

# Clear Horizons



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Summer — 1946

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## Among The Authors

**Frank C. Laubach** (p. 1) is the world famous missionary of the Philippines. He is called the missionary of literacy. During the war besides speaking the length and breadth of this country, he instigated literacy campaigns in Latin America. In the fall he returns to the Philippines. We shall miss him, but it will be a time of joy for his friends in the Pacific. **Sherwood Eddy** (p. 39) should need no introduction. For years he labored as a missionary under the Y.M.C.A. in the Orient. He is a prolific writer, and in constant demand as a speaker. Perhaps he is best known in this country by his insistent demands for social justice for all groups. It has been truthfully said that his great book, *Pathfinders of the World Missionary Crusade*, lacks one thing, and that is a biographical sketch of Sherwood Eddy! **Leslie D. Weatherhead** is one of the best known religious authors in the world. He is minister of City Temple in London, England. When City Temple was bombed and burned during the Blitz of 1941, the church continued services in a nearby Anglican church. His article is taken from his latest book, *The Significance of Silence*. **Charles W. Brashares** is a bishop in the Methodist Church. The article by "*An American Soldier*" (p. 25) appears through the courtesy of his Director of Religious Education to whom it was written—**Miss Evelyn M. Scott** of Massachusetts. **Starr Daily** (p. 61) is the author of *Release, Love Can Open Prison Doors*, etc., and a frequent contributor to magazines. He spends his time writing and speaking all over the country. *Release* has just been published in England. **Roy A. Burkhardt** is minister of one of the largest Community Churches in the country, located at Columbus, Ohio. **Rufus Moseley** is a native of Macon, Georgia. He is the author of *Manifest Victory*, magazine contributor, and newspaper columnist. **Mary Welch** is a well known religious author and poet. Besides her frequent speaking engagements, she is an editor for David C. Cook publications. **John Haynes Holmes** (p. 17) is an outstanding New York City minister and a columnist for *Fellowship* magazine. **Russell Huffman** (p. 43) is minister of First Methodist Church, Willmar, Minnesota.

There has been some request for us to have a page or two in *Clear Horizons* where readers could express themselves. We think it is a good idea, but what do some of the rest of you think?

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# Clear Horizons

SEVENTH YEAR

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☐ "Like radios, we seem to be tuned in to each other."

## Prayer and Mental Telepathy

Frank C. Laubach

**A**N HONEST clergyman confessed that he was baffled by a problem which puzzles many people. "I do not believe that prayer for other people does them any good *unless they hear me praying*," he said. "When I pray with my congregation before me, they hear what I say, and I open their minds toward God. That is understandable. But when I pray for a Russian leader ten thousand miles away, what happens? I surely cannot persuade God to try harder to help Stalin, for God is like Christ, always doing His best. So what's the use?"

This is how I answered him:

"You can't escape facts. The fact is that thousands upon thousands of people are being helped by intercessory prayer even when they are beyond the range of our voices. Missionaries beg people on the other side of the world to pray hard

for them. They feel power when others pray, and are weak when others stop praying. Have you seen the poem, 'The Power of Intercession'?

"Ten thousand people in America promised to pray for our literacy work. Their prayers have opened the doors of men's hearts around the whole world like an invisible love force, and have made impossible obstacles melt away like steel before a blow torch. The enormous results which appear when many people pray is *what makes me sure we can do any good thing if enough of us pray enough*. Intercessory prayer is as irresistible as Jesus declared it was—'Whatsoever ye ask in my name believing it shall be done' He said that a dozen different ways.

"But you ask *why*, and the answer is not easy. You are right when you say that God always does His best,

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From *Prayer, The Mightiest Force In The World* by Frank C. Laubach. Fleming H. Revell Company, N. Y. Copyright 1946. By Permission.



and that we do *not* persuade God to try harder. There is another explanation—that we *persuade people to listen to God.*"

"Persuade *them*? How could we, when they are far away and don't hear us?"

"Perhaps they *do* hear us," I told him. "Their subconscious minds *might* hear us with that sixth sense called telepathy. That is a *possible* explanation, and recent experiments make it reasonable. Every mind, it now seems probable, unconsciously receives more or less messages from other minds. We all know people who felt intuitively when their loved ones at a distance went through peril or pain or death. The British and American Annals of Psychic Research contain thousands of these instances. Recent experiments, especially those of Professor Rhine of Duke University, have silenced the majority of doubters concerning extrasensory perception.

"Like radios, we seem to be tuned in to each other a part of the time, and turned off at other times. Our tuning-in buttons seem to be in the unconscious mind and nearly out of conscious control, just as the heart-beat is nearly out of our control. It is likely that every time we think intensely, some people near and far who happen to be tuned in to us get our thoughts without knowing where their ideas come from. Possibly telepathy employs electronic

energy as the radio does, but on the other hand telepathy may be 'pure mind' or 'purely spiritual,' for all we yet know."

"I believe in telepathy. In fact, I have experienced it. Who hasn't?" said the clergyman. "But how does telepathy help God?"

I replied:

"People listen to each other a million times before they listen to God once. Their thoughts are turned outward, not upward. 'If you pray for a man a thousand miles away, his unconscious mind may at that very moment be attuned outward toward you. If so, he will get your prayer, and that may start in him a desire for God. Desire is what tunes men in to God. If you thus help turn a man toward God, you perform the service of a telephone operator, you connect the man with God. That helps God to speak to him directly.

"Suppose, for example, a hundred people are praying for the President of the United States, 'Lord, help the President to feel hungry and thirsty for Thy wisdom,' and the President is tuned in to some or many of that hundred. If so, he will get their prayer subconsciously and will feel a desire to look up, listening to God; then God can tell the President directly the right answer to his problems.

"Thus, by praying, people help God reach the President just as you

help God reach your congregation *when they hear you preach or pray in church.* The President *hears* them by mental radio."

A dozen of us had an electrifying demonstration of this at a retreat in Washington city January 2, 1945. We felt that President Roosevelt needed our prayers because the future so greatly hinged upon his doing God's will. So we decided to send Walter Judd and Rufus Jones to see the President, but, first, we all prayed. Here is the secretary's report of what happened:

"Somebody placed a picture of President Roosevelt on the mantle beside a picture of Christ. 'Let us try to see Christ speaking to Roosevelt,' he said. After a long silence, a wonderful thing happened. I never before saw a Quaker kneel, but Rufus Jones knelt and offered a powerful prayer for Franklin Roosevelt. As this great man knelt, I saw him lifted so far above Roosevelt that I felt the very heavens pouring down through him and flooding Roosevelt with light and love and humility. In another room the phone rang, and the Secretary of Roosevelt, Miss Tumulty, gave a long personal message to our hostess, Marion Johnson, from her cousin, Franklin Roosevelt. When the news of that message at that moment came, Glenn Clark said, 'This was a ribbon of love between the White House and us. I know

our prayer was "on the beam."'"

Certainly there is nothing *ethically wrong* in telepathy. God hears our silent prayers and we hear His silent answer from mind to mind, or, in other words, telepathically. If telepathy operates between God and man it is just as right to use telepathy for drawing others to God as it is to preach to them in church. It is not a question of right or wrong. Nor is it a question of taste or distaste. It is only a question of fact. Is it a fact or isn't it?

"But," asked a minister, "if the other man is not tuned in to me when I pray, is my prayer lost?"

"That," I replied, "is one more thing we do not know yet. When you pray in church, what percentage of your congregation really are listening to you? You might be horrified if you knew. But even if the people we pray for are not tuned in, somebody somewhere in the world is tuned in and catches our prayer. Every prayer is a world broadcast, and somebody always is listening in. So your prayers are never wasted. No prayer ends with your congregation. Even if your flock are not listening, your prayer reaches an audience thousands of miles beyond the reach of your voice. It goes around the world! I pray, God hears, and then He helps my friend."

But the formula which would express "*our helping God*" is this:



My friend is closed toward God but open toward me.

By prayer for him I open toward him and God.

Then God speaks to him through me.

My friend feels a desire for God and opens toward Him.

This is exactly what we do when we *talk* to our friend about God, or *preach* at him from a pulpit, or

talk to him over the radio, or *write* him a letter about God, or *send* him a Bible. The same things happen when we pray, because the mind is a "mental radio." Many of us, because we believe this, pray with great faith—and when there is great faith there are great results.

This idea of *helping* God fits in perfectly with His loving nature, with man's stubborn nature, and with what the Bible tells us.



### ***I Love the Emptiness of Night!***

*Dorothy Alice Elwell*

I love the emptiness of night,  
A curtain drawn on time and space,  
Where mystic stars drip silent dreams  
To kiss my waiting upturned face—  
While ashes of a burned-out day  
Lie buried in the sand beneath  
My feet!

I love the emptiness of night,  
A bowl well drained of peopled days,  
Where whispered breath of ages past  
Blows on the reed tonight and plays  
Great organ notes of majesty—  
The echo of Eternity  
In night!

☪ The surgeon at the shrine  
symbolizes the true synthesis.

## ***Worship and Work and Service***

*Roy A. Burkhart*

WORSHIP needs to fructify in work and service, in the search for truth and in the application of truth to the solving of problems. Suppose one were to ask Christ, "Am I to find God in worship or in conduct?" Jesus might answer in this fashion, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves. They beat him and robbed him and left him for dead. Two ecclesiastics, a priest and a Levite—in your language, a minister and a deacon—passed by on the other side. There came a Samaritan, a religious outcast—in your language, a Jew, a Negro, a labor leader. This man cleansed the victim's wounds with oil and wine and bound him up. He put him on his own beast, and took him to an inn, and paid for his care and said, 'Look after him until I return and I will pay the account.' Go thou and do likewise."

The answer is clear and unmistakable. Religion is conduct, religion is social righteousness. There can be doubt about it only by doubting that Jesus meant what he said.

The difficulty lies in obeying the imperative to go and do likewise. Most of our fancied intellectual doubts have their root in sheer laziness and indifference.

Yet on another day one may follow Jesus up the highway to a little village called Bethany into a tiny cottage where dwelt Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Martha is busy preparing the meal, she is bustling in the pantry. But the pensive Mary sits at his feet and listens to the words that fall from his lips. "Master," cries Martha, "bid my sister that she help me with the work." And Jesus replies: "She has chosen the better part and it shall not be taken away from her." This is the same Jesus who also declared, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself; for this is the law and the prophets.

So religion is love, this is certain too, intense, passionate, consuming love. But religion is conduct also, straightforward and honest. Such conduct, however—and this is the synthesis that resolves the contra-

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



diction—can arise only out of the vision of God. It is a derivative of the soul's communion with Him. The line between worship and action must never be allowed to separate them in twain. Beatrice Plumb tells of being in the Physicians' Church and seeing a man enter and proceed to the chancel. She recognized the worshipper as a distinguished surgeon whose operations were regarded as modern miracles. "Why was that great man there? I saw him lift his fine surgeon's hands on the altar rail, his face uplifted as in urgent prayer. I stared at those strong, white

hands uplifted in silent supplication. Was he pleading for Christ's touch with its ancient power to come to them? I don't know. But I read a few days later that he had successfully performed an operation which would go down in surgical annals as the first decisive victory over a horrible disease before which the earth's doctors had stood powerless. I said to myself in the words of Parisian Pace, 'I dressed him and God healed him.'

That surgeon at the shrine symbolizes the true synthesis—worship and work. To do either well, one must do both.



### *The Footpath to Peace*

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations, rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends; and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit of God's out-of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the footpath of Peace.

—Henry Van Dyke

☞ It seemed that she was so close to God.

## **"God Bless You"**

*Gladys M. Cave*

WHENEVER I hear the words "God bless you" I think of a sweet-faced old lady who owned a little millinery store in our town. Men and women, boys and girls called her "Aunt Kate." In times of adversity or prosperity she was the most cheerful person in the community. People shared their joys and sorrows with her, and she gave them unflinching sympathy and understanding. She always had time to speak a word of encouragement to those in trouble or perplexity. Wherever she went there was an atmosphere of peace and love.

One day I asked her the secret of her perpetually happy disposition. A smile spread over her calm features and lit up her faded eyes. "It's a plan I tried a long, long time ago," she said. "In the years that followed, it has paid rich dividends.

"Every morning when I open my store, I pray that I may be a blessing to someone during the day. As each customer enters, I silently say, 'God bless you.' And whether they come to make a purchase or collect a bill, it's surprising what a difference that blessing

makes. Of course they are not conscious of my little prayer, but somehow it helps me to receive them more graciously and kindly.

"Then when I lock the door at night I pray that, in my own humble way, I may have been a reflection of the gentle Master whom I serve and love. Sometimes a woman will tell me that she and her husband are unhappy in their relationship with each other, and I ask her to try my plan. For, you see, if she whispers, 'God bless you,' when her husband leaves in the morning and returns at night, she cannot be angry or bitter or resentful. That is the first stone in the foundation of a harmonious home life.

"I ask children to begin the day at home and school by praying that God will bless their parents and teachers. I suggest to churchwomen that they repeat the blessing silently as they enter upon their social meetings. They tell me that imaginary slights or little hurts are quickly forgotten and forgiven in the warmth of the words 'God bless you.'

"I tell employers and employees that they will be more conscious of

From *Weekly Unity*, May 19, 1945.



cooperation and good will if they begin the day's work by asking God to bless those around them. There can be no hatred or vindictiveness when the air is charged with blessing. That has been my 'secret weapon' for many happy, successful years. It changed my life and the lives of many with whom I have come in contact. Try it, it never fails."

