

III

CASEMENTS TOWARD ETERNITY

IN the catacombs there is an inscription that reads, "Gentianus, pray for us, because we know that thou art with Christ."⁸⁹ We evade the thought of death, not because we are absorbed in this present world (the absorption is chosen to aid and abet the evasion), but because death is the paramount sign of our helpless body, finite mind, and wicked will. But the Christians in the catacombs could hardly forget death: their refuge held six million tombs. They had faced their dilemma even before they entered the catacombs. This dilemma: what can finite man do about his sin and finitude? They knew that only God could solve the impasse. They believed that God's solving word is Christ.

The catacombs show how Christian faith in the hereafter affects our earthly life. The faith was not morbid, despite those galleries thick with human dust. They would not have approved Admiral Nelson's practice of keeping a casket near at hand to remind him of his mortality. No, they were glad of heart. They filled the dreary walls with symbols of a Risen Savior. They portrayed our soul as a young woman with arms outstretched in prayer, or as a bird singing its way through the trees of heaven. But they did not forget this world. In the decades when persecutions abated, and they could return to their homes, they ministered to health: sometimes they were the only ones unafraid to bury the dead in times of plague. They ministered to poverty. Living within slavery, and outwardly accepting it, they finally broke it by

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their life and faith, as a seed hidden in a crevice can rend a rock. Franz Werfel has said (through the mouth of the young priest in the novel, *Embezzled Heaven*)⁴⁰ that the catacombs are the only real revolution. Other revolutions merely revolve: *that* revolution changed the human spirit.

I

These comments give a point of departure to our present inquiry. We are to ask how Christian faith in the hereafter, if sincerely held, would affect this life and world. Would it beguile us by an "otherworldliness," or would it give us light and joy by which to work—casements toward eternity?

Part of the answer has been hinted. Communists and other sceptic groups have sometimes urged that Christianity, especially in its doctrine of the hereafter, is an "opiate" and perhaps even a capitalistic racket. We must concede them some evidence. Christianity has its distortions, like communism or any other faith; and alleged Christians have been known to await the end of the world, or to drool over heaven, to the neglect of justice on earth; and the church in Russia (and elsewhere) has sometimes been content to serve as private chaplain to unholy privilege. This evidence we must allow; but other evidence far outweighs it. Christ was a poor Man, and Christianity rose among the poor. St. Francis, who seems unworldly, built a hospital and a home for lepers; and his followers in practical zeal have been legion. The missionary enterprise, without benefit of swords or prestige, has covered the earth with schools and churches and dispensaries, always with special concern for the poor. The "opiate" argument is so unsound that it may be itself an "opiate"—a refuge from stern spiritual fact. Most Christians could say of "pearly gates" just what the applicant for a job in an American custom-house said about the sun. They asked him

the distance to the sun. He replied: "I don't know exactly. But I know it is far enough away not to interfere with my duties in the custom-house."

Men who discuss a false otherworldliness might well ask also what mischief a false *this*worldliness has wrought. If God—or fate—flings a bucket of tar on every picture when we have scarcely begun to paint, why labor? Thus comes the modern sense of futility. If we are creatures with a mortal life and immortal hopes, and the immortal hopes are mocked, we are ever divided against ourselves. Thus comes the modern frustration: has not Dr. Jung said that every psychological problem is at root religious?⁴¹ If our home is only in this sensate world, and man is only a "cunning cast in clay"—well, clay is cheap. Thus comes the modern disregard for life. Archibald MacLeish has a poem telling of a storm that blew away the "big-top" of a circus while the show was being held at night. Above those rows of frightened faces, he says, there was "the black pall of nothing, nothing, nothing,—nothing at all."⁴² Our "big-top" has blown away. If there is nothing above us, what is left but nihilistic despair and the letting of blood? The New Testament was prophetic of our times, and true of any time, "If in this life only we have hope . . . we are of all men most miserable."⁴³

We are born to believe. We grow beliefs as a tree grows leaves. We can no more feed our mind on doubt than we can feed our body on that which is not food. If we do not believe in the Christian hereafter we shall make a god of the ongoing economic process: that will be our hereafter. Then in one moment we shall say that man is its child, and in the next moment we shall change it to prove that it is man's child, and we shall thus live in self-contradictions. If we do not believe in Christ, we shall not live without belief, for we cannot: we shall make a shrine of the grave of Lenin (who,

