

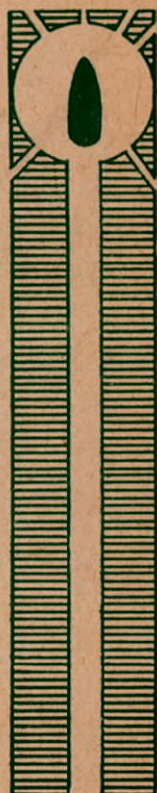
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Clear Horizons

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

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Clear Horizons

VOL. 5, NO. 3

JANUARY, 1945

A new year is opening for us. What a relief to close the soiled pages of the old, blotted with mistakes and blurred with our tears, and look upon the clean whiteness of the new! "Forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

With the opening of a new term in the White House, and facing the world-reorganization which must come with the long-awaited peace, Christian people are thinking in new terms of leaders and leadership. Millions of people are feeling the greatness of the task before those men in high position, and are realizing the need of absolute reliance on the power of God. Let us unite our prayers for the leaders of the world today, that they may be guided of God to bring order out of chaos, and peace and goodwill to warring nations.

Forgetting sorrows and bitterness, with no thought of hatred or desire for vengeance, let us stretch forward to a New Year which in God's world should be filled with brightness, and press on toward the goal of becoming members of the Family of God.

CLEAR HORIZONS

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

GLENN CLARK AND HELEN WENTWORTH, *Editors*

C. O. DUNHAM, *Business Manager*

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Clear Horizons

An Adventure in Solving Problems in a Heavenly Way

Fifth Year

Volume 5, No. 3

☐ Inspiring catch words for an exciting New Year.

They Met

Mabel Clark Chittick

They met for a moment in Old Year's attic. Old Year was dying, and he was alone—until New Year slipped in to greet him.

New Year looked about at Old Year's garret, with its dust dimmed windows, its spluttering finger's length of candle, and cobwebs festooned from the corners, and then came and stood by the bedside of Old Year himself. It was then that the sunken eyes of the dying man opened, and he saw the radiant child looking down upon him. There was friendliness, and not too much pity in the fresh young countenance. Old Year's sad face brightened a little.

"An angel," he murmured.

"I am New Year," the child replied, "I have come a minute early so that we could meet." He sat down lightly on the edge of the bed, and stroked the withered

cheek of Old Year with cool, caressing fingers. "I knew I should like you. You are looking tired, so I have brought you rest."

"Thank you, little New Year. I have been sad. I have known despair."

"I am bringing you joy, Old Year, and the hope of all the ages. You are hemmed in by strange walls," said New Year, looking wonderingly about the room, "and those windows you might see through are, if you will forgive me for saying so, quite filthily dusty. You are looking through a glass darkly. Perhaps you have forgotten that wonderful way you trod when you came here, the same pathway I have come over just now."

"Was it a pleasant journey, New Year?" whispered Old Year, wistfully.

"It is a lovely path," New Year answered, eagerly. "With light all the way. If one will but look up, and not all the while at the ground."

"If you were old, and weary, and ill like me, my child, you would watch your step, lest you fall. I could show you bruises enough where I have tripped over obstacles, and stumbled into pits."

"I followed a light that brought me here safely," New Year replied simply. "May I look at your playthings, Old Year, since I have never been in your room before?"

"I have no playthings, child. Those letters from the alphabet you are fingering are left over from a big task. They come from the White House at Washington City. They represent thought and labor, and failure, perhaps." Old Year sighed so deeply that it might have been a groan.

"Don't mind so much," New Year remarked, soothingly. "It is only that you mislaid the right letters. There are no pretty alphabet letters here. But I will find some, and piece them together."

Old Year raised himself on an elbow, in an effort pitiful to see.

"You are only a child, but you speak as a wise man. I have labored diligently, and it has availed almost nothing! How would you put the letters together to serve the world?"

"The words I like the best," said New Year, "are not difficult at all. They are easy to remember. And they are beautiful. See, I have brought them with me." He drew from the folds of his robe a bundle of phosphorescent letters that illumined the room. With deft fingers he shaped them into words and looked up smiling at his companion.

"My eyes are dim," said Old Year, "and I cannot see distinctly. Read them, child, to me."

"First," said New Year, "there is Love. That is the nicest word of all. Then there are Peace, and Truth, and the longer words, Justice, and Brotherhood."

"Love and Peace," murmured Old Year, sadly. "Can such little words sound through the din of falling bombs, and the blatant cannon's roar?"

"Love was the light that led me along the path I spoke of but now," said New Year. "And it was Peace that made smooth the road. They are good words to close your eyes on, Old Year. Just repeating them has made you look happier."

A tear slipped down Old Year's greying cheek.

"There is one more word," said New Year, gently. "To carry back over the road you are about to take, the same trail I have traveled coming here."

"And that word?" gasped Old Year, very near to death.

☐ When the hearts of the people yearn, a leader comes.

Let Us Pray for a Leader

Brown Landone

EVERY time in history, when a nation of people has needed a great spiritual leader, such a leader has come.

The need is tragically great today.

In every warring nation there are leaders whose hearts are no longer in sympathy with the terrible wars they are forced to carry on. Their souls are ready for a great spiritual leader. They are praying for his coming.

All human leadership has failed us.

Nothing but great Spiritual Leadership can save us.

And in the hearts of ten of millions—hundreds of millions—there is now the longing desire for a spiritual leader who shall uplift the hearts and souls of men, and bring a new age to pass.

Now we ask you to pray for yourself—with all your heart and soul for a Great Spiritual Renaissance and the coming of a great spiritual leader—for a great spiritual leader to rise up from among our people, to appear as soon as

we are spiritually prepared to receive him. And to pray to create a great radiant field of spirit to enfold our land—preparing it and all of us for the coming of such a leader.

This leader will *not* come as a mysterious soul out of a mystic realm of ethereal existence.

He will rise from the people, as did Moses, and Peter the Hermit, and Jeanne d'Arc, and Washington, and Toussaint l'Ouverture, and Garibaldi, and Lincoln.

No matter how lowly the birth, or how crude the early life, or how limited the formal education—he will become a transformed man of spirit—transformed perhaps in one hour—into a great leader of love and wisdom!

Such transformations can take place in an hour!

Such transformations *have* taken place, sometimes in an instant.

Moses, by vision of the fire in the bush and the voice of the Lord, was transformed in a moment from being a shepherd and a murderer, into a great spiritual leader of his people.

Messages of the Cactens—Brown Landone, publisher. Landone Foundation, Orlando, Florida.

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"There is one more word," said New Year, gently. "To carry back over the road you are about to take, the same trail I have traveled coming here."

"And that word?" gasped Old Year, very near to death.

"Have no regrets, Old Year. The word I recall to you is Faith."

"And the road?" whispered Old Year.

New Year was on his feet, for a burst of bells was in the air.

"Listen, Old Year, how glad the

music sounds! We will say no farewell, dear friend, for none is needed. The name of the road I have spoken of so often is one that man forgets, but that God knows well. The name of the road, Old Year, is Eternity."

MY WISH FOR YOU

Edna Reed

May every day of this approaching year
Bring something that will hold your soul steadfast,
Perhaps a bit more faith to conquer fear,
Some hope revived that once you thought had past.
As drapes of night each passing day enshrouds,
May you feel, more than ever, God's great love
Assuring you, however dark your clouds,
His light will be sufficient from above.

May days to come be filled, not with suspense,
But filled with trust that brings an inward peace,
That peace which means composure, confidence,
And makes the turmoils of your soul to cease.
As memory embraces time long past,
May this new year bring yet more things that last.

A MORNING PRAYER

St. Richard of Chichester, 10th Century

Day by day, dear Lord, of Thee, three things I pray:
To see Thee more clearly,
Love Thee more dearly,
Follow Thee more nearly.

The Prophet of the New Age

Mary Austin

TO SECURE a world-wide following today, a prophet must have something that passes current with us as being derived from the source of power, the divine intent, the stream of tendency—God. Jesus certified Himself to His time by being able to heal the sick and triumph over death. These were the things men believed about Him, and in this belief, accepted what else He taught. It is not likely that the certification of the expected—expected because deeply demanded—new prophet will be of this obvious sort. Possibly he will be recognized by that instinct for its own right way, which seems to be a natural to every creature in extremity. Cattle in a drought will sense water much farther than

they can smell it. The homing pigeon travels securely in the dark. Society, once it realizes its utterly lost condition, will probably re-discover its trail by some native instinct for social direction such as you cannot imagine it being without.

But if there is a sign demanded, surely this will be the sign: the followers of the new prophet, when they function in a group, will be able to act from a higher initiative than has ever been possible to group activity before. In other words, the new religion is logically bound to be a demonstration of the mystical principle involved in the teaching of Jesus when He said, "Where two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

Century Magazine, September, 1923.

For if we had any understanding, ought we not, both in public and in private, incessantly to sing and praise the Deity and rehearse His benefits? Were I a nightingale, I would act the part of a nightingale; were I a swan, the part of a swan. But since I am a reasonable creature, it is my duty to praise God. This is my business. I do it. Nor will I ever desert this post, so long as it is permitted me; and I call on you to join in the same song.—*Epictetus*.

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Brown Landone

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we are spiritually prepared to receive him. And to pray to create a great radiant field of spirit to enfold our land—preparing it and all of us for the coming of such a leader.

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He will rise from the people, as did Moses, and Peter the Hermit, and Jeanne d'Arc, and Washington, and Toussaint l'Ouverture, and Garibaldi, and Lincoln.

No matter how lowly the birth, or how crude the early life, or how limited the formal education—he will become a transformed man of spirit—transformed perhaps in one hour—into a great leader of love and wisdom!

Such transformations can take place in an hour!

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Messages of the Caetens—Brown Landone, publisher. Landone Foundation, Orlando, Florida.

And Saul, the self-seeking politician, was first prostrated by a great light and then lifted up in an hour to become the great spiritual evangel of the early Christians.

Whenever a great leader has been needed, and the hearts of the people have longed for such a leader, he has come!

Whenever needed, one has come—whether a conservative gentleman of wealth, as Washington; or a crude Lincoln, of bitterly im-

poverished childhood; or a soul-inspired Negro slave, as Toussaint l'Ouverture!

So a great leader WILL arise today!

Our first step is to desire the coming of such a leader, to desire his advent so greatly, so deeply, so intensely, so continuously, so unitedly—all of us praying together—so that both the renaissance and the leader shall come, and quickly.

LOVE IS A FLOWING THING

Helen Weldin

Love is a flowing thing
Swift as a river,
Gushing from hidden springs
Deep in the giver.

Love is a cradle song
Rocking the stars;
A churning of tide-wash
Across ocean bars.

Love is a bird flight
Skimming through space,
Painting the rhythm
Of heavenly grace.

Love is a mighty wind—
Avalanche strong;
Yet—love is a flowing thing,
Soft as a song.

¶ An exhilarating description of the leader the world needs today.

The World Leader

Sir Francis Younghusband

IN EVERY community of men, however primitive, there is always a leader. There may be nominally a group of three or four or five at the head of affairs. But always one among them will be the dominant figure.

If we may accept this analogy and assume that the highest beings organize themselves after the manner of all living things from cells to men, we may perhaps further assume that, as in all higher organizations, one among them is accepted as leader. One among the highest beings on the supreme star may put himself forward, or be put forward, formally or informally, and be acknowledged as the one for the time being who can adequately express and give practical effect to the common purpose in the mind of the whole, and voice the general sentiment. This one we may call the World-Leader.

Another legitimate assumption we may make is that the Leader would himself have developed from the lowliest beginnings. This is the case with all living creatures of which we have knowledge. Shake-

spere and Napoleon, each of them, grew up from a single microscopic cell, and then passed through every stage of development, being born as babies, growing up as children, and coming to maturity as men of supreme capacity. Jesus Himself was once a little child. And it is more reasonable to suppose that the World-Leader would likewise have grown up and developed than that he existed always, or suddenly came into being fully developed.

We may suppose, too, that as the World-Leader passed through all stages of bodily development, so also did he develop intellectually, morally, and spiritually. We may suppose that he must have strongly striven, and greatly dared, and run high risks, and had his failures as well as his successes. He must have sinned as well as triumphed over temptation. He must have had his griefs and sorrows, suffered remorse and disappointment, as well as won through to joy and exaltation. We may assume, in fact, that he would have *become* what he *is*—and have become what

he is by his own hard effort and strict self-discipline, undaunted courage, and strong resolution.

And further, we may believe that in expressing the Spirit of the Whole to sublime perfection he would yet retain his own individuality and his own consciousness. In rendering the Whole to perfection he would be expressing his own self to the fullest. Never would he be so completely and uncontestedly himself as when he was most fully expressing the Spirit of the Whole.

Thus he would be no favored being living in a lonely state, sitting upon a throne, inactive, aloof from the World and from stress and strain, the ups and downs of life. He would have sprung from the very midst of life. He would know by personal experience what others have to go through, what they have to endure, and how they have to fit and train themselves for higher life. And he would have known the stress of strife, the pain of conflict, and have perfected himself through hard struggle in, amongst, and with, other beings of every grade.

To be in touch with the Soul of Things he must be of the most delicate, the most quivering sensitivity, quick to respond to every shade of vibration in that spiritual continuum out of which he would have arisen, and susceptible alike to the tenderest and to the most

powerful and overwhelming emotions. And yet, he must have made his way upward like the rest, withstanding the most seductive temptations, and suffering the most grievous pains; and as, in giving a lead to the world, he must now have to bear the most frightful responsibilities and run the most terrible risks, and as he must also be capable of enduring the full force of that overpowering love from the heart of the world which he would have to express, his fibre must be tough enough to bear the most awful intensity both of joy and grief.

Made perfect by suffering already, and purged by fire of each faintest trace of evil and now suffused through and through with the World-Spirit, he would be of an awful purity and unutterably holy. He would be Holiness itself made manifest; the very embodiment of the Holy Spirit of the Whole, and in never-ceasing contact with it, living a life entirely inspired by the Holy Spirit, and devoted to working it out in deeds, he, not less, but far more than all others, would be impressed by its power and glory. So, lower than any would he humble himself in its Honor. More profoundly than any would he be awed by its mystery and pay it full reverence. More devoutly than any would he pray to be constantly purged of all taint, and kept at the highest

point of attainment. And more heartily than any would he pour out his soul in utter abandonment of worship and praise.