There was a heavenly light shining in her face as she spoke, and it seemed that she was close to God.

When I left the little shop I felt that a mantle of love had been wrapped around me, and I went on my way conscious of the power for good in a life dedicated to the uplifting of mankind by the tender prayer "God bless you."



### *God's Love*

*Louise Woodman Mani*

Dear God, I find when night is dark  
And deeps are tempest tossed,  
Thy loving stillness covers all my world —  
The world I wooed for happiness, and lost.

But lost to find a closer, dearer door  
Opening to a consciousness of Thee,  
How frail this joy I wooed, what dust of dreams  
When wakened in this quiet ecstasy.



### *Divine Power*

When power is pointed toward a loving purpose, it is like a stream headed for the sea. It may be dammed up or diverted, but sooner or later it reaches water level. Christ-like power may be thwarted and crucified, but it is headed Godward and sooner or later it gets home.

—*Ralph W. Sockman*

☐ The future is likely to be a race between the Haushofers and Jesus of Nazareth.

## *Global Strategists: Christ and Haushofer*

*Walter W. Van Kirk*

WHETHER or not this global era will bring with it a more abundant life for the children of men remains to be seen. It may. Then again it may not. A great deal depends upon whether the patterns of human conduct are to be those conceived by geopoliticians such as Karl Haushofer of Germany or those conceived by the master mind of religious strategy, Jesus of Nazareth. It is one of the ironies of history that the name of Haushofer should be linked with that of Jesus. Both these men, the one a Munich professor and the other a Galilean preacher, were global strategists; both had a view of the world in terms of conquest; both had the eyes to see, beyond the confines of their habitation, the broader vistas of a Lebensraum coextensive with the ends of the earth; both encompassed within the framework of their philosophy the totality of human relations; both were revolutionists.

Haushofer's passion was geography. He was interested not in

the descriptive maps of yesterday but in the global geography of geopolitics. His was the geography not of a dead past but of a dynamic and earth-shaking future. He looked upon geography as a science of conquest. It was natural, therefore, that Hitler, in so far as it served his purpose, should have used the map-making of the Munich professor as the intellectual groundwork for his campaign of world dominion. It was upon the anvil of Haushofer's geopolitics that the Austrian-born German corporal forged the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Axis.

Haushofer's interest for us lies in the fact that his thinking was along global lines. He saw the world in its entirety. He ridiculed the nations of the West for their preoccupation with Atlanto-centric maps. His political outlook was global. His military strategy was global. What Professor Karl Haushofer saw and what the earlier pioneers of geopolitics had seen no less clearly was a world that is one world.

From *A Christian Global Strategy* by Walter W. Van Kirk. Willett, Clark and Company, Chicago. Copyright 1945. By Permission.



This emphasis on the underlying global aspects of the material universe and of human relations is but a belated recognition of the fundamentals of the Christian gospel. Jesus, too, was interested in geography, but for a different reason. He, too, forged an axis, not of military might but of spiritual power. He, too, contemplated the bridging of the gap between East and West, not by the instruments of physical violence but by the sword of the Spirit. Haushofer was a global strategist in the area of power politics and of military operations. Jesus was a global strategist in the area of religion. Against the parochialism and self-centeredness of the Western "plutocracies," Haushofer projected his dazzling conception of the universals in terms of German military conquest. Against the parochialism and self-centeredness of the Pharisees, Jesus projected his even more daring conception of the universals in terms of an over-all spiritual conquest.

The future is likely to be a race between the Haushofers and Jesus of Nazareth. The Munich professor's conception of consolidating the world of humans through the authoritarian despotism of a "chosen people" stands in striking contrast to the strategy of world conquest revealed in the teaching and practice of Jesus. The night of darkness from which mankind is

just now emerging will once again engulf the world unless the strategy employed by Hitler to implement Haushofer's geopolitics is supplanted by a global strategy of Christian conquest.

It is important in this connection to bear in mind the essentially revolutionary character of the early Christian movement. Jesus was a revolutionist.

To the mind of Jesus all men, regardless of color or of the many other considerations with which secular revolutions are primarily concerned, were to enjoy to the full the benefits of citizenship in the Kingdom of God. With Jesus, there was no segregation, no setting of man against man, no pitting of class against class. Political devices and social prides and inherited bigotries which deny to certain members of society the rights and prerogatives enjoyed by other members of society were anathema to Jesus. He lifted the slaves of his day to such a level of human dignity and worth as was insufferable to imperial Rome. And he did this without the bludgeon and the firebrand of the secular revolutionist. Jesus made no frontal assault upon Rome. But he injected a leaven into the social and political order that challenged every conception of caste and privilege and that contributed to the beginning of the decline of the Roman empire.

We are here concerned with the global aspects of the Christian revolution. It is in his quarrel with the Pharisees that we see Jesus in action upon the world front. The Pharisees were religious isolationists. They were parochial in their philosophy and insular in their outlook. They interpreted religion in terms of their national heritage and in relation to their ethnic background. They were the "chosen people" of their day and the message of God to the world was to be mediated through them and only through them.

To the Pharisees the teachings of Jesus were heresy compounded with treason. They regarded the global outlook of Jesus as presumptuous folly if not downright wickedness. They had anticipated the establishment of a kingdom of national proportions from the remnants of which there would flutter the racial and religious banners of their fathers, a kingdom the government and direction of which would be entrusted to them as the chosen people of God.

Jesus, committed to a world view, broke violently with the Pharisees. "Many shall come from the east and the west," he declared, "and sit down with Abraham and Isaac in the kingdom of heaven." To Jesus the Temple was "a house of prayer for all peoples." The gospel he proclaimed was to be preached "to all

nations." There was to be "one fold" and "one shepherd." Here was a philosophy of global dynamics that was breathtaking in its implications. The geopolitics of Mackinder and Haushofer and of all the lesser breed of secular totalitarians matches neither in the boldness of its conception nor in the sweep of its vision the all-embracing and earth-circling formula of total conquest reflected in the insights and outlook of Jesus Christ.

Jesus' world in a physical sense was a very small world. His conception of brotherhood had, therefore, more to do with spiritual relationships than with maps. The geographies of his day were not so expansive in terms of longitude and latitude as are the geographies of today. Yet the global strategy of Christian conquest which is implicit in the teachings of Jesus is as relevant for our world as it was for his. The mountains, seas, rivers and continents regarded by the Haushofers as hazards to be overcome in realizing their grandiose schemes of physical conquest are the same mountains, seas, rivers and continents embraced within the outreach of Jesus' conception of spiritual conquest. Inwardly the faith Jesus proclaimed was intended to possess the whole of man, as outwardly it was intended to permeate the entirety of the universe in which man lives. This, then, was the goal which



Jesus of Nazareth set before his disciples and before all who listened to his voice—the achieving of a spiritual fellowship that was to be supranatural and supraracial, a fellowship that was to be ceaselessly expanded until it reached to the ends of the earth.

It was on the occasion of Pentecost that Christianity became truly global. Whether the “gift of tongues” is to be interpreted literally or symbolically, the experience of those who had gathered in the Upper Room was of a kind to stamp the early Christian movement with the seal of ecumenical and the universal. Meanwhile Judaism, rendered impotent by the exclusive and parochial outlook, sought

desperately and in vain to insulate its traditional faith against the dynamic thrusts of the Christian revolution. As the Pharisees beat their breasts in protest over the seeming disregard of Jesus’ followers for the faith of their fathers, the early Christians embarked upon a spiritual adventure that was destined to extend its influence throughout the then known world. The Book of Acts tells the story. It is a story of incredible daring, and eloquent in its exposition of the universals of the Christian enterprise. The Book of Acts together with the writings of the apostles as recorded in the New Testament is the Christian answer to Haushofer.



### *Power Needs Morality*

“Well, the war is over, and, as you say, we are all wondering about the atomic bomb. No one is afraid of the atomic bomb. We are afraid of man, and I think the truth is that we are afraid of ourselves. It is because we are like the people in the world that we fear, that we sit in despair and face the future world like doomed men. And well we may feel that way, for the kind of people we are, are destined to tragedy because we are what we have chosen to be.

“Before the war some Englishman said that this civilization had the power of gods in the hands of apes! It is because we feel that we are moral apes that we fear the power of the atomic bomb. All power needs morality on the highest level to control it. That is why I can see no hope for the world outside religion, and I feel that in the faith that we have in Jesus Christ the hope of the world is most truly grounded.”

—Rev. James S. Elliott

## *The Love of God Passeth All Understanding*

*Lisabeth Wakeley*

IT WAS back in 1934, during the Great Depression, that I learned how the love of God, exercised toward another, can work miracles as great as the “faith of a mustard seed.”

We moved from San Antonio to Dallas, Texas, with the assurance from a friend that my husband had just the talent that city was looking for. After we arrived we found the demand not nearly so great. At first we shared the home of a friend, but as our meagre supply of cash dwindled we were not able to maintain our half of the financial obligation and we moved into a light housekeeping room.

After a few weeks of searching for work by both of us, without results, we were not able to pay our rent for even this room. The landlady was very nice and let the matter go for a few days but one day she met me at the door on my return home from a fruitless effort to obtain employment, and asked if I had found work, and if I had the rent. When I said “No,” she said, “Well, I am sorry, but I must ask you to let me have the room.”

My reply was that I would look

for a nice, soft park bench. She looked at me doubtfully but said nothing more, and I wearily climbed the stairs to my room. My first reaction was one of resentment. I threw myself across the bed and wept bitterly. She should *know* we were honest people, I thought, and would pay her as soon as we were able. Then I started praying, asking God why all this had to happen to us; why we did not find work, and pleading for help.

After spending myself in this manner I lay there relaxed and quiet. Then the Voice of God spoke to my heart. “Why be so bitter and resentful? Don’t you know I love you and that *all* things work together for good to those who love the Lord?”

“Yes,” I countered, “but I can’t *eat* love, nor pay my rent with it!”

“How do you know you can’t?” came back the Voice. “Why don’t you try *loving* your landlady instead of condemning her?”

“But I can’t, I can’t,” I cried. “How *can* I love someone who would turn me out on the streets with nowhere to go?”



Then the Voice reminded me that God loved *me*, even when I turned Him out of my wilful heart; that He *always* stood ready to forgive and return good for evil. It suggested that I just *try* to love her in the same manner that I knew God loved me when I was sinful. It reminded me that I must love my enemies and forgive others if I expected to be forgiven.

Finally I gave in to the Voice and said I would try. First I thought of all the nice things I could remember about her. Then I started thinking what I would do if I were in her place. After all, what did she know about us before we started living at her house? Nothing. She had no way of knowing that we even cared to pay her, except our word. Perhaps she really needed the money. I didn't know anything about her financial circumstances. She might need it almost as much as I, for all I knew.

As I lay there considering these matters, I became sympathetic towards her. I knew that in the same circumstances I might do the same thing. Then gradually a warm, blissful glow enveloped me, and I came to the experience of what the forgiving love of God is really like. That woman was really my sister, spiritually, and I loved her as such.

Wiping my eyes, I arose and

walked over to the window just in time to see her going out the gate dressed in her street clothes. Idly I wondered where she might be going. Then dismissing the matter from my mind, I set about putting myself and my room in good order.

About a couple of hours later there came a knock on my door, and when I opened it there stood the landlady, smiling. In her hand she held a paper sack. "Mrs. Wakeley," she said, "when I asked you for the rent this afternoon, I really needed it to pay my own rent with. It is due tomorrow and I didn't have the money. When you said you didn't have it I went over to my brothers and he loaned me all the money I need, so you may keep your room. I know you folks are honest, and when you get the money you will pay me. So don't worry about it any more." She turned to leave, then stopped with "Oh, I nearly forgot! Here are some peaches," handing me the sack, "that I picked at my brother's place. Thought you might like them for supper."

After thanking her and closing the door, again I had recourse to tears, but this time they were tears of joy and thankfulness that God's law had worked so quickly.

And that is not all, a few days later my husband walked home from town (because he didn't have

a nickel carfare, and the banks were closed) with a check for \$750.00 in his pocket!

Now, to me, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart

. . . and thy neighbor as thyself," is not just a command, but a loving promise of a fuller, richer, happier life.



☞ Find God in the routine of life.

## God Is Everywhere

Glenn Clark

I HAVE made a great discovery that will help you. Add this to your other discoveries and it will make you master, hereafter, of every situation in which you are placed. You know that there is a general belief among religious people that God is closer to us on the inside than He is on the outside. There is a tendency to believe that the only way to reach God is in prayer, or in the "silence." "God and His perfect order are within, and *never* without," we are told.

My great discovery is simply this, that *God is everywhere*. This means that He is also in the without, just as He is in the "within." Turn to the outer events, trust them, and you will find the perfect pattern of the Kingdom also in them. Since I

have discovered this I give less time to prayer, and far more time to putting the outer patterns into order, or rather seeing through their apparent disorder to the real order which they represent.

One does not have to read the newspaper to get his news if he can step into a movie and see the "news of the week" thrown upon the screen. One does not have to pray or go into the silence if he can step into God's outdoors and see the prayer of the week cast upon the living events unfolding before one.

*Find God in the routine of life.*

*Be patient with the commands, the events and the people that come to you—even as a little child.*

When you have learned those two lessons, so that you can accept



everything with radiant acquiescence, then you will find God wherever you go.

