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Clear Horizons

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

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SPRING

1946

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Among The Authors

Norman Vincent Peale (p. 1), the youngest minister ever to be called to a Fifth Avenue church, became pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church in 1932. His popularity as a speaker and a writer is due in large part to the simple inspiration of what he has to say. **E. Stanley Jones** (p. 50) needs no introduction. This famous missionary and evangelist has recently returned to India. **William Temple** (p. 41), deceased Archbishop of Canterbury, was one of England's greatest social prophets. **Winifred Kirkland** (p. 55) is the author of numerous religious books which have become increasingly popular. **Wallace C. Speers** (p. 13) is Vice President of James McCutcheon and Company and Chairman of the Board of Directors of The Laymen's Movement for a Christian World. **Harry Emerson Fosdick** (p. 10), pastor of Riverside Church in New York City, is a well known preacher, radio speaker and author. **L. K. Bishop** (p. 23) is a frequent contributor to religious magazines of interest to the layman. **Oscar F. Blackwelder** (p. 43) is minister of the Lutheran Church of the Reformation in Washington, D. C. **Grenville Kleiser** (p. 59) is the well known newspaper columnist and contributor to magazines. **Richard Budlong** (p. 37) of St. Louis presents a splendid article along the same line of thought as the small booklet "Daring Religion." The editors hope his selection will "move" you to action!

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CLEAR HORIZONS

An Adventure in Solving Problems in a Heavenly Way

SIXTH YEAR

SPRING, 1946

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☐ Creative revelation concerning
Life's greatest Mystery.

Our Loved Ones Do Not Die

Norman Vincent Peale

THE WHOLE world needs Easter; it most desperately needs Easter. For long weary years death and destruction have been the watch-words. The greatest possible tonic to the human spirit everywhere in the world today is the reassertion of the indomitable faith which Christianity teaches in the immortality of the human soul. There is no other message so supremely needed.

We need once again to catch the faith that was expressed in simple and familiar verse by the beloved old Yankee poet of years ago.

"Who hath not learned in hours of
faith
This truth to sense and flesh un-
known,

That life is ever Lord of death,
And love can never lose its own."

This faith, appropriately enough, was first stated by Jesus Christ not to the proud nor to the learned, but to a simple woman, an ordinary housewife, who having lost her brother was broken-hearted. Her name was Martha. Piteously she told the Master of her loss. He lifted up His voice and gave to her these noble words which, like a lovely melody, a deep and penetrating truth, have haunted the centuries, comforting millions upon millions: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die."

From a Sermon by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, Easter Sunday, April 1, 1945.

These words are the great words needed sorely by the broken-hearted multitudes of the world today. The whole world needs Easter!

Out of this faith come certain great truths to which we may cling. One of them is the Christian's conception of death. Jesus of Nazareth does not take cognizance of physical death at all. He regards physical death only as sleep. Standing before the body of the little girl who they said was dead, He said, "She is not dead, she sleepeth." When He came to His friends who said that Lazarus was dead He assured them that Lazarus was not dead, that he only slept.

One reason, I imagine, for the decline of sturdy faith in immortality is due to the fact that we have moved away from the soil. We live in cities, and cities decay, cities die. When we live among the eternal hills, close to Mother Earth, when we are closely related with the passing changes of the seasons, with the eternal stars at night, the moon, the sun, and rain and the snow, as were our forefathers, we are then aware of the fact that there is no death.

Some time ago, because I wanted to re-learn this truth for myself, and particularly to teach it to my children, because I wanted my children to live close to nature, I purchased a little farm up in the country. There I take my children in

order that they may become philosophers, that they may have sturdy ideals and insight.

One of my good friends up there is an old farmer, a kindly husbandman, who has lived among those hills for many years. He has taken into his mind the lore of the countryside; a canny, wise personality. He relates to me, for example, certain insights which he has learned from nature. One radiant autumn day he told me that it was going to be a very hard winter, that the snows would lie heavily, and that the cold winds would blow long and hard.

I said to him, "How can you be so sure of the fact that it is going to be a hard winter?"

He said, "Because the turkeys have an extra layer of feathers this fall."

Sure enough, it was a hard winter. Recently I was there when the snow still lay upon the earth, one of those raw days. To my amazement, I saw the gay little robins back from the south, hopping blithely over the field. I looked over the fence at them, then I went to see my farmer friend, and I said, "Look at those foolish robins. Don't they know it is winter? It is not spring, they have their time tables all mixed up, haven't they?"

"No," he said, "*you have your* time-tables mixed up. The robins do not make mistakes. No matter

if there is snow here, if the robins are here, you can be positively certain that spring is here."

And do you know, less than four days later it was eighty degrees in the shade. What seemed to be death, the cold, clutching hand of winter, was, to nature, life. Even now the great maples have not put forth their buds, because they are old trees, and they take their time. But all around the lawn under the trees are little green shoots which if they were not cut for several years would produce, I presume, a whole forest of maple trees. I look at the trees and I say, "You are dead." Then I look at the ground, and from the ground there blossoms new life, green and fresh. Life—there it is! Nature knows that what seems to be death is life returning year after year, and generation after generation. That is the testimony of the heart of life.

The Christian's conception, established by faith and experience through the ages, is that death—the passing of the body, the temple of the soul, into the after life—is the actual passing of a person into a land of peace, beauty and quietness. There is agony at the point of departure, but then, as some poet has said, "Like a great wave, peace breaks over the soul."

Men have gone far down into the shadows of death, until their lives had almost run out, then re-

turned through the marvelous power of faith, or the healing of medicine or of surgery. These men have told of having heard, or seeming to have heard in their souls, wondrous melodies, of having seen beauties of entrancing loveliness. The whole impact upon them was utterly beautiful peace. Well, why shouldn't it be so? God is in death, as He was in birth, and as He is in life.

I use an illustration now which has brought more comfort to me than anything I have ever heard or conceived of in this particular field. The baby before birth is tucked up under the mother's heart. There he is warm, there he is protected, there he has a sense of security; that is his world. He is happy there. But if somebody could go to him and say, "You are not going to be here long, you are going to be born. You are going to pass through a dark experience into a situation that is uncertain," he might say to himself, if he could reason, "I do not want to be born. I am secure here, I am happy here, I am warm here, I am taken care of. I do not want to go out into the dark and cold. I am afraid of it."

But one day in the processes of nature comes that ancient miracle when suddenly he is born. He finds himself in loving hands. He finds himself cradled by the softest arms anyone ever knew, the tender arms

of his mother. He looks up into eyes which are filled with love. He is held close to a bosom where the throbbing of the mother heart meets the throbbing of his own little heart. Everybody runs to do his bidding. He is loved, he is protected, he is cared for. As he advances into young manhood, then middle age, and finally into old age, he comes to know the hardships and the vicissitudes of life; yet if he always keeps himself in the love and will of God, he feels underneath him what the Psalmist referred to as "the everlasting arms."

A man is born into arms, and when those arms fall away, he is cradled in everlasting arms. Now, it is reasonable to believe that when he becomes an old man or, as in the case of this awful war, a young man, and suddenly death comes to him, he is going to shrink back in fear and say, "No, no, I love this world. I love to feel the sun upon my cheeks, I love to feel the rain on my face, I love to see the stars at night, I love the familiar pathways, I love the familiar faces of loved ones; I am secure here, I do not want to die. I do not want to leave this place." No, if he has faith he will not speak thus. If God brought him into the world in love, when as an old man, or as a youth, he passes beyond we must believe that the first thing he will feel will be the touch of loving hands, and the first thing he will see will be

the look on a loving face. He will be in the tender care of God.

A man wrote me a letter the other day. He told me that his father had died, and that the first three weeks after his father's death he was in extreme grief. "But," he said, "one day all of a sudden that extreme grief lifted. I had a problem to solve, and I almost felt that my father was there helping me solve it. I got the touch of his mind. I felt his presence."

He asked me if that was real, and I told him I thought it was. I do not understand the mysteries of life in this world, and life in the next. I have found some help in an illustration from Stewart Edward White, who wrote a book called, "The Unobstructed Universe." He tells of the electric fan. The electric fan has blades which you cannot see through because of their density when they are quiet or stationary. But turn the electric fan on until it goes at a high rate of speed, and the high frequency which is thus created makes it possible for you to see through the fan, though the dense blades are still there.

"Now," says Stewart White, "this is an unobstructed universe. Those who have passed through this plane of life are living in another plane, where the frequency is different."

To use another figure, the scale

is so high that the ear here cannot detect the sound, but the sound exists just the same. This spiritual fact appeals to something in our own thinking. Isn't it so, that man has a psychic nature which is closely related to the laws of the spiritual universe. These laws surely operate during moments of deep need, or great insight, or deep yearning, to guide our lives.

Just one further aspect which I could hardly omit. I think that we ought to realize that we need Easter because the message of Easter is not only connected with life eternal, as we think of life in the future, but life here now. We get the idea that eternity is something that is going to begin when we die. That is a foolish argument when one thinks of it on the surface. If eternity does not begin until we die, what about all of the rest of the time which has preceded it? What about now? We are born in the stream of eternity. Eternity existed long before we came into being. Eternity is now moving, and we are all in Eternity.

When Jesus Christ says, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," He not only means that we shall be resurrected when we die. He also means that we have a fair chance of being resurrected now. "I am the Resurrection and the Life. If any man believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Death does not mean the death of the body, it means the death of the soul. Therefore, there are many people today who are walking around dead and do not know it. There are lots of people who really ought to be buried, but according to law it cannot be done.

I am dead. I am dead to a large degree, and I will tell you why I am dead. When I think of some of the glorious dreams I had as a boy, how I believed in them with all my heart, and how now I have sort of lost faith in some of them, I realize that since I was a boy I have to a degree died in my dreams. There are people who as young men and women have had wonderful ideals and who have sullied themselves, who have broken down their ideals, until there are none left. That was the finest thing about them. Those ideals were connected with the glory of their spirits. But now they are dead. There are people who think only of the comfort and the satisfaction of the flesh—flesh, which lasts only a few years and gets old and wrinkled and dies. That is what they live for—just that. Are they dead, or are they alive? People who could be vital, strong, victorious, sturdy, tremendous, but they are defeated, filled with conflicts—dead, or on the way to death. But, said Jesus Christ, as the roses come up, as the

flowers appear, as the lilies return, so can the soul of man, by His touch through faith, have a resurrection of hopes, ideals, dreams, attitudes, victory. Man can become a new creature.

One of the greatest writers of our time in the public newspaper field, I think, is Elsie Robinson, who writes for a certain prominent newspaper. She is a marvelous woman of great insight. She says that a man dies, or ought to die, frequently; that his real birthdays are not the birthdays on the calendar, but his real birthdays are when he has a change, when there is a shift in his character for the better. His whole life is a series of tombstones, but when a man dies, a new one is born. So by a series of tombstones a resurrection is certain. A man proceeds to the greatness of his soul. That is insight. That is subtle, that is marvelous.

I saw this very thing happen recently. I saw a man who was dead, resurrected. The man whom I saw go through this tremendous experience is one of the greatest business men of America. He sat in my study. If I were to mention his name, everybody in this congregation would instantly know him. He said to me, "Until ten years ago, I was dead. I was dying; I thought only of myself. I did not give to humanity what I should.

My life was not what it should be. Then," he said, "I ran into a terrible difficulty, a great crisis. I did not have enough inner resources to meet it, and my personality gave underneath it. I had what is known as a nervous breakdown. It even went beyond that. I had maladies come to me which were brought on very largely by nervousness, and I was as one who was dead. I was stupefied, I was in a daze. My associates in business prepared for my successor, and I knew it. But I could not do anything about it. They would come and look sadly at me, and out of my darkness I would look up and I could see that they thought I was dead already."

He continued, "It was a terrible experience. But I knew that I was going. One night, in my bed in a famous health resort where I had gone to be under the supervision of an old friend of mine who was the head physician, it came to me as I lay there that I was about to die. I was sure of it. I arose painfully, went to the desk, and wrote letters to my wife and to my children—letters of farewell. I sealed them with instructions to the nurse to dispatch them to my loved ones when she found my lifeless body in the morning. Then I went back to bed and fell asleep. The morning came. I saw the sunlight resplendent, a glorious morning, and to my surprise, I was not dead,

but alive—only half alive, though. Something made me arise from my bed. I dressed myself, I went downstairs in this great institution, and as I was passing down a hall I heard the singing of hymns. I came to a little parlor where a few people were singing; I went in and sat down. Only dully do I remember what transpired. I know that a man prayed, that a Scripture was read, and that hymns were sung. There I sat. All of a sudden I felt a change come over me. It was as though the great burden had been lifted, taken from me by hands that I could not see. All of a sudden I felt a change come over me, and a strange sense of peace came into my heart and into my mind. I went back to my room, I sat there in my chair, looking out over the green hills, and there was a newness and a freshness about everything. God was close to me as He had been when I was a little fellow at home with my mother and father."

As he told me this the tears ran down his cheeks. He continued, "I began to get well, and it was only a short time until I was released. I went back to my business, but I

did not go back as the same man. Dr. Peale, I want to tell you that as certainly as we are sitting here the old man no longer lives. He is gone. I am not much yet. But that old man is dead. I felt as though I were a new man and I caught myself thinking of the phrase that the Filipinos have, that 'a Christian is a resurrected person.'"

I said to him later, "You know I think that when you thought you were dying that night, you actually did die. But just as certainly as the physical life did not die, your old soul died, and a new soul was born."

That is what we need today in America—a great host of resurrected people, resurrected from their littleness, from their fears, from their defeats, giving themselves to Jesus Christ. Then they will become glorious, radiant, victorious souls, who have one resurrection after another, until finally when the glorious morning comes, having marched from one resurrected life to another, they step across a little bridge into the resurrection of the soul in the life of God, to reign throughout the centuries.



Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to attain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.

