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The
Cresset

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS



Vol. XX, No. 2

TWENTY CENTS

DECEMBER 1956

The
Cresset

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The Cresset

Vol. XX, No. 2

DECEMBER 1956

In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

All is Calm, All is Bright

In this darkest December since 1944, few places on earth are as calm as is the ancient Christian Kingdom of Hungary. Winter has thrown a blanket of white snow over the blood-stained streets of her cities and over the still-fresh graves of the thousands who only a month ago were standing off, with clubs and broken bottles, the tanks of the Eastern barbarian. The long trains have long since left for some Siberian hell, carrying with them trophies which the West, if it had known the things which belong to its peace, would never have permitted anyone to seize without a fight. And there is no sound from the land of the Magyars except the echoes of the last urgent cry from the free Hungarian radio: "Help Hungary!"

For the space of perhaps three days at the very beginning of November, we in the West were challenged by the historic opportunity to prove ourselves neighbors to him who had fallen among thieves. The opportunity is gone now, and we shall have to live with the memory that we passed by on the other side. The voices of St. Stephen and St. Elizabeth went unheeded in a land which prides itself on being Christian, and the voice of Louis Kossuth went unheard in a land which builds shrines to democracy. But surely if there was ever a time when ancestral voices summoned us to war, it was during those great days in early November when the people of Hungary answered with their blood the question which our forefathers once answered with their blood: "Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be bought at the price of chains and slavery?"

All is calm, these nights, in Hungary. But in spite of the darkness which has settled once more upon her silent countryside, all is bright, too—bright with the glory of the Faith and of the insistent human demand to be free. Treachery—the treachery of enemies and of friends—has won a battle, but the war goes on and must go on until the barbarian and the infidel is once

more thrown back from the soil which he has often defiled, but never permanently possessed.

For This We Will Die

What the outrage of a suffering people could not accomplish a politico-economic threat has accomplished. Suez has demonstrated that there are still things for which the West will fight, alliance or no alliance, U.N. or no U.N.

It was unfortunate that Britain and France should have chosen to do battle at Suez when the real call to battle was being sounded from Budapest. It is unfortunate also that the action of the two Western powers should have given the appearance of an alliance with Israel against her Arab neighbors. Nevertheless, in our judgment, the action was demanded by the logic of the situation and it represented at least one instance of the West's acting while it still held the power to cope with a situation without running the risk of a world war.

What should have been made clear, but unfortunately was not, was that the action of the British and French governments was not directed against the Arab world nor was it designed only to re-open the Suez Canal. At the heart of the situation stood a man who could very well have become a new Saladin.

In a very perceptive article in the October 31 issue of *The Christian Century*, Theodore Gill has some thoroughly disturbing things to say about Egypt's president, Gamal Abdel Nasser. Acknowledging Nasser's honesty, sincerity, and incorruptibility, Gill asserts that "Nasser has a total blind spot as concerns the West. All that we think significant and important could go up in smoke tomorrow, and he couldn't care less. Paris, Rome, London, Athens; the literature, art and philosophy which have blossomed from freedom of thought and conscience—all this could be blasted to rubble without causing a ripple in Nasser's peace of mind."

In other words, the issue in the Middle East was the

simple question of whether the West was prepared to allow a narrow-minded, provincial fanatic to control movement at one of the world's busiest crossroads; whether it was prepared to see the whole Moslem world from Iraq to the Atlantic united under the leadership of a man who neither understands nor respects the basic ideas and ideals of the Western world.

It is one of the ironies of the situation that Nasser's very virtues made him an intolerable menace to the peace and security of a large part of the world. Had he been corrupt, he could have been bought off. Had he been a coward, he could have been scared off. Had he been just another cheap little opportunist, he could never have become the rallying-point of Arab nationalism that he did become. It was because he has the makings of greatness that he had to go—not merely to keep the oil flowing from the Middle Eastern fields, not merely to re-open the jugular vein of Great Britain's Lifeline of Empire, but to prevent another Iron Curtain from falling across another margin of the continent of Europe. Closed on the north by icy oceans, on the east by the Communist curtain, and on the south by a Pan-Arab curtain, Europe would have found herself in a pincers from which escape would have been difficult and very costly.

Has the U.N. Failed?

The death wish is a strange thing. People have been known to go in for a physical checkup, half hoping that the doctor will find something wrong with them. Perhaps it is a variant of the death wish that prompts some people to throw up their hands every time crisis threatens and cry that the U.N. has failed.

It is true, of course, that the U.N. has not turned out to be the much longed for magic solution to the problem of war. It was not meant to be. It was meant to be an agency which, through its various commissions, would help to isolate and correct the causes of war and which, through its general assembly and security council, would provide machinery for the peaceful solution of international squabbles. It has no power, except a bit of moral power, to compel any nation to make use of the machinery which it provides.

One of the strange and disturbing things about much of the criticism of the U.N. is that the very people who are most firmly opposed to the idea of world government criticize the U.N. for failing to function as a world government. They talk about "enforcing" the peace, as though the U.N. were a sovereignty. They criticize it for ineffectiveness at the same time they insist that we abstain from involvement in the very quarrels that demand effective action.

We have no blind faith in the U.N. nor do we feel any of the mystic loyalty to it which some people apparently do feel. We see it rather as an unwieldy, slow-moving, badly hamstrung organization, unskilled in the use of means and uncertain of its ends—but the best hope that we have, at the moment, for the peaceful and rational solution of world problems.

To make the U.N. truly effective, though, those nations which truly subscribe to the principles which underlie world order must be prepared to defend those principles swiftly and effectively while the cumbersome machinery of the world organization is swinging into action. The citizen who comes upon an armed robbery ought to seize and disarm the robber, if he can, then call the police. The nation which sees another nation assaulting a helpless people ought to go immediately to the defense of the injured nation and then "call in the cops," the U.N. This we could have done in Hungary. The failure in Hungary was not the failure of the U.N. but of a nation which, in apathy or panic, momentarily forgot its obligations of world citizenship.

Election Post-Mortem

If there had been any doubt as to Mr. Eisenhower's unique hold upon the American people, that doubt has been buried under the avalanche of the President's election-day victory. We know now that Mr. Eisenhower holds a secure place in American history as one of the nation's best-loved presidents. In the next four years, he has the opportunity to win a place as one of the nation's truly great presidents.

The failure of the Republican party to benefit, as it might have, from its leader's overwhelming triumph should highlight the significance of Mr. Eisenhower's very pointed references, in his victory statement, to his concept of "modern Republicanism." The results of the Congressional races must, in all honesty, be taken as another repudiation of traditional Republicanism. Unless the party swings into line behind the President's program it will be out of Eisenhowers and out of office in 1961.

Meanwhile, the great problems which face us these next four years are only incidentally partisan in nature. This would be a good time for us, under the leadership of a universally-respected president, to close ranks and give our undivided attention to the resolution of those problems. Many of us believe that the cause of national unity would be well served if Mr. Stevenson, who can no longer be considered a live possibility for the presidential nomination, could be brought into the policy-making level of the administration.

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Deck the Halls With Boughs of Hokum

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN



All of us become a little nostalgic around Christmas time as we remember some of the happy holidays of our childhood. Judging by the output of artists who paint the Christmas scenes on cards and in magazines, there must be quite a market in nostalgia also for Christmases long since past. One of the favorites in this class is the Old English Christmas of the 18th or early 19th century. In this scene, if it follows the usual pattern, a group of carollers is singing outside and inside a merry group surrounding the fireplace enjoys the burning of the Yule log. It is all very attractive but highly romanticized.

I enjoy the scene, too, and I don't want to be a Scrooge about all this, but the nostalgia goes too far when it leads a person to thinking that he could have enjoyed Christmas more in the old days. If you are one who upon viewing such a painting is seized by an attack of *sehnsucht* and an extremely strong urge to join those present, stop for a moment and think.

It might not be too pleasant to join those four smiling carollers with frost-bitten cheeks who are standing there in the snow. It's cold work, and, although the picture doesn't show it, each of the carollers is literally and uncomfortably wrapped in wool. Winter clothing was not so comfortable in those days.

You will notice one of the carollers has a lamp hardly bright enough for everyone to see by. Street lights didn't exist in those days and it is a sure thing that all of the singers except the lamp holder fell over many ruts in the unimproved and darkened road.

The view through the window wouldn't be quite so clear as it seems, because glass wasn't that good in those days. And once inside, if you felt the urge to join that cheery group, all is not what it seems. The log in the fireplace is burning well, but it is the only heat in the house and anyone leaving the fire takes a chance on frost bite. It is possible the group is gathered around the fire by necessity and not by choice. And under these circumstances of irregular heat, it is likely that over half the group is suffering from the common cold. What these people are drinking out of those mugs isn't shown and, while it may be good for the cold, most probably it wouldn't be good for the health.

Nor is it clear what is being celebrated; perhaps it is just good fellowship. But if it is Christmas they are celebrating, there is a possibility it still retains many pagan connotations connected with the Yule log that would be unfamiliar to you.

Changing to another scene, many persons express the wish to spend Christmas Eve in Bethlehem. That is fine if one hopes to gain spiritually by so doing. But I wonder how many are motivated instead by the romanticized view of that town painted by these holiday artists. If that is the reason for going there, disillusionment will set in with the traffic jam outside the town on Christmas Eve. From a distance the white buildings of Bethlehem, clinging to a Judean hill, will look familiar, and so will Shepherds Valley. The shepherds have changed little in 1900 years, though their garments are not so clean as they're pictured.

Inside Bethlehem, the filth of the town would bring an unexpected shock and the Church of the Nativity, above the traditional site of the Manger, still showing the abuse received when it was used as a stable by the Persian invaders, would be a great disappointment. Below the altar where the original Manger is said to have been located, the scene will be different from any traditional idea of that site. Ornate lamps representing, and furnished by, various denominations fill the ceiling and the blue, green, and pale rose tapestry, hung by the Greek Orthodox church, gives the room a rich air so unlike the atmosphere of that Manger long ago. Nothing will seem quite like it should.

Fortunately, our distance from the Manger on Christmas Eve is not measured in miles. The scene itself should make no difference. We are as near to or as far from the Manger as our hearts will permit and our hearts do not recognize geographical distance.

I have nothing against nostalgia at Christmas time; in fact, when it is in limited doses, I'm all for it. But I am against it when it gives a person such romantic visions that he feels he must be removed in time or space to understand and appreciate Christmas fully. These unfortunate persons will not be able to make Christmas, 1956, the day it can and should be spiritually, the best Christmas of their lives.

A Christmas Garland

"I Am Come"

By THE CRESSET ASSOCIATES

Every year since 1945, the CRESSET Associates have marked the season of the Nativity of our Lord by bringing together their testimony to the Faith in the form of a Christmas Garland. Through the years since 1945, the membership of the Board of Associates has changed. Some of our number have received the Kingdom and enjoy the blessedness which they once apprehended only in faith and hope. Others of our number have retired. Many younger men have joined us. But the message has remained. And it is the message, rather than we who bear it, that matters.

This year, in reverence and humility, we turn one of our Lord's great questions back to Him for His answer. Once He asked Simon Peter, "Whom do men say that I am?" In the years since the question was first asked, men have given answers a-plenty, few of them satisfactory and many of them obviously false. And so we ask Him, "But Whom sayest Thou that Thou art?" From His own testimony, spoken in His own words, let men judge whether this be not the Christ, the Son of the Living God.

"... FROM THE FATHER INTO THE WORLD"

I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world. (John 16:28)

"I believe in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of the Father . . . Who came down from Heaven and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary and was made man." In these thundering words the Church, for almost two thousand years, has proclaimed the scandal of the Faith.

And a scandal indeed it is, to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness. For it asserts nothing less than the intolerable fact that the awe-full Yahweh of the Old Testament, Whose very Name was too holy to be spoken, walked the earth in human form and died the death of a criminal.