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if he has reached a land of clearer seeing, must wonder at the grotesque worship of men's hearts), or we shall yield ourselves in mystic devotion to some Hitler. If we lose faith in heaven and hell, we shall not live without faith in any "beyond." So to live is impossible: eternity is somehow in our nature. No, we shall make a fictitious hereafter called the "state" or "the masses" or "the race." What has *this* worldliness done to us? What has it *not* done in tragedy? Its end-result is a blackening corpse beside a broken tank—on a desert.

II

Then what would be the issue of a genuinely Christian faith in the "next world"? *It would bring us under judgment.* The stories of the Resurrection say that those who found that the tomb of Christ was empty were "afraid."⁴⁴ Of course! Their whole life was suddenly in a new dimension. So with us: if we have lived for fame (this planet's transient murmur), or for coin (as though our life were no more than its encumbrances), and the grave of Christ is empty, we have cause to be afraid: we are under judgment. It is one thing to steal on the way to mere dust and death, and another thing to steal on the way to a righteous Throne. A real belief in the hereafter is "the transvaluation of all values."

Robert Browning's poem, "Karshish, the Arab Physician,"⁴⁵ tells how Lazarus was changed by this sojourn in the life beyond our earth. What had aforesaid seemed trivial now was urgent, and what had seemed urgent now was of small concern. His scale of standards was reversed:

Discourse to him of prodigious armaments
Assembled to besiege his city now,

it was of no account. Likewise,

Should his child sicken unto death,—why, look
For scarce abatement of his cheerfulness.

But a false gesture made before that child, a false word
spoken to him

At play or in the school or laid asleep
Will startle him to an agony of fear.

That change of values will come upon our world when once
more we believe in heaven and hell, in Christ and eternal
life.

Let it be granted that the Church's concept of the here-
after has not always been Christian. Sometimes its heaven
has been saccharine and its hell only cruel; and sometimes
both have been the arbitrary act of arbitrary Power.
Heaven, moreover, has been dangled as a prize; and hell
brandished as a threat—to the corruption of motives. But
these distortions do not impugn the main facts. These
namely: that hell waits upon our wickedness on earth, and
heaven on our penitence and prayer; that every crisis is a
judgment, and that death is a crisis—the wedge driven into
our human venture; that death carries of itself the accent
of judgment; and that Christ abides—Himself the test of
our days, and Himself the verdict.

We cannot listen at the keyhole of that court. Christ has
told us that its appraisals will startlingly overturn our fore-
casts: "The last shall be first, and the first last." ⁴⁶ James
Smetham wrote, "God knows if Harriet Martineau was
true to the core. I don't. I can't unwind her seventy-four
years of act and thought." ⁴⁷ Of a truth; but, once again,
our ignorance does not cancel the verities of judgment.
"These shall go away into everlasting punishment:" (trans-
late it, "into unmeasured pruning") "but the righteous into
life eternal" ⁴⁸ (translate it, "into life that is life indeed").

Perhaps we should assume a realm of ongoing after death.

No one, so far as our eyes can judge, is fit now for the highest heaven; and perhaps no one—if we knew—is fit for the deepest hell. Perhaps we should suppose an unfolding of life: certainly we should for those who have died so young that their character had taken no sure bent on earth. But the fact remains: we are under judgment—by the inmost spirit of Christ laid upon our spirit. We are separated, “as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats”;⁴⁹—for some of us have our faces toward badness, with whatever compunctions; and some move towards goodness, with whatever stumblings. That faith, if held as it should be held, would change our life. Another Light would shine upon us, “above the brightness of the sun.”⁵⁰ Our clinging to the body, our clutching at things, would seem worse than childishness. Righteousness would break in upon our greeds, and Love upon our slums and wars. We would know that “in His will is our peace.”

