats again on even keel.
The long, humiliating months are past
When, overthrown and helpless she lay fast
In river-mud, who once was fire and steel.
For man, her builder, met her mute appeal.
Slow, patient labor bore its fruit at last,
And now she rides the sea with flag at mast,
Ready to meet what tasks fate may reveal.
What of a *Mind* that lies, ravaged by flame,
Or, like a racing yacht, unstable, tips
Where clumsier craft surmount a treacherous wave?
Likewise to this bring help untinged with blame!
Though spoken prayers be foreign to his lips,
Never dare doubt his Maker's power to save!

☞ A mystic of the ancient church tells us how to pray at all times.

How to Pray at All Times

St. Alphonsus

WHAT IS man that Thou shouldst magnify him: or why dost Thou set Thy heart upon him? (Job 7:17.) Such was the astonished cry of Job when he considered the marvelous condescension of God in loving man and in longing to be loved by him. Hence, it is a mistake to think that great confidence and familiarity in treating with God is a want of reverence towards His infinite Majesty. You should, indeed, worship Him in all humility and prostrate yourself before Him; especially when you call to mind the ingratitude and sin of which, in the past, you may have been guilty. Yet this should not hinder you from treating Him with the most tender confidence and love. He is infinite majesty; at the same time He is infinite love and goodness. In God you possess the most exalted and supreme Lord; but also a Friend who loves you with the greatest possible love. He is not offended—on the contrary He is pleased—when you treat Him with that confidence, freedom and tenderness with which a child treats its mother.

Bear well in mind that you have neither friend, nor brother, nor

father, nor mother, nor spouse, nor lover, who loves you more than God. Divine grace is that great treasure whereby we become dear friends of our creator Himself.

He went so far as to become an infant, to become poor, to die publicly on the cross; He went so far as to hide Himself under the appearance of bread in order to become our constant Companion and to unite Himself intimately to us: *He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood abideth in Me and I in Him.* (John 6:57). In a word, He loves you as though He had no one else to love but you alone. You, too, should love Him alone, and all others for His sake.

Say, then, to Him often:

O my Lord! wherefore dost Thou love me thus? What good thing dost Thou see in me? Hast Thou forgotten the injuries I have done Thee? But since Thou hast treated me so lovingly, and, instead of casting me into hell, hast granted me so many favors, whom can I desire to love from this day forward but Thee, my God, my all? Ah, most gracious God, if in times past I have offended Thee, it is not so much the punishment I have deserved that

From a pamphlet by the same title, published in Ireland.

now grieves me, as the displeasure I have given Thee, who art wholly of infinite love. But Thou knowest not how to despise a heart that repents and humbles itself: *A contrite and humble heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.* (Ps. 50:19.)

The more to strengthen your confidence in God, often call to mind His loving treatment of you, and the gracious means He has used to help you to overcome your faults and to detach you from things of this world, in order to draw you to His holy love. Fear, therefore, to have too little confidence in treating with God, now that you are determined to love Him and to please Him by every means in your power. The mercy He has shown you is a most sure pledge of His love for you.

If it is a great mistake to speak to God with diffidence—to appear before Him as a timid slave trembling with fear before his prince—it would be a still greater mistake to think that conversing with God is wearisome and unpleasant. Ask those souls who love Him with a true love, and they will tell you that in the sorrows of their life their sweetest and truest consolation is to converse lovingly with God.

Now you are not required to apply your mind so constantly to prayer as to forget your ordinary work and recreation. "Praying always" means that without neg-

lecting your ordinary occupation, you treat God as you treat the friends who love you and whom you love. God is ever near you, even within you: *In Him we live and move and have our being* (Acts 18:28). He who would speak to God has no door to open; God is pleased when you speak to Him without reserve. Tell Him of your business, your plans, your griefs, your fears—of all that concerns you. Above all, do so with confidence and freedom. For God is not wont to speak to a soul which does not speak to Him; in fact being unaccustomed to speak to God, the soul would scarcely understand Him when He spoke.

It is true that God ought to be worshipped always with the greatest reverence; however, when He deigns to make you feel His presence and when He makes known His desires that you should speak to Him as the friend who loves you better than any other friend, then you should open your heart to Him with the greatest liberty and confidence. If you only desire His love, He will take the first step, without waiting for you to come to Him, and He will present Himself to you with all the graces and remedies of which you stand in need. He only waits for you to speak to Him, to show that He is near you.

By reason of His immensity, God is present everywhere.

Friends in the world have gener-

ally certain days on which they meet and converse; on other days they are apart; but between God and you, if you wish, there need never be one hour of separation. He desires even in the hours of night His sweet and gracious converse with you. Sometimes also He will speak to you when you are asleep, and make you hear His voice, so that in waking you may put in practice what He has spoken.

He is there also in the morning, to hear from you some words of affection, of confidence; to be the depository of your first thoughts, and of the promise to perform all the actions of the day to please Him; of all the griefs, too, which you offer to endure willingly for His glory and love. But as He fails not to present Himself to you at the moment of your waking, do not fail, on your part, to give Him immediately a look of love, and to rejoice when your God announces to you the glad tidings that He is not far from you.

Never, then, forget His sweet presence, as do the greater part of men. Speak to Him as often as you can, for He does not grow weary of this nor disdain it, as do the lords of the earth. *If you love Him you will not be at a loss what to say to Him.* Tell Him all that occurs to you about yourself and your affairs, as you would tell it to a dear friend. He loves you as much—He has as much care for you—

as if He had no one else to think of but you.

When you are afflicted with sickness, persecution, temptation, or any other trouble, turn at once to God and ask His Help.

He will not be displeased if you seek comfort from your friends in the hour of trial; but He wishes you to have recourse principally to Him. At least, therefore, when you have had recourse to creatures and they have not been able to console your heart, go to your Creator and say to Him: Lord, men have only words; they cannot afford me consolation. I no longer desire to be consoled by them. Thou alone art my hope; Thou alone art my only love. By Thee alone I desire to be comforted.

At the same time remember that He permits everything for your good, and do not lose confidence: *All things work together for good to them that love God* (Rom. 8:28). Say with courage, even when you feel most troubled and disconsolate: *The Lord is my light and salvation; whom shall I fear?* (Ps. 26:1). Reflect that God loves you more than you could love yourself.

When you receive some pleasant news, do not act like those unfaithful and thankless souls who have recourse to God in time of trouble, but forget and forsake Him when things go well with them. Show Him the fidelity you would show to a sincere friend who rejoices in

your happiness. Go at once and tell Him of your joy, and praise Him and give Him thanks, acknowledging your good fortune as a gift from His hands. Rejoice in the fact that you owe your happiness to Him.

Another mark of confidence highly pleasing to our most loving God is this: that when you have committed any fault, you are not ashamed to go at once to Him and seek His pardon. As soon, then, as you fall into any fault, raise your eyes to God, make an act of love, and humbly confessing your fault, place unwavering confidence in God, saying to Him: *Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick* (John 11:3). The heart that Thou lovest is sick—is wounded. I love Thee with all my heart. I am sorry for my sin, and will never more offend thee. And give me strength for the future to be faithful to Thee.

Have recourse to God immediately after you have fallen, although you should repeat the fall a hundred times in the day. Having done this, do not be disturbed. If you remain discouraged and troubled because of the fault committed, you will scarcely speak to God; your confidence will grow less; your desire to love God will grow cold and you will make little or no advance in the way of the Lord. On the other hand, by having immediate recourse to God, asking His pardon and promising amendment for the

future, your very faults will help you to advance in divine love. Between friends who sincerely love one another it sometimes happens when one offends the other and then humbles himself and asks pardon, their friendship becomes stronger than ever.

When you awake in the morning, let your first thought be to raise up your mind to God, to offer to his honor whatever you may have to do or suffer during the day, and beseech Him to assist you with His holy grace. Then perform your other morning devotions, making acts of love and gratitude, and praying and resolving to spend the day as if it were to be your last day on earth. Then, before all things else, be sure to make your meditations, or mental prayers, at least for half an hour.

When you hear the birds sing, say: "Hearken, O my soul, to the praise these little creatures are giving to their Creator; and what are you doing?" Then do you also praise Him with acts of love.

Following the example of St. Theresa, often offer yourself to God during the day, and say: "Behold me, O Lord, ready to do what Thou askest of me."

As the hours go by, make repeated acts of divine love, for—to quote St. Theresa again—"these acts of love are the fuel by which divine love is kept burning within the heart."

☞ He lifted Christianity above all parochial conceptions and made God real.

The Story of Meister Eckhart

Raymond Blakney

MEISTER ECKHART was born in Germany in 1260, about five years before the birth of Dante in Italy, and died in 1328 seven years after Dante's death. He has two minor claims to fame. He is said to have done for the German language what Dante did for the Italian. He discussed for the first time the ultimate things of life and death in the medieval German dialects and, having done so with power and clarity, he made German a vehicle for ideas that hitherto had been considered expressible only in Latin. Nevertheless, his best contribution was neither literary nor philosophical. It is quite clear that he never thought of himself as a writer. He wrote only when he needed to write to do what he felt ought to be done. It is also clear that he did not regard himself as a thinker. At least he was not self-conscious about it. To be sure, he was a scholastic and an adept at dealing with abstract notions and fine distinctions. Some German critics say that the more abstract an idea the better Eckhart liked it and the more he was given to ex-

pounding it. That, however, was not Eckhart's point. He was a man of single intent, and that intent was God.

It was in his doctrines of God that he went beyond the tolerance of his time and perhaps beyond the capacity of ours. What he knew of himself, and through himself of all people in all times, and therefore what he discovered about God and the relations of God to man and man to God—this was the gift he wished to give and did give most richly. Certainly he lifted Christianity above any parochial conception and revealed its inner relation to the great, universal spiritual movements which have found expression in many forms. He lived on the high level, on the same highlands of the spirit that were disclosed in the Upanishads and Sufi classics. To go where Eckhart went is to come close to Lao Tze and Buddha, and certainly to Jesus Christ.

There is much agreement that Eckhart was not a precursor of the Reformation. That is true in the sense that he has no quarrel with the ecclesiastical institution as such.

From *Meister Eckhart* translated by Raymond Blakney, Harper and Brothers.

To the last day of his life he protested that he was a faithful and loving child of the church and what is even more conclusive is the apparent lack of any open attack on the notorious evils of the church of his day. Eckhart was one of the world's great "yes-sayers," whose deep conviction was that untruth or evil is not to be fought with condemnation or criticism, but that it must be replaced by an overwhelming disclosure of the true and good.

What little we know of Eckhart's biography could be put in tabular form. It is derived almost entirely from the juiceless records of the fourteenth century church files, or from headings attached to his works by editors. Of his personal life hardly a word escaped him to our knowledge. Regret it or not, this is the characteristic of the man who forgot himself completely in the pursuit of one great idea. Furthermore, immortality via biography or autobiography would hardly have interested one who believed that heaven was more real and solid than earth.

Johannes Eckhart was born in the village of Hochheim, near Gotha, about A. D. 1260. His father was a steward of a knight's castle in the Thuringian forest. Here he captured a mental image which later he turned to good use: "Look and see: this little castle of the soul is exalted so high above every road that

God himself cannot steal into it."

No earlier than his fifteenth year he entered the Dominican monastery at Erfurt for at least nine years of study required for the priesthood and after that he studied at the "high school" at Cologne, where Albertus Magnus taught until his death in 1280. It is not considered probable that Eckhart sat under this famed teacher but he did come under the influence of Thomas Aquinas, who had just died and whose star was definitely ascending.

It was here, near the age of forty, that he wrote the pamphlet that has come down to us under the heading *Das sint die rede der unterschiedunge*—"These are the Talks of Instruction that the Vicar of Thuringen, the Prior of Erfurt, Brother Eckhart of the Preaching Order held for such of his spiritual children as asked him about various things as they sat together in evening table-conversation."

The substance of this little book is kindly, straightforward talk that reminds one of Mozart's music. It gives us the first glance at Eckhart's inner life. He writes of obedience, self-denial, prayer, work, growth, sin, the will, the blessed life, and devotion as few have ever been able to write of these things, but it is when he speaks of God that the measure and quality of his own soul appear most clearly. "God never tied man's salvation to any pattern of life. So one must be permeated with the

divine Presence, informed with the form of the beloved God who is within him, so he may radiate that Presence without working at it." Already the God who lives yonder, in another world apart, is put aside for the God who is at home in man—not a new idea, except as any idea becomes new when it is taken seriously. And Eckhart took it with shocking seriousness. God is something to any person who is religious, but to Eckhart He was everything. One recent commentator says: "Truly, Eckhart makes it hard for us to penetrate the world of his thoughts, for he demands of us a devotion and a faith such as contemporary man does not possess."

