

# Clear Horizons

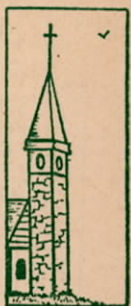
*A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living*

## THE INFINITE POWER OF PRAYER

### CONTENTS

	Page
Four Ways We Can Help .....	<i>Glenn Clark</i> 1
When a Man Faces Death .....	<i>Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker</i> 3
New Eyes .....	<i>Rufus Jones</i> 10
Leadership of the "One World" .....	<i>Wendell Willkie</i> 11
All Hate Departed .....	<i>Jack Aistrop</i> 13
Life as Prayer .....	<i>Evelyn Underhill</i> 17
The Mystery of Living Victoriously.....	<i>Carl F. H. Henry</i> 21
Counsel of Perfection .....	<i>Starr Daily</i> 25
A Sister's Prayer .....	<i>Mary Welch</i> 29
They Put Religion to Work .....	<i>Ross L. Holman</i> 31
Prayer Is for the Weak .....	<i>Austin Pardue</i> 33
What We Mean by Personal Religious Living.....	<i>Dwight J. Bradley</i> 36
Why Do You Say Possibly? .....	<i>Walter C. Lanyon</i> 39
"Prayer Is Going to Win This" .....	41
The Future Is Ours .....	<i>Edgar F. Kaiser</i> 43
What a Year Hath Wrought .....	<i>Glenn Clark</i> 45
G-Men at Prayer—Congressional Record .....	48
Oneness .....	<i>J. William Lloyd</i> 49
Your Prayers Are Answered .....	<i>William C. Taggart</i> 51
Answered Prayers .....	<i>Kathleen W. Welch</i> 55
The Sea Gull Lighted .....	<i>John S. Bonnell</i> 58
Press Comments on Current Events .....	60

Poems by Jean Hogan Dudley, Myrtle Dean Clark,  
T. E. Brown, Rachel Olson, and others.



## Clear Horizons

VOL. 4, NO. 3

JANUARY, 1944

Never has there been a time in the history of the world when so many people have realized that their own strength is insufficient, and they must turn to a Power outside themselves to carry them through. Call that Power what they will, The Man Upstairs, Old Master, Jehovah, The Everlasting Thou, or simply Father, still they call on Him for help. There are no atheists in the fox-holes and on the rubber rafts. There are none among the fathers and mothers of the men "over there."

Even the advertising pages of the magazines are filled with articles that a few years ago would only have appeared in a religious journal. Our daily papers have constantly press notices of the power of prayer in saving men from disaster. The radio programs bring us prayers, stories of how faith saved men, and hymns, constantly hymns. The Congressional Record includes numerous descriptions of religion and faith and prayer and their influence on the conduct of soldiers or sailors. In this number of CLEAR HORIZONS we quote several such.

Collier's for October 23, 1943, has a full page ad for Zenith radios, which contains this statement in a conspicuous box: "The impossible we do immediately, the miraculous takes a little longer.—Army Service Forces." Could there be a more appropriate motto for our Christian people today than those words? Let us begin the New Year with that thought in our minds.

So this number of CLEAR HORIZONS deals with THE INFINITE POWER OF PRAYER.

## CLEAR HORIZONS

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JANUARY, 1944

# Clear Horizons

An Adventure in Solving Problems in a Heavenly Way

Fourth Year

Volume 4, No. 3

☐ Harmony Without grows from harmony within.

## Four Ways We Can Bring Peace

Glenn Clark

FIRST, to attain world peace we must love and work to attain in our own souls the *inner spirit* of peace. Before we can attain harmony of nations we must attain harmony of individuals. That harmony must begin in each individual soul. If we love that inner peace in our own and in other souls, then we have a right to pray for peace, and only then. When Jesus said, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God," He was referring to those who create peace in individual souls just as much as to those who bring peace to nations.

Even though nations should agree on a scrapping of all navies and armaments, and putting a complete end to the disease called war, unless this inner peace is attained, the dis-

ease will break forth in other and equally disastrous forms — in drunkenness, immorality, or the seven plagues of Egypt.

Yes, changing individual lives must precede, be one step ahead of, every effort to change nations, if we would have that change permanent.

Second, in visioning world peace we must see *all* that this implies. We must take into consideration all that is involved in economic, educational, and religious cooperation. Above all, we must see the necessity of curbing national greed, even to the extent, if necessary, of abolishing the entire profit system through the duration of the war, not only in regard to munitions, but also in regard to the production and handling of steel, cotton, oil, coal, and other

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From *I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes*, by Glenn Clark. Harper and Brothers, publishers. 1937.

requisites of war. Indeed, the achieving of world peace may require a great International Planning Agency, with its center in Switzerland or at the Hague. Are we able to take in the significance of world peace in its entirety? But this leads us to the next and most difficult question to answer.

Third, are we willing to pay the price? Are the "have got" nations willing to share colonies, and free access to raw materials, with the "have not" nations? Are the white nations willing to give parity and freedom to the dark nations? Will the strong nations agree to stop exploitation of the weaker nations?

Will America be willing to sit in a World Court, in a League of Nations, and participate in an international "policing" system, to enforce law and order in the United States of the World? If the nations of the world would undertake a whole and complete program in a real and sincere approach toward world peace, will we be willing to pay the price of pooling our re-

sources and power to bring it to pass? Will we as individuals, by keeping daily prayer periods, be willing to do our best toward paying the price of inner discipline to achieve peace in our own souls, and help achieve in other souls a peace that will lead to a true spiritual awakening and rebirth in our nation, that will insure and guarantee permanence to the outer peace? If religious folk will be willing to pay that price, then we have the right to pray for world peace.

Fourth, are we willing to give the peace away? Are we willing to put our major emphasis upon preaching the inner changing of individual souls? Are we willing to put, even before peace, the changing of materialistic greed to a social conscience, national pride to national justice, and racial superiority to racial cooperation? If we are willing that peace shall wait upon such changes, if God so wills then we have the right to pray for peace. Then the world peace is nearer at hand than we imagine.

What do I love when I love Thee, O Soul? I love a certain kind of light and voice and fragrance. There shines the light which space does not contain. There sounds the melody which time does not sweep away. There lies the fragrance which the breeze does not dispel.

—Augustine.

☐ When we recognize that we are a dynamic part of progress, a greater Power will take care of us.

## When a Man Faces Death

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker

NO MAN living today, I believe, has been face to face with death as I have in the last 35 years. But when I have crashed in a plane, turned end over end in a racing car, or, adrift in the South Pacific, felt hunger and thirst tearing and burning at my vitals, the thought never deserted me that I was a dynamic part of progress and life. Some power was taking care of me.

Some people are shocked by their misfortunes. I never could understand it. One's cumulative escapes should be proof of his invulnerability, of his being kept alive for some purpose, some fulfillment.

As soon as I got out into the world on my own, I began to get acquainted with death, and the more often I met him, the more reasons I found for not fearing him. As early as 1906, while serving as riding mechanic with Lee Frayer, one of the builders of the Frayer-Miller air-cooled automobile, I had my first motorcar accident.

We were racing in the Vanderbilt Cup Races on the Jericho Turnpike on Long Island, N. Y., roaring along at the then fearsome speed of

60 miles an hour, when a front tire blew on a turn.

Frayer lost control. We plunged over a ditch and, turning end over end, smashed up in the sand across the road. He got a dislocated shoulder. I was thrown clear and came out without a scratch. Frightened? Frayer tried to talk me out of continuing this dangerous experimental sport, but I wouldn't listen. I was a part of progress. I was going to live. Hadn't I just escaped? I had faith.

I turned over in racing cars many times after that. But always I had the sneaking suspicion that perhaps it was my fault, that I was not in control of the machine or myself, that my faith was not great enough. It was just a feeling. Once I quit smoking and drinking beer because I felt that I was not master of myself and hence could not be master of a racing motorcar or of death. I quit for eight years. I quit because everybody said I couldn't and I, myself, began to suspect that I couldn't.

From that time on I began to win races and to win the money that finally rolled into a fortune. What I was doing unconsciously was to discipline myself — assume com-

mand of myself. When you can do that, you can work miracles. Let me give you an example:

In the 100-mile motorcar race at Indianapolis on Labor Day, 1915, my principal opponent, Johnny Aiken, had a faster car on the straightaway than I had, so I had to outdrive him on the curves.

At about the seventy-fifth mile, the wire spokes in my left rear wheel began to give. They cracked like rifle shots. I was grinding out about 125 miles an hour, and the crack of those spokes seemed, for a moment, like the sound of doom. The officials tried to flag me down; my own gang in the pit waved frantically for me to stop. But I wouldn't stop. I was giving Johnny a race; I wanted to win, and the race was almost over.

Johnny whined past me on the straightaway; I snarled past him on the curves. It was neck-and-neck. The crowd was yelling for me to stop. Then I felt the wheel begin to wobble.

On the next to the last lap, the wheel was wobbling so dangerously that Johnny gallantly came up alongside as he passed me on the back stretch and signaled a warning. But still I did not stop.

When the wheel collapsed, the tire blew and spun me toward the lower concrete wall. Then another tire blew and spun me back to the other wall. I had lost control completely, but the car did not hit either wall.

When I finally stopped I was standing on my four brake drums, still upright and grinning. I had lost the race. But I had discovered something which I still believe: As I roared down the last stretch, it came to me that I could control that machine with my mind, that I could hold it together with my mind, and that if it finally collapsed, I could run it with my mind. It was a feeling of mastery, of supreme confidence. But it was real.

If I had said such a thing then, the boys would have called me crazy. Even now I can't explain it. But I have been told that the scientists now are investigating a phenomenon called psychokinetics, the control of mind over matter. It isn't new to me. I believe that if you think disaster, you will get it. Brood about death, and you will hasten your demise. Think positively and masterfully, with confidence and faith, and life will be more secure, more fraught with action, richer in achievement and experience.

When I was a combat pilot in France in the first World War, I once broke an ear drum in a dive. It was painful, but I continued to fly and fight.

One morning the pain became so intense that I turned over a flight I had planned to lead to Eddie Green, next in command, and went to the army hospital in Paris for treatment. I hadn't been there long when a rap came to my door and

aroused me from a half-conscious doze. An office boy from headquarters came in and said, "I have terrible news for you, Captain."

I said, "I know all about it. Smythe and Stewart (they were members of my flight) were just killed."

He was wild-eyed. "But the news just came in," he said. "We got a telephone message just a minute or two ago."

"I got it in a dream," I said. "They went through a cloud and their wings touched. They crashed."

That's exactly what happened.

I believe in mental telepathy. It's part of us and part of Something that is looking after us. It's one of the things that make me believe in personal protection and in life after death. I don't know how to put it into words.

Another strange thing happened to me and Sumner Sewall, now Governor of Maine, several years ago. I was flying to Chicago by way of Columbus, Ohio, and Sewall happened to be going to Chicago, too, so he hopped aboard.

After we passed Cambridge, Ohio, we suddenly lost the radio beam.

We were lost, off the beam, and flying wild.

I said, "Well, we might as well take things easy and think it through. There's visibility out beyond St. Louis. Let's head there and save gas."

While I called Chicago for a weather report, the pilot started west. Then the two-way radio went out, and we had lost all communication with the world. For seven hours we flew, where, we didn't know. Nobody knew where we were; nobody even knew we were lost.

Darkness was coming on. Then suddenly, in the red glow of our fog light, we saw a break in the murk. We were only about 600 feet above the ground. The pilot brought the ship down to within 100 feet, and we saw lights go flashing by on a 4-lane highway.

"It must be going from some place to some place," I said, and we followed it.

Out of the 6:30 dusk of winter sprang a town, Toledo! I saw the Toledo-Edison sign flashing as we swept over the bridge tops. Skimming the roofs, we circled, and landed at the airport a moment later. We had just enough gas left for 11 minutes of flight.

The governor of Maine has never forgotten that adventure, nor have I. We had flown blind without a beam, but we were on a beam just the same. We were still on the road to Chicago and more than fifty miles closer than if we had found our destination — Columbus. I like to think it was the *Big Radio* that kept us going, the Thing that keeps all of us flying safely through the fog

and night, toward some mysterious and important goal.

The *Big Radio* is a two-way job. You've got to keep tuned with It and you have to talk back. I learned to pray as a kid at my mother's knee, but as I grew older I got out of the habit. Then, one day in France, I started praying again, under very dramatic circumstances.

With only one magneto on my Newport biplane functioning, I was attacked by three German Albatross planes near Metz. I dived with the engine wide open, but, over the top wing, I got a glimpse of their leader going straight up to get over me and crack down with his machine gun.

I yanked the stick back into my stomach. I came out of that dive so fast that the terrific pressure collapsed my right-hand upper wing and I went into a spin, but not before I had shot down one of the Germans. The other two took a couple of pot shots at me and flew away, figuring I was done for anyhow, with my wing gone. We carried no parachutes in those days.

I had 10,000 feet in which to fight before I hit the ground, and I began to fight. But I couldn't come out of that whirl of death. While I fought the controls and tried to get the engine going—that one magneto had failed me—I saw all the good and bad things I had ever done, and most of them were bad.

And then I began to pray for the first time since childhood.

"Oh, God," I said, "help me get out of this."

And then I fought the controls. Five hundred feet from the ground it happened. I had just given up, prayed, tried again. As a last desperate act, I threw my weight to the left-hand side over the cockpit and jammed the controls, then jammed the engine wide open. The thing suddenly spluttered and vibrated violently, and sailed away on her one good wing for France. I held it that way all the way home. How? There is no formula for the solution. Nobody had ever escaped under such circumstances. I prayed and fought and discovered a combination of balance and control that saved my life.

I want to make this clear: This escape and others I have had were not the result of any super-ability or knowledge on my part. I wouldn't be alive if I had to depend upon that. I realized then, as I headed for France on one wing, that there had to be Something Else. I had seen others die, brighter and more able than I. I knew there was a Power. I believe in calling upon It for aid and guidance.

I am not a regular churchgoer, but I accept the things that most Protestant Christians do. I have found that a lot of people think I am a Catholic. It must be because I have carried a little silver Crucifix in a leather case since the first World War. It was given to me be-

fore I sailed by the little daughter of a Catholic friend, and it has never left me. It is almost eaten away now by the salt water of the South Pacific, but I still treasure it and find comfort in it.

I am not such an egoist as to believe that God spared me because I am I. I believe there is work for me to do and that I am spared to do it, just as you are. If I die tomorrow, I do not fear the prospect at all; I believe my death will have a meaning.

