

# Clear Horizons

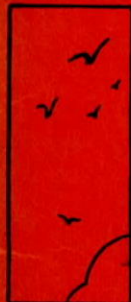
*A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living*

## THE SIMPLICITY OF THE LIFE OF PRAYER

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## Clear Horizons

VOL. 5, NO. 2

OCTOBER, 1944

These days of priorities and scarcities have made us return to a greater simplicity in living, not only in business and everyday affairs, but also in the realm of religion. More people are interested in prayer. Men and women want to feel the reality of the Christian experience.

What we are hoping and praying for is that we, and all the Christian world, could return to the simple faith of the twelve who walked and talked with Jesus, who studied with Him and accepted His teachings and His miracles without question. Then we would accept His words: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go to the Father."

Greater things have been done in medicine, science and the arts. His disciples would have considered the airplane, telephone, telegraph, electricity and anaesthetics as miracles. And are they not?

If we but had the starry-eyed wonder of the little child as we look at the wonders of nature and science; and if we but had the zestful expectancy of the youth as we face each day, we would be meeting with thrilling adventures and finding joy in living and the peace that passeth understanding.

So it is the SIMPLICITY OF LIFE, and the easy way that miracles happen when you are ready for them, that we want to stress in this number of CLEAR HORIZONS.

## CLEAR HORIZONS

*A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living*

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Published July, October, January, April

By

MACALESTER PARK PUBLISHING COMPANY

1674 Grand Avenue

ST. PAUL 5, MINNESOTA

### SUBSCRIPTIONS

SINGLE ISSUES 25c      1 YEAR \$1.00      3 YEARS \$2.50

*Two or More Additional Subscriptions, Accompanying Original Order, 75c Each*

In Canada, 25c per year additional for each subscription.

Entered as second-class matter September 19, 1940, at the Post Office at St. Paul, Minn., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

OCTOBER, 1944

# Clear Horizons

*An Adventure in Solving Problems in a Heavenly Way*

Fifth Year

Volume 5, No. 2

☐ Even though things seem impossible,  
God can perform miracles.

## Parson Sand's Miracles

Barbara Webb

ALWAYS before in crisis, Parson Sand had been able to pray. Even through that terrible period of his youth when faith left him for a season, prayer had been possible. When Miriam died, leaving him with Jesse, their only child, a boy of six, prayer had sustained Parson Sand. Only now, in extremest need of help for another as well as himself, prayer was blocked by a yellow oblong lying on his desk.

"... regrets, your son Captain Jesse Sand, missing in action."

The telephone rang. Still kneeling, he answered: "Jehu Sand speaking."

"Jehu, I want you to listen to me, and don't interrupt what I have to say."

That would be Tilch Adams calling. No one else used the given name, or opened conversation with abrupt demands. Parson Sand made an indeterminate sound, and the voice went on:

"I've just talked long distance with Orion College. We've decided you're the best bet for the chair of philosophy for the summer session starting in ten days. Now here's what I want you to do. There's a train to Orion at twelve-forty-seven, gets in around three. I told President Hollins you'd be down today and would call him when you got there. You can settle everything in a couple of hours this evening. Is that clear, Jehu? Well, why don't you say something?"

From *Collier's* for June 17, 1944.

Parson Sand cleared his throat. "Just what, Tilch, shall I teach the students . . . that I am a Christian, therefore a philosopher, or that I am a philosopher, ergo a Christian?"

"Whichever you like," said Tilch. "It won't make any difference. Philosophy's a required course at Orion. Now look here, Jehu, it's time you came down out of your ivory tower. You've sat there for the last fifteen years editing *Modern Faith*. You're soft. You know nothing but the literary angle. Jesse told me that himself just before he left, said he wished you'd take a parish again. Well, you're too old and out of touch for that. I wish you weren't, we've lost so many men to chaplaincies. By the way, what do you hear from Jesse?"

In the seconds before he answered, faith spoke to Parson Sand. It said, "Neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

Tilch made an impatient noise. "I asked you what you hear from Jesse."

"He's—he's all right, Tilch. He's safe. I'll go to Orion. Good-by."

On the train a new agony began. Men in uniform, fresh-faced,

cheerful-voiced, were fellow passengers.

How much had Tilch suspected? He would think about Tilch, solid and real through all the years. They'd roomed together in college, an odd pair—Jehu poor and shabby, Tilch even then, as beneficiary of a fabulous trust fund, give to large gestures. The carillon in the chapel, for example.

"Why should you do such a thing?" Jehu asked, when Tilch announced his intention.

"Why shouldn't I? Even though I'm majoring in ethics instead of religion, I certainly go for beauty, and I like the sound of bells, bells at sunset."

One evening after the installation, Jehu watched the sun go down behind the hill crowned by the college chapel. The cross on the spire gleamed slender and strong. It was visible always from the poorest and the finest houses in the town. It was higher than all the halls of learning. His call to the ministry came clear that evening, and he sat on alone, pondering the future.

A spring thunderstorm darkened the countryside. Lights came on in the car. The window through which Parson Sand stared gave him back curious half-reflections of his own face. It reminded him he'd thought nothing at all, seriously, of the purpose of this trip.

"I'm running away," and,

"running away, running away," said the train wheels all the rest of the journey to Orion.

He was the only passenger to leave the train there. The station was closed. It had been years since he visited the town. The one hotel stood, he believed, north along the main street and near the college. Carrying his light bag, he began to walk in that direction.

Houses grew dingy. A factory bore a placard. "War Industry. Night workers wanted." Children played in the streets. For the first time in years, Parson Sand found himself in the midst of squalor.

Ahead of him now lay the outskirts of the town. He was about to turn back when the steeple of a church, silhouetted against the descending sun, caught his attention. Association, of course, just so had a cross against the sky once claimed his life. His steps quickened. If the church were open, he would go in. Perhaps he could pray inside walls where hundreds of others had knelt to ask strength.

A sagging fence surrounded the churchyard. Weeds grew high. Windows showed jagged panes. Parson Sand felt an unreasonable dismay. This then was an abandoned church. He would, he decided, go in.

He paused at the gate. Very plain, built in the salt-box style of colonial times, the church stood. Tilting himself back, Parson Sand

stared at the cross surmounting the spire. It leaned a little awry and he wished, mildly, that he could set it straight.

There was a sign on the door. Parson Sand got the gate open, went along the flagged walk, mounted the steps and read:

"This desirable property will be sold at public auction at 10 o'clock, May 17th. Sealed bids may be submitted until midnight of the 16th. The trustees reserve the right to reject any and all bids."

Several names and an address were appended. Parson Sand read them carefully, then tried the door. It yielded with a groan and he walked through the dark vestibule into the body of the church.

Dusty windows showed a twilight emptiness. The altar was bare. He stood still, hearing the small sound of mice, the creaks and rustles, the faint squeakings of old timbers.

The noises fused, grew into a murmur, and suddenly Parson Sand was aware of the presence of many people. He could not see them, or distinguish any words they spoke. But they were there, men and women and children, asking pardon, giving thanks, receiving help, raising the ghostly whisper of hymns. Presently through this murmur a voice spoke to Parson Sand.

"Take me," it said. "Take me and use me again for the comfort

of the sick and the well, the lost and the found. Give me life again."

Bewildered, even a little frightened, Parson Sand stood hearkening as the voice blended with the building's murmur.

"But I am an old man," said Parson Sand aloud. "I haven't had a parish in years. I haven't preached a sermon in a . . . in a decade. I—I couldn't."

But the voice was inexorable. It spoke through all the waste and disrepair, urgently, compellingly, until Parson Sand turned and fled back to the open air.

He paused at the gate. Waning light made the church momentarily beautiful. Slowly, Parson Sand walked away.

Two vacant lots away from the church stood a small house with a dilapidated trailer in its drive. A singular compulsion led Parson Sand into the yard where some children were playing marbles. They stared up at him, and he stared back, his face too stiff for smiling.

He asked, finally, "Do you, any of you, go to Sunday school over there?" He pointed to the church.

The children answered the stupid question matter-of-factly. "Naw," said one.

"Nobody goes there no more," said a second.

"Where do you go to Sunday school?" he asked.

The game of marbles came to a

full stop. Another child, a girl of perhaps twelve, said after a pause, "We don't go to no Sunday school, nowhere."

"Well," said Parson Sand, feeling a fool, "that's too bad. Suppose there was a Sunday school over there, would you go?"

Silence and a few headshakes were his answers.

Parson Sand returned to the church. The emptiness spoke only of dust and neglect now. He hesitated; then from long habit, knelt in the rear pew. A pang smote him as his knees took his body's weight. Just so, in this attitude, in a hundred churches he had prayed for pardon, for guidance and then, reaching through his own imperfections for the love of God, he had prayed for others, for Jesse.

His memory touched the name. A barrier yielded. "Our Father, keep him, guard him, sustain him." Broken but effective prayer, it steadied into petitions that wove around his absent son the cloak of endurance and faith.

There were tears on his face when he raised his head. "I can pray. I can pray again," he said aloud. Gratitude filled him, and in its wake, knowledge. "Here," said the inner voice, "you have had the gift of prayer restored. Here is your work!"

He held himself very still, accepting this. Presently he turned and went outside.

"This desirable property will be sold."

Very well, thought Parson Sand, I shall buy it.

He sat down on the top step to consider. He had a vague idea of the total amount of his savings, but they would suffice. The call was too clear to admit of doubt on that score. There were some bonds, some investments. That banker in Baltimore would know the amount, arrange to cover the check Parson Sand was about to write. "I'll telephone him first thing in the morning."

He searched in his wallet for a blank check. The War Department telegram was in the same fold. Two buff-colored slips of paper, thought Parson Sand and: Related, yes, as all life was related if you trusted the dear God enough.

He turned the message over, rested it on his bag and wrote a memorandum to himself:

"1. My son is not absent from the love of God.

2. Jesse will return to find me busy with our Heavenly Father's work.

3. This community needs a church. 'Feed my sheep,' said my Master who also gave me back the power to pray in this very church for the first time since this message came.

4. I offer for the resurrection of Gilead Chapel all that I am and

can, with God's help, become. Jehu Sand."

The summary pleased him. He reread it, folded it, then flattened out the blank check. Five thousand dollars seemed a good round sum, and surely the property was worth no more than that. The check bore his name and Baltimore address. He filled in the amount and below it wrote firmly: "My bid for the property known as Gilead Chapel."

From his traveling bag, he took a stamped envelope, placed the check in it, sealed and addressed it to the trustees named on the placard. He closed the door lovingly, walked to the corner, mailed his bid, and caught a bus to the hotel. He had his dinner, went early to bed and slept dreamlessly all through the night.

In the morning, he telephoned his bank; then, his mind at ease, he followed his heart back to Gilead Chapel.

Approached from another direction and seen by morning light, it looked less desolate, Parson Sand thought. He entered, knelt and experienced again the joy of creative prayer. He went on in orderly fashion, to contemplate practical matters—cleaning, window glass, paint, announcement of the first service. He was deep in mental selection of hymns for that occasion, and had decided on The Church's One Foundation when a sound made him turn his head.

If the devil in full panoply of flame had appeared, Parson Sand could have been no more astounded. This devil, if such it was, wore a red sports shirt open at the neck and a Panama hat well back on his head. He had a cheerful, florid, middle-aged face and beefy hands, one of which he made into a fist to smite the back of the pew across from Parson Sand a resounding blow.

"Wanted to see if the wood was sound. Been all over the under-pinnings. No termites anywhere." He eyed Parson Sand, took in the clerical garb, and removed his hat, saying, "Didn't notice you were a preacher. Used to dish it out here, did you?"

"No, no. My service here won't begin for, well, I hope to be ready for the first one in, let us say, a fortnight from the day after tomorrow."

"Two weeks from the day of the sale," came the translation. "H'mmm. Well, I hate to discommode your plans, but I'm fixing to buy this place myself, and I don't aim to hold church services in it."

"But," said Parson Sand, sincerely sorry for the other's doomed hopes, "you see, I am buying this church myself."

"Oh, you are! Well, Andy Gelk has something to say about that, and I'm Andy Gelk."

"My name is Jehu Sand," said

the parson, adding as he held out his hand, "I'm generally called Parson Sand."

Mr. Gelk accepted the hand and shook it heartily. "Glad to know you, Parson," and then, "Mean to say you never heard of me?"

"I'm sorry, I never have."

"Andy Gelk's Bowling Alleys? Andy Gelk's Dine and Dances? Andy Gelk's Recreation Rendezvous? That's what this is going to be, a Recreation Rendezvous. Look, you saw them pews in half, move 'em to the side walls, face 'em in, put a slab table between 'em, and what've you got? Booths. Wax the floor. Put a juke box on that platform up there and call in the boys and girls. It's a natural. And think of the publicity! Andy Gelk turns useless church into recreation center. It's a natural, I tell you."

"But, but surely the trustees who hold the title now would never let . . ."

"Oh, wouldn't they? They got good uses for money, and I've got good money for them. How much you fixing to offer?"

"Everything that I have," Parson Sand replied.

Gelk was impressed. His face sobered. "Say, tell me, just who do you represent, anyhow?"

"You might say," said Parson Sand, "that I represent the Lord."

The answer restored Gelk's composure. "And you might say," he

returned, "that I represent the devil, and he's got plenty on the ball these days."

"If I were a betting man," said Parson Sand, "I would lay you a wager that you do not buy Gilead Chapel."

"Well, I am a betting man and lucky to boot. Name your bet."

Parson Sand considered. "Can you sing?" he asked.

"Sure, I can sing. What'll you have?"

"The church's one foundation," intoned Parson Sand.

"Is Jesus Christ her Lord," responded Andy Gelk, in a robust tenor.

Gelk, rather red in the face, said, "Now what in hell made me do that? Sounded good, didn't it? My mother was strictly for church, made me learn all them songs."

"It was very nice, indeed," said Parson Sand. "Now the wager is this: If you get possession of Gilead Chapel, I shall attend in person its opening as a recreation center."

"What good would that be to me?"

"It would disarm any possible criticism."

"Yes, yes, it might at that. Seeing a guy here in a turn-around collar. But how'd I know you'd come friendly?"

"Because," said Parson Sand with the greatest firmness, "it is God who will dispose of this

church, and if He disposes of it to you, it is my duty to accept His will with good grace."

Gelk nodded. "H'mmm. Good publicity. I can see that. Well, what's my end of it?"

"If the church remains a church, you are to lead the singing of the hymn we have just finished at my first service, and that would be excellent publicity, too."

Gelk threw back his head and laughed, "I'll say it would. I ain't been inside a church for services in twenty years. Okay, you're on. But I don't feel no need to start practicing my singing, brother." They shook hands.

Parson Sand spent the afternoon in his room. He wrote to Jesse. He meditated happily on his new future and listed plans for the restoration of his church. At four o'clock, these pleasant occupations were interrupted by a telephone call. "Mr. Adams has arrived," said the clerk, "and is on his way up."