—Phillips Brooks

Prayer-Power

Florence Rankin

SOME people seem to have a much higher batting average in having their prayers answered than others. For instance, Paul's average is so much higher than mine. Once he wanted to save friends from being ship-wrecked and that was granted to the extent of seventy-six people. Especially during this war I've been studying a lot about this power of prayer. Perhaps it's similar to electricity in that there are certain laws which govern the appropriation of that power. Perhaps Paul knew and practiced those rules and hence the power came.

With this idea in mind I studied through the record of Paul's life in Acts and tried to figure out just how he lived. I found evidence that he was honest, loving and kindly though not sloppy. "He who will not work shall not eat," are Paul's words. He was not a selfish person. He was not greedy. Actually with his fine education and blue blood family he could have become rich and held a position of high honor; something like a Supreme Court Justice I take it. But he passed all that up because he felt it was not God's plan for him. However, he was no sponger but paid his way even though he

must "work night and day" in order to do so.

He was fearless and always ready to tell others of this new way of life. He worked at spreading the Kingdom of God with the same intense fervor that we work to win a war. He asked God to do things for him but he did things for God too. Could this be why his prayers were answered? He was not perfect—he fell out with an associate, he lost his temper, he was not very delicate about calling a spade a spade. To me this is a comforting discovery for if perfection is a prerequisite I'm disqualified right off the bat.

The early disciples also seemed to have learned how to appropriate this power and had prayers answered even when they asked for miracles. They had the fundamental virtues that Paul had but were not perfect. They, too, really worked to bring God's kingdom in. None of them accumulated much wealth. Their philosophy seems to have been to seek God's plan for each day, live it to the utmost and trust God to take care of the future. Their performance was not always perfect but their sincerity was.

When the disciples first went

out they went teaching and preaching, and dared to go without a wallet—and they performed miracles. Is there a tie-up here? Maybe teaching and preaching plus their faith that God is sufficient to take care of them was their part—was the prerequisite, and the miracles the natural result. Perhaps as surely as one fulfills these prerequisite conditions power comes—automatically, inevitably, without fail. Electricity was once thought to be an erratic, unpredictable power but now we know if we fulfill certain conditions it can be depended upon and hence appropriated. Is prayer-power that way too?

In the Gospels and Acts are dozens of accounts of miraculous answers to prayers. Are these given us just to tease us or to teach us that if we fulfill certain conditions this power is open to us too? Can it be that God must withhold many good things from us for which we pray—peace, prosperity, health—until we make "thy Kingdom come" the ruling passion of our lives; until we are willing to sac-

rifice such things as financial security; enough time each day so as to have a conference with God; popularity, if need be? A swimmer casts off his clothes in order to save a drowning man. Are we willing to cast off every thread of dishonesty, greed, selfishness, impurity—in order to save our world from the Hell it is now in? If we did that (even the minority of us who call ourselves Christians) that would be our part. Then God could transform this place into the Kingdom of Heaven—his part.

This is a hypothesis I've been experimenting with, trying to either prove it or disprove it. Since I've lived out this idea (in a disgustingly timid sort of way), I can say for sure my percentage of answered prayer has gone up. There was one major experience and a lot of minor ones that couldn't be called coincidences. Some things for which I've worked and hoped have not yet come about. To make this experiment scientific about a thousand other people should test this theory and see if it works for them.



I might mention all the charms of a bright spring day, but if you had never in your life utterly forgotten yourself in straining your eyes after the mountain-lark, in wandering through still lanes when freshly opened flowers filled them with a sacred, silent beauty—where would be the use of my descriptive catalogue? I could never make you know what I meant by a bright spring day.

—George Eliot

□ A profound need met in Christ by a great salvation that issues in a deep gratitude and a personal compulsion.

The Essentials of a Vital Religious Life

Harry Emerson Fosdick

WHAT are the essential elements in a vital religious life, so basic that from Quaker to Roman Catholic all Christians at their best have shared them?

First a great need. No one achieves a vital, personal Christian experience without a profound sense of need. While many think of need as a sign of weakness, the fact is that there is not a truer test of the status of any creature in the scale of existence than the size, amplitude, and quality of his needs.

To different people this need comes in different ways. With many it appears as a sense of inadequacy in meeting the demands of life. For the demands of life can be terrific. Not simply when they come suddenly but when they come slowly in the long drag of the years, putting burdens on us difficult to sustain, who can face life's demands, whether in youth or age, without a need of spiritual reinforcement to meet the strain?

To others this experience comes mainly through moral failure. For sin is a Trojan horse. Perhaps, worst of all, we sin thinking only

of ourselves and our pleasures and then discover that we have involved others and that the consequences of our evil blast the hopes and happiness of those for whom we really care. So, age after age, people facing moral failure and its tragic aftermath have sought a personal experience of Christ, his forgiveness and re-establishment, because they needed him. To others this experience comes not so much from life's demands or even from moral failure, as from a positive vision of life's possibilities. Remember Alcibiades saying to Socrates: "There is one experience I have in the presence of this man alone, such as nobody would expect in me; and that is, to be made to feel ashamed; he alone can make me feel it. For he brings home to me that I cannot disown the duty of doing what he bids me, but that as soon as I turn from his company I fall a victim to the favours of the crowd." Above all others, Christ has so disturbed people. They could not live beside him and still be what they were. They awoke to a new sense of need from a new vision of possibility.

The second element in a vital Christian experience is a great salvation. This experience comes to most of us in two general ways. To many it is opportunity for a second chance. They failed, messed up their lives, and have only the remnants left of their first opportunity. The Prodigal in the far country with only the remnants of his first opportunity left needed something that would put the lure into those leftovers, and, all the ages since, men like Augustine—afterwards St. Augustine—who ran away from home and lived with his mistress, and even after he had felt Christ's attraction cried: "The worse that I knew so well had more power over me than the better that I knew not," have needed something or someone who could put the lure into the leftovers.

Along with the first factor in a saving experience goes strength to make something of the second chance. For any kind of failure, moral failure in particular, is a Svengali to the soul. It hypnotizes us, and, casting upon us its horrid spell, towers over us, saying, You cannot; you have failed; you are whipped. Who has not experienced that? And who has not cried out for someone who could defeat that incantation, break that enchantment, and lift him up to answer back, as Paul answered even in a Roman prison, I can—"In Him

who strengthens me, I am able for anything."

The third element in a personal experience of Christ is a great gratitude. One cannot understand the New Testament or the driving power of the Christian church at its best without taking the measure of the fact that a profound need met by a profound salvation has issued in a profound gratitude.

The ethical implications of such gratitude are immense. Gratitude, someone has said, is the mother of all virtues. Certainly there is no such a thing as a vital Christian Experience without it. Need of Christ, salvation in Christ, gratitude toward Christ—those three phases are, as it were, the stethoscope where we can hear the very heartbeat of the gospel.

The fourth element in a creative experience of Christ is a great compulsion. For it stands to reason that if a man has known a deep want, met by a great redemption issuing in a profound thankfulness, then something has gotten hold of him. He is not his own. He has been taken possession of. He is under a powerful inner compulsion.

No need of the modern world is so deep as the need for this kind of character. We could muddle along without much more scientific invention. We could get by with no more skyscrapers and gadgets. But we cannot get by without more

Christian character. Theologies change; creeds alter; the world views of one generation are incredible to the next; the mental patterns that Paul, Augustine, Calvin used we cannot exactly copy. But when we range up into this experience of profound need met in Christ by a great salvation, that issues in a deep gratitude so that we are inwardly taken possession of by a high compulsion, we not only overpass the differences between our contemporary sects but the differences between the centuries. Paul would understand *that*,

and St. Augustine and Luther and Phillips Brooks. In that experience is the real communion of the saints. When one pleads for that one is pleading for the basic structural material without which no decent society can be built. When one pleads for that one is pleading for a quality of character without which man at his best cannot be satisfied. If you lack it, seek it. If you have a little of it, deepen it—a great need, a great salvation, a great gratitude, and a great compulsion.



The Voice of the Unknown Soldier

Hannah T. McLaughlin

“Let me speak,” said the Unknown Soldier,
 “I died to set men free.
 Was I Protestant, Jew or Catholic,
 of low or high degree?
 Did my ancestors come on the Mayflower,
 Or in the steerage cheap?
 Was my blood dark blue or crimson
 As it flowed through my death wounds deep?”

Let him who knows the answer
 Be the first to raise the call,
 and tell what race, or class, or creed,
 or cult is best of all.
 The Answer comes from the Great Beyond;
 From the Master's Heavenly Hall:
 “In my sight you are all alike.
 I am the Father of all.”

The Approach for Management and Labor

Wallace C. Speers

THERE is a pattern of workability for Management and Labor contained in the laws of God for human conduct.

All inanimate objects obey implicitly the laws of God. Mankind, on the other hand, has been given the freedom of intelligent choice. Upon whether the choice is to obey or disobey rests the entire workability of the world.

One does not break the laws of God; one merely disobeys them. When someone sufficiently powerful disobeys them, the result is a world that doesn't work. An automobile manufacturer recently offered an impressive example of this. He said he had spent years studying the laws of God concerning things. He had discovered how to make cars run, how to give them enormous power, how to send them up and down hill. But, he added, because he and so many others of us had not studied the laws of God concerning human conduct, and tried to put them to work, he was unable now to make a single automobile.

Christianity, instead of being a thing apart, is at the core of those

things we think of as cold, hard reality. What are we going to do about it? I believe we must begin in the same old way by reaffirming our faith in God. With this always in our minds, we must move forward.

We must realize that we are in a period of social evolution. From it is emerging a new appraisal of the relative value of man to the ownership of things. We Christian people must not fight this change. It is our direct obligation to try and channel it within the bounds of intellectual honesty and economic possibility, conditioning our ability by continual contact with God.

We must achieve a new appreciation of the value of the individual's personality and the everlasting freedom of his soul. We are not entering the age of the common man, as some so blithely state. Instead, we are entering an era where there is a growing acknowledgment of the almost regal quality of every human being, made in the image of God and endowed with certain inalienable rights.

We must also apply what might

be called "dynamic humility." In truly great men it has allowed them to see, in the weakness of others, a reflection of their own shortcomings. When we attain true humility, we will discover that the aims of Management and Labor are almost synonymous.

Management needs to have as many people employed at as high a wage as possible in order to have customers capable of buying its products. In just the same way Labor needs the success of Management in order to have a place to work and to be provided with an income for adequate living.

Many of the caustic vituperative recriminations that crop up in discussions about Management and Labor are the result of a habit of thought. We can help lead people out of a wilderness of fixed thought that long habit and uncertainty of new paths have imprisoned.

First, we can offer a constructive program. Strangely enough, neither Management nor Labor has thought sufficiently in constructive terms.

Second, we can establish a higher aim. Were one to say to Management and Labor, "All right, you have differences. However, your common aim is to build a better nation with a turnover of business that will guarantee the returning service man his rightful place in the wealth development process, a healthy nation capable of assuming

its rightful place in world leadership," could either force reject it?

I should like to place before Management a challenge contained in a recent presentation by a well-known Londoner. As a result of the war, he pointed out, even the most dynamic trade union organization in England freely admitted that Management was the hub around which production revolved.

"Therefore," he concluded, "if you could convert Management to the use of Christian principles as the operating basis of its business, you would cure over 90 per cent of the ills of the world!"

It is your obligation and mine as Christian citizens to place this responsibility before Management at every opportunity.

I should like to suggest to Management a method for undertaking this effort: apply to every single operation or job the formula of getting all the facts and applying to them the spiritual values of sense of duty, justice, mercy and human understanding.

I should like to place before Labor a similar challenge, especially when considering a strike. It is found in the 18th Chapter of Matthew, 15-17 verses.

If you will remember, Jesus tells us, "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone." That is the very best and latest

procedure—an attempt at an "on the floor" settlement of disputes, before they have a chance to develop into major problems.

If this does not work, Christ goes on to say "take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established." That seems to be a very definite and concrete recommendation for the submission of the dispute to a board of arbitration.

Should this also fail, our Master tells us "if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church." In other words, apply to the problem those self-same spiritual values already mentioned.

After that, if there is still not a fair consideration of the complaint, we are told "let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." It is then time for a strike to be authorized.

Surely this imposes upon Labor just as awe-inspiring obligations as are placed upon Management.

We must find a spirit of work-ability beneficial to all, or chaos will result. Call it love, if you will. We need not be embarrassed in using the word. It is the strongest potential force in the world. The non-physical aspects of love support the ability of the human race to progress.

We have just witnessed, and still are witnessing, one of the greatest out-pourings of love in human history—"greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." You and I are the friends for whom this tremendous price has been paid. Our purposes, our minds, our whole beings have been purchased by sacrifice, suffering and blood. We no longer belong to ourselves. We are the bondsmen of destiny, dedicated to service by our very indebtedness.

Do we dare, Management and Labor together, show any lesser quality of love than to give up our lives to a determined and consecrated effort to make man's work conform to God's law?



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

¶ Through prayer, the Word, and reflection comes the will of God.

How I Ascertain the Will of God

George Müller

I SEEK at the beginning to get my heart into such a state that it has no will of its own in regard to a given matter. Nine-tenths of the trouble with the people is just here. Nine-tenths of the difficulties are overcome when our hearts are ready to do the will, whatever it may be. When one is truly in this state, it is usually but a little way to the knowledge of what His will is.

Having done this, I do not leave the results to feeling or simple impression. If I do so I make myself liable to great delusions.

I seek the will of the Spirit of God through and in connection with the word of God. The Spirit and the word must be combined. If I look to the Spirit alone without the word, I lay myself open to

great delusions, also. If the Holy Ghost guides us at all, He will do it according to the Scriptures, and never contrary to them.

Next I take into account providential circumstances. These often plainly indicate God's will in connection with His word and Spirit.

