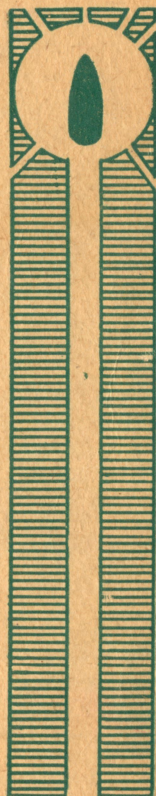
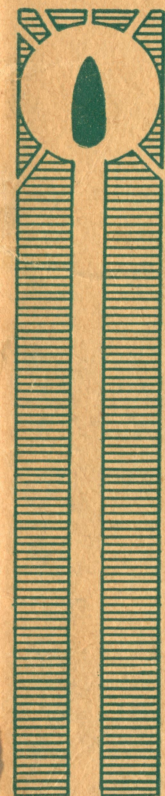


Clear Horizons

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

CONTENTS

	Page
What is "Relinquishment"?	<i>Helen Wentworth</i> 1
Jesus the Efficiency Expert of the Soul	<i>Glenn Clark</i> 4
Between Two Suns	<i>Starr Daily</i> 7
The Church and the New World Mind	<i>Rufus Jones</i> 7
Man Lives Three Times	<i>Gustav Theodor Fechner</i> 11
A Prayer for a Son at Sea	<i>Martha Wyman</i> 12
Will a Man Rob God?	<i>Ralph Spaulding Cushman</i> 13
Success Is in the Spirit	<i>J. C. Penny</i> 16
In the Presence of God	<i>Elsie K. Powell</i> 19
The Church and the Veteran	<i>Bernard Iddings Bell</i> 21
Ten Boys Prayed	<i>W. H. Leathem</i> 25
Homemaker's Philosophy	<i>Mary Mae Oesch</i> 28
Miracles of Healing	<i>John Maillard</i> 29
There Is a River	<i>Lavinia Wyatt Garns</i> 31
Thoughts Farthest Out	<i>The Staff</i> 32
An Ideal of Education	<i>Karel Hujer</i> 35
Climbing the Hill	<i>Howard Vincent O'Brien</i> 39
The Threefold Genius of the Christian Faith	<i>E. Stanley Jones</i> 41
How Shall a Mother Pray?	<i>Muriel Fraser</i> 44
Guidance and the Interlocking Faculties	<i>Flora Seaman</i> 45
What Edison Really Believed	<i>G. Lloyd Preacher</i> 48
Praying Like a Beggar	<i>Roy L. Smith</i> 49
God's Good Man	<i>Frederick K. Stamm</i> 51
Books of Interest	<i>The Book Review Monthly</i> 54
Christianity and the Race Problem	<i>Baez G. Camargo</i> 55
It Is Dangerous to Pray	<i>From an Editorial</i> 58
A Successful Christian Adventure	<i>Warfield M. Firor</i> 59
Prayer Is the Keyword for This Hour	<i>C. V. Weber</i> 61
Blessed Are the Poor in Spirit	<i>Emmet Fox</i> 63
Gift and Giver	<i>Maenna Cheserton-Mangle</i>
Poems by Dorothy Larsen, Irene Reutenick, Sally S. Lindsey, Margueritte H. Bro, and Patience Pollard.	



What Is "Relinquishment?"

Helen Wentworth

Just now the countryside is blooming: luxurious green growth, gorgeous flowers, fragrant blossoms. We love it all.

But in a few months we shall watch the grasses turn brown and wither, and the leaves begin to fall. The snow descends and covers the earth with whiteness.

We regret the passing of the summer and the autumn. But we do not attempt to hold them. We let them go. We relinquish one season, and look to the incoming one and revel in its beauty and charm.

Isn't that the secret of true relinquishment? Glenn Clark, in his DIVINE PLAN, says to accept whatever comes to us with "radiant acquiescence." We may desire one thing desperately, and find something entirely different comes to us. A child may want a bar of candy, and be given an apple. He may be bitterly disappointed. But his mother knows the apple is the right thing for him to have at the particular time she gives it to him. At a little later time it may be the candy will be given him.

No one of us has escaped sorrow, or failure, or disappointment. But no one of us, looking back over the past years of our life, can deny that we are stronger, more sympathetic, more understanding, because of the hard things we have undergone.

It is hard to remember this when we have lost a dear one, or have failed to secure a coveted position, or are facing a trip to the hospital for a serious operation. But we must remember it. We must not forget that this is God's world, and that if we only put ourselves (and help put the rest of the world) into alignment with His Plan for us, then all *will* be well. We are His, part of His kingdom, and all we have to do is accept this fact, stop worrying and pitying ourselves, and look for the brilliant rainbow through the mists and the rain.

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CLEAR HORIZONS

An Adventure in Solving Problems in a Heavenly Way

SIXTH YEAR

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☐ Even coal-tar, slag and sawdust can be redeemed.

Jesus the Efficiency Expert of the Soul

Glenn Clark

FIFTY years ago, an efficiency expert stood beside a factory, watching the offensive coal tar pouring out and running into the rivers, fouling the drinking water, destroying vegetation, and becoming a curse to all the neighborhood around. "Why waste your time pattering over this worthless material?" the passerby might have remarked. "Leave this idle attempt to save and utilize this waste—sufficient for us to know it is waste, foul, offensive waste; the quicker it runs off, sinks into the ground, disappears, vanishes, is annihilated, the better. Come, give your attention to improving the

already excellent parts of this process. In that direction alone lies efficiency, not in trying to save that which is lost."

But what does this efficiency expert do? He says, I am come not to redeem the saved but the lost, and so he continues to stand and ponder until the solution has come to him. And what is it? Simply this, that out of that offensive coal tar, harmful to all who come into contact with it, waste and worse than waste, he has discovered how to produce, by distillation, beautiful aniline dyes, perfumes, medications, and purifying antiseptics, and a long series of valuable prod-

"Jesus the Efficiency Expert of the Soul" by Glenn Clark. From *The American Pulpit Series, Book Seven*. Copyright 1945. By permission of the publishers, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

ucts that I have not time to name. Suffice to say that from that which formerly was waste now comes by far the most valuable part of the factories' output. Indeed, "the stone which the builders have rejected has become the head of the corner!"

Following this discovery of converting coal tar into valuable products, there began a veritable crusade in saving waste, a crusade that went all around the world. Sawdust, which used to accumulate in various places until it had become a nuisance, especially when it used to run into rivers, choke up channels and cause troubles, has now become an industry in itself. In New York there are thousands of sawdust vendors, a million dollars are invested in the industry, and the business done annually amounts to scores of millions of dollars.

The city of Antwerp used to pay \$5,000.00 a year to get rid of its garbage; later on it received \$200,000.00 a year, scientific men having found ways to utilize it. It was discovered next that slag or refuse of mines and furnaces make very good glass, as well as paving blocks and bricks. Tin cans, formerly serving only to make sport for the urchins of the street, now are made into window weights, and materials to sheath travelling trunks. Waste paper formerly was used to start fires, now is sought

eagerly by every Salvation Army, Boy Scout and Church, to help swell its income, and the collection of it and of old rags supports an army of vendors throughout the United States.

Jesus was the first great efficiency expert in saving the waste. If we follow him, even though we may not establish a Hull House, or a Union Mission, yet we can learn how to convert and utilize the seemingly bad and worthless elements in our own lives and the lives of our friends—and out of the slag, the sawdust, the coal tar, we may create many beautiful and useful things.

Jesus took that which was lost and not only saved it but made it radiant in glory; he took the stone which the builders had rejected and made it indeed the head of the corner.

And now I come to make a startling statement, which may come upon ears that shrink from accepting it, until further proof is brought to bear: *in Jesus' World there was nothing base, nothing foul, nothing unclean.* As he looked about him at the coal tar, the slag, the sawdust, yes, the very dirt of life, it all became clean. He took the Ten Commandments of Moses, drew from them as one would draw the claws from the feet of a lion, all the "shalt nots," and converted them into the stirring words, "Thou

shalt": "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God" and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Upon these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. At another time he took the same Ten Commandments and turned them into the Beautitudes of The Sermon On The Mount. Here he converted the "Thou shalt nots" into "Blessed are ye." "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ox," said Moses. "Thou shalt covet thy neighbor's righteousness," countered Jesus. Only the word covet was not strong enough for Jesus. Instead he used *hunger and thirst*. "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

In other words, the secret of Jesus' power as an Efficiency Expert was that he saw the positives in life and never the negatives. If a bucket of coal tar was brought to an efficiency expert in a factory he would not see the black, evil liquid; he would see beautiful colors, lovely perfumes and healing medicines. If a sinner was brought to Jesus he would not see the harlot, he would see the Magdalene; he would not see the publican, he would see the Matthew. Wherever

* * *

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich according to what he is, not according to what he has.

—Henry Ward Beecher

he went he took the curse out of life and made everything blessed.

And how did he do it? By exactly the same process that the efficiency expert used to turn the destructive coal tar into beautiful perfumes, colors and purifying antiseptics. And how was that? Remember the word used? That word was *distillation*. The drop of water in the most muddy of puddles can instantly become purified the moment it gives itself utterly to the drawing power of the sun's rays. The fallen man or woman, no matter how great his sin, may be purified the moment he surrenders himself completely and utterly to the drawing power of the Love of God.

And so Jesus moved through life helping the lame to walk, the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and the sinner to forsake his sin and rise up and follow Him. Yes, Jesus was the great Efficiency Expert of the Spirit. In this age that is so filled with the waste of war, of hates, of fear, when we accept him as our leader we shall find our fear is turned into joy, our hate into love, and war vanished before the power of the Prince of Peace.

Between Two Suns

Starr Daily

I HAVE wandered about in many strange lands, have seen many strange people, but he was the most singular creature I have ever come across in all my varied travels. He was camped on the tindered floor of an ancient arroyo.

A man long given to solitude, he meditated with his gaze fixed on the fire. With a restless mind, I tried to analyze him; I tried to fathom those seemingly uncanny qualities of his personality that cast such a spell of intrigue and fascination over me. I fell to wondering, too, about the man's past. That he was an educated man and a man of wide experience I entertained no doubt. What had driven him into the lonely solitude of the desert? Was there a tragedy—a woman?

"What brought you to the desert?" he asked. Those eyes were calmly penetrating as they rested upon me, and somehow I got the notion that they were adjusted to things beyond the ordinary limits of human vision.

I told him I was burned out with the crowds; sick of the world of restrictions, laws, homilies, and

confused doctrines; that I wanted freedom, peace, and—

"God," he added.

I was amazed, for it was upon that very word I had hesitated to give my voice. The true God!

Out in the desert a noise as of a breaking twig disturbed the stillness.

"Coyotes," explained my companion, and my hand moved toward the holster at my hip.

"Animals experience pain," he said. There was a sharp tone of reproach in his voice. It checked my deadly intention with an inexplicable power of dominance. I had never before extended a thought of consideration to a wild animal.

"He who possesses weapons that wound," he went on, his voice now soft and dreamy with wisdom, "may never know peace; may never touch the hem of God's garment."

"You would advise me to disarm myself in this beast-infested country?" I knew my accents carried to his ears the cynicism that I felt.

"I have no weapons," he said softly, "nor fears. God's creatures

come to me when"—he paused—"when I'm alone."

I was abashed. "You almost persuade me to throw my gun away," I told him, and this time I spoke sincerely.

"One weapon is not enough to cast away," was his reply. "You must cast them all away."

"But one is all I have."

"Sometimes the thoughts are deadly; the tongue; the eye." It seemed as though he were addressing these remarks to himself. "The naked hands can wound, and the feet. The ears have blinded the eyes of many a seeing Soul."

His words were strange, unusual. I didn't fully comprehend the thoughts they clothed. But stranger still was the fact that I did not mentally reject them with an accusation of madness upon the man who gave them utterance. Somehow in this man's presence I felt the immanence of—was it the gods! An unearthly calm seemed to have settled over my nerves; my Spirit was pervaded with some wholly foreign sensation of quietude; my Soul rose, as it veritably seemed, unhampered within me. I was like a man enrapport with all the realities, yet knew them not.

The moon had climbed out of the mountain peaks and was riding far up on the deep mauve home of the heavens. A billion coruscating stars looked down with approval

upon the stillness and serenity of the world. Peace and silence filled the desert space. The soundless melody reigned everywhere.

"God, if I could have it always!" The words came spontaneously, unbidden to my lips, the hunger cry of a vexed and craving Soul tasting real food for the first time.

"You can," he said quietly.

"No, no. This could never last. I am chained to the world of affairs. I am a slave to the problems of earth and of men. Soon I must return."

"God is everywhere," he mused. "He is out there where you must go. Wherever you go, whatever you do, there He shall be also. He shines in the faces of men; He blooms in the flower; He slumbers in the stone. Within you, always within you, He waits your knock. You are no man's superior, neither are you inferior to any man. You are one with all in His Infinite bosom. Know Him by serving that which is His, and then the gates of hell cannot prevail against you."

"Do you always feel as I feel now?" I asked him, and I envied the answer I knew must come.

"Perhaps," he said. "I am one of the wealthiest men in the world."

"I have never wanted for money," I prompted.

"My wealth is of a different coinage," was his calm rejoinder.

"With money," I reminded him, "men can obtain the things which are said to bring them happiness."

"And sorrow," he added. "Money is an aid to service; and service leads to Him. Otherwise spent, it can obtain only the shadows which come and go and which are neither here nor there. The sentinel at the door of Heaven cannot be bribed."

I rose. "It is growing late," I told him. "I had hoped to make Haven Springs before sunset." He also rose and held out one of those finely molded hands. As I gripped

it across the fire, I had a feeling that I was gripping the hand, not of a tattered, grime-touched vagabond of the desert, but of some glorified personage who had lived long and conquered much.

When a quarter of a mile or so away, I paused to look back. He had regained his seat by the fire. His hand was stroking the shaggy coat of a gaunt coyote. The beast's head lay in his lap, and I fancied that its eyes, unafraid, were lifted to his in a long affectionate embrace of perfect understanding.

* * *

DAWNS

Dorothy Larsen

A flush —
A rosy tint —
A whirr
Faint as petals falling.
Birds calling,
Sweet music —
A new day is born.