OF THE STRONGEST PRAYER AND THE MOST EXALTED WORK

Meister Eckhart

The strongest prayer, one well-nigh almighty in what it can effect, and the most exalted work a man can do proceed from a pure heart. The more pure it is, the more powerful, useful, laudable and perfect is its prayer and work. A pure heart is capable of anything.

What is a pure heart?

A pure heart is one that is unencumbered, unworried, uncommitted, and which does not want its own way about anything but which, rather, is submerged in the

It is often said that the medieval thinkers were not original—and I shall not attempt to defend them against this charge: that they merely worked over the ideas of the great originators. Who ever had a truly original idea? The medievals would have answered unhesitatingly: only God. Plato thought so too. It is our custom to speak of the origin of ideas by tracing their seeds in history. It is much better, I think, if one is concerned with "originality" as a virtue, to get it as Pope did: He breathed his own endless vitality into the juiceless formulas of orthodox theology with such charm and passion that even the common people heard them gladly.

loving will of God, having denied self. Let a job be ever so inconsiderable, it will be raised in effectiveness and dimension by a pure heart.

We ought so to pray that every member and faculty, eyes, ears, mouth, heart, and the senses shall be directed to this end and never to cease prayer until we attain unity with Him to whom our prayers and attention are directed, namely, God.

People say: "Alas, sir, but I would prefer to stand well with

God, to have the devotion and divine calm of some people," or "I wish I could be like this or as poor as that." Or they say: "It will never do if I cannot be here or there or do thus and so. I must get away—or go into a cloister or a cell."

The truth is that you yourself are at fault in all this and no one else. It is pure self-will. Whether you realize it or not, there can be no restlessness unless it come from self-will, although not every person understands this. This is what I mean: people fly from this to seek that—these places, these people, these manners, those purposes, that activity—but they should not blame ways or things for thwarting them. When you are thwarted it is your own attitude that is out of order.

Begin, therefore, first with self and forget yourself. If you do not first get away from self, then whatever else you get away from you will still find obstacles and restlessness. People look in vain for peace who seek it in the world outside, in places, people, ways, activities, or in world-flight, poverty and humiliation, whatever the avenue or degree; for there is no peace this way. They are looking in the wrong direction, and the longer they look the less they find what they are looking for. They go along like someone

who has missed his road; the further they go the more they are astray.

What, then, is to be done?

Let everyone begin by denying self and in so doing he will have denied all else. Indeed, if a man give up a kingdom, or even the whole world and still was selfish, he would have given up nothing. If, however, he denies himself, then whatever he keeps, be it wealth, honor, or anything else, he is free from it all. To give up one's will and deny self is to forsake all else as completely as if it had been his very own, and he possessed it with full authority. For what you do not desire you let go, and let go for the sake of God. Thus our Lord says: "Blessed are the poor in spirit"—that is, those devoid of will and there should be no doubt that if there were a better way, the Lord would have mentioned it. But He said, "If any man will come after me, let him first deny himself." It all comes down to that. Watch yourself, and where you find self creeping in, reject it; for that is best.

To the extent that you eliminate self from your activities, God comes into them—but no more and no less. Begin with that, and let it cost you your uttermost. In this way, and no other, is true peace to be found.

The purpose of peace-making must be establishment of a regime of law and justice, not regimes of hate.

—Herbert Hoover.

¶ The blind author of "O Love that Will Not Let Me Go" gives us something equally inspiring in prose.

The Bright Light in the Clouds

George Matheson

MY SOUL, the greatest truth about thee is that which thou hast not learned—the secret of thine own joy, the source of the light that is within thee. Thou art seeking thy light in the dispersion of the cloud, and all the time thy light is in the cloud. Thou art asking God for an explanation of thy darkness, and thou art expecting an answer from all quarters but one—the darkness itself. Yet it is there, and nowhere else, that the secret lies. Thy cloud is thy fire-chariot; thy trial is thy triumph. The best gift of Divine love to thee has been thy pain; it has taught thee what is the difference between being virtuous and being innocent. Thou hast been down in the valley of the shadow, and thou hast been looking up to the calm heavens to find thy God. The calm heavens have not answered thee, and thou hast said, "Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself." Yet all the time thy God has been beside thee in the valley, a sharer in the shadow of thy life. Thou hast been looking too far to find Him; thou hast cried to the

heavens when He was at thy very door. He was speaking in voices that seemed to deny His presence; He was manifested in the shades that appeared to veil His form. He came to thee in the night, that His glory might be concealed. He came to thee unaccompanied and unadorned, that He might know whether He were loved for Himself alone. The night under which thou hast murmured has been hiding in its folds a wondrous treasure—the very presence of the King of Kings; wherefore didst thou not see the bright light in the cloud?

O Thou Divine Spirit, that hast proved Thy strength alike over valley and over mountain, let me find my strength in Thee. I need Thee, that I may be strong everywhere. I long to be independent of all circumstances, alike of the cloud and of the sunshine. I want a power to keep me from being depressed in the vale and to prevent me from being giddy on the height; to save me from sinking in despondency and to rescue me from soaring in pride. I want both a pillar of fire and a pillar of cloud; a refuge from

"Mystery of God's Leading" from *Moments on the Mount*, by George Matheson.

the night of adversity and a shield from the day of prosperity. I can find them in Thee. Thou hast proved Thy power over the night and over the day; Thou hast vanquished the tempter in the valley and Thou hast conquered the tempter on the hill. *Come into my heart, and Thy power shall be my power.* The earth shall be mine and the fulness thereof. I shall be victorious over all circumstances, at home in all scenes, restful in all fortunes. I shall have power to tread upon scorpions, and they shall do me no hurt; the world shall be mine when Thy spirit is in me.

Why did He not remain in that wilderness which He had made beautiful? Why did He not rest in the solitudes of that scene which He had made a scene of unruffled contemplation? It was because the design of conquering temptation is to make us fit for the world. We do not conquer in order that we may rest, we conquer in order that we may work. We are brought up into the solitudes, not that we may avoid the world, but that we may prepare for the world. Our glory

THE VALUE OF LAUGHTER

The value of good humor was proved in the case of a woman given up by doctors to die. She determined she would die happy.

So she searched for some funny stories and laughed at them. She told her friends and neighbors. They laughed.

Every day she laughed still more. It filled her room with cheerfulness. She laughed herself back to health.

Then she went out and laughed at the doctors.

is the choice of Christ over the kingdoms of the world, and we can make it only in the secret places of the soul; but when we have made it, the kingdoms of the world become our sphere. The Son of Man refused to turn the stones into bread, but that refusal gave Him the right to turn the water into wine. He was fit for the world because He had shown Himself to be unworldly.

My soul, often hast thou asked thyself if it is right for thee to frequent the common haunts of men; if it would not be better for thee to get away from the scenes and pursuits of the maddening crowd. What has been thy past experience? Has it been frivolous or has it been earnest? Has thy life been hitherto knit to the things that are perishable? Then thou art not fit to live amongst these things; they are too strong for thee, they will drag thee down to their own level. But hast thou passed through the solitudes of the wilderness? Hast thou in the strength of the Son of Man made choice already of the true way? Hast thou in the silence of the heart preferred the rule of principle?

GOD, THE LAMPLIGHTER

Jean Hogan Dudley

They said to me when I was small
That God had lit the stars on high.
I thought of Him as great and tall,
A Lamplighter, who walked the sky,
Up through a maze of winding lane,
Touching the stars with heavenly light,
That in this world of fear and pain
There would be beauty in the night.

Now though I know the starry skies
Are ruled by intricate, powerful laws,
That God is infinitely wise,
The Builder, the Primeval Cause,
His love toward me seemed just as strong
When in the dusk I lay awake,
And dreamed a Lamplighter moved along,
Touching the stars for beauty's sake.

MANKIND AS LAMPLIGHTERS

Mary Welch

In days of old in every city
When the day had passed and darkness fell
On mansion, cottage, street and marketplace,
Lamplighters came with tinder boxes
Unfailingly to hang the lanterns high
That all day-wearied feet might bear each home-turned face
Unto its own warm cottage, its own hearth-stone,
To comfort and a candle of its own.

This world, O God, is one vast city
Befogged by alleys dark and murky streets
Wherein men grope, home-turning at the night.
Bewildered, each beset by nameless fears
Of lurking evils hidden to waylay—
Men helpless, wearied, homesick, seeking light
As children lost will run in futile circles, so
These maze-caught men meander to and fro.

But sometimes, God, you send a man with tinder
To pass along the foggy, murky ways
To light above each soul a glowing spark,
A lantern bright uplifted toward the heights
Where hind's feet climb, to guide men surely
Each to his own soul's haven through the dark.
And where these pass, we see Love's flag unfurled.
Dear God, we thank You for lamplighters of this world.

EXCERPTS FROM THE HARVEST OF MISSIONS

In the press this week is the story of the conversion of an American aerial gunner by one-time savages in a jungle island in the South Pacific. Those natives, in turn, had been converted by American missionaries in the era of peace!

This strange religious drama centers about 25-year-old Stanley W. Tefft of Toledo, Ohio. He is now recuperating from his wounds in a California veterans' hospital. He and two companions were shot down in combat with the Japanese, landing in the ocean. They reached the island on their life raft a few days later. They found four other wounded fliers also stranded there.

Friendly natives helped them hide in the jungle for 87 days and the very first thing the natives did was to give them a Bible in English. Every night the natives came to them in their hideout and the men took turns in reading passages of Scripture to the group. Then they sang the hymns the missionaries long ago had taught the islanders. Finally rescuers from the Navy came to aid the "lost" men, but before they were taken away all seven of the men promised to go back when the war is over and visit the natives.

"They gave us religion," said Tefft this week, "something we had given little thought to before the war. We believe that our faith saved our lives and brought our rescuers to us. I am proud to say now that we are devout Christians and will try to remain so all through our lives."

A month ago there appeared the story of one-time savages in the Solomons building a thatched-roof church in memory of 1,600 American war dead buried there and dedicating it to American fighting men.

It took 4,000 natives two months to erect the chapel, which will seat 280 persons. Jason, a Christian native, clad only in a loincloth and carrying a spear, presented the chapel to the Americans. Chaplains of the Army received it and dedicated it to Christian service. High American officers were deeply moved by the ceremony.

The halting talk in broken English delivered by Jason was as eloquent as any noted divine could express. It went right to the heart of religious faith, showing that missionaries had been teaching the heart of their belief, which is sacrifice and service. Here is what he said:

"Me want tell you people that all me fella belong Solomon build this church because we want thank you. We have work hard and we hope you like church. And we pray God bless all of you and hope you will pray for your friend lying in this cemetery.

"Also we want thank all Americans and Allies who fought to push enemy out of our land. Now we give this church you. But this church no belong you and me. This church belong God. And we ask God to bless you all. Thank you."

—William F. M'Dermott.

Chicago Daily News, October 30, 1943.

Eternity

In Syria They Have a Story, Handed Down Through the Ages

Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy

MANY thousands of years ago—so this story runs—Jesus and John the Baptist were on a journey together. And it came about that as they journeyed they passed through a desert place, and in the heat of the day rested under the shadow of a great rock.

All around them was nothing but desert, and so they waited, talking of the things of God till the sun went down, and then went their way.

Five thousand years later, Jesus and John the Baptist were passing that way again; and behold now, instead of the desert was a great city with gates on four sides of it and towers that reached to heaven.

Being greatly astonished, they spoke to one of the citizens who stood near the gate at which they entered.

"Sir," said they, "we pray you tell us where is the great desert that once was here?"

Whereat the man laughed, both he and his companions who stood by.

"A desert," said he, "why, friends, there has never been any

desert hereabouts. Do you not know that this is *The City*, the great City, the days of which no man can tell, so many are they?

"And there is the great lake, and there the great rock in the midst of the lake, and, on top of the rock, you may see the great temple which the gods, they say, builded before the world was."

And he laughed again and his friends also.

Five thousand years later, Jesus and John the Baptist were passing that way again, and, behold, now, the great city was gone, and, in its place, was a great forest.

Only the lake was there, and, in the midst of the lake, a great rock on the top of which the birds of the air made their nests.

As they entered the forest, they met a woodsman, and thus addressed him:

"Sir," said they, "tell us what has become of the great city that once was here."