No wonder that many men, often motivated by a profound reverence for the dreadful Being Who created the universe and set the galaxies in motion, have balked at identifying Him with the lowly Teacher of Nazareth. How much nicer it would be to keep God intact, out there in His magnificent isolation from the little affairs of this world, and to accept the Teacher as just another one of the many good and noble men who, each in his own way, have sought to peep under the curtain and tell us a little bit more about the Awful One behind it. Let the gentle Teacher of Nazareth be a teacher, but not *the* Teacher. Let Him be a son of God, but not *the* Son of God.

Unfortunately, it won't work. All that we know about Jesus of Nazareth we derive from those accounts of His life and work which have come down to us in the form of the Gospels. And the Gospels simply can't be made to say what we might wish they said. Even the Sermon on the Mount rings with a claim to authority which would be presumptuous coming from anyone except God Himself, for what mere man (least of all a

good Jew) would dare to say, "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven"?

No. It might be possible for a fair-minded man to read the Gospels and yet deny our Lord's claim to deity. But it is hard to see how such a man could deny that our Lord made the claim. When He said, "I and my Father are one," no one in His audience could have doubted what He meant. Certainly the most astute theologians of His time knew what He meant, for they delivered Him to death for saying it.

So what must we say about Him? C.S. Lewis has said about all that can be said when he asserts that "a man who was merely a man and said the sort of things Jesus said wouldn't be a great moral teacher. He'd either be a lunatic—on a level with the man who says he's a poached egg—or else he'd be the Devil of Hell. You must make your choice. Either this man was, and is, the Son of God; or else a madman or something worse. You can shut Him up for a fool, you can spit at Him or kill Him as a demon: or you can fall at His feet and call Him Lord and God. But don't let us come with any patronizing nonsense about His being a great human teacher. He hasn't left that open to us. He didn't intend to."

What then? If it took a madman or a scoundrel to say, "Blessed are the meek," are they blessed or aren't they? If the Lord's Prayer is the ranting of a lunatic, where does it get the power to strike home to the hearts even of those who deny our Lord's deity? If Jesus of Nazareth was a fraud, what are the prospects for a civilization which, at its best, has derived its inspiration and strength from His teachings?

But if these questions are disquieting, there is yet

another question which is even more disquieting. For what if Jesus of Nazareth actually was God? Would it not then be true, as J.B. Phillips has said, that if "the earth was once visited for a few years, visibly, audibly, and tangibly by God in human form," it would "thereafter be continually subject to invasions by the Spirit of Jesus"?

Perhaps it is this intolerable possibility which makes even the most honest of us reluctant to accept our Lord's claims to deity. We want a God, but not a God Who has been in every way tempted as we have been,

"... A LIGHT INTO THE WORLD"

I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness.
(John 12:46)

Several eras in the history of the Western world have been referred to as Ages of Enlightenment. Our own age has been referred to by this loosely used designation. The concept of this enlightenment is usually coupled with the pursuit of learning in one form or another. In the case of the Humanists, this quest for relative truth crystallized itself in the attainment of mastery of philosophy and the arts. In our own age the pursuit of philosophy and the arts has been pushed into the background, and our pursuit has moved in the direction of mastering technological and scientific verities.

It would not be at all a mistake to look at ourselves and see just how enlightened we are with all of our education, social mores, and political acumen. For example, the war lords of Central Europe might be considered enlightened by reason of the superior education that they received, and yet they have succeeded in plunging the entire world into two catastrophic holocausts within one quarter of a century. The leaders of our political, social, and industrial organizations are generally upheld as enlightened individuals again by reason of their education. Yet time and again they play with the truth in order to gain their own selfish ends at the expense of others. We ourselves as indi-

viduals want to be enlightened and want to give our children the benefit of the best that education can give, and yet enlightenment by itself is not enough to prevent us from rearing a generation of delinquents.

But "I came forth from the Father." What do these words mean if they do not mean that Jesus Christ claimed to be God?

We frequently lose sight of the fact that the greatest advances have been made in the arts, the sciences, and philosophy since the dawn of the Christian era. If this is true, and the facts seem to indicate that it is, then we would be justified in concluding that the light of human progress must emanate from Christ, Who calls Himself the Light of the World. The enlightenment that made these advances possible was the result of that greater light which freed men's souls from sin and led them to salvation. We see now quite clearly what the danger is in any age of enlightenment. Such an age tends to glorify the light of humanism and dethrone the source of that Light, God Incarnate in Jesus Christ. The man who revels in the light of his own achievement, if he has ignored the Light of Salvation, is actually in the darkness since his own light is no light at all because it has not been fired by the Light of Christ. We would be the last to discourage the pursuit of knowledge and enlightenment correctly understood, but its true attainment is only possible in the bright rays of "The Sun of Righteousness," Who wrought the salvation of mankind by His birth, atonement, triumphant resurrection, and majestic session.

"... TO FULFILL THE LAW"

Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill. (Matthew 5:17)

All of the world's ills have their origin sometime, somewhere in a broken law. It may be that the ills of men are the result of the cumulative effect of sin. It may be that the breaking of a specific standard of God causes trouble. The fact remains that a lack of compliance with the righteous law of God is the cause for the troubles of the world.

Man's right to think and act independently never transcends his obligation to the law of God. If it were

so, chaos would reign. Freedom is the child of obedience to the holy law. Bondage is born of opposition to the laws of God. Men may progress only insofar as they give recognition to this great underlying principle, for there is a law irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world upon which all the blessings of God are predicated. When we obtain mercy from our heavenly Father, it is by obedience to and fulfillment of the law upon which that blessing is founded. In the life of the Christian, the law will not have been fulfilled by the individual himself, but it will have been fulfilled by his Savior. Because of this ful-

fillment of the law by the Christ of Christmas, the Christian now receives the blessings of the law of God having been fulfilled by Christ.

The righteousness of a holy and just God requires complete compliance with the laws which He has ordained for the welfare of man. Thus, it was that the Lord God created the human race and demanded obedience to His will in order that Adam and Eve might find perfect happiness. It was disobedience to the law of God which made for the entry of sin into the world, causing the ever-mounting problems in the lives of men.

It was a just and merciful God, therefore, that determined the method through which the holy law was to be fulfilled by His Son for the benefit of mankind. Thus, we find running through the Old Testament a continuous thought that the law of the Lord is perfect and that it must be kept by sinful mankind. In order to emphasize this fact in the lives of the people, various types of laws were given by God in order to point the thoughts and the actions of His children to the ideal of keeping the law of the Lord. The psalmist sums up this approach when he says, "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul. The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple."

The prophets of the Old Testament understood this same principle, recognizing that the difficulties of the people were related to their defection from God and His will. The prophets were not popular for their understanding of the will of God nor for their method of pointing this out to the people. But they were honest prophets, and they kept probing into the areas which separated their people from the Holy God. They were willing to dispense with the people's favors if only they could effect the people's good. The frank, honest, unsparing Hebrew prophets of old recognized the implication of not keeping the law of God. They did not gloss over this fact. They did not attempt to set other standards, but continually pointed to the fact that the problems of men lay in the fact that men have disobeyed the holy will of the Lord.

Running through the Old Testament, there always was the clear recognition that, in spite of the fact that the law of the Lord was good and had to be kept, it still was impossible for man by his own efforts and through his own approach to fulfill the law of God. Alongside the denunciations and the criticisms, there is the pointing to the fact that the law of God must be fulfilled, but that it would be fulfilled by one who was yet to come, who would be able to keep the law of God perfectly and, thus, to take care of the requirements of a just Lord.

It was, therefore, in the course of God's eternal plan that the Son of God was born into the world to fulfill the law of God. In this way, the requirements of a just God would be met, and the values would come to those

individuals who attach themselves to Him through faith. It was the Lord Christ Himself who stated that this was His purpose in life. In the Sermon on the Mount, after directing the thoughts of His hearers to the fact that they are the salt of the earth and the light of the world, and indicating that all their actions must exemplify those of a perfect Savior, He states, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." He continued this thought by saying that whosoever should break even the least of the commandments, and whosoever shall teach man to break them, that person shall be called the least in the Kingdom of Heaven. He concludes by saying, "For I say unto you that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, you shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

In this statement, Christ is not referring to a degree of the fulfillment of the law by men, but rather He is talking about a type of fulfillment which is based upon the work of Christ rather than upon the actions of men. It is for this reason that He criticizes the approach of the scribes and the Pharisees in their understanding of the law of God.

Thus, it would seem that an essential part of the understanding of the Christmas message is an understanding of the law of the Lord, the understanding that His law is perfect and holy and good and beneficial for the lives of men; an understanding, also, that a lack of compliance with the mandates of God can only lead to difficulty; an understanding that the law of God must be fulfilled because the merciful God is also a just God. The fulfillment of the requirements of the law cannot be accomplished by man himself, but have been fulfilled by Christ.

Once this is understood by proud human beings, and once they realize the necessity for fulfillment of the holy law of God, then the meaning and value of a merciful Father sending His Son into the World becomes the more evident. The birth and the work and the suffering and the death of Christ is the only means in which man can hope to meet the requirements of the perfect law of God. It is only by a close attachment to, a full belief in, and a complete dependence upon the Savior that the justice of God is taken care of for the individual. And once this is experienced, then there is the greater meaning of the mercy and grace and kindness of a loving Lord who sent His Son into the world because He loved the world and wished men to be close to Him. Christmas, therefore, does not set aside the law of God, but fulfills the law of God. And in the fulfillment of this law we can now dedicate and devote our lives to Him who fulfilled the holy law of God and now draws us unto Himself in time in order that we may be with Him for all eternity.

"... TO CALL SINNERS TO REPENTANCE"

I am come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. (Mark 2: 17)

Modern ideas notwithstanding, sin exists. Sin is moral filth, and sinners are dirty people.

When it comes to living in filth, some people revel in it. Or if they do not enjoy it, they feel that they are hopelessly surrounded by and entangled in it, so why worry about cleaning up. Christ has come for such people. He approached sympathetically the woman at the well of Sychar, the cheating tax collector Zacchaeus, the adulteress. He was personally concerned with those so far down the scale of human morality that others had given them up for lost, had ostracized them socially; so far down the scale that they themselves had given up. Christ in His conversation with them did not need to explain the enormity of their guilt. He had rather to assure them that God was concerned with them, that sin no matter how great or small can be forgiven only through God's love, and that God's love is so great that He has sent His own Son, the Christ, into the world to make such forgiveness possible. How grateful are those who receive this good news! How great a change in complexion is there in those who accept Him and His message!

It's strange, and damnable, isn't it, that we on the contrary have so often given up our fellowmen for lost? Worse still, we have allowed our prejudices and positions to interfere with our preaching of the good news to men of all races and economic conditions and social status. We have yet to appreciate and apply the full implication of His coming for all sinners. We have yet to cut through to the heart of the matter and call sinners to repentance.

Others recognize filth and deplore it. Ablutions and insistence on sanitary precautions make for surface cleanliness. But they do not make for aseptic conditions. That which is not aseptic is not clean, that is, really clean. The problem here is that they are so nearly clean that it's difficult to emphasize properly the danger inherent in the remaining filth, in fact, to demonstrate the very presence of the filth. The fact is

that such individuals may go about as righteous. Their words, their deeds, and their motives are pure and noble, so far as can be determined by another, so far as they themselves are concerned. For these Christ has not come, for they will not have Him. Only when they are brought to consider themselves carefully in the light of God's requirement for perfection, only when they recognize that all their righteousness is as filthy rags, is Christ of any use for them.