On a rainy night in February, 1941, I had the worst accident of my life. All of my confidence in myself and my faith in Something Else failed to prevent it. Fate simply came up from behind me and slugged. As I look back on those agonizing days in the hospital, however, I realize that there was a reason behind it all. It was a test and a preparation for what was to follow.

In the four months I lay in the hospital, I did more thinking about life and death than I had ever done before. Twenty-one months later I was adrift in an open lifeboat with seven other starving men, most of them so young they needed the strength and understanding of a man who had been down in the valley of the shadow, who had suffered and had made sense of his suffering. To those men I was able to bring the essence of the religion and philosophy I had distilled in the hospital at Atlanta.

Our sleeper plane was one half hour from Atlanta when the captain of the ship came into the sky lounge.

"The weather is none too good," he said, "and we may have to go back."

I wasn't worried; I never am worried in a plane any more than I am in a train or beside my fire at home. I felt the left wing brush tree-tops, and I jumped up, figuring I could get to the rear of the plane. In a surprise crash, the plane sometimes breaks in two. If you are in the rear you will be thrown out. It may break your neck, but you won't run the hazard of burning up.

I never made it. The pilot felt the wing brush, yanked her the other way, and the right-hand wing caught a tree and ripped off. The ship went down, twisted like a paper bag, and broke in two. It was dark. I started yelling to everybody not to light a match. The ground around us was saturated with 100 octane gas, and so was I.

It was midnight and cold. Rain was still falling. When I jumped I had hit on the edge of the chair and had broken my hip socket, as well as fracturing my elbow, my nose, and nine ribs. My head was locked between the bulkhead and the gas tank. I could move it only about a half-inch. I struggled so hard to pull it out that I caught my left eyelid and eye muscle on a jagged point of the bulkhead. The

eye fell out and hung on my cheek. I struggled the rest of the night.

It took them an hour to clip and pry me from the wreckage.

At 10 o'clock the next morning I was all but gone. Even though I was almost unconscious, I knew I was icy cold. Everything was serene and lovely. Everything was mellow and sweet and beautiful. I recognized that sensation. I almost died once from a throat hemorrhage. "Here," I said, "is death."

It dawned upon me in a flash that the easiest thing in the world is to die: the hardest is to live. Dying was a sensuous pleasure; living was a grim task. In that moment I chose to live. I knew from experience that abandonment to death was a sin. I was giving up my job. I was quitting the battle. I had work to do. I had others to serve.

I began to fight. I mustered up all the discipline I had learned in racing days. I kept uppermost in my mind all of the time the positive thought of life and service! Believe it or not, service!

Nothing could happen to me if I kept fighting and praying. I licked it. God licked it. And I didn't know that more suffering lay just beyond my narrow horizon.

Many things came to me. I realized I wasn't *afraid* to die. I realized I would be a coward to die, to take it blissfully with sweet music playing. I knew I didn't mind dying if God so willed it, because I have

lived so very much in good ways and bad that I no longer feel the youthful pang of not having lived at all. I knew only the sorrow of being unable any more to help other people. And when I finally came around, I saw life and death and the meaning of the Golden Rule more clearly and simply than I had ever known.

I took that clarity with me to the rubber raft in the South Pacific in October of 1942, when the plane, on which I was inspecting air bases for Secretary of War Stimson, crashed and sank.

I shall not recount that story again. I merely want to tell you the meaning of it. Of the eight men in those three little rubber rafts, I alone never lost faith that we would be picked up. I believed throughout those 21 days of blistering sun and nights of ghastly chill that we were adrift for a purpose, even as we are adrift in life. I prayed. I saw that life had no meaning except in terms of others. And most of the time I was more interested in the other men in those boats and the safety of the group than I was in myself.

I say this humbly, with no desire to appear too good. Man instinctively does not interest himself in others. He does it by an act of will when he sees that "I am my brother's keeper" and "Do unto others" are the essence of truth. My experience with death has taught me that.

There was another thing. With the New Testament for guidance we held a prayer service every morning and evening. There was one part we always read:

"Therefore take no thought, saying, 'What shall we eat?' or 'What shall we drink?' or 'Wherewithal shall we be clothed?'"

"Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all

these things shall be added unto you.

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

It was on the eighth day of hunger and thirst that a sea gull alighted on my head as I crouched silently in the boat. I slipped my hand up and seized it. We ate it raw. I think it saved our lives. Then rain came. We caught fish. We lived.

#### A HOME IN OLD JUDEA

*Jean Hogan Dudley*

Though rough the room, and simple is the fare,  
Cut the bread and lay the cloth of white,  
The place will turn to beauty everywhere,  
For Christ has come to dine with us tonight.

We know Him by the noble way He walks,  
With underneath a touch of hidden might;  
We know Him by the gentle way He talks,  
—This Christ, who comes to dine with us tonight.

The children are most humble and most wise,  
They see His radiance gleaming like a light,  
And look without a fear into the eyes  
Of Christ, who comes to dine with us tonight.

Let all our words be fine as sifted gold,  
And let our every move be made aright,  
Let there be love to keep us from the cold,  
For Christ has come to dine with us tonight.

☐ To see the eternal in the midst of time is one of the greatest blessings of life.

## New Eyes

Rufus Jones

WE MUST somehow recover our power to *see* essential realities vividly. It demands new eyes—what the Bible calls *vision*. We have immensely enlarged its scope, both upward and downward, by the invention of telescopes and microscopes.

But there are realities of a different order which no increase of the microscope or telescope will ever reveal, which rods and cones and lenses are not made to deal with. "We look," St. Paul said, "not at things that are seen with the eyes, but at things that are not seen, for seeable things are temporal but things which eyes cannot see are eternal." It is for *that* that "new eyes" are needed.

The "eyes" I am talking about, the eyes that see the invisibles, do not belong to a few chosen persons, the spiritually *élite*, they belong, potentially at least, to all of us who have minds. Intellect is never the whole of our type of reason. When Wordsworth said that "Imagination is Reason in its most exalted mood," he was using "imagination" as the capacity in us to *see* the realities by which we live. We all do it in our measure, but it is a capacity which can be cultivated, improved,

expanded, as certainly as the capacity to see perspective is cultivated by the artist.

Open the Bible almost anywhere at random and you will find a sentence beginning with the word, *Behold*. We are being asked to see with "new eyes." This call to "behold" expresses surprise, wonder, thrill, joy, admiration. It is an attitude which we express with the exclamation point. If we learn how to *behold* with new eyes we could more often supplement the interrogation point with the exclamation point of wonder and awe.

To see the eternal in the midst of time, to feel and to enjoy the infinite here in the finite, is one of the greatest blessings life has to offer. Plato used to say that life comes to its full glory when some beautiful object, or some loved person, suddenly opens for us a window that gives a glimpse into eternal reality.

We must have new eyes—the eyes of our heart enlightened. That means that we must see the essential realities vividly. We must have our imagination captured. The minute the eyes of your heart are enlightened, the minute your imagination gives you the picture of your path, your goal, it is as good as done.

☐ "Am I my brother's keeper?"

## Leadership for the "One World"

Wendell L. Willkie

AS YOU know, I have recently returned from a trip around the world. And one of my keenest impressions from that trip, after talking to hundreds of persons, important and unimportant, is that people all over the earth are breaking the old bonds: the bonds, for instance, of imperialistic domination; the bonds of ancient priestcraft, especially marked in the Moslem countries; the bonds—as in China—of old traditions now obsolete. All over the earth there is a ferment, not just of masses, but of individuals, millions of them, who are acquiring new individual responsibilities that support such hopes.

This new awakening, this democratic ferment, is closely bound in with a fact to which I have often referred since my return. I mean the existence of almost universal goodwill toward the United States of America. Without this goodwill, I would be fearful that this war will be only another war, tragically, because uselessly, fought. I see this goodwill as a cement binding the nations of the earth together. And the most important hope I have, as

I look forward, is that this cement shall hold.

Undoubtedly, after the war, we face a period of demoralization. An effort of such magnitude as this war, involving so many people and such intense passions, must produce emotional, psychological and moral reactions. That period will be critical for all of us. It will be critical for the United States. It will be critical for the cause of freedom. In that period, the democratic ferment which I have mentioned might well degenerate into chaos. And in that chaos the United States would inevitably become involved. The cause of freedom, even here among us, might well be lost. This is, surely, a danger that we face. And as I see it, our chief insurance against such a calamity is this goodwill—this cement which now binds so many peoples together in a common faith in America. Only if the cement holds, only if the goodwill continues to bind, can we hope in the future to build strongly enough to support freedom—and wellbeing—and human faith.

On my recent trip, I saw at first hand a multitude of concrete in-

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From an address by Wendell L. Willkie at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in U. S. A., in Detroit, Mich., under the auspices of its Board of Foreign Missions.

stances which convinced me of the value of foreign missions both to the lands they served and to the cause of goodwill for America. Everywhere I went I found American colleges, schools, hospitals and churches, many of them supported by the churches of this land. I found American missionaries, men and women, exerting a leadership—a human and personal leadership—which I have no hesitation in characterizing as vital to the future hopes, not alone of other nations, but of our own United States.

I asked people in every land whether they were not resentful that these foreigners should invade their country. The answer was universal enthusiasm for what American missionaries have done and for the lives they lead.

The missionaries are not resented but respected and admired. This is because they have contributed so much more than mere preachment. As individuals they have exercised qualities of leadership in tiny villages and remote spots throughout the world. Their kindness is proverbial. They have brought with them a high standard of health, of cleanliness and medical care. They have brought

also a standard of character that has helped to awaken in age-old, habit-ridden communities a new sense of self-respect and well-being.

I am not speaking in any doctrinaire sense. I am not advocating the dogma of any particular Church. To be perfectly honest with you, I would say that the Churches of our time have not always succeeded in making men aware of the fact that principles should be applied, not just preached.

But if we are intent on establishing in this world a future where men can live in peace and enjoy the benefits of modern civilization, if we wish once more to be able to plan our lives without an overhanging burden of fear, we cannot rely merely upon governmental forms or world councils or the intricacies of diplomacy. A world of peace and well-being, to survive, must rest upon and be suffused with those age-old principles which churches have been teaching throughout the centuries. It must find its inspiration in the leadership of a multitude of people who, to Cain's ancient question: "Am I my brother's keeper?" have the courage to answer "Yes."

Let us keep our silent sanctuaries; for in them the eternal perspectives are preserved.

—C. F. Andrews.

☐ Will that intangible thing called human brotherhood be snatched from the grave?

## All Hate Departed

Jack Aistrop

I WAS sitting at my desk in the guard room when they brought him in. "Prisoner, Corp," said one of the escort. "Plane crashed last night and he was found early this morning wandering about. Give us a signature and he's all yours."

The prisoner was standing in front of my desk, motionless. I looked him up and down with interest. Flying officer, about twenty-one or less, very fair, rather slim. Very annoyed.

"Sit down," I said.

His boyish face flushed. "I am an officer," he spat at me. "Why do you not stand up when I speak to you? I shall report you to your superiors."

I stood up. "There, is that better? Won't you sit down now. How about some coffee or tea?"

He sat down carefully. "No. Send for your officers immediately, Corporal. I will wait."

I couldn't repress a smile. He'd wait!

Instantly he was on his feet again. "Stand up!"

I sat still. "Now, now," I said.

"Why don't you sit down and have some coffee?"

He calmly leaned across the table and punched me in the mouth. My lips began to bleed immediately and I bit my tongue. I sat quite still trying hard to control the lightness in my head which I knew would grow into a red film of anger if I let it.

My R. P.'s had crowded around him. "You can all take your morning break. Private Ellis, you bring two mugs of tea and twenty Woods across for me and the field marshal here."

When they had gone I said to him, "Now will you sit down or would you like to remain standing so that you can take a smack at me if the mood wills you?"

He sat down. I wiped the blood from my lips.

"It's a lovely morning, isn't it?" I said.

He stared at me. "Yes, it is a lovely morning."

"This is a nice part of the country, but of course you won't be staying long. You'll be going to England. I hope you have a nice crossing."

From Britain, Sept., 1943, reprinted from *Bugle Blast*, an Anthology from the Services.



"Thank you. I will see that you are paid for the tea."

"In that case, I'll have your mug back. Either I pay or you don't get any."

"Do as you are told. I am an officer."

"You are a prisoner, which is just a little different. Where are you from?"

"Hamburg. And you?"

"London. But tell me, have you always lived in Hamburg? Do you know it well?"

Hamburg. My heart beat faster and there was something trembling on the tip of my tongue.

"I was born there and educated there."

"Moorende, Hamburg 26, you know it then? You know Professor Schmidt and—and his daughter?"

His face set again, back to that damnable German officer expression.

"I did. They are dead. Killed by your murdering R. A. F. Like many other innocent people. The professor taught me when I was a young boy."

A barrier had come between us. And there was a lightness coming into my head again; the red mist was mounting.

"How well did you know her?"

"Not very well. Not so well as her friend, Magda von Diegel. She, too, was killed."

"I knew them both, very well.

When they were in England, on a student exchange."

His features relaxed and he was an ordinary man again.

"I remember." He was excited now. "Your school sent two girls over and mine sent two to yours. You must know them, Evelyn Boucher and Jean Bains."

"Of course. They were the two who went to Hamburg. Evelyn was killed in a raid on London. Jean is serving in the A. T. S., the British women's service. Why are you interested in Evelyn and Jean?"

A guilty look fled across his face. "They were nothing to me, but I am naturally interested in them, despite the fact that they are my enemies."

"The professor's daughter and Magda and all of the other young people I met in Hamburg, then, are my enemies?"

"Of course."

"You fool. You poor stupid fool. They aren't my enemies. They are my friends—part of everything I believe in—they are not more enemies of mine than you are. Hitler is my enemy and the swine who stand behind Hitler."

He was on his feet again.

"I shall report you to your superiors. I do not wish to speak to you again." He seemed to be swaying on his feet as he spoke. Then suddenly he collapsed across the table.

I hauled him onto his chair and

took his tunic off. There was a dark stain of blood on his left shoulder, so I cut off his sleeve. There was a dirty wound in the outer part of his arm, near to the shoulder.

There was nothing much I could do, except get on the phone to the Medical Center.

I rang them and also the adjutant. Neither was available.

He came around almost as soon as I had finished telephoning.

"Take it easy now. You went right out. Why didn't you tell me you had got one in the arm? I could have got it seen to right away, you stupid young devil. How does it feel?"

