

The **NEW CHURCH MESSENGER**



November 23, 1938

In This Issue

Another Thanksgiving

William H. Beales

Back to Nature

Gwynne Dresser Mack

**The Proposed Uses of the
Temple of Religion**

The Alliance Page

**A Page for the Younger People
From Our Readers**

Price 10 cents

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Thanks, for What?

ON Thanksgiving Day this nation returns thanks to Almighty God for material and spiritual blessings. Not only do we express gratitude for preservation during the past year but for the plentiful harvest that gives us an assurance of food during the ensuing twelve months.

Amid our rejoicing, emphasis is placed, of course, upon the harvest of material things. We are glad to do voluntarily what the Israelites did by Divine command. "Thou shalt keep . . . the feast of harvest, the first fruits of thy labours, which thou hast sown in the field: and the feast of ingathering, which is in the end of the year, when thou hast gathered in thy labours out of the field."

The Israelites could easily recognize the fruits of their harvest. Increase of cattle, returns from field and orchard, material for garments—these almost entirely comprised their yearly gains. For us, not only is life more complicated; the harvest is richer and more varied. We enjoy material and intellectual blessings of which ancient people never dreamed. Mechanical transport by land, sea and air. Homes that contain comforts unknown to monarchs of bygone days. Education for all people. Libraries free to all comers. Medical

and surgical treatment for all sufferers. All these blessings, renewed to us from year to year are part of our harvest and should evoke our gratitude to the Lord. For these things even the least privileged of our people should be thankful.

Among our greatest blessings we should count the religious and political freedom we enjoy. These are treasures weightier and more valuable than material things. Only in a few really democratic nations, notably in our own, do these things still remain to the people. Amid our rejoicing on Thanksgiving Day some thought should be given to these blessings. In the recent elections the people exercised their rightful freedom and many of them voted against the policies of the present government. In totalitarian countries such votes would be marked out for immediate punishment. In Germany, Italy and Russia a vote against a dictator would mean prison or the firing squad for the voter. The only political freedom existing in those countries is the freedom to endorse the policies of the rulers. The lesson to be learned from the American elections on November 8 is not that of a return to two-party government, it is that of thankfulness for political freedom. No one can claim that in the United

States all things pertaining to government are perfect, but judged by the standard of political liberty enjoyed in totalitarian states the United States of America is heaven contrasted with hell.

Nor should our religious freedom pass unnoticed. Protestant prejudice may operate against the election of a Roman Catholic president. But the idea that the White House is reserved for Protestants is the outcome of prejudice, and not of any legal hindrance. As an illustration of religious freedom we may note the fact that New York State has a Jewish governor, and the mayor of New York City had a Jewish mother. If Governor Lehman and Mayor LaGuardia lived in Germany the chances are that to-day they would be penniless exiles or prisoners in a concentration camp.

Prominent among our thanksgiving rejoicing should be our recognition of civil, religious and political freedom. Not only should we thank the Lord for these blessings, but we should realize our duty to preserve them. Constant vigilance is the price of freedom. We shall not be sincerely grateful to the Lord unless we set our hearts and minds resolutely against all political and religious intolerance. The first field for our efforts is in our own hearts. The incarnation of the Lord was effected for the preservation of our spiritual freedom. The result of spiritual freedom is liberty in civil, political and religious life. The basis of this can be found in Paul's words to the men of Athens:

"The God who made the earth and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands;

"Neither is he served by men's hands, as though he needed any thing, seeing he giveth to all, life and breath and all things;

"And hath made of one all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation;

"That they should seek God, if perhaps they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us;

"For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring."

The Temple of Religion

WHILE religious intolerance in Germany is seeking to blot out the Jewish religion and, indeed, all religion that will not give ready approval to all governmental policies, the people of the U. S. A. are responding to a project to build a temple of religion at the New York World's Fair. This temple, planned as a place of rest and quiet meditation, is to be erected by the joint efforts of Protestants, Catholics and Jews. It is to cost \$250,000. As the first contribution to this sum Mr. John D. Rockefeller has subscribed \$25,000. In addressing one hundred and fifty business men on the occasion of the inauguration of the fund, Mr. Rockefeller told them that, "Countless as are the needs of the present world, none is greater than its need of spiritual power; something to lift man above the sordidness of materialism; something to cause him to look out, not in; up, not down; to help him to turn the defeat of his selfish purposes into victorious living for others."

Civilization has a choice to make, he added, whether to put faith in mankind or in God. This country, unquestionably, will put its faith in God, Mr. Rockefeller continued, but warned against "allegiance to any religion that is insincere or intolerant, that is narrow or divisive."

That temple at the World's Fair will stand not only as a symbol of religion but as one of tolerance and sympathy for men of all faiths that foster the acknowledgment of and obedience to the one true God.