I find there are stages people must go through in their development in the spiritual life. First, they are forced to look within to find God—then they are forced to look without.

It is like the pendulum's swing, or the tides. To work against the ingoing or outgoing tides, the downward or upward swing, is to "make the old cat die."

Some years ago I did not give enough time to turning within. Every few weeks I came down with the flu. I wondered why, when I was growing so deeply into the spiritual living, I should get the flu so often. Then I discovered that this was God's way of forcing me to lie in bed for a week at a time and think, meditate, and pray. When I discovered this I took more time for meditation, prayer, and I did not get the flu any more.

But now I found that I was forced to look without. If I was not practical enough God made my wife sick and forced me to wash dishes, carry trays, and do Martha Labor until I saw God's perfect

pattern in the service I was rendering.

When you have completed your apprenticeship in finding God within, He may make you hear Him tell you to heed the pressing demands calling you to look without. The time has come when you are to work with the stream of people, give cups of cold water, accept with patience the efforts of others, to help you see through the crude attempts of your relatives or anyone else to the real love that is underneath. You must see in *everyone* an instrument of God. When you have made yourself able to see perfection in people and events, and can accept them and go forth and seek definite practical action in a world of things to be done, then your second lesson will be learned.

Don't pull against the pendulum's swing—put yourself in tune and in harmony with everything about you.

One who has conquered himself, brought his inner life into order, then finds a new value in the world, the outer world unknown before, discovering that the world of outer events and people is a medium for expressing the spirit life, unrecognized before.



Christly power results from Christly principle and poise. The first is invincible, the second convinces us of its invincibility.

—J. O'B. Lowry

☐ An attempt at something which has interested all of us.

## The Ten Wisest Sayings Ever Spoken By Great Men

John Haynes Holmes

I AM going to try to answer the question as to what are the ten wisest sayings ever spoken by great men.

The first item upon our list is easy. It can be nothing other, of course, than the Golden Rule. This famous saying—the most famous of all sayings!—is usually attributed to Jesus of Nazareth, as it appears in the seventh chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew: "*All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets.*" But this statement was not original with Jesus nor is it unique to Christianity. A distinguished scholar of comparative religions has found it, in one form or another, in no less than nine different scriptures, most of them older than the New Testament.

Our second saying is like the first in general origin, although it is by no means as widely diffused as the Golden Rule. It is usually attributed to the Greeks, although Juvenal describes it as "a precept sent from heaven" and Plutarch speaks

of it as a "divine injunction." It appears, at any rate, in the Greek language as "*knowthi seauton,*" which means, "*know thyself.*"

Upon our first two sayings there can be no disagreement. It is when we come to the third, and then to the others which follow on in the series of ten, that differences of opinion will begin to appear. Yet I am clear in my own mind as to number three! This is the great saying of the Lord Buddha—"*Hatred ceases not by hatred; hatred ceases only by love. Let us therefore overcome anger by kindness, evil by good, falsehood by truth.*"

Our fourth saying brings us to the Bible. This is not surprising for the Bible surpasses any other book ever written as a compendium of wisdom. I refer to the famous passage from the prophet, Micah, the sixth chapter and the eighth verse—"*What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.*"

This brings us to Jesus, for the

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fifth saying upon our list. Among all the sayings of Jesus, I find one which seems to stand apart from all the rest. I do not hesitate for a moment in choosing that utterance which seems to me to summarize all that Jesus ever tried to teach, and to rank therefore as the greatest word that ever fell from human lips. *"He that findeth his life, shall lose it; but he that loseth his life, for my sake, shall find it."*

I must take one statement from St. Paul, who was a spiritual genius in his own right. Paul said many remarkable things, but there is one saying which stands out above all the rest. I refer to the great passage in the first Epistle to the Corinthians, *"There are many members, but one body . . . (Therefore) there should be no schism in the body, but the members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member prosper, all the members rejoice with it. . . . For the body is not one member but many."*

The wonderful thing about this statement is that Paul here catches the idea of society as an organism, like the physical body, with its various parts, or members, making up the whole, each member dependent upon every other so that what happens to one happens to all. So far as I know, this idea was original with Paul.

My seventh saying takes us to modern times. I refer to Kant's "Principles of the Metaphysics of Ethics," and which reads, in one of its various forms, *"Act according to laws which can at the same time be made a universal law of conduct."*

My eighth selection is perhaps the most questionable upon my list. It says nothing that is really new. Yet it is so perfect a summary of truth, so clean an arrow shot so straight at a distant target, that I venture to submit it to your acceptance. What I have in mind is the statement of Thomas Paine, *"My country is the world, and my religion is to do good."*

My ninth great saying will surprise you. Not because you have not heard of it but because you have not thought of it in this sublime category of wisdom! But I think of it as one of the truest as well as most useful statements that was ever fashioned by the human mind. It occurs in a famous speech by the great English statesman, Edmund Burke, on "Conciliation with America," spoken in the English House of Commons on March 22, 1775. He spoke that word which contains more wisdom, perhaps, than many a nobler and more exalted utterance—*"I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people."*

Ponder this statement and note

how it points to the evil which lies at the root of all prejudice and hate and, in the end, of all warfare and calamity.

My last saying, the tenth in order, brings us again to familiar ground.

It is the fourth day of March, 1865, in Washington. The Civil War, after four long and terrible years, is agonizingly drawing to a close. Abraham Lincoln began his Second Inaugural Address. As he proceeded with the tender and gentle words of that address, a strange hush fell over the crowd. And at the end they heard those ineffably beautiful and forever unforgettable words:

*"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan; and to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."*

It is not necessary to comment upon these sacred words—except to say that only as we, also, at the end of this war, can echo Lincoln's "with malice toward none, with charity for all," will our world be delivered from disaster.



### Hilltops

L. M. Whitney

Do not grieve for me when life's last hill I've climbed  
To stand upon the summit of a fairer hope.  
I've known my share of valleys dark and deep,  
And hilltops thrill me with their wider scope.

Oh, do not mourn because I've left my place  
To stand above the dark on hills of light,  
From valleys dark with strife to pinnacles of peace,  
I've left my fears for faith that all is right.

You should not mourn for me but set your face  
Toward the hilltops of the Way of Life;  
To know yourself the glory of this place  
Where joy and peace supplant the vales of fear and strife.



¶ I whispered, "You are better," and he nodded, "Yes."

## The Danger Passes

Elsie K. Powell

S UDDENLY that night my husband wakened me. "The doctor!" he whispered. He was struggling for breath.

I was terrified, remembering at once the self-same circumstance of forty years before—the night my father died.

After calling the doctor I found my dear one still breathing heavily. His face was ashen white. He was sinking rapidly. I knew no medical stimulant to give. We felt completely helpless.

Time passed.

Everything was strangely quiet and remote as in silence we waited. We were alone in all the world it seemed—together and alone—with God.

In that stillness I prayed. It was at first a prayer but of pleading and fear. Then I gave him into the care of his Protector. From the inner depths of my whole being I gave him, with my entire confidence.

Like a great wave of peacefulness I felt God's All-Protecting Care

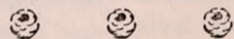
descend upon us. It surrounded us. It entered us. I was no longer afraid. I knew we were safe, secure.

Immediately I saw a change in my husband's condition. He began to revive. That ashen color of his face had disappeared. I whispered "You are better," and he nodded, "Yes."

Silently we waited until the doctor came. But we both knew the danger was past.

This experience has revealed to me for all time how we can step through the barriers of our material helplessness and inadequacy while reaching out for and possessing the limitless powers of God—how He is ever waiting for us to realize and use them.

All spiritual discovery seems to come this way—first love's need, then a strong determination to help with a complete reliance upon God to fill the need in the way that He sees best to do. He does all while His mantle of protection we can learn to grasp and give.



The only way to perfection is to live in the presence of God.

—Thomas Wilson

¶ A rare combination of Christian mysticism and clear thinking.

## Thoughts of Meditation

Rufus Moseley

I (GOD) am perfect Love, giving you perfect love; I am perfect Peace, giving you perfect peace; I am perfect Everything, giving you perfect everything. I am perfect Heartbeat, giving you a perfect heart of Love.

Death is accumulated poison.

The effect of righteousness is peace and assurance.

If you get out of love you get out of God, out of everything you ever had.

We are meant to be rivers; keep the current flowing.

When the devils fight the bigger devils win. In the Satanic life good is met with evil; in the human life you get what you give; in the Kingdom there is nothing but good. You will never get into the Kingdom until you love and flow out. Give out good and you will get nothing but good back when you are connected with the Source.

Quotation of Socrates when his wife threw water on him after a quarrel: "You might expect a little rain after so much thunder."

Join yourself with the Whole; the Whole becomes your protection.

When all are led by Jesus, all will become the Jesus type.

The Holy Spirit within us is the Heavenly mark, branding us as belonging to the Lord.

Jesus so completely obeyed the law He is Law; obeyed the truth, is Truth; obeyed the life, is Life; obeyed the Christ, is Christ.

Put Love of Heaven in the bottom of society; the top will be calling out to know what has happened. Heaven is as anxious to come to earth as we are to go to Heaven while doing everything to keep away!

I reached the place where I thoroughly approved of God.

The Gethsemane experience interpreted means, "Thy will be done about everything."

All techniques (rituals) that have become habit stand between you and the Kingdom of Heaven.

It is not difficult to get the lightening to strike if you are negative enough.

Heaven, when you get a good case of it, is very contagious.

I am a Liberal with Orthodox experience. The weakness of our Liberals is: they try to bear the fruit without being in the vine.



The weakness of the Orthodox is they substitute the fruit for the abiding in the vine.

The Kingdom of Heaven extends Christ to you but expects you to extend Christ. Give out the love of Heaven. Since you have been so greatly forgiven, give out nothing but forgiveness. Decide what you would like to receive and go to giving it and you will be pressed down and running over with what comes back to you. When you give out you will always be in Heaven.

If you occupy the mercy seat you will not be called before the judgment bar.

If you are going to get high in the Lord you have to take Him as your wisdom. He has more sense than you have.

True orthodoxy is orthodoxy of the spirit.

"Christianity without brotherliness is religion without love," said Wesley.

Offer yourself in extreme need. After you have received then you are ready to give out. You don't have to "feel" it first; only choose it. Then you will "feel" when you get in the flow.

When you don't know what else to do, do the most loving thing you can think of and since God is Love, you will be doing His will.

The Lord gives you one respon-

sibility and that is the choosing, the entering in and abiding in union with Him.

One has to become a new man to preach a new sermon. The dead can bury their dead but they cannot raise the dead.

Prayer is perfect union; perfect love; then you have everything.

Whether Jesus ever laughed I don't know but He fixed me up so I could laugh.

The gate to the Kingdom allows all good to enter, but no evil. It doesn't matter if you belong in the head; you have to enter by the foot.

When we have blessed union with Jesus we love to do what we should do.

Love is like water soaking into the ground. You think it will be lost, but it goes to the neediest place.

God is always breaking out. The sure evidence of the Spirit infilling is that you are flooded with love.

Anyone living in God is living in the Kingdom. The secret of abiding in the secret place is first of all to have Love. You must give out. You furnish the reception and the response and He furnishes the love. As a mother loves a baby into smiling, so God loves us into love.

The Prodigal Son got a good reception because he had such a good death.

We start in His love but we must end up in our love joining His love. The outflow is more blessed than the inflow. Giving is better than receiving.

Judge people not for themselves but what they could be if Christ had complete control.

When we are filled with the Holy

Spirit we become Jesus' habitation. Not an imitation of Christ, but a participation in Him.

Religion started in the manger; when it gets to the cathedral there is not much left. The less reality, the more machinery you need.

When you tell the Truth love flows in, then life flows in, and fear is gone.

Jesus had Divine Wisdom and Divine Humor.



### *Prayer for Those in Government*

Almighty God, Lord of all Governments, help us to realize the sanctity of politics.

Help us to know that the call to office is nothing less than a call to cooperate with Thee in the wise direction of life in this commonwealth.

Give us the insight and grant us the power to lift the business of government into an adventure that we may reverence and call the politics of God, because by it we shall seek to fashion the life of the commonwealth in the likeness of that City of God which has been the dream of saints and seers of unnumbered centuries.

Save us from the sins to which we will be subtly tempted as the calls of parties and the cries of interests beat upon this seat of government.

Save us from dealing in personalities when we should be dealing in principles.

Save us from thinking too much about the vote of the majorities when we should be thinking about the virtues of the measures.

Save us in the crucial hours of debate from saying things which we think will take when we should be saying things which are true.

Save us from indulging in catch words when we should be indulging in facts.

We do not ask mere protection from these temptations which sur-



round us in these legislative halls; we ask also for an ever finer insight into the meaning of government that we may be better servants of men and women who have committed the government into our hands.

Help us to realize that the unborn are part of our constituency, although they have no vote at the poles.

May we have greater reverence for the truth than for the past.

Help us to make party our servant rather than our master.

May we know that it profits us nothing to win elections if we lose our courage.

Help us to be independent alike of tyrannical majorities and tiring minorities when the truth abides in neither.

May sincerity inspire our motives and science inform our methods.

Help us to serve the crowd without flattering it and believe in it without bowing to its idolatries.

Almighty God, Lord of all governments, to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid, may the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts be acceptable in thy sight.

May we come with clear minds, clean hands and courageous hearts to the sacrament of public service.

May we be worthy of the high calling of government. Amen.

—Glenn Frank, Past-President of Wisconsin University.