He was very pale and very young; he reminded me of a school-boy carried off the rugby field, hurt but rather proud about it.

"I shall be quite all right. It is nothing."

I watched him. He became conscious of my scrutiny and flushed.

"Why do you stare at me?"

"I was thinking."

"Ah so? And what were you thinking?"

"About those student exchanges. About those girls. I suppose it can all be only about five years ago. Five years and it seems so long ago. I used to talk to the professor's daughter a lot. We used to spend all of our holidays together, roaming around London and we used to talk all the time. In those days we believed in young people; we

thought that we were sort of crusaders—you know the sort of bunk—hands across the seas—youth to youth in every country. What kids we were. We even started a friendship movement; you know the idea—kids in one country to kids in another and gradually enlarging the circle of correspondents by sending lists of addresses in their letters."

His face flushed and his eyes came alive.

"I remember; and we used to send postcards and magazines and books to each other. I was the secretary of the Hamburg branch. I and Magda between us. I was sixteen then."

It was getting cold in the guard room so I slipped my greatcoat around his shoulders.

"That better?"

"Thank you." He did not meet my eyes. Then—"How old are you, Corporal?"

"Twenty-one. How old are you?"

"The same."

We sat in silence for a while.

He broke it. "If I had been in your position," he said, "I should have refused to fight for the capitalists of Britain; I should have preferred to have died rather than to go to war with a country which only wanted peace."

"You should say that," I shouted. "Why you cheeky young devil. Germany has been making plans to smash everything that was worth while in the world for years. Your

prancing Hitler and his cut-throats had every move planned in advance."

"Remember that you are talking to an officer, Corporal. Be careful of what you say or I shall report you to your superiors."

"I'm getting tired of hearing you say that." I was at white heat with anger. "The fact that you are an officer in the German forces is nothing to be proud of; what are you apart from butchers of women and kids?"

He made no reply and we sat in silence until the M. O. finally appeared; he made a hurried inspection of the arm and seemed worried. "We'll have to get you straight into hospital," he said.

The inspection must have been painful, for the prisoner seemed on the point of fainting. I helped him up and almost had to lift him out to the ambulance. He felt so thin and cold that my hate for him suddenly evaporated. I opened the back door of the ambulance.

"Good-bye," I said. "It might all have been different if we had

only been more sensible when we were younger; perhaps we could have done something then."

He stood there for a second or two, clutching the door rail with his right arm.

"It might have been possible," he said coldly.

I shoved him in and slammed the door on him.

The next day I sent him some books. They wouldn't let me into the hospital; it was unheard of. In any case, they said, they were operating on him; gangrene had set in.

For five days I haunted that hospital, waiting for news. I didn't understand myself or my thoughts.

And on the sixth, I went sick to avoid burial duty and because I knew that if I helped to bury him some part of some intangible thing that belonged to him and me and millions like us would go into the grave and under the earth with him.

And I didn't want that to happen. I watched the little ceremony from the hillside and I prayed to God never to let that happen.

Know that there is no peace, happiness or universal reconciliation for the people unless two things take place: first, the hearts must be changed from hate to love; second, the banner of oneness of the world of humanity must be unfurled. This is the exigency of this century.

—Abdul Baha.

☐ Prayer includes all the work done by God through us.

## Life as Prayer

Evelyn Underhill

WHAT is Prayer? In a most general sense, it is the intercourse of our little human souls with God. Therefore it includes all the work done by God Himself through, in, and with the souls which are self-given to Him in prayer. God is spirit; we, His children, are little spiritual creatures. He is not far from each one of us. His life indwells each person; and the communion of our separate lives with that fontal love and life is prayer. Prayer, then, is a purely spiritual activity; and its real doer is God Himself, the one inciter and mover of our souls.

So, how are we to begin to think about this mysterious, and yet very practical, work of prayer which we are all trying in some way or degree to do? The first step, I suppose, is to try to reach a new and more vivid realization of the Holy Spirit of God—"God Himself as He is everywhere and in all things," as St. Thomas Aquinas says—ceaselessly at work upon our small and half-grown spirits; creating, illuminating, restoring, and spiritualizing us. Now, God's creative and transforming action does not seem to work as something separate from the souls of men and women,

but in and through those souls of men and women. "We are not," said Baron von Hügel, "to think of Spirit and spirit, God and the soul, as separate entities. His Spirit works in closest association with ours."

A real man or woman of prayer, then, should be a live wire, a link between God's grace and the world that needs it. In so far as you have given your lives to God, you have offered yourselves without conditions, as transmitters of His saving and enabling love: and the *will to love*, the emotional drive, which you thus consecrate to God's purposes, can do actual work on supernatural levels for those for whom you are called upon to pray. One human spirit can, by its prayer and love, touch and change another human spirit; it can take a soul and lift it into the atmosphere of God. This happens, and the fact that it happens is one of the most wonderful things in the Christian life.

The Christian fellowship of which we are always hearing so much is quite misunderstood if we think of it merely in terms of outward religious contact. For the real and vital communion between souls is invisible and spiritual—so deeply

buried that we can think of it as existing unbroken below the changeful surface of daily life. External contact is at best only the outward sign of a far more profound inward grace — that mysterious interpenetration of all living souls, which is the secret of the Communion of Saints. And the whole possibility of intercessory prayer seems based on the truth of spiritual communion—the fact that we are *not* separate little units, but deeply interconnected—so that all we do, feel, and endure has a secret effect, radiating far beyond ourselves.

The human soul is one of the instruments through which the “tranquil operations of His perpetual Providence” are performed. It is a living tool of the Holy Spirit which works in the world of prayer. All that it gains in its own secret life of adoration and communion it can and should give to others in supernatural ways, thus becoming a real distributing center of God’s creative power.

Drop by drop the enabling power of grace comes to us, and we can rely absolutely on that unfailing supply, provided that we spend it all again as generously in redemptive work for the world, and especially for those to whom we are linked in prayer.

Each time you take a human soul with you into your prayer, you accept from God a piece of spiritual work with all its implications and

with all its cost, a cost which may mean for you spiritual exhaustion and darkness, and may even include vicarious suffering, the Cross. In offering yourselves on such levels of prayer for the sake of others, you are offering to take your part in the mysterious activities of the spiritual world; to share the saving work of Christ.

The lives of the saints make us realize how dreadfully shallow and careful, how ungenerous and untrusting our own little spiritual operations mostly are. Most of us do not really give our lives. At best we give a working day.

I am sure it was because the saints were so utterly uncalculating in their self-giving, cared for souls in such a divine way, and with such unmeasured love and eager acceptance of suffering, minded about people so much, that they did their great redeeming works of prayer. They are showing us on a grand scale something which each cell of the Body of Christ has got to do on a small scale. They prove to us how closely and really all human spirits are connected—what we can do for one another if we only love enough—and how far-reaching is the power and responsibility of every Christian soul. We can only understand this experience by realizing that we are truly part of a great spiritual organism.

Whenever man’s love and man’s religion transcends the self-regard-

ing stage and anchors itself on God, this sense that the soul is able to work and suffer for its fellows, and in some ways share the eternal mystery of the Cross, seems to appear. I think none of us could deny that a strong redemptive and sacrificial element runs right through the best and deepest Christianity. The Christian religion is not just a beautiful system of ethics or a particular kind of belief about God. It is not only a devotion, however pure and loving, to the person of Christ. It does something to human nature, which cannot be done in any other way.

Now, if we are thus to offer ourselves for and in those sick and helpless sheep, we shall not do it only by deliberately religious deeds and thoughts; for no one, without unhealthy strain, can keep all his deeds and thoughts on the religious level all the time. We shall do it as human beings as well as spiritual beings. That is, by more and more giving spiritual and intercessory value to *all* the acts and intentions of life, however homely, practical, and simple; lifting that whole life, visible and invisible, on to the sacramental plane, turning it into prayer. As every thought and act of all its members really affects the whole spiritual society, so every thought and act of the intercessor can be entinctured with the special grace of his vocation; and really and secretly radiate to affect all

those lives with which God has closely bound up his soul.

Therefore physical, mental, and spiritual labor, with all the successes and failures, the difficulties and sufferings, demands on patience and humility that go with each kind, can all become vehicles of our spiritual effectiveness; if every bit is given, by intention, for the good of those who are in our prayer. These things, which can all be the means of raising us towards God, must be the means of raising other souls at the same time. For the real worth of intercessions does not consist of the specific things we ask for or obtain, but *in the channel offered by our love and sacrifice to the creative and redeeming love and will of God*. We open a fresh path to His Spirit; make straight the way along which he reaches a needy soul, a struggling movement, or a desolate corner of life.

Perhaps the contact will be made through some act of loving service on our part. Perhaps it will be our disciplined spirit of joy and peace which reaches out to those who most deeply need that inner tranquility. Perhaps the contact will not be made outwardly at all, but secretly in the world of prayer. However it may be made, it is essential to realize that here it is our privilege to minister the supernatural—God, in His richness and wonder; that He is coming through us to other souls in the way in which they can

bear it best. The steadfast pressure of the Divine Energy and Love, felt at different levels and in different ways right through creation, is finding in us a special path and discharge.

It will not be managed merely by suitable reading, church attendance, prayer circles, or anything of that kind; but *only by faithful personal attention to God, constant and adoring recourse to Him, confident humble communion with Him.*

And the upkeep of this life-giving contact with the Eternal World, this secret intercourse with the living Christ, is a primary duty which we owe to those for whom we pray. *The loving enraptured vision of God, the limitless self-forgetful confidence in God, the generous desire to give without stint for His purposes—these are the sources of those intercessions which have power.*

What quality, then, is it in us that can become the agent of the Divine creativity? Not our faith, however clear and correct; not our active works, however zealous. We

The most lovable quality that any human being can possess is tolerance. Tolerance is the vision that enables one to see things from another's viewpoint. It is the generosity that concedes to others the right to their own opinions and their own peculiarities. It is the bigness that enables us to let people be happy in their own way instead of our way.

—The Rotary Bulletin.

may lack all these; and yet through us God's work may be done.

There is ultimately only one thing in us that can and will be used by God to carry His love and power from soul to soul, and that is the mysterious thing we call *a consecrated personality*. On our own tiny scale, not what we say or do, but *what we are*, provides the medium through which God reaches those to whom we are sent. Thus we come back again to the point at which we began: that the *first duty of the intercessor is communion with that Spirit in Whom our being is*. It is for this work that we must keep the sense of wide horizons; our prayers will not escape religious pettiness unless we can do this. And it is for this that we must have spiritual food and fresh air, and receive in prayer the supernatural sunshine; not so much for the sake of its consoling warmth and light, as for the powerful but invisible chemical rays which give us spiritual vitality. *We must keep ourselves sensitive to the Eternal, delicately responsible to God.*

☐ The difference between "up-and-down" Christians, and the "overcomers."

## The Mystery of Living Victoriously

Carl F. H. Henry

LIVING is a more powerful witness than speaking. Christians who would be overcomers always find themselves in one of two brackets; they are either experiencing the Christ-life and witnessing with spiritual glow to its triumphant power, or they are just speaking.

Those who are witnessing apart from living—those who testify to God's power without showing much successful application in their own lives—are often Christians who are making a sincere effort to live the Christ-life.

Nevertheless, to them the road seems an up-and-down one. It is a life of sinning and repenting; the changed life becomes more of a trial than a privilege. The belief is harbored that God in some mysterious manner will yet provide the power for more victorious living. Such Christians realize "He must increase, but I must decrease," yet they are striving constantly to avoid the opposite.

One step, and one only, separates the up-and-down Christians from the overcomers, a step which Paul, in his writings to the early Church, repeatedly beseeched the followers of Christ to take. It is the gateway

to Holy Ghost power; a mystery revealed only to those who would leave all and follow Him.

Those to whom this mystery has been revealed have found constant victory, the fulness of the peace which the world cannot receive, resurrection power that flows from the Creator, spiritual glow that is the natural overflowing of an inward rejoicing, and the unwavering trust and belief which was manifested by Christ in His earthly days.

The threshold to complete victorious living, the Holy Spirit discloses through Paul's writings, is "the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to His saints." To those who would be overcomers, who seek continual victory over every known sin, Paul writes, "God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles, which is Christ in you, the hope of glory."

One person only can live the life of Christ, and *that is Christ Himself*. No other can do it by being like Him, by imitating Him, by trying to live for Christ. It is when *Jesus comes with us, and lives His life anew through us*, that complete vic-

tory is a present reality.

For the Creator has placed *in Christ all provision* for our need, and *when Christ* actually comes and *makes our bodies His dwelling place* the glorious secret which has been hidden from the ages is made manifest in our lives.

"It was the good pleasure of the Father that in Christ should all the fulness dwell." By ourselves we cannot live the Christ-life; it can be lived only when *Christ dwells within us* in mystical spiritual relationship revealed through Paul, so that He might give His life expression through us.

It is an amazing conception that the Christ who is God incarnate and now at the right hand of the Father, will actually dwell within us, and that in Him who would live in us "dwelleth all the fulness of the God-head bodily." Such a conception can only be gained by revelation of the Holy Spirit, who makes the indwelling Christ a living reality.

The victorious life is God's undertaking, not ours. Let go and let God. "I can do all things *through Christ.*"

Jesus is not alone the strength, but the very life of the victorious Christian. "For to me, to live is Christ." "Christ liveth in me." It is what Christ is within us that constitutes the strength of our testimony and the power of our life.

Just as every Christian knows that he has been born again, so the

Christian knows when Christ dwells within. There is no guesswork. "At that day ye shall know that I am in My Father, and ye in Me, and I in you."

There is a great difference between being enveloped by the Holy Spirit, and His indwelling. Christ in comforting the disciples, said the Spirit "dwelleth with you, and *shall be in you.*"

Scripture tells of the inability of believers to pray as they ought, and the ability and willingness of the Spirit to plan and perform for them in intercession. "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. And He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because He maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God."

Receiving the indwelling Christ is not an effort or necessarily an emotional experience. It is a simple but glorious fact. He is more willing to dwell in us than we are earnest. When we open the door, He enters. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, *I will come in to him.*"

When mortals retire, they fix no way for breathing during the night. They go to bed, breathe all night, and awaken in the morning, still

breathing; yet having had nothing to do with it. So with the Living Christ. Christians need not fix any way for God to live within. Allow God and all His fulness to come in, and He will live Himself.

