



Clear Horizons

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

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FALL
1945

The Changing and the Changeless

Helen Wentworth

Again the seasons change to the reds and yellows of the maple, the birch and the elm; the russet brown of the oak; and paint a flaming scene on the landscape. We thrill at the beauty which a single frosty night produces.

We are equally thrilled by the dazzling whiteness of winter's snow, the feathery green of budding trees in spring and again by the heavy lush green of summer.

Change is all about us, a recurrent immortal change. We can not be static. But we know that there is a power behind all this that is unchanging. Our conception of God may change, but He is changeless. He is, Jesus taught us, our Father; infinite in His love, in His understanding and in His power. We love Him as a Father. Yet we say reverently, "Hallowed be Thy name." Our attitude toward Him is that of worship and awe. As we approach Him in the morning quiet hour and realize His majesty, His loveliness, His infinite compassion and kindness "our hearts burn within us." We catch our breath as when we suddenly see a marvelously beautiful sunset.

We rejoice in the ever-changing beauty of the world about us with its different seasons. But the consciousness of the *changelessness* of "our Father who art in heaven" fills us with an inner joy and peace and assurance.

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

GLENN CLARK and HELEN WENTWORTH, *Editors*
NORMAN K. ELLIOTT, *Managing Editor*

Entered as second class matter September 19, 1940, at the Post Office at St. Paul, Minn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published quarterly at 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minn.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Single issues, \$.25; 1 year, \$1.00; 3 years, \$2.50; two or more additional subscriptions accompanying original order, \$.75 each.

CLEAR HORIZONS

An Adventure in Solving Problems in a Heavenly Way

SIXTH YEAR

FALL, 1945

VOLUME 6, NO. 2

☐ The principles outlined here are doorways, through which God is permitted to enter as a Senior Partner.

Doctoring Your Business

Glenn Clark

A NEW science has just been discovered, a science that is already revolutionizing one whole area of the medical profession. In fact, there is not a single area in the entire art of healing that has not felt its influence. I refer to the science of psychosomatics.

The revolutionary idea at the root of this new science is that emotional states influence health as much and usually much more than physical states. In other words, the medical profession, after all these years, is just commencing to discover what Jesus two-thousand years ago stated in very simple terms: "Not that which

entereth into the mouth defileth the man; but that which proceedeth out of the mouth, this defileth the man."

And so doctors today, when confronted by a case of asthma, instead of giving pills say, "Stop your self pity and break loose from your mother's apron strings"; when confronted with rheumatism say, "Stop your criticism"; when confronted with anemia say, "Stop your unhappiness."

Now if a person's heart can be improved in tone by more love, and if the circulation of the blood is enhanced by more joy, and if other conditions in the body can be brought back to normal through

From *The Senior Partner in Business*, Glenn Clark. Macalester Park Publishing Co. To be published in November, 1945. Price: fifteen cents.

adequate use of peace and harmony, just think of how these same principles might function when applied to business.

The owner and manager of a great business in the state of Kansas asked me to pray for greater prosperity for his business when it seemed to be running sadly behind.

"Is there harmony and happiness in your production department?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Is there harmony and team-work in your sales force?"

"No, alas, it is just the opposite. There is nothing but jealousy and discord there."

"Until that is corrected it would be idle and futile to pray for you. Get harmony into your sales force, and then it will be easy to pray for your prosperity, for prosperity will already be on the way, coming to meet you."

Now it is going to be just as hard to get this new science accepted by business men as it was difficult to get it accepted by medical men. This was proven to me by the look of incredulity in the business man's face. He proceeded to ask, "What relationship does harmony among salesmen have to do with increasing sales? I thought the spirit of competition was the life of the business."

"All I know," I replied, "is that

my father was asked to take charge of an insurance company which was rapidly running into failure, and the first thing he did was to call in the agents from all over the state, and say to them, 'I want you henceforth to look upon yourselves not so much as rival salesmen but rather as a happy family all working to help each other out. If any of you has a grudge against any other one please get rid of it now. If the company has been unjust to you in any way tell us and we shall try to set it straight.' The agents went forth with this new spirit of loyalty and cooperation and team-work and doubled their business within a year."

"But that might have been an accident," replied the other. "Conditions might have been improving all over that particular year."

"Some years later my father was asked to come into another firm to become manager of agents," I replied, ignoring his question. "He did the same thing, called in the agents and put the spirit of harmony and team-work into them, and they went forth and doubled the business of that company within a year."

"Well," replied the business man, "that was a coincidence, I will admit."

"Then my father was made president of another insurance

company," I continued. "He did the same thing with the agents of that company that he had done with the other two, and they went forth and doubled the business of that company within a year."

The business man stared at me. "When a thing happens once," I continued, "it might be called an accident. When it happens the second time it might be called a coincidence. But when it happens the third time it should be accepted as a law of God."

"I guess you are right," replied the skeptical business man. "I shall do my best to see that this law is applied to my business hereafter."

I did not tell this business man that my father applied this principle not only within his own company but in relationships with all the other companies with which he might be considered in competition. Finding his city filled with insurance companies that were doing cut-throat business with each other, he invited the presidents of all these rival companies to take lunch with him. After that they met every Tuesday and they always made father sit at the head of the table as director of this new spirit of cooperation. This was in the city of Des Moines, the greatest insurance center in America west of Hartford and New York City. As long as father remained in the

insurance business and presided at these gatherings, *all* the insurance companies in the state of Iowa prospered.

The principle underlying this I have had the opportunity to see applied time after time on the athletic field. The following incident will reveal the secret of the power that is hidden in this law:

One day a football team came into my office.

"We are going to play a great team tonight under the arc lights, and the papers say we will lose by a 40 to 0 score," said the captain to me. "We have the jitters, and we want you to steady us."

I went over to the electric light and although it was broad daylight, pressed the button and the light flashed on.

"See this light, how easily it was turned on? No effort on my part, save the mere pushing of a button." They nodded.

"If you look into the wiring inside you will find there is a break in the connection at one point. The pressing of the button closes that break. Now, fellows, if there is any break in your connection, if there is any fellow who hates another on the squad, if there is antagonism or selfishness, cut it out right now; that turns off the switch. If there is anyone who has an inordinate desire to outshine all his fellows among you, that

causes another break. My wish is that each of you fellows tonight will press yourself into the connection." I paused a minute. "If any one of you has contact with the source of the power way up there in the hills, all the better. Then there may be infinite power released in the game tonight."

When the team went on the field that night the coach, a thick-necked, rough and tumble fellow, who brooked no sentimentality, said, "Now boys, put on your fighting faces . . . put on your fighting faces."

Then turning to one standing near he said, "Look at them—they have about as much fight in them as a bunch of sheep. They look as peaceful as a bunch of cows going out to eat grass. No wonder we have lost all of our games!"

That night the team played as no other football team of that college had ever played before.

When people read of the vacations that Thomas Edison, Henry Ford, Harvey Firestone, and John Burroughs used to have together they naturally thought of this as an ordinary hunting and fishing trip, such as a great many business men seek when they go for a rest from their work. But this was in reality a coming together of kindred souls and agreeing together, if we understand that term in the

way that Jesus meant it when he said, "Where two or three come together and agree, there am I in the midst of them." Stanley Jones gathers two-hundred choice souls together in what is called an Ashram and I gather people together in what is called a Camp Farthest Out, and our purpose is just the same as that of these four men: to gather together in human fellowship and agree together in divine consecration, so that Christ can come into our midst. Any group that could have for its leader such a great spiritual soul as John Burroughs, who went farther than any of us in finding God in nature, would be fortunate and blessed.

I understand that there existed for some time a group of Chicago men who came together frequently who were called the Big Six. Among these men were Thompson, Parmalee, Wrigley and possibly Walgreen. While spiritual matters were probably not discussed in any open way, never the less these men found that some sort of hidden power came into their lives and their work by merely coming together in harmony and loyal fellowship, and agreeing together.

Over and over again I have seen this principle applied with remarkable effects in both athletics and business. But there are other principles beside this principle of

cooperation and team-work that have proven as vital in the proper conducting of business as the law of gravity and the law of the tides are vital in the conducting of the processes of this earth. Golden Rule Nash discovered one when he discovered that a fair wage to his employees lifted his business from failure into a fair profit for himself. Vash Young discovered another when he decided to devote half his time to helping others without expectation of reward, only to find that his selling power in the hours he did devote to it was multiplied thirty and sixty and one-hundred fold. A. R. Maulsby discovered another principle when he converted his salesmen into counsellors of their customers and instead of using high-powered methods to produce more sales they became students of their needs and protectors of their interest and more often, urged them to buy less than to buy more. The result was, they doubled their customers and doubled their sales and multiplied the friendliness and happiness of all.

Another principle was discovered by Baldwin, of the Baldwin Locomotives when his business seemed failing, and he began tithing telling his protesting partners that what he gave the Lord was his one safe investment. Another principle was discovered by Marshall Field who in spite of all his

competitors, never advertized in the Sunday papers, a principle which was followed with similar results by the George L. Dayton Company of Minneapolis. One of these companies has become the greatest of its kind in the north-west, and the other, the greatest in the world.

The one great underlying Principle behind all these principles, the one great Common Denominator upon which all permanent and enduring success is built, is the eternal, infinite, unchangeable law: "Unless the Lord buildeth the house, they labor in vain that build it." The principles outlined here are merely doorways by which God was permitted to enter more or less into the business as a partner. Not any of the practices suggested here are infallible or even positively essential for success. Only as they were applied with sincerity and conviction, in ways that brought God in as Senior Partner of the business were they especially effective. But just as medicine has commenced to be revolutionized through the discovery of psychosomatics may we not foresee a similar revolution in business, especially if we hope to see our present economic order survive permanently, in which the laws of God will be applied more sincerely and faithfully in the affairs of business?

“What Do You Mean—‘Be Natural?’”

Albert G. Butzer

“BE natural!”—what do we mean? Most obviously we of course mean—be yourself! Be your own simple, natural self. Don’t try to be someone else who is by nature quite different from yourself. Don’t live as if you were acting a part—assuming a role in a play for which you were never cast. Don’t put on airs.

Some time if you wish to give yourself to an interesting and rewarding bit of Bible study, read Paul’s immortal classic on love, especially such phrases as these—Love is not boastful or conceited. It does not behave unbecomingly. Love makes no parade, gives itself no airs. A good positive translation of all these negatives might well be this — love is always natural.

Nor is this matter of being natural the relatively unimportant affair which many of us have presumed it to be. The best authorities on human behavior and personality development insist with emphatic unanimity that to achieve a wholesome, healthy self, a unified, thoroughly integrated, happy, har-

monious self—we must be natural. That is, we must cease vainly trying to reject ourselves—and foolishly trying to be someone else—and thereby creating a ceaseless conflict within ourselves with all its wretched consequences. So if that’s what we mean when we say—be natural! be yourself! be your own simple, sincere self!—then we had better do just that—be natural!

We all know that there is a moral nature to the universe just as there is a physical nature. All this is an inseparable part of our nature as human beings. It is natural for us, whether we like it or not. Therefore to be natural—not superficially but fundamentally natural, we must be moral. We must direct the physical to go along with and not run counter to our moral natures and the moral nature of life itself. For naturally we are not animal—we are moral. In that sense and in that sense alone dare we heed the injunction—be natural.

But to get at the innermost meaning of this question—“What do you mean—be natural”—to get

at the heart of it we must go down still deeper into our natures—way in—where deep calleth unto deep. When we do that, aren’t we compelled to admit that above all we have a spiritual nature? As we come to grips with ourselves—our real selves—in life’s most solemn and serious moments, don’t we hear a mysterious echo of the psalmist’s cry within our souls—“As the heart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.” Indeed, must we not acknowledge even against our stubborn wills the inescapable truth of Augustine’s familiar prayer—“O Lord, thou hast made us for Thyself and our souls are restless until they find their rest in Thee.”

That’s what we are, above everything else—and beyond everything else we are spiritual. Therefore to be natural on the highest plane, means to be spiritual. It means that we must see that all this trying to be natural on lower levels, all this running away from God—all this trying to live by bread alone or on the husks which the swine did eat is not natural for us. It is not normal. It is utterly abnormal and that fact is at the bottom of more of our abnormalities of personality than many of us are inclined to think. And until we penitently ac-

knowledge before God—and not only with our lips but with our lives—that the spiritual is natural for us, we shall never realize that blessed naturalness of life which is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Isn’t it amazingly strange that it takes a war to make some of us realize how natural the spiritual can be and should be for us. Aren’t many of us discovering right now that the most natural thing in the world for us to do is to pray—to pray for those we love who are in dangerous places—and to pray for peace as we have never prayed for it before. And if more of us faced life more earnestly and grappled with its problems more unselfishly and sacrificially, then we too would know for ourselves that to be natural means to be spiritual.

Long ago there lived one, the Master of life and of death—who was and is the world’s supreme spiritual natural. And by looking to Him, by learning of Him, by living with Him, by loving Him with all our hearts and minds and serving Him most faithfully we too through Him can discover that to be natural—really natural—means to be spiritual. Then one day when we go hence, people may say of us—he was a natural—a spiritual natural.

From *Current Religious Thought*, December, 1944. Used by permission of the author.

Practical Religion in the World of Tomorrow

Henry A. Wallace

THERE are three great philosophies in the world today. The first, based on the supremacy of might over right, says that war between nations is inevitable until such time as a single master race dominates the entire world and everyone is assigned his daily task by an arrogant, self-appointed Fuehrer. The second—the Marxian philosophy—says that class warfare is inevitable until such time as the proletariat comes out on top, everywhere in the world, and can start building a society without classes. The third—which we in this country know as the democratic Christian philosophy—denies that man was made for war, whether it be war between nations or war between classes, and asserts boldly that ultimate peace is inevitable, that all men are brothers, and God is their Father.

This democratic philosophy pervades not only the hearts and minds of those who live by the Christian religion, both Protestant and Catholic, but of those who draw their

inspiration from Mohammedanism, Judaism, Hinduism, Confucianism, and other faiths. When we look beneath the outer forms, we find that all these faiths, in one way or another, preach the doctrine of the dignity of each individual human soul, the doctrine that God intended man to be a good neighbor to his fellow man, and the doctrine of the essential unity of the entire world.

Only through religion and education can the freedom-loving individual realize that his greatest private pleasure comes from serving the highest unity, the general welfare of all. This truth, the essence of democracy, must capture the hearts of men over the entire world if human civilization is not to be torn to pieces in a series of wars and revolutions far more terrible than anything that has yet been endured.