During the past twenty years a great change has taken place in the religious thought of people in democratic countries. The intense rivalry that once characterized the people of different faiths and the mutual suspicion that existed between the various Christian denominations have given place to a spirit of tolerance and brotherly cooperation. Future historians will doubtless regard this as one of the most progressive steps of the present age. One shudders to think of the verdict of future historians on the persecution of the Jews now being perpetrated in Germany. Not since the Turkish

atrocities against the Armenians in 1894, that evoked W. E. Gladstone's phrase "the unspeakable Turk," has the world witnessed such cold-blooded religious persecution as that for which the German government is responsible to-day. Gladstone said that the murderous Turk stank in the nostrils of all the decent people of the world. If he were still living on earth he would probably be able to coin suitable phrases in

which to describe the religious persecution of to-day.

The temple of religion at the World's Fair will stand symbolic of religious freedom and tolerance. It will testify to what is best in our common humanity. The New Churchman will take a more extended view as he remembers that the temple at Jerusalem was a prophetic symbol of the Divine Human.

A. W.

Another Thanksgiving

By William H. Beales

THANKSGIVING DAY again! And now, as we prepare to enjoy this truly New World festival, we follow back, in thought, through nearly three centuries of Thanksgiving Days, to the late autumn of 1621, and we find ourselves among the Pilgrim Fathers. They have passed through the hardships of a winter, and enjoyed the loveliness of spring and summer, and now the glory of the fall days has come. They have reaped their meagre, but sufficient harvest, and their hearts are filled with gratitude to the God who has blessed them with His bounty. But let one of their own number tell of this first Thanksgiving Day. Edward Winslow, one of the company, and later governor of the new colony, is writing to a friend back in England. His letter reads, in part:

"You shall understand that, in the little time that a few of us have been here, we have built seven dwelling-houses and four for the use of the plantation, and have made preparation for divers others. We set last spring some twenty acres of Indian corn, and sowed some six acres of barley and peas, and, according to the manner of the Indians; we manured our ground with herrings, or rather shads, which we have in great abundance, and take with great ease at our doors. Our corn did well: and, God be praised, we have a good increase in Indian corn, and our barley indifferent good, but our peas not worth the gathering.

"Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men on fowling, so that we might after special manner rejoice together after we

had gathered in the fruit of our labor. They four in one day killed as many fowls as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week, at which time, among other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming among us, and among the rest, their greatest king, Massasoit, with some ninety men—who went and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation. And, although it is not always so plentiful as it was at this time, with us, yet by the goodness of God, we are so far from want that we wish you partakers of our plenty."

What a dinner! and what a company! that first Thanksgiving Day. Governor Bradford and the old Indian king at the head of the table; ninety Indian braves and their white hosts, headed by Miles Standish. Tables loaded down with wild turkey, goose, ducks and all manner of good things, and between the feasting, games and trials of skill between the Indians and the colonists. A wonderful time of Thanksgiving, and the first of a long line of Thanksgivings to follow.

Not all of them as happy, nor as blessed with the bounty of God, as this first. We go forward to December 17, 1777. The Revolutionary Army is "digging in" at Valley Forge, General George Washington has issued the "Orders for the Day." We are privileged to read part of these "Orders":

"Tomorrow being the day set apart by the honorable Congress for public thanksgiving and praise, and duty calling us devoutly to

express our grateful acknowledgment to God for the manifold blessings He has granted us, the General directs that the army remain in its present quarters, and that the chaplains perform Divine Service with their corps and brigades: and he earnestly exhorts all officers and soldiers, whose absence is not indispensably necessary, to attend with reverence, the solemnities of the day."

Eleven thousand war-weary men, ill-clad, under-nourished, facing the rigors of a winter which would carry many of them to their last resting-place and bring sickness and suffering, so that the fighting-strength would be cut nearly in two before spring—"devoutly expressing their acknowledgment to God for the manifold blessings He had granted them." The true spirit of "Thanksgiving Day." And, to throw a sidelight upon the conditions at that time, we read, from the "Orderly book," on the next page, of how the men are to be divided into parties of twelve, and are to begin building huts, as shelters against the stormy days to come: and of how, "as an encouragement to industry and art," Washington promises to reward the party in each regiment which finishes its hut first, in workmanlike manner, "with a gift of twelve dollars"—one dollar for each of the twelve men on the "team."

While it is a "good thing to give thanks unto the Lord," it is also interesting to realize that the Lord does not make this thanksgiving a condition of the granting of His material blessings. Seed-time and harvest follow in the order of creation; the hand of the Creator is opened to bestow His benefactions, whether the hearts of His children are raised in gratitude or not. The Lord does not wait to be asked, before He sends the rain and the sunshine; He has made these part of the world in which we live. He does not wait until He is petitioned, before He sends the increase of the fields; this is part of the economy of the material world, although we know they come from Him as the Giver. In all that affects our physical lives here upon earth, the laws of Divine Providence operate unceasingly for our good, even though hosts of human beings fail to recognize that fact. He calls upon us, in His Word, to return thanks to Him, but He does not *demand* that we shall observe "Thanksgiving Day" each

year, as a condition of the continuance of His bounty. For that would mean compulsion, and genuine gratitude is never associated with anything of compulsion. The good and evil, the thankful and the thankless, all have certain physical needs, which must be met if we are to live upon this earth, and the Lord meets these needs irrespective of the spiritual states of those benefitted. "He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth His rain on the just and on the unjust." So it ever is, and ever will be, with the Lord's material bounties.

