

THE MIRACLE OF ANSWERED PRAYER

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The Miracle of Answered Prayer by J. G. Hallimond

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J. G. HALLIMOND

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ANSWERED PRAYER**

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BY
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FOREWORD

The one supreme need of the age is God, union and communion with that great First-Cause Personality and Power that makes for righteousness, progress, peace, and the realization of our highest and purest ideals.

We want God. We must have God. The hard, crass, cramping materialism of human life is choking us. The swelling surge within the breast of the modern man demands an uprising, and an outburst into a larger life.

This yearning of the human heart is universal. Vague and formless it is, of course, in many instances. Just a dim, dumb instinct, like that of a fledgling in the nest, or a child in its crib, longing and craving for its mother, but none the less real, and deep, and pathetic.

I am not writing as a religious man. For the moment, and for argument's sake, I forget I am a Christian minister and worker. It is like begging the question to talk religion. I issue my challenge to strong men in other scenes of human activity. I address myself to statesmen, scientists, educationalists, to professional men, to merchant princes and plutocrats, to the governmental powers of the earth, and I ask, Is there not something wrong with the world? Has it not been wrenched from its orbit of orderly progress; and who can tell whither it is journeying? And do you not

from your very souls cry out for the Strong Hand that shall restore it to its true poise and purpose?

My life and work is, and has been for many years, among poor people, the poorest of the poor, and I know that in these circles the urgent refrain, "I need Thee, oh, I need Thee," is seldom silent. But in other circles it is equally true. From busy bourses, exchanges, or markets, from scenes of pomp and power, from amid the thunders of that cataclysmic war in Europe, from tottering thrones and burning palaces, there comes the equally thrilling cry, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him."

No lesson flashes forth with clearer import from the world in upheaval to-day than the lesson of the absolute failure of mere material forces to acquire a permanent supremacy in the affairs of men.

In America, where material wealth has been created, enjoyed, and worshiped beyond all dreams or imaginings, we find rich men staggering under a sense of appalling responsibility, and finding their only satisfaction in hurriedly laying miserable doles of penance at the feet of the Great Power, whose laws they dare not entirely ignore. They are realizing the "aching void" which riches, of all things, are the least able to fill. Poor, deluded mortals! St. Augustine called rich men "beasts of burden, carrying treasure all day, and at night of death unladen." Shakespeare was still less complimentary. He called them asses. "If thou art rich, thou art poor; for, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows, thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey, and death unloads thee."

Yes, in the Bowery, and in Wall Street, in blood-drenched Europe, in wealth-choked America, in caste-

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bound India, and in awakening Japan, all the world over, there is felt at the present time an aching, agonizing need.

I am going to tell you how that need may be supplied.

J. G. H.