

Clear Horizons

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Winter - 1947-1948

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Among The Authors

The beautiful story by **Margaret C. Sangster** (p. 1) has been held waiting for a year. Shortly after the beginning of 1947 a copy of the Salvation Army magazine fell into our hands and the decision was unanimous that here "is a story we want our readers" to thrill to. The article by **Dr. Norman Vincent Peale** (p. 21) is about a subject which has plagued most of us from time to time. In his own down-to-earth, helpful and understanding way Dr. Peale of Marble Collegiate Church in New York City has created an article that only long experience and spiritual depth can produce. Along with Dr. Smiley Blanton, Dr. Peale conducted a clinic in his church for years. They both collaborated on the book *Faith Is the Answer*. Dr. Peale is also the author of *The Art of Living*. Recently *American Magazine* carried one of his articles. **Elizabeth Searle Lamb** (p. 37) has a good article that you will want to read before the beginning of the new year. As some will remember, this is not Miss Lamb's first appearance in *Clear Horizons*. The contribution of **Bula C. Wrisley** (p. 41) is one of a type that should probably appear in each issue of *Clear Horizons*. The big difficulty is that developing spiritual awareness in the child is not the easiest subject to write about. Unfortunately so many people know so little about it that it is allowed to "grow like Topsy" until young manhood and womanhood when adults feel something ought to be done about it. Adults feel they know more about how to approach the subject to young adults. More and more we are realizing that "as the twig is bent so is the tree." It is encouraging that more and more attention is being devoted to this extremely important phase of spiritual development. **Winfred Rhoades** (p. 43) has written such a good story that we have broken one of our rules—that of not having more than one story in an issue. The rule was broken not simply because of the quality of the story but because we felt it was a good story for anyone to read at the beginning of a new year. Lippincott printed a revised edition of Mr. Rhoades' book, *The Self You Have to Live With*, this fall.

Some inquiries were made concerning the poem "Recompense" which appeared in the last issue. The author, to the best of our knowledge, obtained from a reader, seems to be **Owen Seaman** (London, 1861-1936) and the original title was "The New Day." **Mr. Frey** of 1355 Greenleaf Avenue, Chicago, has set the words to music which has been praised by music critics. The article by **Evelyn Bull** in the last issue originally appeared in the February 22, 1947, issue of *The New Life Magazine*. Our error in acknowledging this source.

CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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Clear Horizons

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☞ Her voice had a strange caressing note in it, "You're the father of a son, Joe."

"A Child Is Born"

Margaret C. Sangster

THE car fought its way through the driving snow—it was like a live thing, panting and struggling. The man at the wheel kept brushing at the windshield, but the snow was sticking to the outside, not the inside, so the gesture was futile.

"Darling," asked the woman, "isn't there any town at all? Aren't there any houses at all?"

The man told her, "No—no, there aren't any houses. I must have taken the wrong turn at the crossroads."

"How far back are the crossroads?" There was an involuntary catch in her voice.

The man told her, "Five miles. Five long miles." And the woman said, "Then we'd better keep on. If we have to go back five miles it might be—" she broke off—"And even then we wouldn't be sure!"

The man brushed again at the windshield. "I'll have to stop the car," he muttered. "I'll have to get out and scrape some of the snow away from the glass . . . Darling, do you feel ghastly?"

"I've felt—better," said the woman. She tried, gallantly, to laugh and didn't quite manage it.

The man said, "It isn't fair—this shouldn't be happening to you. You've always been so sweet and uncomplaining. You've asked so little of life—" he groaned—"We should have stayed where we were. We shouldn't have come up to the city at a time like this."

"You thought you'd find work in the city," said the woman. "And we didn't know that things were going to happen ahead of schedule."

The man stopped the car—it skidded a trifle in the snow. He said, "This is Christmas Eve—"

From *The War Cry*, December 21, 1946. 79 N. State Street, Chicago, Ill. Used by permission of the publisher.

swell Christmas Eve!" And suddenly, as if it were photographed on his eyelids he saw a line from a Book. It was a line that he'd read first when he was a little kid going to Sunday school. "*And all went to be taxed, everyone into his own city*"—that was the line. He said aloud and protestingly, "But it isn't my own city!" and his wife queried, "What *are* you talking about, dear?" He couldn't answer her.

Snow scraped away from the windshield, the car started again—ploughing its way, shuddering and gasping, through a driving wilderness of white. The woman moved closer to the man on the front seat—the face she turned in his direction was as white as the drifting snowflakes.

