

Clear Horizons

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

IMMORTALITY

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VOL. 5, NO. 4

APRIL, 1945

The dry brown leaves are being pushed off the branches of the trees by the swelling soft buds with their delicate green tips. The bushes and shrubs are misty with the touch of swelling life. The promise of spring is here. After the cold, hard winter on the German border, and after the entry of Allied forces into Manila and the Philippines, this war-weary world is again hoping for an end to hostilities. The promise of peace is in the air.

As we see how nature renews itself each spring; as we see the evidences of new life in tree and shrub; as we see the colorful flowers spring into a new life with the growing warmth of the sun; then we realize the permanency of life in nature. We know that life is permanent, is eternal. The promise of immortality is in our hearts.

So, in this Spring number of CLEAR HORIZONS, our chief emphasis is on the theme of IMMORTALITY.

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A QUARTERLY OF CREATIVE SPIRITUAL LIVING

GLENN CLARK AND HELEN WENTWORTH, *Editors*

NORMAN K. ELLIOTT, *Managing Editor*

Published July, October, January, April

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Clear Horizons

An Adventure in Solving Problems in a Heavenly Way

Fifth Year

Volume 5, No. 4

☐ A boy's love for his home makes his father realize that he is immortal.

David Comes Home

Ernest Buckler

THERE WAS a stillness in Joseph's mind as he plowed the first furrows on the side hill below the orchard; not the stillness of the weary, because it was only mid-afternoon and his muscles were without weight; but the stillness which comes over the mind when it has searched so long, silently, for the answer to a question not itself quite clear.

When David, his son, had been there to guide the horses, sometimes there would be no sound between them either, not even the building together of small jokes. Yet then the thoughts in his mind had seemed to make a little current moving shapelessly but as with a gentle ringing through the quiet minutes, the way the plow shelved

its soft path through the long, curling sod.

At the top of the hill, Joseph paused to give the horses their wind. He could see his own house now—the neat, low clapboard house that had been his father's—with the large chimneys showing white and clean above the chestnut trees. He turned over a sod, absently, with his heavy boot.

And when he did, he noticed something fall away cleanly from its tight pocket in the earth. It was not a stone. Joseph picked it up and looked at it. It was a spinner he had plowed up, and it had lain there, lost, for seven years. He and David had searched for it but they could never find it.

He remembered so clearly the morning David had lost that spin-

From *Colliers*, Nov. 4, 1944, by permission.

ner. It was the morning he had taken him back in the woods fishing and David had stayed all night in the camp for the first time. He could remember how David looked then, the hair heavy and moist but the face and the body almost thin. He could see the strange quickness in David's face and the eyes which always seemed to have the heat of fever in them. He knew David was excited that day, in a secret sort of way. And that night Joseph could tell that he was lying awake, quietly, in the dark.

But he was not sure whether David had been happy or just tired. He could not ask him, even then. And when David grew up, his strange quiet had still been there. Joseph had been proud of the many new things that David could read and understand easily. But he had always felt that David must leave the farm which he loved so much himself. The steps in the field, the slower steps in the field as the day tired and grew dark . . . and then the quiet kitchen walled in from the swing of the ax and the shoulder-bending and the sun-bright sweep of the scythe and the heavy plow handles and the day-movement and the man-business . . . the small, walled-in place to come to at noon when the sun was still high, and the food warmed in you like a slow wine . . . and soberly in the evening when the lamp was lit, for peace

. . . things like these . . . these would be small things for David's bright mind, and Joseph was not sure they were enough to hold him.

It was hard for a clumsy man to show his own son a thing like that. And yet, sometimes when they would be plowing in the field together, he had hoped that the silence between them might not be a strangeness at all; had hoped that David was quiet because he knew his father's thoughts were not word-shaped and bright like his own but of one flesh just the same. In that way the silence became a bond. But Joseph could not be sure that this was so.

If your son went away in anger, even, then no matter what happened, he would be your son still. But his son had seemingly gone away with no keepsake at all of the things they had had together. He had tried desperately, that last morning as David went off to camp, to say some simple thing that might make it plain between them, but the slow erosion of minutes had dumbed his tongue. And Joseph knew that if they had loved nothing in the same way, death would leave him no part of his son to cherish.

Joseph had read the first letters that David sent, hoping desperately for some sign, but there had been none. Now he would never know, for the phone call had ended that. The facts were all gathered,

all there would ever be, and no matter how long he thought, the answer was in none of them.

Joseph sighed a little, quickly, and turned the horses. He set the plow in the furrow again and followed it patiently down the long face of the hill.

In the kitchen, Ellen, his wife, was sitting quiet, waiting a few minutes before she called to him. The wrappings from the package were on the table before her, and one sheet of the papers inside she held in her hands still. She was letting the tears come a little, easily, before she called Joseph.

The kitchen was small, but the soft-wood floor was scrubbed and white as cotton, and the sun seemed always to be in it. It had been the heart of the whole house. It had been Ellen's whole world—close and quiet like the presence of a friend—until that day weeks ago the phone rang and the strange voice told her in curiously flat words about David. Ever since that day, the kitchen had seemed quite strange and, when she worked there, it had seemed as if she were not home at all.

Now she placed the papers together again, tenderly, and went to call her husband.

Joseph could not think what Ellen could want in the middle of the afternoon. He glanced at her face as he came through the door,

but there seemed to be nothing wrong.

"There were some papers," Ellen said softly, pointing to the table, "of David's. They are little things—notes he must have just put down sometime, as one would who lacks someone close to talk with."

There was a date at the top of the page: August 30, 1944. That was the very day before, Joseph thought suddenly . . . it would be the very last. And then, as he began to read, all the awkwardness seemed to leave his hands at once.

"I guess the day I remember best of all was the day I lost the spinner . . . the day Father and I went back in the woods and I stayed all night in the camp for the first time. I could not eat my breakfast for thinking about it. And when we were all ready I started off, wanting to leave the pasture road behind and get onto the strange, exciting log road that went where I had never been, deep and deeper into the still woods.

"The log road was so beautiful to walk along it made a song in one's feet, and there was no need to say anything, with all the bright running things happening inside. There would be little patches of snow still under the big trees, and I could feel the cool breath of it as I walked along, but when I sat on the big rock and looked at the

line so steadily in the current, it felt after a while as though I were floating along with it. The sun came out on the back of my shirt.

"And, then, later, when the whole night was cool, there was the dry wood Father could always find somewhere for the fire. And with Father there, it was dark and quiet and warm in the camp, and the big trees whispered together their drowsy talk outside in the dark. It was the first night I had slept in the woods, and there had never been anything like it . . . I guess that was the best day there ever was. I guess a guy should be satisfied to have had just one day like that.

"I remember lying awake a long time that night. And I think Dad was awake, too. He didn't say anything, but I think he knew how it was. Somehow I think Dad always knew how it was. . . ."

"The horses," Joseph said suddenly in a low voice. "I forgot the horses."

Ellen had seen him tie the horses before he came over to the house.

But she didn't say anything.

David! David! Joseph said his son's name over and over in his mind when he was again in the fields. He said it with an exaltation, for the stillness was all gone now from his mind, and the good kind of tears were tight in his throat. It had been David who loved this place best of all. And if your son loved the place he went away from, then he could never leave it. If he died even for these things you both loved, then you could hear his voice in their voice still.

He took the spinner from his pocket and made a hole deep in the ground. Then he covered it over gently with earth where the plow could never reach it. That would be David's spot, always. He stood for a minute, looking across the valley from mountain to mountain, and then he turned the horses again into the furrow. The field had looked long and wide. But now it seemed an easy field to plow. It seemed as if everywhere he looked, David had come home.

Whoso draws nigh to God one step
Through doubtings dim,
God will advance a mile,
In blazing light to him.

—Anon.

☪ Enter the Kingdom of Heaven right now.

Life Through the Resurrection

Glenn Clark

THE ONE essential requirement of being reborn as a new person is that the old person should die. Not until one is willing to relinquish *all* of the lesser will he be ready to accept *all* of the greater.

Not until one is willing to die unto his personal knowledge will he be born again as a channel of God's Infinite Knowledge. "Who is the wisest man?" was asked of the Oracle. "Socrates," was the reply, "because he knows that he knows nothing." Thomas Edison, who was the wisest in his field, considered himself a channel through which wisdom from the Universal Forces of the universe flowed. Dr. Carver, Pasteur, Einstein, and all the great ones, let their knowledge die that the Great Knowledge might be theirs.

Homer and Vergil and Milton did not invoke the Muses as a mere matter of form. They were actually and unqualifiedly putting their little selves aside, "denying themselves," that the highest spiritual powers of which they could conceive could flow through them. Pericles began every oration with prayer. Demosthenes opened his oration On the Crown with prayer.

George Eliot said that all her greatest writings came when she let go and a "not me" took hold. Joel Chandler Harris said he never wrote anything worth while till "the other fellow" looking over his shoulder took the pen in his hand and did the work for him.

Not until one is willing to die to his personal fame will the great Universal Fame become his. Grenfell left the important posts that were offered him in England and buried himself on the bleak coasts of Labrador. An unknown young physician buried himself in a little town named Rochester, in Minnesota. Rufus Jones buried himself in a little college in Pennsylvania. Someday we will learn that we cannot hide a lighted torch under a haystack.

If this power, this renewed life, this resurrection, becomes so manifest when one dies unto his little personal self, how much more powerful it could be when one dies unto his total self! In Dr. Buck's famous work, "Cosmic Consciousness," he states that very few men achieve that consciousness until around the age of thirty-eight to forty-two. He cites Isaiah, Jeremiah, even Plato and Aristotle as

examples. During my thirty years of experience with college students, I found many that possessed this power, but almost invariably I discovered that someone who was very near and dear to them had stepped into Heaven.

My own spiritual growth began when my twelve-year-old brother died. I was fourteen at the time. But my brother had opened a pathway to the Eternal Verities that has never been closed. When the *Atlantic Monthly* described me as "one who finds prayer as natural as breathing, and whose every prayer is answered," I consulted my wife with the thought of writing the editor not to make such a sweeping statement. To my surprise, my wife, who was known for her modesty and understatement, replied at once, "But that is true, Glenn. I have noticed that this has been so ever since your mother died."

Then I remembered that my mother had always wanted me to be a prophet rather than a politician, a maker of men rather than a maker of money. But while she was in the body, her wishes were limited in power by inhibitions of the mind, and by tensions of the body. But the moment she was liberated from body tensions and mental limitations, her wishes became multiplied in power by infinity itself. That raised in me a great urge and opened a great

question: why does one have to wait until he dies in order to give his prayers that power? Why cannot one die unto his little self now, and let his Great Self take control immediately? Why cannot he take an eraser great enough to erase himself completely out of the picture, and let the Christ shine through? Why cannot we here and now begin living in Eternity and see the fulfillment of Christ's prayer, "Thy Kingdom come *on earth* as it is in Heaven?" Why cannot we breathe our prayers to the Father in Heaven, knowing that they are infinite, unlimited, irresistible, even as they are infinite, unlimited and irresistible in Heaven?

That is what I have tried to do, and marvelous have been the results in ways past finding out. And in doing this I have become increasingly aware of the fact I am immortal.

Yes, I believe in immortality! I believe in it for the future life! I believe it sweetens, sanctifies and enriches the present life! I know we shall enter the Kingdom when we die! But—and this is the greatest lesson I have learned from my years of studying the life of Jesus—I believe we can start living in the Kingdom of Heaven here and now. Why wait? Why waste these precious years that are spinning away beneath us? How wonderful if we could carry that divine rap-

ture always with us through all of life, and all of eternity, beginning in the Here and the Now!

I can see what Jesus meant when He said, "Greater works than these shall ye do, because I go unto the Father." He said further, "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you." He seemed to imply that not only was there power released when one died unto himself, figuratively speaking, but still greater power was released when one died literally. This explains Pentecost—the prayer of Christ in Heaven was in control; it explains the conversion of Saul on the road to Damascus—the last prayer of the martyred Stephen was taking effect; it accounts for the power in our prayer today when we ask in Jesus' name.

And I am convinced that our

dear ones who leave us are not dead, but in ways that we know not are helping and blessing those they left behind. If we only knew it, believed it, welcomed it, they are even now opening the windows of heaven through which God's Wisdom and Inspiration are flowing into us, and His Love is enfolding and strengthening us.

There is nothing to fear in death if our faces are turned toward God, for it is only through death that real life and the power to create life is ours. "When a man is born," says an old Persian proverb, "he commences to die; when a man dies, he commences to live."

Let us say with Paul, "I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me."

We gaze too long at the tombs of the world. We ask them to swing open their doors and release that which they never could hold as prisoner. We petition the dust of the earth to restore that which never became dust. We request the graves to upheave and give back that which never entered into the grave. We ask Death to reveal to us the mystery of Life and then we wonder why the answer is not given. We declare that we are seeking the proof of immortality even while we give undue emphasis to all that is associated with mortality. Why address the grave when what we want is the answer of Heaven?

When a sower goes forth to sow his grain, he does not expect to recover from the ground the seed he has scattered. Rather does he go forth in the time of harvest to gather that which the miracle of life has created anew. He forgets the seed which was dissolved in the ground and rejoices in the grain which has grown in the light of Heaven.

—Henry Hallam Saunderson

In My Father's House

Willis J. King

JOB CAME to the conviction that ultimately there would be vindication for the innocent sufferer. Jesus spoke frequently of the life eternal and the urgent need for trying to attain it. The biblical writers were of the opinion that the life of a human being, made in the image of God, did not terminate with his physical disintegration. Mankind belonged to eternity. The hope of an abundant life beyond has been the main-spring of the Christian faith.

As man comes face to face with death, the last and greatest enemy of the race, he has had to face the question of its relation to human destiny. It is the fact of death which gives real meaning to the question of life. The most faithful interpreters of the life and death of Jesus have insisted that in both of these experiences, life and death, he gave the most significant answer. That has been the faith of the church all through the centuries, and in this faith it has triumphed.

