

# Clear Horizons

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Winter—1946-1947

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## Among The Authors

**Allen A. Hunter**, (p. 14) is a minister of the Mount Hollywood Congregational Church, Los Angeles, and author of *Secretly Armed, Three Trumpets Sound, White Blood Corpuscles in Europe*, and the best known *Say Yes To The Light*. His church renders great service to the community. He is much in demand as a speaker. **Ralph W. Sockman**, (p. 41) should need no introduction. He is minister of Christ Church, New York City. A short time ago *Time* magazine listed him as the radio minister with the largest audience in America. He is the author of *Date With Destiny* and, his latest, *Now To Live*. **Kirby Page**, (p. 59) is known not only across the length and breadth of the United States, but is also well-known in foreign countries as a dynamic Christian. He now lives in La Habra, California, where he devotes himself to lecturing, teaching and writing. He is the author of *Living Abundantly, Living Prayerfully* and *The Will of God For These Days*. **Douglas V. Steere**, (p. 6) is professor of philosophy at Haverford College. Some make the claim that he is the one most likely to succeed Thomas Kelly (*Testament of Devotion* fame) as a writer of devotional material and Quaker insight. His latest book, to our knowledge, is *On Beginning From Within*. **Ernest Buckler**, (p. 8) lives in Bridgetown, Nova Scotia. More than a year ago we printed a story of his ("David Comes Home"), a reprint from *Colliers*. About a year ago he wrote to us telling about the present story. We think it is one of the finest stories we have read. **Winfred Rhoades**, (p. 54) is the well-known Boston psychologist. He is a contributor to religious magazines, and the author of *The Self You Have To Live With*.

In the last issue of *Clear Horizons*, we want to express our regret for the typographical error on page 59. The author is **Myrtle Chance**, not *Myrtle Chanie*. And while we're at it, **John D. Rockefeller, Jr.**, is not the famous "inter-American" Rockefeller we mentioned in the last issue. John D. is his father, and has as much claim to fame as his "Pan-American" son. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is one of the most famous Christian laymen in America. He helped build and sponsor Riverside Church in New York City, is active in an enlightened missionary program, and is an emphaziser of Christian unity.

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## CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** 1-year subscriptions, \$1.00 each (Canada \$1.25). 2-year subscriptions, \$2.00 each (Canada \$2.50). 3-year subscriptions, \$2.50 (Canada \$3.25). Single copies, \$.25 each.

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# Clear Horizons

Seventh Year

Winter, 1946-1947

Volume 7, No. 3

☐ The problem before us today is not how to *make* events, but how to *see* events whole, perfect, and complete, as they really *are*.

## Spiritual Insight—The Higher Consciousness

Glenn Clark

THAT GOD is eternal, infinite, changeless (and hence static), and complete, we accept without quibble or quarrel. That His universe is also eternal, infinite, changeless and perfect we are not so quick to accept. But can a Creator create anything unlike Himself? Does not everything that is in a Creator also reside—at least potentially—in His creation? Can anyone, or any person create anything that does not inherently reside within the folds of his own being?

Jesus spoke of God the Father, and of His creation, the Kingdom, almost interchangeably. In some Gospel records his statement is quoted, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God" and in another Gospel it is recorded as, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven." He tells parables like The Good Samaritan, of what the Father is like—and in

the next breath he tells parables like The Pearl of Great Price, of what the Kingdom of Heaven is like. In short, he assumes, as all great religious geniuses, seers and saints have assumed from the beginning of time, that the Creator and the creation are one. Jesus said, "The Father and I are one"; and again he said, "Ye and I are one." If the Creator and His creatures are one, then the Creator and the creation are one.

The moving picture industry has almost without our knowing it, revealed to us much of this inner way the world is created, the way events pass through the consciousness of time. The events are already done—completed—strung together in perfect order and sequence, and it all depends upon the way the operator turns the reel that unfolds the picture before our gaze, whether we see the universe



as the Creator wanted us to see it. That is to say, if the operator turns the pictures too hastily and impatiently, we miss some of the finest pleasures of the scenery. If he turns it too slowly, or stops for too long a period upon certain unhappy, abnormal films, we get the whole thing entirely out of proper proportion. Or, finally, if he turns the pictures *backwards*, as operators in real life far too often do, he will reveal some very, very odd and unhappy incidents which, according to the original script, should have been very happy indeed, if turned correctly. But the essential fact the moving picture invention has revealed to us, the fundamental fact in the plan of life, is that the pictures just didn't "happen"; in other words, that events are not made upon the spot by you or by me, but that they were eternally made—or rather they have existed forever, from the beginning of time, and will exist through all eternity; and that the essential badness in them is merely a relative term, caused by us unskilled operators trying to turn the wheels of life instead of letting the Creator of events turn them according to His own perfect plan.

The problem before us today, before our schools, churches, and research bureaus, is not how to *make* events, but how to *see* events whole, perfect, and complete, as

they really *are*. How can we operate the beautiful order and sequence of perfect events which God has already planned for us? In short, how can we tune in to the vast riches all about us?

A *seer* is one who *sees* God's plan behind the outer appearances; a *prophet* is one who can *describe* God's plan; a *saint* is one who *lives* it.

The reason why we see the perfect universe so imperfectly is because we are limited in our capacity for perception of the universe. Every human being feels as Space that which he is able to represent to himself as form outside of himself, and that which he is not able to thus represent he feels as Time. *The sense of Space is the power to represent by means of external form.* For instance, a man has an idea or a dream. This may be far more real, for instance the idea of steam in the mind of Watt, than a firefly he can see with his space sense of sight. But until this idea materializes as form he does not know that steam actually exists.

After a person rises to the height where he sees that ideas and dreams that are still without form and void have all the power of creating form, then he can say as Jesus said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." "Beware lest when you are angry with a man in your heart you have

already committed murder."

The moving picture operator finds the films in his box in the form of flat, two-dimensional pictures strung together as a connected sequence. The two-dimensional flatness is because the pictures are printed on two-dimensional films, created for putting on two-dimensional backgrounds.

But the moving picture films that we find in real life are not flat, two-dimensional films, not squares and circles, for instance, but they are cubes and spheres; for these pictures are to be unfolded before three-dimensional persons, equipped with three-dimensional senses, capable of perceiving things in a three-dimensional world.

Were our senses capable of seeing things representing form in a four-dimensional or eternal and heavenly world, we should have these films in an eternal, heavenly form presented to us. But because of the limitations of our three-dimensional capacity of vision and hearing, they appear before us, therefore, in a finite form. As we are three-dimensional beings—i.e., not flat but round—we have round eyes, shaped exactly like a sphere, and therefore the pictures are hung up before us in round or spherical form. That is to say, we look out upon the world each day to find it a round, spherical world—not because it really is that, but because

our eyes are incapable of seeing it in any other way. The child in the movie house thinks the pictures revolving before him are not connected pictures, already safely in a box, made in advance and strung together in sequence, but thinks the characters on the stage are actually changing and altering the events from time to time by their ambition, their love, their hate, their efforts, which he is watching and following so closely. In a similar way we look upon world events as fickle, unpredictably and hopelessly unrelated. We think this morning is different from yesterday because it is our birthday and yesterday was not. We go to a play tonight and we didn't yesterday. Tomorrow is Sunday because someone ages ago made it Sunday. We don't know that God from the very beginning decreed that tomorrow was to be a rest day, and that today was a gala day, and so on, and that all we need to do is to see the pictures operate in the order and sequence as originally planned for them by the Father, resting in perfect peace and trust and unselfish love for others, and all will be well.

In other words, as the flat pictures in the movie operator's box are strung together as a continuous sequence, so the world we see as round is not actually round at all, but is probably shaped like an auto



tire encircling the sun, much like Saturn's rings. The sun does not move, and neither does the earth move. Our three-dimensional consciousness simply moves from point to point in this encircling tube, moving about it rhythmically according to the best plan devised by an eternal God. Even if it were constructed in this form, our globular, three-dimensional eyes would not comprehend it, but like cookie cutters, would proceed to cut it up into a series of globes which our three-dimensional logic would interpret as "motion."

We may thus see it from all its angles. That is the reason we can have spring followed by summer and summer by autumn; and night followed by day. But, you say, if this were true, man could stop his consciousness and not run around the earth in this circle, and could stand on this stationary earth and have it day all the time. True, he can do that now. How? By going to the North Arctic regions in summer and the Antarctic in winter he would have eternal sunshine. If he wanted eternal night he could reverse that process. If he wants eternal winter he could stay at either pole, or if he wants eternal summer he could stay at the equator. Thus we move as our consciousness moves us, and the question comes up, are not our bodies, moved so easily by our consciousness, noth-

ing more than an externalized form of perception? Indeed, are not our bodies merely a prolongation of our consciousness?

One finds the world is static, one finds he can have anything he wants by fastening his consciousness (i.e., his body) to the space he wants to keep. One who rises into the four-dimensional realm finds that which is yet unformed in space is actually formed in Time, or perhaps I should say, in eternity. The man who lives and moves in the four-dimensional plane wins the name of prophet because the past and the future are as real to him as the present, exactly as to the three-dimensional mind the reality of the equator and of the polar regions exist to him in sense while he lives in the temporal climate of the middle sphere. That the highest civilization has risen on the temperate zone goes to prove that the rhythmic interchange of temperature is the most suitable for our perfect grasp of the totality of God's Love and Reality—i.e., that it is best to surrender ourselves to the sequence and order that God has arranged for us in this seemingly whirling globe, the globe which seems to move but moves not.

I am aware that this higher dimensional logic smashes at one stroke much of our three-dimensional logic. Back in the two-dimen-

sional days when it was thought the world was flat and that it stood perfectly still and the sun revolved around it, people wondered what held the sun in its course. Then came a day when they thought the sun stood still and the world moved around it, and it was wondered what kept the sun in its course. Now when it is discovered that neither the sun nor the earth moves, and that it is only our consciousness that moves, there is no longer anything to wonder about except

what holds them in space in their relative positions.

As fast as one wonder is dislodged it merely gives place to another and so it will be through all eternity as we rise from one dimension of consciousness into a higher until we can see that all things are one, and yet all things are individualized for the enjoyment and happiness that will come to us when we attain the realization of that oneness that holds us in the eternal, infinite, unchangeable, indestructible Love of God.



### *Christmas Dawn*

*Grace Wittenberger*

I saw the world awake today!  
I watched dawn push the night away  
With opal hands, across the sky,  
And heard a bird's first waking cry.

I felt the tremor of the trees  
Moving in the morning breeze,  
And drank a cup of fresh, cold air—  
Elixir of life, so rich and rare.

Oh, I was filled with joy supreme  
As I beheld a love-filled dream  
Unfold in beauty o'er the earth.  
The blessing of the Christ-child's birth!

New life awaiting at the door  
Of every heart, forever more!  
Awake, oh people, laugh and sing,  
Behold the presence of your king!



## Finding God Through Quaker Silence

Douglas V. Steere

I ATTEND a small meeting that feels it has a large gathering when it has thirty people present. There is a persistent nucleus of perhaps fifteen. We meet together in an old meeting-house each Sunday morning for an hour. I know nearly everyone who is there. I think about this meeting for worship during the week. I think about the people whom I shall meet there. I often go out to visit them during the week. On Sunday we gather "to know one another in that which is Eternal."

Our meetings are made up of a group of people gathered together in silent prayer. The first thing that I do is to close my eyes and then to still my body in order to get as far out of the way as I can. Then I still my mind and let it open to God in silent prayer, for the meeting, as we understand it, is the meeting place of the worshipper with God. I thank God inwardly for this occasion, for the week's happenings, for what I have learned at His hand, for my family, for the work there is to do, for Himself. And I often pause to enjoy Him. Under His gaze I search

the week and feel the piercing twinge of remorse that comes at this, and this, and this, and at the absence of this, and this, and this. Under His eyes I see again—for I have often been aware of it at the time—the right way. I ask His forgiveness for my faithlessness and ask for strength to meet this matter when it arises again. There have been times when I had to re-weave a part of my life under this auspice.

I hold up persons before God in intercession, loving them under His eyes—seeing them with Him, longing for his healing and redeeming power to course through their lives. I hold up certain social situations, certain projects. At such a time I often see things that I may do in company with, or that are related to, this person or to this situation. I hold up the persons in the meeting and their needs, as I know them, to God.

But again and again before I get this far in prayer my mind has been drawn away by some distraction. Do these rude interruptions destroy the silent prayer? Well, there was a time when they did, and there are times still when they

interfere somewhat, but for the most part, I think they help. Sometimes I pray the distractions directly into the prayer—"swift, hurrying life of which these humming motors are the symbol pass by at your will—I seek the still water that lies beneath these surface waves," or, "The wind of God is always blowing but I must hoist my sail," and proceed with my prayer.

When I have finished these inward prayers I quietly resign myself to complete listening—letting go in the intimacy of this friendly company and in the intimacy of the Great Friend who is always near. I do not know what takes place here. Often I am sure it is nothing at all. But there are times when a certain slowing-down takes place, a certain healing seems to go on, a certain centering, a certain tendering, a certain "dependence of the mind upon God." This, however, may come in at any point in my own directed prayers and take precedence over them.

Since we have no minister, all of us have a responsibility—it is not the abolition of ministry but the abolition of the passive laity that the Society of Friends has ever striven for. One never brings anything to meeting with the certain-

ty of giving it there, but one tries not to come empty. Under the influence of the quiet prayer and this sense of unity in the meeting, what light one brought is often completely set aside, or one feels that this should be reserved for another occasion, or it is made over, or new accents, new illustrations, new simplifications are effected. The mind is often drawn to an entirely fresh seed that unfolds itself there in the consciousness of the worshipper.

When I feel drawn to share something in the quiet meeting for worship, I simply rise and say it as briefly as I know how, seeking ever to "keep close to the root" and to avoid all vain and distracting ornamentation.

After about an hour whoever happens to be the "head" of the meeting on that day shakes hands with the person next to him or her and the "rise" of the meeting has come. Most of us linger and talk with one another for fifteen or twenty minutes before we leave.

Few leave without some refreshment, some sensitizing, and without at least a tiny nosegay of those mountain flowers that Frances de Sales declared to be there on the heights waiting to be plucked by every true worshipper.



"A grateful thought toward heaven is of itself a prayer."—*Lessing*.



Yes, my time is near, Ellen thought, surgingly. I will be like the other women now. I will have warm beginning things in my heart, and other children will not pass by without looking.