"Let's talk about nice things," she said. "Last spring when the apple trees were in bloom, and last summer when you got that job harvesting wheat, and the wheat fields were like a sea of gold and—" She shuddered involuntarily—and the man felt the shudder against his own body and asked, "Is it getting worse?"

"A little," said the woman. "Yes, a little." All at once her voice rose. "Joe," she gulped, "Joe—look. There ahead—lights, darling. Quite a few lights, Joe. Maybe it's a hotel or—or a hospital!"

The man said, "I don't care what

it is, as long as it's a roof over you and warmth and help."

The man didn't speak, until he had stopped the car in front of a short flight of steps which led up to a wide veranda. He said, then—very gently—"You stay here, honey, while I ring the bell." And the woman slumped back as he climbed out of the car. The steps were slippery but he made them in two leaps—he punched at the bell with a hand that shook, and after a moment the door was opening.

A middle-aged man stood in the doorway. His shoulders were bent—his silhouette, seen against the lights of the hall, was discouraged. "Yes," he asked, "What do you want?"

Joe told him, "I—I—we want—shelter. My wife's ill, and I missed the turn somehow—we'd been told that there was a hospital quite near—but I took the wrong road. May I bring my wife into the house?"

The middle-aged man told him, "I'm sorry. There's no room."

Once again a sentence photographed itself into the young man's mind. "*Because there was no room for them at the inn,*" he read against his eyelids. He asked aloud, "Is this a hotel or—or a boarding house?"

The middle-aged man showed signs of impatience. "No," he said, "my wife and I live here alone."

The young man's mouth came slightly open. His eyes widened

with astonishment. "But it's a huge house," he said. "And you told me there was no room!"

As if he couldn't avoid making a reply the middle-aged man spat out, "There's no room in this house for anything except one man and one woman—and sadness. My wife hasn't wanted guests—she hasn't even wanted servants since Johnnie was killed. She just wants to sit at an empty hearth and nurse her sorrow, and I—sit beside her."

A voice sounded from the car. It was a voice laced with agony. "Joe, Joe," called the voice, "may I go inside soon? It's—it's getting dreadful, dear. Won't you carry me *inside?*"

The middle-aged man asked, "What's wrong with her?"

And the young man told him, "She's going to have a baby. Any minute now, I'm afraid. We were on our way to the city—I've been out of work quite a while—I thought I could get work in one of the factories, and there are free maternity centers in the city, and it wouldn't matter if I had to sleep on a park bench, if she were taken care of. But late this afternoon when we were already on the road we realized that things were happening and we were directed to—" he broke off—"But I've told you how it was. This is the only house we've passed since we left the crossroads . . . You've *got* to help us out."

The man said, "I think my wife would crack up completely—lose her mind, I mean, completely—if I brought people into the house tonight. Christmas Eve used to be such a gay time with us when Johnnie was alive." He paused—went on, "But, look," he added abruptly, "There's an apartment in the barn—kitchenette and everything. We made the barn over into a garage and fixed an apartment for the chauffeur. I haven't had a chauffeur since my wife stopped wanting to go out in the car." He broke off. "I'll drive down to the barn with you," he said.

Lines again coming up out of the pages of the Book. Not irreverently—but with a curious sharp definition. "*And laid Him in a manger,*" stood out in italics—"In a manger." A manger was part of a barn, wasn't it, even though the barn had been remodeled into a garage?

Back in the car again, driving slowly past the lighted house, stopping in front of a dark shape that loomed through the falling flakes. The middle-aged man, who had climbed into the back seat, climbed out again and unlocked the barn door. He touched an electric switch and there were lights in the dark place—lights just as there had been in the big house, and Joe saw a rich car standing on blocks and a narrow flight of stairs leading upwards. The middle-aged man told

Joe, "I'll go ahead—and put on lights. The bed's unmade, but there's bedding in the closet, and blankets . . . Can you carry your wife or will you need help?"

Joe said briefly, "I can carry her." He spoke to the girl and she whispered, "I'll be all right now that I have shelter. But do send for a doctor, please—" her voice was only a thread—"if we can afford a doctor."

The middle-aged man said, "Don't worry about affording." He was halfway up the stairs and more lights switched on, and the young couple saw a comfortable room with a gas heater and a bed and a couch and chairs. And then the middle-aged man was taking a receiver from a hook, was giving a number to an operator. He said a few words into the phone and replaced the receiver.

