



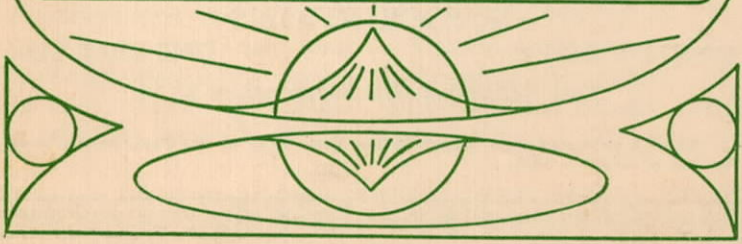
CLEAR HORIZONS

Vol. 1, No. 3 A QUARTERLY DEC., 1940

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SPIRITUAL HEALING

This, the third number of CLEAR HORIZONS, is devoted to the consideration of Spiritual Healing.

There are suffering people all over the world, who need the healing that comes from a spirit at peace. So long as an individual is at war with himself, with his fellowmen, or with his God, he cannot have peace. Where there is unrest and unhappiness, there is something ailing.

Illness may be of a physical nature, it may be mental, it may reveal itself in spiritual unrest and dissatisfaction. No matter what the form this dis-ease takes, it is always true that the healing of the ailments of the individual, and of the nation, must needs be a spiritual thing.

From many different approaches, so that every reader may derive inspiration and benefit from this issue of the magazine, no matter where he happens to stand as to church or creed, we are attempting to give a picture of the way to effect a cure. To this end this number of CLEAR HORIZONS is dedicated.

The Editors wish to express grateful appreciation to John Gayner Banks for so generously permitting the use of quotations from his magazine "Sharing."

CLEAR HORIZONS

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Clear Horizons

An Adventure in Solving Problems in a Heavenly Way

First Year

Volume 1, No. 3

☐ "Discipline of the mind and heart and soul should always precede the prayer for the body"

*The Seven Baths of Jordan**

Glenn Clark

WHEN MY early discoveries in prayer first came out in book form in *The Soul's Sincere Desire*, I was besieged by requests from all over the country for prayers for healing of the sick. At first I shrank from asking God to harness his giant Niagara of the Spirit to their little mill wheels of the body. But one day after spending hours over the New Testament it dawned upon me that two-thirds of Jesus' reported acts were acts of healing, and from that time forward I consented to pray for the body as well as for the soul. But I did lay down one condition—that discipline of the mind and heart and soul should always precede the prayer for the body. For I agree completely with Dr. Loren T. Swaim

of Boston who wrote me, "I think there are too many miracles demanded without any real disciplined living or real hard work behind them. When Jesus found the real faith plus the disciplined living and a responsible person, He could cure at once. I think sometimes we have to be prepared to be cured, so that it is really worth while doing it." Having made this discovery and having laid down this condition I at once decided that before I started disciplining others I had better start disciplining myself. This chapter, therefore, will be the story of how I disciplined myself.

I found the first bath of Jordan—cleansing the outside of the body—and the second—cleansing the inside of the body—were

*This is an excerpt from the book: HOW TO FIND HEALTH THROUGH PRAYER, which will be published by Harper and Brothers, Dec. 14, 1940.

pretty well taken care of in my general routine. The third bath—exercise to cleanse the blood stream—would have been rather sadly neglected had I not had the foresight to build my home a half-mile from the college where I teach. My schedule required that I cover the distance four times a day, fall, winter and spring. By adding a few calisthenics to my daily routine this requirement was pretty well taken care of. As I advance in years I have become a great believer in the rhythmical, stretching type of exercises which I prefer to the more vigorous forms of calisthenics.

In experimenting with the fourth—washing of the lungs—I made an interesting discovery. When very tired I discovered that deep breathing, especially in the open air, was very refreshing but did not completely relieve me of my fatigue. The most complete rest, next to sleep itself, could be mine if, after I had *exercised* my lungs awhile, I *rested* them. This rest process consisted of relaxing the body completely and then *exhaling* and not inhaling again as long as I could refrain in comfort. If I came very fatigued to a speaking engagement I found that even while sitting on the platform before hundreds of people I could rest my heart and lungs by lengthening the periods before each inhalation. In the five or ten

minutes before the time for me to speak I could be entirely refreshed.

But when I came to the fifth, sixth and seventh baths I began to get into trouble. My *pièce de résistance* was my mind. Ordinary wash cloth and Ivory soap wouldn't work here. I had to resort to the stiffest kind of bristled brushes and the strongest kind of tar soap. I am naturally a doubting Thomas. I cannot act on a thing unless it meets the tests of common sense and sound reasoning. If you wish to witness some of the scrubbing I gave here it is:

I found it hard to make my mind believe that actual, concrete, definite body conditions could be changed by such an intangible, ephemeral thing as prayer. It was hard for me to make my mind believe that anything besides physical means could remove physical obstructions. If a person is really and truly sick there can be no make-believe about it. How can one who is in his right senses and not a complete idiot assert, "There is no sickness, all is health? If a person has cancer, he has cancer, and there are no two ways about it."

Indeed, even today, my mind is still insisting just as it did before on a rational explanation for everything just as far as that explanation can be forthcoming. But, thanks to a mighty good scrubbing, my mind now accepts the

sweet reasonableness of the power of prayer to bring health to a suffering body. And this scrubbing of the mind occurred not before some mystic or occult shrine, but right in the working laboratories of Western science.

In the physics and chemistry laboratories we find that the body is not a solid thing, it is fluid; it is not permanent, it is changing every hour, every minute, every second. Moreover, the physicists tell us that even the little solidity which we *think* the body possesses is illusion. We all know that the body is three-fourths fluid, but the scientists go even further than that. They tell us that all solid body structures are made up of molecules, which in turn are made up of atoms, which again are made up of electrons, and these electrons are themselves nothing but opposing points of force. Professor Sir William Crookes, one of the world's greatest chemists, said before the Authors' Club of England on December 5, 1910:

"If we had just established the idea of the fixity of the old-fashioned elements, we would say we still had matter to fall back upon. But philosophers have not respected even the sacredness of matter itself. Physicists are now beginning to say that in all probability there is no such thing as matter; that when we have caught and tamed the elusive atom and split it

into 700 little bits, these residual particles may turn out to be nothing more than superimposed layers of positive and negative electricity. I refrain from speculating as to what would happen to us if some clever researcher of the future discovered a method of making the alternate layers of plus and minus cancel each other out!"

In the light of that statement, perhaps Jesus, Elijah, and the nine others who are recorded in history and legend to have ascended into heaven without dying, knew the secret. If a man could gain such control over his body that even the atoms would respond to his slightest wish, all he would need to do would be to command the negative and positive layers of electricity in each atom to come together in such delicate juxtapositions that they would cancel each other out, and his body would "dematerialize" instantly from the sight of man. It sounds absurd, but almost as unbelievable things have happened in our own time—such as voices carrying a thousand miles through the ether—and we accept them as daily facts. However, while we cannot go so far as to conceive of a body becoming invisible (except through an X-ray) we can accept the fact that the body is not a solid thing, but a point of energy revolving about a cohesive idea—of *you* or of *me*—held together in perfectly

adjusted and harmonious relationship through the co-ordinating power of our inner individual soul.

Thus, by a good scrubbing in the actual laboratories of physicists and chemists, I began at last to see my body as a fluid, flowing, aerial thing, changing every hour, every minute, yes, every second, according to my least mood, my lightest idea, my most superficial thought. Into this fluid, flowing thing every idea that I ever thought—after I was through with it—and every emotion—even before I had recognized it and even after I had forgotten it—was dropped. If not given complete expression and cast aside, these emotions and thoughts lay there as seeds bringing forth fruit after their kind.

But while the mind bath was the hard one for me, I found that nine times out of ten the emotion bath was the hardest for most of the people who came to me for help.

In my own particular case I simplified this bath by reducing my emotions to two fundamental ones and concentrating on them: anger and fear. I found that Dr. Horace Fletcher was right when he said some years ago that these two emotions are the parents of all the vices. Anger is the parent of all the masculine vices; fear is the parent of all the feminine vices. As it is discouraging to attempt to

rid a house of flies when there are ten thousand of them, but easy where there are only two, so I plucked up courage, picked up my swatter and got to work on the two flies that had been messing up my life. The way I overcame anger and its little offsprings of jealousies, grudges, bitterness, and unforgivenesses, was to make a practice of seeing every human being as a perfect being in a perfect world governed by a perfect God. The first chapter of Genesis says that man is made after the image and likeness of God. I soon found it entirely possible and very reasonable to look at *God's* handiwork, man, with the same respect with which I looked at *man's* handiwork in a radio factory. When my radio poured forth terrible music I didn't destroy the radio, I just tuned in to another station. When my child had tantrums, I didn't strike him, I simply tuned in his radio to another station.

Because I always held this view of man as a perfect image of God, naturally innocent, sweet and pure, I never suffered the pangs of hate, and by the use of this "leverage" I was enabled to free hundreds of bitter souls from the poison that was blasting their lives.

I was not so fortunate, however, when it came to fear. I was a very imaginative child, and had the misfortune of being entrusted to the care of nursemaids who used

terror as a means for securing obedience. Bad boys who wouldn't obey their elders might find strange creatures unexpectedly coming out of cellar closets or making nocturnal visits to those who hadn't said their prayers. Some aunts whose chief recreation was recounting their husbands' last illnesses, visited us often. One old wives' tale that impressed itself upon me more than any other was that of a man who awakened one bright morning to find he had gone blind. As a child, I found myself waking in pitch darkness and stumbling to the window to find whether I could see the stars.

I was in my early thirties when a strange palpitation of the heart came upon me night after night, converting my periods of rest into periods of torture. Each night I went through the whole gamut of dying. No matter what remedy was used the condition persisted. If I worked hard in the daytime to drive away the dread of night, hoping to induce sound sleep through great fatigue, it was all to no avail. To work under such tension made it worse. To loaf and save myself was equally useless. As the years went on and the condition continued to baffle the doctors, I decided I must use the Baths of Jordan.

All emotion of fear must be *completely* washed away. Perhaps some forgotten childhood fear in-

duced by some old wives' tale had left a seed, which, if found and removed, would effect a complete and an immediate cure. And there I learned an important lesson—that it is often very difficult to find the initial, subconscious cause of a present problem. Failing in that, I took another course. I went back to the root of all fear, yes, of all anger, of all vices that flesh is heir to—to the root cause of all—to *self*.

The application of this to my own state required that I be perfectly willing to let God take me into death if he wished, without any concern whatever as to what He did with this little, insignificant body of mine. So night after night when the palpitation began, instead of feeling my pulse, fighting for breath, and wondering how long my heart could stand the pounding, I tried to discipline myself to saying, "Smash up if you want, old heart, I can stand it as long as you can."

I thought I noticed a little improvement, but it was very slow. Then a call came to me to speak for a week to the Rocky Mountain College Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Conference at Estes Park, Colorado, 8,000 feet above sea level. Another call came for me to attend a three-day conference of the American College Quill Club at Laramie, Wyoming, 7,000 feet above sea level. Heretofore I had

carefully declined any calls to high altitudes. I had spent three days in Denver once and my heart had palpitated night and day without letup. In high altitudes it seemed as though the old ticker raced with the speed of an engine with its governor belt off. Because I knew that my family needed me and because there surely must be important work for me to do in the world, I felt that I had no right to risk my life. So the invitation was declined. I went to the Midwest College Y. M. C. A. Conference at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, however, and led a group of college boys for ten days. When the camp was over "Dad" Elliot said to me, "I don't see how you have a moral right to decline any sincere, earnest call to speak at camps like this when God has given you such an authentic and special message to speak to your fellowmen."

That remark remained with me and would not let me rest. A month went by. Finally I sat down and wrote the Rocky Mountain Conference secretaries that I would come.

I went in the same spirit that a soldier would volunteer to lead the "forlorn hope" across no man's land to rout out a machine-gun nest in the face of a withering shower of lead. When I said goodbye to my wife and children, my eyes lingered long on their faces. I didn't know whether I would

ever look upon them again in this world.

I went because God, speaking through the Rocky Mountain secretaries, was asking it. I went because God, speaking through "Dad" Elliot, was commanding it. Whether my family needed me, or whether I had more work to do for the world, that was not for me but for God to decide. If He snatched me away before His work was done, that was not my hard luck, that was God's hard luck. I did not belong to myself, I belonged to God and His kingdom, and if He needed me He was capable of taking care of His own. God was the arbiter of my destiny.

In that spirit I went. In that spirit I led the Prayer Hour before breakfast each morning. As the sun came over the mountain peaks, I threw back my head and looked into the sky, realizing as never before how God speaks to us through His handiwork. Words were not really needed in those hours; they seemed trivial intrusions upon the mighty silences of God.

Every morning was a Mount of Transfiguration. After a while God began to speak through me with almost the same power that He was using to speak through the mountains. It was as though each morning some new revelation was born. People asked me the secret of it. The secret of it was

this: those mornings of Transfiguration were but the fruitage of the nights of Gethsemane that preceded them.

The very first night that I reached Estes Park, palpitation seized me as usual about two in the morning. I looked about the strange room and then remembered—I was up on a high mountain. The words of my hostess returned to me, "We have given you a room away from the other leaders, so you won't be disturbed." How kind it was of her to place me where I could not even knock on the wall and call a companion to come to my help if I should need help! The Lord certainly had "placed me far out on a limb." To God and God alone I could turn in my hours of need.

I went to the open window. Outside the moon made everything as bright as day. Framed in the window sash was a view of a high mountain, remote, snow-capped and gleaming in the moonlight.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," I said slowly. "From whence cometh my help? My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth. You made me, Father," I said. "I am more wonderfully made than any mountains. If You want to take me—take me. If You want to preserve me You can easily preserve me. I leave it entirely to You, O Lord.

You decide it. I am your man."

Night after night, instead of getting worse, my heart was eased. When I returned from Estes Park the palpitation and even the tendency toward it had gone. I was as one liberated from a sentence of death. And so I found that the way to save one's life is not to run away from death but to face death fearlessly. He that loseth his life shall find it.