And what is the rational basis for this faith? In the ethical argument, the reasoning has developed in two different directions: the

need of the future life to redress the wrongs of the present life; and the need of another world theatre in which to develop the life so imperfectly lived here.

The religious argument takes into account both the nature of God and the nature of man. Man seems instinctively to long for immortality. This would seem to argue for the validity of the conception.

The final and most convincing proof of the life after death would seem to be found in the nature of God Himself, as revealed in Jesus Christ. Said Jesus in that great passage which was his answer to the heart hunger of mankind through the years: "Ye believe in God, believe also in me. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." That is to say, God's nature demands that another world theater be prepared for the restless and eternal spirit of man; and faith in God, as revealed in Jesus Christ, is the assurance of the fact that such a provision has been made.

From *Christian Bases of World Order*, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. Copyright 1943. By permission of the publishers.

Belief in Immortality as a Spiritual Achievement

Lynn Harold Hough

THE MOST significant fact about human life is the emergence of values which give to the world a new meaning and in whose presence death is seen for the deceiver that he is. What values have emerged in human life which have in them the seed of immortality?

First there is the sense of truth as something to which you must be loyal at any cost. The moment you begin to think of truth as something which has a right to demand your allegiance, something superior to physical pleasure or pain and transcending physical comfort, you have already passed out of the world of mortality and entered into the world of eternal values.

Then there is beauty as something greater than any particular expression of beauty. There is a beauty that shines in every lovely thing and yet is beyond them all, a beauty that gives a soul a loveliness to the material world. As you give yourself to the thought of this beauty, as you try to express it in lovely words, or to capture it in the

net of mind, or to pour it out in the graciousness of daily living, you have already passed into a realm which mortality cannot touch.

Whenever you meet goodness you confront another challenge to mortality. Goodness transcends the material order. It is a value that belongs to eternity. You cannot exhaust goodness. Not merely does it deserve eternal life. It is in quality itself eternal.

The experience of deep and genuine human fellowship often transcends the limitations which belong to mortality. To love men as Professor Rauschenbusch loved them is to enter a region where the biology of time becomes incidental. You can only love men with the greatest sort of love by assuming that they have a kind of infinite worth. You must lift them into the region of permanent values before you can give to them the greatest devotion. The great friends of men have been those who considered mankind to possess a value beyond price. Great saints like Francis de Sales were always seeing in men

From *If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach on Immortality*, edited by W. L. Stidger, Harper & Brothers, publishers, N. Y., 1929.

more than men saw in themselves. The very offer of such fellowship takes us out of time and puts us into eternity. Death has no dominion in the world of moral fellowship. You have here a kind of value which death cannot touch.

And multitudes of men have found satisfaction in what they confidently declared to be fellowship with the living God. Jesus seized upon this in his imperial way. God is not the God of the dead but of the living, he declared. To know God is to share the triumphant life of God. Such was the faith of Jesus. Such was the confidence he bequeathed to the world. The men of the New Testament came to realize that their fellowship with Christ took quite away the sting of death, and the power of the grave. All sepulchers are open to those who know the meaning of that high fellowship.

Of one more value which transcends the limits of mortality we must say a word. This value is Sacrifice. "Nobody denies," wrote Dr. Horace J. Bridges, "that gallant gentlemen, whose talents and genius the world could ill spare, did a splendidly right thing when, in the wreck of the Titanic, they stood

aside and accepted certain death to give a chance for life to stewardesses and immigrant women." We are abashed by the moral magnificence of such actions. Whatever else they may mean, they surely do mean that here you touch values in whose presence death is without power. Such attitudes challenge eternity to justify them. Great self-sacrifice sets a standard to which the vast scheme of things simply must measure up.

All these far-flung values—the greatness of truth, the imperishable quality of beauty, the vistas of goodness, the abiding satisfaction of fellowship, human and divine, the strange wonder of sacrifice, are things we reach by taking adventures in their name. When we take risks for them they become our own possession. And if we take risks in the name of all of them we find that the inward man is renewed by a force which has its own vast power. To fight for these things and to make them our own is to come into a new world. And as we dwell in that world we discover that immortality has ceased to be a problem. It has become an authentic and undeniable experience.

It was Horace Bushnell who said, "The faith of immortality depends upon a sense of it begotten and not on an argument for it concluded."

☐ An ancient writer stresses the lessons to be learned from the human sufferings of the Christ.

A Meditation on the Passion of Christ

H. Suso
(1295-1365)

THEN said the Eternal Wisdom to the Servitor, Attend and listen dutifully, while I tell thee what sufferings I lovingly endured for thy sake.

After I had finished my last supper with my disciples, when I had offered myself to my enemies on the mount, and had resigned myself to bear a terrible death, and knew that it was approaching very near, so great was the oppression of my tender heart and all my body that I sweated blood; then I was wickedly arrested, bound and led away. On the same night they treated me with insult and contumely, beating me, spitting upon me, and covering my head. Before Caiaphas I was unjustly accused and condemned to death. What misery it was to see my mother seized with unspeakable sorrow of heart, from the time when she beheld me threatened with such great danger, till the time when I was hung upon the cross. They brought me before Pilate with every kind of ignominy, they accused me falsely, they adjudged me worthy of death. Before Herod I, the Eternal

Wisdom, was mocked in a bright robe. My fair body was miserably torn and rent by cruel scourgings. They surrounded my head with a crown of thorns; my gracious face was covered with blood and spittings. When they had thus condemned me to death, they led me out with my cross to bear the last shameful punishment. Their terrible and savage cries could be heard afar off: "Crucify, crucify the wicked man."

Servitor—Alas, Lord, if so bitter were the beginnings of thy passion, what will be the end thereof? In truth, if I saw a brute beast so treated in my presence I could hardly bear it. What grief then should I feel in my heart and soul at Thy Passion? And yet there is one thing at which I marvel greatly. For I long, O my most dear God, to know only Thy Godhead; and Thou tellest me of Thy humanity. I long to taste Thy sweetness, and Thou showest me Thy bitterness. What meaneth this, O my Lord God?

Wisdom—No man can come to the height of my Godhead, nor at-

From *Freedom, Love and Truth*, edited by Dean Inge. Ralph T. Hale & Co., publishers.

tain to that unknown sweetness, unless he be first led through the bitterness of my humanity. My humanity is the road by which men must travel. My passion is the gate through which they must enter. Away then with thy cowardice of heart, and come to me prepared for a hard campaign. For it is not right for the servant to live softly and delicately, while his Lord is fighting bravely. Come, I will now put on thee my own armor. And so thou must thyself also experience the whole of my passion, so far as thy strength permits. Take therefore the heart of a man; for be sure that thou wilt have to endure many deaths before thou canst put thy nature under the yoke. I will sprinkle thy garden of spices with new flowers. Many are the afflictions which will come upon thee, till thou hast finished thy sad journey of bearing the cross, and hast renounced thine own will, and disengaged thyself so completely from all creatures in all things which might hinder thine eternal salvation, as to be like one about to die, and no longer mixed up with the affairs of this life.

Servitor—Hard and grievous to bear are all things which Thou sayest, Lord. I tremble all over. How can I bear all these things? Suffer me, O Lord, to ask Thee something. Could'st Thou not devise any other way of saving my soul and of testifying Thy love

toward me, so as to spare Thyself such hard sufferings, and so that I need not suffer so bitterly with Thee?

Wisdom—The unfathomable abyss of my secret counsels no man ought to seek to penetrate, for no one can comprehend it. And yet that which thou hast suggested, and many other things, might have been possible, which nevertheless never happened. Be assured however that as created things now are, no more fitting method could be found. The Author of nature doth not think so much of what He is able to do in the world, as what is most fitting for every creature; and this is the principle of His operations. And by what other methods could the secrets of God have been made known to man, than by the assumption of humanity by Christ? By what other means could he who had deprived himself of joy by the inordinate pursuit of pleasure be brought back more fittingly to the joys of eternity? And who would be willing to tread the path avoided by all of a hard and despised life, if God had not trodden it Himself? If thou wert condemned to death, how could anyone show his love and fidelity to thee more convincingly, or provoke thee to love him in return more powerfully, than by taking thy sentence upon himself? If then there is anyone who is not roused and

moved to love me from his heart by my immense love, my infinite pity, my exalted divinity, my pure humanity, my brotherly fidelity, my sweet friendship, is there anything that could soften thy strong heart?

Servitor—The light begins to dawn on me, and I seem to myself to see clearly that it is as Thou sayest, and that whoever is not altogether blind must admit that this is the best and most fitting of all ways. And yet the imitation of Thee is grievous to a slothful and corruptible body.

Wisdom—Shrink not because thou must follow the footsteps of my passion. For he who loves God and is inwardly united to Him finds the cross itself light and easy to bear, and has nothing to complain of. No one receives from me more marvelous sweetness than he who shares my bitterest labors. He only complains of the bitterness of the rind who has not tasted the sweetness of the kernel. He who re-

lies on me as his protector and helper may be thought to have accomplished a large part of his task.

Servitor—Lord, by these consoling words I am so much encouraged that I seem to myself to be able to do and suffer all things through Thee.

Wisdom—No one more truly testifies his grief over my passion than he who in very deed passes through it with me. Far more pleasing to me is a heart disentangled from the love of transitory things, and earnestly intent on gaining the highest perfection according to the example which I have set before him in my life, than a heart which continually weeps over my passion, shedding as many tears as all the raindrops that ever fell. For this is what I most desired and looked for in my endurance of that cruel death—namely that mankind might imitate me; and yet pious tears are very dear to me.

LEST THEIR EYES SHOULD REST ON ME

M. Okuno (a Japanese minister)

Now let me live
To manifest thee, O Lord,
Unto my people—
But let me hide behind thee
Lest their eyes should rest on me.

☐ A Jewish Rabbi shows the spiritual truth of the resurrection.

The Crucifixion

Rabbi Abraham L. Feinburg

OUR Christian friends dedicate one of their most sacred periods to the resurrection. May I present my personal concept? The resurrection of Jesus takes place wherever men follow the ideals he drew from his Hebraic forbears and proclaimed in fresh cadence and emphasis to the world. Having lived and died physically in the fellowship of righteousness and for the triumph of love, he rises spiritually from the dead, to inspire men with loftier aims, incite to nobler actions and fill hearts with an invincible passion for brotherhood, justice and peace. This is the only sense in which Jesus, or anyone else, can be resurrected for the purpose and within the kin of earth. But it is a superlative thing.

Wherever peace is pursued and justice defended, wherever the poor and lowly are helped and pitied, there Jesus lives, together with all others who stand beside him in the company of those who loved their fellow-men. Not in panoplied hosts nor temporal pomp but in the tears of those who suffer does Jesus renew his being.

And Jesus is made to breathe again, not by the persecutors who avenge his death, but by the persecuted who still trudge up Golgotha, as he did, under the heavy burden of an aged calumny. Israel, the people of Christ, the Christ of peoples, Israel thou art the resurrection for thou dost wear a crown of thorns, thy weary feet are driven upon every blood-stained highway, thou hast again become the foe of Caesar's might, thou wilt witness to the everlasting glory of God's spirit and even in thy torment thou dost cry out, "Forgive them; they know not what they do."

For twenty centuries we have been crucified; have we cried for vengeance? And could the maximum suffering of the German people for two decades from 1918 compare with the suffering of Israel for 2,000 years? Yet we have not sworn vengeance.

The crucifixion of Jesus and the crucifixion of Jewry — together they agonize on the cross, for they are one in suffering and together they will be resurrected in a new dawn of human regeneration, for they are one in their triumph.

From *Current Religious Thought*, September, 1944.

☐ Death is nothing to be afraid of.

The Boy That Was Scaret o' Dyin'

Annie T. Slosson

ONCE there was a boy that was dreadful scaret o' dyin'! Some folks is that way, you know; they ain't never done it to know how it feels, and they're scaret. And this boy was that way. He wasn't very rugged, his health was sort o' slim, and mebbe that made him think about sech things more. 'T any rate, he was terr'ble scaret o' dyin'. 'Twas a long time ago, this was—the times when posies and creatures could talk so's folks could know what they was sayin'.

And one day as this boy Reuben was settin' under a tree, an ellum tree, cryin', he heerd a little, little bit of a voice—not squeaky, you know, but small and thin and soft like—and he see 'twas a posy talkin'. 'Twas one o' them posies they call Benjamins, with three-cornered whitey blowths with a mite o' pink on 'em, and it talked in a kind o' pinky-white voice, and it says, "What you cryin' for, Reuben?" And he says, "'Cause I'm scaret o' dyin'," says he; "I'm dreadful scaret o' dyin'." Well, what do you think? That posy jest laughed—the most cur'us little pinky-white laugh 'twas and it says, the Benjamin says: "Dyin'!

Scaret o' dyin'? Why, I die myself every single year o' my life." "Die yourself!" says Reuben. "You're foolin'; you're alive this minute." "'Course I be," said the Benjamin; "but that's neither here nor there—I've died every year sence I can remember." "Don't it hurt?" says the boy. "No, it don't," says the posy; "It's real nice. You see, you get kind o' tired a-holdin' up your head straight an' lookin' peart and wide-awake, and tired o' the sun shinin' so hot, and the winds blowin' you to pieces, and the bees a-takin' your honey. So it's nice to feel sleepy and kind o' hang your head down, and get sleepier and sleepier, and then find you're droppin' off. Then you wake up jest 't the nicest time o' year, and come up and look 'round, and—why, I like to die, I do." But someways that didn't help Reuben much as you'd think. "I ain't a posy," he thinks to himself, "and mebbe I wouldn't come up."

Well, another time he was settin' on a stone in the lower pasture, cryin' again, and he heerd another cur'us little voice. 'Twa'n't like the posy's voice, but 'twas a little, woolly, soft, fuzzy voice, and

he see 'twas a caterpillar a-talkin' to him. And the caterpillar says, in his fuzzy little voice, he says, "What you cryin' for, Reuben?" And the boy, he says, "I'm powerful scaret o' dyin', that's why," he says. And the fuzzy caterpillar he laughed. "Dyin'!" he says. "I'm 'lottin' on dyin' myself. All my fam'ly," he says, "die every once in awhile, and when they wake up they're jest splendid—got wings and fly about, and live on honey and things. Why, I wouldn't miss it for anything!" he says. "I'm 'lottin' on it." But somehow that didn't chirk up Reuben much. "I ain't a caterpillar," he says, "and maybe I wouldn't wake up at all."