I ask God in prayer to reveal His will to me aright. Thus, through prayer to God, the study of the Word, and reflection, I come to a deliberate judgment according to the best of my ability and knowledge, and if my mind is thus at peace, and continues so after two or three more petitions, I proceed accordingly.

In trivial matters, and in transactions involving most important issues, I have found this method always effective.

From *The King's Herald*.



Someone asked George Müller what he would do if he knew he had only three more days to live. He pulled out his notebook and indicating the engagements already made for those three days he quietly replied that he would be busy fulfilling those obligations.—*Selected*

¶ "If I can altogether make them forget that Nazarene."

The Memoirs of the Devil

Cecil F. Ristow

I DO NOT write these memoirs because my day is done. I have no need to preserve the glories of my past, for I have glory enough in the present. As for the future, I never felt more vigorous nor more confident than I do today. It is precisely because I have been so successful that I wish to set down in some detail the methods and policies which have come to such a happy issue. I am always glad when men envy success, and this record will give them the opportunity.

When I can create confusion about anything, I am delighted! I have no love for order and definiteness, but confusion, disorder and disagreement are my very life. When men disagree about my nature, and then quarrel about their disagreements, my destiny is fulfilled. Men may think what they please about me, if only they will quarrel about it. Even if I had no existence, a quarrel about me would bring me to life! I thrive on hate and confusion, and the prevalence of both in the modern world is at once the mark of my success and the index of my vitality.

I have not always been as prosperous as I am today. I still smart under the memory of my first defeat at the hands of the Adversary. I ruled, uncontested, over chaos and confusion. The universe was neither water nor dry land, neither day nor night, neither living nor dead, neither good nor bad. It was only—chaos! But the Spirit of my Adversary moved upon the face of chaos, and spoke order into being! I was stunned! Unless I could break the sure, strong beauty and peace of Eden, I knew that I was doomed. Everything was ordered and right; the very stars sang together as they took their appointed ways.

But my opportunity soon came! The doting Adversary, in a weak moment, made a creature called Man. He made him in His own image; that is, He gave him a mind to discern and a will to choose between good and evil, between order and chaos. He even shared some of His own creative power with His creature, so that Man was able to create things and conditions that had not existed before. Moreover, my sentimental Enemy, finding that it was not good for His

From *Religion in Life*, Autumn, 1944.

precious creature to live alone, made another similar creature called Woman. Thus at a single stroke sex and society and love and parenthood were introduced into this perfect Eden. Instantly I began to breathe the air of hope! Soon there would be many creatures, each with a mind of his own and each sure that his opinions were more accurate than his neighbors'. I saw that chaos would soon come back, and from that moment I have made it my business to speed its return. The devices I have used, and the success I have had in their use, form the substance of these recollections.

My Adversary endowed His creatures with capacity called intelligence. That was a mistake! However, it opened to me one of my most fruitful opportunities. Endowed as they were with a modicum of intelligence, it was easy for me to convince men that their only enemy was ignorance. Soon I had them persuaded that if only they knew enough they could enter Paradise. Learning took on the characteristics of a religion, with robed processions and with Ph.D's for priests. From the minarets of the mosques of wisdom the muezzins cried, "There is no god but Knowledge, and Science is his prophet!"

Of course, I was playing with fire. My fortune lies with chaos,

and knowledge is the friend of order. Suppose these scientists should really set the world in order? Where would I be? I must admit that I suffered more defeats than I like to remember. Many a superstition that had been useful to me fell before the advance of knowledge. Astrology gave place to astronomy. Psychology took the place of witchcraft and necromancy. Scientific medicine supplanted the witch doctors. As men more and more understood the laws of the universe, they prospered more and more.

A means of communication was developed so sensitive that a breath, drawn anywhere could be heard around the world. Dictators, presidents and prime ministers could sit at their desks and harangue their followers by millions. Space and time were conquered; death itself was grudgingly retreating. The worshipers of Science had prayed to their god for a streamlined world, and they seemed to be getting it!

I was not greatly worried, for I knew that the idol had feet of clay! I became a patron of learning, and encouraged my followers to worship at the altars of knowledge. Let men seek knowledge as an end; I would use it as a means to my own ends. How well I have succeeded can be known from the morning paper. An immense

amount of knowledge and technical skill is required to build, to load, to arm and to navigate one ship on the surface of the sea, and another beneath that surface. I use one to destroy the other! No one man can possibly comprehend all the knowledge and skill required to put a thousand heavy bombers into the air; to the common man, it is a miracle. To me, it is a means of destroying, in a single night, a city that has been a thousand years in building. These mortals are accustomed to associate their God with the heavens, and me with depths of the earth. I've turned the tables on them! From the heavens I pour death, and they seek refuge underground!

One of the greatest delusions that has aided me is that peace can be established by fighting. The "inferior" Chinese have a proverb to the effect that the first party to an argument who resorts to blows loses his case, and by his first blow acknowledges defeat. I hope no Christians will ever accept this heathen idea!

The war is the most spectacular, but by no means the only, instance of my interference with the purposes of the Adversary. He made the world fruitful enough to supply all men with an abundance of all needful things. I have seen to it that while men were standing in breadlines and children starving,

corn has been burned for fuel, oranges drenched with kerosene, coffee dumped at sea, cotton plowed under, and meat animals slaughtered lest they multiply too fast! I have been noted for my ability to find work for idle hands and in recent years I have been well supplied with them.

If the precious creatures of the Adversary should ever hit upon a means to keep themselves usefully and consistently employed, it would be a blow to me. If they should ever undertake seriously to be responsible for themselves, it would be almost my death!

Before I close I must speak of the human weakness which is my greatest aid. That weakness is pride. All of the delusions that I have so carefully fostered would have been useless to me but for human pride. When I really want to destroy a nation, I give it a superiority complex! If I can only persuade the white race that it is inherently superior to the colored races, what comforting agonies will be mine to watch during the coming century!

Two thousand years ago the Adversary had the effrontery to visit His creatures in the likeness of one of them. He "took upon Himself the form of a servant, and was found in fashion as a man." I thought at first that his silly adventure had put Him in my power.

When He was hungry, I showed Him how to get bread. When He was lonely, I showed Him how to be popular. When He was weak, I offered Him power and glory in my service. He stayed hungry, lonely, weak. I had friends, however, and we got rid of Him! I showed Him who was master here! In his milk-and-water heaven, He has a throne, I suppose; on earth, where I still have something to say, we gave Him a throne!

I thought I was rid of Him for good and all. But, by all the curses of hell, He plagues me still. Why did He not come in proud pomp and power? I could have worked with Him, then! Why did He not come like Caesar, so that He would have been famous—and forgotten! But no! He must come a carpenter and go a martyr, so wisely and so simply that, do what I will, men can't forget Him! Well, let them remember Him. Let them cherish their memories in granite and stained glass! Pious memories of a Nazarene carpenter will never hurt me. But suppose men should ever take Him seriously! I shudder at the very thought.

I don't see much to be alarmed about. The biggest and most sav-

age war of all time has sowed dragons' teeth of death and hatred the whole world over. Divorces are gaining on marriages. Alcoholism is increasing. Employers and employees are at loggerheads. Everybody praises the Bible as if they had read it and knew what was in it! A colorless minority of the population goes to church now and then, when it's convenient; a very small minority goes because it really understands the Adversary and thinks it loves Him! The vast majority never thinks about the Adversary at all, but finds Sunday a convenient day to worship Hollywood. I see no reason for alarm; things are going very well.

My victory, however, is not yet complete. My success is not yet final. There are still some who remember how my Adversary came in the likeness of men, and was crucified. They will not admit His defeat; they insist that He still lives and that at last He will reign without a rival. I suppose I must reconcile myself to the loss of some of my Adversary's precious creatures, but I get the majority. If I can only make them altogether forget that Nazarene, I'll have them all. Well, time will tell, and I'm not worried—yet!



If you don't scale the mountain you can't view the plain.

—Confucius

☪ Oh the joy of walking on high places with the Father!

Upon Mine High Places

Hazel H. Pickett

MOUNTAIN peaks have always been the symbol of high spiritual consciousness. The progress of humanity has been associated with the words 'upward, high, uplifted.' Psalm 121, 1st verse says, "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." In Isaiah 40:9 we find, "Get thee up into the high mountain" and Habakkuk 3:19 promises, "The Lord God is my strength and he will make my feet like hind's feet and He will make me to walk upon mine high places." The foot is the symbol of understanding so the feet of the hind or deer implies understanding, swift comprehension of spiritual truths.

A few years ago I was walking through a canyon in the mountains, when I noticed deer tracks along the tiny creek, small tracks and large tracks, those of a deer and her fawn. Penetrating the dense thicket of quakenaspen trees a little farther along I frightened the mother deer from her hiding place. With the speed of light, it seemed, she was away and out of sight. Her swift feet had carried her to safety, though I had no gun and would not have harmed her. I thought of that verse, "shall walk

upon mine high places" and in safety.

On the desert, coming back from the mountains were many antelope. These are swift of foot too, as they go bounding over the flat, treeless plain. But the real test of fleetness is not on the level places but over the rocky, pine-clad mountains, the bare, windswept icy peaks. So in daily life, it is easy to move swiftly along on the plains of comfort, prosperity and well-being, but when we must climb the steep mountains of grief, of loss, of poverty, do we avail ourselves of His strength, His promises and help? If we can keep our eyes on the sunny hilltops, where we shall attain rest and peace and joy, we can bless these apparent trials we are experiencing, knowing they are but spiritual exercises to strengthen us.

From the top of the mountain we get the right perspective on life. Suppose we are on a road winding at the base of the mountain. We have left the city of the Past behind us and we are going toward the city of the Future. The road is hot and dry and uninteresting. But we climb the mountain to the top and see the Past fading in the rays of the setting sun and it is

illuminated with the afterglow of understanding. The other city, our destination, lies ahead but in a glorious golden mist, full of promise and beauty. Up here in the high places you see the Plan of it all. You are refreshed by a cool drink from the snowfed stream. The road below may be monotonous but only a little way farther there are shade trees and flowers. You start to descend, bringing down the peace of the mountaintop, the immediate Presence of God. The dust of the road does not bother you now, nor the distance before you for you have a companion. And such a Companion! "Lo, I am with you always." In such delightful communion, time flies so fast you hardly notice the miles you are covering until the golden light of the future dazzles your eyes in the Now.

Along the coast of Monterey, California, there are places where the thickly wooded cliffs almost hang over the ocean. As you follow the trail you can hear, but cannot see, the ocean and the boom-boom of the waves comes to your ears like a soft soothing murmur. You know the ocean is there, but

its crashing waves do not bother you. So with your troubles when you are on the mountain top of high spiritual consciousness. You know they are there but the noise of them reaches you as a soothing murmur. You are above them. The swift feet of understanding have carried you away from them. He has given you the privilege of "walking upon 'mine high Places'."

Oh the joy of walking on the high places with the Father! We had been in the dusty valley, trudging along the rutted road and we saw this narrow path, winding up the mountain. Here were cool springs and lofty pines and beautiful, fragrant columbines. And we take this pathway though it means a hard climb but He has given us the feet of the deer and we walk with sureness and serenity. We view the magnificent scenery from the summit of the mountain. But we know that when we must descend into the valley again, that our Father, who has given us the joy of walking on the high places, will also hold our hand in the valley of shadows, for joy cometh in the morning and it is always morning where God is.



God gives each man one life, like a lamp, then gives
That lamp due measure of oil; lamp lighted, hold high, wave wide
Its comfort for others to share.

—Robert Browning

☐ The story of the Good Samaritan
is the last word in group relations.

A Crisis in Human Relations

L. K. Bishop

THE genius of the Christian faith is found in the words of Jesus, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and thy neighbor as thyself." In a dozen terse pungent words the great Teacher epitomized the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. This was not the first time that this truth had been enunciated, for in the book of Leviticus we read the identical words, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

It is significant that Jesus repeated this theme of love and brotherhood so often that the apostles and disciples could not forget it. It is echoed and re-echoed through the writings of the New Testament. After reading the early Christian writers one is impressed by the fact that hate, fear, suspicion, vengeance and discrimination are expressions of sin and wickedness, while love, brotherhood, understanding, patience, forgiveness and tolerance are expressions of Christian virtue.

This profound truth has troubled believers of every century. How could one love the enemy, the unorthodox, the foreigner, the uncivilized, or the heathen? The zealous Christian could kill the

enemy, torture the unbeliever, convert the foreigner, and evangelize the heathen. And he did. But how could he be expected to love those who believed and practiced a different way of life?

Yet the disturbing truth of Christian love continued to remind Christians of every century that theirs was the religion of the forgiven enemy, the other cheek, and the second mile.

Twenty centuries filled with massacre, slavery, slaughter, and cruelty have witnessed the struggle toward brotherhood, love, charity and compassion. The angel's song, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men," has echoed through the din of war, has sounded above the cry of the persecuted, and outlived the shouts of bigotry. The whispers of this divine song continue to remind the human race that there is a higher and richer way of life than we have yet found. There are nobler and more satisfying human relations than we have yet created.

Who of us has not been stupified by the fact that the forces of violence, hate, and suspicion have reached a new intensity in our day. We have seen the rebirth of all the cruelty, violence, and hate of

which the fiendish mind of man is capable. Massacre, slavery, torture, starvation are combined in our day to express the animosity, bitterness and fear which infests the human race. Protestants, Catholics, and Jews have been terrorized in our generation and persecuted because of their faith. Negroes, Orientals, Latin Americans, and Europeans have been victimized because of the place of their birth. In lands not too distant concentration camps, death marches and the Gestapo are expressions of the ill-will and hate which poison the relationship of man with his fellow man. In our own America, lynchings, job discrimination, educational discrimination, restrictive covenants and hate movements are local manifestations of the crisis in human relations.