This, then, is the great remedy, the quick remedy, the only *sure* remedy that I know of. But it is very hard to teach others how to use it. It is rather extreme treatment, I admit, for a patient to apply to a toothache or a mild cold, for instance, to be willing to lose his life. It is a cure that cannot be applied at a moment's notice. It comes only after months or even years of spiritual growth and discipline.

My final discovery was that people who hate and who fear are essentially selfish people. "The trouble with me," said a woman to a famous psychiatrist, "is that I am very sensitive."

"Yes, I see that you are very selfish," was the reply.

"You didn't hear me right," she corrected, "I said sensitive, not selfish."

The psychiatrist smiled. "Are not selfishness and sensitiveness the same thing?"

When one learns to forget him-

self he ceases to be afraid. When he learns to forget himself, there is nothing to be angry for. "Have you ever been snubbed?" someone asked Alice Freeman Palmer. "Oh, yes," was the quick reply. "Many times. But it never bothered me because I never was

there." This is self-forgetfulness. If you are not there you will not get angry; if you are not there you will not get afraid; if you are not there you will not get sick. Let us take the prescription of Emily Dickinson and make it our own:

I'm nobody; who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Good, then there's a pair of us—don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be someone!
How public, like a frog,
To tell your name the live-long day
To an admiring bog.

Psychiatry Needs Religion

DR. C. G. JUNG, of Vienna, in *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*: During the past thirty years, people from all the civilized countries of the earth have consulted me. . . . Among all my patients in the second half of life—that is to say, over thirty-five—there has not been one whose problem, in the last resort, was not that of finding a religious outlook on life. It is safe to say that every one of them fell ill because he had lost that which the living religions of every age have given to their followers, and none of them has really been healed who did not regain his religious outlook. . . .

It is indeed high time for the clergyman and the psychotherapist to join forces to meet this great spiritual task. . . . It seems to me that, side by side with the decline of religious life, the 'neuroses' (the technical term for what we call nervous breakdowns) grow noticeably more frequent. . . . I regard the religious problems which the patient brings before me as relevant to the neurosis and as possible causes of it. . . . That is why we psychotherapists must occupy ourselves with problems which, strictly speaking, belong to the theologian."

A Soldier Healed

Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria: he was also a mighty man in valor, but he was a leper.

And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said to her mistress, Would God my Lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy. And one went in and told his lord, saying, Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel. And the king of Syria said, Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel. And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment.

And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter that he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me. And it was so, when Elisha the man of God had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent

to the king, saying, Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel.

So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in the Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean.

But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean? So he turned and went away in a rage.

And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash and be clean? Then he went down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God: and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child and he was clean.

The Ministry of Healing

William R. Inge, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, London

“THEY that be whole need not a physician, but they that be sick.”—Matt. 9:12.

The mission of Christ on earth was as much a mission of healing as a mission of teaching. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the cures which He wrought were intended to be evidence of His supernatural power and credentials of His mission. We may even guess that the marvelous element in these cures has been over-emphasized in our narratives. It is the healing, not the miracle, that is important. These cures were part of the Gospel of the Kingdom; and their lesson can hardly be missed. Man is not to be divided into two separate parts, soul and body; he is one complex personality, the whole of which is the object of the Redeemer's care and love.

There is ample evidence that the early Christians recognized this. We find signs of medical knowledge and interest in the third Gospel, confirming the tradition that its author was the beloved physician; and St. Luke was only the first of a long line of Christian healers. We hear of Alexander the physician, men-

tioned by Eusebius, a martyr; of Julius Africanus, about 225; of Zenobius of Sidon, a martyr under Diocletian; of Theodotus, physician and Bishop of Laodicea, about 305; of Cosmas and Damian, Christian physicians. The systematic care of the sick in the early Church is too well known to need illustration. As for the vexed question of demoniacal possession, the real interest in these narratives lies in this—that our Lord, and the Church after Him, dealt therapeutically not only with bodily disease but with some cases of what looked like desperate wickedness, thus showing that moral disorder may proceed from causes partly outside the will of the agent, from causes analogous to those which produce bodily disease, which our Lord, using the language of His time, spoke of in the same terms as “bondage to Satan.” Christ recognized the interdependence of soul and body, and taught us that not only is sin disease, but that bodily or mental disease may be the cause of sin.

The divorce between the two branches of the healing art is, in itself, a misfortune. The subjects with which medicine and pastoral work are concerned are partly the

same. The same bad habits and evil passions have to be dealt with by the doctor and by the spiritual adviser. Their objects are the same—to expel disease and disorder, and restore health. It cannot be right that their methods should be so totally different. I am convinced that all clergy, teachers, and parents, ought to acquaint themselves with some of the fundamental facts about the connexion of mind and body. I have myself seen cases where clever, neurotic boys have been left without any of the special care, any of the timely warnings, which their condition requires, and who, in consequence, have fallen into ill-health, mental trouble, or vicious habits which might have been avoided if their parents and teachers had known the true state of the case. For the clergy such knowledge ought to be obligatory. The Roman Catholic priest learns a great deal by hearing confessions; I have heard it said that the Roman Church is the only religious body which knows how to treat sin therapeutically. Habitual confession is no more to be recommended than habitual visits to a physician, but it is a reproach to our Church that occasional consultation is not looked upon as a matter of course.

On the other side, it is deplorable to find in some scientific

books no mention of religion except as one of the predisposing causes of insanity! The mistake is the more strange, because we find that these same writers fully recognize the connexion of moral conduct with mental health. “Almost every form of mental disorder,” I have read, “begins with moral alienation.” And again, “It is notoriously unsafe to count the recovery of a deranged person sure, till he has returned to the sentiments and affections of his natural character.” In many cases I cannot help thinking that the evil might have been averted if the patient had been brought under wholesome Christian influences. How many poor, tormented souls, tied and bound by the chain of sins which seem almost to have been born in them, bowed down by a load of heavy depression which they can neither understand nor resist, driven this way and that by gusts of passion or appetite which sweep over them like storms, might be steadied and disciplined and encouraged and saved by being brought to the foot of the Cross! “Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Our physicians, as well as we clergy, ought to know that this promise is true, and they ought not to shrink from telling their patients that it is true. Some of

them, who, I suppose, hear more confessions than almost any priest, know it well, and such advice comes with double force from a layman; but too often the physician does not say the few words which might do more good than any prescription.

I do not wish to make too much of bodily health as an element in the spiritual life. Our bodies and brains, however well they are cared for, will only last a few years. The health of the soul is so far from being bound up with the health of the body that, as an old English writer says: "The good man feels old age rather by the strength of his soul than by

the weakness of his body"; or, in the still more beautiful words of St. Paul: "We know that though our outward man perish, yet our inward man is renewed day by day; for though our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Yet still I believe that we shall best advance towards the perfect man, not by separating our eternal from our temporal soundness, but by striving that all agencies which aim at making mankind healthier, happier and better may understand each other, respect each other, and, so far as possible, cooperate.

Broken Things

Vera Marie Tracy

When I remember with a little catch
How broken things were nearest to my heart,
How mangy cats and crippled, homely dogs
And limbless dolls and toys torn apart
I gathered in my arms and comforted,
Promising kinder days for them in store;
How yet my sleep is troubled in the night
Sorrowing for the sorrow at my door—

Full well I know God loves His broken things!
If my cold heart is torn, how must His heart
Yearn o'er the hurt of all this writhing world,
Gather it in His arms and soothe its smart!
Ah, I, who languish here with maimed wings,
Look up and know—God loves His broken things!

☪ How the Spirit overcomes
the Material body

Spiritual Healing

Canon L. W. Grensted, D.D.,

Oriel Professor of Religion in the University of Oxford

"SPIRITUAL HEALING" is a term very ambiguously used. Most of those who speak of it do not mean healing of the spirit, but the healing of the body by some means other than those of ordinary medicine.

Essentially spiritual healing is a matter of the spirit, an operation of the Spirit of God within the spirit of man. Thus it cannot be primarily material or psychological, though the operation of the Spirit may involve psychological means and effects. There must be no narrowing of our view to one aspect of the nature of man or of the operation of God.

It is man as a whole, not body only, or spirit only, but body—soul—spirit, which God made and for which He has His perfect purpose.

We cannot believe that in this purpose a crippled service, through an imperfect or injured body, is normally God's will for us. It is true that it is better to enter the Kingdom of Heaven with one eye than not to enter it at all (and also true that a man with one eye may be fully healthy), but it is better still to enter it with two eyes, as God made us.

The range of physical sickness in the world is immense, and everywhere man's demand to be free from it is urgent.

The tragedy is only in part one of pain. Physical and spiritual ineffectiveness loom even larger. Ill-health in itself is far from making us more religious or helpful to others. Normally it has the contrary effect. And where a blessing has resulted it cannot be credited to the suffering, but rather to the spirit in which it has been met.

God is Love, creative through His eternal self-giving. He is thus expressed in all that He has made, and especially through Jesus of Nazareth, in Whom both we and the natural world about us find our true significance and purpose as His handiwork.

The nature of man is to be a response in individual beings to that Love. And since that response is to be given freely, sin is possible and with sin, suffering.

Suffering must not be identified with pain (for pain has its own use and necessity, and is in no case an ultimate disaster), but rather with misery, which arises when there has been a failure of

the spirit, resulting in self-pity, or resentment, and loss of freedom.

The clearest approach to the problem of matter is to say that it is that which is capable of taking the imprint of personal being. Thus it appears that we come nearest to the essential character of matter when we see its use and meaning in the life of personal beings.

This can only mean that matter ultimately exists to be the vehicle of love, since love is the fullness of personal relationship. Where sin is, matter fails of its true purpose, until love has its way with it again.

We may say that a person is truly healthy when he is doing to the uttermost the particular work which God wants him to do.

Cure, in fact, means the fulfillment of God's purpose in our lives, and the adapting of our whole selves to that sole end. To cure any man is to make possible the free service of God in and through his material body.

Thus, where there is to be cure,

Like Unto Like

It is easy to see that the normal growth and development of an organism is determined from within, takes place, that is, in accordance with the laws of its own nature. The acorn does not grow into a fir tree, nor is an eagle hatched from a turkey's egg. No matter what influences may be exerted from without, the tree that grows from an acorn is an oak, and the bird that comes from a turkey's egg is a turkey.

—From *The Tree of Life*

there must be a full readiness for this willing service.

It is "Thy will be done" prayed not in a spirit of passive resignation but in a spirit of courageous and adventurous surrender. The most striking cases of healing that I personally have known have borne this out. The healing of a tubercular lung took place in one who had faced as fully and clearly as she could the obligation to accept God's will for her in whatever way it might be shown, whether in treatment by operation, or by continuing her daily work. That was the meaning for her of the laying-on of hands.

It was no arbitrary claiming of a miracle, but a very humble response to God's creative love.

And so, finally, far better than any questioning or securing of evidence is a vision of the infinite possibilities of the love of God. Because His love is infinite, there is no bound to the possibilities that are ours when we let ourselves lie open to that love.

☞ "To heal in Christ's name, know the good points in the characters of your patients"

Healing and the Presence of God

Sir William Willcocks, K.C.M.G., Cairo, Egypt

It used to be said of the early Christians that they were always looking for the Christ in everyone and finding Him. And, as a result of this, they became great healers in Christ's name and Spirit, i.e., in the spirit of Kindness and Love.

And this was so, because if you want to heal in Christ's Name and Spirit, you must know the good points in the characters of your patients and then strengthen these good points; and nothing brings out more clearly the good points in men's characters than the doing of kindnesses to them.

This doing of kindnesses and contemplating the good points in others' characters is the glorious side of healing in Christ's Name. It not only allows the healer to do good to the patient, but also good to the healer himself. It helps the healer to go about doing good to others by the happiness and cheerfulness with which Christ fills him.

Faith is caught and not taught.

When it is difficult to pray, and when you think your prayer is heard, begin praising God. Praise and Thanksgiving beforehand are Faith. Jesus thanked God before He did miracles of healing.

Learn to get into God's kingdom of heaven by first learning how to get into it on earth.

When you want to help people, keep yourself in the background, for Christ is going to do most of the work. It is for you to stand by and help by prayer and kindness and sympathy, while you are convinced that infinite Wisdom, infinite Kindness and infinite Love are present, ready and able to help.

Every day send one message of good will, hope, faith, or love into space and ask God to bless it. You can broadcast to the universe. Here are some messages:

God loves me—I need not fear.
I expect great things from God,
and shall venture great things
for God.

Jesus Christ is healing me. I
am better and better.

I feel the glow of new health.

Jesus' hand is laid on me.

Christ's day is near. I am full
of hope.

The Lord is at hand. I am
careful for nothing.

The healer helps the patient to believe not by his words, but by his life.

The miracles of Christ teach us that he is nearer, more real and

mighty, more full of love, and more ready to help than we can ever imagine.

Christ is not the last resort in illness, but the first.

Christ tells us that our Heavenly Father does us kindness not because we are good, but because we are His children and are in need.

In order to plead with God and prevail I need *first* to live a life of kindness and of good will to others.

I need *secondly* to sanctify myself for my own sake and for the sake of those with whom I work. It is not for me to be forever seeing faults in others, but to be searching my own heart and finding out my own faults in the

same line as the faults I see in others. By diminishing these faults of mine, and, with God's help, trying to eradicate them, I shall help my neighbors with my example much more than by pointing out their faults to them.

Faith can accept facts, but it cannot create them. Love can create. Our heavenly Father, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, creates because He loves and is kind.

Healing is a creative act. Christ healed because He loved and was kind. His Presence healed. The Holy Spirit inspires with Hope and Faith and removes all illnesses from those who feel the Presence of the Father and the Son.

Courage to Live

Grace Noll Crowell

To those who have tried and seemingly have failed,
Reach out, dear Lord, and comfort them today;
For those whose hope has dimmed, whose faith has paled,
Lift up some lighted heavenly torch, I pray.
They are so frightened, Lord; reach out a hand.
They are so hurt and helpless; be their friend.
Baffled and blind, they do not understand—

They think this dark and tangled road the end.
O, touch to flame their hope that has burned low,
And strike with fire faith's ashes that are dead.
Let them walk proudly once again, and go
Seeking the sure and steadfast light ahead.
Help them to move among their fellow men
With courage to live, courage to try again.