A softening —
A surrender —
A bowing
Sweet in humility.
He is calling,
Softly wooing,
New life is born.

☐ We must return to the headwaters of our faith.

The Church and the New World Mind

Rufus Jones

THE hour has struck to look to the bases of life and civilization and culture and religion. Despite the appalling sacrifices, we shall not get the new world of our hopes, even after the victory in the field is won, unless we lay the foundations for our new order on the solid ground of a great faith and vision—faith in God, faith in Christ, faith in the living Spirit, operating here and now in our world, and faith in man and his immortal destiny.

The significant task of the church, of organized Christianity, as I see it, is to give to our time and to our complex age, confused with its materialistic trends, a fresh, creative and thought-convicting interpretation of the universe, of history, of life, of self-conscious spirit in man, of immortal destiny, of divine revelation, of the Christ of Galilee and Bethany, and of the eternal Christ as a continuing Presence with us here and now in our joys and sorrows, and finally of the possibility of direct and immediate experience of the reality of God, because we are so made that "spirit with Spirit can meet."

Whatever happens to our world now, we must keep the Christian church at its spiritual mission. And if we are to rebuild the broken world on right lines we Christians must get together and we must work together. I am not concerned for the moment about what is known as "organic union," or "ecumenical" fusion. I hope there will always be denominations, or at least vital cells, that maintain a peculiar emphasis on important aspects of religious faith and life which other branches of the church are apt to forget or overlook. But these denominational fences must never be so "sheep-high, bull-strong, and pig-tight" that we cannot all, as followers of Christ, work together cooperatively for fresh forward movements of the Spirit and for the building of a better world for children to be born into.

What I am mainly concerned with is the spiritual preparation of the Christian church to fit it for constructive leadership not only for America but for the world, and my central point of emphasis is the necessity that the Christian leaders

From *The Church and the New World Mind*. The Drake Lectures for 1944. The Bethany Press.

of our time and generation equip the church to become the purveyor of a message, an interpretation of life, as adequate for our epoch as St. Augustine's was for the epoch when the Roman Empire collapsed.

This interpretation must begin with a rediscovery of the unique spiritual range and scope of *personal life in man*. It is here that we must come to grips with the major enemy of Christianity, which is a stark materialism. It is here, in the operation of spirit in man, that the Ariadne clew must be found to guide us from the sheer biological level of human life to the reality of a being that bears within the revealing marks of a higher origin, and that partakes of a two-story structure, an upper and a lower level. There is a Jacob's ladder within this unique inward self of ours that reaches another realm than that of matter, and we must make that fact a central issue of our faith. I am not ashamed of the hairs on my arm or of the caudal coccyx below, which point to an animal ancestry in my physical structure, so long as I have the inward evidence that I carry at the center of my being an emergent contribution of spirit from that *deeper world* within the world we see, "whereof this world is but the bounding shore." There is something of God revealed in this in-

most capacity of ours—something that is spirit and not matter, something that bears the image of an eternal Creator.

This emergent self of ours, all the time, in every experience, is beyond, that is, transcends, what is before it as a given fact. We carry a beyond within us. To be conscious of a limit is to be already beyond it. There is an imaginative dominion in us which outreaches every limit at which we arrive. Like the Magi we are startled. The capacity for ideal vision is built into our structure. It is one of our most significant traits. All our discoveries, all our advances, are due to the soul's invincible surmise, which in the sphere of religion we call faith, or insight, or vision. It has given us our prophets, our saints, our mystics, as well as all our discoverers and our inventors.

There is no higher evidence of this uniqueness than our capacity for *truth*. We are essentially truth seekers. The science of the ages, forever pursuing, forever correcting, holding firmly to what resists all attempts to doubt it, is evidence enough that a type of mind is operating above the welter of events and that it is a mind which, within a narrow sphere, has apodictic, that is, absolute, certainty. There are some realities for mind that *must be so*. Nothing in this

world of ours is more revealing of our junction with a Beyond than are these ideal values of beauty, truth, goodness, and unselfish love.

And throughout the entire history of the race, there has been a succession of persons, with special gifts of grace, who have had mutual and reciprocal correspondence with an overworld of Spirit that was as real and certain to them as their own central existence. They have known God, as George Fox put it, "experimentally." They have discovered and practiced His presence, with joy and radiance. And for the most part, these open-windowed souls have lived under a spell of immortal life. They have felt links with eternity. They have found themselves living in a two-story universe with a Home in it for all we love, and a Garden greater than Eden, where transplanted human worth will bloom to profit elsewhere. What I want to see is a church that interprets human life convincingly on these creative lines, and then it can inspire and form the new world mind.

The church must once more put the Bible in its exalted place as the supreme spiritual literature of the ages. These books of revelation must once more be built into the mental fiber of our youth to go no more out. The Bible has come through the critical researches of

a hundred years as a more vital revelation than ever before. It must be taken as settled that there is a human element in it, and that it is marked by the epochs and stages through which the human race has passed; but *that* ought always to have been recognized. It could hardly speak to our condition today if it were not so. The Bible is the sifted literature of the Spirit and par excellence the revelation of God to men through the ages, the written chart of the way of life. Bibliolatry is always a mistake, it is always unintelligent. But unless we are to put civilization and culture in peril, the church must put the Bible back into its right place as a foundation of true spiritual training and as an essential mental stock of children's education for life.

The church must constantly go back to the headwaters of its faith and keep vivid in its thought and ministry the life, the teaching, the ministry, the mission, the self-giving sacrifice, and the triumphant survival of the great Galilean Founder of our Christianity. In Him we find, not a new creed, not a new ritual, not a new theology, not a new authoritative ecclesiastical foundation, but a new type of Person, who revealed the heart and character of God, and at the same time exhibited the divine possibilities of man as a child of God

and as a member of the Kingdom of God.

The church of the present and the future cannot lead the world on its way and cannot take the lead in the formation of the new world mind unless Christ is vitally and vividly at the creative center of its life and leadership. And he must be seen not only as the unique Person who lives in the pages of the Four Gospels, and who walked the hills of Galilee; he must be felt and known as the eternal *living* Christ, forever being born anew in the lives of his loving followers. No dead fact stranded on the shore of the oblivious years —

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and
press,
And we are whole again.

Something like this, I predict,
must be the message and the mis-
sion of the church of the future,
if it is to have genuine leadership
in rebuilding the broken world, and

* * *

It's not doing the thing we like to do, but liking the thing we have to do, that makes life blessed.

—Goethe

if it is to be a creative factor in shaping the new world mind.

The vital end which really concerns us is how to make the actual church that the people attend a living cell of spiritual power for its community. There is in almost every college and university a group, large or small, of awakened youth eager for reality, swept with a yearning for enlarged life and for spiritual adventure. Too often, when they return home to their own community, they do not find a church that speaks to their condition. They drift away and are lost to the forces of organized Christianity. Such persons want a fresh prophetic interpretation of life that enables them to stand the universe triumphantly and become equipped and girded to go out with kindled vision to have a part in remaking the world on better lines.

If our American Christianity can now awake and arise to its divine possibilities and find its new skyline, it may become the quickening force that will help to penetrate the lands both in the East and in the West, now in desolation, with fresh spiritual insight and power; and there may come to birth a new world mind that will reshape the destiny of man in ways of enduring and constructive peace.

☐ An inspiring picture of creative immortality.

Man Lives Three Times

Gustav Theodor Fechner

MAN lives upon the earth not once, but three times. His first stage of life is a continuous sleep; the second is an alternation between sleeping and waking; the third is an eternal waking.

In the first stage man lives alone in darkness; in the second he lives with companions, near and among others, but detached and in a light which pictures for him the exterior; in the third his life is merged with that of other souls into the higher life of the Supreme Spirit, and he discerns the reality of ultimate things.

In the first stage the body is developed from the germ and evolves its equipment for the second; in the second the spirit unfolds from its seed-bud and realizes its powers for the third; in the third is developed the divine spark which lies in every human soul, and which, already here through perception, faith, feeling, the intuition of Genius, demonstrates the world beyond man—to the soul in the third stage as clear as day, though to us obscure.

The passing from the first to the second stage is called birth; the transition from the second to the third is called death.

The way upon which we pass from the second to the third stage is not darker than that by which we reach the second from the first. The one leads to the outer, the other to the inner aspect of the world.

But as the child in the first stage is still blind and deaf to the glory and joy of the life of the second, and his birth from the warm body of his mother is hard and painful, with a moment when the dissolution of his earlier existence feels like death, before the awakening to the new environment without has occurred,—so we in our present existence, in which our whole consciousness lies bound in our contracted body, as yet know nothing of the splendor and harmony, the radiance and freedom of the third stage, and easily hold the dark and narrow way which leads us into it as a blind pitfall which has no outlet. But death is only a second birth into a freer existence, in which the spirit breaks through its slender covering and abandons inaction and sloth, as the child does in its first birth.

Then all, which with our present senses only reaches us as exterior and, as it were, from afar, we be-

From *The Little Book of Life After Death* by Gustav Theodor Fechner. Little, Brown, and Company. Copyright.

come penetrated with and possessed of in all its depth of reality. The spirit will no longer wander over mountain and field, or be surrounded by the delights of spring, only to mourn that it all seems exterior to him; but, transcending earthly limitations, he will feel new strength and joy in growing. He will no longer struggle by persua-

sive words to produce a thought in others, but in the immediate influence of souls upon each other, no longer separated by the body, but united spiritually, he will experience the joy of creative thought; he will not outwardly appear to the loved ones left behind, but will dwell in their inmost souls, and think and act in and through them.

☐ "In Thy good time, grant us Thy peace."

A Prayer for a Son at Sea

Martha Wyman

DEAR Father in heaven, I thank Thee for the many good things with which Thou hast enriched my life. Most especially I thank Thee for my beloved son. Wherever he is today, dear Lord, I ask Thy blessing for him. Give him the necessary strength to carry on and the ability to do it well. Sustain him in whatever he must undertake, making Thy presence known to him through the lonely watches of the night. Give him courage in emergency. Shield him from the elements and all the perils of war.

Enfold him with Thy love. Protect him mentally as well as physically. Let him not be warped and embittered by the experiences he must face. Rather let them deepen his faith and his kinship with Thee.

Dear Father, bless the ship he is

on and her Captain. Give him the wisdom to make wise decisions. Be with every man aboard this ship and grant each one the fortitude to carry out successfully his special assignment.

Strengthen me, O God, that I may have the faith to relinquish my son utterly to Thee, firm in the conviction that Thou hast a plan for him far better than any I could make. Sustain me through these weeks of uncertainty. Give me the strength of character to do my full share here at home, that when his ship comes safely to port I may meet him unashamed of the part it has been my privilege to play in this mighty struggle for freedom.

In Thy good time grant us peace. Thy will, not mine, be done. For Jesus' sake, Amen.

☐ The question asked in Malachi restated by a prophet of today.

Will a Man Rob God?

Ralph Spaulding Cushman

Not until that December morning had I realized that Dickens' Christmas Carol is at heart a great stewardship sermon. I had turned on my radio and into my room came the voice of Jacob Marley's Ghost.

"Business!" cried the Ghost. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!"

So Jacob Marley's Ghost continued until I was compelled to go to my library to refresh my memory of A Christmas Carol. According to Dickens, the Ghost was sent to warn old Scrooge — a very thrifty business man — that he was forging chains upon himself for years to come.

"Business!" Is that the end of life? Oh, that every churchman would heed Jacob Marley's reply. "*Business! Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the*

comprehensive ocean of my business!"

Will a man rob God? This is the ancient question that was asked in Malachi and, in varied language, by many other prophets. It is the question that too seldom we ask. Will a man rob God? Rob him of what? Not, first of all, of money, or of time, or of any of our other "things"—but of *ourselves*. The Jacob Marleys and the Scrooges and many of the rest of us are sinners, not primarily because we are vile or vulgar, nor because we take our possessions out of God's hands, *but because we take our lives out of his hands*.

This is the reason why God makes progress so slowly in building his Kingdom on earth. And this too is the reason why lives go stale, and are dwarfed and even die. Here is a paradox. He made us for himself, but he made us free to rebel against himself. Here begin the problems of living, of liberty or license, of eternal success or eternal failure. The choice is ours!

Jesus came with a philosophy of life that is best summarized in what we call the Lord's Prayer.

From *Will A Man Rob God?* by Ralph Spaulding Cushman. Copyright 1942. Used by permission of the publishers, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

His disciples, charmed and inspired by his praying, had said, "Teach us to pray." And so we have the prayer that ever since has taught and inspired us. And yet so many say it and do not *know* it!

It begins with the matchless phrase "Our Father." In these two words Jesus gave the world a new picture of God. He is not only the Almighty One behind the stars, but a "Father"—all that the best of earthly fatherhood can be, and more. He is Love Divine—intimately concerned for all his children. Not only can I reverently say, "My Father," but I must also say, "Our Father." After those words are spoken, all races of men must be embraced in "our" brotherhood. Some glad day wars will come to an end because Jesus revealed God as "Our Father."

All through his life our Lord voiced in word and deed this consciousness of a divine stewardship: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Accordingly the whole purpose and program of God was summed up in those words which Jesus told us to pray, "Thy kingdom come . . . in earth." And almost the last words of Jesus are these, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." Either we should heed the call to stewardship or we should stop praying the Lord's Prayer. For all through the prayer everything harks back to

the central petition for the consummation of the Kingdom — a world brotherhood of the children of God and a neighborhood of the nations. Let us study carefully the prayer: whether Jesus is asking us to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," or "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive," or, "Deliver us from evil"—*all the petitions center back to Jesus' philosophy that working with the Father in the building of the Kingdom is the main business of any life.* Therefore he cries at the end of the prayer, "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever." Can you and I say the "Amen"?

And now the final question: "Will a man rob God?" Are we robbing him? We who are within the Church and you who are without? It does not make any difference where we classify ourselves. Are we robbing God? Of our lives—of our time and talents and possessions? This is the question that Jacob Marley's Ghost was trying to get across to old Scrooge. He himself had made the great discovery too late—another Dives in hell! "*None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.*"

Evidently the stewardship obligation is for all. It is so written in the heights and the deeps of the universe, in every blade of grass and in every flaming star, in the humblest cottage and in the mightiest place. "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ." "So then everyone of us shall give account of himself to God."