And, most assuredly, always driving up within him would be an impetuous and imperious urge to make the world perfect. He would, therefore, under this impulsion of the Spirit, be continually creating new forms of beauty, discovering new truths, inspiring fresh loves, declaring the beauty of holiness and of every other celestial quality of which we have not yet a conception. Every thought and idea and action would be original, spontaneous, and fresh; and each new creation which poured forth from him would be at the highest pitch of perfection. But he would not be engaged in the process of *building*—building a mighty house of God, which, like a cathedral, would in time be completed, and completed according to a previously thought-out plan. Rather would he be improvising music for a choir which was always renewing itself. He would be putting a new *spirit* into all about him, giving a new character to every activity, and producing new melodies. And he would know that successor after successor would continue to express the great main theme in unending variety.

And, perhaps, the type of leader he would most resemble would be a leader of song surrounded by

singers eager for his lead and quick to adopt each slightest inspiration. In the celestial choir he would be the great improviser of music; and by some subtle means he would communicate directly and instantly to the singers the music that was in his soul and which best gave expression to the music in the Soul of the World. Then, each singing his own part in harmony with the others, there would swell forth the anthem he was improvising in his mind.

Thus he would be more than either a set composer or a conductor conducting his own music. He would be a much more free and fluent leader of music; and much more in touch with the singers and players and listeners. Through him music would spontaneously spring into life from the white heat of spiritual fervor flaming around him—exquisite melodies, or thunderous paeans of praise, each exactly expressing the mood of the moment. He would voice the common sentiment and will. But so fresh would be his interpretation, and so different from anything that had gone before, that in a sense it would be all his own. And it would be he and no other who would ride the movement and direct its course. And yet, fresh and new as it would be, and decisively as he would direct it, the movement would be precisely in consonance with the

eternal Spirit of the Whole, and would be only one more way of giving utterance to old, old thoughts and desires and emotions and aspirations. For no single occupant of the position of leader would ever exhaust all possible ways of interpreting and fulfilling the Spirit of the Whole, as the ways of expressing that Spirit are infinite.

What *form* he would have must be matter for purest conjecture. But form of *some* kind he *must* have. He could not be mere shapelessness and invisibility. He must be tangible and material, capable of taking in energy from his surroundings, transforming it and expending it in the widest variety of ways. He must be of a high plasticity and delicately responsive to the whole range of etheric vibrations, and to all other stimuli and influences in the world about him.

On great occasions he would be at the very summit, the admiration of all, the object of emulation for even the highest. In every day life he would be in the very midst of the lowliest, in and among every grade, accessible to all, living the common life, grieving in the common grief, rejoicing in the common joy, striving in the common strife, and aspiring in the common aspiration. And himself, transparent as crystal, so that all could see clearly the flowing love in his heart, he would, on his part, have

the quick intuition, the power to divine the inmost secrets of others, and pierce with unerring aim to those hidden promptings and strainings which everyone has for the highest. All would be able to feel that he could see the best that was in them, and that it was only this best that he wanted to see and to nourish.

As the supreme embodiment of the Spirit of the World he might at times be of an over-powering majesty, august and austere, and in solemn moments and on hallowed occasions might speak in tones which would make the greatest inwardly tremble. And then he might be inflexibly strict, knowing that only through unbending discipline could the highest ever be reached. Yet other times there must be when he would also allure with an attraction none could resist; when tears of uncontrollable grief, or of every sweetest compassion, or again, of overwhelming thankfulness and joy would well up within him. And then he would speak in that still small voice which would steal its way to the hearts of the meekest, and draw the humblest compellingly to him. All fear would be transfigured by love, and to those who had grievously suffered through no fault of their own would come sweet comfort, and peace as calm as evening light athwart a valley.

And not for those only with whom he was brought in visible contact would he labor, but for every member most distant. What he had imbibed of the Holy World-Spirit, he would, through the ministry of the whole company of heaven, strive to infuse into every living being. He would look out over the whole world. And as the great leader of music he would carry on the main theme in the mighty world-symphony. The hidden harmony in the Whole he would turn into melody within him; and in these golden melodies pour out his rapturous love of the world and show forth its glory. He would play on every chord in the soul of his listeners till they were beside themselves with ecstasy—now appalling them with awe at the sublimity and grandeur of the world, now melting them to tears with pity at the inevitable suffering, now instilling them with courage to face it, and now in triumphant mood stirring them to dance and sing and leap and shout for joy, and sweeping them up to the topmost pinnacles of delight.

The heavenly music would swell through and through them, and sway them with every sweetest emotion. Love of a color to make earthly passion pale and insipid beside it would melt them into an

over-brimming ocean of tenderest feeling. Towards every living thing their dearest love would go forth. Whether it were a flower, bird or animal, man or angel—in each would be seen the gleaming light of the Holy World-Spirit, and toward each would be felt a love and compassion which would make them long to gather it to them in fondest embrace.

Sadness would be transmuted into sweetest joy. Joy would rise to a perfect anguish of delight. In wave upon wave of unbearable power, love would flood through their souls. Delight, ecstasy, rapture—all would be passed. In a delirium of exaltation they would be caught up to unendurable heights.

And there on the loftiest summit, just when their very souls were on the verge of breaking in twain through sheer incapacity to bear such ineffable bliss, Peace—that peace of God which passeth all understanding—would descend upon them. Would descend upon them gently as falls the dew on summer eves. And a holy innocence would be theirs—the innocence of transcendental experience. Innocence washed white in the light of divinest love.

And the kingdom of heaven would be won.

There is nothing so easy as to revenge an offense; but there is nothing so honorable as to pardon it.

—*Damdemis*. (3rd century B. C.)

The Cosmic Man

Glenn Clark

THE man who gives himself to the greater forces of Infinity puts himself in tune with powers of the Infinite. Being in harmony with the great Power to Conceive Truth he himself becomes the Power to Conceive Truth. Putting himself in tune with the Great Creative Energy, he becomes the Great Creative Energy. For the truly great man, the colossal man, the God-channel man, knows himself to be All Infinite Life conscious at one point.

Such a man is greater than his body, greater than his mind, greater than his personality. He is greater than any picture that can be drawn of him and greater than any description that can be written of him. If we should try to use the language of this mechanical age to describe him we should have to say that in him the charge is greater than the battery. The plain language of the human tongue commonly used to describe and express such a man is always inadequate. As naturally as an oak

emerges from an acorn, a myth grows up to take into account and properly describe him. And no matter how great the myth it will forever fall short of expressing the full measure and stature of the True Man, who is at one with all the Infinite powers in the Infinite Universe.

There is no preventing such a man from gaining in stature after his death, and the greater his attunement with the Infinite the greater he gains. This explains why Lincoln grows and continues to grow. This explains why Jesus of Nazareth will have no limits to the ever expanding activity of His influence over the hearts and souls of men. In Him we find the perfect union of the human and the divine. The Great Leader described and prayed for in these columns may turn out to be a very simple man so emptied of self that the world may be tempted to pass him by, but so full of Christ that he will be remembered as long as the most cherished disciples of Christ will be remembered.

Be good, dear one, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long ;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand sweet song.

—Charles Kingsley.

Christ—The World's Unseen Leader

Anonymous

THE World War is a fresh revelation of the guilt and sin of man—not merely of Germans and Japanese, but of all men. Many eagerly seek an alibi and a scapegoat and maintain that this is a conflict merely of evil against the good, of sinners against the righteous. But the whole war is but the military phase of a world-wide revolt against the evils of our “civilization,” whose cancerous growths we will neither admit nor cut away. The only nation that had tried completely to destroy economic injustice, and which has fought most heroically against this invasion of evil, is solidly and proudly atheist in its party leadership. The leading “Christian” nations have been characterized by imperialism, flagrant economic injustice and race prejudice. Something like a quarter or a third of their people have been “ill-fed, ill-housed, and ill-clad,” in the two richest countries on earth. Yet the one thing we will not admit is our sin—our sin. And what we do not yet realize is that the war has shown that the world has forgotten God. The secular world had been living without God and without spiritual hope or life. We

want victory in the war, but there is as yet no evidence that we are willing to pay the price of a just and lasting peace—not at least if it means any abridgement of our sovereign selfishness, or any guarantee of equal justice for all. When a plan is proposed for post-war employment for all, justice for all, security for all, it is not even seriously considered by Congress or the press, except as it may become a political campaign issue.

Jesus left no book, no tract or written page behind him. He bequeathed no system, no philosophy, no theology, no legislation. He raised no armies, organized no institutions, held no office, sought no influence. He was no scholar, and yet he is more quoted than any writer in all history. His sayings at times are on almost every tongue, and his words have literally gone out into all the world. No man ever laid down his life in Asia or in Africa to translate Plato or Aristotle, Kant or Hegel, Shakespeare or Milton, but hundreds have died to carry Jesus' priceless words to the ends of the earth. Several hundred languages have been reduced to writing in order to transmit his life-giving

message. Savage tribes have been uplifted, cannibals civilized, head-hunters converted, schools and colleges founded, and the character and culture of individuals and of peoples have been changed as the result of the influence of his words which are creative spirit and life.

We see that Jesus has made a terrific impact upon history. Not only religion and ethics but all literature, and almost every area of life has been profoundly affected by streams of influence that flow from Jesus Christ.

If we survey humanity's major human ills, our most desperate areas of need, and our unsolved problems, we may find, in a very strange and unaccountable way, that there is just one key that fits every lock, one ultimate solution for every spiritual problem. And that is Jesus Christ. We may enter Jesus' way of life as simply as did the first four disciples in Galilee. They were asked nothing about themselves—no tests, no profession, no promises, no creed. But no other makes such an imperative moral demand upon us as does Jesus. No other so convicts us of our complacency and our sin. No other so calls us to a complete change of life by returning to God in the full surrender of our lives

to him. We may long be indifferent to him, or even to ourselves, to life, and to God. But when once we come to ourselves and recognize what we are and who he is, we cannot in the end be neutral to Christ.

Jesus Christ alone makes life whole and his gospel is for the whole world. He alone can integrate all life, individual and social. He calls all men to follow him and summons all his followers to find unity through his ultimate principle of love. Wherever his gospel has been denied or ignored, wherever it has been perverted or misrepresented by fanatical followers or by worldly Christians, we have seen sad results. But wherever it has been incarnated, lived, and proclaimed by his true disciples, it has won individual and social triumphs.

Life cannot be truly integrated about the false center of self, either individually or socially. Life can only be fully integrated when it becomes God-centered, for He is the only real center of the real world, and He only can bring all toward any ultimate approach to the final harmony of love which is the Kingdom of God. Man's first and final problem then becomes that of the shifting of the center of life from self to God.

The great man is he who does not lose the child's heart.

—Mencius.

What Can One Man Do?

Anonymous

MORE than once you have asked yourself this familiar question, more often in resignation and despair than in inquiry. Every one knows that one man on the wrong side, if he be a leader of ability and magnetism, can do incalculable harm. This is but natural, since so many of the inherent tendencies of the human race are downward and man needs but a little help to sink to the depths. The law of gravitation operates politically and socially as well as physically. The predatory totalitarian powers under their dictatorships, or even one-man governments, are dreadful examples of what one man can do—for evil.

You look up from your daily newspaper, sighing for relief from the alarms of war. You survey the wide world and find little to encourage. You see Europe almost entirely under the iron heel of dictatorship, torn by war and seething with hatred. The cup of misery has so long been overflowing that you have almost ceased to be affected. Asia, too, bleeds under the scourge of Mars; while Africa, the dark continent, grows darker

as its white masters squabble sanguinarily over its weary surface.

You turn to America, still the best country on earth, but you are driven to the conclusion that the best is none too good. The old, peaceful way of life is gone or going fast. Our vast economic and industrial resources are being harnessed to the forces of destruction, the accumulated wealth of centuries and the heritage of future generations being poured recklessly into the bottomless hopper of the war machine. This is something you can touch and feel. Years ago the clear-eyed poet sang

Were half the power that fills
the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed
on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human
mind from error,
There were no need for
arsenals and forts.

But he could do nothing about it—one man among millions. And today, with conditions a thousand-fold worse, what can one man—one man among billions—do?

From "What Can One Man Do?" The Megiddo Mission, publishers.

The prospect of peace encourages many to hope for a new and better world. Of course you want the slaughter ended—who doesn't? But where is the ground, in all the past or present, for the hope of such a bright, clean, peaceful world? When has war done any such a thing? Thoughtful men and women, those who know the history of our race, view the post-war period with its pyramid of problems, its debts, its poverty, its accumulated hatreds, its lost generations, with the apprehensive query, "What then?"

Apart from the war, the trend of society is not encouraging. Luxury, love of pleasure, irresolution, improvidence, irresponsibility, immorality, dishonesty and crime are gaining ground at an alarming rate. You don't like to believe it; you would much prefer to think things are basically sound; but it is difficult and useless to evade or deny cold facts. This too is something that has touched our homes and families. The admission is depressing; you would give your all to turn mankind—or your own nation, or your small community—back to God, to virtue and decency, to manliness and self-respect. Perhaps you have tried, and failed. You have seen better and wiser men and women than yourself try and fail. What can one individual do against such a sweeping flood of evil? Why, you

are fortunate to keep your own head above water!

Well, now, we'll just tell you what one man can do.

All is not lost, by any means. The best is yet to come.

First, we shall recall a man who, a long time ago, foresaw this very condition. He was a surpassingly good man, with a tremendous capacity for feeling the sorrows of others, an idealist of the highest type. He saw this time of trouble ahead—and didn't get disheartened.

He was one man who never lost faith in the destiny of the earth and the human race, in the ultimate triumph of right, in the operation of the Divine Plan. How could he do it? The answer is that he was no ordinary man; or rather that he had an extraordinary education. He was instructed by no less a Being than the God who devised the Plan.

First, let us see what the Plan has been from the beginning, and still is.

For thus saith the Lord that created the heavens; God himself that formed the earth and made it, he hath established it, he created it not in vain, he formed it to be inhabited: I am the Lord; and there is none else. (Isa. 45:18)

Well, you say, the earth is pretty thoroughly inhabited at present—too thoroughly in spots. But this is different:

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. (Matt. 5:5)

What's wrong here? The present inheritors of the earth are certainly not the meek. "To the victors belong the spoils," and the strongest and most ruthless are the victors. Woe to the vanquished. Still the promise stands. It does not say the meek *do* inherit the earth but they *shall*. Future. Nothing wrong, after all. Now hear the oath of the Almighty God:

But as truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord. (Numbers 14:21)

His glory in his people, and the earth will be inhabited by *them*; not as islands in a sea of the ungodly, but *filled* with a righteous, law-abiding people. Remember the song of the angel choir that first Christmas night? You have heard it—read it—known it from childhood:

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Yes, you have known it, but it is still a dream. The way things are going, it seems a long way in the future. But don't be too sure about that. Remember, the One who was born that night said, "When these things begin to pass"—when things are darkest—"then look up, and lift up your heads."