"A great city?" said the woodsman. "Now, what a strange question is that. For indeed, sirs, hereabouts has never been a great city, but only this great forest. Here

From *Century Magazine*.

have I labored and my father and his father before him; in the great forest, by the great lake, with the great rock in the midst of the lake, on which the birds of the air have always made their nests."

And he went his way.

And so it came about that another five thousand years went by, and, once again, Jesus and John the

Baptist were passing that way.

And, behold, now the forest was gone, and all around them was nothing but desert, as it had been in the beginning, and, in the midst of the desert, a great rock.

And there was no man to ask concerning the matter, and so they rested under the shadow of the rock and talked of the things of God.

THE LITTLE GATE TO GOD

Walter Rauschenbusch

In the castle of my soul
Is a little postern gate,
Whereat, when I enter,
I am in the presence of God.
This is a fact.
The world of men is made of jangling noises.
With God is a great silence.
But that silence is a melody
Sweet as the contentment of love,
Thrilling as a touch of flame,
When I enter into God, all life has meaning.
Without asking, I know;
My desires are even now fulfilled,
My fever is gone in the great quiet of God.
My troubles are but pebbles on the road,
My joys are like the everlasting hills.
So it is when I step through the gate of prayer
From time into eternity.

When I am in the consciousness of God,
My fellowmen are not far off and forgotten
But close and strangely dear.
Those whom I love have a mystic value.
They shine as if a light were glowing within them.
So it is when my soul steps through the postern gate
Into the Presence of God.
Big things become small, and small things become great.
The near becomes far, and the future is near.
The lowly and despised is shot through with glory.
God is the substance of all revolutions;
When I am in Him, I am in the Kingdom of God
And in the Fatherland of my Soul.

☞ This article on Hope will be part of a book written by Glenn Harding, Starr Daily and Glenn Clark telling of their experiences on the advance of the Third Front.

Life Through Hope

Glenn Harding

YEARS ago, a window or door opened in my mind, through a remark that was dropped, almost carelessly, by my mathematics "prof", and became one of the three or four most fruitful experiences of my college career. Said D. Herbert Slaughter to our Calculus class, "Now of course, these principles and propositions which we declare true must be qualified by the phrase, 'within our experience.' For example, we define parallel lines as lines which no matter how far extended in the same plane never meet. But we should add, 'within the limits of our experience.' Beyond our experience we don't know what may happen! They may meet, cross and re-cross thousands of times for all we know," he added with his squeaky, high little chuckle we all loved. Then he cited the instance of a Russian mathematician who had begun with a different set than we accept of the so-called "axioms" (those things we begin with in faith which are impossible of mathematical proof and which we term "self-evident truths"). The Russian "proved" just the reverse of most of our propositions, yet re-

mained mathematically as correct as we. (Perhaps today Russia as a nation is doing something quite similar!)

Something happened inside of me then. Whole new vistas of wonder appeared. The wings of my imagination were unfettered, and I wanted to soar out, like Noah's dove, into that vastness of universe that lay "beyond our experience." And something akin to God entered in. Sometime later I was writing a theme for another beloved "prof," "Teddy" Linn. I do not even recall the subject except that it concerned somehow our conception of a "life beyond" as described in some classic we had been reading. The point was that we were all prone to limit that realm likewise to things we knew and understood in this realm—and with my new-found wings I rebelled. "Why *should* we think things had to be thus and so in another world?" I declared. Freedom, imagination, wonder, possibilities—all of them I glorified and proclaimed. I shall never forget "Teddy's" astonishment and delight. He hadn't known it was in me, he declared, and gave it the highest praise possible! Neither had

I known it before that mathematics class, but it has never quite left me.

"Beyond our experience!" What are the implications of this for us here? Well, in simple terms, if you have never truly *experienced* love for an enemy, YOU do not know WHAT can happen in such personal relationships. Starr Daily does! It is "beyond your experience." If you have never experienced the genuine, full-orbed love of Christ, because of a lack of complete self-giving, YOU cannot know anything about its possibilities, power and quality. St. Paul did! Most of us have so watered down the elixir of life and the nectar of the Spirit that what we have tastes like a weak cambric tea which, being neither hot nor cold, we want to "spew out of our mouths." But it is based on a profound misjudgment because it is "beyond our experience." If you *doubt* that a certain situation can be remedied by the power of faith, or that sickness can be healed, or that creativity can be born through faith and prayer or that some habitual failure, as Ulysses S. Grant was, can succeed, YOU can know nothing about the REALITY because you have barred it from your experience. Glenn Clark KNOWS!

Most of those in our audiences on the Third Front were listening to things which were actually "beyond their experience" and would often remark, "This is beyond me!"

But they were also listening to men who spoke not OF and ABOUT such things, but to men who spoke only from their deepest experience. And if one listens with the door of his mind or heart open—even the slightest—to such a one, it is possible to be led out "beyond" and to begin to enter into the experiences of that unknown realm.

That is why these meetings could have such transforming effect in so many places. People who came with no understanding or ability as to HOW to function in these spiritual realms found as they left that "something more" had been added to them—old problems had disappeared suddenly, situations had changed without any conscious effort on their part, and what is even more important, they had participated with the group in a movement of the spirit BEYOND the capacity of any individual *alone* to experience.

A lovely lady in Portland, Oregon, who was in religious work and had been trying without success to influence certain people toward a different way of life caught a fresh gleam and portion of the age-old Realities in our Third Front there; then asked, "But how are we going to spread this thing?"—as though light has to be told how to shine! I wish you might have seen her face two hours later when she returned for the evening meeting, exclaiming, "Why, already without

my *trying*, three of the people I have wanted most to touch have come to me and opened the door wide for me to share this light with them!" To her it was a miracle, for these were points against which failure, misunderstanding, effort and strain had thrown their darkness. And it *was* a miracle—but an age-old miracle of Faith, Hope and Love—for when the light from REALITY appeared, they ran as eagerly to it and out from the darkness as she had. Or we might tell of the lady in Birmingham who finally opened her door of Hope wide enough to ask privately for prayer for a drunken relative, and who months later wrote a glowing letter telling of the amazing change that had come to the relative that same day of the prayer and had persisted ever since. Or anyone of dozens of other instances in which when the door of Hope alone was unlatched and moved ajar, the light flooded in, the unexpected happened, circumstances seemed miraculously changed, or amidst the same conditions a new light and meaning was cast over them, making the import utterly different! Yet it is not necessary even to hear of such outer events. Just to observe the new light in people's faces as it comes—sometimes in a burst, in others like a slow dawning—was enough. For light will always find its way.

But mark it well! In *some way*, through some little crevice of

HOPE in the sealed compartment of your mind and heart, God—who "on all sides surrounds you, staring out at you from the faces of men, of rocks and of animals"—must seep in until you begin to sense His great reality, and feel the stir within you of its revivifying life and power.

For it is an OTHER that invades you or into which you enter. It is nothing that you DO or that any other human being does TO you. It is no achievement of your mind or body or of science, or even of education in its usual sense. It is rather a palpable though invisible REALITY—whether you choose to call it a power, an essence, a being, a personal Christ, or GOD. You only open the door—either to another individual who has been already so invaded by the OTHER—or move out yourself in love and self-giving to a brother and inner openness to GOD.

Inner openness to God! What can that mean? To most people, God is an "oblong blur!" someone has said. Even so, turn in hope—as did one of our irreligious though valiant fighting pilots who is reported to have burst out during an especially severe attack from the air when he was grounded—"Oh, God—if there is a God—and if you can do what Highpockets (his pal) says you can—help us to get out of here quick!" But if our praying pilot felt that his prayer could only be answered in

one way, "to get out quick" he might have missed it entirely, if he fixed his focus unyieldingly on that one way. There are so many possible avenues—even including his possible surrender or capture—that this is where we need to stretch our minds and conceptions. For it is often in such unusual methods the answer comes. Who would have believed the answer to Rickenbacker's prayer, if suggested in advance, to be that of a gull lighting on his head so that he could reach up and catch it, or that a rocket would fall into a school of fish and cause them to jump into the boat? We would have laughed indeed.

Yet neither must we err in the other direction and expect always a miracle to come. It may be in the commonest, most ordinary way—so common that we may be prone to overlook it—as when a friend of our Third Front, left destitute with the death of her husband and with small girls to support, turned to the verse in the Bible after prayer, "What hast thou in the house?" She recalled then that she had a beaten biscuit mixing machine that she had never used, and the next morning received in the mail from her sister a recipe for beaten biscuits, unsought. Acting on that guidance, and subsequent leading that came to her, Mrs. Merritt's Beaten Biscuits made with Love and Joy, are today known all through the South. In short, the

prayer of Hope is that of Thomas a' Kempis when he says, "Lord, I am in Thine hand. Turn me round and turn me back again, even as a wheel." That is, do ANYTHING, for I am yours!

Few of us seal up our lives consciously and deliberately from God's power. Most would say if questioned, "Oh, certainly, I believe in God and His power. Yes, He can do anything, I suppose. He created us, and set the universe running according to immutable laws; *but—*" and the implication is either that He doesn't CHOOSE to do anything or that He is not very kindly disposed — or SOMETHING — (probably that we simply refuse to budge beyond our experience!) there we stick most determinedly! For when it comes to some SPECIFIC thing concerning you or me, the answer is more apt to be, "Well, No! I don't believe THAT can happen THAT way. Whatever goes up must come down, you know." Whereupon, without realizing it, we may have choked off the very avenue along which that *particular* need might be answered. With our limited viewpoints, knowledge, control, et alia, we are not capable, very often, of choosing or even anticipating the best avenue of the answer, although the infinitely responsive universe will often answer along whatever avenue we leave open, regardless of its appropriateness, as air will enter a

vacuum through any pinhole if the mouth of the area is closed.

What we should do is open the channels of our minds and hearts as wide as possible so that we too may become infinitely responsive, and know that "with God ALL THINGS are possible." And we need exercises to "stretch our minds" for the other and greater possibilities. As a matter of fact, it is NOT TRUE even that whatever goes up must come down. Meteors that have flown off from bits of globes like our own and been set spinning through the uncharted regions of other worlds are the living proof that they do not. They will come down, it is true, unless susceptible to a greater power than

the gravity of their own world, but gravity is only one of perhaps an infinite variety of forms of power at play in this great universe, many of which can enter in to overcome the gravity or any other form—from hatred to indifference. Oh, if we can only begin to see these forms of God's power as a great organ upon which He plays to bring forth what harmonies He may desire, without stint and without measure, then our HOPE may become a living thing. You MUST leave SOME door of HOPE open through which God, in majesty or tender mercy, may enter YOUR experience and lead you out to that vaster realm — "beyond YOUR experience!"

A PETITION

Make me too brave to lie or be unkind,
 Make me too understanding, too, to mind
 The little hurts companions give, and friends,
 The careless hurts no one quite intends;
 Make me, too, thoughtful to others so,
 Help me to know
 The innermost hearts of those for whom I care,
 Their secret wishes, all the loads they bear;
 That I may add their courage to my own.

May I make lonely folk feel less lonely
 And happier ones a little happier yet.
 May I forget
 What ought to be forgotten, and recall
 Unfailing, all
 That ought to be recalled; each kindly thing,
 Forgetting what might sting.

To all upon my way,
 Day after day
 Let me be joy, be hope! Let my life sing.

—Mary Stuart Payton.

Perfect Love Casteth Out Fear

Paul Ellsworth

FEAR is at the root of ninety-nine per cent of disease.

So, you see, love is the most practical thing in the world. Study and practice love, just as you would music or French or painting. For love is an art.

It may be necessary for you to take counsel with yourself seriously to discover just where you are not making the most of your opportunities to express love.

But remember that suppressed love lies at the bottom of many an incurable disease, and that, conversely, that broad and fearless love which goes forth without stint to every living creature is one of the surest safeguards against sickness, and every misfortune; love that is without guile, or fear, or any consideration of self; love that giveth freely of all its treasures; that

smiles with gentle pity at the so-called "prudence" and "common sense" of the world. Common sense never saved any man who really needed saving, whether his need was physical or financial or moral.

And love—that impersonal and all-perfecting love of the Spirit—has at its command sense that is not common but exalted; the white light of spiritual comprehension.

Love—you will not get very far along the path without that. And the more fully you open yourself to its perfect inflowing and regeneration, the more swiftly you will advance.

Such love is the most practical thing in the world. It is the compass of the Spirit, which will enable you to reach your port without danger of running on the reefs. Love is the Medical Word.

From *The Seeker* magazine, Australia, July, 1943.