It was a decade ago during the depression that I ran across this illuminating phrase, "It isn't any of our business, is it, Lord?" A little child with a tender conscience used the words in her evening prayer. She had seen a poor man on the street that day in evident need. "Oh, Mamma," she had said, "let's help him!"

The mother's answer was, "Come along, dear, it isn't any of our business."

But that night, after she had said her "Now I lay me down to sleep," she added, "O God, bless that poor man on the corner." And then, remembering her mother's words, "But really, it isn't any of our business, is it, Lord?"

The tragic fact is that *very many of us grow up in the pagan philosophy that the world about us is none of our business*—unless indeed the needs and heartbreaks of the world come so near as to affect our own personal or family welfare.

But the world is shrinking rapidly! There is no isolation for the isolationist. We have terrible evidence just now! Even the most selfish of us are coming to see that what is happening in the remotest spot in the earth is very much our business.

* * *

ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

Irene Reutenick

You thought there would no sunset, child,
I have but curtained it from your view.
See, on the distant horizon —
Light breaking thru.

Success is in the Spirit

J. C. Penney

I BELIEVE in a practical application of the Golden Rule as enunciated by the Master on the hillsides of Judea nearly two thousand years ago. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets."

The Golden Rule is one of the most fundamental laws that can be expressed in words.

The Golden Rule is a golden law of love. It makes us willing to sacrifice what is commonly called "personal liberty" for the welfare of others and willing to forego indulgences which however harmless they may seem in our own lives, work ruin in the lives of others.

For many hundred years it was regarded as a beautiful idealism rather than as a spiritual law to be put into practice in the everyday lives of men and women. As horizons widened and the definition of "brotherhood" took on broader significance in the world's enlarging consciousness, gradually people came to realize that the Golden Rule was a basic principle to be applied in all one's relationships. The "brotherhood of man"

came to be recognized, in theory at least, as a truth rather than as an iridescent dream.

Inherent in most normal human beings is the disposition to defend the weak against the strong, to sympathize with the down-trodden. The Golden Rule permeates the ideals of our public and private justice, even though those ideals are not always translated into reality. Disregard for the Golden Rule creates untold misery and suffering. It is that disregard for the rights and welfare of humanity through greed and the lust of conquest by a few minorities that have brought the world to such a terrible pass at the present time.

Even in our generation we used to think of business as secular and of service as religious. Since no arbitrary line between secular and sacred exists, the realization that the Golden Rule was meant for business as well as for other relationships has in a measure penetrated public consciousness.

True, this Rule has been followed hesitatingly. Men have feared if they were too generous they would be unable to meet the

competition of their more unscrupulous neighbors.

We have been finding out that by an immutable law the spirit and practice of service underlie even material success. Success comes only to those who will follow the hard road rather than the paths of ease and pleasure and who are willing to sacrifice everything except honor to the goal of achievement.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap!" Diligence in business gets advancement. Unselfishness brings forth good will which manifests in increased material prosperity. Not that I advocate unselfishness for selfish purposes—I am merely setting forth cause and effect.

Many are the examples of those who have won a large measure of material success through application of the Golden Rule to their personal lives and business operations. Henry J. Kaiser, whose stupendous achievements in our wartime production have won him the title, "The Miracle Man," I am told makes the Golden Rule the foundation of all his enterprises and operations.

There are familiar stories of men whose businesses were on the brink of disaster, who changed their hard-boiled, selfish policies at the risk of what seemed to be almost certain failure, reorganizing

their businesses along the lines of the Golden Rule—in other words, humanity to man—and those businesses forthwith took on new life and prospered as their owners had not dared hope they would prosper.

Employees respond to the stimulus of fairness and liberality. Such an attitude brings about a harmony of mind and purpose between employer and employees that enable workers to turn out more and better work and that causes them to bring to their tasks all the devotion of which they are capable.

In founding the J. C. Penney Company the Golden Rule was made its foundation stone. Throughout the more than forty-one years of its existence this Company has endeavored to apply the Golden Rule principles in its relations both with the public and with its employees. Because of radical departure from the policies prevailing in the community where the business had its birth, its early failure was predicted. But the Golden Rule method of fair dealing overcame heavy handicaps and has guided the Company to success.

Up to the outbreak of the war the world was learning the application of the Golden Rule slowly in its dealings with society at large. The "leaven" of "doing unto others" seemed to be gradually

leavening "the lump."

Sinister forces, unleashed by the war, apparently have thrown us backward but if we believe that Word of God we must have faith that the day will come when all the earth shall be ruled by the principle laid down by Christ as the most important law of our lives; and when there shall be a real and not a theoretical acceptance of the "brotherhood of man."

Then will be the time foretold by the prophets of old when "they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not rise up against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. God grant it may be so, for we have all had enough of war.

The imagination is staggered to picture the opportunities there will be for development when negative and destructive forces shall give way universally to constructive ideals and effort. What marvels of science will be achieved, what creation of beauty in the various arts, and what advancement in every righteous phase of life's activities, can only be dimly foreshadowed.

Already we have intimations of these marvels that await us. Rarely do I pick up a paper or magazine that does not contain information of some new process or invention that will have unpredictable influence upon every phase of our daily lives. That will be the "Golden Age," of which poets have sung, in which love, truth, justice and righteousness will be paramount and when the Golden Rule will be exemplified in every heart and life.

The fulfillment of these dreams must come for God's promises do not fail. The time seems long but it may be nearer at hand than we think. It is for each of us so to live that we shall exemplify the Master's teachings in our personal lives. The only way to attain world ideals is through perfection of the individual. TODAY sets opportunity before us. YESTERDAY is past. We cannot regain the opportunities for growth we repudiated yesterday. We cannot form character TOMORROW. To postpone until tomorrow putting into effect our good intentions is to collaborate with "the thief of time." TODAY is all we have. TODAY is vitally important to each of us.

* * *

By harmony our souls are swayed;
By harmony the world was made.

—Lord Landsdowne

☐ The labyrinth of living ceases to be a mystery when one steps into the Presence.

In the Presence of God

Elsie K. Powell

ALL Love surrounded me. This was a year ago, and ever since that night its meaning has been growing in my soul.

To realize God's Presence, even for a moment, is to spend the rest of life trying to live in the reflection of its Wonder, trying to rise up to meet it once again.

No words can express this. In itself it is complete, the whole of everything. All looks different after finding this and never after can we be the person that we were. It places its stamp into the very substance of the soul. It is the pinnacle from which all else gets its measure and its weight.

In those few moments was concentrated all that had gone before and all that follows after. The centre of time it is, the centre of peace. The centre of my being, the Centre of God.

It has left me an understanding which nothing can take from me, for now I *know*.

Well, that is all. That is everything.

Through renunciation it came. Perhaps it always comes that way. For we have no treasures anywhere

which we may keep as ours. We have no rights belonging to ourselves. All we have and are belongs to The Supreme One who needs must radiate that Great Love of His through us with no veil of separation to hide His Wondrous Light.

It had to be the giving up of the desire which was nearest to my heart; my best self I thought it was. Yet so strong had this longing become that it stood between me and my true goal of knowing God. I had to let it go. At last that moment had come when I understood what God expected of His child.

It was not with me a forgetfulness of self. It was with an overwhelming consciousness of all that I was giving up; a terrible wrench and pain in the giving all I seemed to own.

That very hour I found myself in God's Presence, surrounded by His Love.

It was Love of such quality as I had never known before. From all sides it came, flooding, vibrating, raising me into a place of high joy.

I drank it in. I breathed it in.

Then sent out great waves of love to God and everyone.

God had taken me to Him as His very own. Into a new existence I had gone over. I had gained a higher consciousness of God. It was then that it seemed I reached Him for the first time in my life.

Oh, it is worth every unhappiness one can experience, every anguish one can endure; anything is but a small price to pay for this! That moment when I felt God's Love and learned to love Him without getting myself in the way, I suddenly attained my freedom. The labyrinth of living ceased to be a mystery, for I could see with vision unobstructed clear to the Heart where His Love dwells.

This is my great secret, and this must be God's great secret for us all, His reaching us at last.

And after surrendering what I

had wished to keep, God gave it back to me filled with a richness and fullness such as I never could have won with all my strength of endeavor, intelligence or even by my prayers. For I know now that never before knew I how to pray. Not until Faith was found, the faith born of a love that can rely truly upon the Will of the Most High. Only do we know this faith when we can give over to Him our greatest treasure to hold in His safe-keeping.

This faith does not put The Almighty One on trial to prove Him. It trusts Him with all we have and all we are because He has already proved Himself to us and so we KNOW. We have experienced that knowledge.

Knowledge itself we have entered, the knowledge of The Reality of God.

FAITH

Sally S. Lindsey

A pine, white-mantled,
Beneath the darkening sky,
Pointing with silent finger
To the heavens on high,
Stands stalwart,
Sheltering storm-blind birds . . .
Like Faith, God-mantled,
Steadfast
Needing no words.

☐ "G.I. Joe isn't returning from an Elks Convention or a Boy Scout Camp."

The Church and the Veteran

Bernard Iddings Bell

THE churches these days are devoting much time and thought to the veteran who soon will be returning from the wars. Churches of America, with rare exceptions, have been content to deal almost wholly with the periphery of the problem; they have shown small ability, possibly not much willingness, to get to the heart of it; in consequence they are in for a good deal of unpleasant disillusionment.

It seems an indisputable fact that with the exception of a quite small minority those in the armed forces, officers and men, neither know much nor care much about Christianity. This is most apparently true of those who call themselves Protestants, less so of Catholics (Roman and Anglican); but even of this latter group the wiser chaplains are a bit aghast to find to what an extent interest in religion is confined to a routine of ritual practice.

The religion even of those who admit that in some sense they regard themselves as "religious," with rare exceptions, seems not to have penetrated much below the

surface of their thinking and to have little to do with patterns of conduct.

This ought to bring the churches up quite sharply to a realization of the pathetically inadequate job they have done in training these service men and women when they were boys and girls.

The possibility of a large interest in religion by the veterans, taking them as a whole, appears even less promising when we go on to realize that most of them came into the armed service from that large section of American people which has not even a nominal connection with a religious body and, in consequence, never have had in school or church and rarely in their homes, any religious training whatsoever. These have performed their war duties like the valiant young pagans that they are, never bothering their heads about God except perhaps when sheer, stark danger of death aroused in them a desperate longing for supernatural protection—a kind of religious awareness which almost always fades away as soon as the battle is done.

When one adds, then, to the

From *The Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1944, and by permission of the author.

supposed Church members whose connection is largely with a vague God who lived in the old home neighborhood and was soon forgotten when they left his *locus*, this even greater number of those who were, and still are, utterly untrained in thought of God, you have, so my informants agree, fully 80 per cent of Uncle Sam's fighting men. Four in five know little and care less about Christianity. There would not seem to be much for the churches to build on, then, in their earnest endeavor to gear the veterans into post-war religious interest and cooperation. There would seem to be few of these men and women who will suspect that possibly Christianity can be of assistance to them in the difficult days of readjustment.

The clergy and those who admonish them keep thinking of the veterans as fine fellows to whom the churches must be prepared to do things kind and beneficent; but as anyone with half an eye who has lived with the armed forces knows quite well, the real problem is going to be more one of how the churches can find some veterans who are willing to let the churches speak to them, much less for them.

The twelve millions or so who come home after years of unpleasant discipline, deprivation of normal pleasures, delayed and often ruined careers—these twelve mil-

lions or so are going to take command over this country which they sacrificed themselves to save. Rather, for good or ill, it will be the veterans who take the American folkways and force them into new patterns, as they, and not the stay-at-homes, desire.

It was veterans who put over every political and economic revolution in Europe between 1919 and 1939; in Russia first, then in Italy, in Germany, in Spain. These countries all went totalitarian during those post-war years *because the democratic leaders were not revolutionary enough, daring enough, to satisfy the veteran type of mind.*

The democratic forces made the fatal mistake of becoming would-be conservators of what had been. Will our American leaders who believe in democracy make the same fatal mistake? However that turns out to be, the world of tomorrow will be run by the iron men who have done the fighting. Institutions which would continue must persuade those men that they are worthy to survive.

This general principle applies to the churches. Not too many even of the bishops and chief pastors and leading laymen seem to understand it, while the rank-and-file church members hardly suspect it. These veterans have not been away to an Elks Convention or a Boy Scout Camp.

They will return unadjusted to the usual church routines, often unadjustable to them. They have been knocking about the world, facing boredom, facing death. They will come back sure that the churches have small influence on American life, or on world life, as it must be lived. In other words, they will come back at worst contemptuous of the churches and at best ready to do little more than to give those churches a chance to prove that they have life, vigor, sincerity, pertinency. As Father Otis Rice has well asked, in a paper written for the Federal Council of Churches, "What will happen if they come home to be disillusioned by the kind of church that is to be found in Main Street?"

It is not bishops, clergymen, and vestries which will set terms for the return of veterans to the altar, to the pew, to the parish house. If the churches want the veteran, the churches must justify themselves in the veteran's appraising estimate.

An officer in the Marine Corps Reserve, back in this country after arduous campaigning in the South Pacific, has written me a long letter about it.

"You ask what these brave men under my command are thinking about in terms of after the war. As near as I can make out, and I think I do know what is in their

minds, they long to get back home as quickly as possible, to the best land on earth, the U. S. A. Why does it seem to them the best land on earth? Because they think that they can have good jobs here, with fine pay and easy work to do, security from want, freedom to say any old thing they please, a good time for them and their girls, maybe some but not many kids (though most of them do not think that far ahead). I myself agree that all these are mighty good things for any man to have; but I am not at all sure that life *on those terms only* is worth the living, or that a country whose way of life is determined by those *desiderata* is apt to remain either a good country or one likely to survive if brought into competition with such a country of mystics as, for example, Russia.