## "She Said Her Name Was Mary"

Ernest Buckler

THE SNOW came down gently, as if Ellen were not in pain. Ellen was not a young woman any more, and this was her first child. Outside the window the snow came down white and soundless, lingering softly in the still air. Ellen's eyes were moist and bright as if they were listening to the crowded song her fever was singing inside her. Her hands kept smoothing out the quilt, restlessly. The dreamy, great-flaked Christmas snow piled up deeper on the window ledge in the quick-greying December dusk.

There seemed to be a strange new warmth inside the room. The strange new warmth which comes into every room as soon as the lamp is lit on Christmas Eve. In the corner, the even-branched fir that Joseph had brought and Ellen had trimmed stood patient and still, but with a kind of shining.

"You should go now, Joseph," Ellen said.

"But . . . but I can't leave you . . . alone."

"Yes. You better go get Mrs.

Martin, Joseph. She knows what to do."

"But it's two miles, Ellen . . . and you alone . . ."

"There'll be time, Joseph . . . there's time enough. I'll be all right alone."

I'll be all right alone, Ellen thought. She had been alone so much. She was not a young woman any more and she had never had a child. Days in the kitchen when Joseph was working in the fields it would be so still. And even when Joseph was there, sometimes it would be so still in her own heart. The listening stillness of loneliness. The kind of loneliness which Joseph, a man, could not know. And as the years went by and there was still no child, even her flesh seemed to have that listening. That listening for the full music which the flesh of women with children seemed always to hear. And sometimes when the other women's children would pass her window on their way home from the river, without a glance, her flesh would feel hollow and empty and old.

But now . . . the full song of her fever sang in her flesh, high and jubilant.

"You should go, Joseph," Ellen said again. "You should go now."

"I'll run," Joseph said quickly. "It won't be long. I'll run all the way."

And then, awkwardly, he bent over and kissed her. Ellen felt a sudden tightness in her throat. The feel of Joseph's rough cheek against her own was strange to her. Joseph had hardly ever kissed her before. It was not his way.

"I'll be all right, Joseph," she said softly, like a promise.

Joseph did not speak. He turned quickly and went into the kitchen for his coat and mittens.

And then Joseph had gone down the road and Ellen was alone. The minutes seemed careful and long, piling up soundlessly and unhurried like the slow-mounding snow on the window ledge.

And then, quite suddenly, swift tendrils of pain fanned through her like the veining of a leaf . . . so much stronger than any pain she had ever felt before that she could not even cry out.

And then she was suddenly afraid. This must be the way it is when you are going to die.

"Joseph!" she screamed. "Oh, Joseph!" But there was no answer from the still objects and the steady lamplight in the room.

"Maria . . ." she prayed, brokenly, like a frightened child praying, "Maria . . ."

And Joseph was running down the road, keeping straight on when Ellen called, because he could not hear.

Joseph was running down the road in the dead-still night. The kind Christmas-kindled moonlight, latticing the road with shadows of the spruces, lay hushed on the trackless snow, as if the whole world was listening. And high up where the straight-falling snow began, the stars shone through, calm and clear. But now the snow, which at first had seemed to make no difference, added its little weight to Joseph's feet each time he lifted them, and there was a hot taste to his breath.

There was no light he could see in the Martin's house when he came up over the hill at last and saw it standing there . . . And then Joseph's heart sank like a stone. He noticed the sleigh tracks going out the gate, the other way, towards town.

Ellen did not hear the door open but she felt the woman's presence in the room.

She opened her eyes and the woman was standing there. Ellen looked at her face. It was a patient, slow-smiling face, the face of a plain woman soft with remem-

From "Yes, Joseph, There Was a Woman; She Said Her Name Was Mary," Ernest Buckler. *The Toronto Saturday Night*, December 8, 1945. By Permission.



bered pain. It had a strange cast of moonlight about it. It seemed to be a face that Ellen remembered, but through the shifting blur of fever she could not seem to tell if it was the face of a neighbor or not. And that did not seem to matter. There was a woman in the room now, with a kind plain face and woman's hands. That was enough to know. Now she would not die.

"Do you think I will die?" Ellen whispered.

"No," the woman said, and her voice had the quiet touch of moonlight in it too, "You will not die."

"I had a light feeling," Ellen said, "and I seemed to see so many bright things in my mind and there was so much pain. I thought I was going to die."

"But it is not like that when you are going to die," the woman said gently; "there is no clamor in the mind when you are going to die. It is like walking into a brighter and softer and smoother moonlight until your feet no longer have any sound as they fall. You are not going to die."

"But if you had not come . . ."

"You must close your eyes and rest," the woman said gently, "for your time is near."

Yes, my time is near, Ellen thought, surgingly. The time I have been waiting for. I will be like the other women now. They

will all be like sisters now. I will have warm beginning things again in my heart and there will be a quiet running sound in my mind. And when Joseph and I are old and tired it will not be still all evening in the kitchen when the children come home at dusk laughing from the river and the other children will not pass without looking, as if no one lived in this house.

"It's Christmas Eve," she said to the woman, "isn't it?"

"Yes," the woman said, "it's Christmas Eve again."

There was such a strange sort of sadness in her voice that Ellen looked closely at her face. And with the sadness on it, she could not tell if the face of this woman was young or old. Perhaps she had never had a child. Perhaps this was why she was sad on Christmas Eve. Ellen knew how a woman without children could feel on Christmas Eve.

"Have you ever had a child?" Ellen said softly.

"Yes," the woman said.

"Then you do know . . .?" Ellen said.

"Yes, I know," and the woman smiled, but with the sadness still on her face. "It was a night very like this. There was moonlight and quiet and the stars were very bright. And I was alone too. But I remember how quiet it was and how bright the stars were. The

stars are always bright on Christmas Eve."

"Your baby . . ." Ellen said, "did he live?"

"Yes," the woman said, "he lived." And she smiled such a bright splendid smile then that for a minute the moonlight sadness seemed to go from her face like a shadow when the light is turned up. She looked strangely young. She is a *young* woman, Ellen thought.

"And my son will live too," Ellen murmured. "I know it. I feel so safe with you here. I feel safer than I would with Mrs. Martin. You seem to know . . ."

She looked again at the woman's face. It was so familiar . . . in a minute she would remember . . . and yet she could not. But it did not seem to matter that she could not remember. . .

"You will not leave me?" Ellen said.

"No," the woman said, "I will not leave you until it is over."

And then Ellen's pain came so sharp and sudden and great that there seemed to be a mist on her sight, and she could not see the woman standing there. She could only feel the cool moonlight of her fingers touching her forehead.

"Maria," Ellen prayed, "Maria."

When Joseph came into the house he heard the whimper of a

child and then nothing. He started to call Ellen's name, but the sound stopped in his throat because he was afraid to test the silence. For a time he could not move.

"Is that you, Joseph?"

"Ellen!" he cried, and suddenly the whole warm quiet night seemed to be a friend.

He kicked the snow from his boots and ran into the room. The steady lamplight had not moved from Ellen's small face and the Christmas tree stood in the corner patient and still, but the waiting in the air seemed to be broken.

"I'm all right, Joseph," Ellen said softly. "It's over."

"Ellen . . ." he said brokenly. "Ellen, I couldn't get Mrs. Martin. They were gone."

"It's all right. It was all right . . . Joseph," she whispered, "don't you see your son?"

"Ellen," Joseph choked, "you were . . . alone."

"No," Ellen said gently, "I was not alone. There was a woman here. She was so kind, and I was not afraid."

Joseph bent over the child. He touched its small face, and Ellen marvelled at the gentleness of the touch.

And then as it is sometimes when you are climbing a high hill and the air is fresh and clean or some chord of music is struck or you remember a perfect moment, or see it, to



come, suddenly . . . this moment . . . with the slow steady lamplight and the cosy spell of the fire, and she and Joseph and the child there . . . this moment ran through Ellen.

And then Joseph spoke, "But El-

len," he said, ". . . there could have been no woman here. There were no tracks in the snow."

"Yes," Ellen said, "she was here. I saw her. She said her name was Mary."



☐ I Believe—

## A Church Social Worker's Creed

G. Vance McCausland

I BELIEVE in God and I believe in man.

I believe that man was created in the image of a God of order. He expects man to live an ordered life, and He makes me sensitive to disorder wherever I find it. At times I may wish to run away from the crowded, disorderly city, with its smoke and noise, and go out into the country where there are fewer people and problems. But I know that I cannot be content in an orderly part of God's world when there are disordered places that need my help.

I believe that God created man for fellowship with Himself. Like our Maker, we are incapable of enjoying life by ourselves. We are concerned about our fellows. So, I cannot relish good food when I know that all people are not adequately fed. I cannot feel secure in

my home because all families, through no fault of their own, are not well-housed. I cannot enjoy the social life about me when I see that there are barriers of race and class separating man from man.

I believe that man was created in the image of a Father who wants His children to be saved. He sent His Son into the world to save man. "Inasmuch as you did it to the least of these—" is one proof that He would share His saviorhood with all those who would help Him serve mankind. Therefore, I must do everything that I can in behalf of God's other children.

I believe that, if I can understand all this and find in this knowledge the resources to do my social work, I can become the happiest person in the world, because I shall be working with God in the building of a better world.

☐ "Thy Will Be Done," but it seemed my baby would be taken from me.

## God Healed My Baby

Allison Shaver Fisk

WHEN my daughter was eighteen months old, she had a serious illness at her home in New York City. She had been ill for about eleven days, her strength ebbing away. In fact, she was so weak she could not so much as raise her hand. While I was with her, my faith was high. My prayer continued, "Thy Will Be Done." I did what I could to relieve the condition and knew God's Will would be done.

The day had arrived when we needed sick room supplies and there was no way to get them, except for me to go to 125th St. and purchase them. The moment I left her side and started to walk over to 8th Ave., my courage began to leave me. My faith seemed to have failed me completely. I kept on praying "Thy Will Be Done," but it seemed now to mean that my baby would be taken from me. I could even see her in her coffin. What mother has not had that experience at some time! The tears began to flow and I could not stop them. How I reached my destination and made my purchases, I'll never know.

Finally I reached the corner of 8th Ave. and 125th St., heading home with my bundles. They were

heavy too, but my heart far heavier. I waited for the light to change. Then in that moment something happened. Above the roar of traffic, I distinctly heard a Voice speaking. It came seemingly from a point directly over my head. It said, "It is never God's Will that one of His little ones should perish." With it came a warm sensation through the top of my head, permeating the entire body. I suddenly knew all was well. My walk home was in overwhelming joy and happiness. My feet hardly touched the pavement. Praise and thanksgiving to my Heavenly Father took the place of grief.

When I turned the key and opened the door, this is what I saw—Baby Girl dressed and sitting on the floor rolling a ball with her daddy. Her father said, in explanation, "About fifteen minutes ago she opened her eyes, stood up on the bed and said she wanted to play. I dressed her and in order to keep her as quiet as possible I started rolling the ball with her so she would not run around and use her strength." I said, "She may run around, for her healing has come." And it had come, completely, at the exact moment the Voice had spoken.



☐ Here we see that for us to be able to forgive is a gift, not so much our doing as God's.

## Forgive—Or Else

Allan A. Hunter

“LIGHT; or failing that, lightning: the world can take its choice.” That may have sounded too alarmist in Carlyle's day. It is realistic now. Maybe our neighbors a few thousand miles away aren't yet in a position to push a button and in a blinding flash liquidate every man, woman and child in the United States. But they may have that power soon.

We are being tested, as it seems the whole human race is being tested, to see how much we are willing to forgive one another. It looks as if the Eternal Compassion, which is our ever-present judgment, were searching and assessing us with this question: “Do you really will the best for your neighbor? You don't? Then the best that I will for you will do you no good. Would you be forgiven? You yourself will have to forgive. Fellowship with me in spite of all the evil you have done I freely offer. But you can't avail yourself of that fellowship unless you offer it freely to those who have done most harm to you.”

Jesus was not sentimental about

the alternatives. The first thing reported to come from his lips at the close of the Lord's prayer is this seemingly ruthless and certainly unambiguous either-or: “If you forgive others when they offend you, your heavenly Father will forgive you, too. But if you do not forgive others when they offend you, your heavenly Father will not forgive you your offenses.” (Good-speed)

Forgive—or else. We can keep on with our old habit of vindictiveness, the passion to punish and get revenge, if we want to. We can refuse to forgive. But—if we do, we shall be missing our chance.

But is it possible, in the world as it is today, actually to forgive? Few in this crisis seem to believe it is. That is because we are all more or less sin-shocked, hypnotized by the unspeakable things we human beings have been blindly, horribly doing to one another. A woman who is probably a saint makes this confession. When with her own eyes she witnessed some Japanese drugging and otherwise degrading great numbers of Chinese on their own soil, her first impulse was to

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FORGIVE—OR ELSE

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pray that God would send a tidal wave to wipe out the whole Japanese empire, the seventy millions and all.

I remember the difficulty I had a year before this last war broke out, in Berlin. Visiting the Jewish section with a couple of rabbis and hearing how thirty-nine men, many of them old men, had only a short time before been beaten to death by Nazis, I had a taste of the difficulty of forgiving wrongdoers. A desire to crush them began to insinuate itself into my whole being like an implacable fog of poison gas, odorless and invisible but deadly in its power to take possession of my will. Right then and there a fight began, inside myself. Would I or would I not forgive? I can testify that even under circumstances as relatively protected as that it is not easy. It seems to be easy if you are not personally hurt or if you don't care for fellow human beings. It most emphatically is not easy if you yourself or those you value are on the receiving end of evil.

Yet we can forgive. The good news we get from Jesus is not that we are depraved. It is that God's forgiving power can work even through us. His will that wrongdoers be given another chance is able to flood through our little wills as the tide is able to fill a creek that opens on the sea. The world is con-

vinced that Jesus was wrong in this. In Dostoevsky's *Brothers Karamazov*, the Grand Inquisitor, a high ranking ecclesiastic, arrests Jesus. Then he visits him in his dungeon and levels against him this complaint: “You expect too much of men. You put too great a responsibility upon them. That is not love.” But that is love, the love that God exhibiting his nature in the great Forgive would share with us. Who are we to say he cannot enable us to join with him in his work of lifting men out of the mire? Is he mocking us as he holds above our head the power to forgive, “which all our lives we shall be trying to grow tall enough to reach”?