"We're out of luck," he said speaking slowly, "There's only one doctor in this township and he's occupied with an acute appendix case."

The girl moaned. The young man murmured something under his breath—that might have been a prayer. The middle-aged man gnawed at his underlip.

"I don't know what to do," he said. "We should have a doctor or another woman or—but my wife would be useless—" he stopped short, for a woman's voice was calling from below.

"You went out, Henry," called the voice. "You left the door open and I heard a car and saw lights come up here in the garage." A woman with haunted eyes stepped into the room.

The older man started to speak, but couldn't, so the younger man took over. "My wife's ill," he said.

"What's she doing out here?" the woman questioned.

The young man told her, "Your husband said there wasn't room in the house," and the middle-aged man spoke up as if in his own defense.

"I told them there wasn't room, in the house, for any guest but sadness," he said, "since Johnnie died."

And the woman's face grew thinner and very weary, and she said, "My boy was an aviator. He was killed almost two years ago. His plane crashed."

And the young woman on the bed whispered, "I hope my boy never has to go through—a war."

And the older woman asked, "*Your boy?*"

And the girl on the bed moaned; her lashes fluttered down against white cheeks, and the woman said, swiftly, "I hadn't realized. Henry, phone for the doctor."

When the middle-aged man rasped, "There isn't a doctor to be had," she told him, "Go back to the house, bring more blankets and a dozen or so sheets and a kettle so

that I can boil water on the stove in the kitchenette."

The middle-aged man asked, incredulously, "You mean you're going to help out?" and the woman said, as if she were speaking to a stupid child, "Of course, what else could I do in a case like this but help out?"

Hours passing . . . Two men—one middle-aged man, one young man, sitting on the running board of a luxury car which waited, patiently, on blocks. The hands of the watch on the middle-aged man's wrist had come together cutting the night in half, when the baby's first thin wail broke the stillness. The younger man started up; the older man forced him down again.

"My wife'll call you," he said, "when you can see—*your* wife. It's been a miracle the way she's snapped out of her—preoccupation. It's the first interest she's shown in anything. Maybe—" his voice broke—"all she needed was to help somebody. To—be needed."

The young man asked, "Did you hear it?" All at once his body was shaken with sobs. "I don't know what we'll do next," he said. "But at least the baby's here."

The older man spoke almost gruffly. "My wife'll be making calls, taking up the old routine of existence. We'll need a chauffeur. Maybe there's something your wife can do to help out, around the house, when she's better. Sewing—

or stuff. And the baby could be in the house with my wife and my wife could make over it—and play with it—she loved Johnnie so, when he was a baby."

The phone was ringing upstairs. Joe sat with his head in hands crying quietly. The phone stopped ringing and the middle-aged man looked expectantly toward the stairs. In a moment his scrutiny was rewarded for a woman appeared, coming down.

"Don't stare at me, Henry," she said briskly to her husband. "That was the doctor. He's finished with the appendix—he'll be here in a little while." She crossed the floor of the barn, now a garage, and laid her hand on the young man's quivering shoulders. "She's going to be all right," she told him. "Everything's going to be all right. You can see her in a few minutes, Joe. You're—" her voice had suddenly ceased to be brisk, it had a strange caressing note in it. "You're the father of a son, Joe."

The young man's body quivered as if he'd been flicked with a whip—how could such a caressing voice have that effect? Perhaps because a spirit, stretched to the breaking point, is wary even of kindness! He covered his eyes with his hands and against the palms of his hand he saw glowing words printed clearly. "*Unto us,*" he read, "*a Child is born. Unto us a Son is given.*"

☐ "The prayer of faith can save the sick."

Cancer Healed by Prayer

Anonymous

I AM moved to tell you the story of my healing through prayer when I was about twenty-two.

I was living in Florida in pioneer days—no roads and no saw mills, only forests, sand, log cabins, population totally illiterate.

We bought a small saw mill operated by water and sawed lumber and built a home and also a chapel in memory of my father. I set up a school, paid all expenses and had about forty little children who came long distances on horseback and in "buck-boards."

One morning I discovered I had what I thought was an ulcerated sore throat. The soreness began at the root of my tongue and continued to spread.

My stepmother who lived in Apopka wrote and urged me to come to her as an eminent physician from Scotland was there for the winter. About this time a family had moved down from Tennessee and the lady was a devoted Christian. She offered to teach my school and I went.