It is my belief that democracy is the only true expression of Christianity; but if it is not to let Christianity down, democracy must be

tremendously more efficient than it has been in the service of the common man, and in resistance to selfish pressure groups.

I believe in the democratic doctrine—the religion based on the social message of the prophets, the heart insight of Christ, and the wisdom of the men who drew up the Constitution of the United States and adopted the Bill of Rights. By tradition and by structure we believe that it is possible to reconcile the freedom and rights of the individual with the duties required of us by the general welfare. We believe in religious tolerance and the separation of church and state, but we need to light again the old spirit to meet the challenge of new facts.

The gospel of Christ was to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, comfort the sick, and visit those who were in hard luck. He said that treating your neighbor decently was the way to show that you loved God. The neighborhood of Christ's day was a few miles in diameter. Today the airplane has made the whole world a neighborhood. The Good-Neighbor policy, whether at home or abroad, is a Christian policy. Those who preach isolationism and hate other nations are preaching a modified form of Prussian Nazism, and the only out-

come of such preaching will be war.

Christianity is not star-gazing or foolish idealism. Applied on a worldwide scale, it is intensely practical. Bread cast upon the waters does return. National friendships are remembered. Help to starving people is not soon forgotten.

We of the Western democracies must demonstrate the practicality of our religion. We must extend a helping hand to China and India; we must be firm and just with Prussia; we must deal honestly and fairly with Russia, and be tolerant and even helpful as she works out her economic problems in her own way; we must prove that we ourselves can give an example, in our American democratic way, of full employment and full production for the benefit of the common man.

By collaborating with the rest of the world to put productive resources fully to work, we shall raise our own standard of living and help to raise the standard of living of others. It is not that we shall be taking the bread out of the mouths of our own children to feed the children of others, but that we shall cooperate with everyone to call forth the energies of everyone, to put God's earth more completely at the service of all mankind.

"Practical Religion in the World of Tomorrow" by Henry A. Wallace. From *Christian Bases of World Order*. Copyright, 1943. Used by permission of the publisher, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

Love Divine

Flora Jones Seaman

Love is the most luminous thing in the world,
 Yet the darkness comprehendeth it not.
 Love is a thing invisible;
 Yet it shines most visibly in the faces
 Of those where love dwells.
 Love shines in the darkness,
 Giving illumination to those who have lost their way.
 Love solves problems, answers all questions.
 Love never speaks in an unknown tongue,
 Yet speaks in all languages.
 Love never chides—never condemns;
 Yet in its Presence,
 Errors suddenly stand revealed,
 Like shadows on a wall—without substance—
 Reflecting the lesser self,
 Fleeting when the soul becomes sufficiently transparent
 To let the Light shine through.

Love is the Hand of God
 Leading the spirit up the stairs of Time.
 Love is patient with all stumbling,
 Strengthening most when fainting most.
 Love touches all burdens with a magic touch,
 Leaving the pilgrim lightened and unencumbered.
 Though Faith fails and doubts prevail,
 And Hope silently departs,
 Love is still there.
 Love waits patiently, steadfastly;
 And when at length the spirit recovers
 And awakens to the full consciousness of Love,
 Faith revives, is enkindled;
 Leaps into Flame; is transformed into Knowledge.
 Then Peace comes—the peace that passeth understanding.
 Suddenly, the ascent is won; and the disciple
 Sees the golden doors of the Temple
 Swing open.

☞ You need to *know* with your sub-conscious mind that Jesus heals today.

Christ Heals Us Today

Frank C. Laubach

THOSE caught in the coils of intolerable disease and pain beyond the reach of medical science desire relief and cure; they are not satisfied by explanations. What, if anything, can Jesus do for them? They want a straight answer. So this is the answer: He desires to cure our bodies, and he will do it if we yield him full faith, and full surrender. This he promised over and over again. He never refused to cure any person who came to him. He never doubted that it was the Father's will for them to be well. He was *sure*, and he cured at once!

Eighteen times the Gospel accounts tell of great multitudes that came to Jesus and "He laid his hands on every one of them and healed them . . . He healed them all . . . He healed every sickness and disease." There were no incurables. The man full of leprosy was cleansed, the man born blind received sight, the woman bowed down eighteen years was made straight. The fever of a sick woman was rebuked; another woman was loosed from the bonds of Satan, and it was when she

stood straight that she glorified God. The six recorded Sabbath healings of Jesus reveal a Creator who could not rest even on Sunday when any of his handiwork was marred with disease. Our guarantee of the healing will of God are the words with which Jesus ended his healing interviews. "Receive thy sight . . . Be opened . . . Be clean . . . Arise and walk . . . Thou art loosed from thy plague."

What interests us more is that cures as wonderful as those of Jesus are happening today by using his name. They occur in such widely diverse groups as the Christian Scientists, Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Unity, Baptists, Methodists, Congregationists, Christian Missionary Alliance, Brethren, Evangelicals, and Zionists. There are many groups to which sick people may send letters asking for healing prayer. All of these, no matter what their differences in other respects, demand two things:

The sick person must be (1) perfectly receptive and (2) perfectly responsive. Remember what Jesus said: "Thy faith hath made

From *You Are My Friends*, by Frank C. Laubach, Harper and Brothers, N. Y. Copyright 1942.

thee whole." The patient must be perfectly willing for God to heal him so that his will and God's will merge into one; then the arc closes and the healing flows like a current of electricity. Briefly, give God your full attention and your full surrender. In the words of the psychologists, who gets your attention gets you.

Frequently cures occur when devout friends help with their prayers. Undoubtedly special prayer groups can work miracles of healing, but no special prayer group is necessary. The patient and one friend may pray together without formality. Our Lord's words are as mighty today as they were when he first spoke them: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven." Mutual agreement is imperative; those who are praying completely surrender their wills to God's will, and trust him as a babe trusts its mother.

There are also healings where neither healer nor prayer group help the invalid. The patient may find contact for himself, possibly through quiet meditation or perhaps through a vision. Dorothy Derin of England describes how she was cured (almost instantly) of long-standing diabetes and tuberculosis. She was lying in bed

slowly dying of these two diseases, when she received the Holy Communion from her Anglican parish priest. Shortly after she had a vision of Christ, who lifted her by the hand and assured her that she would be healed and would become his witness that he is still healing sickness in our day. Quickly she became wholly well. When this happened there was no other person present—although individuals had been praying for her.

It is true that such astonishing faith cures are uncommon, but so is perfect surrender of body and soul to God uncommon. I recall telling a group of young people, "The price of spiritual power is absolute unconditional surrender to God." One of the young men said frankly, "I cannot take him on those terms." Many people, less frank, try to keep hidden reservations which they do not mention even to God. He who asks for God's health must give him every last corner of the soul.

But we must avoid insisting upon any one factor as utterly indispensable. For example, we must not suppose it depends upon theology. The Roman Catholics and the Christian Scientists are far apart in theological beliefs, yet countless cures occur in both groups. You can see the records of over ten thousand cures placed by gratefully restored patients on

the walls of an old church in Mexico City. If you desire the verifiable records of Christian Science they will send them to you. These latter say that pain and sickness are illusions. They are right this far at least: *the belief that God desires us to suffer is an illusion*. He desires us to be wholly well, from center to circumference. That is what he came to earth for, died for, and lives for *now*. And the cure begins in the body, as soon as we allow him to cure the soul.

Possibly every reader of these pages has some personal knowledge of miracles equally striking. At least I have. A missionary friend of mine in India, who does not desire her name in print, had tuberculosis of the spine. Three inches in the middle of the spine were destroyed and three inches at the lower extremity. Her doctor sent her to a country house to die. Devout friends prayed for her fervently. One day she suddenly felt a warm glow pass up her spine, and she cried, "I am well!" and leaped to her feet. She could walk! Her doctor took her before a New York medical association and said, "Before this happened I was an atheist. Now I am an earnest Christian." The cure was permanent, for she still is an active missionary at more than sixty years of age.

So miracles happen. The vast majority of Christians do not perform them, though Jesus said we should. There are many alibis, but they all sidestep the issue. One man says that the remarkable advances of science like the radio and the airplane are miracles, that scooping a tumor from the brain and sewing up a wounded heart are modern miracles. Another says that the rebirth of a lost soul is the really important miracle, and that this miracle happens daily. A third says that the gift of healing is granted to only a few favored individuals. Of course this is true, but why? Is it an innate gift? Were Peter, Philip, and Paul born with it? You will agree that they would never have thought of healing if Jesus had not told them to do it. Clearly these men reached a level of devotion to Christ where the healing power began to glow. The analogy of an electric arc light fits the facts. When sufficient current passes through, the arc light melts a piece of steel as though it were beeswax. The impossible becomes easy.

"But what shall I do, here and now," says some sick man, "to be relieved from this agony?"

This is what you must do: you must be sure, from the very bottom of your subconscious mind, that Christ heals diseases today. That is the fundamental requisite, as far

as you are concerned.

Professor Glenn Clark writes: "Dr. Alexis Carrel's wife was holding in her arms a woman dying of cancer of the throat, at Lourdes. Looking across the room at the suffering people, the woman forgot her own suffering and started praying for the others. There was a miraculous, instantaneous healing. Mrs. Carrel felt the life flow into her own body, as well as the patient's. She was a nurse at Lourdes before marrying Dr. Carrel. He told me of this incident."

Professor Glenn Clark describes miracles which he himself saw, in his book *How to Find Health Through Prayer*, Chapter 7. Dr. E. Stanley Jones describes miracles he has seen, and his own miraculous recovery through prayer. Ten thousand other illustrations could easily be gathered.

Time after time those who are healed testify, as did the woman in Mrs. Carrel's arms, that they stopped worrying about themselves, and fixed their whole thought on Christ. They "let go and let God," realizing that God is like Christ and that Christ *always* made everybody well who was willing to be well. God desires us to be well. So we get well, not by straining or "wrestling" with God, but by allowing him to do what he has been

waiting for a chance to do. Let him have you; let him heal!

Of course you are not good enough, but then nobody is good enough. Healing does not depend upon your past record—not in the least. He accepts your yielding instead of goodness. Without yielding, *nobody* is good enough. By yielding, *everybody* is good enough. That is what grace means. Starr Daily, one of the wickedest criminals of our generation, let go when he was almost dead, and at that moment he was cured of five "incurable" diseases at once. He was far worse than you are, and was cured instantly!

Now you know, yet you need to read this over until you know with your subconscious mind. That portion of our minds is stubborn. An old woman listening to a radio for the first time, exclaimed, "You can't fool me; that's a fraud." An old mind has the habit of rebelling against new facts. Beware that your old mind-set does not block God. Some of us are so averse to changing our minds, that we would rather argue with Dr. Carrel than be well! The secret is opening the soul wide open, without an "if" or "but" or "except"—absolute *receptivity and response*, a channel wide enough for His healing power to flow.

* * *

Life's field will yield as we make it, a harvest of thorns or of flowers.

—Alice Carey

☞ To believe in God's protection is to possess it.

God's Ocean

Elsie K. Powell

OUR ship was enveloped in dense clouds and the fog-horn blew its blasts.

Acquaintances stopped to speak as they walked by us on the deck. They said they were always afraid of fog.

In years gone by I too would have dreaded such a fog and feared it, but now—knowing that to believe in God's protection is to possess it—I knew that we were safe.

Over the edge of the ship at the small band of water visible below I was looking when it occurred to me that the mists were out of place. They were frightening people and were performing no necessary function directed by the Great Lawgiver of the Perfect Law of Life, in the same way that we men and women are out of harmony to those about us if we disobey the Great Abiding Law of Love.

I felt it was God's wish that the fog should rise. So with His will within me it immediately receded from the ship.

I began to wonder at this strange happening and questioned its seeming obedience to my thought.

On to the waters the mists fell back in haste.

Recognizing my mistake I once

again spoke as embassy of God knowing with a clear conviction that He is Master of any fog.

Up and up the mists arose.

Then across my mind spread a fear that I might not be able to hold my faith.

The mists fell fast.

With this I realized that God was manifesting His Ways of Truth that I might see and know the workings of His Spiritual Laws. My heart filled with gratitude while with utter confidence and without a shadow of doubt I knew that God would lift the fog.

The mist rose rapidly, following my eyes as I raised them to the far horizon.

The Knowledge of God's Closeness and His Realness filled my soul to overflowing. The sea was entirely free of fog.

Deep in thought these experiences left me. With worship in my heart I pondered.

These and many like experiences since with fog on land and sea have shown me with a deep conclusiveness how we are called upon to do God's Will in guiding disobedient nature into His Great Laws of Harmony and Love.

For a long time afterwards I lacked the courage to tell of this

to any, knowing that few would understand. But God did not send it for me to keep to myself. This was God's answer to my many prayers asking to understand more definitely His way of healing and how I could help Him as He needs my help. Visibly He has shown

that as through faith the mists receded at His command, so may we each, in exactly this same way, help Him to win the war against disease and evil everywhere.

This, His concrete illustration, has become my pattern which I have tried to follow ever since.

* * *

☐ We believe holiness confers a certain insight.

Worship

Ralph Waldo Emerson

THIS CERTAIN that worship stands in some commanding relation to the health of man, and to his highest powers, so as to be, in some manner, the source of intellect. All the great ages have been ages of belief. I mean, when there was any extraordinary power of performance, when great national movements began, when arts appeared, when heroes existed, when poems were made, the human soul was in earnest, and had fixed its thoughts on spiritual verities, with as strict a grasp as that of the hands on the sword, or the pencil or the trowel. It is true that genius takes its rise out of the mountains of rectitude; that all beauty and power which man covet, are some-

how born out of that Alpine district; that any extraordinary degree of beauty in man or woman involves a moral charm. Thus, I think, we very slowly admit in another man a higher degree of moral sentiment than our own, we listen suspiciously and very slowly to any evidence to that point. But, once satisfied of such superiority, we set no limit to our expectation of his genius. For such persons are nearer to the secret of God than others; are bathed by sweeter waters; they hear voices, they see visions where others are vacant. We believe that holiness confers a certain insight because not by our private, but by our public force, can we share and know the nature of things.

From *The Conduct of Life*, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

☐ When the Church universal lives by the will of God, the G.I.'s attitude will change.

The Soldier and the Church

Roy A. Burkhart

THE Church might come to a sense of its mission by mobilizing its resources for a vital ministry to those in the armed services and by preparing for their return. What other groups of persons could serve better to awaken the Church? The Church that really comes alive for the soldier will be alive and inviting for all classes of civilians.