We have underestimated the possibilities of forgiveness! It is not only more urgent than we have thought. It is more closely knit into the world heart of things and into the spirit God has put within us. That thirty-two year old sergeant gunner, one of Doolittle's captured raiders, who for forty-one months was a prisoner of the Japanese, may be a more intimate part of the growing edge of evolution than the newspapers suggest. While in prison he had a direct experience of this divine energy “that will lift all and save all.” It was when he opened his Testament to the challenge: “Love your enemies . . . do good to them that hate you.” Jacob



Deshazer answered that call. He is now a theological student. He plans when trained to return to Japan where he will share with those who were once considered enemies his vision of the forgiving God.

Two members of my congregation also point the way. One of them three years ago, as boys' leader at a week-end camp, took aside one of the youngsters and said: "Bill, something has to be done about your habit of throwing stones at the other fellows. If you can't think of a better plan we'll try this. Late this afternoon you tell me how many times you threw stones to hurt. Then you take this board and hit me hard over the palm of my hand." The boy couldn't think of a better plan. When he was called over to report where nobody could overhear, he confessed to seven counts against him. The leader held out his hand. The first three blows were so half-hearted he shook his head. "You'll have to hit harder. Seven times." The boy cried, but the leader made him finish his part of the agreement. Later, that young man carrying gasoline over China died in flames, a Zero attacking his plane. The other Sunday his grandfather spoke from his heart to a group of re-evacuated nisei and issei being entertained at supper in the basement of the church. "People ask

me," he confided, "'Aren't you bitter against the Japanese now that you know one of them killed your boy?' I answer: 'No, that Japanese boy was sent out by his government just as mine was sent out by his. They were both victims.'"

Of course it is hard for us to forgive Buchenwald. But it is also hard for Germans to forgive Dresden—two hundred thousand civilians killed in two nights by our bombs. It is hard for us to forgive that death march in the Philippines. But do you think the Japanese are going to find it easy to forgive Hiroshima or Nagasaki? And yet we can and they can. We can do it through the power that poured through the man on the cross crying, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

That forgiving power touched off a response in Stephen. Beaten to his knees by the mob, the great martyr dared with the audacity of Jesus to ask God not to place full blame upon those who were destroying him. One of his lynchers at last felt this same spiritually radioactive force at work in the depths of his own consciousness. One day, while he was on a mission mopping up Christ's followers, it burst forth into a blinding flash to become the undying purpose of his life. From Paul's will it exploded into other wills, from group to group, from race to race, from cen-

tury to century. The Christian church today—not the front that people mistake for the church but the authentic, invisible church—is a continuation of this self-reproducing goodness that on the cross answered torture with compassion, egocentricity with truth. What a mystery is this chain-reaction that the forgiving spirit ever releases into and around the world! Surely in some strange way it is connected, organically connected, with the resurrection power out of which the church was born and out of which we hope the human race will be reborn.

To forgive is urgent. To forgive is also possible. But how exactly do you and I begin?

Perhaps our first step is to call the sin that has to be forgiven by its ugly name. It is treason to the universe. It is betrayal of the dignity entrusted to man. It is not to be whitewashed or condoned. When we truly forgive we do not blur the difference between right and wrong; we bring that difference into sharp focus. The cross overcomes the darkness in men's wills, but first it startles us into recognizing how hideous that darkness is, how much it costs the Eternal to overcome. There is no use pretending that the evil which of late has shocked us is mere social lag or psychology's hesitation to catch up with physics. It is not a

matter only of inept statesmanship or insufficient schooling. It is, far more than we have dared to admit, defiance—deliberate, voluntary, organized and inexcusable. This war was the symptom of an infinitely more serious disease of wills than we have yet had the courage to confess. Let us now acknowledge the fact. What some Germans or Japanese did was bad. It was mocking God. But are they Cain, and are we Abel?

The moment we ask that question, we face the second step—the willingness to say, "Ours too is the responsibility." On our hands not theirs alone is blood. We are mixed up in it, too. There is no scapegoat, only shared involvement. We can't measure our guilt accurately over against theirs, and now we say so. We too are under an awful judgment.

It looks as if we can't forgive Manila unless at the same time we ask Nagasaki to forgive us. Suppose we don't? Won't we be but imitating a certain sanctimonious person who once stood up in the temple giving thanks that he was not like that sinner down there who didn't have a leg to stand on? Had we not better confess that we do not have a moral leg to stand on now that we begin to see what our bombs and unacknowledged hate have done?

To be aware of the harm done



collectively is most emphatically not enough. We have to make what restitution we can, no matter on whom the blame historically may be placed. It is here that Dr. Kagawa has much to say to us: "If anyone wrongs me"—and Kagawa's life surely gives him the right to say it—"I get underneath him and push him up to where he will be above me." Such an effort toward at-one-ment, as Dr. Kagawa calls it, puts upon us a specific obligation: To make up as much as we can for the evil that has been done by no matter whom.

But there is a fourth step. It takes us into the very heart of the eternal forgiveness. Here we see that for us to be able to forgive is a gift, not so much our doing as God's. Our task therefore is to commit into his presence not only those whose evil shocks us, but their victims and our own shared guilt as well. In his healing light we hold this whole human situation with all its ruptured, festering relationships. Our plight is desperate. Why pretend otherwise? We are all bound together in the evil

that has been done. But the solidarity of human iniquity is not our center of reference. Our center of reference is the Will that can take perverted human wills and give them a new and useful channel. The physical consequences of our perversion may for a time go on and on. Forgiveness does not necessarily cancel them out. Even so, there can be a spiritual transformation. The past need no longer poison; rather, it may nourish the future. Our attention now is shifted toward the Father who with undiscouraged patience waits for each one of us to turn from the old negativism and enter into fellowship with him not because we have to but because we want to. . . .

We had better begin. God the Forgiver can empower us to share, at least in some infinitesimal degree, his nature. But there are steps we ourselves must boldly take and without delay. If we refuse to take those steps, it will go hard with us and with mankind. Let us not presume upon the forgiveness of God.



G. K. Chesterton tells us that when his faith was at its lowest point it was preserved by his gratitude toward God:

"I hung on to religion by one thin thread of thanks."

☐ I found it helped to substitute the present tense for future tenses when it meant a continuing and eternal act of God.

## Personalizing the Scriptures

Flora Jones Seaman

THE SCRIPTURES are indeed, "wonderful words of Life." They are true for all humanity. And because they are true for all humanity, they are also true for me. In a sense they are specialized for me, myself, as truly as though I alone were the one to whom these messages were addressed.

In days when I needed strength and guidance, in days when the going was difficult and there was need for full reliance on their strength and help, I found that the value of their meaning was doubled by the simple method of "personalizing" the Scripture.

By deliberately substituting the words "I" or "my" for "you" or "them," the message was brought directly to me with singular power. I found it helped to substitute the present tense for future tenses when it meant a continuing and eternal act of God.

This I found particularly true in the Promises of God, or verses assuring us of God's resources and availability.

One of my stand-by verses is "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." My re-

vised version reads thus: "Cast all your care upon Him, for He *is caring* for you! (or better still; He is taking care of you, right now!)."

Here is another: "We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." But He *still* loves us! So this is my verse: "I am more than a conqueror through the help of Him who loves me. I am more than *victorious* through Him who loves me." That is a verse to rejoice in; the promise of victory that Paul brings us; "In all these things," *more* than conquerors—*more* than victorious . . . through Him—not just the *power* of Christ—but through the *Love* of Christ.

There is an implication of ease—of effortlessness; of something *more* than struggle and the winning by a narrow margin. This is just one of those marvellous verses that indicate the *super*-life that has its roots in the Christ Life.

There is another that is an un-failing resource. "My God shall supply all your needs, according to His riches in glory." Fresh assurance came when I could read it: "My God *IS* supplying your needs according to His riches." Then I added a more liberal translation to



that verse: "My God is supplying your needs *generously* from out of the splendor of His resources."

Then there is that tremendously powerful statement—that high affirmation that God's word shall stand and shall endure and does achieve its purposes (from Isaiah 55).

"My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please." My revision reads: "My word does not return unto me void, but *does* accomplish that which I purpose (or intend)."

This is a sound translation, since in a statement of a universal and eternal ever-active law, the present tense is fully justified and is far more forceful.

Another verse that is strongly reassuring to one who looks for divine guidance is the wonderful third chapter of Proverbs. "Acknowledge Him in all thy ways and He shall direct thy paths."

Revised, this reads: "He *does* direct my Path—I know the way I should go, for He is *NOW* giving me guidance as to the way I should take."

Again that stirring call from Isaiah:

"Break forth into joy—Sing together, ye waste places; for Jeho-

vah hath comforted His people; He hath redeemed Jerusalem. . ."

This is a challenging verse, tending to rouse and restore the spirit that has been traveling too long in a "dry land" and in the "waste places" of the spirit.

Again this is brought right to the door of my own heart by the words "Break forth into Joy—and sing . . . For the Lord *does* comfort His children!"

However, some of the most precious Promises come down to us already strongly "personalized." How dear they have become through the years of living!

"Behold I am with thee, and will keep thee, in all places whither thou goest." "LO, I am with you always (all the days). . ."

Deep within, like a flame, burns the brightness of these words; and as I meditate on them and live by them, like a lamp fed by fresh oil, their brightness increases and they shed light on my path and bring understanding to my heart.

Certainty, Confidence, Trust, Adoration, and Praise, like the grace of God, are shed abroad in my heart.

I know that these Promises are true, and everlasting and sure.

They are the Rock of Ages.



"All history is incomprehensible without Christ."—Renan.

☐ We are meant to fall in love with God and with Jesus. He is with me when I fall asleep at night and when I awaken in the morning and we talk together and I listen for His reply.

## My Personal Pentecost

Hazel Pickett

"I WAS close to the festival or feast of the Passover, when some Greeks, who had come up to the town of Bethsaida to worship, came to the house where Jesus was staying and encountering Philip, probably in the courtyard, said, 'Sir, we would see Jesus.'" (St. John 12:20, 21.)

I am amazed at my own stupidity and neglect, my indifference to Jesus, up to a most recent time. So many Christians, like myself, are missing Him altogether. They may be well-read in Philosophy, even a lovely Christian philosophy, but they don't know Jesus. They live decent, law-abiding lives, go to church on Sunday, but still, they don't know Him. They even follow His teachings as a "principle," but what they need is to "see" Jesus. You can't love a principle. You can love a person, especially the Person of Jesus, the Christ. And if you really want to see Him, you must go direct to Him, not stopping at the outer court and conferring with some of His disciples or secretaries.

I know that "drawing" power of His today, and it is wonderful to trace the channels through which He drew me. I am witnessing for

Him and I want to give credit where credit is due. First of all, there was a talk, given by Starr Daily, in my town, just after the Camp Farthest Out at Estes Park, Colorado. He made us know that he had seen Jesus. I went home and spent most of the night in prayer. I had said to a friend of mine that evening after the talk "We have missed Jesus somewhere and I want to find Him." I had known Him when I was about twelve years old, when I was converted in a little cottage prayer meeting, but I had ranged far afield after that. I had read and studied all kinds of religions and philosophy, which I could name, but will not, because there is much good in all of them. But they did not satisfy. It was like reading a cookbook when you are hungry for the bread of life.

The next thing that drew me was *Manifest Victory*, the book by J. R. Moseley, which I had read before, but which did not grip me at the time in a personal way. About the same time I had an urge to attend a Pentecostal church. Though I knew no one there nor had anyone invited me to attend, I knew the church was there and had heard that the people sometimes



talked in tongues, when filled with the Spirit. But I went over there on a Sunday evening. The music was alive and lovely, the faces of the people filled with light and joy, and above at the back of the platform, was a large picture of Jesus in Gethsemane, and back of it a light arranged so it shone through the halo around His head. The minister was filled with the Spirit and radiated Love. When the invitation was given to come forward, I went. I, too, wanted to see Jesus. I was fed up with cold principles. I wanted to see Him and love Him and feel His love, as I did when I was a little girl. For several nights, Sundays and Wednesdays, I went to the altar, waiting on Him with praise and thanksgiving for His gift of the Spirit, that would make me to know Him and see Him. I was simply starving to death, spiritually. I asked His forgiveness for my neglect and my sins, knowing that my worst sin was that indifference towards Him for so many years. Still He did not come to me.

I had taken a woman friend with me to the service one Sunday night, and we both went forward and were helped but did not receive all we had asked for. She had been to the Camp and also to the talk by Mr. Daily. So we planned to take a day off and go up into the mountains and spend the entire day, in

prayer and meditation. We live in the Rockies and there are beautiful spots within an hour's ride.

We camped in a delightful place and at first sat down and talked and I read her portions of *Manifest Victory* which she had never read before. Then, suddenly, I could not stand it to just read about someone else finding Him. I wanted Jesus to say to me "I am perfect everything. I give you perfect everything" as He had said to Mr. Moseley. My friend and I each took a separate trail up the mountain so we would have perfect freedom.

Beside a huge fallen pine tree, I made "an altar in the wilderness" and knelt to seek Him. For more than two hours, though it seemed only a few minutes, I prayed for the Spirit's infilling, for a revelation of the Presence of Jesus, for His love to invade my heart. Then I prayed for other people, for Frank Laubach and his work in Paris for the peace conference group, for leaders and for people I knew, loved ones, friends who had difficult problems. When I finally started down the trail, I had a feeling of lightness, and light, like I had been washed clean. As I neared our little camp, I saw that my friend was ahead of me and had made coffee over a campfire and set out our sandwiches. We walked over to the car to wash our hands

from a jug of water she had in the luggage compartment. When we turned back to the campfire, the Spirit came in like a flood, revealing Jesus to me. It was with a cry, "Oh He is so sweet, so wonderful!" that we fell into each other's arms, while the power and the glory swept over us. My friend was blessed but says that she did not receive as I did.

But I did not leave Him there on the mountain. He came home with me. I told Him to come in and bring His own furniture with Him, to toss out anything in my heart and life that was not according to His plan and purpose for me. I went back to the Pentecostal church again the following Sunday and when I witnessed for Him, He came back again in a wave of glory. Since that time, when I am at work, or walking along to work, or at home doing the housework, He touches me with His love and presence. I turn my attention to Him, aloud or silently, praising Him and thanking Him for His dearness and nearness, His guidance, His healing power, His gift of the Holy Spirit. Someone has said that we are meant to fall in love with God and with Jesus, His Son. It is like that for He is with me as I fall asleep at night and when I awaken in the morning and we talk together and I listen for His reply. I have asked Him to write through

me, to paint through me, to speak through me, to witness through me.