Such power resulting from Christ's indwelling has one characteristic; it brings glory not to the vessel through which it has been conveyed, but to the Source. When word of Paul's conversion reached the churches in Judea, Paul writes: "*They glorified God in Me.*"

It means the indwelling Christ will reflect His joy through the face of the Christian with a spiritual glow that will be a shining forth of the Christ that lives within and reveals the glory of the Father.

It means the Christian's vision is revitalized by the faith of the indwelling Christ. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." He thinks through you. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; and he delighteth in his way." Your eyes become His eyes, and every sinner, no matter how vile, is transformed into a latent saint. Your feet become His feet, to walk step by step with Him, even as Enoch. Your hands become His hands, to be used as His instruments in the magnificent carrying out of His purpose. Your ears become His ears, hearing every spiritual need, and filling it. Your lips become His lips, to speak as He speaks through you.

The result is a Spirit-directed life, every hour and minute appropriated as God guides. It means surrender of all we are and all we possess, and then allowing Christ to dwell within.

Such a life—the Alps of Christian experience—means complete trust in God, and in God only. It is God undertaking, through us. "*All power is given unto Me.*" It means that Christ uses that same power to touch other lives through the vessel in which He dwells.

It means an end to struggling for victory. The fight has already been won. Christ was triumphant, and in all things lived to the glory of God. When He dwells within us, the battle has already been won, and He lives His victorious life anew through us. The Christian, therefore, finds victory not a struggle, but a joy, a rejoicing over a victory already won. "Now thanks be unto God, which *always causeth us to triumph in Christ.*"

He conquered, we rejoice, because we can celebrate His victory when He lives within, and lives out His purpose anew. "In all these things *we are more than conquerors.*" All the power of the throne becomes ours, when Christ dwells within. "And hath put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be the head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." "All things are yours."

It means living so that we expect miracles to happen. Only the indwelling Christ can teach us to trust as if all depended on God, and to obey as if all depended on us.

### INDWELLING

*T. E. Brown*

If thou couldst empty all thyself of self  
Like to a shell dishabited  
Then might He find thee on the ocean shelf—  
And say—"This is not dead,"  
But fill thee with Himself instead.

But thou art all replete with very thou  
And hast such shrewd activity  
That, when He comes, He says—  
"This is enow unto itself—'twere better let it be—  
It is so small and full, there is no room for Me."

### PRAYER OF YOUTH

*Dr. Henry Nash*

O God, my Father, give me the desire to become a true lover of my country, a true American. Help me to keep the promise which my nation hath made to the world, to be the home of freedom and brotherhood and justice for all. Enable me in my life to keep this promise. In my happiness and in my strength put me in mind of the pleasures and the rights of others. Make me brave and truthful and fair. In my play and in my work keep my successes free from boasting and conceit. And when I fail and am defeated give me a higher courage and a stauncher strength. Help me to become a noble, great-hearted citizen, an honor to my nation, and a spring of hope to my neighbors that I may help my nation to become the inspirer of strong and just democracy in the nations of the world, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

☐ "The test is not concept but conduct, not logic but love."

## *Counsel of Perfection*

*Starr Daily*

*"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Matt. 5:48.*

THIS scripture has both challenged and puzzled Christian students throughout the intervening centuries. To countless millions it has been a stumbling block. Painfully aware of being utterly imperfect, they have lacked the courage to strive toward a perfection which they considered impossible of attainment in the earth life. Hence before this commandment of Jesus the religious plumes of strong men have wilted, and weak men have quailed and quit.

I sat with a devout woman one day and discussed this lofty issue in the teachings of the Master. All her life she had aspired toward the ends of spiritual understanding. A deep student of religion and a close observer of life, she had become dissatisfied with her church, with its emphasis on form and tradition, and had taken up the study of divine science.

"We are taught to affirm perfection," she said. "There is a basis for this in Jesus' counsel of perfection. We declare that we are perfect in spirit. But what we have is a mental

concept, an abstraction, on the one hand, while on the other, we have a concrete example of imperfection. What our minds declare our bodies and emotions belie. Sometimes our declarations of perfection only fix upon us more strongly than ever the sense of our imperfection. Yet I can't help believing but that Jesus was sound in this commandment. It was not his habit to hold up promises which were not possible of attainment in our earth life, to tell us to do a thing beyond our reach."

Somewhat familiar with modern religious philosophy I could sympathize with her bewilderment. I had seen many students in her condition who lacked her honesty. Unable to resolve their imperfect lives, they had rationalized the division of matter and spirit. By this mental action they had developed a concept which made no division. Spirit and matter were one and the same. It could be proved in the laboratory by the process of breaking down matter, and if the process could be carried out to its final stage the result would be pure spirit. The main trouble with this concept was found not in deductive or inductive reasoning but in the facts of life them-

selves. And these facts quite definitely pointed out that a division did exist between spirit and matter, that one did have a spiritual body and a material body. The material body certainly didn't act as though it were spiritual. At any rate, to most men, if the material body with all its ills and pangs and insatiable cravings was spirit, there was not much to be gained by seeking spiritual things.

This rationalizing method in support of a concept often proves disastrous to genuine spiritual aspiration. "In spirit I am perfect," is true. But if it is made the object of a lofty compromise, a means of escape from relative facts and pains, it then becomes dangerous to the life of the soul. For having thus settled the issue the incentive to further spiritual effort is removed, and life itself is traded for a lifeless concept, the actual thing for an idea.

The end, of course, for this sort of mental juggling is either frustration or permanent self-deception. If the latter, then the one thing is avoided which life is willing to teach, the gradual development of character by means of trials and oppositions. Once life has been arrested after this fashion, after actual life has been crystallized into a mental concept, the unfoldment of character ceases, and with it goes the redemptive power to influence others. However, life will not tolerate a dead level, no matter how

grandiose the level may assume to be. It will not be so arbitrarily thwarted by any such escape mechanisms, and all who follow this path are doomed to failure in every department above egotism and selfishness.

Yet, there stands Jesus' counsel of perfection, "Be ye perfect." And the natural reaction to this is, "I'm willing. But how?" And the answer is that man has been endowed with one capacity which makes it possible. To this capacity Jesus pointed when he uttered His first and great commandments. And He kept pointing to it throughout the short course of His ministry. He was the embodiment of love, and in love He was made one with His Father. His life and ministry was a Supreme Love Story all the way. We could love as He loved. We were endowed with that capacity. Consequently, by expressing His kind of love, we could reach the Father and thus be made perfect. "No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us." Let us requote Jesus, "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."

By contemporary observation and reading history I have seen that the most Christ-like men were those who loved as Christ loved, unself-seekingly and sacrificially, while those who were distinguished by great intellectual development alone

could in nowise be thought of as Christ-like men. By scriptural study I have discovered that the test of perfection is not faith, or creed or dogma, or concept, or interpretation, nor any of these minor things which the church has sought to elevate. It is not an idea in the abstract. It is an expression of conduct in the concrete. We can have our moments of perfection here and now when we meet the Jesus standard and love our brother unself-seekingly. By the art of meditation I have discovered that when the pounding senses are stilled there is a new and finer dimension of consciousness born, and in this state of being there is nothing but a radiant, all-pervading, indescribable awareness of love.

This has led me to the conviction

that the image of God in man is love; that when we love as Jesus loved we are one with God; and that therefore we do not need to be satisfied with the counterfeit perfection of a mental concept, which life itself betrays as false. There is no need of our declaring when there is no perfection consciously present. We are made perfect in our moment of unself-seeking love. This achieved it will need no vocal or mental declaration to support it. It will speak to the world by itself. "By this (love) shall all men know." "Be ye therefore perfect (in love), even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect (in love)." For "God is love."

The test is not concept but conduct, not logic but love.

#### GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

*Glenn Clark*

He arose from the black loam of slavery,  
Was a brother to weeds, ferns, and flowers,  
From them he caught wisps of God's whisper  
As he reshaped this sad world of ours.

He gathered the clays from the hillsides,  
From the meadows took ragweed and grass,  
From the peanut and simple potato  
Brought myriad marvels to pass.

He was gentle of speech, sly of humor,  
He was humble, simple and wise;  
Born a slave, he faced life as a master,  
While his Master's light shone through his eyes.

## CHRISTMAS

*Myrtle Dean Clark*

I would send you some treasurable thing—  
 Some loveliness for the heart's remembering;  
 An angel's song to lift on beating wing  
 Your thoughts above war's thundering;  
 A steady hand laid over yours to bring  
 Its solace of understanding;  
 Someone whose need might drink your love  
 As from a chalice held above  
 Earth's present instant!  
 A love triumphant;  
 A gift of courage which shall ring  
 With God's answering.

## ATTAINMENT

*Myrtle Dean Clark*

The toil to the top,  
 the sweating, despairing, cruel climb,  
 the overshadowing rocks, uncertain footholds,  
 the failures, falls—all forgotten,  
 All obliterated in that great moment—  
 That moment of attainment  
 When, renascent in new silences,  
 With clouds below, above,  
 One belongs not to earth or heaven  
 Or else to both belongs.  
 Lonely, awed, triumphant,  
 In that lofty silence  
 a new breath  
 And every breath  
*Is God.*

☐ A Prayer we can pray for  
 all our soldier boys.

*A Sister's Prayer**Mary Welch*

**M**Y BROTHER left home  
 today to enter service in  
 the army.

Tonight I give my brother to  
 Thee, O Father:

Tonight, my Father, my little  
 brother pillows his head in an un-  
 familiar bed. Be Thou his pillow.  
 As he is outfitted in the uniform of  
 a soldier surrendered to the claim  
 of his country, so let him be clothed  
 in the whole armor of God, fully  
 surrendered to Thy call to service  
 in Thy kingdom's cause. May he  
 leave off SELF as totally as he  
 leaves off his civilian garments and  
 put on Christ as his garment of  
 righteousness. May he submit him-  
 self as unquestioningly to Thy  
 orders for his daily steps as he will  
 submit to commands in army drill.  
 May his induction into the nation's  
 army prove his induction into the  
 reality of the kingdom of Christ  
 who has priority over his oath of  
 allegiance.

Father, there will be empty hours  
 in my little brother's life when he  
 will miss his home and his wonted  
 friends and the home round of life-  
 warm duties. Let those vacant  
 spaces be silent spaces for God.  
 Enter Thou into his emptiness and  
 let his soul find its familiar home

in Thee. Thine arms are stronger  
 than a sister's, Thy bosom sweeter  
 than a mother's. Thy love creates  
 heaven where Thou art, and no  
 heart can be homesick in heaven. Be  
 Thou his Father. Give him the  
 Shining Comrade Christ as his  
 most familiar "buddy" in the bar-  
 racks. Knowing Thee, the soul  
 possesses all its friends. All heart  
 yearnings are answered in Thee.

Father, let this training period in  
 my brother's life be Thy training  
 season. Transmute all his strong  
 points into integrated focus and ef-  
 face all weaknesses. Make him  
 strong. Let him be a good soldier.  
 Let his trust in Thee be a fortress  
 unto the boys around him. Let him  
 endure as one "seeing the invisible."  
 Let Thy joy be his strength. Keep  
 him from the contagion of hatred,  
 O Father. May he always see  
 above the ugly detail of duty as a  
 fighting man the truth that God is  
 mightier than the sword. Let love  
 for Thee overshadow personal prej-  
 udice and moral fear. Let him fill  
 his place in Thy plan for the world  
 by making his will Thy will. Then  
 fear can have no place in him. Let  
 him know that moments are no  
 measure of a lifetime in Thy sight;  
 that one great moment of complete



expression of Thy perfect will for his life is life more abundantly fulfilled than three-score years and ten lived out according to selfish plan.

Release my brother, O Father, from the burden of bearing in his heart the cross of knowing how his loved ones suffer grief at his absence and anxiety for his safe return. Let him not feel conscious of being possessed and drawn back home. May he find freedom rather than bondage in our love. Let his joy in finding Thee a present reality swallow up his filial pity, setting him free in being possessed by Thee. Give his loved ones grace not to cling in possessiveness. Let our prayers and our love bear creative power. Let his little mother draw close to Thee till out of her pain she will one day be flooded with the peace of relinquishment.

Father, let this be a time, not of sacrifice, but of fulfillment for us all. That I kissed him good-bye without tears was all due to Thy grace. I placed my love like a

mantle around him, an invisible, invincible armor to serve his need, to bring him safely back to us in the body or securely to Thee, whether in the body or out of it. Heaven is where Thou art and Thy presence is highest earthly and heavenly gain!

I have committed my brother to Thee, my Father. In so doing, I have given him to his destiny. Fulfill it in Thine own way according to Thy perfect plan. I shall not need to give to Thee again that which is already Thine. Help me and his other loved ones never to meddle or to become inquisitive as to Thy methods of fulfillment. May our concern be that of keeping selfishness out of our love so that it may have wings to convey his little ship across the ocean of unknown spaces!

Thank You, Father, for these years with our little brother! Let us prove worthy of them. Thank You, Father, for his future. *It will be fulfilled with splendor!*

Dear Lord, help us to enter into the deep joy of sympathy with our brother's need, the sympathy that gives insight, and knits heart to heart, until we are able to help where help is needed, and able to receive help when it is offered.

—Rev. Raymond C. Brooks.

☐ Let us live our religion in everything we do.

## They Put Religion to Work

Ross L. Holman

A FEW years ago I bought a Nash suit of clothes. Dozens of other business men in my town also sidestepped their local merchants and had their measure taken by the journeyman Nash tailor. I doubt if any of us then knew the history behind these clothes.

Arthur Nash started a tailoring plant in Cincinnati after he had gone bankrupt in three other businesses. During the years of the financial failures he was practically an infidel. But at the age of 50, broken and in utter despair, he got a job taking orders for tailored suits on commission. About this time he was converted and promised the Lord that if He would help him start back in business he would operate it strictly by the Golden Rule.

He took a desperate plunge and bought out the tailoring house he represented. For the men working there this house was a regular sweatshop. When his plant superintendent showed him through the factory, Nash pointed to a group of workmen.

"What are you paying those workers?" he asked.

"Eight dollars a week," was the reply.

"Raise them to twenty," he said.

His grown son told him he was a fool to try such a stunt, but he replied that if he was, he was going to be God's fool.

To give his customer the most value for the least money, Mr. Nash cut the profit on each suit of clothes so low his bankers threatened to call in their loans. He ran his business on prayer and when he died a few years later, he left a personal estate of over a million dollars.