Christ was a master at pointing out self-righteousness, hypocrisy, false and ignoble motives. His methods varied with His hearers, whether the hardened Pharisees or His own wayward disciples. In the case of the former, His probing at this sore point so irritated the "righteous" that they forcefully drove Him out of their midst on several occasions and eventually brought Him to the cross. We certainly need not be discouraged should our own teaching not always be favorably received; nor should we be surprised even at discrimination or persecution.

Christ's dealings with His disciples have most direct encouragement and application for us. For we, his present day followers, like the disciples often go astray. We lack courage, persistence, and the initiative to carry out the tasks before us. Or we rush in without thought, planning, and proper motive. We would do differently, but we don't. This is sin, and we dare not forget it. Insistently, yet with the offer of forgiveness, Christ points out the virus which if not eradicated will affect the whole body. Like Peter, and unlike Judas, we must recognize our sin, repent, and accept his offer of forgiveness. It is impossible for another to distinguish between the child of God who regularly repents and the fallen child who does not recognize his failings and has acquired a false confidence in his own ability. Each of us must look into his own heart, and must look carefully.

Christ has come for sinners, for you and for me. We have the right and the joy of receiving Him at this Christmastide only if we heed, and have heeded, his call to repentance.

"... TO BEAR WITNESS UNTO THE TRUTH"

To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. (John 18:37)

If "truth" is a relation of correspondence between thought and reality, then this Truth is the highest which man can know. It corresponds to the reality of man's relation to God. So great a Truth is not the product of human wisdom. Not even the Son of Man announces His Truth as a discovery made in His short life upon earth. The Lord does not come to *seek* the Truth. He already *has* it "from above." He brings It

with Him as He comes into the world. It is a *brought* Truth, not a *sought* Truth.

The Truth which He knows and brings and bears witness to is not tentative, but absolute. It transcends the limitations of human knowledge. It is not an inference from what can be learned about the structure of the created world. It is not the assertion of harmony and design in nature. It is not a witness to the regularity in the motions of the heavenly bodies, or in the changing seasons.

This Truth is not the idealization of human aspira-

tion, nor the extension of human development or progress. It is not an hypothesis about man's potentialities, nor a dim anticipation of what man can accomplish after a million years of evolution. It is not the objectification of the "life force" within man, but the utterance of the Eternal Creator both of life and of man.

It is not a Truth *about*, but a Truth *of* and *from*. It is not so much a Truth to which man comes, as it is a Truth which comes to man. Not a Truth which man seeks, but one which seeks man. Not a Truth which man uncovers, but one which uncovers man and discloses his nakedness and need. Not a Truth which man forms, but one which re-forms man.

This is God's Truth. It is a Truth not only thought by Him, but also spoken by Him. Not spoken to the empty air, but spoken to man, to be apprehended by the head and heart. Man cannot hear the Truth without being profoundly affected. It leaves him either infinitely better or infinitely worse off than he was before he heard it.

The Truth is borne to man as a person by a Person. It is born to man, not merely in spirit, but in flesh. The Truth is that when God comes to me in the flesh I hate Him. It is not only Herod who wants to kill

The Child. I want to kill Him and His Father too. The Truth is, and the Son bears witness to It personally, that when God comes to me I hate Him much, and He loves me more. Even while I hate Him with my life, He loves me unto death. The Son bears witness to the Truth when He lives to die. When I hear His voice I die to live.

Having been turned by God from a living death to a dying life I hasten to crowd into the remaining hours and days those acts and words which are really expressive of what I now hold dear. What can be dearer than to tell with my truths the Truth that God has told to me? I tell about It when I serve those whom Christ has served. I point to the Truth when I point to Him. I treasure the Truth when I adore Him. I thank God for the Truth when I praise His Son.

As we bear witness with our lips and lives the gap between His Truth and our truths narrows in our very persons as we are transformed by the power of God into the Image of His Son. And when our earthly stammerings cease, having seen the last of death, we shall come to know, even as we are known. We shall in our perpetual praises no longer utter truths, but shall rehearse the self-same Truth which God has spoken from eternity, through time, into eternity.

"... THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE LIFE"

I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. (John 10:10)

It is interesting to consider how the life of Him (whose Life to us is so availing) was in His own day not very valuable. At times, in fact, His life hung by a slender thread. If the painters are right, He was carried inside His mother for many miles on horseback, as Mary and Joseph journeyed to Bethlehem for purposes of a census. At birth he made His bed in a manger, amid conditions which today would not be deemed A-1 in sanitation. Even today the Near East is not exactly known for high standards of sanitary engineering. The infant mortality rate was high by our standards. Then there was Herod's revenge, and more travel for the infant Child to Egypt. Seemingly, His life often was not meant to be. Today men would say that His life was a "poor insurance risk." "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."

Men estimate His earthly life at about thirty-three years, a rather short life by today's standards of longevity. It is true, of course, many persons have not needed a long life to reach their place in history—Schubert, Mozart, the Bronte sisters, Byron, Alexander. All these left life in their thirties. Our Lord's life, short as it was, consummated a plan held in the bosom of His Father before the world's existence. His mission was

accomplished fully and completely. It was not the quantity of the years, but the quality.

In our modern day, men seem rather to be concerned with the quantity of life only. In a society of abundance such as ours, made possible by our high technology, men have become primarily connoisseurs of consumption. Men have more leisure, they are freed from drudgery; yet, men seem to be the prisoners of instruments, of the intermediates of life and not the ends. The things we seek, highly efficient material objects, are in their nature tools really, yet men have raised their acquisition to the level of ultimates. But "he that loveth his life shall lose it." The more we seek life purely in terms of these instrumentalities, the more we shall find the real Life eluding our grasp. While the new devices in the short run seem to be a new source of "freedom" and control over our situations, in the long run this "freedom" turns out to be illusory. Human beings can stand only so much choosing; faced with the endless array of choices presented by our modern life, men fall into neuroticism as a result. "And he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

The meaning of the "abundant life" and the manner of attaining it varies with different kinds of people. Each has his own formula and each his own weakness, and to each the Lord of Life has something to say.

To the traditionalist, life is a routine of habit, of

rigid forms which must be complied with at the peril of damnation. To him, the instrumentalities of life become the ends of life. He is the ritualist, the compulsive, living in the past, taking refuge in forms and ignoring contemporary need. To him the Child of the Manger will one day rise up and say, "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time...but I say unto you...The Son of Man is Lord even of the Sabbath Day."

To the expedientalist or opportunist, life is a series of emergencies which one must remedy with a patchwork here and a patchwork there. Living for the moment seems to be the rule for survival; life's biggest problem and the question of man's destiny is postponed. "Tomorrow there will be yet time"; or, "I am no worse than anybody else." To the specialists of expediency and evasion, the Child of the Manger will one day shout, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve!"; or, "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee..."

To the weakling and escapist, life is a burdensome thing of terror and confusion, of frustrations and disappointments. Life with its perplexities seems to keep man a prisoner in all he does. The more he attempts, the greater the seeming defeat he sows for himself. Life then is something to be fled, a "treadmill into oblivion." To the irresponsible and weary of heart,

"... NOT TO SEND PEACE, BUT A SWORD"

Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword.
(Matthew 10:34)

The Christmas season is commonly taken as a period of harmony and peace. Bethlehem lies quietly and sleepily among its hills. Children long alienated from father and mother return home for Christmas. The sharp note of tragedy dare not mar Christmas Eve or Christmas Day—whether you are a Christian, Jew, or Hottentot. Some pre-established harmony of the universe should be mirrored in the events of this night.

Yes, the majority of people simply assume a positive relation between God and man as a self-evident matter. Underneath some superficial inconsistencies and lack of harmony lies the assurance that, really, everything is well with man. If a man—each one of us—were only to choose his goal correctly and would employ the proper means of gaining it, the underlying harmony of the universe would again be evident. Fellowship with God involves no judgment, no cataclysmic, transforming experience. One rests blithely on the assurance that "Somebody up there likes me."

To be sure, Christmas promises harmony and peace. But the harmony and peace also presuppose a judgment. With the advent of Christ and His kingdom a crisis is introduced into society. The "sword" Christ brings is

the Child of the Manger one day will beckon, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

To the moralist, life is a series of decisive choices among absolutes, which can be successfully attempted if the will is rightly attuned. If people would but make the effort, if they would but rise out of their sloth, the abundant life would be within the reach of all. Those to whom choice is difficult or impossible then must be considered as inferior. To the moralizer the Child of the Manger will one day deliver a word of caution, "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick...I will have mercy and not sacrifice. For I am not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance."

Perhaps the blindness of all the above is that they do not realize that the living joy which they seek can only be a by-product; it cannot be gained directly. And while its source and origin is ultimately otherworldly, its manifestation is in the here and now. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." This tentativeness amid the things which seem to be lasting but which really are not, this rightful promise of the things that are to "be added", possession of which seems to be unavoidable if we are to remain and serve in the here and now—all this He is paradoxically come to bring.

not the literal sword of a holy war or religious persecution, though persecution, too, will claim the lives of His faithful followers. St. Luke gives us the import of this verse in his parallel passage, "Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, nay; but rather division." This is the Either-Or introduced by the Good News. Either one accepts the new order of things as ushered in by the new king, or he sets himself in opposition to it. If he is led to acceptance he must be ready to face the cost of discipleship. He may not, as Blessed Martin Luther says so pointedly, "sit among roses and lilies." "The Kingdom is to be in the midst of your enemies." His peace is to be established in the midst of the enemies of God. Tension is not simply destroyed by the coming of the Savior. It is accentuated. This is true as well in the struggle between the Old and New Man in the individual as in the Christian's struggle with the world.

What our world expects is an easy, unembarrassed adjustment to prevailing standards of opinion and conduct. General good will and adaptability, compatibility and conformity are the qualities it values. In contrast with this the saints in Christian history have been those who, in their efforts at conforming their lives to Christ, have gone to extremes. They have felt themselves torn by an inner conflict, by the upward and downward

tendencies Paul describes: on the one hand is God's willing servant, on the other is the law of sin and death. They have been barbarians, like Luther, who went to extremes in his quest for a merciful God.

If Christmas represents the decisive break with the Old Age, the old manner of looking at life and the world, it must require, today, the great decision regarding Christ's claim on us. If one may use the difficult term "dialectic" here, one can say that here is an exclusive choice of either for or against. There is no

neutrality possible regarding the Savior from sin. Here is the sword that will pierce the soul of the Virgin Mother, for the enemies of God will be sorely troubled by this invasion of their domain. They will put to death the Son of Righteousness. But this sword of division is necessary in order that the reign of sin and death may be broken, that the Kingdom may be a glorious Kingdom, full of peace, trust, grace, joy, and the reign of His Spirit.



Design for a Christmas card by Martin E. Marty. This card and those illustrated on page 17 are available from the Seminary Press, Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana, at ten for one dollar.

Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor:

I have just laid aside the November CRESSET, after reading it from cover to cover. Before I register my complaint, I would first like to compliment you on the new format, which is more in keeping with the magazine type, and on the general high calibre of the articles. Perhaps "The Great American Novel" has not yet arrived on the American literary scene, but I feel that the Great American Magazine has. Special compliments on "Campaign Resume" which I feel has more closely caught the American folk custom of a Presidential campaign than has even Walt Kelly's Pogo.