☐ Lessons from the healing of the crippled beggar at the temple gates

Healing in the Early Church

Henry B. Wilson

Founder of The Society of The Nazarene

THE first miracle of healing in the Christian Church is found in the opening of the third chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. We have no clue as to the interval of time between Pentecost and the occurrence. It is likely that it followed very closely, as it comprises the first incident recorded after the narration of the organization of the Church. The scene is a very dramatic one. St. Peter and St. John come upon a crippled beggar at one of the gates of the temple. He is one of the regular paupers who are carried to customary places each day, to ask alms of the people. He sees the two apostles about to enter the temple, and lifts up his voice for help. St. Peter fixes his gaze upon the man, and demands his full attention. There is a meaning in his command, "Look on us!" It is a moment of deepest scrutiny and keen spiritual analysis on the part of both disciples, and they are assured that the man has the capacity to respond to, and accept, the boon they are about to offer. St. Peter has gone to the root of the matter. The man does not crave alms alone. The small daily sums serve but

to perpetuate his indigence. He craves, rather, a release from his physical condition, which would lift him from his pauper state. Although this longing may not have been expressed in this appeal, it certainly is revealed to the mind of the apostle. His words amply prove this:

"Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk."

He pronounces the Sacred Name; he lifts him by the hands; the miracle is wrought, and the man is made whole.

This was the first act of spiritual healing performed in the Christian Church, and it is particularly significant that the first act of the man was to enter the temple with the apostles, and to engage in the praise of God.

This healing was wrought by the use of the Sacred Name in full. St. Peter was familiar with it; the title, "Jesus of Nazareth," had formed part of the inscription on the cross, and he had used it in his Pentecostal Sermon. But it was not merely the use of the Sacred Name that made the act possible. It was, first of all, the

possession of that Person named, i.e., the spiritual influence and power of that Person as far as it could be transmitted through human agency. The use of the name, as a mere magic formula would have been of no value, even to St. Peter. He possessed the Christ; he had made Jesus of Nazareth his own, and so he could say, "Such as I have, give I thee." It was that priceless boon which he had that he bestowed upon the cripple.

Considerable excitement was aroused in the vicinity of the temple by the happening. The people crowded about the man and the apostles, wondering greatly, and attributing the mysterious force to the apostles. St. Peter refused to permit this idea to take root in the minds of any. "Why look ye so earnestly on us," he said, "as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man walk?" Thus he turned the attention of all directly back to the source of that Power. He declared himself but the human agent of that power. And so humility must ever accompany the

An Open Fireplace

I think the open fireplace does not kindle the imagination so much as it awakens the memory. One sees the past in its crumbling

true possession of Christ.

A third and final feature of the miracle is the "witnessing" which follows the incident. The expression seems but to prepare the way for this. The attention that is directed to Jesus of Nazareth, as the Source of the Power, is maintained, and the character of that person is expounded.

To deny the power of that Name, subjectively, today, is to deny that men and women are capable of possessing a faith equal to that of the early disciples. Secular history clearly refutes such denial. No age has been without its saints equal in faith and zeal to the early Christians.

If, then, we have the capacity for that faith, we will have the capacity to exercise the power of healing, according to the measure of that faith, as occasion requires. Such faith will make our Christian religion vital and real, and will restore it to its former strength and joyousness, physically, mentally, and spiritually. Christianity will mean more to the world than it has for many centuries.

embers and ashy grayness, rather than the future. The fireplace is a window into the most charming world I have ever had a glimpse of.

—Charles Dudley Warner.

☞ "Prayer is a simple, natural, practical, effective and altogether reasonable procedure"

"Of the Most High Cometh Healing"

Rev. Thomas C. Marshall,

Chaplain, The Hospital of the Good Samaritan, Los Angeles, Calif.

THE chief personal value of religion lies in the fact that it is a resource for living, a strength as well as a refuge, not so much a provision against the future as a very present help in trouble, a way by following which we may have life and have it in greater abundance.

The application of religion to the treatment of sickness does not imply necessarily a return to the practice of magic, a disbelief in the uniform operation of natural laws, or a belief in miracles in the popular sense of interference with the operation of natural forces. Rather is it a recognition of the existence of other than physical, measurable forces, of forces whose field of operation is the thoughts, emotions and volitions and whose operation conforms to laws of their own realm. What men have called miracles, so far as they have any reality, are the manifestation of forces which seemed to intrude upon the order of nature only because their sources and laws were undiscovered and they acted in unfamiliar ways.

The use of the ordinary means of cure, medicine and surgery, in

the treatment of sickness is not in any way inconsistent with the sincere exercise of faith. Rather should the faith that asks for divine help be alert to take advantage of all the knowledge which is available and to employ every means within reach, in any given case; just as the faith which prays—"Give us this day our daily bread," exhausts every means for procuring the supply of daily food with no misgivings or sense of disloyalty to the recognized source of all good things.

The ever-appropriate recourse of the religiously-minded person in time of sickness is prayer. Let him by all means call in the doctor, but let him not neglect to call in first the Great Physician who is able to bring healing to his mind.

Prayer is a simple, natural, practicable, effective and altogether reasonable procedure. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick" is not so much a promise as a statement of fact, a law of our life.

There are few, it is true, who with our present experience would assert that every case of sickness

of whatever kind and degree is curable by prayer; but we can assert unreservedly that prayer is curative, that the prayer of faith makes for cure, creates conditions favorable to cure, initiates or enlists certain intangible but real forces on the side of cure and in time of crisis may be the determining factor that strikes the balance on the side of cure.

In prayer, spirit with spirit meets. There is no miracle, that is, no disruption of the order of nature, but a furtherance of the processes of nature by the entering in of life "from above" through the channels of the mind.

Whatever difficulties may be urged against belief in prayer as the asking for specific material

gifts, fail of any force when we regard prayer as the turning for personal help to the personal source of all life.

Prayer is not a magical formula for influencing the higher power in our behalf as the heathen think, nor is it a mere auto-suggestive formula for inducing a favorable mental reaction as the psychologists think; but the natural ascending of the mind to the source of its life, the opening of the doors from within to the entrance of the divine influence, the establishment of contact "rapport" by reason of which the reality of divine help is experienced and resources otherwise inaccessible are appropriated for our use.

Find the Cause

John Wesley in his journal on May 12, 1759: "Reflecting today on the case of a poor woman who had continual pain in her body, I could not but remark the inexcusable negligence of most physicians in cases of this nature. They prescribe drug upon drug, without knowing a jot of the matter concerning the root of the disorder. . . Whence came this woman's pain,

which she would never have told had she never been questioned about it? From fretting for the death of her son. And what availed medicine while the fretting continued? Why then do not all physicians consider how far bodily disorders are caused or influenced by the mind; and in these cases, which are truly out of their sphere, call in a minister?"

☞ The study of a nerve cell and its fibers in relation to prayer

How Prayer Works

Robert Collier

THE easiest way to learn how any principle works is to take it first in its simplest form, see what are the factors that animate it, then follow the working of those factors through all the complicated forms that follow.

So to see how prayer works, let us take the single nerve cell, find the factors that animate it, and then see if these factors do not remain constant even in so complicated an organism as the Mind.

Turn first to the diagram of a typical nerve cell as given in any authoritative medical work. What do you find? From one side of the cell-body a long fiber extends, making connection with some muscle or some part of the skin. This fiber is part of the nerve cell, and carries the stimuli or orders from the cell to the muscle it controls, and it is through it that nervous energy is transformed into muscular energy. Thoughts, emotions, desires, send impulses to the nerve cells, providing the stimuli that set the muscles in action.

So if you have a desire which requires the action of only one muscle, what happens? Your desire takes the form of an impulse

to the nerve-cell which controls the muscle; the orders travel along the cell-fibers to the muscle, which promptly contracts in accord with the stimuli given it. And your desire is satisfied.

But suppose the muscle finds the job too great for it alone? Suppose it requires the united power of every muscle in the whole body?

As stated above, on one side of each nerve-cell is a long fiber which carries stimuli to the muscle, or else carries messages from the sensory end-plates in the skin to the nerve cell, registering feelings and impressions. *But that isn't all!* On the other side are short fibers, apparently ending in space. As long as the nerves are at rest, these fibers do lie in space.

But stir up the nerve cells, give them a job to do that is greater than the muscles at their command can manage, and then watch these short fibers! They bestir themselves to some purpose. They stir up the nerve cells near them and stimulate these in turn to stir up those they contact, until, if necessary, every cell of the body is twitching and every muscle tensed ready for any work you may demand.

Now that is what happens when you pray. You are a cell in the great God-body of the Universe. When you work with your hands, your feet, your body, you are using the muscles under the immediate control of your own cell. But that is so infinitely small a part of the whole universe. It is as though you tried to do all your work with the tiniest muscle in your little finger, when you could just as well draw upon the power of the entire hand—or, in fact, the whole body! It is as though one of your nerve cells thought it had to do the work of the entire body, and tried, with the little muscles at its command, to do that work.

So the wise man does in the God-body, what the wise cell does in your own physical body—he *prays!* In other words, he stirs up other nerve cells to use the muscles at their command to help him do the work demanded of him.

Prayer for Every Day

Margaret Baily

God, give me sympathy and sense
And help me keep my courage
high;
God, give me calm and confidence,
And—please—a twinkle in my
eye.

And that is all that prayer is—using the fibers on the other side of your nerve cell, those fibers that apparently end in space, to stir up all the cells whose action is necessary to the accomplishment of your desires.

That is the reason it was said in the Vedas thousands of years ago that if any two people would unite their psychic forces, they could conquer the world! That is the reason Jesus told us—"If two of you shall agree as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done unto them. For when two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them, and I shall grant their request."

When two or more nerve cells unite for a certain action, they get that action, even if to bring it about they have to draw upon every cell in the whole body for help!

☞ "He pardoneth all them
that truly repent"

Power Through Confession

Leslie D. Weatherhead

From "Psychology in Service of the Soul"

"CONFESS, therefore, your sins one to another, that ye may be healed," says St. James, and we listen to his advice and, in the main, don't take it.

Confession is the pouring out from the soul of all its consciously repressed and hidden sins and poisons and burdens and griefs and sorrows. And it is a necessity for spiritual health. It is said that the sea has all its unrest on the surface and that underneath there is an unbroken calm. Many a man's life is the opposite. He preserves in the face of others a calm. But right underneath there is tumult. And what he needs more than anything is to get that tumult to the surface, where it can meet forces which will dispel it and bring the calm of God.

Bacon says: This communicating of a man's self to his friend . . . cutteth grief in halves.

Confession is to be spontaneous, not an habitual thing. It is like castor oil, to be taken when needed. It is not to be regarded as a part of the normal diet. There is no man so sickly as the man who becomes morbidly introspective by constantly dwelling on his sins and taking out his spiritual "in-

nards," looking at them, and showing them to others. He is as abnormal as the man who drinks a bottle of castor oil a day. We should not confess the same fall twice, lest dwelling on it forms a false auto-suggestion concerning it in the mind, reminding us unduly of its power. It is not for nothing that the Roman Catholics have made it a sacrament. It is a sacred thing, and should be treated so.

Finally, we must remember that when we confess to a friend all he can do is to put us in touch with God, who alone cleanseth the heart. The absolution in the Prayer Book makes this clear. "He pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent. . . ." Only God can do that for us. But man may show us the path that leads to the foot of the Cross, and Christ's experience may be every man's experience. "So I saw in my dream that just as Christian came up with the Cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do until it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, AND I SAW IT NO MORE."

The Meaning of Suffering

H. W. Dresser, from "The Power of Silence"

MAN is primarily a conscious being. He seems to be the product of environment, and his thought, his feeling, a mere ephemeral outgrowth of matter. Yet deeper than feeling, deeper than all that holds him in bondage to matter, is his individuality; and through this speaks a power which renders all things possible. Two facts—namely, that the infinite Power is trying to make something of us through our individuality, and that everything, misery, health, and disease, depends on our attitude toward that Power—explain the very mysteries of suffering and evil, at least so far as our limited knowledge can make them clear.

The opinion we put into a thing determines its effect upon us. We become like that which we feed upon. . . . If we look toward physical sensation and disease we call forth the energies in that direction and build a condition which corresponds to it, whereas, if we maintain a happy, hopeful state of mind, there is corresponding expansion and lightness of the whole being.

We shall eliminate disease not by fighting it, not by studying its causes or doctoring its physical

effects, but by seeing the wisdom of the better way. When we learn that it is a matter of economy never to rehearse the symptoms of disease, never to get angry, never to cherish ill-will, revengeful or unforgiving thoughts, never to make enemies, but always to be charitable and friendly, kind, good-natured, and hopeful, we shall not need to be told how we caused our own disease; nor shall we need to say "I will not think these wrong thoughts any more," for they will die out of themselves.

The meaning of much of our moral suffering and evil is, then, to teach the right use of our powers; and moral misery and degradation will probably continue until the lesson be learned. All cases of sickness, misery, evil, wrong, demand better self-comprehension. If there be one general meaning which applies to them all, it is, in one word, progress—the effort of the Spirit to give us freedom. If we understood this, we should have a larger sympathy and charity for the whole human race, and be spared much suffering over the sins and crimes of others, and should look for the meaning, the Spirit, behind all wrong acts

and all degraded lives.

Suffering is intended to make man think. Behind all experience moves one great aspiring Power, developing and perfecting the world. It moves straight toward its goal unceasingly and without permanent hindrance. Wherein man is adjusted to it, he is already free from suffering. He moves with it and knows how to be helped by it. But wherein he still acts ignorantly, he suffers and is obviously sure to be in con-

flict until he understands the law of growth.

Every slightest experience will teach us something if we question it and will yield its message of hope. This is the chief value of all experience; for the final meaning of suffering is Hope, the message of the Spirit as it speaks to us in moments of despair, in times of trouble, throughout life, throughout history, in all evolution, is a grand inspiring Hope.