Peace on earth is coming.

Good will among men—individuals and nations—is coming.

The kingdom of God is coming as sure as tomorrow's sun will rise.

And *one man* will bring about this mighty change.

It seems incredible, seeing millions and billions have had a hand in putting our world in its present plight, that one man could save the situation. But one man will do it, as certainly as night follows day; and the reason he can do it is because He has behind Him *Power*—the power of the eternal God.

This man is Jesus Christ, the Man who never lost faith in the destiny of the earth and His own mission.

One man can and *will* save the world and make it a fit place to live in. One man will undo at one clean sweep all the evils that countless generations of men have fastened upon the human race. That man is Christ. Granted: but what can YOU, an ordinary human being, do about it? Where do YOU come in?

The answer is simple. If you would escape the destruction and have a hand in this glorious work, you must become a part of that One Man. Because, brother, that man is not an individual but a *multitudinous man*. Christ is the Head; He directs the work; the

Church is His body. And this redeemed Church, or body, will share with the Head the honor of purifying the earth and governing the nations thereon.

All you have to do is to *overcome*—read, understand and keep the sayings of this Book—and that is the greatest work any mortal man can do in this sinful and adulterous generation. Overcome, and you will be a part of this One Man, for it is composed of ordinary men and women who refused to remain ordinary; they became

extraordinary by overcoming. The Prophet Daniel had this multitudinous man in view when he recorded that prophecy in ch. 7:27:

And the kingdom and the dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the PEOPLE of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey HIM.

And that, my troubled friend, is what One Man can do about it.

TO 1945

Marseillaine Perrie

The Year's been cut and labeled
 And filed, for daily use.
 There's the same amount for everyone
 For blessing or abuse.
 We can neither hoard nor hide it;
 We can share it—and divide it;
 We can LIVE it—we're INSIDE it—
 With fulfillment or excuse.
 For—we mark whate'er we contact
 With a healing or a scar,
 And we fill it with the presence
 Of an earth-worm . . . or a star.
 And—we leave it bright and lifted
 Or sodden . . . as a clod,
 And the world has sensed the passing
 Of a mortal . . . or a god.

"Let us keep our silent sanctuaries; in them the eternal perspectives are preserved and such ideas as, at least to some extent, restore a man to his moral composure, and serve to rescue him from the degradations of the World."

—Senancour.

¶ Two pictures that will never fade.

A Watered Garden

W. B. Anderson

I HAVE a precious memory. It is the memory of a garden that I happened upon one tired midsummer's morning, in the midst of a torrid plain in India. I was weary, and travel-stained, and thirsty, when, over the drooping head of the horse, I saw a clump of trees on the far horizon. I hoped it might be a garden. It seemed ages until we should reach it. When we did arrive under the spreading branches of great mango trees, a cool zephyr, as grateful as the fanning of angels' wings, rippled over my parched cheeks. It was still early in the day, when, swinging myself wearily from the hard seat of the springless yekka, I walked straight into the heart of the garden, down the shady aisle of mango and loquat trees. Before dawn there had been a shower of rain, and now the gardener was running the clear, cool water from the irrigating well all about among trees and shrubs. Everywhere leaves were green and flowers were bright. Parrots circled through the cloudless blue, or swung upon the swaying branches, calling merrily to one another. The

air was laden with intoxicating odors of roses and jasmine. The fountain sparkled laughingly in the shaded center of the garden. I stooped to bathe my hands and face in the cool waters of the fountain's basin. Then, from its joyous spring I drank until satisfied. I sat for a few precious moments upon the marble edge of the fountain and reveled in the refreshment of a watered garden. The driver called, and I hurried out again across the stifling, heated plain. I had tarried for so short a time, but I was a new man. I carried away the song of the garden in my heart, and its echoes shall never die from my life.

I have a precious memory. It is the memory of a friend. Sin-stricken and weary, and far from God, I was traveling one day when I came into his life. His whole life was wet with the dews of Heaven; his garments were redolent with the odors of Paradise; he just breathed the very life of God. I sat and communed with him, and from within his life there flowed into mine rivers of living water. I walked with him through lovely

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avenues of restful shade in his friendship, and saw heavenly vistas, and drank from life-giving springs. I went out to my life renewed and refreshed. I was a new man, and there rang through all my being a song of the memory of that blessed life. All through eternity shall the echoes of that friendship call from peak to peak for me.

THOU ART POWER

Helen Clark Wentworth

O Lord, my Lord, how mighty Thou art.
The wind sweeps through the tree tops.
It twists off branches of great oaks.
It bends the towering elm trees.
It bloweth as it listeth.
Yet Thou, O Lord, art mightier than the wind.

The waves beat against the shore in the storm.
They dash against the banks; they are shattered against the rocks;
Yet Thou, O Lord, art mightier than the waves.

War devastates the earth.
Man battles against man.
Bombs shatter farms, factories, cities.
Lives are snuffed out as a candle's flame.
Yet Thou, O God, art mightier than war.

A house is blacked out—nothing is seen, only darkness exists.
But electricity is mightier than darkness.
Hatred, fear, conflict, fill the world.
Yet Thou, O Lord, art mightier than electricity.
Thy Love is mightier than hate.
Thy Power is greater than all the forces of evil.

Grant to us, O Lord, the faith to believe in Thy Power,
The trust to depend on Thy Strength,
The knowing that Thy Love is omnipotent.

Religion Must Be More Human

Sergeant Norman K. Elliott

RELIGION needs humanizing. It is time the church woke up and did something about it. Today's church is losing the deep personal fellowship and public zeal which marked the infancy of Christianity. It has largely lost the close human relationships with men which Jesus enjoyed. The most loyal adherents of the modern congregation are women. Although there is something wistfully reminiscent of the life of Jesus in this, *it is not enough*. It is like a body without arms. It is incomplete. The mass of people is drifting past its doors. We need the blustering of many Peters, the mysticism of many Johns and the fiery missions of many Pauls.

Jesus drew people to Him; men, women and children. Not only did He draw people to Him, but He *went* to people. They were sought out wherever they were and imbued with an ideal—in the field, in the home, in the shop, on the street and at work. He talked with them; He wept with them; He ate with them; He laughed with them; He prayed with them, and He worked with them. Jesus shared their hopes and disappointments. Jesus was

one with them in every aspect of their lives. The Master was a living example to them that their little insignificant existences could be meaningful, worthwhile and beautiful. He led them into the Kingdom of Heaven because He was not only the Son of God, but was also the Son of Man. Our Lord was human in the purest sense of the word; in the sense that God intended us all to be human. People wanted to be like Him. They followed Him with a hunger which at times even He seemed incapable of satisfying.

This is, indeed, a far cry from the modern church. It is the experience of most youth that the church is more interested in telling them what they cannot do, or should not do, rather than showing them how to live life, "and live it more abundantly."

Going to church is no longer looked forward to with pleasant eagerness. The ecclesiastical tradition of "thou-shalt-not" is reaping a harvest of aged congregations.

The church is too distant from the lives of the social mass. It may even seem to many that it does not want to bother itself with the

daily affairs of common humanity. A few songs, a premeditated prayer (usually read), a collection plate and a talk once a week from an elevated pulpit often seem to be the extent of the churches' relationship with the people. It is not enough. People are crying for much more! The increasing popularity of innumerable cults which are trying to fill that need, no matter how lamely, (some of them flagrantly fraudulent), is ample indication of the churches' shortcomings.

What should the church do? Nothing that a few of the clergy are not doing already. The trouble is that too few of them are doing it. Primarily the church must enter into the common activities of our daily lives. Men, women and children are the reason for the church's mission. In sympathetic understanding the church must become one with the people on the human level; share the hopes, triumphs and disappointments of the people.

A priest achieved this goal in the poor Negro section of St. Louis. His heart bled when he saw the social and economic conditions existing in his parish. He must have thought, "Surely nothing abundant, beautiful or heavenly can grow in these lives which are starving and must almost fight with tooth and club to keep flesh on the human skeleton." What did he do? This priest turned the

basement of his church into a chicken cooperative. His people were then able to eat adequately and at a price within their means. Later he started a coal cooperative so his people could drive winter's numbness from their bones and keep warm. Negro youth, the "hoodlums" of newspaper headlines, no longer threw stones at passing cars and terrorized the community. When their priest passed they smiled and waved at him. He had become one of them and one *with* them. Because of this his priestly office is more significant and meaningful to them. The clucking of chickens during mass can be more heavenly at times than a Latin litany!

I knew a minister who donned oilskins and went out on the fishing boats of his seafaring people. He learned to be a fisherman, too. By his association he has brought the warmth of Jesus into their lives. Because he is a man, just like they are, with their human potentialities and frailties, they want to be more like him as a man of God.

Perhaps the quality of human comradeship is most apparent among clergy of the small town or rural area. Recently some clergymen put on overalls and sweated with their people until the wheat crop was in. During the harvest, threatened because of the lack of farm hands, they toiled, hoped,

ate and joked with their people. These men are more enshrined in the hearts of their people than ever before. Their people cannot help but want to be more like them. These ministers were living examples of what they preached. After all, it has been said the most successful missionaries are those who settle down and work alongside of the people. They are much more successful than those who merely preach. The working missionaries demonstrate to the natives that *it really works!*

I know some chaplains in the army who are almost useless because they are "too good" for the common people who make up our citizen army. They do not have the common touch.

I know other chaplains who are walking examples of Jesus. They do not approve of many things they see and hear, but they can see behind the exterior into the hearts of men. Someone has said that Jesus loved man for what he *could be*. These clergymen-in-uniform are helping soldiers realize their potentialities.

What do these chaplains do? Nothing so novel that it will gain the headlines in our local newspaper. Fundamentally they are real men. One is aware of it immediately. They are natural; they do not assume superiority. They like people and their time is free to

anyone who feels the need to talk things over.

One characteristic of these chaplains which strikes us is their respect for others. Like all good counselors, no opinion or story is too irrational or unlikely to be worthy of their attention. Like all good psychologists they realize that there is a reason for all opinions and actions. Their desire is to understand the individual. They realize that by winning the key to the logic of the individual's mental and emotional nature they are gaining the avenue to his heart. Psychologically, all permanent change must come from within the person. The counselor's job is to aid by suggesting methods and presenting them in forms which are emotionally acceptable. Perhaps there is a hint here to the mystery of Jesus that "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you." This priceless gem of God is imbedded in the heart of man according to Jesus; surely this is reason enough for not only respect, but reverence.

Another characteristic of these chaplains is their humanness. They are not afraid to show us that they too are excited by football games, thrilled by music and perhaps disgusted with getting up in the darkness of winter mornings. They are human, just as we are, and that means a lot to many young men. They may censure but never condemn us. We know they will

not recoil from us in disgust, no matter how far we may slip from the accepted path. These physicians of the soul know they, like their Lord, came not to save those who are well. When they censure us, we know they are not doing it from Gothic steeples of the mind, but from the richness of a human life lived abundantly. We would like to be more like them religiously because we admire them humanly.

I strongly urge that when we soldiers take off our uniforms and come home again, the clergy make the supreme effort to "come down" to us. Come down and mingle with us at work and at play. Not only with the returning soldiers but with all people. Learn to know them, respect them, understand them and appreciate them as human beings of innate worth.

What I am urging is that the church find out how people live. Find out what they are interested in, how they spend their spare time; what their hopes and desires and ambitions are; what their disappointments, fears and needs are. Then, when you know your people, build your activity groups around them. This is the only way to insure success. It may mean a church which operates seven days a week instead of one, but the opportunities for Christian influence are tremendous. If the church does not jump into the stream of life and mould it and shape it in Chris-

tian love, others with little if any idealism will become the leaders and exemplars in our communities.

Will such ventures in the social arena weaken the spiritual influence of the clergy or the church? On the contrary they will strengthen it. When we admire a person or a group we always try to find out what makes them so attractive and then we try to emulate them. Our admiration and respect for the Christian clergy will grow by leaps and bounds when we see the fruits of their beliefs in social action. We will want to be more like them just as a fisherman, a physician and a tax collector (to mention a few) left their jobs to be more like Jesus many years ago. A working model sells itself! People are hungry for what Christianity has to offer; the church is hungry for people. All that is needed to bring about the miracle of union is a little effort—or should we say prayer-in-action?

And with that prayer-in-action, do not forget the prayer. Do not forget that the crown and glory of Jesus' humanity was His divinity. It is not merely a hail-fellow-well-met that the returning soldiers want. The ministers who live close to God, who have great quiet spaces in their souls, and in addition have a great affection for men, are the ministers who are going to save the world for the church and the church for the world.

☐ A story that will grip you in this climactic hour.

Brother Jerry

G. Ernest Hill

IN THE dim light of the receiving ward, Lieutenant Wesley sat meditatively at the field desk in the corner of the rain-soaked tent. Now and again a dripping corpsman entered to make a report, but he scarcely heard. Here and there water drizzled from the canvas roof, and just now a drop splashed on the crumpled letter held listlessly in his hand. Despite the boom of guns over yonder hill—a constant reminder of the peril in which the mobile hospital was situated—the officer's reflections lured him.

Stepping momentarily to the tent flap, he watched for a moment the constant flashing in the sky where the brow of the hill would be in darkness. Strange. For twenty-four hours not a patient had been registered. Wesley heard the whistle of shells overhead, journeying their death-dealing way to the Base—and the zooming drone of airplanes. The offensive was on—definitely.

Returning to his desk, he again seated himself on the crudely fashioned stool and resumed his meditations and the perusal of the now besplattered letter. It was from Emily, the girl back in the States

who on that fateful night nearly a year ago had become his wife. He recalled again the night club—their gay companions—the dare—the speedy trip over the State border—the justice-of-the-peace; and finally, the commitment to love and care for the one he had impulsively chosen to share his destiny.

"Gee, but she's sweet," he reflected, "and good, too—too good for me. And the kid—wonder what it's like? Let's see"—reading the words for the hundredth time—"this is Wednesday. Yep! Due last night!" he concluded.

He had known Emily for about four years, and had always been attracted to her. But he had felt that she was *off* on some things, especially religion. Who ever heard of really loving an enemy? That was Sunday School talk that was never really intended for serious acceptance by he-men. Funny, though; Emily seemed to live her religion. It certainly wasn't because she had been born in Germany that she expected him to love the Jerries. She felt the same way about a personal enemy.