But in respect to the deeper, richer, and fuller gifts of the Lord—His spiritual blessings, the situation is quite different. These can be given only to those who look to Him, who acknowledge Him as Saviour, and who seek to live according to His teachings. He seeks to send down the sunshine of His Divine Love, and the gentle rain of His Divine Truth into every human life, but, unlike the sunshine and the rain of this world, these can be given only to those who desire them, and seek after them. The barns and storehouses of this world may be filled to overflowing; the cattle may multiply "upon a thousand hills:" the trees may fling forth the glory and the beauty of a season of wonderful growth—yet in the hearts of men there may be a spiritual famine, and in the higher regions of the mind, nothing but a barren waste.

The true spirit of Thanksgiving Day, then, is much more than the mere rejoicing over the increase of the fields and the orchards, of the factory and the workshop. It has its roots deep within the heart. It partakes of the nature of that thankfulness which filled the heart of Washington at Valley Forge, as he faced privation and want, and was oppressed with the deepest anxiety, yet, in spite of all this, called on his troops to thank God "for the manifold blessings He has granted us." For us, to-day, it must have its very beginnings in gratitude for the knowledge which the Lord has granted to us of Himself and His Word; for life itself, with its countless opportunities for service; for the vision of the life beyond, and for the power to attain to "the measure of a man, that is, of an angel." These are among

the Lord's greatest blessings, and they call for the sincere gratitude of our hearts to Him who in love has so graciously bestowed them.

When such gratitude fills the higher regions of the mind, it will surely descend and fill the lower planes also, with the pleasantness of its aroma, just as the incense, when sprinkled upon the live coals of the altar, filled the tent of the Tabernacle. Then we shall be able to look out upon the world with eyes which have been opened indeed, for we shall see in the ripened harvest the visible evidences of the loving kindness of the Heavenly Father; the fields will sing to us of His everlasting goodness; the cattle upon the hillsides will bear witness to His wonderful Providence and care, and in the crimson and gold of the forest trees we shall see the evidence of sheer joy that once again the Lord of Life has fulfilled His ancient promise that "seedtime and harvest shall not cease" upon the earth.

Yes, the Lord, in His Word, counsels us to return thanks to Him, for His goodness, and it reads almost as though this were a command; but we know that it is only for our good that such counsel is given. We are told in the Writings: "The Lord does indeed demand humiliation, adoration and thanksgiving, and many other things from man—but He does not demand them for His own sake, for the Divine has no glory from man's humiliation, adoration and thanksgiving. They are for the sake of the man himself, for when a man is in (these states) he can receive good from the Lord, because he has then been separated from the love of self and its evils—and then the Lord can flow in with heavenly good."

Keep Thanksgiving Day? Yes. Observe it with the joy of those early Pilgrims as they feasted together with their Indian friends long ago, and thanked God for His goodness to them in the new land. Observe it with the deeper gratitude of Washington, at Valley Forge, who could face bitter trial and hardship, and the uncertainty and darkness of the future, with a prayer of thanksgiving upon his lips and in his heart, to Almighty God, "for the manifold blessings He has granted us." And with the still deeper thankfulness which should fill our hearts to-day, for the sure knowledge of His

almighty power to help and to save, and all of the wonders which He has revealed to us in this the day of His Second Coming. Thankfulness that we have been permitted to be partakers of that knowledge and of the new life which He gives. Surely the Psalmist spoke truly: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever."

Thanksgiving

By Arthur Guiterman

THE mountains with their grandeur worship
God,

The seas with power, the birds that cleave
the air

With flight and song, the rose and goldenrod
With loveliness, and we with love and prayer.

And what of earth but renders thanks and
praise

For all the earth holds dear, for each fair
goal,

For bounty, vigor, peace, and length of days?
The soul gives thanks for what God gives the
soul.

Give thanks for that great voice which bids man
strive

Against all evil, thrusting self aside;

Give thanks for that deep force which keeps
alive

Pure zeal for truth, wherever truth may hide.

Give thanks for strength to bear whatever
scathe

And grief may come with cheer and hardi-
hood;

Give thanks for constant, death-defying faith
That some day we shall see how all was good.

CEASE therefore to inquire in thyself what are the good works that I may do, or what good shall I do that I may receive eternal life. Only abstain from evils as sins, and look to the Lord, and the Lord will teach thee and lead thee.—(A. E. 979.)