My "complaint" is not so much registered against the CRESSET as against one expression in American religious modern architecture, i.e., the empty cross. I realize that symbolists say that this represents the resurrected Christ, but I cannot but wonder if there is not another reason. With the emphasis on massive structure and vertical-horizontal lineation, I feel that perhaps the Christos may be eliminated so that the plain cross may better fit in with the decor of the church, as for instance in Zion Lutheran Church, Kalamazoo, Michigan. Symbols for Christ are evident in the stained glass, it is true, and the empty cross, symbolizing I imagine, the resurrection is also present. But the actual heart of the Christian faith, the Vicarious Atonement of Christ, is lacking. Too often I have seen people looking squeamishly askance at early portrayals of Christ in sculpture and painting in His agony and suffering on the cross. Certainly it is not something we like to think about, and to see a Man impaled on a cross in a beautiful cathedral filled with soft lights and majestic organ music might be unpalatable to some aesthetics who would like to live in a world surrounded

by beautiful music, "tasteful" architectural surroundings and polite but witty conversation. They look at graphic and realistic portrayals of the Christos, and say, "How horrible." Perhaps it is time we realized how really horrible it was, not only the physical suffering, but the mental anguish of having the sins of the whole world on His conscience. I feel that this empty cross is a symbol not so much of the resurrection, but of the modern Christian trend toward "the fatherhood of God—brotherhood of man" type of religion. Modern man would much rather think of God as a kindly father and of His Son as a friendly companion, rather than to think of Them in the terms of the awfulness of God as a Righteous Judge sending Christ to bear the punishment of the sins we commit every day. I believe this is brought out especially in the Christmas season of each year, when laymen and clergymen too often confuse the Peace of Christ as it is offered by God, i.e., the peace that enters the soul of man from God, that peace between God and man, which means that man can reach out to accept God; and the type of peace that is talked about by the exponents of peace, progress, and prosperity, i.e., friendliness between the nations of the world.

I suppose that many people will say that I am picaresque—that in modern architecture that overall massiveness and simplicity give the real feeling of the majesty of God, and that this is much more important than any of its component parts. But at the risk of being redundant, I would repeat that the cross without the Christos to me is meaningless.

RHODA HEINECKE

Evanston, Illinois

The Holy Night

By A. R. KRETZMANN, LITT.D.

JERUSALEM AND BETHLEHEM

I will not yield my childhood dreams
Of Jesus' tender voice and helping hands --
Of shaded lanes and nights beneath the stars --
Of long revealing talks with Peter, John and
James --

Of Prayers that shook the heart of God with sobs,
For all the tinsel and the shine, the priestery.
The pomp and show, or even piety gone mad,
And dressing in the gaudy garments of our pride
The places that are blest by higher grace --
By loveliness that cannot be denied
Though all the thoughtless minds of men combine
To make impressive what is God's simplicity.
And so my Bethlehem remains a humble Stall
And my stars hang in soft Judean skies.
The field and shepherds are just as they were --
The guide posts broken down -- the guides gone
home.

And over there, on Kedron's side, He kneels
In loneliness to pray without Franciscans helping
Him.

And up beyond the city wall it is a simple scene --
The Saviour on His Cross. The mob unheeding,
Streaming by as now they stream by day and night,
Around and through the narrow, footworn streets,
And pay no heed to Him who is the hope
For us, for new Jerusalem and for the world.

Fritz von Uhde (1848-1911) loved Bethlehem as it was before it became the symbol of this endless contention which almost dispels the glory of the love that came in Christ our Lord. Twenty-five times von Uhde painted the infancy of Jesus. Always he peoples his pictures with children as if his truest insights into the meaning of the faith were bound up with them.

Von Uhde is essentially a poet and a mystic. Even though he has reduced the story of the Christmas Night to just three people, he nevertheless gives it a light and a glory which very few of the modern paintings of Christmas have.

The scene is evidently the cave of Bethlehem. He uses light as the organizer of the picture. The oval which it makes ties all the figures together and makes them glorious even in their simplicity.

Mary remains the girl from the hill country at Nazareth. She seems to be praying another Magnificat as she folds her hands and looks in adoration at the Holy Child. Looking deep into the picture you see the vast darknesses to which this Light must still come. The dark areas are still with us. They are darker tonight around Bethlehem than they have been for centuries and all the world must join with Mary in the Light and pray that Christ may be the power and the love that makes our Christmas real and lasting, great and true.

In this picture is the ultimate in understanding art, both old and new. It is there for the enhancement of life—to add dimension to our faith. A great picture works to enrich our insight and discipline our emotions; to increase our convictions and to enlarge our tolerance. It is no accident that the life and character and teachings of the Holy Child have been the chief theme of art throughout all the Christian centuries.

A.R.K.



The editors, the associates, the columnists, and all of our writers, grateful to God for having presented us with the opportunity, this past year, to address ourselves to a much larger audience than ever before in our history, take this occasion to extend our warmest wishes to all of our readers for a blessed Christmas and for the continuing benediction of our Heavenly Father in the New Year.

May the Star of Wonder direct our minds to Him Who is the great and mighty Wonder. May the Star of Light direct our hearts to Him Who reigns in the Kingdom where there is no night. And may the radiance of this season warm us in these latter days wherein the hearts of men have waxed cold and many have been forced to take their flight in winter.



The Fulness of Time

By WALTER E. BAUER

*Dean of the Faculty and Professor of History
Valparaiso University*

When the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.
—Galatians 4:4-5

When this issue of the CRESSET is "put to bed" another Advent season will be upon us. But except for Christians in the liturgical tradition this season will once again go by unobserved, indeed largely without any awareness of its existence. This is one of the tragic consequences of a Protestant tendency to cut loose from historic Christianity. For the season of Advent serves to emphasize a most significant truth. I reminds us that while the Incarnation was a "discontinuous" event in history it was also an event "continuous" with what went before and what followed after. In simple, Biblical language its theme is the declaration of St. Paul in Galatians: "When the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons."

A complete comprehension of the "fulness of time" is, of course, out of the question, since even the best informed student of the history of salvation possesses little more than fragmentary knowledge. But even an elementary knowledge of sacred and secular history suffices to illuminate this aspect of the divine plan for the redemption of mankind.

There was nothing accidental about the time of the Incarnation, as there was nothing accidental about anything in the life and work of the Savior. Everything was according to plan. The time was ripe for the birth of Jesus. Mankind had arrived at that point in history at which the Old Dispensation had run its course. One of the divine purposes of this dispensation was to permit mankind to demonstrate to itself its complete inability to redeem itself under the law, by moral effort. Jew and Gentile were to have full scope and sway to work out their own salvation, to carry out the injunction, "This do, and thou shalt live."

Nothing in all history is at once so sublime and so tragic as the efforts of ancient man to grope his way out of darkness into light, to find a solution of the problem created by sin, to free himself from guilt and fear. But the more he tried the more he failed, and everywhere, except for the increasing light of prophecy, there was

increasing darkness. Everywhere there was degeneration, deviation from what is right and good. This degeneration manifested itself in all the superstitions and crimes and vices of which only a fallen angel is capable. At its best, the culture of ancient man ended in failure and destruction. If ever a people was highly endowed with intellectual and emotional qualities it was the people of ancient Greece. But despite magnificent achievements of mind and heart and hand, despite many brilliant insights, they too failed miserably to work out their own salvation, to find the peace that passeth understanding. Indeed, it was with such as these in mind that Isaiah wrote, "Behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people."

And the darkness was greatest just before the dawn. How great it was is apparent from St. Paul's terrific indictment of ancient culture. In his letter to the Romans he describes the "gross darkness" that had enshrouded the world. "Because that, when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools. And changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things. . . Who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed forever." And much else, including the lowest forms of perversion. Indeed, the virtues of the ancient world had come to be shining vices. One cannot read the story of Hellenistic civilization without a sense of approaching doom, without an increasing awareness of moral and spiritual bankruptcy.

This indictment of human culture without Christ is a refutation of the theory of spiritual progress, the theory that there is some inherent force at work in human society which necessarily makes for progress from darkness to light, from polytheism to monotheism, from animism to ethics. The opposite is true, as our age has every reason to know. Apart from the Word of God, mankind had steadily deteriorated. The image of God had become more and more blurred. Darkness—gross darkness—had covered the earth.

As we approach again the miracle and the mystery of the Nativity, let us be grateful for the blessed truth

which is the theme of the Advent season. Living in the "fullness of time" let us, like John the Baptist, bear witness of that "true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

WOODCUTS

By Elizabeth Reuter



Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.

— B Y G. G. —



Dear Editor:

Instead of writing anything of my own this month, I thought I would type out a few lines from J. Romney Beall's *Putting God to Work for You* which, I think, tell about Christmas far better than I ever could.

"Theological eggheads may argue about what happened that night long ago in Bethlehem. In my big city parish, my job has not been to split theological hairs but to pump high-octane religion into human motors that have become run-down and pingy in the high-pressure, high-speed traffic of the Big Town. You can say that the Child was God if you want to or you can say that he was just another child who somehow got a reputation later on for being more than human, as long as you say that he brought God-power down with him for us common folks.

"That's the important thing—not what he was but what we can become if we exploit the techniques that he invented. Check yourself once and see whether you are tapping the God-power that he discovered in

"1. *Prayer*. (Do you have a quiet time every day when you just relax in the everlasting arms? Do you ever try to spell out in detail just exactly what it is you want God to do for you? Do you take No for an answer or do you keep at it until you finally get what you want?)

"2. *Fellowship*. (Is your Rotary or Kiwanis or Chamber of Commerce just a club to you or do you bring to it some of the spirit of discipleship that bound together that little group of small business men whom history remembers as 'the Apostles'?)

"3. *Love*. (Have you learned the secret of purposive love—of the outreach that draws other people to you and makes them glad to cooperate with you—or are you still trying to dominate other people with such low-potency devices as threats and sarcasm?)

"4. *Optimism*. (Have you learned to keep your face toward the sun? Do you have heaven in your heart? Do you whistle while you work?)

"Give yourself 25 points for each question you can answer 'Yes,' and deduct 25 points for every negative answer. The result will be your SQ or 'spiritual quotient.'"

Merry Christmas,
G.G.

Harman's Book on Music Has Something To Say

By WALTER A. HANSEN

A short time ago I received two preview copies of a little paperback book which everyone interested in music should read and study. The title is *A Popular History of Music: From Gregorian Chant to Jazz*; the author is Carter Harman, music editor of *Time*; the price is fifty cents (Dell Publishing Co. Inc., New York).

When I saw the books, I was curious. I had met Carter in Louisville last year. On an occasion or two I had chewed a few bits and some chunks of musical fat with him, and once he and I had broken bread at the same table. I had come to know him as an unusually alert and nimble-witted student of music, as a journalist with a keen sense of news values, and as a critic who understood what he talked and wrote about. To this day I have not heard any of Carter's compositions. But I know that he studied under the much-discussed Roger Sessions, who is, by nature and on principle, given to compose with unmistakable independence of thought and spirit.

By this time one of my copies of Carter's *A Popular History of Music* is thoroughly "dogeared." I like the book—not because it is written by Carter but because it is chockful of tasty and substantial food for thought and, shall I say, mental mastication.

Now please do not ask me to state with the utmost clarity just what difference—if any—there is between thought and mental mastication. But I have the notion—in fact, the belief—that after reading Carter's book you will want to do far more than merely think about what it has to say; you will want to masticate its contents. And I am sure that you will find it pleasant and stimulating to do so, for Carter discusses the history of music with refreshing independence of thought and spirit.

Carter tells us that "we pay more cash admissions for music per year than we do for professional baseball." Then, in his arresting and straight-from-the-shoulder way of writing, he goes on to say:

Less bright is the fact that much of the music that surrounds us lurks unobtrusively in the background and tends to become a mere series of sensations without conveying any sense of significance or even of continuity. It is no use to congratulate ourselves on the fact that millions of people are becoming accustomed to music if they get nothing more out of it than sound effects.

That was a hammer blow, Carter, I like it. Really, your little book is full of hammer blows. Some of them make me leap for joy; some of them bring me twinges

of pain. But pains, as you know, are often good for one's musical system.

Let me tell you just a little about one of the pains I felt as the result of one of Carter's hammer blows. Listen to these words:

I have told the story in terms of the men who lived it [music], selecting as protagonists those composers who left music somehow different from the way they found it. If others, such as Handel, Brahms and Tchaikovsky, are included here, it is because, although they have not really altered the course of music, they have nevertheless made it richer by their contribution.