My tongue continued to get

worse and the doctor pronounced it "epithelioma" (skin cancer). In course of time I could neither speak nor eat and lived by swallowing hot liquids. The doctor sent for my husband as I was fated to choke to death in a short time.

Meanwhile, the lady who was teaching my school had announced to the children that I was very ill but that the Bible told us "the prayer of faith can save the sick and the Lord will raise them up" and if they would all pray three times a day for me I would be well. The little children accepted her statement absolutely and everyone of the forty faithfully prayed three times a day.

My husband arrived on Saturday. Early Sunday morning the doctor came to my bedside. He said, "Open your mouth." When I did he caught my husband by the arm and said, "Good God Almighty, look at that!" My tongue was perfectly clean and looked as if it had been burned and healed.

I have never had the slightest recurrence of the disease. "God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."



You cannot shut out the witness of God.—Corbett Bishop.

☐ The power of the individual himself to unite himself with the infinite universe around him.

How Dreams Come True

Glenn Clark

IT IS A hard thing to get a person to realize that he does not have to make anything, that everything is already made. All he has to do is to bring it into expression.

It is very easy to understand that man does not have to make coal. All he needs to do is to dig it up from under the earth. He does not make oil. He merely sinks shafts and lets it spurt up. He does not have to make corn. It lies in the soil under his feet, just as does the coal. Scratch the soil, cultivate it, and the corn will come up and feed him.

To get that which is already prepared and bring it out so we can use it depends upon one thing and one thing only: *proper alignment*. Sink a shaft for the coal and get an elevator constructed in such a way that it can move easily up and down—and need make no turn or twist in its journey—and you have the alignment necessary to bring the coal to the surface. Sink a pipe to the oil supply—straight and sure—and you need do nothing more. The oil brings itself up. Sink a well to an artesian water supply and it, too, rises to the surface. Put seeds into the right soil and up they come

to serve us. Beyond keeping the soil in shape we need do nothing else.

Is not that equally true of physical, mental and spiritual riches as well as material?

A missionary told me of hiring a coolie who carried a two hundred pound trunk on his back twelve miles for twenty-five cents. And with no apparent fatigue! How could he do it? He centered the trunk, poised it on his back in such a way as to get the center of weight over the center of his balance. Proper alignment was the secret!

In other words—the "easy way" is always the best way.

Records are broken every year in athletic contests. How are they done? By some athlete securing a new and more perfect alignment of his muscular body or more perfectly working out an old and well-known method of alignment. And the better alignment is always the easier way and the happier way. Find the right alignment in every form of work, no matter how much drudgery it was before, and we make it all play. That is indeed more true of the mental realm than of the physical. Edison's and Burbank's and Ford's productions were

due entirely to their gift of getting in the right alignment to their tasks. And did ever any men get more fun out of their work than they? Edison expressed the sentiment of them all when he said, "I never did a day's work in my life. It was all play because I put my imagination into it."

Indeed, the instrument par excellent for putting one's self into proper alignment with intellectual and spiritual undertakings is the imagination. Little children put their imagination into everything they do. Therefore Jesus gave the whole law of alignment when he commanded us to turn and become as a little child if we want to experience the Kingdom of heaven here and now.

The strength of Hercules is hidden within the folds of the being of nearly every man who ever lived, and if the need should call and call loudly enough all the subconscious laws of his nature and all his primitive, unspoiled instincts would suddenly assert themselves and combine together to *force* him into such perfect alignment that he would have the strength of ten men. Men have been known under sudden fear to leap walls they never could scale under ordinary circumstance, or fight off beasts they could never have confronted before. Brown Landone had no use of his legs until his home took fire when he was seventeen years old, and he ran in

and out carrying things to safety.

Unfortunately, our modern civilization has run counter to many of these great laws of physical alignment and has all but starved our instincts that bring such physical alignments into the fore.

They say that the effort and pain required to bring a child to birth is equal to climbing to the top of Pikes Peak with a nail in the foot, where every step is a step of anguish. And yet every year weak, frail women accomplish this feat of child-bearing who would faint halfway up Pikes Peak and never be able to complete the climb. Why? Because a woman is so constituted physically by nature that she can throw herself into the perfect rhythm necessary for bearing a child and cannot do so to climb a mountain. She is also in alignment spiritually because she is doing this not for herself but for another, and hence Love enters in.