As Parson Sand and his friend shook hands Tilch said, "It was in the paper this morning, Jehu, the news about Jesse."

The tone was all Parson Sand most dreaded. While he tried to muster a reply, Tilch moved a chair forward and went on. "Now just sit down, Jehu. Relax if you can. You must have known this before you left Baltimore."

"Yes. Yes, I had the telegram

that morning, an hour or so before your call."

"Why didn't you tell me, Jehu? Shock, I suppose. It's hard to put sympathy in words, but, Jehu, you must pull yourself together. You should get in touch with President Hollins, at least, and, Jehu, most of all I've come down here to impress on you that spending money to try to find Jesse at this stage is extremely useless."

"Spend money?"

"Yes. I was at a bank board meeting when you telephoned to have your investments converted to cash, Jehu. I left for Orion as soon as possible."

"But I don't want to spend money trying to find Jesse."

"Then what do you want with five thousand dollars?"

"I want to buy a church," said Parson Sand.

Tilch looked at him compassionately. "Have you seen a doctor, Jehu? This—this is terrible. You must rest, Jehu. You ought to be in bed. We'll get a nurse."

"Nonsense!" cried Parson Sand, and poured out the story of Gilead Chapel.

Tilch listened patiently. "Jehu," he said when the tale was told, "this is worse than I'd feared. You can't buy a church. It's unheard of. Now if you must have a church, let me find you a parish. There are plenty of vacancies, well-organized ones where your

work would be light. I'm entirely in sympathy with your doing more active work, that's why I sent you to Orion, but if you want a church . . ."

"This church, Gilead Chapel," said Parson Sand, "wants me."

Tilch studied his friend, then tried another tack: "You mentioned someone else who means to bid on it. What was the name?"

"Andrew Gelk."

A smile twitched Tilch's mouth. "Andy Gelk. Well, he's quite a person in his field. With the amusement syndicate he's built, he can outbid you a hundred to one, Jehu."

"There's a record of five thousand who were fed on loaves and fishes sufficient originally for very few," said Parson Sand.

"Oh!" Tilch gestured impatiently, "the day of miracles is passed, Jehu."

"That doesn't seem any more of a miracle to me than pushing a button to bring the voice of someone talking in China into this room."

"That's science at work," Tilch explained.

"Well," said Parson Sand, "the laws of radio have been in existence ever since creation, waiting on science to discover them; perhaps science will catch up with miracles some day."

"I doubt if even then assets of five thousand dollars will count

against assets of a quarter of a million," said Tilch. "If that ever happens, I'll take to believing in miracles myself."

In his room, Parson Sand thought with mild amusement of Tilch and Andy. It occurred to him that he was expecting a considerable number of miracles, three at least. And yet he could not feel discouraged. "Dear Lord," he prayed, "Thy will be done," and was content.

This confidence held through their arrival at the auction the next morning.

To reassure himself, he felt in the wallet for his telegram. He would read again the summary on its back. He looked at the paper in his hand. He was holding, not the War Department message, but his own check for five thousand dollars. His fingers closed over it. My name, thought Parson Sand, isn't even in the hat.

He looked about for a way of escape. There was none. The thought of Jesse came to him strongly. Jesse, whose plane—what was it pilots said when disaster threatened? "Over to you, God," Parson Sand repeated the words silently, then looked up.

A group of men appeared and one who moved with authority stepped forward.

"That's Clem Clay, trustee chairman," ran a whisper.

Mr. Clay began to speak:

"Ladies and gentlemen: As you know, we, the trustees of the Community Congregation, believing Gilead Chapel had outlived its usefulness in this community, determined to offer it at public auction. We received a number of sealed bids and are aware that some of you wish to offer larger sums this morning.

"However, we also reserved the right to reject any and all bids, and, it follows, we are privileged to accept whatever bid we prefer of those offered in advance. We have accepted such a bid, offered by the Reverend Jehu Sand. Is he present?"

The silence in the crowd could be felt. A great wonder filled Parson Sand's soul. He could not speak, could not move, and he heard only dimly Tilch speaking for him:

"Yes, he's here. This is Parson Sand."

"How much did he bid?" cried Andy Gelk. "I got a right to a chance to offer more. Lemme see that bid."

"We have no objection," said Mr. Clay, "unless Mr. Sand prefers it otherwise."

Again Tilch spoke for his friend. "Announce the bid," he said firmly, and then, in a whisper: "Whatever it is, I'll cover it for you, Jehu."

Mr. Clay took from a brief case a sheet of yellow paper. He looked

at Parson Sand. "I have your permission to read this?"

Still Parson Sand could neither move nor speak. He recognized the yellow paper, and every instinct of reticence shrank from what was to come. Taking his silence for consent, Mr. Clay spoke again:

"This bid was submitted on the back of a War Department message which is now public knowledge. It tells that Mr. Sand's son is missing in action. Now . . ." He turned the message over and read Parson Sand's summary aloud. "You will see," he concluded, "that the amount of this offer is clear. 'I offer all that I am and can, with God's help, become.' Are there any higher—any equal bids?"

No one spoke. Every face turned toward Parson Sand. They were waiting, all of them, and still he stood, rooted to the ground.

A voice spoke beside him. A

hand gave him a gentle push. The voice, Tilch's voice, said, "The miracle has happened. Go claim it, Jehu."

Parson Sand moved. He mounted the first step and looked up at friendly faces. He turned to the crowd. Now, now, he must speak.

Something must loosen the strings of his tongue as Tilch's touch had released the power of his body to move. Across the heads, Parson Sand's eyes met Andy Gelk's.

Andy Gelk's mouth opened, and the robust tenor issued forth. Parson Sand's throat relaxed. He sang along with Andy, and others joined until up, up to the very crooked cross, so soon to be set straight, rose the hymn Parson Sand had selected for his first service in Gilead Chapel:

"The church's one foundation  
Is Jesus Christ her Lord."

Prayer is power, dost thou believe  
it?

Prayer is power, wilt thou receive  
it?

Prayer the path the Savior trod,  
Prayer the touch that links with  
God.

Make thy life a daily prayer,  
He will answer—here and there.

—Author unknown.

☐ "We have faith that God will do what  
He can wisely to protect our son."

## Sorrow Can Be Faced

Roy E. Dickerson

THESE lines are being written on my knee as my wife and I sit on the steps of a ward in a temporary Army hospital. Twenty feet away, our only son lies in an oxygen tent fighting for his life against an attack of atypical pneumonia.

I am writing now to try to set down faithfully the things by which my wife and I are living from moment to moment. It will clarify my own thinking and perhaps may help some other parent endure the terrible anxiety and tension of waiting helplessly for what may be the worst—a hurried summons to the bedside or a telegram: "The Secretary of War desires that I tender his deep sympathy. . . ."

My wife began, "We have to face things, dear. There is no use of our trying to fool ourselves. I know you may be afraid about how I will stand it. I've been fighting my way through this ever since the war began. I want you to know how I feel."

No matter what happened, there were certain beautiful, strengthening memories that would always

be ours. There had been a splendid bond of understanding, comradeship and affection between our son and his parents. In his own language, it was "no sentimental respect." Nothing could ever take that away from us. His purposes had always been sound, his spirit high. People had liked and respected him. He'd had a full measure of student honors. His record was clean and full of promise. Our lives would always be infinitely richer for the experience of having had such a son.

Somehow it must be that such a life goes on and on. This world would be a hollow mockery and human life a farce, if death was a snuffing out of the light of such lives. He would go on somewhere, somehow, and we could feel that the ties of affection still bound us together. We would know, and understand, and love, in eternity as well as in time.

So we would have to carry on. He would want us to. There was still work to be done in a needy world.

That afternoon, my thoughts turned again and again to the

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hackneyed phrase born in the exigencies of this war: "There are no atheists in foxholes." True, there are no atheists in the crises of life. In them, men naturally turn to God in prayer, especially when they realize their own limitations and even helplessness in the emergency. But what prayers could rightly be voiced? I have long since ceased to think of God as some Santa Claus to be coaxed or wheedled into giving good gifts on some special occasion. What kind of a hopeful prayer could be intelligently prayed?

God spare my boy's life? No, because I cannot think of Him as One Who goes about taking life and, therefore, One Who should be implored to spare it. God save my boy's life? Well, why should it be necessary to ask a good Father to do anything that should be done? God give wisdom to his doctors and nurses, so they would know what to do? Perhaps, but again why must one ask for something which any good Father would do, unless it might be that the urgent aspiration of a heartfelt petition for another might be one way in which man works with God, and both together get things done. But why should God need or desire man's help in this way? God help my boy? Of course, but wouldn't He help even if I didn't ask? Would He withhold anything my boy needed simply because I

did not ask Him for it?

In spite of intellectual confusion, there was comfort in prayer, but no peace anywhere.

Things seemed all cloudy, like some thick, dark mixture in a chemist's test tube. Then came precipitation. My thinking crystallized around three words—faith; hope; courage—and what was cloudy before became clear.

Faith. One thing was certain; a good God would do all that was wise to do. One might not know what prayers to voice, he might not understand correctly how prayer accomplishes results, he might not think soundly regarding what God could or would do or not do. All this couldn't make any difference. He could pray. A good God would do all that was wise and right to do, even though one didn't know how to pray, asked for the wrong thing or misunderstood what he had a right to expect. One could find strength in prayer and comfort in talking with a Good Father who can be relied upon to do all that is wise to grant your heart's desire.

Hope. We could hope. Many a man had lived for whom it had been said there was no hope. The power of God was sufficient to accomplish anything which He deemed wise. Even the so-called miracle may be simply the operation of an as-yet-undiscovered law or agency. Doctors say now that

the sulfa drugs work what would once have been called a miracle. And so does penicillin.

Courage. Whatever came, there would be courage adequate to one's needs. That much was certain. All through the ages, men and women had found the courage to endure the loss of loved ones. Others had; we could. God would not fail to provide, for those who sought it, strength equal to their needs.

Somehow, it did give us comfort, peace and strength. But what of him? In these hours our hearts were more troubled by his needs than ours. He was, at least, walking in the valley of the shadow of death, and walking all by himself.

He was so young; life meant so much to him; it would be so hard to face death under any circumstances, let alone facing it without the comfort of having those whom he loved most near at hand.

Nothing grieved us so much. Our needs—we could do something about them, but his great need for courage and comfort—how could it be met?

Gradually we came to thinking of God in a new way—God, the

Mother as well as the Father. God, the Mother, eager to comfort the children of earth in illness, in disaster, in the hour of death, to gather them up in the eternal arms of infinite tenderness and mercy, and give them peace. God must be very busy these days, mothering all the boys suffering and dying in this vast conflict, but He would not be too busy to comfort our boy, whatever his needs. And in this new thinking of the Motherhood of God we found the full peace we needed.

We feel that we have found the answer to the waiting which we shall still have ahead of us, even if he recovers. Some combat area may claim him; some day a fateful telegram from the Secretary of War may reach us. Meantime, my wife and I must, and can, wait. We have faced the worst and have a foundation under us which nothing can shake.

We have faith that God will do what He can wisely to protect our son, wherever he is; we can always hope for the best, and whatever may come, we shall have courage to meet it.

Editor's Note: (Since this article was written, the son has recovered.)

The lack of power among Christian people today is due to their disuse of prayer. It is the most powerful force that exists.

Maude Royden



## What's Religion About?

Joseph Fort Newton

WHAT'S religion all about? Our young folk are asking. It is about life, how to live it, how to take it and shape it into forms of beauty and power, and learn by living what it means.

Religion is just life itself heightened to the vividness of vision and the joy of victory.

What is the meaning of the word religion? There are two definitions, each emphasizing a different aspect of the same thing. Cicero preferred the meaning "to think back," to think over again, to reflect on the meaning of life, to recollect—meditation on divine things. Others, among them St. Augustine, liked best to define it as meaning "to rebind," to tie together, that which unites man to God and to his fellows. One thought runs through both definitions, the idea of a thread on which things are strung, a tie by which life is held together.

Perhaps the nature of religion as a tie that binds will be clearer if we consider, for example, the life of such a man as Anton Chekhov of Russia. Something happened in him to kill all hope and after that he wrote of a world in which hope had died. It was no pose, no

luxury of melancholy, but a real experience and as bitter as real. He lost the sense of continuity, so that, as he said, "In all thoughts, feelings and ideas which I form about anything there is wanting the something universal which could bind all these together into one whole."

Religion, then, is the tie that binds us, first of all, to God, who is "the something universal" which unites all things into one whole; second, to ourselves in a unified, integrated personality; and third to our fellow men in the service of duty and the fellowship of things immortal. From earliest time man has felt the tug of this threefold tie which unites him with God, his fellow, and himself, linking his little life with the eternal enterprise. He has been aware of a "desire-within-desire," an imminent criticism whereby what would otherwise be a serial order of satisfactions is organized into the unity of personal and social life. Let us look now at other definitions, more picturesque than technical, as showing that religion is the spirit of coherence and cohesion in life, or, as St. Paul would say, Christ by

From *Current Religious Thought*, Oberlin, Ohio.

whom "all things hold together."

Three centuries ago there was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, a lad named Henry Scrougall, who entered the university in that city at fifteen and was made professor of philosophy at the age of twenty. He died when twenty-eight years old, leaving only a tiny book to bear his name. But he had a deep insight:

"True religion is the union of the soul with God, a real participation of the divine nature, the very image of God drawn upon the soul; or, in the Apostle's phrase, it is Christ formed within us. Briefly, I know not how the nature of religion can be more fully expressed than by calling it a Divine Life—the life of God in the soul of man."

Jesus never once used the word Religion, so far as we have record—perhaps because, in his day, the word was so empty, formal and external, a thing of rite, rote and rule—but always the word Life instead. He came, He said, that men might have life and have it more abundantly—life rich, free, sparkling, overflowing, eternal. With Him, whatever makes for a deeper, purer, truer, more radiant life is religious; whatever dwarfs, retards, or pollutes life is irreligious. With Him religion did not consist in a few acts, such as prayer, worship, and solemn ritual word, but

in the spirit, the faith, the motive and gesture with which we do everything; and today we are discovering His insight. All things have become religious that have in them the hope of joy and growth; it is life itself at its best—the life of God in the soul of man. One of the lovely spirits whom I met during my first summer in England—in July before he was killed in October—was Donald Hankey whose little book "A Student in Arms," was so widely read. He seems to stand before me now, slender, graceful, with a hesitating courtesy of address, a soft voice and a personality vivid and enchanting—the very memory of him a foot-fall, always light, of one untimely gone away. His forthright and daring faith is summed up in the line, "*Religion is just betting your life there is a God.*" It is a risk, an adventure, and the measure of our courage is the measure of our discovery. We launch out confidently into all sorts of enterprises, even where we cannot see what the end will be. Otherwise, we should never cross a bridge, take a train, marry a wife, or make a friend. Full as life is of the element of adventure, men are not abashed by it, save in the highest matters, and that is where it is most rewarding. Literally we live by faith every day and it cannot be unwise to trust the highest we can think or dream.