Well, there was lots o' other things talked to that boy, and tried to help him—trees and posies and grass and crawlin' things, that was allers a-dyin' and livin', and livin' and dyin'. Reuben thought it didn't help him any, but I guess it did a little mite, for he couldn't help thinkin' o' what they every one of 'em said. But he was scaret all the same.

Winter is always followed by spring. Death which hovers over all of outdoor life during the wintry months becomes new life as the cold season goes. Night always gives way to dawn. Here is no end, only change. God is true to physical nature. Shall He be less true to man, as yet the highest expression of His creative power and will and wisdom? "There is no death, what seems so is transition."

—Harry Levi

And one summer he began to fail up faster and faster, and he got so tired he couldn't hardly hold his head up, but he was scaret all the same. And one day he was layin' on the bed, and lookin' out o' the east winder, and the sun kep' a-shinin' in his eyes till he shet 'em up, and he fell fast asleep. He had a real good nap; and when he woke up he went out to take a walk.

And he begun to think o' what the posies and trees and creatures had said about dyin', and how they laughed at his bein' scaret at it, and he says to himself, "Why, someways I don't feel so scaret today, but I s'pose I be." And jest then what do you think he done? Why, he met a Angel. He'd never seed one afore, but he knowed it right off. And the Angel says, "Ain't you happy, little boy?" And Reuben says, "Well, I would be, only I'm so dreadful scaret o' dyin'. It must be terr'ble cur'us," he says, "to be dead." And the Angel says, "Why, you be dead." And he was!

☐ In post-war planning we dare not forget the foundation of immortality.

Immortality a Necessity

Joseph M. M. Gray

WITHOUT immortal life for men the universe is not only irrational; it is immoral, for without immortality the major wrongs that afflict humanity are never righted. There is a popular disposition of the future with the protective thesis that "one gets his hell in this life." But no one claims that he gets his heaven in this life. If pure affection, crucified in life, has ultimately no fulfillment of its thwarted happiness, the universe which evoked it is without affection; if the cry for justice from the martyred victims of societies or men too strong for them has in the end no redressing answer, the universe which implanted in them the intuition from which the cry arose is itself without justice; and the question remains forever unanswered as to how affection and the sense of justice ever came to be.

Nothing will do for us but an eternal life and a God whose redeeming purposes and powers no mortal mind is wise enough to limit to the world of time.

Is the strategy of religion in the post-war world to be no more

than a repetition of age-old beliefs, while conflicts and the way to peace, confusions and counsels of direction, wrongs and opportunities to right them, clamor around us on every side? But unless these age-old beliefs become again the vital background and sustaining forces of human conduct, our cause is already lost. Dean Inge uttered one of his greatest words when he said that the Church for the age is the Church of the ages. The basic truths for contemporary men are likewise the truths which men of all times have proved, by exemplifying or by denial, to be necessary to sustain moral purpose, the quest of justice, and the loftiest conceptions of human life. The supernatural world; a living God; an eternal life, in which the wrongs of time shall be redressed, its ills redeemed, and in which the aspiring minds of men find opportunity for infinite advance—these are the basic truths. Only religion is commissioned to declare them, and its declaration must be heard in all it undertakes. They will undergird its social gospel and inform and restrain its aesthetic search.

From *The Post-War Strategy of Religion* by Joseph M. M. Gray. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, N. Y., 1944. By permission of the publishers.

Grounded in them, the individual may face the perplexities and price of duty with a confidence that "Dread can darken not, nor Death destroy." With them democracy is difficult; without them it is impossible. They are indispensable for maintenance of the dignity of man.

MAKE ME

Amado Nervo (a Mexican)

I am only a spark—
Make me a fire.

I am only a string—
Make me a lyre.

I am only a drop—
Make me a fountain.

I am only an ant hill—
Make me a mountain.

I am only a feather—
Make me a wing.

I am only a rag—
Make me a King!

From *The World at One in Prayer*, by D. J. Fleming, Editor, Harper & Bros.

You have heard the story of the ugly duckling? All the ducks in the barnyard made sport of this little awkward stranger. He couldn't walk as they did; his neck was too high and his wings were too clumsy. All during his duckhood he had to spend his life the scorn of his companions; until one spring day as they heard above them a strange and distant sound as of birds flying and crying, this ugly duckling looked up and saw a little speck in the sky, and then a waving line, and from that line there came the call to him. He tried his wings, he spread them and sprang from the ground and soared into the air, and his companions knew him no more. He did not belong to them. And, by the way, I think they said he had died.

And so when I look at people, and at myself—dissatisfied, restless, uneasy, surrounded by unideal conditions, body, soul, and heart crying out for the unattained; I say this is not our permanent abiding-place. Just as surely as the God that made things knew how to make them, some day the call will come to you and you shall try your wings and fly to where God has made a home for you. For "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you."

—Henry Hitt Crane

☾ It is a *reasonable* thing to believe in immortality.

If a Man Die Shall He Live Again?

William Edward Biederwolf

MAN HAS an inborn sense of a higher destiny. If tired of other arguments he needs only turn back to commune with his own soul's consciousness, and deep within himself he hears a voice, as unmistakable though as gentle as an evening's zephyr, which is like that of the sentinel in Tennyson's immortal poem—

Who moves about from place
to place,
And whispers to the worlds
of space,
In the deep night, that all is
well.

Have you ever seen the robin flying away before the chilling blasts of winter? Did you ever see the bee sailing out into the vast sea of air, going from flower to flower, and then by its own peculiar instinct find its way straight back to its home? Never has bird or beast or insect been deceived or led astray by their God-given instinct, and do you think that God would plant that holiest of instincts in the human soul and then permit it to mislead

that soul in its longing and aspiration after immortality and the life beyond?

Is it reasonable that the tree shall outlive the man who planted it, the garment outlast the man who wears it? Is it reasonable that Tennyson's *In Memoriam* should be immortal and immortality be denied to its author? Shall the *Origin of Species* endure and Darwin die? Is the *Principia* greater than Newton? Is it reasonable that man should die for the truth in this world and not behold the truth enthroned in another world to come? Is it reasonable that the lone mound in the jungles of Africa or the unknown grave in the Indian Ocean should be the end of Livingstone dying alone upon his knees, or of lion-hearted Judson giving his last drop of blood for dying India's sake? Is it reasonable that Savonarola and Huss and Wyclif and all "the slaughtered saints whose bones lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold" should die the martyr's death and not receive the martyr's crown?

From *If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach on Immortality*, edited by William L. Stidger, Harper & Brothers, publishers, N. Y., 1929.

EASTER

Marseillaine Perrie

For "God so loved!" so loved that He gave
Of His own—that man might see
That there is no claim of earth—nor grave
That can hold that "I" of me.

For "I am" wing'ed and "I am" free,
And "I am" a being Divine.
My soul resurrects
In the light that reflects
From its own indwelling shrine.

For this—was the cross on Golgotha!
For this—was the empty grave!
That I might discern
The lesson—and learn
That for me—
"God so loved that He gave!"

THIS THING THAT MEN CALL DEATH

Grace Adsit

So this is what it is,
This thing that men call death.
This turning to the wall,
This ceasing of the breath.

This turning to a wall?
But a wall I did not find,
This seeing of my eyes,
This living of my mind.

This loving of my heart,
This being, without breath,
This bright, eternal life,
This thing that men call death.

*This Is Prayer**H. Richard Rasmusson*

PRAYER is gratitude. To be aware of the social connections that are continually ministering to our growth and well-being, and to be grateful for them is to pray.

G. K. Chesterton must have had this thought in mind when he wrote:

"You say grace before meals
all right.

But I say grace before the play
and the opera,

And grace before the concert
and pantomime,

And grace before sketching,
painting,

Swimming, fencing, boxing,
walking, playing, dancing,

And grace before I dip the pen
in ink.

And this is prayer. It is the prayer of gratitude.

Prayer is contemplation. When we meditate about life's meaning and mystery, the sacrifices made in our behalf, the high uses some people have made of their opportunities and are stirred to do likewise, we are praying.

When Jesus arose a great while before day, and went into a desert place to pray, what shall we believe he prayed about? His whole life

compels us to believe that he engaged in spiritual contemplation on the meaning and destiny of life, and the high uses to which it should be put.

George Washington Carver, the great negro scientist, arose every morning before dawn. "When other folk are still asleep," he has written, "I hear God best and learn his plan." And such contemplation is prayer.

Prayer is dominant desire. "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed."

As everyone has desires, everyone of us, willy-nilly, prays. And it follows that if our desires are low and selfish, the effects of our desires or prayers will be evil and harmful. But if our desires are high and of good report, the issues of them will be healthy and good. Look carefully to your desires for out of them come the issues of life.

Someone remarked that it is strange Jesus said nothing in the Beatitudes about prayer. But he did, when he said, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled." He was thinking about prayer as dominant desire.

Prayer is discipline. Someone

has called prayer, "The will to cooperate with God in your total life." But how that does make prayer a discipline? Everything I do must now be of a piece with the divine will. God cannot now be divorced from any part of my life.

E. Stanley Jones has written, "You cannot expect God to come into the occasional, if you refuse him in the continuous." It is only when prayer is a daily attitude, that its effectiveness can be experienced.

Prayer is surrender. When Kagawa the great Japanese Christian was asked to define prayer, he replied that he could do so in one word. This word was, "Surrender." Prayer is placing your life into the hands of God and seeking His direction for it. It is the desire to be—not at cross-purposes, but in harmony—with the flow and tide of His purpose. One of the prayers of Marcus Aurelius was, "O Universe! What thou wishest, I wish." How similar this to Jesus' "Not my will, but thine be done."

And when I, as an individual, surrender to God, then as a great master of prayer puts it, "God surrenders to me—His power is put at my disposal." Would electricity come into our homes except as the wires were surrendered to the dynamo? Would the flower be the blossom of color and beauty and fragrance except as it surrendered to the sun and the rain? Until we

surrender our minds to education, our hearts to gratitude and our whole lives to God and His on-going Purpose of Brotherhood and Peace and Justice for all men, we can never know the meaning of His Peace in our lives or on the earth.

Prayer is fellowship. We talk and communion with God and become friends with Him. So Dr. Buttrick defines prayer as "friendship with God." The great St. Augustine, writing about prayer as fellowship and communion said, "Thereward of God is Himself." In prayer God gives Himself.

Prayer will not remove the obstacles that faced us when we began to pray, but in fellowship with God they are no longer insurmountable. The lessons that seem so difficult will still be facing us when we return from prayer, but they will be studied with new determination and courage. Prayer as fellowship gives us the strength to do what must be done, with poise and serenity and unhurried dignity.

Prayer is commitment. In true prayer we do not seek to coerce God. Instead we seek earnestly to know what His will is for us and then to do it. So Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane prayed, not that his will should be worked out by God, but rather, "Not my will but thine be done."

This is the root of prayer, seeking that God's will be done "through me."

The Ultimate Good

Starr Daily

THE ultimate good! What is it? The ultimate good, says the Apostle Paul, is love. Every spiritual gift is a *part*. Only love is whole.

And love is available to all. It alone never fails. Therefore put on love and you put off all that is unlike love. Walk in love. Says Nora Holm, "Love must be the atmosphere in which we live." Why? For this reason: "God is love." God must be the atmosphere in which we live if our lives are to be total, abundant, adequate for every need. God is the ultimate good. He is no respecter of persons. He is for all. He is love. Hence love is the ultimate good. "Let all that you do be done in love." Salt all that you do with the savor of love. There is no prison door that love cannot open; no problem that love can't solve; no sin that love can't banish; no hurt that love can't heal; no tear that love can't mend.

Treat every problem for love. Those who oppose your good intention, treat them for love. If any person stands between you and your good, treat that person for love. Use this affirmation: "Dear (Mr. or Mrs.) So-and-so, you are a child of God. His love dwells in you, and flows through you. You are an expression of love, and therefore a minister of good. Your personality is magnetic, happy, helpful, and people seek you, for your good is contagious." Close the treatment with an expression of gratitude to God. Keep treating. Don't waver and quit. Expect results. Be earnest, sincere, and you will see love perform its redemptive work. How do we know? By much experience. Example has been piled upon example. We no longer believe. We know that love is the ultimate good, and transforms all that it touches into its own likeness. *Don't argue. Just love.*

From *The Daily Workshop*, 412 Winthrop Drive, Alhambra, California.

A CORRECTION

By an accident the lovely poem on page 36 of the January issue of CLEAR HORIZONS was printed without acknowledgment or title. Our attention has been called to the fact that it is entitled WINGS IN THE STORM, and has been printed by Harper and Brothers in the volume of verse by Grace Noll Crowell called THE LIFTED LAMP. Our apologies to Harpers and to Mrs. Crowell.

The Editors.

SANCTUM

Eleanor Fiock

Within my soul there is a shrine
Of holy quietness,
Where I can yield myself to God
And He, my all possess.

A sacred place, yet not a place
But like a vibrant sound,
That bids me rise on mystic wings
Where light and love abound.

The veil removed, I pass beyond
Life's pettiness and care,
To find that words seem meaning-
less,
(Dear God, can this be prayer?)

TURN BUT TO GOD

A. H. Folger

Mid dust and turmoil now we work,
Daily we face new toil,
Our tools are blunt,
Our engines fail,
How may we till this soil?

His answer comes upon the dawn:
Turn but to God today;
Put not your hope
In man or beast,
Nor aught of common clay.

Turn but to God,
In Him all power
Of growth, of harvest, too,
All that you need or can desire
His grace can bring to you.

☪ God's promises are more real than the dangers of life.

*God's Promises Are True**Lillian DeWaters*

HAVE you ever read the story about the men who started out through a dense forest to find the home of the King who lived in a wonderful palace far on the other side of the forest?