Attitudes toward the Church vary greatly. Many of those in the armed services had no Church relationship whatever before they joined. If they ignored the Church before going into the service, it is not likely they will have an interest after induction. Roughly 50 per cent of our population have no religious affiliations. They are not anti-church; they merely live as if the Church did not exist. Likewise, they are not atheists; they live as if there were no God. A recent Gallup Poll indicated very few atheists in our population and a high percentage to believe in immortality.

In a recent issue of the *United States News*, a survey was made of the church attendance in the armed

services. It was the general estimate that about 50 per cent of the men go to the chapel either occasionally or regularly. This may be true in combat areas, but from what I have observed and from what others report, this would be far too high with those not in combat. These figures may indicate a trend toward a churchless type of religion. Either that, or many believe in God but let it go with the belief. They admit the possibility but live as if it were not really true.

Many of those in the services grew up in a religious tradition and became members of the Church while young. Then as they grew beyond the years of junior high, they began to drift away. Even the most casual study of the Church and church school attendance by ages will reveal fourteen to thirty as the years lost to the Church. This is especially true of the Protestant church and the Jewish synagogue, as I can verify from my own personal observation.

After they get married and have children, a percentage returns to active participation in the Church,

From *The Church and the Returning Soldier*, by Roy A. Burkhart, Harper and Brothers, 1945.

but of course, the Army caught most of those in the services while still in the "years lost" group. They entered the services with their names on church rolls but without a vital sense of belonging.

There will be many who, knowing a meaningful relationship with their home church, become discouraged with the Army chapel program. Gradually, they drift away from public worship and unless they come under fire of combat, may soon learn to get along without the Church. When the war is over and demobilization begins, many of these will never return to active participation in the work and fellowship of the Church. Some ministers are saying that those who are being discharged now are hesitant to return into an active relationship with the Church even though they were very active prior to induction. Whether they do or not—now and after the war—will depend largely on the types of fellowship groups in which the new civilian can grow back into the life of the Church.

Those who turn to God and seek opportunities for group worship under combat may not come out of those indescribable experiences with a great religious faith and a permanent devotion to the Church. In fact, after the war they may swing as far away from religion as they moved toward it in the face of

danger. Having survived the demands of war, they may find the average church rather tame and meaningless.

The Church leader must not become discouraged with these conclusions. Despite the indifference, there is a greater potential interest than these observations might indicate.

I had a session with twenty convoy pilots on a railway train. They laughed at everything sacred during the evening, but next morning one after another of those same men indicated a deep interest in the very things they laughed at the night before. When I asked one of the men the reason, he gave an interesting answer: "Aren't most men rather reluctant to admit a faith in God and an interest in religion? They think it is a sign of weakness. Furthermore, you joined us at a time when we were all set to have fun. While you did not force yourself upon us, yet you hit us at the wrong time for a serious discussion." Then after a moment's thought he continued: "You can't always tell how a man feels in his heart by what he says or by what he does."

All of which means that so far as I can see, the war is making little difference as to how the men feel about religion or toward the Church.

Why this indifference to the

Church? Why disinterest on the part of the civilian, even that group of persons who belong but only attend at Easter and Christmas? How can the Church get ready for the soldiers' return?

Undoubtedly one of the reasons why the Church is ignored is the popular attitude of the day. The Christian believes in God, the Father of all mankind. He believes in the potentiality of each human being because of God's creation. He believes that when a person finds the truth and the way by which the life that is God becomes eternal life within him and the love of God becomes manifest in all the relations of his life, then that person is a growing child of God.

The Christian believes that the home is the greatest unit in society. He believes that the home is a miniature of the Kingdom of God. He believes that love is sacred.

The Christian believes in a fellowship that has Christ within it. He believes that whenever he does that which frees people to grow Godward and through Christian love, manward—irrespective of race, creed or station in life—he is doing the will of God.

Over against this are the paganisms of our day. We can readily see why persons who are attracted by these paganisms shy away from the Church. On the one hand there

is the fellowship that is so powerfully advocating these secularisms, and on the other hand is the poor-spirited fellowship within the Church. Is not the outcome obvious? The average individual will live by these secular standards, for otherwise he finds himself without fellowship. His desire for fellowship leads him to forget his duty to be a person, alive, with God in his soul and love marking all his ways.

Why is it that so often the Church is unable to build a sustaining fellowship? There may be a number of reasons. One may have to do with the personality of the minister. While ministers exhibit praiseworthy traits of character, being unselfish, devoted and ready to serve, it is nevertheless true that very often the strongest type of personality does not enter the ministry.

The training program of ministers is greatly lacking. Seminaries give the minister great ideas, but not much help in learning how to descend to where a person is and lead him into the fullest experience of a religious life.

The result is that the central emphasis of the modern church, the preaching service, often is unattractive and unreal and of little help. It is not related to life. It fails to help people grow, to find a faith, an insight and the re-

sources to live the Christian life in all their relationships. It neglects to emphasize either of the two means of finding God's presence—through the Quaker's quiet or the high churchman's sacraments.

Moreover, the church's program for children, for young people, for men and women is very often ineffective and uninteresting. While many children may enjoy Sunday school, more of them do not, and many more do not attend at all.

It is estimated by Dr. Isaac Beckes, Director of Young People's Work for the International Council of Religious Education, that not more than 20 per cent of the churches have meaningful activities for their young people outside of Sunday school, and that many of those who have Sunday schools for young people lose so many from the eighth grade upward that only a small percentage are reached above high school age. Chaplains are bearing this out and are telling us that religious ignorance is appalling.

In most churches the activities outside of the morning church service have little appeal. They do not minister to peoples' fundamental needs. They do not help them to become creative participants in building the fullest life, individually and through the collective will that is the community, which leads finally to that larger vision from

which a world community ultimately alone can come.

The program of the Church locally and nationally has lacked imagination and it has not challenged the creative energies of youth or adults. When the Church tackles its total job, there will be a call to personal dedication as compelling as that which the Nazis gave to German youth but which will lead to the common good of all men.

Today, young people see us dwell amid the ruin of our own egotism. Our self-confidence has been our undoing. We have thought we were sufficient for the management of life. We have thought that in the whole universe nothing shone brighter than the flickering candle of our rationality—that no greater will transcended our will. The result is that we have had a clashing of self-interests, breaking us up into mighty rifts that threaten our very way of life: the breakdown of the home, and the failure of the collective will to be devoted to the best interests of all people.

Our young people have seen a generation of people tear themselves loose from their spiritual moorings and move from the deep of faith and conviction from a sense of cosmic purpose, to the place where the highest concern is clothing, food, shelter and hav-

ing a good time. We have failed to help young people see that when man affirms himself he loses himself. He gets to the place where he is final. Then one gets the dictator complex, and the dictator has invaded the home, labor, and all walks of life. Only when a man surrenders to the high and holy will of One greater is he a safe and true leader. Losing the thought of God and descending to the place where we think we are final is undoubtedly the cause of most of our difficulties.

Jesus promised nothing but ruin to those who knew the law of love and did it not; nothing to those who postpone or temporize, excepting that their house of soul and house of society should fall a melancholy ruin on the shores of life's unresting sea. So often men say to me: "Well, the Golden Rule is my religion. It is all I need." The Golden Rule is a good law, a safe law, for those who have given their hearts to the reign of God, but it is not a sufficient law for those who have not. Only those who have God's estimate of values enthroned in their hearts can safely make it a rule to do unto others what they would have others do to them. It is people like the returning soldier and the civilian, all of us, who must build with labor and faith the world that hate and

greed destroy. Alone we cannot do it. We are but men—petty, partisan and sinful. We must find renewal through worship; we must find God in the sanctuary of our souls. Then we can take all the benefits and powers and resources of the laboratory, the factory, the products of human ingenuity and toil of all varieties, and truly work for the common good of humanity. If we find God in our own souls we will not lose Him in the tragedies of outer life or the cataclysms of history.

In other words, the hope of all of us—military and civilian alike—is that through the Church we come to discern God's will and power, that we discern it not only through the laboratory but in the sanctuary; not only in the gift of science but in the surrender of our wills to that high and holy will. When the civilian, the local church, the Church universal become a mighty fellowship to seek, to discover and to love and live by the will of God for the good of all men, then the G.I.'s attitude toward the Church will change and all of these other forces which constantly create within him a hesitation about the Church and spiritual things will lose their grip and compulsion and he will be free to grow into the abundant life.

HOMING
J. Barr Weild

I have a rendezvous with God
At some near date;
I have a rendezvous with Him;
But I can wait
Until He calls;
Until He bids me come.

Then I shall go humbly
But with eager pace,
Seeing the beauty
Of His face,
Hearing His voice,
I shall rejoice.

* * *

COMMUNION WITH GOD

I believe that the percentage of people who are capable of mystic experiences in which God is directly apprehended is small. If that were the only form which religion could take, I should at once reach the position that only exceptional people are capable of religion. But that is *not* the only form which religion can take. For most people communion with God is something which is interwoven with ordinary life, and comes to them as they respond to the world in which they live. They have come to see the meaning of a hundred common experiences—namely that they are really experiences of God, and with that discovery those ordinary experiences take on a new worth.

The beauty of nature is not just what it used to be to the man who has awakened to realize that in and through it God is showing Himself to mankind. The love of wife and child is something with a new wonder in it to the man who has learnt that whenever love comes into life God comes into it. Even the common things of every day are transformed for those who believe that God is on the scene of daily life. And for all this no mystic experiences are necessary at all. What is needed is simply that we learn to interpret truly the experiences we have already had.—A. Herbert Gray, *Finding God*. Published by Student Christian Movement Press, London.

☞ To ask in Christ's name is to act on
His behalf and His authority.

Greater Works Than These . . .

H. W. Swete

THE Lord foresaw the remarkable extension of Christian activity which would follow His departure, and not only foresaw, but accounted for it. "It must be so, for I am going to the Father." The very journey which seems to put to an end all chance of success is the condition of increased power and efficiency. "My departure will add immeasurably to your resources, not because it takes me from the world, but because it brings me to the Father. For I go to receive for you that which you could not have while I was with you. You shall do greater things than I have done, because you shall have larger powers granted to you, through my presence in my Father's house."

So the mystery is partly explained. It is not we who do the greater things than Christ, but Christ, ascended and glorified, who does greater things than Christ in the days of His flesh. As Augustine says, both the works of the ministry of which we read in the Gospels, and the works which are done in the church from the Pentecost to our own day, are the works of

Christ: the former were done by Him in person, the latter are done by His Spirit in believers. All the great Christian exploits of the past nineteen centuries are *gesta Christi* no less truly than the Gospel miracles, and they are greater than the greatest of these miracles. Men can and often do hesitate to regard the miracles as historical; but the unsparing criticism cannot refuse to admit the changes wrought in the world by the faith and Spirit of Christ. What is the raising of the widow's son or Lazarus compared with the quickening of the countless lives through the sacraments and preaching of the Church? What is the turning of water into wine compared with the turning of moral weakness into strength, and of common things in daily use into the communion of the body and blood of Christ?

Greater works than those of a visible Christ shall the Church do in the power of His invisible presence. Yet these greater works are not to be done automatically, or without spiritual effort on the part of believers; they are to be done in answer to prayer. So the Lord

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

continues: "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, this will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye ask anything in my name, this will I do."

The Sermon on the Mount had taught the general lesson that he who would receive anything from God must ask for it. The Last Discourse adds that the believer in Christ must ask in Christ's name. The exact phrase meets us here for the first time, but once uttered it is frequently repeated in the discourse. Its meaning may be gathered from the Lord's use elsewhere of the words "in my Father's name." When he says, "I have come in my Father's name . . . another shall come in his own name," He clearly means, "I represent my Father's mind and will; others will represent none but their own." When He speaks of "the works that I do in my Father's name," He regards Himself as acting by His Father's authority and power. According to the analogy of these and other passages, to ask in Christ's name is to ask on the behalf of Christ, as belonging to Him, and authorized by Him to approach the Father. It is not the use of the formula "through Jesus Christ" that gains acceptance for our prayer, as though it possessed a magic power to unlock the treasures of divine mercy and grace.

The formula serves its purpose if it reminds us that we approach God in our prayers not as having in ourselves any claim to be heard, but as identified with His Son, our Lord, with Whom He is well pleased, Whom the Father hears and answers always.

Twice over the Lord assures us that He will do whatever we thus ask. "I will do it"; that is, "I will make it my business to see that the thing is done." Christian prayer is normally addressed to the Father, but the answer comes through the Son. It belongs to the glorified Christ to carry into effect the Father's will, to bestow the Father's gifts, in virtue of the universal authority committed to Him in heaven and on earth. In fulfilling this office He not only consults our interest, but He acts for the greater glory of God; His purpose is that the Father may be glorified in the Son. Of His life on earth He could say, "I seek not my own glory," and the words are true also of His heavenly life. The aim of His present sovereignty as of His earthly service is the glory of the Father, which reveals itself in the work of Him Who is the very image of His Father's substance. In every answer to his prayer the believer sees afresh the glory of God reflected in the might of Jesus Christ our Lord.

☞ As Christ pervades men's hearts, occasions for war are removed and we become a society of friends.

Walls and Neighbors

Walter M. Horton

THE spirit of Christ laughs at walls. Wherever it penetrates, it tends first to disregard and then to dissolve all "walls of partition" that limit the area within which fellowship is possible. The first Apostles, to their own astonishment, found that within the Christian community the wall between Jew and Gentile—a wall that was supposedly impenetrable—could actually be disregarded. All sorts of national, racial, cultural barriers have been brushed aside by the Christian spirit in its spread. Its constant tendency was well stated by George Fox, the founder of the Quaker movement, when he endeavored to describe the spirit that animated him and his followers: "the spirit that taketh away the occasion of all wars." In so far as the spirit of Christ truly pervades men's hearts, barriers melt away between them, occasions for war are removed and they become a "society of friends."

There was a time when I believed, as George Fox apparently did, that the spread of the spirit of Christ would of itself suffice to make the world a friendly neighborhood and make an end of war.

Now I think that Fox's greatest disciple, William Penn, was closer to the truth. Penn worked along two different lines simultaneously, in his attack upon war. He trusted to the spread of the spirit of Christ to work miracles in the sphere of human relationships; and the harmony between the first Quaker settlers and the Indians was indeed something miraculous. But he also drew up a system of international government for the continent of Europe, protecting each nation's due interests with appropriate legal safeguards and providing that in case of rebellion against international law, and only in that case, coercion might be used to enforce the peace. In other words, he sought to create peace on earth partly by setting up legal walls to keep neighbors from encroaching on one another and partly by spreading attitudes that laugh at walls and make men one in spirit.