There is a peace, serene and deep, a vast sense of security in knowing Him. There is joy unspeakable and full of glory. I see Him everywhere and back of all the outward action there is almost constant prayer and communion with Him.

When we are alone, if He wishes to speak through my lips in another language more acceptable to Him, that is quite all right too, for my lips are dedicated to Him. Once or twice it has happened, phrases that I could not interpret. It does not matter, so full is my heart. The way will open out for service for Him but He does not hurry. My prayer is "deeper, deeper" in Him, rooted and grounded as Paul said, and more and more of His Spirit, though sometimes His sudden infilling is almost unbearably sweet and more could not be endured.

"Sir, we would see Jesus." Do you want to see Him? Then seek Him, wait for Him, tarry until He comes. Thank Him and praise Him for coming into your heart, for He comes in through gates of praise. It is the Father's good pleasure to give you His Spirit and His Kingdom as well as the companionship of His dear Son, Jesus. Then seek Him, with your whole heart and He shall be found of thee.



## Learning to Take It

Mildred Long

“FOR WE know that things work together for good to them who love God to those who are called according to His purpose.”

Nothing so tests a man's ability to live as the disaster that comes upon him, unless perhaps it is financial success. Life seems very heartless at times. But the man who wins out is the man who can keep climbing no matter how many times he falls down or slips back; the man who can conquer his own passions: resentment, grief, discouragement, self-pity, and all their children, and can learn not only to subordinate self but to draw upon God's eternal resources. The man who can take disaster and use it is learning how to live.

And there are many such people today. History also is full of them. Much of our great literature has come from prison cells, from sick rooms, from the night of blindness. I am thinking just now of the blind preacher in Athens ministering faithfully to his congregation and bringing them the Word of life; of the woman who was crippled for twelve years during her youth and afterward became a great stu-

dent of healing and was able to help many back to health; of the invalid for forty years in bed who made butterfly lockets which traveled around the world scattering beauty; of the business woman laid aside by a hip injury who carried on at home as she was able and finally regained her health and strength, keeping her faith in God even as the shining light which led her on. These all have come within my experience. And there are others. You can name some too. These all have learned to use their handicaps to the glory of God. Is not that true success?

I would like to say to parents: help your child to overcome the little disasters and disappointments he meets along the way without self-pity or over-much grief at any loss; and if possible help him to turn the disappointments into something good. You can give him no better equipment for life than just that, for that helps him to see the reality of the promise that “all things work together for good to them who love God.”

The oyster receives a grain of sand under its shell and is irritated thereby. So it throws about it a

fluid which removes the irritation and turns the grain of sand into a rare jewel, a pearl. He who has truly learned to live will be able to do just that: to turn all the misfortunes and sorrows of life into jewels fit for a king, jewels of service, of beauty, of unselfish living. Perhaps the hard things are given us for that very purpose—that we might learn to overcome, to take and use every event of life.

All nature testifies of this combination. There is no royal sunset

without clouds, no rainbow without the rain. The rose must be crushed to give off its sweetest fragrance, and the olive berry to yield its healing oil. The diamond can never catch and reflect the rays of the sun until it has submitted to the lapidary's chisel. So the choicest virtues and strongest characters are produced by the constant chiseling of life and the resulting light that shines upon the soul. “And this is the victory that overcomes the world, even our faith.”



### The Fifth Hour

Maurine V. Brown

In the stillness of the chapel  
With the altar fire aglow  
Yearning hearts in wonder waited,  
Would the Master come and go?

Souls uplifted with the promise,  
“You must seek if you would find,”  
Kept the group in adoration  
Lifting up all humankind.

And the Master came among them  
(Though he wore a human cloak),  
Blessed the humble eager seekers  
As a light within them broke.



☾ In the spiritual world there is another kind of light which is not of the sun, the moon and the stars.

## *Children of the Light*

*Wally and Rebecca Beard*

IN THE visible world light occurs only through active combustion. The constant of the visible world in darkness. That is, remove the light of the sun, moon and stars, or the manufactured, or secondary, light of combustion, and darkness is always there. Darkness is not brought in and taken out as is light. Darkness is always there when the light is removed.

In the spiritual world there is another kind of light which is not the light of the sun, moon and stars. God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." Not until later do we find the creation of the "lights in the heavens to give light upon the earth; the greater light to rule the day and the lesser light to rule the night."

God said, "Let there be light." That light is everlasting divine love, continuous, everflowing, non-ending, because that was the light that was created before the hours were divided between day and night, or the sun and moon ordained. This light was the love God cast upon the void which was to become the universe.

In Revelations this spiritual light is again mentioned. (Rev. 22-5) "And there shall be no night

there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light . . ." Again in 1st Timothy (6-16) we read, "Who only hath immortality dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen nor can see."

It is the light of which the mystics speak — an effulgence, a soft radiance, a glow; alive but not a flame. Sometimes it is brighter than at other times. Moses saw it in the burning bush which was not consumed. Peter saw it as he walked out of prison. Des Casas experienced it in his monk's cell. It was so bright to Paul on the road to Damascus that it blinded his physical sight, and he could not see for three days. Those who came to the tomb on the morning after the resurrection found the angel of the Lord bathed in this light; and when Peter, James and John were with Jesus on the mountain (Math. 17-2) (Mark 9-2) he was transfigured before them and "His face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." — "Exceeding white as snow."

Unawakened man, kin to mother earth, has a constant of darkness, (negativeness, ignorance and in-

ertia). Only the presence of the positive light can disperse this darkness. Remove the light of illumined truth and love and the darkness is always there. But in the spiritual world this relation between light and darkness is reversed. When a man is reborn into the consciousness of the higher dimensional world he lives in a different atmosphere. Here the constant is light, not darkness. Some spark within him is touched and the divine flame sends forth light. Henceforth his life is completely changed. The forces of darkness may enter for a longer or shorter period and for a time may blot out the clear shining of the light, but the moment the doubt, fear and inertia are dispersed, the light is there, untouched, undimmed.

In unawakened man this light must be brought in to disperse the darkness, and on being withdrawn leaves darkness, since darkness is his constant. With the man whose consciousness has been raised to a higher dimension, the darkness is the factor which may be brought in, but on being dispersed leaves light, since light is his constant. The unawakened man is, then, basically negative or pessimistic, while the awakened man is fundamentally positive and optimistic.

Those who are spiritually awakened have a constant of spiritual light and are not dependent upon

sunshine and outer brightness for their happiness or sense of well being. There is always a radiance within, even on the dreariest days or in the most melancholy surroundings, and gradually they lose all tendency to become blue or depressed. Edward Howard Griggs once said, "To be able to stand in the midst of darkness and act as though all about you was light is the supreme test of the human spirit."

This expansion of consciousness out of the prison house of time and space into the dimension where light is the unvarying constant is the true resurrection. To attain it is the reason for our lives. Once experienced it is never lost. We are become "children of the light." "For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord." (Law). "Walk as children of light and Christ shall give thee light." (Eph, 5-8) "Ye are all the children of light and the children of the day. We are not of the night nor of darkness." (Thes. 5-5) "While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be children of the light." (John 12-36)

The reborn man brings his light to them that sit in darkness. "Let your light so shine. It is this shedding of the light into a world of darkness that increases our own light and power. If we keep our lamps trimmed and burning the



darkness has no power to encroach upon us. Keep the darkness (doubt and fear) away, and the light is always there. "Keep thine eye single that thy body may be full of light."

"If I say, 'Surely the darkness shall cover me,' even the night shall be light about me. Yes, the darkness hideth not from thee but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." Psalm 139, 11 and 12.

Nor does the child of light ever despair or grow weary of shedding the light. He knows that when the light is withdrawn from the lives of those in whom darkness is still the constant, that fear, unbelief and disease are there. They do not have to be brought in. They do not displace light. Just remove the light of truth and love and they

are there, and will be there until that life becomes illumined either within itself, which is the permanent resurrection, or by the light of one who has been born again. "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto a perfect day. The way of the wicked is as darkness." (Prov. 4-18 and 19)

O, child of light, never lose patience, never condemn, never cease your effort! Never allow the clouds to descend upon your brightness, nor let the smoke screen of illusion shut off your healing rays. It is only by your steady shining that the Kingdom of God shall come upon earth. "God, who said, 'Let Light shine out of darkness,' hath shined into our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God."



### *Washington's Prayer*

"Almighty God: We make our earnest prayer that thou wilt keep the United States in thy holy protection; that thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government and entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large.

"And finally that thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion and without a humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation.

"Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

☐ Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.

## *Faith—The Golden Key to Life*

*Grenville Kleiser*

**F**AITH is the Golden Key to life itself—to progress, growth, understanding, and enduring happiness. As one long since said, "All things are possible to him that believeth."

Emerson observed, "All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.

"Men of vision walk by faith when days are dark and foreboding. Faith removes mountains of fear and discouragement. Faith is the soul's great venture. Faith is courage and power in action."

We are told that "By grace are ye saved through faith; it is the gift of God; and without faith it is impossible to please Him."

Further we are told, "We walk by faith, not by sight." St. Paul wrote these reassuring words to the Galatians, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

Faith has been defined as confident expectation of good—of success, of victory,—that says, "I can and I will!" Despite all appearances to the contrary, faith feels assured of ultimate triumph.

A spiritual writer gives this counsel to one who would build greater faith: "Fix well in mind that God, Almighty Creator and Infinite Life Principle of the universe, can work in you and in your affairs to do whatever ought to be done."

To build faith that will stand the test of misfortune we should pray often to God, not only in the morning and at night, but at intervals during the day. Stop for a few moments and ask Him for help and guidance. Thank Him for blessings received. Say, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

Daily we walk largely by faith. We take a streamlined train without having any information about the engineer or the track of the railroad, and we believe that we will be taken safely to our destination.

Faith is not mere credulity. A fool can be credulous, but faith requires for its rooting and growth soil that is deep and strong. To the man who feels that his life is only the monotonous round of a mill-horse, faith lifts him to a higher, better realization of his rightful place in the divine order. If he is wise his life becomes one of earnest, humble consecration to God.



Dr. L. M. Zimmerman gives us this beautiful prayer:

"Help us, O God, to put our trust in Thee, that by faith we may receive from Thee what Thou has promised unto us in Thy Holy Word.

"Grant unto us the venturesomeness of a faith which reaches out its hand to Thee, not because it has first seen, but because Thou hast first promised.

"Give us a faith in the things hoped for and not yet seen. Fill us with the gift of the Holy Spirit and with a fullness of faith that will overcome the world, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Have faith in God. Faith is counted for righteousness. Faith without works is dead. Without faith it is impossible to please God. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.



### Christmas

Louis J. Kovar

Ancient in its dreaming,  
Modern in its revealing,  
Christmas means a Babe, so wee.

Simple in its beginning,  
Profound in its meaning,  
Christmas brings the Savior to me.

Lowly in its setting,  
Divine in its reaching,  
Christmas calls for bended knee.



"Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many other things. And it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do."—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Should I not now give? They have nothing in comparison, and I have a little to spare.

## A Dream Helped Feed Europe and Asia

By Milton Hallman

MY FRIEND had a peculiar dream. He felt so ashamed, because he dreamt that some men working for him had left without being paid. (He did not know who they were.) He was satisfied with their work but ashamed of his carelessness.

At the same time, there was a drought in the country. People prayed for rain. The grass, grain, vegetables, fruit and trees suffered for want of water. This in the face of the food needed for Europe.

Then my friend awoke. He heard the rain—it rained hard and continued to rain.

This led him to think as to whether it had anything to do with his dream. "Yes," he said to himself, "the rainmaker was on the job, supplying the needed rain." Then he asked himself, "Have I ever paid him for the rain?" He concluded that he had thanked him a few times but not as much as it was worth. Rain meant so much more. Then he thought of the good bed he had, the pure air he breathed even while he had slept. He thought of his clothing and cultural facilities in comparison with those of others.

Then he heard the freight train running through the rain. He thought how the crew worked all night in the rain while he slept. He thought of the police force, of

the men in the electric power plants, the miners, the dairymen getting up in the rain to feed and milk the cows, the farmers and so many others who worked for him daily. It caused him to pause and ask What can I do? I can not pay the Lord for the rain and the pure air, nor all the people who work for me.

Then he recalled how one-fourth of the population of the globe was hungry, poorly housed and clothed. How five hundred millions were starving. "I gave a little to feed them but should I not do more?"

He thought of Europe. Well, his own ancestors had come from the hunger belt in Europe. Maybe some of their brothers and sisters there helped his forebearers to cross the Atlantic. Were they ever paid back? "Maybe my forebearers were too busy clearing the land, building homes, and warding off the Indians to send those in Europe a cent for their help in time of need."

Should I not now give far more to help feed, shelter, and clothe them in Europe? They have nothing and in comparison, I have all I actually need and a little to spare. He sat down and wrote out a good check for the needy in Europe and Asia.



# Thoughts Farthest Out

## January

Memory Verse: "And I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then I said, Here am I; send me." Isaiah 6:8

ON September 5th the Laymen's Movement of New York City sent Frank Laubach by plane to Paris to help marshal prayers for the Peace Conference. In the meantime millions in America were praying, thousands of whom were using Mr. Laubach as a spearhead to focus their prayers.

After organizing the praying people of Paris, Frank Laubach sent this letter to the Conference:

"We, a group of Christian leaders in Paris, realizing that if the Peace Conference is to achieve lasting results, it must be in accord with the purposes of God; and appreciating the overwhelming difficulties of your task, desire you to know that we are praying in meetings and individually that you may be effective instruments of God in bringing to the world a righteous and enduring peace."

He received grateful and appreciative letters from Secretary Byrnes and most of the other leaders. Then he sent a personal letter to each delegate. Below is an excerpt:

"I have been sent from the United States to inform you that for the past two weeks, millions of people have been praying for you all across America that you may be guided to do His will for the world. . . . You men hold the human race in your hands. You are not only setting boundaries but the survival of mankind. . . . On this letter I am breathing a prayer that you may be given the wisdom, the infinite compassion, and the limitless patience of Christ."