### *There's More*

*Anonymous*

We only see a little of the ocean.  
A few miles distance from the rocky shore;  
But, Oh, out there beyond—  
Beyond the eyes' horizon  
There's more—there's more:

We only see a little of God's loving.  
A few rich treasures from His mighty store;  
But, Oh! out there beyond—  
Beyond the life's horizon  
There's more—there's more!

☐ I realized for the first time how much the church had done for me.

## **"I Don't Deserve That Medal"**

*An American Soldier\**

\*Letter sent from youth in South Pacific to the Director of Religious Education of his local church, Miss Evelyn M. Scott.

YOU ASKED ABOUT my medal. I haven't told the story of it to anyone, and you will see why when you hear about it. I am not very proud of it and yet there isn't a thing I can do about it now, without revealing a story that would get my new friends into trouble. *You* may tell the story so long as my name is never attached to it. I want someone to know that I don't deserve that medal. I didn't earn it.

It happened this way. I was captured by the Japanese with five of my pals. We were marched along through the jungle with bayonets in our backs. As we marched toward the Japanese camp I had to see my comrades one by one killed, mutilated, torn limb from limb.

As I watched them fall I knew that within a few minutes I, too, would be killed as they had been. But, somehow, at that moment my only thought was "the sooner the better." Life for me was over. I said the 23rd Psalm. I said the Lord's Prayer and then I started to think things over. Die I must,

but I determined not to let my captor see my fear.

Trembling from head to foot, marching in mud up to my ankles, with a bayonet sticking in my back, I began to whistle the way I used to when I was a small boy and had to go through a dark street. So I whistled as loud as my trembling lips would let me. After awhile, to my surprise I realized that I was whistling

"We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing.

He chastens and hastens His will to make known.

The wicked oppressing, cease then from distressing.

Sing praises to His name, He forgets not His own."

I whistled it over and over. I realized for the first time how much the church had done for me. It had molded my character and given me the stuff to be able to take what the Army gave me and take it knowing that I was not alone, that God was with me. I thought how the church stood for eternal life. At any moment now, I, too, would be dying.

From *Fellowship* magazine, November 1945. By Permission.



That sharp point in my back would start me on my journey to eternity. But now I was no longer afraid.

Suddenly, from my reverie I became aware that someone had joined me in my whistling. No, it couldn't be, but it *was*—my Japanese captor! He, too, was whistling the hymn. Soon we both broke into words, he in Japanese, I in English. "The wicked oppressing, cease then from distressing. . . . He forgets not His own." One after another were the hymns we whistled and sang as we marched through the jungle mud, with me in front and my captor in the rear, with now his gun in my back. Gradually the power of the hymns made me relax, and must have had the same effect on him, for soon I felt his gun fall into place. And still later he caught up with me and we sang, he in Japanese, and I in English.

I wondered if his thoughts were as mingled as mine. Here we were marching along, lifting our hearts in unison in Christian praise to a Christian God of peace, and yet I was being led to the slaughterhouse by him. I was interrupted in my thinking by his words in perfect English: "I never cease to wonder at the magnificence of Christian hymns." Startled by his English, I jumped and we both laughed. Soon we were talking. I asked where he had learned to speak English and he replied that he had gone

to Christian mission schools. "Not Glory Kindergarten?" I asked. "Why I started in Glory Kindergarten," he replied. "How do you know it?" Then I told him how in Sunday School we had studied about the Congregational schools and churches. We had raised money for Glory Kindergarten and had sent over gifts for them. I spoke of the gift of the picture we sent and the letters we had back from the teachers. He remembered the picture and added that when the picture was presented he had helped to fix the flowers for the beauty corner where the picture was placed.

Then followed a conversation that is impossible to relate—one that few men have ever had with one another, when surface things are swept away and the soul stands out on top. We talked of the war and how the Japanese Christians hate it; of Christianity and its power in the world; of what it would mean if people would ever really dare to live it; of the incomparable value of the missionaries; of Kagawa; of our own ideals—for our homes, our jobs, and our future families. And finally, at his suggestion, we knelt in the mud and prayed for suffering humanity around the world; for "His peace that passeth all understanding" and for peace again on earth with good will toward men.

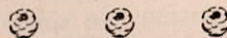
When we arose he asked if I would take him back as a prisoner to the American headquarters. He said that this was the only way he could live up to his Christianity and thus help Japan to become a Christian nation and on the way back he found in various foxholes other Japanese Christians and they, too, joined me as we walked toward the American headquarters. I shall never forget the hope and joy that came into their eyes as my Japanese friend unfolded to them, one by one, as he met them, how we found each other and why and where they were being taken. All the way back we talked of the Christian religion. You know, after being born into Christianity, I had taken its teachings for granted. I never shall again. I know now—from these Japanese friends—what Christ can mean to an individual or a nation that has lived under a hideous sys-

tem of heathen gods. I know that it means the difference between Japanese atrocities and my new Japanese friends with their high Christian ideals.

We sang in English all the great universal hymns of the ages—Faith of Our Fathers; A Mighty Fortress Is Our God; Lead on, O King Eternal; The Church's One Foundation; Spirit of God Descend upon My Heart.

When we neared camp, by mutual agreement, they put on poker faces and somber looks and I, gun in hand, marched them into camp. After the war is over they will spend their lives keeping alive and spreading an ever growing Christian community in Japan.

So, you see, I don't deserve a medal for the most wonderful experience of my life. You surely see now why I don't want to talk about my medal.



### **Through Great Tribulation**

*Georgia Moore Eberling*

Not only the martyrs will be in that throng  
Who sing in glad triumph the victors' proud song,  
But those, who with courage, through laughter and tears  
Walked humbly with God, down the long road of years.



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

—Confucius



### **Boys Can Be Trusted**

When kindly Frank Heckmann opened a little combination candy, pop and sandwich shop in Cleveland, his only capital was \$500 he had borrowed. He had lost his home in Chicago, he had lost his job, and, worst of all, he had lost his health.

The first day truck drivers came in and bought their pop, cookies, doughnuts and such things. They liked the gentle old man and they told him not to leave things on counters.

"If you do," they said, "the boys will clean you out."

The boys were the youngsters who attended St. Ignatius High School one block away. When they stormed in, they found things on the counter, within reach. Two of the lads stopped, looked surprised, and said, "Why, you trust us, don't you?"

"Heck," as they soon learned to call him, answered that of course he trusted them. Soon he began letting the boys help themselves pretty much as they pleased. He put five-pound boxes around the store and for ten years the boys have been reaching in and out of those boxes. They have made their own change, paying for everything they took.

"The best evidence that boys can be trusted," says Heck, "is that we came here broke and are leaving after buying the building and with enough to let us take life easy back in McHenry, Ill."

When they left, the boys presented Mrs. Heckmann with a gold chain and cross and gave Heck a gold watch and chain engraved, "To Heck, from the boys."

From *The Curtis Courier*.



### **Christian Convictions**

Thoughtful men see that Christian convictions about man and life and duty and God are not extras which may or may not be held without effect on their country's or the world's well-being. Christian convictions were part of the basis assumed by everyone on which our nation was founded and on which it has flourished. Remove that basis and the superstructure topples.

—Henry Sloan Coffin

☐ The Kingdom of Heaven must have rehearsals in the little episodes of daily living.

## **The Peace of God**

Mary Welch

PEACE IS love's perfume poured out to sweeten that which is already beautiful and joyful as a vase of lilies in a well-ordered room where a happy family abides. It emanates from the individual and not from external society of circumstance. It is not dictated at a "peace table"; it is communicated from the hearts of those who sit there. The peace of which Christ is Prince must manifest first in the social group as a cosmic orchestration of inner harmonies of the individuals.

Peace is not a cessation of war, either personally or universally. It is a positive power which annihilates the causative conditions of war and of all inner turmoil. It creates on the current of love, builds its habitations within the souls of men, rendering impotent the forces which give substance to strife. The Kingdom of Heaven must have some rehearsals in the little episodes of daily living before God can stage His Pageant of Peace on Earth. We are slow in learning our lines, too timid about reciting our parts, and too reluctant to don our cos-

tumes for even the first act.

Any little farm family can make its daily living a rehearsal of the Kingdom of Heaven and a pattern of a peace-conditioned world at any time it wills to do so. Any household can become a "base of operations" for the spirit of peace. The humble heart can hear "God's whisper rushing through the thunderstorm." The farmer behind the plow, the mother singing a cradle song—these may find the center of peace which lies at the heart of every storm. But it is found only at the point where Christ is recognized as Master and center of every phase of life. It does not come unsought without our consent. He lights no tenements and peace-conditions no mansions that are leased to the occupancy of evil.

In my life the positive operation of peace as a fruit of the Spirit might be likened to the functioning of air-conditioning. If one can imagine a spiritual air-conditioning pervading and sweeping through one's being as a soul-thrilling, dynamic force, he might arrive at a conception of what I find peace

From *Reckoning At Dusk* by Mary Welch. Macalester Park Publishing Company, St. Paul, Minn. Copyright 1944. By Permission.



to be. Artificial peace is the resolution of all conflict and reconciliation of warring elements. Spirit-borne peace is the life-sustaining fruit of the Vine. It is the native air of the Kingdom of Heaven. It is only that peace which Jesus left with us and His Holy Spirit is the only conveyor of it. Jesus warned that it was not "peace as the world giveth."

But peace as a fruit of the Spirit in our lives can work to neutralize strife in other lives. I have seen it hush a fretful child, soothe a drunken soldier, settle a neighborhood feud, purify the atmosphere of a church, sweeten a schoolroom, elevate a business office, glorify a camping trip. I have watched it beautify a homely face, transform a home, and transfigure a character.

Peace is also a Voice by which the Spirit bears witness with our spirit that our prayers are answered. Within my own heart today, I have felt it flicker on as does a fluorescent light in a dark room. The problem is presented; peace flashes the divine signal light; we know we are heard and answered. I have learned to pray until this signal comes. When it appears, I know I may cease petition and turn to praise.

This morning I tried to go to town on an early bus. When I

missed it, I accepted that as a part of my committed way. I had thought it very essential that I go at that time. Then when the mail came bringing a letter which demanded that very day an airmail reply, I was spared the necessity for making two trips to town in one day. Too, a friend in distress came to seek my prayers before noon. I also got the week's washing done while over my tubs I prayed for all the people who entered my mind. Among these was a college professor whom I esteemed most highly but whom I had not seen in years. I had been longing to see him and share with him some of the exciting things I have discovered this year.

At three o'clock in the afternoon I went to catch the bus again. Just as it came into sight over the hill a brown car came around it and ahead of the bus it stopped where I stood. I rode to town with the college professor for whom I had been praying! In town I received very valuable information which had come to a friend there in the noon mail. I should have missed this had I made the early trip. Such is any day of life when it is committed to Him and when He is acknowledged in every hour.

Peace is love incandescent.



Laughter is better than milk.—*Elbert Hubbard*

## Too Good To Be True

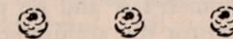
DR. John Wright Buckham, for many years a member of the faculty at Pacific School of Religion, was occasionally challenged on the ground that the Christian philosophy of life was "too good to be true." "Perhaps it may not be true," he countered, "but if so, it is not because it is too good to be true. FOR MANY THINGS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE ARE TRUE." This sentiment he elaborates in an eloquent magnificat, which carries us once more into the secret places to which his mind resorted and where it had its freshness restored.

"Spring is too good to be true, and the blue sky of day and the starry sky of night. Mountains are too good to be true, and trees and flowers and birds. Music is too good to be true—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and Bach's chorals and the Hallelujah Chorus. Cathedrals are too good to be true and the Parthenon and the Taj Mahal. Great pictures are too good to be

true—the Sistine Madonna and the Last Supper of Leonardo and Millet's Angelus and a thousand more. The Home is too good to be true, and the Church and the School and the University—even with all their defects. Poetry is too good to be true, and Philosophy and Science and Art and Literature. Above all, Goodness is too good to be true, and Faith and Hope and Love. God Himself is too good to be true, and Christ, and the Spirit of Truth who guides into all truth.

"Yet," he continues, "all of these things ARE true—and spiritually indestructible. THEREFORE we will not fear though the earth be removed . . . and though the very mountains tremble with the destructive forces of nature and man. For those who have caught 'the heavenly vision' look for a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God, and for a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

From *The Meetinghouse*, May 24, 1945.



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

—*David Grayson*



# Thoughts Farthest Out

## July

Memory Verse: *Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.* (Zech. 4:6)

FOR THE first time in history we are no longer dealing with Derivatives but with Basic Powers. In a few years' time we shall no longer have to halt our car every hundred miles before a filling station to be replenished with gas, just as today no one wastes time filling kerosene lamps if his house is wired for electricity. A small atomic energy unit built into the engine will furnish all the power required for the life of the car.

Has not the time come when this should be true as well in religion? George Muller is one who had such faith in the Basic Power in the field of the Spirit that he never had to *ask* anyone for money to support his orphanages. He waved aside all the ordinary ways of raising money as mere "derivatives." He went into the inner room and closed the door and depended entirely upon the Basic Power residing in Prayer alone.