Today I breathed a simple prayer:
O Lord, make me now more aware
Of Thy love in all I'm seeing,
Of Thy joy in all my being
Of Thy leading all the way,
Of Thy voice in all I say,
Of Thy footsteps in the hall,
Of Thy presence over all—
O Lord, make me aware.

—Margaret Agner.

□ A thinking man in our armed forces gives his interpretation of Faith.

The Doorway of Heaven

Norman K. Elliott

HOPE is the lowest level of faith. It is a mixture of faith and doubt. Doubt is inherent in hope just as the moon-beam is inherent in the moon. And yet he who hopes displays the seed of the kingdom of heaven. He who hopes, unconsciously or consciously, is affirming through his past experience that life is not a mechanical process of cause and effect. Indeed, it is this recognition which opens the doorway to all the fascinating mysteries of the universe, and which makes of the present a worthwhile experience and of the future an enticing adventure.

The child may hope it will not rain tomorrow and he has a right to do so. Past experience tells him there is the possibility it might not. The child cannot be sure but then neither can the meteorologist. The meteorologist may ascertain the atmospheric conditions and judiciously predict rain, but these conditions can change so very rapidly that the prediction will not come true. The meteorologist is scientifically correct as far as he goes, or as far as his science will permit him to go, but his knowledge is incomplete.

The man who hopes is also the man who has probed a little deeper

into the mystery of life than he who believes in a mechanistic cause and effect existence. The college sophomore, being introduced to the natural science, is apt to be elated over finding the key to life's mystery. The shorter and more superficial his training, the more a mechanist he is likely to be. However, the longer and more thorough his training, the more he becomes aware of the mysterious interplay of cosmic forces. The real scientist realizes that within limits he can control some of the phenomena of nature and that he can explain them within the limits of the existing hypotheses. But he also realizes that explanations have changed as knowledge has become more complete. Many of our current explanations will change as we obtain more facts and recognize the inadequacy of their basic assumptions. The natural phenomena will remain the same. It is man's interpretation that will change. Only the shallow mind imagines that life is an easily digested and assimilated book. We may say with confidence that the man who finds room to hope is not only the more wisely mature but also that the sciences themselves leave ample room for creative con-

jectures and intuitive conclusions. The man of hope is the man in quest of something which he feels rather than comprehends. It is hope, the seed of faith, which keeps him striving even though this striving may at times seem purposeless and undefinable.

The next rung on the ladder to heaven is CONFIDENCE. In confidence the element of doubt has faded and dwindled to insignificance. This is not only a quality which will enable a man to face overwhelming odds with peace in his heart but it will actually strengthen him. He with *confidence-in-life* faces the innumerable experiences of life strengthened and with serene anticipation. This is a quality which helps one to rise above the tasks of the day. It gives meaning and foundation to them as parts of a greater context.

How often it is that we are vexed and confused by the rush of daily duties. We seem to be beset on all sides by little responsibilities which can become so mightily important unless we can find some means of putting them in their proper relationship to the rest of life. Unless this is done we are as a wave lashed by the whip of the wind: a slave of the environment. Yet, when we are in such a state of approaching panic, a little reflection on the past will greatly impress us with a hidden guidance we feel, more than we understand. Quickly survey your

past. Many were the problems which seemed impossible of overcoming, problems which filled you with fear and futility. You often wanted to bury yourself—to get away and forget them. What has become of them? Nothing in your own power overcame the obstacles and yet they have disappeared as the night does before the fingers of dawn. You are not merely impressed with this taking place once or twice. You are almost awed by the *countless* times the difficulties seem “to have taken care of themselves.” Really, it is a miraculously continuous process. Surely the realization of this mysterious Guiding Hand which seems to permeate life and even emanate from the spirit of life is reason enough for a confidence which is as valid as life itself is valid.

A step forward in the realm of confidence is the recognition that this Guiding Hand is but the spirit of life itself, the will of the Creator. It is this final identification of the source of our confidence which helps us to blossom into spiritual maturity. This crystallization of our spiritual insight becomes a “knowing” which the temporal necessities of life cannot shake. Confidence founded upon this eternal truth becomes warp and woof of the unfathomable depths we feel inside of us. This is indeed the spiritual manna of life.

It may be true that we do not

fully understand our confidence. Perhaps we never shall, but we do understand enough to give full and unstinted consecration to this glimmer of heaven we have been experiencing throughout life and have only now identified.

Above and beyond confidence we find TRUST. Whenever doubt enters into one's mind, there can be no trust because trust is the complete baring of one's innermost self, and the uninhibited offering of one's innermost soul.

Trust is a childlike quality. It is a gift from heaven which the monotonous toil and competitive frustration of modern society seems to stifle. We are conditioned not to trust the other fellow. And yet trust has not been killed. There is a secret longing, a mysterious something, which cries for us to burst free from the fetters of these negative suspicions and to trust. Trusting a person implies a respect for him and it is a cold heart indeed that can shut off the natural tendency toward reciprocity and the irresistible urge to trust one's fellow men.

Some people are afraid to trust. They are afraid of being hurt. They do not know that trust gives birth to its own safeguards. The person of trust attains a level of intuition which warns him of those who do not, or cannot trust. He can feel the tensions radiate from others. Trust is another sphere of consciousness and a knowing on a higher level.

Have you never noticed that it is the trusting person who goes through life with less frustration than his more worldly neighbors?

Trust is also the mark of the family. It is one of the prerequisites of gaining entrance into the household of heaven. Recapture that priceless moment long ago when He, wise in the ways of heaven, said to the crowd milling about him on a hot dusty evening just as the red sun was sinking in the west, “Who is my father? Who is my mother? Who are my brothers and sisters? They that do the will of my Father in heaven.” He without trust must always remain a step-child and a stranger to the family of heaven.

It is trust which enables the natural divinity within you to bud and break into flower. It unlocks the flood gates of faith. Your soul is bathed in the sparkling purity of the water of life. God the Father holds you close to his heart and says, “Welcome home, my child.” Joy like an ocean will engulf you. The roots of heavenly kinship will sink deeply into your heart. The faith of the immortals is yours for the taking.

FAITH is the pinnacle of divine intimacy. It is experiencing the truth of immortality in the common life and tasting the bliss of eternity here and now. It is the appearance of the Kingdom of God within you! Faith is indeed the *elixir* of heaven.

When one reaches these heights

there is an awakening to the animation of all nature. Prior to this awakening, nature is passively accepted. Yes, it is beautiful and we are sometimes thrilled by the glory of it all. But it is a detached sort of thing. We are not part of it and it is not akin to us. Now, however, as if we suddenly saw the parts of a puzzle in their context for the first time we thrill to an intimate unity with the pulsating rhythm of all nature. We feel our being tingle and become keenly conscious of the spirit which we feel working through the azure of the heavenly blanket above us and spawning a pattern of life for the sea of green sod beneath us.

Somebody once told me that one of the few times he ever reached the apex of heavenly enlightenment and divine intimacy was one silent night as he sat on the back porch of his farm home in Indiana. The earth seemed to be alive with a wild animation which filled him with wonder. He was watching a green shoot of corn. Suddenly it crackled and he saw it grow. Life was there! The whole spirit of God was there! God the Creator was there in all His glory and majesty! For a time he trembled with divine ecstasy. He

has never been alone since that time.

Have you ever steeped yourself in the silhouette of a tree against the night sky? Or of a bare tree against the slate gray clouds of late autumn? Or in feathery twigs delicately crusted with the frosted fog of a fall morning? If you do this in silence and reverence you will consciously feel and know what faith is. It is a "knowing" of eternity now. It is a knowing of complete and utter satisfaction. There is no want; there is no desire except to remain in this celestial freeness of divine captivity. A deeper and fuller consciousness shows you this is the truth. This is the kingdom and it is *within* you!

"God is a spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

This is spirit. It is the pure essence of spirit. It is a fusion of divinity and deity in a human body. This is truth. It is the quintessence of truth. You know it through the conscious totality of your entire being.

"God is love."

This is love in its essence and its essence is the ripened fruit of complete faith.

Whoever plants a seed beneath the clod
And waits to see it push away the sod—
He trusts in God!
Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow—
God's power must know.

—Elizabeth Case.

☐ We are one great family when we know the abiding comfort of His presence.

The Lord Thy God Is One

WE SHOULD never allow ourselves to feel separate and apart from God or our fellowman; for what affects our neighbor on the other side of the world, affects us. The people of the earth are one great family. We should love without distinction, knowing that God is in all. By making ourselves perfect channels that His grace, mercy, peace, and love may flow through us, we come to realize more and more the Oneness of all creation. Let us keep the heart open that the voice of Him who has called may quicken every thought and act. His ways are not hidden afar off, but are manifested to those who will hear and see the glory of the Oneness. Through the activity of the will is the method by which each of us should prepare himself as a channel for forces that may assist in gaining a greater concept of the Oneness of the Father in the material plane.

We come into consciousness of the Oneness, not through any act of our own—other than that we believe, trust, have faith, and come to realize that all material things are, in essence, spiritual. The Master said, "Ye are gods." Does it

not behoove us to take Him at His word and act the part? O, Thou who are God, present within each of us, forgive our unbelief! Let us pray for the greater realization of His presence. He is real, even as a brother at our side and is faithful to keep His promises. As we are striving toward this realization, let us, moment by moment, be conscious that in every act, word, and deed His power is manifesting in and through us, and that there can be no separateness. We alone shut out the glories that may be our experiences in the realization of unity. Let us see to it that our lives, activities, thoughts, and meditations are more and more in accord with the will of the Father. For in so doing we become more Godlike, less selfish, and less of the carnal influences enter into our activities. We will then be in a position to teach others and will be on fire with the power that will manifest through us, and more and more at peace and in harmony with those experiences that are ours through our walks and talks with Him in meditation and prayer.

How may we come into a realization of the Oneness? Take God at His word, "I am God, and beside

From *A Search for God*—Association for Realization and Enlightenment, Virginia Beach, Va.

Me there is none other." "Without Me ye can do nothing." Listen to the Voice and act upon it. Learn the lesson that nature teaches. Realize that the power within us is the God Force, the good force; although we, and we alone, through our will may misuse it, causing it to become evil. If we will wait upon the Lord He will speak to us and will bring all things to our remembrance, even the realization of oneness with Him. Strive to see God in everyone as well as in every thing. Meditate, pray, listen, and believe.

A minister of a foreign country has all the rights of his country respected in the land to which he is an ambassador. He has the power to draw on his country for protection and in the name of his country demand it in his new home. Just so are we ambassadors in the earth, representatives of the King of Kings, and while here we may claim all the power and protection of the

kingdom from which we came, provided we are true representatives and are carrying out the mission for which we were sent.

The chief executive of a country can broadcast a message to his people. The message is for all, but only those who choose to tune in will hear it. Those who do not tune in are none the less a part of the whole, but their negligence indicates that they are unworthy of the interest that their chief has in them.

As we open our hearts to the unseen Forces that surround the throne of grace, mercy, and might, and throw about ourselves the protection found in the thought of the Christ, as we abide daily in His teachings so that every word, thought and act are in harmony with the whole, we become more and more conscious of the Oneness. It is then that we are privileged to hear His voice and know the abiding comfort of His presence.

PRAYER IN WAR TIME

J. C. Horton

Oh Lord, I pray You touch my sight with love
That I may see like You beyond my tears,
That I may walk in pain, nor fear Your hand,
That I may own my soul and know it Thine.
Today a star I long have looked upon
Went from Your sky, and darkness folded in;
A tree I loved bowed to your hurricane;
My laughing river ran to meet Your sea.

Ever, yet ever, let me know Your thought:
Stand close, my Lord, and help me feel the path
And learn in patience how my feet must go.
Speak to me plainly, as I am a man,
Breathe in me music I may ever hear
So we shall walk together on Your way.

Millionaire by Remote Control

J. V. McAdree

ROBERT G. Le Tourneau is a remarkable man. He is the largest manufacturer in the world of earth-moving machinery, and his chief business principle is earth-quaking. God, he says, is his partner, and, according to the ancient promise, God has prospered him amazingly.

He employs more than 2,000 workers at his plants in Toccoa, Georgia, and Peoria, Illinois, and each one of them earns for the company at least one thousand dollars a year. Ninety per cent of this annual income is spent in spreading the Gospel.

His shops are conducted on strict business lines. He prefers, though, that his employees be active Christians.