Upon his return the Federal Council of Churches and a score of Church Boards joined the Laymen's Movement in sending Frank Laubach to twenty-five of the leading cities of America to arouse people to prayer. Let us all join in to keep that prayer going. If the United Nations Conference is in session when this reaches you will you send to ten of your friends the following note on a postcard:

"Everybody wants a peaceful world. Few know what they can do about it. There is one powerful thing anybody can do.

Pray for the delegates to the Paris Peace Conference, and the United States. Join the host of sincere people asking God's help for these men in building a just peace and a workable world. Pray at home, at church, on the train, on the job, and keep at it. The prayer of millions can be overwhelming. If you believe in this project, won't you write to ten friends the same card, asking them to do the same?"

Read: *A Christian Global Strategy*, Walter W. Van Kirk.

## February

Memory Verse: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my power is made perfect in weakness." II Corinthians 12:9

LET US organize the Fanner Bees of America!

Those who have read *The Lord's Prayer*, by Glenn Clark, pages 40-51, will know what this means. To do this we shall need, first of all, an army of worker bees who love to call on shut-ins. They must have a passion for it.

Shut-ins are like flowers. Not the strong hollyhock and chrysanthemum kind that grow out of doors, but the more delicate and frail American Beauties and lilies that rest on window seats and brighten bedrooms and love to greet the Sun when it smiles at them in the morning. True these flowers require more care than out-of-door flowers—watering and feeding at stated intervals—but sometimes those we care for most are the ones we love the most and they in turn love us the most. Let us love our shut-ins, infinitely more precious than flowers!

The world has erected great greenhouses called Hospitals or Rest Homes or Old Folks' Homes where these flowers can be attended to by horticulturists that are more or less specialists in their line, but most shut-ins are in private homes, the bedroom or window-seat variety, where we amateurs must care for them.

Bees have a special relationship to flowers. To them the busy bee carries pollen and from them carries honey. And that is exactly what we need—an army to fly in and out of shut-ins, pollenizing them with new faith, new hope, new love, new joys of creativity, and new purposes for living, and carrying back from them the sweet recompense of love and prayers for all the world.

To direct this army of worker bees there should be a queen bee in every state. Over all the nation there should be a



Commander-in-chief or Keeper of the Hives, by whom a record of all the hives can be kept and all the prayer power marshalled for great world needs at the right times.

There has been much happy buzzing around our local Prayer Tower lately and the horizons have become very clear.

Now we are ready to make honey. All we need now are sufficient worker bees. For that purpose we want to recruit an army of those who are enthusiastic about calling on shut-ins. We shall have to depend upon you who have this enthusiasm to send in your own names. This is not to be an army of conscripts but an army of volunteers. From this central hive the Keeper will furnish you free of charge copies of *The Lord's Prayer*—all that you can use—one for each Fanner Bee you enlist. In addition we shall send you back copies of *Clear Horizons* to carry to each shut-in. Besides these gifts to each Fanner Bee whom you can enlist, you are to carry the pollen of a grand new purpose in which each shut-in can cooperate—that of activating our great hives of prayer with broadcasts of love and prayer to bless the world.

See at least one shut-in this winter. If you wish to join the army of worker bees write to the Editor of *Clear Horizons*.

Read: *The Man Who Walked in His Steps*, by Glenn Clark.

## March

Memory Verse: "*Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward; for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed for ever.*" Genesis 13:14, 15

**W**HY IS IT that daydreams so often come true? It is because Imagination plus Faith is the most creative combination in all the world, provided Imagination is focused upon something that is already true.

Most of our bondage today is bondage to illusions, falsehoods and lies. The moment we use our Imagination to see God in control of a situation the fog clears away and that moment the situation is solved.

In 1938 and 1939 we made plans for a travelling Camp Farthest Out in Europe for 1940, arriving in France June 23rd and returning to the United States September 1st. We daydreamed it, we visioned it, we even had folders printed announcing it, and all through 1938 and 1939 we saw in imagination Jesus walking with us hand in hand up and

down the roads of Europe. When war broke out in the fall of 1939 we prophesied that all fighting would stop in Europe in 1940 on June 23rd and not be resumed until September 1st. And that combination of imagination and faith was so powerful that all fighting stopped on the eve of June 23rd and didn't start again until after September 1st.

So let us daydream together again—all readers of *Clear Horizons*. Let us plan a *College Farthest Out for Europe in 1948*. A member of our staff, Professor Karel Hujer, who talks seven languages and has many contacts in Europe, will go over in the summer of 1947 and prepare the way for us. We shall have the basic lectures given to the group on ship-board going over. In Europe we shall have leading scholars and statesmen and religious leaders lecture to us. We shall see all the significant scenery and landmarks but in a new and different way. We shall walk in the footsteps of our Master in the Holy Land, bringing prayers of healing to that smitten land. We shall be trained in art when we relax at the market places to do some sketching. Our creative writing will be in form of letters home to be preserved for us afterwards.

We can take only one hundred. Probably only one hundred can afford to go. What will happen to the other 15,000 readers of *Clear Horizons* who cannot go? This is what they can do—what we can all do. We can use our Imagination and Faith to vision Jesus walking up and down the roads of Europe all through the summer of 1948. We can see him preparing the atmosphere for peace, establishing foundations of justice before the politicians arrive there, making firm the eternal values before the time-servers arrive to distort or destroy them. We can get the "jump" on the forces of evil so evil will be defeated before it arrives. Just as the first nation to occupy New England owned New England, as the first explorers to reach the South Pole put up their nation's flag, so can our little army of praying folks, by arriving today (in imagination) in the Europe of 1948, put up the banner of Christ where it will never come down and take possession of Europe's boundaries for the Kingdom of heaven, and declare the leaders henceforth as vassals of the Prince of Peace.

But we won't make the mistake we did when we visioned the Europe of 1940 returning to war in September. The contacts we vision making for 1948 this time will be permanent ones and we shall vision Jesus continuing to walk in ever growing power, not only in Europe but all over the world, through all the years and centuries to come. Join us in this vision!

Read: *Say Yes To the Light*, by Allen A. Hunter.



## Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

1. MORE SERMON TRAILS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, Carl S. Weist. Harpers, \$1.50. Dr. Weist is an appealing story-writer. This book is sure to hold the interest and attention of any boy or girl—to say nothing of their parents. Each sermon is really a short story that runs two or three pages in length. The subject matter is excellent. You will find stories about aviator Eddie Rickenbacker, baseball pitcher "Lefty" Grove, President Abraham Lincoln, General Robert E. Lee, etc. There are other stories about the physician who lost his eyesight, the man who searched for his friend who had fallen under the ice, the native who accompanied Livingston's body to London. A variety of stories that are all good, pointed, virile, sensitive and worth a truckload of conventional "sermons." It is difficult to imagine a boy or a girl, or a man or a woman, who will not cherish *More Sermon Trails For Boys and Girls*.

2. AND THE PROPHETS, Clovis G. Chappell. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.75. Dr. Chappell does a vivid job of bringing the prophets back to life in language and description that takes them out of the unreal past into the living present. In the chapter on Moses he tells of the great prophet's education. Moses was first educated by his mother (his mother, a paid servant of the royal princess), then as an adopted member of the royal household, then at the best universities in the land, and then in the loneliness and despair and final triumph of the wilderness where he found God and the great Cause. After a general introduction, Dr. Chappell tells the story of seventeen major prophets in a way that you will enjoy.

3. THE GOSPEL OF EMERSON, edited by Newton Dillaway. Montrose Press, \$1.75. This volume is the culled result of searching Emerson's hundreds of works, and the result deserves wide circulation and much reading. Emerson's thoughts on numerous topics are listed. Some chapter titles are "The Coming of the Spirit," "The Way," "Soul," "Mind," "The Universal Outlook," "Truth," "Immortality," "Christianity," "God," "The Individual," and "The Voice At Eve." The editor has done an excellent job in listing the thoughts, gleaned from so many works, in a logical order that does justice to the viewpoint of the author. It is a book you will pick up at odd moments and find insights and renewed courage.

4. JOURNAL FROM MY CELL, Roland DePury. Harpers, \$1.50. Roland DePury is a Swiss minister who served a parish in France. One day as he, dressed in his vestments, was about to enter the pulpit, members of the Gestapo came and took him away. He was in prison for one hundred and fifty days, part of them in solitary confinement. His journal is one of the most spiritual diaries I have ever read. It is not a catalogue of hideous brutalities. Enough of these have come out of the war. It is the story of a man being worn down mentally and physically day by day until he feels he must lose his mind. It is also the story of the unrelentless passing of time that never does seem to pass. And then it is the story of man, stripped of everything, so awfully alone, being borne up by Christ and being sustained so realistically by God that his suffering is somehow endured. With a small can opener he scratched "My grace is sufficient for thee" on the wall, and oh how it helped! Not a "thriller," but a thrilling odyssey of the Christian spirit.

5. THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS, William Peter King. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.75. The book is divided into three parts: "The Wrong Trail" (Fame, Wealth, Pleasure, etc.), "The Foes of Happiness" (Worry of Life, Work of Life, Self-Centered Life, Fear, etc.), and "The Conditions of Happiness" (Accepting

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Ourselves, Humor, Knowing How to Grow Old, Memory and Imagination, and Happiness In The Inner Spirit). Writing in an easy to understand style, the author first of all differentiates between pleasure and happiness, and then does a searching and common sense job on the rest of the book, anchoring the findings of psychology with the wisdom of Christianity. The reader will find it worthwhile.

6. THE STORY OF THE FAITH, William Alva Gifford. MacMillan, \$5.00, 622 pp. In the preface, Dr. Gifford says, "And I have not written for scholars; . . ." Because he has not, this book is one of the most readable histories of Christianity one will find. To tell the story of Christianity, he begins with the ancient Hebrew tribes and the formation of Judaism, and throughout the book indicates how Christianity "gathered many things from many sources as the generations passed." The reviewer is not a historian, but from what men who are historians say of this book, the work is academically sound. Of interest to the layman is the fact that here is the chance to read in one volume an excellently written survey of Christianity. It is not schoolwork to read it. One may skip about in it according to the subjects he is interested in. When one historian says, in a national magazine, that he recommends it above his own book that is indeed high praise. It is the *best* book for sweep and interest of its kind I have seen.

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☐ It is important that we recognize through the ages the leading, chastening, sustaining aspect of God the Father, constantly and consistently shaping the universe to His will through the agencies of men.

## The Holy Ghost Bears Witness

Nellie B. Miller

*"And He shall be called . . . Prince of Peace."*

*"They shall not hurt nor kill in all my holy mountain," saith the Lord.*

A STRANGE dream was born in a maiden's tender heart; about her was the beating of unseen wings; her soul was overshadowed by the Most High, and even as the infant Samuel heard the Lord's voice and answered it, her girlish voice sounds sweet and clear:

*"My soul doth magnify the Lord,  
And my spirit hath rejoiced  
In God my Saviour . . ."*

There was no hesitation, no arguing, no questioning of how and why. This young girl held the two keys to the mysteries of the Kingdom: awareness and obedience. The witness of the Holy Ghost surrounded her with the rhythm of holy joy. Later, she pondered the startling news she had been told of her cousin Elizabeth whose husband, Zacharias, had lost the power of speech and served the altar in silence. Surely this was an act of God. In tender compassion she prayed that all might be well with

her kinfolks and the child whose name was to be John.

Her months passed quickly and without event until the time of taxing and the going down to Bethlehem.

Then, as now, the housing was inadequate and many were turned away—but only one found a star-hung immortal cradle.

There were in that same country shepherds watching their flocks by night and the glory of the Lord shone around them and they were sore afraid. What the shepherds saw was the same cloud with heart of fire that appeared to Moses on Mt. Sinai; the same resplendent glory that filled the tabernacle during Solomon's prayer in the temple at Jerusalem. It produced the same shaking awe which fell upon Ezekiel in the Valley of Dry Bones so many centuries before. . . . It was the witness of the Holy Ghost.

There was a very aged man in the temple who had been promised of the Spirit that he should not die until he had seen the Lord's Christ, and there was an aged prophetess who confirmed his testimony in regard to the babe he held so lovingly in his arms. Thus

the scarlet thread of prophecy wrought through many centuries was strengthened by Simeon and Anna—but it was all the same thread.

It matters little whether we call this directing power Jehovah, Angel of the Lord, Holy Ghost or Holy Spirit. The thing that is important is that we recognize through the ages the leading, chastening, sustaining aspect of God the Father constantly and consistently shaping the universe to His will through the agencies of men. Seen from the vantage point of today the extraordinary happenings of the Old and New Testaments are not disconnected instances of God-realized, but a single plan of spiritual evolution, patiently God-perfected. No evidence of such a plan was discerned by those who lived through the events. The significance of this for our own chaotic days is tremendous.

We are convinced by all the analogy of the past that we are even now working out under divine direction plans as vital as any that have gone before, but we are too close, too involved in the building, to comprehend its meaning and scope. Only a few, compared with the number then living, realized the significance of the fulfilment of the Messianic prophecy.

We may read the story of the birth of Jesus as recorded by Saint

Luke in a single sitting, yet upon it the Holy Ghost had been concentrating for at least fifteen centuries of recorded time—and back of that how many ages of patient, brooding, unrecorded vision God only knows.

*There is no time in the eternal patience of God.* We who so impatiently demand that men shall perfect permanent peace in a few months would do well to reflect upon this patience of God with ignorant, wilful men. There is a blueprint for peace, given many centuries ago by the same inspired prophet who foretold with such accuracy of detail the birth, life, and death of Jesus of Nazareth:

*"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and the swords shall be made into pruning hooks. And in that day, the bells upon the horses shall sound holiness unto the Lord. I will take the cup of trembling from your lips—you shall drink it no more."*

God's plans for this planet must be worked out through the cooperation of the men who survive the present holocaust. The two requisites to cooperation are awareness and obedience. *Awareness*—recognition that there is a plan, God inspired; and *obedience*—willingness to forego present gain for future good. God's plans stand sure,



though comets blaze the trackless void and stars unstable fall, though men succumb to greed and fear and go amuck. The Holy Ghost has never ceased His guiding, chastening work in the lives of men—He waits our greater awareness and our full obedience. Men can retard—but they cannot defeat His purpose.

*Permanent peace already is—in the eternal patience of God.* There is no one of us so humble that he cannot grasp and hold that vision—and that is cooperation.

“Through the Lord we shall do valiantly.”