In one or the other of these two ways we can all help to make this dreadfully disorganized world into a good neighborhood. Those of us who are in uniform are preparing for the high and important task of building and manning the new sys-

tem of international walls that is needed to protect the common good of mankind against the anarchic tendencies that have nearly destroyed us. Private interests, egoistic encroachments are such persistent factors in human life that good fences will probably always be needed in some form to preserve good neighborliness. All honor to the international policemen, present and future, who help to keep these fences mended. But those of us who (for one reason or another) are not in uniform can likewise help in most essential ways to make this world a neighborhood. In so far as we love truth,

create beauty or embody the spirit of universal sacrificial good will which is the spirit of Christ, we help to draw mankind into a fellowship that overleaps all walls and fences and makes these artificial aids to fellowship progressively less necessary. Some day, if such attitudes acquire enough power, the walls that divide mankind may become friendly walls like those that divide a family homestead into rooms or like the undefended frontier between us and our Canadian neighbors to the north. We can all do something to speed that day.

* * *

A PRAYER FOR UNIVERSAL GOOD

We pray that the Spirit of Divine Love and Brotherhood may enter the hearts of the people of every country of the earth; that God may send such a Spiritual Power down upon us that it will awaken every soul to the value of spiritual things, and the value of creative effort without competition, greed, fear or jealousy of any other person or nation.

Dissolve, O God, these qualities from the mind of the races, for with them will vanish poverty, war, crime, incompetency and waste.

May every person on earth be filled now with a spiritual zeal and unswerving purpose to spend his time and resources for constructive work in the world, to bring about universal peace and brotherhood. Thus shall Divine Love be established and God's kingdom reign on earth.
—From *The Aquarian Age*, Nov., 1944.

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The African savage said beautifully to Livingstone: "When showers have fallen in the night and the earth is washed clean and the sun sparkles on every leaf and the air is fresh—that is Holiness."

—*Southern Churchman*

☐ Within the membership of the Church the battle for a new world will be won or lost.

The Church Must Blaze the Way

Ellis VanRiper

PEOPLE all over the world are aware of the problems of peace. The joy which would be naturally present at the end of hostilities is greatly tempered by the consciousness that we will have the responsibility this time to build a world in which the seeds of another war will not have a chance to sprout.

These problems are as great if not greater than the problems of the organization of a military machine have been. It was comparatively easy to weld divergent groups into a common purpose to fight a common enemy. Sacrifice and self-giving were the norm of that period. But now that peace is here, the various groups will once again emerge as separate entities and will pick up where they left off unless there is given the opportunity to fight for a peace in the same way we did for a military victory.

The Church as a whole has issued many statements concerning the nature of society after the war is won. It has gone into much de-

From *The Evangel*, October, 1944.

tail and called its membership to collective action on these matters. And right here within the membership of the Church the battle for a new world must be won or lost. Nowhere else in the world is there a sufficient dynamic for the building of a better world. Nowhere else is there offered a loyalty that is over and above any of class, race, state or creed. But old and traditional ways and methods will not be enough. A new and creative approach must be found—a way that discards the false piety of the past and moves out into the "highways and byways and compels them to come in." The Church cannot afford to wait for the world to come to its altars but must take the initiative, aggressively, in going to the world.

Moreover, it will do little good to bring in outsiders from different walks of life simply to discuss social issues. There is a vast amount of emotional—yes, almost hysterical—viewpoint separating people right within the walls of almost any church. First of all then, the Church, as a reconciling force,

must put its own house in order—next it must seek to re-establish fellowship, separately, with those social groups with whom it has lost touch during the past. Notably these are the industrial groups of labor and management and the different racial groups. It is not until the Church has established contact and fellowship with these groups, separately, that it will be in position to bring them together.

Recently, in New York City, over a period of months, a number of men have been meeting together—without an axe to grind but just to know each other better and to seek to find first-hand knowledge of what Christ expects of them in this day and age. After a few months, it became increasingly possible for men of opposing economic points of view to find a common ground on which they could begin to work out what previously had separated them. This acquaintance has grown into friendship and affection in many cases and, while the unraveling of economic differences is only just beginning, these weekly meetings have established the social climate in which this can be done, both locally and nationally. In this climate the best that each point of view has to contribute to society can be developed, not on a basis of what each man wants, but of what is the closest to that which God intended for

mankind in the Kingdom of God.

Another similar step was taken, some time ago, in a midwest city where a few men who were leaders in the social struggle were called in to meet with a few churchmen. There was no attempt to force a point of view on anyone—just an honest attempt to know and understand each other. As a result of that series of meetings, which grew from a few to 150 in a few months, almost all of those who were not in supporting fellowship with the Church are now attending church and working for a spread of spiritual values in the social order. This group now is ready for fellowship with those with opposite social views and the outcome should be a tremendous leavening of their section of the post-war world.

The beginnings of such a group were made in New York, recently. At the first meeting, only four or five men from Labor and the Church were present. As the talk and discussion developed, the surprise of both groups at the extent to which they agreed was evident, and it must have been clear to even the most prejudiced observer that these men had been kept apart, in the past, by lack of understanding and knowledge of each other.

This is the kind of activity that the Church can well initiate on a large scale, bringing together divergent groups and helping them,

first of all, to see that the other fellow is a human being, with points of view like himself—and in all probability not the ogre one has imagined! Second, to get rid of misunderstandings and to move forward, positively, to find what they do agree on; then, as they are working these things out, on the job or in the office, to help each one to grow in the redemptive and regenerating fellowship of Jesus Christ.

Now is the Church of Jesus Christ's golden opportunity to plant the mustard seed of the Kingdom of God and plant it within the hearts of all forces of society within our world—to nurture it and watch it grow into that tree which gives shelter and comfort to all who seek it. No one else is going to do this work of love, if the Church does not do it. No one is going to bring these groups to the Church already converted to the way of Christ. The Church, if it

really be the Church, must go out and bring them in and, if necessary, take to the road as the disciples of old did. *Unless we who are the Church take the initiative*, we must cease to proclaim our Lord as Lord of all and abandon the world to the forces of evil and their leaders. It is *now* that the Church—you and I and our fellow-Christians—must decide to take action; and, while it may not be the last chance, *it is the opportunity of this generation*.

Labor, capital, politics, all of these, must come under the redemptive and reconciling fellowship of the Church. The Church must examine its own soul and see that it is, or becomes, that reconciling force and not just another divisive group. It is a time that calls for the "laying aside of every encumbrance and running with joy the race that is before us." Our Lord will lead us if we will follow and obey.

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A SOUL'S SINCERE DESIRE

Raymona Swortwood

To let the waters of the sea of love
Rush in and fill each crevice of my being,
So that with the rising tide they may o'erflow
Into the hearts of those about me—
Being my own self a reason for existing—
This is my soul's sincere desire.

The God and Father of Jesus

Adolf Harnack

CHRIST'S message appears in the clearest and most direct light when grasped in connection with the idea of God the Father and the infinite value of the human soul. Here the elements which I would describe as the restful and rest-giving in Jesus' message, and which are comprehended in the idea of our being children of God, find expression. The whole of Jesus' message may be reduced to two heads—God as the Father, and the human soul so ennobled that it can and does unite with Him. It contains no statutory or particularistic elements; *it is, therefore, religion itself*. It is superior to all antithesis and tension between this world and a world to come, between reason and ecstasy, between work and isolation from the world, between Judaism and Hellenism. It can dominate them all, and there is no factor of earthly life to which it is confined or necessarily tied down. Let us, however, get a clearer idea of what being children of God, in Jesus' sense, means, by briefly considering four sayings of his.

Let us take the Lord's Prayer

first. It is by their prayers that the character of the higher religions is determined. The very apostrophe of the prayer, "Our Father," exhibits the steady faith of the man who knows that he is safe in God, and it tells us that he is certain of being heard. Not to hurl violent desires at heaven or to obtain this or that earthly blessing does he pray, but to preserve the power which he already possesses and strengthen the union with God in which he lives. No one, then, can utter this prayer unless his heart is in profound peace and his mind wholly concentrated on the inner relation of the soul with God. All other prayers are of a lower order, for they contain particularistic elements, or are so framed that in some way or other they stir the imagination in regard to the things of sense as well; whilst this prayer leads us away from everything to the height where the soul is alone with its God. And yet the earthly element is not absent. The whole of the second half of the prayer deals with earthly relations, but they are placed in the light of the Eternal. In vain will you look for any re-

From *What is Christianity?* by Adolf Harnack, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

quest for particular gifts of grace, or special blessings, even of a spiritual kind. "All else shall be added unto you." The name of God, His will, and His kingdom—these elements of rest and permanence are poured out over the earthly relations as well. Everything that is small and selfish melts away, and only four things are left with regard to which it is worth while to pray—the daily bread, the daily trespass, the daily temptations, and the evil in life. There is nothing in the Gospels that tells us more certainly what the Gospel is, and what sort of disposition and temper it produces, than the Lord's Prayer. With this prayer we ought also to confront all those who disparage the Gospel by representing it as an ascetic or ecstatic or sociological pronouncement. It shows the Gospel to be the Fatherhood of God applied to the whole of life; to be an inner union with God's will and God's kingdom, and a joyous certainty of the possession of eternal blessings and protection from evil.

As to the second utterance: when Jesus says "Rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you, but rejoice rather that your names are written in heaven," it is another way of laying special emphasis on the idea that the all-important element in this religion is the consciousness of being safe in God. The greatest achievements,

nay, the very works which are done in the strength of this religion, fall below the assurance, at once humble and proud, of resting for time and eternity under the fatherly care of God. Moreover, the genuineness, nay, the actual existence, of religious experience is to be measured, not by any transcendence of feeling nor by great deeds that all men can see, but by the joy and the peace which are diffused through the soul that can say "My Father."

How far did Christ carry this idea of the fatherly providence of God? Here we come to the third saying: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered." The assurance that God rules is to go as far as our fears go, nay, as far as life itself—life down even to its smallest manifestations in the order of Nature. It was to disabuse his disciples of the fears of evil and the terrors of death that he gave them the sayings about the sparrows and the flowers of the field; they are to learn how to see the hand of the living God everywhere in life, and in death too.

Finally, in asking—and after what has gone before the question will not sound surprising—"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own

soul?" he put a man's value as high as it can be put. The man who can say "My Father" to the Being who rules heaven and earth, is thereby raised above heaven and earth, and himself has a value which is higher than all the fabric of this world. But this great saying took the stern tone of a warning. He offered them a gift and with it set them a task. How different was the Greek doctrine! Plato, it is true, had already sung the great hymn of the mind; he had distinguished it from the whole world of appearance and maintained its eternal origin. But the mind which he meant was the knowing mind; he contrasted it with blind, insensible matter; his message made its appeal to the wise. Jesus Christ calls to every poor soul; He calls to everyone who bears a human face: You are children of the living God, and not only better than many sparrows but of more value than the whole world. The value of a truly great man, as I saw it put lately, consists in his increasing the value of all mankind. It is here, truly, that the highest significance of great men lies: to have enhanced, that is, to have progressively given effect to human value, to the value of that race of men which has risen up out of the dull ground of Nature. But

Jesus Christ was the first to bring the value of every human soul to light, and what he did no one can any more undo. We may take up what relation to him we will: in the history of the past no one can refuse to recognize that it was He who raised humanity to this level.

In the combination of these ideas—God the Father, Providence, the position of men as God's children, the infinite value of the human soul—the whole Gospel is expressed. The Eternal appears; time becomes means to an end; man is seen to be on the side of the Eternal. This was certainly Jesus' meaning, and to take anything from it is to destroy it. In applying the idea of Providence to the whole of humanity and the world without any exception; in showing that humanity is rooted in the Eternal; in proclaiming the fact that we are God's children as at once a gift and a task, he took a firm grip of all fumbling and stammering attempts at religion and brought them to their issue. Once more let it be said: we may assume what position we will in regard to him and his message, certain it is that thence onward the value of our race is enhanced; human lives, nay, we ourselves have become dearer to one another.

* * *

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

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FOR MEN TODAY

Maud Ludington Cain

I think men have a new idea of prayer
These days of war and tumult and dismay
With tasks and burdens all that hearts can bear,
With greater need yet with less time to pray:
Secure and safe in the small worlds they knew
Prayer was a symbol joy did not connote,
Like opening unaccustomed doors to view
High, vaulted arches, solemn and remote.

For men today, prayer is a coming home
From weary years in bleak and barren lands;
It is the feel and smell of orchard loam
After long days of thirst and burning sands;
It is from chartless seas and broken oars
To tread at last on dear, familiar shores.



PRAYER

Iva Lowther Peters

Infinite One, who lovest
All things in the world Thou has made,
Light in our inner spirits
The flame of a soul unafraid!
Send courage for all the future—
Be it joy or grief and ill;
Give us faith in Thee and Thy wisdom,
Hope, and the strength of Thy will.



COMPANIONS

Grace Wittenberger

God and I walked out in the night,
When the moon was low and the stars were bright;
And the wind blew hard,
And the wind blew free,
And it blew right through the heart of me;
And God left His scent of summer clover
Deep in my soul as the wind passed over.

THE OCTOBER THOUGHT FARTHEST OUT

Unconditional Surrender To God

Memory Verse: "*Whosoever shall be greatest among you shall be as a servant and he who would be first shall be as a slave.*" Mark 10:43-44.

Veteran sailors do not talk of the wind driving their sails; they explain how the air being drawn away in front of the sails creates a vacuum, and the sails follow the wind. Jesus did not leave us any advice how we can *drive* those whom we have offended to forgive us. He shows us an easier way. All we need to do is to forgive those who have offended *us*, and through that forgiveness a vacuum is created within us that draws *others* to forgive us. At Estes Park on the 4th of July, it came to the Camp Farthest Out meeting there that if we forced unconditional surrender upon Japan, we were going at it in the wrong way, a way filled with tragedy, suffering and sorrow. A better way would be for us to give ourselves in unconditional surrender first to God. If four spiritual camps could do this utterly and completely, we agreed, such power would be released that Japan might be drawn into this surrender . . . So this camp, and three camps that followed, made unconditional surrender to the Master, and after an all-night of prayer at the last camp, there came the announcement of Japan's surrender. How marvelously significant events always synchronize with significant prayers!

One of the greatest teachings of Jesus, and the one that has probably been the most overlooked of them all, is that the only real battlefield of life is within ourselves. It does not matter so much whether others hate us as whether we hate others. We would not need to be concerned about justice being done to us if we always did justice to others. Now that the war is over, it is not so much a time for national elation, as a time for national repentance. Have we always done unto the have-not nations what we would have them do unto us? Until this war, there were only two nations that had never known defeat in any way, and these two were the United States and Japan. Today our beloved country is the only land that has never had to make unconditional surrender of the objectives for which she has fought.