Back to Nature

By Gwynne Dresser Mack

WE are so impatient, nowadays! Time seems so hugely important; clocks supervise our busy-ness as if they were big bosses rather than the mere conveniences they were intended to be. Watch people in the subway, running like mad, shoving others aside for fear of missing this particular train and having to take the next one, two minutes later. Watch automobile drivers halted by a red light, fidgeting at the delay, inching forward, leaping onward even before the light turns green. Notice a string of cars behind someone driving placidly; enjoying the countryside—loud honks, rude stares, disgusted expressions, as the drivers behind swerve in and out precariously in their frantic efforts to go faster. Look at the faces of women at store-counters, nerve-racked at having to wait for a clerk. Go into any large city drug-store at noon, and see the crowds sitting on stools, or not even bothering to sit, gulping down sandwiches that have been thrown together in less than a twinkling.

Why all the hurry? What are we hurrying to, or for? What do we do with the accumulated minutes that we save? Or *think* we save—for actual tests have proved that an automobile driving slowly and carefully through the city arrives at its destination hardly a minute or two later than one that has rushed the entire way. This hurrying, then, is usually not a purposive thing to save time for a definite reason, or to accomplish more in life. It is only an expression of impatience. And impatience, in turn, is an expression of irritability, of jangled wrought-up nerves and a tired tenseness of mind and spirit. Incessant hurry is a bad habit which leads into a vicious circle; produced by nervous excitement and fatigue, it in turn develops them further.

But what causes this high-strung condition, in the first place? Who can say? Life is so complex nowadays! A newspaper editor in remote Tibet once suggested that all the troubles of the world could be solved by abolishing the wheel. What a simple statement! Yet could we with a sweep of the hand dismiss the wheel

from our scheme of living, with a vast roar of collapsing machinery would vanish all that we call civilization; and man would once again roam the world afoot, clad in furs, rising and sleeping with the sun. Yes, most of the world's problems would have vanished, too. And certainly mankind would no longer hurry and rush!

Someone once wrote a delightful story about suburban life after a strange atmospheric disturbance had shut off all electricity. At first it seemed a major calamity. Life just could not go on, without electricity! But, as the citizenry found that it still lived, in spite of the sudden halt in daily business, it began to make wonderful discoveries. Neighbors became acquainted, people began to feel rested, they noticed that there was an out-of-doors and that it was beautiful. In short, everybody suddenly became happy and friendly, and began to appreciate all the things which they had been too hurried to notice before.

And did you hear about the wealthy woman who equipped her mansion with every labor-saving device invented—filled it with electrical gadgets to make life pleasant and easy? And added a large staff of servants to take care of the gadgets. But the lady found it so arduous to keep track of all her gadgets and servants—to keep the servants efficient and the gadgets in repair—that she was worried into an exhaustion and had to go away somewhere to live simply and quietly for a while.

In New York City, a year ago, there was a "service" strike. Among other inconveniences, no elevators ran. People who worked or lived in skyscrapers had to go up and down via good old fashioned stairways. This was devastating for some; but others took it in good humor, gallantly climbed and climbed, and presently found that it could even be fun. Since no one *could* get anywhere on time, being on time was no longer important. Men with soft flabby muscles, after a few gasps and groans, admitted that it was pretty good exercise and just what they needed. People who

had lived in the same apartment house for years without ever nodding to one another, met on the stairs like old friends and stopped at one another's apartments for coffee and a rest. Thus, when it all at once became impossible to hurry hither and yon, hurrying ceased to matter and people found time at last to be gracious and jolly and appreciative. Strange that nothing short of dreadful inconvenience or disaster seems able to bring this relaxation about!

Yet not quite *all* the world is tossing in a fever of impatient rush. Our west and south-west are noted for their leisurely, easy-going ways. An easterner, used to starting across streets whenever the spirit moves, elbowing his way through streams of traffic, would be puzzled to see pedestrians in western towns wait quietly on the corner, even with no automobile in sight, until the lights indicated that now pedestrians might cross. Again think of our drug stores at lunch time, with people lined up two-deep waiting their turn to gobble and run. Then think of Geneva, one of the world's great cities, where the streets are practically deserted at noon, the stores closed, and the city enveloped in an aura of peace and quiet—because everyone has gone to lunch. Think of Chicago with its din and hard modern brightness; then think of Paris. It, too, is teeming with people and busses, business and noise; but it is a much more restful noise because it is made by persons in less of a hurry. Perhaps European cities are less turbulent than American because they are older, as elderly people are more at repose than youth. Perhaps our western cities are more leisurely than eastern ones because they are younger, as children are more relaxed in their activities than grown-ups are. Or maybe the whole difference lies in environment.

Our west is still close to nature, to things of the world not made by man. The sky and sunlight, on the Pacific coast, are not blotted out by skyscrapers, nor are the homes smothered by perpetual blankets of smoke. In a land where snowy mountains look down into city streets whose curbstones are abloom with roses, where even the poorest shack is bedecked with flowers and greenery, how could one feel habitually nervous and impatient?

Deep in the hearts of most city dwellers lies

a longing to get "back to nature," to escape to the great open spaces or to some unspoiled desert isle. Many people do it, even if only for week-ends or summers—leave their luxurious urban homes to toil and sweat on some uncomfortably primitive acreage. And how they love it! At home they would not for a minute tolerate the blisters and mosquito bites, the hard beds and canned beans; nor would they dream of digging, painting, hammering, chopping wood. Yet under the spell of a rural retreat, these pains and hardships seem negligible. For something else is there, so deeply satisfying as to change entirely one's outlook on life, to melt away one's capacity for annoyance. The effect is that of getting back to nature *mentally* as well as physically, away from the swarms of man-made structure with their very human and finite atmosphere, to the divinely created earth and its wise silence, to an infinity of sky and its eternal stars.