Le Tourneau was born into a God-fearing Vermont family which was keenly interested in missionary effort. Indeed, at one time he thought seriously of becoming a missionary, but after praying with his pastor he concluded that he might do better as a business man, with God as his partner. As a matter of fact, he probably spends more time in evangelical work than he

does in conducting his large business interests.

If we put aside for the moment the supernatural assistance which he has received in business we come to the conclusion that his own mechanical ingenuity, plus an almost fanatical belief in welding has raised him to the top as a manufacturer of earth-moving machinery. This at least gave him a start on his competitors, who believed more in rivets than in welding.

Le Tourneau quit school at fourteen and drifted west, following various occupations, and falling in with some disreputable company. Fortunately he was converted in a couple of years, and though from that time on he has been a devout Christian he did not receive any material dividends for several years.

His first great stroke was the invention of a power control unit which today remains the nerve center for his huge machines. The idea came to him shortly after he had attended a mission, and he found a connection between the two things which was to be the dominating influence of his life.

He worked hard and prospered,

From *Magazine Digest*—Magazine Digest Pub. Co., Montreal, Quebec.

and just when the great depression descended upon the land he was at the head of a flourishing business. But in a few weeks it seemed to him that he would be bankrupt. He had creditors pressing for their money, and he doubted if he could meet his payroll. Discussing the matter with his manager, he horrified him by saying that he had promised five hundred dollars for some evangelical purpose. The manager protested, but Le Tourneau said that he met God face to face and that God said to him: "Better make the old pledge again and trust Me." So Bob trusted and paid his debt to the mission, and escaped his creditors, and once more his business was on the way up.

His employees have shared in his good fortunes and they are said to be better paid than other men in similar industries. Bob has also provided them with many amenities, and has shown unusual interest in taking young and untrained

men and teaching them metal trades. This he does in remembrance of his own early days when lack of special training made it hard for him to get started.

Realizing that it would be impossible for him to run his business, deliver his addresses, and direct the flow of money he wished to be devoted to religious purposes, he established a foundation some years ago, and this looks after the money he turns over to it, and sees that it passes into the proper channels.

Some years ago he was involved in a frightful automobile accident. Lying on the road suffering from injuries which he expected would be mortal, he said, "It's all right with me, God;" for he was convinced that if he died it would be a manifestation of the Divine will, and if he lived that, too, would reveal a part of God's plan. God would appear to be not only Le Tourneau's partner, but his inseparable companion.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be a pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me aught of its load.
For one thing, only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead; lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and the heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

I do not ask my cross to understand, my way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand, and follow Thee.
Joy is like restless day; but peace divine like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

—Adelaide Ann Proctor, 1862.

The Miracle of Dunkirk

W. Tudor Pole

Early in May, 1940, by the King's command, arrangements were made to call on the country to observe a National Day of Prayer on Sunday, May 26th, of that year.

At the time our Army in Europe was in grave difficulties. The bulk of this Expeditionary Force was trapped in Flanders with its back to the sea and with totally inadequate embarkation facilities, so that escape to England seemed impossible. Many in authority here and in Germany believed that Britain was about to face one of the greatest military defeats in her history and there appeared to be no way by which this could be avoided.

It was under these tragic circumstances that Britain and the Empire united in keeping a National Day of Prayer, making intercession to God for the preservation and safe return of the officers and men of our Expeditionary Forces, who had already with dauntless courage fought so many rearguard actions against fearful odds.

On that fateful Sunday morning, the King and Queen, members of the Cabinet, leaders in Church and State, representatives of our Allies, and a congregation drawn from all

classes of the people, assembled in Westminster Abbey to pray for deliverance from dire peril. Services of Intercession were also held in Churches throughout the country and in many parts of the Empire.

A quarter of a million British troops and a French Army of 100,000 men driven into a narrow salient 15 miles wide by 10 miles deep were hemmed in, the only outlet being a short strip of sea coast around Dunkirk.

The Belgian Army holding an important flank was on the point of capitulation, and our men were cut off from Calais and from the French and British Armies to the South.

At 10 A.M. on this Sunday morning, Lord Gort sent the following message to the War Office in London:

"I must not conceal from you that a great part of the B.E.F. and its equipment will inevitably be lost even in the best circumstances. . . . No ship can be loaded at the docks at Dunkirk and few wounded can be evacuated. There is no water in the town and very little on the beaches."

On the following Tuesday the War Office replied by saying:

From *The Big Ben Silent Minute*, issued by The Big Ben Council, London.

"If you are cut off from us and all evacuation from Dunkirk and the beaches has, in your judgment, been finally prevented after every attempt to open it has failed, you will become sole judge of when it is impossible to inflict further damage on the enemy."

In other words, Lord Gort was given permission to capitulate if he thought fit to do so.

Meanwhile, the Belgian Army surrendered and Calais was lost to us, and instructed opinion in London thought it unlikely that more than 20,000 men at the outside could be gotten away from the Dunkirk area by sea.

The events which followed the National Day of Prayer have now become history, and in retrospect can be regarded as of an unprecedented character. The very elements of Nature co-operated with us in ways which sound incredible.

When the dykes were opened to flood the low ground to delay the German advance, the wind blew in from the sea, greatly facilitating this important operation. During five out of the seven days and nights of the evacuation period, the wind blew from the land, without which embarkation in small boats from that dangerous coast would have proved impossible. The sea became calm, a rare occurrence in these waters. Mist came down and hid our men lying on those unprotected beaches, and a dense pall of

smoke from burning Dunkirk and an unexpected and unseasonable spell of wet weather proved invaluable allies.

Within seven days and nights, between the 29th of May and the 4th of June, 225,000 British officers and men and 112,000 of our French and Belgian allies were brought safely away. About the same time a further 150,000 officers and men were repatriated from French ports farther south, making a total of nearly half a million all told. These are official figures as given in the House of Commons on May 15th, 1941. This amazing deliverance took place in the face of continuous and powerful aerial and artillery bombardment, U-boat attacks and relentless pressure from the German land forces.

When the fullest recognition has been given to the bravery and indomitable spirit of all who took part in these epic events—the Navy, the Merchant Service, the Yachtsmen and Fishermen, the R.A.F., fighting at odds of 10 to 1, and the Army itself—the fact remains that an amazing chain of events took place without which the evacuation would either have proved impossible or would have ended in disaster.

On the Friday following the National Day of Prayer a member of the Government—one who was in the best position to know all the facts—said this: "A miracle is hap-

pening. It is incredible and beyond our highest hopes. The country's prayers have been answered."

I have referred to the miracle of Dunkirk. This was followed by as great a wonder in the victory of the Battle of Britain during the summer and autumn of 1940. I am authorized to give you the view of Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, who at that time was Commander-in-Chief of Fighter Command, and who for four years previously had been intimately connected with preparations for the Air Defense of this Country. I quote his own words:

"I pay my homage to these gallant boys who give their all that our nation might live. I pay my tribute to their leaders and commanders, but I say with absolute conviction, that I can trace the intervention of God, not only in the battle itself, but in the events which led up to it: and that, if it had not been for this intervention, the

battle would have been joined in conditions which, humanly speaking, would have rendered victory impossible."

Then in June, 1941, our Island was again protected from imminent peril when the great German military machine turned East instead of West and the valiant people of Russia took the blow that might well have descended on us at that time, when we were by no means ready to meet it. Further instances of unseen intervention could be given, but for reasons of public security, they cannot be mentioned now.

When the history of this war is written it will be clearly shown that whenever the burden became too heavy for us to bear, Destiny stepped in and turned the scales in our favor. Many of us believe that events of this character have occurred on more than one occasion during the present struggle.

(A letter from the man responsible for the Big Ben Hour in London.

A Letter from London

Dear Glenn Clark:

Perhaps we who are nearer the centre of the world crisis (in its external manifestations anyway) are more aware of the urgent im-

plications of coming events in their relation to human history and progress, than many in America are. Whether America as a nation will

learn her lessons without far greater tribulations first is a matter about which I should hesitate to judge. Very few of your service men over here appear to have yet awakened to the deeper issues of the present times, their main preoccupation being to finish the war job and get back to their homes and to the traditional life to which they are accustomed. Meanwhile it looks as if the race as a whole were not yet worthy of a spiritual intervention that would shorten our days of tribulation and agony; nevertheless Light gradually grows and is beginning to cause a leaven that holds great promise for the future. I have seen and experienced miracles of protection through prayer and the humble recognition of the Christ presence, experiences so wonderful as to be beyond the telling.

How important it is to emphasize that prayer should not simply consist in *asking*, in petitions for personal benefits, as if the Creator in His goodness were not already pouring out far more blessings than we seem able or willing to receive. I speak of this because in our Big Ben Minute work we find that so few seem able to rise above the conception that prayer is asking

God to do something and give something that the person concerned desires for himself. It is for this reason that we try to show what a vast importance lies in pure silence and stillness, linked with the attitude of willingness to receive guidance and inspiration and to be worthy of it.

We have set out over here to try to reach in particular the "man in the street" and his fellows, who are more or less outside the influence of Churches and religious organizations. To reach such as these, a new approach seems essential, one that will appeal to the heart and the imagination, and not solely to the intellect. The Big Ben Minute provides such an appeal as can be responded to by the religious and non-religious alike and is of course an entirely voluntary act. The observance of this daily "Minute" may be casual at first, but through some form of spiritual telepathy, the careless observer soon finds himself becoming aware of spiritual realities, the existence of which he has previously doubted or ignored; and so doors long closed begin to open, and Light drives out the darkness.

Very sincerely yours,
W. Tudor Pole

"I said to a man who stood at the gate of the year: 'Give me a light, that I may tread safely into the unknown,' and he replied, 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than a light and safer than a known way.'"

A Final Message to Commandos

Dorothy Todd Foster

"LISTEN, you tough guys, there is no hope for us if we have no faith. A better day will never come unless some of us believe in it."

The speaker was not a hardened Army man but a forty-seven-year-old Columbus, Ohio, minister, Dr. Roy A. Burkhart, pastor of First Community Church, whose broad-minded programs have attracted nation-wide attention.

The scene was a recreation hall at Fort Ethan Allen, Burlington, Vermont, and the men to whom the words were addressed were commandos, ready to leave for action overseas the next day.

They knew some of them wouldn't come back, and the thing that rankled in their hearts was that they weren't sure just what it was they were dying for.

"I've never seen men more scared and so many boys so bitter. Never have I seen men act so tough who really were soft," Dr. Burkhart said. "Their language was terrific. I was in the other war so I know something about the academic achievement of speaking two lan-

guages—English and profane. But they put words together differently, making strange combinations and using unusual accents. They swore for the same reason some people whistle in the dark.

"As I saw them in the mess halls, in the barracks, and sat on their beds in the hospitals, I was astonished to see what a year of the army had done to them. Each fellow, trying to cover up his inner feelings, acted tough, indifferent, insensitive. Trying to cover up the real inner self is choking the souls of these boys," he went on.

"Most of them think they are just bodies—and why shouldn't they? We their elders have taught them to take their vitamins but we've forgotten to teach them to say their prayers. So they go out to get all the bodily sensations they can, and many of them end up by putting their bodies to sleep, crippling them permanently."

Dr. Burkhart sees one ray of hope—when they get close to combat.

"Then their souls will start to breathe again, for then they will

pray," he explained. "Worship is the ultimate need of life, but those who first dreamed the true America knew that worship was also the primary need of life. The soul must breathe or the body cannot live long vividly."

Not all these men are bitter as we know the word. Dr. Burkhart described their bitterness as "a deep unexpressed resentment that they have to give up so much without being sure what it is for."

"The boys I talk to want a reason to die. They want to feel that some good will come of it. They want to believe in the leaders of our country as the Russians and Chinese seem to believe in theirs," commented the Columbus minister.

"You want to remain free, don't you?" Dr. Burkhart asked the men and their answers were pretty much the same. "Free, hell," some of them said. "Free for a big, rich stuffed shirt to make millions off the efforts of my father whom he pays so little that after we live there is nothing left to put away for old age. I don't want to die for that kind of a freedom."

The minister had an answer for that: "But if that man isn't free then good men aren't free to run business as they should. Why not give yourself to keep this freedom and I'll promise you that I will do everything I can through the church and the family and the school to train up a generation of men to

use the freedom you win, to live by the highest justice, the highest service, the highest goodness for the good of all men."

One of them pondered a moment, then said, "That sounds nuts, but it's the most hopeful thing I have ever heard. If I thought you could get even 100,000 people in America to use freedom that way, I'd gladly die to save our freedom."