Jesus in his day pushed into secondary place all the derivatives of religious worship made so much of by the Pharisees and turned to the Basic Power of Love embraced in the Two Great Commandments. "Upon these hang all the law and the prophets." He illustrated this great Basic Power in the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan. He exemplified this Basic Power on the Cross in Love that was forgiving, sacrificial and redemptive. Paul analyzed this Basic Power in the 13th chapter of I Corinthians and summarized his analysis in Galatians 5:22: "But the fruit of the Spirit is: LOVE"—the Basic Power, divided into its "octave" constituent parts, "joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, faithfulness, meekness, self control; against such there is no law."

Just as there is no human law and no physical power that can protect a nation against the atomic bomb, so there is no law or power that can stand against the power of Love.

Let us pray that God will release this Basic Power of Love in our own lives and through us into the life of the world.

Help us to love Thee more, O Father, Help us to love our

brother more. And above all, help us to love our brother so unselfishly and so reverently that in loving him we shall learn how to love Thee. In Jesus' Name, Amen.

Read: *Prayer, the Mightiest Force in the World*, by Frank Laubach.

## August

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

THE FIRST thing the Church must do is to purge itself of the scandal of meaningless division," said Henry R. Luce to a convention of Protestant Ministers. "It was a great Protestant who recently said to me that Protestantism is no longer democratic for it has become anarchic. The second question I would raise is whether Protestantism has become too compromised with modern civilization to be able to save it. Insofar as Protestantism has given the Christian answer in the last thirty or forty years it has been the 'social gospel' based on the second of Christ's commandments. If Christian promulgation of the Second Commandment lacks power today that can be for only one reason—namely, that the Second Commandment has lost its connection with the First. Modern Protestantism too often gives the impression of believing in everything except God, and we may even need to begin to learn the First Commandment as the Boy Jesus did in its original form: 'Thou shalt have no other god before me.'

"It is hardly necessary to remind you of the many, many gods which men do now worship—worship so earnestly that the knowledge of God is almost wholly obscured from them. Nor are they merely the gods of materialism or lust or pleasure. The 'social gospel' now has become for many a god in itself. There is also patriotism, and so on. Unless you do proclaim the primacy of the First Commandment whatever else you proclaim may indeed be superfluous. The Church will not restore respect for the other nine commandments—or for ninety-nine commandments—until it has effectively reminded men of the First."

This address of Mr. Luce describes so perfectly the two purposes for which the Clear Horizons magazine was established: first, to open the avenues between the individual soul and God by which each one may immerse himself more com-



pletely in the power of the Presence, and second, to draw all creeds to a common altar and help unify the spiritual life of America.

Let us unite in prayer for all the spiritual forces in America to lose their sense of separateness and merge into the great universal life and purposes of God.

Read: I Corinthians. (And review *Together*)

## September

Memory Verse: *For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.*  
(Romans 8:2)

ON MAY 5th, 1946, over four hundred people gathered at a great banquet in the largest banquet hall in Saint Paul. It was the fifth annual banquet of the St. Paul chapter of the Alcoholics Anonymous. The first speaker introduced was the editor of "Clear Horizons." Although ineligible to be a member of the group, the Editor has been privileged to be invited as guest of honor at every annual meeting because it was in his home and at his initiative that the St. Paul chapter was established.

"There is a kernel of good in every seeming evil," he said to his exceedingly responsive audience, "and the kernel of good in the thirst of the alcoholic is the craving to lose himself in a power far greater than himself. What he really wants, although he does not consciously know it, is to lose his little self-consciousness in the great superconsciousness of the Holy Spirit. Not knowing what his real craving is for, and not being initiated into knowledge of the Holy Spirit, he turns to its counterfeit, to alcohol, to the 'unholy' spirit. Basically every alcoholic has innate capacity for great inspiration, if he can properly tune himself in to the Source from which true inspiration comes. Think what the world would have gained had there been an A. A. Chapter available for Byron, who died at thirty-six, Burns at thirty-four, Poe at thirty-eight, and Stephen Foster, who died in a saloon at thirty-seven.

"The first rule of the A. A.s is to tune in every morning to this Central Source of Power so that each day will be filled with the Holy Spirit.

"The second lesson the A. A. brings to us is implied in the

printed program in my hand wherein the visiting speakers are announced by their full names, but the A. A. members are announced only by initials. In other words, the second outstanding characteristic of this organization is its anonymity. In football a halfback who can follow his Captain so closely that he himself is invisible can cross any goal line that the Captain has in mind for him to cross."

It is the Editor's wish that the readers of "Clear Horizons" may erase our little selves out of the picture sufficiently for the Great Self to enter in and take control, and our emptiness shall be filled with the fullness of the Holy Spirit.

Read: *The Thought Farthest Out*, 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.



### A Girl's Song

At the time of a terrible accident a year or two ago at the coal mines near Scranton, Pa., several men were buried for three days and all efforts to rescue them proved unsuccessful.

The majority of the miners were Germans. They were in a state of intense excitement, caused by the sympathy for the wives and children of the buried men and despair at their own balked efforts.

A great mob of ignorant men and women assembled at the mouth of the mine on the evening of the third day in a condition of high nervous tension which fitted them for any mad act. A sullen murmur arose that it was folly to dig farther—that the men were dead. And this was followed by cries of rage at the rich mine owners.

A hasty word or gesture might have produced an outbreak of fury. Standing near me was a little German girl, perhaps 11 years old. Her pale face and frightened glances from side to side showed that she fully understood the danger of the moment. Suddenly, with a great effort, she began to sing in a hoarse whisper which could not be heard. Then she gained courage and her sweet, childish voice rang out in Luther's grand old hymn familiar to every German from his cradle, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."

There was silence like death. Then one voice joined the girl's and presently another until from the great multitude rose the solemn cry:

With force of arms we nothing can,  
Full soon are we o'erridden,  
But for us fights the godly Man  
Whom God Himself hath bidden.  
Ask ye His name?  
Christ Jesus is His name.

A great quiet seemed to fall upon their hearts. They resumed their work with fresh zeal, and before morning the joyful cry came up from the pit that the men were found—alive. Never was a word more in season than that child's hymn. In this same way many a noble life sings a song of cheer and inspiration which holds others steadfast to hard duty and arms them against temptation.—*Selected.*



The more spirit you put into your work the more good it does you.  
When your heart and soul are in your work it becomes play.

## Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

1. THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE, Glenn Clark. Harper & Brothers, \$1.50. A fresh approach to the life of Christ gleaned from His teaching. The book is divided into three parts: "The Way" is an exposition of the Sermon on the Mount, "The Truth" is an explanation of the parables, and "The Life" shows us how to enter more fully into the life of Christ. As in all of Glenn Clark's books, this is not a mere exposition. He probes the mysteries of Christ in order to demonstrate their applicability and usefulness for living today. His genius for finding new meanings and fresh life in what has become oftentimes commonplace combine to make a book that will be read eagerly and profitably. It is a worthy successor to *I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes*, and the result of a lifetime of trying to "practice the Presence."

2. PRAYER, THE MIGHTIEST FORCE IN THE WORLD, Frank C. Laubach. Fleming H. Revell, \$1.25. A book that could influence the direction and practice of prayer for years to come. After a lifetime of experience, Dr. Laubach is convinced that prayer works. Throughout the book he tells of experiences in prayer that are both quickening and startling. His theme is that the findings of mental telepathy and psychology support the claims of intercessory prayer, and that modern inventions and investigations merely agree with what Jesus taught. This is as much a prayer primer as it is one about prayer.

3. TOGETHER, Twelve Spiritual Leaders. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.00. A book born out of Christian fellowship by twelve of America's leading Christians. Each leader writes on his specialty: E. Stanley Jones of the *Kingdom*, Glenn Clark on *Prayer*, Starr Daily on *Redemption*, Sam Shoemaker on *Helping People*, Glenn Harding on *Youth*, Rufus Moseley on *Union*, Abraham Vereide on *Spiritual Cells*, Walter Judd on *God's Laws*, John Magee on the *Church*, Howard Thurman on *Race Relations*, and Rufus Jones and Frank Laubach write about the international obligations and purposes of Christianity in the world today. A book of encouragement, inspiration and challenge.

4. THE FAITH OF A PROTESTANT, W. Burnet Easton, Jr. Macmillan, \$1.50. The author admirably fulfills the needs of clarifying the wherefore and whither of a confused and bewildered Protestant laity. The content came out of the years of questioning which a minister must face, and face up to, if he is sincere and sensitive. He takes the main beliefs of the Protestant tradition and in a non-technical, stimulating discourse explains them and their implications both for the individual and society. Every Protestant should know the content.

5. NOW TO LIVE, Ralph W. Sockman. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$2.00. Twenty-five sermons that sparkle with the compactness of knowing what one wants to say and proceeding to say it. The title is that of the opening sermon. Its message is that though we cannot change our environment, we can choose the spirit in which we face life, we can train and discipline ourselves for the good life, and we can hold fast to those eternal principles of Christ that give life meaning and purpose. The choice is ours, *now to live or be crippled by life's vicissitudes.*

6. THE FALLOW LAND, Constancio C. Vigil. Harper & Brothers, \$2.50. The book is divided into such categories as On Suffering, Illness, Punishments, Wayside Words, Prayer and Parables. The range and diversity and wisdom of observations within each category are as broad and commanding as one finds in Kahlil Gibran and the Bible. This is merely saying that Vigil has so immersed himself in life that he reflects it again in original and fresh interpretations and judgments.



Some are only a sentence in length, the longest only a few pages. You will find in it such things as, "The roads that lead to the Lord are four: wisdom, justice, beauty, and, surest of all, compassion." Or again, "By the grace of God the worm is able to get off the road and escape being trodden upon." A good book for the fireside or traveling bag. It catches the sweep of Gibran's *The Prophet*.

7. **A CHRISTIAN GLOBAL STRATEGY**, Walter W. Van Kirk. Willett, Clark, \$2.00. The future of the world depends upon whether the views of Jesus, the spiritual geopolitician, or Haushofer, Hitler's geopolitician, win out. To Jesus the world was one, under the fatherhood of God, as it was to the early church. Christianity today must recapture that higher unity or suffer defeat in a world that does function in a global manner. It is a powerful presentation, sometimes fearsome in its implications. It is factual, and yet visionary. A fine addition to Christian literature and a deep challenge to every follower of Christ.

8. **THE GREAT DIVORCE**, C. S. Lewis. Macmillan, \$1.50. The story takes place in a dream. The author finds himself in "grey town," a dismal place peopled with belligerent and self-centered individuals. With a small company he takes the bus and finds himself rising to the lighter regions, soon reaching a grassy meadow on top of a cliff, bathed in sunlight and fresh air. He has made the trip from the Valley of the Shadow in the region of Hell to the Valley of Life in the region of Heaven. Here he gives a brilliantly written account of the Solid People, emissaries from Heaven, attempting to help the Ghosts drop their basic sin of Pride (it takes many forms such as intellectualism, mother love, etc.) that they might enjoy the realities of Heaven. Most Ghosts manage to rationalize their way back to Hell. A stimulating and unusual story of great merit and moral.

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☐ Schweitzer's every act reveals the habits of a physical, mental and spiritual giant, who is yet as gentle as Francis of Assisi.

## Albert Schweitzer

Sherwood Eddy

A native of Alsace, Schweitzer's life has been crucified between Germany and France, and all his days seem to have been marked for suffering. He was born in 1875, the son of an evangelical Protestant clergyman, educated at the village school, the town gymnasium, and the University of Strassburg. After winning a traveling scholarship for postgraduate study in Paris and Berlin, he was ordained curate at St. Nicholas, and was a lecturer at the university and principal of the theological school at Strassburg.

As a boy Schweitzer was a dreamer and one with poignant sympathy shared the pain of the animal world. In manhood he incorporated this sentiment in his system of philosophy, which centered in his reverence for life. Schweitzer developed first as a saint and an artist, and only later as a thinker, theologian, and historian.

At the early age of twenty-one he made the deliberate resolve to follow the intellectual pursuits of

theology, philosophy, and music until he was thirty, and then to take a path of immediate sacrificial service to his fellow men. When he reached the age of thirty, he read the magazine of the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society calling for a doctor at Lambarene on the Ogowe River, in what is now French Equatorial Africa. He decided at once that he would go: "The article finished, I quietly began my work. My search was over." After a full medical course, specializing in tropical medicine, on Good Friday, 1913, he set out for Africa without the support of a missionary society. He had only some seven thousand dollars of his own money to build a little hospital and to provide for his work for two years, a royalty income of a thousand dollars a year, and the good will of a widening circle of friends who were to support him. On his own resources Schweitzer traveled to Africa, built his own hospital, and rendered heroic sacrificial service for more than three decades.

The first World War, from 1916

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From *Pathfinders Of The World Missionary Crusade* by Sherwood Eddy. Used by permission of the publisher Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. Copyright 1945 by Whitmore & Stone.



to 1918, was for Schweitzer the "Crucifixion Chorus" in Bach's *Mass in B Minor*. After four years in tropical Africa, his wife ill, his money and health gone, in debt for his hospital, at a day's notice, because of war hysteria Schweitzer was arrested and brought to prison in France. He was barely able to save his surgical instruments and the manuscript of the first part of his *Civilization and Ethics*. He continued to think out and write his philosophy in the prison in France, as he had done in the African jungle. He wrote from his prison experiences of the need of forgiveness: "It was part of the madness of the world. We must forget that time of hatred and fear." He felt that the war was raging as a result of the downfall of civilization. Lack of proper food, African malaria, anemia, and prison confinement led to his serious illness and to the necessity of two dangerous operations. Easter, 1920, however, brought Schweitzer spiritual renewal and resurrection. Bach's trumpets were sounding in his soul again. He traveled and lectured in England and Sweden, gave organ recitals in Spain and over Europe, and wrote another book. Europe had received with open arms and still offered him a distinguished career; yet he heroically decided, like Livingstone, to return again to Africa, even though he had to

go alone, without his sick wife.