The paradox of our generation is found in the fact that not only have we reached a new height of barbarity and cruelty, but at the same time we have in our society an increase in the powers of love, mercy, and brotherhood. Never have the rivers of mercy, compassion, and charity flowed so freely as in our generation. Never in the history of the human race has there been so much concern and goodwill, both individual and organized. Material resources, personal wealth, medicine, food and clothing stream from one continent to another that

suffering may be relieved. Never before have governments taken so much responsibility and initiative for the personal welfare of citizens of other nations.

We stand on the battlefield where two philosophies are in a death struggle. One philosophy is built on the fear of the stranger, contempt for men of another color, and the superiority of the powerful. The contesting philosophy is that of the prophet and the Master, "Thou shalt love the Lord . . . and thy neighbor . . ."

Our generation is caught in this paradox. Our lives, emotions, ambitions, and faiths are at stake. Our generation is the battle ground, and we are the participants. The profound truth of the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God is testing once again the strength of human fear, hate, and arrogance. Ours is the age of crisis in human relations, precipitated by the religious axiom, "Thou shalt love the Lord . . . and thy neighbor . . ."

If we are able to believe in the way of brotherhood and cooperation, we will usher in a new era greater than the atomic age. If not, the human race will continue in fear, suspicion, violence, and hate. There are voices of wisdom and experience which can guide us in this time of crisis.

The voice of history speaks to us reminding us that peace, pros-

perity, and progress are words applied to the eras when harmonious human relations have prevailed. Conversely war, famine, depression, violence, strife and hate are words which describe the period when human relations were broken and strained.

History speaks to us again, reminding us that periods of intense suffering and hardship are followed by hate movements, prejudice, and suspicion. After every war in which our nation has been engaged, men and women have left the unity which they found in wartime to enter post-war years of hate movements, rabble rousing, and minority persecution. The Ku Klux Klan, the American Protective Association, and the Know-Nothing Party came to life in America as an expression of these tensions and fears.

Already after World War II there are predictions within our nation that movements will be launched that will pit veteran against laborer, Negro against white, and Catholic against Protestant. If we listen to the voice of history, we may prevent history from repeating itself. History reminds us that peoples united in the danger of war are easily divided in peace by religious and racial fears.

A second voice which will give us guidance is that of democracy. Out of the great truths of the Old and New Testament, our founding

fathers drew the words, "All men are created equal." We are still striving to guarantee that equality to all. Democracy reminds us that there are certain God-given inalienable rights which are guaranteed only when human relations are at their best, when there is confidence, harmony, and cooperation permeating society.

Again democracy speaks of the human dignity which belongs to every creature of God, a dignity which no form of government has yet succeeded in granting to its humblest citizen. The spirit of love and brotherhood of which the Master spoke is the very essence out of which democracy is built. If we cast our lot on the side of human brotherhood, we cast it on the side of true democracy.

A third voice is that of science. Professor Conklin of Princeton University says, "Biology and the Bible agree that God hath made of one blood all nations of men." Anthropology reminds us that there are no permanently superior or inferior races. Psychology lifts its voice to tell us that there are no people who can claim all the genius or who have an exclusive claim on intelligence.

A fourth voice which pleads with us through the centuries is that of religion. Religion speaks like a trumpet against intolerance, bigotry, and hate. In the book of Ruth,

the Old Testament writer tells the story of the despised Moabites, a foreign people. He takes, however, as the heroine of his story, Ruth, a Moabitess, a girl of honor, virtue, diligence, and loyalty, who became the ancestor of great King David. It must have been a difficult thing for the one hundred percent patriots of that day to accept the challenge of the book of Ruth.

The New Testament tells the story of Nathanael, smug, filled with prejudice, complacent, and superior. When he heard rumors of Jesus of Nazareth, he said with a sneer, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

How guilty have we been of this same prejudice. Can any good come out of Europe, Germany, Japan? Can any good come out of the Jewish group, the Catholic church, the Negroes? We, like Nathanael, must live long enough to know that good can come from all of God's children and that human relations which carry a note of confidence rather than suspicion will encourage that good to come from all nations and all peoples.

The story of the Good Samaritan which Jesus told to his followers might be called the last word on group relations. The Good Samaritan might just as well have been a good Jew. But the Samaritans were a despised tribe, an alien people. What a shock it must have

been to those listeners when they heard that the hero of the story was not a priest, a Levite, or a Jew, but a Samaritan, despised and ostracized. That Good Samaritan symbolizes to this day the spirit of virtue and neighborliness.

If we are to play our part in this struggle of harmony against strife, peace against discord, love against hate, how shall we implement these forces of brotherhood which seek to dominate the world? In this crisis of human relations how will we influence the struggle? Our living will either increase or diminish suspicion, hate, fear, and enmity. Our conversation, conduct, and character determine the composite picture of our human relationships. If we are to set our hand on the side of brotherhood, if we are to throw our weight in behalf of the great religious truth of love, we must root out of our own thinking negative attitudes and establish positive ones. We must pull out the weeds of prejudice, hate, and contempt, which have been nurtured on rumor, suspicion, and fear through these many years. We must realize that all men are human beings and creatures of God. We can seek to become in our own minds and in our own associations world citizens living and thinking in terms of brotherhood, confidence and goodwill.

We can determine to rear our

children free from time-worn prejudices. We can nurture our children in a world which will free them from the curse of group superiority, making them into world citizens, enabling them to recognize the brotherhood of man. If these, our children, must live in a world which is destined to be one world, if they must live in a world where there is only one race—the human race—the least we can do for them is to prepare them psychologically to live without fear, suspicions, anxiety, and hate.

In building a world of brotherhood we can also make our contribution by becoming individual centers of goodwill and confidence. We have within our own personalities the power to discourage and discredit rumors and gossip which reflects against or indicts another group of people. You and I can cultivate and express mutual respect, understanding, appreciation, and cooperation for peoples of all creeds, races, and classes. We have within our own lives the opportunity to practice daily the principles of democracy, which guarantee the dignity of man, equality of opportunity, and the inalienable rights of every citizen. Each individual, if he desires to be a center of good will, can obey in thought and deed the implication of the universal law, "Thou shalt love the Lord . . . and Thy neighbor . . ."

Here is a law for human relations as basic as the law of gravity. I am convinced that whether we win the struggle for brotherhood in our generation or not, the future belongs to goodwill. It is the technique of human engineering which will finally prevail in this world. "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men" is still an eternal hope in the hearts of all, and as each individual learns to implement that hope and put it into daily practice, the primitive forces of hate and suspicion will fade like the shadows before the rising sun.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick tells the story of a Catholic chaplain in the battle areas whose task it was to minister to the wounded and dying. As the priest lifted the head of one American soldier, the boy looked at him, recognized the insignia and said, "Father, I do not belong to your church." The chaplain looking into the eyes of the dying soldier replied, "I know, son, you do not belong to my church, but you belong to my God."

That was the right thing for the chaplain to say. It is the right thing for you to say in the market place, on the street, in your club, and to your children. It is the spirit of brotherhood. It is the manifestation of the eternal truth, "Thou shalt love the Lord . . . and thy neighbor . . ."

The Lord Reigneth

Richard Whitwell

"The Lord reigneth, be the earth never so unquiet."

Amid these days, not less but more than other times, our walking should be with God. Let us earnestly seek that we be not misled by appearances. Let us get down to the foundations—again and again look into the heart of that which we believe, till the Deep Peace breathe upon our heart.

There is a peace that is no peace: It is the peace of compromise between man and man, or nation and nation, an amity regarded as of mutual benefit. But there is a true peace, and it is of God. Its breath is the Spirit of Love, and it is foundational to the beautiful.

God breathes into our hearts the magic of that Peace; it becomes the point of inner contact and reception of the universal Providence. It is the protective Garment drawing closer and closer upon us—and amid dark and difficult days is the quiet point of our security.

No peace lies in the future which is not hidden in this present little instant. Take peace!

No heaven can come to us un-

From *The Seeker*.

With Jesus on the Mountain Top

Glenn Clark

ONE DAY John said to Jesus, Why do you go up on the mountain so often to pray?

The hand of the Father leads me there, said Jesus. I do not go myself. I do not weary myself in the going. On the mornings when I am drawn up to the mountain top I never tire for every step brings me rest. Even though I might be weary and heavy laden the night before, I always find rest in the going and in the staying on the mountain.

It is when I am tired and weary and heavy laden that I go. It is usually long before dawn that I go. It is usually after the nights when I am very heavy with the sins of the world, or with the suffering of mankind that I go. I am usually very tired when I start forth—tired and sometimes in anguish of spirit, but the walking takes away the tiredness—and the climbing removes the weariness—and the being alone with God on the mountain takes away the anguish. People wonder how it is that to climb steep hills cures tiredness—and to walk out into the darkness takes one into the light.

It is not the thinking about this one or that one that fills me with

anguish and draws me out upon the mountain. It is just a filling up of the cup of my heart—and I do not always ask from whom it comes, or for whom it goes. Whenever I do ask I always find out—but it matters so very little in the Father's house who is suffering, for who has not suffered at some time or other? It is enough to know that someone in the Father's family is suffering, and the Father's Son must go forth and bring him peace. For the Son of Man cannot find peace in his own heart and hold it all through the night when there is one sheep that is separated in heart from the Father's fold.

The heavy weight that falls upon my heart is usually from countless hundreds of woes, little and big, that trickle like streams of water into a common pool, and when the cup of my heart is full I find myself drawn to the mountain to pour it out into the chalice that is the heart of God.

It is always at night that I am filled with the woes of mankind—for it is only when the light of the sun is darkened that the waters of suffering flow downward, and fill the pools. Always when the sun is shining the water is being drawn

upward toward the light, making beautiful the clouds. It is only at night, in the absence of the light of the Father, that the Son finds the cup is placed in his hands. And there is only one place where the juice of the cup loses its bitterness for the Son and for those he would help, and that is on the mountain or in the desert where there is nothing about save God. Then when he drinks it, God drinks it with him, and the more he takes of the troubles of others into his soul, the more they are taken into God's soul; the more he takes them into his heart the more they are taken into the Father's heart. And everything that is taken into the Father's heart becomes that moment perfect and whole.

Before I start on a journey into the cities that need me, I am drawn up onto the mountain, long before dawn, to pray. I never make any plans to go up onto the mountain. When I am going upon a journey in the morning I do not tell anyone I shall be on the mountain before dawn. They know and I know that long before the sunrise, without any conscious plan of my own, I shall find myself drawn there.

And always when I am drawn to the mountain before a journey and my cup is unusually full, and my heart is unusually heavy laden, I rejoice and am glad, for it is al-

ways after the heaviest trips to the mountain that there follow the lightest trips through the cities that follow. Does it matter whether the emptying of the heaviness be done before we meet those who suffer or after the throng arrives, does it matter whether it be done in secret or out where it can be seen of men, does it matter whether it be done with a flourish of trumpets in the synagogue or in the secret chamber of your heart? Verily, verily I say unto you, that the time will come and now is, when that which is whispered in the inner chamber, alone with God, will be proclaimed from the housetop; and when he who cleanses the inside of the cup will find that he has cleansed the outside also, and he who alone in communion with the Father cleanses his own heart of woe, cleanses the woe of the entire world as well.

Therefore I say unto you, when you pray, go into your closet and shut the door, pray to your Father who is in secret, and your Father who sees what is secret will reward you. And when you go up onto the mountain, alone, to pray, all the powers of mammon will tremble. For the prayer of one man upon the mountain utterly surrendered to God in prayer will lift the hearts of the multitude down in the valley.

☞ I breathed a prayer of praise and gratitude.

The Faith of a Little Child

Mrs. Allison Fisk

THE afternoon of which I write was about fifteen years ago. I and my family were spending the summer at a small lake in Vermont. We had spent the day picnicking, across the lake, and were on our way home, in a flat-bottomed boat that was old and leaking badly. My husband was rowing. I and the two year old boy were at one end and Dorothy, aged six, was alone at the pointed end of the boat. She and I were kept busy baling out the water as we went.

When about at the center of the lake, a sudden storm arose, high wind, low black clouds, drenching rain and lightning. The boat pitched and tossed. All baling had of necessity to cease for we had all we could do to hold on and not be tipped out into the lake. The whole situation became desperate in a very short time. My husband, using all of his strength, was making no headway at all with the rowing. I was praying frantically, but too frightened, I know, to have any part of it reach The Father. My husband's face was in an agony of fear for he knew even more than we the danger of a storm on a mountain lake.

Then suddenly, in the most ter-

rifying moment of all, the boat and the waves dropped, the sun shone, and the surface of the water was like glass. It was so mirror-like in its smoothness, that you felt surprise as the oars dipped so easily into it. I breathed a prayer of praise and gratitude, as both Dorothy and I resumed the baling of the water from the boat, and soon we were at our dock thoroughly wet but safe.

I kept wondering. I knew a miracle had taken place but I was certain it had not come through me for where there is fear such as mine had been, no miracle can happen.

That evening, as the children were preparing for bed, little Dorothy came over to my knee and looked up at me, and said, "Mother, do you know what happened this afternoon? When that storm was so terrible, and I could see that daddy wasn't going to get us back to shore I remembered when Jesus was in a storm in a boat on Lake Galilee, all He said was 'Peace be still!' and the storm stopped. And so I said out loud, 'Peace be still!' and before the last word was out of my mouth, the storm dropped out of sight just as you saw it do."

Thoughts Farthest Out

April

Memory Verse: *With all loveliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love.* Ephesians 4:2.

IF IN THE spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, why cannot a nation's? Let us turn our Thoughts Farthest Out this spring, not lightly but seriously, toward Russia, Germany and Japan, with love in our hearts. Much thinking is being done about these nations right now. All that is needed is to mix a little love and prayer with our thinking and the world's problems will fade away.

Many influential forces are trying to create antagonisms between the U. S. and the U. S. S. R. British balance of power policy demands it, German nationalists hope for it, and some of our own Americans who value the life of their international holdings above the lives of American boys are intriguing for it.