Her letters always ended on the same tone: "And Clark, dear, when will you ever stop hating?"

he read again. "Don't you know that hate is what started this awful war? And it's hate like yours that will keep it going. Try, darling, to see those 'Boche' as you call them, as your brothers. Don't you see what that would do if all you fellows felt that way? Won't you try, dear? Love is a far more powerful weapon than hate."

Love! Love those Boche over there? Bah! Such silly talk!

A corpsman interrupted his reflections. "Fifteen loaded ambulances on their way, sir. Held up by one ambulance stuck in the mud. Headquarters just phoned."

"Okeh, Corporal," the officer returned. "Dispatch Sergeant West and his crew to pull 'em out."

The pelting rain on the canvas had subsided somewhat, and despite the prospect of a busy night, Lieutenant Wesley returned to his cogitations. He recalled something of Emily's background: middle-class German, family separated ten years before by domestic difficulties, an uncle bringing her to the United States. American schools, including two years of college, had transformed her from a German immigrant of twelve to a girl as American as any of his acquaintances, and with only a trace of an accent. True, there had been no courtship, and their marriage was the result of a sudden impulse. He had wanted something more to come home to than a sweetheart.

He wanted a wife—a home of his own—yes, even a family. And when Emily with equal impulsiveness had accepted, he was jubilant. And the honeymoon—those last ten days in America—installed in the modest little bungalow just outside Los Angeles—was something to remember. Well, anyway, he had what he wanted: a wife, a home and—a family—or at least the beginning of one if calendars could be depended upon.

The sound of a motor outside drew him quickly to the entry. An ambulance was unloading its human salvage. Through the murky darkness, a sergeant approached, sloshing through the mud.

"A load of wounded prisoners, sir," he said. "My ambulance was the only one that could get through, and the Colonel insisted that I bring 'em on. Jerries! And our own boys stuck out there in the confounded mud."

"It isn't customary to take care of prisoners first," Wesley answered, "but guess it's all we can do under the circumstances. Bring 'em in."

A dozen corpsmen were now busy about the ward. Two litters were carried in, followed by two walking patients, their grey-green uniforms splashed with mud. The records taken, Lieutenant Wesley made a hasty examination. One, he decided, would have to go to surgery at once if amputation of

both legs was to be avoided. And a nasty face laceration, now covered with a field dressing, needed suturing. He wrote out the order and gave it to the sergeant at his side.

Suddenly, the ward was deluged with wounded men, some carrying their arms in make-shift slings, many with bandages about their heads, others carried in on litters, their groans vying with the wind without and the ominous sound of gunfire. The delayed ambulances had finally arrived, carrying their burdens of human suffering and woe. All must have immediate attention.

Lieutenant Wesley, now all efficiency, began the routine examination. But a pair of eyes—wistful eyes—remained in his memory. Somehow he could not rid himself of them. They persisted in his thought. Pleading. The German lad whose legs were so horribly mangled. Wesley turned about suddenly, as though impelled by an unseen power, and met the searching gaze of the prisoner, still lying on the litter where he had examined him. For a moment he wondered why his order to dispatch the prisoner to surgery had not been obeyed.

"Boche," he muttered, "too late now. Only four operating tables and our own boys to be cared for. Let him wait."

The ward was now filled to

capacity with the wreckage of war and the oppressive odor of sweaty bodies and rain-soaked clothing. More were awaiting their turn outside in the ambulances, now standing in a long line. The rain had resumed its fury and the wind beat against the canvas walls as though it would sweep away the puny protection from these broken and lacerated bodies. Lieutenant Wesley walked the full length of the ward and as he passed the recumbent prisoner, still lying where he had been placed, he heard a hoarse whisper—

"Lieutenant," came the voice.

The officer turned and again met the piercing gaze of the German lad.

"You speak English?" he asked curtly.

"Yes," replied the boy, "a little."

"What do you want?"—abruptly.

"Lieutenant, I've done my bit as I saw it," came the answer. "I'm through! Won't you give me something to put me out of my agony? I'm ready to go."

A surge of hate swept over Wesley as he went to the field desk in the far corner of the tent.

"Love your enemies, Clark, dear—it's the only way!"

He stopped abruptly. Had he actually heard her voice, or was the memory of her last letter still fresh in his consciousness?

"Suppose this were our boy?"

"Our boy," he repeated to him-

self softly. Yes, of course, it must be a boy—that's the way he had been thinking about that little life ever since he first heard it was on the way. "Our boy."

Just a few feet away two eyes were still following his every move. Pleading. He was somebody's boy. Perhaps somebody's dad. All he needed was a chance which he, Lieutenant Clark Wesley, would deny him, although the ethics of his profession demanded that he afford this man, enemy though he was, temporary relief from suffering, and the best medical skill he had to give.

"Corporal," he called, returning to the prisoner, "rip this chap's sleeve and we'll give him a shot."

The hypo administered, he turned again to the Corpsman: "Present my compliments to Major Mason," he said, quietly, "and tell him he requires immediate attention to save his legs."

By the time the first streaks of day had pushed away the murky shroud of night, the thousand-bed mobile hospital was filled to capacity and overflowing. Lieutenant Wesley had ordered two additional tents raised to shelter the overflow from the weather, before retiring to a well-earned rest—a rest disturbed intermittently by a pair of searching eyes and a voice that seemed to murmur through the mists, "Love your enemies, Clark. It's the only solution."

Before he was fully dressed that afternoon, preparing to resume his duties in the receiving ward, an orderly appeared at his tent.

"One of the Jerries in Ward 6 is asking for you, sir," he reported, saluting.

"An operative case?" Wesley inquired.

"I think so, sir," was the response. "Sergeant Wakefield said he wouldn't last long. Gas case."

Lieutenant Wesley completed his toilet and went out to be greeted by a damp and leaden world. The rain had ceased, but everywhere there was mud. A world of mud. Back home, he reflected, the sun would be shining. He could almost catch the sweet breath of orange blossoms and see the golden fruit hanging on the tree in the back yard. Emily would be busy with household duties, and—sure—*she'd be bathing him*. Then he suddenly recalled the request of the wounded prisoner. Wasn't Emily right after all? Why should he hate those German lads, just because they had emerged from the wrong side of "no-man's-land"? Had Major Mason refused to operate, under the circumstances? Else why wouldn't he "last long" as the orderly had reported?

Four hours remained before he must return to the grewsome task of examining and classifying the wounded men that still continued to pour into the hospital, time he

usually spent in leisurely eating in the officers' mess and writing letters, or possibly reading the home paper which Emily sent at regular intervals. He noticed several ambulances loading patients to be taken to the hospital train at the nearby rail center, for evacuation to the Base Hospital. Then hunger reminded him that he had not yet had his afternoon "breakfast." As he turned toward the mess tent, some inner urge prompted him to look into Ward 6. He could eat later.

"Just wanted to thank you, Lieutenant," the prisoner said in his thick accent, "for your kindness last night."

"Slept through it all, eh what?" the officer replied, striving for indifference.

"Yes," weakly, "but I didn't expect to wake up. The nurse tells me I'll not recover and if I have any word to leave, I'd better do it now."

"Oh, I guess it's not as bad as that," Wesley encouraged. Picking up the chart he read under his breath, "Left leg amputated, gas gangrene. Critical."

"You were given the same treatment as any wounded soldier," Wesley continued. "But when gas gangrene gets into a wound, it's pretty hard to check. From all indications, however, I would say that your chances for recovery are fair. When you're able to be

moved, you'll be transferred to the Base Hospital."

"You've been kind," the prisoner replied, "different than the others. I'm an enemy. A Boche. At your mercy. But I'm daring to ask a favor."

Into the consciousness of the officer appeared the little bungalow back in California. The flower-bowered yard. Emily bathing a wee mite that squirmed and wriggled at her touch. "Love your enemy, Clark, don't fail me now."

"Sure," he said, moving closer to the patient, whose voice had materially weakened during the conversation. "I'll be glad to do anything I can."

"Somewhere with my belongings is a locket," the boy whispered, "it contains my dearest memory—and with it is a name and an address. Would you be kind enough, Lieutenant, to see that it is mailed when—when I'm gone?"

Hardened as he was to bedside emotionalism, Lieutenant Wesley could not restrain the tears that welled into his eyes in spite of himself. There was something different about this, and he suddenly discovered that all bitterness toward this simple, confiding boy had left him. He was no longer an enemy prisoner. A Boche. He was a child—a human being—yearning for the human touch of sympathy in his last hours. The hate that

had brewed in his heart was somehow impotent. It no longer stirred him to violent invective. Instinctively he reached down to catch the receding pulse, but instead found himself clasping the lad's hand, pressing it warmly as he would someone long loved.

"Sure will," he said softly, "and—God—bless—you."

He was startled. He, First Lieutenant Clark Wesley, M.C., U.S.A., had fervently asked the blessing of the Almighty upon this Boche! This Jerry! It was incredible! And yet the warm glow that surged through his being gave evidence of his utter sincerity. A sense of kinship filled him, as he gazed into the youthful blue eyes; only in imagination could he trace the regular Nordic features, now hidden by the heavy bandage, and the close-cropped hair that was typical of German soldiers. A pang of remorse shot through him as he recalled the violent hate he had felt such a short time since. Emily was right. She must be right. Enemy or not, this man *was* his brother. *All men were brothers!* And as he turned from the bed he realized how very easy it was to love this mere boy, though every tradition of his past declared this man an enemy to be despised.

It was a busy night that occupied Lieutenant Wesley upon his return to duty. He went about his work with a new zest. A new con-

viction urged him to perform those tender services not specified in Army Regulations. In fact, as he surveyed himself, he could scarcely recognize the Clark Wesley, M.D., who had hastily kissed Emily good-bye only a few months ago and begun his journey to this God-forsaken mudhole. Phrases that she had casually dropped to him during the four years he had known her crowded his thoughts—words that had seemed foolish—juvenile—at the time. But now they were filled with meaning. They seemed to fit into the picture of a man regenerated by love.

Interest in the condition of the prisoner drew him irresistibly into Ward 6 as soon as he was relieved from duty. But to his amazement the bed was occupied by a prisoner he did not recognize.

"What happened to the prisoner in bed 14?" he inquired of the nurse in charge of the ward, and found himself dreading her answer. He wanted the boy to live and return to his family—some-time.

"Evacuated to the Base by the Colonel's orders," she answered; "pretty sick man, too," she added.

"Yes," Wesley replied, "too sick to be moved, it seems to me."

"Sergeant Wakefield forgot to check his belongings out with him," the nurse continued. "Oh, well," she added quickly, "he's

only a Boche. Guess we can just dispose . . ."

"I'll take care of them, if you wish," Wesley interrupted, trying to be casual. "I'll run down his record in the office."

He carried a small packet tied with a string as he left the ward and proceeded to his own quarters. Curiosity overwhelmed him. As an officer in the United States Army he had a right to search the personal effects of a prisoner. He remembered that he had not even observed the prisoner's name. After a weak resistance, he found the locket in a worn wallet. Opening it, two faces gazed inquiringly at him—miniatures of a boy and

a girl of ten or eleven years—set in opposite sides, features so similar as to give every evidence of being twins. He looked for the name and address the boy had told him would be with the locket, and then discovered a small tag attached which in his haste to open the locket had been unobserved.

In a fine continental script, written in English and in German, was the legend—"In case of death forward to Mrs. Emily Wesley—" He gasped!—the address was his own!

Then he knew that love had won.

"Brother Jerry," he whispered softly.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Myrtle Dean Clark

A fruit tree, blossoming white;
On top-most bough—a cardinal
Pours sun-rise from his heart to mine.
The hushed air is aware,
Earth listens.

A Christmas tree, full-robed in light,
And from its top-most bough—an angel
Pours forth love—pure love divine.
Who is aware?
O! World, can't you—won't you listen?

All the great principles of the Christian religion begin in the heart of man.—*Rt. Rev. James P. DeWolfe.*

Let Us Pray Together

The Staff of Clear Horizons

HUNDREDS of letters have come from all parts of the country, urging that *Clear Horizons* furnish some creative prayer thoughts for each month. We have discovered that there is a great power present when a group of people come together for a week at a camp, and listen to the same lecturers, and think the same thoughts, and pray the same prayers for a season. Can this same power be achieved through the printed word?

Often a person with a real need finds himself quite alone, and he wants to feel the warmth and collective security of two or three agreeing together. If he knew that thousands in all parts of the country held one common thought each week that served as a direct connecting link with God, he could step with assurance into that thought and immediately experience that sense of inner communion with God and with God's little family that everyone so much craves.

Beginning with the January number, this will be a regular feature of *Clear Horizons*. The Thought Farthest Out which has been chosen for January is "God Is Our Guide;" for February, "God Is Our Hope;" and for March, "God Is Our Protection."

As each thought will be presented in one brief page of this magazine, one naturally will read all three of them in one sitting. Therefore, each quarter the thoughts will be closely related and interwoven, so the reader may pass easily from one to the other. Whenever he feels lonely and hungry for fellowship, he may turn to this thought and find himself in immediate contact with thousands of invisible friends all over the country in whom this thought is abiding in their deep subconscious as they go about their work. It will give strength and comfort to many who have no kindred, spiritual, praying partner near at hand, to be able to tune in to this invisible army and avail himself of Jesus' promise that "where two or three agree touching anything on earth it shall be established."

Instead of furnishing many choppy little ideas, or a page of specified readings for each day, (you probably all have daily meditation booklets in your home), we shall suggest some larger piece of reading for each month that will leave the reader a body of clear-cut ideas and will bring

to him a positive experience and spiritual baptism. There will be suggested a different book or booklet for each month, one book each quarter being selected from the Bible. These are merely suggestions, a "maximum reading list," as it were. The "medium" reading for the quarter would be any one of the three books or booklets suggested. The "minimum" reading would be the material in this issue of *Clear Horizons* mentioned below.

With this much sharing in reading we feel certain that there will be a great spiritual oneness among us all. Never was there such need of spiritual togetherness, of Christian fellowship among kindred souls, as there is today. Because *Clear Horizons* is being read in every state, every city, and in almost every village and hamlet of the United States, it is very possible that this thinking and praying together may have some real influence in making the new year a little better than the last.

We shall welcome letters from our readers with suggestions and constructive criticism, as we do not want to spare any pains to make this a very vital and precious aid to all. We shall place it at the center of the magazine, as it shall constitute the very heart of each season's message.