Well, to this moment I have not been able to swallow that hammer blow—if you will forgive me for using a horribly mixed metaphor. I happen to believe—and to be sure—that Handel and Brahms were major prophets. Now a major prophet accomplishes much more than one can express by means of the term "enrichment." I am convinced that Handel and Brahms actually did something to alter the course of music.

What about Tchaikovsky? One could debate this question long and heatedly. I used to write about Tchaikovsky in a somewhat derogatory way. But I have mended my ways.

Thank goodness, Carter has given us a book which gives rise to debates. Music is bound to thrive on debating.

I wish I had the space to tell you much more about Carter's opinions. But I must forego giving even the briefest quotations from his evaluations of the giants, the near-giants, the pygmies, and the near-pygmies. Again I urge you to read the book. Masticate it. Give it to some of your relatives and friends. Then keep on masticating music. "It is my hope," writes Carter, "that *A Popular History of Music* will stimulate the reader to seek out the music in question, for reading about music is no better than reading about a delicious meal."

Thanks, Carter, for a good and stimulating time! But what, pray, do you think about Anton Bruckner? I wish I knew. At the same time I think I know.

RECENT RECORDINGS

THE TONE POEM. *Mephisto Waltz*, by Franz Liszt, and *Don Juan*, by Richard Strauss. Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Fritz Reiner. *Romeo and Juliet*, by Tchaikovsky; *Francesca da Rimini*, by Tchaikovsky; *La Valse*, by Maurice Ravel. Boston Symphony Orchestra under Charles Munch. *Les Preludes*, by Liszt. Boston Symphony Orchestra under Pierre Monteux. *Italia*, by Alfredo Casella, and *El Salon Mexico*, by Aaron Copland. Boston Pops Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler. *Nuages*, by Claude Debussy, and *Escales*, by Jacques Ibert. Leopold Stokowski and his symphony orchestra. As sumptuous as it is instructive (RCA).

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

RELIGION

SUBJECT AND OBJECT IN MODERN THEOLOGY

By James Brown (Macmillan, \$3.75)

It was a wise publisher who picked up these lectures, delivered by Mr. Brown at Edinburgh in 1953, and decided to include them as a book in the promising new series, "The Library of Philosophy and Theology."

An honest achievement this is, too, in philosophy and theology. "It is not a question, in the special matter that interests us here, of philosophy versus theology. It is a matter rather of the mind operating philosophically within theology. Certain concerns of mind are philosophical whether these arise within science or theology." (p. 16.) "The special matter that interests us here"—the question of subjectivity in the knower and how it conditions the truth about the things he knows—is indeed a philosophical "concern of mind," and Brown's mind is here concerned with the philosophical answers given to this question by the existentialists. Yet he is particularly "interested in the theological aspects of this issue. Is the existentialist emphasis an assistance towards understanding the nature of Christian truth? Is faith... an existentialist attitude towards the Object... it knows?" (p. 177) Yet this question, as Brown still insists at the end of the book, "is a matter, of course, for the general philosopher as well as for the theologian." Books like these—and may their tribe increase—point the way to an honorable reconciliation of two once good comrades in arms, the intelligently Christian theologian and the Christianly intelligent philosopher.

Between the introductory and concluding chapters Brown devotes five others to Kierkegaard, Heidegger, Buber, and Barth. That Kierkegaard, alone among these, should rate two chapters and that one of these should deal with "the *subject* in Kierkegaard" is easily justifiable in view of his historical importance for the problem of "truth as subjectivity." What comes as a surprise is the allotting of an entire second chapter to "the *object* in Kierkegaard"—an emphasis quite out of proportion with Kierkegaard's own. Still this chapter (one for which any Kierkegaard admirer must be grateful) is fundamental to Brown's whole argument, especially to his contrasting the Christian Kierkegaard with non-Christian recent existentialists. Unlike them, Kierkegaard still conceded to the Object (which for him was the para-

doxical God-man) considerable independence of and control over the knowing subject, the believer. It is for the purposes of this same contrast between Christian and non-Christian existentialists (p. 86) that a chapter is included on Heidegger, though one would not ordinarily expect to find him in a book on "modern theology."

The particular chapter sequence from Kierkegaard to Heidegger to Buber to Barth, in successive chapters, is presumably meant to illustrate—but fails to do so—one of the author's theses, namely that from one theologian to the next the concept of "subject" becomes gradually more concrete. Is Heidegger's subject, which Brown himself repudiates as an "evisceration" of the human self, really more concrete than Kierkegaard's? If the subject finally becomes most concrete in the theology of Barth, does it do so simply in terms of Brown's definition of "concreteness?" (p. 176) On Brown's own showing the answer to both questions seems to be No. Fortunately this objection does not touch the central nerve of the author's argument.

Brown's argument, stated only obscurely in the last chapter and otherwise hidden in, with, and under his critiques of other theologians, is much too good to deserve such modest concealment. He therefore leaves to his reviewer the risky but rewarding task of laying his argument bare.

Brown begins by showing that modern usage of the terms subject and object, subjective and objective, originates with Kant. But Brown also clearly believes, not only that our usage *does* go back to Kant, but that it *must* go there, at least for one minimal definition of the word "object." On the Kantian deduction, every act of knowing logically presupposes the presence not only of a knower but also of that which he knows, not only subject but object. This deduction does not claim that such objects do actually exist, nor of course does it pretend to know what they would be like if they did. It shows only that, whatever it is we mean by knowledge, we always mean at least that it is a situation in which a knower is juxtaposed to something known. Unless we assume this minimal kind of objectivity, knowledge becomes meaningless and impossible. Consequently, it is plainly wrong of Buber and other theologians to suggest that objective knowledge is some lesser breed of cognition, confined largely to the sciences, and superseded by a more "ultimate" kind of subjective truth, especially in religion, in which objectivity is no longer a concern. No cognition can ever

completely escape this concern, Brown argues, since every kind of cognition, because it cognizes something, does in that sense include an object.

At the same time Brown acknowledges, with Kant, that one thing which makes the objects of our knowledge appear to us as they do is that we subjectively impose something of ourselves upon them, and that we necessarily must do so if these objects are going to be at all intelligible to our kind of mind. What makes them meaningful to us is that we read into them the only kind of meaning which our minds are built to understand. In this respect all knowledge, even the most objective natural science, is inevitably and necessarily subjective. But Brown intends this reminder not merely for scientists (who are hearing it nowadays almost *ad nauseam*) but especially for recent existentialist philosophers and theologians. They give the misimpression, Brown feels, that subjectively conditioned truth is something unique with religious, moral, and inter-personal knowledge. It is not. What is unique about these kinds of knowledge is not the bare fact of their subjectivity but the particular *how* of their subjectivity, the peculiar *ways* in which they are subjective. This of course is exactly what the existentialists have been saying all along. Brown's charge, though, is that, while they have said this, they have not actually discriminated with sufficient precision and clarity just what the specific ways and hows are which distinguish existential subjectivity from non-existential. To search farther for these distinctions is a challenging obligation. But in no case can we loosely take for granted that existential knowledge is different *toto coelo* from that of the sciences on the ground that the one is all subjectivity and the other is not subjectivity at all. Let no one suppose that Mr. Brown is here belittling and blurring valuable distinctions which others have labored to establish. On the contrary, he is only urging that their labors should not cease prematurely.

A final point which Brown argues owes nothing to Kant but is the point which comes nearest to answering the question with which the book began, "Is the existentialist emphasis an assistance towards understanding the nature of Christian truth?" The basic philosophical question is, If what we know about things is forever conditioned by what we subjectively have to read into them, does not this subjectivity of ours prevent us from ever knowing what these things are in reality, in their true and

innermost being? Brown answers No, even though the Kantians and others galore would disagree with him. Their very disagreement, however, derives from a principle of theirs which itself is vulnerable. From the one admitted truth, We know things from a human point of view, they draw the unwarranted conclusion, Therefore we do not know things as they really are. The debatable premise which they conceal is this, Things as they really are are alien to the human point of view. To this Brown replies, "If we cannot know things-in-themselves," [and this he says with tongue in cheek] then "we cannot know that the ultimate nature of things is hostile or indifferent to human values." (p. 182)

For his own part Brown prefers an alternative premise—and not only prefers it but manfully argues it. Prior to our reflecting on things cognitively, before we separate ourselves from them as knowing subjects from known objects, we are originally together with them, sharing in the same kind of reality. When at the later and more abstract stage of "knowing" them we fashion them as objects in the images of our own minds, we do not thereby necessarily distort them. It may be, after all, that we are but recovering our original togetherness with them, only now on the level of knowledge. When, then, as knowers we read our meanings into these objects, it may well be that we are reading their own meanings back into them. The values and interests with which we subjectively invest them may be a clue to their own natures. Accordingly, in certain existential situations the knower's subjectivity might be, not a mirror which reflects only his own relation to the object, but an eye which perceives the object itself—objectively. If so, existential subjectivity could accomplish what Brown hopes for it, a "revelatory" disclosure of reality, an "ontology." Thus the God who appears loving to the subject who passionately trusts in Him would be, not only God as He seems to this subject, but God as He is in truth.

Because of the opaqueness of much of Brown's English, which unfortunately has to be read first if one wants to think Brown's thoughts, it is hard to know whether one has caught the book's argument exactly. The author surely does not lecture with the sort of Scottish crispness and straightforwardness which one would expect from an Ayrshire pastor. More likely, he reflects the Calvinist respect for godly exertion. That said, the more lasting impression is that, though reading the book is not child's play but grown man's work, its truths, once got, are worth having. For the clergymen and the growing number of laymen who combine theological and philo-

sophical interests, this book is recommended as strong but nourishing meat.

THE WESTMINSTER HISTORICAL ATLAS TO THE BIBLE

Edited by George Ernest Wright and
Floyd Vivian Filson (Westminster Press,
\$7.50)

Civilization is geographic. Events do not happen in a vacuum or off in space but on the surface of an earth which differs from place to place in landforms and climates, in resources and accessibility. And if to these varied physical elements of the landscape there be added the constantly changing elements of the social and cultural environment, it must be apparent that any real understanding of events, whether of the past or of the present-day, must start with the correct understanding of the time and space setting within which they occurred.

This is certainly true of our understanding of the Bible. One may speak quite properly of the timeless truths of the Scriptures, but often these truths must be distilled from a ground mass of narrative or a framework of ideas which are unintelligible unless one has gotten them fixed in their correct time and space environment. The problem of doing so is, of course, a formidable one. We are faced with no less a problem than the problem of reconstructing, in fine detail, a way of life which is almost totally foreign to Western man in a part of the world which few of us have ever seen and in a succession of ages which have been buried deep under the rubbish of history. How can we ever know what the world of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob was really like? How can we ever place our thoughts and our speech in their frame of reference? Even the physical geography of the Middle East has changed significantly during the 4000 years which separate us from them. And yet, if we take the Scriptures as the revelation of the living God to living people, we must somehow try to become one of those to whom the revealing words were spoken.

Much of our theology gets hung up on the patently absurd but subtly intrusive supposition that the Scriptures are a book written by an English God in English for English-speaking and English-thinking people. But of course the Scriptures are no such thing. And if we would know their true meaning, we must call upon all of the best of our secular knowledge to help us interpret them.