Prayer Found in Chester Cathedral

Give me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest.
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
With sense to keep it at its best.
Give me a healthy mind, O Lord,
To keep the good and pure in sight;
Which seeing sin is not appalled,
But finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine or sigh.
Don't let me worry overmuch
About the fussy thing called "I."
Give me a sense of humor, Lord,
Give me the grace to see a joke;
To get some happiness from life
And pass it on to other folk. Amen.

The Danger of Self-Hypnotism

Winfred Rhoades

FEELING and fact are not necessarily equivalent. You may be severely burned without at the moment being aware of it at all; and on the other hand, as any good hypnotist can demonstrate, you may have the feeling of being burned, and may even develop a blister, when no actual fire has come near you.

It is important to make clear distinction between feeling and fact when seeking to develop the soul's life. The *fact* of God and of his enviroing presence remains the same whether we have a feeling of it or not. The high value of Brother Lawrence's little book is that he talks, not of the *feeling* of the presence of God, but of the *practice* of the presence of God. He is concerned with the recognition of a continually existent fact.

All of us would like to have feelings, but it is more wise to build one's life on facts. A feeling may be the felt experience of a fact; but also it may be no more than self-hypnotism, and not lead to any greater wisdom, any deeper insight, or any essential change in one's character and one's habit of life. What we need is authentic insight, wisdom, and a real change within ourselves.

In a Connecticut hilltop town when my mother was a girl lived a man who for many years had been notoriously free from any symptoms of religion. When at last he "got religion" at some revival it became his duty, he imagined, to testify at prayer meeting. He stood up therefore one night and thanked God for the grace that had been given him to forgive his enemies, and for the "sweet peace" that had come into his soul—"a peace that them damned old Pottles and Runions don't know nothing about." His blessed feeling had not, apparently, made any great change in his essential nature.

If you read the writings of the old mystics you come occasionally upon stories of visions and auditions, sights and sounds and ecstasies. But also, in the saner and greater souls, you find such experiences often discounted or even set down as "stratagems and counterfeits of the devil." The words are taken from the great Saint Teresa, who was afraid of being deceived although she had visions that were of great comfort to her.

In that eminent book, *The Cloud of Unknowing*, which was put forth anonymously about the

middle of the Fourteenth Century, the author time after time points the finger of warning at seekers after mystic experiences who would "with the curiosity of their imagination pierce the planets, and make an hole in the firmament to look in thereat." Read the vivid pages and you can fairly see the self-deceivers who were more concerned to have feelings than to live calmly with facts. "Some set their eyes in their heads as they were sturdy sheep beaten in the head, and as they should die anon. Some hang their heads on one side as if a worm were in their ears. Some pipe when they should speak, as if there were no spirit in their bodies." Some "have it in custom to sit gaping as they would catch flies." "Some be evermore smiling and laughing at every other word that they speak, as they were giggling girls and nice japing jugglers lacking behaviour."

The unknown writer's pungent wit and satire have a serious purpose. He expresses his fear that "unless God shew His merciful miracle to make them soon leave off, they shall love God so long on this manner, that they shall go staring mad to the devil." "Time, place, and body: these three should be forgotten in all ghostly working," he carefully teaches ("ghostly" meaning "spiritual"), "full far from any bodily stressing or straining of our imagination

bodily, either up, or in, on one side, or on other."

He was warning against self-hypnosis. Then, as now, troubled souls were possessed of a strong desire for something more profound and more vital than their spiritual experience had yet brought, but this wise old thinker and admirable psychologist wished them to enter into the reality of sure companionship with God and not into a self-deceit brought on by the mistaken use of their own imagination.

Visions do come once in a while to exceptional individuals, and sometimes those who have them are made strong with a new strength thereby, and are led into a new life. It was so with Saint Francis of Assisi; it was so with the Sadhu Sundar Singh in our own day; it was so with a man who told me his transforming story with his own lips last summer. But the person who practices techniques and exercises for the purpose of inducing mystical moods is in danger of hypnotizing himself, and making himself like those of whom the author of *The Cloud of Unknowing* speaks when he says that: "ofttimes the devil feigneth quaint sounds in their ears, quaint lights and shining in their eyes, and wonderful smells in their noses: and all is but falsehood." "Let be such falsehood," he says; "it should not be so."

Some years ago a struggler who was in the throes of uncertainty whether he could any longer believe in God and be honest with his soul, or whether he must give up what had been the hope of his life, said to himself over and over again: "I don't want to fool myself. I don't want to be fooled." Better a life without God than a life of self-deception with regard to the very essence of life.

If God is what we think of him as being, there is no need of exercises that induce a trance state. If such a state comes all unexpectedly at some crisis, and gives power to make over a troubled life, let God be thanked. The worth of the experience is shown by the result. The ancient word is still true: "By their fruits ye shall know them." But what is needed for daily life is that we learn to practice continual awareness of the presence of God as a fact, and teach ourselves to live in continual openness to him and in quick responsiveness to him. Brother Lawrence could realize God's presence in the midst of the clatter of his kitchen better than when alone by himself in the quiet of his monastery cell. He said that living with God is nothing more than a continual awareness of him. To him the experience of God was the recognition of a fact, and not the cultivation of a feeling.

In one of his fine bits of writing

Alexander Whyte, the famous Edinburgh preacher, quotes some man named Goodwin as saying this admirable word: "I have known men who came to God for nothing else but just to come to Him, they so loved Him. They scorned to soil Him and themselves with any other errand than just purely to be alone with Him in His presence." And that is very like Brother Lawrence's thought.

We are different at different times. We are physically tired, or mentally preoccupied, or emotionally disturbed; we are in a less intense mood than a week or a month ago; we have suffered our attention to become engrossed in other matters and have grown careless about practicing the realization of God's ever-nearness. But if it is indeed God in whom we live and move and have our being must he not be always equally near, and always the same? The practice of the realization of God is what we need.

How long since you have read the last three verses of the ancient book of Habakkuk? They are worth learning. "For though the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of

my salvation," says the prophet.

That is joy in a conviction of fact, not in a transient and perhaps self-induced emotion. It is joy not based on mystical vision, or ecstatic feeling, or any such thing, but joy as the fruit of a

lofty kind of experimental living—a conscious recognition that God is the environment in which your life is being lived, and that his presence is ever near. It is something that the passing of a mood can not take away.

Parable of the Rotten Apple in the Sound Barrel

Glenn Clark

I USED to wonder why a rotten apple placed in a barrel of sound apples would make the sound apples rotten, while a sound apple placed in a barrel of rotten apples would *not* make all the rotten apples sound. I also wondered why a man infected with smallpox when turned loose in a gathering of sound people, would—by his mere presence—make many of the sound people sick, while a sound man walking through a hospital of sick people would not, by his mere presence, make the sick people well.

In other words, I wondered why God, if He were a good God, had made a universe in which soundness and health seemed futile, and rottenness and sickness seemed contagious.

But one day I stopped wondering and examined the so-called sound apple, and I found it was

not sound. It was lacerated, torn, wounded to the death. Oh, I know the grocer would contradict me, he would see no defect. He might even sue me for slander if I persisted in spreading the report that he was selling apples that were not perfect. But if he pressed me for proof, I could prove it. I would ask him to look beyond the apple to the stem. There, in the most vital, the most crucial spot of all, he would find the mortal wound that I refer to. He would find that the apple had been torn away from its parent tree, it had been hopelessly separated from its source of life.

When I discovered this I learned one of the truest facts of life: that *nothing, whether it be fruit or vegetable or man, when separated from its source of life, is sound!*

Relaxation and Rest

Helen Bramble

HERE is rhythm in all nature—an eternal rhythm in all life like the rise and fall of the tides. The trees know it as they lie dormant in the winter and feel the sap rise in the spring; flowers know it as they bloom and rest and bloom again; birds on the wing fly and soar and fly again. Only men ignore this law of nature which a wise God gave to all living things.

Relaxation and rest are part of the tone of life and when we ignore it the rhythm is broken and choppy and no longer flows smoothly in accordance with God's plan. Quietness is not just doing nothing—it is really creative activity—that is if it is rest in God.

We all of us need to give God a larger part in our daily lives. We are too prone to worship Him from afar or turn to Him only in times of deep happiness or sorrow, while His plan for us is a daily, hourly sharing with Him of ourselves and our problems. Christ shared so with God and His life was one of perfect rhythm—work and rest and play.

The first step for carrying Him with us into all we do is to learn to rest in Him and as He more and more fills our hours of rest, we will find ourselves sharing also

our work and play with Him.

Relaxation and rest have come to mean to me simply letting go of myself and taking hold of God. Quietly opening the gates of my spirit to His presence and letting His peace flood through me. Prayer in the fullest sense of the word—not a petition or a request but a *contact*. As vital and tangible a contact as if we stretched out a hand to a well beloved friend and felt the strength of His loving clasp in return. No; more vital because God's touch is within,—closer, deeper than any human touch can reach. Christ said, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." And I have found this an actual truth when we take Him at His word.

When you come in wearied from a morning's activity, lie down quietly and open your being to Him. I let my mind dwell on quiet, beautiful things. I forget the problems and happenings of the preceding hours and rest in Him. When we ask God to come into the temple of our bodies our thoughts must center on Him and not on ourselves and our petty experiences. Our great need in prayer is that God should so fill our hearts with His strength that we shall be lifted above our small

and trivial weaknesses.

Surrender yourself to Him—*give over* your problems, your desires, your will. If you keep hold on these things, if you repress them, smother them up, your burden will grow heavier and heavier. Not "give up" or "give in," for that would be quitting; but when we "give over" we are doing an active and not a passive thing for we are putting our trust and our problem into Higher Hands.

God is waiting eagerly to flood our spirits with peace if we but ask and open the gates of the temples to Him. Many people who go to God often and sincerely, do not feel this relaxation and peace because they strive too hard. They work at prayer—they feel God has to be told in so many words all their problems and desires. It is so different when one just relaxes and rests in God, knowing that He knows all things.

If we make this rest in God a part of our daily lives we would find the whole of our work and play changed as well as our rest periods. Our work and our play can put strength into us instead of taking from our vitality if we

use God's wisdom and knowledge as a guide.

We must adjust our lives to our individual situations by accepting ourselves and our limitations and not trying to do as much as someone else when we are not equipped by nature or circumstances to do so.

We who must go more slowly along the road can find just as much beauty and true service as he who strides along mightily and covers more ground, if we *accept the situation* and do not wear ourselves out panting after the faster man.

And we who must guard our strength must learn to put *first things first*. From among the many duties and pleasures of this modern world pick out the most important and beautiful and worthwhile things and do them. How much better a few things done within the limit of one's strength, happily, successfully, than a scramble of many things done in wretched weariness. Accept yourself, put first things first, rest in God and He will help you to have a radiant and abundant life in spite of limitations—a life lived in a perfect rhythm of work, play and rest—fulfillment, joy and peace.

The March issue of CLEAR HORIZONS will be devoted to a discussion of Immortality. This will be a collection of most stimulating articles on a subject which is very pertinent at the Easter season. Order extra copies early for friends who may be interested in this all-important topic.

Seeing the Whole

Gale Wickwire

People saw his hardened face,
Children, his fleeting smile.
Teachers remembered boyish pranks,
Mischievous with guile.

His dog knew two trousered legs,
A rough but kindly hand.
Girls heard the taunting words
They could not understand.

But his mother saw him whole,
Remembered baby charms,
Heard a troubled little boy
Sobbing in her arms.

Saw him on his paper route
While others were at play.
She sensed the hurt a thoughtless girl
Gave his pride one day.

She knew the yearning and the dreams
Hidden in his heart,
Rejoiced in every victory
And each courageous start.

His mother saw the whole of him
With love-illumined eyes,
And what *she* saw was beautiful.
The world saw his disguise.

CLEAR HORIZONS

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How Shall We Pray?

Helen Clark Wentworth

PRAYER is universal. Whether most people are willing to admit that they believe in prayer or not, in their major crises and calamities of life instinctively they seek help and comfort from a power higher than themselves.

Undoubtedly every single one of us who is reading these pages has been taught to pray, and has grown to do it naturally and spontaneously. And yet each one of us feels that there is more power in prayer than we have achieved. We want to know more about it, and learn how to pray more effectively.

We have prayed usually like the little child does who has broken a toy. He goes to his father and says, "Daddy, put this wheel back on my auto." There is no question in the child's mind but that the father can and will do the thing he asks. The implicit faith of the youngster in his daddy's ability to do anything, to bring him home the most expensive and luxurious of gifts, is often pathetic. But the faith itself is a beautiful thing, and something we wish for in ourselves as we grow older and more sophisticated and more intellectual. That simple, trusting faith is a quality we are striving for, when we put ourselves into an attitude of prayer. "Unless ye become as little children,"—Jesus told his disciples.

But the *direct asking* is the childish thing we find it hard to outgrow. In "The Song of the Souls of Men," Glenn Clark gives the steps we must use to climb to the highest level. There are not many. But they are steep, and require as much experience and training to climb as do the Alps for the inexperienced mountain climber.

Then he continues: "Prayer is like the process of distilling water, it is a purifying of all our desires, so as to make them worthy of entering into the heart of God. Water in a muddy pool gives itself to the drawing power of the sun's rays and it is drawn right out of its impurity into the purity of heaven, and then in God's good time it descends again, purified of all dross, bringing heaven's blessing with it.

"The distilling of our desires is just as simple. Suppose one begins with a desire for money, for success, for security, for health, for friends. He is starting on the third level of prayer, because he is thinking of results. The next step in the distilling process is to pray the second time on the second level; to be a channel of God. Then pray the third time on the third level; to be one with God. When this third level has been attained the desire is completely given over to God,

and you can go off and leave it alone. Then, at a later time, listen in and hear what God has to say to you."