It seems that the King had written to these three men and invited them to come to him and had even sent them a paper upon which was an outline of the forest and the very path they were to follow in order to reach his home. The path they were to follow was in the middle of the forest and was very narrow, while wide by-paths branched off from it all the way along. He warned them against these tempting by-paths and promised them if they would faithfully follow his directions they would reach his palace and live with him forever in all joy and happiness. So these three men started on the journey with the King's script before them. Very soon one man fell back because people on the way told him how utterly foolish he was in such an attempt; that many had tried it and failed because huge lions lay in the path before them.

So now the two went on. Presently a great noise was heard. It was the roar of a lion. The sound

echoed throughout the great forest, and it seemed that the lion must be directly in their path. Another of the men was now afraid and hastening from the straight path took a road that led him into another direction. But one man was now left and with sinking heart and quivering breath he continued in the straight and narrow path. The lions continued to roar until the very earth upon which he was standing trembled beneath him. Then was he terrified, indeed. Again he looked long and earnestly at the sketch the King had sent him to follow. There was no mistake; he was following right in the very path that the King had outlined and which he said if he followed would bring him safely to his wonderful home. Could the King be wrong? Would the King deceive him? A thousand times, No! But the lions in his path? What did they mean? He could not answer. All he could do was to trust, to have faith and confidence in the King's promises, and to continue *regardless of the lions.*

So now he walked on and soon the roars were so loud and so close to him that he could not move another inch, his trembling was so great. And then, right before him,

right in the very path, it seemed, were two great lions whose cries shook the earth.

But, having come so far the man would not now turn back. All he could think was this:—"the King would not deceive me." Shaking and trembling he moved forward right toward the lions, when behold!—what did he see?—Why, *the lions were chained!* One on each side of the path, yet neither could reach him. Oh, what joy was his! With happy heart he walked along the path right between the hungry roaring lions and there, right before him, was the King's palace and

the King himself coming to greet him and give him the joys that he had promised.

O troubled hearts, ponder this lesson well and, when fearful and worried over evil appearances, strive to understand the reality and certainty of the promise of Nature, Life. Strive to live in harmony with the laws of God and thus eradicate the sense of fear. These laws are fixed, certain, absolute, and unailing. What if we are terrified! What if the lions do seem real and true to us! *We know that Life's promises are truer than all the seeming lions in our path.*

Always distinguish between immortality and eternal life. Immortality is merely going on and on. Eternal life is having a kind of life so radiant in meaning that it is worth going on with. Immortality is mere continuance of existence. Eternal life is quality of experience.

Whenever in the New Testament you find eternal life mentioned, it always involves present possession as a possibility. "He that hath the Son hath life." He hath "passed from death unto life." It is in us now "a well of water springing up into everlasting life." "This is life eternal, that they might know thee." Always in the New Testament eternal life begins here.

Those first disciples heard it. They were aimless. They had not found out yet what their life meant, and then Christ came and you can see them pulling themselves together around him and his course. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou has sent."

I believe in immortality. But what I am concerned about for myself and for you is not immortality but life eternal. To have a quality of experience so rich and radiant, so full of meaning that it makes going on worth while—may God bestow on us that Easter gift.

—Harry Emerson Fosdick

☞ As you walk to work, have your morning meditation.

Primary Lessons in Practicing the Presence of God

Anonymous

WE STUDY and practice to develop the mind and the body, yes, and the moral life, but, perhaps, we have neglected to set aside enough time to maintain the persistence necessary to practice and develop the skills of the spirit.

A fifteen minute walk to work from the train can be of great value. Block after block can be a going somewhere spiritually as well as physically.

The first is a short one. Casting aside every atom of personality begin your spiritual walk by centering your thoughts on God with this mental statement, NOTHING MATTERS BUT GOD: Blank out all personalities and experiences, your own most of all.

The second block is RECOGNITION AND RELATIONSHIP. Know the power of God. Recall some incident where, when all human effort failed, God walked in and straightened out the tangle. Know the continual awareness of God, the love, wisdom and tenderness of God. Let thoughts of these attributes develop as you walk this block. This is very important and requires concentration. Then pass

to establishing your relationship with God. You are made in the image and likeness of Him. If you believe this then you have in some degree the power of God, the knowledge of God, the love and wisdom of God. You have the power to control your thought. You have the knowledge of God which gives you skill for your work. A very important fact follows this; IF YOU RECOGNIZE THIS POWER AND KNOWLEDGE AND CONSCIOUSLY RELATE YOURSELF TO IT THEN YOUR ABILITIES AND YOUR SKILL INCREASE. You have the love of God which causes you to stoop to lift and hold some one who has fallen and care for him until help comes and feel a great warmth of love for that person which surges in waves through you and blankets you both. You have the wisdom of God to guard your speech and guide your judgments.

The third block. Here work really begins. This is the block of LOVE. Here you take your capacity to love and enlarge it. Close off everything from your mind but the one word LOVE. Start with that. See it in high letters.

LOVE. Then feel it—the most powerful thing in the world, its over-allness, its closeness, its permeating, penetrating quality. Now think of a person for whom you feel a great divine passion of tenderness and devotion—Jesus, if you are ready for Him. Feel the warmth of that kindled flame and then focus it to include some one or some group that you find it difficult to love. You can get a good workout here for the best and highest that is in you.

The fourth block. Now you are ready for adventure, the adventure of FAITH, and since this block takes you past the great cathedral you call it the FAITH BLOCK. You know as you enter here that with God as your guide you will surely reach the other end of this city block. You begin there and nothing moves you from that stand. Your faith is like rock, unyielding. You know you will arrive. Now stretch your faith a little to include the remainder of the walk, then through the next hour and the rest of the day; and from here on ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN ACCORDING TO YOUR FAITH.

The fifth block. This is the Taking and Giving stretch. Take all of the rich gifts your Father gives you. Claim all of the things that

he has promised you, such as safety, protection, guidance and substance. Consciously accept these riches and then with joyful and reckless abandon give everything back to God. Give Him your personality, your thoughts, your love, your desires, your life. Just hand them all over into his extended hands and know the supreme bliss of belonging to some one else, of knowing no responsibility, no will but His, with the “government being on His shoulders” and you go FREE.

The sixth block. This is the block of Gratitude and Consecration. Acknowledge and be thankful to hear all sounds, to see and to behold the firmament, for feet that carry you, for hands, for health. Be thankful for life itself, for work, for God’s abundance with which he has blessed you, and at the end of this block Rejoice and Be Glad. Those words appear so many times in the Bible that they must be important. They are healing and health giving.

The seventh and last block. This is the block of Quiet. Relax and rest in the peace of the walk. Be quiet in the shelter of your deepened awareness and quickened perceptions, just feeling and being all of God’s goodness, and knowing peace at having walked with Him.

Planning post-war organization is not an adventure in starry-eyed idealism. It is a matter of deadly practical necessity.—*Adolf A. Berle, Jr.*

☐ A soul becomes aware of God’s nearness when stripped of all external coverings.

Splendor in the Night

A Pilgrim

IN 1933 a small book was published, *Splendor in the Night*, and it was written by one who signed herself, A Pilgrim. There were only five hundred of the books published and the foreword was written by Rufus Jones. It was a series of letters telling of the Dark Night of a Soul.

Rufus Jones says of it: “I was convinced, as soon as I read the original letters which are now printed in this little book, that they ought to be widely circulated and deeply pondered. They leave no doubt about the reality of the experience which they record and they effectively interpret its meaning and significance for life. It is well that attention should be sharply focused upon the fact that the way is narrow and the gate is strait which leadeth into life. Mountain climbers prepare to climb by stripping off everything superfluous. They leave everything behind that can be left. Christianity has always held that life’s refusals are a part of life’s assets. I had a visit recently from a Monk of Mount Athos who thrillingly told of his joys of renunciation. ‘What I cannot understand,’ he said with

simplicity and in broken English, ‘is the way Christians seem to think they can carry so much luggage on their spiritual adventures. They act as though they expect to go to Heaven with their galoshes on.’

“Nobody enjoys by preference going through tunnels, or what the beloved Psalmist called “valleys of shadow.” And yet all the greatest guides of the soul have known that there are no detours which go around these ‘valleys of weeping.’ They must be traveled through. The great achievement is to so pass through them that one makes them ‘places of springs of water’ for others who come there afterwards.

“St. John of the Cross, who was one of the world’s greatest experts on the meaning of the Dark Night of the Soul—that time of stripping before the ascent,—says of it:

In that happy night
In secret, seen of none,
Seeing nought myself,
Without other light or guide
Save that which in my heart
was burning,
That light guided me

More surely than the noonday sun
To the place where He was
waiting for me.

These words, written almost four hundred years ago, before our America was settled, vividly reveal what happened to the writer of these letters and they tell the story of many similar spiritual trails."

There is no doubt within me. My experience has been genuine. My soul has been tried through and through.

While it was impossible, during those dark days, to regain what seemed left behind, one way of movement seemed ever open to me. I could still give up more and more, until my soul was stripped bare of every desire, until I had relinquished all, melted every form and thrown it into the crucible. One opportunity after another to do this, was given me. I did it. I banished from my mental vision the slightest thing towards which a desire fluttered.

I was stripped, possessing nothing without or within. Then the waves of agony, the surges of feeling, the baffled, helpless, eager seeking for some place in heaven or earth in which I might live and move and have my being,—all left me.

I was reduced to the same nothingness as that which I had seen,

the sight of which had struck such terror to my soul. I was now that nothingness, and was content to have it so.

The physical death is not the only death. Can it be that physical death is merely the symbol of this deeper renunciation?

Next day I felt strange glimmerings of light, faint and far away. And early the following morning, January 4, 1924, the Light came to me—shatteringly.

There was a swift change. As if inner barriers had fallen. As if a veil had been rent. The old consciousness had died and a new consciousness had arisen. At the same time certain things were made known to me: of these I find I may not speak or write.

A swift change. I had renounced everything. I was reborn!

I do not see how I can make this clear. Giving oneself up when called upon to do so, is the condition required for the coming of the Light. One's little self candle must be extinguished before the rising of the sun. There can be no writing on the heart that is filled with criss-cross words. It has to be washed clean in the blood of sacrifice. The lily cannot bloom in a plot, the strength of which has gone to nourish the weeds. The weeds must go, that the whole of the earth may be poured into the life of the flower. So must the way be made clear.

When at the call, the soul gives itself up, the work of annihilation goes on until it ceases to exist as a separate soul. Then that transpires which the pilgrims of all times and all nations have tried to express. Those who have been that way point to it as the pearl of great price. And those who have been that way have the right to speak.

It is that initiation dear to the writers of the East. And it is the rebirth of which Jesus spoke to Nicodemus. It is the birth within of a greater consciousness.

Another change I feel! Like many others we had some inheritance on which to build, and to this we added, by years of planning and saving. This was to spell security. The Crusader and I talked together of a time when he would retire after long, intensive work, gallantly performed. The day was not far off. There was to be a mountain cabin, quiet trees, books, and a stream that sang.

And it all went, the means to purchase rest. Years ago, it would have mattered poignantly, seeing the tangible evidence of years of sacrifice passing away like a dream in the night. But now, it does not matter. The world has conceived a new dispensation. She is in travail; birth throes are rending her. Why should I be immune? What security could I have by my mountain stream when the

old order seems to be breaking up in pain and anguish? For I am the world! You are the world!

In years gone by when each man was for himself, it seemed enough. But a truth of yesterday may be the error of today. There is relative truth and there is final truth. No system built upon the principle of every man for himself is final truth.

We no longer consider ourselves alone, man or country. Those who do must be left behind in the onward march. Some of us have moved into the larger pasture where we know all mankind as ourselves. Others are approaching this vision. The sense of this is arising in the land like the lark at dawn, and the song goes forth to the ends of the earth.

The day will come when we shall consider Life first. Before expediency. Before efficiency. Before possessions. Life!

What matters it how I fare now? Chastened, I know that simplicity is best. In faith, I look for sustenance as the Israelites looked each day for their manna in the wilderness. Give us this day our daily bread.

And if bread should fail? Even with this possibility, I am free with a freedom I never knew before!

Let come what will! From ashes we rise again, new-born, the World and I!

The United Prayer Tower

THERE ARE some people who live constantly in the faith that death is merely a thin curtain that separates them from the dear ones that have gone on ahead. These people are always serene. Little disappointments don't ruffle them because they live in the midst of Eternity. Even when a great disaster confronts them it becomes small in their sight when measured against the background of the ages. When a loved one goes there is a temporary loneliness, but only as when a friend leaves one for a journey. But there is an inward rejoicing for the peace and glory that is coming to that one who is privileged to take the journey. The release from the little tensions of the earthly body and the liberation from the petty inhibitions and limitations of the earthbound mind must be like the casting off of a heavy garment by one who would run a race.

If those who live, move and have their being in this faith were serene, peaceful and comfortable only for themselves, one could see some value in it, but it would be a selfish value. It might make life easier for them, but what about others? Would they not be like ostriches with their heads in the sand while the whole world went by?

But there is something else about these people that sets them completely free from any such misjudgment. The serenity they possess is based not on self-centeredness, but upon "other-centeredness," and therefore is contagious and brings a blessing to all those they contact. Because this serenity is based upon permanent and eternal values everything they do has the element of permanence about it. As one reads history he begins to discover that the only permanent and worthwhile things *ever* done in this world were done by people who lived, more or less, in the constant realization that this little earthbound world is merely a vestibule of eternity. The purpose of the Prayer Tower this time, therefore, is to help you all live for the next three months in the consciousness that we are all living daily in the Kingdom of Heaven here and now.

THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER, 1674 Grand Avenue, Saint Paul 5, Minnesota. Phone: 8:30 A.M. to 5:00 P.M., weekdays, Emerson 8484. On Saturdays, Sundays and holidays phone Emerson 3880.