Of the various secular fields, none, perhaps, has contributed more to our understanding of the Scriptures than has the field of archeology. William Foxwell Albright's introductory chapter in this atlas, "The Rediscovery of the Biblical World,"

presents a fascinating account of the methods and discoveries of the archeologist working in Palestine and adjacent areas. In later chapters, the practical significance of this work becomes evident as archeological light falls upon Biblical references, hitherto obscure or apparently inaccurate. The whole Joseph story, for instance, which some critics of the Scriptures have been inclined to relegate to the area of myth, becomes not only plausible but strikingly consistent with what a student of Egypt's Hyksos period might have expected to find in the Egypt of that day. Even certain technical terms in the Joseph account have been encountered in secular writings. The strange account of Rachel's stealing her father's idols makes sense against the background of Nuzi inheritance laws. And the evidence of the destruction of the Canaanite city-state system during the thirteenth century before Christ accords well with the chronology of conquest in the Old Testament.

Whole chapters deal with the various periods in the history of Israel—the period of the judges, regional histories of the land in the days of the independent kingdoms, accounts of the rise and fall of the great empires which overshadowed Israel and Judah, Palestine in Maccabean and Herodian times, the land during the life and ministry of our Lord, the world of the Pauline travels, and the world of early-day Christianity. To point out individual high points in these chapters would run this review beyond manageable length. At times these high points involve merely the emphasis of what should have been the obvious (e.g., our Lord's careful avoidance of the Gentile world which pressed upon him from every side). At other times there are examples of challenging interpretation (e.g., the section which attempts to explain why Christianity spread westward rather than eastward). In everything, there is evidence of tough scholarship coupled with reverence and love for the Biblical text—a combination which avoids, on the one hand, "using" archeology as a tool of apologetics and, on the other hand, enthroning archeology as the validator of the Scriptures.

The maps (there are 33 of them) are feats both of cartography and of reproduction. Clear, well-chosen pictures, especially the one illustrating a reconstruction of Solomon's temple, contribute greatly to our understanding of the land. And both the text and the maps are fully indexed.

Any Christian or Jew ought to be delighted to receive this atlas as a Christmas present. For a pastor, a priest, or a rabbi, it might well be considered essential.

FOR THE HEART OF AFRICA

By Ruth Christiansen (Augsburg, \$3.50)

This is a woman missionary's moving account of the founding of the Sudan Mission, an independent faith mission of Lutheran background operating in French Cameroon, and the growth of that largely pioneer work since 1923. The story begins with an account of the missionary initiative and zeal of the founder, A. E. Gundersen, continues with a description of the opening of eleven major stations, sees the emergence of a native African Church among the *Bayas* and provision for the training of African clergy, and ends on a note of fulfillment when, in 1952, the Evangelical Lutheran Church (USA) votes to accept the Sudan Mission as a part of its own missionary responsibility. The book is a composite of many literary sources, principally the diaries and travel-logs of the early Sudan missionaries, and betrays some of the inevitable literary weakness of such a work. But it succeeds in displaying admirably the single-minded if unsophisticated faith, the evangelical piety and devotion of the Sudan missionaries, many of them women.

Though not written for that purpose, the book does illustrate the application of spiritual principles and sound missionary practice. The beginning was slow but the foundations were well laid. The land and local conditions were under continual survey. Relationships were established with the French colonial administrators, who receive high praise, and the local native chieftains. Catechumens were carefully instructed over a period of years, and given and opportunity for service as lay witnesses before being admitted for baptism. No baptisms, in fact are recorded until the ninth year, and even then individual Christian experience is regarded as more important than numbers. The reader also has the impression of a great economy of means. No large American subsidies, so often destructive of local initiative, are reported. A mud and clay chapel constructed for \$8 serves for 20 years. Housing for local catechists is provided by the natives. From this it is clear that adequacy of financial resources is far from being the most important consideration so far as the success of the missionary enterprise is concerned.

JAMES A. SCHERER

LUTHER: YOUNG MAN OF GOD

By Lois Gahl (Augustana Press, \$1.00)

In a short (ninety pages) book aimed primarily at young people, Mrs. Gahl has done a remarkably good job of bringing Luther to life as a child, a young student, a monk, and a professor. This she has accomplished by the exercise of the imagination, controlled by the historical facts of Luther's life and by a feel for the environ-

ment of early sixteenth-century Germany.

Properly speaking, this is a fictionalized biography. But in every respect it is faithful to what we know about the young Luther from his letters, from his later conversations, and from other sources. As a book for young people, or for older people who are not well acquainted with Luther, it could perform a real service for it shows Luther as the very human, very engaging person that he was rather than as the superhuman figure of popular hagiography. It should prove to be an excellent and welcome Christmas gift.

HOW TO BE AN EFFECTIVE CHURCH WOMAN

By Carolyn P. Blackwood (Westminster, \$2.50)

Mrs. Blackwood covers the various stages of a church woman's life and gives directives for increasing stewardship in the church's program.

She begins with the assumption that churchgoing is a habit and that on Sunday morning the thoughts of a Christian woman turn toward the church. Her plans must be made through prayer and through worship to receive the blessings the Heavenly Father wishes to bestow at this time. It is her duty as a wife and mother to inculcate this habit into the lives of her family also, particularly in the children where the habit of churchgoing should begin early, so that activity in church work forms a pattern in the life of a child.

As a loyal church worker she expects women to take an active part in the work of the church. Women with leadership abilities should be approached by pointing out the need for able, consecrated leaders in the church's program—that as a Christian woman Christ and the work of the church ought to come first.

Women can be trained to assist the pastor by visiting the sick and shut-ins, reporting serious illnesses, helping new families who move in the neighborhood, taking children to Sunday School, organizing Bible Study groups, becoming a liaison agent in uniting younger and older women into successful societies, and by volunteering for direct service to the pastor.

Learning to lead devotions and leading in prayer is an art that needs to be cultivated by church women today. Conducting the opening devotions in a church group needs careful attention and thought. The choice of a hymn, the Scripture reading, the prayer, all will serve to express worship in its highest form.

A person who has found joy and delight in church work can scarcely understand why other church women do not feel the same interest. One must use a

different approach with every person but we must continue to try to rouse the indifferent women from their lethargy.

In the chapter entitled "As a Trustee of God's Treasure," the author discusses the question of voluntary giving, or raising the budget through working programs with arguments pro and con—

Mrs. Blackwood concludes her book by asking that each woman keep her daily appointment with the Lord through the methods she has found most helpful in her experiences in God's love through effective everyday living. The inner life needs consistent, patient nurturing and constant soul searching—meeting God in the "quiet watch" with a return to the Bible itself, rather than "through a grasshopper curriculum, scrappy survey courses, books about books, or a nervous leaping from topic to topic."

BERNICE RUPRECHT

FICTION

THE IDES OF AUGUST

By William Converse Haygood (World, \$4.75)

According to the types described in this novel, the modern American expatriate in Europe has undergone a great change since the days of his counterpart of the 1920's. The present day expatriates are more standardized and lack the gaiety of the self-styled exiles of 30 years ago. And they show signs of something resembling a social conscience which gives them a guilt complex unless they are engaged in some useful work.

The *Ideas of August* describes the varied members of the American colony living in the village of Puerto Alegre on the Spanish island of Mallorca. While most of these Americans seem to be engaged in some activity or other, their main purpose in living there is the favorable rate of exchange and the ideal climate.

If these same persons were living in a small village in the United States, they would not be associating with each other because of the differences in their social and economic status. But in Puerto Alegre they are bound closely and get together daily. Among the members of the colony, the stabilizing influence is Flora Witherpoon, a retired California school teacher, who is exiled only because her daughter does not want her at home. She is satisfied with her life in Spain and she has enough maturity and common sense to help her neighbors. Not until the Olsons with their two children arrive does she realize how homesick she is. The Olsons are residents for only six months while he is on leave of absence from his school. They are com-

pletely American of a naive variety and, while they join the colony, they are never a part of it.

On the other hand, Delia Grayson is a born expatriate. A writer of unintelligible poetry and an admirer of strange characters, she has never felt at home in the United States. But her husband hates the aimless life he is living and finally contrives to escape from it. The Middletons are unique in that they are the only ones who have any reason for being in Spain. He is on leave of absence from his University and on a grant to do field work in archeology. In a sense though, Professor Middleton is escaping too, from the shadow of his wife's father, one of the world's leading archeologists.

Adding youth and gaiety to the life of the colony are the Jaudons, a wealthy young couple escaping from the wife's mother. This mother, now on her fourth marriage, feels it is disgraceful for anyone of wealth to have more than one child and the Jaudons already have four. And young Jaudon is also trying to escape from an inherited business in America, a fate he considers much worse than the aimless and useless existence he is leading in Europe.

Action in the novel is limited while the colony goes on its daily rounds of informal parties and uses other excuses to drink the very inexpensive Spanish brandy available there. One day differs little from the next and no one wants a change. But the expatriates do not escape the fate of the Mallorcan legend which says, "In August everyone in Mallorca goes mad." The pace of the novel picks up as the month of August progresses, and by the end of that fateful month, only two of the original members of the colony remain. This is a light, but well organized novel giving a very clear picture of an expatriate's existence, but it is no advertisement for that way of life.

GENERAL

OUR LITERARY HERITAGE

By Van Wyck Brooks and Otto Bettmann (Dutton, \$8.50)

THE STORY OF AMERICAN LETTERS

By Walter Fuller Taylor (Regnery, \$4.00)

The simultaneous publication of these two aids to American literature will help to remedy for our native letters the predicament which Emerson once expressed thus about Bronson Alcott: he "had precious goods on his shelves—but he had no show window." In New York today the Bettmann Archiv[®] is rapidly becoming such a display medium, and from its files more than 500 photographs and drawings have

been used to enhance the abridged text of Mr. Brooks's five-volume work called *Makers and Finders: A History of the Writer in America 1800 - 1915*.

Dr. Bettmann has recast my work in quite a new form, cutting the narrative down to less than one-sixth of the original text while largely retaining its continuity and flow. . . . His object was to preserve the essential movements and the principal figures, and at the same time he has assembled the pictures that give this work an independent value. . . . My intention was from the beginning to show the interaction of American life and letters.

The titles of the original volumes have here become chapter or unit headings, i.e. The World of Washington Irving, The Flowering of New England, The Times of Melville and Whitman, New England: Indian Summer, and The Confident Years.

This is a beautiful book, larger than average in size and scope. It remains open readily anywhere. It invites the reader to continue the survey almost effortlessly, but it seems to imply this question: in our days, who actually reads a complete book anymore? There is danger in oversimplification.

A similar dilemma is found in Taylor's re-working of his 1936 *A History of American Letters*. The popularizing trend in *Our Literary Heritage* resembles the technique of *Life* magazine; for Taylor here there is a similarity to *Reader's Digest*. Of course a student can refer to the earlier, more complete work; but will he? Even so, it is wholesome to use the *belles-lettres* connotation, to consider literature as one of the fine arts, as Prof. Taylor explains.

It is not a story of lives, or of literary *milieux*, though biographical or social facts may sometimes illumine it. It is a story of writings—their titles, their content, their forms and techniques, their emotional tones and overtones, their underlying philosophy, their human values. As a story of writings, it is also in measure a story of the American consciousness.

Congratulations to the author for his excellent summaries of ideas and principles, together with his brief but sensible estimates of the leading writers! Unlike the efforts of Mencken who tried to liquidate our American past, here is a romanticizing of our heritage.

In sum, both of these new books do us a genuine service in showing that the center of emphasis in American life is shifting wisely from the mere conquest of new areas to the better integration and coordination of what we already have.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

SO MUCH OF BEAUTY

By Alice B. Casbon (Vantage, \$2.00)

The verses in this small book are the warmhearted and grateful expressions of

one who finds significance, humor, and beauty in the ordinary experiences and scenes of daily life. The author is a Valparaiso University graduate and a teacher in the Wanatah, Indiana, public school system.

THE HEART HAS ITS REASONS

By the Duchess of Windsor (McKay, \$5.00)

In 1936 when King Edward VIII abdicated from Great Britain's throne, the name of Wallis Simpson provoked controversy in every part of the world. Certainly the memoirs of this well-known woman will be met with curiosity and interest. Those who read it will be searching for an insight into the character of the woman for whom the King gave up his throne. Twenty years ago there were those who felt she had a right to take happiness as she could and wished her well. There were also those who hated her for depriving Great Britain of her king. I doubt if this book will change the argument of either faction.