Thus we see that:

Rhythm is the key to proper alignment physically.

Imagination is the key to proper alignment mentally, and Love is the key to proper alignment spiritually.

Indeed, the word "Grace," applied spiritually and mentally as well as physically, might cover all these terms. Rhythm gives physical grace; imagination gives mental grace; and Love is the grace of the

Spirit mentioned by Paul. "By grace are ye saved." Indeed, Grace as Paul used it means nothing more or less than putting one's whole self in complete alignment with the Spirit and letting the blessing of salvation rest upon one, as contrasted with the tedious drudgery of earning salvation by the sweat of the brow through observing every rule of the law.

Moreover, these three fields are not partitioned off in separate compartments, but are all different gradations of the same great real-

ity—the power of the individual to unite himself harmoniously with the infinite universe around him, and with the infinite universal laws within him.

Love is the instrument God has given man to experience his harmonious relationship with his family and friends and, as his love grows, to experience oneness with God and all mankind. Such a man develops marvellous strength of character. He becomes irresistible and unconquerable.



An Old Chinese Woman Speaks

Edna Anne Hall

What right have you, what right have you, I say
To turn your head and look the other way;
To hold your nose; to draw aside your gown;
To shudder once, quite delicately and frown?

What right have you, what right have you, I say,
Who never lacked for silver that would pay
For dainties . . . cakes of sesame . . . a chicken, richly glazed
The golden wine . . . so elegantly up-raised?

I turn my little cash in grimy hand.
I too, have known rare silks and silver bands
For bracelets . . . lovely jade for throat.
My last, small cash I draw from dirty coat.

It will not buy good meat, nor warming wine,
Nor bowl of rice. A jug of water, warmed and I shall dine
On steaming tea. Tomorrow's food? I think but of today.
But you will eat! *What right have you, I say?*

Pioneering In Tolerance

Annie S. Greenwood

Read Chapters Nine and Ten in the Book of Acts

TOLERANCE of color and creed is fundamental in the Christian doctrine but particularly difficult to observe in practical application. The aristocracy of supposed superiority drenched the world in "blood and sweat and tears" through the recent war years but the lesson seems not yet to be learned. Why those of one race or religious belief should consider themselves better than others has never been adequately explained though it has persisted for ages.

In this democratic age such intolerance should be banished from our consciousness but it appears to be as deeply rooted as it was in those early Christian pioneers who shuddered at the thought of sharing their Gospel with the Gentiles. It took something entirely out of the ordinary to convince even Jesus' followers that they were not the sole inheritors of the Good News.

Notwithstanding Simon Peter's hard and humble life as a fisherman, evidently he was sure that as a Hebrew he was superior to the hated Gentiles. Three years of close companionship with the Master,

that Prince of Democracy, had not been enough to make him see the equality of all mankind. The background of race consciousness, Jewish history, the Law and the Prophets as interpreted by leaders in the Temple and synagogues, the oppression under which his people lived and the bitter but necessarily silent inward rebellion against their national servitude—all these combined to make Peter, like others of his race, hostile and smug in the complacency of superiority.

As is the case with many of us, Peter's awakening came while he was in meditation. On the housetop of Simon, the tanner, by the seaside, down at Joppa, he communed with God and the vision of the sheet full of animals let down from above came to him, with the command, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat." Awaiting the noonday meal, Peter was hungry, and therefore more vulnerable to the lure of food. He must have been tempted to obey the voice, even while priding himself on being able to withstand the temptation. He would not break the Mosaic law and defile himself with "anything common and unclean."

It took three commands to make Peter understand that here was a lesson to be learned. His consciousness of Hebrew spiritual aristocracy had to give way to inter-racial democracy, a lesson in tolerance which he learned a few minutes later when the messengers from the Roman officer at Caesarea came looking for him.

That tenth chapter of Acts gives us the thrilling story of this first ministry to the Gentiles, Peter's triumph over a lifetime of exclusiveness.

In chapter nine, however, the story of Saul's experience on the road to Damascus, with authority to persecute the believers, we find an even more dramatic event. Here, instead of a humble fisherman, we find a brilliant and eminent scholar—cultured, punctilious in every detail of religious ceremony, proud of his knowledge and observance of the Scriptures, arrogant and haughty, devoted to every precept of the Law and the Prophets. It took more drastic means to drive home to his consciousness an awareness of the tolerance he needed. The physical blindness he suffered temporarily might seem but a symbol to show him how utterly blind he had been spiritually in his enthusiasm to carry out what he pridefully thought was his duty in destroying the people of "The Way." Not only was his name changed but his ideas, his interests,

his activities and his whole life were changed.