THE APRIL THOUGHT FARTHEST OUT

The Power of An Immortal Soul

Memory Verse: "Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit." John 12:24

THE EDITORS of *Clear Horizons* belonged to a family of seven children, the youngest of whom died at birth. When Glenn was fourteen and Helen was ten, Page, who was just turning twelve, departed this life. That was the beginning of an entirely new outlook on life for those left behind. The brother who stood midway between these two had stepped out of this earthly picture, but he did not leave "nothingness" behind. Rather, he left "everythingness" behind him. Into the vacancy where his physical presence had been there entered the great God-Presence. The little boy who while on this earth would have taught others very little of the mysteries of immortality by his going "over there" had parted the curtains between time and eternity, and let the heavenly host come nearer all his loved ones left behind on earth.

Starr Daily's father spent time, energy and fortune on trying to save his son but all to no avail. But after he died his wishes released from the little tensions and inhibitions of earthly brain and body became multiplied by infinity and the gates of heaven opened, and Christ came to Starr in prison and did in one night what human effort alone could not have accomplished in a lifetime.

The world today is in a great catastrophe, the greatest of the ages. For generations it has been turning further and further away from God. Now an army of our finest young men have had to be sacrificed for the accumulated sins of the world. Behold those boys, those beautiful, heaven-born lads, pushing the veils aside and letting heaven come in. "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea."

No, those boys shall not have died in vain. They may be accomplishing more than generations of earthbound men could accomplish on this earth in many lifetimes.

The reading for this month is the Book of Job, with especial attention to Chapters 14, 19, 24, and 28-42.

THE MAY THOUGHT FARTHEST OUT

The Power of the Yearning Soul

Memory Verse: *"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."* Matt. 5:3

IN OUR neighborhood a young man, crippled by polio, feeling he could help others more by going than by staying, took his own life. A tremendous wistfulness went up from all who knew him. "Where could we have failed him? Where could we have helped him?"

Such wishes always go up more or less after a loved one has passed away, even under the most natural of circumstances. Such wishes are not an expression of futility and frustration, but of efficiency and power. If our Prayer Tower had the choice of receiving all the gold which people possess or all their wistfulnesses we should take the latter, for if enough wistfulnesses were released on this earth, they would make earth into heaven.

Indeed, Jesus Himself put this as the first requisite of the Kingdom of heaven in His first two Beatitudes which could be translated: Blessed are the wistful in spirit and Blessed are they that yearn. Our wistfulnesses and our yearnings are like shafts of light that, beginning in our inmost hearts, do not stop till they reach the inmost center of heaven. They become clear, unobstructed roadways by which all of heaven can flow unretarded into the hearts of this world. The things which retard the flow of heaven are our prides, our greeds, our resentments. Those which open the gates are our loves, our humilities, our sorrows, our wistfulnesses. It has been said that the finest perfume is made from crushed roses that have been trod upon.

Let us treasure these wistfulnesses, that rise from a broken and a contrite heart. Let us not waste these yearnings or cast them aside as mere futility and frustration. Let us harness them to the mighty dynamo of God for making our home, our community and our world into a finer community and a better world. "O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" (I Cor. 15:55)

Reading for this month is "Wellsprings of Immortality" by Starr Daily.

THE JUNE THOUGHT FARTHEST OUT

The Power of a Trusting Soul

Memory Verse: *"Commit thy ways unto the Lord, trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass."* Psalm 37:5

IT IS WONDERFUL what we can do with the promises of God. The Bible is full of them, and we cannot step within a church without finding them on the wall or in the words of the preacher. There they are. What shall we do with them? In our ears they are merely words. If they reach our hearts they can move mountains.

In conducting prayer laboratories we often have walked among the group with open Bibles in our hands, inviting all present to lay their burdens on the promises in this book. When we add the caution, "Do not lay them there unless you are willing to leave them there," people often look a little startled.

In Washington, D. C., where the servant problem is very acute, three elderly ladies had been praying for the right kind of a maid to help them with their housework. Weeks and months passed with no success. Then they decided they had been pressing down too hard. One of them came to our Prayer Laboratory. "I placed my problem in my left hand as you directed," she afterwards reported, "turned my hand over and released it in the hand of God saying, 'Send me someone scrubby and jolly, dear Lord.' The next day someone came and went right to work. I reported to my pals the very first day, 'Girls, she's scrubby.' Her mouth turned up at the corners so I had hopes of her being jolly—and so it proved. Every day she developed greater ease. Presently she was singing at her work, and laughing as she talked, telling of her past life, which had been far from easy. She proved to be a Catholic, and said that her mother had named all her children after saints, and she was named after Saint Apollonia. Said she, 'My nickname is "Appy," and when I was working at the college the boys called me Happy.' We told her that we had prayed for someone to help us out and she said she had prayed for a place where she could fit in. I did not dare say to a reverent Catholic that I had specified to the Lord, 'scrubby and jolly' as qualifications, neither did I dare tell her that I was laughing at the sweet intimacy of God in literally saying to me, 'Here she is, all ready and labeled.'"

It is never too late to lay our burdens on the promises of God. Let us do so right now and continue to do so as long as we live.

The reading for this month is "Stepping Heavenward" by Louise Miles Clark.

The Church—It's Up to You

Kermit Olsen

THE CHURCH is only as strong as its members. They make or break the minister. Many fine, enterprising young ministers start out their ministry with youthful enthusiasm only to be met with indifference. More than one minister has been crucified by his congregation. Unless the laymen get behind the minister, he can do nothing.

To the question, "Why doesn't the church do something?" the answer is, "You are the church." When you become a member of a church, you are as morally responsible for serving Christ as the minister. Is your church weak in reaching and developing young people into Christ-like men and women? Then go to your minister and *offer yourself* to that end by being willing to take any part that will help.

Does the mid-week service in your church have poor attendance? Where were you last Wednesday night and did you bring another with you? Is the Sunday school as strong as it should be? If not, in what way are *you* helping to improve matters? Is the morning worship service vital and well-attended? If not, organize a com-

mittee to improve it. How many calls have you made on those who were not there last Sunday? You are just as responsible for the welfare of the church as the minister is. You and he both are serving the Christ, only it happens to be in different areas.

The Protestant Church is composed of the minister and lay people working together. The minister cannot possibly do all that is demanded of him, but with your help he can.

To call on a membership once a year with other duties such as hospital calls, weddings, funerals, mid-week services, morning and evening worship services, young people's activities, Sunday school activities, board of religious education meetings, committee meetings, writing the boys in service, staying at hospitals with anxious families while a loved one is undergoing an operation, serving on Church Federation committees, helping parents with wayward boys, *ad infinitum*—he cannot do without your help. There are simply not enough hours in the day, but if every member gave just some of his time to the church and the Christian cause, churches

would be so strong that governments and the world would have to listen.

Are members of your church having discussions on a just and durable peace and on methods whereby you as a Christian can strive for this end? If not, approach your minister, offer your service as chairman of such a committee, and go to work. If you feel your church is not getting next to people, instead of complaining about it, sit down with your minister and together outline projects that will enable your church to meet the needs of people where they are. Your minister wants to do all these things, but if he had to do it by himself, it means he would have to give up some other area of church work, for which he would be promptly criticized.

I think the greatest obstacle the young minister has to overcome is discouragement. There is so much to do and so few people willing to sacrifice time and energy to do it, to share their Christian responsibility with him. The minister might see unlimited possibilities of the church for serving mankind but unless the laymen help, he is impotent. Always it seems that other activities come first and what time is left over goes to Christ and His church. That is the main reason why churches are not doing all they ought to.

And yet they are doing more than the average person knows. At a certain recent state pastors' convention at which there were about 2,000 ministers in attendance, it was voted that Dr. E. Stanley Jones be recommended to the Federal Council of Churches as an official delegate representing the churches at the peace table. Such conferences as the Malvern, the Delaware, and lately the Cleveland conference show that ministers of the church are keenly alert and determined that this time the voice of the Protestant church shall be represented and heard.

The returning service man is a person over whom there have been several conferences so that the churches might intelligently receive these men and help them to civilian adjustment.

When the Federal government forced Japanese-Americans to evacuate the west coast and settle in relocation centers, churches stepped in to help these unfortunate people. In the centers themselves, outstanding Christian leaders gathered people together in Christian fellowship and conducted Christian worship services. Also committees were formed to place the Japanese-Americans in industry. In many cities the Church Federation has committees of laymen and ministers finding employment for them in the various

industries of the city and are succeeding to a remarkable degree.

In Pittsburgh not long ago there was a great meeting on religion and labor in which ministers and labor leaders sat down together to try to work out the problems of the workers. At the same time there were other meetings on religion and management in which ministers and employers would discuss, "How Christian can we make industry?" Attending these gatherings has proved an education in itself. The ministers always hounded the industrial speaker with "Is it Christian?" To which the industrialist would retort, "Is it expedient and practical?" To the answer "We can't do this," the leaders of religion would say, "Why not?" These frank and candid conferences which are taking place every week in many cities make both the church and industry aware of their moral obligations.

In a large mid-western city where there is considerable racial tension, the churches took a courageous stand. A teacher training school was inaugurated in which Negro teachers instructed Caucasian adults and children. Because the Negro teachers brought their children to the school, immediately there was a protest and a petition circulated in the neighborhood demanding that the church close the doors of the school. This was re-

fused and when the local minister in whose church the school was held was severely criticized and threatened with a membership withdrawal that took alarming proportions, the ministers of the city banded together and notified the congregation they were un-Christian and that they, the ministers, would support the minister in his Christ-like stand. The school went on with great success. Those members who left the church were replaced by more Christ-like members. When your minister makes a courageous Christian stand, there are many who condemn him, but how many go up personally to him, commending him and letting him know they are for him? He needs your support. He is human too, and has his moments when he wonders if it is worth while.

Imagine one minister's feelings when after speaking on Brotherhood from the pulpit, he later discovered one of his Sunday school teachers stating to her class she could never sit next to a Negro. In general it is not so much the minister who holds back the Christian church on great social issues as it is the lack of support by the lay people.

Not many ministers are fortunate to have a church like a certain nationally known minister in one of our eastern cities. When a Negro girl wanted to join the choir, the church officers asked

him just two questions, "Is she a Christian?" and "Can she sing?" Receiving an affirmative answer, he was told that she would be promptly accepted.

In the week-day school, in social justice committees and in innumerable other similar activities the church is engaged, but often just as important as these outward manifestations of the church activities is the subtle, unconscious influence that goes on everywhere permeating society like leaven. Many who do not support the church are beneficiaries of it. The church stands for all that is fine and clean and decent in life and, though conditions may seem deplorable now, they would be infinitely worse were it not for the influence of the churches. Behind your YM and YWCA, hospitals, colleges, and other humanitarian enterprises the influence of the church is felt. Also many agencies of human welfare had their inception because a man was motivated by the church, although the agency may not now be connected with the church. The church pricks the conscience of men in all areas of life. This influence is something that cannot be measured but let us not be unaware of its strength and potency.

The mere fact that a business man or professional man feels it necessary to defend an unethical and immoral practice, only reveals

the pervasive influence of the church in society.

Christianity is still the most powerful force for good in the world. Sometimes we do not appreciate this fact as we ought; consequently, we do not support the church as we should. If every church member were as active in the church for good as you personally are, how strong a church would it be? This is often a ruthless question that searches our very beings, but we must ask it. The church is only as strong and Christian as you are.

Encouragingly enough many churches are realizing this and do not succumb to the fallacy that the church is the minister or that everything is up to him.

When a Protestant church in St. Louis lost its minister, the laymen gathered together and said, "We shall be without a minister until we can later procure one. In the meantime if our church is to be a real influence in the community we must roll up our sleeves and work for the Christ." On a certain night each week they gathered together at the church and after a prayer went out two by two into the homes to present Jesus and the church. Before the year was up they had received so many consecrated Christians into the membership that their church became one of the most powerful in the city. More than that, every-

one who brought Christ to others found Him anew in his or her own heart.

This, after all, was the secret of the radiant contagion of the early Christians. They shared their faith with others. They did not delegate this joyous responsibility to a minister, but took it upon themselves. It was a lay movement of consecrated Christians. Perhaps this

can be our challenge today. As we come to the Easter morn, let us breathe a prayer for the resurrection of the Christ in our own lives that others might see God. This is the primary function of the church. The minister and the lay people must be so close to the Father of Jesus that all who see us might see Him also and resolve to live according to His way!

THE MASTER SIGHED

Raymona Swortwood

Above the chapel where we prayed last night
The star of Mars hung low in threatening skies.
We sat in long and silent meditation:

"O Thou who hast created us in love,
And to be loved by one another,
Whence comes this hate—this lust to kill
That sweeps the world tonight?
We pray Thee, lift the souls of those who lead
To hear the human hearts with which they play,
To feel the poignancy of death for those bereaved,
To know the hopelessness of life for those half dead.
Show them the needless waste of war
That gains no end but utter desolation."

We left the chapel dark above the rocks
And from the waves below I heard His sigh.

The contemplation of celestial things will make a man speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs.

—Cicero.

☞ Faith in God gives true courage.

Keeping Our Christian Courage

L. K. Bishop

ONE of the characteristics of a man who possesses a vital religion is courage. In our culture courage is a desirable trait. We reward it. We cultivate it. We encourage it. We speak of a courageous man and compliment him by saying he has stamina, he is staunch, he is not easily shaken, he is stable. The storms of life beat against his house but they do not destroy it.

Because we live in a day that demands extraordinary courage, we look to our faith as a source of added supply. For many of us religious faith is meeting the test of our day. Fired in the crucible of human experience religion is proving to be the force of stability, poise, courage, and endurance. Who has not turned to his faith in this very year? Where is the individual who has not laid his hand upon his own religion, be it weak or strong, and leaned heavily upon it during the passing months?

Separated from our loved ones, hearts heavy with loneliness, we have turned to our faith that we might find consolation and companionship in the Divine Spirit. Restless under the strain of anxiety, torn by the uncertainties of the times, we turn to religion

for security, assurance, and strength.