Let us unite our prayers that our proud nation which has never bowed to any conqueror shall at last bend its knee in unconditional surrender to the Master and Lord of Life. Without this surrender, great dangers lie ahead. With this surrender, all the future will be safe.

Read the *Book of Hosea*.

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THE NOVEMBER THOUGHT FARTHEST OUT

The Atomic Power of Love

Memory Verse: *He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.* Matt. 10:39

The basic conflict of the next quarter century will be the conflict between the powers of destruction and the powers of construction. One power is typified by the explosive force of the atomic bomb that destroys everything living within a radius of five miles; the other power is typified by the saving force of the risen Christ, who redeems every lost man within the radius of his divine love.

The saving power of Jesus Christ spreads and expands just as the destructive power of the divided atom spreads and expands, and the question mankind must face is which of these two forces does he choose to see expand the faster and farther. The power behind one is hate; the power behind the other is love.

Before Jesus multiplied and expanded the five loaves and the two fishes so that they would feed five-thousand hungry people, he fixed his eye on the skies and the word that Jesus always used for sky was Uranus. Before an atomic bomb could be expanded to destroy five-thousand persons, the scientists fixed their eyes upon the earthly substance known as uranium. Isn't it strange that they both came from the same root which means, "ever-expanding activity"? There you have it in a nutshell. The conflict of the next century will be between the ever-expanding activities of spirit and the ever-expanding activities of matter; the ever-expanding activities of selfishness and the ever-expanding activity of love.

If the material world is but a reflection of the heavenly world, let us withdraw our gaze from the worldly things that have obsessed us, as Jesus did, and fix our gaze on high. If the tremendous power in the atomic bomb was brought about by the little protons and electrons letting go of themselves to be released into a larger orchestration of power, just think how tremendous an effect upon the world it would be for human beings to completely step outside of themselves and let go of their little fixations and obsessions, and give themselves utterly and completely to the Master. Such actually happened one day, and it was called Pentecost. Let us hope and pray that it may happen again in thousands of churches and camps and prayer cells all over this land.

Read *The Lord's Prayer*, by Glenn Clark, pondering especially the chapter on The Cosmic Ray.

THE DECEMBER THOUGHT FARTHEST OUT

Spiritual Pontoons

Memory Verse: *"I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me."* John 12:32

Several years ago just off Star Island, the submarine Squalus went down. A hundred years ago a ship sunk in those deep waters could never be raised. But in this case the problem was easily solved by sinking four pontoons, chains from these passed beneath the submerged boat, the ballast driven out of the pontoons, and air pumped into the pontoons from above until the sunken vessel was easily lifted to the surface and brought into port.

Some of us believe that if one-hundredth as many people as have gathered in camps to be trained in war had gathered in spiritual camps for training in prayer, the war could have ended a year or two earlier than it did. So this summer, four Camps Farthest Out allowed themselves to be used as spiritual pontoons to get under this world and lift it from the depths of war into the fresh, heavenly air of peace. The process was very simple, but very thrilling. After many days of spiritual questing, after our hearts had been completely attuned to the Spirit, we gathered together as an entire group and as sharers in this great world catastrophe we humbly let ourselves down into the depths of compassion, and there dumped out through repentance and surrender all the ballast of selfishness and sin as best we could. Then putting ourselves utterly in the hands of God, we invited Him to send the Holy Spirit down upon us. If the pontoons can lift weights much greater than themselves without any effort on their part, but simply through the power that comes to them from above, how much more powerful must a group of surrendered human souls be! If air of this earth can lift, just consider the lifting power of the Holy Spirit from heaven itself!

Wherever there is a prayer group in the entire United States, that group can consider itself another pontoon. Join us in this process of being instruments to lift the world, and especially our own nation, out of selfishness and hate and sin. Now that science is putting into our hands powers that are great enough to destroy the world, it is high time that all praying people put to practical use the power that Jesus put into our hands two-thousand years ago, for lifting and saving the world.

Read *The Emperor's Physician*, by J. R. Perkins.

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

THE CHURCH AND THE RETURNING SOLDIER, Roy A. Burkhardt. Harper and Brothers, \$2.00. The book deals very incisively with the returning soldier, but Dr. Burkhardt realizes that essentially the soldier is a human being and that his problems and adjustments are common to all men (with a little shift in emphasis here and there). The church is constructively criticised, Dr. Burkhardt displays rare insight into the part the church has played in history, the part it can play and the part it must play if it is not to regress toward a set of antiquated rituals.

THE DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL, Georgia Harkness. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, \$1.50. "When a sensitive Christian knows that he ought to be happy and useful in God's service yet finds himself unhappy, futile, and unable to pass from what he is to what he ought to be, the dark night of the soul is upon him." The great mystics and saints are unanimous in their testimony that the dark night is a purifying experience. In a most enlightening way the author discusses the possible causes of the dark night. A practical guide for those who are experiencing, or have experienced, seasons of spiritual dryness.

THE PREDICAMENT OF MODERN MAN, D. Elton Trueblood. Harper and Brothers, \$1.00. The fall of France revealed a fundamentally spiritual weakness in our society and way of life. We have separated the fruits of our Christian heritage from the roots which gave them life. We need something to parallel the redemptive society envisaged by St. Augustine, and especially small cells of dedicated Christians *enthused with a faith whose roots rest in God*—similar to the small fellowships of early Christianity. The book is refreshing with a minimum of verbiage. Thinking Christians will be attracted by it.

OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST TODAY, Winifred Kirkland. Macmillan Company, \$1.00. Miss Kirkland suggests how we may more clearly see the Christ of the 20th century. The book, although written in modern usage, possesses something of the reverent beauty of the scripture. In 43 pages the author has treated her subject with delicacy and refinement.

GOOD-BY TO G. I., Maxwell Droke. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, \$1.00. This is the most complete treatment of the transition from life in the armed forces to that of a civilian which has yet been published. The author understands people, is well acquainted with the situations he writes about and has the rare gift of putting the two together into a meaningful whole. The style will appeal to servicemen.

☐ The Christian cannot ignore a challenge in the name of justice.

The Church is Bound to Interfere

William Temple

THE existing system is challenged on moral grounds. It is not merely that some who "have not" are jealous of some who "have." The charge against our social system is one of injustice. The banner so familiar in earlier unemployed or socialist processions—"Damn your charity; we want justice"—vividly exposes the situation as it was seen by its critics. If the present order is taken for granted or assumed to be sacrosanct, charity from the more to the less fortunate would seem virtuous and commendable; to those for whom the order itself is suspect or worse, such charity is blood-money. Why should some be in the position to dispense and others to need that kind of charity?

An infidel could ignore that challenge, for apart from faith in God there is really nothing to be said for the notion of human equality. Men do not seem to be equal in any respect, if we judge by available evidence. But if all are children of one Father, then all are equal heirs of a status in comparison with which the apparent differences of quality and capacity are

unimportant; in the deepest and most important of all—their relationship to God—all are equal. Why should some of God's children have full opportunity to develop their capacities in freely-chosen occupations, while others are confined to a stunted form of existence, enslaved to types of labor which represent no personal choice but the sole opportunity offered? The Christian cannot ignore a challenge in the name of justice. He must either refuse it or, accepting it, devote himself to removal of the stigma. The moral quality of the accusation brought against the economic and social order involves the Church in "interference" on pain of betraying the trust committed to it.

If we belong to the Church with such a purpose and hope as this, we are obliged to ask concerning every field of human activity what is the purpose of God for it. If we find this purpose it will be the true and proper nature of that activity, and the relation of the various activities to one another in the divine purpose will be the "Natural Order" of these activities. To

From the Penguin Book, *Christianity and Social Order*, by William Temple.

bring them into that Order, if they have in fact departed from it, must be one part of the task of the Church as the Body of Christ. If what has true value as a means to an end beyond itself is in fact being sought as an end in itself, the Church must rebuke this dis-

location of the structure of life and if possible point out the way of recovery. It is bound to "interfere" because it is by vocation the agent of God's purpose, outside the scope of which no human interest or activity can fall.

* * *

YOU ALWAYS SAY "MY DEAR"

Madelyn at the age of fifteen was brought to the institution in which I—as case worker—happened to be working. She was registered as one of a number of incorrigibles. For a number of weeks I heard of Madelyn through the various workers under whose supervision she had been placed. Without an exception each one of the workers, when asked to voice her opinion of Madelyn, had only one word to say, and that was "Hopeless!"

My turn with Madelyn finally came. I dreaded the ordeal, and gave a great deal of thought as to how best to handle the situation. Soon after she came under my supervision I was called to another city to attend a court hearing. Having only a few hours in which to get ready for the journey I asked Madelyn if she would like to earn some money laundering a few things for me. To my surprise she expressed a real eagerness to do so—in fact, she spent the afternoon washing and ironing, and helping in various other ways. When the job was completed I complimented her on the thoroughness of her work, and told her I was happy to pay her liberally because she had earned it. Before leaving my room Madelyn came close up to me, and with wet eyes she asked me if I could guess why she had been so happy in working for me. Not understanding what she was driving at, I answered in the negative—but asked her to give me her reasons.

"You know," she said, "I love to work for you because you always say 'My dear, will you do this for me,' and when the job is finished you say 'Thank you, my dear.' Don't you think," she added, "that girls and boys wouldn't be so bad if only people would say 'My dear' to them? All my life I have wanted somebody to say that to me."

—Mollie Bert Feldhammer

☐ The level of supernatural reality and *knowing*.

I Believe in Life

Anonymous

Some time ago there came a period of black-out in my life which seemed impossible to shake. Everything looked dark. I was down physically, mentally and spiritually and had neither a sense of security nor hope for the future.

I had been reading a book by a well-known American mystic* and felt led to write some friends asking if they would put me in touch with him. I knew this man had the answer to creative living. Shortly afterwards, I received a letter saying he was coming East on a lecture tour and could I come and see him. With one of my family I travelled to the city nearest us where he was to lecture and we met.

Now, my friend is a very open channel for the love of God, and my own receiving station having gone dead, it was like plugging in to a fresh contact. When I returned to our lodgings that evening after surrendering my life to Christ, something tremendous happened. I was flooded by the love of God. There are no words to describe it. But I *knew* beyond doubt that *Somebody cared*. All through the night I lay in the glow

of this wonderful new-found experience. Gone were all the old fears and doubts, depression and sense of insecurity. There was nothing but radiant joy in my heart as the golden sunshine flooded the room that morning, which to me was a mount of transfiguration because God was there. Revelation came regarding certain passages in the New Testament which were illuminated with prophetic meaning and truth.

The glory of the experience lingered for many weeks to come and my life was lifted to a completely new level—a level of supernatural reality and *knowing*.

As one looks back, the three things which I was given, that stand out, were certainty, love and joy—*knowing* we have a loving Father Who cares. It gave one a new creative love to take back to one's home and work and to all one met, which was infectious.

During the past year three people I was fond of have met death more or less violently. I passed through the experience with one of them. The other two met death in action. There is no blinking at the physical horror and pain. At

**The Soul's Sincere Desire*, Glenn Clark.

the time it may even shatter us. "Evil has its hour," but let us remember and hold fast to the truth: "God has His day." The hour passes, the light breaks. The awareness of the *alive-ness* and nearness of two of those I mentioned—the two I was closest to—has been very real. At times vivid—as though preventing one from grieving and saying: "Stop. Don't go back over it *because it is all over*," and a great sense of their present happiness and release. I believe this is true and I believe in the Life that begins *now* and stretches right out into eternity.

And so there has been joy in my heart the past months, the kind of deep joy that Christ gives when we try to live close to Him. He came that we might have Life and Light (John I, 1-15). He said He told us these things that our *joy*—now—might be full. Jesus was and is a realist. As Baron von Hugel wrote: "Our Lord saw that suffering was knit into human nature

but He doesn't become morbid over it. He sees it is not the end. He sees the coming of joy . . . through and because of this suffering." (One might take this in a world sense today). He told us we could expect trouble but that in Him we would have peace—peace and courage with which to face anything, provided we give ourselves to Him and go through it *with Him*. He knows the great basic needs of the human heart and He won't let us down. All we have to do is to trust Him and open up to His love and let it flood us. For love drives out fear and darkness.

Then in these dark days we will have power in our life and be a light to others and have an answer for this bewildered world, which consciously or not, is groping for the love and security that Christ alone can give, for the *caring* that will solve every problem confronting us today. Love and joy are the way. And His love in our hearts the secret!

* * *

THE NEW BIRTH

Just as a little drop of water mixed with a lot of wine seems entirely to lose its own identity, while it takes on the taste of wine and its color; just as iron, heated and glowing, looks very much like fire, having divested itself of its original and characteristic appearance; and just as air flooded with the light of the sun is transformed into the same splendor of light so that it appears not so much lighted up as to be light itself; so it will inevitably happen that in saints every human affection will then, in some ineffable manner melt away from self and be entirely transfused into the will of God. —*Saint Bernard*.

☐ Avdeitch understood that the Savior had in very truth visited him that day.

Where Love Is

Leo Tolstoy

IN a certain town there lived a shoemaker named Martin Avdeitch. He lived in a basement room which possessed but one window. This window looked onto the street, and through it a glimpse could be caught of the passers-by. It is true that only their legs could be seen, but that did not matter, as Martin could recognize people by their boots alone.

His wife had died while he was still an apprentice, leaving behind her a little boy of three. The little boy was just growing up and beginning to help his father and to be a pleasure to him, when he fell ill, was put to bed, and died after a week's fever.

Martin buried the little fellow and was inconsolable. Indeed, he was so inconsolable that he began to murmur against God.

Then one day there came to see him an ancient peasant-pilgrim . . . one who was now in the eighth year of his pilgrimage. To him Avdeitch talked, and then went on to complain of his great sorrow.

"You should not speak like that, Martin," replied the old pilgrim. "It is not for us to judge the acts

of God. We must rely, not upon our own understanding, but upon the Divine wisdom. God saw fit that your son should die and that you should live. Therefore it must be better so. If you despair, it is because you have wished to live too much for your own pleasure."

"For what, then, should I live?" asked Martin.

"For God alone," replied the old man. "It is He who gave you life, and therefore it is He for whom you should live. When you come to live for Him you will cease to grieve, and your trials will become easy to bear. Christ has shown us the way," answered the old man. "Can you read? If so, buy a Testament and study it. You will learn there how to live for God. Yes, it is all shown you there."

These words sank into Avdeitch's soul. He went out the same day, bought a large-print copy of the New Testament, and set himself to read it.