Out in the dreaming meadows where daisies bloom by a law not of their making, where brooks run from hidden springs, and trees unfold their myriad leaves in serene obedience to Something beyond their own intelligence—here one comes close to the Source of all strength and peace. Man cannot come close if he surrounds himself with things which he himself has made, for then he is too dazzled by his own achievements. It is only that part of the world not invented by human beings—the mountain ranges, the deep-rooted forests, the bottomless lakes and the surging seas—that can give man true perspective, and consciousness of the Power without which he could neither will nor think.

One cannot lie for long in soft grass beneath a large oak tree, looking into fathomless sky, without losing interest in personal problems and worries. One cannot sit in a moonlit pasture without feeling in harmony with the universe. And when this happens, one cannot hurry.

For hurry is born of insecurity, of fear and stress and external pressure; and these abound wherever men become engrossed with turning wheels. Life without wheels would not be desirable, certainly; but often one could wish that the wheels might rest, and let men rest and renew themselves with the influx of Peace

for which they blindly yearn. The longing to get "back to nature" is the need of a child for its parents, the need of man for his Creator, and for the calm and strength that are only found in a Love and Wisdom greater than one's own.

The Proposed Uses of the Temple of Religion

FROM the Director of Publicity we have received the following information as to the uses to be performed by the Temple:

Although there will be no interdenominational or denominational services of a ritualistic nature, the "universal appeal of the Temple to people of all faiths will give wide opportunity for many varied programs," it is pointed out in a statement of plans issued by the Temple's board of directors.

Some of the basic principles to be observed in the formation of the program during the operating period of the World's Fair have been enunciated as follows:

"(a) To provide the most vital expression possible of the value the American people place on the spiritual in their lives.

"(b) To reassert affirmatively American devotion to those principles of religious freedom which the Constitution embodies, and thus to cause a new realization in our own people and in those of the world that America considers religious freedom an essential and integral part of the democratic form of government.

"(c) To illustrate the role that religion has played, and should continue to play, in America as a dominant factor in the moral, family, social, political, educational and economic spheres.

"(d) To seek out methods of projecting this religious heritage into the future.

"(e) To demonstrate that men may differ deeply in religious belief while maintaining mutual respect and working together as American citizens in common undertakings, with a view to the establishment of a social order in which the religious ideals of brotherhood and justice shall be the standards of human relationships."

Although denominational meetings, as distin-

guished from denominational services, may be held, it is pointed out, their programs "are to be based on positive assertion, not on negations nor are they to be propagandistic in the destructive sense."

No program, sponsored by such groups or by the Temple's directors, will seek uniformity, union or amalgamation of religious bodies, or modification of the distinctive beliefs of any religion or individual. Neither will the Temple provide space for so-called religious exhibits, nor will it be associated with anything of a commercial nature.

Convocations and meetings, music, and pageants and drama are announced as the "three salient aspects" of the projected program. Many of the convocations, meetings, and so forth, will be planned by the Temple Corporation's board of directors in order to stress, through engagement of the best and most representative speakers, the basic principles of the Temple program. These will be non-denominational assemblies, forums, symposia, and so forth.

It is the belief of the Temple directors that such programs as those sponsored by inter-faith organizations which are designed to promote justice, amity, understanding and cooperation amongst religious people, "without seeking uniformity or union of religious bodies," should play an important part in the program.

All music programs, it is planned, will be based on the religious motif. Choruses, both those of individual churches and religious groups, and those formed by a combination of choirs, symphonic music and song recitals, will be dominant in this aspect of the program.

When no formal program is taking place, organ music will be played. Pageants and dramas will be held at regular intervals, either within the Temple or on the terrace.

The Temple of Religion plans to offer office space to each of the three great faiths. This will provide an opportunity for a clergyman or representative, designated by the proper authorities from each faith, to be stationed in the Temple where he would serve in a consulting capacity.



A PAGE FOR THE YOUNGER PEOPLE

By the Editor

The Potter and the Clay

THERE is a highway called U. S. No. 1 that runs southward from Maine for hundreds of miles. It runs from Maine to Mexico. I have traveled along most of it and have found it full of interesting things. In buildings close to that highway a vast number of trades and industries are followed. There are factories for making shoes, mills for weaving cloth, forges for working iron, foundries where brass, aluminum and other metals are turned into things of use and beauty. There are places where they make candy, others where they make ice cream. I couldn't attempt to tell you all the trades that are pursued along that great highway. But there is one place in Connecticut that interests me more than all the others. It is a potter's shop, where a man fashions clay into beautiful vases, pitchers and dishes. These things he bakes in a kiln. Not only does he make them beautiful in form, but he covers them with marvelous glazes and enamels. He uses very little machinery. He follows the methods used five thousand years ago.