III

Clearly a Christian faith in the hereafter *sets horizons round our life*. When a room is stuffy, we open a window. What are we to do when this mortal venture becomes stuffy?—or when it becomes a prison? Our pioneering instinct, driving us to cross mountains, sail oceans, and even to dare the stratosphere, is the sign of our secret discontent. Perhaps it betrays the homing of our soul. This life does not satisfy us: “I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness.” The physician Haller died fingering his pulse,⁵¹ and Mozart’s last act was to indicate a particular effect of the kettledrums—for the *Requiem*.⁵² Our modern frustration comes, not alone because we have failed to build a heaven on earth, but because we have lost faith in a heaven above the earth. Thus we are homeless between two shattered

worlds—one shattered in very fact, the other shattered only in our sensate minds. We are suffering from what doctors at military prison camps call “barbed wire sickness.” If we have no faith our case is worse: there is only oblivion beyond the wire. Perfection here, with no heaven beyond, would still be a dungeon. For perfection is far from perfect if there is only night beyond its walls.

In the Futurama at the World’s Fair, visitors were carried in a chair on a moving belt round a model of a city of the future. The city, despite its glitter and glamor, had no deep attraction. Massive concrete made its humanity anonymous. It seemed appallingly unfriendly. Perhaps in its louvered morgue there were a hundred corpses unclaimed, because nobody knew them. But there were sharper questions raised by the Futurama. Suppose there had been nothing beyond its walls!—no World’s Fair, no railroad station, no home! The future then would have been no future. That notion shows the curse of any doctrine content with “this world only.”

But when we have faith in eternal life, the very brevity of this life becomes blessing. For the time limit gives us chance to make life an art. Football played on a field as big as a county, with no chalked lines, would not be a game: it would be a cross-country scramble. Books are smaller now because of the paper shortage. But other factors being equal, such books require a finer gift than—dare we say?—*Gone with the Wind*; ⁵³ which book, incidentally, seems to have gone with the wind. A certain measure of constriction makes art. That is why noble poetry, blessed by its fetters, persuades the soul more deeply than noble prose. Our three-score years and ten are still enough for us to fashion life into loveliness. They are not a continent of clay. That wealth of years would only distract and snare us. They are clay

enough for us to make a Grecian vase—or a chalice for the Sacrament.

But what if that chance were all? What if, when we had just begun to live, the undertaker tapped us on the shoulder—not to send us to a higher grade, but for obliteration? What if, having made a vase, and longing to make a better—of gold, not clay—vase and artist were both wantonly smashed? The Christian faith delivers us from that bondage. It gives us windows; and, beyond the windows, fields: and, beyond the fields, mountains shouldering the sky. The dead, in Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, thus rightly say of the living, "How stupid they look! They don't have to look like that! . . . They're sort of shut up in little boxes aren't they?"⁵⁴ The Christian faith gives vistas to our journey. Nor is it any melancholy that "eye hath not seen . . . the things which God hath prepared,"⁵⁵ for thus we travel in wonder and mystery. The unknown adds zest, when Christian faith gives "casements toward eternity."

IV

This faith is our incentive. While we cannot specify about the life beyond death, certain assumptions knock on the door and have right of entry. The life there will be a continuance of life here, not the suspension of life awaiting some far-off judgment. "Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise."⁵⁶ The story of Rip Van Winkle delights us, until we realize the baffled pain with which he woke to find his wife dead, his daughter married, his town transformed—and himself lost in a new world.⁵⁷ No earthly parent would require his children to drink that kind of brew, or thus play fast and loose with human consciousness. Life is continuity. We need not conceive God as a baser man.

The life there will be real life, not a mere emanation or

influence, not a loss of identity. That a raindrop should fall in an ocean would be no great loss. But human selves are not raindrops. The famous poem of George Eliot hardly bears scrutiny:

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence.⁵⁸

Begging the lady's pardon, that choir would not be a choir, but a fog; and the anthem would not be an anthem, but an indeterminate roar; and dead people so dead definitely (or indefinitely) would not "live again." The poem's closing lines become almost unintelligible:

Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible . . .

It is to be feared not: not on those terms. Not even a celestial choir master could recognize her. And when was a "presence" diffused? Personality is by nature an entity, and distinctive. And how can greater diffusion become "more intense"? Influence comes from personality. If influence persists, it is a fair assumption that personality persists. In any event, that professor who lost his five-year-old boy loved the boy. He was not devoted to an influence. He loved the boy just because he was his boy, and unlike other boys. He could not love a "good diffused." Value is personality. If we are dear to God at all, or to one another, we are dear as persons; and the next life, if it is to be life, must presumably be in some form personal life.

Therefore that world will presumably be a world of memory. Amnesia—as in that shell shocked soldier who pathetically asked an American Legion convention, "Can any one tell me who I am?—is not personality, but almost

its loss. To cut the thread of experience is to cut the main nerve of selfhood. Perhaps memory in the Beyond will be in a higher dimension, of which Mozart may have had the foretaste, for he could hear a long composition, and then recall it in structure, phrasing, and note.

Memory implies recognitions; not only the instant recognition of loved ones, but perhaps the recognition of those we have known through books or art. When Jesus said of the next life, "They neither marry, nor are given in marriage,"⁵⁹ He assuredly did not mean that affections vanish: He meant rather that the clumsy forms of devotion in this life, with its trammels of flesh, will be radiantly transmuted. Presumably that life will have nobler love, more zestful toil, and rapturous worship. That is what the Bible pictures imply—at least if we bring to them as imaginative a mind as the religiously quickened mind that coined them. "Golden streets" means friendship, and freedom from sordid and crippling poverty. "Harpers harping with their harps"⁶⁰ means labor become an art and a joy. The "sea like glass," shot through with crimson, means that the dark storms of the mysterious ocean—"the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world"—are overpassed, with sunset-promise of a fair tomorrow.

A recent manuscript⁶¹ tells of a mother who in a dream saw her dead soldier-son. He had hoped to become a symphony conductor, and the hope had been sealed in gifts both of mind and heart. But at El Alamein an enemy shell burst near him, and he just disappeared. Now his mother in her dream saw him coming towards her. "What are you doing now?" she asked. He told her he was leading a symphony orchestra to quiet the troubled two-hour sleep which soldiers snatch from battle. Imagination? Yes, but Christian imagination. "Now abideth faith, hope, love:

these three."⁶² They ever abide. They are the dimensions of the heavenly order.

Can we catch in a word this incentive for our life which the Christian hope of eternal life alone can give us? Yes: heaven is where Christ is. To live with Him is heaven; to depart from Him is hell. The Scottish shepherd was right about the Good Shepherd: "I hope I do not give Him too much trouble. I shall be glad to see that Man." Who would not be glad? Sinful men, who cannot endure "going on being themselves forever," will be of all men most glad: there is forgiveness with Him, and light of wisdom, and peace. That is the incentive of the Christian faith: "Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses" (the word is actually our very word martyr) "let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."⁶³

v

The Christian hereafter, granted our faith, *gives guidance and power for this present life*. Guidance? Such an avowal must move with care, or it may fall into some pit of the occult. One fact, however, may indicate a sound path: death gives us a clearer interpretation than life. Perhaps Wendell Willkie's death is an instance. He was a storm-center while he lived. But in death we saw his life in truer proportion: here was a man who, with whatever failings, risked political preferment for a passionate conviction about "one world." When he died we did not pretend him perfect, but we did find that the delineation and meaning of his life were suddenly clarified.

Lincoln or Lee would provide a sharper instance. While Lincoln lived certain newspapers slurringly said of the

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Gettysburg Address that he was "using soldiers' graves as a stump for political oratory";⁶⁴ but when he died he became for most men, "Captain, my Captain."⁶⁵ This interpretative power of death you have known. When your loved ones have died, you have not believed them to be without stain or sin; but in death's strange light the stain seemed cleansed, or scales fell from your eyes. You saw, perhaps for the first time, the pathos of the struggle and the essential fineness of the friend now gone. The cynic might speak of an "emotional aftermath," but he still has not explained why death brings such poignant cleansing. He might even suggest that we are willing to do justice to a fellow human after his death because the dead can no longer hurt or rival us, but it is not truth to make ourselves baser than we are. Besides, these interpretations of death are too sudden, and take us too "unawares," to come only from our selfish concern. Shall we say then that death itself is speaking to us? If so, death is not dead, but is God's "dark angel." Or shall we say that our dead are speaking to us from a realm where they have found "compassion and new eyes"? If so, our thesis gains support: guidance and power come from the hereafter.