Every time that we proclaim our

fears of another war and declare that our leaders have failed to win the peace, we line up with the negative and destructive forces. We, who desire peace so fervently, have thrown a stone at the beautiful structure of the patient all-loving God. Let us keep the prophet's vision ever before us and support it with a constant stream of prayer—the prayer of faith without wavering, the perfect circle of prayer, which is not petition but recognition and holy obedience:

*For Thine is the Kingdom  
And the Power and the Glory  
Forever  
Amen*

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933**

Of Clear Horizons published Quarterly at St. Paul, Minnesota for October 1, 1946.

State of Minnesota }  
County of Ramsey } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Glenn Clark, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Clear Horizons and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Maclester Park Publishing Company, 1371 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minnesota. Editor, Glenn Clark, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul 5, Minnesota. Managing Editor, Norman K. Elliott, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul 5, Minnesota. Business Manager, C. O. Dunham, 1571 Grand Ave., St. Paul 5, Minnesota.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Glenn Clark, 1787 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul 5, Minnesota.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Glenn Clark

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1946.

(SEAL)

C. R. Youngren  
Notary Public, Ramsey County, Minn.  
(My commission expires June 7, 1948.)

☐ Do we really want God's way to go through? Has it our vote?

## Going “His” Way

Ralph W. Sockman

ARE WE going God's way? How do we hear the voice which says, “This is the way, walk ye in it”? How can we, you and I personally, know when we are going His way?

The first suggestion which the Bible makes clear is that we must start with a surrendered will. God calls for unconditional surrender of our wills to his. But he does not leave us in the dark as to what his will is. In prophecy and gospel God has revealed his terms. He does not bargain with sinful men. In the parable of the prodigal son, the father did not send an emissary to the boy in the far country, saying, “Now if you will come home, we shall make conditions more agreeable for you.” No, the wayward son surrendered his stubborn will unconditionally. He said, “I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, ‘Father, I have sinned: . . . make me as one of thy hired servants.’” He did not ask for terms. Yet why did Jesus tell that parable? Not only to show prodigals that they must surrender unconditionally, but even more primarily to show the kind of Heaven-

ly Father to whom sinful sons can surrender. The parable of the prodigal son is also the parable of the just and loving father.

God has an intention for this human race. His intention was revealed by the prophets and supremely by Jesus of Nazareth. And the first test of a Christian is, Am I committed wholeheartedly with surrendered will to carrying on God's intention as revealed in Christ?

Do we really want God's way to go through? Has it our vote? Are our wills surrendered to it? That is the way we start if we are going his way.

And now if we would hear the voice saying, “This is the way, walk ye in it,” the second condition made clear in Scripture is a studying mind.

Many are the people we know whose hearts seem to be in the right place but whose heads are so often on the wrong side. And when a man's heart is on the right side of an issue and his head is on the wrong side, he usually “gets it in the neck,” as we say. And that explains why so many of our good

From *Now to Live*, Ralph W. Sockman. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tennessee. Copyright 1946.



intentions and good causes go awry. Their followers are for them in spirit but they do not follow through with straight, hard thinking. We cannot keep our hearts going God's way unless our heads are going his way, too.

Jesus did not merely say, "Come unto me." He said: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, . . . for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." One of our troubles is that we take Christ's yoke upon us without going on to learn of him. That is, we yield our wills to him. We yoke ourselves to his tasks and try to do our duty. But it seems a grim business. This yoke galls us. Every duty seems a sacrifice. We do not give our minds to him and learn of him so that his yoke becomes easy and his burden is light. Many of our greatest social servants, although they endured the severest hardships, have said they never thought of themselves as making a sacrifice. They enjoyed their work. They had learned of Christ until his yoke had become easy and his burden light.

A third step which the Scriptures makes clear is a walking faith.

In recent years I have listened to the discussion of so many problems that sometimes I become dis-

mayed about our ever coming through them. I hear about the race problems, about the labor problems, about the problems of youth. And I ask myself almost hopelessly, Is there any way through? My lights of hope grow dim as do the lights of a motor car which has stood until the batteries are run down. What is the way out of a mood like that? It is to start moving and recharge the batteries by running the engine. I go out and try to do something for somebody, and I see what God can do through me to those near to me. Or I go to a Y. M. C. A. meeting and hear what progress is being made in the work with the boys right around me. I try to do the duty next to me, and in the doing of that I generate light for the next duty beyond. Yes, there come times when we must start our stalled engines of faith and begin doing something.

When the problems of statecraft baffle us we can at least do the plain simple deeds of mercy and generosity. And the doing of such deeds across national boundary lines will serve not only to safeguard the future good will between nations but also to keep our own batteries of faith and hope from running down while we confront some of the baffling world problems.

Would you hear the voice behind

you saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it"? Then surrender your will to God's will. Use your best mind to study his way. And start walking in faith by doing the duties next to you.

If space permitted, I could cite case after case wherein that still, small voice has been heard, giving guidance, assurance, comfort, courage. A very interesting document was sent to me a few days ago by a member of my church. It was written by a cultured Christian woman some twenty-five years ago. She was at the point of death. She had surrendered herself to God. A peace passing understanding stole over her spirit. And with it she

felt a divine Presence like the Christ. He was as real to her as her nurse. What was it? An illusion? Well, call it what you will, but it was so real to her that the vivid memory of it lingered with her and was a source of inner strength after her recovery. She did not talk about it, but the written description of it was found among her papers at her death twenty-five years later.

But why multiply cases or try to explain them? When with committed will and consecrated mind we keep walking with the best we know, we feel the presence of an Invisible Comrade of the Way.



### *An Example of Practicing Christianity*

"I know a church—The Church of the Crossroads—in Honolulu, Hawaii, my home. Before the war and for a while thereafter the Jewish people were not numerous, and certainly not well-to-do. They had no place of their own for worship and had to meet wherever they could. Finally such places were lost to them. It was then that this church offered them the use of their building on Sunday evenings. It was also theirs to use during the periods of the Jewish sacred holidays. The war brought many Jewish men and rabbis to Honolulu and eventually they were able to build and maintain a synagogue of their own. But I am sure no Jew who lived in Honolulu during those earlier days will ever forget the tolerance and brotherhood displayed by The Church of the Crossroads."—*Mrs. Joy Ketcham.*



"The first point of wisdom is to discern that which is false; the second, to know that which is true."—*Lactantius.*



“I don't know,” he replied. “It must have been your God who brought me here.”

## Mother's Prayer Convinced A Physician

Emma Lillian Hicks

WHEN I was about twelve years old, something happened that made prayer a definite part of my life. Our family doctor had no faith in God or the religious life of anyone. Often I have heard him say to my mother who had a firm faith in God and the power of prayer: “Dora, I am surprised at you talking about your faith in God. What has He done for you? Nothing that I can see but given you a hard time, working all your life, and plenty of suffering.” Mother would look at him smilingly and say: “Doctor, where did you get your knowledge of healing and how to help people? It is my God who has given you the wisdom to do these things, and I will continue to pray for you that God may take the scales from your eyes that you may see and know Him.”

Our Doctor had to keep his horse in a livery stable so he would tell his patients if he was needed at night, not to call him by phone but to send someone for him and he would get there more quickly. The doctor lived fifteen city blocks from our house. One winter's day when the ground was covered with ice and sleet so that it was danger-

ous to walk in the street, our mother became very ill. When we wanted to send for the doctor she said: “No, wait a little.” Through the day while we could see her suffering, she would say, “Wait a little longer,” until we became frantic, thinking each moment would be her last. Still she said: “Wait” until my father said: “I can stand this no longer. Get the two boys ready and send them for the doctor.” As I went with them to the door, it opened to show the doctor with the bag in his hand. We asked: “Doctor, who called you?” He said: “I cannot talk now, get these things as quickly as you can.”

It was then about 11:30 P.M. For two hours he was busy with mother before he said anything, and we knew Mother's life had been saved. Finally Mother looked at the doctor smilingly and said: “Doctor, what brought you here at this hour of the night?” With an expression on his face I shall never forget, he said: “Dora, I guess it must have been your God, because I had put up my horse for the night, had my supper and was sitting in the dining room alone, reading the paper when the door

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MOTHER'S PRAYER

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opened. I looked up to see who was coming in, and there you were standing in the center of the room as natural as I have ever seen you in my life. You said: ‘Doctor, do something for me please. I am so sick.’ I paid no attention to it, yet I became restless, and went into the living room, and tried to read again. When the living room door opened, there you were again, standing in the center of the room, asking me to do something for you. I was more disturbed this time than before and tried to console myself by thinking: ‘Dora is on my mind because she was not so well this morning.’ So I decided to go to my bedroom, perhaps I could relax there. But here again, the door opened, and you were standing there, saying: ‘Doctor, for the third time I have asked you to do

something for me, and you have refused. If I die tonight, my blood will be required at your hands.’ I could stand no more, so here I am. (Having walked down fifteen blocks of icy, sleet covered streets.)”

“Doctor, what do you think of it?” Mother asked.

“I don't know,” he replied. “It must have been your God who brought me here.”

“He was letting you see His Power through prayer. He wants you to become one of His servants. Do you think you can trust Him now?”

He answered: “It is all so new to me and so startling, but I will try, if you will pray for me.”

From that night on he was truly a Christian doctor who gave loyal service to God and his fellow men.



### Tapers

Margaret G. Hammaker

A light into the world  
Comes He  
And makes the dark to shine.  
He lights the candles  
In men's eyes.  
Oh, baby Christ, light mine.  
Give me the torch within  
My hand.  
I, too, would touch the gleam  
To silent tapers in men's hearts,  
Their broken lives redeem.



## Meditations for the Quiet Hour

Mrs. Joseph C. Derrick

### I

"Give and it shall be given unto you." (Luke 6:38). Men find it hard to believe in the workability of spiritual laws because they seem to contradict natural laws. "Give and it shall be given unto you" is saying that by subtraction things are added, that by giving away something you get more. But it is indeed a law. It works. If you stop up a spring so that no water can escape, the flow stops.

Men are made to be channels for divine expression. When they refuse to be such—and they are given that choice—the blessings which accompany and constitute such divine expression cease, in proportion to the stoppage.

Both the natural and spiritual law are established from everlasting. The spiritual is the *supernatural*, not contradicting or nullifying the natural. It is the operation of a higher or stronger law, paralleled, one might say, by the action of magnetic force over that of gravitation.

### II

". . . looking up to heaven, he blessed, and brake, and gave the loaves. . ." Matthew 14:19. Jesus took five loaves and two fishes and fed more than five thousand people. Notice the steps that led to such a demonstration of power to meet need: *Looking up to heaven*, that is, acknowledging a Higher Source, a supernatural means, interiorly recognizing God as provider of all things; *he blessed*, offered praise and thanks for what was at hand—no criticism, no blame, no miserly evaluation of the apparent smallness of the supply on hand; *he brake*, took hold of and used what was available; *and gave*, shared with all.

Are not these same principles operative in all abundant success?

### III

"Be still and know that I am God." Psalm 46:10. A wise instruction for living and, strangely enough, for *doing*. "Be still"—the antithesis of action, one might think. But not so. Rather the preface to action, energetic, purposeful, telling, directed action—an expenditure of effort that gets you somewhere, not a vain beating of the air, or of running and standing still.

"Be still." Take time to make connection with the Creative Source of being. Stop for a moment to listen for inner direction. Be still and get your balance before taking off. Then *know*, be certain; *keep* balance and direction. Finally, keep on knowing *God*, the source of your powers, the

direction which you call judgment, the enabling means we know as "drive," and the achievement we call success.

### IV

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Psalm 46:1. We all need help in trouble. The problem is where to get it. But divine assistance is indeed *very present*. And if it is "very present," all that remains is for us to realize its imminence and avail ourselves if it.

We have been taught that God is Omnipresent and Omnipotent, but all too often these words are as far from our understanding and practical application as the Latin from which they are derived. Stories and letters from many of our service people in the last war testify that they came to realize that divine aid is indeed very present and available to the seeker in time of trouble, with gloriously happy result.

If we would quit confusing the supernatural with the superstitious, and turn to and lay hold upon supernatural power, we might be able to realize not only deliverance from trouble, but superior achievements along all constructive lines as well.

### V

"If Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." John 11:21. —the words of Martha to Jesus concerning Lazarus; but, like all Scripture, of lasting truth and application, fundamental principle. "If Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." We say it again for all our brothers who died in the recent debacle. "If Thou hadst been here . . .," a tearful lament, almost a rebuke.

Have we not reproached God? And at the same time shut Him away in a Book, leaving unused and untried the principles He came to demonstrate?

Like Lazarus, He must be called forth—out of that Book into use as a Way of Life—out of a record of history into a resurrection of living power. "These signs shall follow them that believe": supernatural achievements, miracles of love and uplift, restoration and strength, and inconceivably wonderful possibilities.

### VI

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Philipians 4:13. These words constitute a challenge to limitless achievement, point the way to genius, and become a strong uplifting hand to every plodder who will but accept them as a challenge. Jesus held out the same wonderful possibilities to those who would lift up their thoughts (have faith) to where they could receive divine assistance when He said, "whosoever shall say unto this mountain . . . be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith."



The challenge is so great that few have ever considered it fully. The whole import of it is that we are not subject to the limitations of natural law if we can but accept the challenge of faith in a higher law.

## VII

"All scripture is . . . profitable for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." II Timothy 3:16. But we listen to its reading, memorize its stories, and then carefully pigeonhole them in our memories very close to the mental cubby-hole reserved for fables and fairy stories learned in early childhood. We are interested, instructed, yes, and informed, but, really, what difference does it make? The cynic, if he listens at all, promptly retorts, So what? And rightly, for our knowledge of scripture should make a difference.

What about the things "written for our instruction": are they merely records of happenings many years ago? Are they illustrations of principle? Are the figures who move through Scripture people like us? Was Peter, an ordinary unlearned fisherman, really able to walk on the water, heal the sick and raise the dead? Did it really happen that at his word a lifelong cripple more than forty years old immediately leaped up and walked? And did Paul exercise like powers?

Have we not slept on our rights and privileges, perhaps because the promises of Scripture seem too good to be true?

## VIII

"Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Psalm 91:10. History and observation indicate that plagues accompany and follow war. A psychological state that makes war possible is conducive to the rise and spread of diseases; possibly also to the generation and multiplication of insects and other plagues. The law of Moses definitely connected prosperity and the fruitfulness of the land with observation of God's statutes. And the converse of such a law is stated in Psalms, "He turneth . . . a fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein."