To watch that man at work is fascinating. He throws a shapeless lump of clay on to a rapidly revolving circular table, presses it here and there with his fingers, and in less time than it takes me to describe it that clay flows into a graceful form. It obeys his skillful fingers, and in a few minutes the shapeless clay is changed into beauty.

I have watched that man work, and as I saw the transformation of ugliness into beauty I thought of a verse in the Bible. It is in the

Book of the prophet *Isaiah*. "But now, O Lord, thou art our father; we are the clay and thou art our potter; and we are all the work of thy hand."

When I think of that verse I know that *Isaiah* must sometime have stood and watched a potter at work. He realized that as the potter seeks to mould clay into useful and beautiful shapes, so the Lord is ever seeking to mould our souls in forms of beauty and use. Indeed that is the one great object for which all creation is intended. The Lord created the universe for the purpose of forming a heaven of angels from the human race, and to make angels. He has to mould and transform men and women into forms of spiritual, mental and moral beauty. He is the Great Potter, we are the clay and the work of His hands.

From the potter on Route No. 1 I learned a very important lesson. Before he can make a lovely vase, the clay must be free of sand and particles of grit. He told me that if the clay contains sand or pebbles it will crack in the kiln, and all his labor will be wasted. Only good clay is obedient to his fingers. He must have good material if he is to make perfect articles.

Many of us make it very difficult for the Lord to mould our souls into forms of beauty. Selfishness, untruthfulness, spitefulness, uncleanness of mind—these are like sand and pebbles in the clay; they mar the beauty of the work the Lord seeks to accomplish in us. Even the Lord cannot make a good man out of bad

material. Not until we are willing to relinquish our evils can He bend us to the pattern He desires. Perfect obedience to His law, willingness to follow His Divine example—there are the ways in which we can get rid of our imperfections, and allow Him to change us into His image and likeness. This was what the Psalmist meant when he prayed, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

Here should be our great object in life, to gain a willingness for Divine leading, to let the Lord mould us into forms of beauty and use. Let us live in the spirit of that beautiful prayer, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hand upon us; yea the work of our hands, establish thou it."

FROM OUR READERS

A Letter About Immortality

Dear Friend—

Because I still see grief and doubt in your face, I wonder if it is hard for you to accept Immortality? Immortality is just a change in the garment of the soul. Change is all around you, Immortality is all around you. You love your garden, your mountains, your valleys. Don't you see that they change with the seasons and that the change is progress?

Do you ever say of a certain year—"I cannot bear to let this year of my life go, because it will not come again?" Hasn't it gone into the richness of experience and memory, as the leaves of your elm enrich the ground around the tree for other generations of leaves yet to come?

What did you love in her? Not just face and form or material beauty. You loved her nature, gifts, responsiveness, understanding. Do you really think that those qualities, those graces of the spirit, die with what we call death, as the deep freeze of last winter checked and killed some of your flowers. Would a loving God allow long years of struggle and hardship for the development of those graces, and then let them suddenly cease to have life and vitality? Would that agree with your acceptance of the belief that we grow through suffering?

We cannot see love, hold it in our hand, measure it with a yardstick. In its great reality it is so far above such measuring that it can be apprehended only by the spirit.

Perhaps you feel that there is *some* sort of immortality of spiritual things, yet you cannot fully believe in the immortality of the individual. But the Lord was at great pains to build up that individuality. He has given us years and years of opportunity for spiritual growth. Spiritual qualities do not suddenly become disembodied and formless just because we step into an unseen world. The child steps into youth, the youth into maturity. Can you not imagine that another door can open into a life purely of the spirit, where the real activities go on and on?

Happy marriage brought a deep sense of togetherness to you. That is still a reality. When you were away from her in the flesh you did not feel her lost to you; you missed her greatly but you rejoiced in your mutual love and desires. She is only out of sight and reach physically, materially. All that you loved still lives. Lives and goes on in happy usefulness. Her talents were God-given; He never takes away what He gives. She has shed old age and sickness as she left her garments behind her. Those things belong to this natural world and she is no longer bound by them. Can't you see that the spirit must keep on growing, and if so it cannot be formless; it has real personality, it is the real person?

It seems so evident to me that the growing, developing spirit must have an adequate environment; must have all manner of opportunities for the development of its freedom.

We do not lose any lovely experience or joy. They are all built into our lives. And when those we love go from our sight we must keep on building joy into our lives, knowing that in so doing we keep the way open for deeper inner union. Sorrow, doubt, despair, are fogs that will hide that path to the sunlit mountain-peaks of the spirit. I believe we have no right to mourn, *especially* if we have happy memories. We must let our loved ones go on to that freedom of the spirit. And if we would keep up with their growth we must accept the challenge to live with thankfulness and rejoicing, conscious of our own wider horizons because we feel, increasingly, their joy.