The spirit of Abraham Lincoln is needed here. He always began a case by stating the opponent's side fairly. Haven't we given Russia more cause for being suspicious of us than she has for making us suspicious of her? It was only twenty-five years ago that the armies of Great Britain, France and the United States invaded Russia in her hour of greatest weakness and deepest need. Russia can't forget that. But neither can the people of Georgia forget Sherman's invasion of a hundred years ago. For that matter the *Chicago Tribune* can't forget King George III's invasion of 175 years ago.

The only grounds for antagonism lie in the fact that the U. S. and the U. S. S. R. are the two greatest nations in the world and their social ideologies are different.

But differences should bind us, not separate us. Russia, having been invaded by hostile neighbors since the beginning of her history, values *security* over freedom. United States, protected from invasion by two oceans, values *freedom* above security. One is the greatest example of democracy the world has ever known; the other is the greatest example of socialism the world has ever known. When these two nations learn to live together the whole world will be made safe. Through

their perfect orchestration both freedom and security may be guaranteed for all. Let us unite our prayers this month for their perfect orchestration.

Read the *Gospel of John*.

May

Memory Verse: *Release, and ye shall be released.* Luke 6:37.

THE ALLIED NATIONS are trying to eradicate, root and branch, all possibilities of Germany's ever waging another war. To that end they have been applying the Punic peace agreed upon at Potsdam. Everyone agrees that it was one of the colossal mistakes of the war. Let us hope it will not create conditions such as followed the First World War. While things are in such confusion and since we are not authorities on what the perfect plan should be, let us who believe in Christ unite in special prayer this month for the real causes of war to be eradicated in the heart of Germany. To that end let us use Pastor Niemoller as a channel to pray through. In 1936 and 1937, because of his courageous outspoken opposition to all the evils of Hitlerism, and his prophecies of how such things must lead to ruin, Niemoller was put in a concentration camp. When asked in what way was his faith changed by eight years of prison life he replied, "My faith has not changed at all. But what became very clear to me was the fact that faith and love spring from the same well, and that a weakness of faith corresponds to a weakness of love. Another perception was the matchless power of faith which proves itself in the most disheartening situations."

Not only do we have Pastor Niemoller to pray through, but the Confessional Church of Germany itself. "The Confessional Church," said Niemoller, "spoke out against the concentration camps and the persecution of the Jews to Hitler himself in no uncertain terms."

When asked, "Should the German people be punished in any way for the war?" he replied, "The war criminals must be punished; if you do not do it the German people will. But the German people have been punished already by God. Germany's young people, and the old ones as well, have died at the front and at home; its cities and towns have been destroyed

with all their contents; the people are starving, how much so this winter will show; and the hopes and ideals of the whole nation have been shattered. The world will not be able to say, 'We forgive you,' but the Christians in the world should say so. Corrective measures are necessary and wholesome, beginning with a new way of youth education and a slow re-education to public responsibility. I think the way in this direction will be open. I think that Germany is cured of militarism for many years to come. The rest must be done by Christian education in family and school, and by Christian preaching from the pulpit and over the radio."

Let us pray for this Christian Education to spread and take hold of German youth and build toward the spirit of peace to become permanent in the center of Europe.

Read *Together* by the twelve spiritual leaders (E. Stanley Jones, etc.).

June

Memory Verse: *I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou didst hide these things from the wise and understanding and didst reveal them unto babes."*

Matthews 11:25.

KAGAWA told Thomas Mackin, a Navy correspondent, that it was a "great blessing" that Japan had been defeated, and that the United States had set Japan free from its "military bondage." The Japanese government spent forty billion yen a year on armaments and Kagawa believes that Japan will "start down the road to prosperity" now that armaments are no longer necessary. "Being unarmed, Japan can carry on a prosperous trade with all our other countries, especially China," Kagawa remarked. "War comes from five causes, but the main cause is economic. Christian cooperatives must be the foundation, not only of Japan, but of the entire world."

The Camp Farthest Out was able to get a letter to Kagawa shortly after the surrender. "We love you more than ever and are praying for you. We have made an unconditional surrender to God, which the whole world must do. There will be much suffering, some punishments, and there will be a period of grim readjustment. Let us share in the faith that a good God will bring comfort and spiritual redemption to many in

both our lands. We are praying for humility and repentance in our nation, knowing you are doing the same for yours. We are all penitently praying for a great spiritual awakening to sweep over this nation and over the entire world, a prayer in which we ask you and your friends to join us."

As we pray for Japan, using Kagawa as our channel, let us recall his words in the preface to "Love the Law of Life": "There was a time when we Japanese thought that the nation was created by the sword; when we used to think that the sword was the soul of Japan—but that time is no more. Henceforth, in the spirit of Japan, Love must be regnant. I stand against all learning, all institutions, all governments, all arts, all religions, which reject Love. I protest against every so-called church which preaches faith and fails to love. I oppose the politicians who rely on force and know nothing about Love. If I have to be arrested for saying this, let me be handcuffed, for I had rather die quickly by the sword than die of thirst in a loveless desert.

"Through love all things are born again. Love alone is all-powerful. Love creates, rears, leads. Love alone is eternal. Love created the world, and Love maintains the world. Love is the very essence of God. Love is my all in all."

Read *The Way, the Truth and the Life* by Glenn Clark.

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.

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

6. OUR ROVING BIBLE, Lawrence E. Nelson. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$2.75. The book traces the influence of the Bible through English and American life in a manner which is minutely detailed and at the same time interesting and entertaining. It is thorough, completely so, but it is also light, at times humorous and sometimes fascinating. It bombards you with facts, from the effect of the Bible on profanity to the sacred origin of pretzels. It is a book to be read for enjoyment, a little at a time. An amazing book, and a fine addition to your library.

7. THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO GAMALIEL, Gerald Heard. Harper and Brothers, \$2.00. An effective life of Christ. It tells the story of Jesus as He was seen through the eyes of Gamaliel, a great Rabbi, a contemporary of Jesus and a teacher of Saul. It is as exciting, smooth and fast-moving as any modern novel. No other biography has shown so realistically how Jesus must have appeared to His contemporaries. It brings Jesus and His environment to life.

8. WHEN LIFE GETS HARD, James Gordon Gilkey, Macmillan and Company, \$1.50. A helpful book in that it possesses that rare combination of a rich stable faith in God, simple common sense, and specific things to do. Each problem is stated clearly and the author's attack is fitted into an outline that is easy to follow. Those who are troubled or confused will find benefit from it.

9. EVENT IN ETERNITY, Paul Scherer. Harper and Brothers, \$2.00. Dr. Scherer brings to life the God of the prophets as He is found in the 40th through the 66th chapters of Isaiah. It is the story of a nation turning from the God of its fathers, of a people flushed with prosperity and of a God always present and desirous of being taken into their lives, as he does when the nation and the people are defeated and desolate. Throughout the book Dr. Scherer draws analogy between events in Isaiah and events today. At times he resembles a prophet of old calling on his people to turn back before it is too late.

10. THE SUPREME POSSESSION, G. Ray Jordan, Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.50. Dr. Jordan sets out to show that evangelism can be respectable and still possess the aggressiveness and compulsion for which it is known. He succeeds admirably. Man's abysmal need and Jesus' fulfillment of that need are the gospel keynotes today as they were long ago.

¶ No nation has ever been strong enough to prevent others from attacking.

How to Prevent An Atomic War

Richard Budlong

THE END of the second World War finds us with less hope of preventing another war than we had at the end of the first one, for the world has fallen among thieves who stripped it and left it half dead. Four-fifths of the world today is a festering sore of misery, where hate and revolt are breeding. The atomic bomb is driving us to desperation as witness General Arnold's fantastic suggestion that we abandon our homes and spend 256 billion dollars to bury our civilization in the ground.

While the nations are juggling the atomic bomb as if it were hot, which indeed it is, and, knowing well that all nations who take part in the next war will be destroyed, let us recognize that the only way to stay out of the next war is to prevent it, and the only way to do that is to have no enemies. To build huge armaments and brag of our strength is merely to invite the world to unite against us in fear, and to shoot first.

No nation has ever been strong enough so that fear prevented others from attacking. Hitler tried it, and look at Germany. Russia, expecting to play a lone hand,

armed to the teeth. Then, Hitler, discovering this, became more afraid of Russia than of England, and so attacked Russia, and but for military blunders would probably have completed her destruction. Instead of being frightened into inaction, other nations joined the fight against the strongest nation, and that brought about Germany's destruction. No nation, alone, could have defeated Germany, but many of them together did it. If we take Germany's place by boasting of our might, adopting universal training and building a navy big enough to defeat all other navies, our fate is likely to be the same.

The subject peoples of the world are beginning to hate us. Wendell Willkie warned us that our reservoirs of good will are running out. We must replenish and greatly augment these reservoirs.

How can this be done?

Remember, this is the most dangerous time in the history of the world. The job is to clean up and disinfect the festering sores of misery throughout the world. It is the biggest job ever tackled by mankind. It cannot be done, as quickly as it must be done, by half

measures. It requires that we dispatch at least 100,000 trained civilian Americans as representatives of the people of America who feel deeply the good will toward all men that must be demonstrated.

Who should these 100,000 Americans be?

Medical men, who will cure the sick, and teach them sanitation.

Agricultural experts, who will show them how to feed themselves.

Teachers, who will teach the illiterate how to read and write.

These representatives will go only where they are invited, and we will not lack invitations when our plan is made clear.

When the billion of world citizens who cannot read and write, and who are naked, sick, and hopeless, have learned from America how to feed and clothe themselves, and to hope for continued improvement, they will refuse as the Filipinos did, to fight the United States. And it is our additional responsibility to see that the first thing they read shall be, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," instead of "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat."

This is not a job for governments which already have their hands full setting up an international policing organization. That is all important, and we should support it. But this good will job is one for the churches of America.

Already \$100,000,000 is in sight, but that is only a fraction of what this job will require. We will guarantee, however, that a billion dollars will do it. Does that look like an impossible sum? It is not, when you break it down. If every adult member of the Christian Churches of America will reach into his safe deposit box, or top drawer, or under the mattress and get a \$25 government bond, and turn it over to the organization which is behind this movement, that will do the trick.

Of course, everybody will not contribute \$25. There are some who cheerfully offered their sons to defend their country who would not come through with \$25 to save it. But if those of small means will put in \$25, we can hope that there will be a sufficient number who will put in \$500, \$1,000, or even \$10,000 to make up for those who do not contribute. The average must be \$25 a member.

Why can we guarantee that this will accomplish our purpose?

Because wherever this method of making friends has been tried it has worked! Willkie gave much credit for our reservoirs of good will to the American Missionaries, and wherever our soldier found friends in the native populations they found that American Missionaries had preceded them. The kind of missionary who spent his life try-

ing to get the fuzzy-wuzzies to wear pants and go to church by arguing religion with them, is a thing of the past. There are, instead, many who have performed miracles by going among backward people, helping them to help themselves, by furnishing the "know-how" for raising their standard of living. There are few facts as well demonstrated as that this method will bring results.

So, instead of spending \$256 billion dollars to follow our gold underground, let us spend one billion to make friends. While our governments strive to work out an international police force to handle the Hitlers who may try to climb to power on the miseries of the people, let us send 100,000 soldiers

of Christ, armed with compassion, affection and the know-how of medicine, agriculture, and teaching, to overcome the forces of fear, envy and hatred.

We need, as Frank Laubach puts it, a more "daring religion."

"... and then the just shall answer, 'Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you drink? When did we see you a stranger and take you in, or unclothed and clothe you? When did we see you ill or in prison, and visit you?'

"And He will answer them, 'I tell you truly that insofar as you did it to one of these my brothers, even the least of them you did it unto me!'"



The Good of Life

Little Georgie, age six and a half, busied himself writing "poetry." Tiring of this he idly drew little circles, one, two, three, four,—0 0 0 0. He paused, his pencil poised over the last cipher. Suddenly a smile flashed across his little elfin face and he whispered excitedly, "O, see—four little nothings—a line goes up, a line goes down and it is 'good.'"

How simple and yet how profound. My little nothings, the very infinitesimals of my life, and even the seeming failures, when bounded by the upward and downward reach of LOVE become GOOD in God's sight. "And it was very good," Gen. 1:31. For the very union of the Upward and Downward Reach is the Essence of God Himself. "One there is who is GOOD," Matt. 19:17. I must keep a steady, constant contact, uncorroded by self if I would be the transmitting connection between our Father God Himself and His sons created in His Image. O, what a breath taking thought that I, who of myself am NOTHING can be the human medium for that vibrant life-giving current of LOVE.

—Dorothy D. Adams

Easter*Myrtle Dean Clark*

Jesus, the Jew,
 the flailed, the scorned,
 Yes, Jesus, the Jew,
 nailed, thorned,
 gave all He knew
 of love supreme, forgiveness sublime—
 relinquished them to God. Then,
 Easter
 emerged into music,
 floods on floods of music;
 Easter
 emerged into lilies,
 fields on fields of lilies;
 Easter
 emerged transfigured, new!
 triumphant, life-breathing!
 Jesus, the Jew.

**These Are My People***Patricia Benton Mednikoff*

The man who walks the long, hard road,
 The child who lifts the untried load,
 These are my people.

The woman struggling on alone,
 The blinded searching for hope newgrown,
 These are my people.

And each who bears his own life-Cross,
 Who strives for gain and counts no loss,
 These are my people.

And all who reach with an open hand
 To meet the strength in the heart's command,
 These are my people.

And Now, One World*William Temple*

THE war has taught us many lessons. One of these has been the truth that we and all men are members one to another. There is for all the world one weal and one woe. Peace and war alike are one and indivisible. No nation in the modern world can have assured prosperity unless all nations prosper. Once and for all we must set ourselves to abandon the selfish aim of a prosperity won against impoverished rivals. We must learn to believe in an altogether new way in the family of mankind.