One of the boys broke in: "In this country everybody is out for himself. We are to die that they'll all be free to fight for themselves and crush others. I don't want to die just that the fittest may survive."

"But Jesus survived," the interdenominational pastor reminded the boy. "Lincoln will survive! Jane Addams will."

At that another boy interrupted with, "My Dad will, for he'll give the shirt off his back; and my Mother, she's often worked her fingers sore for us kids."

From a newcomer to the discussion came the comment: "Oh, hell! Listen, you, I'm fed up on that damn stuff. We've got a job to do—it's to win the war, and when we get out, if we do, and if we can get around, we'll do just like all those who are out now. We'll try to get all we can and then go to hell or just die."

Another soldier jumped up.

"That sounds big and brave but it's futile," he said angrily. "It may be what will happen, but if that's

what we are fighting for, it's not worth it. That's why we're all on edge, why we're jumpy. We really don't believe in what awaits us. When each of us is alone, he starts thinking and looking for something to believe in."

There was applause and then a moment of silence, broken by Dr. Burkhart's question: "Is it worth something to see a vision? If you at least see it you haven't lived in vain. But listen, you tough guys, there is no hope for us if we have no faith. A better day will never come unless some of us believe in it."

"Listen, you, have you ever been in a war?" came from the back of the hall, to which the minister replied he had—the other one.

"Yes," he told the boys, "I saw some of the greatest boys who ever lived die—I got back."

Another yelled, "Listen, you've been talking about reasons to live and die for—what do you think they are?"

Dr. Burkhart put it this way: "We are in a mighty struggle to win again the freedom of persons to grow, to serve, to love, to make the best contributions to the greatest number."

Here God entered into the discussion and how being right with God is to know the deepest happiness and to have the greatest courage and power.

"I can't prove there's a God," Dr.

Burkhart reminded the men. "I believe in a God and it makes me more sure. I went through one war and I've lived a long time and I'll assure you—believe in God, pray to Him, practice His presence, and it won't be long until you'll know, though you'll not be able to prove it to another." The applause surprised him.

"But what good is it after all? We are to be commandos and a lot of us will be killed." It was more a statement of fact than a question.

"You won't be killed," the minister told them. "Something may happen to the house you live in—though even your bodies won't be destroyed, for the universe conserves all energy. But let me tell you a story. A boy came to my office and said, 'Good-bye, I'm going. I may never come back, so good-bye.' But I reminded him, 'You may not be back in a body I can touch, but you'll be back in a presence I can feel.'

"That boy went out with a new look on his face. I believe I can throw protection around your bodies and you can about each other. While a shell may hit your body, it can't, if your faith is right, harm you.

"Don't forget God's will; live by it and you will have the courage to live and a faith so great that no matter what happens to your body, your spirit will triumph, for it is immortal."

The Healing Presence

Jeanne Babbitt

ONE Christmas day I was called to the hospital in Yakima, Washington, where a patient, a Mrs. Leonard, seemed to be dying.

When I told the nurse I would stay only a few minutes, she said: "Oh, that's all right, it's only a matter of a short time."

The condition seemed to be double pneumonia and the patient was delirious. So I sat down beside an open window and began to meditate on the Christ Principle, and suddenly I realized the truth of a tree just outside. It still had some bright colored leaves on its branches and I became aware of the Life of the tree, and I saw that leaves do not fall off but are PUSHED off by life, ever renewing itself from within, even though the tree appeared to be dead. Something a man told me concerning his apple orchard one fall came back to my mind. He had said, pulling down a branch to show me, "See, next year's crop is already on the tree."

With this realization, it was as though I touched this law, and I became lost in the contemplation of this Great Activity, when I was suddenly recalled to my surroundings by Mrs. Leonard, who, lifting her head from the pillow, looked at me and said, "Thanks, Jesus," and then she turned over and dropped into a natural sleep.

I said to myself, "When she gets well enough to talk, I shall ask her what she saw," never doubting but that she would recover. On calling the hospital the next day even the nurse informed me that there had been a miracle; and when in ten days' time I again went to the hospital, Mrs. Leonard met me at the door of her room.

"What did you see that day?" I asked.

"Why, haven't they told you?" she replied, "I've told everybody else. I looked up and Jesus sat there in that chair, and although you went away, He stayed all night."

Of all arts, the art of living is by far the most important. When we see things in their true perspective and put people in their right place, including ourselves, then we are on the high road to a useful and happy life.

—E. V. H.

A U. S. Soldier Prays for Men "On Both Sides"

Kenneth L. Dixon

Men at war, like men at peace, frequently hide their innermost feelings from their fellows. Living with them in the rain, sleet and shellfire of the Italian front, Kenneth L. Dixon has caught, and recorded in the following story, a glimpse not given to all.

Naples, Nov. 25 (Delayed) (AP)

SEVEN reporters and seven soldiers sat down to their first Thanksgiving dinner in Italy with cheerful chatter because they knew there was turkey coming up.

Suddenly a boyish voice broke through the noise. It was a twenty-two-year-old veteran pilot at the foot of the table.

"Gentlemen," he said, "since this is Thanksgiving, I would like to say grace."

There was an embarrassed silence. Soldiers seldom speak of religion in any form. The sergeant shifted his feet, the major looked at the glass in his hand and slowly lowered it to the table. A reporter who was reaching for a radish froze with his hand outstretched. No one looked at the fair-haired boy who had spoken until the chaplain, who was host, broke the stillness.

"Yes, lieutenant," he said, "I think that's a fine idea."

Slowly, haltingly, the boy began to pray:

"Dear God"—and the words came as hard as though he pulled each out of his throat, for this was no pat prayer learned in Sunday School—"Dear God, we thank you for this food we are about to eat, for we know where there are thousands of men who cannot sit down to a meal like this today."

The minds of the men around the table flashed to the cold and muddy front a few miles away, where K rations were being pried out of cardboard boxes this very minute, and they thanked God they weren't there today.

"Bless all our loved ones at home. . . ." No one needed to be told where the minds in those bowed heads now traveled.

"Dear God, bless all the fighting men on all the fronts around the world—on both sides, because they are all fighting for what they believe is right."

His next words were lost as the impact of that phrase—"on both sides"—struck home. This was no careless, comfortable blessing of a

New York Herald Tribune, December 2, 1943.

vague and distant enemy, but of an enemy who was grimly real and deadly close each day, not an easy blessing for one who could testify to the many times that enemy had tried to kill him.

When he stumbled through "We ask these things in Christ's name," a muted husky chorus of "Amen" came from the now unembarrassed men around the table.

"Thank you, lieutenant, a fine grace," said the chaplain. The other men agreed, the meal went on, and soon the noise was as great as before, and the pilot joined in the talk of crash landings, shellfire, politics, sports, wine and women.

Later, after he had left, the remaining men looked at one another.

"I never saw that happen before," said the sergeant, who had gone through three campaigns.

"Me either," said a reporter who had covered the war on fronts all around the world; then he added, "But it was the real McCoy."

"The picture of that kid sitting there blessing his enemies is something I'll never forget," said another correspondent who was of the old police reporter school. "It took guts—guts to ask to say it and guts to say what he did."

THROUGH WHOM OFFENSES COME

Anna Pierpont Siviter

I do not pray for those, dear Lord, who for themselves can pray;
The child safe in its mother's arms is not more safe than they.
Lord, they can lift their faces high,
Unto the sky,
And when they cry,
They know their plea must come before the throne
And that they have an Advocate there all their own.

Lord, I would pray for him through whom offenses come;
When woe shall claim him for its own
His lips are dumb.
The skies are brass above his head
And Love lies bleeding, hope is dead!
Lord, is it not in such an hour
Thy Son can show His wondrous power?
Did He not pray
For such as they?

Where innocence by guilt is slain,
Dear God, may mercy not still reign?
Deep in the heart where guilt has been
Are deeps unknown to one whom sin
Has never found;
There may abound
Such love, such gratitude as can be shown
By Him alone to whom the depths of hell are known.

☐ America is great because of faith in the power of religion and the worth of the individual.

Education for Tomorrow

W. P. Tolley

Chancellor of Syracuse University

IT HAS been faithfully reported that when Adam and Eve were leaving the Garden of Eden, Adam thoughtfully remarked, "This is certainly an age of transition." Yes, every age is an age of transition. The sole difference is the degree of change.

Because we are all impressed by the fact of change in our shrinking air age world and since the future will doubtless bring even more striking evidence of technical advance, one of the insistent duties of the school and college is to educate youth for change. This is so obvious that it should have the force of an educational axiom. It would be an appropriate maxim for the schools of any age. Yet curiously it is still a novel and disturbing idea, fiercely resisted in the great majority of our schools.

Thus, among our professional schools we have the spectacle of medical colleges graduating many students prepared for change in medical treatment and surgery but unprepared for the inevitable impact of socialized medicine and unfamiliar with the phenomenal progress of industrial medicine. We have schools of architecture gradu-

ating students unprepared for a day of prefabricated, mass-produced functional homes. We have schools of business administration training students for immediate service as secretaries, accountants or credit men, but leaving them ignorant of the nature of the political and economic revolution sweeping the world, and unprepared for the duties of citizenship in a time of threatening inflation, depression, chaos and war.

In educating for change the school must prepare its boys and girls for a life in a very different kind of world. It will be very different in its productive power; very different in its means of communication and transportation; very different in the new opportunities open to women; very different in the increase of leisure time; very different in the complexity of social and political organization.

In educating youth for change we must do more than equip them with the skills needed for their first jobs. In a slave state vocational training may be education enough. For the education of free men much more is required.

At both the secondary and col-

From *Think*, November, 1943.

legiate levels, science, mathematics and terminal vocational programs have been crowding out the humanities and the social sciences. There has been a steady diminution of interest in general or liberal education. There has been growing resistance to education for the living of a life as distinguished from education for the earning of a living.

If anything is clear in this bewildering and chaotic world, it is the unbalance between scientific advance and social control. We have a world of twentieth century technology and stone age international relations; a world of unlimited production and uncontrolled hatred and greed; a world of magnificent intellectual achievement and of catastrophic moral failure; a world of magic and of wonder endangered by ignorance of human relations and the art of government. Thus the instruments designed for freedom have become tools of the new barbarians, and for all the promise of the new day, it may again be written, "Where there is no vision the people perish."

In many respects the school that prepares for change must become a new enterprise. It must have a new kind of teacher, a new kind of curriculum, a greatly widened responsibility. Profiting from the lesson of war-time education it must define its objectives more clearly. If the school is to prepare for life in the world of tomorrow, it must train

its students for citizenship, for health, for leisure, for marriage and the home, for racial understanding and for international good will and brotherhood. It must teach values as well as facts. It must teach faith and hope, love and courage.

Ours is a land made great by faith and by faith particularly in the power of religion, the power of the human reason and the infinite worth of the individual. Nevertheless, the most critical need of America is still the recovery of a living faith in the postulates and the institutions of democracy. We are united as a people in self-defense and we shall put to flight our enemies. The military victory is now certain, and it may come more quickly than we first thought. It is not yet clear, however, that the victory will bring us closer to the freedom for which we are sacrificing so much of life and treasure. More and more, under the regimentation of war, we have been building a state after the totalitarian models we have affected to despise. While the new controls may be necessary to the successful prosecution of the war, it is becoming increasingly evident that only by a resurgence of faith in individual freedom will the growing powers of the state be checked when the war is over. Only by faith in ourselves and faith in free institutions can we make America a land of opportunity for all its citizens.

☐ Not better guns, but better men,
are needed to save the world.

Educating the Complete Human Being

Lewis Mumford

Dean of School of Humanities, Stanford University

TODAY we know that if our free democratic world is saved, it will be saved, not by just machines and guns, but by our capacity to produce a higher type of human being, whose will and purpose are superior to that of the enemy. Faced with the disintegration of our whole society, we have become conscious of values too long taken for granted: man's primal need for order, for common moral standards, for institutions that foster truth and nurture love, for universal purposes that pass beyond the limits of group or class or nation.

There is solid reason, therefore, to believe that we are about to see an upsurge of human vigor and creativeness—such an upsurge as only extreme danger could produce. Under the pressures and sacrifices of war, much will be lost; but if we have the courage to make full use of our opportunities, much will be salvaged, and the very ground that is cleared of precious memorials will—like the bombed areas of the British cities—be ready for more comely structures, which will house more significant activities.

As a nation, we have accepted the

task of combating the evil forces of destruction. But a further duty looms ahead: we must promote our own creativeness; we must discipline our own vitality; we must educate ourselves for the tasks that lie before us. We cannot build a great society capable of world-wide collaborations, unless we create human beings whose capacities for intellectual understanding, practical direction and spiritual maturity are greater than the run-of-the-mill product during the last century.