"Such a life as my men long for and talk about leaves out the passion for mutual sacrifice which our fathers knew. It leaves out religion, for religion involves an appreciation of the universal as greater than the particular. Most of my men are so absorbed in the immediate that they have no long-term view of America or of man. Their way of thinking of things leaves out, too, that haunting wistfulness about life, that sense of tragedy to be surmounted at great cost, which is back of music and

poetry, the sort of thing which makes men gentle, and living an art. It leaves out, in short, the things of the spirit."

The American soldier, in other words, is the product of the American system of education, a system which concentrates attention almost wholly on mastery of materials and processes, on production and consumption, with an apparent assumption that man does live by bread alone, though it is to be desired that the bread be spread with butter and jam. About how to deal with things physical these American warriors have been carefully and systematically trained from babyhood; in respect to things phenomenal they are mature, efficient, at ease. But in respect to spiritual values they are ignorant, inept, and indifferent. No one has taught them about such matters.

It is inevitable that these honest but hardly subtle young men, products of the miseducation to which we have subjected them, should doubt that religion has relevancy, for to them it seems obvious that a spiritual comradeship with God is unnecessary for the only enter-

prise they deem important; namely, the building up of a materialistic Paradise.

The only possible chance the churches have to win and hold respect by the American veteran is for them to make a determined frontal attack upon the philosophy of life now current in America.

The veteran needs a church which will tell him the truth about his own incompetence and the incompetence of the generation which bred and trained him.

Religion, if it is real religion, must of necessity proclaim, even at risk of martyrdom, the truth that things seen are temporal, relative, secondary; that it is the unseen which is eternal, absolute, primary. It is not to be supposed that churches out to rebuke the present secularistic mood of America, no matter how lovingly they speak and act, will win the allegiance of the vast throng of veterans; but such churches will attract those of them, not a few, to whom it has come home forcibly that, for freedom to be worth a man's life laid down, it must be not only freedom from oppression but also, and even more, freedom from triviality.

* * *

A tart temper never mellows with age and a sharp tongue is the only weapon that grows keener with use.

—Rip Van Winkle

☐ "Boys, I want you to do something for me, something hard."

Ten Boys Prayed

W. H. Leathem

LEUTENANT Roger Fenton had a lump in his throat when he said good-bye to his boys. There they were in a bunch on the station platform, the ten wayward lads into whom he had sought to instill the fear of God on Tuesday evenings in winter, and with whom he had rambled and played cricket every Sunday afternoon in summer. Boys of fourteen to seventeen are a tough proposition, and though Fenton would answer for their bowling and batting he wasn't over sanguine about their religion. But they had filled a big place in his lonely life in the dull little country town, and now he had to leave them and lose them. For the great call had reached him; he bore the King's commission, and in his heart of hearts he had the feeling that he would never come back.

Now the chaff and the parting words of good luck were over, and the train was panting to be off. "Boys," he cried suddenly, "I want you to do something for me, something hard." "Anything you like, sir," they answered eagerly. But their faces fell when they heard

their teacher's word. "Look here," he said, "it's this. You'll meet in the old place every Tuesday evening for a few minutes and pray for me that I may do my duty, and, if it please God, that I may come back to you all. And I'll pray for you at the same time even if I'm in the thick of battle. Is it a bargain?"

I wish you could have seen the dismay on those ten faces. It was any odds on their blurting out a shamefaced refusal, but Ted Harper, their acknowledged chief, pulled himself together just in time, and called out as the train began to move: "We'll do it, sir. I don't know how we'll manage it, but we'll do our best. We'll not go back on you."

As Fenton sank into his corner he was aware of the mocking looks of his brother officers. "I say," said one of them, "you don't really think those chaps are going to hold a prayer-meeting for you every week, and if they did you can't believe it would stop an enemy's bullet or turn an enemy's shell. It is all very well to be pious, but that's a bit too thick." Fenton

From *The Comrade in White* by W. H. Leathem. Fleming H. Revell Company.

flushed, but he took it in good part. "Prayer's a big bit of our religion," he said, "and I've a notion these prayers will help me. Anyhow I'm sure my lads will do their part. Where Ted Harper leads, they follow."

And sure enough the boys did their part. It was fine to see them starting out in the wrong direction, and twisting and doubling through the crooked lanes till they worked around to the Mission Hall, and then in with a rush and a scuttle, that as few as possible might see. The doings of the Fenton crowd, as they were known locally, were the talk of the town in those first days after Roger departed. Would they meet? Would they keep it up? Would they bear the ridicule of the other boys of their own age? And how in the world would they pray?

Time answered all these questions except the last. They met, they continued to meet, they faced ridicule like heroes. But how did they pray? That mystery was as deep and insoluble as before, for whatever awful oath of secrecy bound them to silence not a whisper of the doings of those Tuesday evenings was divulged to the outside world.

I was the only one who ever knew, and I found out by chance. Ted Harper had borrowed "Fights for the Flag" from me, and when

I got it back there was a soiled piece of paper in it with something written in Ted's ungainly hand. I thought he had been copying a passage, and, anxious to see what had struck him, I opened the sheet out and read these words: "O God, it's a hard business praying. But Roger made me promise. And you know how decent he's been to me and the crowd. Listen to us now, and excuse the wrong words, and bring him back safe. And, O God, make him the bravest soldier that ever was, and give him the V. C. That's what we all want for him. And don't let the war be long, for Christ's sake. Amen."

I felt a good deal ashamed of myself when I came to the end of this artless prayer. I had got their secret. I could see them kneeling round the Mission forms, two or three with crumpled papers in their hands. They were unutterably shy of religious expression, and to read was their only chance. The boys on whom the fatal lot fell the previous Tuesday were bound to appear with their written devotions a week later. This war has given us back the supernatural, but no miracle seems more wonderful to me than those ten lads and their ill-written prayers. And, remember, that liturgical service lasted six months, and never a break in the Tuesday meeting. What a grand thing a boy's heart is, when

you capture its loyalty and its affection!

It was a black day when the news came. The local Territorials had advanced too far on the wing of a great offensive, and had been almost annihilated. The few survivors had dug themselves in, and held on till that bitter Tuesday faded into darkness and night. When relief came, one man was left alive. He was wounded in four places, but he was still loading and firing, and he wept when they picked him up and carried him away for first aid. The solitary hero, absolutely the only survivor of our local regiment, was Lieutenant Roger Fenton, V. C.

When his wounds were healed, and the King had done the needful bit of decoration, we got him home. We did not make the fuss they did in some places. Our disaster was too awful, and the pathos of that solitary survivor too piercing. But some of us were at the station, and there in the front row were the ten men of prayer. Poor Roger quite broke down when he saw them. And he could find no words to thank them. But he wrung their hands till they winced with pain of that iron grip.

That night I got a chance to talk with him alone. He was too modest to tell me anything of his own great exploit. But there was evidently something he wanted to say, and

it was as if he didn't know how to begin. At last he said, "I have a story to tell you that not one in fifty would listen to. That Tuesday evening when I was left alone, and had given up all hope, I remembered it was the hour of the old meeting, and I kept my promise and prayed for the boys of my class. Then everything around me faded from my mind, and I saw the dear lads in the Mission Room at prayer. I don't mean that I went back in memory. I knew with absolute certainty that I was there invisible in that night's meeting. Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot say, but there I was watching and listening."

"How wonderful!" I said.

"That's not all, there's something stranger still," he went on. "They were kneeling on the floor, and Ted Harper was reading a prayer, and when it was done they said 'Amen' as with one voice. I counted to see if they were all there. I got ten right enough, but I did not stop there. I counted again, and this is the odd thing—*there were eleven of them!* In my dream or vision or trance, call it what you will, I was vaguely troubled by this unexpected number. I saw the ten troop out in their old familiar way, and I turned back to find the eleventh, *The Commander in White*, and to speak to Him. I felt His presence

still and was glad of it, for the trouble and perplexity were all gone and in their place a great expectation. I seemed to know the very place where he had been kneeling, and I hurried forward. But there was nothing to be seen, nothing but the well-remembered text staring down at me from the wall—'For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' I remembered no more, till I found myself in the base hospital. But of course I knew then how I had been saved, and what my boys had done for me.

"It makes a man feel strange to

have his life given back to him like that; it's as if God would expect a great deal in return. But there's a stronger feeling in my heart. I believe the lads got their answer not for my sake but for their own. Think what it means to them. They've got their feet now on the rock of prayer. They know the truth of God. I'm not sure, but I don't think I'll ever tell them that I saw Christ in their midst. They know it in their own way, and perhaps their own way is best."

And as he said it, I saw that Lieutenant Roger Fenton was prouder of his boys than of his Victoria Cross.

* * *

HOMEMAKER'S PHILOSOPHY

"There was no room in the inn." Christendom through the ages has dwelt on the ignominy of a world that was too preoccupied to make room for its promised Messiah. Yet unwittingly we sometimes make of our heart an "inn" rather than a "manger." Whenever we allow love to be crowded out by malice, when we accept lack and forget the Lord's bounty, when we are suffocated by grief rather than strengthened and deepened by it, then are we turning away Him who was born to save us.

When our daily routine becomes so crowded with material duties that we deny ourselves time for a daily period of silent meditation, then too we are shutting Him out of our life. And our homes—have we always room for the friend in need, for the weary and discouraged? "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, *even* these least, ye did it unto me."—Mary Mae Oesch in *Weekly Unity*.

☞ How God's love draws out the poisons of body and mind.

Miracles of Healing

John Maillard

SHE was the daughter of the village constable, and I found her at their cottage propped up by pillows in the bed from which she had been told she would never be able to stir. For awhile I talked with her. Then I suggested that we should pray.

It was a strange little prayer meeting that—just four of us in a tiny cottage in the heart of rural Oxfordshire, the sick woman, her mother, her sister and myself—but faith was there. I went down on my knees by her bedside and began to pray. And even as I knelt there, calling upon the Lord, the miracle happened. The bedclothes began to move as the limbs beneath, so long paralyzed and inert, quivered and twitched with the new life that stirred in the nerves and muscles.

Before I cycled on my way I exhorted the three overjoyed women to keep on praying every day. The result was that when I called at the cottage again two weeks later I was greeted at the door by the girl's mother with the news that her daughter had succeeded in walking around the

kitchen table thirty times holding on with one hand!

Often I have been challenged by skeptics who have asked: "Are your faith cures permanent? Do they last?" I always answer them with the same story. The incident occurred before I left my East End parish:

There was a woman there who was dying. For years she had suffered agonies. She had undergone one of the most dangerous operations known to surgical science—and she had been given up as incurable. The doctors said they could do no more for her. She could only await death's merciful release. I went to her house and we prayed together. I told her of the power of faith and there in her house I performed the holy ceremony of the laying-on of hands.

From that day a miraculous change in her health began. She told me when I called a few days later that she had been conscious of a glow of new life and health within her. The cure was not immediate, but she progressed gradually until the day came when the woman who had been given a few

From *Miracles of Faith* by John Maillard. Harper and Brothers, 1938.

weeks to live left her bed and walked to the hospital in which she had been a patient. Straight, erect, new color in her cheeks and a new light in her eyes, she introduced herself to the nurse who had attended her. For a moment the sister did not know her. Then, recognition dawning upon her, she cried, "You are a resurrection!" The truth was in that sentence. God's all-powerful love had resurrected that woman of faith to a new life.

That happened twenty-three years ago. Today the woman who was so close to the grave is still fit and well. I see her frequently—so I can vouch for the truth of that. She is my answer to the skeptics. She is a living reply to the doubters who question the power of faith and ask whether cures resulting from it last.

One of the most remarkable "contacts" I made when traveling about the country occurred on a train journey to Manchester. I noticed that the man in the corner seat opposite me seemed to be very low-spirited and depressed.

He told me he was returning home from London where he had been attending hospital for treatment for a serious affliction that threatened his sight. That day the final blow had fallen. They had told him that his case was hopeless, that

there was nothing more they could do to help him.

I tried to talk him out of his despondent mood, and bit by bit I led the conversation round to the power of faith and the miracles it could accomplish. Gradually as I talked his interest grew; and presently when I asked him whether he would object to my praying, he nodded assent.

"No," he said, "I don't mind, if you think it will help. Go ahead."

I went down on my knees and prayed. Soon he joined with me, and as we asked God's help I stretched out my hands and laid them gently over his afflicted eyes. When the train slid alongside the Manchester platform that man was praising God. Wringing me by the hand, he blessed me for what I had done, although I tried to tell him that it was faith that had helped him.

"Whatever it is," he said with tears of joy in his eyes, "a miracle has been accomplished. The pain has left my eyes for the first time in months, and already I can tell that the sight seems stronger. I can see much more clearly than before."

That little story illustrates what so few people realize—the immense power for good which rests in the touch of hands. We know how the touch can hurt and injure, even

kill, but we do not appreciate the benefits it can convey. The touch of Jesus comforted and strengthened. It relieved pain and drove out disease because it was consecrated to the service of God. As Jesus Himself said, "The Father in Me doeth the works."

His was the healing touch. It had the same twofold power and potency as the love of God. God's love is both magnetic and dynamic.

* * *

THERE IS A RIVER

Lavinia Wyatt Garns

There is a River flowing, surging through the minds of men—a mighty, limitless power of Love, of Wisdom, and of Knowledge. Men have called it God, and believed and found happiness. Other men have laughed and mocked, yet found an inevitable law at work in the universe, and their doubt brought tragedy and war.

Only when men realize that this power, flowing through, binds them all as in one great stream, will they realize that they must move with the current, together—united in one great music of the eternal Whole.

There is a River surging through the minds of men—a healing, reassuring Power strengthening man's faith in his fellowman, because they are all parts of one stupendous whole. This power is Love. It washes away all hatred, selfishness, lack, fear, and inability to understand and brings the realization that all men are sons of one Father. They cannot kill or hate, without themselves—being a part of the thing they would destroy—being destroyed. In Silence, or in relaxing Prayer and Meditation, we may still our very being, that the invisible power of Love may surge through with irresistible force, sweeping all negative things before it.

There is a River, its source is eternal—its outlet is the universe—its instrument is man. Its POWER IS YOURS. Be still and know for this River is the consciousness of God. Allow its deep current to surge through you, bringing with it all you shall ever need to know or think. In this deep knowing you shall both realize yourself, and experience the unity of all mankind. Lift your consciousness above the world's turmoil and strife, and find the Eternal Peace.