Another man who put religion into his business practices was Rollin Severance, who started the Severance Tool Company of Saginaw, Mich., in 1931. It was a one-man shop in which that man worked only part time. But soon the business began to grow and the man needed help. When there were several employees, his wife induced Mr. Severance to start daily plant devotionals, citing the scripture, "Him that honoreth Me I will honor."

That was in the early thirties when old established businesses were crashing all around him, and

From *Magazine Digest*, Toronto, November, 1943.

nation-wide bank holidays were dispensing financial gloom in all directions. But the Severance Tool Company prospered and today it is a 1,000-man corporation spread over six states with prayer meetings in every plant between each of the three daily shifts of workers.

George Eastman, a west coast construction executive, started out broke in 1931 and in 1943 has accumulated an immense fortune. He also holds daily prayer meetings, praying for workers who are sick and the sick members of their families. He settles disputes between his key men by praying with them over the issues involved.

Then there's Peter Rookus, head of the Bay City, Mich., Roofing Company. He is another industrial executive who keep his business on the sunny side of solvency by prayer and plant brotherhood.

Many successful business men believe that tithing is accountable for their prosperity. There is Bob Le Tourneau, for example, who not only tithes his income far be-

yond the scriptural tenth, but holds religious devotionals with his hundreds of employees in all four of his plants.

LeTourneau started the manufacture of excavating machinery as a bankrupt loaded with crushing liabilities. With a 12-man payroll he and his employees would meet prior to the day's work, have Bible reading, prayer, and a brief talk on Christian living. At the same time he set aside more than a tenth of his income for the Lord.

There is nothing mysterious about how the teachings of Christ work in business relations. Just why businessmen can't see that a Christian spirit of personal concern for their workers will get a greater output per man than a sweatshop tyranny is, itself, one of the most astounding mysteries. For it is a fact that whenever the Golden Rule has been applied to business it has measured up profits for everybody—employee, customer and owner.

If liberty is to be saved, it will not be by the doubters. It will be by the faith of individuals, who believe that God wills man to be free. It will be by the seekers after holiness, those old-fashioned persons who speak of eternal life and prefer the soul to the whole world. It will be by the enfranchised children of the ancient faith of the human race.

—Amiel.

☐ Prayer is for the weak. But we are all weak.

## Prayer Is for the Weak

Austin Pardue

Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral,  
Buffalo

ONE OF the first accusations made by certain self-sufficient people is that prayer is for the weak. It is supposedly a form of self-hypnosis whereby those who are not strong enough to stand on their own feet can muster up courage via auto-suggestion to meet that which they cannot face. I will heartily agree that prayer is for weak people. I have spent the fifteen years of my ministry in dealing with individuals. Most of that time has been in downtown parishes where I have met thousands from every walk of life. I have yet to meet a man who is not weak. We may get along for many years by our own self-confidence but there comes a time in the life of every man when he cannot stand alone. He must have Christ.

In Minnesota I had a parishioner who was a quarterback for three years on the State University's national championship football team. One evening we went to some boxing matches together at the close of football season. We went to the corner for a bite to

eat afterward and as I was about to leave he told me this story. The team was coming back from their final game against Wisconsin which had resulted in their twenty-second straight win. His close friend and all-American half back, "Pug" Lund, was resting in a corner of the lounge car. He called Glenn Seidel over and said, "Glenn, this may seem funny, but before every game, all the time I've played for Minnesota I've said my prayers each day and then just before the kick-off I've said them all over again." I told Glenn that I thought that was a grand thing, that I was happy to hear it. It explained a lot about Pug Lund. I said to Glenn "And what did you answer?" He replied, "Gee, I just laughed." I was disappointed. "You laughed," I said, "at such a confidence?" "Sure," replied Glenn. "I said, 'Gee, Pug, that's funny. For three years I've been doing the same thing.'" That was different. I then said "Tell me what you prayed about." He said, "Well, I talked that over with Pug, and funny thing, we both prayed about

From *The Witness*, December 12, 1940.

the same. Just before every kick-off and all week as a matter of fact, our prayer went something like this: 'O God, I'm not much good. Please give me enough guts to play through this game the best I can. Amen.'" It is true, prayer is for the weak.

Prayer prevents the fungus growth of selfishness which eventually attracts disaster. Selfishness begins as a growth within the individual. It spreads to the group and ends in industrial, social, civil and international war. War today is rapidly getting to such a point of efficiency that it may mean the complete annihilation of a civilization. The fungi group of plants are so because they do not possess chlorophyll and therefore remain the lowest form of vegetation. Without this ingredient they are dependent upon other plants; parasites, living off the healthy. Life and energy is sapped until they commit murder outright. Selfishness starts as a subtle, unnoticed growth in personality, creeping into one's whole being. The absent chlorophyll is Christ Himself. This growth goes from generation to generation, from group to group, from nation to nation, and slowly eats into humanity until we find ourselves in the kind of a world we have today. There are many kinds of selfish growths in the human personality, the principal being hate, fear, greed, false pride, self

pity, revenge and lust. Make no mistake about them, they will eat into your soul and character with the rapidity of a blitzkrieg after they once are allowed a foothold. A man who prays honestly will identify these parasites and will ask God for a purge of forgiveness and a blessing of strength.

Selfishness has another quality, that of magnetism. Vindictiveness attracts vindictiveness, dishonesty draws dishonesty, fear begets fear, and hate breeds hate. For as you sow you reap, as you give you will be given, and as you judge you will be judged. This spiritual law of magnetism is as final as any of the laws that you study in college laboratories. One of the greatest surprises in the early part of this Second World War was a new German magnetic mine which hovered under the surface of the water and became a hidden horror. Whenever a metal ship's hull came anywhere within the vicinity, it drew the explosive into position for a blast. So terrific was it that thousands upon thousands of shipping tonnage was sunk. In the unseen world of the unconscious mind dwells the real personality. It attracts "like" qualities to it for the hull of the soul is magnetic and draws explosives or blessings. Vindictiveness, dishonesty, hatred, lust, fear and all forms of selfishness as well as all forms of good are drawn. When the Queen Elizabeth, the

greatest ship afloat, came to the United States she was wearing a strange cable about her superstructure which was electrically charged with alternating current. Thus the magnetic poles were scrambled and the attraction broken. Today, every ship that carries a cable of alternating current no longer fears the magnetic mine. Prayer inaugurates a current given by Christ Himself, which, if used with consistency, breaks up the magnetism of selfishness. No man can spend fifteen minutes a day alone with Christ honestly seeking out the stowaways of selfishness in the soul and not be freed from their power to cause disaster.

Prayer opens up a side of life which Bishop Brent called the "Sixth Sense." He was firmly convinced long before the psychologists were experimenting on extra-

sensory perception that there is a mystic sense in man, which, through prayer, can open up a new intelligence beyond reason. He said: "The sixth sense or mystic sense—by that I mean the sense that distinguishes man from the lowest below him and allies him with the highest above him. Its wings touch the divine altitude and relates man to the spiritual and the psychic." Such psychological philosophers as William James, Bergson, Jung and Rhine have given much credence to this attitude in man. This added intuition comes through prayer and combines with reason in the name of Christ making men of power. Yes, it is true that prayer is for the weak because it destroys that which makes them weak. Prayer gives them power beyond themselves.

They say He was "impractical." Practical men said that, and practical men made and ran the World War. Do you know how much that war cost? The equivalent of \$20,000 for every hour since Jesus of Nazareth was born! "Practical" men have had their way for many generations. It would be worth while to try His way. It couldn't be more expensive!

—Bruce Barton

Until we enthrone God in the universe He has made, and look to Him for daily guidance and strength, we shall go on making mistakes and laying foundations for future wars. If we prayed consistently in days of prosperity, we could often forestall the days of adversity which drive us to our knees.

—Emily Vanderbilt Hammond.

## What We Mean by Personal Religious Living

Dwight J. Bradley

THE spiritual life is like an adventure of personal discovery. Here is a world that reaches out from where we stand toward an immeasurably distant horizon that beckons and allures us irresistibly. And those who see it beckoning and feel its allure set out as expectant travelers to find for themselves what it contains that is precious and rewarding. Yet, like a country that has been hitherto unknown, the spiritual world had been open to discovery for thousands of years; and for all this while the explorers have been traversing it. So that when we start out for ourselves we need not go without map or guide. Indeed, if we do, we shall spend more time in unprofitable wandering than in finding what we truly desire.

There are highways already well laid out and trails clearly defined. Certain spots of outstanding beauty are designated in every good prospectus. We are directed to places of universal pilgrimage where seekers of every time and age have gone. There are mountain ranges of towering height, and winding paths

that lead to points of vantage from which the eye can see wide panoramas extending into eternity. There are springs that flow from subterranean streams, brooks that take rise from springs and run to join the rivers, rivers that cut their courses through canyons and come out at length to irrigate the plains and seek their rest at last in the great sea.

There are verdant meadows and fertile fields. Cities are encountered, and countless villages. Ruins of many an ancient civilization remain as monuments to a meaningful past. Shrines there are to which men have come for centuries; and shrines also of a more recent hallowing. And along the way are wells; wells that were dug and curbed and used by the ancestral clans, and which ever have been kept and guarded and used by each successive generation.

All things like these are there: and the pilgrim bent on exploration can find them all. And he can find them most readily if he is willing to follow the lead of those who have gone before him. For, if he insists upon discovering everything for

himself, as if he were the first comer, it is certain that he will squander much time to little purpose. He may even lose his way. The wise traveler in the realm of religious experience, therefore, is he who takes full advantage of all experience of all pilgrims that have preceded him.

It is important for this reason to remember that personal religious experience does not belong to oneself alone. Religious living derives much of its quality and character from some historical tradition which is accepted by each individual for himself as being worthy of reproduction in his own life. Strictly speaking, there is no *merely* personal religion. For example, the very word "Christian" proves a connection with the great historic movement that commenced far off in antiquity and has come down to modern times through the Church. Christianity reaches clear back to the Hebrew patriarchs and flows down to us through the Old Testament prophets and the Psalms, and through Jesus Christ and the apostles, and then through the Society of Christ's followers from the time of Pentecost to the times right at hand.

The line between personal religion and the social gospel is a purely imaginary line. In reality it does not exist. The fact that all of our religious faith has come down to us from the past should be enough to prove this. Religious his-

tory is the history of a wonderful social experience, shared in by millions of human beings, carried on through many beautiful and inspiring customs. Every time we gather together for worship we are engaging in a definite kind of social activity. Besides, our religious life must be ethical—and ethics are always social. No one can live a good life whose social attitudes and practices are evil. And no one can keep up his inner spiritual standards whose outer social standards are selfish and low.

The truth is that religious living has many sides and many aspects. What we usually call *personal* religion is only one aspect of the whole. And what is more, if we try to separate one aspect from the others, the whole thing is bound to collapse. Personal religion begins with that side which bears on our private devotional experience directly with God. This is sometimes called "mystical" religion. Yet, if religious living stops there and if it does not take in all the other sides, there comes a time when even the mystical side ceases to carry on. The mystic who has no concern for the welfare of his fellow men and who shuts himself up in his inner chamber without ever coming out to see what is going on about him, can never hope to live a really religious life. But the opposite, of course, is true. The man who never shuts himself up in his inner cham-

From *Highways of the Spirit* by Dwight J. Bradley. Copyright 1936. Used by permission of the publisher, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

ber and spends all his days in trying to help his fellow man, cannot hope to live a really ethical life. Both things are necessary. Too much mysticism means spiritual gluttony. Too much social action means spiritual starvation. The personal gospel and the social gospel are, therefore, simply two sides of one complete whole.

Prayer and meditation make us resourceful in practical action; while practical action makes us clearer and more definite in medita-

tion and prayer. But it all goes together. Cut off one and we dry up the other. Separate the personal aspect from the social aspect and we destroy both. Social action requires constant re-enforcement from within. Personal religion requires constant moral fortification from without. It is wise to recall that the greatest mystics of history have been also among the world's greatest heroes—men and women of action as well as of prayer.

### STARS

Thank God, a man can grow :  
He is not bound  
With earthward gaze to creep along the ground :  
Though his beginnings be but poor and low,  
Thank God, a man can grow, burn,  
The fire upon his altars may dim,  
The torch he lighted may in darkness fail—  
And nothing to rekindle it avail—  
But high above his dull horizons' rim,  
Arcturus and the Pleiades beckon him!

—Anon.

O hearts of love, O souls that turn  
Like sunflowers to the Purest, Best ;  
To you the truth is manifest,  
For they the mind of Christ discern  
Who lean, like John, upon His breast.

—J. G. Whittier.

☐ A stirring challenge to go all the way.

## Why Do You Say Possibly?

Walter C. Lanyon

AND Jesus said to the father of the "possessed" child, "How long has he been like this?" And the father answered, "From a little child . . . but if you possibly can, have compassion on us, help us."

And Jesus answered and said :

"Why do you say POSSIBLY?"

Does that question mean anything to you? Do you hear or see anything in the answer? Something which should make your heart leap with joy? The perpetual surprise expressed by Jesus that people still doubted the power of the Presence to set aside the congealed human thought—"Why do you say Possibly?"—it is terrific when you stop for a moment and contemplate this answer of Jesus. Just reading it over does nothing—pause a moment and let it penetrate through that darkened state of mentality which continually is wondering whether or not the power "can possibly" heal its condition. Why do you say Possibly? Isn't it thrilling? More and more we enter into a secret conspiracy with Jesus against the *set* condition in our lives. That peculiar pet problem which has been

there so long—"since he was a child," as it were.

Suddenly it is as though you actually heard the Voice of Jesus speaking to you about your "maniac" child—the Human mind—and standing directly in front of you asking you that same question, "Why do you say Possibly?"

God is the doer of the "impossible"—and that cannot be measured, or handled with the human thought, for it cannot glimpse what the "Impossible" is. Do you see why Jesus frequently left the limited carpenter consciousness and entered into the Permanent Identity and became One with God? Do you begin to understand what He meant when He said, "I will ask My Father"—and "The Father hearing in secret *shall* declare it from the housetops"—not maybe or perhaps what you tell the Father—whatever you can find in this God-Power in secret *shall* be declared from the housetops of manifestation.

When a thing becomes "impossible" it is then "possible" to God. If it is impossible to you it is because you have utilized every bit of human wisdom you have in an attempt

From "I Came" by Walter C. Lanyon, Kellaway-Ide Co., Publishers.

to move it, and at last you have come to the Extremity of human thought. It is then that "Man's extremity is God's opportunity"—when man is at his wits'-end he is then in a position where the God-Power can do the "impossible," because that is the Nature of God—the Doer of the Impossible. But many people arrive at their *extremity* and still hold on or die "kicking against the pricks"—fighting the appearances which they think are real and true.