In John Oxenham's poem "Seeds," he says this:

"For man is but the seed of what he shall be,
When, in the fullness of his perfecting,
He drops the husk and cleaves his upward way,
Thro' earth's retardings and the clinging clay
Into the sunshine of God's perfect day.
No fetters then! No bonds of time and space!
But powers as ample as the boundless grace
That suffered man, and death, and yet in tenderness
Set wide the door and passed Himself before—
As He had promised—to prepare a place."

When you can accept that, your fogs of doubt and grief will be dispelled and you will walk in the inner light of the spirit.

Affectionately,

L. D. F.

THE ALLIANCE PAGE

Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold thy salvation cometh; behold his reward is with him and his work before him.—Isaiah lxii. 11.

From the Most Ancient Church came the form of speech which became customary, whereby the Church itself, from its affection of good, was called "daughter," "virgin," and also "wife."—A. C. 54.

WE are indebted to the Kansas City Society for a copy of a "Special Bulletin," of July 10th, 1938, in which are extracts from Round Robin letters, Group No. 7. This Bulletin, sent in by Mrs. Charles S. Mack, is in charge of Mrs. Isaac G. Ens, who is to be congratulated upon the fine spirit and the lively interest in the doctrines shown by the women of the Kansas City church. With her permission we would like to quote, from time to time, a few of the "outstanding thoughts which have come to these women, since their contact with the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. . . . These women, with but few exceptions, have known Swedenborg only a short time." (*Bulletin.*)

"The most important thing I have learned since taking up the study of Swedenborg's writings, is the finding of an entirely different route that leads to heaven."—*Mrs. I. J. Rieser.*

"To me, one of the most interesting thoughts in the New Church is the teaching concerning the Trinity—the idea that God is One in Person, and not three, as I had been led to believe."—*Mrs. W. H. Fry.*

"Swedenborg's definite and comprehensive views of the human soul, the things that constitute the soul, the nearness and reality of the spiritual world, and the conjunction that all men have with that world,—these ideas, among many others, have impressed me immensely."—*Mrs. Ellen Johnson.*

"The one outstanding truth to me is the New-Church doctrine of the internal sense of the Word—a doctrine most needed in the Churches; for apart from it, there is no practical faith in the Bible as the Word of God."—*Mrs. H. H. Noland, President of the Ladies' Alliance.*

FRIENDSHIP

By Eva Morrill

TRUE friendship is one of the most beautiful things in all the world, and in times of adversity how quickly one discovers who the true friends are.

During a "Question Box" hour at the Frye-

burg Assembly this summer the difference between "Trials" and "Temptations" was very clearly brought out; trials, the burdens which, through no fault of our own, we are called upon to bear; temptations, the inclination to resent these trials even to the point of anger and dislike toward the people through whom they have been brought about. Certainly one of the greatest blessings which comes to us in these hours of trial and temptation—second only to the increased sense of our dependence on the Lord—is the sustaining power of true friendship. Not maudlin sympathy, we may even be helped by a word of warning against what we have considered only our "righteous indignation," but the sense that, in any case, the friends stand ready to help us to regain our intellectual and moral balance.

There must be friendship in all human relationships. Husband and wife must be friends or the partnership has little chance of success. Parents and children should be real friends, so too, with brothers and sisters. And then, greatest and highest of all our friendship with our Heavenly Father.

In the Gospel of *John* xv. 15-17, our Lord says, "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you. Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit and that your fruit should remain; that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.

"These things I command you, that ye love one another."

So finally we see that into true friendship

comes the idea of love, love to the Lord and love to the neighbor; and we have embodied in the one word "Friendship" the beautiful meaning of the two great commandments.

Mission Board Item

Among valuable and little known pieces of New-Church missionary undertakings is one which has been done for some years by a gentleman living in a small town in Kansas. Each week he takes over to his weekly newspaper a copy of *Daily Readings*, and requests the editor to publish that week's readings. It usually takes up a whole column, thus bringing to the attention of a wide circle of readers, both in the town and country, vital passages from the Word, together with the *Heavenly Doctrine* drawn therefrom. This faithful worker does this quite anonymously and pays for the space. It is quite noticeable to see how interestingly it all reads when published in a paper, and we believe the plan offers a suggestion for similar publication by anyone interested. In that event, the Board will be glad to give further particulars. Address % Box 27, Hawthorne, N. J.

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A Correction

On page 326 of the November 16th issue, the last word in the first sentence of the paragraph commencing with "Let us now consider . . ." should be *reader*, not *leader*.

OBITUARIES

FORMAN.—William M. Forman, a member of the Third Church of the New Jerusalem in St. Louis, passed into the higher life, as the indirect result of an automobile accident, on July 3, 1938, being nearly seventy-six years old. He leaves two daughters, Melba and Arline, and one brother, John Forman. His wife preceded him into the spiritual world on October 9, 1937, after a happy marriage life of forty-eight years.

Another staunch member of the little, faithful group of New Churchmen of German extraction has left this world to continue a new and glorified life in a happier and more real existence, where he will join his wife and all those who were bound to him by love and faith. The sorrow of his children, now orphans, with whom he lived in close and affectionate fellowship, is greatly lessened by the conviction that he is in the Lord's loving care even more than when he was with them in the body. May this blessed knowledge that there is no death be the consolation of us all.