Thus he came to read it every evening, and, the more he read, the more clearly did he understand what God required of him, and in what way he could live for God; so

From *Master and Man and Other Tales*, Count Leo Tolstoy. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., N. Y.

that his heart grew ever lighter and lighter.

It happened once that Martin was reading late. He read the seventh chapter of St. Luke, and read on about the centurion, the widow's son, and the answer given to John's disciples; until in time he came to the passage where the rich Pharisee invited Jesus to his house, and the woman washed the Lord's feet with her tears and He justified her.

He read these verses and thought:

"'Thou gavest Me no water for My feet' . . . 'Thou gavest Me no kiss' . . . 'My head with oil thou didst not anoint' . . ."—and once again he took off his spectacles, laid them on the book, and became lost in meditation.

"I am even as that Pharisee," he thought to himself. "I drink tea and think only of my own needs. Yes, I think only of having plenty to eat and drink, of being warm and clean—but never of entertaining a guest. And Simon too was mindful only of himself, although the guest who had come to visit him was—who? Why, even the Lord Himself! If, then, He should come to visit *me*, should I receive Him any better?"—and, leaning forward upon his elbows, he was asleep almost before he was aware of it.

"Martin!" someone seemed to breathe in his ear.

He started from his sleep.

"Who is there?" he said. He turned and looked toward the door, but could see no one. Again he bent forward over the table. Then suddenly he heard the words:

"Martin, Martin! Look thou into the street tomorrow, for I am coming to visit thee."

The next morning as Martin sat thus by the window he kept looking out of it as much as working. Whenever a pair of boots passed with which he was acquainted he would bend down to glance upwards through the window and see their owner's face as well. An old soldier, a veteran of Nicholas' army, in old, patched boots, and carrying a shovel in his hands, halted close by the window. He began to clear away the snow from in front of Avdeitch's window, while the shoemaker looked at him and then resumed his work.

"I think I must be getting into my dotage," thought Avdeitch with a smile. "Just because Stepanitch begins clearing away the snow I at once jump to the conclusion that Christ is about to visit me. Yes, I am growing foolish now, old grey-beard that I am. Would he like some tea, I wonder? That reminds me that the samovar must be ready now.

"Come in and warm yourself,"

he said. "You must be frozen."

"Christ requite you!" answered Stepanitch. "Yes, my bones are almost cracking."

He poured out two tumblerfuls, and offered one to his guest.

"You must drink some more," said Avdeitch, and refilled his guest's tumbler and his own. Yet, in spite of himself, he had no sooner drunk his tea than he found himself looking out into the street again.

"Are you expecting anyone?" asked his guest.

"Am—I am I expecting anyone? Well, to tell the truth, yes. That is to say, I am, and I am not. The fact is that some words have got fixed in my memory. I was reading of how our Little Father Christ walked this earth, and how He went to visit a Pharisee, and yet received no welcome from him at the door. All this I read last night, my friend, and then fell to thinking about it—to thinking how some day I too might fail to pay Him due honour. 'Suppose,' I thought to myself, 'He came to me or to anyone like me? Should we, like the great lord Simon, not know how to receive Him and not go out to meet Him?' And so those words have got into my head, and, foolish though I know it to be, I keep expecting *Him*—the Little Father—every moment. I often call to mind how, when Our Little Father

walked this earth, there never was a man, however humble, whom He despised, and how it was chiefly among the common people that He dwelt. It was always with *them* that He walked; it was from among *them*—from among such men as you and I—from among sinners and working folk—that He chose His disciples."

"I thank you, Martin Avdeitch," Stepanitch said. "You have taken me in, and fed both soul and body."

So Stepanitch departed, while Martin stitched away, yet kept on looking through the window—looking for Christ, as it were.

Presently a woman in woolen stockings and rough country shoes approached the window, and halted near the buttress outside it. Avdeitch peered up at her from under the lintel of his window, and could see that she was a plain-looking, poorly-dressed woman and had a child in her arms. It was in order to muffle the child up more closely—little though she had to do it with!—that she had stopped near the buttress and was now standing there with her back to the wind. Her clothing was ragged and fit only for summer. Avdeitch rose, went to the door, climbed the steps, and cried out: "My good woman, my good woman!"

She heard him and turned round.

"Why need you stand there in

the cold with your baby?" he went on. "Come into my room, where it is warm, and where you will be able to wrap the baby up more comfortably than you can do here. Yes, come in with you."

From the stove he took and poured some soup into the basin, and drew out a bowl of porridge.

"Sit down and eat, my good woman," he said, "while I hold your baby. I have had little ones of my own, and know how to nurse them."

"I am a soldier's wife," she said, "but my husband was sent to a distant station eight months ago, and I have heard nothing of him since. At first I got a place as cook, but when the baby came they said they could not do with it and dismissed me. That was three months ago, and I have got nothing since, and have spent all my savings."

Avdeitch sighed and said: "But have you nothing warm to wear?"

"Ah, sir," replied the woman, "although it is the time for warm clothes I had to pawn my last shawl yesterday for two *grivenki*."

Avdeitch rose and went to the cupboard. There he rummaged about, and presently returned with an old jacket.

"Here," he said. "It is a poor old thing, but it will serve to cover you."

The woman looked at the jacket, and then at the old man. She took

the jacket and burst into tears.

"I thank you in Christ's name, good grandfather. Surely it was He Himself who sent me to your window. Otherwise I should have seen my baby perish with the cold. But He, Our Little Father, had placed you in your window, that you might see me in my bitter plight and have compassion upon me."

Avdeitch smiled and said: "He did indeed place me there; yet, my poor woman, it was for a special purpose that I was looking out."

Then he told his guest, the soldier's wife, of his vision, and how he had heard a voice foretelling that today the Lord Himself would come to visit him.

"That may very well be," said the woman as she rose, took the jacket, and wrapped her baby in it. Then she saluted him once more and thanked him.

"Also, take this in Christ's name," said Avdeitch, and gave her a two-*grivenka* piece with which to buy herself a shawl. The woman crossed herself, and he likewise. Then he led her to the door and dismissed her.

He kept his eye upon the window, and as soon as ever a shadow fell across it he would look up to see who was passing. Suddenly he saw something. Opposite his window there had stopped an old ped-

ler-woman, with a basket of apples. A boy in a ragged cap appeared from somewhere, seized an apple from the basket, and tried to make off. But the old woman, who had been on her guard, managed to turn and seize the boy by the sleeve, and although he struggled and tried to break away, she clung to him with both hands. Avdeitch did not stop to make fast hisawl, but threw his work down upon the floor, ran to the door, and went stumbling up the steps. Out into the street he ran, where the old woman was still clutching the boy by the hair and threatening to take him to the police, while the boy, for his part, was struggling in the endeavour to free himself.

"I never took it," he was saying, "What are you beating me for? Let me go."

Avdeitch tried to part them as he took the boy by the hand and said:

"Let him go, my good woman. Pardon him for Christ's sake."

"Yes, I will pardon him," she retorted, "but not until he has tasted a new birch-rod. I mean to take the young rascal to the police."

But Avdeitch still interceded for him.

"Let him go, my good woman," he said. "He will never do it again. Let him go for Christ's sake."

The old woman released the boy, who was for making off at once

had not Avdeitch stopped him.

"You must beg the old woman's pardon," he said, "and never do such a thing again. I saw you take the apple."

The boy burst out crying, and begged the old woman's pardon as Avdeitch commanded.

"There, there," said Avdeitch. "Now I will give you one. Here you are,"—and he took an apple from the basket and handed it to the boy. "I will pay you for it, my good woman," he added.

"Yes, but you spoil the young rascal by doing that," she objected.

"God has commanded us to pardon one another," went on Avdeitch, "or *He* will not pardon us. We ought to pardon all men, and especially the thoughtless."

She was raising the sack to her shoulders again when the boy darted forward and said:

"Nay, let me carry it, grandmother. It will be all on my way home."

Having seen them go, he returned to his room, lifted the lamp down, placed it on the table, and took his Testament from the shelf. He had intended opening the book at the place which he had marked last night with a strip of leather, but it opened itself at another instead. The instant it did so, his vision of last night came back to his memory, and, as instantly, he

thought he heard a movement behind him as of someone moving towards him. He looked round and saw in the shadow of a dark corner what appeared to be figures—figures of persons standing there, yet he could not distinguish them clearly. Then the voice whispered in his ear:

"Martin, Martin, dost thou not know Me?"

"Who art Thou?" said Avdeitch.

"Even I!" whispered the voice again. "Lo, it is I!"—and there stepped from the dark corner Stepanitch. He smiled, and then, like the fading of a little cloud, was gone.

"It is I!" whispered the voice again—and there stepped from the same corner the woman with the baby. She smiled and the baby smiled and they were gone.

"It is I!" whispered the voice

again—and there stepped forth the old woman and the boy with the apple. They smiled, and were gone.

Joy filled the soul of Martin Avdeitch as he crossed himself, put on his spectacles, and set himself to read the Testament at the place where it had opened. At the top of the page he read:

"For I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink: I was a stranger and ye took Me in."

And further down the page he read:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me."

Then Avdeitch understood that the vision had come true, and that his Saviour had in very truth visited him that day, and that he had received Him.

* * *

THE CHRIST Roberta Fletcher

Omnipresence

Christ in the shadows
Christ in the light
Everywhere, always
He stays, day and night.

Omniscience

Christ knows my trials
Delights in my joys
He fondles my dreams
Lifts up what annoys.

Omnipotence

Christ is my motive
Christ is my power
His arm is my strength
As I lean hour by hour.

The Law of Service

John Goddard

WHILE a wrong social order cannot permanently destroy spiritual life, it can seriously interfere with its development. It is, therefore, the plain duty of every citizen to help in the establishment of a true economic system, or one which will promote the common welfare, in distinction from a system of special privilege. The effort on the part of the individual citizen to discover and establish such an order from the motive of justice or love to men is one evidence of spiritual life.

There is one great, central, heavenly principle which has the power, if applied, to unite human law and heavenly gospel, motive and deed, religion and daily life—the law by which men as well as angels may live, namely, the universal law of use or service.

In obedience to this law we find the answer to the question of the method (as well as the possibility) of living a spiritual life in this world. Here is the main test of the right or wrong of all occupations, all actions, as well as all motives. As to an action, this law bids us

ask, "is it of use or service?" As to the motive, "am I doing it from a regard to service or use, or am I wholly indifferent about the service to others, so it ministers to my selfish ends? And this motive of being of service in his occupation joins heaven and earth in every person.

The love of an occupation alone is purely natural or earthly, while the love of use in that occupation, that is, the love of service to the neighbor in connection with the occupation, is spiritual and heavenly. The love of mere achievement, too, is earthly, but the desire to be of larger service through such achievement comes from heaven and leads back to heaven. Heaven grows in the soul of him who strives to be of service.

Joy of service is spiritual. It comes from heaven. It is heaven's gift, heaven's quiet token of the wondrous joys of God's kingdom of unselfish, loving service. It comes to him who has been born again—born "from above."

We all recognize the character of such a person, whether he be only a "servant in the house," or

From *What Constitutes Spiritual Living?* by John Goddard. The New-Church Press.

outside the house. Through his every act and word the motive and life of heaven shine. Each added year of life gives to the kingdom of heaven within a broader foundation, a larger growth. Heart, head and hands, the motive, the thought, the deed unite in the act of use

or service, or love to the neighbor. Such a one will always have a work to do. If health and strength fail, there is always an asylum. And when he is gone, all are ready to say, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

* * *

GENIUS

Genius is your capacity to know God. In God man finds the sum total of all talent—waiting to be expressed. If he can fix his recognition on this he will sidestep the limitations of human thinking.

We see the so-called child prodigy solving problems with ease which stump a great mathematician. Why? Does he think—apparently not—in a flash he has the answer—because the answer already exists? "Before you ask I will answer" the key word is "Do you believe?" not "Do you try or want or wish to believe?"—do you *believe* in God? The more you *stay* your power on the Principle of LIFE the greater the interest accruing. Looking straight into the face of God causes you to die to some of the limitations of human thought. Hence we see a child of three playing a difficult concerto. His physical equipment is many times inadequate to the Power he has released through his temple. "Come then let us reason together."

"Ye men of Athens know ye not that ye are gods."—know ye not that the very attributes and powers you are embodying in a marble statue are actually in you—awaiting recognition—awaiting the purity of consciousness which can "believe." Mary magnified the Power within her—and the child was set on earth. You contemplate the law of mathematics or music and you increase perceptibly in the expression and the more you contemplate it the more the expression comes forth—the more natural it becomes.

There are ten talents if you can take them.

—Walter C. Lanyon

* * *

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

—Maude Royden

☐ She passed on. Today I believe she is with her son and her loved ones.

Where Are Our Loved Ones After Death

Norman Vincent Peale

A WOMAN of past middle age came to see me. "I have a hard problem for you," she said. "Three of the most distinguished physicians in New York have told me that I must undergo a serious operation not later than Monday morning, and that this operation may mean my death. They told me frankly, because I asked them for the truth."

She had the quality of personality that could take the truth, no matter how grim. "About a year ago," she continued, "I lost my son in the war." She showed me his picture, then said, "I ask you, sir, if I die as a result of this operation on Monday, will I see him again?"

She looked me squarely in the eye, searching for any indefiniteness of evasiveness. I looked squarely in her eyes and told her: "It is my positive belief, based upon what I know of Jesus Christ, that you will see him again."

"How soon will that be after I go?" she asked.

"I wish I could say," I replied, "but if your son were in a foreign country and you went to see him,

you would make for him as soon as the ship landed, wouldn't you? "You will find him. It can't be long, for love can never lose its own."

She said, "I have a husband and a daughter. If I die, I will see my son. If I live, I will be with them."

I said, "Yes. You are in a very fortunate position. Regardless of what happens, you still have all your family."

"God is very good," she said slowly.

When she stood up to leave, I took her by the hand, and said, "You are one of the greatest personalities I ever met."

Quietly, rationally, simply, she was getting ready for a journey. When she left me, she went to a photographer and had her picture taken. Later I saw those photographs and there was a light on her face. Next, she saw her lawyer and even made arrangements for her funeral. Then, quietly and in utter peace she went to the hospital, where she submitted to the operation; but, despite the best skill of modern science, due to that inscrutable thing we call the will

From *Guideposts*, No. 7. Guideposts Associates, Inc., N. Y.

of God, she passed on. Today, I believe, she is with both her son and her loved ones.