A recent book⁶⁶ gives a widow's striking testimony to this guidance. She was distributing League of Nations tracts in a typical middle-class neighborhood. The task was drab, and not always greeted with kindness. Suddenly she said to herself—it was actually more as if a voice had spoken to her—"If you prayed for each homestead before you rang the bell . . ." Yes, that might change her mood; and perhaps it might change the welcome. Just as suddenly she thought, "That is just what my husband would say to me." The next thought had its logic: "Perhaps that is what he is saying to me." Freud has argued that dark impulses are not

altogether in our control, but come from an immemorial and hardly fathomable realm of the sub-subconscious. Then whence come high impulses? That woman's sudden insight did not come solely from her tired mind. How any "flash" of insight comes is still a mystery. But her flash carried a personal signature. Why should it not have come from a personal source in the Beyond?

Then what of the occult? Some would deny that it is a pit, and claim it as an open door. If we believe in life's continuance beyond death, there is no final argument against mediums or even against ouija-boards. It is conceivable that there are people singularly sensitive and "open" to the beyond, as there are people with genius in music; and it is conceivable that a ouija-board provides a Morse code for celestial messages. We cannot dogmatize against these possibilities. But, that admission having been made, each of us is entitled to offer his own surmise. So I offer mine: take it or leave it.

For myself, I could not use a ouija-board: it would seem a cheap affront to my memories and loyalties. As for the findings of psychical research, I would be sincerely happy for you if you were to find in them any genuine comfort. To me they are not as ennobling as the best wisdom of this world: in many instances they seem tedious and trivial, and in a few cases they are beyond comprehension. This lack of creative and enkindling truth seems to me to cast doubt on their authenticity. Furthermore, I am obliged to believe that though a medium may be "open" to another world, the openness is cancelled by the fact that he or she is stranger both to the one I love and to me. It is not love's nature to communicate through a third party, however sensitive. Dr. Willard Sperry, writing of spiritualism, says, in words to which I would gratefully subscribe, that it is:

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in some measure a confession that life itself, with long years of friendship and affection, has not yielded assurance as a kind of inner certainty which needs no further proof. . . . And in the case of those whom I think I did come to know well and to love well, I would prefer to leave the matter there, with the sure memories and persuasions which experience yielded. Personally I should be very loath to seek it at the hands of a medium in a trance-message from my own dear dead. I should feel that somehow I was faithless to that which they gave me and were to me in life. . . . This may be an idiosyncrasy. I record it for what it is worth.⁶⁷

This is also my idiosyncrasy. Idiosyncrasy or not, it seems to me to be obedient to the reverence and reticence of Christ.

But it must be admitted that the Church has unwittingly encouraged spiritualism by failing to meet our rightful aspirations about the hereafter. The early Church sacredly kept All Saints' Day. The ninth-century Church established All Souls' Day, when the names of loved ones were written on pieces of paper, and the tiny records were placed on the altar that prayers might be said. Such worship might provide a channel for guidance from the unseen world. Perhaps Evelyn Underhill is right:

How should we bear our life
Without the friendship of the happy dead?

They see
The steadfast purpose of eternity.

Their care is all for us: they whisper low
Of the great heritage to which we go.⁶⁸

Some of us are sure that contact with the Beyond is likelier to be found through memory held in prayer than through a ouija-board: cleansing comes through prayer; guidance comes, and reinforcement of the soul. At Duke University floodlights thrown on the Chapel Tower sometimes fling a vast shadow-tower on the sky. It is a parable—if we take it in reverse. For the Church on earth is only the broken reflection of the Church above, whence comes our help.

VI

Our faith in the hereafter *is* a faith, not a mere guess. For faith is our native response to a sign flashed upon us—by our Creator. It is our thrust into the future, our “urge to completeness,” in answer to a Beckoning. Astronomy, like any other human quest, moves by faith. Our yearning to know is the inner fact: the moving wheel of the stars is the outer sign. Astronomy, obedient to that faith—it *is* a faith, not an empty guess—is transcribing the music of the spheres. Faith, man’s answer to God’s leading, is a deeper vitality than reason. It is the lifeblood of reason: drain away the faith, and the reason dies—as you would draw away the reason behind cancer research if you drained away the belief that cancer shall one day be cured.