When a situation in the human picture is immovable, or a condition impregnable, there is a way of entering into this secret conspiracy with Jesus to come through it all, and that too without the "smell of fire" on your garments. It is not going to be a fight, though you may pass through what seems a confusion of things—"yet shall it not come nigh thee"—yea, even though "ten thousand fall at thy right hand." You are beginning to see that the ways of God are past finding out—the manner and means through which this new Light is to come to earth is not in the understanding of man but is in the care of God. Nothing is impossible to God. He has the WAY "ye know not of" but it is the "Way" of Salvation.

Ways and means of manifestation are entirely out of our hands. We are not concerned how the Signs will come into manifestation, only with the fact that they will—and in the most unexpected way, since it is

perpetually the unexpected that happens. Stop looking for a sign—stop looking for a fulfillment—for all of these things are already done and completed in God and are only awaiting your recognition, to come forth into manifestation.

Why will you say, "If you possibly can" to this magnificent Power? Don't you yet recognize that it *can* take place because it *has already taken place* in the Life of your perfect Identity? Parallel with this Lovely Divine Destiny, you are traveling along in the muck of human fate, which you have brought upon yourself by tasting of the Fruit of the Garden of Eden, whereby you decided that you, too, could be a creator and vie with God. All you have created is a hypnosis of evil, and this has continued to function in the place of evil ever since. When you awake to this beautiful truth you will Ascend to the Father Consciousness or the Permanent Identity, and instantly appropriate the status of Destiny there functioning. The world says you have had a perfect demonstration or an instantaneous demonstration, but you have merely blended yourself with the finished thing. Jesus always said "It is done"—is consummated—completed.

There is something wonderful in this entering into a secret conspiracy with Jesus Christ—it is filled with inspiration which no man will ever tell you and which you cannot read

in books—and yet you will know. You are in league with LIGHT—all argument is gone—you begin to KNOW God.

As you begin to understand the difference between the "impossible" and the "possible" in its true interpretation, you will be taken up to the level of consciousness where you will be allowed actually to see the disintegration of the hard, fast pictures of the human consciousness, and how it is that the Love of God

actually melts the frozen human thought and transforms it into Light.

"Believest thou that I am able to do this unto you?"—Answer me. Do you—you, the reader, and for yourself alone? Do you believe—do you? Is the mist thinning and the "If you possibly can" melting out in the glorious revelation of "My Lord and My God?" Do you begin to understand a little?

☐ Even in the Congressional Record we see the story of answered prayers.

## "Prayer Is Going to Win This"

*A Letter from a Lieutenant on the Front*

(Here follows a letter from a lieutenant in the United States Army on some far-away battle front written to his sister, the original of which is in possession of Rev. L. B. White, of Zarephath, N. J.)

(Sent to the *Alabama Baptist* by Mrs. Lois Sewell, Muscadine, Ala.)

**I**N writing this letter to you, I don't know where to start first. So many things have happened since I last wrote. Well, to begin with, I have escaped death at

the hands of an enemy in a way so amazing I am still in a daze. You remember I told you when I knew I was going over, I was going over armed with the Bible? That Bible is the reason I am still here and able to write this letter to all America.

Here is the story: My buddy and I were sent out on duty with our unit, equipped in the work I told you before was our job. We had just received information—the most important in weeks. When we were discovered by the enemy, I gave my buddy the information we had col-

lected, told him to beat it with it and prepared myself to face them. It was the first time I'd been faced with the necessity of pointing my gun at a man and blasting the life from his miserable body. I thought fast; then I said, Lord, it's your responsibility now. My buddy had not obeyed my order. He had no such scruples. As I reached for my carbine, a shot from one of them struck me in the breast and blasted me down. Thinking I was dead, my pal jumped for me, grabbed my carbine as well as his own, stood astride my body, blasting away with both guns. He was blasted too—his knees with three bullet wounds. But when he finished, there was not one of them left. He was amazed when I rolled over and tried to get up. The force of the bullet had stunned me. Dazedly, I wondered why I pulled that little Bible out of my pocket and in utter muteness looked at the ugly hole in the cover. It had ripped through Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, on through the Pentateuch, on through the other books, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, and kept going. Where do you think it stopped? In the middle of Psalm 91, pointing like a finger at these verses, "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh

thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked."

Sis, when I read that verse it raised me 3 feet off the ground. I did not know there was such a verse in the Bible. I'd been reading mostly in the New Testament. I read the rest of that chapter—the first part that ripped apart. In utter humility I said, "Thank you, precious God," and felt like a little boy that had escaped the mouth of an enemy of prey.

I tell you, Sis, prayer is going to win this, not guns alone. Pray, Sis, pray as you have never prayed before. Tell everyone to pray. Tell all America to go on its knees.

Before each decisive victory anywhere over here, sometimes for hours, sometimes for days, there has been a feeling of praying far away. The feeling is so strong, you can hear many of the men, the most stubborn of them, say in the stillness of the night that it is so strong you can hear it.

So pray, everyone. It will have to come from afar off. Tell America to pray. This war will not end until nations and people have paid in blood and tears for thrusting God out of their hearts, out of their nations, out of their lands.

The springs of human conflict cannot be eradicated through institutions, but only through the reform of the individual human.

—General Douglas MacArthur.

☐ There is a resurrection today in the grim circumstance of war.

## The Future Is Ours

Edgar F. Kaiser  
General Manager, Kaiser Ship-  
yards, Portland-Vancouver Area

A DEEP spirit of religion in the heart of the common man can have a great bearing on international policies when this war is won.

I have neither the license nor the qualifications to preach, but if it is not too presumptuous, I would like to venture to draw an analogy between the Supreme Incident in the life of Jesus on this earth and the time in which you and I live.

There is a resurrection today; at the very moment when hope seems alight, there is the promise of new life. Out of death and night and horror, hope is once more being born. If we listen we can hear again the majestic cymbal of Isaiah, proclaiming that swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks.

Is it not a grim circumstance that all of the superb findings of science and learning are now devoted to the business of destruction? The greater part of mankind throughout the earth is now divided into two classes, those who fight, and those who make instruments with

which to fight. All the skill of modern medicine and surgery is applied to saving the lives of the wounded, many of whom are restored to return to battle.

We justify this paradox of creating for destruction by recognizing a profound truth. We fight for principles, and the survival of principles is more important than life itself. If winning this war meant the destruction of all we possess, if it took us back to a stage when we had to find shelter in caves and to work without tools, it would be worth it: for those who have lived in freedom, life without it is impossible.

And so we are in the business of building the instruments of destruction. We employ them with all the skill and ingenuity which modern man can command. In this effort, miracles such as Jesus wrought are a daily occurrence. Sea water is turned into a valuable metal, as was the water into wine; men are all but raised from the dead by the blood plasma which is fed into our veins; food is processed until a basketful will feed a multitude, as did the

From *The Oregon Journal*, Portland, Oregon, August 10, 1943.

loaves and fishes; coal tar, a by-product of the coke used in making steel for cannons and machine guns, is transformed into sulfa series which destroy the germs, and once more "the lepers are cleansed," fevers are reduced, and the sick are made whole.

Today man faces the most superb spirit which has ever come to him. The world lies in ashes; it is now his to rebuild. The vast forces of production which have made our nation an arsenal and a fortress may soon be liberated for the work of reconstruction.

In the dread circumstances of war, we have brought employment to the peak and efficiency of an all-time high.

It is now our position to be better fed, better housed, better clothed, better transported, better trained, better skilled in all the arts of production, than at any time in the history of mankind.

But once more the story of Jesus lives again; at a critical moment in His life, He was tempted to build an empire, to use to His own advantage the vast powers which His Father had given Him. He endured that momentary appeal and then gave an all-inclusive answer which has come ringing down through the

If you are visionary, make sure you first have a vision, and then put it into action.

centuries, "It is written that man shall not live by bread alone."

If we rebuild a world of monopoly and special privilege, we will taste a defeat as bitter as a victory for the Axis powers. Our task and our hope are to release our energies for creative effort. Surely one of the great freedoms is the freedom to produce—and active, progressive, expanding production is the chief source of social welfare which we so much desire.

The individual is still the supreme unit in creation. His survival in terms of personal responsibility for his own progress and security must be preserved at any cost. But the earth-shattering struggle through which we are now passing has forever proved the worth of unified and co-operative effort. If as nations we can work together in defense and attack, we can work together in the great business of reconstruction. Competition is inherent in freedom, for free men have the right to excel. But we have learned to temper the brutality of competition with the spirit of fair play.

This is our job—the United States, Great Britain—all of the Allied powers. The future is ours together to make of it what we will.

—Emily Vanderbilt Hammond.

☐ There have been "impossible" things accomplished in twelve short months.

## *What a Year Hath Wrought*

*Glenn Clark*

NOVEMBER 1, 1942, and November 1, 1943 are the most fateful dates in modern history. Between them an entire new age was born. The first date marked the end of continuous defeats and the beginning of continuous victories for the Allied cause. The second date saw the Russian armies cut the last door of escape to the German armies in the Crimea and witnessed the official announcement of united plans of the three great winning powers.

And yet by November 1 the second front so insistently urged by the Russians has not as yet really started. Victory has come faster than anyone ever dreamed it would come. What was the cause?

Some of us believe it was because of the Third Front, not just the Third Front started by Glenn Harding, Starr Daily and myself, but the Third Front of Love and Prayer springing up all over the world. During those twelve months, beginning on November 1, 1942, Schools of Prayer were conducted in all the largest cities of the United States, Camps and Ashrams were held in every section of the country, great reservoirs of prayer were

discovered and armies of praying people were sending, as individuals and groups, prayer and love all over the world. Prayer all over the world has been going up, from the Big Ben Prayer Minute in England where thousands pause at the same time, nine o'clock in the evening, for a minute of silent prayer, to the Prayer Tower covering every part of America where every hour of the twenty-four is covered. There is also the Cape Cod Plan quite widely spread which has enlisted thousands in many cities to pause for a moment of prayer at noon each day with the simple words, "Father, Thy will be done through me." The Catholic Church holds prayers regularly among its people, and orthodox Jews and other groups give much time to fasting and prayer.

Perhaps never in history since the Garden of Eden has there been so much concerted prayer going up.

The underlying spiritual forces operating in this war would require a book to relate in detail and then only a beginning would be made. Suffice to say that in no war, at least in my lifetime, has so much attention been given, and



in the right way, to prayer and devotion to the high things of the Spirit. More chaplains and better trained for the purpose are doing splendid work with the soldier boys. Buildings for religious services are furnished by the army and navy, which was not the case in former wars. Never were there so many generals in high places with such high regard for religion as can be found on the allied fronts. Stonewall Jackson of Civil War days stands out as unique in his rigid consecration to the Lord, but where there was one Stonewall Jackson in his time there are a dozen of that kind today.

General Montgomery, who neither drinks nor smokes, but reads the Bible and prays, is known everywhere as the most God-fearing and pious of generals. Both his father and grandfather were ministers, the latter being the author of the famous hymn which gave the title to my book, "The Soul's Sincere Desire." General Doty, who carried Malta through the greatest bombing siege ever inflicted upon any bastion in history, simply lives, moves and has his being in the Gospel. General MacArthur has a faith that would put most of ours to shame. When leading the Rainbow division in the First World War he never wore a helmet nor carried a gas mask, preferring, as he put it, to trust wholly in the Lord. Because every official

report he sends in ends in a prayer or reference in some way to the Lord his associates at first thought it was an affectation, but presently they found it was the life and breath of his very being.

Outer victory has been moving toward us, but winning the inner victory, the triumph of the inner soul is still a long way off. I don't need to add that the most effective prayers are the prayers that are sent up not in words but in devoted action. The most effective prayers for Asia to be saved for democracy and freedom were the schools, hospitals and churches established in the Philippines and in China by Christian nations. Our selling of scrap iron to Japan to kill defenseless women and children in China was an actual prayer that the same scrap iron would fall some day on our own boys at Pearl Harbor. The bombs England sent to drop on Madrid, the capital of a free democracy, were actual prayers heard in heaven that bombs should some day drop on London. When Hitler destroyed Ledice he was praying a most eloquent prayer for the destruction of Hamburg.

Nations are not destroyed by other nations; they are destroyed or saved by their own prayers. It behooves Britain and America to look well to her own sins and prayers of racial pride and greed of gain and enslavement to the ad-

diction trusts, lest we some day may gather at Belshazzar's feast and see the handwriting on the wall.

The Third Front must redouble its efforts, not this time to win the war, but to win the peace. May

we all unite in visioning Christ in complete control of all the people of all the nations, from the humblest peasant to the highest rulers. Let us continue to be channels for the Love of God to be broadcast to all the world.

### LEISURE

What is this life if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare?

No time to stand beneath the boughs,  
And stare as long as sheep or cows,

No time to see, when woods we pass,  
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,  
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,  
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can  
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

—W. H. Davies.

## G-Men at Prayer

With the troubled world about us, destroying all sense of proportion and perspective, it is enlightening to turn our thoughts inward. Introspection makes us both proud and humble—proud of our humanity, and humble before our God.

In the solitude of such meditations we can then truly lift our hearts in prayer—in thanksgiving for the blessings of the past and in petition for their continuance in the future. Then, with renewed strength of mind and spirit, we are ready to face the world again with a new determination.

One of the best methods of such introspection is by means of a retreat. A short time spent in silence and prayer and meditation can do much to revitalize and strengthen character.

For three days recently, a group of so-called G-men, members of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, made such a retreat at Manresa-on-Severn, just across from the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Composed of many men of many

nationalities and of many religious faiths, the Bureau has moulded these men, as if by magic, into one man, into one family, dedicated to one objective, the quest for truth in all things. And the secret of this unity and uniformity is written in one word: Character.

The picture that America has not yet seen is the picture of the G-men at prayer. Catholic, Protestant, and Jew, they gathered at Manresa, slept under one roof, supped together at table, relaxed on the porch, and attended exercises in the chapel with real fidelity and deep devotion. They were all good men, trying to make themselves still better men, in the sight of God. It was the special privilege of the fathers attached to Manresa to see the picture of the G-men at prayer unfold hour by hour, and one could have wished that all America might have seen and heard what went on in the little chapel. No one could doubt that in the final analysis the real strength of these men was the spiritual strength that comes from within.