Big machines are of no use if they are run by little men. During the last two generations, in particular, the community has been paralyzed by the fact that our material organizations have outrun our moral and intellectual capacity to make good use of them. In their technical refinement, our machines have often approached perfection; but no similar development has been visible in the education of men. On the contrary, a too common human product of our time, especially among the leaders of our society, is either a paranoid personality, warped by delusions of grandeur and an insatiable lust for power, or a split personality, in which the intellec-

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tual, the emotional and the practical sides are divided into watertight compartments. The first type tends to be destructive; the second, trivial or impotent.

If the social order that will emerge from the war is not to exhibit the same disastrous weaknesses that helped to bring on the war, it must be founded on a sounder conception of man's personality, his functions, his duties, his discipline, and his destiny. And first of all, it must rest on the belief that the perfection of man is the chief

end of all man's institutions and inventions. Nine tailors may make a man, but nine specialists are not a substitute for a complete human being.

The re-integration of the human personality and the re-establishment of our whole civilization on a stable cooperative basis are two co-ordinate parts of the same problem: **THEY REST ON OUR CAPACITY AS EDUCABLE HUMAN BEINGS, TO EXPERIENCE AND UNDERSTAND LIFE AS A RELATED WHOLE.**

☐ Training in wholeness means awareness of religion, science and art.

Training in Wholeness

Waldo Frank

TO ACHIEVE an awareness of wholeness, man has three instruments: religion, science and art. The Religionist would find the Whole of Goodness so that his Love may become Holy; the Artist would find the Whole of Beauty so that his Joy may become Holy; the Scientist would find the Whole of Truth so that his Knowing may become Holy.

Religion goes the furthest, but any religion which separates itself completely free from science and art has in itself the seeds of

ultimate decay, for then its wholeness ceases to be complete wholeness. But the wholeness of science is subordinate and always will remain subordinate to the wholeness of religion because of one great difference: the wholeness of the scientist remains outside the Knower. The true religionist, on the other hand, *experiences* the wholeness of his religion, using it as an open door by which he enters into complete Oneness with the universe, a process which converts his wholeness into holiness.

The artist stands midway between the scientist and the religionist, inasmuch as he, like the latter, also identifies himself with his universe and shares and experiences it. His purpose is not primarily to Love, like the religionist, nor to Know, like the scientist, but rather to Enjoy his wholeness. And if he has builded well, when the artist enters his temple through the doorway of the Beautiful and the religionist enters his temple through the doorway of the Good, and both penetrate to the Holy of Holies, each will find the other and both will become holy.

Whether one glances through the doorway of the Artist or of the Scientist or of the Religionist he will find in each a pathway that will lead on, as a silver thread, toward an ever-increasing unity, revealing that the whole universe is One. The problem of education is to find that unity, and the problem is the more simplified the further one goes toward this common center of all things.

Society is a living whole and it must become conscious of this and integrate itself as a whole or it will never rest. Moreover, this consciousness and this integration must be from within or it will rot and die. The Mediterranean Age was the most striking example of this. Aristotelian philosophy gave wholeness to the world of Truth; medieval art gave wholeness to the

world of Beauty; the Roman Church gave wholeness to the world of Goodness. No religion after Rome enlisted the entire man, personal, political, social; no art after the medieval forms of Bach, El Greco, Shakespeare created the whole man; no science after Aristotle and Plato created a whole microcosm.

But as soon as emphasis in science, art and religion shifted from the inner to the outer, the Mediterranean Age died. Dante sang its ultimate song, the last great swan song before medieval Europe and its precocious wholeness passed away. The political crumbling of the Catholic Church was the bodily crumbling of Europe. The Renaissance and Reformation were the rebirth not of the little Mediterranean Europe with its little two-dimensional mind, but the new Atlantic World with its three-dimensional mind.

But the Atlantic World, because its movement has been entirely horizontal instead of vertical, has not reproduced for us the new wholeness that had been expected. While it has carried us forward in exploration of the physical world it has remained at a standstill in the spiritual world. It has merely substituted the machine in place of the jungle and has converted us from jungle savages into mechanical savages.

But now we are entering into the

age of the Pacific World. World War II is the swan song of Europe as the predominant, controlling power of the world, and the trumpet-call announcing the rise of Asia and the Americas. Movement which in the Atlantic Age was horizontal, let us hope will again become vertical. God, who was eclipsed by imperialism and materialism, will again become central. But instead of the precocious wholeness and holiness based upon insecure and artificial postulates of the Middle Ages, the wholeness will now have the firm foundation of a matured and adequate science and will find expression, we trust, in an adequate art.

The three-dimensional view of the Atlantic Age must fade and decline and lose itself in the fourth-dimensional view of the Pacific Age.

The ingenuity and inventiveness of the three-dimensional mind of the Atlantic Age in its attempt to save us from the savagery and crudities of the former ages merely substituted the machine for the jungle. But as the jungle savages came out of the Northland and saw Rome, which, even while they con-

quered it, lifted them out of their savagery, even so today the mechanical savages are seeing in the distance the shining towers and minarets and steeples of another city, a city of the God of Hosts, which, even while they conquer it, will transform them from their savagery and make them conscious again of their integral wholeness.

And this attempt at conquering is proceeding with the same tools which we have been using in the jungle from which we are emerging. Power is still the tool, rather than Love, Progress is the battle cry instead of Realization.

But even while we are conquering this new city of the Spirit, it is conquering us. One by one we see our associates dropping the old, obsolete weapons of the jungle and picking up and making clumsy attempts to use the new weapons of the Spirit. Here and there we actually see Love applied to civic affairs and Faith to the counting house and the operating room. The time has come to train ourselves in these techniques of the new age. The time is ripe to train leaders for this new era of wholeness.

When grief comes, you have a choice—either it preoccupies and perhaps overwhelms you, or you find, from God, how to use it to help someone else.

—John S. Magee.

You surrender a dear friend at the call of death, and out of his grave the real power of friendship rises stronger and more eternal in your life.

—Phillips Brooks.

(A Dream College that is coming into actuality.

The Story of the College Farthest Out

Glenn Clark

THIS is a story of a dream.

Dreams have a way of coming true. Vision a thing as clearly as you can, try to see it whole, the difficult things as well as the pleasant things. Ask yourself if you are willing to pay the cost, answer honestly in the affirmative, relinquish it completely into the hands of God and go off and leave it.

Then, after many days, let it pick you up (don't *you* pick it up) and prefacing every step you take with much prayer for guidance, move into the land which the Lord hath given unto you.

Fifteen years ago I dreamed of a Camp Farthest Out. After it was relinquished completely into the hands of God, He brought it to pass more perfectly than I had dreamed.

Then with this dream of a Camp Farthest Out come true, some of us dreamed of a continuation and an evolution and expansion of this Camp idea into a College Farthest Out. Year by year new ideas came in regard to the perfecting of this dream, new and remarkable teachers came into the picture, an ideal way of letting it grow into our lives in a normal, natural way appeared, until suddenly I knew the time was ripe to start it.

But as permanent things grow slowly, first the seed, then the sapling and finally the great sequoia tree, so this dream, so many years in the dreaming, took several years in its emerging.

Clear guidance came that it should be given a preliminary "workout" in the summer of 1944 in the form of a six-weeks summer term. In a slow motion, close-up view of a small model of the college we hoped to be able to perfect the blueprint or master die which could guide us when mapping out the perfect plans for the perfect college in the future.

From the moment this resolution was arrived at, God took complete charge.

For months I sent out letters to colleges and academies that I thought might be available for a six-weeks' summer term, but they either had summer sessions or were inadequate for the purpose. God was trying to tell me something. But I had been so active keeping the wires busy calling people on my own list that the only One who could speak to me couldn't break through.

So I set aside a week for quietness, to LISTEN. And oh, how

clearly did His voice come to me. Not an audible voice, but an inner voice that I felt and knew was speaking.

With complete faith, I gave the complete project to the Father, and began to plan for other projects. But there is no wasted time with God. In casually talking to a friend about these plans, she remarked, "If it was just for the summer you wanted a location, we have a wonderful camp grounds on Lake Independence." We asked to see it.

And here we found the place for the summer term of the College Farthest Out. Thirty-eight cottages, two open-air auditoriums fronting on a swimming beach over a mile long. Like Sir Launfal, I searched the world over and found nothing available; but when I turned it completely over to the Lord and quit looking, He revealed it to me right at my door.

It was in September that I had this long LISTEN to God. He told me that I would find the right grounds very, very soon. And I knew that the other essential details would be worked out by Christmas. Then gradually the details did commence to grow clear to me. The guiding hand of the heavenly Father has been manifest continually.

I. THE CENTRAL PURPOSE

In this college we shall study things, not as parts, but as wholes.

This involves a new technique, but one that, when applied to industry, has always produced a veritable fairyland of mechanical miracles. Combination tractors cut the wheat, sift it from the chaff, and leave behind them sacks filled with wheat on the one hand and bales of straw on the other. Tin pours in one end of a factory and comes out at the other as a finished automobile running on its own power. Wool pours in one end of a factory, coming out as ready-to-wear garments at the other end. From prefabricated houses to pre-vitaminized breakfast foods, science is proclaiming that the age of analysis is giving way to the age of synthesis. The time to view life as fragments is behind us; the time to see life as a whole is before us.

Jesus was the only teacher who truly saw life whole, and he ushered in an era of soul-transforming miracles which showed that, had we followed him, the spiritual world would have kept up with the scientific and mechanical world. He saw each man as a whole, as a living organism, not pigeonholed as a mere economic animal or as a mere psychological set of actions and reactions. But while Jesus saw each man as a whole being he made it clear that this wholeness was incomplete until man understood himself to be an indivisible part of all other organisms on this globe, and a living branch of the Still Greater

Organism in Whom we all live, move and have our being. To establish an awareness of that wholeness will be the central object of such a college.

There is nothing that makes a man realize his wholeness better than the proper use of silence. The art of prayer and meditation will be the first art taught at the College Farthest Out. Beginning the day in the Secret Place of the Most High, our whole beings will be attuned to God and we shall find ourselves in touch with the great reservoirs from which all Thought comes and from where all the arts take their rise.

As the white light of the sun is broken by the prismatic lens into the three cardinal colors of red, blue and yellow, so this great truth of man's oneness with God and with his fellowmen should be the first and basic study at this ideal college. And the way to recognize this oneness is to put first things first, high things high, the greater things above the lesser things, and God above all. If one can do this successfully and put himself in alignment with these high things, he is an educated man. If he fails to do this, even though he amass the wisdom of Solomon and the learning of Aristotle, he is still an uneducated man. We believe, in other words, that the heart of culture is culture of the heart, and the soul of discipline is discipline of the soul.

II. TEACHERS

If one can see even one thing whole, if he can comprehend its inner essence and can trace its deeper interrelationships, he will become an educated man. A student once asked Agassiz how he could become a scientist, and he replied, "Go study the spider for a year." A man speaking of the education of Lincoln said, "Beware of the man of few books." We believe that greater than the study of an insect, and greater than the study of a book, is the study of a man. To study one man as a whole, looking especially into the deeper experiences that produced his life's philosophy, and tracing the interweavings of that philosophy as it manifests in his own life, will make anyone an educated man. We plan, therefore, to use the Jesus and Socrates method where a group of students follow one man for days and weeks until the secret of his life is theirs, and some of his strength is transmitted into them. A great teacher of history is himself history in the making; a great teacher of literature can be himself the very spirit of literature. Of course, a teacher must be very selfless to teach this way, to be a channel for Powers greater than himself to flow through. But teachers will not find it possible to be anything but selfless in an atmosphere of such a college as this. For the emphasis will not be upon human personalities, but upon God's

Personality. And the chief technique that we shall all strive to derive from those who do the teaching will be how to make ourselves clearer and more selfless channels for God's wisdom to flow through teacher and taught alike. The teachers we select will not be distinguished so much for their Learning as for their Wisdom, not so much for their Pedagogics as for their Contagion, and through them Truth will not be Taught so much as Caught.

III. COURSE OF STUDY

A.

The first objective, therefore, of this ideal college will be to undertake the adventure of discovering God in our human experience and exploring the infinite potentialities of the Kingdom of Heaven in the remaking of our own lives. Above all, such a college will endeavor to achieve an understanding of God, a realization of God, and an experience of God, so far as we are humanly able. With that as our starting point we and the world, insofar as it touches us, cannot go wrong.