The world's chaos has penetrated the security of our cottage and brought distress to our family circle. Only in the supreme powers of divine strength have we been able to find enough hope to continue. He indeed is a rare individual who will not admit that his own personal confusion, fear, and insecurity have driven him to call upon his religion.

This does not mean that we have not faltered. We have not always found adequate courage for the danger that confronts us. Frequently our courage fails and our religion is inadequate. Fear lays its cold fingers on our hearts. Futility gains the upper hand, and we stand like frightened children in the dark, unable to maintain our courage by whistling. Even the religious man finds his courage outdistanced by the danger of the day. The pious man frequently finds his piety shattered and lying at his feet in broken pieces.

What then is the value of religion if it fails in the testing time? Why should we trust in God if He is unable to meet the problems of our daily life? If religion offers no relief from the strife and confu-

sion how shall we keep our Christian courage?

A new courage was born at Calvary, forged out of the life experiences of Jesus of Nazareth. Men saw in Him for the first time the courage of the Divine. During the last days of His life men saw Him face facts that threatened His very life, facts that were inescapable, facts that pointed to but one conclusion, and that was suffering, injustice, and death. They saw Jesus face failure without flinching, failure that was brutal and vicious. Looking into the future which offered no hope of escape, this Man from the hill country of Galilee exemplified the nobility of a man who faces life's unloveliness without self-pity or complaint.

This was a new type of courage in human history, a new kind of reaction to failure, pain, injustice, and defeat. The apostles were amazed at the man who could overcome suffering not by escaping it but by rising above it. So challenged were they by the conduct and character of Jesus of Nazareth that they began to imitate that courage and from their interpretation of it there issued three streams of philosophy.

The first was that of escapism. There arose a group of people who believed that if God were good and if the promises of Christ were true, a religious life should be one of comfort, luxury, ease, and idle-

ness. We have this group with us today. They take as their text the words, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." They expect religion to be a life of ease. A truer interpretation of these words could read, "Come unto me and I will refresh you." These people forget that the words, "My yoke is easy" indicate that there is work to be done. A yoke is an instrument of labor, a tool by which we bear heavy burdens and accomplish great tasks. Those who depend upon their religion for rest will seldom find courage in it. Those who look upon the Christian life as a bed of idle ease, issuing into a heaven of luxury and plenty, will frequently be crushed in the testing time when Christian stamina is tried in the furnace of life.

There is a second group of people who interpret the courage of Christ in terms of martyrdom. These folk live an ascetic life, desiring and seeking suffering for suffering's sake. They take great joy in hardship and pain, considering themselves complimented when extra burdens are placed upon their shoulders. The heavier the burdens the greater they are favored, and they are unhappy if they are not suffering. If the world does not heap enough suffering upon them they inflict self-denial and pain upon themselves, in order that they may demonstrate their courage and their endurance.

There is a third group to be found among the Christian congregation. These individuals are as aware of life's dangers as Jesus was aware of the dangers of His last days. These individuals face frankly the handicaps, the injustices, the vicious evils which beset life. They refuse to be victimized either by pessimism or blind optimism. Facing life's dangers daily, they endure them without faltering. They rise above the storms, accept their lot in life, and say with Paul, "I am hard pressed on every side but never cut off, perplexed but not driven to despair, routed but not abandoned, struck down but not destroyed, never free from danger of being put to death. I never lose heart. Though my outer nature is wasting away, my inner is being renewed every day."

It is this third philosophy that flows from a true interpretation of Jesus Christ and His way of life that gives courage in our day. Those who imitate the Master by facing up to life's facts, failures, and future, accepting life as it is, and attempting to determine what it is to be, these people are the ones who find courage, stamina, and poise in the Christian religion.

Our hope is often founded on extravagant expectations. When our anticipations fail we are disillusioned and our courage wanes. The Thessalonians, expecting the immediate return of Christ, gave

up their work, sold their possessions, complacently folded their hands, and waited for His return. The Thessalonians were disillusioned, disheartened, and disappointed.

Our religion is not an escape. It does not lift us out of our world. It accompanies us through our world. It gives strength for the facts and issues of our day. Are we pauperizing our religion when we face frankly the areas of life in which our religion is most severely tested? On the contrary we are expanding the promise of our faith. We are enlarging the hope. We are multiplying the expectations of our Christian faith. We join with Isaiah when he quoted the promise of God, "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned. Neither shall the flames kindle upon thee, for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One." In this promise we do not expect to escape the fire nor the flood. We do not look for ease, comfort, luxury, or idleness. We now see a God who endures all of life, a Father who is patient, long-suffering, and ever-present; a Father who will see us through the experiences of life rather than kiss the hurt and send us away from the experiences. We believe in the words of assurance

which recognize that Christians may be wounded in foxholes, killed on battlefields, captured as flying-pilots, and wrecked at sea the same as non-Christians. There is no manipulating of Divine magic which can change this fact. Our courage arises from the assurance that no matter what experiences come to us in life we may rely on the strength and wisdom of our Divine Father. We may trust in Him to companion our souls.

The miracle of Calvary is to be found not in the fact that Jesus died but that He died without self-pity, bitterness, hatred, or a desire for revenge. The triumph of the Christian is not that he escapes the hardships and burdens of life but that he is able to maintain brotherly love, kindness, forgiveness, generosity, sympathy, and faith throughout the experiences of life and come to the end of his days a courageous, stable, and God-like individual, not defeated by life but strengthened and undergirded by the trials and tribulations which beset life's pathway.

Wherein then shall we find our Christian courage and how shall

we maintain it through the days that are ahead? It is strange indeed that we have not noticed in the sacred promises of our Scriptures that there are abundant indications that life will be rugged, difficult, and trying. Yet in these promises there is hope and courage in the fact that we are not alone. We can rise above the struggle. By the experiences of life we grow, our souls expand, our wisdom is increased, and our personalities are perfected. "Wait on the Lord. Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your hearts." Out of these rich promises we find our hope and courage, not escape, not needless suffering, but courage to continue our daily life in company with the spirit of God.

The supremely important factor in maintaining our Christian courage is not what happens to us, not what we experience, not how our life is changed or upset, but that we believe in a God who companions and cares for us. It is important that we know that God rules, God cares, and God works in our behalf.

If you can't be the highway, then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun, be a star.
For it isn't by size that you win or you fail—
Be the best of whatever you are!

—Douglas Mulloch.

The Silence of the Mystic

Alice Borchard Greene

THE Silence of the mystic is a rejection of the world's demands upon his interest and attention, including the demands of his own physical organism and the desires of his heart, insofar as these are the ordinary desires of humanity. And that Silence brooks no intrusion, even in the midst of strenuous practical activity.

Yet the mystic has also his more formal periods of silence, in which he devotes himself to meditation, and there is no question but that these are his refuge and his joy, however energetically he may at other times be at work in the world. Here he gathers strength, refreshment, inspiration, and here he attains his completest detachment from the environment.

In general three stages of progression are recognized as leading to the goal.

The first stage is "concentration." It has for its object the stillness of outgoing energies and their focus upon a religious theme.

Concentration is the effort to still as far as possible both afferent and efferent nerve currents, in order to encourage "interior discourse."

The aim of concentration and meditation from the early stages on is not to empty the mind so as to usher in a state of "wool-gathering," but on the contrary, to make it function more alertly, but in supermundane directions. The activities of the surface mind are checked to make those of the deeper ranges accessible, to start going an interior movement opposite to the sense-fed and self-centered movement of ordinary consciousness.

To obtain a little flavor of what the first steps in cutting the threads to environment means, Evelyn Underhill suggests the following experiment:

Look for a little time, in a special and undivided manner, at some simple, concrete and external thing. Willfully refuse the messages which countless other aspects of the world are sending, and so concentrate your whole attention on this one act of sight that all other objects are excluded from the conscious field. Do not think, but as it were pour out your personality toward it; let your soul be in your eyes.

Once the outgoing activities of

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

body, heart and mind are stilled, the aspirant toward deeper levels of life penetrates still farther beneath the surface in his effort to achieve the second stage in the process, namely "meditation." Within this stage are several clearly defined steps. Similarly as with the process of concentration, this second part of the process of inward stilling denotes not inactivity or negative passivity, but increasingly intensive activity of an inner nature.

Concentration and meditation in the mystic's pattern culminate in contemplation, if the discipline of silence is carried through to its conclusion. In the high state of contemplation the goal of separation from the external world and of absorption in and at-one-ment with other and higher worlds is accomplished.

From one point of view concentration, meditation and contemplation may be regarded as three separate processes. On the other hand, they may also be seen as three parts of a continuous process, with each part ushering in and blending into the next.

Throughout genuine mysticism there runs this strain—that the need of the soul, first and foremost, is a clear view of reality. The mystic is convinced that therefrom right action will flow. Bergson often comments on this essentially active element in true mystics. Dis-

cussing the healthy form taken by the expression of inward growth in famous mystics he says:

From their increased vitality there radiated an extraordinary energy, daring, power of conception and realization. Just think what was accomplished in a field of action by St. Paul, St. Theresa, a St. Catherine of Sienna, a St. Francis, a Joan of Arc.

Such comment, based on the facts in the case, would seem to indicate the error in popular thinking that all mystics are visionaries and impractical persons. On the contrary, they would seem to possess the qualities of vigorous, supernormal mental healthiness. If the possession of supreme good sense is a mark of greatness, these mystics must be numbered among the great in history on that score alone.

Another important modern re-statement of the need of the individual to withdraw from worldly pursuits in order to develop inwardly, is that of Professor Whitehead. His emphasis on the necessity for cultivating the interior life, in solitude, also lifts into prominence the constructive aspect of silence. "In the long run," he writes, "your character and your conduct of life depend upon your intimate convictions." How else can the individual become aware of and test these except he become a silent listener to inner promptings? The

discernment of "what is permanent in the nature of things" is born in the depths of Silence. Accord with the root system of life becomes accessible only through this recognition.

The right practice of silence must be cultivated, many theologians believe, in order to make religion a living force—a goal which shall be as vital a part of modern religious idealism as it was of first century Christianity.

Speaking of the demand of youth today to follow only first-hand, verifiable authority, achievable only through individual effort, Professor Rufus Jones, one of the foremost leaders of our day, writes that their demand for demonstration of the facts is being carried over into everything that affects their lives. As a result of this training he sees youth as turning away from religion of the "ecclesiastical type" and toward the inward, spiritual, more or less mystical religion. Youth is no longer satisfied, he believes, to be told that God once dealt directly with men but no longer is it thus. Instead of this second-hand authority, Professor Jones emphasizes the tendency of thoughtful youth toward first-hand experience.

Referring to the knowledge disclosed in contemplation as attained by degrees, and absolute when reached, Plotinus declares:

Knowledge has three degrees—

opinion, science, illumination. The means or instrument of the first is sense, of the second dialectic, of the third intuition. To the last I subordinate reason.

In an important letter on silent interior prayer, written in 1628; one of their early leaders, Juan Falconi, instructed his followers thus:

Dwell in silence, think of nothing, however good, however sublime it may be. Dwell only in pure faith in God and in utter resignation to His holy will.

According to Rufus Jones, it is in "the soul's inner laboratory" that the experiment leading to religious experience and to a different type of knowledge is to be made; and he considers Silence to be as essential for that experiment as is the stillness of water for the formation of crystals.

Berdyayev is another of the modern thinkers who are giving increasing attention to knowledge supernormally received, frankly calling it revelation.

Revelation is a catastrophic transformation of consciousness, a radical modification of its structure, almost, one might say, a creation of new organs of being with functions in another world. In the piercing light of revelation the barriers of consciousness dissolve, and its hard crust is melted. The conscious is raised to the level

of the supra-conscious and is widened and deepened to an unlimited extent. Revelation always means a spiritual awakening and it is accompanied by a fresh orientation of consciousness towards another world.

From a glance at silence in its intenser practice and profounder reaches we turn now to a brief consideration of its lesser degrees and their possibilities as human resources. For him who undertakes the cultivation of silence even to the extent of the popular forms of meditation there is, as we have seen earlier, at the least a soothing and refreshing effect. Carried a little further, to the stage where a real beginning has been made in the stilling of the emotional nature by means that are not mere repression, there is correspondingly greater benefit.

Every person whose business it is to think knows how truly Walter Lippmann speaks in his book on Public Opinion when he mentions the necessity for this type of worker to create about himself for part of the day "a pool of silence."

One of the first steps in the practice of silence is to set yourself deliberately, mentally, to the task. Learn to accept easily and to affirm frequently to yourself the need for systematic exercise, if the practice is to yield worthwhile fruits.

Train the family to respect your

wish to have a little time to yourself in which to "key out" of the day's hectic round.

Many will find that the simplest opportunity for quiet reflection presents itself during the lunch hour or on a shopping tour. Step into a church that is open for meditation. Whatever retreat you find, sit quietly and learn to relax—at first perhaps the body only. Stay for but ten minutes, if that is the most you can contrive to set aside for being alone. A half-hour is much better, and should be the mark striven for when a fuller quieting has been achieved.

Put your body in a comfortable position that will free your attention from its discomforts and strains.

Attention should be given to the next area to be relaxed, namely the feelings. One look will usually convince you that there is turbulence and confusion.

After you have had some practice of this kind with your feelings, look to your thoughts. Stop the momentum of those centered around outer situations or the ego. Forget about the pile of jobs waiting to be done, the jobs done wrongly. Leave off carrying about financial matters for this short span of time. Sidetrack for the moment your otherwise perfectly legitimate plans for getting ahead, drop those for avenging a real or

imagined wrong, or for setting the world in order. Clear the decks for inner activity.

You will find that relaxing the body is easier to accomplish than stilling the thoughts and feelings. The latter is to be achieved only in degree, and must be patiently practiced. Learn deliberately to reject insistent thoughts and persistent feelings.

Never waste this precious time on regrets and self-blame. Learn to evaluate yourself rightly and justly, not putting all the emphasis on either your shortcomings or your good points. If you have a tendency toward self-depreciation, use this time to take stock of your assets. If it is the other way around, and you have a tendency to think too well of yourself try to see yourself as others see you. Remember, no ship travels well that lists too heavily to one side or the other.