From the *Congressional Record*, June 3, 1943.

☐ "Only the whole can be perfect,  
the part is necessarily incomplete."

## Oeness

J. William Lloyd

THERE is but One. Call it what you please, the Universe, or God, or by any other name, it is the same. Separateness cannot be real, but must be a sort of illusion, for everything is related and cemented on every side. There is, philosophers say, "no vacuum in nature," which is confession of oneness and continuity.

But if separateness is not actual it is apparent and relative. When we touch a man's fingernail we touch him, but it is not the same as touching a nerve, it is not the same to touch the nerve as to touch the brain. While life and a sort of intelligence are everywhere, they are not the same in degree or expression, they differ in consciousness.

Just as in man, while he is one, there is a part where consciousness, intelligence, and volition are especially located, and the other parts differ in their greater or less resemblance to it; so in the Universal One there probably, somewhere, is a part which is "God" or "Father," and other parts may be classified by their

greater or less resemblance to it. There are, then, two aspects of the Divine—God in the peculiar or personal sense, and God in the inclusive sense, who is the All-in-All, the inclusive One, the Infinite. Not that these are really separate, or two, for they are really One, but that thus the mind may the more conveniently handle the subject.

And this too was in my thought, that there was really, all the time, but One Individual in all the Universe, constituting it, but multitudes of apparent individuals or forms, and in each apparent individual a consciousness of the Real Individual, mingled with and modified by a greater or less illusion of separateness causing the part, or form, to regard itself for a time as a separate individual. To lose this apprehension of individuality would be annihilation; therefore it is the thing that seems sure to us. Like the forking fingers of the hand, we are separate and yet not separate, but one through the arm; like the branches of a river, we are apart, yet all in one in the main current. The less selfish we are,

From *Dawn-Thought*, by J. William Lloyd, published by The Lloyd Group, 1904.

that is, the less we feel ourselves separate selves, the nearer we come to the Center, approach to which is our law of growth, and in our growth is our happiness.

In affirming all religions, all philosophies, all sciences, all faiths, all earnest teachers, as true, it destroys antagonisms, prejudice, and bitterness, and creates true tolerance, respect, and fraternity. "Do you love me?" means "Do you see the same truth?" says Emerson. And until men are reconciled about truth they can never be reconciled at all, and "love your neighbor" will be an impracticable precept.

One of the first and most striking things about this philosophy is its effect upon the spirits of the believer. It is infinite in its possibilities of mental cheer. It fills at once the life of the meanest man with dignity and grace—for he is not only a child of God but one with Him. All powers, all forces, all possessions, are his. His immortality is assured, made fast by every promise and every fact. No

We of this generation who are privileged to help make a better world for ourselves and for posterity should remember that, while we must not be visionary, we must have vision so that peace should not be punitive in spirit and should not be provincial or even continental in concept, but universal in scope and humanitarian in action, for science has so annihilated distance that what affects one people must of necessity affect all other peoples.

—Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek, in an address to Congress,  
February 18, 1943.

longer is there need of worry about time. You have all the time there is and all eternity too is yours. You no longer dread death; it is only one of the necessary changes and progressive steps which lead to your inheritance.

Another beautiful corollary is the fraternal feeling evoked. All men are his brothers. To love his neighbor as himself is to him no empty precept, but a logical necessity of his faith. All other human beings whatsoever are a part of his very body and soul.

This gives me the first and only explanation of evil that has for a moment satisfied me. Only the whole can be perfect, the part is necessarily incomplete. Any partition whatever, then, in the universe, and any separateness, real or apparent, any distance from the Divine, must mean incompleteness; and to be incomplete is to be imperfect, and to be imperfect is, necessarily and inevitably, to be subject to all the evils that only completeness and perfection can remedy.

☐ "When you pray with utter confidence, your prayers will be answered."

## Your Prayers Are Answered

William C. Taggart  
Chaplain, U. S. Army Air Force

I BELIEVE in prayer. I believe in it both because of my own experience and because of what I have seen and heard as a chaplain with our forces in the field.

During the last thirty years religion has been frequently watered down with social service. The church has too often turned from matters that concern the individual to the problems of people in the mass. Prayer has become, if not an empty form, at least a ritual which has lost a great deal of its meaning.

But now we are learning again that prayer works for the individual. Where I have been, it's got to.

In the Southwest Pacific battle zone the tempo of existence is stepped up. Weeks, months, years of ordinary living are crowded into a single hour. All the courage and self-sacrifice, all the loneliness and terror of a lifetime may be compressed into a few brief minutes.

Under these conditions diluted faith is not enough. At the front, a man needs his religion straight.

And when he prays, he wants his answer in a hurry.

I am an Air Force chaplain. For more than a year I have lived with men whose daily job is to risk their lives in combat with the enemy. Unless I can give them the assurance that their prayers will be heard, I have nothing to offer them.

I have seen these men go off on missions never to return. I know what they think and feel. I know how they pray.

One of our Flying Fortresses was forced down at sea on its way back to Australia. The crew of nine was given up for lost. Weeks later, nine bearded, disheveled men straggled into camp, and I had the story of their rescue from Major Allen Lindberg of Westfield, N. J., pilot of the plane.

"It was before dawn when we crashed," Lindberg told me. "We just had time to shove off on two rubber rafts, without a crumb of food or a drop of water."

"A grim outlook," I suggested.

"Grim enough. The boys were pretty well worried—all except Hernandez. Right away that lad from Dallas started praying, and

pretty soon he startled us by announcing that help was on the way. He didn't know how or when, but something told him that we would be saved."

At the first opportunity I questioned Sergeant Hernandez about his part in the adventure.

"It's the gospel truth," he said. "I'd only been praying a few minutes when I felt like God had heard me and was taking a hand to help us out. From then on, no matter how bad things got, I was sure we would come through."

The major continued: "You've no idea what hell is like until you have been crowded with four other men on a rubber bubble built for three, and left to drift beneath a broiling sun. Toward evening we thought we saw peaks of mountains to the west. When they dissolved into mist, Hernandez just prayed harder. He got the rest of us to pray and sing with him. We sang 'Rock of Ages,' and 'Lead, Kindly Light.'

"The second day our lips were too cracked and our tongues too swollen for much singing. But the prayers never stopped.

"Then something happened. We felt a current reach us and carry us along. Before nightfall we saw the silhouette of palm trees, the white streak of surf, and—almost beyond belief—the black hulls of three outrigger canoes.

"Our rescuers were Australian

aborigines—black-skinned, kinky-headed fishermen from the mainland several hundred miles away. They told us that the day before they had been homeward bound with their catch, when a strange urge came over them. Something impelled them to change their course, and steer for this uninhabited and worthless bit of coral."

Yes, prayer does work.

I know of men lost and starved in the deserts of Australia, who were found and brought to safety after asking God's help. Of men in bombers shot to pieces by enemy gunfire who, quite literally, "prayed their way" back to base. I know, too, that many appeals uttered by mothers, wives and sweethearts in the United States stretched a protective mantle half around the globe to shield us in the South Pacific.

One high-ranking general told me that he owes his life, in part, to the petitions voiced by his closest friend and former business partner. I myself am living on borrowed time because my parents prayed for me in a situation of great danger.

People everywhere are beginning to pray again—really pray. Millions of Americans who in the past relied on themselves are now reaching out for help.

Men at the fighting fronts have been among the first to draw upon this reservoir of power. It has

been said that there are no atheists in foxholes. It is also a fact that there are few agnostics in the cockpits of riddled bombers, few skeptics among men rescued from the jungles of New Guinea.

One young corporal remarked, "I guess it took this war to bring us to our senses and make us realize our need of God."

Science does not deny the validity of prayer. On the contrary, men of scientific genius are usually men of deep religious faith. Their approach to God is childlike. Because of their trust they are able to tune their minds to the universe and capture a portion of its knowledge—just how, they are often at a loss to explain except on the basis of divine help. George Washington Carver once said of his experiments: "I go into the laboratory, and God tells me what to do." The flash of inspiration that precedes some new discovery or invention is very closely related to the processes of prayer.

Wishing isn't prayer. Neither is mere resignation to what you believe to be God's will. Prayer is a definite act of the mind—a gesture by which the human spirit seeks out the spirit of the universe. In prayer you call upon the Infinite to help. Prayer is far less a thing "asked for" than it is a thing "done"—a reaching forth to link oneself to the sources of celestial power.

One night a group of us were taking a 75-truck convoy of parts and ammunition down an unknown road. We were running under blackout conditions. Enemy patrols were near. I couldn't see any of my companions. But around about me in the darkness I could hear a throaty muttering. The men were praying. Some of the best prayers I know have come from the lips of soldiers previously unreligious, who suddenly in the midst of battle have made their peace with God. One veteran member of a bomber crew confided in me after a particularly hot engagement with Jap Zeros, "Chaplain, we sure prayed all the way home. And God heard us!"

In order for your prayers to work, you've got to make a concentrated mental effort. It is not enough to long for something in a formless sort of way. You can't get there by mere yearning. Prayer is hard work. It requires discipline.

Then again, if you want your appeal to bear fruit, you must think yourself into the situation of the answered prayer, and live and act on that conviction. When you pray, you can't afford to hedge: you've got to stake everything on God's power and willingness to help.

For anyone who uses it intelligently, prayer really provides a sixth sense. And one of the most notable manifestations of that sixth

sense is the inward glow which tells us when our prayers are being answered. I have experienced that sensation many times, and never yet has it misled me.

What can you pray for? Anything that is within heaven's power to grant. But mere possession or enjoyment are about the poorest excuse for asking favors. On the other hand, you may find, as many have, that benefits you haven't asked for come to you as a by-product of your prayers.

In my own case there has never been anything which I, badly needing, have prayed for that has not been granted me. Sometimes it hasn't come in quite the way I expected. Sometimes I have found myself forced to stand aside and watch others complete a task I had expected to perform. But I haven't

minded. For I know that my prayers have been instrumental in putting it across.

It is a mistake to suppose that, just because you have not made a habit of praying regularly, you are stopped from doing so in time of need. The path is always open. But it is equally a mistake to put off praying until trouble looms.

The more you practice prayer, the less difficult you will find it to reach out for help in moments of extremity. Daily prayer provides the strength for daily tasks.

It builds reserves of power for use in emergencies. It can banish fear. It will make your life fuller and richer than you would have believed possible.

When you pray with utter confidence, your prayers will be answered.

### A LIVING SERMON

*Author Unknown*

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day;  
I'd rather one would walk with me than merely tell the way;  
The eye's a better pupil, and more willing, than the ear;  
Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always clear.  
The best of all the preachers are the men that live their creeds,  
For to see good put in action is what everybody needs.

I soon can learn to do it if you'll let me see it done;  
I can watch your hands in action, but your tongue too fast may run.  
The lectures you deliver may be very wise and true,  
But I'd rather get my lesson by observing what you do.  
I may not understand the high advice that you may give,  
But there's no misunderstanding how you act and how you live.

From *The New Century Leader*, June, 1943.

☐ We must learn to believe, if we expect our prayers to be answered.

## Answered Prayers

*Kathleen W. Welch*

ARE our prayers answered? Surely this must depend on how we pray.

While passing through a very trying experience, I was reaching out blindly—praying in the only way I knew how (that is, begging and beseeching) that a certain dire need be met. I kept this up for some time without getting any results. As time passed and the need became more pressing, I turned in desperation to my Bible, asking, as I was often in the habit of doing, for some kind of a message that would guide me. I opened the book and read this verse at Mark 11:24. "Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, *Believe that ye receive them*, and ye shall have them." As these words penetrated my consciousness, it seemed as if a closed door had suddenly opened before me. I read those significant words again. "*Believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them!*" Not "believe that ye shall receive them," but "believe that ye do receive them or have *already* received them!" Had I been believing in this way? Far from it! My thought had been permeated with fear and anxiety. My faith had been a poor thing

at best, a kind of desperate hope that some miracle would happen for my especial benefit. But all the time I was really fearing the worst!

But how silly! How could I possibly believe that my need had already been met? It was absurd! I knew very well it hadn't. I turned to those words again. "Believe that ye have." I got out my Bible concordance. Perhaps if I sought further, the door would open a little wider. Under the word "believe" I found the following references:

And Jesus said unto the centurion, "Go thy way, and as thou hast believed so be it done unto thee." (Matt. 8:13)

And when He was come into the house, the blind man came to Him, and Jesus saith unto them, "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" They said unto Him, "Yea, Lord." Then touched He their eyes, saying, "According to your faith be it unto you." (Matt. 9:28-29)

As soon as Jesus heard the word that was spoken, he said unto the ruler of the synogogue, "Be not afraid, only believe." (Mark 5:36)

And Jesus said unto him, "If

thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." (Mark 9:23)

More and more clearly I realized how far short I had fallen of this utter and complete trust. No wonder I could not get results! Another scriptural verse came to me, "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." Then the message that had been sent to me must mean this, that I was already in possession of the answer to my need. All I needed to do was to know or believe this to be true. I was to know with all the strength of my being that God had already answered my prayer—as the centurion believed that his servant was *already* healed; as the man believed that the power was already present that would cast the deaf and dumb spirits out of his child; as Jesus Himself knew when He said, "I thank Thee, Father" as He was about to call forth Lazarus out of his tomb.

And so I started from that moment to "know" that my prayer was already answered; that I was already in possession of the thing needed; and I began to give thanks for it as Jesus had done. When doubt would try to creep into my thoughts, I would give thanks again. Within a few hours I had the tangible proof of the efficacy of this method of praying in my hands, and many, many times

since, this steadfast "believing" that I have received has worked wonders in my affairs.

Does not this illustrate the truth of the Christ's teaching, "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand"? I remembered a sentence I had once read, "Man never creates, he only re-creates or uncovers what has been there from the beginning." This was certainly true of all the great inventions (so-called). Electricity and its great potential power to help mankind had always been waiting to be discovered, as had other laws governing the radio, airplanes and television. Man, I thought, is simply, by his continued efforts, uncovering more and more of these laws and is learning how to put them to use. And so why should I not believe that by the right kind of prayer I can uncover the answer to my need?

One of the most interesting articles I ever read along this line of thought was one describing the history, character and unusual achievements of Dr. George Washington Carver, a renowned and beloved scientist of Tuskegee Institute in Alabama. When asked how he found time for all his accomplishments, Dr. Carver replied, "Chiefly because I have made it a rule to get up every morning at four o'clock. I go out into the woods. Alone there, while most other people are sleeping, I best hear and understand God's plan for me." Such

simplicity and such faith, resulting in such marvelous achievements!