Christian faith likewise is not conjecture. It is no frail web spun from man’s random wishes. It is our native response to God’s sign flashed upon us. Native in us is a straining towards completeness: conscience and love alike testify to that urge—despite earth’s multitudinous deaths. The sign? It is flashed wherever life springs from apparent death, but all signs seem to be drawn to focus in Christ. Dr. John Whale tells of a musician friend who waits for some rapturous phrase in a great Beethoven symphony, and then says, “If that is so, there is no occasion to worry.”⁶⁹ One Man’s life is such music that in Him heaven and earth are joined. The music does not die. Not all our discords can drown it, and in the dreadful cacophony of modern war it steals back into man’s heart. Everything is not all right; but in Him and by Him and through Him everything can be all right; and, in God’s will, shall be all right. He is God’s living Sign—the lifeblood of our reason, without Whom (our tragic world is for witness!) reason becomes unreason.

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The Sign is sure enough for our venture. But it is not a coercion—not so sure as to destroy our freedom. It is a beacon light to beckon us, not blinding light to darken our eyes. We must venture. The venture is a way of living, not merely a quest of the mind. We must dare to live after the truth of Eternity. For some people that may mean that they must become careless of death. Those who venture find that they do not travel alone.

A sceptic lecturer in Russia was so sure that he had demolished all the soul's ramparts that he confidently invited questions. A young priest rose. He did not argue. Quietly, yet with intense feeling, he spoke that greeting which pious Russians use on Easter Eve: "Christ is risen!" Instantly the crowd shouted the centuries-old response: "He is risen indeed!" Actually that *was* argument. It was the argument of faith. For God planted it in the soul for our venture, and made it incarnate in Christ for our beckoning and our salvation. The deepest truth needs no argument. "He is risen indeed!" "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."⁷⁰

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NOTES

- ¹Job 14:14.
- ²*The Crisis of Our Age* (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1941).
- ³These lines are quoted from memory. In spite of diligent search the author cannot discover the source.
- ⁴Milton, "Comus," l. 597.
- ⁵l. 310 ff.
- ⁶"The Great Misgiving," stanzas 1, 3, 4, and 5, *The Collected Poems of William Watson* (John Lane, London, 1899).
- ⁷Job 14:14.
- ⁸*Essays and Soliloquies* (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1925), p. 56.
- ⁹*Ibid.*, p. 63.
- ¹⁰*The Life of St. Philip Neri*, from the Italian of Father Bacci, edited by Rev. F. I. Antrobus (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., London), vol. 1, pp. 266-267.
- ¹¹*Psychology and Morals* (Robert M. McBride & Co., New York, 1933), p. 81.
- ¹²Mark Rutherford, *Pages from a Journal*, second edition (Oxford University Press, London, 1910), pp. 12-13.
- ¹³Matthew 22:29; Mark 12:24.
- ¹⁴Matthew 22:32.
- ¹⁵"Canticle of Brother Sun," taken from the translation in *The World's Great Religious Poetry*, edited by Caroline M. Hunt (The Macmillan Co., New York), p. 495.
- ¹⁶Corinthians 2:9.
- ¹⁷John 11:25.
- ¹⁸The Book of Common Prayer, *Te Deum Laudamus*.
- ¹⁹Homer, *Odyssey*—an adaptation of William Cowper's translation, l. 593, Book XI (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1910).
- ²⁰Maude Royden, *Here—and Hereafter* (G. P. Putnam & Sons, London, 1934), p. 173.
- ²¹I Timothy 1:10.
- ²²Psalms 84:7.
- ²³John 1:16.
- ²⁴A. J. Cronin, *The Citadel* (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1937), pp. 370-371.
- ²⁵Matthew 23:33.
- ²⁶Matthew 25:40.
- ²⁷II Timothy 4:1.
- ²⁸October 1907—*A Book of Words* (Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, N.Y., 1928), pp. 18, 19.
- ²⁹Psalms 51:4.
- ³⁰*The Robe* (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1942), p. 167.
- ³¹*Christian World Facts*, No. 25, p. 61; published by the Foreign Missionary Conference in the U.S.A.