Resurrection services were conducted on July 6 by the Rev. Dirk Diephuis, assisted by Dr. H. Koch, leader of the Third Society.

—The New-Church Visitor.

EDMISTON.—Mrs. Nettie M. Edmiston, wife of Charles H. Edmiston, of Riverside, Calif., aged sixty-seven, passed into the higher life on October 7th, 1938, as a result of a heart attack. Besides her husband, a pioneer resident of Riverside, a son of the Rev. Berry Edmiston, first pastor of the Riverside church, and a brother of the Rev. Lloyd H. Edmiston, of Seattle, Wash., Mrs. Edmiston is survived by a brother, Frank Test, of Chicago.

Mrs. Edmiston, as the wife of a charter member of the Riverside Church, has been active all her married life in the Riverside Society and given her services freely in many uses. She was a bright and cheerful soul, generous and diligent, and her loss is great for those who remain.

Her funeral services were very largely attended, the entire membership of the local Rebekah Lodge being present and having charge of the interment services, besides many people of the church and the city. The chapel services were in charge of the Rev. Walter B. Murray, her pastor for many years.

ELSPASS.—Zella H. Elspass, October 23, 1938, age fifty-two years. George W. Elspass, October 25, 1938, age fifty-five years.

Joint services were held October 26, 1938 in the First Congregational Church and Willow Grove Cemetery at Armada, Michigan and were conducted by the Rev. Donald C. Gustafson assisted by the Rev. S. J. Paull of Armada and the Rev. William Beales of Detroit.

Sunday, October 23rd, the First Congregational Church of Armada held a "Home Coming" celebrating its 100th Anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Elspass attended and spent

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the day renewing old associations, for they had been members of that Church prior to moving to Lakewood, Ohio. Early in the evening while motoring back to Lakewood, the Elspass' automobile was involved in an accident near Monroe, Mich. Mrs. Elspass died en route to Mercy Hospital. Mr. Elspass, unconscious from the time of the accident, died early Tuesday morning, October 25th. Two daughters survive: Mary Louise and Jane.

D. C. G.

GUERNSEY.—Elizabeth Wilkins Guernsey was born at Frankford, Pa., January 31, 1846, and died at Clifton Heights, August 25, 1938. She was the daughter of Henry Newell and Statira Colburn Guernsey, who were married by the Rev. James Seddons at Frankford, April 27, 1845.

Miss Guernsey's ancestors were among the earliest settlers of New England. Her father's family lived in Dorchester, Mass., prior to 1655 and the founder of her mother's family came to Ipswich, Mass., from England in 1635. Her father was born at Rochester, Vt., in 1817 and her mother at Boston in 1810. Both were members of the New Jerusalem Church.

Miss Guernsey came to Philadelphia with her family in 1857, where she resided the rest of her life. She was active among a host of friends, especially in the Philadelphia Society, but at the end of her long life most of them had passed away. She left three nieces and two nephews, who are: Mrs. Edwin B. Jenks of Lake George, N. Y., daughter of H. William and Lucy Giles Guernsey; Mrs. Benjamin C. Tower of Boston, Miss G. Madeleine Guernsey of Bryn Mawr, Raimund T. Guernsey of Bryn Mawr and H. Newell Guernsey of Los Angeles, Cal.

BOWERS.—Mary Seiler, wife of the late Rev. John Eby Bowers, passed peacefully to the higher life from her home in Toronto, on October 17, 1938, in her ninety-sixth year. On December 17th she would have been ninety-six years of age. Her late husband, the Rev. Mr. Bowers, was taken August 12, 1930.

Those surviving her are two daughters, Miss Minnie E. Bowers, Miss Alberta J. Bowers, and one son, Mr. Eton J. Bowers, all of Toronto. A son, Mr. Abiel Silver Bowers, passed into the spiritual world June 20, 1927 leaving one daughter, Miss Phyllis Bowers, also now of Toronto.

Funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Hiram Vrooman from the family home.

MARRIAGES

KREITZER-ENNS.—Albert Kreitzer and Elma Enns were united in marriage by the Rev. John E. Zacharias at the home of Mrs. Gertrude Enns, Morris, Manitoba, on October 17th.

SAWYER-LORD.—On October 22nd at Fryeburg, Maine, Mr. Everett Sawyer and Miss Althea Lord. Mrs. Sawyer, who is a member of the Fryeburg New Church, was attended by her twin-sister, Miss Alta Lord.

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CALENDAR

December 4.

Second Sunday in Advent

Sel. 238: "The wilderness and the barren place."

Lesson I. Isaiah xxxv.

Responsive Service II. The Commandments.

Lesson II. Matt. iv.

Gloria, Benedictus (to Gregorian Tones, Mag. 715-735), and Faith.

Hymns (Mag.) 125: "Down from the worlds of radiant light."

138: "A herald voice the lonely desert cheers."

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