One way of describing what this war was all about is to say that the Germans and Japanese believed in unity imposed by master races on subject races. We fought to prevent that. But having prevented that, the chief part of our task remains to be accomplished—the use of our power to establish, not our own supremacy, but true fellowship for all, with freedom for the backward races to advance, and for all to develop their own manner of life according to the various gifts which God has given them.

Where are we to find the power

for this re-direction of our energies? For we now see that the end unto which we must endure is for each of us the end of life, and for all of us beyond the end of each one's life; it is the end of all things, the consummation of history in the fulfillment of the purpose of God. We need, then, a dedication without limit in either time or space. It will fail, and consequently we shall fail, if it is anything other or less than dedication to God.

We human beings are selfish folk; and when we are tired we tend to be more selfish than ever. We shall not find strength in ourselves to dedicate our lives with the completeness which is demanded; we must seek it in our prayers. This is a day of prayer and dedication; and our very prayer must be for the power to dedicate ourselves. We make it in the name of Him whose dedication was complete. "Who for the joy that was set before Him"—the joy of a world by Him redeemed from the misery of selfishness into the blessedness of love — "endured the Cross."

The throne of the united world

From "Endurance and Dedication" in *The Church Looks Forward* by William Temple, The Macmillan Company, N. Y., 1944.

is not a Chair of State; its emblems are not sceptre, orb and sword; it is a Cross and the Crown is made of thorns. It is as worshippers at the Cross of Christ that we set ourselves to win for the world true peace.



Two Prayers

Marjorie Mead

I prayed for myself, and the stars grew bright
With the faith expressed in my prayer.
I prayed for another, and deep in the night
A new star was born up there.



In God's Mind

You will find, believe me, increasingly as you practice it, that your thoughts will be drawn away from your mind into God's mind. There in God's mind they will take to themselves other thoughts which will shape them for you as they should be shaped. There in God's mind all your difficulties will be resolved, all your happinesses intensified. You will be guided by God; and the life that is lived in God's guidance is a life, whatsoever its station and whatsoever its apparent drawbacks and handicaps, with which no other situation can begin to compare.

A. S. M. Hutchinson



We Advance

With each generation some veil which hid the Creator from the creature is torn forever aside. God, who is always here, is seen a little more clearly by each generation as being here. God, who ever since His sun first rose and His rain first fell, has been making Himself known to us, is by each generation a little better understood. Into His light we advance slowly, unwillingly, driven by our pain; but *we advance*.

—Basil King

☐ A man can be a son of God more intimately by spiritual adoption.

“Eternity in the Heart of Man”

Oscar F. Blackwelder

ONE of the most useful contributions of religious faith is to provide criteria by which thoughtful people may measure one question: What is a man worth?

Despite the lines of Malvolio in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night"—“Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them”—I do not believe that man is born great. He is born with the possibility of greatness. No man can have greatness thrust upon him: he may have fame or responsibility or high leadership thrust upon him, but that is not greatness. Though he has a running start on life if he comes out of a fine family background, that does not prove his worth. Greatness is something he may achieve.

A man doesn't have much dignity or worth until he has handled certain factors in his life in a proper way. A proper way has been pointed out by the Old Testament prophet Micah: “What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God.”

A man's essential worth lies not

alone in the achievements of his brain and skills but first in the quality of his personal character. There have been men of great skills and great character who have become truly great persons, their names wedded forever to their lasting contributions to mankind: Watt and the steam engine, Whitney and the cotton gin, Fulton and the steamboat, Edison and electricity, Morse and the telegraph, Wendell Phillips and the abolition of slavery, Mozart and music, Herschel and astronomy, Harvey and the circulation of the blood. This is a sampling of real accomplishments for the human race, but more than social achievement is necessary to make a man personally great.

A young man from Iceland once told me, “I have only one life to live and I have no right to tamper with it.” What this man implied was that his worth as a human being also depended upon his purpose. Value and dignity do not lie in what one is by nature; a man's worth depends upon what he will let a higher guidance make of him. When a man seeks to harmonize his own plans in life with what he

From *Think*. By permission of the author.

believes is the divine purpose for him, then, indeed, is he a worthwhile person.

Why are there so many round pegs in square holes? Because many people do not seek to discover any divine purpose for their lives. They do not realize that within the will to do so lies a vital secret of their resources. Too many people try to get through life "on their own." Life at its best doesn't flow that way.

To realize the resources and presence of the divine influence in one's life, to be inside His purpose, is to have the sense of providence and destiny. It means to have fellowship with the Divinity that shapes our ends. When a man has this, his life will not go flat or off-

key. His life direction, his spirit, his outlook will be changed. His life will be guided. He will be a worthwhile person.

It must also be said that what a man thinks of human life everywhere indicates the worth of his own life. "God created man to His own image." A man can be a son of God not only by creation but even more intimately by spiritual adoption. Man should hence be held by his idea of his future more than by the push of his past. He should keep heart because he is a child of God. He should have good courage so that he may ride out of the storms of these days and take his place in an hour of tragedy because God has set eternity in the heart of man.



Mothers of the World

A Prayer

O God, we offer Thee praise and benediction for the sweet ministries of motherhood in human life. We bless Thee for our own dear mothers who built up our lives by theirs. We thank Thee for their tireless love, for their voiceless prayers with which they followed us through our sins and won us back for the Christly power of sacrifice and redemption in mother-love.

As the protecting love of motherhood wrought blindly in the earliest upward climb of life, may it now, with open eyes and strong with Christly strength, set this strength to lift humanity from the reign of force and to found the larger family of men on the blessed might of love.

—Walter Rauschenbusch

☞ He comes to me as a tender song,
as an inspired picture . . .

When My Heart Was Troubled

Margaret E. Sangster

THE need of comfort is universal — the reaching after consolation is a gesture that all hands have made, at one time or another. The desire to be a little less lonely than we are—for everyone, in the final analysis, is lonely—is a desire that touches rich and poor alike. And the blessed sense of peace and satisfaction that comes when the comfort and consolation have been found and when the loneliness has been assuaged, is almost past belief.

Out of my need—and, oh, how keen this need is, at times!—I have made contact with God in wonderful and very simple ways. When my heart was troubled and my soul was sad, I have found Him in quiet, humble places. It has not been necessary to seek Him out in some great cathedral—with organ music trembling on the air and light slanting through magnificent stained glass windows. God has spoken to me—and I have felt the pressure of a hand on mine—during dim moments when there was no music save the music of waves against a shore line or the wind in tall trees. I have known his near-

ness in the cathedral of the out-of-doors, when the light that fell about me was colored with the fading glory of the sunset.

Out of my need God has come to me. He has pointed the path when I could not distinguish one shadow from another. He has given me the solution to my problem when the problem was so obtuse that I could not phrase a question or murmur a prayer.

A warm flood of lamplight, cutting across early darkness, when the feet have strayed. The cry of a new baby—as one waits for a dread summons. The fragrance of frail garden flowers, and the hum of a bee, buzzing above them, when the newspapers are crowded with tales of air raids and famine, of pestilence and intolerance and hatred come alive. The ripple of a breeze across a sea of golden grain—while the brain teems with financial worries—and the scent of smoldering leaves in autumn when youth is passing, and the sight of familiar handwriting on an envelope when friends are few and far between. Dawn on a mountain-top, when beauty seems dead—and

From *Your Life*.

moonlight on freshly fallen snow. Children chanting a carol—and the trembling hand of an old woman as it turns the pages of a worn Bible. *These spell survival.*

Yes, out of my need God has always spoken to me in a simple and direct fashion. Quietly and humbly I have made contact with Him in quiet, humble ways. He has

come, not as a presence vast and great and still—not as an awful power that urges and prods my spirit to action. He has come to me as a tender song, and as an inspired picture, and as the lavender mist that touches the horizon place, and as the first star that shines across the night.



The Power of Prayer

On April 28, 1945, I arose and prepared breakfast for my husband and myself. By the time it was on the table I was in such pain that I could not eat.

The doctor was consulted immediately and the following afternoon I was in a hospital bed.

Then suddenly I wasn't on the hospital bed at all, but far above the treetops. Almost up to God's Country, but not quite. I stayed there for days ready and willing to go on, but couldn't. I was earth-bound with cables that seemed as real to me as the rope swing the children have in our yard.

My dear ones came in and out and I was happy in their presence, but strangely not eager to really Come Back to them.

The first blood transfusion was plasma—and to that unknown giver goes my gratitude. The second was the warm blood of my young son. The third came from my husband, and the fourth from a cousin.

V-E Day came. I was still "Up There" and had a wonderful experience with God. Then came the realization that the cords that were holding me to earth were prayer. My pastor told me that he had special public prayer services twice in our church for my recovery. My family was in prayer; hosts of relatives and friends were praying. The nurses were praying.

Gradually I came down to earth again and I know as certainly as I've ever known anything that the cords of prayer held me until I could come back.

I owe a debt of gratitude to God and to those who prayed. The only way I know to pay back that debt is to witness for Him and that is what I hope this little story has done.

—L. V. Calvert

☪ Jesus moved in society with the freedom and ease of the wild birds.

The Naturalness of Jesus

C. W. Quimby

ONE quality in Jesus was his complete naturalness. How extraordinary this is can be realized by recalling how few people are even partially natural. It is yet more startling when one considers that it was as a religious personality that Jesus was unaffectedly natural. For it is in the field of religion that we become most embarrassed, stilted, and conventional. Without self-consciousness, like a happy child, Jesus lived in untrammelled naturalness. But unlike tormenting children, he struck no poses and did no showing-off to gain attention. Unlike adults, also, he had no social fears that inhibited his spontaneity.

Jesus moved in society with the freedom and ease of the wild birds. He was completely at home among all classes and on every occasion. The socially elite never overawed or checked his gracious natural impulses. He was unembarrassed by Nicodemus' high rank of Pharisee, and unabashed by his position as a member of the great Sanhedrin. He dined with natural ease at the table of the snobbish Simon

the Pharisee, and though an invited guest, rebuked with pointed candor, the narrow meanness of his host. With equal friendliness he ate with publicans and sinners. He went delightedly to the banquet of Matthew the publican. Ignoring the convention that it is common courtesy to wait for an invitation to dine, he invited himself to dinner with Zacchaeus, another publican.

Though living in a day when fixed lines marked the boundaries of social intercourse between men and women, he crossed them openly. He welcomed mothers who brought their children for his blessing; he gave to women their full share of his healing powers. He accepted without a qualm the thankful service of certain Galilean women friends who "ministered unto him of their substance." The names of many of his women friends shine from the gospel memories, while all the deeds of two-thirds of his disciples are utterly forgotten.

Pure and sensitive as he was, he was equally natural with women

From *Jesus As They Remembered Him* by Chester W. Quimby. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. Copyright 1941. By permission.

of ill-repute. He was quite unembarrassed before the pert Samaritan woman. Only in the presence of the woman taken in adultery did he blush. But that was not because of the woman. It was rather at the obscene brass of her accusers. To them she was merely bait with which to ensnare Jesus. In embarrassment Jesus "stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground." When the accusers had slunk away in defeated chagrin, he "lifted himself up" and stood unabashed before the woman. Very naturally, with fine courtesy, he dismissed her with a quiet encouragement, "Neither do I condemn thee; go thy way; from henceforth sin no more."

Few adults can be completely natural and easily spontaneous with children. Childhood's little games with their endless repetitions soon weary them. They descend to the drivel of baby babble, or the equal folly of offering advice suitable only for maturity. But all children take to spontaneous, natural people. Jesus got on well with children. The evidence is slight but sufficient. Mothers evidently found that their little ones were unafraid in his presence. Jesus was fond of standing in the market place to watch the youngsters playing their games of wedding and funeral, carrying on with pouts and quarrels and happy

laughter. His winsome, easy way made children willing to come to him when he called, to stand in the midst of bearded grown-ups as little examples of the Kingdom of God. Only a man completely natural could have won such cooperation from cautious childhood.

With his close friends and intimate disciples Jesus was equally free and natural. It is true that close friends allow liberties elsewhere forbidden. But it is likewise true that among friends we often are most hampered. Knowing them well, we hesitate lest we arouse their resentment or hurt their feelings. So we suppress ourselves before them. Between Jesus and his companions frank freedom reigned. Mary sat absorbed at his feet, his devoted listener, deliberately ignoring for the time being his physical needs and her own. Martha did not hesitate to interrupt, bustling in and heatedly admonishing the Teacher that he was keeping her sister from her duties and letting the cares of a thoughtful hostess fall on herself alone. Jesus, with equal freedom, rebuked the fussy Martha. Her elaborate preparations were unnecessary; Mary should not lose her self-chosen "better part." Such a scene could happen only where friendship was free, frank, and utterly natural.

The mother of James and John

felt the same ease before him. She gladly begged for her two sons the highest offices in the new kingdom she supposed Jesus was about to set up. With like candor Jesus refused her. They were not, he said, his to give. His disciples were equally free with him and he with them. They never hesitated to rebuke him, especially for his folly in courting martyrdom. With similar freedom he gave them stern replies.

This complete naturalness of Jesus came to its highest expression in his religious acts and attitudes. He had no pious poses and he scorned all stilted, honor-seeking display.

His own praying was so completely natural that it captivated his disciples. "Lord, teach us to pray," they besought him. His prayers, what suggestions we have of them, were short and offered no information to his Father, but went trustingly to the point. How simple was the sincerity of his praying in dark Gethsemane! He might have reviewed the general situation before the Lord, outlined the impending catastrophe, defended his good efforts and enumerated his accomplishments, excused himself of responsibility for the bitter failure, and suggested a course that might promise hope of removing the impending doom. He never

mentioned them. His Father's will was the one concern. With complete confidence that his Father saw and knew all, and with complete naturalness, he went straight to the point: "Thy will be done."