³²These words are quoted from memory. They possibly occurred in a conversation with Froude, but the author has not been able to discover the reference.

³³One version of a much-quoted saying. Another version is found in B. de Lacombe, *Talleyrand the Man* (Dana Estes & Co., Boston, 1911), p. 125.

³⁴John Middleton Murry, *Jesus, Man of Genius* (Harper & Brothers, New York, 1926), p. 371.

³⁵The Metropolitan Benjamin, reported in *The Christian Century*, January 10, 1945, vol. LXII, No. 2, p. 58.

³⁶Pietro Di Donato, *Christ in Concrete* (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, 1939).

³⁷*Op. cit.*, p. 372.

³⁸Psalm 95:7,8.

³⁹*The Encyclopedia Americana*, 1939 ed., vol. 6, p. 36.

⁴⁰Franz Werfel, *Embezzled Heaven* (Hamish Hamilton, Ltd., London, 1940).

⁴¹C. G. Jung, *Modern Man in Search of a Soul* (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York, 1933), chapter XI, particularly p. 264.

⁴²Archibald MacLeish, "The End of the World," *Poems, 1924-1933* (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1933).

⁴³I Corinthians 15:19.

⁴⁴Luke 24:5; also Matthew 28:5; Mark 16:5.

⁴⁵"An Epistle Containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician," *The Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning* (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1899), vol. IV, p. 67.

⁴⁶Matthew 20:16, also Matthew 19:30; Mark 10:31; Luke 13:30.

⁴⁷"To J.E.V., 1st July 1876," *Letters of James Smetham* (The Macmillan Co., New York, 1891), p. 322.

⁴⁸Matthew 25:46.

⁴⁹Matthew 25:32.

⁵⁰Acts 26:13.

⁵¹*The Last Words of Distinguished Men and Women*, compiled by F. R. Marvin (Knight & Millet, Boston, 1901), p. 72.

⁵²Edward Holmes, *The Life of Mozart* (Harper & Brothers, New York, 1845), p. 358.

⁵³Margaret Mitchell, *Gone With the Wind* (The Macmillan Co., New York, 1936).

⁵⁴Thornton Wilder, *Our Town* (Coward-McCann, Inc., New York, 1939), pp. 110, 111.

⁵⁵I Corinthians 2:9, Isaiah 64:4.

⁵⁶Luke 23:43.

⁵⁷*The Works of Washington Irving*, vol. II, *The Sketch Book* (G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York, 1859), p. 41.

⁵⁸"Oh May I Join the Choir Invisible," *The Complete Works of George Eliot* (Postlethwaite, Taylor & Knowles, Ltd., 1908), vol. I, p. 454.

⁵⁹Matthew 22:30.

⁶⁰Revelations 14:2.

⁶¹Mary England, *A Knight There Was* (The Macmillan Co., London, 1945).

⁶²I Corinthians 13:13.

⁶³Hebrews 12:12.

⁶⁴William E. Barton, *The Life of Abraham Lincoln* (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis), vol. II, p. 220.

⁶⁵*Walt Whitman*, edited by Samuel Sillen (International Publishers Co., New York), p. 133.

⁶⁶M. L. Christlieb, *How Can I Bear Suffering?* ("Needs of To-day Ser.," No. 22, Rich and Cowan, Ltd., London, 1944), p. 24.

⁶⁷*Christianity and Modern Thought*, edited by R. Henry Gabriel (Yale University Press, 1924), p. 130 f. It is also quoted by John Baillie: *And the Life Everlasting* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1933), pp. 117-118.

⁶⁸Evelyn Underhill, *Immanence* (J. M. Dent & Son, Ltd., London, 1913), "The Liberated Hosts," p. 28.

⁶⁹John Seldon Whale, *Christian Doctrine* (The Macmillan Co., New York, 1941), p. 155.

⁷⁰II Corinthians, 5:1.