Those who sympathized with the plight of the Duchess will say that her story proves that she was a good and kind child, that she had the misfortune of having no father's influence in her life. They will say that her first two marriages were unfortunate but that she was a victim of circumstances in these previous affairs. They will say that she tried to make these marriages work and gave up only after superhuman efforts. She didn't set out to conquer the heir apparent of the English throne, she was drawn to him and only realized where the friendship would lead after it was too late, they will say. These champions of the Duchess will feel that she has made a good and happy life for the Duke and has undergone many hardships in doing so.

Those who did or would have sent threatening letters in 1936 will say, after reading her book, that the Duchess herself proves how selfish, headstrong and spoiled she was even as a little girl. They will say that her marriages were not properly motivated and that they failed to succeed primarily because she was unwilling to give herself wholeheartedly to the happiness of her husbands. They will assert that a woman only half as clever as she would have known that her relationship with the Duke was leading in only one direction and that had she understood the function of a faithful wife she could have turned away from this entanglement before it went too far. They will go so far as to say that even after the situation became critical, she could have kept the king on the throne by deciding against her divorce. So, although the book does go into a lot of detail to explain events leading up to and following the abdication, it will fail to settle the

question of the character of one of the century's most famous women.

There has been some question as to whether or not the Duchess employed a ghost writer to write this volume. But regardless of the book's authorship, it is extremely well written. The book handles its subject with clarity and sympathy.

Readers will find the descriptions of royalty, royal families and events most engrossing. Those interested in details of how royal families dress, entertain and live will find the book fascinating. Your reviewer had a constant feeling, whether justified or not, that there is much omitted from the book—that the whole story is not told here. Perhaps some day the complete truth will be told about one of the world's outstanding love stories.

JOSEPHINE L. FERGUSON

THE LIBERTIES OF AN AMERICAN

By Leo Pfeffer (Beacon Press, \$5.00)

During the past decade there has been much ado about Americans' liberties. This appears to be symptomatic of times of crisis. It is encouraging to know that Americans show concern about and are eager to discuss the liberties that are the heritage of all citizens. Unfortunately, however, the evidence that has sharpened this awareness also has made it evident that a surprising number of Americans are painfully ignorant of the nature and extent of these rights. Indeed, because of misinformation or misunderstanding, some have unintentionally caused a perversion of guarantees of the Bill of Rights. Mr. Pfeffer (among others) is aware of these shortcomings and the dangers they portend, and is concerned. He professes faith in the basic decency of the American people, however, and believes that properly apprised of what they have a right to expect and what is expected of them, they will approach the problems of civil rights unblinded by the glare of passion, fear and prejudice. It is this task of education to which he has set himself.

After a brief excursion into the history of the Bill of Rights, the author takes up, one by one, the liberties guaranteed therein. He uses the Supreme Court as his medium, inasmuch as its decisions are the final words on civil and political rights. I am sure that most Americans are aware, to a greater or lesser degree, of certain basic rights guaranteed to them—freedom of speech and religion, for example. I am doubtful, however, that the majority of the non-legally trained know that free speech encompasses a great deal more than mere talk, or that religious liberty does not provide license for *everything* done in the name of conscience. It may come as quite

a surprise to many to learn that the Bill of Rights does *not* guarantee the right to counsel in every criminal case, nor does it preclude a state from restricting rather sharply the right to trial by jury. Mr. Pfeffer runs through the whole roster of political and civil rights, including some which only infrequently are heard about or discussed. The author's succinct explanations will apprise many readers of rights they never thought existed, and surprise many others who thought they had rights which in fact they do not have. Some of the cases used to illustrate the nature and scope of liberty should prove to be real eye-openers for quite a few readers.

To attempt to cover the whole of American liberties in less than three hundred pages (even with small type) is to run the risk of biting off more than one can chew. Mr. Pfeffer has managed not to choke and more. Since he is writing for the layman, *not* the lawyer, he has pre-digested a tough subject into one that is readily digestible. Consequently, no one with interest and reasonable intelligence need fear tackling it. He will get not only a nourishing repast, but also a palatable one. The author has dispensed entirely with that distracting irritant of scholarship, the footnote, and there is a minimum of the lawyer's esoteric language. He has not assumed the role of the critic, or the exhorter, or the alarmist. His approach is that of the objective observer whose purpose is primarily that of analysis and presentation of facts, and secondarily of prediction. The result is a dispassionate account of the Supreme Court's statements on the scope and application of the Bill of Rights. There is very little editorial comment, although on one or two occasions the author can not resist taking a mild swipe at the extremists of both the Hamiltonian and Jeffersonian schools. He gives about equal treatment to each facet of liberty. Since some of these facets have been beclouded somewhat during the past decade while others have remained bright, this fine impartiality is open to question. I was disappointed with the relatively brief treatment accorded the question of Congressional investigations. On the other hand, his summary of the cases and the explanatory analogies leave little to be desired. His account of the cat and mouse game between the Supreme Court and the southern states on the issue of the Negro vote is particularly interesting. And the lucid explanation of the underlying theories of the Communist trials is one of the best I have read. Mr. Pfeffer realizes that one's understanding of civil liberties can never be complete until he has a firm grasp on the significance of the federal-state dichotomy. To prevent confusion and insure clarity he refers again and again to

the effect of this duality in the area of liberty. In the final chapter he offers a brief prognosis on the future of American liberties. Since it is the rare book that covers so much ground simply and well about something of such vital importance, I recommend that it not be by-passed.

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD

By Lowell Thomas (Hanover House, \$6.95)

A BIG book with BIG print, obviously so designed to deal with BIG things, this work is an attempt to reproduce in words the giant eye of the Cinerama camera. It suggests one thing to the reader—rather see the picture.

The cursory glance Mr. Thomas allots to the original seven wonders of the world is perhaps justified, in that of them only the Pyramids remain today. But the now-encyclopedic, now-folksy histories of these monuments is disturbing. One wonders not only at the wonders, but also at Mr. Thomas's somewhat strange style. Speaking of Artemisia who created for her husband, Mausolus, the first mausoleum, Mr. Thomas speaks of her widowhood thus:

Then she is said to have pined away of grief, and to have drunk the ashes of her husband in wine. Soon she followed him to the realm of the shades.

From the pages of the past one finds himself whipped off to Europe for a historical and visual orgy of the relics of the continent, the Vatican, Colosseum, the Forum, Mont St. Michel, Mount Olympus, and the Acropolis. Then off again to Arabia where we visit burning deserts and a Sheik Hussein:

Sheik Hussein is an important potentate, and they paid their respects to him, each according to his rank. Some merely kissed his hand, others kissed not only his hand but also the dagger which he wore on his hip. It looked odd.

And off once again to Asia, Africa, South America and their BIG things, the skyscraper cities of the desert, the Watusi tribe, the Himalayas, the ruins of Angkor Vat in Cambodia, Mount Fuji Yama, and the falls of Iguazu, to mention only a few.

One feels a sense of relief at returning to the United States, but the relief is temporary, for in his review of the wonders of this country Mr. Thomas's scientific description of the phenomenon of Niagara Falls is geologically vague, and his esthetic description curious, to say the least. He states that Niagara is the sentimental wonder of the world, and that to fully appreciate it one must go back to the first courtship and marriage. Then after two pages of quotation from the Bible, Mr. Thomas comments comfortingly:

The beginning of courtship and the first marriage, as related in Genesis,

After this bird's-eye-view of the world, the question arises as to whether this must of necessity be the last of Mr. Thomas's pictures and books. What is left? This kind of promiscuous travelogue will undoubtedly jade the *wanderlust* of the American traveller to the point where he will be willing to sit in the Cinerama theater or at home with the book by Mr. Thomas and vicariously arrive at the statement, "If you've seen one, you've seen them all."

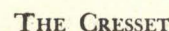
THE LONELY GUEST

There is graciousness and wisdom in these poems. The author knows man's proportions in the universe, his greatness and his limitations. Despite her occasional gentle pricks, she views man with compassionate and generous eyes. She writes concisely and melodiously. Miss Brackett, who has contributed to *the Cresset*, received the Durham Poetry Award for the poems contained in this small volume.

It is the position of the editors of this book that the American people remember and cherish the customs and traditions of

Many, if not most, of the selections are well known and for some real nostalgic reading this is the book. My copy has a major printing error in that about fifty pages in the middle of the book are missing and some are printed twice. It is hoped that this is not true of all copies. Would make a nice Christmas present.

Mr. Harvey, for example, tells the little-known story of the two men who were with Paul Revere as well as of the rider who carried the message all the way to Philadelphia, none of whom has been remembered by history or legend. He tells about the efforts of an Air Corps officer to surreptitiously teach an Army officer how to fly an airplane and the almost tragic result of this particularly in view of the fact that Dwight Eisenhower was the student. He recalls that Abraham Lincoln's wife's brothers were in the Confederate Army during the Civil War and that when they visited their sister they used the side door to the White House. He tells about Whistler's unsuccessful efforts to dispose of the painting now known as "Whistler's Mother." He tells these tales, plus about fifty more, in a rather tense and excited manner. The historical importance of these instances is not great but the book does make for interesting reading.



A Minority Report

Ike Couldn't Save His Party;
Party Couldn't Save Adlai

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN



The 1956 presidential election has established an obvious fact: President Eisenhower is an immensely popular man.

What has made him so popular? Any answer to this query must, of course, be a calculated guess. The American people are certainly aware of the part he played in World War II and without doubt many of the votes cast for him were really expressions of gratitude. The capacity of many American people for hero-worship should never be underestimated. Look at what some of us Americans have done for Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Jack Dempsey, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, Bing Crosby, Clark Gable, and the late James Dean.

The American people and the American advertisers have often merchandised these folk-heroes with great effect. It is certainly true that President Eisenhower has been merchandised by the press, the radio, TV, Robert Montgomery, and by advertising agencies.

Mr. Eisenhower has been an easy man to merchandise. He is friendly, affable, and congenial. He has had no patent difficulty with his family, his wife, and grandchildren. He goes to the right church and he says the right things in public. In addition, his critics must acknowledge that he has certainly had a successful four years.

For many of us, these four years have been pleasant. Our salaries are higher. We have sent none of our youngsters to war. We have had no serious international involvements. The garden doth indeed grow. Everything is O.K. in the vestibule to heaven. So why not return the General for another four years?

The last four years have not been chaotic. It was rather difficult for the Democrats to spread the Gospel of Doom and Gloom.

Mr. Stevenson is a competent man. In my books, he has more ability than Mr. Eisenhower. It is conventional to say that Mr. Stevenson is intelligent, but not very popular. But he is a popular man. He indicated unusual voting appeal in every campaign he has con-

ducted. Persons who have worked closely with him often worship him in a manner bordering on cultism.

Why then has he been defeated twice by Mr. Eisenhower? Perhaps no Democratic candidate could have defeated the General. Regardless, Adlai Stevenson gave the impression to many people that he is aloof, snobbish, sharp, witty, urbane, and almost too intelligent. It is the fashion among many Americans to be suspicious of the intelligent man for, as some persons have put it, "he talks too 'purty'." And sometimes Mr. Stevenson has a habit of looking at people as if they were side-dishes he had not ordered.

Nevertheless, it seems to this columnist that Mr. Stevenson is a very kindly and warm man. His address of concession late on election night was really a masterpiece. It had the touch of the true sportsman, of the man who could lose with grace. There was no rancor, no malice, no vengeance. At the most, he was disappointed. Above all, he was ready to move ahead to the New America.