But religion, so inward and intimate, is not altogether an individual adventure. It is social, communal, a "Loyalty to the Beloved Community," as Josiah Royce told us with many variations of insight and eloquence. In spite of its history as a separating force, at bottom religion is the tie, the thread, that binds humanity together in fellowship and fraternal righteousness.

In Wales, at a time when it seemed the revolution was inevitable, I asked a labor leader what tie was holding things together. His reply was very significant: "All that holds now is the fact that these men went to Sunday school in the churches and chapels of Wales years ago. Nothing else restrains them."

Thus a religious sense of the common good, of communal interest and obligation, held when all other ties have given way. No other tie can hold, in the end, against the dark forces that menace not only the order, but the very existence, of society, and if that tie is weakened or broken we are helpless against ruin. But men are coming to see that religion, so far from being simply a restraining and conserving influence, is also creative, and the inspiration and prophecy of a Divine Society.

If I were asked to define religion, it would be to say that it is the *realization of the value of life*; or, as another has put it, "a moral will and faith that sustains it." What we need above all is a purification and exaltation of the standard of values by which men judge life and good and evil. Faith affirms that life has value, that "what is excellent, as God lives, is permanent."

Religion is the realization of the value of life both to ourselves and to God, and once we see the thing that gives life dignity, worth and meaning we need no argument in behalf of immortality. Until we do see it, argument is useless. If life is worthless, so is immortality. By the same token, if we are immortal at all we are immortal now. To discover that truth and live accordingly—laying our plans and forming our fellowships as citizens of eternity—is to be free from the things that hamper and dismay. This is the great emancipation and happy is he who wins it. Harnack put it in a striking way when he said: "Religion is something simple and sublime; it is one thing and one only: *Eternal life in the midst of time*, by the strength and under the eyes of God."

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

☐ We are one great and unlimited whole, since God and man are one.

## Christ in You

WHEN an artist paints a picture, he does not put on canvas the reality, he gives you simply a copy of that which is within himself. The real picture is on the spiritual plane and exists there much more truly than on the canvas; the real picture remains forever, the canvas does not. No poet can give you his true poem. He does his best to convey something of its beauty, something of its life, but even then it is far removed from his ideal. That, too, is on the plane of reality.

The physical plane, or plane of the senses, is a shadow, a faint imitation of the spiritual and the only real. Your work is to show forth higher laws, to live and breathe entirely from the plane of spirit, to create anew from the very center of all life, to make one the kingdom of earth and the kingdom of heaven.

Heaven is not a place, but a consciousness of God.

It is wonderful to realize that we are one great and unlimited whole. How slowly we learn that God and man are one. Do away with your limitations. Stand out free in the strong life of God.

We want to help you to live your real life. Begin by obedience to the dictates of the spirit within yourself; it will lead you into truth.

Make the most and the best of every experience, you will thank God for them all. Do not weep with those who weep, but help them by a mighty love, pure as a mother's, for in the love of a mother is the unselfishness of God.

Learn to become unselfed.

You are not an atom, you are the whole. Every true unselfish life lifts the race nearer the Godhead. Above all things, walk by the spirit of God; as you do this more and more you will become conscious of harmony in your surroundings. Keep your heart full of love to God and to all men.

It is absolutely necessary that you should have times of quiet, that you should come out from the business of life for a part of each day. If you were to wait in silence, holding the attitude of growth and steady development, thinking above all else of the kingdom of God—your condition should not be one of strain or of blank nothingness; avoid both these extremes—the result would be of

From *Christ In You*, Dodd, Mead & Company, Publishers.

the highest value to yourself and to all around you.

Hold in your heart, the true place of understanding, a stillness which is alive, like the heart of the rose. The God powers within you would assert themselves; crooked things would become straight, rough places plain. All smallness and discord quietly but surely would drop away and have no longer any power. To spirit, stagnation is impossible. The creative energy is constant activity within. All outside energy is waste and hindrance. As you quietly wait upon God, the breath of life renews each particle of the body by its silent, orderly activity.

Do not seek love—give it. This is nourishment. Will you give ear to this? Take what is your right from your Father.

Prayer is to us the breathing of the breath of life. It is the strongest spiritual element in all worlds.

You say to some one in trouble: "I will pray for you," or you wish to help some one, say, in Australia. You know your wish is one with God's will, and you desire to bless with your whole being—but how do you send forth this God-energy?

Enter into your closet, the innermost of yourself, and there see the

perfect will of God accomplished for your friend—this is simple faith—and never see or hear anything else. Restfully, and without strain, see victory in the name of Christ Jesus.

You cannot estimate the value of true prayer. To us it seems as if you were like children set down in a great power house, not knowing the importance of the switches and electric forces around you.

With true prayer you shall ask what you will, and remember, nothing is yours unless you take and possess. We have never known true prayer to fail. Do not cast your care upon an outside God and wait for results. God being within you, the answer is not distant from the desire. The spirit within is one with God and Christ; how then can God be afar off? I have given you this advice for those who have special need, but I would have you pray always: "Thy Kingdom come," in every heart and life. For he who knows God in his own heart and in farthest space is at one with all nations, north, south, east, and west. In your love and prayer include them all. Live in the thought of love toward all, and your life will become one unceasing prayer, a constant going forth of God.

I have never known a thinking man who did not believe in God.—*Millikan.*

☐ A sympathetic appraisal of one of the greatest of the modern mystics.

## *Evelyn Underhill—Protestant Saint*

*Flora Seaman*

WORD came from London a year ago of the death of Evelyn Underhill at the age of sixty-six. But we who knew and loved her shining messages on the Life of the spirit feel that "she is not dead, but liveth." Who could think of that shining spirit but as living in a more beautiful and transcendent life?

Evelyn Underhill, the brilliant daughter of an English barrister, early became devoted to the study of the spiritual life, and when about thirty-five years of age, published the magnificent and scholarly volume on *Mysticism* that has become the source book for scholar and saint, taking its place beside the great monumental works of Von Hugel on *Mysticism*.

With sympathetic understanding and deep devotion, she was able to interpret the essentials of the Christian philosophy at its sublimest point, and to indicate the unbroken line of true apostles of the living Christ from the time of James and John, and of Saint Paul and Saint Augustine down to our latest soldiers of the Cross.

One might almost say, she recovered the Saints for Protestant-

ism. Through her writings and interpretations, the modern world came to know these true lovers and servers of God. Here were men and women like ourselves, who had truly sought and found the knowledge and love of God, who had achieved the ineffable sense of His presence and unfailing goodness. They had found a Reality that was more real than the insistent reports of the senses—a perfection that was attainable as a distant but priceless goal.

Evelyn Underhill had learned the secrets of the Saints; knew at what price of self-sacrifice and selflessness they reached their goal; knew that they attained one peak in Christlike living, with its fresh glimpses of ineffable Beauty, only to be faced with fresh challenges to higher peaks beyond.

She knew that the invariable corollary to the love and knowledge of God was the love of one's fellowman; and service to God meant service to one's fellowman.

The pathway trod by these aspiring souls, she found had well marked milestones; and she revealed these gleaming landmarks in language consistent with her

own lovely and flaming heart, words that kindle a like passion in the soul of her readers.

For those valley Christians, who are content and casual in their conventional religious living, she had a message of discontent. She pointed upward to where the solitary peaks glowed with the light from an Eternal Sun. The way might be hard and lonely; it would surely demand a discarding of a self-considered, comfortable life; but there were these heroic souls who had gone before; the Path was real, it was true, it did have definite landmarks and signposts on the way; high above them the priceless and shining goal; it was The Way for the true disciple of the Christ.

How many thousands of aspiring souls have left the husks of life and risen to their highest self, resolved to follow the gleam, and who today find their feet set firmly and joyously on the high trail to the highlands of the spirit, we do not know. But those who can today thank this intrepid guide of the spirit for her clear trumpet call must be numberless about the world.

Though her life was lived in her study which was set in a lovely garden, she loved her fellowmen and taught a social responsibility.

A paragraph from the "House of the Soul," expresses the essence

of her philosophy: "The Cross is the supreme symbol of that double movement of Charity; the outpouring of self-oblivious love, up towards God, outward toward man: and surely downward too, to all the smaller children of God. Here we are confronted by a Charity as rich, wide and deep as creation, entirely self-giving, entirely undemanding, which loves God first, its fellows next, and itself not at all; the consummation of a life in which prayer and work, teaching and healing, joy and suffering, were simply the different strings of an instrument on which was played the only music of the Love of God. And in those saints who approached their model most nearly as did Saint Francis this wide spreading love is the very substance of perfection and ultimate source of their life-giving power."

She later says: "When the evening of life comes, says Saint John of the Cross, 'You will be judged on love.' The only question asked about the soul's use of its House (of life) will be: Have you loved well?"

Did our gentle saint—Evelyn Underhill, meet this question at the sunset hour?

If so, the answer came in vibrant, singing tones that echoed to the furthestmost star—"I have loved well—and joyously."

☐ Because a simple, unlettered working woman knew God, she knew all wisdom and all power.

## Holy Ann of Toronto

Glen H. Stowe

ON a Sunday morning, June 24, 1906, the Mayor of Toronto testified in his church, "I have had two honors this week. It has been my privilege to have an interview with the President of the United States and to have been a pallbearer to Holy Ann." He was casting no reflection on the President of the great Republic when he continued, "Of the two honors I prize the latter most."

The above tribute was paid to the memory of one Holy Ann who knew God as intimately as did Catherine of Siena, Brother Lawrence, St. Augustine or Enoch of old. She lived naturally in her Father's house, companioning with Him all the hours of her day, and being at all times about His business of love and help. Ann never doubted the reality of His presence by her side as she scrubbed floors, washed dishes, and performed the other menial tasks that had to be done in those days by the hired help; for that was her position, a "servant in the house." As simply as a child when confronted with a problem, she would turn and say, "Father, how do I do it?" or "Father, where is it?" and never

doubted His ability to answer. In the vernacular of our day, "What a woman!" She actually believed Jesus meant what He said and proceeded to accomplish what He promised her she could.

Her life was a benediction and to be with her was like coming close to the Author of All Being. In daily conversation it was not unusual for her to turn as to a very close friend and say, "What was that verse, Father? Will You give it to me?" and after she had received it to express her thanks and then repeat it.

Her name was Ann Preston and she was born in 1810 in Ballamacally, Ireland. She was one of many children living with her parents in a typical Irish shanty with a thatched roof, and outside was the usual stack of peat, potato patch and pigs too close by. For one week she attended school, but was sent home in disgrace because she could not learn. "Poor Ann," her teacher said, "she can never learn." In her girlhood she went with the family she served to Toronto, Canada.

The spiritual power which she attained did not come easy, and like Jacob she struggled for days

and even years for the grace that she was determined to have, saying at one time, "I'll die, but I'll have it."

Ann was illiterate and to the day of her death could not read a newspaper—could only read the Bible, and this ability was given to her after a night of wrestling with her angel. Placing her finger on a verse, she said, "Oh! Father, couldn't you help me to read one of these little things?" She was able to read a part of the verse and from that time on was divinely instructed in the reading of the Bible. Says one minister of her: "The most amazing thing about this woman was her knowledge of Scripture and the use of it in prayer, in the relation of Christian experience and in ordinary conversation. Generations of Methodist preachers stationed during the past sixty years in Yonge Street circuit have in turn stood astonished at Ann's familiarity with the Bible."

Once when she was very ill she prayed that two of her friends might come to her. Her prayer was answered, and when they arrived she said, "Sure, my mind told me I could not write to let you know that I was sick, but my Father told me that I could telegraph you by way of the Throne of Grace." The three of them prayed together and Ann was well.

Then there is the remarkable

story of the well as told by one, who as she related it was careful to get each detail of the experience from Ann herself. It happened during a long dry summer and the boys in the home where Ann was working were having to haul water from a distance for the stock as well as the household because the well had gone dry. One evening, while listening to Ann tell of how her Father answered prayer, one of the boys said to her, "Why don't you ask your Father to send water in the well? I was down in the well looking at it today, and it is as dry as the floor." Ann pondered this and in her small room that night knelt and spoke to her Father: "Now, Father, you heard what Henry said tonight. If I get up in class meeting and say, 'My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus,' the boys won't believe I am what I profess to be if you don't send the water in the well." Continuing awhile in prayer, she finally rose from her knees saying, "Now, Father, if I am what I profess to be, there will be water in the well in the morning."

Early the next morning as the boys were preparing to go for the water as usual they saw Ann take two pails and go to the well. As she lowered the bucket, there was a splash. Filling both pails she returned to the house and placed the

water before the boys. Possibly to cover their surprise and confusion, Henry said, "Well, why didn't you do that long ago and save us all that work?"

The teller of Ann's story writes: "Meditation upon that question thrown out so thoughtlessly might yield some very profitable results. How many times we go hungry and thirsty, suffering the lack of all sorts of needed things, when a full supply might be ours! 'We have not, because we ask not.'"

Years afterward, a friend visited the well and was told that from the time referred to the well had never been known to be dry, summer or winter.

All through her story run the bright threads of joyousness, simplicity and surrender. Her knowledge, control and self denial all came in the same manner, by way of the Throne of Grace. Ann and her Father were an inseparable pair. If you knew Ann you knew her Father. Knowing that He knew everything and that she knew nothing, she never acted in any matter without His advice and counsel. If the night was dark, she asked to be led; if her friends were ill, she asked that they be healed; if she needed money for railroad fare, she asked and received it.

On one occasion Ann was greatly disturbed because some boys were calling her "Holy Ann," in derision and this, too, she took to

her Father, saying, "Father, make me holy so that the boys won't be telling lies." That kind of prayer reaches up to power that is limitless. Her prayer was not, simply to be made holy, but to be made holy in order that the boys would not be telling lies. All the difference between the finite and the infinite lies in that sort of prayer.

At 96 she was active and eager for the work of each new day. One of her sayings was that "sudden death" to her would be "sudden glory," and so it was. As the result of a fall one Sunday morning, she "was not, for God took her."

All who knew her and all to whom she had ministered declared her a saint. Her biographer writes: "There was surely something remarkable in the career of a poor woman, when at its close ministers of all denominations gathered around the casket bearing the lifeless remains, and one of our large city churches was packed to the doors to listen to the testimony of those representing all branches of the church, as they bore witness that the life of this sainted woman had been an untold blessing to them. There would have been nothing strange had the coffin contained the remains of one of earth's great ones. Culture or wealth has an attractive power, but this woman was unlettered, illiterate. She had no wealth to bequeath,

and not a living relative to mourn her loss. She had lived during the last years like Elijah, as the guest of a poor widow, who ministered to her needs. Her very coffin was a gift of love, and her dust was deposited in the lot of another."