I cannot prove this; I got over long ago the idea that, as a preacher of Christian religion, I have to prove everything. The man who disagrees can't disprove it. Although I can't prove it scientifically, I can do so by a logic which goes beyond so-called scientific logic. It is the deep intimation and logic of the human soul which, in the final analysis, is the ultimate secret and source of truth. What we feel inwardly in the logic of experience is true. The Gospel of Christ tells us that death is a natural experience in the love of God.

Recently I sat in the home of two good friends who had lost their son in France. Two photographs were on the library wall. One was of the father in the uniform of World War I; the other was of the 20-year-old son in the uniform of this war.

In the intimacy of friendship they talked tenderly of their son. "He always whistled," the mother said. "Far down the street, when he came home from school as a little boy, you could hear him whistling, and as he grew up he whistled. He would come dashing

into the house whistling, and toss his coat and his hat at the hall hat-rack; and both would catch at the peg and hang there. Then he would run up the stairs whistling, a gay, blithe spirit."

They told humorous incidents; and, in that intimate way of friendship, we were laughing—and occasionally the laughter would be through tears. Suddenly, the mother said, sadly, "But we will never hear him whistle again."

Strange as it seems, at that moment I had an indistinct, but nevertheless real, feeling that I had "heard" the boy whistle as we talked. It might have been the mood we were in, yet I prefer to believe differently; but, as she said, "We will never hear him whistle again," I found myself saying, "You are wrong about that"—I hesitated—"I had a feeling that right this minute he was whistling in this room."

The father—a sturdy, unemotional person—spoke up quickly: "Strange that you should say that; I had the same feeling myself."

We sat hushed and awed. Ingersoll's great line passed through my mind—"In the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

* * *

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

—Marcus Aurelius

☐ The Kingdom of God is something inherent in us, and when we go against it we go against ourselves.

The Kingdom of God

E. Stanley Jones

THE aim and goal of life is to be one thing: "Seek first the Kingdom of God." The Kingdom is to be first and everything else, yes, everything else, is to be secondary and subordinate. If we do that, Jesus says, "All things shall be added unto you." Everything we need for life and development and happiness will be added. And that "everything" includes the material. And not only includes it, but definitely specifies it. But we are seeking other things first, hence life is turning to ashes on our hands through misuse. We feverishly produce for other than Kingdom-of-God motives, and then our goods rot in our warehouses with no motive for distribution; or, when they are distributed, they become the center and source of war in a fierce struggle for markets. We are seeking first the Kingdom of Mammon, and all these things are being subtracted from us. We waste in a few years of war what we have feverishly accumulated and more: we burden ourselves with debts for generations to come. You cannot live life against God and

yourself and get away with it. The flaming tongues of belching cannon firing from their open mouths the burned bread of the people proclaim this fact in eloquent tones. All these things are being subtracted from us, and we shall eat the bitter bread of poverty and ruin because we sought other things first. "All things betray thee which betrayeth Me."

As a world we have forgotten our strategy, the Kingdom of God, and hence we are fruitlessly dealing with tactics, tinkering here and tinkering there, but it is all a vicious circle, a dog following his own tail round and round, with no goal and no meaning. Our light has turned to darkness, for we have no master-light which illuminates everything. It is all very like an architect who wants to build a world-building but doesn't know what kind of a building he wants to build, has no plan whatever, beyond the immediate tactics of fighting with other architects for the materials with which the building is to be built. When he gets the materials he won't know what to

From *Is The Kingdom of God Realism?* by E. Stanley Jones, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. Copyright 1940. Used by permission of the publisher.

do with them, beyond piling them up, for he has no plan. Our whole scientific process is coming out wrong—ending in riches and poverty along side of each other, ending in wars over what we produce by scientific methods, and worse, ending in science being employed as the agent of the mutual destruction. Never was there such a prostitution of a good thing to a wrong end. And it is all for the lack of a goal and the collective will to move on to that goal. Obviously, the goal is the Kingdom of God. Having lost that, we have lost everything besides.

But when we talk about the Kingdom of God as a goal and a master-conception, there is a subtle danger. We may fall back into the thought of idealism—the Kingdom is a distant goal, and only a conception, albeit a master-conception. This has sapped the very life of the Kingdom proposal. The Kingdom is a goal and is a conception, but only as far as we are concerned. The Kingdom in itself is not a conception, but a fact. Jesus never presented the Kingdom as a conception—that would have left it in the realm of idea. He presented it as a fact—a fact that had to be acted on—that left it in the realm of realism.

Prayer gathers up our highest and most sacred and most real moments. Jesus put at the center of the

prayer which He taught His disciples this petition: "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." He put it at the center of this prayer, for it was at the center of His purpose, and He wanted it to be at the center of theirs. When a purpose gets into your prayer, gets into your inmost petition, your most sacred moment, it is getting somewhere. So Jesus built the whole Prayer around forgiveness, deliverance, all come when the Kingdom is operative. This centrality of the petition in the Prayer is in keeping with the rest of His teaching, for the Kingdom was central in all He said and did.

Now, in this Prayer the Kingdom is mentioned twice and seemingly in a contradictory way: "Thy kingdom come." . . . "Thine is the kingdom." One says, "May He rule," the other says, "He is ruling"—"Thine is the kingdom," not "Thine will be the kingdom." Are these two things contradictory or expressing two sides of one fact?

The Kingdom is future—it has not fully come. Man has not accepted it collectively or individually on a wide scale. So we must pray that it may come; but that fact must not push it into the realm of idea, and future idea at that. Jesus corrects that by saying in effect, "While the kingdom is to come, you must remember it is

already here; you must make terms with it—Thine is the kingdom." The Kingdom, then, is not an idea—it is fact, a present, pressing, all-demanding Fact. God has never abdicated. If men do not obey His Kingdom, it doesn't mean the Kingdom isn't there. If men refuse to obey the law of gravitation and break their own necks in the process, the law is still there. It is not broken. Only the men are broken. The Kingdom is here and men are breaking themselves in the process of attempting to break the Kingdom. In spite of it all, "Thine is the Kingdom."

The free agency of man can decide whether it will or will not accept the Kingdom and live by it. Man can make that decision; but he cannot decide the consequences of that decision—that is not in his hands. It is in the hands of the Kingdom. For the Kingdom remains ultimate Fact and has the ultimate word. Jesus said, "Everyone who falls on this stone shall be broken." Men fall on the Stone to break the Stone and only break themselves. They are free to fall on the Stone but not free to escape the consequences. The Kingdom is at our doors, quietly and unobtrusively awaiting whether we will open the latch to let it in and let it rule. But the words "quietly and unobtrusively" must not obscure the fact that Destiny stands there.

"If you had known the hour of your Visitation," said Jesus to a nation that had left the Kingdom at the door and had allowed something else to rule within. But that Visitation unheeded was their damnation. Yes, the Kingdom is at our doors awaiting our choice. It is future.

But the Kingdom is not only at our doors, it is within us. "The kingdom of God is within you." We have usually made this synonymous with the new birth—those who have undergone the new birth have the Kingdom within them. There is no doubt that those who undergo the new birth have realized the Kingdom in a way lacking to those who do not undergo it. They have burst into a new world and a new world has burst into them. Nothing that I shall say should minimize the necessity of the new birth. Until we find it we really do not "see" the Kingdom of God. But whether we "see" it or not, the Kingdom of God is there. Jesus here was not talking to or about regenerated men when He said, "The Kingdom of God is within you." The passage reads: "And being asked by the Pharisees, when the kingdom of God cometh, he answered them and said, . . . The Kingdom of God is within you." And then the account adds in the next verse, "And he said unto his disciples, the days

will come . . ." (Luke 17.20-22). When He said, "The Kingdom of God is within you," He was talking not to His disciples, but to the Pharisees. And yet the Pharisees were rejecting that Kingdom. Was it still within them? Yes! It is in all of us—good, bad, and indifferent. It is in the very laws of our being, for the laws of our being are the laws of the Kingdom of God. The laws of the Kingdom of God are written not merely in the Sacred Book, they are written within us, in the very constitution of our being. As someone has said: "The will of God is not something other than, or opposed to, your real nature. It is your real nature." In making you God stamped those laws in your mental and physical and spiritual and sociological make-up. They are a part of you, they are the way life works. If you obey them, you live; if you don't, you die. But they are within you. The will of God, then, is not something that meets us at intervals, as something imposed on us to which we must meekly submit or God will punish us from without; it is something inherent in us, and when we go against it, we go against our very selves.

* * *

THE SCULPTOR

Rachel Olson

I saw a miracle today,
A lovely girl emerge from clay.
And this is what it seemed to say:
"If I'd be yielded, pliant, free—
Just think what God could make of me!"

* * *

OUR FATHER'S BUSINESS

God is a kind Father. He sets us all in the places where He wishes us to be employed; and that employment is truly "our Father's business." He chooses work for every creature which will be delightful to them, if they do it simply and humbly. He gives us always strength enough and sense enough for what He wants us to do; if we either tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is our own fault. And we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing Him, if we are not happy ourselves.

—John Ruskin

☞ He who waits will find the heavens have opened and the angels of God ascending and descending.

*The Ladder of Prayer**George Earl Daniels*

PRAYER is a ladder which unites earth and heaven. Heaven and earth often seem like separate worlds, each with its own activity, yet having no apparent contact with each other. Many even feel that heaven is but an illusion, so little has it affected their daily life. But the practice of prayer changes all this. It is like putting a ladder between two floors of a building which before were separated. Prayer makes of two worlds a single world, a *uni*-verse.

The second fact about prayer is worth noticing. We are told that there were angels "ascending and descending" upon Jacob's Ladder. It was a *Two Way Traffic*. Some of God's messengers were climbing the steep ascent to heaven; others were coming down from God out of heaven. The circuit of fellowship was complete.

Many people mistake Meditation for Prayer. Meditation is but one-way traffic. It is man's aspirations going upward with no expectation of an answer. It is thinking high thoughts; it is *not* fellowship.

Prayer may be likened to a conversation. It is an interchange of thought, and its purpose is defeated

if it degenerates into a monologue. There is a time to speak; and a time to refrain from speaking; a time to make our requests known, and a time to listen in quietness for the will of the Eternal. Prayer is two-way traffic, and we can never know its power if we try to do all the talking. Let the messages of earth ascend to heaven; let the messages of heaven find on earth receptive ears.

A third fact about prayer is that not all prayers are upon the same level. Like the rounds of a ladder some are higher than others. Man must begin at the bottom and mount to the summit round by round. Merely to say that we pray is inconclusive, for there are many kinds of prayer, and not all of them are of the same spiritual maturity. Let us climb the five rounds of the ladder of prayer.

Petition is the lowest round in the Ladder of Prayer. It is the first prayer which we are likely to make; unfortunately it is the only kind of prayer which some people ever make.

It is said that a small boy was asked why, on a certain night, he had failed to say his prayers. He

made this revealing reply; "I don't want anything." That boy made the common mistake of thinking that petition is the only kind of prayer. Most people do not often pray, and when they do it is generally in some emergency when they have a definite favor to ask of the Almighty; recovery from illness, or salvation from sudden disaster.

We do not mean to suggest that Petition does not deserve a place. It does. We would have difficulty in climbing a ladder from which the first round was missing; but on the other hand, it is a mistake for us to go no higher than this first elementary step.

Confession is the soul's cathartic; it is the appointed way by which man may rid his soul of those poisons which separate him from true fellowship with others and with God. So long as our physical bodies contain harmful acids and poisons, it is difficult for nature to do her healing work. No amount of exterior application will permanently cover over such inward corruption. So, the first endeavor of the physician is to eliminate poisons from the system.

True confession implies sincere sorrow for the sin we have committed, for the harm which our sin has caused others, and a determination to do all within our power to right that wrong. All this must

be included in our Prayer of Confession if it is to be meaningful. Nothing is clearer in Christian teaching than that if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. And this promise is more than a statement to be taken on faith. It is consonant with reality.

The third round in the Ladder of Prayer is Intercession. It will be easily understood why it is given this higher place when we remember that intercession is the prayer we make for others.

Intercessory prayer does two things. First, it broadens our own spiritual life, saving us from the temptation of selfishness by praying only for ourselves. He who prays by name for the sick, for those tempted and in trouble, for those representing us in distant places, yes, and even for our enemies,—can never be the same. In fact, one test of our spiritual development is the number of those for whom we pray. To pray for others is to open the windows of our soul upon the world.

Intercessory prayer also does something for others,—those for whom we pray. Our human life is bound together by mysterious ties which we cannot fathom. Through the miracle of radio the voice of a single man can be heard throughout the world. If a human invention can do that, shall we put limits

to the divine power of prayer?

The spirit of Thanksgiving is one of the fairest flowers in the garden of humanity, and it is a pity that we do not give more to its cultivation. It is but simple justice that we thank God when prayer has been answered. Our eagerness to express our gratitude should fully match the fervency of our request. Thanksgiving is a duty we owe to God and to our fellowmen. But it is much more than that. Thanksgiving is the path to radiant living, regardless of the difficulties which surround us. It has often been noted that the most thankful people are not always those who to outward observation seem to have the most reason for gratitude. It is something which we can achieve in spite of outward difficulties; it is not at the mercy of circumstances.

Let us give thanks even for the hard experiences of life,—the sickness which by its timely warning guided our wayward feet back into the path of healthful living; the criticism that makes us humble and keeps us from thinking of ourselves "more highly than we ought to think"; the loss of material wealth and comforts, that we may realize more fully the importance of the

things which money cannot buy.

Then let us give thanks for the supreme blessings of life, but above all for the "inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory."

The highest round in the Ladder of Prayer is Adoration, when we utterly relax in the presence of the Highest, and feast our souls upon the fairest vision which life affords. It is the ultimate in our fellowship with God.

The Prayer of Adoration is our unhurried contemplation of the Highest, and its importance lies in the fact that by our contemplation of those things which are above, we tend, like Ernest in the beautiful story of *The Great Stone Face*, to be like that which we adore. And that is the certain pathway to spiritual achievement. Such contemplation brings a sense of deep refreshment, the peace which passeth all understanding.

This goal is not to be achieved in a moment; but he who learns to wait before the Lord will find that for him the heavens have opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending bring earth's highest joy.

* * *

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it to any one else.

—Charles Dickens

I've Given My Business to God

Anonymous

WHEN I graduated from Prep School in 1915 I was active in Christian work. As a matter of fact I was seriously considering the ministry, but did not go ahead with it for economic reasons.

From school I went immediately into my father's business and for a time was active in church and in many religious activities in the community. As I became successful in a financial way, moral decay started in on my every day living so that by 1925 I was pretty well away from my church and running my affairs entirely "on my own." I didn't need God's help.