Most of us are still on the lowest level. "O Father, I have lost my job, I don't know how I am going to get along. Help me!" Or we have lost some one we love, and the sense of black despair and loneliness makes us turn to the Father whom we instinctively love. "Make us well, give us work, may we have a sense of security, may we love and be loved." And thank God, those prayers give us a feeling of peace and security, relieve the tension under which we are living. If we have faith, and pray sincerely, that prayer helps us.

But it is the kindergarten of the soul. We should move on to the upper grades. The next step is to stop asking for and thinking of *things*, definite objects and desires. Formulate them in your mind. Even set them down on paper, if you want to. Make a list of the things you desire. Draw a picture of them, if you prefer. Then having expressed your desire, your soul's sincere desire, close the book where you have listed these things, even tear up or burn up the paper upon which you have inscribed them, and turn to God in prayer. Ask him to make you a clear channel, to wash out and uproot the underbrush and dank weeds and thick roots that are blocking the channel. Purify the

channel, so that the stream of God's love may flow through without obstruction or obstacle; so that no muddy, swirling fragments of selfish desire and wishes shall soil the pure stream and divert it from the course it should follow.

When we can pray that prayer we are on the second level. Such is the prayer of Thomas a Kempis: "O Lord, Thou knowest what is the better way, let this or that be done as Thou shalt please. Give what Thou wilt, and how much Thou wilt, and when Thou wilt. Deal with me as Thou knowest, and best pleaseth Thee, and is most for Thy honor. Set me where Thou wilt, and deal with me in all things as Thou wilt. I am in Thy hand; turn me round and turn me back again, even as a wheel. Behold, I am Thy servant, prepared for all things; for I desire not to live unto myself, but unto Thee; and Oh, that I could do it worthily and perfectly!" When we have reached that stage we are well on the way to oneness. Our one wish is to be clear, unobstructed channels through which God can work his perfect work.

But the highest stage is where we can say with Christ, as he talked with his Father about the disciples whom he was having to leave: "I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for those whom Thou hast given me; for they are thine; and all things that are mine are

thine, and thine are mine. . . . Holy Father, keep them in thy name, which thou hast given me, that they may be one, even as we are . . . that the love wherewith thou lovest me may be in them, and I in them."

And those words he spoke to his disciples: "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch can not bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, so neither can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me and I in him, the same beareth much fruit: for apart from me ye can do nothing."

We have all served on committees where there were differences of opinion; where each member thought his was the only true solution for the problem under discussion. The work of the whole group was frustrated by this lack of harmony.

Then a spirit of oneness has come into the group, and the work accomplished has been surprising. That inner harmony, that orchestration, has worked a miracle.

When that complete oneness exists, not momentarily as in most of us, but constantly, then are we living in the kingdom of Heaven. Even Christ found it was hard to remain in that spirit of oneness with his Father. He, too, had to seek quiet times of meditation and communion with the Father. How much more do we, so young in our

spirit of communion, so untutored in the laws of God's kingdom, have to seek His guidance and direction through hours of prayer and meditation.

The Indian mystic, Sundar Singh, has voiced a prayer that we all can utter: "O Lord God who art all in all to me, Life of my life and Spirit of my spirit, have mercy on me and *so fill me with Thy Holy Spirit and with love that there may be no room for anything else in my heart.* I ask not for any blessing, but for Thyself, who art the giver of all blessings and of all life. I ask not for the world and its pomp and glory, nor for heaven, but I need Thee Thyself, for where Thou art, there is heaven. In Thyself alone is satisfaction and abundance for my heart; Thou Thyself, O Creator, hast created this heart for Thyself, and not for any other created thing. Therefore this heart cannot rest in aught but Thee: only in Thee, O Father, who hast made this longing for peace. So now take out of this heart whatever is opposed to Thee and abide and rule in it Thyself. Amen."

There is no doubt in our minds but that we want this. But the question is, how can we get it? How can we live in this spirit of inner harmony, this oneness with the Infinite Father?

Some of us have read everything we can find that should be helpful. And that is good. But we have

discovered: "Meditation (reading) alone may be barren, prayer alone may never reach above the ceiling; but *meditation* and *prayer* and *listening* combined together in unified sequence become one grand symphony that is heard in Heaven. This is the Song of the Souls of Men."

So let us select a time when we always can be by ourselves. It may be seven in the morning. It may be ten o'clock at night. But let us try to have the same time each day. We can read from the Bible. We can read some helpful, stimulating book by such authors as Glenn Clark, Emmet Fox, Evelyn Underhill, or E. Stanley Jones. Not for long, but just a few stimulating and provocative thoughts, to which we shall turn in thought all during the day. Then we can turn to our prayer list. But before we begin to pray for others, we should approach the Divine Father with a sense of praise and adoration, recognizing Him for what He is, so much more powerful and Infinite than we can conceive of, with our petty little finite minds. Then, after our hearts have been lifted out of themselves by this sense of the greatness of God, then we can turn to the thought of His tender love and sympathy and understanding for each one of His children. In that spirit of thankfulness for His infinite love, we can bring to Him in prayer all those whom we

love and whom we bear in our hearts. All we have to do is to turn them over to the Father with just a word of love. Then we can dismiss them from our minds. They are now God's concern, not ours.

Then comes the hardest part of the devotional period for most of us. The silent meditation, the listening for God to speak to us, is so outside our habitual way of doing things that it is difficult for us to accustom ourselves to it. We strain, in our effort to hear. We try hard to keep still and put all disturbing thoughts out of our mind. And by our very effort to hear we prevent God's making himself heard by us.

It may be that the very thoughts we cannot put away from us are the thoughts God is speaking to us. So we would best have a pencil handy, and a notebook, and jot them down if they persist in coming. As we grow more and more accustomed to listening our ears will become better attuned to his voice. But the more effortless, the more relaxed, that silence, the more chance there is of God's message getting through to us.

My training is still very inadequate. But I do know that more and more a sense of inner peace, and love for all God's family, and real joy, is filling me, as day by day I try to keep an hour of meditation and prayer and silence before the Father whose Power and whose Love are Infinite.

☪ "The physician treats disease; it is God who heals"

And God Heals

Robert Rasche from "Religion Can Help You Get Well"

IT IS CHARACTERISTIC of Nature to repair and heal our bodies when they are injured and diseased. Whether we help it along or not there is a power in us alert to combat disease, fighting to keep us well, and if disease succeeds in attacking us, rebuilding and healing our bodies to restore them. That power is the Power of God in Nature. It was Paré, the great surgeon of the sixteenth century, who saw the truth about healing when he said of one of his patients, "I dressed his wounds, God healed them." It is not otherwise today. God still heals. Medical science has advanced with great strides during the recent decades and medical skills have increased tremendously so that the chances for cure in most diseases have likewise mounted. For all this advance we are grateful and we ought to give ourselves the benefit of all that medical science has to offer. And yet the modern phy-

sician in true humility will say that all he and his science can do is to set the conditions in which healing can take place, but for HEALING itself he must depend upon this wonderful power of God in Nature. The physician treats disease; it is God who heals.

Your doctors and nurses are ministers of God. They are setting the conditions in and around you which will help *healing* to take place. You can help them and can help God by keeping your mind cheerful and patient. And knowing that God is with you, that His power is in you and that His purpose is good, you *can* keep a cheerful attitude and a victorious spirit.

The healing of His seamless
dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng
and press,
And we are whole again.

—Whittier.

God is at work in my life.

Even now my whole being pulsates with energy

He is constantly supplying.

In the cells of my body His Will is at work.

He is giving me strength from His bountiful supply.

He is restoring me by the power of His Love.

His healing Presence is giving me courage.

With patience and trust I am waiting on Him.

"That Appalling Sense of Inferiority"

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick

WHO of us has not confronted the appalling sense of being inferior? Sometime since, an investigation among college students revealed that over ninety per cent of them suffered from the gnawing feeling of inferiority. Sometimes the cause was physical incapacity, ill health, unpleasant appearance; sometimes social inadequacy, failure in love, lack of charm, awkwardness; sometimes deficient intellectual life; sometimes moral failure and the sense of guilt. It is a rare person who does not soon or late discover that what he does with this appalling sense of inferiority is one of the major determinants of personality.

Some of us were brought up on the idea that pride is the main foe of the spiritual life, but the new study of man's nature has unveiled another realm of fact, where, ruinous as pride may be, just as disastrous is the appalling sense of inferiority. *** Multitudes of us are mishandling this appalling sense of inferiority and these are some of the ways in which we do it. Some, feeling inferior, do not want anybody else to know it and they throw a smoke screen around their weakness. *** Meeting them, one might think

them proud, boastful, pushing, but when with sympathetic eye one looks at them one understands that they are suffering cruelly from an appalling sense of inferiority and are not handling it very well.

Others, who feel that they cannot make a success in the real world, retreat to a world of fantasy where they can have all the success they want for the asking.

As the years pass one sees them finding the fantasy wear thin and the soul grow starved on such unsubstantial diet. It is a dangerous thing to mishandle this sense of inferiority.

Still others try to handle this problem like the fox in Aesop's fable, by calling all grapes sour that they cannot reach. They belittle everything they are inferior to.

There are others who, feeling inferior, try to achieve superiority by belittling everybody else so that they will not seem so inferior after all.

What we do with this sense of inferiority is one of the major determinants of personality. If one's personal discipleship to Christ is not helping here, it is not vitally functioning. So long ago Simon Peter said to Jesus:

"Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." He felt incompetent, inadequate, unworthy, and inferior. And Jesus said to that fisherman, "Come after me, and I will make you fishers of men."

How is it that a vital discipleship to Jesus actually operates in helping out one who feels so wretchedly inferior?

In the first place, it starts him off realistically with a positive, instead of a negative, attitude toward his limitations. It says to him in effect, Life is a trust from God, it may be of ten talents or it may be one, but if one talent, then that is your stint. Take a positive attitude toward it. Take the offensive. See what you can do about it.

Recall in the play, *Green Pastures*, how Noah says to the Lord, "I ain' very much, but I'se all I got." That is realistic, it is humble, and it is full of self-respect. When a man so takes life as a trust, knows that he is responsible for what has been entrusted to him and no more, so that he can face the Lord of life with mingled humility and self-respect, saying, "I ain' very much, but I'se all I got," there begins healthy-mindedness in facing life's unequal endowments.

You see, behind all this wretched experience of felt inferiority is the subtle and envious

desire to be somebody else beside ourselves. *** Desiring to be somebody else beside ourselves, we begin to feel sorry for ourselves, and when that starts there is no telling how far it may go. Self-pity can become a preoccupation that absorbs the whole of life. How can one be grateful enough for that religious outlook on life, that inner fellowship with the Eternal Spirit, that again and again has redeemed some of us from such misery, taken us off the defensive, put us on the offensive, set us on our feet again, saying, You may be a one-talented man but, if you are, that is your stint; see what you can do about it!

Now when an inferior man takes a positive attitude toward his limitations, there is no telling how far he may go. Some have gone a long way. That is not simply good religion; that is good psychology. Demosthenes was inferior; he stammered. He felt badly about that. He wanted to be an orator that he might help his people, and he stammered. But he did not throw a smoke screen around his weakness, and he did not retreat into fantasy to escape, and he did not belittle public speaking because he could not do it, and he did not spend his life picking flaws in all the public speakers that he knew. Rather, he took a positive attitude toward that limitation, putting pebbles in

his mouth, so they say, and speaking against the waves on the sea-beach, until, as the psychologists put it, he "over-compensated"; he became what he probably never would have become if he had not stammered, the greatest orator of antiquity. We commonly say that Demosthenes became a great orator despite the fact that he stammered. What the psychologists say is that Demosthenes became the greatest orator of antiquity because he stammered. That is more than a paradox. Even genius is engendered in some men by an inferiority that stabs them wide awake and becomes their major stimulus so that they set out to see what they can do about it.

To be sure, we are not much, but then, Peter was not either. Across the centuries many a man like Peter has heard the voice of Christ that said, Come after Me, you one-talented man, come after Me and I will make you—, and, lo! the limitations became his best friends.

Let us go on now in the second place to say that discipleship to Jesus assists one in this realm because it helps to get rid of vanity and to put the ego in its proper place. For, of course, behind this whole wretched experience of inferiority is the ego, standing up there like a sore thumb, hurt, oversensitive, and complaining.

The reason for this involves us all. The deepest principle in human nature, some one has said, is the desire to be appreciated. We could not live without that.

The great day in Peter's life came when he began to care for something other and greater than himself so that he did not care so much who got the credit. He began to get his ego off his hands. That is a great day. It began to dawn on him that while he was not himself of large size he could stand for a large matter in the earth, the kingdom of Christ, as a flashlight can stand for the same cause the sun stands for, light, or a spring represent the same cause a great river represents, water. He began to get his ego off his hands.

That is what Jesus said: "Who-soever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's shall save it." That is a great secret and I never cease to wonder at one thing it does. It transforms humiliation into humility. How much alike they sound! How far apart they are! Humiliation is bitter; humility is beautiful. Humiliation is life with an ego at the center all hurt and screaming; humility is a life that has cared for something greater than itself and so, losing life, has found it, has gotten itself off its hands and at last forgotten itself into personality.

Our thought, however, would lack its crown and climax if we did not say this third thing: some of the finest work in the world can be done only by inferior people. Many a time I have been in a situation when I needed personal help, the kind of personal help that comes only from the touch of an understanding hand, and I never could get that from any shining Apollo of superior genius. How could he help? What would he know? How could he understand? No, some of the finest work in the world can be done only by inferior people.

Thornton Wilder has a three-minute drama on this, based on the New Testament story of the pool of Bethesda. The main character is a busy physician, with a wound he himself cannot heal. He stands by the pool waiting for the waters to be stirred that he may enter first and be made whole, and as he stands there an angel comes to him and says, "Draw back, physician. . . . Healing is not for you. Without your wound where would your power be? It is your very remorse that makes your low voice tremble into the hearts of men. The very angels themselves cannot persuade the wretched and blundering children on earth as can one human being, being broken on the wheels of living. In Love's service only the wounded soldiers can serve."