Jesus was equally unaffected in his discussions of religion. He did not bind himself to the stereotyped interpretations of the scribes. He did not discuss the dead conventions of the Law. His style was fumigated of the heavy jargon of the rabbinical schools. When he preached, he talked of flowers and birds, grapes and brambles, light and salt. He illuminated his points with sparkling parables. It is no marvel that "the multitudes were astonished at his teachings, for he taught them as one having authority." As much as what he said, it was his spontaneous naturalness that captivated men.

It is not surprising that his followers began to covet this naturalness for themselves. The writings of John say that all men who would name his name might have it to the full. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Paul, having been liberated from the shackles of the Law, raised aloft the banner that has become both the offer and command to partake to the full of Jesus' joyous, spontaneous naturalness. "Ye are called to freedom."

☪ God took a little Hindu and through him taught us the power of the cross.

Gandhi's Use of Non-Violence

E. Stanley Jones

Gandhi has discovered, or rediscovered, a technique by which a nation can gain its ends without resort to violence. His method is not non-resistance, but an active resistance from a higher level. He taught his people to match a capacity to suffer against the other's capacity to inflict suffering—they would match soul-force against physical force. They would not hate, and yet they would not obey. The jails were filled and soon became ridiculous. You were a nobody in India if you hadn't been to jail! Your service to your country was counted by the years you had spent in jail. Thus the weapons of the rulers were quietly struck out of their hands. Instead of jails being a punishment they became an honor—those who went in and came out were national heroes. The method of violence thus exhausted itself and defeats its own purpose. Said a sweating Irish police official: "If they would only use the weapons we understand we would show them a thing or two." But Gandhi and his followers were using weapons the West had forgotten. So they seemed strange.

The early Christians knew this weapon—they matched their capacity to suffer against the power of the Roman Empire to inflict suffering. They conquered the Roman Empire by weapons of non-violence. Jesus knew this weapon. They struck him on the cheek and he struck them on the cheek. "Why didn't Jesus strike back when struck on the cheek, didn't he have a legal right to do so?" asked a Hindu of me and I replied, "Yes, according to the law of tit for tat, an eye for an eye, he had a right to strike back, but if he had done so I wouldn't be talking about him today. He turned the other cheek and the blow fell—where? On your heart and mine! He conquers us by his very capacity to suffer non-violently. That is power. The only power.

But we Christians had forgotten this power. We became enamoured of military force, depended on it, and lost our men. Then God took a little Hindu and through him taught us again the power of the cross in collective life. We are not yet ready to take that way. Some day we will take it. And when we do we will make more progress in a decade than we now make in a warring century.

From *Fellowship*, October, 1944.



A knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible.

—Prof. William Lyon Phelps

☪ Easter morning lies just ahead.

One Afternoon

Grace Wittenberger

SHE heard her mother softly weeping in the other room, and she asked silently, "Why does Mother cry? Because she has seen her first-born die on a cross? But I, too, was there. I, his sister, saw Jesus die. But I do not—I cannot—cry."

Her mind drifted back to the scene—that hill called Golgotha—it wasn't far from the city. When she was just a child she had visited here in Jerusalem, and with the other children she had played on the hill, and picked flowers to take back to her mother in Nazareth. But today, she remembered abruptly, there were no flowers on the hill—only ugly, bare ground with stones and sticks that bruised her feet through her thin sandals.

She had climbed the hill along with the crowd. The trail to the summit had seemed longer today. Perhaps that was because the pressing crowd caused them to go so slowly. Perhaps, too, the climb was intensified by the tears of her mother, the wild jeers and coarse laughter of the crowd, the crying babies. She had become very tired and once when a neighbor's child cried and whined and pulled at her

robe, she had turned in anger with uplifted hand, ready to strike him. But something had stayed her hand, and she had turned around, feeling—rather than hearing—that she had been called. Then she had seen Jesus looking at her, smiling tenderly as he rested a moment on the path. She had taken the little boy in her arms, soothing his fears, cheering him, and over his head she had looked again at her brother, and seen a beautiful light in his face; and then as the soldiers had hurried him on, her heart had whispered, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my children, ye have done it unto me."

At the top of the hill she had seen him stretched out upon the cross, and then raised high. They had waited a long time, there in the cold wind. Her mother and two others were weeping at the foot of the cross, and she had stood apart from them—apart from the crowd. Once she had looked up and had seen his lips move and smile as he spoke to one of the thieves crucified with him, and she wondered what he said.

And then in a quiet instant after

some time had passed, she had heard him cry, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." And the sky was full of dark clouds—it was as night—and the wind blew strong. There was thunder and lightning—but no rain. All but the Roman guards had rushed down the hill to the city in terror. But she had stood still, feeling the wind blow through her hair and tighten her skirts about her. And obeying an impulse, she had stretched out her arms, raised her face to the cross, and laughed. Laughed freely, joyously, as she reached on tip-toe toward the slumped figure on the center cross. She had laughed—and the Roman guards standing there had watched her in amazement. "Foolish and heartless Jewess," one had cried, "are you not his sister? Why then do you stand there at the moment of his death and laugh, except you be mad?"

Then she had turned and run home, and now she was here by the window in her room. Her reason reproached her: "What made you laugh? How could you! Don't you realize that he is gone—dead? Your mother sits weeping in the other room. Yet you laughed."

"Why don't I cry," she thought, "why don't I?" And as she became silent her heart gave answer in peace and quiet joy:

"You cannot cry because you know that there is only Life on the other side of death. Jesus told you so!"

Joy laughed in her eyes again. She would share with her mother her secret, her confidence, her peace. Her mother, too, would catch the glow of her understanding, her knowing. As she turned from the window her joy was crowned with radiant assurance as there were whispered in her heart the words: "Lo, I am with you always."

Softly she stepped into the next room. Her mother's sobbing ceased as she felt her daughter's arms about her and heard her voice whispering, "Jesus promised us, Mother—'In my Father's house are many mansions . . . I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.'"

Lifting her head, she looked into her daughter's eyes. Light and love shone from them into her heart, and in that moment she was comforted. Smiling, the two stepped to the doorway, just as the sun broke away from the clouds, spilling its golden light over all the land as a promise to shine once more, bright and warm, when again the night had passed.

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

—Goethe

☞ God's Providence is the very foundation of faith.

Divine Providence

Perry F. Webb

BEFORE the artist touches the canvas with his brush, the picture is painted on the delicate walls of his imagination. Before the poet pens his inspiring lines, the thought is conceived in the sanctuary of his soul. Before the music is set in sharps and flats, the musician hears the song in the deepest depths of his spirit. Before the sculptor lifts his mallet and chisels on the shapeless marble, the statue rises sweet and lovely in his illumined mind. Before the earth was formed in beauty and symmetry, it was planned in the councils of eternity. Likewise, before the insensate clay was breathed upon by the breath of life, man lay as a golden dream in the heart of God. Yes, "there is a divinity that shapes our ends."

The cathedral at Pisa has a beautiful dome, spacious and symmetrical. No discord can reach its summit. Every voice in the building, whether soft or loud, gentle or raucous, the tramping of feet, the bustle of the crowd—all are caught up, softened and blended as the sound rises, until, reaching this wonderful dome all is transformed into sweet and beautiful harmony.

If a dome, the work of man's hands, can thus harmonize all discord and variance, we need not doubt that in the vast dome of God's righteous purpose, He can and will make "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."

God has a purpose. This purpose embraces the past, the present and the future; this world and the world to come; all created beings, the earth, as well as man.

God's method may change but His purpose remains the same. His methods include physical forces of all kinds, spiritual impressions, daily experiences and the freedom of the will. They embrace disappointment, pain, persecution, joys, and sorrows. His methods may allow poverty instead of wealth, sickness instead of health, failure instead of success and even war instead of peace. The guided life is not always the gilded life nor is the protected life always free from pain. However, this does not mean that God is either ignorant or impotent. For in all of life's experiences His holy and righteous purpose remains unchanged.

From *Current Religious Thought*.

When the poet said, "There are tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything," he was simply saying there is nothing without its significance. It would seem as if God's purpose had been frustrated when His great minister, Paul, was cast into prison, but in that very prison-experience he saw and penned immortal truth which is incorporated in the New Testament. Likewise, when Roger Williams was banished from Massachusetts it would have appeared as if there remained no voice to proclaim the message of religious liberty in the new and rough frontier of Amer-

ica. But his very banishment led to the foundation of a state dedicated to the principles of freedom and to the incorporation of these principles in the Constitution of the United States. For the child of God, all experiences may have their spiritual implications.

God's Providence is the very foundation of faith. In the midst of a disturbed and distraught world, the child of God may confidently affirm that the Lord is working His purposes out and in the end what we now say by faith, we shall be able to say by sight, "The Lord doeth all things well."

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☐ In that unceasing contact, we become beautiful and shining like little children.

Jesus' Understanding of Age

Winifred Kirkland

THERE LOOMS from the shadows into the circle of light from the low oil lamp the tall figure of a turbaned Pharisee. An aging man but erect, Nicodemus sinks to a seat beside Jesus, that blazing young stranger who has lately swept into the ancient city.

The deep eyes of Nicodemus burn in their sockets. His words come leaping in tribute: "Master, we recognize you as a teacher come to us from God. No human man can perform such miracles as you enact before our eyes except high God be with him."

The two men waste no words. Out of the enfolding night they speak straight to each other's souls.

Instantly Jesus probes the spirit of the man who has sought him and answers his quest: "No man can enter the new life of the new kingdom I am announcing unless he shall be born again."

Out of the age-old Pharisaic teaching in which he has been long buried the aged man asks astonished, "Can any man be born again when he is old?"

The eyes of youth burn back into the eyes of Nicodemus. "In deepest truth I declare to you," speaks Jesus, "that unless you are born again of water and spirit, you are unfit to enter the new life I am proclaiming. Don't be surprised at the words you have journeyed in the darkness far from your friends to hear. Don't be surprised that I am telling you secrets unguessed by your companions who rule our nation."

In the midnight darkness outside there breaks upon the stillness a long wail of the wind.

"Hear!" cries Jesus. "None of us knows whence the wind rises or whither it departs. Just as mysteriously comes into being every man who walks newborn in the Spirit of God.

"How dare you presume to rule the destinies of men when you have not experienced the mysteries of God? Here, now, in this hour, listen and learn. Listen and become new born."

The burning words pour forth into dulled old ears like a fresh fountain. Whole decades drop

From *Of the Imitation of Christ Today* by Winifred Kirkland. The Macmillan Company, N. Y. Copyright, 1945.

from the aging brain of Nicodemus. Youth is filling him with kindling hope of a new world and a better one. Nicodemus remembers how, long ago, he dreamed of the earth newborn when Messiah should come to walk in it. A miraculous hand appears to wipe the wrinkles from his face as he listens.

Jesus, speaking, has forgotten all but the need to give life. He thinks of the dream he has come to earth to set flaming and ever to rekindle when it fades. He thinks of his innermost secret and declares it: "High God has so loved his world that he is offering his only Son to save it. Every man who believes on him comes to possess life undying, triumphant, never aging, inscrutably renewed."

Mysteriously, as he listens, Nicodemus straightens. The years fall from his eyes, which shine like a child's reflecting the fire in the eyes of Jesus.

Jesus' voice falls insistent through the shadowy room, seeking to explain: "My Father did not send me to judge or to condemn. He that does not perceive the new life I am bringing is already judged by his own heart, because he cannot perceive the light from heaven, which is now flashing through earth's blackness. The judgment is the doom of blindness, because the man habituated to evil deeds cannot recognize light but, like a mole,

continues to burrow in the dark, following in age the path of his past, grown dull with groping."

The eyes of Nicodemus are blazing. His lips are parted in eagerness like a child's. Jesus is restoring, remaking. Youth is returning, overflowing an old man's soul as he listens, receiving.

Jesus, the young rabbi, is compressing the secret of everlasting growth into a sentence: "While he whose acts are evil turns from the light in fear, he who is doing good brings his deeds into the light for examination so that he may surely know that his conduct is fresh from God."

With these words the interview in the lonely midnight closes.

We do not know when and how Nicodemus stumbled down the stairs into the dark, blinded by the light vouchsafed him. He returned to his old companions.

Only twice is his name mentioned again in John's Gospel. But was not Nicodemus an old man born again when he stood forth among his fellows to protest their condemnation? Had Nicodemus not been searching his lifelong faith to fit into it the young Teacher of new things when he demanded, "Does our law condemn a man before it hears him speak, before it sees what he is doing?" Had a man not become brave as a little child to meet the scorn that met his pro-

test: "Have you also become a Galilean?"

In all Jerusalem only two men were brave enough to bury Jesus. They were old men made fearless even of death, for they faced the menace of their own condemnation when they begged the body of a felon. Nicodemus spent a fortune upon burial herbs. While his fellows were afraid of pollution if they so much as entered Pilate's judgment hall, Nicodemus, forever newborn, washed the body of his Master, purifying it for the Resurrection.

When, three days later, reports came whispering, singing, that this same Jesus had returned to life and was walking, talking, once again with his friends, Nicodemus would not have been too much surprised. He had himself been renewed. In the dead of night he had listened to a young man speaking wonder, revealing mystery. Through the intervening months Jesus' words had been echoing in

Nicodemus' soul, remaking it. Paths of mystery now went flashing ever before an old man's brain, preventing its dulling into the heaviness of habit.

Up to his bold protest in the Sanhedrin, Nicodemus had been making experiments with his thoughts and acts, irresistibly bringing them to the light of Jesus' surmised comment. Become as sensitive to wonder as a little child, Nicodemus had found, in contemplating Jesus, the secret of eternal newness so that his mind could never dull and harden with advancing years.