Another service that hundreds have asked for will be made available through this greater "togetherness." You may now feel free to write us, wire us or phone us, from any part of the United States, any hour of the day, in time of trouble or emergency, with confidence that your need will be immediately placed, with absolute faith, in the everlasting arms of God. There will be no charge for this service. Love gifts will care for all essential expense. Address your suggestions, your constructive criticism or your needs to THE UNITED PRAYER TOWER, 1674 Grand Avenue, Saint Paul 5, Minnesota. Phone: 8:30 A.M. to 5:00 P.M., Emerson 8484.

THE JANUARY THOUGHT FARTHEST OUT

God Is Our Guide

Memory Verse: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." (Proverbs 3:6)

THE new year is always a good time to climb into the Prayer Tower and take a quick look backward and a long look ahead. In a way, these two looks are identical. There is no time in Heaven. If we abide in the spirit of Heaven, we shall find all the mistakes, sorrows and sufferings of the past year can be absorbed into two great

words, *Spiritual Growth*, and with that simple motion, all the evil is turned into good. As we look forward to the new year, all fears and all apprehensions can be absorbed into the three words, "*God is Love.*" When we accept God as our Loving Father, in a twinkling of an eye all our problems and perplexities can be turned over to Him.

For this new year, when you need guidance, why don't you try the method of the Pool of Bethsaida? You remember the tradition that grew up about this pool which was notably calm and unruffled by the winds that stirred the more exposed and larger bodies of water, such as the Sea of Galilee. When the wind did happen to stir this pool of Bethsaida, the common saying was that "an angel troubled the waters," and that the *first* one to step down into the pool after that event always was healed. Jesus, through His divine intuition, knew that this tradition merely was an outward symbolic expression of an inward, spiritual act. If one could quiet his subconscious mind sufficiently and wait patiently enough, the Father's will for him would burst suddenly upon him, through an inward thought or what is sometimes called a "hunch" or "first impression." Nine times out of ten, if one acts upon that first impression he will find that he has acted right.

In other words, try to make yourself perfectly desireless, emptied of self, emptied even of thought itself. That is the perfect state of mind to get into and to hold fast to when you want the angel of the Lord to speak to you.

The reading recommended for the month of January to deepen this thought and make it remain permanently with you the entire year is as follows: read in this issue, "Divine Guidance" and "According to Our Integrity." Read Part One of "The Third Front" entitled, "The Path of Faith." Read also the booklet, "The Lord's Prayer," rereading and giving much time to "The Divine Plan."

THE FEBRUARY THOUGHT FARTHEST OUT

God Is Our Hope

Memory Verse: "*Happy is he whose hope is in the Lord his God.*"
(Psalm 146:5)

THERE is no Hope like the Hope that comes from the great fundamental things. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence comest my help." When one feels weak and forlorn and his life is broken up in frivolities and non-essentials until he is tempted to cry, "Oh, what's the use!" he should sit down and let his thoughts

reach out and touch the great, permanent things, such as the mountains, the sea, the sky, the giant forests, and calm and placid lakes.

Life is filled with variety and change, but at some points we are constantly coming in touch with some great, eternal verities that are infinite, eternal and unchangeable. We are like little chickens scurrying about, but whenever danger appears we can heed and follow the warning clucking of the mother hen within the security of the latticed coop.

The water lily is beautiful as it gives itself to the changing currents of the stream, but its beauty soon would fade were it not that it were firmly rooted in the depths below. The strong and irresistible men are those who adapt themselves freely to the needs and wishes of men, but deep within are anchored firm as a rock to the great laws of God. With one hand in the hand of the Father, and the other reached out to help one's brother, your life will be a life of joy and adventure and at the same time sound and secure because it is founded upon a rock. You will be a joy and inspiration to your friends, and a strength and comfort to all in need.

It was in the month of February that our greatest national leaders were born: George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Let us hope for new leaders like them. Let us heed Brown Landone's call for prayer for the rise of a true spiritual leader. Let us pray for spiritual guidance to come to all the leaders of all the nations.

The reading recommended for this month is the first twenty pages of this issue, and Part II in "The Third Front," ("The Path of Hope"), and the booklet, "Reckoning at Dusk."

THE MARCH THOUGHT FARTHEST OUT

God Is Our Protection

Memory Verse: "*The Eternal God is thy dwelling place, and underneath are the everlasting arms.*" (Deut. 33:27)

THERE is no protection like the protection of God. The birds in the air, and the flocks of the field understand this instinctively, better than man. The sign of God's presence in the Bible is usually referred to as a cloud. A cloud descended upon Moses on Mt. Sinai, and also upon Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration. Aviators, when outnumbered and surrounded by enemy planes, found their greatest security by rising or descending into the clouds. An aviator wrote of how a flock of birds during an air-battle took refuge in a cloud, and no

matter how small it was, nor how fast it carried, they kept completely concealed within it.

When one is completely surrounded by danger from without or within, the most blessed thing that can come to him is to become completely hid with Christ in God.

How can one do that? If God is Love, then fill yourself with Love, and send a smoke-screen of Love out to everyone around you, and toward everyone that might harm you. Simply encase yourself in the armor of Love. One way to do this is to make a list of those you love very dearly, and think of them as a wall of protection about you. Then dwell on the love that you hold for them, a love that carries with it all your loyalty and devotion. Then see if you can give the same fine quality of love to those who are farther away from you—even to those whom you formerly considered as enemies.

In absolute contrast to the seeming lightness and flimsiness of the cloud is the solidity and immovability of the rock. Think of Love as the most solid, the soundest, the firmest thing in the world. "For in the day of trouble . . . he will lift me upon a rock." "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." "Thou art my Father, my God, and the rock of my salvation." "Everyone, therefore, that heareth these words of mine and doeth them shall be likened unto a wise man who built his house upon the rock."

The reading recommended is Part III of "The Third Front," entitled "The Path of Love," and the Book of Luke.

I would have WINGS, strong WINGS to ride this tempest
I would be mightier than the winds that blow.
God give my spirit WINGS, give me the sureness
Of being upborne hourly as I go.
The white gulls take their certain way through storming;
They soar beyond the darkness of the night.
Father in Heaven, gird me with strong pinions
For the long flight ahead, the long hard flight.

From the moment you came into the world of being, a ladder was placed before you that you might ascend.

—From Persia.

☞ The inspired conscience as
a light for guidance.

According to Our Own Integrity

Allan A. Hunter

THE eyes of our bodies are made for the rays of the sun. If we so choose, we can wear dark glasses and gradually dwarf our capacity to see. On the other hand, we can train ourselves to stop resisting the light; we can open our eyes to it and renew our vision.

The conscience is a sort of eye. It is meant to answer the goodness that is infinite. Probably no man ever quite deadens his conscience, as the fish in caves are said to have lost entirely their capacity to see. But the greatest tragedy of life is dimness, the lack of sensitiveness, and atrophy that men allow to take possession of their consciences. As long as we lack social compunction, we are lost. We are in the dark.

The problem at its center is ourselves, at our most sensitive spot, our conscience, the Light to which we must respond according to our own integrity. We hanker for a revolution in the "beautiful isle of somewhere" outside ourselves, without benefit of sacrifice on our part; but that hankering is largely a substitute for seeking it in our

own inner citadel where history was made and where, if ever, it will have to be remade. The response has to come through our own permission of will. The world of economic and political relationships may have to be turned upside down, but that will not happen except in a chaotic way until there are men who personally have disciplined themselves so that a mutation is taking place in their characters.

The most significant thing about us human beings is that we are naked, shivering, lonely wills confronted with the great will. We have it in us painfully and slowly to discover and obey what is right. We can migrate toward the light. At any moment we may find ourselves "on the way" in response to a glimmer that already has penetrated our little wills. Every one of us has within him—call it the real self, the soul, the funkelin, the synteresis, spark, light, or Christ within—each of us has the power at any instant to point our life in the right direction.

But what confronts us is stern. The terms of going forward are

From *Say Yes to the Light*, Allan A. Hunter, Harpers & Brothers, Publishers.

God's, not ours. If we are to advance in our spiritual evolution, we have to commit ourselves. We may not call it prayer, but in the words of Edouard Le Roy we have to say and mean, "I am nothing; I know nothing, save that I am here, full of need and misery, full of ignorance, doubt and fear. But I am finding my direction. I will the good, even the good unknown to me; I aspire and trust; I crave; I open myself; I abandon myself to God whose inspiration I feel at work in the depths of myself; I will the Light; I call upon it; I am confident that it will answer me, and I accept in advance everything that it will exact from me." This experience of becoming transformed so that we can perceive reality is drastic. We have to decide, before clear guidance is given, "not only in words but in reality to say Yes to the Light."

How, then, shall we proceed? The first condition, as we have seen, is this: to agree in advance that we will attempt to do the will when it is revealed. This is not to pretend to absolute commitment. We should only be flattering ourselves if we claimed that the percentage of our self-surrender was very high. But this we can do. We can with a simple act of the will declare: "I now offer up as much of myself as my egotism permits. I am trying to hand over even my

silly reservations and my most plausible excuses."

The second condition is to make our consciences more alert and informed. We like to say, "I have to do this because my conscience tells me to," when all that is ordering us about may be our unexamined desire to take it easy or to appear holier than other people. Or we may be handing over to Caesar what does not belong to him. Our consciences are not fool-proof instruments automatically telling us what is right. Facts are indispensable. Conscience ceases to be conscience the moment it runs away from relevant data. If one piously announces that he is seeking God's guidance about whether or not to marry and then refuses to assimilate available biological, sociological, and psychological insights regarding marriage partnership, he is asking for magic, not spiritual instruction. If one expects to discover what his life work should be without taking aptitude and other tests, he had better search within to see whether it is God's will or his own he wants. If we are facing a significant decision, we have to read, consult with those who should know, and do some careful observing of our own.

The third condition is more difficult, and that is to bring the facts, the mass of pros and cons up into the Light of the presence of God

and leave them there. This presence need not be too abstract. It may be startlingly definite as we expose ourselves to the love and understanding to which Jesus was so responsive. Taking a single text out of the New Testament is not sufficient. We need the impact of the entire teaching, life, death, and resurrection of Jesus as well as the insights won by those who have ventured on his assumptions during the centuries since. The necessity is to relate the findings to that which will synthesize them, and then give them time to form a design for action.

Last of all, there is the task of waiting. If we have done honest research and referred data to the best we know, with the understanding that we shall try to follow the insight through if and when it comes, we can relax. Once in a while, circumstances compel us to act whether we know what is best or not. In such tests we are humbled. It is borne in upon us how little we deserve to see aright and how imperative is our task of becoming less unfit. If there is no deadline for deciding, the thing to do is likely to make itself plain enough for further action and further growth, in due time. Without warning the solution breaks through into our surface consciousness. The mind has no perplexity or torment of suspense any more. We hear ourselves saying

with relief, "Why, of course! There's no doubt now. This is what has to be, and it can be done."

When it comes to a showdown with ultimate things, we may have it in us to make a far more daringly positive reply to conscience than we have chosen to think. Our commitments count. Each of us is in an ecology of spiritual relationships requiring intimate interdependence if not cooperation such as one sees in the zoological world.

In the High Sierras, lying among the yard-high grasses of Crescent Meadows, one can catch a glimpse of this all-pervading harmony. The wind blows as it has a mind to. Each creature makes its unique, important response in terms of its own integrity. The long timothy stems, tickling one's nose, swing this way and that, each according to its own height and place. None exactly imitates any other. The wind is the center of reference. It alone evokes the reply. Over the brook fed by snow only recently melted, thirsty swallows, darting at gnats, untiringly weave their pattern, their white bellies flashing against the high altitude blue. Beneath them the purple shooting stars tremble and the crimson paint brushes answer as they feel moved. Two hundred yards away where the meadow stops and the forest takes charge, the aspens shimmer with a joy no other tree can duplicate.

The incense cedar makes a noticeable salute. The sugar pines sway slightly too. The giant sequoias, two hundred feet or more high, alone seem apathetic. But watch those huge red columns that have been standing there a thousand, it may be four thousand years. Their reply is almost invisible but it is with all their being. Even that fire-blackened veteran bends a little, surrendering with his own stately rhythm to this wind that, like the orchestra leader, asks of each player his closest attention, his integral response.

We all have been given the power to take a positive part in this orchestral symphony. If we act purely in terms of the integrity granted us, a strange thing may happen. It happened shortly after Good Friday. Perhaps to some extent it always does happen when a man carries through with what for him is right. The strange thing is this: loyalty to or affirmation of the light inside touches off creative sparks outside. Something infinitely alive and friendly out there can be counted on to say Yes to the Light within.

WHITE CRUCIFIX IN SKY

Hundreds Record Vision of Jesus in Heavens Over England

IPSWICH, ENG.—(A.P.)—Rev. Harold Godfrey Green, vicar of St. Nicholas church and chaplain to British forces, said today he had verified "quite definitely" the story of hundreds of Ipswich residents who said they saw a vision of Jesus on the Cross in the sky during an April 27 air raid alert.

"There was scarcely any variation—if any—in these accounts," he said after extensive conversations with residents in this East Anglian coast town. "Hundreds of persons have said they saw the sign clearly."

Nearly 800 townspeople crowded St. Nicholas church—which seats only 500—for a sermon on the vision Sunday when the vicar said: "I have satisfied myself beyond doubt of the authenticity of the vision. I regard the sign as a good omen . . . I did not myself see the sign and for this I am sorry."

The vision was said to have lasted fifteen minutes. It first took form in the shape of a large white cross, the chaplain was told, and then the form of Jesus appeared.

"His head was bowed and His feet were crossed—all who saw agree on these details," he said. "When it disappeared, it did not drift away like clouds, but vanished instantly and entirely."

Other clouds in the sky were said to have drifted by while the vision remained stationary.

Some who did not see it suggested the vision might have resulted from light on ice crystals in the air, but there was no agreement on any proffered explanations.

St. Paul Pioneer Press, May 8, 1944.

☪ The art of living is the mastery of one's destiny.

Divine Guidance

Glenn Clark

THE one who understands and practices Divine Guidance has the Keys of Life in his hand. The one who understands the Laws of Guidance must understand the laws of human destiny, the qualities and limitations of his own self, and the laws whereby the Grace of God operates in the hearts of men.

Destiny consists of the opportunities and limitations with which Providence has walled us around. The art of living consists of learning which of these limitations we must accept and which we can change.

We have to accept our ancestors, our parents, and the century in which we were born; also our race, our sex, and the temperaments we were born with.

The radiant acceptance of these facts, these people, and this environment constitutes the first step in Guidance. Two-thirds or three-fourths of our Guidance is given to us on a silver platter without our having to do anything about it except to accept it.