So, disappointed, the man turns away from Bethesda and sadly starts home. And as he goes, the man who was healed in his place comes running to him, saying, "Come with me . . . an hour only, to my home. My son is lost in dark thoughts. I—I do not understand him, and only you have ever lifted his mood. Only an hour . . . my daughter, since her child has died, sits in the shadow. She will not listen to us. . . ." Well, Thornton Wilder is right. "In Love's service only wounded soldiers can serve."

Whereas, at the beginning, then, we felt sorry for those poor folk suffering from inferiority, at the end we could sing the praise of some of them who have been the greatest benefactors of our lives. For, you see, there are different kinds of superiority and inferiority, and some of these handicaps and limitations that we feel inferior about are of value to the world.

Especially in these times when, I suspect, it is none too easy for any of us to live, what I need most of all is to have somebody prove to me the livableness of life, that despite bafflement and frustration and victorious evil, still, by the grace of God, life can be victoriously lived. And just at that point the geniuses, the Apollos, the philosophers, do not help much. I know all their argu-

ments about the cosmos, and God, and eternal purpose, but arguments do not help much. Then often it is the inferior life that saves the day—inferior in stature, inferior in terms of limitation and handicap, superior in quality.

I am thinking of one such character now. Life never gave him a thousand-acre farm to spread himself in. Life gave him a pile of rocks, but what a rock garden he has made of it, worth traveling miles to see! And sometimes there I see proved, as no philosopher could ever prove, the great proposition that by the grace of God life can be triumphantly lived.

All Things Possible

Anonymous

Filled with a strange new hope they came,
The blind, the leper, the sick, the lame,
Frail of body and spent of soul—
As many as touched Him were made whole.

On every tongue was the Healer's name,
Through all the country they spread His fame,
But doubt clung tight to his wooden crutch,
Saying, "We must not expect too much."

Down through the ages a promise came,
Healing for sorrow and sin and for shame,
Help for the helpless and sight for the blind,
Healing for body and soul and mind.

The Christ we follow is still the same,
With blessings that all who will may claim,
But how often we miss Love's healing touch
By thinking, "We must not expect too much."

There, in the rock garden of his personal life, sometimes I see a shadowed cross and on it a man, and over the cross a new inscription, not the old one that his enemies scornfully put there, but a new one: "*In Love's service only the wounded soldiers can serve.*"

Eternal God, Whose dearest name to us is "The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," touch us with some of the grace and triumph of the Master's Spirit and send us out no longer defeated, discouraged, and undone, but strengthened with might by Thy Spirit in the inner man.

Amen.

A Pure White Light Is Always Shining

Paul de Guzman

"CUTS AWAY 4 RIBS,
STITCHES UP HEART."

This news item was in the *Philadelphia Evening Ledger* of Wednesday, April 10, 1940. It was probably in many other newspapers. Here is what it said:

"New York, April 10.—(UP)—Mrs. Eloise Edralin, 19, picked up a pistol a boarder left in her home. Somehow it was discharged and the bullet ripped through her chest, puncturing her heart.

"An ambulance surgeon, amazed to find her still alive, took her to Knickerbocker Hospital. A hurry call brought Dr. William A. Fraser, one of the city's best-known surgeons, on the run.

"Fraser discarded his clothing as he hastened to the operating room and by the time Mrs. Edralin was wheeled in, he was ready to operate.

"Working with incredible speed, Dr. Fraser cut four ribs away from the breastbone, severing the muscles so that he had a sort of trapdoor. Then he reached in and took the quivering heart in his hand.

"A puncture of the left ventricle sent blood spurting with every beat. Dr. Fraser motioned for needle and silk thread. As each heart beat quieted, he took a stitch.

Then he waited for another moment of quiet and took a second stitch. A third stitch closed the wound.

"But another complication appeared. The loss of blood had seriously weakened Mrs. Edralin. The patient's blood type had been charted the moment she entered the hospital, and Dr. Morris Kleinberg, an interne standing by, knew his blood was the same. He climbed on a table beside the operating table, and a quart of blood was pumped from his arm into Mrs. Edralin's veins.

"The hospital revealed the amazing story today and said that she would recover completely."

I clipped the article. To save. To reread. To show to people. For—miracle of miracles—a great surgeon through his skill, and by the grace of God, had saved a life that otherwise would have been lost.

That same evening I mentioned this splendid story to my wife. I drew the clipping from my wallet for her to read. "Read it aloud," I said, "It's a beautiful story."

This is what she read:

"At the entrance of the Kattegat, down the Swedish coast, a terrific naval engagement was reported being fought. Two German troop transports and two German war-

ships were said to have been sunk."

"Why," I interrupted. . . .

"This isn't it," she said.

"Never mind," I answered, "read it anyway."

She read on. . . .

"Earlier today, British and French naval forces were reported to have recaptured from the Germans Narvik, Trondheim and Bergen, on the west coast of Norway. C. J. Hambro, president of the Norwegian Parliament, confirmed the recapture of Trondheim.

"At least twenty ships have been sunk in two days.

"The Stockholm radio reports indicated that the British navy had penetrated German mine fields in the Skagerrak and that the battle was for control of that sea passage, and with it control of German communications with the forces landed in Norway.

"Watchers along the coast said at 8:30 p. m. the battle was still raging and the impression among observers at Goteborg was that the British warships, aided by planes of the R.A.F., had gained the upper hand.

"One ship was observed to sink and the other was said to be burning."

Yes, this note of wholesale death—death by thousands—was on the

reverse of my clipping of a surgeon's great work. A work—a seeming miracle—which saved exactly one life.

I laughed in mockery. Then, suddenly ashamed, I felt all quiet inside. My wife looked at me strangely.

"Yes," she said, "I know what you're thinking. It's a grim joke. A horse laugh from the gods of darkness."

"I did think that," I said, "at first. But only for a fleeting second. And then something within me removed that bitterness. For that doctor's story—his saving of a life against almost hopeless odds, and the very fact that he did it at a time when across the sea thousands are dead and dying—is all the proof I need that God is with us; that that which is honest and good in this world shines forth steadfastly—a pure white light."

Let us salute Dr. Fraser, you and I and the world. Not for his skill and surgery—great as it is—but for reminding us that the true in heart will ever conquer the evil of this world, and one day purge it everlastingly.

A pure white light is always shining. Let us not lose heart. Let us not lose faith.

Nothing can exist which does not partake of Soul.

Spiritual Ministrations to the Sick

Richard C. Cabot, M.D.

From article of same title in "Religion in Life," 1923

I AM PERSUADED that the minister has a place in the sick-room—a place not that of the doctor or the psychiatrist or the social worker or anybody else. The peculiar privilege and capacity of the clergyman springs from the fact that he has a living and practical belief in God, in immortality, in the saving qualities of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and in the literally infinite possibilities for growth in every human soul.

Most people in hospital wards are very feebly religious and have no cognizance of either the words or the conceptions of the great working faiths of religion. . . . Many whom the minister ought to visit have scarcely more capacity to receive the religious message than a person under ether or crazy drunk.

That every one is a child of God means that every one is potentially religious. His irreligion is sometimes skin-deep, sometimes tissue-deep, sometimes down in his very bones, but always in a rebellion against the plan that is built into his body and into his soul. The so-called "non-religious" people are starving for religion or else are getting it already in ways that they would indignant-

ly refuse to call religious. Because I believe that sick people and well people are thus starving for religion I think that the minister should go into the hospital with his vital religious message under his arm or in his pocket or somewhere where it cannot scare anybody—determined that in the end he will deliver that message or some fraction of it to many "non-religious" persons, but equally determined that in the beginning he will meet them where they are and not where he is. It is this distinction between the enormous freight of religious good news which it is his business to deliver and the consciousness that he must begin delivering it very gradually, that I am laboring to express.

By starting where he finds the patient, I mean starting with the needs, crying needs or grumbling needs, that he, the minister, is capable of supplying.

In the mental and emotional life of all such persons there exists what I am going to call a "growing edge," and I am going to spend some time now in saying what I mean by that.

The labors of the experimental pathologists have shown us that we

can grow human tissue outside the body, as for fifty years we have been growing bacteria in the laboratory for study and experiment. We can grow in the laboratory a bit of liver tissue or a bit of kidney tissue taken from the living body and kept in a saline solution at the right temperature. We grow it like a plant or a fungus. Then, if the conditions are right, we can see under the microscope the "growing edge" of this bit of tissue, the whole of which at the start was perhaps as big as one's little finger-nail, and after some weeks twice as big. Its growing edge is a good deal like the frontier of the United States in 1840 as it spread across the West with a last station for the railroad and a last settlement, always shifting and carrying on.

The minister's unique privilege and opportunity with sick people is to find the growing edge of each person that he deals with, the present frontier in the advance of the person.

Preaching and theological education are now handicapped by not realizing sufficiently that no person can grow except from the point where he is just then.

Ordinarily in college teaching we never find the student's "growing edge" at all, and so the information that he takes in and holds in his mind until after examination makes little or no con-

tact with the living tissues of his nature. He is not ready for it.

What is true of college education is true of the development of a human being's personality as a whole, which is the object of the clergyman's vocation with people sick or well.

How can the clergyman extend this growing edge? What are the foods of growth? I will mention four familiar nourishers of growth to carry with us as we visit sick people.

(1) Whenever people sincerely love anything or anybody, they grow. They grow more when they love that to which they have to reach up, because it is so far above them, whether in science or art, in human personality or social endeavor. But whoever loves anything is enlarged and brought nearer to God by that very act. Insofar as the minister can so guide his interviews that he discovers, through good listening and good questioning, some interests of the patient or some affection that through conversations and their results can be deepened, he has done something for the cause that he represents.

(2) If he can help the patient to learn anything, if he can get him interested so that new facts, new truths, take root and grow in his mind, he has assisted, no matter how little, the divine process of his development.

(3) If we can help any one to appreciate more of this great kingdom of beauty, we are favoring another side of his growth. One can grow forever in the appreciation of music, of literature, drama and landscape, as one can in knowledge.

In the field of beauty I include humor, which has surely a place in the ministry of the sick. Part of the minister's vocation is to secure for himself and for others the right sort of detachment (not aloofness) from life. A hearty laugh is often praise of God,

(4) Service. The sick need to know that they are of use to some one else. Suppose a sick patient learns to translate into Braille type some of the books never yet put into that type. Any one can do it.

These are the foods of growth—love, learning, beauty, service.

When people have once started on the path of growth how can we keep them from sliding backward spiritually? To stop sick souls from going astern is a task that jumps into our faces when we confront the problems of sickness. People go backward in their spiritual growth when they are terrified, depressed, bitter, lonely. They come to a painful pause in their forward progress when, as is so often the case in illness, they are dreadfully bored.

Our medical colleagues want the patient to be quiet, serene, uncom-

plaining, unemotional, unexcited, but they do not always realize that we cannot keep up such serenities merely by banishing or suppressing their opposites. Stagnation is as bad for people as restlessness, and the reiterated medical prescription of rest sometimes leads to atrophy of the spirit as it often leads to atrophy of the muscles. The good life for every capacity of the soul is a life that is moving ahead.

We can do something to meet fear by showing that many fears are groundless. Behind many specific physical fears are often the deeper spiritual fears. Hence the clergyman, whose faith gives him the only ultimate defense against the deepest of all fears, is in a position to watch for any sign that these deeper and more general fears are there in the background of the patient's mind. By watching for them, he can be ready to meet them if the opportunity comes. The fear of death is far commoner than most people realize, even in patients whose illness is to us obviously quite trivial.

Loneliness is a foe of many a sick person, even when he has plenty of people about him, because they often fail to reach the core of suffering. They do not know what he is lonely about, or what piece of him is lonely. Or his loneliness may have grown up

because he feels useless, or because he thinks that his sickness has made him so unattractive or uninteresting that people come only as a matter of duty. But, as with the fears, it is always possible that behind the obvious loneliness there is a deeper loneliness, a sense that no human being can ever understand what he cares for most, that his real home is not on this earth at all—in short, the religious loneliness which has been the beginning of religious faith in many of us.

Bitterness and grudge, either against some one who the patient thinks has treated him ill, or against a particular group such as the rich, or against society as a whole, retard the convalescence of many a patient. The palliative treatment of this is to lead the patient to pity and so to excuse those who he thinks have wronged him, then to laugh at them, and finally to laugh at himself. A man who is bitter against some one who has cheated him, or against his family, is apt to harbor in the

background of his resentment a sense of bitterness against the universe. On the other hand, if first we can win the patient's regard and can win him to the certainty of our regard for him, there is no limit to what may happen, and happen quite suddenly.

Some of the most religious people I know are hardly aware of "religion" under that name, and many who are always talking of God and faith seem to me scarcely religious at all. The more genuine a religious experience is the more individual it is, and the less it wants to put its new wine into bottled phraseology.

Stoical courage, humorous detachment, humanitarian devotion, are still halfway houses on the way to the joy of Paul's declaration: For to live is Christ and to die is gain. The growth which the minister tries to feed will rarely attain the other dimension—the joy that Paul describes—unless the Christian message itself can somehow be transfused into the sick man's veins.

A Prayer

O Thou Divine Physician, Whose skill is greater than the measure of man's mind, I thank Thee for the healing ministry of Thy Presence. Because Thou art here with me I have no fear. My spirit is quieted with faith. My

life is in Thy care and Thy goodness shall keep me now and forever more. In my heart is the glad song of hope and though my body be in pain, my spirit is not defeated. Amen.

☐ Evidence from personal experience convinces a physician of faith-healing

Speaking as a Physician

W. H. Jefferys, M.A., M.D.

(Author of *The Mystical Companionship of Jesus*)

YES, I BELIEVE in faith-healing, more and more convincingly as the days go by. I believe that the Master of Life did the works, healed the sick, raised the dead, in the way recorded, by the power claimed in His own words, and that we shall do the same as He foresaw we should because He understood the situation and realized that the power was inherent in the spiritual nature of mankind.