It draws out the pain, the poisons of the body and the poisons of the mind. And it drives in divine peace and new life. That is what happens at the laying-on of hands when we look to Christ in perfect faith. That is what happens at all services of healing.

"Jesus was moved with compassion towards them, and healed their sick," and He is the same yesterday, today and forever!

THE JULY THOUGHT FARTHEST OUT

In the Stream of Destiny

Memory Verse: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Matthew 18:20

AS THIS magazine goes to press the great World Security Conference is convening at San Francisco. When this magazine goes into the mails two months later the Conference will be drawing to a close. Now listen very carefully to what we are about to say. We believe we speak accurately. We know we speak honestly. *Never in the history of the world have so many people been praying so ardently and so persistently as they have been praying for this gathering of representatives of nations from all over the world meeting on the shores of that ocean which Balboa called the Ocean of Peace.*

For a long time prayer has been going up from the hearts of men and women from all over the world. As this prayer increased in volume all it required for wonderful things to happen was for it to find unity and direction. This Conference gave it that unity and that direction. While it was not the first gathering of its kind to consider world problems of justice, cooperation and peace, and while it will not be the last, for some reason it has been climactic and pivotal. It marked the definite drawing to a close of one war and the preparation for the closing of the other. It stands out in the center of time and eternity as the symbol of the hope of the nations.

Nothing about this Conference just "happened" any more than the children of Israel's crossing of the Jordan to enter the "promised land." Before each of these events a great leader stepped into the promised land of heaven, by that event, letting the dross and more cumbersome human elements fall away from his vision, that it might manifest more as the Lord wanted it to. Nor is it an accident that the meeting was held before the Golden Gate that opens upon the Ocean of Peace.

When this Conference ends the need for united prayer will not end. It will merely have begun.

The reading recommended for this month is "Two or Three Gathered Together," by Glenn Clark, a book which was written especially for just such an hour as this.

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THE AUGUST THOUGHT FARTHEST OUT

Learn to Love Prayer

Memory Verse: "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." Jer. 33:3

MAKE prayer interesting. Get hold of some angle of it that becomes fascinating to you. Ferret out its mysteries with the eager expectancy with which you follow up a mystery serial in your favorite magazine. Let prayer become for you the most fascinating and compelling activity of your life. Accomplish that and all your problems will dwindle into insignificance.

You don't need to learn all about prayer. No one has learned all its mysteries. The needful thing is for you to learn to *love* prayer. Love it with all your mind, all your heart, all your strength and all your soul. Upon this hang all the creeds and the doctrines. Seek prayer lovingly and behold, everything else will be added unto you.

Did you know that St. Paul wrote a text book on prayer? Into it he put most of the secrets he had learned. This handbook on prayer is so brief that it could be easily carried in one's vest pocket or purse. It is called the Book of Ephesians. Read this little book during the month of August and see what new things you can learn. As a commentary read "The Song of the Souls of Men." Both these books are short. See if together they can arouse your enthusiasm for the fascinating mysteries of prayer.

Pray this month that the gift of prayer may be yours. Pray that this whole world will be moved to its depths with a hunger to pray. If this prayer were answered, everything would be taken care of. Given sufficient hunger to pray and men would pray. If enough prayed, God would answer.

When conditions are so chaotic that one hardly knows what to pray for, God's power to help is often the greatest. For this month try not to pray for selfish things. Pray that you may love to pray. Pray for the love of prayer to fill men's hearts everywhere. Then behold the loving prayers of mankind rising like incense, lifting the world into God's hands and leaving it there. When this world is placed in the hands of God by enough people, all our problems will be solved. Believe that. Know it can be done.

Read the Book of Ephesians in its entirety, and "Songs of the Souls of Men," by Glenn Clark.

THE SEPTEMBER THOUGHT FARTHEST OUT

Prayer for the Healing of the World

Memory Verse: "With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible." Matthew 19:26

IF YOU have read carefully "Two or Three Gathered Together" and then have finished living for one month with the Book of Ephesians, you will be ready for some praying that, when joined with thousands of others who are observing the prayer vigil with you, can actually transform the world. We want you to believe that. The essence of prayer is faith and it is just as easy to have faith in big things as in little things. Great ocean liners are held up by the waters of the ocean just as easily as toy ships that children place upon its waves.

During the month of September let us all center our prayer upon a quick ending of the Pacific War, and the beginning of a great Pacific Peace. What a strange mingling of words! All the battleships of the Allies, all its land and sea forces will be this month drawing in "for the kill." Let us marshal all our praying forces to draw in for the "resurrection." Let us pray for the resurrection of justice, of cooperation, of forgiveness, of faith, of hope, of love. Let us pray for a resurrection of the time when man will no longer be considered a mere pawn to be shuttled back and forth at the beck and call of those monsters, War and Hate, but will be treated as a Son of God, the most precious thing in all the world. Let us pray for a great spiritual awakening to sweep the land and for the resurrection of a new world in which the Prince of Peace shall rule. Pray the following prayer often:

Our Father, knowing that where two or three come together and agree, asking anything in the consciousness of Oneness with Jesus Christ, that their prayer will be answered, we especially pray for the spirit of Christ's Love to take such complete control of our hearts that we may be able to pray for a peace that will be a blessing both to our friends and to our enemies; for a prosperity that will begin in the soul and extend to the needs of the mind and the body as well; and finally that there will be raised up men of vision in places of power who will bring the spirit of Christ into all walks of life, so that the Prince of Peace may be ruler in all the councils of nations, and in the hearts of men everywhere. In Christ's Name, Amen.

The reading recommended for this month is, "The Predicament of Modern Man," by D. E. Trueblood.

☐ Where the dreams of East and the West have met.

An Ideal of Education

Karel Hujer

LAST summer I had the rare opportunity of being associated with an unusual educational experiment—The College Farthest Out. It is a universal college in its scope. As to its location, it was farthest out from the prison of the city walls, in the open spaces, by which it expressed one of the principal points in its program. It owns no buildings and essentially needs none and while its summer terms are at Lake Independence in Minnesota, its winter terms may start anywhere farthest out. Its real campus is in the realm of the spirit. The College Farthest Out remarkably caught the idea of how this war weary civilization, this college overcrowded world, needs a true and real education, an education which should rather be called illumination.

My summer experience at The College Farthest Out revived my joyful reminiscences of a similar institution in India which I came to know upon the invitation of its venerable founder, the late poet and philosopher, Rabindranath Tagore of Shantiniketan, India. In describing Tagore's famous school, Visva Bharati, I feel I cannot pre-

sent a more fitting picture of the College Farthest Out in America.

I was in Shantiniketan in 1935 where I was invited to deliver a series of lectures. As one of the great inspirations of my life, I cherish the memory of those days spent with Tagore. There could hardly be a richer feast than to have as host the peaceful and gentle teacher, Rabindranath Tagore, "Gurudev — divine teacher," the endearing appellation used by his devoted students in his school. Those days never fail to remind me of the verses of his immortal Gitanjali: "Thou has made me known to friends whom I knew not. Thou has given me seats in homes not my own. Thou hast brought the distant near and made a brother of the stranger."

This I found also true of its American prototype last summer.

In this sad garden of our world today, full of strife and competition, my days at Visva Bharati seem too dreamlike to be real. In the roaring storm of war, sweeping over the smoking ruins of the cities of our proud Western civilization, Rabindranath Tagore's passing appeared a minor event. Yet by any civilized standard Poet Tagore was

one of the world's great men. If true civilization seems incredibly out of place today, so too was Tagore, a stranger on this earth with his meek soul and saintly appearance. Among Western judges, Tagore's greatness was measured by the Nobel prize for literature, but he represents something much higher than can be appraised by any finite value of human estimate. He was the peaceful soul of the East and he brought that soul near to our endlessly struggling Western world, refusing to believe that "never the twain shall meet." Yet he indicted Western nationalism which official Christianity was unable to overcome and pointed to a higher humanity with his message on the eternal value of every single life in his immortal verse: "Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure."

At the beginning of this present century, Tagore founded a school which became an outstanding institution as an international university, Visva Bharati at Shantiniketan. This school presents a crystallization of some prominent Tagore ideas. Against the stifling Western atmosphere, so full of insolent futilities, the experiment of the school in Shantiniketan is a distant faint voice of genuine culture. It may be duly compared however to a drop of dew on the lotus leaf which reflects the rising sun. In

our age of most unstable values we must not overlook this contribution of Tagore; it represents the effort and unreserved sacrifice of his entire life.

Describing life in a city as a crowded solitude with one's banished soul sitting in the civilized isolation of town life and crying within for enlargement of the horizon, Tagore emphasized that his school will be established out in the open country, in the shadow of the trees, far away from turbulent cities. Teachers will not only teach but continue their studies and students will progress in an atmosphere of peace and silence.

Most interesting is Tagore's relation to study itself. The disciples are distinctly told that study is to be looked upon as an illumination, and that it is not merely a matter of examinations to face, that is, book knowledge is not sufficient. Therefore, this concept of study as illumination initiates one on the pathway of true wisdom; it lasts the entire life and opens to the soul the door to the garden of eternal youth. Comparing this with the general character of education as understood by our Western institutions which produce intellectualism and convert brains into dictionaries, let us not mistake a bright mind or clever head for true knowledge, which as illumination is the true wisdom. Thus, true wis-

dom does not necessarily imply success and smartness in the ordinary meaning of profit chasing, but it always will be an illumination.

The spirit of Tagore's school is revealed after a longer stay, its charm growing in the course of time. Life in such a surrounding becomes spontaneously simple and pure. The teachers at Visva Bharati remind us in the West of those old rural pioneer tutors of yesterday who, despite their poor economic standing, were the inspiring power of the cultural life of the community and never failed to sacrifice themselves selflessly for its welfare.

There is no question but that most inspiring was the serene presence of the Poet himself. I will never forget the first morning after my arrival when he silently entered my room. I could only look at him and remain silent. During our evening gatherings under the chhatim tree, especially on moonlit Bengal nights, his white, non-earthly appearance and musical voice, all seemed as a dream, a fairy tale, through which I had a vision of a Maharishi of ancient India.

One glorious morning, above all, persists in returning to my memory with its supreme realization of the serenity of Shantiniketan. It was early morning, at sunrise. Through the crystal gate, the rays of the

sun illumined the interior of the Shantiniketan temple where, on a higher level and in front of the sacred symbol of burning fire, was seated the white Gurudev, the old, meek and peaceful teacher, his eyes half closed in meditation. The distant music of singing birds, who found their paradise in the huge trees of Birnbhum ashrama, floated in and combined with the gentle and prolonged tones of an Indian string instrument, the wilna, softly accompanying a song of Tagore's. It was a living picture of paradise. The symphony faded into silence; all was infinite stillness and peace, even when Gurudev opened his eyes and the musical tone of his voice resounded in the temple. In charming Bengal dialect he spoke slowly, every word coming as if from the mysterious depth of truth. Some unaccountable harmonizing wave of congregational prayer embraced us all, as the Master chanted in Sanskrit the sacred ancient Vedic mantra: "From unreality lead me to the real, from darkness into light, from death to immortality." I have never before realized with such deep impression the voice of ancient India, when the soul of human culture was young, when it had an immediate relation to truth and freedom which the titanism of our technical civilization has obscured. It was the age when the

guru, the teacher, sowed wherever he found the soil prepared. He expected no reward for his efforts, he himself lived according to the apostolic rule of poverty. His only joy was to initiate at least one disciple. The perishable wealth of this world did not attract him; in spirit he was king and thus chosen in wisdom to spread true knowledge.

Tagore's school, Visca Bharati, reveals to us some radiant pages of cultural history which we have fatally neglected in the delusion of our pompous civilization. Shan-

tiniketan may remind us of the ancient Greek schools, which even though without palatial buildings, yet through genial minds remained lasting pillars of highest qualities, nurturing our Western civilization for ages to come. Not until I came to the College Farthest Out did I find anything equal to this in the Western world. Here at last under Christian auspices I found the atmosphere, the teachers, and the place where one could receive not mere knowledge for the mind, but illumination for the soul.

* * *

PRAYER

Margueritte H. Bro

God, bless my enemy!
 Thou seest I have lost all power
 To help this child of Thine;
 The hour
 Of my extremity has come;
 Blind, halt and dumb
 I stand before his needs.
 Unless
 Thou hast the patience still to bless
 Us both with sudden sight,
 We are both lost—one in the plight
 Of victory, the other in despair.

God, could it be that he is there
 Struggling within his soul to pray
 For me—*his* enemy—today?

—From *The Christian Century*

□ "The Secretary of War desires to express his deep regret . . ."

Climbing the Hill

Howard Vincent O'Brien

THERE is a line of Walt Whitman's — something about life being a matter of surmounting one hill, only to find another in the way. I have found this true. But I have found also that with each hill climbed there is a new vista, a broader horizon. One who gets that red-starred telegram: "The Secretary of War desires to express his deep regret . . ." is plunged into the valley of the shadow.

You can brace yourself for that message. You can, in a way, be ready. But it rocks you. It takes you off your feet, no matter how firmly they have been planted against it.

But there is work to be done. The show has to go on. You have to laugh—and be laughed at. The boy who joined the clouds would scorn you if you altered your course or turned your back. He didn't.

So you carry on. You start climbing the next hill. And then you find something you weren't prepared for. Your pain eases. You see a strange brightness in the sky. Warmth creeps through your

chilled heart. It is not the numbness of resignation. It is an active sense of well-being.

Suddenly you realize what has happened. It is the letters. They come from close friends and from old but distant ones, from those you had thought indifferent or hostile; from strangers and from people who signed no names; from the great and from the humble.

This fragrant bloom of sympathy—and you recall the Greek root of this word: "suffering-*with*"—fills you with awe.

In one letter was a phrase to remember: "God knows no accidents." As earthlings, it is hard for us to grasp this. Wailing, we plead with the empty heavens to answer a querulous, self-pitying "why?"

It is not for us to know the plan and purpose of things. We cannot measure what we get in exchange for our blood and tears. We can only "wonder what the vintner buys one-half so precious as the stuff he sells."