With all his genius, Schweitzer is very human; and he is as tender and humane to the animal kingdom as was St. Francis. When my friend Alec Fraser met Schweitzer at a station in England, they had to climb a high hill. Schweitzer had a huge trunk weighing at least a hundred pounds, which Fraser offered to have transported. Schweitzer said, "I would not be fit to be a missionary in Africa if I could not carry my own trunk." He thereupon swung it onto his shoulder and started up the hill. When he came to a poor worm crossing the road, down went the trunk while he lifted the worm lest it should be crushed. Then they came upon a beetle; down went the box again while the beetle was rescued. After that Fraser walked in front to see that nothing further impeded his pilgrim's progress. Schweitzer's every act reveals the habits of a physical, mental, and spiritual giant, who is yet as gentle as Francis of Assisi.

In 1924 Schweitzer returned to Lambarene with a European helper. In 1925 a third doctor came, and a second nurse to serve in his enlarged hospital. During the last war the Free French spoke highly of the excellent work being done by Schweitzer, especially the scientific work of his institute. Both Africans and Europeans working

in the timber mills and mines of the region share in the benefits of the hospital. General de Gaulle sent the following message to Schweitzer: "I know your merits and your reputation. I thank you for giving your services as you do to aid French science. I shall be pleased to see you when I make my next voyage to Africa."

In a unique way Schweitzer is a representative man. The Hebraist and Hellenist are as well balanced in him as are the mystic and the rationalist. He is at once, like Plato, an idealist and, like Aristotle, a realistic scientist. In some respects like the sensitive "pessimist" Jeremiah, he more closely resembles the great anonymous Prophet of the Exile, or his Suffering Servant of humanity. Refusing to go to Africa as German, French, Alsatian, or Protestant evangelical, he went only as "man"—an untitled son of man. He is a sympathetic scholar of the New Testament. But he is such a prophetic critic that his one passion is truth and his enemies are error and superstition. He is orthodox to the extent that he is a humble Christian, minister, and missionary; but he was so frankly "heretical" that he declined to submit to a theological cross-examination by the committee of the Paris Missionary Society.

Schweitzer was glad to meet every member of the committee individually with regard to his personal religious experience and to submit to the most searching examination on tropical medicine, for he was going to Africa not to talk but to act and silently to heal the sick in what Livingstone called "the Dark Continent, the open sore of the world." Yet preaching to his patients was sheer joy when he was trusted enough to take the religious services. He passionately sought and admired the good in all men and systems. During a single month while in prison in World War I Schweitzer acted as physician for his fellow prisoners, finished his *Civilization and Ethics*, and practiced on the table and floor in lieu of a musical instrument to prepare to his organ recitals in the eight European cities, from Madrid to Stockholm, which were again clamoring for him as the great interpreter of Bach.

We give heed to Socrates before he drinks the hemlock, to Jesus in the Garden, and to Schweitzer as he thus concludes his philosophy of life in the epilogue of his autobiography *Out of My Life and Thought*: "Two perceptions cast their shadows over my existence. One consists in my realization that the world is inexplicably mysterious and full of suffering, the other in



the fact that I have been born into a period of spiritual decadence in mankind."

Schweitzer is not so much a pessimist as he is a cross-bearer for our suffering humanity. He considers Africa worth saving, for there is found "the brother for whom Christ died." Would those who do not believe in missions recall from the Gold Coast the little handful of missionaries and leave

it to the mercies of several thousand traders, raiders, and rulers, with the old traditions of slaves and gold? Would they begrudge Albert Schweitzer's going out to share his life with the Dark Continent as he writes: "Physical misery is great everywhere out here . . . Millions and millions are living without help or hope of it . . . Sooner or later this idea [of sharing] will conquer the world."



### **Think Not Defeat**

*Carlos David Leberman*

Think not defeat, and threaten harm  
Upon thy soul,  
When seeming danger lies  
In luring wait  
On life's great sea.

The storm may rage  
And darkness cover o'er the course  
Thy bark has chosen clear to sail.

*This hour shall pass—*  
And there,  
Before thy reverent gaze,  
The castle, reared for thee  
When hopes were high,  
Shall stand,  
Glistening  
In the morning light!

☐ But for *me*, Sir, the Kingdom of God has come."

## **"Thy Kingdom Come"**

*Russell Allen Huffman*

THE Russians called religion an "opiate of the people." American Christians objected to the Russian statement. Both groups were right, according to their experience. The Russians were talking about a negative religion—an escape religion. American Christians glimpsed, at least partially, a creative religion.

Escape religion touches only the fringes of Christianity. It sees something of beauty and may find an emotional release in religious experience. It may hide behind dogma or may lavish itself in religious art and tradition, but it fails to go deep enough into creative Christianity to make much difference in one's way of life. The escapist in religion may be very zealous in producing for himself and others an emotional experience that will give a sense of security both for this life and the life to come, but it fails at the point of following Jesus completely.

The slogan of the religious escapist might easily be, "Ease through this life and gain heaven." The appropriate slogan for creative Christianity might well be, "Face this life and build heaven." It has glimpsed the religion of

Jesus and shares with him the conviction that God and man, working together, build the Kingdom on earth. The creative Christian prays "Thy Kingdom come" in the present tense. He believes that it can come in the affairs of man and knows it to have already come in the lives of individuals and his life.

In the beginning of the Gospel of John, the writer is attempting to convince the Greek world that Jesus was the answer to its intellectual, social and emotional quest. He honestly points out, however, that those to whom Jesus first came did not recognize the Light nor did they receive it. Then he quickly turns the line of the argument with the word "But"—"But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." All history turns at that word "But." Many have not received or recognized the Light, but to those who have, it has shown the way out of darkness. The generation as a whole in which Jesus lived did not receive him. But to those who did, gave he power to begin the building of the Kingdom of God and to become sons of God in the experience. The successive generations of history see the same



process going on in every generation, a saving remnant has received power. There is power in creative Christianity. It is power waiting to be used. It will not force itself. This generation needs to be reminded that the greatest power in the world is not force, even military force; is not balance of Power even if that balance is held by our favorite governments; is not money, even though the money may be invested for good purposes; and is not good government even though that good government may be our democracy. The greatest power in the world is, and always has been, the power of creative, sacrificial love. All the arrangements of society and nations fail if they are not undergirded and directed by this Power.

The power upon which Jesus depended is the power we must use to build the Kingdom of God on earth. The nature of the Kingdom determines how it may come. If the Kingdom were a dictatorship, we might expect it to come by quick revolution. If the Kingdom were a victory of vengeance, we might expect it to come by dramatic world-splitting force. The Kingdom is neither of these things. It is rather the development of truth, goodness and beauty in the world, and the bringing about of right relationships among men. Truth, goodness and beauty come by slow growth

and careful cultivation. It is the task of the Sons of the Kingdom to thus build the Kingdom.

We do have the power available to build the Kingdom of love if we follow the leadership of Jesus. The greatest need of the Church today is to be more Christian, and in being more Christian to become obsessed with the conviction of the attainability of the Kingdom of God on earth and in the hearts of men.

This building of the Kingdom will not come primarily at a conference of nations, at political conventions or at world courts. As the yeast in the meal, as the seed in the soil, so spirit of God in the hearts of men. We can begin now. We can begin to cultivate the qualities of the Kingdom within our own lives. We can dedicate ourselves to the power and force of Goodwill. We can allow ourselves to become channels through which the Goodwill of God expresses itself. We can build the Kingdom and pray with sincerity, "Thy Kingdom come."

A young man of a dictator country stood before his accuser to be condemned to death because of certain Christian convictions and actions. In his defense, he referred to the Kingdom of God. The accuser sneeringly retorted, "That Kingdom of God idea may be all right eventually, but you must live

in the present. The Kingdom of God has not come yet!" The young man quietly answered in the spirit of creative Christianity when he said, "But for *me*, Sir, the Kingdom of God has come!"



☪ The art of saluting the indwelling Christ in others.

## *Resist Not Evil*

*Emmet Fox*

IF, WHEN someone is behaving badly, instead of thinking of the trouble, you will immediately switch your attention off from the human to the Divine, and concentrate upon God, or upon the Real Spiritual Self of the person in question, you will find that his conduct will immediately change. This is the secret of handling difficult people, and Jesus understood it thoroughly. If people are troublesome, you have only to change your thought about them, and then they will change too, because your own concept is what you see. This is the true revenge. It has been tried thousands and thousands, perhaps millions of times; and it never fails when properly carried out. It is often quite amusing to see it acting like clock-work. If somebody

comes into the room at home, or into the office or shop, or anywhere else, looking as if he meant to make trouble, just try switching your attention straight off to the Divine, instead of sparring up aggressively to meet the difficulty or shrinking away to avoid it, according to your temperament. You will be amused and gratified to see the anger fade away from the subject's face (which will mean that it has faded from his heart too) and quite a different expression take its place. You may find it helpful in the beginning to glance away from him while giving yourself this "treatment" but with a little practice you will be able, so to speak, to look through him to the Truth of Being.

A lady was annoyed by over-

From *The Sermon On The Mount*, Emmet Fox. Harper & Brothers, 1938. By permission.



hearing two men engaged on some repairs outside her window, who, unaware of her proximity, were indulging in very bad language. For a moment a tide of anger and contempt surged up in her mind concerning them, but, remembering this text, she instantly concentrated her attention upon the Divine Presence which she knew to be within each of them—as it is within all men. She saluted the Indwelling Christ in them, and instantaneously the offensive language ceased. She said it was as though it had been chopped off with a knife. She must have got a good realization, and in that case it is certain that both men received a substantial spiritual uplift, and may even have been permanently healed of the use of unclean language.

All those of us who have been working with spiritual laws for any length of time could cite many similar cases of harmony suddenly restored by this simple method of Jesus—that of “turning the other cheek.” I have myself seen several cases where men, and on two occasions, children, were actually fighting, and upon a spectator “turning the cheek” in this manner, the strife ceased like magic. Animals respond

even more easily to this treatment than do human beings. I have seen two instances where dogs were fighting savagely and all efforts to separate them had failed, when the realization of the Presence of God’s love in all His creatures restored peace. In one case it took several minutes’ work; in the other it was practically instantaneous.

It will sometimes happen that you will find yourself in company where the conversation is very negative, sickness and trouble being described and dwelt upon at great length, or perhaps uncharitable statements made concerning absent people. For various reasons it may be difficult for you to withdraw, and if so your duty is clear—you must mentally “turn the other cheek” and thus help both the speakers and their victims.

*Let him have thy cloak also, and go with him twain* are dramatic expressions that still further emphasize the principle of nonresistance in thought to seemingly evil conditions. Meet the attitude of fellowmen sympathetically as far as you possibly can, concede every point that is not absolutely essential, and redeem the remainder with the True Thought of Christ.



Man has little right to complain who possesses so much as one corner in the world where he may be happy or miserable as best suits him.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne

“I come in the little things,” saith the Lord. Watch, therefore, for —

## God Takes Care of The Details

Leslie D. Weatherhead

IMAGINE a professor of philosophy sitting down to his desk to work at his lecture for the following day. Like some other people I know, he cannot work at an untidy desk. So he proceeds to clear away the papers strewn upon it, papers which have been put there probably by a lady who, like someone else I know, acts on the principle, “When you don’t know what to do with pamphlets, magazines, handbills, and the rest of the clutter that gets pushed into the mailbox, put it on father’s desk.” The professor picks up a magazine published by the Paris Missionary Society. He is about to throw it into the wastebasket, when on mechanically opening it he catches the title of an article, “The Needs of the Congo Mission.” The professor reads it through and puts it down. In his diary that night, he writes the words, “My search is over.”

The professor was Dr. Albert Schweitzer, and the “chance” reading of a missionary report took one of the most scholarly and gifted men in Europe to study medicine

at the university in which he was a professor and then spend his life in Equatorial Africa. Though he has a doctor’s degree in philosophy, theology, medicine and music, his best years have been given to a mission station, Lambarene, in French Equatorial Africa.

I wonder what the person thought afterward who left the magazine in Schweitzer’s mailbox. I wonder whether he was a bit tired that afternoon and nearly decided not to bother with the remaining houses in that street. What a detail seems one magazine more or less! Yet see what an immense issue depended on it. It makes one want to do one’s best down to the last detail, doesn’t it? For there is no such thing as a detail with God. And the more we share His mind and see His world as He sees it, the less ready we are to say concerning anything, “Oh, that’s a mere detail.” So often a detail decides a destiny.

God is pouring out His omnipotence at every part of His creation, and all that happens, happens to Him. “For in Him we live, and

From *The Significance of Silence* by Leslie D. Weatherhead. Used by permission of the publisher Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, Nashville. Copyright 1945 by Whitmore & Stone.



move, and have our being." He is not looking on, like a big man from above. He is the body of which we are part. Will you misunderstand if I put it like this? He knows it is your wash day tomorrow because it is His. It is His because it is yours. Your life is an extension of His own, and, in a real sense, what happens to you happens to Him.