The acceptance address of the President was rather curious. It was a very, very impromptu speech. Actually he had had several weeks to prepare it. In the address he was not really accepting the nomination. He was actually bringing his colleagues in the Republican Party up-to-date. He kept hammering out a refrain: we have a mandate from the American people to build modern Republicanism. Was he really saying that he was sick and tired of Jenner, Welker, Malone, Mundt, McCarthy, and the reactionary wing of the party?

The Republican Party as an organization has cause to be worried. It has been something like 108 years since a winning President was not able to carry at least one House of Congress along with him. What has happened to a party whose members could not ride in on the overwhelming majority of Ike?

All in all, the election was sort of crazy: Ike was not strong enough to pull in his friends; the Democratic legislators were not strong enough to pull in Adlai.

Screen Version of Tolstoy Novel Lacks Depth

By ANNE HANSEN

Count Leo Tolstoy (1828-1910) was much more than a great novelist. He was a passionate and dedicated social reformer. His writings cry out against the despotism of the Russian tsars and against the oppressive cruelty of the Russian nobles and landowners. The plight of the common man was of deep concern to Tolstoy. His profound understanding of the sturdy peasants of his native land convinced him that one day they could and would throw off the yoke of their oppressors.

In our time we have seen the tragic manner in which the reign of the last Russian tsar came to a bloody end. We have witnessed the defeat and the dispersal of the Russian aristocracy and the triumph of the common man. Alas, we have also seen that a government which purports to speak in the name of justice, equality, and brotherly love can be just as cruel, just as ruthless, and just as despotic as any tyrant in the long history of Russia under the tsars. We know that, ironically enough, the coming of the revolution envisioned by Tolstoy did not save his own daughter from persecution, imprisonment, and exile.

War and Peace (Paramount, King Vidor) presents a lavishly mounted screen version of Tolstoy's penetrating study of human behavior in times of stress and in periods of calm. Photographed in Vista Vision at a cost of \$6,000,000, the running-time of the film is three and a half hours, and the cast is made up of thirteen principals and more than 8,000 extras. Considered merely as a spectacle, *War and Peace* is eminently successful. The settings are superb, and the photography is arrestingly beautiful. The picture contains many moments of suspense, pathos, and excitement. King Vidor is a past master in the manner in which he organizes and controls mob scenes. Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Moscow is presented with stark and terrible realism.

Unfortunately, *War and Peace* is nothing more than a surface study of a great literary work. It lacks power and profundity. The spirit, the fire, and the purpose of the novel seem to have eluded the script writers. Space limitations do not permit more than a brief mention of the players. Audrey Hepburn is appealing as the girl Natasha, Henry Fonda is convincing as Pierre, Mel Ferrer is good as Prince Andrey, and John Mills is excellent as the peasant Platon.

A delicate and controversial theme is handled with good taste and admirable restraint in *Tea and Sympathy* (M-G-M, Vincente Minelli), adapted from Robert An-

derson's successful stage play. This is the story of a lonely and sensitive seventeen-year-old boy—a boy who had never known the security and the happiness of a real home, nor, apparently, the comfort and the sustaining power afforded by religious training. Tom Lee did not fit into the rough-and-tumble life of an exclusive preparatory school for boys. He was gentle in manner, and he preferred poetry and music to sports and physical horseplay. Soon his schoolmates began to whisper that he was "queer." A little later they gave him the derogatory nickname "Sister Boy."

In his loneliness, self-doubting, and confusion Tom turned more and more to Laura Reynolds, the wife of the school's athletic director. Eventually Laura succeeded in restoring Tom's confidence in himself and in his manliness. The method she employed has been the subject of much discussion and, in some instances, of severe condemnation. But I doubt that any mature person who sees the play—or the modified and slightly altered screen version—can fail to be touched by this poignant and deeply moving drama of a soul in torment.

John Kerr appears with fine success as the tortured adolescent, a role which he created in the original Broadway production. Deborah Kerr (no relation) is also from the original Broadway cast. She portrays Laura with impressive artistry. The supporting cast is unusually good.

The Defense Department has declared that *Attack* (United Artists) "is derogatory to Army leadership during combat." Based on Norman Fox's play *Fragile Fox*, this melodrama is a poor tribute to our gallant fighting men.

Lt. Col. Pete Everest, famous test pilot, doubles for William Holden in the breathtaking flying sequences in *Toward the Unknown* (Warners), a thrilling account of the development of the Bell X-2 rocket plane.

I have little patience with soap operas—either on TV or on radio. To me soap operas are cheap, unrealistic, and boring. And yet they continue to hold vast audiences year after year. Not long ago I was trapped into sitting through three episodes in a row. My companion was an ardent follower of the daily domestic dramas. To her the characters were real and living. Their problems and their heartaches were her problems and her heartaches. In all seriousness she told me, "Whenever it gets too bad, I tell myself 'It's only a story!'" Yes, Life Can Be Beautiful!

VERSE

Poems From The Holy Land

By A. R. KRETZMANN

JERUSALEM TODAY

So, peaceful rest upon thy holy hills --
Let twilight take away the ugly sight
Of man's new violence and hate --
How strange that, in the half light
Of the dying day, and, gilded by the west,
Those endless coils of war's barbed wire,
Should suddenly become a crown of thorns.
A crown of thorns so long, so twisted tight
That it could circle every brow of man
Who sits in councils where he wisely weighs
And then divides a land and sees not,
In his blindness or his fears, that he divides,
Not lands, not fields, nor cities and their wealth,
But hearts -- plain hearts of flesh and blood --
Who love and suffer, plead and die.
And, yet, no ear can hear their cry or grief
Because the mighty always play for power and land
And miss, as always, in their chambers far away,
The cries of hungry, fear filled waifs,
Of mothers, pleading for their children's chance --
They write such learned, diplomatic lines,
And sit in Palaces of Peace -- of marble and of gilt,
And see no lines stretched out beneath the trees
Of Palestine, of brown-skinned, barefoot orphans
Of the war -- The war men made when none
Would have a war and, with that, stole away
The work of years, the dreams for future days,
When God would give them grace to see
How Christ had come to bless this land
And all the earth, with something like true justice,
Now forgot, or cast aside, to make a safe way
For man's selfishness and greed and mockery of truth
And God and all the Christian nations of the world.

THE TEMPLES AND THE CROSS

A strange, new world of faith and strength
Flings wide its portals as the Golden Age
Of temples and of tombs breaks on your heart.
How can mere preaching of the Saviour's Way
Unseat the gods and break their statues down?
Or how can saints, who have but human powers,
See clearly all the end of man and preach
So that the temples rock and columns crash
And doom comes thundering down from God?

How have the ages in between stopped short
The gods' return and buried deeper
Than their deepest stones, their cults,
Their chants, their wealth and worship,
Faith and hope and shamed them, hopelessly,
To be but myth and man's inventiveness
To make him gods because he wished himself
To be like god and save himself, the while
His own invention gave him only pain?
From these great stones, these monuments
Of causes lost and faith made faithless
By the fault of man, may new faith rise --
Not in a host of vanities and forms or fears --
But in the living God, Who by His Christ,
Has brought no hurt to any land or man,
But given them, for all their pains and fears
The healing of His Cross -- His blood to bless
And cleanse away all sin and make for man
A heaven of grace which needs no temples anywhere
Save in the heart of man who trusts that Cross.

JALAZONE

(Refugee Camp near Ramallah)

God, let it burn into the soul of me,
What hate and greed and war have done!
Man's soul lies beaten in the dust
Of camps where misery and shame
Repeat themselves as oft as dawns arise
And sunsets fall. -- These are not beasts,
But blood-bought souls for whom Thy Son
Gave up His life on yonder skull-like hill.
For them He came as well for my needy soul.
They are to be companions of the angels too
And Sons and Daughters, heirs with Christ,
Of Thee, the Father blest and Maker of us all.
Forgive us our forgetting and our dullness, Lord, --
Crack out Thy whips of judgment on our calm
And make our hearts be flesh and love again
And give our brother justice for his soul
And lift him up again to be a man.



The Pilgrim



Prof. H. Grunau,
Valparaiso University Library
Valparaiso, Ind.

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

Dear Stephen:

Twelve years have now come and gone since I first wrote a Christmas letter to your brother. . . . Jody, whose head now reaches my shoulders was as small and helpless then as the Holy Child, and when I held him up to see the lights on the tree his eyes were as wondering as another baby's eyes must have been in a cave under the floor of the world nineteen hundred years ago. . . . Each year now I have come nearer the far off land from which the Baby came and each year I have learned to see in Christmas the best, though frail and dim, reflection of the light and the joy that is immortal. . . .

This will be your fifth Christmas on earth. . . . Please God, it will be a good one for all of us. . . . You will sit quietly, watching our small candles burning humbly before the manger, while Jody begins to read the story of the Baby who was also the Lord of the stars beyond our windows this winter night. . . . "And it came to pass in those days. . . ." There will be the Mother, the oxen, the sheep, the shepherds—and hovering over them all, the messengers of the God who loved you so much that He put His Son into a fold of grey, stony hills and turned the whole world upside down. . . . so that you and I could have Christmas once more. . . . and the largest would become the smallest. . . . and a star would turn and stop above the manger where the young Child lay. . . .

This year you will not be old enough to taste and feel the bitter sweetness of Christmas in the year of our Lord 1956, but I want to write you something about it so that you will see it clearly when I am no longer here. . . . This year, as for many years past, there will really be two Christmases in the world, one which we have made and one which God has made. . . . There is the Christmas which you will see on Main Street when Mother takes you shopping. . . . "Jingle Bells" in November, the lights on the streets, the carols from the courthouse roof, the red-nosed reindeer, jolly old Santa Claus, and more toys and lights than you have ever seen. . . . all this is not really bad, but it is not the real Christmas. . . . There is, even now, the other Christmas. . . . Advent wreaths, the manger under the tree, the rolling organs, the music of the shepherds, the singing of carols by little boys like you. . . . and above all the

places where Christmas assumes royal and eternal color. . . . the Christmas of Luke 2 and John 1 and Isaiah 60. . . . and the Nicene Creed. . . . all the imperial majesty and power of its real meaning. . . . the eternal thunder in the midnight quiet of Bethlehem. . . . the miracle and mystery of the very God of very God, the Light of Lights, putting on a body smaller than yours, a poverty which you have never known, and a sorrow greater than any sorrow you can ever know. . . .

Of course, you will not understand all that this Christmas. . . . As a matter of fact, I do not either. . . . I only know that it is there, as I know nothing else. . . . This is real, and you and I, each in his own way, can see a little of it as Christmas comes again. . . . touching our forgetful hearts with the remembering joy of the angels over the night toward which all life and history flowed and from which all life and history have now come for almost two thousand years. . . .

Every year, it seems, I have some trouble with all this. . . . There is so much to know and so little time to know it. . . . and my generation has gone into a far country where Christmas is a faint, far, lonely bell tolling for us to come home. . . . And yet also for us, so far away in sin, there is also, please God, the Christmas which you, as a little boy, bringing an unclouded love to the Manger and the warm dreams of Christmas Eve when the house is quiet in the cold, can have so much more surely and quickly than I. . . . And yet. . . . for both of us. . . . there is the cry of the Baby. . . . nothing more than that for your ears and mine. . . . but for our heart and soul, heaven and peace and God now forever in all our small matters and our little things. . . . This is heaven, for heaven is always where God is. . . . If you and I can remember that as Christmas Eve comes down over the earth with the ultimate rest and the last healing, and as the years fall heavy on your soul you will always have everything. . . . everything. . . . always. . . . And so I am sure you will want to be with us when I wish for every reader of this letter a gift not in my power to give. . . . a Christmas which will be happy because they know that God has given Himself in a Baby. . . . and the hands of the clocks of the world are now at everlasting, joyous midnight. . . . upright in gratitude and adoration. . . .