We cannot balance the sweet against the bitter, but those outstretched hands of compassion are

From the column *All Things Considered* by Howard Vincent O'Brien, *Chicago Daily News*, March 23, 1944.

proof that there is a balance. If war reveals the beast in man, it also reveals the angel. In the depths of the valley one can best see the sun on the hilltop. Under the thorns of hate one finds the blossom of love. In the last grim climax of strife, one achieves peace. Tangled with brutality and chaos one comes upon kindness and affection.

You pay high for what you learn from that War Department telegram. The new light hurts your eyes. But the letters that come afterward—they are worth the cost.

Telegrams are coming to German homes, too—and letters afterward. German boys have melted

into mist and those who loved them search the flaming skies for answer to the riddle.

Is there an answer? Well, there is faith and hope and perhaps, in the centuries yet unborn, more charity. And there is that flood of gentle sympathy, sign and portent man is climbing slowly toward the stars. In the hot fire of sorrow shared, the dross of despair is burned away.

More boys will grow in strength and beauty, only to wink out like sparks in the night. More bubbles will form and glow and vanish whence they came.

Their memorial is the deep-buried spring of goodness uncovered by their passing.

* * *

A REQUEST TO READERS

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THANK YOU!

☐ "You can tell where the lamplighter was by the trail of light left behind him."

The Threefold Genius of the Christian Faith

E. S. Jones

THE Christian faith creates faith in man through faith in God who created man. But that faith in man could not be sustained unless there were a continuous principle and power in the person of Christ to re-create man. The threefold genius of the Christian faith is that: (1) it creates faith in God which creates faith in men; (2) it re-creates men; and (3) it reconciles and unites men.

There is nothing so necessary in a democracy as a continuous faith in man in spite of his weaknesses and his failures. But that faith cannot be sustained on a humanistic level. You cannot long believe in man unless you believe in something more than man—something which gives him permanence and ultimate meaning.

I was talking to Dr. George Carver. I told him of a chemist who had said to me that life was only the result of a combination of chemical elements like the flame that comes from combustion, that when the chemical elements disintegrated

life disintegrated with it, and there was nothing more to it. I asked what he, as a chemist, would reply to the other chemist. His reply was a shaking of the head and the words: "The poor man—the poor man!" And that *was* the reply. The other man was a poor man in comparison with Carver; he was impoverished by a poor faith—a faith that cheapened life and made it ultimately worthless.

A nation that has within it a faith that produces an outstanding chemist out of a slave boy—a somebody out of a nobody—has within it a hope-giving principle. A saving, stimulating power is working at its heart.

When I stood in a certain pulpit and I opened the large Bible, the pulpit light shining upon its pages lighted up my face; when I closed the Bible, my face was dark. As long as America has an Open Bible, the face of the American man will be lighted up; when that Bible is closed, then the light will

From *Christ of the American Road*, by E. S. Jones. Copyright, 1944. Used by permission of the publisher, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

die from the face of the American man. Democracy gets its light and inspiration from the Eternal Word.

Harry Lauder said: "I could tell where the lamplighter was by the trail of light left behind him." You can tell where the Christ of the American Road has been by the trail of lighted lives he has left behind him.

But this Christ has not only enlightened men's lives. He has enlivened them. He has introduced into life a cleansing, regenerating power that quickens conscience, gives moral power, and makes men care—makes them care what happens to others—it sensitizes them. "It's not on my body," is the phrase that was responsible for China's downfall. It is the phrase that, with a shrug of the shoulders, threw off all social responsibility. China had sunk so low that one of its patriots, Dr. Chang Po-ling, was in such despair that he formed a Suicides' Pact. Before Chang Po-ling's Suicides' Pact could be operative he happened to get hold of a New Testament. It struck him with surprise. Here was teaching and power in one; it was not a set of dead precepts like his Confucian ethics, but a power to make bad men into good men, hopeless men into radiantly hopeful men; the negative, beaten man into the positive, creative man. He opened his heart

to it. The power of Christ came into him and transformed him. Instead of dying for China he would live for China. He has—amazingly. He set up the wonderful Nankai University at Tientsin, filled with the new, hopeful China. At the heart of China is a group of Christian leaders, and at the heart of those Christian leaders is working a regenerating principle and power in the person of Christ.

That same principle and power has been working at the heart of America. If it were not, there would be little hope in either country. As I stood in the early days of the Chinese Republic beside the beheading block in Canton, China, where the executioner had cut off the heads of thirty-five thousand people each with a single blow, I turned to my Chinese guide and said, "But you don't do this now, do you?" "Oh no," he said, his face lighting up, "we a republic; we hang 'em, all same as you." Without the Christian faith, the difference between autocracy and a democracy would be only the difference between beheading and hanging. But the Christian faith in America and in China says something else: "We regenerate 'em, all same as you." The difference between "regenerate" and "hang" is the difference between a country with a Christian Faith and one

without that faith; for if you don't regenerate men, you'll have to hang them.

But the Christian faith does something more than give faith in man and a power for his regeneration. It reconciles men on a higher level; it brings unity. If I were to put my finger on a verse that sums up the Christian faith better, perhaps, than any other, it would be this: "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, . . . and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation." (II Cor. 5:19)

The Christian faith must be a reconciling, unity-bringing power. How? By compromise? By appeasement? No, by reconciling men on a higher level by getting each to change. This verse, describing this possibility of reconciliation, became luminous to me at the beginning of the war, and has remained luminous, my chief guiding star amid the encircling gloom: "To make peace by the creation of a new Man in himself out of both parties." (Eph. 2:15 — Moffatt) The clash was between Jew and Gentile—each feeling he had a right to rule, the Jew because of a divine

destiny and call, and the Roman Gentile because he had the imperialistic might. A man stepped into that situation who was eminently fitted to reconcile both, for he was a Jew and yet a Roman citizen. But more, he was a Christian, and as a Christian he got hold of a principle of reconciliation—a new principle.

Paul put his finger on a principle which is really a universal principle, and he could not have done it without divine inspiration. For this is a principle and a method which reaches from the simplest relationship to the most complex, from the personal to the international. In producing a person two cells lose themselves as separate entities and find themselves in a new man out of both parties. If either cell would refuse to surrender itself to a higher entity—the union of the two—then there would be no peace, only clash, and ultimately there would be no life. Peace comes through mutual surrender to a higher entity—the new man—and peace can come in no other way. This is basic. And it stretches from the cell to every relationship on earth—and in heaven.

* * *

I am a Lamp to thee who seest Me,
I am a Mirror to thee who understandest Me.
I am a Door to thee who knockest at Me.
I am the Way to thee a wayfarer.

—The Hymn of Jesus—From an ancient manuscript

☐ This answers a question in many mothers' hearts.

How Shall a Mother Pray?

Muriel Fraser

WHAT should be the prayer of a Christian mother, for her Christian sons overseas? My own prayers have changed greatly during the years my sons have been away.

When our sons left for overseas—it seems so long ago now—so many, many times I breathed, "Oh please, dear Father, do keep them safe." The God I know is a God who *does* answer my prayers—so many of them that I have learned through some hard and bitter lessons to be careful for what I pray. Supposing God answered the above-mentioned prayer. He could and probably would, if I asked it out of a clean heart, and in *His* name. And then just suppose our sons were returned to us with mangled bodies and shattered minds—or both! Or, suppose they came home unharmed, and then, a bit farther along the way, over-

whelming sorrow or wasting illness or torturing pain claimed their lives. It's too dangerous!

God has narrowed down my prayers to embrace just two petitions: First, that He will keep them from sin; and second, that they may be protected just in so far as it coincides with His plan for their lives.

Constantly, day by day, and often hour by hour, I pray that one prayer, "Thy will be done for our boys—no matter what that will may mean." For He *always*, not just sometimes, but always knows best. "Father, if it be possible . . ." of course, but still, "Thy will be done." I do not believe it is possible to pray that prayer sincerely, earnestly, and from our very heart of hearts, unless we have first come to the place of loving God more than our own loved ones.

From *The Evangel*, April, 1945.

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☐ God speaks to us in the language of common sense.

Guidance and the Interlocking Faculties

Flora Jones Seaman

GUIDANCE in the well-developed life is not something of rare occurrence nor of singular event. It partakes, rather, of the nature of a day-by-day manifestation of God's Providence. It is a divine tutelage in which one learns to look for and gratefully acknowledge tokens of God's immediacy, His thoughtfulness and care.

Guidance as a phase of the religious experience, in its highest exercise, requires acquaintance with some of the disciplines of the spirit and a surrender or commitment to God's Will; and it certainly implies the use of all one's faculties and sound common sense.

We have known folk to whom the whole active life of the spirit was a new venture, who turned eagerly to guidance as a signal and personal recognition from God, and who expected supernatural manifestations as one might look for almond blossoms in January. Not having yet learned the early disciplines of the life, nor the selflessness that is important, still less the power to listen in the stillness for God's voice, they failed in the first attempts. By following false leads they were betrayed into de-

isions at variance with wisdom and good sense, all of which are consistent with the spiritual life. Too often they were led by a subtle form of wish-fulfillment—a trend that is ever to be watched and guarded against.

In such an experience it seems that the wise way is to use all the faculties that God has given us, and to use them fully and wisely. At no time are we excused from exercising all the common sense and good judgment that we possess.

Here is a suggested method.

First, let the doubtful person write down and consider carefully before him, each argument he can muster on either side. It is very important to write down every factor in the situation, and to state *all* the facts, hard though they may be, and be brave enough to face them and their full implications.

Then one should enter into deep prayer. "Enter into thy closet and shut the door." One should clear the mind, as disciples of the higher life have learned to do, and turn utterly to God, asking for His guidance and His Will and Illumination. Having so far as pos-

sible become quiet in His presence, and having attained a sense of contact with God, one relaxes and rests for a period in that consciousness of God. Then one considers and gives gratitude for the opportunity to trust in God and His Love and care for us. We acknowledge His perfect wisdom and judgment acting at all times without fail. It helps a great deal—especially if our problem is causing grave anxiety, to affirm that His Will is Good Will and that we *know* He is working for us and with us, and right at this moment. This we know is true, whatever appearance be to the contrary. His hand is on the situation; His beneficent forces are at the very moment furthering our interests and tending to a right solution.

Thus having attained a quietness of mind and spirit, we again review our problem and its disputed ground. We then place the total situation before God, as though He were the judge—as indeed he is at all times—the Judge and Director of our lives.

Again we meditate on these things and then affirm that The Father does know absolutely the right path and the right action. We know that He will manifest to us the right thing to do. We know that He is leading us, and has led us, and that all is well. Then we thank Him for His love and care, and offer up our gratitude that we

can come to Him “who giveth to all freely and upbraideth not.” We then make an act of *total surrender*, and *leave the problem absolutely on the Altar of God*, and go about our work singing.

In some such procedure, all our faculties of Will and Reason and our heart's devotion will have done their part. We have used all the intelligence and knowledge and judgment that we possess. We have used our conscience and a Will consecrated to God and His purposes in this world. We have made a total surrender of the problem and its outcome to God. Therefore we can now relinquish all fear and anxiety and mental concern, and rest in the faith that God's own perfect Will and perfect Judgment is operating in our own particular affairs and the result will surely manifest itself.

By this procedure we have led our minds by faith on stepping stones of the important points in our problem, in a clear line of logic across the muddy stream of anxiety and confused thinking to the further shore of assured conviction, where we are ready for the subconscious reasoning, acting under Divine Direction, to give us the extra lift to the solid ground of right thinking.

God gives us our faculties to use. It seems to us that we who try to live the life of the spirit

would be less likely to be reproached and criticized for false decisions and mistaken ways if we learned to follow judgment and apply *all our intelligence* to the solution of our problems. St. Paul repeatedly urged his converts to use sound common sense.

Beginners especially are likely to use their emotions a great deal too much. An emotional upheaval or revolutionary experience may have initiated their entry into the New Life. Carried away by enthusiasm, emotion and imagination may over-influence them at first. Often these beginners act impulsively upon a sudden lead that appeals to the dramatic or religious feeling at the time, only to end in disillusionment. If afterwards such person finds himself greatly mistaken or criticized, it is very disheartening.

One should no more be discouraged in these early attempts at receiving guidance than a beginner in music, who fails at first to play his notes on the piano correctly. All the student needs to do is to practice patiently and to keep on educating his ear, and continue practicing his notes on the piano till in good time he can translate the notes into melodies and even into great concertos. Then comes the grand opportunity to play with the music masters in the great symphonies of life. So the amateur at guidance, by faith and pa-

tient persistence, may one day reach attunement with the divine and find himself one with “the Choir invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world.”

Our emotions are however an asset, and we would not imply criticism of the youthful devotee who is emotional; the great saints of history have nearly all been men and women of deep feelings and strong emotions. It is the *control and direction of emotions* that matters in the disciplined life. It is the controlled and directed emotions of consecrated souls that form the great dynamos by which God gets things done in this world of men.

Guidance is one of the precious privileges of the Christian; precious for its practical value, but beyond price for its token of God's love and care. In days of trial, it is like the pressure of the Father's hand on ours. It is His voice in our ears, assuring us that all is well. It is not essentially mysterious, but natural and sequential to a trusting soul, who aspires to the highest. It is based on the use of common sense and wholesome living. It requires of us a clear conscience and a consecrated Will.

Its final tests and evidence is not that we have hopes fulfilled or desires granted or a series of fortunate circumstances. It is best known by the fruits of the spirit; by a steadfast growth in wisdom

and stature of manhood and womanhood and a deepening perception of spiritual values, with an increasing power for service to our fellowmen. But this above all is

true: that we *can* trust and we *can go forward* in the joyous knowledge that "This God is our God forever; He will be our Guide even unto Death."

☐ "I became aware of messages coming into my mind."

What Edison Really Believed

G. Lloyd Preacher

"Don't give me so much credit for my work. The credit is not all mine. I mean only that I am merely the instrument through which a Supreme Intelligence carries on His work. I am pioneering in undiscovered country and have been from the first.

"When I began this work I knew nothing of electrical or mechanical science. My schooling covered little more than a year. If I had not worked under the direction of Supreme Intelligence, that work would never have been done at all."