Perhaps the deepest difference between youth and age is that age sinks into worn ways. It no longer perceives wonder and adventure in every moment. But there is endless adventure in coming to see Jesus and in imitating him. All of us know old men and women who keep seeing ever beside them their young Master. In that unceasing contact they have become beautiful and shining, like little children.



A man is not completely born until he is dead. Why then should we grieve that a new child is born among the Immortals? We are spirits. That bodies should be lent to us—while they can afford us pleasure—assist us in acquiring knowledge or in doing good to our fellow creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an encumbrance, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. Death is that way.

—Benjamin Franklin

How to Correct One's Brother

Thomas Wilson

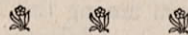
TO REPROVE with success, allow your adversary to be in the right, so far as he really is so, namely, as he takes the thing (for the understanding, as well as the senses, is not mistaken where it has the right view of the subject); then show him that side of the object which he did not take notice of, and he will hear with more patience. For to be confuted is but to be better informed; and if he do it without this caution, that we make not pride and self-love our enemies, a man will hear us with the same attention and good will, as a traveler would do, when we tell him he is out of his way and set him right.

Method of reproving is to do it with marks of respect and mildness; to do it in a plain manner, that the person may be made the judge of the reason. Never be positive; that upbraids the ignorance of them we speak to; rather let them believe they know and do as you would

have them, and they will come at last to, what you suppose they are already.

Never triumph. Many would yield but for the shame of being overcome. Let such propositions as are not attended with the clearest evidence be delivered by way of inquiry. There are ways of recommending religion where it would be unseasonable to speak of them directly. A modesty in delivering our sentiments leaves us a liberty of changing them without blushing when we find it reasonable to do so.

He that understands his subject well, and is heartily affected with it, will not want ways of expressing himself agreeably. By running from one argument to another, you show a secret distrust of the goodness of the first; and your adversary lays hold of the weakest. To have our great end, that is, the glory of God, in our thoughts and desires, is the best way of attaining knowledge and piety.



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

—Henry Ward Beecher

☐ Many would yield but for the shame of being overcome.

Spiritual Treatment for Insomnia

Grenville Kleiser

BAD mental habits such as worry, fear, resentment, anger, suspicion, militate seriously against sleep. They should be resolutely banished from the mind.

Dr. Henry Lindlahr, of Chicago, has given valuable counsel for inducing sleep. Lie flat on the back, extend the arms along the sides of the body, hands turned upward, palms open, every muscle relaxed.

In this relaxed position say:

"I am now fully relaxed, at rest and at peace. God is love, love is harmony and happiness. The more I send forth love, the more I am like God; the more of love will God and men return to me. The more shall I realize true health, true happiness, and true strength."

These constructive and relaxing thoughts are suggestive. You can formulate other auto-suggestions of your own suited to your need. Try this method for a few nights and observe the beneficial results.

There is, too, the purely spiritual treatment for insomnia which has proved efficacious in many cases. The secret of restful, strengthening relaxation is trust in the omnipresent good.

Here is the procedure recommended:

When you go to bed at night, let go of every worrisome, anxious thought. Drop every care and burden from your mind. Know that God is with you and that He will guard you. Abandon yourself fully to the thought that "underneath are the everlasting arms."

Say, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

Say, "I now relax and let go of nerves. I yield myself fully to the Christ. His peace and love pervade my whole being and I rest, rest, rest."

A man who suffered from insomnia for several years found complete relief by changing his badwill thoughts to goodwill thoughts.

He had long been keyed up with such thoughts as irritation, fear, hurry, worry, greed and selfishness. He substituted the opposite thoughts of serenity, courage, deliberateness, and magnanimity. His peaceful thoughts during the day carried over into the night and let him down into relaxed, refreshing sleep.

From *Health Culture*, December, 1945.

☐ The more love, the more power.

As A Man Thinketh

Emmet Fox

THE heart of the whole Sermon on the Mount is the insistence that outer conformity, absolutely essential as it is, is no longer sufficient in itself, but that now, if we are to "come of age" spiritually, we have not merely to conform outwardly to outer rules, but to change the inner man too.

The Old Law said, "Thou shalt not kill," but Jesus says that even to want to kill, nay, even to be angry with your brother, is sufficient to keep you out of the Kingdom of Heaven; as, of course, it is. It was a distinct gain when primitive, barbarous people could be persuaded not to murder those who had offended them, but to develop sufficient self-control to master their anger. Spiritual demonstration demands that anger itself be overcome. It is simply not possible to get any experience of God worth talking about, or to exercise very much spiritual power in the way of healing, unless and until you have got rid of resentment and condemnation concerning your brother man. Until you are prepared to get rid of this sort of thing, your

prayers will have very little effect. It may boldly be said that in prayer, the more love, the more power; and this is why people of developed spiritual perfection take such constant pains to keep themselves free from thoughts of criticism and condemnation. They know that they can have either their demonstration or their indignation, but that they cannot have both; and so they do not waste time in trying to.

Indignation, resentment, the desire to punish other people or to see them punished, the desire to "get even," the feeling "it serves him right"; all these things form a quite impenetrable barrier to spiritual power or progress. And so Jesus says that if, when we are about to pray, we remember that we have any wrong thoughts or hard feelings about our brother man, no matter who he may be, and irrespective of whether the object of our hostile thought be an individual or a body of people, we must pause there until we have got rid of this sense of hostility, and have once more restored the seamless garment of our spiritual integrity.

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

☐ It was a humbling experience to see how children took to prayer.

I Didn't Know What To Do

by

A TEACHER Who Believes

In Prayer

MY WHOLE class of second graders burst in upon me from their recess period. In the center, a red-faced boy was punching in all directions. Everyone was yelling and laughing and trying to dodge his blows. The boy got madder and kicked everyone within reach. More laughter, more yells, more name-calling. The boy yelled back. The madder he became, the more the other children laughed. Tears of desperation streamed down the boy's cheeks.

On the playground the boy had been put out of a game for showing an unpleasant temper when his team lost. His poor-sport attitude started the children calling him names and this in turn fired his temper all the more.

I told the children to sit down in their places and rest their heads on their arms. After a few minutes, they grew more quiet. But I sensed a continued tension behind the calm. Emotions were simmering. The problem of unfriendly relationships wasn't solved by any means and, unless we could find an

answer, the outbursts of temper and derision would destroy our relationships again.

It was then that I said to them all, "There are times when a teacher doesn't know what to do. And this is one of them. I don't know how to clear up this trouble we are having. I need to do some praying about it. God knows what to do. He is much wiser than I am, and He will teach me if I listen. A teacher has things to learn, too. It would help if we all prayed and listened, together. We could all ask God to show us in what way we have been mean and unfriendly. If we ask Him to, God will show us how to be friendly again. God can talk to us in our thoughts. But it will be hard to hear God, if we go on feeling angry and mean inside, so it would be a good idea to ask Him to forgive us first and then to listen. Shall we pray for a little now and then listen and, after that, anyone that wants to can tell what came to him in his thoughts?"

All seemed eager and ready. I said a short prayer: "Dear God,

From *The Evangel*, June, 1945.

teach us how to be friendly with each other." Then we were all quiet for about a minute.

It came to me during this short time of silence that I need not discipline or impose my will on the children but that the solution to our unhappy state would come through the children. And one after another, the children did tell what had come to them in their listening-prayer.

A little girl said: "God said to me, 'If you should see a child that someone has teased or something, you should try to cheer him up. Let him play with you; have a race or say something nice.'"

One of the offenders who had done a good share of the teasing said, "Be kind, and if someone tries to tease you just ignore him and laugh. Everybody should be good sports about losing. Help other people and try to make people friendly and laugh. Don't tease the loser on the team. Just say I'm sorry you lost."

Another boy's thoughts were: "To be forgiving and helpful and not to start wars." I asked him, "Do we have wars in our class?" He thought a moment and said, "Yes, we do, when we fight."

Our little tom-boy contributed: "God said to me, 'Be thoughtful and not to be always rough.'"

One of the boys told of a way of making new friends: "He (God)

said to me, 'Be kind and friendly to new people in the school and, if a new child comes to live in your neighborhood, go up and ask his name and play with him and be kind with him.'"

Another boy said, "You can be thoughtful to other people when you try, by not calling them names like 'sissy' and 'dopey.'"

It came to a little girl, "To forgive people. John (the boy who had been teased) should forgive people that laugh at him and we should forgive John for losing his temper."

It was a humbling experience for me to see how eagerly and naturally these children took to prayer. We were of many faiths—Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. Yet over us all was one Father, one Guide. It was also wonderful to see the children begin to live up to what had been told them about friendliness in that moment of silence.

The tension relaxed. The atmosphere changed. There was a spirit of forgive and forget. One boy put his arm around John in a most loving way. John began to loosen his fists and to see that his little world was friendly after all. The children developed a new comradeship towards each other. They showed a kind of benevolent tolerance towards John whenever his temper started up again.

Now John has begun to grow a sense of humor. He is learning to laugh at himself. We are all happy again, sharing creatively and enjoying each others friendship.

It was only a short minute of prayer that wrought all this; one short minute, but it had a miracle in it and that miracle renews itself daily in our living together.



☐ Did you go and tell no man, or . . .

Spiritual "Mud Puddles"

Grace A. Thompson

HAS prayer ever lifted you out of a very distressing situation—out of one of the "mud puddles" of human experience? While The Path is straight and narrow and without pitfalls of any kind, one little step out of The Path is all that it takes to land one in a "mud puddle." You know that, don't you?

Perhaps you can recall the last time you found yourself in a mental mud puddle and how you turned to God in prayer and as you prayed you were lifted up until you stood on "higher ground." Your prayer was answered, deliverance came and your heart was filled with praise and thanksgiving.

Then what did you do? Did you go and tell no man? Or did you begin relating your experience to everyone you met? If you did the

latter, were you surprised if you fell back in the mud puddle again?

Have you ever wondered why Jesus said to some who had been healed, "See that thou tell no man"?

Let's look again at your own experience. If you did go out and immediately relate it to others, why? Was it to glorify God, to help another or did you see in it an opportunity to do a little boasting about your own ability to get in touch with God? Be honest with yourself. It is less difficult to deceive yourself than it is to mislead others.

In telling your neighbors, was not the first thing you did to recount in detail the whole distressing situation from which you had just been delivered—and in so doing did you not have to step down from the new elevation of consciousness

to which you had arisen, down into the "mud puddle" again? And in the telling, do you recall on which part you placed the emphasis—on the trouble or on the deliverance?

Were you ever edified or greatly helped by listening to other people recount their troubles? Well, I never have been, but I have been inspired and helped listening to others recounting how God delivered them. It makes all the difference where the emphasis is placed.

Can it be that one good reason why our progress on the road from sense to soul is often so slow is because we are so prone to step back down as soon as we have gained "higher ground?"

If Jesus could claim no credit for His mighty works—and He said, "I of myself can do nothing. The Father in me doeth the works," how dare we think of claiming any personal credit when we have "touched the hem of His garment" and received deliverance? But says one, "Should I never tell of an-

swered prayer? Am I not to try to help another?"

Surely we should never fail to share with another, — but share what? The mud puddle or the higher ground? Your trouble or the Power which delivered you? The darkness or the light?

Remember the one you would help has trouble enough already. What he needs to be told is that in his day of trouble he can call upon an Almighty, Invisible, Ever-Present God Power and be delivered. Why, if your friend were actually in a deep mud hole, couldn't you the better help him out by staying on solid ground, yourself? And if you had ever been in the same hole, what would your friend want you to shout from the bank—how deep you found the mud or how you got out?

By all means, never lose an opportunity to help your brother but be sure he wants your help. He may think that he is having a good time in his "mud puddle."



The Purpose of Prayer

"The purpose of prayer is not to change the will of God, but to make us fulfill it. The more intimate our friendship with God, the more wisely shall we pray. We shall discern something of the design God is working out in us, and we shall pray not because we want something, but because we are eager to take the full profit of our heritage and cultivate that spiritual kinship with God which the world tempts us to forget."—*Kirby Page.*

Religion At Work

Maeanna Cheserton-Mangle

I.

It was sleeting overhead and slushy underfoot. People hurried along Forty-second Street with their coat collars up about their ears, hardly glancing at passersby. A young Negro, carrying a heavy valise in one hand and a huge suitcase in the other, hurried toward the Grand Central Station, slipping and skidding as he went. Suddenly a hand reached out and took the valise while a pleasant voice said: "Let me take one, brother! Bad weather to have to carry things." The Negro was reluctant, but the young white man insisted: "I'm going your way." All the way to the station they chatted like two old buddies.

Years later, Booker T. Washington said: "That was my introduction to Theodore Roosevelt."

II.

In New York, across from each other on the busy street called Broadway, are two large theological seminaries: one the Union Theological Seminary and the other the Jewish Theological Seminary. There has always been a deep feeling of fellowship and brotherhood between the two seminaries. But never has its expression been more keen than at the recent testimonial dinner given in honor of Dr. Henry Sloan Coffin who is retiring as President of the Union Theological Seminary. At the dinner Dr. Louis Finkelstein, President of the Jewish Seminary said, "Our close relationship seems to me to serve as a symbol to America and to the world, of how good and how sweet it is when brethren dwell together in comity."

III.

White boys, prisoners under the yellow heel, were herded together like cattle in the bowels of a filthy ship. Suddenly a tiny shaft of light shone through and a gust of fresh air filtered in as the hatch door was opened. The American boys looked up into the smiling face of a Japanese officer, who explained in apologetic tone that he was a Christian, raised in a Christian school. Then he was gone; but the air still eased the boys' discomfort. That night the blow came. American planes were overhead and were wreaking vengeance on the Japanese ship. In a flash a rude foot had slammed closed the only outlet. A near panic came upon the lads, but not for long, for soon the door opened again and the young Christian Japanese smiled in. "Come quickly!" They did, but as they poured out of the hatch they looked upon the dead body of their benefactor, who had given his life for saving those of his friends.

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