The common evidence for present-day spiritual healing, as recorded in the accounts of cases, particularly in the testimony of the healed individuals, is in terminology hopelessly incapable of convincing the scientific materialist. The evidence which has brought my own conviction seems to arise from an entirely different source, namely from a cumulation of basic intuitions together with an immense amount of personal experience and observation. By personal experience I do not mean cures for which I have been in any way responsible; I mean rather the observed wealth of evidence for the spiritual origin of the total healing process in mankind. The

most successful physicians are putting less and less reliance on a materia medica which has become largely obsolete in our own generation, and more and more reliance on the simple fact of giving all the natural processes the best possible chance to work out their own salvation, to take away every obstruction to natural reconstruction. Almost any organ of the body can be removed and produce death; or be removed and result in recovery. The determining factor lies, for the most part, deeper in control than the physical organ itself. It is at the seat of that deeper control that the healing process fails or originates, matures and triumphs.

Specific and glaring instances of these are so frequent that we almost fail to perceive them. A trifling mis-start in the morning will wreck a day's happiness, depress the whole vitality, cloud hope, result in indigestion and headache, spoil one's work, make a bad investment, and lose money. Even with a wrong start, meeting the right person early in the day will set things straight; a good joke in the morning paper will chase the clouds away. There was

a cartoon in a Philadelphia paper the other day that made me feel good for half a week. I remember once crossing the continent with my wife and child. After about three days of train travel, first the child, then I, became violently car sick. My wife struggled with the situation for a while; there was no question about the physical symptoms, they were more than manifest. Finally my wife talked to me quite plainly; she said she had enough to do, taking care of the infant and that I just had to buck up and pretend I was well. My feelings were somewhat ruffled, but I sat up and began to take my part and an hour later was feeling fine, ate a good supper and had no relapse at all. It was a pure case of faith-healing, very prosy but very satisfactory. There was no doubt whatever but that the self-control and mental suggestion of one member of the party completely cured another and resulted in restoration of family peace and happiness. It is a small illustration, but that kind of thing is going on in over-

whelming amount all about us all the time.

The life of our world's sick, the road to their death and the road to their restoration to health might be expressed in a parable of two persons who go out into the night with an equal start. One looks down at the dark earth, his shoulders sag, he seeks the valley, he glances fearfully at every tree and every bush, he feels the world inimical, he gets the creeps up and down his spine and draws his wraps closely about him, hastens his steps and finally is fleeing in terror. The other begins by looking up at the stars, he throws back his shoulders, he seeks the highland, finally he takes off his jacket and carries it, and by and by he stops on the summit, throws out his arms and thanks God for the beauty of all things. One has lacked faith, has filled his life with fear, has poisoned his whole nature and died a spiritual death; the other has trusted the good in all things, has lived in the light, and found health and happiness.

Infinity

To see a World in a Grain of Sand,
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour.

—William Blake

☞ Three striking examples
of healing by faith

Christ's Healing Power

Norman Vincent Peale

ONE OF OUR great human problems is that of sickness and suffering. *** On the basis of my experience in being called upon to deal with a multitude of cases of every manner and kind of sickness I offer it as my judgment that if America needs any one thing today, it desperately needs the cooling balm and the healing grace of Jesus Christ. We need to have our nerves quieted if our bodies and minds are to be healed and if health is to characterize our life today.

Is it not possible that the same healing power is available today no less than in the long ago, to those who completely put their lives—mind, soul, and body—under the influence of Jesus Christ? Is He not called with merit the Great Physician? *** If this power is still operative—and we see no reason for assuming that it is not—it would mean that any man today who completely opens himself to the influence of the spiritual Christ would straight away clear a channel within himself through which this divine power might flow.

Three incidents from my personal experience serve to illustrate the practical outworking of this principle. Three people well known to me who actually surrendered themselves to God by an act of childlike faith received new life in a manner so astoundingly conclusive as to leave no room for doubt that there is in applied Christianity a profound healing power available for all men everywhere.

The first is my own mother, who began to break physically under the strain of life. She consulted a noted physician, who after an examination asked her the unexpected question, "Madam, are you a Christian?" To which she in surprise replied, "Why, yes, I consider myself a Christian." She recited to him the several and important positions in which she was rendering devoted Christian service. He listened and shook his head. "No, madam, despite all of that I doubt if you are a real Christian." He explained his statement by saying, "I understand that being a Christian means to have childlike faith and trust, to believe that God loves you and

*From the ART OF LIVING by Norman V. Peale, copyright 1937.
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exercises watchful care over you, to believe that you can talk to Him and by prayer and by faith receive from Him strength sufficient to offset the drain of life. In this sort of Christianity you, like most of us, are deficient; now go out and practice them and I believe you will get well. So," he concluded, "here is my prescription. Go off to a quiet place alone and think about God and get His peace into your soul." She took his advice. *** The marvelous recuperative power of God manifested itself in her so that her body and spirit took on a new vigor and vitality that literally amounted to a re-creation.

The second person who experienced the restoration of surrendered faith is a distinguished public servant. Fifteen years ago his life was despaired of and he had been given to understand he must cease work and carefully guard himself if he was even to live.

On the morning after this blow was dealt him he said he awakened to see the sunlight streaming into his room. Lying there in bed he thought of Christ and how long ago the Master helped and healed people. He closed his eyes and as simply as a child he prayed something like this: "Lord, you know what they told me yesterday. I do not want to quit, Lord, for I have important work to do for Thee. I am

going to get up and go to work and put myself in your hands. If you want me to go on, you will allow me to continue. If you feel my work is ended, you will take me home. Whatever you want for me will be all right, Lord, with me." He says that he felt a great peace in his heart after praying thus. He arose and did a hard day's work. So day after day he has prayed through the years. He literally lives with Christ as a Companion. He has opened his life to streams of living water which heal him, give him peace, and allow nature to build up his body. He has found a tremendous secret.

Late one night a physician telephoned and asked me to come to an address where he had a patient suffering from nervous and physical breakdown. The doctor said, "I think this man needs some of your kind of medicine. Our patient needs a deep peace and a power beyond himself to which he may cling for the strength which he does not have in himself." I will confess I scarcely knew what to do, but I did not need to know, for when one wants with all his heart to have God's help he gets it, and I found myself quoting various passages of Scripture, such as the Twenty-third Psalm. Presently the man turned to me, with his haunting, desperate eyes seeming

to search the depths of my soul. I never had anybody look in to my inmost mind as he did, as he said, "Can Jesus Christ do anything for a man like me, or is it all just religious talk and bunk?" I replied, "If you trust Him like a little child, relaxing and resting upon Him, He will give peace and healing to your mind and body." He said as simply as a child, "Help me, Christ," as he lay back on the bed, where almost before I knew it he went off to sleep like a baby. He continued that trust in God, and he had a wise and skillful

medical man who helped him. That was five years ago. Today he is the efficient head of an important educational institution.

Ask a man like that if there is healing power in religious faith. He knows. The secret is in sincere faith and surrender of will, to put your life with all of its problems in God's hands. That will give a superb all-rightness to your life, endowing you with that calm philosophy by which men know truly that "all things work together for good to those who love God."

Healing for the Nations

Bertha Harris Converse

Lord of the earth, in this dread hour,
We bow our heads in shame and grief,
And here before Thy flaming throne,
Confess our sins of unbelief.

Too long we've named the Blessed Name,
And have not listened to the Word;
Too long we've hailed Thee with a kiss
Then nailed Thee to Thy cross, O Lord.

A world lies bleeding at our door,
We hear its groans of deep distress,
That we may heal its gaping wounds,
O save us from blood-guiltiness.

O Christ of love, forgive our sin,
That in this maze of dreadful pain,
America may do Thy will,
And lead the way to peace again.

Faith that Conquers All

Methods of the Rev. John Maillard

John Gayner Banks

THE FAITH Healing Mission is a child of the slums. It was in London's Dockland that the light of Divine inspiration came to Father John Maillard. It was there that he began.

Today, far from the scene of its birth, down in the peaceful heart of rural Dorset, the movement, now twenty-four years old, enters upon a new era.

The marching years have brought much to gladden Father Maillard's heart. He has watched the great work to which he has devoted his life grow powerful and world-wide. He has seen converts to his creed flock by the thousands beneath the high-held banner of his faith. He has known the happiness of bringing relief to the suffering.

But always he has dreamed of one thing—the establishment of a quiet retreat in the country where the balm of Christ's love would fall on bruised minds, where, in tranquility, mental invalids would be healed through prayer and faith.

And now this thing of which he has dreamed has flowered into reality at Milton Abbey. There, in lovely old Milton Abbey House,

a home for the spiritual treatment of mental cases is being prepared.

Mr. Maillard and an eminent doctor will share the work—and thus for the first time the church and medicine will go hand in hand on a healing mission.

Mr. Maillard says:

My work will be accomplished through heart-to-heart talks with patients, but co-operating with me will be an eminent doctor.

He will be as unhampered and unfettered in pursuing his side of the work in this great scheme as I shall be in the share that falls to my department.

Our work together may solve the problem of science and faith, since both are constructive. But others can help. Here at Milton Abbey we are undertaking something calling for united spiritual effort. The main stream of spiritual healing will be provided by means of corporate prayer.

I maintain that in no department of healing are the limitations of science so clearly marked as in the treatment of the mentally afflicted. It has failed again and again, and its failure reflects upon those who persist in trying to

use such an instrument where in the very nature of things it is out of place.

The reason is obvious. In most cases of mental sickness the trouble begins somewhere else. The mind may be sick but the cause is not in the mind. There is something behind the mental condition, something beyond the reach of science.

To put it more clearly, the physical door is barred and the mental door is barred. There is no way of entry for science.

But there is a third door. It is the door of the spirit. Behind the physical condition and behind the mental sickness there is the spirit, often hidden and concealed.

And that is where faith healing plays its part, forcing its way into the broken and disordered life through the door of the spirit, introducing an inflow of new life.

The fact that the patient may be mentally deranged, afflicted with hallucinations, even violently opposing any approach, is not an insuperable barrier to healing.

Mental sickness, by its very nature, rules out many of the remedies and treatments of science which may be successful in the healing of other ailments.

There remains faith and the power of prayer—and through them lies the path to health.

Christ showed us the way, proved beyond question that the mental

sufferer can be reached and relieved through the spirit.

That is what I hope to do at Milton Abbey, and I am convinced that if we could go to the doctors and authorities in charge of other institutions and homes for the mentally afflicted, and point out that a way has been found through Christ for the healing of the sick mind, many of them would be willing to follow our lead.

In the last twelve months two doctors in charge of such mental homes have told me frankly that they believe that more could be done for their patients by the spiritual ministry of the Church than will ever be possible by medical means.

I believe that children have more claim upon the compassion and love of God than any other sufferers. I have found that as a general rule they receive healing more quickly and easily than adults.

The explanation is simple. The child is far more sensitive and receptive. You are not up against those barriers of doubt and distrust you so often find in dealing with grown-up people.

I was once asked to visit a mother whose baby was dying. I found her sitting before the fire with the tiny mite asleep in her lap, shielded from draughts by a screen.

She looked up at me with hope-

less eyes when I arrived. The doctor had just left and broken the news that her baby was only hanging to life by a slender thread.

She, poor soul, had already lost her first baby, which, like this one, had been born prematurely. In fear and dread she had watched the same symptoms develop in this second child, saw it sink lower and lower just as the first baby had done before it died.

Its little face was lined with pain and suffering, and there was the same expression in her pale and drawn face as she bent anxiously over it.

Quietly I knelt beside them and whispered to the mother to close her eyes.

"Keep them shut for a few minutes," I said, "and try to look up from your heart to the Divine Father, in Whom your mother-love has its source."

Then I began praying, and as I knelt there in the firelight I saw her face slowly relax. The lines of pain and anxiety began to disappear. I looked down at the baby. There was a ghost of a smile on its tiny lips. It was breathing more easily.

"Open your eyes," I whispered, "and look at your baby."

"Why, he looks better already!" she exclaimed.

That was the first stage to that little mite's complete recovery.

You see, the poor mother had been taken captive by the dreadful fear that it would die. Her faith had been in the grip of human helplessness, but the spell had been broken as I prayed.

I believe in the Living Presence of Christ. He is real, more real to me than I am myself. I try to teach children that.

In the same way the healing power of the Spirit I regard as being as definite and practical as the healing power of an herb or medicine. I would go further and declare that spiritual healing as a science is greater than all other sciences.

If spiritual healing is all that I claim for it, and if I am justified in believing that these claims are the simple restatements of the teaching of the GOSPEL, how do I account for the fact that all sufferers are not healed? Why some are cured while others remain unrelieved? Those are questions I am repeatedly asked.

My only reply is that I am surprised that so many sick are being restored to health by means of spiritual healing when faith is so faint.

If doctors were as unlearned and unskilled in the art of medical healing as the clergy and ministry are in the art of spiritual healing, our plight would be ten times worse than it is. Our ignorance together with unbelief

and fears, is a grave weakness in the scheme of faith.

In most cases of failure it is not a lack of faith on the part of the sufferer. I have never said or taught that this was the case. It would be a cruel thing to do. More often the failure is the fault of those who practice the healing, those who do nothing, and others who repudiate the truth.

Children are usually easier to heal by faith and the laying on of hands than their parents. I have been brought nearer to God by the misery and suffering of a helpless baby than by any sermon I have heard—and I thank Him from the bottom of my heart that my successes with children far outnumber my failures.

My work among them has proved to me that the Gospel words are still true, and that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generations.

Many little ones come into the world with a curse upon them, the curse of some one's sin. I have on record many cases in which physical affliction, and sometimes mental derangement, have come as a curse upon children in their teens.

But such cases are not hopeless. They can be healed by faith. I know from experience that the power of Christ can effectively

destroy the inheritance of disease. Indeed, I believe that such unhappy sufferers have more claim upon God's loving sympathy than any others.

I always tell parents to pray for their children, putting God's love in place of their own when they do so.

The best time is when the little ones are asleep. A good-night prayer at the bedside of a child brings healing during the hours of rest. I advise, too, the laying on of hands—just a gentle touch with a surging love behind it, straight from the heart of God through the heart of the parent.

I think I have said sufficient to indicate what is expected of those who practice spiritual healing.

They must be men and women of Apostolic stature, particularly in the matter of Divine Love. They must be giants of faith.