The fact that we were born into a certain age means that we have work to do in that age. The fact

that we were born into a certain nation means that we have some service we can render that nation. God has given us parents, brothers and sisters, and other human relationships, not by an accident, but so that we can do something with or for those particular people.

Thus the art of living consists largely of knowing what part of our so-called destiny we should accept and what part we have a right to change. There are some things about these walls of destiny that do not seem to be good, and which down in our heart we *want* to change. If a great desire comes to us deep down in our heart to change these walls, we should listen to that call. If they could be changed and if a change would hurt no human being, but bring blessings to all, it may be the Voice of God.

One cannot change one's sex, but Susan B. Anthony so yearned, deep in her heart, for the privileges that men had of sharing in the government, that the very fact that she was a woman who could not vote and yet yearned to vote, and the fact that she had the gift of writing and speaking, opened

the way and put her on the path of a creative life of reform that has brought blessings to many.

Dr. George Washington Carver could not change his black skin, and yet the possession of it often brought him into humiliating positions. But by using a great and simple faith, that his racial background helped to bring him; and by using his native, almost primitive intuitions regarding nature and the growing things of nature; and adding to that the analytical mind and trained intellect obtained in northern universities where chiefly members of the white race attended, he was able to map out for himself a destiny that transcended in many ways the destiny of men whose opportunities and racial backgrounds seemed more propitious than his.

Helen Keller seemed destined to go through life as a public charge, helplessly walled off from humanity by the three-fold limitations of deafness, dumbness and blindness. One by one she overcame these limitations. She learned to hear by placing her hands on the throat and lips of the speaker, and to speak by making her own throat act out syllables as theirs had acted. She even learned to tell color by the feel of the flower.

When Michelangelo went down to Rome one winter to work in sculpture, he found that all the Carrara marble had been taken by

other sculptors. Only a large, broken, jagged, misshapen piece remained. With nothing else to work with he sat down in front of that unpromising piece of material and studied its possibilities and its limitations. Finally he figured out how, by creating a figure with arms outstretched in this way, and head bent that way, he could give a tolerable reproduction of David with his sling-shot, facing Goliath.

He set patiently to work with the result that an entire room in the famous Pitti Art Gallery of Florence is given over to this great masterpiece of Michelangelo's — the most prized object in that wonderful collection.

We are given certain possibilities and certain limitations. The art of living for us is to determine how we can create a masterpiece with these possibilities; and in spite of, or by actually utilizing, our limitations. We have the privilege, in other words, of being a pessimist and seeing a difficulty in every opportunity; or of being an optimist and seeing an opportunity in every difficulty.

Michelangelo, Helen Keller, and Dr. Carver all created masterpieces out of seeming limitations. What can we do with our lives?

From the moment one reaches manhood and womanhood—in fact, very much sooner for most of us

—his life is faced with one decision after another that he will be called upon to make. Here is where the real need of Guidance comes.

The way to face these situations is to look at them from both the human and the Divine point of view, never from one only. Because we are human, we must face them honestly with the question, what do I in my heart really desire? The bee is prompted by the desire to collect honey. In acting on this honest desire he carries pollen to otherwise barren fields of clover.

The squirrel feels a desire to collect nuts, the robin to build a nest and destroy insects that would otherwise destroy our crops. All these desires are good. How do we know but that our desires, if they will not harm or distress any living being, are also God's desires for us?

The way to check one's guidance, to prove its authenticity and verify its accuracy is to fall back upon the mathematical formula that, given two points, one can determine the straight line. One may be pretty sure that one's sights are right, and that his aim is correct, if two or three movements or events in his inner thought or outer experience all agree in their implications that he is to take the step. When the inner urge and outer events work in har-

mony, one can positively know that God is doing the planning. At such times one will find himself flowing in the center of the stream of destiny, and if he keeps that confidence, and holds fast to the Heavenly Father, "in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow that is cast by turning," he becomes almost irresistible, and everything that he does has the seeds of permanence within it.

When one feels under the spell of guidance but does not clearly see these two or three points to verify the straight line that he desires to follow, he should take the matter up in prayer with some friends and see if two or three will agree together in seeing the straight line of the purpose and plan that he is to follow. This is agreeing together in Christ's name, and where two or three find themselves perfectly united in their decision, one can go forward with that irresistible sense of destiny, as long as he keeps his hand in the hand of God.

Where there is confusion and uncertainty in both these tests, and the decision is yet to be made, and must be made, one might get quiet and very still, and then open the Bible spontaneously, but with prayer, to three different passages, and see if any united guidance comes there.

If one is at a crossways where the decision simply *must* be made,

and no clear guidance comes as to which of two or three different paths one should take, even through agreement of events or of friends or of Bible passages, one should pray about it and do the clearest thinking he is capable of doing, and then make the best decision he is capable of making. He should, in this case, however, go forward continually in the state of prayer. One must not expect the luxury of Divine Guidance in every little event every hour and every day. Many things one must do on trust, using the mind that God has given him in the clearest way that he can, knowing that other things being equal, any choice is right if we take God with us, and if we literally bathe our footsteps in prayer. Jesus, knowing the weakness of His disciples, and the many difficult decisions that they would be called upon to make, while they were still only in the kindergarten of the Kingdom of Heaven, literally as well as figuratively bathed His disciples' feet in what they thought was water, but which He blessed and turned into the anointing of the Holy Spirit.

Socrates was always guided by his guardian angel, but that guidance manifested itself in warning him what not to do rather than in telling him what he should do. Whenever he contemplated the wrong step to take, his guardian

angel warned him against it, and when the warning did not come, he knew he had the green light to go ahead.

We all have guardian angels that attempt to check our headlong course at times. Sometimes they use our minds, sometimes our emotions and sometimes our bodies, to retard our steps.

Sometimes God uses our mind to bring us thoughts that we would not otherwise think of, thoughts that intuitively tell us whether it would be foolish to go on, or to stay behind. Sometimes He uses our emotions, and we can accept it as guidance not to undertake a task when a great depression or abhorrence comes to us every time we start to undertake it. When we turn away to another task and happiness and peace descend upon us, we can accept that, too, as guidance. All these thoughts and all these feelings should be listened to, as, other things being equal, they are the very Voice of God trying to get through to us. In my own experience I never have found them to fail. Dr. Carver had unusually sensitive spiritual "ear-drums" for hearing the Voice of God. At four o'clock, each morning, God would tell him through the peace that came to his thoughts, just what plan he was to follow that day. When authorities would send worldly and selfish men to work with him, the inner revulsion

that instinctively came to him would warn him that they were not the men he could cooperate with.

It is remarkable also how God uses the body to get His messages to us. When I first learned how to pray I often would catch the flu and be in bed for days. Finally I decided to listen in for the message of guidance that God was trying to bring me. It came, then, clear as a bell that after each period of sickness, I arose from my bed a more spiritual man than when I went to bed, for I had had twenty-four hours a day for turning in thought to God. I took the hint and devoted an entire hour every morning thenceforth to meditation and prayer and never have had the flu since. Stanley Jones was driven from India with an illness that threatened to end all his missionary labors. Every attempt to return was prevented in the same way, until he also took the hint and put himself utterly and entirely in God's hands. Through these events I understand that he was led to open round-tables with the leading thinkers of India instead of giving all his time to the Untouchables where most of the missionary work had been confined theretofore.

One of the most dramatic experiences I ever had of Divine Guidance came to me on the eve of a two weeks' spiritual crusade

that Stanley Jones and I put on in the City of Washington in May, 1944. It was at a very critical time in American history, as well as in world history. Evil forces were rampant in the city. Juvenile delinquency was at its worst, political rivalry was bitter, the international outlook was chaos. And where in it all could be found the face of God?

Two weeks before this crusade was to begin, I found the anticipation weighing heavily upon my shoulders. The chief responsibility I was to shoulder was the knitting together of the praying people and the praying groups of Washington. This day when I particularly felt the weight of this responsibility, I fell on the street while running to catch a car, and broke my shoulder. It seemed very strange that such a thing should happen to me. I had played football for seven years and never even sprained an ankle.

I asked the doctor while he was strapping my arm to my side whether, through prayer, he didn't believe I could have the use of my arm in two weeks when the Washington meetings were to open. He replied, "Nonsense. You must keep this arm strapped down for six weeks."

When I reached Washington I had my shoulder x-rayed by another doctor, and repeated the question. "No," he replied, "the

softening process has just been completed. Beginning today, the knitting is starting, and will require exactly two weeks."

Had the Lord come down in a cloud of glory and announced that the knitting together of the praying people would begin that day and continue for two weeks, He could not have spoken any clearer to me than He did through the lips of that doctor. The prediction came true in a most perfect way. While God's miracle of knitting went on in my shoulder, it went on equally miraculously in the groups.

But the biggest guidance that

this experience brought to me was the assurance that hereafter, in undertaking big tasks, even though it might include addressing Senators and Congressmen, as it did in this case — I was *never* to take the responsibility upon *my* shoulders. My little shoulders were to be erased out of the picture completely, even if it required a little rough treatment to do it.

"The government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God. Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace, and of the increase of His government there shall be no end."

For the starched whiteness of clean curtains blowing,
For the green fragrance of hyacinths growing,
For spontaneous lilt of a child's laughter flowing,
For joy when Thy love transforms doubt into knowing,
I thank Thee, Father, today.

—Grace Wegner.

MY OFFERING

Author Unknown

Could I but draw a masterpiece
For all the world to see
Or write a most inspiring book,
I'd offer these to Thee.

Had I the glorious gift of song
My voice would praise Thy name.
Had I great eloquence of speech
Thy truths I would proclaim.

And chatting with my neighbors.
Since all my work is done at home,
I offer Thee my labors
Of making beds and mending clothes,

¶ A simple parable with a precious message.

The Choice

J. S.

ONCE on a time when the world was very young, before men had learned to measure their hearts' desire by a rod of gold, some children were playing together on the shore of a great lake. Sometimes the lake was gray-green with hate and very angry, but now it was beautiful and blue and wore a smile of peace.

After the children had played all the games they knew of old—the mock hunt, and the tribal war, and the capture of the women—since the day was yet young, they counselled together to make up a new game. There was much talking, and many were the suggestions; but none seemed to hit upon the desire of all till the eldest child spoke. He was a boy made like a Greek god, with satin skin bronzed by sun and wind, blue eyes like the blue of the village lake, and hair the color of wheat at harvest.

"Let us," he said, "gather pebbles from the beach. Let us hunt all the rest of the day, and when the sun is a sail-boat's height from the lake's rim, let us bring them hither. Let each bring but one pebble; the most beautiful he can find."

So they went about their quest, scattering far up and down the foreshore. Some went alone, for they had rare visions of beauty before, but only in solitude. Others went in twos and threes; some because they feared to be alone, others because beauty had always revealed herself to them in the company of their chosen friends. So they scattered, and the wind carried hither and yon the sound of young voices, and the rocks caught and gave back the golden peal of laughter and the silver shrill of delight.

Thus the hours passed on winged feet, and presently the sun stood but a sail-boat's height from the lake's rim. One by one, two by two and three by three, even as they scattered, they came together again, each with his stone or pebble. "The second part of this game is the best," said the oldest. "Let each one now tell why the stone he has picked is the most beautiful."

But perhaps it was not the best plan, for presently they fell to disputing among themselves.

Said one: "My stone is most beautiful because it is the color of wheat when the spring sun thaws

the snow from our fields. And wheat is the promise of bread." Said another, "Nay, mine; for mine is the color of the sky at sunset. And sunset is the promise of rest." And yet another: "Mine is the most beautiful by far, for it is gold like my Mother's hair. And my mother to me is the promise of love." And a fourth: "Nay, but mine; for it is big and rugged and strong like my father. And my father is the promise of protection for me *and* my mother."

And so as they disputed, each hugged his own stone a little closer. If any had doubted before that his pebble was the most beautiful, now he was sure beyond doubt, for he had given it a special meaning of his own.

While they were thus disputing they noticed that the youngest had taken no part in their discussion. A little boy lame from his birth, with soft brown eyes and chestnut hair and a shy manner like a cloud fleeing before the wind, he sat silent and thoughtful somewhat outside their circle. "Where is your stone," they asked, "and why have you withheld it?"

At last he said: "I brought no stone. Many I saw and beautiful: Color of the rose and the dawn, the bluebird and the lake, the night and the sun at evenfall. I loved them all, and it was not in my heart to choose among them, saying, This is the most beautiful

Some shone like starlight, and some like moonlight and some like sunlight, and some, milky like the path of God at even in the heavens. Shall I say that the day is more lovely than the night, or the moon than the stars, or the dawn than the twilight?"

"But you must choose," they said. "If you cannot choose for yourself, choose between us. Whose stone is the most beautiful?" But he would not choose. And they urged him. At last he said: "Go away now, and leave each one his stone with me. Return in an hour. Either I will choose between them or I will show you that which is yet more beautiful." So they left their stones with him, each urging on him some new aspect of their beauty.

In an hour's space they returned, every heart hopeful that his stone might have been chosen; each fearful with an ugly void of fear that it might not. "Have you chosen?" they cried, "Whose is the most beautiful?"

At first he did not answer, and they looked and saw that he had made a pattern on the sand. And as they gazed they saw the beauty of the pattern. How much more beautiful was the gold of day against the black of night; the blue of the sky against the cream of cloud; and they fell silent. And the rays of the declining sun played on the stones of the pattern he

had made, kissing and waking into radiance now this one and now that.

After a space he spoke, slowly and with grave thought: "I have not chosen," he said, "I could not. Had I been able even, I *should* not, for he whose I chose would doubtless have said: This beauty is *mine* . . . or *mine* . . . or *mine*. But now this pattern is ours.

The beauty each one saw is in it; and more, the beauty of each and the beauty of all together. Is it not more beautiful than any stone in it?" And the other children said: "Ay, it is more beautiful. It is of me; but more, it is of *us*. It is altogether lovely."

And they returned starry eyed to their homes, for they had partaken of a mystery.

WINGING ONWARD

Ida C. Knapp

God is the eternal rhythmic movement of All-being
 God is love, but unless I love I cannot feel God;
 God is all-knowing, but unless I attain wisdom I cannot understand Him;
 God is power, but unless I become humble I cannot approach Him;
 God is limitless space, but unless I lose myself I cannot find Him;
 God is all-pervading, but unless I am open, He cannot enter in.

God is the breath of the eternal ingoing and the eternal outgoing, but unless I can sense timelessness, I live but for a day;
 God is light, but unless I radiate His Light, I cannot look upon the glory of His countenance.