Through generations of men there have been those whose lives stand out in splendor. They are bright mutations of their day and time—red lilies of the valley. To explain them is like trying to ex-

plain energy, electricity or any other unseen active element. Ann could not be explained except perhaps as the embodiment of a thought, "Except ye become as little children—" Her oneness with her Father gave her the knowledge she desired. She knew nothing but her Father, but in knowing only Him she knew all wisdom, all joy, all power, all peace.

### A CARDINAL CAME TO MY "GREEN BOUGH"

*Ella Luick*

"Keep a green bough in thy heart, and God will send thee a singing bird."—*Clear Horizons*.

There it was—my "singing bird"  
And it was a redbird,  
Red as only a cardinal can be,  
Cheery and pert, gay, alive.  
Involuntary, my "Thank Thee, God,"  
For beauty in a world of war;  
For color, for revelry of song,  
Symboling nature and love.  
Red against a sky of blue,  
For courage, for truth,  
For faith that right  
Will win at last.  
Return, redbird,  
Again and again  
To my "green bough"  
Until the dark clouds  
Are gone, and peace comes.  
Oh, God, let it be soon!

## As Man Prays

*Ginty Beynon*

*The story of a man's life and the growth of his soul are revealed in his prayers. Here is set forth such a record at intervals of five years:*

### AT FIVE YEARS OF AGE

Now I lay me down to sleep I pray the Lord my soul to keep if I should die before I wake I pray the Lord my soul to take. Amen.

### AT TEN YEARS OF AGE

Our Father who art in heaven hallowed be thy name thy kingdom come thy will be done. And, please God, help me to lick Jim Martin, and don't let Eloise like him better than she does me, and don't forget to send me a toy automobile.

### AT FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE

Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen. And God bless father and mother and Eloise, and don't let her be spoiled by that silly girls' school. And please let me be chosen for the basketball team and make old Binky behave like a human being in the Latin class.

### AT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE

Dear God make me a good sport at college, and don't let me ever do a mean thing, even to Jim Martin, and help me to keep decent in every way, so that I will be good enough for Eloise when I get through. And take care of mater and pater.

### AT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE

(Not praying. God is very much under a cloud as to His ability to answer personal prayer, if, indeed, He exists at all.)

### AT THIRTY YEARS OF AGE

O, my God, help me to carry on when we go over the top tomorrow morning. Don't let me be afraid to die if my number has gone up. But, O God, let me live to see Eloise and little Mary again. O, my God, when will this awful war be over? If I have to go, take care of Eloise and comfort her. O, God, don't let me be afraid. O, God!

### AT THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE

Dear Father, help me to make a success of this new undertaking. Let me make good for the sake of

From *The Meetinghouse*, First Congregational Church, Los Angeles, April 20.

Eloise and the children but don't let me become so besotted with success that I will grow cruel and mean and grasping.

AT FORTY YEARS OF AGE

O, God, spare my little son. Spare my little son. Spare his life. O, God, my little son! Nevertheless Thy will be done.

AT FORTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE

O, God, take care of our children away from home and guard them from temptation. Let Jack grow up to be a splendid man and a comfort to his mother for the loss of Ned. And, God, guard and keep all the boys and girls over whom their fathers and mothers are anxious. And comfort those fathers and mothers with thy great love.

AT FIFTY YEARS OF AGE

Father, show me the right thing to do for Jim Martin. Shall I help him to go out West or start him up in business again here? Give me thy guidance.

AT FIFTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE

Our Father, help Mary to bear the trial that has come to her. Help her not to become bitter or hard because of it, but to grow finer and more understanding. If it is thy will let her love win her husband back, but if not give her the strength to give him up, but don't let it warp her, dear Father, or make her petty.

AT SIXTY YEARS OF AGE

Comfort the children for the loss of their dear mother. Comfort all those who mourn, and make them believe in thee and thy world of light and happiness beyond, where Eloise is gone. Take her in thy loving arms, dear Father, and make her well and happy again.

AT SIX-FIVE YEARS OF AGE

O, God, I ought not to complain, but the loss of my dear one is heavy upon me. Give me courage to go on alone. God, help me to teach these grandchildren of mine, before I die, not to expect too much or too little of their fellow men. God, help me to teach them to forgive because they are going to need considerable forgiving themselves before they get as far along the road as I have gone. And help me to keep out of their way and not be a nuisance to them.

AT THREE-SCORE AND TEN

O, God, I thank thee that my time is come and I am going to join Eloise. Don't let them mourn for me. They wouldn't if they knew how lonely it has been without her. Just putting in time. Comfort them, Father, and use the love they have for me to loose their hold on the things that do not matter. God bless them and keep them.

☪ The Love in a child's heart will come into its full Power.

## Believing Is Seeing

Claire Stewart Boyer

WHEN the Girl was very small, she had a favorite dream. She dreamed it was possible to be a fairy. All you needed to do was to believe you were a fairy and there you were! You could go where you pleased, you knew all things and you had whatever you wished for. Then you would spend the days surprising people. You would whisper ideas into the minds of men who were trying to invent wonderful things and they would say, "I have an inspiration." And you would carry frosted cakes to little hungry children and show buried treasures to discouraged prospectors and touch the old dresses of tired working girls and make them exquisite gowns like Cinderella's.

So when the Girl met the Boy and he said, "Your eyes are like stars," she smiled wistfully, hoping that some day she could see into the very heart of life and find a shining path. And when he told her that her voice was like honey and sunshine, she wondered if she would ever say magic words that would make people live again. And when he took her hands and told her they were beautiful, she

longed again for the time to come when she could use them to help people.

She looked at the boy's eyes, and they were eager but they had the fire of ambition in them and she was afraid. And when he spoke, his tones were like a steel blade cutting through the heart of a tree, making her shudder. And his hands that took hers were cruel in their strength. But she thought, as all other women have thought, that it was safer to love and think and work with a man at her side. And so the Girl and the Boy started up the path of life together.

"First of all," said the Boy, "we will get all life has to give." And a small home grew to a mansion and the Girl was joyous. But always she carried a pain in her heart for the things she wanted to do for others and didn't have time.

The Boy would laugh at her and pinch her cheek and kiss her lips and tell her that she was silly—that they were on top of the world. So the childish dream and the girlish dream were crammed down into the bottom of her heart and she began piling things on top of them, trying to forget.

But one day a word was spoken that opened a closed door in her mind and she remembered that she had wanted great ideas once, inspirational ideas! So she set out to find them. And when she discovered that in her own mind there was a thought that sounded like Socrates or Confucius, she was so excited she could hardly wait for the Boy to come home to tell him about it. But he only laughed again and said she was impractical and reminded her that it was workers not dreamers the world needed. So the door in her mind was closed again.

The Boy was so convincing that she believed him and set out to be a worker. She went into the poor districts of the big city and helped the women to make their homes artistic from bits of paper and paint from the five and ten cent stores. And her heart ached for their meagerness and their inarticulate yearning. And when she came home at night the stars in her eyes were dimmed and her voice was dulled and her hands were weary. So the Boy scolded her and said it was ridiculous to fuss over people with a low I. Q., that it wasn't sensible. And so she left the Neighborhood House and came back to the mansion. And her glazed nails and her waved hair were pretty to look at.

The Boy made her a brilliant butterfly in scintillating, frilly

clothes, and she played cards in the afternoon so she wouldn't think, and danced at night so she wouldn't feel the gnawing that didn't let peace come to her.

But one day she wanted to be alone and she took the Bible and climbed into her little blue roadster and went into the hills. She read the twenty-first psalm and for the first time since she was a child, she found something that she had never found before—her true Self.

It was a wonderful discovery. It was as if she had been asleep, and was now awake, or had just been a shadow and now she had come alive and was real. All the things she had fretted about and planned for and busied herself with seemed so trifling. And when she came down from the hills she was no longer the Girl who had listened to the Boy. She was a Woman who had listened to her own Soul.

And when she told the Boy, who was still a Boy, that she was going to think and love and work in her own way, she was surprised that he didn't laugh. But there was something in her eyes and in the tone of her voice and in the way she held her hands that made it impossible for him to laugh. It was as if a cloak had been lifted from her and he saw her for the first time!

Then the world crumbled. Just as she had come into a new power, everything went black. War cov-

ered the earth and her love of the Boy made her want to stay with him and protect him. But there were hundreds that needed the reassurance of her voice, so she went to them. And she found that her impractical ideas were all that gave them comfort, and she spun smiles like enchantment about them. Tenderly she touched them, with a healing touch that brought a gleaming joy to their faces.

Then war came to the very city gates. And the Boy rushed to her. "I have a great idea," he said. "I have a new invention that will exterminate the enemy!" And his eyes were full of an awful fire.

"But they are God's children," she breathed, "you can't do that!" For a moment he cowered, then he said, "Then I will lure them into the city and trap them and make them prisoners!" And his voice was like a steel sword cutting through the heart of a tree.

"But that is being false to yourself," she answered. He hesitated.

"Then there is nothing left but to fight them hand to hand and let the best man win." And he

gripped his hands in a cruel grip.

"Who takes the sword, will die by the sword," she replied firmly.

"Then there is nothing left," answered the Boy.

"There is always God," whispered the Girl who had become a woman. And she arose and went to the souls she had served with her hands and to the people she had guided with her mind and to those she had lifted with her heart. And she filled them with the fire of spirit and they went out of the city.

"It is impossible," cried the people.

"Everything is possible with the Lord," she responded. Then the miracle happened! For love poured forth from them and the enemy could not raise a hand! And the band of women talked and dreamed and broke bread with the enemy and at nightfall they returned in peace, for the enemy had gone.

So came the reality of spirit to the city. When the Soul comes into its power it can be the master—even as Christ has promised!

#### A PRAYER

*Margaret Thomforde*

Great Teacher of Eternity,  
So tune my soul with thoughts of Thee  
That rhythms in Thy earth and sea  
And open sky may flow through me.



☐ The non-violent army does not fight for its belief, but is willing to die for it.

## *I Still Believe in Non-Violence*

*Mahatma Gandhi*

THE principle of non-violence means, in general terms, that men will deliberately shun all weapons of slaughter and the use of force of any kind whatsoever against their fellowmen.

It is said that if I were not such a simpleton, deliberately closing my eyes to conditions as they really are, I would know that non-violence can never hope to prevail over such powerful and brutal forces as those represented by Nazi Germany and Japan, which are the essence of unscrupulous armed might. Non-violence, it is said, may be all very well in theory, but in practice, it is too hopelessly idealistic to have any chance of success in this modern world of armored divisions, parachute troops, dive bombers.

Are we naive fools? Is non-violence a sort of dreamy wishful thinking that has never had and can never have any real success against the heavy odds of modern armies and the unlimited application of force and frightfulness?

India's recent history gives the answer to this. We have won considerable victories. We have faced

powerful armed forces and we have not been swept out of the way. We still exist; belief in non-violence still exists. Does not the fact that only a single victory has been won prove that non-violence, developed to greater perfection, could win greater victories against greater armed forces?

But let me describe the true follower of non-violence, the true non-violent soldier as I see him.

The chief requisite for a soldier in a violent army is physical fitness. He must have this in order to develop the ability to kill. Old people, raw youths and those suffering from disease are thus excluded.

But in the non-violent army, the chief requisite is the ability to die for your belief. This depends not on physical but on mental fitness. Therefore, this army can welcome to its ranks old men, women, youths, the blind, the sick and the lame. Thus it follows that the non-violent army has a much greater mass base; it consists not merely of a certain section of the population but of all sections.

The non-violent army has no use

for weapons. It beats its swords into plowshares and its spears into pruning hooks. Whereas, the soldier of the violent army is trained in the use of violence by being taught how to shoot, the non-violent soldier has no time or need for this. All his training comes through nursing the sick, saving those in danger at risk of his own life, and cultivating the capacity for sacrifice of the highest type.

The non-violent soldier recognizes no such thing as an external enemy. He has nothing but compassion for those who consider themselves to be his enemies. He believes that no man is intentionally wicked, that there is no man who does not have the faculty to discriminate between right and wrong, and that if that faculty were to be fully developed, it would mature into non-violence. No men can remain enemies in the face of such a treatment and such a spirit. They must ultimately be absorbed by it and become part of it.

The non-violent soldier prays to God, therefore, to help the so-called enemy develop this sense of right and wrong, and to bless him. His prayer for himself is that he may ever grow in moral strength so that he may face death fearlessly.

I said that the lame, the old, the very young, the sick and the blind are welcomed by the non-violent

army. That is true. But if possible, the non-violent soldier must develop physical as well as mental health, for there are certain duties that can be performed only by those with a trained physique.

For the non-violent soldier must have the capacity to bear severe beatings, torture, mutilations, starvation and worse, and accept these without fear and *without anger* against those who oppress him. He must have the ability to stand guard at a single spot night after night, day after day, he must not fall ill even if he has to undergo cold and heat and rain. He must have the strength to go to places of peril, to rush to scenes of fire, and the courage to pass through the very haunts of death. He must have the resourcefulness and capacity to plunge into seemingly impenetrable scenes of rioting, the will and the desire to go to the rescue of men trapped in burning houses, and the fearlessness to plunge into a flood to save people drowning there.

I have heard it said that the non-violent movement has had some acceptance in India only because the Indian people are cowards who have no weapons and therefore are incapable of defending themselves; that non-violence, therefore, suits them very well indeed.

On the evidence I have given, are the Indian people cowards? Would a coward have the courage

to bare his breast to a rifle? Is there any army in the world that could prevail over such soldiers? Having no fear themselves, could Hitler, could Japan conquer them? Judge if we are naive fools; if

there is no courage in our hearts! Judge if we who believe in non-violence have no practical conception of how to overcome the evils that exist in today's world!

#### PRAYER'S ANSWER

*Mabel Willoughby*

I prayed a prayer one night,  
A little selfish prayer;  
I prayed with all my might  
But God just didn't care.

I prayed another prayer  
That took my family in;  
Though God did seem to hear  
I still felt weak within.

And then I tried again  
And prayed for all my friends;  
I simply can't explain—  
I felt I'd made amends.

Yet still again I prayed,  
For one who'd crushed my pride;  
I felt I had obeyed  
An urge from deep inside.

Then next I felt impelled  
To pray for all the earth;  
And oh, how my heart swelled  
To learn of prayer's real worth!

My own needs quickly fled,  
And in their stead came peace,  
Before, my heart had bled,  
Now, joy came with release.

☐ This experience of a returned prisoner from Germany makes us all realize what we have to be thankful for.