The practice of silence, far from being an impractical measure, with visionary goals, actually steps up one's efficiency in a competitive world. Broader understanding and deeper insight, keener wits, increased ingenuity and initiative are likely to be among the gains which have accrued during the "time out"

—all connected more or less with a more highly developed imagination.

I make bold to say that nothing is more conducive to inward peace and quiet—yes, even in a torn and distracted world—than to know that conditions altogether transcending those of the environment and its worldly routine are discoverable to him who seeks, and who does what is necessary to attain.

Everyone has within the recesses of his being the seeds of mystical and spiritual development, however deeply they may be buried under the weight of conventional attitudes, intellectualism, or the handicaps of ignorance and lethargy. But in order to reach these deeper aspects, the more penetrating techniques of a philosophical psychology are essential. These areas are the media of inspiration and of intuitions of a super-personal nature. Revelations were not reserved alone for the prophet and seer of old. They are open, in this modern day too, to those who have attained the greater stature and heightened consciousness which alone gives access to them. There are laws governing the exploration of these secrets.

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.

—Emerson.

☐ An outstanding minister tell how to pray.

HOW TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS

For Effectiveness in Prayer, the Following Is a Workable Formula

First: Set aside a few minutes to be alone and quiet. Relax body, mind and spirit by turning the thoughts away from problems and fixing the mind on God. Think about Him in the way that is most natural.

Second: Talk to God simply and naturally, telling Him anything that is on your mind. Do not think you have to use formal words and phrases. Talk to Him in your own language—He understands it.

Third: Practice talking to God as you go about the business of the day. On the subway or bus, or at your desk, close your eyes just for a moment to shut out the world and have a word or two with God. This will remind you of His presence and give you a sense of His nearness.

Fourth: Affirm the fact that God is with you and helping you. That is to say, do not always beseech God, asking Him for His blessings, but affirm the fact that He is giving you His blessings.

Fifth: Pray with the thought that your prayers reach out instantly over land and sea and surround your loved ones with God's love and care.

Sixth: Think positive, not negative, thoughts when you pray.

Seventh: Always state in your prayer that you are willing to accept God's will, whatever it is. You can ask Him for what you want, but express your willingness to take what *He* wants.

Eighth: In your prayer simply put everything into God's hands. Pray for strength to do your best, and with confidence leave the rest to God.

Ninth: Say a word of prayer for people who do not like you or have treated you badly. This will help them and release tremendous power in you.

Tenth: At some time during every day say a word of prayer for this troubled world, for our country, for the President, for the armed forces, and ask for victory and a lasting peace.

—Dr. Norman Vincent Peale

No one has ever hurt or wronged me enough to need my forgiveness—I have no grudge against a single person. But to send love consciously and constantly to all my friends and dear ones is the most helpful of suggestions. Upon wakening in the night there is always someone in mind to think of with love and just doing that is better than any sleep capsule.

☐ Christ was the only religious leader whose teachings are always positive and optimistic.

The Mind of Christ

Baron F. von Hügel

Foreword: Baron Friedrich von Hügel was perhaps the foremost theologian of his generation in England. His numerous writings on mysticism and on the philosophy of religion are marked by great learning, perfect candor and fairness, and deep philosophical thought, as well as by earnest piety. His curious style is not really difficult, and to some readers is rather attractive.—Dean Inge.

A PERSON came, and lived and loved, and taught, and died and rose again, and lives on by His power and His Spirit for ever within us and amongst us, so unspeakably rich and yet so simple, so sublime and yet so homely, so divinely above us precisely in being so divinely near—that His character and teaching require, for an ever fuller yet never complete understanding, the varying study, and different experiments and applications, embodiments and unrollings of all races and civilizations, of all the individual and corporate, the simultaneous and successive experiences of the human race to the end of time. If there is nothing shifting or fitful or simply changing about Him, there is everywhere energy and expression, thought and emotion, effort and experience, joy and sorrow, loneliness and conflict, interior trial and triumph, exterior defeat and supplantation:

particular affections, particular humiliations, homely labor, a homely heroism, greatness throughout in littleness. And in this, for the first time and last time, we find an insight so unique, a personality so strong and supreme, as to teach us, once for all, the true attitude towards suffering.

Not one of the philosophers or systems before Him had effectually escaped falling either into pessimism, seeing the end of life as trouble and weariness, and seeking to escape from it into some aloofness or some Nirvana; or into optimism, ignoring or explaining away that suffering and trial which, as our first experience and our last, surrounds us on every side. But with Him, and alone with Him and those who still learn and live from and by Him, there is the union of the clearest, keenest sense of all the mysterious depth and breadth and length and height of human sadness, suffering, and sin,

From *Freedom, Love and Truth*, by William Ralph Inge. Publisher, Ralph T. Hale.

and in spite of this and through this and at the end of this, a note of conquest and triumphant joy.

And here, as elsewhere in Christianity, this is not achieved by some artificial, facile juxtaposition; but the soul is allowed to sob itself out; and all through its pain gets fully faced and willed, gets taken up into the conscious life. Suffering thus becomes the highest form of action, a divinely potent means of satisfaction, recovery and enlargement of the soul,—the soul with its mysteriously great consciousness of pettiness and sin, and its immense capacity for joy in self-donation.

And again, His moral and spiritual idealism, whilst indefinitely higher than any of the philosophers or prophets before Him, has nothing strained or restless, nothing rootless or quietistic, nothing querulous or disdainful, or of caste or sect about it: the humblest manual labor, the simplest of the human relations, the universal elemental faculties of man as man, are all entered into and developed, are all hallowed in smallest detail, and step by step.

And finally, His teachings, His life, are all positive, all constructive, and come into conflict only

with worldly indifference and bad faith. No teacher before Him or since, but requires, if we would not be led astray by him, that we should make some allowance, in his character and doctrine, for certain inevitable reactions, and consequent narrowness and contrarinesses. Especially is this true of religious teachers and reformers, and generally in exact proportion to the intensity of their fervor. But in Him there is no reaction, no negation, no fierceness, of a kind to deflect His teaching from its immanent, self-consistent trend. His very apostles can ask Him to call down fire from Heaven upon the unbelieving Samaritans; they can use the sword against one of those come out to apprehend Him; and they can attempt to keep the little ones from Him. But He rebukes them; He orders Peter to put back the sword in its scabbard; and He bids the little ones to come unto Him, since of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Indeed St. Mark's Gospel tells us how the disciples begged Him to forbid a man who did not follow them from casting out devils in His name; and how He refused to do so, and laid down the great universal rule of all-embracing generosity, "He that is not against us is with us."

Try to do to others as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes to do.

☞ A simple story of the power of God in the life of a Southern gentleman.

Thy Will Be My Will

J. R. Moseley

AS THE poet Tennyson finely puts it: "Our wills are ours to make them THINE." God, knowing what we really want, and often not what we think we want, is always seeking to give us what will most satisfy us, and most bless us. Sometimes we have sense enough to know what is best for us, and best for others related to us. When this is true God longs to give it to us, and even in better ways than we know how to ask or think. God is never against us; He is always for us. He is our Advocate, and not our prosecuting attorney. He is only against that which is our enemy. He just loves to give us everything that is good for us, and best for us, and best for all others. This applies to the seemingly little things as well as to the big things.

One of the most definite answers to prayer that I have ever experienced was when I prayed for a mule, when I needed to buy one, that would be the greatest blessing to everyone in any way connected with the mule. God sent just the right mule, and he let me know it was the right mule. The

man who had the mule for sale was blessed because he had bought more mules than he could pay for. We saved him the embarrassment of having to take the mule back to the man who had sold it to him, and we paid him considerably more for the mule than he would have received in credit by returning the mule. The mule was the best mule for my brother and myself that could be had. When my brother was taking it home, driving it to an old-fashioned top buggy, he carelessly got into a gully that caused the buggy to turn over. The mule, being God's mule for us, did God's will in the situation by stopping until brother could crawl out of the buggy and pull it out of the gully, and go on his way without injury to himself or to the mule or the buggy. If the mule had come to us outside of the will of God there is no telling what it may have done. The mule worked on the farm for about thirty years, and was such a good mule that every one who worked her, or had anything to do with it, was blessed. God wants to be wisdom for us, and guidance for us, and best help

From *The King's Herald*, Dec. 15, 1944.

for us in everything. If we will give Him a chance He will be, too.

As it is put in the New Testament, if we ask for anything according to His will He hears us, and if He hears us we know that we receive what we have asked for. Every prayer, inspired by the Holy Spirit, is sure to be answered, provided we yield to the Spirit and believe and co-work for its answer. So it is literally true that, when we pray according to the will of God, if we believe we receive we will receive, and are already receiving. We cannot ask for anything, in His will, without the answer being headed our way. And we are to keep on believing, and keep on yielding to God's will and God's Spirit and God's love.

Of course, God never wills anything unlike Himself. No one ever received anything but health from Jesus. Jesus had no diseases to give to anybody. He healed all who would receive the healing. Friend Sixto Lopez, a Cuban missionary, who is listening in to this dictation, says, a woman who attended, for the first time, a street meeting near Havana, Cuba, came to the Church that night and brought her mother, and during the praise and testimony service she got up without being asked to, and said her mother had been sick for eight years, and that the doctors could not do anything for her,

but that she believed the Lord Jesus Christ could heal her, and that very night she was healed.

Jesus is just as healing now as He has ever been. It is as much His will to heal people now as it ever was. He is no more a Respector of times than He is of places or persons. As the colored man put it, he is all the time voting for us, and the devil is all the time voting against us, and the way we vote carries the election. God does not will the death of anyone. Being Life, He wills Life; being Health, He wills Health for us; being good, He wills good and only good for us. Moreover everything unlike Jesus is to be overcome and abolished. Even Shakespeare celebrates the time "When death itself is dead." Death is rightly the last of the enemies to be destroyed. For the separation from the full will of God that causes death, must first be removed and give place to a restored union. While the Prodigal Son, away from home, squandered what he received at home, he had to return home for fresh supplies. The whole trouble has been a separation from the will and presence, and health and holiness of God, and the remedy comes by repenting and returning. In His presence there is fullness of joy, health, healing, glory, fatted calf, music and dancing, and perfect everything else.

Pastor Peter's Goose

Dr. Thomas Tapper

THE man of whom I am going to write was a merchant all his life. He knew how to make his business thrive, and no less he knew how to make those thrive who worked for him. For he was generous to his men not alone in compensating them but in counseling them how to handle and husband their resources.

Here is his story as he told it to me.

"Many years ago I was stricken with an illness that puzzled the physicians whom I consulted. I took treatment for a time but, growing no better, I gave it up as useless and determined to live my life as best I could in spite of pain and discomfort.

"So I threw all my energy into my work. The business grew and brought me fortune and much satisfaction. Meanwhile I turned to music, pursuing it by myself, though I had had good instruction as a boy. As time went on I noticed a peculiar fact.

"The pain and distress of my malady faded out almost completely when I was very busy. But when I relaxed I noticed that my consciousness was immediately filled with it again.

"I am a Bible reader, as you know. All my life long I have talked over with the indwelling Lord my concerns and affairs, my plans and purposes. This talking things over is my form of prayer. Often a still small voice talks to me.

"One night as I lay awake, it seemed interminably, there came to my mind this sentence of a famous Swedish theologian: 'The body is for obedience.' That is, the eternal self must lay the body aside and command it to be still.

"I said to myself, 'That is sound principle and it holds even when pain and distress are present to the consciousness.' Then I became easier and grew quiet again. After a few moments the inner voice spoke to me. It said:

"Do you remember the story of Pastor Peter's goose?

"Pastor Peter kept his goose in a small inclosure. When the goose was to go out or come in, Pastor Peter lifted a little trap door, thus making an opening below for the goose to pass through. It wasn't a very big opening, so the goose had to duck its head and squeeze itself together to make the passage. Every morning it used to

go through the opening on its way to the field where it pecked for its living. Every evening it would return to the pen for the night.

"One day Pastor Peter, to save himself further lifting of the trap door, knocked it down. This made the opening big enough for two geese—"If only I had so many?" said Pastor Peter—to come and go, hand in hand so to speak, holding their heads high.

"Big as the opening was, that foolish goose never went in or out without ducking its head in just the same old way, though nothing was above it but the heavens. And more than that, it squeezed itself together until it was as round as a lady's muff, though there was all the room in the world, right and left, for it to waddle through.

"Now," said the voice, "there is a great principle in this story: A state of consciousness will persist even after the cause that set it up has disappeared. Folks go on doing things just because they have been doing them. That is, the mind contracts a habit and it stays by, making the body obey. So whether goose or man, in these circumstances, one will duck one's head and squeeze oneself through a big opening in life just as if it were a little one.

"Now, let us see about you and your misery. You have prayed earnestly and often for relief from the malady that has for so many years beset you. Your faith tells

you that earnest prayer is not in vain, that if you pray, believing that you have received, you shall receive. Yet never for a moment have you done otherwise than play the part of Pastor Peter's goose, returning to the narrow way of pain and misery every time you withdrew your thoughts from your daily occupation.

"Now, how would it do to believe that your prayers for relief have actually been answered but that you have never permitted your consciousness to accept the fact? Like the goose, you still duck your head and squeeze yourself into discomfort, despite the fact that the Lord has made an opening for you by which you can come and go under the arch of heaven a free man."

"In music, there appears a sign called *diminuendo*. It directs me to reduce the tone volume until toward the end the melody and harmony are just a soft breathing of lovely sounds. Then they disappear altogether. Well, I am now making my conscious way through a *diminuendo* passage as regards the malady. In short, the old trouble is disappearing, while along with the diminishing consciousness of its presence there is being built in me the consciousness of release after servitude; not servitude to the body itself, I should say, but to pain consciousness. A crescendo of freedom has entered the score of my life."

An Answer to Prayer

Isabel Glover Bachels

AT 7:15 THERE suddenly came over me such a feeling of imperative need that I went anxiously to the window to scan the mountainside down which our nine year old son should have come. His father had just left to get a mule from the ranch to ride up the trail in search of him. There was nothing I could do. Although we had expected him earlier we had felt no great concern as there were many reasonable causes for delay and we had confidence in his ability to follow the trail.