God is warm peace, but unless I can understand and forgive, I cannot know the peace that passeth all understanding;
 God is timeless, and death is but a step passing deeper into the Heart of Him;
 God is the Deepest Central Core of me, a drop in the vast Ultimate, and knowing this I contemplate Him everywhere in the manifest and the unmanifest.
 Every act of love, every understanding thought, every kindly deed, every grateful prayer, every aspiring reach sends mankind Winging its way Onward.

Faith is the head chemist of the mind. When faith is blinded with the vibration of thought, the subconscious mind instantly picks up the vibration, translates it into its spiritual equivalent, and transmits it to Infinite Intelligence, as in the case of prayer.

Prayer

Charles C. Merrill

PRAYER is first and last to be thought of in the simplicity and naturalness of the relationship between father and child. Dwight L. Moody tells of his young son's interrupting him one morning when he was very busy and hoped for no interruption. After the boy had gained entrance to his study by gently knocking, Mr. Moody somewhat gruffly said to him: "What do you want?" Whereupon the boy said: "Why, I don't want anything, Papa—I just want to be with you." And Mr. Moody had all the time in the world for his son when he just wanted to be with him. Over against this may be put the reply of a boy in my first parish whose father was away in the Spanish-American war, and the time was nearing for his return. His mother was wondering what the boy's thoughts were against the father's home-coming and he told her: "I am thinking about what he will bring me." Too much prayer has been concerned with what God will bring us, with what we can get from him, when all the while really to pray is just to spend time consciously and definitely in

the presence of our Father in heaven.

Not that petition is excluded. The prayer which Jesus taught His disciples and which is far and away the prayer most used by Christians publicly, and I dare say privately, is very largely petition. But the father relationship of which I am speaking may, and I think naturally will, determine the main stream of our petition. In a home where there are children and some of them or most of them are away, what is the principal topic of conversation? Indeed, it is about the absent children.

So when a child of God is communing with his Father in heaven, he instinctively thinks of other members of God's great family. This has traditionally been called "intercessory prayer." But I am not sure but what a better name is "family prayer." First, one commits to God and prays specifically for those to whom he is most intimately bound by ties of blood or marriage. I suspect that many a wife, many a parent and many a brother or sister, could scarcely bear the strain of having a loved one in war service right now if

prayer could not be made for him day by day and many times a day. Next, there are those to whom we are closely bound by ties of friendship.

There are also our fellow-workers. We are with them daily in the office, the store, the factory, or we are associated with them in some worthwhile task for human welfare. We think of these often when we pray. We pray for our church most fruitfully if we pray for certain persons in the church, the minister, the church school superintendent and those who are bearing the burden and heat of the day in other capacities. Likewise our prayer for the Church universal and for the nation-wide and world-wide kingdom of God has vastly more worth and significance if it be connected with certain missionaries whom we know or of whom we know, certain church leaders whose service at the moment may be particularly vital.

A Christian does not take his national or his world citizenship with the seriousness it demands if he does not often pray, not merely in public worship but in his own secret place, for the president of his country and the men associated with him in the highest positions; and almost equally for the three other world leaders in whose hands seems to be so much of the world's destiny during the months just ahead. One trembles to think what

will happen if they make great mistakes of purpose or of judgment. In praying for these men of the highest responsibility but who are members of God's family like ourselves, let us also remember that the world will become Christian in the ultimate analysis so far as all individuals in it become Christian.

Doubtless the most quoted word about prayer comes from Tennyson's "The Passing of Arthur." King Arthur, as his last word, says to Sir Bedivere, his faithful knight of the Round Table:

"Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice Rise like a fountain for me night and day. For what are men better than sheep or goats That nourish a blind life within the brain If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer Both for themselves and those who call them friend? For so the whole round earth is every way Bound with gold chains about the feet of God."

One's imagination kindles as he thinks of how through family prayer, the prayer of one child of God for another, the people of the whole round earth can in turn be bound about the feet of God their Father.

It is now over two decades since Harry Emerson Fosdick electrified the National Council of the Con-

gregational Churches at Springfield with the words: "Let us take Jesus in earnest." But must we not equally take Jesus in earnest in His life of prayer?

And if we take Jesus in earnest in His life of prayer, if we get and keep His habit of prayer to our Father in heaven, there would seem to be certain natural ways in which the habit will express itself. I do not see how a Christian can quite dare to start a day without committing himself and his loved ones and others for whom he is impelled to pray unto God his Father and without asking for strength for himself and for them against the inevitable needs of the day.

And it may well be that those minutes in the presence of God at the beginning of the day will give tone, both consciously and unconsciously, to the entire day.

At night, before retiring, the mood will of course be different. You are repentant. You feel the need of forgiveness and cleansing. You commit yourself and your loved ones to the uncertainties of the night. For them and for yourself you ask for a good night of good sleep. And then perhaps will be a natural time to think of the persons for whom you will ask the particular help it seems to you they need. Here again it is simplicity, wholeheartedness that matters. One recalls the classic story

of the eighteenth century scholar and Saint Bengel whose students were concerned to discover the secret of the particularly fine flavor of his life. They thought it might be the way of prayer. So they hovered around the windows of his room, one summer night presumably, to hear if they might the word with which he ended his day. And the word was this: "O Lord, we are on the same old terms."

But the habit of prayer will not at all be confined to morning and to evening. Every day, if possible, and once a week certainly, a Christian will seek for a longer and more unhurried time when he can be alone with his Father in Heaven.

The habit of prayer will also very much include the instinctive turning to God our Father in times of particular crisis and overwhelming need. The worth of such turning will be greatest when it has been preceded by years, it may be, of everyday communion. "Religion is worth while when you need it. But you can't have it then unless you have had it before." So wrote the beloved Harvard Professor, Francis G. Peabody, to his friend, Dean Gilkey, after Dr. Peabody had lost his son. In the life of Jesus the supreme illustration of His turning to God was doubtless in the Garden of Gethsemane when He was facing the crowning crisis of His life. But at once

there come to mind other instances. In the first chapter of Mark, after that exceedingly busy Sabbath in Capernaum, it is recorded that a great while before day He went out into a desert place and prayed. He was apparently struggling with the temptation to become merely a popular leader. Again it is told us that before He called His twelve apostles, He spent the entire night in prayer. This was one of His supreme decisions: the selection of the men who were to be closest to Him and who were to lead in carrying on His work after His death. The victory in Gethsemane was the natural, the well-nigh inevitable culmination of what had gone before. And so it will be in the life of the Christian today.

I have never found it profitable to engage in argument about answers to prayer. The human situation is too full of uncertainties and complexities, as it seems to me, for us to be able to say often, at least, that such and such a thing has happened wholly or primarily in response to a request that you or I have made of God. But I am still certain that "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." And if you ask me: "What things?" I will name three.

First, *character*. We attain character partly through contagion. Goodness is something we absorb. We are made in great degree by the people we are with. If a man

has been particularly fortunate in his father, it may come to him with surprised delight some day that a person who knew his father well, says that he reminds him of his father at least at some one point. May it not be, must it not be, that in accordance with this simple principle a person, who is made in the image of God, becomes God-like in, at least, some degree, as through the years he spends time with his Father in heaven in the comfort and communion of prayer.

Second, *trust, confidence*, the certainty that God your Father has his hand, as it were, upon the helm of your life and upon the helm of the universe and in a way best known to Him in guiding them into port. But through our habitual resort to prayer to our Father God, because we have habitually resorted to Him through the years, we are reassured that he is "there," that he is "here," that this is His world, that we are His children.

Third, *right action*. I cannot believe that when in the Lord's Prayer we pray that God's will be done, the emphasis is upon submission. Rather it is asking that in a positive way God's will be accomplished and if we are sincere, we are indeed pledging ourselves to work for its accomplishment. In Gethsemane, Jesus was not merely yielding when He prayed: "Not

my will but thy will be done." He was making a positive decision and that decision was carried out on the cross. Through prayer you learn what the will of God is and you are empowered to do His will. Not that I have too much confidence in specific claims of "guidance." I am afraid it may not be as simple as that. But I am sure the whole trend of a man's life toward doing the will of God and helping to get it done among men is vitally affected by his habit of prayer. And his sense of partnership with his fellow-workers will be vastly increased. As he prays for the minister of his church, he will be a better worker in that church. As he prays for the leader of his nation and the leaders of other nations, he will become a more effective citizen of his country and of the world. And how immeasurably the quality of his work will be heightened!

New York—Secretary of the Interior Ickes said Monday night the deliverance of the people of Europe must be accompanied by elimination of hate and intolerance of minorities at home.

"Here in the United States we cannot ignore the stark cold fact that we have a racial problem of significant proportions," he said at a testimonial dinner given Prof. Albert Einstein by the American Fund for Palestinian Institutions.

"What good does it do," asked Ickes, "to send armies to Rome, Berlin and Tokyo, to 'liberate,' as we say, the inhabitants of those countries while denying people of those same extractions the liberation they have sought in this country?"

Declaring "we make certain our own eventual defeat so long as we tolerate intolerance," Ickes continued:

"The Soviet Union has apparently solved its racial and ethnic problems, after generations of conflict, but not on the basis of a mere negative idea of racial 'tolerance.'

"It has done the job simply and directly on the principle that a man is a man, and that he must rise or fall on the basis of his own character and ability.

"To talk of 'tolerance' for a man like Prof. Einstein, or for the thousands of other outstanding Jews, Catholics, Negroes and other minority peoples of this country is to imply that we permit them to live and work and associate with us on sufferance; that they are a burden which we bear in as genteel and Christian a spirit as possible. That, of course, is arrant nonsense."

St. Paul Pioneer Press, Tuesday, June 6.

☞ A spiritual classic to be read again and again.

The Cloud of Unknowing

Edited by Dom Justin McCann

WE may take all the highest words of human language and apply them to God; but we do not express His Being. We may go further and speak of Him as the super-Good, the super-Beautiful, the super-True; but still we fall short. And, in fact, we reach more nearly to Him when, pursuing the "negative way," we say that He is neither good, nor beautiful, nor true, as we understand those words. And what is true of language is true also of thought. Let us form the noblest conception we may of goodness and beauty and truth, we still must fail to comprehend God; let us take these conceptions and raise them to their highest power, we are yet far from God. But if we cease from this effort, recognize our limitations and the infinite transcendence of God, and, accepting the darkness of our ignorance, reach out above mind to Him who is above mind, then (like Moses on Sinai) we pass within the cloud, we enter the "divine dark," and are united, in a way that surpasses reason and cannot be ex-

pressed by language, to the incomprehensible and inexpressible God.

God is light, but He is also darkness; He is being, but He is also not being. The infinite transcendence of God transcends the inadequacy of human expression. But in spite of the inadequacy of all human language to express the incomprehensibility of God, yet man can attain God. For in and through his recognition of his own impotence and of the limitations of his thought—in the very darkness of his ignorance, in his very cloud of unknowing—man is united to God. The transcendent Being becomes immanent; the incomprehensible is in some way comprehended; but it raises itself up to that which is highest of all, the pure Being of God, and in an expressible way is united with this Being.

This is an incomparably more profound manner of knowing God, a super-intellectual manner hidden from pagan philosophy, because the philosophers neither sought it nor thought it existed, nor under-

From *The Cloud of Unknowing*, by an English Mystic of the 14th Century, edited by Dom Justin McCann, Burus, Oates & Washburn, Ltd., publishers.

stood the faculty whereby it is set in the soul. For they thought that the highest cognitive faculty was the intellect, whereas there is another which as far excels the intellect as the intellect does the reason, or the reason the imagination; and this is the higher will and the spark of conscience which alone may be united to the divine Spirit. . . . In this exercise sense, imagination, reason, and intellect are suspended . . . and the point of the higher will is united to the divine Spirit itself. . . . This wisdom is obtained by a great fervour of love toward God and a strong straining of the spirit toward the eternal objects of wisdom. This love transcends all understanding and knowledge. All the other powers of the soul are silent and sleep, while the affective power keeps vigil. Love alone has the entry to the secrets of God.

Put away discursive thought and simplify the intellectual act, but above all love. For "love may reach to God in this life, but not knowing. . . . I would leave all that thing that I can think, and choose to my love that thing that I cannot think. For He may well be loved but not thought. By love may He be gotten and holden; but by thought never." Therefore the disciple who is called to this work must endeavour to put aside the lower activities of the soul, to check the imagination, to silence

the discursive reason, which would be busy with various meditations, and to reduce the intellectual act to a very simple contemplation of God's Being. That object baffles man's understanding, and his contemplation is therefore ignorance and unknowing; but this ignorance is a better thing than all the knowledge that is within man's grasp. The natural man will say that this work is nought; but the contemplative must wrestle always with this "Blind nought," for this nought is all. Therefore at the height of his effort the contemplative is face to face with a dark *cloud of unknowing*. Upon this cloud his will has to beat "with a sharp dart of longing love," and this willing, this "little blind love" is the whole of his exercise.

Thus the chief work is performed by the will, which exercises a continual effort of love. There is in man's will a rapid succession of "stirrings" which are as numerous as the smallest moments of time. It is a consequence of original sin that these stirrings are dissipated in a variety of directions; the will is distracted by sense, imagination, curious thought; it is the business of the contemplative to put away all these sources of distraction, so that of the acts of this will "none shall go astray, but all stretch unto the sovereign desirable and unto the highest willable things, the which is God." This elimination of

distraction is indeed the part of this work that is proper to the man himself, for the positive effort of the contemplative depends upon God: it is "never gotten by study, but only by grace."

"And if thou desirest to have this intent lapped and folden in one word, so that thou mayest have better hold thereupon, take thee but a little word of one syllable, for so it is better than of two; for the shorter the word, the better it accordeth with the work of the spirit. And such a word is this word GOD or this word LOVE. Choose whichever thou wilt, or another: whatever word thou likest best of one syllable. And fasten this word to thine heart, so that it may never go thence for anything that befalleth.

"This word shall be thy shield and thy spear, whether thou ridest on peace or on war. With this word, thou shalt beat on this cloud and this darkness above thee. With this word, thou shalt smite down all manner of thought under the *cloud of forgetting*. Insomuch, that if any thought press upon thee to ask thee what thou wouldst have, answer with no more words but with this one word. And if he offer of his great learning to expound to thee that word and to tell thee the conditions of that word, say to him that thou wilt have it all whole, and not broken nor undone."