## *Thanksgiving on the Gripsholm*

*Margaret Bailey Speer*

FOR most of us on this trip, this Thanksgiving Day has been entirely different from those of other days. The darkness of war is still all about us, behind us, ahead of us, nearer for some than for others, but we have not had to search so painstakingly for bright spots. The presence of the sun behind the clouds has been made real to us. Every one of us had deep causes for thanksgiving every day of this journey. Nothing could be more unnecessary than for any speaker to try to point out causes of thanksgiving or to urge us to say thank you, like the mother telling her four-year-old to say thank you to the stranger on the deck for a toy. We do not need to be told we ought to be thankful. We felt so thankful on Thanksgiving Day that the tears rolled down more than one pair of cheeks as we sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." If we should feel any more thankful we would burst.

Is it a mood that was very glowing and satisfying when we gloated over our first wonderful meal on the Gripsholm, but that inevitably

peters out as we have grown accustomed to the meals so that we comment rather querulously when we come down to lunch with our hearts set on ice cream and find that the dessert is only fresh fruit? (Imagine saying "only fresh fruit" in camp!) There is danger that such a brand of gratitude will vanish into thin air when we have been at home a few weeks and find that queues are not confined to internment camps and that even in the Promised Land there are discomforts large and small.

So it is good to probe about a little in our minds and to examine the things for which we are really thankful. The list is tremendous. Leaving out the journey, which is best of all, and thinking only of a few of the mercies, we could begin with such simple things as chocolate from the Red Cross; clean sheets and friendly stewards who change them; good food that we do not have to cook ourselves, and so much of it that we have forgotten that hungry feeling we had for so long; miraculously good weather and calm seas; the fact that we will soon be with people

From *The Woman's Press*, February, 1944. Reprinted by permission of the Woman's Press.

we love from whom we have been separated; the fact that we are free citizens going to a free, unoccupied, uninvaded, unbombed country—these rank at the head of the list.

We all spoke on Thursday morning of being glad that we were celebrating Thanksgiving Day on the Gripsholm instead of on the Teia, in the warm waters off South America instead of in the cold and cheerless mess halls at camp; but suppose we were in the Teia with the Gripsholm still ahead of us, would we not still have plenty to be thankful for? Wherever we are, we are thankful for the essential goodness and kindness of human beings which many of us saw more clearly in internment camps than ever before. Wherever we are, we are thankful that God reveals Himself to us and brings strength and serenity to us when we need these gifts most desperately.

We have all asked that question again and again in these months. Why, why, have we been given these good things when others have not?

As Christians we see all the good things of life as evidences of the loving care of a Heavenly Father, but we cannot take the Little Jack Horner complacency as a Christian attitude. It is revolting to any honest Christian to be-

lieve that God is good to us because we are better than other people or because He loves us more. Are we dearer to our families, more valuable to our country, more beloved children of God than the friends we left behind in Manila, in Stanley, in Pootung, in Weihsien? No, a hundred times, no. Is it because of any virtue of ours that we are well fed when there is famine in India, while malnutrition grows worse in China, when children are hungry in every country in Europe? No. We reject any such suggestion with horror. At least I think we are all honest enough to reject such complacency when applied to ourselves as individuals. We can think of too many friends we left behind, who, if things were arranged according to deserts, deserved to come on this trip far more than we did. But when the Little Jack Horner philosophy is applied not to individuals but to classes or countries or races, perhaps after all we do accept it.

The people whose work makes us comfortable—cooks working over hot stoves in crowded galleys, miners on night shifts, ricksha coolies who have so often pulled us in the heat or the cold—how easy it is to persuade ourselves that in some curious way these people do not deserve to have the same comforts, the same consideration that we need. In camp, when

we were cooking or hauling water, we told ourselves, as the perspiration dripped down our faces, that we would never again be unsympathetic with those who labored by the sweat of their brows. But I fear that it will be terribly easy to slip back to the point of taking it for granted that there is a class of people who should do unpleasant things to keep us comfortable, that somehow we deserve the comforts more than they do.

And if this is an easy state of mind to drift into in regard to classes, it is even easier and even more terrible in its results in the case of nations. You and I know that we are no better than friends of ours who are deprived of the comforts we have now. But when we think of our rich land of plenty with its tremendous production schedule, its well-dressed, well-fed people, its freedom, and when we compare it with other countries, it is very easy to fall into the Little Jack Horner error on a national scale and believe that America—or Canada—has been blessed with prosperity and her people with freedom because somehow it is a more virtuous country, dearer to God than other nations.

But we have not yet answered that nagging question: Why have these causes for thanksgiving been given to us? It is a question which we must keep on asking although we will not find the answer. They

have been given to us who have done nothing to deserve them. "He hath not dealt with us after our sins nor rewarded us according to our iniquities." We do not know why we have been given comforts that others lack, but we do know that such mercies put us eternally in the debt of the loving Father who has given them to us and eternally in the debt of every person who has been less fortunate than we. How can we pay these debts? That is the pressing question.

It is not a bad idea to make a thank offering in return for specific blessings. I imagine all of us will want to give a special gift to the Red Cross in gratitude for what it has done for us. But something that is done once and for all is too easy a way to repay heavy obligations such as most of us are under. Our consciences cannot be eased so simply.

One of my friends told me that she woke up before daylight one morning early in this trip with the beautiful words of the Prayer Book sounding over and over again in her ears: "Give us that due sense of all thy mercies." What is a due sense? The rest of the prayer provides the only possible answer. "That our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we show forth Thy praise not only with our lips but in our lives by giving up ourselves to Thy service, and by

walking before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days."

If we have plenty to eat when others are hungry, then a due sense of our mercies tells us that we are under a debt which must be paid to the hungry, sometime, somewhere. If our children are able to grow up in a country where they are free from attack or where they are not regimented in little Nazi bands before they are in their teens, then a due sense of our mercies tells us that we are under a debt which must be paid sometime, somewhere, to children who are huddling in air-raid shelters or being taught distorted history and false science for the sake of the State. If we have escaped from desolate places where a conquering army has left hatred and bitterness behind it, then a due sense of our mercies tells us that we are under a debt which must be paid, a debt to show that armies on foreign soil who resort to brutality and cruelty are never truly con-

quering, but are only sowing the seeds of their own destruction, a debt to show that hate and fear will not work on our side any better than they worked for our enemies. If we have felt Christ's love for us, then a due sense of our mercies tells us that we are under a debt to try to show in every action of our lives that love is the Christian way of life.

Is the arrival of this shipload of passengers going to mean a new strengthening of the forces of justice, more people trying sanely and calmly to tell and to learn the truth, more people who realize that the collapse of our enemies will not bring permanent peace if our only aim is their destruction and if we are still complacent about discrimination against the Negro, prejudice against the Jew, superiority toward the Oriental, veiled jealousy toward our allies?

A due sense of all God's mercies requires nothing less than a giving of our whole lives to His service.

Unbelievable power is in the hands of good people.

Iron rain, war's hot metallic breath are over the earth. But let not the fires of hatred sear thy soul. Fire refines pure gold. Day spring will come, a new world will be born.

*(Christmas card sent to an American Missionary in a Japanese internment camp by a Chinese woman.)*

"I can forgive, but I cannot forget," is only another way of saying "I will not forgive." A forgiveness ought to be like a cancelled note—torn in two and burned up, so it can never be shown against the man.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

☪ "The aim of prayer is to attain to the habit of goodness."

## The Inner Kingdom

Rufus Jones

NO MAN can be holy unto himself. Just as far as he has any rag of holiness he must share it—he must feel himself a debtor to others who lack—he must take up the task of making others holy. *That costs something.*

*So corporate* are we that no one can give a cup of cold water to the least person in the world without giving it to Him! But He is perfect and we are imperfect, He is holy and we sin. If the wayward boy, who wastes his life, pains the heart of his mother whose life is wrapped up in him, can we fling our lives away and not make our Heavenly Father suffer? The cross is the answer. He has undertaken to make Sons of God out of such creatures as we are, to take us out of the pit and miry clay, to put spiritual songs in our mouths and write His own name on our foreheads; will that cost Him nothing? Again, the cross is the answer.

In that great book of spiritual symbolism—the Book of Revelation—those who overcome are builded, as pillars, into the Temple of God, and He writes His new name upon them. The new name is Redeemer. Those who have come up through

great tribulation and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb are builded in as a permanent part of the Temple, where God reveals Himself, and they share with Him in the great redeeming work of the ages.

Whatever it has meant in the past, in the ages when the races were sloughing off their paganism, in the future the atonement must be vital and dynamic. It must be put in language which grips the heart, convinces the mind, and carries the will. It will name for us the Divine-human travail for a redeemed humanity. It will come to signify a way by which God was appeased and it will come to express, as it did in the apostolic days, the identification of God with us in the person of Christ, and the identification, by the power of His love, of ourselves with Him.

"The aim of prayer is to attain to the habit of goodness, so as no longer merely to have the things that are good, but rather to be good," said Clement of Alexandria.

This physical universe is a stubborn affair. It is not loose and adjustable, and worked for our private convenience, by wires or

From *The Double Search*, by Rufus Jones.

strings at a central station. It is a world of order, a realm of discipline. It is our business to discover a possible line of march in the world *as it is*, to find how to triumph over obstacles and difficulty, if we meet them—not to “shun pikes” or cries for “exception in our particular case.”

We have not to do with a God who is “off there” above the sky, who can deal with us only through “the violation of physical law.” We have instead a God “in whom we live and move and are,” whose Being opens into ours, and ours into His, who is the very life of our lives, the matrix of our personality; and there is no separation between us unless we make it ourselves.

But true prayer is something higher. It is immediate spiritual fellowship.

Prayer has stood the test of experience. In fact the very desire to pray is in itself prophetic of a heavenly Friend.

What is at first a vague life—activity and spontaneous outreach of inward energy—a feeling after companionship—remains in many persons vague to the end. But in others it frequently rises to a definite consciousness of a personal Presence and there comes back into the soul a compelling evidence of a real Other Self who meets all the Soul's need. For such persons prayer is the way to fullness of life. It is as natural as breathing.

It is as normal an operation as appreciation of beauty, or the pursuit of truth. The soul is made that way, and as long as men are made with mystical depths within, unsatisfied with the finite and incomplete, they will pray and be refreshed.

The vague impulse to reach beyond our isolated and solitary self gives place to an actual experience of relationship with a personal Friend and Companion and this experience may become, and often does become, the loftiest and most joyous activity of life. The soul is never at its best until it enjoys God, and prays out of sheer love. Nobody who has learned to pray in this deeper way and whose prayer is a prayer of communion and fellowship, wants logical argument for the existence of God.

If there is, as I believe, *an inner kingdom of spirit*, a kingdom of love and fellowship, then it is a fact that a tiny being like one of us can impress and influence the Divine Heart, and we can make our personal contribution to the Will of the universe, but we can do it only by wanting what everybody can share and by seeking blessings which have a universal implication.

Prayer is the highest human function. It is the utterance of an infinite friendship, the expression of our appreciation of that complete and perfect Person whom our soul has found. “Lord, teach us how to pray.”

☞ “If you want to stay young physically, grow up emotionally.”

## How Old Are You?

Constance J. Foster

IT WOULD be hard to determine by blood tests and laboratory examinations of tissue whether you or your ten-year-old child were older.

Nobody knows why old bones knit slowly, old hair turns white and old faces become wrinkled. Science may some day discover that these symptoms of physical degeneration are self-imposed by our thinking and feeling processes rather than by any combination of biological factors. In other words, man is himself the worst enemy of the youth he covets!

A famous French beautician who heads a large New York studio told me, “I wish I could make my clients realize that it's futile to spend long hours in the beauty parlor, trying to look younger and prettier, if they are harboring grudges against their next-door neighbors, resenting their mothers-in-law or being disloyal to their husbands. Watch a woman when she says something unkind or derogatory about another woman and notice how the tight, pinched lines take over her whole face. You've heard the expression, ‘If looks could

kill!’ They *do* kill—not the recipient but the giver. Actually, there's no antiwrinkle preparation as effective as a kind heart. It keeps eyes bright and faces unlined through the years.”

Many of us are immune to certain germs, but no one can escape the physical effects of anger, fear, hate and resentment on the body mechanism. They shoot up the blood pressure, make the heart pound, overstimulate the glands and irritate the nervous system.

These pet peeves, jealousies, intolerances and all the other negative states of mind that claim us at times are actually only symptoms of emotional immaturity. To grow up is vastly different from growing old.

Doctors and psychiatrists are discovering that mental and emotional attitudes are a causal factor in many bodily disorders. *Stubborn stomach ulcers, resistant to medical treatment, have yielded like a charm when the patient is persuaded to give up a personal grudge of long standing.* Dentists recently conducted experiments on two groups of children and made

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the astonishing discovery that the youngsters who were nagged or made unhappy at mealtime developed more cavities in their teeth than the control group!

Our science of the future may reveal the cause of such baffling degenerative diseases as cancer and arthritis to be nothing more or less than long-buried resentments, cherished hates and fears, or secret jealousies. *More invisible to microscopes than germs, smaller even than the filterable viruses responsible for influenza and infantile paralysis are the ugly, devastating emotional malignancies that fester the heart, dull the eye, poison the bloodstream and write "old age" on the face.*

There is nothing fantastic or supernatural about all this. It is science, not metaphysics. For the life process is fundamentally a chemical equation, and chemical equations are so delicately balanced that the veriest whisper of a far-distant hormone can reverse the process. *Thoughts and emotions have scientifically proved wave lengths, measurable in terms of*

*electrical impulses. When these attitudes or feelings are negative forces, in conflict with the life force, they may well be the catalytic agents responsible for the altered chemical reactions which we call old age, disease and even death.*

So if you want to stay young physically, grow up emotionally! Self-centeredness, selfishness, wishful thinking, easy alibis, temper tantrums, petty jealousies, rages, fears and grudges are all quite properly normal phases of our developing child selves. *Every time you are disloyal in any way to those you love, remember to say to yourself, "This hurts me worse than it hurts you!"*

Children, in their passionate need for a strong sense of security, tend to resist any change in the established order. But ruts are fatal after forty. *So are hate, prejudice, intolerance, family misunderstandings, cynicism and gossip. They draw unmistakable lines on faces, and heaven knows what they may do to your liver!*

#### ETERNAL ART

*Li Po (c. 700-762)*

I would not paint a face, a rock, nor brooks nor trees,  
Mere semblances of things, but something more than these.  
I would not play a tune upon the sheng or lute,  
Something that did not sing meanings that else were mute.  
That art is best which to the soul's range gives no bound,  
Something besides the form, something beyond the sound.

☐ Why look everywhere for the basic things which we can find within ourselves?

## Look Within!

*Lewis L. Dunningham*

YEARS ago in California there lived a man who owned a fine ranch not far from the place where the city of Sacramento now stands. One day he heard a rumor to the effect that gold had been discovered. That was what he wanted—gold. So he sold his ranch to Colonel Sutter and hastily took his departure. Colonel Sutter put a mill upon the stream that ran through the ranch. One day his little daughter brought some wet sand from the raceway into the house and, sitting down before an open fire, sifted it through her fingers. A visitor gazing idly at this moving sand saw something yellow that glittered. The first real gold had been discovered in California! Many, many millions of dollars worth of the gleaming metal has been taken from that farm through the years.