B.

The second step in putting ourselves in order will be to obtain a first-hand knowledge and intimate acquaintance with the fundamental laws that give unity to the universe and wholeness and holiness to men, with especial regard to the field of the Sciences, the Philosophies, and the Arts. This college will not be a

college for training specialists in this field or that field, but for training specialists in the Art of Living. Survey courses will be given in many fields but they will not be the old, superficial surveys of the past where students were invited to glance at the outside of many things. Rather will they be a boring deeply into the center and heart of each field of learning and discovering those basic principles that are applicable to all the rest. By working from the center and not from the surface, from within and *never* from without, we shall hope to be able to discover how similar one great field of knowledge is to every other.

The great law at the center of all is that each man is a whole being, but incomplete when separated from that Still Greater Whole in which he lives, moves and has his being. Once master this Inner Truth and the outer facts will follow; once understand this Foundational Principle and the little details will fall into their places; once find this Law at the center and the little rules will follow as a matter of course.

C.

Having discovered the great white Truth of man's relationship with God, and having explored the three cardinal hues of this Truth as broken up by the prismatic lens of Philosophy, Art and Science, we are now ready for the sevenfold rainbow tints of this Truth as ex-

pressed in the seven arts of painting, writing, sculpturing, public speaking, the drama, music and creative motion. Training in these expressive arts would be the third step in the training given by such a college.

D.

The fourth step will be making this new vision of wholeness, holiness and oneness a reality in daily life, in the home, in business, in society, in work, in play, wherever one goes. Vacation periods when the students return to their homes, their work, their social contacts will be in effect a continuation of a laboratory expression of the college.

IV. PREVIEW OF THE SCHEDULE

The law of learning, like the law of breathing, is dependent upon the law of rhythm. This can be achieved best by union and diversity or perhaps most effectively by union through diversity. This union through diversity will be achieved at the College Farthest Out by having a period of quiet followed by a period of activity, a lecture period followed by a period of creative writing, and a discussion period preceded by a period of creative motion. Underlying all these arts and the laws weaving all these periods together will be fundamentally the same but all fatigue and monotony will be swept away by continuous surprise and variety of approach. There will also be a rhythm in the terms of study followed by terms

of reading. Following a month of lectures and discussions, for instance, we shall probably have a week devoted entirely to reading and meditation and the physical relaxation of long walks or other forms of creative motion. Following a solid month of concentrated lectures and conferences there will be a great hunger for a period of quiet with abundance of time to read the books assigned by the teachers who have left or in preparation for the teachers who are coming. During this week the meditation and rhythm hours will be observed and the students will meet in groups in the late afternoon or early evening to discuss and compare the books they are reading.

V. QUALIFICATIONS FOR ADMITTANCE

The conditions for entering this college will not be the formal, conventional entrance qualifications demanded by the average college. One will not need to bring records to prove that he graduated from an accredited school. The test will be rather whether he is an accredited Child of God. The training that will be necessary to qualify one to come to this college may not be obtained in the schools at all. The questions asked of those who enter will be, "Do you have a hunger and thirst after Wisdom? If you have, you will become Wise. Do you hunger and thirst after Righteousness? If you do, you will be filled." It will

be primarily a post-graduate school and most of those who come will be college graduates, teachers, ministers, nurses, housewives, doctors, business men and women who have experienced enough of life to have approached the great heights of Socrates, who was proclaimed the wisest man of his age because he knew that he knew nothing. It will especially appeal to leaders who wish to withdraw from their active, busy life for a year or six months and become recharged. The kind of students who will be drawn to such

a college will, in many cases, contribute almost as much as the teachers, for they too will possess the power of expectancy, enthusiasm and contagion that will make great teaching possible. Education at the College Farthest Out will not end in the classroom nor with the lectures of a few men chosen for teachers. It will be a continuing process throughout the day, under the trees, in walks over the hills, and while breaking bread in common fellowship.

Still Shine the Stars

Bernard Iddings Bell

I remember reading, when I was a boy, in an old book the name of which I do not now recall, the story of some third century martyrs who were imprisoned in a cell beneath the Circus Maximus in Rome. They had been seized as Christians by the imperial authorities, tried, convicted, urged to renounce their religion. Firmly and gladly they had refused to renounce their Lord, and had been condemned to die. That had not been too difficult, sustained as they had been by a certain theatrical quality

in their profession of faith and defiance of the world. But that night, in the tomb-like dungeon whence only one small window looked out and up toward the sky, sitting in total darkness, these men and women, boys and girls, who would be thrown to the beasts the next day, found it hard to withstand despair.

One of their number spoke aloud a thought in many minds. Had the Christ triumphed? Had Jesus really been right? Two centuries and more had elapsed since He had come to found His King-

dom, and still Rome ruled the world by force and fear; still the Prince of Peace was crucified by ever-recurring war; still mankind lived for gain, for sensual pleasure, for pursuit of ambition. Would the world ever be redeemed? Would they who wished to be His followers ever be safe from undeserved disaster? Was Jesus God; or were they, after all, the victims of an old wives' tale? Would it not, perhaps, have been as well if they had burned, that afternoon, the pinch of incense which proclaimed the reigning Caesar God to whom men's lives belong? "Behold the ungodly are in no peril of death. They come in no misfortune like other men. Surely we have cleansed our hearts in vain, and washed our hands in innocence."

So the speaker said, and it was not hard to agree. In silence they sat then for awhile, sunk in great despondency; and then a lad who had half-listened, half-not-listened, as he gazed through the barred grating of the dungeon, beyond the six-foot wall, up and out into the little patch of sky, said quietly, "Look, brothers. Far above this darksome circus shine the stars."

They gazed, away from their poor little world, into those depths beside which earth is nothing, those depths wherein the galaxies in silent sweep of motion do the will of Him who made them; and then at last, in a far corner of the dun-

geon, an old woman began to recite the words of David: "Whom have I in heaven but Thee; and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever." And with a quiet happiness they laid them on the beaten ground and waited for the day.

Is our case different from theirs, and from that of all the saints? We are discouraged as we see man, for all his new knowledge, for all his increased mastery of technical skills, for all his larger wealth, for all his wide-flung opportunities of education, the same old self-destructive, sinful creature he has always been—knowledge, skills, wealth and education only the more effective implements wherewith to forge unhappiness and peril, because of a still uncured iniquity. Where now is the dream of progress that we used to dream? A thing fantastic, dispersed to nothing by a blazing, bitter dawn.

Is God then impotent, thwarted, dethroned? Not in Reality; only in the lesser regions of this earth, this minor suburb of the cosmos, wherein by God we were given freedom and wherein we have willed to play the fool. Earth does not matter overmuch. In spite of man's defiance of his God, in spite of the consequent war and confusion, the laws of that same God do quietly

prevail. He who would know peace and taste again of courage, needs must turn his eyes away from human folly into the calm creative loveliness of things which may not be overthrown. Unless I do so fix my eyes where true joys may be found, I am sure to be defeated and crushed, or at best to find my life a footling thing, a futile routine signifying nothing. Life is too hard to be endured if only that be real which eyes of flesh can see. "Look, brothers. Far beyond this darksome circus shine the stars."

But is it right that I should turn my eyes away from earth, from an earth filled with injustice, unhappiness, woe? Must I not rather sink myself in the common lot, however, terrible that common lot may be?

"Yes," answer the saints, "of course you must share the common lot. But of what service can you be to your brethren if you see no more than they see? What good can you do for a beleaguered humanity until you who would aid it are liberated from the servitude to self which binds humanity? How can you loose the chains of avarice, that deadly and destructive social can-

cer, unless you first have found a better treasure than the commonalty knows? How can you be a peacemaker unless you are so filled with love of God that the wish to have vengeance and the hope to dominate and to exploit are banished from your heart, replaced by an ambition more worth while? How can you even rear your own children into anything approaching nobility unless in their appraising eyes you seem to be one in whom dwells courage and serenity? *You cannot freely love the world until you have escaped the world.*"

Without such vision of God as the holy ones have known, the disillusionment incident to living is almost if not quite intolerable. The wisdom and the strength saints have found, we too may find, but not by way of wishful, pale desire. They saw God, first of all; and then they looked, with utter bravery and with no self-deception, on the tragic scene of man's ineptitude. No easier path remains for us to tread. To tread it, we, like they, must not forget that constant in the heavens still shine the stars.

There are two ways of spreading light, to be
The candle or the mirror that reflects it.

—Edith Wharton.

Only the soul that knows the mighty grief
Can know the mighty rapture. Sorrows come
To stretch out spaces in the heart of joy.

—Edwin Markham.

☐ Why fear, when our lives are in the hands
of a power full of wisdom and beneficence?

Should We Fear Death?

Sir Oliver Lodge

IT IS no use fearing what is inevitable. The object of fear is to enable you to avoid calamities. You may fear illness, you may fear war, you may fear accidents and take precautions against them. But death is the natural termination of our associations with matter, and many people are glad to terminate that association when the time comes.

Humanity has always had an instinctive dread of going out of existence and ceasing to be. But that is because they are dreading the unknown and the impossible. That contingency will never arise: hence dread of it is foolish.

When people are better informed as to the conditions under which they possess the privilege of exist-

ence, they will concentrate on using their opportunities to the utmost, and taking the adventures through which they have to pass in their stride, with the assured faith that the conditions under which they came into the world and under which they leave it are beyond their control and are in the hands of a power far above their scope and understanding, a power which the beauty and adaptation of the world has led the thoughtful ones to perceive is full of wisdom and beneficence.

In that faith we can proceed happily towards what we are sometimes inclined to think of as an end, but which we will find is a new beginning.

From *Seeker*. Australia, July, 1943.

Head knowledge is good, but heart knowledge is indispensable. The training of the hands and feet must be added to make a rounded education. We must all learn these days to become spiritual pioneers if we would save the world from chaos.

—Emily Vanderbilt Hammond.

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good without someone being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.

—Phillips Brooks.

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He who can float a silver boat
So safely in the sky,
Can manage my affairs, I'm sure,
More beautifully than I.
Or He who hangs a star like that
And a million others by it
And not have one, not even one,
Clash with the ones beside it,
Can take my life with all my heart.
Gladly I'll let Him guide it.

Mae Buckeye.

We want this little magazine to be of the greatest possible help to our readers. To sense what you want us to give you, we are asking you to drop us a card occasionally to let us know which articles you liked best in the current issue. If enough suggestions come in, we may start publishing a page full of these comments.

From Our Readers

I have found so much that has made life more beautiful in your magazine that I want to send it on and on to others. The first number I ever saw was the April, 1943, number sent to me as a sample copy. I subscribed as soon as I read it.
—Mrs. R. Foster Walton, New Canaan, Connecticut.

Thanks a lot for these Christmas offers—they help marvelously in spreading about this fine magazine. Every subscription I have given or booklet I have sent to friends has proven a blessing.

—Mrs. Samuel F. Spurlock, Proctor, Minn.

I am enclosing 25c for a copy of CLEAR HORIZONS, last issue. I passed mine on to a soldier and his wife and feel I must again read some of the articles as they helped me so very much. I have much gratitude in my heart for your magazine.

—Mrs. Sterling F. Simpson, Macomb, Ill.

Your CLEAR HORIZONS is an ever increasing source of help and inspiration.

—Bertha A. Beadles, Alhambra, Calif.

Bless you for a magazine of very infinite spiritual uplift.

—Eva Mehling, Los Angeles, Calif.

The friend for whom I am subscribing is an invalid and shut in much of the time. CLEAR HORIZONS is one of the things that gives her courage and contributes to her remarkable cheerfulness. It also makes a bond between us, and I find that the reading of it by many of my friends who are separated creates a continuing fellowship based on the desire to live with spiritual power.

—Katherine C. Halsey, Lancaster, Pa.

Be very sure to keep sending CLEAR HORIZONS to me. I would not be without it for a good deal. It has viewpoints and insights that no other magazine ever touches.

—A. R. Cragg, Winnipeg, Canada.

I want these three of my family especially to have CLEAR HORIZONS next year. Also I would like to have bound copies of past numbers—they are priceless in the creative thinking their pages bring to us.

—Mrs. E. H. Barton, Longview, Washington.

After reading each new copy of CLEAR HORIZONS I have to stop for a while to wonder how you good people find time to collect and read and cull out the articles that make each issue a masterpiece. I can think of no finer Christmas greeting than a copy of CLEAR HORIZONS.

—Margaret Agner, Harvard, Ill.