"Except ye become as little children. . . ." "Draw nigh unto God, and He will draw nigh unto thee."

Our faith must not only be strong and steadfast, it must also be elastic, so that it may stretch from the moment of asking to the moment of receiving. It must be, as it were, a bridge over which our good passes to us, out of the invisible into visible manifestation. A bridge built strongly of courage and a great expectancy of good, of joy and gratitude for good already received. This inner knowing controls our outer experiences.

"Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them (possess them in the invisible), and ye shall have them (in the visible).

It is as well at this point to remember another of Jesus' admonitions. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The Kingdom of God must surely mean the Kingdom of Good, both invisible and visible, but if we in our desires become selfish, mak-

ing "things" of first importance, there will be trouble in store for us, and these "things," even if acquired, will never bring us happiness or peace of mind. So it is well to know as we pray that our true desire is for a greater happiness in one way or another, and that a divine answer to such a desire could never bring harm to ourselves or another, but would be a source of blessing to all concerned.

And as we form this habit of praying, we will find that our desires gradually become purified; they will be more unselfish, and finally, instead of being mere human longings, they will be rather a divine urge of the Father's to express more fully through us—His instruments of expression, and we, if we remain steadfast in our faith will be used more and more as channels of blessing to those around us. As dear old Dr. Carver put it, we shall be better able to "hear and understand God's plan for us."

Yes, I believe with all my heart that our prayer is answered when we steadfastly know that "before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

Friction between men causes more trouble than friction in machines. National teamwork will not come by chance but by change. A lot of people who are talking about national unity are not doing it. We need men who will burn for the nation.

—Duncan Corcoran.

☐ The lad on the raft with Rickenbacker who had a Testament voices his faith in the power of prayer.

## *The Sea-Gull Lighted*

A Conversation with John Bartek

*John Sutherland Bonnell*

I WAS privileged to have lunch recently with a friend and the "little engineer" from Rickenbacker's party, John Bartek. The latter still bore on his face the signs of the experiences through which he had passed, and he still had difficulty in walking because of the sun blisters on his feet that had not completely healed. But there was a light in his face and eyes that told of a great spiritual experience. He said:

"The first few days out, the boys were not much interested in my Bible. Their eyes were glued on the sky, looking for rescue planes. And then as the days and nights dragged slowly by with no sign of rescuers and our hope began to die, they wanted to know what was written in the Book. By and by we read its message and we prayed together."

"Johnny," I said, "I should like you to tell me which verses meant most to you. Ever since I read the report of your experiences I have wanted to know this."

"Well, I will tell you. I have got them here." He pulled out of his pocket a New Testament. "This

happened when we were starving. We knew that it would only be a few hours more, or a day or two at most, before we would die, one by one. One of the boys said, 'Johnny, what have you got in that Book? Read it to us again.' I opened it again and this time it opened at the sixth chapter of Matthew, and I began to read to the men in the three rafts which were tied together:

*Therefore take no thought, (be not anxious) saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? . . . For your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.*

Johnny continued, "I looked up there and said, 'I know that that is God's promise to us.'"

"Captain Cherry said, 'Johnny, you're right. God is going to send us food. I know He will.'"

"Three hours later the seagull lighted on Rickenbacker's head. And the boys thanked God for the fulfillment of His promise."

Then Johnny said, as he looked at me, "Some people may say there

is no God. I don't care *what* they say. I *know* there is one, for He came to us when we needed Him most."

Later, Johnny added: "There is another incident that happened. On the raft which was the first to sight the island of refuge, there was an officer and two soldiers, utterly and completely exhausted. The island was about a mile away. The officer's strength was almost gone. He knew that he couldn't paddle the rubber boat to the wel-

coming shores of the island. And quite unashamedly he knelt in the boat and asked God to give him strength to paddle to the shore of that island from which we were drifting.

"The captain said that he could almost feel the strength flowing into every nerve and muscle of his body. Not only did he paddle the boat to the shore, but he carried his two comrades, one by one, to the other side of the island and to safety."

You cannot see the ether waves and electrical energies which produce the music on your radio. You cannot feel them, smell them or taste them. They are utterly beyond the grasp of any or all of your five senses. Someone may draw a fanciful diagram to suggest what he thinks these waves and energies may be like. But what they are in themselves neither he nor anyone else has the slightest idea. God too is beyond the grasp of our five senses. They are not fitted to apprehend his type of being. Yet God is real, as real as anything we know. Through what he does everywhere about us, we can find him. Out of the silence of the heart God's voice comes to us.

—Gordon Gilkey.

A celebrated actor, well-known for his eloquent recital of the twenty-third Psalm, was present on one occasion when the reverent words were spoken by an elderly clergyman.

"My friends," the actor said when it came his time to speak. "When I recite that Psalm, I reach your eyes and ears. This man reached your hearts; I happen to know the twenty-third Psalm—this man knows the Shepherd."

—*Religious Digest*, September, 1943.

☐ Miracles are being reported as "news" in our papers and weekly journals.

## Press Comments on Current Events

Lass Home: Gracie Fields, the "Lancashire Lass" of radio and the theater, came back from a tour of the Mediterranean fronts for the Entertainment National Services Association (British equivalent of the USO). Most-requested songs during her trip were "Ave Maria" (by British boys) and "The Lord's Prayer" (by Americans).

*Newsweek*, October 18, 1943.

Harlan, Ky.—Rescuers today dug from earth and debris the bodies of 12 men who perished in a coal mine explosion, but six others, saved by their own ingenuity, walked out alive.

The six had been trapped for 12 hours, but they had erected a barricade which protected them from poisonous fumes.

The hero of the little band of entombed men was Shelley Farley, 42, who led them in prayer and thought of the barricade, which shut poison gas from their corner of the mine shaft. The barricade was constructed hastily out of old mine ties, boards, clothing and debris.

Farley took charge immediately after the blast. He ordered the men not to smoke and set up a rationing system to conserve their meager water supply.

They passed the time praying and guessing the time they would be rescued. Farley missed the time by five minutes. He guessed 10 p. m., and fellow miners reached them at 10:05.

As the six men walked from the mine entrance two hours later, Farley said:

"The Old Man was looking at us. We have to face our Maker some time—and we faced Him tonight."

*Minneapolis Star-Journal*, September 27, 1943.

Lawrence H. Smith, member of the United States Congress and distinguished Christian layman, ended a report on peace plans to his constituency with these words:

"Test the intent of every sentence, every paragraph with the question: Does it square with the Christ principle? That is the only sure way to achieve lasting peace."

If we had more men in Washington thinking like that our world would soon throb with a transfusion of fresh hope. Why don't we have more men like that in Congress?

From "*Between the Lines*," June 7, 1943.

New York—You may not believe it if you're an ardent booster of boogie, barrelhouse and blues, but it's hymns, not hotcha, that our fighting men want.

They have written tons of mail requesting hymns from two of radio's popular songsters, Morton Downey, the Irish tenor usually identified with romantic ballads, and Vivien, the Hour of Charm's blond coloratura.

"Nothing like this has ever happened to me," Downey declared, admitting that he was completely unprepared for the demand for religious songs. He answered his fans by singing "The Old Rugged Cross."

The result was another avalanche of letters, some signed by as many as twelve to eighteen servicemen, requesting favorite hymns.

"The greatest number of requests for hymns," Downey said, "come from mothers with sons in the service, and from chaplains and the boys themselves, both in this country and overseas."

"It's the only thing that people facing an uncertain future can really put their faith in. You find Bible sales booming; books with a religious twist like 'The Robe' and 'The Song of Bernadette' heading the best-sellers; songs like 'Say a Prayer for the Boys Over There' and 'Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition' becoming top tunes.

"They all answer a real need. A hymn may even turn out to be the top song of this war," declared Vivien, whose real name is Hollace Shaw. Daughter of a Fresno, Calif., minister, and sister of a chaplain with the Armed Forces in New Guinea, Miss Shaw—who as a kid "had to learn every hymn that was ever written"—was among the first to notice that hymns really were hits.

She became aware of it a few weeks before Pearl Harbor, she explained, when the Hour of Charm did a Thanksgiving prayer program and the fan mail response was terrific, with people requesting "Abide With Me," "Rock of Ages," "Holy, Holy, Holy," or whatever happened to be their favorite.

It was decided to feature a hymn on the program every week, and Hollace Shaw got the spotlight assignment as the hymn-girl.

*St. Paul Pioneer-Press*, October, 1943.

Leonard Lyons, columnist, says:

"What do you think of our vice president, Henry Wallace?" I asked Rivera. He sighed: "A good man—but he prays to God too much." "And what's wrong with that?" I asked him. The one-time friend of Stalin, the man who had given refuge to Leon Trotsky, replied: "It's bad for Wallace to pray to God too much—it postpones the revolution."

*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, September 11, 1943.



The North American Newspaper Alliance is authority for the following:

New York, Aug. 27.—A feeling of nearness to a Supreme Being which aviators experience is described in a letter of consolation from a flier in headquarters squadron of the 1st air force:

"My deepest sympathy is always for the sorrow of those left behind because so often they cannot understand the philosophy of those of us who fly," stated the letter signed Glen F. Philips at Mitchel Field and addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Salvage.

"When a man has spent hundreds of hours in the air," the letter continued, "he finds quite a change taking place in himself. Those hours are spent (many of them in solitude) in an entirely different world from that to which he was formerly accustomed. Up there he has plenty of time to think as he views the limitless expanse surrounding him and breathes the pure air that has not been soiled by our earthly life.

"He cannot keep from realizing his proximity to a Supreme Being and feels His hand guiding and holding the plane aloft. Actually he is sorry for the unfortunate earth-bound people who never have experienced the privilege of such solitary communion. So beautiful are some of the sights viewed by a pilot that he can almost feel that he has been permitted to glimpse what lies beyond.

"It is because of these thoughts and feelings that a pilot has no fear of what is to come. He knows that he is always welcome and has been so close so many times that he nearly knows what to expect."

Chicago.—Sayed Mehrem, who claimed to be 132 years old and said he was born in Egypt while Napoleon still ruled Europe, took the secret of his actual age into the mystery of death today.

The patriarch, with skin the hue of yellowed papyrus and a fringe of white hair, died in the Cook County hospital where he was taken three weeks ago.

His philosophy of longevity was:

"Self harmony is the key to serene and long living. I pray five times a day, which is restful and helps rebuild the body tissues."

Minneapolis *Star-Journal*, September 9, 1943.

"O Gracious Lord,  
 "I place my hand in Thine with all love and trust and confidence, for Thou art indeed my Lord. From the unreal lead me to the Real, from darkness lead me to Light, from death lead me to Life Eternal. At Thy feet and in the Light of Thy Holy Presence, I strive to realize what I am. I am not this body which belongs to the world of shadows; I am not the desires which affect it; I am not the thoughts which fill my mind; I am not the mind itself. I am the Divine Flame within my heart,

eternal, immortal, ancient, without beginning, without end. More radiant than the sun in all his noon-day glory, purer than the snow, untouched, unsullied by the hand of matter; more subtle than the ether is the Spirit within my heart.

"I worship Thee. I adore Thee; Thou my Life, my Breath, my Being, my All. I am in Thee and Thou art in me. Lead me, O Gracious Lord, through Thy il-limitable Love to union with Thee, and the Heart of Eternal Love.

"In Thy Love I rest for evermore. Amen."

From the *Aquarian Age*, May-June, 1924.

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

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

State of Minnesota }  
County of Ramsey } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Glenn Clark, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of Clear Horizons and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macalester Park Publishing Co., 1674 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; Editor, Glenn Clark, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; Managing Editor, Helen C. Wentworth, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; Business Manager, Helen C. Wentworth, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn. 2. That the owners are: Glenn Clark, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn., and Helen Wentworth, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contains not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed, Glenn Clark, Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1943. (Seal) Fernan N. Budolfson, Notary Public. (My commission expires November 14, 1947.)

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

## WHAT OUR READERS WRITE US

CLEAR HORIZONS is a wonderful little magazine, and every issue makes one wish for more money to send it to others. I share my copies quite a little, and am sending a back issue (none are out-of-date in material) in each overseas Christmas box.

The Rev. and Mrs. Edwin E. Malone,  
Los Molinos, California.

Each issue of CLEAR HORIZONS brings me joy. Your special Introductory Offer for the Christmas issue makes it possible for me to send this special greeting to all my friends. Thank you for this inspiring magazine.

Lillian Ross,  
Kerrville, Texas.

CLEAR HORIZONS is the finest magazine I get and I subscribe to about twenty, all first class ones. Not the usual run. I want to share it.

Mrs. William L. Garver,  
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

## Housecleaning

Rachel Olson

I cleaned my house this morning  
And say, it was a mess!  
I threw away a lot of things  
I thought I loved the best:  
A soft old chair that kept me there  
When there were things to do,  
Some old out-moded pictures  
On how to muddle through;  
A seat of hate, a bed of doubt,  
Some ugly seeds I'd sown,  
My vanity, two bins of sins,  
Some fears that I'd outgrown.  
And when I'd rearranged the place  
I thought it would look bare,  
But lo! my love seat filled the room  
And Christ was sitting there.

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## Identification

Mary Welch

I knew my heart would know Him  
Whenever we should meet,  
For I had gathered tokens  
For recognition sweet;

I knew from noonday splendor  
His countenance was bright,  
And from night's golden galaxies  
Caught whispers: "He is Light."

I glimpsed His wondrous beauty  
In a spotless lily's face;  
I sensed He would be gentle  
From a spider's web of lace.

In one dear friend He lent me  
I memorized His smile;  
I learned of grace abounding  
As I went a second mile.

One day I found His pity  
In a small boy's tender eyes  
As he nursed a fallen sparrow  
And restored it to the skies.

I saw His great forgiveness  
When I watched a mother weep

From wounds her son inflicted  
Then kiss him in his sleep.

I embraced His matchless meekness  
When Pride had brought me low;  
I touched His boundless mercy  
When He loosed and let me go.

I tasted of His patience  
Through persecution's pain;  
I found His rich redemption  
When I loved my foes again.

These golden threads I gathered  
And wound on spindles fair  
For matching with the garment  
I knew that He would wear.

Meanwhile, unseen, His shuttles  
Were weaving from above  
In seamless, whole perfection  
The mantle of His love.

One day I felt His mantle  
My ragged self embrace—  
I stooped to kiss the hemline  
And met Him face to face!

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