Most of us are like the unfortunate man who sold his ranch and went somewhere to look for the thing that lay so close at hand. Tense, nervous, insecure, unhappy, millions of us today are watching the very foundations of the world we have known crumbling away

before our very eyes. We begin to see that the things we had trusted in were but a rope of sand. So many are looking here and there for something basic and secure when all the while the answer to our quest is within ourselves.

Luke tells us that Jesus "was once asked by the Pharisees when the Kingdom of God would come, and He answered, "The Kingdom of God is not coming visibly, and people will not say, "Look! here it is!" or "there it is!" for the Kingdom of God is within you!" The mind is the key to untapped resources of God that are so vast that we are veritably like the luckless ranch owner wandering to and fro on the earth looking for something that lies buried deep within us.

Psychologists tell us that our minds are similar to the icebergs that float in the ocean. One-tenth is above the water and nine-tenths is invisible below the surface. The conscious mind is the smaller part, while the nine-tenths below the level of consciousness makes up what is called the great well of the unconscious. With the con-

From *More Handles of Power* by Lewis L. Dunningham, Abingdon-Cokesbury, Publishers, 1944.

scious mind we reason and choose and make decisions, selecting or rejecting what seems to us to be good or bad, as the case may be. God made us that way, granting us perfect freedom of choice. That is what makes us moral beings made in God's own image. But just here is a fearful though wonderful truth: *What our reasoned judgment dwells upon sinks in the great well of the unconscious mind and becomes a part of us.*

Mind is therefore creative. *Every thought creates.* If we train ourselves to dwell upon only what is true and good and beautiful, we slowly build poised, integrated, happy lives. If we allow thoughts of discontent, anger, hatred, greed, jealousy, and disease to occupy a great proportion of our waking hours, we become unhappy, sour, sickly, fear-ridden souls that everybody tries to shun.

Paul wrote: "Let your minds dwell on what is true, what is worthy, what is right, what is pure, what is amiable, what is kindly. Then God who gives peace will be with you." God has made us that way, and he stands ready to rebuild broken, frustrated lives for those whose minds are stayed on him.

But we need help. The average Christian prays very little. Out of the twenty-four hours of any given day most of us center the mind on God a very few minutes.

The rest of the time our minds are open to the horrible details of war news and the whole mad ensemble of that which is negative and vicious. Thus our feeble prayers are cancelled out.

Tell the average troubled soul to purge the memory of failure and then "act as if it were impossible to fail" and in most cases he will surely fail in achieving the success that a few seem to have attained.

Paul had the real answer. Listen to his formula: "But this one thing I do—*forgetting everything which is past* and stretching forward to what lies in front of me, with my eyes fixed on the goal I push on to secure the prize of God's heavenward call in Christ Jesus." There is the real formula for purging the memory of past failure as well as for acting *as if* it were impossible to fail. *Fasten the whole attention on God and trust him to furnish the power to achieve.*

I am wondering what most of us would have done with the handicaps of a Helen Keller. If she had ever admitted to herself for a single moment that she was a failure, she would have been through before she started. "The one resolution," she says, "which was in my mind long before it took the form of a resolution is the keynote of my life. It is this: Always to regard as mere im-

pertinence of fate the handicaps which were placed upon my life almost at the beginning. I resolved that they should not crush or dwarf my soul but rather be made to 'blossom like Aaron's rod with flowers.'" Don't you see? She wasn't just born that way. She gradually became one of the most radiant and successful personalities in all the world through deliberately visualizing even her handicaps as friends. She was so God-conscious through all her waking hours that her mind was always purged of failure. *She obeyed*

*Spiritual Law.* Blind? She had eyes of the mind. Deaf? She had ears of the soul. Dumb? She spoke with a radiant eloquence of spirit that was plainer than words.

Spurgeon once said: "A high character might be produced, I suppose, by continued prosperity, but it has seldom been the case. Adversity, however it may appear to be our foe, is our true friend. And after a little acquaintance with it, we receive it as a precious thing—the prophecy of a coming joy."

## Secret Service

Gertrude Robinson Dugan

If the shut-ins all united  
 In one voice of common prayer,  
 What a ceaseless shower of blessing  
 Should be falling everywhere!  
 Though so weak and oftentimes help-  
 less,  
 They can wield a mighty power,  
 Lifting up their souls' petition  
 To the Savior hour by hour.  
 They can importune the Father  
 From the "secret place" and then  
 In the quiet and the stillness,  
 They can hear Him speak to them.  
 Never soldier in fierce conflict  
 Could a higher honor bring  
 Than the shut-in who's performing  
 "Secret Service" for the King.

☐ It is not the end of the world we are facing, but the dawn of a new day.

## *Date With Destiny*

*Ralph W. Sockman*

THE mind of man is haunted by the persistent idea that "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will."

With some this belief has hardened into determinism which holds man powerless to shape the patterns of his life, since whatever he thinks to be his own contribution is really the resultant of external forces playing upon him. If man's external master be thought of as theistic, then we have the doctrine of predestination. Or these outer controls may be viewed as impersonal and naturalistic, and then we have mechanistic materialism. The trend of intelligent thought, however, has led away from these rigid deterministic theories.

But while scientific thought has been rescuing the concept of destiny from the clutches of determinism, popular thought has been betraying it into an emotional fatalism. Contact with youth today reveals how prevalent is the view that we are the slaves of fate and not masters of it. A chaplain,

serving on a convoy ship and thereby sharing the confidences of many soldiers, declared recently in private conversation that there will be at least eight million fatalists in the United States after the war. A typical view is thus expressed: "When the bullet or bomb comes along with my number on it, it will get me, no matter what I do. Until then, why worry?" One can understand why youth, caught in a war which they did not cause and in a sea of tragic circumstances too deep for them to fathom, should accept certain fatalistic views; and one feels disinclined to criticize men in the danger zones of war who find release from fear in such a carefree philosophy.

Fatalism is not a working philosophy in either war or peace. It is dangerous for the people to deaden the nerves of foresight by blind reliance on fate, just as it is dangerous for the dictator to feed his egoism by indiscriminating trust in destiny.

The reality of these external controls can hardly be denied. Ac-

cidents and disaster do come often through no fault of the persons whom they befall. A person cannot control what his grandfather did before his father was born, yet the sour grapes which the fathers ate do set the children's teeth on edge. And the boy born with a black skin or in the gashouse district does face handicaps which he did not bring on himself.

Nevertheless, however formative be the forces which play upon us from without, there are some points at which each of us has the power and responsibility of channeling these external forces. Our setting may be blocked out by heredity, and our circumstances may be molded by a million mallet blows from outside; but we are not passive clay on the Potter's wheel; yet we are not helpless pawns moved across the chessboard of life by an invisible Player. We are "workers together with him."

There is such a phenomenon as "the fullness of the time." Following Paul's line of thought, Christians see a long cultivation of the Hebrew culture under the stern schoolmaster of law, until "when the fullness of time was come, God sent forth his Son." And then, including Paul's career in their perspective, Christians see a further manifestation of divine timing in the preparation made by the Roman Empire through its systems

of roads and laws, which enabled the gospel of the Son to be propagated. Christians, therefore, feel justified in thinking that there was a strategic conjunction of times and the Man.

Nor do we Americans need to feel sentimentally old-fashioned when we speak of certain periods in our history as days of destiny, and certain personalities as men of destiny. Washington, for example, is not to be explained as a paragon of virtue miraculously dropped by divine fiat into the midst of a chaotic colonial situation. Neither is his formative influence to be accounted for by surpassing military genius. Washington's campaigns were pretty much a succession of retreats. He lost most of his battles, but he won the revolution. And he won because he lined up with forces deeper than those recognized by the reactionaries he opposed or by the rabble he led. If he had been born a hundred years earlier, Washington would probably have been merely the gentleman friend of some colonial governor; if born a century later, Washington, with his thrift and wealth, might have been a mere moneyed magnate in the gilded era of the 1880's. But the qualities of dignity and stability which might have made Washington static in quieter times proved a rallying center for the hopes of his disorganized coun-

From *Date with Destiny* by Ralph W. Sockman, Abingdon-Cokesbury, Publishers, 1944.



trymen in the chaotic days of 1776. His was the case of a man matched with an hour.

Recently a college president declared in heartening fashion that this distress of the present is the sign of a dawn. He cited the incident of a traveler in the Swiss Alps who spent the night with his guide in a chalet well up in the mountains. In the early hours of the morning he was awakened by terrific crashings and rumblings. Frightened, he aroused his guide and asked, "What is happening? Is the world coming to an end?" Calmly the guide answered: "No. You see, when the sun starts coming up on the other side of the mountain, its rays touch the snow at the peak, causing it to hurtle down into the valley. Then the warming rays play upon the surface of the glacier and cause the ice to crack with loud reports. This is what you hear. It is not the end of the world; it is only the dawn of a new day."

This war is not a melodrama but a tragedy. Unlike a melodrama, this conflict will not end

with everything turning out right according to the success patterns of the spectator—with the villains punished and the heroes ready to live happily ever afterward. Not even the victors will see a return to the neat normalcies expected from prewar precedents. This war is a tragedy on a world stage.

If both the victors and the vanquished come out of this war humbly recognizing that they must reckon with forces of destiny too great for their clever manipulation, then they will be in the mood to lay the foundations of a just and durable peace. If we can delve below the renascent barbarism to what Mann sees as the spirit of inner moral renewal; if our "sensate" culture, as Sorokin terms it, can reach up to recapture its soul; if agonized voices like that of Noyes can call our specialists back from the edge of the abyss to main highroads of the spirit; if with Hocking we can turn the tide of modernity from the latest things—then we shall be on the way to keep our date with destiny.

#### PRAYER

*Margaret Agner*

Make my heart a hungry mirror, Lord,  
That one day you may see  
Something of Your blessed Self  
Reflected here in me.

☪ Through suffering the Spirit finds us ready to accept Him—and His gifts.

## *When and How the Spirit Meets Us*

*Jacob Beilhart*

I AM the Fountain, the Source, the Spring, and you are the stream, or Myself in action. If you need Me that you may exist, so do I need you, else I should forever remain unexpressed; and that would be equal to not existing at all.

The life you have lived, and are yet living to a great extent, is not My life. I am not in it, for you speak and act that which is not given you from within. You have formed habits, and conform to outward rules and laws made by yourself and others who do not let Me live in them.

You find you are not complete in yourself as a separate being, so you try to unite with that outside of yourself, hoping to be able to get and retain what you desire. But your heart is not in it, for I am not in it.

You stand in your own shadow, and look out on the vacant space before you, and hope to find some way by which you can bring to yourself from without, that which satisfies your desires. I know all your attempts will be in vain. I am the source of your life, and until you turn to Me as I live

within, and receive from Me the water of your life, and freely let It flow forth through you to others whom you meet in the objective, you will find an aching void that all the world can never fill.

I am the spring that will urge you on in all action. I am the Power that causes spontaneous action through you. I am the Love that draws you and makes you know the fulness of Life.

I love you; yea, more than that, I am Love. But love means less to you than it does to Me. Your love favors the object of its love. I do not so. I am perfect and I cannot favor anyone.

I see you suffer and do not shield you from it because it is justice that you should suffer; not to punish you but to unfold you.

You may not agree with Me at present, for you are not yet free from darkness, and selfishness; yet when you come into the full light you will be One with Me in all things. Then you will be satisfied and will withdraw your condemnation from all things you have ever condemned, so to you all will be good.

You cannot believe that all is

*From Love Letters from Spirit to You by Jacob Beilhart, Beilhart, Publishers.*

good until you grow up to it, no matter what theory you adopt nor how you reason about it. So long as you need the benefits of condemnation you must and will condemn. You cannot do otherwise.

But now, my dear one, why do you suffer? Why do you fear the darkness? Why do you shrink from discouragement? I give you all these things. They are the only things that will make you capable of coming into the Light of Life. Why do you not enter them with joy—enter them as you do the water that is to cleanse you? Why do you separate Me from them? Do you not know that in no other place have so many found Me as in the chamber of suffering, on the bed of affliction, and in intense darkness? Then why do you fight to keep away from these places where I am to be found?

I have appointed to meet you in sorrow, suffering, and darkness, yet you shun the appointed places with all your powers. And if perchance you are forced into them, you are so determined to get out of them that you will not be quiet long enough to allow me to meet you. You call everything there evil and bad, so you see I cannot become known to you.

When you desire to meet Me, it is impossible for Me to come to you, for you desire to meet Me in prosperity and happiness; and while you are there self sits high

on the throne of your being and will not let Me in.

Oh, come now! Enter these conditions you have so striven to keep away from. Enter them with a will and a gladness, for therein you will find your Life; yes, therein I will manifest My Love and Life to you, and speak to you.

I bring to you freedom from the burden of possessing things; freedom from controlling things; freedom from the sense of isolation, or separateness.

I bring to you the joy of service; the liberty to enjoy all things by giving them to others; the beauty and happiness there is in an existence without trying to control yourself or others.

I bring you freedom from the desire to excel, or to be exalted over others; freedom from the desire of self glory or self praise.

I bring you freedom from the desire to possess knowledge, or to know mysteries, or to exercise power.

I bring you in the place of all these self desires a Faith that is so sweet and simple that you know things are yours and you need them to give to others.

I give you the power to enter the Joy of the selfless Life where there is Joy every moment and constant activity in service to all.

I bring you a Love that is limitless and never becomes centered or leads into bondage.

□ What are the qualities a true leader must possess?

## *New Strength for New Leadership*

*Erwin Haskell Schell*

THE well-rounded personality contains a combination of talents which elevates its possessor above his less fortunate fellows for whom existence provides less promise. The very presence of this general ability marks the exceptional quality. There is a certain buoyancy about a man of parts. He may be one *with* his less gifted fellows, but he cannot truly be one *of* them. We find these natural distinctions appearing between executives and employees, between officials and clerks, between officers and the rank and file. And as long as the common man continues to search for good leadership, these distinctions will cement rather than separate our social structure.

Such persons enjoy unusual opportunity. To them the world turns a smiling face. They find cooperation with others to be the normal relationship. Their presence warms the atmosphere about them; their coming brings pleasure, their leaving, a regret. Most of us can easily recall the exhilaration which may come to a gathering when a single person enters the room; of the

surprising void left when such a person departs.

Men of apparent promise have sometimes remained relatively obscure, while others of far less outward ability have risen steadily to high office. What teacher has not had the embarrassing experience of greeting a distinguished alumnus whose scholastic record caused premature withdrawal from his alma mater? Who has not felt the delight of witnessing the rapid climb of some young rascal whose collegiate activities were far from those ordinarily ascribed to the student of promise?