Fulfillment of this promise, like all in God's law, hangs upon a condition. We believe every promise of God is the statement of a law as dependable, impersonal, unvarying, and eternal as the Creator Who established it.

## IX

"Because thou hast made the Lord . . . thy habitation . . ." Psalm 91:9. —and then follow breath-taking promises, promises that eclipse those of the genie's magic box: security, safety, direction, wisdom, might, immunity, deliverance, exaltation, solace, enlightenment, honor, long life, salvation—all the things men ignorantly and blindly and futilely strive to attain.

Do people believe that promise? Is it too good to be true? "Must be something 'fishy' about it, or we'd all have those things." So we go about striving to attain all by our own personal, human, limited efforts, casually invoking divine aid intermittently, if at all, expecting only the result of human effort—and that is just what we get.

Others do not realize fulfillment of the promise because they do not know how to keep the condition. Making "the Lord thy habitation" is maintaining a state of conscious dependence upon and expectation from a Source higher than one's own until it becomes subconscious, or second-nature, with a will to obey such direction and use such ability as may come with such relationship. It means persistent, conscious, sustained effort Godward.

**Have You?***Grace Adsit*

Have you seen the sparkle of the lake,  
As the sun each ripple does overtake?  
As the still lake catches the mirrored star,  
Have you felt the Presence in the things that are?

**Some Wise Advise from Lincoln**

We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of Heaven. We have been preserved, these many years, in peace and prosperity. We have grown in numbers, wealth, and power as no other nation has ever grown; but we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace, and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us; and we have vainly imagined, in the deceitfulness of our hearts, that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us. It behooves us, then, to humble ourselves before the offended Power, to confess our national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness . . .

I still have confidence that the Almighty, the Maker of the universe, will, through the instrumentality of this great and intelligent people, bring us through this as He has through all the other difficulties of our country.

—Abraham Lincoln



## God Showed Me My Dead Son

Anita W. Huston

A YEAR passed, but always in my subconscious mind was the realization of my loss, and yet always the sweet assurance my child was living.

A granite tombstone had been placed unexpectedly at the head of all that was mortal of my beloved child. Even though I had desired this thing done, in the possession of it I experienced the bitterest grief.

Where had "He" borne my child? Only to have the blessed privilege of my child's visibility! Kneeling again I cried: "Once, only once, dear God!"

I sat with my back to the south and watched a flock of birds sailing from the north. I was waiting for the child that was mine. A silver path stretched at my feet! Lifting my eyes to the horizon, following the path in its ascent, the clouds slowly parted, the path widening until it was a great thoroughfare terminating at the portal of heaven itself, and in the portal stood a cloud, the height of my son, as if it were he wrapped in a gray mantle, his head like unto his earthly head, yet veiled in the same ethereal gray. A nameless and radiant ecstasy possessed me as the

words knocked in memory: "The cloudy pillar descended and stood at the door of the tabernacle." "And the Lord descended in the cloud, and stood with him there." "And the Lord came down in the pillar of the cloud." Was it my child? Had God answered my prayer by wrapping my son's heavenly entity in the cloud spoken of repeatedly in His Word? Gray clouds surrounded the great square entrance from whence shone an opalescent light, softer than the silvery moonbeams, yet more gloriously bright than the sun itself, the resplendence of beauty and loveliness surpassing human ingenuity to chronicle. "The glory of the Lord had filled the house of God." The reflection of the light shone dimly through the clouds declaring the vastness of the world beyond. Pools of pale blue water and clumps of magnificent shrubs were dimly outlined in that soft opalescent illumination. The magnificence, the loveliness of environment, the vastness filled the suffering bereaved soul of mine with a joy, an undefinable something set the strings of my heart vibrating, and a benediction of peace stole over me. My face surely shone as

"The skin of Moses shone." It was, I know, suddenly changed from a white agony into joyous, rosy life. All selfish longing for my son, all the heartache and self-pity dropped from me like a cloak. Joyously I cried:

"My son, I would not have you back if I could!"

How long I sat upon God's footstool at the head of all that was mortal of my saintly boy, my earnest prayer granted, I do not know. It was an amazing experience, a blessed privilege granted only a few individuals in the Vale of Tears. Perhaps I was in a receptive mood, the Father knows. Suffice to chronicle that I sat at the end of the Silver Path and looked into the entrance of heaven, my son coming close to me, perhaps as close as heavenly entities are permitted to come to this sphere.

After an interval of Time, of which I was unconscious, the gray clouds began slowly to roll together over the Silver Path, like the waters

rolled over the Red Sea, the gray cloud, the figure of my son became dimmer until only a faint outline of him could be seen through the clouds slowly hiding him from view. I arose from the little marker, my countenance surely transfigured, my heart light and joyous.

I continue the visits to the sacred mound, but always a benediction of peace envelops me as the warmth of the sun. I do not think of him below the green grasses or swathed in a tomb but I know that he is living, joyously, happily, in God's heaven. Invariably my eyes are lifted upward, seeking the Silver Path and my living son. The experience has not been repeated, but I know it is there, the Silver Path, the softly illuminated heaven, the home of my child.

And the words of David are revived:

"Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."



"What is time? The shadow on the dial, the striking of the clock, the running of the sand, day and night, summer and winter, months, years, centuries—these are but arbitrary and outward signs, the measure of Time, not time itself. Time is the Life of the soul."—*Longfellow.*



At Christmas we can discover that the God who controls the stars directs our lives by the power of love.

## *Christmas and the Stars*

*Maude Merritt*

THE MORE astronomers discover about the stars, the more they are impressed by the regularity of their movements. These great globes are not darting about like fireflies on a summer night. There is no confusion among them, no haphazard happenings. The stars are controlled by definite laws that keep each in its own pathway. Here is proof that we live in a law-abiding, orderly universe. The astronomers are conscious of the hand of God at work throughout the universe. This is the greatest discovery that astronomy has made. It is this that gives the stars their grandeur. Science gives us great help in leading us to think more worthily of the power, the majesty and the glory of God, the Creator and the Controller of the vast universe.

But if the scientific account of the universe were the last word, then our lives as human beings would be tragic. We would fear the God of science. He would be too great for us. We could not look to him for help. How we rejoice to know that our God is not only the God of the stars! Our

God is a kindly God. He is a God of love. Christmas commemorates the birth of the Son of God. The God who made the stars gave his Son to the world to express his love. What good tidings of great joy is this! Kepler, the astronomer, whose findings were among the greatest of all astronomers, declared that the greatest discovery of his life was the discovery of God in Christ. At Christmas we can rediscover that the God who controls the stars directs our lives by the power of love, the greatest power in the universe.

What was the star of Bethlehem? Astronomers have not found this star in the heavens. Some scholars have suggested that there was a temporary brilliance of some star, or that perhaps it was a comet or a conjunction of two planets.

In the light of the glory of God that we see in the stars, let us think of the love of God that is revealed in Jesus. Through the life and teachings of this Man, his death on the cross, his resurrection, we know a God who cares for us as a father. Through him we learn our own worth and the eternal life that

is ours. We are not mere specks of dust in this vast universe. We are worth more than all the stars. Let us celebrate Christmas this year with a deeper joy than we ever knew before. Let us sing the old

Christmas hymns with greater understanding and repeat with glad voices the beautiful song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."



### *Christmas Query*

*William Walter De Bolt*

Why this lowing of the herd,  
This bleating of the sheep,  
As the inquiring eyes of day  
Across the manger peep?

It is the answer of the earth  
To the angelic song above;—  
The joyful answer that proclaims  
God's now descended love.



### *Christian Homes Needed!*

My dear friends, place no value on anything you have or on anything anybody else has unless it directly or indirectly contributes to the Christian training of your children and those of your neighbors. . . .

Regardless of what it may bring you—ridicule, social ostracism, persecution or death, build and maintain a family altar *now*. You have no right to sleep or eat, with children in your home untaught in the ways of Christ, until you obey the command of God to teach them His Word. More than we need food, clothes, money, or shelter; more than armament; even more than peace, we need Christian homes!

—*Chaplain James A. Bryant.*



Just as electric wires transmit power, so these "ministers of the supernatural" provide the Divine Energy and Love with a "special path of discharge" to help needy souls to feel the touch of God.

## God's Transmitters

Winfred Rhoades

HERE are six ways in which the Christian religion is chiefly understood and practised. First, as a sort of celestial insurance policy. Second, as a set of doctrinal beliefs. Third, as membership in an organization. Fourth, as a performance of worshipful observances. Fifth, as an incentive to moral living and helpful activities in the world. Sixth, as an adoring awareness of God and co-operating intimacy with Him in all places and at all times, to the end that one's whole life may speak of Him.

If you cultivate religion after this sixth manner you will be one of a minority. Nevertheless it is a minority that is the world's salt. As that notable interpreter of the soul's life, Evelyn Underhill, sets forth in a posthumous book, *Collected Papers*, those who undertake to live the religious life at its higher levels help to make up a "vast spiritual society where genuine work is done." They are more than a society. They are a "great spiritual organism," and constitute the "Mystical Body of Christ." And, just as a man's hands and feet carry out the thoughts of his mind, so

these men and women who live in closest touch with God, scattered here and there all over the earth and belonging to different faiths, are effective instruments through which the Mind and Spirit and Power of God are made to accomplish needed results in the world. Moreover, just as in the animal body, life and power are continually being given and taken and used, so in this Mystical Body: the human life draws upon the Divine Life; the Divine Life enters into the human life and gives it a consequence and a special kind of power that it did not have before.

When one's private spiritual endeavors are thought of in such terms their significance is magnified.

In this book Miss Underhill's repeated emphasis is upon prayer, and in all genuine prayer, she says, there are three elements: first and most important the spirit of adoration and worship; then the act of communion; and third the effort at co-operation with God for doing what ought to be done.

The order there is important because our little lives need before anything else a lifting up of the

mind, and reaching out of the soul, toward essential greatness. On one page after another of this book Miss Underhill emphasizes the idea that the first and chief purpose of prayer is the development and maintenance of intimacy with God, even as one seeks, for the enrichment it brings, intercourse with some friend who is greater and wiser than oneself. That is different from the popular idea of prayer. To pray, says the common and familiar idea, is to beseech God to do things we desire for ourselves or for other people; the object of prayer is to use God. The deeper conception holds that to pray in spirit and in truth is first of all to seek God for himself in order to worship him, to know him, and to be used by him; and then to receive the understanding and insight, the wisdom, the inspiration, the strength that are needed if one is to live as the son or daughter of God ought to live. Meister Eckhart made the distinction when he said that to seek God for things is not to seek God: it is to seek what one seeks God for. Our primary need is God himself.

If adoration and communion are put first, and made to head up to an earnest purpose to live in all things and at all times as the agent and instrument of God, then the soul will receive light. To be a worker for God in the world is good, but to be a worker together

with God is better. It is easy to think one is working for God when in reality one is working for one's own pet notions. Working together with God presupposes illumination from God. Then with light in his mind and realizing that God is not the sole doer but uses ministers of one kind and another to work out his purposes, the man who has prayed endeavors to do his co-operative, contributory part toward the creation of the result that the world needs, and to do it in whatever ways are possible to him with his opportunity and his ability.

Miss Underhill speaks of people who live in such wise as ministers of the supernatural. She might have called them transmitters of the mind and spirit and power of God. For, just as electric wires transmit power from the central station to the place where it is needed, so these men and women provide the Divine Energy and Love with a "special path of discharge," and thus help needy souls to feel the touch of God.

People who pray in that spirit do not think it is necessary to persuade God to act with mercy. It is God's nature to be merciful. What they desire is to know the mind of God, and think the thoughts of God, in order that they may manifest the nature of God, and express the life of God, and be channels of the love of God, and live as agents and in-



struments of the Spirit of God, and so make their human conduct have as much as possible of divine quality in their relations to their friends and also their enemies, to the people of the world and their leaders, to the struggling and grieving, to the strong and weak, to the thinkers and to those who are followers and imitators but do little thinking for themselves and less praying. Their desire is to live every day as veritable rivers of the Spirit of God flowing forth from the life of God.

In the chapter on "Prayer and the Divine Immanence" in this admirable little book Miss Underhill speaks of two particularly helpful results that are experienced by the person who becomes really mature in his prayer life. One of those results is a "confidence in the universe" that he did not have before; the other is a "profound and peaceful acceptance of experience in its wholeness." Such results are beyond price, and can have a transforming effect upon a man who finds himself caught in the bewildering maze of life. For it is not the seemingly miraculous "an-

swers" which people like to recount that make prayer an essential of daily life; it is the attuning of the soul to harmony with God and to the disciplines of life as they come in the scheme of God.

One further value of this book is that it introduces the reader at least by name and a few words of quotation or reference to many of the men and women whose spiritual experience has been most profound and vital: to such great personalities as St. Catherine of Siena, St. Catherine of Genoa, St. John of the Cross, Mother Julian of Norwich, Jan Ruysbroeck, Jacopone da Todi, Walter Hilton, and that great book, *The Cloud of Unknowing*. It is to be hoped that such introduction will persuade many a reader to get hold of and study these books for himself. If in one place or another spiritual abnormalities are possibly met with, those are corrected for the modern reader by recent psychological insights, and in the greater books they are off-set by the writer's own warnings as to their deceptive quality and danger.



"The need to rebuild our destroyed churches, schools and hospitals in foreign lands, the imperative to evangelize, the call to send forth new workers in needy areas at home—all challenge us to work for the success of the World Mission Crusade."—*Harold Stassen*.

☐ "As a man thinketh in his heart—"

## Getting In Tune by Casting Out Fears

Maude Marie Sorey

JESUS gave us the key for harmony when He said: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." For only by way of our brother can we get to God; and He told us, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul and mind." (He added the word *mind*, it wasn't in Deuteronomy.) We are told by psychologists, that deep down in the subconscious mind we store our heart's treasures. This storehouse, or *heart* as the Ancient folk called it, is just like the cup that runneth over; now if this cup is full of wise, good, cheerful thoughts, it overflows with joy and harmony. Our moods are contagious, for "a good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things."

We know the opposite of harmony is discord. Some of us are so full of ourselves we are blind and see not. We have the Kingdom of Selfishness within, then the cup overflows with self-pity, envy and bitterness; which poisons others. One unhappy person can infect a whole neighborhood. For: "The evil man out of the evil treasures of his heart, bringeth forth evil things."