But now question after question came to my mind. Why had I so gaily suggested that he go with total strangers, even though they were an engineer and his wife, to show them the way to a mine? What would selling a mine mean to us if in doing so our boy were lost or hurt? What if they had been delayed by car trouble and could not get to the mine in time for him to start home before dark? What if, not realizing the distance or the hazards, they should let him leave the mine too late to reach home before dark? There would be no moon until long after midnight.

Mountain lions or bears would not ordinarily attack a boy that age, but, even in daylight, a mother bear separated from her cub can be very dangerous. What if, on one of the hot, rocky hillsides, he had disturbed a rattler? What if he had missed the trail and gone off into another canyon when it was too dark to find his way out? After all he had been over the trail only twice before, and never alone. What if he had slipped or stumbled and sprained an ankle or broken a leg?

There was nothing I could do but wait—and pray.

Kneeling there by the window seemed foolish. Why not get up and read or clear away the remnants of our belated supper?

No. The feeling of urgency was too insistent. I did not know why or how. But I knew that I must not for a moment lose that intimate contact with God. It was as if by holding one hand of a loving Father, His other hand would hold tightly the small hand I could not reach.

Only once did I leave the window, just long enough to give my

husband the lunch, flashlight, and bell he was to take.

As I resumed my post, at 7:45, I heard a shout. Hurrying joyfully to the porch, I saw a smiling lad turn from the trail into the road—rolling a worn-out tire!

There had been difficulty on some of the steeper parts of the road and it had been necessary to chop out one fallen tree in order to pass. Another still larger tree compelled them to leave the car at the top of the ridge and hike down to the mine. There they found an old tire—too heavy to pack up to the car, too precious to leave behind.

At 7:15 he had left the mine. On the old sled road down the backbone of the ridge he had sat in the tire and slid. He dragged it behind as a brake over places too rocky to slide and, where the trail permitted, had rolled it like a hoop. Once he was sure he heard a rattler. It proved to be the fallen leaves the tire had picked up as he slid. Again he was sure some animal was following him. That time he found an accumulation of small rocks dancing around inside

the tire as it rolled. Another rattling sound and he stopped so suddenly that he fell, with the tire encircling him. There in the middle of the trail sat a little lizard too startled to scurry back to the fallen leaves from which he had come.

It seemed incredible that a nine-year-old could have made the two and a half or three miles over a rough trail from an altitude of five thousand feet to two thousand seven hundred fifty in half an hour. But we had happened to compare the engineer's watch with our clock just before they left. Two days later, when the engineer and his wife returned, they verified the fact that our adventurer had left the mine "a little after seven."

I do not understand why or how my prayers, or the prayers of many people who are powerless to control world affairs, can change the course of history. But this little personal experience has made clear to me the necessity for keeping unbroken contact with God in this time of crisis.

So help me, God, to do my bit. Amen.

—Edwin Markham.

☪ Prayer is simple, but at the same time difficult.

The Adventure of Prayer

PRAYER is being with God. You can't choose at all about it, except just in choosing to be with Him. Perhaps He will take you up on the mountain with Him. Perhaps He will take you into the night with Him, or into the mist where you will not be able to see Him. Perhaps you will be with Him in pain, or in exaltation, or in happiness or in tiredness.

He just says: "Come to me;" and you say: "I will," or "I will not."

You make no stipulations, that is not your part; you know that He wants you, and you know what kind of wanting that is by the Manger and the Cross.

You know that if you say you will not come He does not leave off wanting you, so you imagine what that means.

You know that if you come to Him, He will ask you to help Him, about the Kingdom, and He will in the end give you that work for it that no one else can do!

You know that He will bring you into the Fellowship of His friends, and that you will be allowed to bring Him into the Fellowship of your friends.

But of course you will also go with Him before His enemies; and

the things that they say about Him will be said about you.

And you will also go among people who don't care, whom He is trying to arouse to a sense of His love.

Quite often He and you will be left desolate with the doors locked before you and the people on the other side scornful and amused.

You will find that He will ask you to do things which you *can* only do if you forget about yourself and the sort of person you thought you were, or He may ask you to face death or complete shame as He does Himself.

And all the time you will fail Him so often that by and by you will have no self-confidence left, only a growing confidence in Him instead, because *He* does not fail *you*.

And prayer must be fearfully difficult, because it isn't easy to be with God, although it is simple.

It means that some things must go, like pride, unkindness and self-indulgence, and self-importance.

But all the same it is a choice which the best part of you wants, so that the most glorious souls in all the ages *do* choose the Adventure of Prayer.

I am convinced that any man may rely on his direct appeal to God being answered. I have come to understand one saying of Christ which I never understood before. 'The kingdom of God suffereth violence, and violent men take it by storm.' The kingdom of God welcomes the gate-crasher. Any lonely man in desperate need may claim his sonship and with one straight, urgent prayer burst right into his Father's kingdom and find its resources available for him. Let that reach to everyone, everyone. It breeds those secret, shy tryings-out of God which lead to knowledge of the Unseen Helper. And what strength and comfort to us to know that the Unseen Helper is with our families and to recognize in your letters the same sustaining Spirit upholding you as is upholding us. How grand to know that we are no further apart than a prayer can travel in a second and that the help we ask for one another we shall get almost before the prayer is uttered.

—F. L. Hughes

One evening at a little dinner in my church in Chicago, I heard my good friend Howard Ruopp tell a little story of a herdsman far up in the state of Montana. He was asked one time what he did when he was not herding sheep. He replied, 'Well, I play my fiddle and listen to the radio.' But one day his fiddle got out of tune and how to get it back in tune again was a problem. Finally, he conceived the apparently fantastic idea of writing to the sponsor of a certain program and asked if it would not be possible to have them sound 'a' so that he could tune his fiddle. It was an unusual request but being so, and of course with the sponsor's insight into the advertising value of complying with such a request, a letter was sent him to the effect that on such-and-such a day at a certain time he would hear 'a' sounded over his radio. And sure enough, as he listened at the specified time, 'a' was sounded once, then the second time and the herdsman tuned his fiddle.

Above the sickening thud of bullets, in the midst of a confused world, and even with our sin-soaked lives, with the penitent petition of the publican, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner," God sounds his note of forgiveness and the tune-swept strings of our hearts again feel the master melody.

—F. K. Stamm

☞ Turn on the heavenly radio and listen to God.

Act Like a Mental Marvel

Wilfred A. Peterson

HAVE you listened to Joseph Dunninger, Radio's Master Mind Reader, who is amazing America? Have you read how men like Secretary of State Hull and Calvin Coolidge have had their thoughts read by this psychic expert? Would you like to know how it is done?

Well, I don't know!

But I do know that thought transference is a *proved fact*. The Duke University experiments proved statistically that thoughts can be transferred from one mind to another regardless of distance. Harold Sherman, a Chicago psychologist, sat in a darkened room in a Chicago skyscraper and received messages from Wilkins the explorer, somewhere in the Arctic. And the messages Sherman received were more accurate than those sent by radio!

Almost everyone has had the experience, sometime or other, of getting a message from someone, or have thought of a person and had that person appear at the front door! All of which goes to prove that we may not know the how and the why, but we do know that thought transference is more than

magic or superstition. It is a great power, on the frontier of which we stand today.

Tune-up your mind and mentally broadcast the kind of thoughts that will make this a better world. As you go down the street, mentally shake hands with people. When you read something you like, a poem or a story, mentally pat the author on the back—even if the pat has to reach from Los Angeles to New York! Broadcast dynamic goodwill even toward those enemies of yours. Send out thoughts of love, courage, hope, faith. Broadcast harmonious thoughts toward those people who are difficult to get along with at the office. Send calming thoughts toward those angry customers who are on edge because deliveries are so slow. Send your thoughts out ahead of you as you go to call on a hard-to-sell prospect, preparing the way for the interview, sowing the seeds of a sale of your services. Send out thoughts of health and vigor to the friends in the hospital. Send protecting thoughts across the oceans to the boys who are fighting our fight.

Light travels at the rate of 186,-

From *Inspiration*, March, 1944.

000 miles per second, but thought travels faster than that. Distance is physical only, there is no mental distance.

Look into other minds and give them the benefit of the doubt! Many a man has become a crook because people thought he was a crook. And many a man has become great because *somebody believed in him!* Most people are much finer than most people give them credit for being. See the good in people. See the Divine in them.

Have a mind you are not ashamed of. Keep your mind so spic-and-span that even a Dunninger, though he delve to the depths of it, will find no unworthy thoughts. This may require some mental housecleaning. It may mean asking certain people to forgive slights, insults, and wrongs you have done them. It may mean cleaning out old grudges, hatreds and resentments you have been holding toward others. It may mean being big enough to forgive and forget wrongs that others have done you. It may mean paying up some old debts, straightening out old misunderstandings. It will mean being humble enough to admit mistakes and great enough to erase malice. But how *clean* and *free* your mind will be afterward!

The air is full of radio programs, but you select the ones you wish to listen to. Just so the air is full of all kinds of thoughts broadcast by all kinds of people. There

are thousands of negative thoughts pounding away at your mind. Thoughts of fear, worry, despair, defeat, failure, illness. Tune these thoughts out; have nothing to do with them. Tune in on thoughts of courage, health, joy, victory. Let these thoughts fill your mind. Tune your mind to the best that life has to offer in every sphere of activity. Tune in on the best friends, the greatest thinkers, the finest personalities. Tune in on the best speeches, the noblest sermons, the greatest music. Remember that your mind, like your radio, can be selective. It is up to you to live on the *mental-wave-lengths* that will bring you the best *mental-music* the world has to offer.

Someone has said that "more things are wrought by prayer" than this world dreams of! *You don't have to be a Mental Marvel to tune-in on God.* He broadcasts his Infinite wisdom to all the world. But you must learn to meditate and listen. You must send your messages to God and listen to your heart for the answers. It is well to have a quiet time each day when you talk with God on the heavenly radio.

When Steinmetz, the wizard of electricity, was asked what he thought would be the greatest discovery of the future, he instantly replied: "In the realm of the moral, social and spiritual we have developed outer laws; we must now develop the inner."

PRAYER

Father De Ravignan, S.J.

Believe me, my dear friends, believe an experience ripened by thirty years in the Sacred Ministry. I do affirm that all deceptions, all spiritual deficiencies, all miseries, all falls, all faults, and even the most serious wanderings out of the right path, all proceed from this single source—a want of constancy in prayer. Live the life of prayer, learn to bring everything into prayer—pains and trials and temptations of all kinds.

Pray in the calm, pray in the storm, pray on awakening, and pray during the daytime; going and coming, PRAY. Whatever your repugnance may be, Pray. Pray, that you may learn to pray.

"BUT I CANNOT PRAY."

That is a heresy. Yes, you can always pray. If you feel a disgust, nay, a horror of prayer, pray on, pray in spite of yourself, against yourself. Beg for the courage in prayer which our agonizing Savior had for you by His pangs in Gethsemane and upon Calvary. Pray, for prayer is the strength which saves, the courage which perseveres, the mystic bridge cast over the abyss which joins the soul to God.

A PRAYER

O Infinite God, help us to rest our minds and hearts today in the sense of Thy greatness. When we contemplate Thy works may they speak to us of Thine utter adequacy to deal with our little hearts. When we turn our hot, flushed faces up to the night sky, may we see there the written assurance of the power of One Who is our Father. When we contemplate the calm, deep sea, may we rest in the thought of a Divine Love deeper still. When we recall beloved mountains or far-stretching moors, dreaming away to the purple distance, may the strength that made them fortify our hearts and make us strong.

Save us from pettiness and fussiness, from hectic concern over trifles, from giving our strength to the unimportant, from short horizons that block from us eternal perspectives.

O Thou Great God, enlarge our hearts, widen our horizons, increase our faith, until we see all things under the dome of eternity, trust Thy patience and Thy might, and rest in Thine infinity. Amen.

—Rev. Leslie D. Weatherhead

Bound Volumes of Clear Horizons

Already Vols. I and II of the bound copies of CLEAR HORIZONS have been exhausted. However, there are still a goodly number of Vol. III and Vol. IV available, and Vol. V is in the hands of the binders. That, too, will be sold at the same price, \$1.25 the copy. Since the subject matter of these quarterlies is not a perishable commodity, but food for the soul, to have these volumes on your shelves is to provide yourself with a veritable storehouse of priceless value.

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There are still single copies available except for June, 1941. December, 1940 and October, 1941 are almost exhausted. We shall be happy to supply you with these single copies so long as they last at 25c each. In this way, you may be able to keep your files practically intact.

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"I received the 10 copies of *Clear Horizons*. It is one of the best to come to my attention. I have distributed them to the Chaplains here in camp.

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"I consider your little magazine the most valuable magazine I ever got hold of and would go without something in order to be able to renew my subscription. I deeply appreciate your fine articles."

—Theodosia Arnold, Benton Harbor, Michigan

"It is with a great deal of pleasure and sincere appreciation I am sending the renewal of my subscription to you. *Clear Horizons* has meant a lot to me since its first appearance four years ago; I hope it may continue to bless and uplift—for many years to come."

—Mrs. Effie Lee Duncan, Frankfort, Kentucky

"I wish to subscribe for two of my friends who have recently lost sons who were in the service of our country. I am sure they will value the inspiring contents of *Clear Horizons* as other friends have who have received the magazine as a gift after the passing of a loved one."

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"Thank you so much for the sample copy of *Clear Horizons*. It seems to contain a message just for me and gave the needed lift. I am teaching in a private boys' school where they come from orphaned and broken homes. I am praying that the Lord will use me to His Glory in 'mothering' these boys."

—Pearl Hanson, Chicago, Illinois

"A friend left the April, 1944, issue of *Clear Horizons* at our home and after reading it, I find it so full of valuable articles for these troublesome times I should like to subscribe for it to be sent to our children in the service over seas and two friends at home."

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