I am told that the psychologists are at work on this mystery; that they are searching for the unknown "X." They call it the Gamma factor, I believe.

Someone has said that the ignorance of the intellectual is his ignorance of ignorance. Likewise the aberration of the man of parts is frequently his unawareness of the vaster possibilities of service which are his to offer.

My concept is simple. It was a chief justice of the Supreme Court who said that "life is function.

From *New Strength for New Leadership* by Erwin Haskell Schell, Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

That is all there is to life." Function is nothing more nor less than controlled force and controlled force always comprises two elements—magnitude and direction.

The man of parts, as I have come to know him, is a well-balanced complex of many functions each calling for direction and for sustenance. He has many outlets for his energies; many forms of nourishment to replenish his strength.

When these forces, or drives as they are sometimes called, are properly and coordinately directed, and when these energies are properly and harmoniously sustained, there results a unity of effort which is truly greater than the sum of its parts. When the broadly gifted person gains full stride, his progress is distinctly greater than any mere assembly of his personal resources and this new interrelation of effort serves to release hidden powers which otherwise might never be disclosed. He literally multiplies the effectiveness of the talents which are granted him.

We are the chance recipients of what is probably the most extraordinary largesse in all existence in this or other worlds—the gift of human consciousness.

A strong sense of ever-present thankfulness, to the man of parts, is more than a logical state of mind. It is a clear necessity to his

fullest development. When we feel thankful and at the same time have a generous supply of red-blooded energy, we are prompted to reciprocate, at least in some measure, for the good fortune that is ours.

I have a suggestion for your consideration. Perhaps you owe it to yourself each morning when you awaken and your eyes open to that flooding sensation of color, form and perspective that we call the gift of sight, perhaps you owe it to yourself to thank God that you are alive. Your day may be the better for it.

But there is more that we desire. Beyond our wish to be constructive, we have a yearning to create.

Is there an attitude which is friendly to this kind of thinking—which is hospitable to the formation of these creative ideas? It is a quality of simplicity.

You also have found this unpretentiousness to be the characteristic most strongly distinguishing these people of parts. When the man of parts becomes aware of these gifts he cannot but become *humble* before his good fortune—he cannot but bow before his gifts.

True humility is acceptance of the wonder that is ourselves. True humility is awareness of the responsibilities which talents inevitably impose. True humility is forgetfulness of all but the oppor-

tunity to use these gifts to the full.

We owe it to ourselves and to our children to seize more strongly upon the power that is in humility.

The man of parts, however, is exceptionally sensitive to his surroundings and to live a full life he must, far more than others, be assured of harmony and fitness in his surroundings, whether in the form of responsibilities, of facilities or of friends and acquaintances.

To release oneself to the natural desire to progress is to invoke an active principle which has raised civilization to its present levels. To dampen this fire is to destroy a natural talent. *Aspiration*—a lively sense of ambition; eagerness to advance to the limit of one's powers—is of first importance in the development of new strength.

We hope that we also may grow to deserve the confidence of others, that we shall be the ones to whom they may safely turn when in doubt or uncertainty.

The man of parts has the capacity to think historically. He can look back over the years and read the changes which have overtaken the human race. He can see the unalterable fact that there has been progress.

If there is but a single certainty to which he may cling, it is that

deep within all human beings there lies a power which, with time, inevitably makes for the better. The vector arrow of man has always moved upward. The certainty that it will continue to do so brings that attitude of mind vital to new strength, an abiding *faith* in an advancing human world.

To put it simply, faith in humanity makes for potential.

There are other avenues than history through which the man of parts may find ground for his faith. An important resource lies in frequent contact with youth. The essential good in people becomes screened with formality and convention as we grow older.

Men of parts find basis for their intuitions toward the truth in abiding faith that growth is of the essence of human character. With such assurance, courage to deal with the future increases, there is greater calmness and poise, new strength appears.

Nothing so strengthens our self-respect as the certainty that we are necessary. To feel without question that we are serving a purpose gives us assurance that we have a real place in the world—fills us with a bright sense of validity.

We want, more and more, to know that we are doing the especially precious thing which is especially ours to do.

If there is one quality which

marks the difference between the gifted and the average person, it is the quality of awareness. The man of parts is more alive.

Once we have found the part that we are to play; once we are assured that we are doing the work for which we are best endowed; once we are satisfied that we are filling a vital need, that we are meeting our obligations, we feel a new sense of self-assurance, a new validity, a new strength.

I have recommended to you five attitudes of mind; an ever-present thankfulness, a plain humility, a lively aspiration, an abiding faith in human nature, and a strong sense of obligation.

When we feel a deep sense of thankfulness, it is only natural for us to wish in some way to reciprocate. I maintain that no attitude lifts us out of ourselves so much as that of gratitude. No attitude awakens so strongly our desire to make a contribution. When our effort proves truly constructive there is no warmth quite like the glow which follows. And this satisfaction together with a continuing sense of thankfulness impels us even more vigorously to repeat the process.

When we feel a plain sense of humility, it is then and only then that we find ourselves free to accept the facts which are necessary to further accomplishment.

Most of us can remember sharp-

ly the very place and time when creative ideas have come calmly to the surface of our minds.

When we have a strong sense of aspiration, it goes without saying that the desire for action naturally follows. Once it is clear that such aspiration is not only proper but socially desirable, we find ourselves released to activities which may raise us to levels quite unanticipated.

When we feel an abiding faith in the upreaching of human beings; when we catch a glimpse of the ascending spiral that is the path of the race itself, our normal becomes, not the plateau, but the upward slope. And should reverses come, we know that time will be on our side for time works always in favor of the truth, and truth in turn works always in favor of man. Again the rising interplay between attitude, desire, action, accomplishment and satisfaction takes place until we are eager to contribute to some distant good whose fruition we may not live to see.

When we feel a strong sense of obligation to play our own part in the progress of the race, there follows the wish to be of service. When we have found our avenue of action and have attained results, an extraordinary satisfaction is ours; the feeling of validity, that we are essential, that we are truly needed.

☐ Reporting a prominent Englishman's distinction between America and England.

## America and Lasting Peace

R. W. Hudgens

(Farm Security Administration, Washington, D. C.)

I WISH that every American could have listened in on a talk that some of us had, the other day, with our English friend, Ronald Allen, from Manchester. His tour of the United States was just over, and he gave us his impressions of America against the backdrop of wartime England. The contrast was distressing:

(1) In the blitz, England faced reality. Spiritually, she faced her sins; socially, she faced her inadequacies and her injustices.

(2) Every aspect of life in Europe is now under reconsideration. Each must be measured by the challenge of a new world.

(3) In the United States there has been no blitz.

(4) The United States is not facing reality, or the future, squarely.

The significance of Mr. Allen's statements grows out of the fact that at the end of this war the United States will have another opportunity to assume the moral leadership of the world. We muffed the last opportunity, and

From *Calvary Evangel*.

civilization itself may not survive another muff like that one.

No one will now deny that the invasion is a terrible crisis—terrible in every sense of the word. But even the invasion must not overshadow the main issue involving the one real crisis, namely, the moral showdown as to our future responsibility as a nation.

The present momentous crisis in American life has at least three disturbing characteristics:

(1) We have failed to find the spiritual equivalent for the blitz, as a refining fire.

There have been sacrifices but nobody has said he was sorry.

There are still people in Washington appointed to represent the common interest who are representing their own. There is still just as much hate.

Time was when a nation could get spiritual refinement only through a national catastrophe. The meaning of Christ is that something can refine besides a blitz. A nation has a soul. A nation can sin. The leadership of a nation can repent, get forgiveness,

and find atonement.

(2) We actually dread the coming of peace.

We hope our brother or son or husband comes home, but we dread to face such issues as what we shall do about Negroes, or Russia, or Labor, or competition in international trade, or ten million veterans who may have new ideas as to how a country should conduct its affairs.

(3) Now we come to the crux of our national frustration: *We are almost completely unconscious of our failure to translate spiritual force into common justice, or to conceive social programs with a spiritual content.*

The cause of Christ, someone said, has got separated from the cause of people, and there can be no lasting peace until that gap is closed. The organized Church has for the most part denied responsibility for the welfare of the world,

by failing to press vigorously the enlargement of that welfare.

Spiritual planning and social planning are not competitive. They are *complementary*. Each aims at releasing someone from something—hunger, fear, hate, physical suffering, mental torture, spiritual thirst—and neither is complete except as it finds its motivation in the other.

These are our three failures: Material fatalism, moral cowardice, and selfish irresponsibility. Wealthy yet unable to control our wealth, wise yet afraid to face a threatening future, strong but still shamefully irresponsible!

The supreme test of faith is to ask the question, when the answer that rides through this crisis will cost tremendously, for it will come only when we have submitted every aspect of our life and every institution to the test of honesty and unselfishness.

#### REAL EVIDENCE

I did not know until you died,  
How real the Everlasting Arms could be,  
How near the Master at your side  
Could come to comfort you and see  
The burdens never were too great  
For you to bear. With a smile,  
The knowing helped you, dear, to wait  
For rest for yet a little while;  
For in your heart the proof was strong  
His promises are true as true can be;  
The weakness simply carried you along  
Into His blest eternity.

☐ The Practice of Silence actually steps up one's efficiency in a competitive world.

## The Philosophy of Silence

Alice Borchard Greene

THE religious seeker knows that peace of mind is "the first courtyard." His consequent sense of integration, rest and ease are the very antithesis of the drives which energize research. The seeker after spiritual goals knows that worlds other than that registered through his five senses will not become accessible to him until his silence is deep, permeating all his being.

The silence of the religionist, deliberate and profound, has as its by-products on the way to the goal, inner conquests, spiritual riches and serenity.

The novice has usually so little idea of the difficulties to be overcome in the correct practice, so little patience in perfecting his techniques, and so vague a notion of the tremendous powers he may tap, that he is headed in most cases from the start for failure, and ordinarily lands in the quagmires of illusion, fantasy and evasion. His failure to undergo necessary disciplines befores the issue and spreads misunderstanding in regard to an instrumentality which, in right hands, can be-

come a constructive force of the first order.

Is there not about silence, even in its involuntary, crowd usage, something which involves a damming up of the stream of energy and its redirection into channels more effective than outward expression; into springs of feeling, withdrawn a bit from the physical, yet impacting strongly upon it?

The positive achievements, as the Quaker sees them, in the direction of spiritual riches, accruing to the individual through silence are epitomized by John Fry in these words:

*Gradually, as mind, soul and even body grow still . . . the pettiness, the tangles, the failures of the outer life begin to be seen in their true proportions, and the sense of the divine infilling, uplifting, redeeming love becomes real and illuminated. Things are seen and known that are hidden to the ordinary faculties. This state is not merely one of quiescence; the soul is active, alive, vigorous, yet so still that it hardly knows how intense is its own vital action.*

In the Quaker ideal, silence be-

From *The Philosophy of Silence* by Alice Borchard Greene, Richard C. Smith, Publisher. \$2.50.

comes not only a sacred language but also a practical one, translatable into attitude and deed.

It is being increasingly recognized that religion as an experience needs to be recaptured, and that in no other way can it meet the human need. Those who envisage for the Church a more spiritual role in modern society look to the instructed use of silence as an aid toward this fulfillment. Some are frank to say that most of the functions to the Church today—educational, social, charitable—are better provided by community agencies, and that unless the Church serves once more its true purpose, the nurture of spiritual growth, it will wane into insignificance.

In agreement with the Pythagoreans and the Jesuits, among others, modern religionists of experience recognize that mental as well as emotional maturity is required in the practice of the higher grades of silence. Without emotional stability, self-discipline becomes too difficult to attain and maintain; without mental stature there is always danger of confused imagery and lawless concepts, which the religious thinker avers have nothing whatever to do with genuine mystical experience. Among Quakers, even though silent worship is the core of their religion, attention is drawn to the fact that its practice is not for

everyone. One of the foremost Quaker leaders of the nineteenth century, John Rowntree, warned that silence brings spiritual refreshment only to mature worshippers. He urged against its use by the young and inexperienced.

So there is an element of exclusiveness in the practice of silence in its higher meanings.

The disciplinary value of silence is primarily its aid in keeping the lower nature in check, so as to release the higher nature to "communion with Deity." Recognition that an unguarded tongue, turbulent emotions and disordered thoughts dissipate the life force and render the individual incapable of prayer, calls for silence as a preliminary discipline.

The basic purpose of the discipline of silence is to conserve the constructive energies of the individual and keep them from being dissipated on fleeting pleasures. The power so harnessed becomes available to purposes as high as the mind may select.

Wherever among the religious traditions of antiquity the regulated use of silence was a vital element in group life. It was associated with the practice of healing.

In addition to its value in healing, the practice of silence was revered as the entrance hall to a new life, the marshaling of human energies into new and higher

channels. Without such direction there could be no great increment of power. Plato refers not only to the increase of his own mental faculties through the right use of silence, but reports that Socrates also was accustomed to sit silently for hours, for the same deliberate purpose. We may be sure that Silence meant great activity other than physical. Marcus Aurelius advocated the frequent recourse to inner stillness in these words:

*Nowhere either with more quiet or with more freedom from trouble does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquility; and I affirm that tranquility is nothing else than good ordering of the mind. Constantly, then, give thyself this retreat and renew thyself.*

None have understood better than the maturer students and followers of mysticism the harm done themselves and others by the extravagance and fanaticism of the less mature. The greater the mystic, the more keenly is he aware of the dangers and pitfalls confronting the eager, though oft-times ignorant, seeker after mystical experience.

Discussing the attitude of great mystics themselves toward possible dangers, Bergson says:

*They have been the first to warn their disciples against visions which*

*are likely to be pure hallucinations. And they regarded their own visions, when they had any, as of secondary importance, as wayside incidents: They had had to go beyond them, leaving raptures and ecstasy far behind, to reach the goal, which was identification of the human will with the divine will.*

Surely the inspiration of a St. Francis of Assisi or a Spanish St. Theresa, the inspiration that sustained them, despite overwhelming odds, in lives of activity, beneficence and enormous influence, deserves thoughtful examination.

Professor Rufus M. Jones gives a comprehensive idea of the wide range of mystical experience in these words:

*There are many different degrees of intensity, concentration and conviction in the experiences of different individual mystics, and also in the various experiences of the same individual from time to time. There has been a tendency in most studies of mysticism to regard the state of ecstasy as par excellence mystical experience. That is, however, a grave mistake. The calmer, more meditative, less emotional, less ecstatic experiences of God are not less convincing and possess greater constructive value for life and character, than do ecstatic experience.*

Evelyn Underhill, a recognized

authority on mysticism, maintains that the experience to which silence aids the mystic is an organic life-process. She maintains, and furnishes ample evidence, that through genuine mystical experience larger worlds are made accessible than through ordinary ways of living. She describes mysticism as a means to enhance life; not so much an overwhelming adventure as an ordered movement toward higher levels of reality.