Edison worked days and nights without sleep. He was sustained by the Supreme Intelligence he claimed. He was asked how and where he was aware of divine direction. "It began when I was a telegraph operator, a night operator, in a lonely little mountain town.

"I became aware of messages or directions coming clearly into my mind as I sat there through the long nights, and began the work

which I was directed to do."

"But why have you kept this to yourself, Mr. Edison?"

"Because my work alone was important. The world would have said, 'Edison has got religion.' What they say afterward does not matter."

"What do you believe about a future life, Mr. Edison?"

"We will go into a new cycle of existence. I think we were all created at the beginning of time, but in what form I can't say. We have no memory of this past in our present form, and I think we will have no memory of this form when we pass to the next cycle of our existence. But we will live on, and there will be work provided for us to do. I have been Thomas Edison, inventor, in this cycle. What I will be in the next cycle doesn't matter. I may pass on to another planet where they need electric lights. But if I have the job of making them there, I hope I will make better ones."

☐ Wrong praying proceeds from wrong thinking about God.

Praying Like a Beggar

Roy L. Smith

ONLY recently she had received word that her son had been wounded and was in a hospital somewhere in the South Pacific.

It is easy to understand the natural anxiety of a mother's heart under such circumstances, but in this particular case she required much more than sympathy. She was desperately in need of guidance in praying.

"I have prayed with all my might," she said to her pastor. "I have prayed as hard as I know how for my boy. I have really prayed like a beggar."

This sort of praying proceeds from wrong thinking about God Himself. It begins with the assumption that God must be persuaded to do the right and the kind thing, and that, if we besiege Him sufficiently and make our pleas sufficiently clamorous, He will grant us our petition.

Such a God is not the Christian's God. Jesus was plain at this point. "Like as a father knoweth how to give good gifts unto his children," he said, "so also your heavenly Father knoweth how to give good gifts unto His children."

Let the Christian remember that, in every case, God's mind has been *made up by love*. The wounded boy in the hospital in the South Pacific is as much beloved by God as by his mother, and it is not necessary for that anxious mother to pray that God will watch over her boy. *God can be trusted to do that!*

It is perfectly proper, of course, for us to present our appeals to God, but to "pray like a beggar" as if God could be moved to act against his will, is to misjudge Him entirely.

If God is wise, as Jesus taught us to believe He is, then we are running a great risk when we insist that our judgments take the place of His judgments. If God knows all the facts and circumstances as Jesus taught us to believe He does, then we are taking a dangerous position in insisting that God shall follow our directions, rather than acting upon His own knowledge.

In the case of the mother whose son lay wounded in the hospital, her pastor offered wise advice. Said he:

"Your boy is enshrouded in God's love. Give thanks for that.

From *The Christian Advocate*, August 10, 1944.

He is dangerously wounded, we know, but he is also cared for with all the skill and gentleness that science and a kindly government can provide. But, even more, he is under the watch-care of God. He is as dear to your Father in heaven as he is to you. Offer your prayer of thankfulness for that.

"Do not plead with God to go to him, for God is already beside him. Do not beg God to help him, for God has been helping him. Do not insist that God shall give him back to you, but thank God for the fact that He is making up His mind in the case, on the basis of His love for the boy. Make your prayers positive instead of negative, appreciative, not petitionary."

Two or three days of that kind of praying and the mother present-

ed an altogether different countenance to her friends. A sense of strength had come into her life. She spoke now with confidence, rather than with agonized voice. There was a tenor of strength in her words, rather than a trembling sound of weakness.

The constant repetition of petitions only has the effect of increasing the anxiety of the one who is praying. To pray positively has the effect of allaying anxiety and releasing the tensions. To pray "like a beggar" is to heighten our spiritual distress and produce no beneficial spiritual results. To pray like a child of God who has confidence in his heavenly Father is to become heir to the goodness and grace of God.

* * *

Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world of strife
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ample life;
Rejoice that God has given you a priceless dower
To live in these great times,
In freedom's crowning hour
That you may tell your sons
Who see the light
High in the heavens their heritage to take,
"I saw the powers of Darkness put to flight.
I saw the morning break."

—*The Rally*

¶ Two men went into the temple to pray: Which one are you?

God's Good Man

Frederick K. Stamm

TWO men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican." They went up in Jesus' day. They went up to church last Sunday. They will be there today and next Sunday. They live on our block. They walk our streets. They come into our houses. We see them every day, especially when we look in the mirror. I'm one of them, and you are the other, or you are the one and I am the other.

There is little justification on the part of anyone of us in throwing brickbats at the head of a man such as the Pharisee. He was not a "hypocrite" as we so often call him. This man not only tried but he was as good or better than his profession.

His misunderstanding is shown in a few directions. First of all, he thought that religion meant religious observances. He had forgotten to look at the stars. He was a cardboard on stilts announcing what he had to offer—going to church, paying his tithe, fasting twice in the week. He mistook the means for the end. He had gotten off at the junction of religion, not

at its terminus. He thanked himself for his own virtues, not God for His goodness.

It is easy to settle down into an attitude of back-slapping. We congratulate ourselves that we do so much for other people. Jesus said one day that we ought to "beware of the leaven of the Pharisees." And the unfortunate thing about our religion is that what was in the mind of the Pharisee has persisted down through the ages and so affected our religion that we have allowed its outward observances to take first place in importance over the great plain matters of right conduct, of sympathy and love and of that humble, childlike attitude of spirit without which no man enters the kingdom of God. Fulfilling the outward, mechanical standard can bring us to the place of self-satisfaction; but when we lose the hunger and thirst after righteousness, the only thing that happens is that another Pharisee has been made.

The second wrong thing about this man's religion was that he disparaged the other man. If you condemn, you offer no help at all and

the only thing you succeed in doing is to increase the gulf between you and him and to make it impossible of ever rendering any help. Instead of saying, "I thank God I am not as the rest of men," we might as well thank God that not all our sins have been found out and that society has not happened to punish us as it has punished the no more essentially evil sins of other men. Superiority looks down upon others; a sense of inferiority comes when we look up to God and know that it is only by the grace of God that we are permitted to hold in our hands the power to summon all our possibilities and put them into service for the kingdom of God.

The third thing wrong with this man's religion was that he tried to establish a sort of commercial relationship with God. He hadn't gotten beyond Jacob's bargaining with God.

There is a good deal more religion in the scalawag who has been living in his cups and lusts but who has a feeling of longing and love for something better, than there is in the person who is always doing something to gain God's favor but who actually feels no need of God.

We turn the picture over and take a look at the publican, and find a master-portrait of right attitude which leads to human competence and achievement.

Instead of setting down a num-

ber of personal achievements, indulging in self-justification and setting himself in competition with another man, he starts out with God. Setting himself alongside of God's perfection, he sees himself full of imperfections. And that's the beginning of all true greatness.

Any person who is bent upon reaching up higher toward an unattainable goal, can never be proud or cowardly or mean-spirited. The only thing he can be is humble. And humility is something that wells up from inside. It is the open door through which God enters.

The second thing that was right in the publican's attitude was that he subordinated himself to second place. A good many failures and a great many opportunities pass men by because, with all the great powers they possessed, they never succeeded in forgetting themselves. I can imagine George Washington Carver losing out and never gaining the admiration of either Negro or white contemporaries, had he forgotten that he was an instrument in the great Creator's hand and set about to smash all the human blindness and cruelty arrayed against him. He wasn't accorded the courtesy extended to the lowest white person; and yet his compensation and satisfaction were found in the beauty he saw in an orderly creation. He played second fiddle not only to God but to contemporary man. The only

person that could ever have beaten George Washington Carver was George Washington Carver.

We often hear the remark, "he can take it." It's a suggestive saying and full of meaning. It means that ordinary man can stand above history. There are ten thousand disasters caused by this war, and there will be others, but the man who believes and knows that "each age is a dream that is dying, or one that is coming to birth," can always "take it." It is your business and mine to feel that we are the party of the second part to God who never relinquishes his hand from the steering gear of the universe.

One final word about this publican. He was sure that while things were pretty much wrong with him, there was nothing wrong with God. God was still making response to the love and longing of the human heart, the two keys that always unlock the door to the kingdom of God.

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

* * *

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The 1945 bound volumes of CLEAR HORIZONS are in the hands of the bindery now. They should be ready for sale sometime after this issue of CLEAR HORIZONS reaches you.

POSSIBLE CURTAILMENT IN NUMBER OF VOLUMES AVAILABLE: Due to the shortage of paper, binding cloth, printing materials and of help there may not be as many copies of Volume V (1945 binding) for sale as there has been in the past. Therefore, **ORDER NOW IF YOU WANT VOLUME V.** Naturally the orders which come in first will be served first.

All orders will be kept on file and Volume V of CLEAR HORIZONS will be mailed as soon as the bindery can have them ready. **NO INCREASE IN PRICE:** The volumes will cost *as usual* \$1.25.

THANK YOU!

Books of Interest

PAPA WAS A PREACHER, Alyene Porter. This is one of the most delightful accounts of family life which has been published in years. It is written in a style which makes reading enjoyable.

The book is full of family anecdotes. "Sister" said that she was going to play a new hymn on the piano. Instead, she played "Twelfth Street Rag." Papa liked it so well that he asked her to play it over again. A grandson recently told "Papa" that his sermons were just long enough for him to read a comic book! Papa is still a preacher in Texas. One will feel richer for having read this fine book.

Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.75.

THE BIBLE AND THE COMMON READER, Mary Ellen Chase. If one wants to acquire a background for understanding and appreciating the Bible without painfully pouring over commentaries, this is a book to buy. The author tells the story of the King James Version and illustrates its beauty by parallel passages from older translations. The history and cultural characteristics of the Hebrews are sketched as background for understanding their literature.

Macmillan, \$2.50.

AND WE ARE WHOLE AGAIN, Hazen G. Werner. This book came out of the author's experience as a pastor and the pioneering work he did in the Personal Trouble Clinic. Its theme is the Christian solution to the problems of modern people. The human personality is analyzed. Human failings are the result of human nature being what it is, and the stresses of society. Therapy and solution consists of becoming a new person in Christ. The book should be read by those who would help others, church workers and those in need.

Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.50.

HILLTOP VERSES AND PRAYERS, Ralph Spaulding Cushman. A little book of devotions. Each devotion consists of a poem, scripture for meditation and a prayer. One of these trilogies can be read in from three to five minutes, but the simplicity and tenderness inherent in these best of Bishop Cushman's poems, the directness of the prayers and the appropriateness of the scriptural passages will lead the reader to meditate far beyond the actual reading time.

Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.00.

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☐ Though we deceive ourselves,
we cannot deceive Him.

Christianity and the Race Problem

Gonzalo Baez-Camargo

NOTHING is more obvious in the life and teachings of Christ than that He was fundamentally opposed to race discrimination. He came to a nation full of race pride and prejudice. And He met it consistently and courageously. Once and again He was not afraid to run counter to racial prejudice. Illustrations of this fact in the gospel story are too well known to need quotation.

Jesus insisted on regarding man as man, apart from any racial, social, and even moral discriminations. For Him every man was a child of God, taken away from his Father by the power and bondage of sin, and needing the supreme touch of redemptive love. During His ministry to all men, He consciously broke all existing regulations based on racial and social discrimination, whether imposed by specific laws or merely by social conventions. He mixed with all men freely. He considered all men essentially equal. Peter, who had accompanied Jesus for three years, was very slow indeed in understanding His teaching. He need-

ed a special vision before he could say, "But God hath showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean;" and then he was still afraid of practicing this vision fully, and Paul had to rebuke Him in public.

The central teaching of Jesus is that every man, every human person, is of infinite worth in the sight of God, regardless of race, culture, or social standing.

All that has gone before does not mean that Christianity ignores the historic fact that there exist many human groupings in the form of nations, each one a family of men bound together by common tradition, purpose, and tasks; but it never gives much significance to the division of men in races.

Christianity recognizes vocations in nations as well as in individuals. According to his designs, God chooses individuals, and also nations, for special missions, and endows them with the gifts that are necessary to carry them out. Such was the teaching of the Old Testament prophets, and the New Testament does not invalidate it.

"Christianity and the Race Problem" by Gonzalo Baez-Camargo. From *Christian Bases of World Order*. Copyright, 1943. Used by permission of the publisher, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

But this Christian doctrine of different vocations and gifts does not imply essential superiority or the right to dominate. Vocations and gifts simply mean a greater responsibility to serve. What Jesus said of individuals holds as good in the case of nations. They must serve, not be served. Sense of divine commission should lead to humility, not pride. For when God chooses a nation for a special task and bestows upon it special gifts and opportunities, He does so in order that it may become not a ruler but a servant of mankind, and that through its achievements the rest of mankind may also be enriched. Differences in nations, then, must be considered as differences in vocations; in the plan of God all vocations are equally important, and he only is greater who renders more and greater services to others.

This reference, of course, is to nations and not to races. But I have gone into it because so many people think of their race in national terms. The fact is, however, that a Christian may be—and rightly so, if it is in the spirit of the gospel—fully devoted to his nation, whereas for a Christian to be race-conscious, to behave in terms of race distinctions and race devotion, is not only unscientific but entirely inconsistent with his Christian profession. It is nothing but a compromise with supersti-

tion, with heathen worship of the blood, and with un-Christian social prejudices.

The things that should be done are obvious. The problem is not that we do not know what to do. It is rather that we lack the courage for doing it. For it means breaking with prejudices of long standing, meeting fierce opposition, exposing ourselves to abuse and suffering. In other words, taking up our cross.

It is imperative for the white people to take the initiative. Public conscience and opinion must be led to understand that race discriminations are ultimately unjust. To this end all educational means at our disposal must be used: the school, the press, the radio, public speech, moving pictures, and practical projects in inter-racial friendship.

At the same time we must fight for elimination of all legal, social, educational, and economic discriminations based on race. Discriminating laws must be abolished. The same educational facilities must be offered to all; and in the case of racial groups which, for economic or other reasons, find difficulty in taking advantage of these facilities, special provisions must be made in order to encourage and assist them. A well-organized crusade must be launched for the demolition of social race barriers and of all customs or regulations that place some

groups at economic disadvantage on account of their race.