God, you see, is *not* like man in his activities. He is *not* a managing director who steers a business on general lines but can know no details, who does not even know the office boy's name. God is *not* like a general who directs a campaign, but knows nothing of the wounds of Private Smith, or his ultimate death, or of the sorrow of his widow. When little Margaret Smith, aged ten, learns the terrible news and soaks her pillow with tears, sobbing through the endless night because Daddy is dead, God—if it *can* be put into words—is not in heaven looking on and saying, "Well, of course, war involves casualties." Certainly he is not looking down sternly and saying, "Well, if men will do these things, they must take the consequences." God—if it can, I say, be put into words—is on that bed holding Margaret in His arms, and God is crying too. And Private Smith's wounds are His wounds, and the widow's torn heart is His own.

All persons are an extension of His personality. "For in Him we live, and move and have our being."

"Surely he hath *borne* our griefs and *carried* our sorrows." "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father." Two sparrows! Well, surely that's a detail. What about world unrest and the threat of war that would involve millions? Yes! but the millions are in His hands as well as the sparrows. "Large," "small"—they are man's words. "Infinite" means without end, and greatness *without end* doesn't measure things as we do. It is perfectly adequate to every situation. "Fear ye not therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows." Not because we are bigger, but because in the realm of creative values we can do more. Sparrows are servants, and men are sons. We are not to be conceited at the thought of sparrows, or frightened at the thought of stars, but happy that through *every* part of His creation, without regard to our labels of important or unimportant, large or small, the unceasing activity of God goes on.

In an English city some months ago a brokenhearted woman sat on a seat in a public park. Why did she go to that park that morning? Why did she sit on that seat? Next to her sat a man who was

reading a book. Why did he go to the park that morning? Why did he sit on that seat? Why was he reading that book at that time?

She looked over his book and saw the title at the head of the page. "Sir," she said, "excuse me, but the title of your book makes me wish I could read it. May I write down the name of the author?" "Certainly," said he, "but, better than that, I know the author; and, if you like, I will give you a note, and he will help you, for I see you are in trouble." So a woman was rejoined to her husband, a quarrel was healed, a home was restored, little children found happiness and their birthright—for their birthright is a home where peace reigns and where father and mother love one another—and it was a mere detail, you say, that took those two to that park and that seat and that book? I don't think so. I think it was the loving planning of God, the God of detail.

So mind how you speak of details. On what small hinges big doors swing! Look out for *spiritual significance*, not the things men call important, big, impressive. The Oxford Groupers are as right when they remain sensitive to the thought that God can guide them in "details" as they are wrong if they seek with emphasized enthusiasms to win the "important" people to their way of thinking.

What a lot of surprises there will be for us in heaven! Hudson Taylor says that in his opinion the conversion of a whole village in China depended on the prayers of an unknown woman in an English country village! I know a woman who persuaded another to begin to pray. Suppose the second marries and has a son and teaches him to pray. And supposing he is a Paul! Yet the first woman often says she does nothing for God and lives her life in humdrum details.

Let us not be "anthropomorphic" any more! Let us realize that God is greater than all our thoughts of Him based on the nature of man. If we try to think less as man does and more as God does, we shall pour our Christian spirit into every detail and see in detail thrilling adventure, new opportunities, and the signposts of God. We shall watch for His meanings and find a new romance in unsuspected significance.

He who with equal ease can make an ant or an Atlantic and who pours Himself out in all His fullness into every part of His universe, knowing nothing of a scorn for detail, asks from us that we surrender every part of life to Him, watching for His message to flash even from the trivial.

"I come in the little things," saith the Lord. Watch, therefore, for in such a detail as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.



*The Surrendered Life**Gertrude Beckwith*

God met me in the forest,  
 Away from human eye,  
 And no one saw that meeting,  
 Or heard my hungry cry.

The pine trees ceased their whispering  
 And the little birds were still  
 When God came down in might and power  
 A human heart to fill.

I'd sought Him oft in temple,  
 Alone,—and with the throng  
 In city street and highway  
 I'd sought Him oft and long.

But when I knelt in yieldedness  
 Upon the forest floor  
 The very God of heaven came down  
 To leave me nevermore.

I opened all my heart to Him,  
 It was a small crude place,  
 But every niche was glorified  
 With the radiance of his face.

God met me in the forest  
 And since that blissful hour  
 I walk a willing captive  
 To all his Grace and Power.

He filled this human vessel  
 With His own life divine  
 When I met Him in all yieldedness  
 And found that he was mine.

"If a man seek me he shall find me."

*A Clarion Call*

THE time has come for the world to go out into the wilderness and pray. Little cathedrals, little temples are hardly big enough to hold the prayer that must go up from the hearts of men. Uncharted oceans, trackless prairies, vaulted arches of pines and hemlocks, the upward sweep of the Alps, Sierras and Himalayas are needed for what is about to go up from human hearts.

Words are hardly needed in these prayers. Great silent spaces are needed—such deep silence as invite the very deepest Soul of Man to speak forth its deepest, sincerest needs. At such a time creeds, rituals, sacraments are more apt to hinder than to help, especially if they be such a kind as fence off brothers from brothers. One cannot outline, measure, or circumscribe God. Neither can one limit the means and methods of communing with Him. Every work of nature that God has created is a window through which we can see Him. To commune with a flower is to lift one's consciousness into the realms of high beauty and expectancy and awe. If we raise our consciousness high enough we shall be in contact with God.

To step into the silences in the spirit of expectancy and awe is to step into the very heart of God himself. As one looks out upon a group of friends and the spiritual love permeates his entire being, his whole consciousness opens up like a flower, petal on petal, to the Sunshine of God's love. Some folks who know these secrets are in a prayerful attitude more or less all the time. Their spirits are permeated with love and prayer.

People cannot pray while their souls are drenched in hate. God seems far away when one's heart is overwhelmed by dread and fear. Love must control our lives before we can pray. A calm and peaceful heart is as essential for one's dreams to come into the harbor as a calm and peaceful sea is essential for one's ships to come into port.

While the storms are raging in Europe and Asia it is our duty to keep the weather of our souls in the Western World clear for God's voice to come through. In times of turmoil, static develops in the souls of men. We must keep the turmoil out and hold our minds in the Peace that passeth understanding.—*God's Minutemen.*



**The Hilltop***Grace Wittenberger*

He who carries in his eyes  
The beauty of the morning skies  
Radiates expectancy  
Of all glorious things to be  
In the care of God.

He who carries in his eyes  
The memory of sunset skies  
Radiates serenity,  
Knowing the blissful reality  
Of the care of God.

So stand upon a hilltop,  
And look out toward the sun;  
When the day is dawning  
And the day is done,  
And listen to the soul sing,  
"My God and I are One!"

**Three Women and a Problem**

The problem was loneliness—three met it by means of their faith in three different ways.

Naomi solved it by retreating to the security of old heart exposures. Familiarity with the past was her way out.

Orpha solved it by remaining where she was; accepting the tragic scene and wresting new experience in an old environment. Transformation of the present was her way out.

Ruth solved it by uprooting herself and seeking healthy and healing adventure among new friends; a new home, new heart vagabondages.

So we, too, may solve our cosmic problem of the devastated world. Some will visit the haunts of yesterday and reenact their lives; some brave and patient souls will continue to occupy and make Moab and its sad, sweet memories their new lives; some intrepid spirit will move down the highway to the future—a future unknown, fascinating, and dangerously novel.

"Lo, I am with you always" is the companion call of the timeless one whether we retreat, halt, or advance.

—*Ralph Marshall Davis*

☐ After all, was he so poor and insane if this was his world?

**A Legacy***Anonymous*

IN THE pocket of an old ragged coat belonging to one of the insane patients of the Chicago poorhouse there was found, after his death, a will. According to Barbara Boyd in the *Washington Law Reporter*, the man had been a lawyer, and the will was written in a firm, clear hand on a few scraps of paper. So unusual was it that it was sent to another attorney; and so impressed was he with its contents that he read it before the Chicago Bar Association and a resolution was passed ordering it probated. And it is now on the records of Cook County, Illinois. This is the will of the old insane patient of the Chicago poorhouse:

"I, Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men:

"That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheepbound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposition of in this, my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not

at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

"Item 1. I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly but generously, as the deeds of their children shall require.

"Item 2. I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely, according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

"Item 3. I leave to boys, jointly,



all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snow-clad hills where one may coast; and all streams and ponds where one may fish, and where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. All meadows, with their clover blossoms and butterflies, thereof; the woods with their appurtenances; the squirrels and the birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places, which may be visited, together with the adventures which may there be found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance or without encumbrance or care.

"Item 4. To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatsoever they may need, as the stars in the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to convey to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"Item 5. To young men jointly, I devise and bequeath all the boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the

power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively, I give all merry songs and grave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

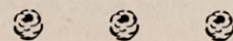
"Item 6. To men and women inclusively, upon whose shoulders I place the responsibilities of well-being and happiness of their children and loved ones, and including general welfare of communities wherein they live, I give, devise and bequeath strong and healthy bodies with sound and vigorous minds, imbued with ambitions, courage, zeal and enthusiasm to do and perform all tasks and labors entrusted to their individual cares, whatsoever they may be, thereby crowning their honest efforts with abundant remuneration for such faithful performance of their various and diverse duties.

"Item 7. And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory, and bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

"Item 8. To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children, until they fall asleep."

After all, was he so poor and insane if that was the world in

which he lived? Was he not richer than are some who go about freely and who have money in banks? At any rate, to each and every one of us he bequeaths something. Let us not fail to get our legacy.



### *Assurance*

*Vera Inez Porter*

"... But some have fallen asleep."  
I Cor. 15:6

Some people, lacking understanding,  
Say they are dead!  
They think the very quietness distressing—  
When I ask them if they are disturbed  
To gaze down upon a loved one  
Who is resting from his labors of the day,  
They say, "Of course, not!"  
I reply  
That those lying peacefully there  
Are resting from Life's Labor.  
Be assured that they cannot die  
While they are in the Memory of God—  
They are sleeping . . .  
Resting . . .  
Awaiting the day when God shall call them forth;  
As the new dawn calls us,  
Who fondly think we are alive,  
To awaken at the beginning of every new day.  
What children we are!  
We are not afraid to give our Souls over to God  
In His Infinite Wisdom every night,  
Because we lie down in Peace . . .  
In comfort . . .  
And in the secure knowledge that God will bring tomorrow—  
That He will call us back from the Unknown,



As a new day begins.  
 Never has anyone discovered where the Soul is  
 While man is asleep—  
 Yet we do not fear!  
 We are not afraid that God will desert us,  
 And not bring us safely back to a new day.  
 But for those to whom a longer night has come,  
 We say they are dead!  
 No, my Friend, they are not Dead—  
 They are merely sleeping . . .  
 Sleeping through a longer night  
 Than we personally have known!

\* \* \* \* \*

When the Trumpet *call* of *their* new dawn is sounded,  
 They will arise—

Awake!

And Arise!

To *their* new Day!



### *Whither Are We Going?*

Education is like a ship bearing us onward toward our chosen destination. Modern education is like the great ocean liner of today with its overcrowding of people, its many conveniences, its multiplicity of activities and its great speed hurrying it to its destination. While it adds much to our comfort and amusement, we lose much of beauty which the sail boat of olden times gave us. The long voyages in past days gave time for people to get past the stage of acquaintanceship to that of friendship. The slow progress gave opportunity to observe the beauties of nature and let them sink into our souls. The periods of calm when no wind bulged out the sails brought by its very stillness peace to our hearts.

So in our schools today, we have hordes of pupils, innumerable courses, extra curricula activities in ever-growing numbers and a desire to complete them with ever-increasing speed. There are no provisions made, however, for those periods of stillness and repose in which to contemplate what has been accomplished and to gather the scattered thoughts together which are necessary for progress toward a definite goal.

—C. Azella Hood

## *Jesus - The Way*

Charles W. Brashares

THE Reverend Ralph W. Sockman tells us that when movies first came to the West and portrayed the villain dragging the beautiful heroine off to some cave, the cowboys got excited and shot the screen full of holes. But that didn't halt the villain. To stop him you would have to stop the film back in the projection room. Jesus made the discovery that what is wrong with the world is not all "out there." That is largely a projection of what is wrong "in here." Jesus tracked the evils of the world down to their lair in the human heart.

We must begin our offensive against evils without by finding God's will within. That is Jesus' way.

It would be interesting to hang, side by side, pictures of the world as we see it and as Jesus saw it. Some of us imagine that powerful evils rule the world, so that a speck of good is always in danger of its life. Jesus believed that this is the Father's world: Lies are temporary; truth is eternal. Hate is transient; love never ceases. Evil is a passing darkness; God's goodness is eternal. If we are to live Jesus'

way we must see God's world as God sees it. Jesus saw a world completely filled with the presence of God, and directed by him except for the will of man. We need to know a God-filled world.

Jesus saw God everywhere. And Jesus saw that God was everywhere interested in helping his children.

Isn't it too bad that we haven't dictionaries to tell us in real terms just what words really mean? When a cold man looks for "fire" in the dictionary, he finds only a little cold black print and not real fire that will warm his hands and cheer his soul. When a lonesome man looks in the dictionary for "love," he does not find there the old home circle. There ought to be a place where we could find great words and good words in living form. In Jesus, all the great words come alive: courage and kindness, sympathy and strength, justice and love all at their best.

If we could only see our earthly life in relationship to what comes after it, we would see that this little human existence, with its disappointments, its sufferings, and death, may be infinitely more than

From *The Christian Advocate*, July 8, 1943.



we have dreamed. But we must see it as Jesus saw it when he said, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I

go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

We know that he was speaking of the life eternal.