In growing silence to the ordinary levels of thinking and being, the mystic centers his attention upon extraordinary realities. His devotion generates the current. Its voltage determines the degree of his attainment. The voltage, in turn, depends upon his sincerity, integrity, and the intensity of his search. Silence he cultivates to the highest degree of which he is capable, that he may function unhampered by worldly distractions and limitations.

Professor James speaks of the ineradicable quality and the incisiveness with which certain experiences registered on his consciousness, but an incisiveness so swift as to make recollection impossible for ever so alert a mind. These are his words:

*The feeling—I won't call it belief, that I had had a sudden opening, had seen through a window, as it were, distant realities that incomprehensibly belong with my*

*own life, was so acute that I cannot shake it off today.*

Havelock Ellis is another strong intellect to whom mystical experience brought with it an instantaneous clearing away of destructive doubts. His effort to find words to convey the changed attitude toward life, wrought without conscious striving, yields this account:

*It was no longer an attitude of hostility and dread, but of confidence and love. My self was one with the not-self, my will one with the universal will. I seemed to walk in light; my feet scarcely touched the ground; I had entered a new world. The effect of that swift revolution was permanent.*

Still another well-known writer of the day to join the company of those who emphasize the unshakable permanence of the inner life, is the English novelist, Hugh Walpole. His stress on its supreme value and on the invulnerability of the inner peace it yields, is expressed in terms perhaps more general than the previously quoted writers, yet none the less dynamic. In his most recent book, "Roman Fountain," he thus expresses himself regarding experiences of an inner nature:

*This book is an honest record of the moments when the writer, not a very spiritual man, perceived the strong, unchecked, rich, glorious undercurrent of the inner,*

*outer, wider, fuller life of the spirit. That life immediate current history cannot terminate or destroy, although it may influence it.*

In all these non-religious mystical experiences, a degree of silence was observed—sometimes more deliberate, sometimes less. Sometimes a moment's withdrawal, a brief but permeating relaxation, was a sufficient preliminary. Sometimes greater concentration was the gateway. But what characterized the experiences still more sharply in each case was heightened feeling, a unique emotional intensity. Here is perhaps a humble correspondent to that ardor which marks the struggles of the religious mystic. All the witnesses

refer to the expanded power they tapped, but to no two did it come in the same way.

Wordsworth, Blake, Browning, Schubert, Wagner, George Russell (AE), are but a few of the creative geniuses who have tried to convey their mystical experiences, whether they labeled them thus or not.

Great minds of all ages, spiritual leaders of peoples, forerunners and pioneers of great movements have all recorded transforming experiences which have constructively changed their own lives and changed the destinies of millions. Perhaps at least a glimpse of the mystical was needed to light their fire or to maintain their zeal.

## INGRATITUDE

*Marseillaine Perrie*

We dare to weep at some material loss  
Or be disheartened, with some minor care—  
We—who have bowed not down beneath a cross  
Or lent our brow—a crown of thorns to wear.

We have not fled—like frightened, hunted beasts,  
Before the terror of advancing hordes.  
Where nothing beckoned but a blacked-out world  
And mangled dead—amid strange gods—and swords.

Ours should be an Anthem Glorious—  
Replete with gratitude and praise—  
That we have homely duties yet at hand to do,  
And simple worries yet can flood our days.

## Health Healing

H. T. Hamblin

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—(Jesus).

ONE of the principal causes of ill-health, and even disease, so we are told by medical science, is what it terms, "anxiety neurosis." We are told that nearly everyone suffers from it, and that it is the origin of innumerable evils, for in a vain endeavor to escape from it, people rush into vice and pleasure, and do unspeakable things, in order to forget their anxiety for a short time.

But all these things, even the innocent ones of going to good entertainments or the reading of thrillers, fail to remove the neurosis. When the enjoyment of the thrill is over anxiety returns; fear is still with us.

There is only one real remedy, and that is to find the peace of God. When we realize that we belong to the Eternal and that the Eternal God is our refuge, and that our true life is in God, then the bubble of illusion bursts, the ego is destroyed, and we do not mind what may happen to us. Then, of course, we have no fear or anxiety.

Anxiety neurosis is largely due to our egocentricity, or self-cen-

teredness. Even when our main anxiety is about a loved one this may be true, especially if our love is of the passionate type, for such love is really a form of selfishness. When we no longer care what happens to the "self," or ego, and when we realize that our true Self is one with the Eternal, then our anxiety passes away.

But this may be rather too advanced for some of us, and a simpler method may be more helpful. The simplest method known to the writer is that of surrender to the Lord of life, so that Infinite Wisdom may guide us.

This, while simple, is not easy. If, however, we accept life and its experiences as designed by Infinite Intelligence and Love, and become willing to go wherever Life may want us to go, and to meet all the experiences which may come to us; then directly we do so we enter into peace. The inward peace makes fear and anxiety impossible.

The invitation is offered us: "Come unto me and I will give you rest." If we trust, even as a little child trusts one who loves him dearly, we can accept this invitation, and in so doing find rest from fear and anxiety.

## Beatitudes of the Married Life

Glenn Clark

MARRIAGE is but a symbol of that far vaster unity of the souls of all mankind which can never be experienced in its perfection save in heaven. Finding no other way of showing to man what heaven was like, God invented marriage.

To bring the spirit of heaven into the home and to keep it there is to carry out one of the most precious purposes of our Father who is in heaven. Moses gave ten commandments to help people avoid going to hell. I shall here give ten beatitudes showing how married people can enter into heaven.

I. BLESSED are those married ones who strive, first of all, to make their helpmates happy rather than to make them good. To make ourselves good is indeed one of the first laws of heaven, but to make others happy is actually to bring heaven with all its glory and all its goodness, right down here among us here and now.

II. BLESSED are those married ones who love their helpmates not in spite of their frailties and idiosyncrasies but actually because of them. "For every one is a little queer in this world except thee

and me, and sometimes thee is just a little queer."

III. BLESSED are those married ones who are not lulled into self-complacency and self-conceit because of the other's toleration of their frailties, but who work steadily to eradicate the faults and weaknesses while their weaknesses are still little lest they might some day grow into large burdock bushes and go to seed.

IV. BLESSED are the married ones who don't think it is *always* necessary to argue a thing through to a final conclusion but who know when to drop argument and trust to love and prayer. Discussions are beautiful in a home only so long as they are conducted with LIGHT and not with HEAT. Coal, oil, gas and sunshine can furnish all the heat needed to warm any home. The little tongue has set many homes on fire when it was used as a lighted torch and not as an incandescent light bulb.

V. BLESSED are the married ones who never get mad at the same time. Verily, verily, upon this commandment hangeth all the law and the prophets. When your partner elects to fume and spout, reserve your fuming and spouting

From *Your Life*, November, 1942.



till a later date. Two geysers going at the same time may make a nice Yellowstone Park but they make a wretched home.

VI. BLESSED are the married ones who never get blue at the same time. Every woman has a right to be temperamental once in a while. Every man may be excused for being temperamental once in a while, provided he selects a time which his wife has not selected before him. Reservations for this luxury should always be made in advance.

VII. BLESSED are the married ones who remember they are different halves of the same whole, and not the same halves of different wholes. "Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo," said Emerson. Let your helpmate adventure into new philosophies or creeds occasionally where you do not care to follow him in the hope that he may bring back flowers to garnish your table.

VIII. BLESSED are the married ones who, when allowed to make such a journey, do not get stuck in the mud along the way. No one has any business making such a venture unless he keeps travelling, and is sure to get safely back home. The world is round and if we travel far enough we shall always meet again.

IX. BLESSED are the ones who realize that their wedded state

does not cease with the outer symbolism of marriage and who travel either by the same or by different roads, until they find that ultimate and perfect unity which is the UNITY OF THE SPIRIT. Falling into ruts together makes of marriage a monotony; falling into ruts separately makes of marriage a hell. But they who go beyond the half-way stations to the greater unities make of marriage not a monotony but a place of freedom, not a hell but a heaven.

X. FINALLY, MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS: LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith so as to remove mountains, and have not love I am nothing. Love suffereth long and is kind, love envieth not, nor vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." And now in marriage as in all things, abideth faith, hope and love, these three; "but the greatest of these is LOVE."

## An Adventure in Education

Helen Clark Wentworth

THE College Farthest Out was inaugurated this summer at a summer session held at an out-of-door camp on Lake Independence, Minnesota. It was truly an adventure in education, and a delightful one. Fifty students and faculty members spent six weeks together, and there was accomplished a certain integration which was the purpose of the school.

It was a well-distributed group, twenty states and the District of Columbia being represented. There were two or three lawyers, ministers, teachers, housewives, business men and women, church workers, and young people still in school. The ages ranged from twenty - one to seventy - three. Everyone attended the classes together, faculty members and students alike, taking notes and entering every activity. There were classes in rhythm which brought into play every muscle in the body; there were classes in creative art and creative writing which exercised unused brain cells. Occasionally there were public speaking classes for those who wanted more experience along that line.

The two main courses offered were in God's Quest of Man and Man's Quest for God. Dr. Glenn

Clark, formerly of Macalester College, traced that search through the stone age, the quill pen age, the fountain pen and typewriter age, as shown in the masterpieces of literature. Dr. Perry Conger, head of the Philosophy Department at the University of Minnesota, gave a course in the Religions of the World which carried man's search for God from the most ancient of days to the modern philosophers.

Then in the evening occurred perhaps the most helpful and certainly the most unique feature of the curriculum. Gathered in a large circle, under the leadership of Glenn Harding of Chicago, came an hour or two spent in integrating the day's learning. With the men who had delivered the lectures present, (and these included Dr. Karel Hujer of the State College at East Lansing, Michigan; Sri Nerode of Minneapolis; Bradford Lambert, famous portrait painter of New York City; and Mrs. Claire Boyer of Salt Lake City, Utah) the entire student body had the opportunity to discuss, question and disagree with their professors. And from this general discussion grew up a better synthesizing and integration than is obtained in a year or more at most colleges.

A student from an Oregon college expressed this feeling of the worthwhileness of these days together. A young man returned to complete his studies in a theological seminary with a fresh vision of the wholeness of life. The president of a school board in a southern town said he wanted his entire teaching force to attend the summer school next year. The members of the faculty were as

enthusiastic as the students.

It was a glorious adventure, and will be carried on. Dr. Clark plans an eight weeks' course in Alabama in February and March of 1945. The summer term will be held again at Lake Independence, Minnesota, next year.

TIME — and this ADVENTURE IN EDUCATION — MARCHES ON.

#### A MOTHER'S PRAYER FOR A SOLDIER SON

*Mrs. E. Webber, Devon*

As Thou did walk the land of Galilee,  
So loving Saviour walk with him for me.  
For since the years have passed, and he is grown,  
I cannot follow. He must walk alone.  
Be Thou my feet that I have had to stay,  
His comrade Thou can be in every way.  
Be Thou my voice when sinful things allure,  
Pleading with him to choose those that endure.  
Be Thou my hand that would keep his in mine  
And all things else a Mother must resign.  
When he was little I would walk and guide,  
But now I pray that Thou be at his side  
And as the blessed Mother folded Thee,  
So, kind and loving Saviour, guard my boy for me.

—*The Seeker*, April, 1944.

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, Minn.

## Bridgeheads

A new word has come into our vocabulary, a graphic word: "Bridgehead." It tells of more than a landing; it promises a flow of traffic.

What is on *this* end of the "bridge?"

Do you suppose we could put across a few *friends*? There will be injured enemies, grieving parents, forlorn sweethearts, hungry children, destitute families—a horde of suffering people over there. They will need something more than engines and agents of destruction. *Have we got what it takes—over here on our safe end of the bridge?* Have we as great a reservoir of kindness and courage as we have TNT and propaganda? If we have not, who is going to supply the wisdom and goodness that even now is desperately needed? Must we depend on our allies for these? Can't we "lend-lease" the only stuff that peace can be made of?

*We can win the war only by practising, as we go, those ideals for which we declare we are fighting.* For we are now a part of whatever peace there will be. There is no "wave of the future" apart from us who will compose it.

We rely on statesmen and military men as though they were beings apart from human experience. We should undergird their efforts with powers that will outlast their temporary gains—that will bring the world, broken in agony, back up to sanity and health.

We must pray, "Thy Will be done," and then show how to apply Christianity in our daily lives. We must come to the word that we have known for nineteen hundred years. "Greater works than these shall ye do," Jesus said; "Ye"—not the President, or the Congress, or the Kremlin, or some still-to-be-defined group. Thus it is no use urging Mr. Churchill to deal kindly with the people of India, if we harbor race prejudice ourselves and foster class struggle by stuffing ourselves while others starve.

It was a mere slip of a girl who said, recently, "Life is all one piece; you can't do one thing with your hand and another with your heart."

Nor can the nation. And *we*, under God, *are* the nation.

What will *we* deliver across "the bridgeheads?"

Mace Crandall, Lieut., U. S. Coast Guard. From *The Evangel*, June, 1944.

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## *Press Comments on Current Events*

Leland Stowe, war correspondent, has returned from the war fronts in Asia and Russia with the disturbing idea that America may win the war but lose the peace.

Stowe confirms the frequently heard report that very few men in the American armed forces know what they are fighting for or what kind of peace we ought to have. For this he blames the military higher-ups for "conspiring most effectively to keep them (the soldiers and sailors) uninformed or ill-formed about the very world-changing events in which they are directly involved."

"The American people," Stowe writes, "are dangerously unprepared for tomorrow's world because we have long forgotten how to deal with political ideas. The American has formed the reckless habit of concentrating most of his energies upon producing, devising and selling material things. Yesterday is dead. Tomorrow is a different day. Listen carefully and you may hear a faint echo from the graves on Guadalcanal and Bataan.

"'We shall not sleep,' the echo says. 'But neither shall you, my friends, neither shall you.'"

SEATTLE—(AP)—In the jungle of New Guinea, which swallowed him for more than six weeks and left him delirious and near death, Associated Press War Correspondent Vern Haugland gave his socks to a companion who needed them worse than he did.

Haugland and the bomber crew with whom he was flying, parachuted into the dense jungle from a height of 13,000 feet during a storm on August 7.

Haugland, whose diary told of survival on berries and the juice of grass and weeds through night after night of torrential rains, was found by natives and later taken to the coast by missionaries. Others of the crew reached Port Moresby.

Haugland expressed the belief only divine providence spared him. "I often repeated the psalm, 'The Lord Is My Shepherd, I Shall Not Want,'" he wrote. "I would be unable to go one step further, and when I would remember, 'I Shall Not Want' and sure enough there'd be some berries or chewable grass or a creek with good water just ahead."

Haugland said he dropped from 155 pounds to 95 during the ordeal, but was back to 130 when he wrote the letter October 12.

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*Minneapolis Star Journal.*