The whole system of wardship must be revised. No racial minority should be deemed as permanently inferior and therefore as permanent wards. In assuming their wardship the state takes upon itself also the duty to promote the education and development of the racial minorities so that they may attain as soon as possible to full age and cease to be wards in order to become real citizens.

There is no body in the world today for which the duty to lead the way towards the solving of the race problem becomes more imperative than the church. The church is in possession of a faith and a teaching in which the essential unity of the human race and the longing to see it develop into a real brotherhood of love is a central element—in fact, its very substance. The root and motive of this

faith are laid much deeper than is the case with any non-Christian and purely humanitarian ethics. This faith is rooted in and motivated by the love of God.

The church *must lead* not only because it is its duty. The church *must lead* because the race problem becomes an acid test of the depth and sincerity of its claims. Racial minorities at home and in the mission fields have every right to make of this issue the supreme test for the church.

The church must undertake this leadership at once, cost what it may. We must decide once for all whether we are to reconcile ourselves with a continuation of racial prejudice and conflict in the post-war world, or whether we resolve to deal with these evils squarely and bravely and endeavor to prevent them from carrying their misery and injustice into the freer, better world order we seek to build.

* * *

I believe that those who pray do more for the world than those who fight; and that, if the world goes from bad to worse, it is because there are more battles than prayers. If we could penetrate the secrets of God and of history, I hold it as certain that we would be seized with admiration before the prodigious effects of prayer, even in human affairs. That society may be in peace, it is necessary that there should be a certain equilibrium which God alone between prayers and actions, between the contemplative and active life. I believe, so strong is my conviction on this point, that if, for a single hour on a single day, this earth sent no prayer to heaven, that day and that hour would be the last day and the last hour of the universe.

—Donoso Cortes

It is Dangerous to Pray

LET Christians be warned! Praying is dangerous business! Unless we propose to be honest we had better not pray at all!

As we present our promises and petitions to God, let us be very sure that we keep in mind the fact that we are praying to *One who knows*. Though we deceive ourselves we cannot deceive him.

As we pray for forgiveness, let us remember that our Lord gave us the pattern for such a prayer—"Forgive us as we forgive." No man can honestly ask for forgiveness from God who is not willing to grant full forgiveness to his fellow men.

There was that layman who would not kneel at the Communion altar beside a certain other layman against whom he held a grudge. He always went to the other end of the altar. There he prayed, "forgive us as we forgive!" How much forgiveness, think you, came to that man in response to that prayer?

As we pray, "Thy Kingdom come," we are placing our all at the disposal of the Kingdom enterprise, if we are strictly honest in our praying. The man who prays

that prayer is promising God the last bit of his property, the last hour of his time, and the last talent which he possesses, if these are needed in the Kingdom program.

"Thy will be done!" Here is more than a passive surrender to the will of God; it is a vigorous declaration that we propose to make the doing of God's will the first objective of our lives. We had better not pray that prayer unless we are ready to make it real and operative in our own life.

True, we pray to a God who loves. He knows the kind of material out of which we are made, for he made us. He knows the depths to which we have sunk, for he had to make us capable of sinking in order to make us capable of rising. But we cannot impose upon that Love without his knowing about it.

The beginning of real prayer, therefore, is in honesty, and it is harder to be honest with ourselves than with anyone else on earth. But unless we are honest we do not really pray.

For prayer is a very dangerous exercise of the soul unless we propose to be absolutely honest in our praying.

□ A formula by which ordinary men can do extraordinary things.

A Successful Christian Adventure

Warfield M. Firor

THERE is always a lot to be learned from history. It is a historical fact that a group of very ordinary men, without much education, in the first century went into a hostile, pagan world and transformed literally thousands of lives. By the third century practically all in the Graeco-Roman world were nominally Christians.

What was the secret these men had? There were two fundamental conceptions which possessed them. First, that God was a participant in human affairs in a very active and new way. Nietzsche once said that Christianity was a complete reversal of all the ideas of antiquity. That God was human was foreign to all ancient religions. The first disciples went out to say that God had spontaneously and of His own accord made an effort to reconcile human beings with God. They believed this. "This is life eternal that they may know Thee the only true God." The one basic teaching of Christianity was that man cannot know God except through His gift, Jesus Christ.

Man cannot achieve eternal life through his own efforts. He must be initiated by God.

The second fundamental conception they preached was that God gives this life to those who are receptive. The first Christian workers believed they were the channels through which God made Himself known. This belief may not always have dominated the workers but these concepts were the fundamental message they brought.

Every Christian worker must be convinced that he has a sense of vocation, and that God is working through him. How can we obtain some of the conviction of the early Church? How can we prepare ourselves to be more effective Christians? There are two ways; first, the absolute necessity for taking time out each day to be receptive to God's influence. Whether this practice works in the subconscious or in what part of us I cannot say. It is a truth derived from independent experience that when we do set time aside to shut out all other stimuli and enter into a

receptive mood we are better integrated persons and ready to meet our problems.

Second, by reading the New Testament as a contemporary book. We are inclined to look at it as something that happened a long time ago without much bearing on the present. But it is just as vital today as it has ever been. The Book takes on a different meaning if we read certain passages in the direct light of what we are trying to accomplish. In John we read: "To them that received Him gave

He the power to become the sons of God." This is still true if we are looking for the way to become sons of God. All through the New Testament are passages which can be made to apply to us. Paul says: "That you may be strengthened with me in His spirit in the inner man."

I do not know of any two exercises more conducive to developing a vital Christian life than these two: taking time out to listen to God, and reading the New Testament.

FOR THESE I THANK THEE MOST

Patience Pollard

Not for calm lupined lanes where cattle graze;
Not for sweet paths that iris petals stain,
But, for the rugged hills that lift my gaze
Straight toward Thy Throne and Thy pure face again!

Not for my years filled with a silken ease;
Not for the sumptuous feasts that pad my bone,
But for hours stripped of pleasant luxuries,
Coercing me to look to Thee alone!

Not for success, or trumpeted acclaim,
Or curious treasures men delight to boast! —
To do Thy will — this be my one true fame,
O Loving Lord! For this I pray Thee most.

☐ Propaganda has fanned the people to a red-hot enthusiasm—let's use it for something higher.

Prayer is the Keyword for This Hour

Charles V. Weber

AMERICA has been mobilized for the production of war materials and the fighting of a global war. With the exception of a few greedy leaders, both in labor and industry, the people have generally responded to the call of sacrifice and are doing a splendid job with production far beyond the expected schedule.

A vast propaganda machine has turned out volumes of material which has been woven into the advertising and copy of the newspapers and magazines, the continuity of radio productions and the lines of movies, until the people have been fanned to red hot enthusiasm of cooperation. Add to this the genii of engineering, production and transportation and you have the results of today's most unusual record.

Imagine what would happen if the thousands of propaganda workers would produce as much material calling America back to prayer as it has produced urging Americans to buy war bonds. There is enough Christian teaching in the background of American life to bring a response from millions

if such a campaign could come to pass.

When you visualize the program of a global war, you can readily see that the boys must have the materials to work with. But they need more than materials. When they were at home they had the fortification of churches, schools, social centers and the home for their protection. From some of these they received the spiritual food which they needed. Now they are without any of these. They stand alone out there.

There is one way we can be with them and that is in the spirit of prayer. Weapons may give them physical protection and increase their ability, but faith and prayer will give moral strength and inner courage. They need the weapons when they are fighting; they need the faith and prayer twenty-four hours a day.

There is no question but many a boy will return because he had a praying mother. But aside from the protection of prayer, every boy needs our prayers and *we have let them down if we fail to pray.*

Individual, group and church

From *The Abundant Life*, July, 1943.

prayers should be offered daily for our boys.

Much is being said about post-war planning, but in far too many instances that planning goes no farther than the material level of feeding the hungry and rebuilding the cities that have been destroyed. There is no doubt that we can feed the hungry. But feeding and clothing are not enough.

The experience of feeding and clothing the people in the Near East crisis during the early twenties, is an example that feeding the hungry is not enough. We satisfied their material needs but failed to satisfy their spiritual needs.

When the nations lay down their arms and cease firing, don't think the conflict is over. We are in a world revolution which is shaking the very pillars of this modern civilization. When the bombings and shooting cease, ideas and ideals will take the center and a conflict between them will continue.

The strength of an ideal comes when we go out for it. The Christian ideal has not been very strong in this generation, not because God isn't powerful but because this generation of Christians has not gone all out for the ideal. The

* * *

I do not have to make over the universe; I have only to do my job, great or small, and to look often at the trees and the hills and the sky, and be friendly with all men.

—David Grayson

conflict coming out of letting greed, indifference and love of ease loose in our lives has made it impossible to be an effective influence for God.

Impotent Christianity cannot cope with the false ideologies for which some men have gone "all out." It will take the church at its best to meet the need for this day.

We cannot get the vision and regeneration we need out of the evil and suffering of war; it will come only as we give ourselves to the redemptive stream of God's love. The channel of our lives will be opened through prayer.

We will not be ready for peace and world reconstruction unless we pray. Every way we turn we are faced with the fact that the present tangle comes from a spiritual and moral need, and the solution will not come by treating the symptoms but by touching the actual need with a spiritual redemption.

Prayer is doubly effective in meeting this need because it actually changes circumstances in the lives of those for whom you pray and it always changes the person who does the praying. *Prayer is the key word for this hour, for me, for you, for the world.*

☪ We reject Jesus because we "have great possessions."

Blessed Are the Poor in Spirit

Emmet Fox

TO BE *poor in spirit* does not in the least mean the thing we call "poor spirited" nowadays. To be *poor in spirit* means to have emptied yourself of all desire to exercise personal self-will, and, what is just as important, to have renounced all preconceived opinions in the wholehearted search for God. It means to be willing to set aside your present habits of thought, your present views and prejudices, your present way of life if necessary, to jettison, in fact, anything and everything that can stand in the way of your finding God.

One of the saddest passages in all literature is the story of the Rich Young Man who missed one of the great opportunities of history, and "turned away sorrowful because he had great possessions." This is really the story of mankind in general. We reject the salvation that Jesus offers us—our chance of finding God—because we "have great possessions"; not in the least because we are very rich in terms of money, for indeed most people are not, but because we

have great possessions in the way of preconceived ideas—confidence in our own judgment, and in the ideas with which we happen to be familiar; spiritual pride, born of academic distinction; sentimental or material attachment to institutions and organizations; habits of life that we have no desire to renounce; concern for human respect, or perhaps fear of public ridicule; or a vested interest in worldly honor and distinction. And these possessions keep us chained to the rock of suffering that is our exile from God.

The Rich Young Man is one of the most tragic figures in history; not because he happened to be wealthy, for wealth in itself is neither good nor bad, but because his heart was enslaved by that love of money which Paul tells us is the root of all evil. He could have been a multimillionaire in silver and gold, and, as long as his heart was not set upon it, he would have been just as free as the poorest beggar to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. His trust, however, was in his riches, and this shut the gate.

From *The Sermon on the Mount*, Emmet Fox. Harpers and Brothers. Copyright, 1938.

Why was not the Christ Message received with acclaim by the Ecclesiastics of Jerusalem? Because they had great possessions—possessions of Rabbinical learning, possessions of public honor and importance, authoritative offices as the official teachers of religion—and these possessions they would have had to sacrifice in order to accept the spiritual teaching. The humble and unlearned folk who heard the Master gladly were happy in having no such possessions to tempt them away from the Truth.

Why was it that in modern times when the same simple Christ Message of the immanence and availability of God, and of the inner Light that burns forever in the soul of man, once more made its appearance in the world, it was again, for the most part, among the simple and unlettered that it was gladly received? Why was it not the Bishops, and Deans, and Moderators, and Ministers, and Presbyteries, who gave it to the world? Why was not Oxford, or Cambridge, or Harvard, or Heidel-

berg, the great broadcasting center for this most important of all knowledge? And again the answer is—because they had great possessions—great possessions of intellectual and spiritual pride, great possessions of self-satisfaction and cock-sureness, great possessions of academic commitment and of social prestige.

The *poor in spirit* suffer from none of these embarrassments, either because they never had them, or because they have risen above them on the tide of spiritual understanding. They have got rid of the love of money and property, of fear of public opinion, and of the disapproval of relatives or friends. They are no longer overawed by human authority, however august. They are no longer cock-sure in their own opinions. They have come to see that their most cherished beliefs may have been and probably were mistaken and that all their ideas and views of life may be false and in need of recasting. They are ready to start again at the very beginning and learn life anew.

* * *

When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, that I have finished my day's work, but I cannot say that I have finished my life. My days will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn.

—Victor Hugo

☐ The first donation for the church organ was made in Polish coin by a Jewish refugee.

Gift and Giver

Maeanna Cheserton-Mangle

"This is for to fix the moosic for to play again." Two tiny hands held a store of groc. There must have been a hundred of the little coins. Perhaps not worth more than a shilling in all, but a treasure to the child. The man who stood at the door of the Cathedral Chancery hardly knew what to make of this appealing figure before him.

Benjamin was a frightened little soul clutching at this mother's skirts when the family first escaped from Poland. His father, a musician, had died as a victim of the treachery of the Nazi storm troopers. At every turn little Benjamin had known nothing but rude treatment. But in London things were different. Kind people took them into their home to live. And often they went into one of the churches to hear the music. It seemed to comfort his mother and Benjamin liked the music too. It reminded him of the days when he sat beside his daddy as he played. One day as they were walking down near St. Paul's Cathedral, an air raid warning drove them into a shelter. When the "all-clear" was sounded, they discovered that the apse of St. Paul's had been hit by a high explosive. Benjamin and his mother felt as if they had lost a friend. Soon it was learned that it would take almost L-200,000 to repair the damage. What could they do. Finally Benjamin remembered his bank. It was the one treasure he had rescued from all his possessions. But could Polish money be used in England? He would try.

So it was that one bright morning he stood at the door of an Episcopal Chancery with his hoard, and the first donation for the repair of the St. Paul's great organ was made in Polish coin at the hands of a Jewish refugee.

From *Religion At Work*, National Conference of Christians and Jews, Inc.

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