### A Parable

of

The Acorn and the Pebble

An acorn and a pebble nestled close underground.

"You're silly to try to be a tree," said the pebble; "why, you're no bigger than I am, and a tree is a million times larger. You're only a little nut! You're not even shaped like a tree! Why do you think you can be one?"

"I desire to," said the acorn.

"What's 'desire'?" scoffed the pebble.

"A desire is the prophecy of what you can be," said the acorn. "A sunbeam told me that last summer."

"You're just a silly dreamer," sneered the pebble.

And the pebble remained a pebble, and the acorn became a tree!



### My Prayer

Margaret Thomford

O God of all creation, I am so filled with the wonder of Thy love, Thy care, Thy dream for me that in gratitude and trust I would open my mind, heart and soul to Thy guidance. Each hour, each moment of the day may I in all humility seek to be Thy messenger, that Thy dream for me may be fulfilled. May I not fail Thee. As the leaf is sensitive to the slightest breeze so may my spirit be moved by Thy eternal spirit and may I be an instrument of Thy peace in the building of the Kingdom of God on earth.

Every period of business disaster has been preceded by a period when the human race threw out the Golden Rule.

## Salesman of Good Will

By Verne F. Ryland

NO CUSTOMER ever ceases to deal with a firm unless he has a reason for doing so. Several of my friend's very best customers have stopped seeing him, and he is only faintly concerned. He is confident that they will be back at *his* convenience.

He could be wrong.

If only my friend were concerned, it would not make much difference, but the attitude seems to be very common among businessmen today. You will note that I have not mentioned help shortage, material shortage, or any of the other things that are commonly given as excuses for the seeming indifference. That is not the point.

If you need to be convinced, you will find that every period of business disaster has been preceded by a period when the human race threw out the Golden Rule and substituted the Rule of Gold.

Strangely enough, it is not in the period when disaster threatens us that we need to remember the Golden Rule. For some reason we humans finally decide with some common sense that we are all in

the same boat and that the Golden Rule keeps us afloat. But let us near the port of success and we forget easily.

We are much like the fisherman who took the minister out in the Gulf of Mexico for a fishing trip, carrying with him his trusty bottle.

While the two were out there in the gulf a violent storm came up. The boat was almost swamped. The minister prayed quietly as he bailed. After a while the fisherman followed suit — but loudly. He repented of many things and offered to reform. At the height of his distress he offered to stop drinking.

In a little while the storm was over. The minister said a short prayer of thanks. But the fisherman grumbled and swore with such vehemence that the minister finally reproved him and asked, "Aren't you thankful that you are safe?"

"Sure," retorted the fisherman, "but I got so excited I threw my bottle away!"

Most of us are apt to emulate the fisherman, and no good intention is good at all unless carried out.

From *Good Business* magazine, November 1944. By Permission.



Some companies that were faced with the prospect of having nothing to sell have kept their men on the road as best they could. On the train a short time ago I talked to a salesman who now covers nine States instead of his prewar three. I knew his company; knew that they had been engaged in war work.

"But what do you sell?" I asked curiously.

"Nothing," he said. "I have nothing to sell—but I am giving away a lot of good will. And," he added, "it is a wonderful experience. I never realized before how much a regular customer likes to be thought of as just that, a regular customer. When I go back to my own territory after the war, I shall never again think of a customer as an order of merchandise."

This good-will salesmanship—is it just a cultivation of the main chance? Perhaps you may look at it that way. But I think this salesman's experience points to a better way of doing business. After all, our business structure is such that we must have customers, and we must make a profit. We can make it only in terms of dollars if we wish; but why not profit in terms of good will also?

It might be a good idea to type out that little admonition called the Golden Rule and slip it under the glass on our desk.

Would this be self-seeking? No. I think it is a wonderful sign that a Christian attitude toward our customers should pay off in coin of the realm, and also in good will and friendship.



### *Brothers in Arms*

"Never shall I forget that military cemetery. It was in England. Freshly dug graves, row on row of white crosses interspersed with Stars of David. There they lay, officers and enlisted men, black and white; death is indeed the great leveler. I stopped before one of the graves; it had both a cross and a Star of David. Seven identification tags were attached to one marker. The chaplain who accompanied me said that here in this common grave lay the bodies of seven men, Christians and Jews, who had met their fate together and whose bodies were so commingled that they could not be separated. These men fought and died together. They might have lived and together have helped build that better world for which they gave their lives. Those of us who survive must match in life what they exemplified in death."

—B. B. Brickner

☐ Is there nothing specific about prayer? Yes, Jesus set forth three laws to guide you.

## *Laws of Prayer*

*Starr Daily*

A LETTER came recently which read in part: "We have plenty of illustrations, and descriptions, and examples of prayer, including the Lord's Prayer. But a prayer method that works for one may not work for another. Is there nothing specific about prayer? Are there no definite laws of prayer which are all-inclusive?"

The answer is Yes. Jesus set forth three laws to guide the individual in his prayer life. And we can always rely upon Jesus.

1. "Ask and it shall be given you." This is the first law of prayer. It is given to those who are just starting out on the spiritual path. It is the law for the novice in prayer, the casual dabbler and the occasional petitioner. It is not the prayer law that governs the disciple or the steadfast hero in the prayer life. But it is the prayer law for the unstable. God encourages and incites these with phenomenal answers, such as health, supply, prosperity, and other signs and wonders. By this method He woos them back to prayer when they need something to satisfy their

creature demands. The motive power behind this petition is essentially self or creature interest. So long as His answers come they continue to pray. God gives them the answers, because it is the only way He can coax them on toward the next law of prayer. By and by they become sated, as it were, on the external demonstrations of prayer, and a yearning is born to go deeper in search of more inward answers and satisfactions, for outward manifestations of prayer will finally fail to satisfy. Thus God entices the casual prayer dabbler into the realm of the next prayer law.

2. "Seek, and ye shall find." This is the second law of prayer. It is the prayer law which governs those who are approaching the horizon of spiritual reality. Now sated on external answers to prayer, they begin to search restlessly for internal values. Here the ego-pull begins to decrease and the soul-pull to increase. In this transition there is considerable frustration and conflict. By this frustration and conflict God's purposes are served, for the conflict only makes the seeker

From a Group Letter of *The Daily Workshop*, Alhambra, California.



more determined in his feverish search for inner satisfactions. So furious, in fact, may his seeking become that he may try to take the Kingdom by violence. He will become abnormal in his manner, take up freakish fads in dress and diet. He will impose harsh, unnatural disciplines upon himself, mortify his flesh, war against his appetites, preach what he cannot live. He will meditate and pray hours on end, become anti-social, a bane to his family and friends. Literally he will become a spiritual vagabond seeking after the internal gifts of God. He may in the desperate process develop a Messiah or Savior complex, and feel that he is specially selected to save the world. He will seek everywhere, in the sacred books and in the spiritual literature. He will seek in nature and human nature. He will seek in service projects in the churches and the cults, until finally he is prepared to surrender himself and yield to the next law of prayer.

3. "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." This law of prayer is the beginning of discipleship. It is the prayer of importunity, or perseverance. This law of prayer is in reality God's testing law for the disciple. Here the sincerity, honesty, and earnestness of the petitioner is put to the acid test. It is easy to pray when the answers come quickly. It is easy to pray

when one is flushed with the excitement of the quest. But the real test is to continue steadfast in prayer when nothing ever seems to come of it either externally or internally, and when it all seems barren, unreal, dull and dry. When you can pray the prayer of importunity, encouraged by nothing more than the prayer act itself, accepting the prayer act as its own reward, then you may be classified as a disciple of Jesus. Now you will want nothing of God. You will have nothing and be nothing. At this place you are in a position to have everything and be everything. Before you reach the third law of prayer, about the best you can do is to be a disciple of a disciple. But a disciple cannot save a disciple, nor give him satisfaction.

These are three laws of prayer as Jesus stated them. They are all good laws, and each in its own way produces fruit after its kind in the petitioner's life. The laws are progressive, and one should grow naturally out of asking to seeking and finally into knocking, or into praying ceaselessly for the joy that is in prayer alone, apart from the gifts and values of prayer.

In the process there is no need to become abnormal or in any way unnatural. Jesus was and is the most normal and natural, the most completely sane person who lives or who ever lived. In the seeking

stage, all freakish attitudes and curious displays of conduct should be avoided. Oddities in behavior, strange and unusual manners in diet and dress ought to be short circuited instantly when the urge comes to embrace them. I'm quite sure that Jesus smiles and bows in approval to Fritz Kunkel's title, "Let's Be Normal." We cannot shout ourselves into the Kingdom, nor can we get in by sham and burlesque, nor by noisy and grotesque exhibitions of piety. Anything that

violates the tranquility of reverence is a closed door to the Kingdom, and that door cannot be blasted open by any pretenses or imitations, however sincere they seem to be.

In quietness and confidence let us use all three laws of prayer. When in need of creature blessings let us ask in faith. When in need of spiritual values let us seek in normal ways. When desirous of the heroism of discipleship let us steadfastly importune in prayer.



### *The Challenge*

*James Guthrie McElhinney*

I dream of tasks so great they challenge us  
To summon all our powers to meet the need  
Of reconciling man to man, the world  
Around, the golden rule replacing greed.

I dream of battles, not on fields of blood  
But in the halls where laws are made, in courts,  
At council tables and in leagues of peace,  
That take the place of battleships and forts.

I dream of victories for justice, truth  
And righteousness, a gladsome day when right  
Shall reign in hearts of men and rulers great,  
When love shall conquer hatred in the fight.



The aim of prayer is to attain to the habit of goodness, so as no longer merely to have the things that are good, but rather to be good.

—*Clement of Alexandria*



## *Solve Your Own Problems*

By Grenville Kleiser

These paraphrased suggestions are from a little pamphlet published years ago by Horatio W. Dresser.

1. **Take the problem of illness into your own hands.** Examine it in detail. Try earnestly to find the solution for yourself.

2. **Strike at the root of waste energy.** If you are overdoing anything, talking, reading, working, reduce such activities. Slow down. Learn to loaf occasionally.

3. **Be quiet within.** Realize how different your life can be when it is characterized by mental poise, moderation, composure, self-control and wise use of energy.

4. **Recognize your divine birthright.** God never intended you to be sick. Think of yourself as establishing connection with God, with His ever-present, illimitable mind. Relax inwardly and make room for Him. Somehow God will flow into you and do His work.

5. **Do everything with exaggerated slowness.** Resolutely check undue haste and anxious thought. Choose wisely your course of action.

6. **Banish all interior friction.** Take control of your mental forces and use them aright. Think of yourself as a spiritual being, endowed by God to be well and happy. Come to consciousness. Identify yourself with Him.

7. **Fix your mind on an ideal.** Picture it clearly and definitely, then apply yourself earnestly to its accomplishment. Let the ideal be a reasonable one.

8. **Isolate yourself from your illness.** Do not talk about it to others and try not to dwell upon it. Think of the soul in terms of its ideal possibilities, its superior powers. You have been a mental prisoner. You are now to enter a free and larger world of active usefulness. Your new mode of life will make for poise and harmony.

9. **Keep your mind in repose.** Develop a consciousness of the presence of God as the point of dependence for yourself, for your ideas, and for your daily affairs. The burden of self-direction will be lifted from your personal self. This will free both mind and body.

10. **Be true to the best you know.** This is your high ideal. If you do your best, you cannot do more. Do your best every day and your life will gradually expand into satisfying fullness.

## *Religion At Work*

Maeanna Cheserton-Mangle

### I.

Thorp Street, in Chicago, took things pretty much in its own hands recently when a Negro family moved into one of its tenements. The reception was in the form of broken windows and ominous notes as to what was yet to come.

Young Douglas Cedarleaf, of the Erie Chapel Presbyterian Church, was proud of his congregation that numbers many Negroes among the flock, and he was furious at the outrageous treatment of his colored parishioners. That Sunday he preached on "Vandalism in Thorp Street." Then he asked some of his congregation to escort the family home. They arose as one and marched behind the stars and stripes to their friends' home. At the doorstep they paused while Mr. Cedarleaf held forth again. Attracted by the singing of the old hymn, "Lift Every Voice," the neighbors listened; some from the windows, some joining the crowd. Before the day was done Thorp Street had resolved to become friends with their new neighbors.

### II.

When the city of Brussels, Belgium, was liberated from the Germans, a British Chaplain moved in to take charge of the Scottish Presbyterian Church which had been a landmark for generations. Allied troops coming down the street were greeted by the ringing of the church bells which had been silent all through the occupation. Their wonderment was appeased when it was found that a Catholic woman, living nearby, had personally guarded the Presbyterian property from pilfering and vandalism, and as soon as the Germans had gone she led her neighbors in, forcing the doors, and cleaned the interior and opened the belfry.

Later the Royal Air Force men repaired the roof, and the Belgian Westinghouse Company presented a complete new unit for a heating system. The whole community came to worship at the first service that was held.

### III.

Camp Eva, of the Jewish Women's Clubs Council, is not just a summer camp. All winter the members—250 women in all—meet for study, play and work. Recently when the Forest Neighborhood House in New York was opened under an interracial board, the Council registered for membership in the House. Their camp reunion was held this Spring, and their dancing rehearsals are held regularly at the House. This week it was announced that an interracial class is to be held with the Negro mothers of the district who are interested in folk dancing.

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