It wasn't long before the inevitable had happened. By 1932 I had lost control of the family business, due entirely to poor judgment (the result of a mind out of step with God). Then began a period of real tough soul searing experiences which resulted, through the efforts of a very sincere friend of mine, in my attending a meeting which was addressed by E. Stanley Jones.

Dr. Jones pointed out that if this nation were to be saved from Communism or Fascism then all think-

ing men had better get back into their churches and really go to work. He challenged the men in his audience to go home and call up their respective ministers and "report for duty."

I accepted his challenge.

That was in October of 1940.

The people who by legal means had wrested control of our family business from me were getting ready to sell out. They had reached the ultimatum stage and gave me only a short time to raise the necessary money to purchase from them the preferred stock of the corporation which represented the control of the business.

Two things happened.

First, a gentleman whom I had contacted two years previously phoned me to say that he now had available the cash about which we had talked for the purchase of this stock.

Secondly, the owners of the preferred stock lowered their price without any discussion, stating they wanted me to have it and were glad to let it go at a figure much less than I had dared to hope. All this out of a clear sky and without negotiation.

That was February, 1941.

The stock was sent to my friend, put in his name. I was bonded and insured for the amount involved and proceeded to run the business, making monthly reports to him.

By July, 1944, I was in a position to pay off my friend in full and when I went to see him he refused any interest—all he would accept was the actual amount loaned.

For my own part I attributed all the things that happened directly to God's work.

I had returned to my early faith in God. My daily life had switched to a "Thy will be done" attitude instead of a desire to act on my own.

By living as far as possible in harmony with God, my judgment has been surer and my thinking clearer, as evidenced in part by the successful operation of the business.

But that isn't all. Because of this experience I have taken another step—it has been my privilege to accept as full equals on a share and share alike basis thirteen

key employees who have stuck with me through thick and thin. Whenever I draw a dollar of dividends they will get an equal amount in exact proportion to their years of employment and responsibility of their job on a basis already worked out and agreed upon.

Also, like many other companies today, I have covered all employees for accident and sickness and am paying that premium one hundred per cent from company funds. In addition group life insurance has been issued each employee for \$2,000.00 on a co-operative basis, they pay sixty per cent per thousand, the company pays the balance.

My next move is to arrange retirement insurance for each employee so that at the age of sixty-five he will have an ample income to live comfortably during old age.

I've given my business to God for if it had not been for Him I would not have it and I doubt if I'd even be here to relate this experience. Wherefore I went to work with a heavy heart, now it is a thrill and a pleasure to report for duty each day.

* * *

As the will of man cooperates with the will of God, it becomes omnipotent. Whatever is to be done at His command, may be accomplished in His strength. All His biddings are enablings. A character formed according to the divine likeness is the only treasure that we can take from this world to the life to come.

—Selected

The Confederates of Jesus

Frederick W. Norwood

JESUS had many confederates. On one occasion he sent seventy of them out in couples to proclaim the good news. There were twelve whom He chose with particular care because He wanted them to hear Him.

He chose Simon Peter who was an eager, enterprising, impetuous man with a gift for leadership. He chose his brother Andrew who, quite obviously from what we see of him, was as shy and modest and retiring as his brother was the opposite. Jesus never said to Simon Peter, "Simon, you ought not to be so aggressive as you are; you ought to be like your brother, Andrew." He never said to Andrew, "Andrew, you are too diffident, too retiring; you need a little more courage and enterprise like your brother." He chose without hesitation a cautious, deliberate man called Thomas, a man who could only believe with difficulty. He never said to him, "Thomas, you ought not to be so full of doubts as you are; you should have greater faith than you have got." He chose a man called John who was known as a "Son of Thunder," which rather leads us to suppose he

was a vehement person who had become supremely the exponent of the principle of love in life and in religion. And He chose a man named Judas Iscariot. You say "Why?" I do not know but I think probably because He saw that he had the root of the matter in him. He was willing to be a confederate with Jesus. He was one of those who wanted to see a better kind of world in which man could live. Jesus gave him his chance and when he thought he had missed his chance, that he had confused the issue, Jesus bore with him; stood by him to the end. The last recorded word He ever spoke to Judas Iscariot was when He called him "Friend" there in the garden. The man had the root of the matter in him because, no matter how desperate was the thing he did, he repented of it; it was even a kind of melancholy tribute to him that he could not bear to live after he had done the thing he did. He preferred to fling away the life he had soiled. I think Jesus was justified in holding on to Judas.

He seems to have had a method of calling them into His fellowship which sounds almost like a formu-

la. We are told He walked along the shore of the lake and saw two men, two brothers, Simon and Andrew, casting their net into the sea.

As Jesus passed by, He said, "Follow Me." He went on, not far, apparently. They will point out the spot to you: just in a little cove or inlet along the shore where two other brothers were mending their nets. They had been busy at their work and now, in a moment of half-leisure, were repairing their nets and Jesus said, "Follow Me." They left their nets and boats and followed Him. We are told He sought out a man named Philip and said, "Follow Me," stood in the street where Matthew, the Publican, was busy at his work—Matthew, one of the most hated class of people known in that day. Jesus said, "Follow Me" and Matthew left his work and followed Him.

We are told that when the rich young ruler came to Him, a perplexed person with his difficulties, Jesus, without resolving his difficulties, said, "Follow Me." It seems to have been a sort of formula.

We are told at the very end, after Simon Peter had denied Him, He said to him again, "Follow Me." It seems to have been a sort of formula—vivid, personal, challenging, without explanation, without promise, without program—"Follow Me."

I suspect that Jesus knew that after all the only way to communicate moral and spiritual truth is by personal example. You can give men uplifting books and literature and yet men are never influenced by reading moral maxims unless they are already moral in their hearts and disposed to respond to them. But men are often influenced in spite of themselves when they see a good and great man do a big, fine thing.

We are almost snowed under with moral maxims. We are terribly short of moral persons, persons with dynamic appeal. It is one of the things that Jesus had thought out through the long thirty years or so of His silent preparation. He knew now that He could ask men to follow Him. They would never see an example of the dirty thing, the mean thing, the cowardly thing.

Jesus was so anxious to get them to understand—to get them to understand something about God, through the prism of their own personal experience, that He often went to the very border of misrepresentation. As, for instance, when He told the story of the unjust judge who would not listen to the widow's plea until she wearied him; so that through sheer boredom he granted her request. As if we could keep on badgering God and He will yield at last. And

He could not really mean that, but He had to strike deeply down into the hearts of people, because how many people are there who send their prayers again and again to beat against the brazen and unresponsive Heaven.

Jesus would go out of His way to get it home to people that you will never find God unless somehow He is blended with your experiences.

Every man has a right to speak reverently about God but not familiarly. Men do not come to know God much better by merely using their brains or through merely increasing their knowledge. Our thoughts about God are bound to grow larger as knowledge increases; lots of bitter superstitions are bound to die as light increases; but the mighty universe of which we are conscious does not make faith simpler. You only have to look

around you to discover that we are no surer of God than our fathers were. Indeed it almost seems as if we are less sure.

With any sort of vision at all, we must feel that God is unspeakably beyond us. We ought to be glad of that. He is not something to dread or resent or run away from. The power that is God must be beyond all dreaming; beyond all expression.

Not merely what Jesus taught but far more what He was, has moved men. He had a right to say, "Follow Me." That is the biggest thing He has done. He has lifted man's awareness of God to a height that makes God lovable as well as powerful and has changed men's hearts and their way of living and yet always in a way that made them aware it was already in themselves—if they only dared to trust it.

* * *

☞ I received a miraculous healing.

When God Speaks

G. Ernest Hill

IT WAS a magnificent full-moonlight June night. The green carpet of Whittier Campus revealed a beautiful mosaic of queer shapes and shifting shadows as the moonlight sifted through

the great trees that give "Whittier" such a delightfully sylvan atmosphere. Emerging from the shadow of a huge live-oak, I looked at the clearly visible dial of my watch—five minutes of ten—just time to

reach the sacred silence of the "Prayer Room" to carry on the allotted prayer stream vigil.

I had arrived only a few hours previous—ill, dejected, doomed by medical science to indefinite invalidism because of an alleged incurable stomach ailment. In my grip I had brought along thermos bottles of broth and fruit juice to carry me over the day, for solid food had caused unbearable distress. I had come to the Camp Farthest Out with one thought uppermost in my mind: spiritual healing of my physical incompetency, and I sought the healing agencies of the leaders and visiting practitioners. I was greatly disturbed, however, about one point: confined to a strictly liquid diet, how could I manage to maintain myself on the conventional solid food provided by the dining-room facilities? But some inner voice assured me: "Leave everything to the Lord—He will see you through." I did—and He did!

As I pursued my way through the shifting mysteries of that moonlit night toward the prayer room, located in an upstairs lounge of a faculty building, I wondered why I had quite anxiously volunteered for this prayer period, prolonged beyond the intended ten-o'clock limit, for it seemed to my habit consciousness that I must surely need that half-hour of rest to re-

gain much lost strength. I was soon to learn the answer to the question. I passed the young man whom I was to relay at the door with friendly interchange of greetings and reverently entered the domain of prayer.

The atmosphere of the dimly lighted room seemed electric with hidden energies. Magnetic thrills surged over my body as I knelt at the improvised altar and gazed for a moment upon the benign face of the Master at Gethsemane, an excellent reproduction of which held my attention. A few lovingly-arranged gladioli spikes radiated grace and beauty to a suppliant soul. I relinquished myself into the "Everlasting Arms" with an earnest plea to be salvaged. I prayed as I have never prayed before, not alone for the healing of my physical body, but for the salvaging of the world from the sabotage of evil forces. I prayed that a Christ-inspired peace might emerge from the intrigues and fallacies of international negotiations then in session. Completing my invocations, I slipped into a chair directly in front of the altar and almost immediately was swept into the Great Silence where one walks and talks with God. Out of the siderial stillness the Voice spoke: "Fear not, beloved, it is your Father's good pleasure to feed you and nourish you and make you

whole. Without fear and in unfaltering trust, eat the food that is set before you. It cometh from the elements which I have created—it can cause you no DIS-ease or inharmony. Thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace.”

Suddenly I was conscious of the arrival of my relay who, it so happened, had been a friend and co-worker of mine for many years. Together we knelt at the altar. I sent forth into the ethers my earnest recognition and appreciation for renewed health and unbounded faith that a healing had been accomplished, and left at the feet of the Master my infirmities, to be transmuted into energies of usefulness.

Seven-thirty the next morning, following a night of complete rest and relaxation, found me in the dining hall for breakfast without the slightest trepidation. I joined friends and acquaintances at a table of delightful pleasantries and sociability, and amazed them with the apparent change in my appearance and radiation. I partook of the wholesome breakfast provided, the first solid food in many days; likewise, the luncheon and the dinner as the day progressed. With interest and genuine enthusiasm I entered into the spiritual activities

of the various groups and lost all sense of any physical disability. A glorious surge of new life filled me and an inner urge to cry out my joy in evangelical exclamations persisted all day. “Hallelujah—Praise the Lord!” kept singing in my consciousness.

I spent the balance of the week with the good folk of the Camp Farthest Out, receiving in addition to a miraculous healing a beautiful infilling of spirit and a positive conviction that “God’s in His Heaven; all’s right with the world.”

I returned home from the camp a new person in mind, spirit and body, resumed my business activities, my family and social responsibilities. That was June 21st, and today, nearly two months thence, I am functioning *almost* one-hundred per cent normal. I present this as a written testimony of the inexorable power of prayer, and I offer myself as a living witness to the efficacy of the blessed energies emanating from the sanctuaries of the Camp Farthest Out. My one prayer now is: “In recognition and appreciation of all this, how best may I serve Him Who is the Creator and Preserver of Infinite Goodness?”

* * *

Always there is a black spot in our sunshine; it is the shadow of ourselves.
—Carlyle

Religion at Work

Maeanna Cheserton-Mangle

I

“A little child shall lead them”

Steamboat was known to one and a half million readers of the Captain Marvel Comic books. But Steamboat is no more—and all because of a group of students from the Junior High School 120 in New York who belong to Youthbuilders, Inc. Ever since the inception of the comic strip, Steamboat, a moronic Negro buffoon, had roamed the pages, affording many laughs, but always at his own expense. Many Youthbuilders themselves were comic book fans and one day while discussing discrimination and what could be done about it, they decided to launch an attack in the field they knew so well. They called on the executive editor of Fawcett Publications and used all the diplomacy at their command. They started their argument by extolling the merits and pleasantries of Captain Marvel. Naturally that pleased Mr. Lieberman, the editor. Then they proceeded to point out that Steamboat was a Negro stereotype which tended to magnify race prejudice. Mr. Lieberman explained that white characters, too, were distorted in the interest of humor. To this the boys parried, BUT, white characters were both hero and villain, and Steamboat was the only Negro in the strip. One boy played his trump when he produced a huge plac showing the thicklipped, flatnosed, Steamboat with ape-like stance, and added: “This is not the Negro race, but your 1½ million readers will think it is.” That hit the mark. Mr. Lieberman had no comeback.

P. S. Steamboat is no more!

II

Once in Natal, Brazil, while Daniel Poling was waiting for a good flying field, he ran into an old friend, Chaplain Overstreet, a former minister from New England. Dr. Poling thought his friend would go into town to guide his sightseeing, but Chaplain Overstreet was busy. He was conducting a Jewish service for a Roman Catholic priest. That was enough sightseeing for Dr. Poling. He stayed, and it developed that there was no Jewish chaplain in the post. So the other chaplains, Protestant and Catholic, had been conducting services for the Jewish boys, a practice which is approved by military and religious authorities. On this particular night, a Roman Catholic priest had been scheduled to conduct the service but he was ill, so Chaplain Overstreet, the Baptist clergyman substituting for a Catholic chaplain, conducted the Jewish ritual and gave a sermon for forty-two Jewish boys.

PEACE

God grant that in our pride of the hour, we may not forget the hard tasks that are still before us; that we may approach these with the same courage, zeal and patience with which we faced the trials and problems of the past four years . . .

Victory always has its burdens and responsibilities as well as its rejoicing. . . .

From this day we move forward. We move toward a new era of security at home. With the other United Nations we move toward a new and better world of peace and international good will and cooperation.

God's help has brought us to this day of victory. With His help we will attain that peace and prosperity for ourselves and all the world in the years ahead.

—President Truman

As I look back on the long, tortuous trail from those grim days of Bataan and Corregidor, when an entire world lived in fear; when democracy was on the defensive everywhere, when modern civilization trembled in the balance, I thank a merciful God that He has given us the faith, the courage and the power from which to mold victory.

—General MacArthur