Now there is another group that is depressed, because they carry so much *fear* in their hearts. Foolish fears—afraid of black cats, gremlins, or Friday the 13th. Morbid fear of water—fears of high, or closed-in places; guilty fears; some have fears of tomorrow, fears of Life—fears of Death (which is only another birth). Some don't even know *what* they are afraid of; they are just afraid they will get afraid! There are so many "fear not" verses in the Bible, if we fear or worry too much it is a sign we do not trust God. I like the verse in 2 Tim. which reads:

"For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." Now if God did not give us fear, we have picked it up some place else, and should not carry it around with us. What we need is more Faith—Faith and fear are true opposites.

Dr. Fosdick says: "Many roads lead into the swamp of negative moods, but only one leads out—Faith." He calls Faith the "supreme organizer" of life.

If Faith is the organizer of life, we might call Love, the supreme harmonizer, and Prayer the supreme catalyzer. Love draws all



races and creeds into a *oneness*, for: "Perfect love casteth out fear."

Prayer is a vital healing force. Says Glenn Clark, "It forms a protective net against trouble. Prayer works, if given half a chance. It

works when we let out self and let in God."

So if we organize our life with Faith, harmonize it with Love, and vitalize it with Prayer, we will have the Kingdom of Harmony within.



### Confidence

Georgia Moore Eberling

The goldenrod dons lacy plumes  
And bees hum, where sweet clover-blooms  
Are waving slim wands, golden-yellow  
To mark time for the wind's bass-cello,  
And caterpillars set their looms.

The heat waves shimmer, locusts sing  
And butterflies are on the wing.  
The wheat is cut, the hay is stacked,  
The milkweed pod's white seeds are packed,  
Late flowers their fragrant censers swing.

The clouds toss darkening thunderheads,  
The harvest fields make up their beds  
With coverlets of red and umber,  
And all begin to think of slumber  
Beneath their fluffy, woolen spreads.

Oh, I would live my earthly day  
Just as the seasons go their way:  
Serene and trustful, unafraid,  
Accepting changes undismayed,  
Secure if skies are blue or gray.

Can anything possibly be more important than to give  
God ample opportunity to enrich and guide your life?

## Preparing Yourself for Prayer

Kirby Page

**S**HORT prayers prayed frequently give God opportunity, but unhurried prayers give God more complete access to mind and emotion, conscience and will. Momentary expressions of high desire need to be supplemented by periods of sustained concentration upon God.

Half an hour each day is considered by many Christians to be the bare minimum of time needed, while other persons say that they require an hour or two hours, or even longer, to maintain maximum sensitivity toward God.

Some praying persons find the early morning period best, while other individuals choose the last hour before sleeping. In some homes the quietest time for mothers is at ten o'clock in the morning, or it may be that two o'clock in the afternoon is more desirable. Some business men and women take half an hour for prayer at lunchtime by going into a near-by church for communion with God in the sanctuary. Sleeplessness may provide for an unhurried period of prayer in the middle of the night. After experimentation with vari-

ous times for sustained prayer, the individual should seek to develop regularity of habit at the most favorable period.

The place of private prayer should afford maximum quietness and solitude. Most homes are quiet before children awaken in the morning or after they are asleep at night or while they are away at school. And a simple discovery may be made: if you get up sufficiently early, you will be alone! Half an hour spent in early communion with God is more exhilarating than an extra half hour of sleep.

Sometimes a church sanctuary is accessible. Perhaps a flower garden is the most desirable place for unbroken prayer, or a seat where eyes may be fixed upon beautiful trees. In some cases the individual may pray best while walking alone among trees or by the side of river or lake or ocean.

The purpose of long sustained concentration in prayer is to give God the maximum opportunity through sensitive awareness and fervent desire. This keen alertness may be heightened by variety of procedure in praying. One of the

From *The Christian Advocate*, November 26, 1942. By permission.



best ways of practicing the presence of God is to read the Bible devotionally, that is, read some great passage which reveals the character of God, and then put down the Bible and meditate upon the meaning of the passage. Devotional passages should be selected with care in advance because some portions of the sacred record are not adapted to devotional reading. Read and then listen. The waiting often proves more rewarding even than the reading because God is thus afforded double opportunity.

An excellent way of preparing to pray is to read a description of one of the qualities of Jesus—his compassion or his wisdom or his sacrificial devotion—and then eagerly petition God for more Christlikeness, with a calm period of listening as God stimulates mind and arouses emotion. Listen for a longer time than you read. One of the most inspiring of all books is the interpretation of the mind and spirit of Christ which was published anonymously with the title, *By An Unknown Disciple* (Harper's). For twenty-five years we have used this marvelous book in our home and have derived more help from it than from any other volume except the Bible itself.

Reading devotional books other than the Bible helps in deepening awareness of God. Fortunately numerous devotional books are

available with stimulating daily readings. Some of these daily readings are too brief. A fifteen-minute reading may prove to be more rewarding five times over than a three-minute reading, especially if another fifteen-minute period is devoted to waiting for word from God.

The reading of biographies of men and women who walked with God may be a profitable prelude to vital prayer. And there are hundreds of these invigorating biographies available. A highly rewarding one is *A Testament of Devotion*, by Thomas R. Kelly (Harper's), a combination of biography and spiritual autobiography of a young Quaker professor. *Meister Eckhart* (Harper's), a new translation by Raymond Bernard Blakney of an old classic, makes available the profound spiritual insights of a famous preacher who was born in 1260. It is good to alternate between seers of our time and those of earlier centuries in our devotional reading. And always follow the reading with a period of waiting for help from God who never misses an opportunity.

The reading of religious poetry during a period of prayer may increase sensitivity toward God. Here also careful selection in advance is advisable. *Poems for Life* (Willett, Clark), an anthology compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark, is simply

invaluable. After reading the verse, listen! Reading the words of noble and familiar hymns also increases responsiveness.

The reading of prayers written by ancient and modern men and women who acquired spiritual maturity in communion with God is a helpful way to deepen alertness. Read a prayer with fervent desire, and then wait upon God.

Recorded music may be a sensitizing prelude to private prayer. Play five or six familiar hymns or spirituals or part of a great symphony, and then turn off the music and continue listening. Hear Albert Schweitzer, the devoted missionary to Africa, interpret Bach on the organ (three albums, 42 sides, recorded by Columbia) or Handel's Messiah (two albums, 36 sides, recorded by Columbia). Much of our priceless musical heritage has now been recorded for our spiritual enrichment.

Musical programs on the radio offer opportunity for enriched prayer. It is a good habit to refrain from conversation during the playing of a symphony or an oratorio and to listen attentively and reverently. And when the music has ended, wait unhurriedly for God to take advantage of his opportunity.

Sustained contemplation, without the aid of reading or music, should be recognized as an instrument through which blessings come

from God. Fix your mind intently upon some quality in God as revealed in Christ and seek to attain the utmost vividness of impression. Begin with the holiness of God. Meditate upon the sheer goodness and utter righteousness of the Eternal. In your thinking stress the significance of the truth that God is as good as Jesus—far beyond anything that we can even think. Dwell long and earnestly upon the contrast between the exalted holiness of God and the sinfulness and meanness of many of your own actions. And, by eager and intense desire, enable God to purify your own thought and motive and deed. God never misses an opportunity.

In periods of meditation when mind wanders and you are unable to sustain attention, ask a simple question as thought after thought, experience after experience, flashes through your mind: "What does God think of this? What does God think of that?" Serious endeavor to discover answers to these successive questions will often lead to sustained reflection upon the nature of God and earnest petition to know his holy will. Endeavoring seriously to think the thoughts of God about one's own life is a means of giving God opportunity. He is far more eager to give light than we are willing to walk in it.

On successive occasions consider



intently various other qualities in God until the holiness and love and power and sacrificial devotion of the Father are vividly and indelibly impressed upon your very being. Pray with fervor for that mind which was in Christ Jesus, so that the will of God may be progressively understood.

Reading and music and contemplation are only three of numerous ways of practicing the presence of God. And each way increases sensitivity of response to divine leading. Therefore, much time should be spent in prayer. It is right to pray

short prayers often, but it is necessary also to pray unbrokenly for sustained periods. And to the complaint, "But I do not have time for prolonged praying," the rejoinder should be made, "You have all the time there is in a day and a week and a month; nobody else has more time than you have." What really is at stake is your evaluation of the significance of prayer. And this question deserves a serious answer: Can anything possibly be more important than to give God ample opportunity to enrich and guide your life?

## The United Prayer Tower

The United Prayer Tower is a group of spiritually sensitive people, dedicated to the Christian Way of Life, who believe implicitly in the *power of prayer* to remake individual lives, to resolve problems and bring solace, and, in the larger sense, to bring to rebirth the corporate life of the world. It is a work of love, supported entirely by your free-will offerings.

If you feel the need of having others pray with you, of having "two or three in agreement" pray with you, please feel free to write or telephone the United Prayer Tower at any time. Your communication will be kept in strict confidence.

★ ★ ★

Address: The United Prayer Tower, 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minn. Telephone EMerson 8484.

☐ It isn't enough just to passively do no wrong.

## Service Is the Rent We Pay

**D**ID YOU ever think of God as a landlord? Well, He is and we are His tenants. He owns the earth and we occupy it. We can't buy the space we take up, no matter how much money we may have, for it's simply not for sale. But we can and do rent it. We don't expect to occupy a house or an apartment we don't own and pay nothing for it and we can't expect to take up room in this world and pay nothing. But we are not asked to pay money. The rent is paid in the service we render. One definition of service is, "Spiritual serving as shown by obedience, good works and love." Some of us think that so long as we don't do wrong we are leading our lives in the right fashion. But it isn't enough just to passively do no wrong. It is up to us to do good in an active manner.

Service takes a million forms. There are our men and women in the war. From the amount of service they are giving it would look as if they were paying in advance for the space they take up. They are giving more than their quota. There are war workers, doctors, nurses, business people, housewives, farmers, school boys and

girls and all sorts and types of people who are paying the required rent in service.

Some of us say that we have no chance to give service. That can't be true. One of the greatest examples of a life given to service was the late George Washington Carver. Born a slave, he had no money, no education. Surely it would seem if anyone had limitations, he had. But what did he do? He taught himself, he made all sorts of new discoveries for the benefit of others. The Recorder states that a sixteen-year-old Bronx school girl, Graziella Maggio, won a prize for a poem on that great American Negro, who, among other achievements, did miraculous things with peanuts. Here is the poem:

"He took the warm, brown earth into his hand,  
The warm, brown earth that matched his own dark skin.  
He closed his fist and felt the heat expand,  
The heat a Southern sun had put therein.  
He took the pure, bright colors of the earth  
And to the world he made a gift of them.

From *The Royal Neighbor*. By Permission.



And found a use for fruit and leaves  
and stem.  
But though he did these things and  
many more,  
He did not take the praise, instead  
disclosed  
That it had been the hand of God  
that tore  
The lock which keeps the Book of  
Knowledge closed.  
Good fertile fields he made from  
useless sod—  
This man with willing hands and  
faith in God.”  
As a contrast to Carver, who did  
nothing for himself but dedicated

his life to serving God, there are  
all too many of us who do nothing  
unless we see some personal bene-  
fit. If God were like the average  
landlord, after so long a time He  
would dispossess such tenants. It  
is fortunate for the idlers of this  
earth He isn't like other landlords.  
Still the chances are when those  
who have paid no rent in service  
move from the earth and reach  
their final destination, they are go-  
ing to find a long overdue bill for  
the room they took up and for  
which they didn't pay.—*Kansas  
Workman.*



### *Dream of a Cripple*

*Elizabeth Moseley*

My dream was sparkling, cool, serene,  
Woven with grasses fresh and green,  
Water that shimmered in cascades,  
Whose depth reflected summer shades,  
The sheltering shade of trees that found me.

God touched me, that, with his caress,  
My steps might match my eagerness.  
And, dancing on, scarce touching earth,  
I lived a strange new second birth,  
Then woke to the dark world around me.



“The truth is, it is not Jesus as historically known, but Jesus as  
spiritually arisen within man, who is significant for our time and can  
help it.”—*Schweitzer.*

## *Religion At Work*

*Macanna Cheserton-Mangle*

### I.

The late Gertrude Stein lived in France for many years and yet  
indelibly written across her mind was the memory of the position of the  
Negro in America. It is told of her that she was chatting one day with a  
French doctor in a little town where white American troops were quar-  
tered during the war. There had been a rumor that Negro troops were  
to be detailed there and she expressed the fear of difficulty when the  
Negro boys came. The doctor couldn't grasp the reason for her concern  
until she explained: “You see, in America, anyone who has even a  
single drop of Negro blood is considered a Negro.”

The Frenchman's reply was in tones of mingled surprise and pride.  
“But does that not show a singular lack of racial pride? Certainly the  
French never would admit that a single drop of any other blood was  
more dominant than 99% of French blood.”

### II.

The army field hospital was the scene of much tragedy that day. On  
pallet after pallet the white sheets had been drawn over the faces of boys  
who had given their last full measure of devotion. The Chaplain on duty  
at the time was a Jewish Rabbi. During his rounds he paused at the side  
of a young Protestant boy from Iowa who had received a fatal chest  
wound. He comforted the lad with a few words of solace and then, to-  
gether, they repeated the Twenty-third Psalm and as the soldier's voice  
grew weaker, the Chaplain offered a few words of prayer. Then, because  
the boy was a Christian, the Rabbi concluded the prayer with the words  
“through Jesus Christ our Lord.” So, with words familiar to his own  
faith, the boy slipped away to the Great Beyond. A Jewish Chaplain had  
risen to the occasion.

### III.

In 1863 when the draft riots were raging in New York City, a score  
of frightened Negroes sought shelter in the Little Church Around the  
Corner. The pastor, Dr. George Hendric Houghton, fed and sheltered  
them for two days. The third day the rioting came to a violent peak and  
the police warned Doctor Houghton that there was serious danger. They  
suggested that he put the Negroes out and thereby protect his church. A  
crisis was imminent. Without a word Doctor Houghton turned from the  
police, took a Cross from the altar and pushed open the front door. There  
he stood in the entrance with the Cross held aloft in his right hand. He  
waited. Gradually the crowd slunk into the darkness until not a rioter  
was left. The Negroes were safe “beneath the cross of Jesus.”

From *The National Conference of Christians and Jews, Inc.*





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