Properly conceived, such an act is but a "sudden stirring, speedily springing unto God as a sparkle from the coal." A man may prepare the ground by removing all obstacles, but there are no positive means by which he can attain this work of himself; for it is in the gift of God. The novice should be diligent in reading, thinking, and praying; but when he can practice this work he will need little reading or thinking, and his prayer will be greatly simplified. It is a "little blind love set on God," a "secret setting of love," a "devout stirring of love wrought in the will by God," a "blind stirring unto God and a secret setting upon this cloud of unknowing;" the soul "hangs up her love and her longing desire in this cloud," and in this "loving stirring and blind beholding" is her prayer.

In the exercise of his work, in this "beating on this dark cloud of unknowing," the contemplative attains a comprehension of God which is beyond the power of the intellect and a foretaste of the bliss of heaven. Although at first he finds only darkness and feels only a "naked intent" of his will unto God, yet he must abide in this darkness; for only here can God be felt or known, so far as that is possible in this life. And sometimes, if not often, he will come very near to the object of his striving.

ing; for he may in some measure pierce this cloud "with a sharp dart of longing love."

There is, indeed, a higher experience still, wherein God himself becomes the sole worker and the man but the sufferer. In this supreme moment God may "send out a beam of ghostly light, piercing this cloud of unknowing that is between thee and Him;" but little can be said of a work which belongs to God alone, and one should not take upon him to speak of it with his "blabbering fleshly tongue."

The first advance to contemplation is made when a soul takes up the practice of mental prayer, and it is impossible for a soul to come to contemplation without "many such sweet meditations beforehand of his own wretchedness, the passion, the kindness, the great goodness, and the worthiness of God;" impossible, unless by special and rare grace. These meditations are good and necessary in their place, but when a man is called by God all is to be forgotten but God alone; for the higher part of contemplative life "hangeth wholly in this darkness and in this cloud of unknowing, with a loving stirring and a blind beholding of the naked Being of God himself only." So that a soul must then leave such meditations, seem they never so holy, and "put them and hold them far down under the cloud of for-

getting, if he is ever to pierce the cloud of unknowing between him and his God."

The intermediate stage to the contemplative work is not to be made but at the call of God. Our Lord gives a general invitation in the Gospel, where he bids us be perfect as he himself is perfect; but there is a more special call than this. The individual soul will know whether he is called by two tokens in particular; if he has cleansed his soul from all sin, if he feels a constant attraction to this work and a delight in hearing of it. He must be a man who has genuinely given up the world, and set himself meekly to the work. He should call on the help of our Lord: "In the love of Jesus there shall be thy help . . . knit thee therefore to him by love and by belief, and then by virtue of that knot thou shalt be common partaker with him, and with all that by love be so knitted to him." Our Lord will surely answer his prayer.

This high life of contemplation has a great social efficiency, and a more perfect charity than is contained in the busy activity of others. The silent effort of the contemplative prevails with God, for the welfare of mankind, beyond all other prayer or activity. And, at the height of his working, he becomes in a wonderful way likened to our Lord in his redemptive work. This work also is the

most effective way of destroying sin, which it does to the very root; and it gains all virtues without any special effort after any one virtue in particular. Its effects will manifest themselves in the outward behaviour of the contemplative, which will be such that all men will desire to have him for their friend. Meanwhile his life is a single-minded striving after the "one thing necessary," in which he leaves aside the created, the

temporary, the provisional, "picking off the rough bark and feeding himself on the sweet kernel," aiming always at the center and core of all being. And he shall lack for nothing; God will give him sufficiency or patience, patience or sufficiency. And ever he will possess a substantial joy, which is the beginning of the life of heaven; for he will possess "God, in whom is all plenty; and whoso hath him, he needeth nought else in this life."

IMPERIALISM OR DEMOCRACY?

E. Stanley Jones

Those who counsel our going out for the world combination, making this "the American century," are asking us to put our feet on the slippery road of empire leading to perpetual wars. We shall lose our moral position in the world and be hated overnight as all imperialists must of necessity be.

Just as there are two Americas, the America of freedom and democracy and the America that would deny that freedom and democracy to people of color, so there are two Britains—there is the Britain of democracy, there is the Britain of empire working behind the moral shield of the Britain of democracy but always in its own interests. With the Britain of democracy we can go anywhere. With the Britain of empire we cannot go unless we desire to be in perpetual wars.

The Christian missionary movement must renounce all imperialistic sympathy as incompatible with both democracy and Christianity. We must throw ourselves in with the awakening peoples of the earth. We must help our country to become the servant of all and in doing so she will become the greatest of all. That and that alone is the true door to greatness. I hope my country will take it.

(From an address at the annual meeting of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America.)

All men on the earth are merely one great family divided into many branches.

—Bandeau.

America's Religious Heritage

Harry F. Atwood

THE proudest heritage of this country is that all through its history there has run, like a golden thread, a deeply religious strain. It would seem that our great leaders in the past have sensed the sublime truth which Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus phrased so strikingly when he said: "Statesmanship is seeing where almighty God is going and then getting things out of His way."

Bishop Frank M. Bristol, referring to the Discovery of America, said: "When it is remembered that Columbus desired to spread the gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth, that his expedition of discovery was begun in prayer, that he insisted upon the worship of God as one of the duties of the ship's company, that after a voyage of seventy days on an unknown sea the sight of the new world was greeted by the exultant sailors with 'Te Deum,' that magnificent thanksgiving to God, that Columbus sprang upon the new world, planted the Cross and knelt in prayer; and when the history of America is remembered from that hour to this, the Christian thinker

sees in it all the hand of God, leading a devout genius to the execution of a Divine plan."

The great theologian, dear old Dr. George Northup, once declared: "God Almighty writes a legible hand." All over the walls of this republic we find the handwriting of God. More, far more than any other country, we have been essentially a religious and God-loving nation; and it is that fact more than anything else which has put character into our statesmen, courage into our soldiers, justice into our government, and conscience into our people.

The historic Mayflower Compact, signed in the cabin of the little vessel which brought the Pilgrim Fathers to America, begins: "In the name of God, Amen. And having undertaken for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith—" Those are the opening words of the first State paper ever adopted for the government of a community on American soil.

In the Declaration of Independence we find such sentences as "Appealing to the Supreme Judge

of the World for the rectitude of our intentions . . . and for support of this declaration with a firm reliance upon Divine Providence."

In our Constitutional Convention were assembled the greatest body of men, from the standpoint of physical vigor, mental acumen and moral courage, that ever met together for human achievement. When the great William Pitt read our Constitution he exclaimed: "It will be the wonder and admiration of all future generations and the model of all future constitutions."

The writing and adoption of our Constitution was unquestionably the greatest and most important human achievement since the Creation, and as an event it ranks in history second to the Birth of Christ. That marvelous body of men met day after day for four weeks and had not agreed on a single sentence or a single word. On the last morning of the fifth week, in the midst of a very heated discussion, they were about to adjourn and abandon the great purpose for which they had met, when Benjamin Franklin, perhaps the wisest man in the convention, mature in years, ripe in wisdom and consummate in tact, arose, and, addressing George Washington in the chair, spoke as follows:

"Mr. PRESIDENT, the small progress we have made after four or five weeks' close attention and continual reasonings with each

other, our different sentiments on almost every question, several of the last producing as many noes as ayes, is, methinks, a melancholy proof of the imperfection of the human understanding.

"In this situation of this assembly, groping, as it were, in the dark to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Light to illuminate our understandings?

"I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests, our project will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages. And, what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human

wisdom and leave it to chance, war, conquest.

"I therefore beg leave to move:

"That hereafter prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business, and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service."

And from that moment they began to make progress in the framing and adoption of that fame-crowned document, which Gladstone asserted was "the greatest piece of work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

George Washington wrote to Governor Trumbull of Connecticut: "I can almost trace the finger of Divine Providence through those dark and mysterious days which first led the colonists to assemble in convention, thereby laying the foundation for peace and prosperity, when we had too much reason to fear that misery and confusion were coming too rapidly upon us."

Alexander Hamilton exclaimed: "The sacred rights of mankind are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records. They are written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature by the hand of Divinity itself."

The great patriot, Archbishop

Ireland, once exclaimed: "Tell men there is a God in Israel; that authority is Divine; that God's majesty encircles with its rays the legislators and rulers of nations. God is the master of man and God's will is man's supreme law. Authority is from God and civil governments rule by Divine right. The underlying religious spirit of the people is the surest hope of the Republic."

Someone on a certain occasion said to Abraham Lincoln: "I hope God is on our side," to which Lincoln replied: "My concern is not so much whether God is on our side. My great concern is to be on God's side, for God is always right."

Lincoln based the great issue of this Republic upon a text taken from the Bible, "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

In his farewell address to his old neighbors at Springfield, he said, among other things: "Today, I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon George Washington. Unless the Great God who inspired him shall be with and inspire me, I must fail; but if the same Omniscient Mind and Almighty Arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail! I shall succeed. Let us pray that the God of our fathers will not forsake us now. To Him I commend you all. Permit me to

ask that with equal sincerity and faith you will invoke His wisdom and guidance for me—the Great God who can stay here with you and go there with me and be everywhere for good!"

With the dawn of the twentieth century came the age of egomania and the hydrophobia of human self-assertion. The first personal pronoun was substituted for reliance upon Divine Providence. Personalities took the place of principles, demagogues replaced statesmen, rhetoric was mistaken for reason. An effort was made to remove "In God We Trust" from our coins, and epithets of denunciation took the place of a thorough understanding of the spirit of our institutions.

We have been drifting from the guide-posts of a Republic toward the danger signals of a Democracy, from constitutional restraints toward emotional impulses. This innovation has not been confined

to any party or any country. It seems to have been general, and every twenty-four hours confusion of thought becomes more confused, chaos grows more chaotic, and the crowd increases in mob-mindedness. It is humiliating to dwell upon the deplorable aspects of the political life of this country during the last years as we have drifted toward class consciousness and appeal to the mob mind.

But we must have faith that America has neither abandoned God, nor been abandoned by God. The same Divine Providence that watched over the founders of this Republic, that guided them in the framing of our Constitution, is still with us to guide and strengthen us. There is need of a penitent return to reliance upon Divine Providence, both in attitude toward that matchless document wrought out with prayer and faith; and in sublime trust in the beneficent guidance of Almighty God.

I do my duty and enjoy myself where I am; I do my job and pass on to another. I am going to live forever; in a thousand years from now I shall still be alive and active somewhere; in a hundred thousand years still alive and still active somewhere else; and so the events of today have only the importance that belongs to today. Always the best is yet to be. Always the future will be better than the present or the past because I am ever growing and progressing, and I am an immortal soul. I am the master of my fate. I greet the unknown with a cheer, and press forward joyously, exulting in the great adventure.

Armed with this philosophy, and really understanding its power, you have nothing to fear in life or death—because God is All—and God is Good.

Bound Volumes of Clear Horizons

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

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

of Clear Horizons, published quarterly at St. Paul, Minn., for October 1, 1944.

State of Minnesota } ss.
County of Ramsey }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Glenn Clark, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of Clear Horizons and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macalester Park Publishing Co., 1674 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; Editor, Glenn Clark, 1674 Grand Ave.; St. Paul, Minn.; Managing Editor, Helen C. Wentworth, 1674 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; Business Manager, C. O. Dunham, 1674 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minn. 2. That the owners are: Glenn Clark, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn., and Helen Wentworth, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contains not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed, Glenn Clark, Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1944. (Seal) Fernan N. Budolfson, Notary Public. (My commission expires November 14, 1947.)

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

WHAT OUR READERS TELL US

(Continued from Back Cover)

I have found your magazine to be a source of inspiration and comfort. I am confident that the pages of this publication will continue to carry spiritual help for all who need peace and poise of heart and soul. I anticipate many pleasant hours via the pages of Clear Horizons in the future.

—Chaplain Ralph Vander Pol,
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

I enjoy your inspirational little magazine so much. I pass it around until it is limber.

—Mrs. Ralph E. Jones, Wilmore, Ky.

Clear Horizons is a very wonderful magazine full of helpful thoughts and makes Christianity in daily life practical and joyful.

—Mrs. R. M. Brumby, Largo, Calif.

I have been loaned some numbers of Clear Horizons by a friend and find them most delightful reading, so very satisfying.

—Mary Stevenson, Hamilton, Canada

Success to your splendid magazine. There is much need for Clear Seeing—Clear Thinking—and surely your Clear Horizons can be of great use in this field.

—Cora E. Severance, Lansing, Mich.

Clear Horizons is a treasure I want to share with more and more friends. My husband and I are missionaries in Iran, and when I return to him we must and will find a way to translate many of the articles for our Persian friends. Christians everywhere need just such help as Clear Horizons gives.

—Mrs. R. Y. Bucher

CORRECTION:

In the October number several little errors occurred, which we are glad to correct in this number. Dr. Dunnington's name was given as Dunningham, instead of Lewis J. Dunnington. We stated that Miss Margaret Baily Speer was returning from a prison camp in Japan, when it should have been Germany. And the lovely little poem, Real Evidence, was not credited to its author, Ella Luick. Sorry! My mistake.

—Helen Wentworth

What Our Readers Tell Us

Clear Horizons is a great little (big) magazine! God bless you all!
—Lee N. Grant, Chicago, Illinois

This is one of the most inspiring magazines I have ever read.
—Mildred R. Covell, Orono, Maine

Personally this helpful magazine has given me new spiritual power and revitalized my life at a time when life is at times very difficult.

I always find just what I need in Clear Horizons and both my husband and I look forward with joy to the coming of each new issue. God bless you in the wonderful gift you are giving to the world which is needed more than ever in these days of stress.

—Mrs. W. S. Stone, Petaluma, Calif.

Clear Horizons is the most delightful and helpful magazine I read.
—Mary Fowler, Glens Falls, N. Y.

Your publications have been my daily spiritual food and have been the means of starting a new life of joy and peace and I hope far greater service in the future.

—Fern H. Atwood, Johnson City, N. Y.

Your magazine is indeed a grand one, filled with beautiful and inspirational reading. I could ask for nothing better and I do regret that many issues were published before I learned of it. I searched for a long time for a book containing articles on Immortality contributed by a widely varied, carefully selected group of modern thinkers. Then I noticed that one of your early numbers was available, on Immortality. You can imagine what it means to me. My great hope is that you will soon have another one.

—Mary M. Clafin, Arlington, Va.

The magazine is a joy. Our Vicar quotes it and uses it with joy, and my missionary friends at home and abroad feel it a necessary bit of their reading and sharing.

—Emma E. Donohugh, Banning, Calif.

One of the most dynamic, God-inspired spiritual publications I have ever known. God's richest blessings be upon it.

—Zettan Gordon, Bristol, Pa.