Can our churches rise to this high office? Can our ministers be apostles of love and faith, following Jesus in His ministry of mercy and healing for the sick and suffering, particularly the little children?

If the response is "Yes," then the day of awakening is at hand. The people will be saved and healed. It is not a question whether all the clergy have the gift of healing. Have they Christ's love? That is the crucial test.

Faith and Prayer as Factors in Divine Healing

E. Phyllis Devey

GOD'S WILL for us is that our life should conform to the Image of His Son, that we should be like Him, not that we should have a perfect body housing a sick soul. So Jesus asks each one of us, "Are you willing not only to surrender your body to My healing power, but your thoughts, your affections, your plans, in short are you willing to turn over the government of your entire self, body, soul and spirit, to be henceforth directed solely and completely by Me?" All that He asks is that we should be willing. He will do the rest. When we ARE willing, then He says, "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" That is a searching question. So much depends on it.

Will you at this moment give yourself unreservedly into His Hands, keeping back not so much as a fraction of yourself? Then having made the surrender will you face life in the sure confidence that all that concerns you is from this moment His business and His responsibility? That is the faith that enables Him to work mightily. You may not feel any different, you may see no apparent change in your condition at once. The

fact remains that "He is faithful Who has promised" and in the hidden roots of the trouble, the cure is already working.

We have now entered by faith into a new relationship with Christ by the entire surrender of ourselves to His care and direction, and we find that this new relationship must be sustained by prayer. Prayer is a vital factor in this process.

By the word "prayer" I do not mean what is usually termed "saying our prayers." What I do mean is talking with God. As long as we hold to the idea that God is a far-off Being dwelling in unapproachable light, we shall not get very intimate in our conversation with Him. Surely the disciples did not find it hard to talk to such a wise, loving, patient and understanding Friend as Jesus.

Let us company with Him as did the disciples of old, whom He chose in order that they might be with Him. Let us rest, and work and live continually in His Presence, referring all that comes into our life to Him, sharing with Him the joys and sorrows of the day, allowing nothing to come between our Lord and ourselves.

"The Good Fight of Faith"

Ethel Tulloch Banks

RECENTLY I heard the call of God to fight on His side for the life of a nephew of mine, a college boy suddenly stricken down with spinal meningitis. There was a real battle on between the forces of death and the forces of the Lord of Life. Many of us fought in that good fight of faith on God's side—doctors, nurses, prayer groups, clergymen, friends, relatives. We fought loyally and gallantly for five days. Sometimes God's side won a skirmish; sometimes the other side would gain ground. Then, gradually, the enemy made the most headway. Finally medical science acknowledged that it had done everything in its power but that the patient did not respond—the case was hopeless.

But our God is the God of hope. We would not accept the decision of medical science as final. We knew that with our God all things are possible. Undaunted and with redoubled earnestness we offered ourselves "to the help of the Lord." And in a day and a half the tide of battle turned in favor of the forces of Life, and God's side won the victory.

In my twelve years' experience

in praying for the healing of the sick I had never before realized so much the need for continuous prayer. There had been cases of critical illness when I had prayed for a short time and then had an assurance that healing would be realized. There had been other cases when I had felt the call to pray earnestly several times a day. But in this crisis with my nephew I felt that I would not be true to my trust in the fight of faith if I did not pray continuously until there was assurance of victory for God's forces of Life.

In those hours of prayer I learned something of sustained prayer that I had not known before. May I not share it with you? But few of us are giants of faith through whom God can win signal healing victories, instantaneously. I want to offer you ways that helped me to maintain this quiet confidence during the hours of crisis in my nephew's life.

First, our tiny private chapel was a great help to me. There was an altar before which I could kneel, and a cross, and a Bible, and pictures of the Lord Jesus. So I had a quiet place apart in which to pray, in an atmosphere of faith and reverence.

One form of prayer that brought me comfort was the one that I learned several years ago from Mrs. Horace Porter in her book, *Arise and Walk*. It is a simple way of praying, just remembering gratefully and thoughtfully that the Lord is with the sick one and that He is loving him and yearning to help him far more than I. "Lo, I am with you always." Nothing can bring such peace and courage as simple trust in the Abiding Presence of the Lord of Life in the sick room. The promised Presence may be recalled in words of both the Old and the New Testament.

Sometimes it gave me satisfaction to turn a favorite hymn into a prayer, lingering over the phrases to apply them to the sick boy.

At times I steadied my courage by repeating Christ's own words. I had known before of the healing power in reading or quoting passages from the Bible. This healing power had become associated in my mind with the text, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." These words are deathless words, ringing down through the centuries. It seemed as if I received them by a spiritual radio, and then broadcast them to the sick boy.

Frequently I went quietly over the healing miracles of the Lord

Jesus, accepting them as an expression of the unchanging heart and mind of God for all mankind. Because I know the healing miracles almost by heart it was easy for me to take one after another and quietly draw from it assurance of healing for my nephew. For example, the Lord had touched the hand of Peter's wife's mother and the fever had left her; His touch has still its ancient power. The Lord had said to a man full of leprosy, "I will, be thou clean"; He wills healing today, too, and all power has been given unto Him. So I went through the miracles, thoughtfully and gratefully, letting God unfold through each one its particular promise of renewing, recreative Life through Jesus Christ.

Finally, there was a form of prayer which brought me a great sense of vital faith. It centered around words found in Isaiah, "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." I knew that if I was to do my part in the good fight of faith I must not waste time or energy upon fear. No matter what the temptation to let my thoughts dwell upon the suffering and illness of the boy, I must bring my thoughts back to God and let them rest upon what He is. Only in staying my mind upon God could I have the quietness and confidence necessary. So

I would bring my thoughts back to rest upon the God of peace. His peace that passeth all understanding was flooding that sick room and it would overcome all restlessness with quietness and peace. The God of hope was interested in that sick-room, too, the God who had said to the nobleman, "Thy son liveth;" the God who had said to the widowed mother of Nain, "Weep not" and to her dead son, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise;" the God who had said to Jairus, the ruler of the Synagogue, "Fear not, only believe, and she shall be made whole." That hope would offset the sense of frustration of medical science. The love of God was flooding that sick-room, enfolding

the boy to make up for the quarantine regulations banishing the mother's touch of love—the love of God that had proved its utter self-giving upon Calvary. And the God of Life was in that sick-room, the God who had come to give life to the world. "I am the resurrection and the life." The ebbing forces of life must rally in His Presence. Life was His to give, and Life Abundant. So I found quietness and confidence in resting upon what God is.

May some of these suggestions strengthen and increase your faith so that it will stand steady and true when the call comes from God for you to come to His help in fighting the good fight of faith on the side of the Lord of Life.

The Golden Gate

Emmet Fox

LOVE IS BY FAR the most important thing of all. It is the Golden Gate of Paradise. Pray for the understanding of love, and meditate upon it daily. It casts out fear. It is the fulfilling of the LAW. It covers a multitude of sins. Love is absolutely invincible.

There is no difficulty that enough love will not conquer; no disease that enough love will not heal; no door that enough love will not open; no gulf that enough love will not bridge; no wall that

enough love will not throw down; no sin that enough love will not redeem.

It makes no difference how deeply seated may be the trouble, how hopeless the outlook, how muddled the tangle, how great the mistake; a sufficient realization of love will dissolve all. If only you could love enough you would be the happiest and most powerful being in the world.

God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him.

The Secret of Enjoying Life

T. Troward, from "The Law and the Word"

IT IS THE VARIED conception of "the Good" that makes the world go on. Uniformity means reducing things to one dead level. But on the other hand, there must be Unity—then unity of action resulting from the unity of purpose, otherwise the world logically terminates in internecine strife. If then the world is to go on, it can only be by means of Unity expressing itself in Variety, and therefore the question is: What is the *unifying Desire* which underlies all the varieties of expression? It is a very simple one—it is just to ENJOY LIVING.

What is the basis of an enjoyable life?

The secret of enjoying life is to *take an interest in it*. The opposite

of Livingness is Deadness, that is, inertia and stagnation. Dying of "ennui" is a very real thing indeed, and if we would not die of this malady we must have an interest in life that will always keep going on.

Now for anything to interest us we must enter into the spirit of it. If we do not enter into the spirit of a game it does not interest us; if we do not enter into the spirit of a book, it does not interest us, we are bored to death with it; and so on with everything. So, from my own experience we may lay down the maxim that "To enjoy anything we must enter into the spirit of it," and if this be so, then, to enjoy the "Living Quality of Life" we must enter into the Spirit of Life itself.

A Brave Woman

Quoted from the Diary of a Country Parson, 1790

Nancy was taken very ill this Afternoon with a pain within her. I suppose it proceeded in great measure from what she eat at Dinner and after. She eat for Dinner some boiled Beef rather fat and salt, a good deal of nice roast duck and a plenty of boiled Damson Pudding. After dinner

by way of Desert, she ate some green-gage Plums, some Figgs, and Rasberries and Cream. I desired her to drink a good half-pint Glass of warm Rum and Water which she did and soon was a little better—And I hope will be brave to Morrow.

The Quiet Time

Dean Rousmaniere of Boston

EVEN MORE essential than regularity is freshness of mind. Upon this I would like to lay a great deal of emphasis, because we are more or less in the habit of turning to prayer when our minds are not in the best condition. For instance, with many people the chief time of prayer is at night. Habits must, of course, vary. For most of us, however, the end of the day brings a tired mind and a tired body. On the other hand, the early morning is with many people the freshest time of the day. Their minds have not been distracted, they are fresh and vigorous. I think it is a part of the experience of most of us that what we do in the early hours of the morning we do more effectively. The reason why our prayers, in many cases, mean so little is that we have so little mental and physical power to put into them.

After we have found the hour we must find the place—a quiet place. The custom of open churches is helping us a great deal. If you can arrange in your own house what we have spoken of in past years as "a little sanctuary," so much the better. Whether you set aside one place or not, there must be a quiet place somewhere. In

choosing an hour and a place, you see, we are doing nothing more than we would do for any matter that we really wanted to undertake and carry through. You have a difficult question to settle in your household or a difficult letter to write. You do not sit down to write that letter at a time when your mind is tired out, nor in the midst of your family. But you find a time and place when you can be quiet.

In addition to what I have said I want to make a few more suggestions before I close. The first is in regard to the stilling of the body, because a restless body is often the source of wandering thoughts. We must keep the body still. That is to say, we must be unconscious of the body. So we have to choose between the postures in which we can say our prayers. One of the modern saints of England was the late Bishop of Durham. He prayed walking about his garden. We must not believe that on our knees is the only helpful attitude for prayer. Sometimes we can pray sitting down better than kneeling down. Often our New England fathers' habit of standing releases prayer most readily.

And one word about the still-

ing of the mind, a far more difficult task. If we remind ourselves how important this act of prayer is, we shall take the first step toward a quiet mind. You are upon the street watching a procession. Soon comes the chief figure. You forget everything else for the moment, because you say to yourself,

The Healing of Christ

John Greenleaf Whittier

So stood of old the holy Christ
Amidst the suffering throng;
With whom His lightest Touch
sufficed
To make the weakest strong.

That healing gift He lends to those
Who use it in His Name;
The power that filled His garment's hem
Is evermore the same.

For lo! in human hearts unseen
The Healer dwelleth still,
And they who make His temples clean
They best subserve His will.

The holiest task by heaven decreed,
An errand all divine,
The burden of our common need
To render less is thine.

"I may never see this person again." It is just as important that we should concentrate our minds in the moment of prayer, because those are the moments of great importance in which God enters into and overflows our lives with blessing to other people.

The paths of pain are thine. Go forth
With patience, trust, and hope:
The sufferings of a sin-sick earth
Shall give thee ample scope.

Beside the unveiled mysteries
Of life and death go stand,
With guarded lips and reverent eyes
And pure of heart and hand.

So shalt thou be with power endowed
By Him Who went about
The Syrian hill-sides doing good
And casting demons out.

The Good Physician liveth yet
Thy Friend and Guide to be:
The Healer of Gennesareth
Shall walk the rounds with thee.

Sent to a young physician, with Dore's picture of Christ healing the sick.

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FROM A CLERGYMAN

First Baptist Church, Albion, New York

This is a special order for CLEAR HORIZONS, which my wife and I are finding particularly worth-while and helpful. We have one subscription which was given to us but we want another one to come to our home for the purpose of loaning out. Therefore, may we enter an order for six annual subscriptions retro-active to the June issue? One for us and the five others to the enclosed list. I also want to order an extra single copy of the June number for myself.

Ward Hulburt.

FROM A PHYSICIAN

Dr. Gertrude Crandall, Wooster, Ohio

Enclosed find check for two additional subscriptions to CLEAR HORIZONS starting with the September number. I gave my copy away before I had read it through as I was guided to send it to a lady who was in need of the help I felt sure it could give her. Please send the two copies to my address as I will use them with the people who need the inspiration they can give.

S. Gertrude Crandall.

FROM AN ATTORNEY

Lane and Wallace, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, New York City

The September number of CLEAR HORIZONS was in my case so timely that I feel it was a completely inspired publication. It seemed to meet the need of so many of my friends that I could but conclude that millions of people in America are searching for the way for the individual to let God's great will be consummated. This is the way it struck me and I wanted you to know how much I got out of it.

Before finishing the September issue, however, I gave it to a friend who I thought was in greater need than I, so please do not fail to replace it with this subscription.

Hubert Wallace.

FROM A PUBLIC HEALTH NURSE

Daviess County Public Health Nursing Service, Washington, Indiana

I am delighted with the first two issues of CLEAR HORIZONS. I read and reread them often and have been moved several times to pass them on to friends but somehow never felt that I'd digested them sufficiently to part with them myself. This is such a selfish attitude that I'm attempting to overcome at least a bit of it by placing the names of two of my friends on your gift subscription list.

Lettie Wadsworth, R.N.

FROM A PROFESSOR'S WIFE

Union Theological Seminary, New York City

CLEAR HORIZONS is going to be a great power. Do you have it for sale on the news stands? It meets a need nothing else does.

Elizabeth Fleming