Paul became the great travelling missionary to the Gentile world. Later, when he obeyed the call, "Come over into Macedonia and help us," he turned the tide of Christian civilization to the West instead of the East—to Europe rather than to the Orient. We, inheritors of European culture, are the beneficiaries of Paul's spiritual democracy. From his example, to which we owe so much, can we not cultivate more of that tolerance which the world so needs today?

When Peter was attempting to vindicate himself for going to the centurion's home, teaching and baptizing those who were not of the Jewish faith, he said, "God is no respecter of persons." Today we accept that assertion and yet too often object to persons of different color or creed who come into our neighborhood, especially if they wish to buy property. In many residential districts people of races, beliefs, color and customs different from ours are specifically barred or else made so uncomfortable that they have to leave. In industry, trades and professions the same discrimination often prevails. We are led to wonder how much was gained by World War II. Was the idea of Aryan supremacy merely transplanted from Germany to America?

Probably the great majority of

us are tolerant, kindly and passively democratic in our attitude toward Negroes, Jews, Italians, Greeks, Orientals and other peoples who look for freedom under the Stars and Stripes, and have a right to find it. There is a minority, however, vociferous and active, who fan the flames of prejudice and hate in regard to those whom they consider outside the social pale. Even though this minority may be small, its influence is formidable; it constitutes a serious menace to true Americanism and Christianity.

Let us learn more fully from the example of Peter and Paul, those heroic pioneers of tolerance.

Unless we do, this God-given country of ours may cease to be the melting pot of the world. It may become only one more decadent nation, harassed by discriminations and torn by internal strife, losing its opportunity to prove to civilization the blessing of equality for all—a democracy where government of, by and for the people is not only a slogan but a veritable fact. Tolerance for us is much easier than it was for those pioneers of two thousand years ago, but does our conduct prove that we actually possess and practice it? Let us seriously ask ourselves, not resting until we can answer it worthily.



His Birthday

Maud Mero Doolittle

O softly, softly, let us walk
Into the Christmastide
And from an ever widening world
Draw near the manger-side.

Remembering the reverence
Of that first Christmas night,
When holy angels bowed above
So beautiful a sight.

New peace was there and quietude;
And, hovering over all,
Only the sweetest notes of song
Might gently, gently fall.

Then angel voices, too, were hushed
When Mary touched His hand
And prayed the sudden wordless prayer
That mothers understand.

Our delight in the old, familiar
carols is greater than ever.

What Is Your Favorite Carol?

James Aldredge

TODAY she waits no longer
go singing from door to door
as they did in "merrie Eng-
land," but our delight in the old,
familiar carols is greater than ever.
The following group may possibly
bring back memories of your first
Sunday School entertainment
where Santa arrived with jingling
sleigh bells and a huge sack of
presents. At least it should include
your favorite carol.

I

*Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright;
Round yon Virgin Mother and
Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and
mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.*

The Rev. Joseph Mohr wrote these words on Christmas Eve in 1818, and he persuaded his good friend, Franz Gruber, the organist of his little church in the Austrian Alps, to write a tune. The carol was first sung by the two men on Christmas Day to a guitar accompaniment, as the bellows of the church organ had been eaten away by mice. Later, when the organ mender came from the Zillertal, the first piece he heard Gruber play,

after the instrument was repaired, was the lovely melody. The visitor did not forget the song, but carried it back to his valley in the Tyrol where the four Strasser children, hearing it, quickly added it to their repertoire and sang it all over Europe. Of later years, another popular singer, Madame Schumann-Heink, always sang it over the radio on Christmas Eve.

II

*O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.*

This is the best known carol ever written by an American. The author, Bishop Phillips Brooks, was a young rector, beginning his ministry in Philadelphia, when he wrote it in December, 1868 for the children of his Sunday School. It is said that his superintendent and organist, Lewis H. Redner, came to him for a Christmas poem. "If you write it, we shall call it 'St. Philips,'" Mr. Redner jokingly added. "But you will have to write a tune," said Brooks, "and then

we'll call it 'St. Louis.'" And that is the name by which the familiar melody is known today!

III

*Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.*

When a certain bishop of the Church of England lost patience with Rev. John Mason Neale and shelved him in an obscure post as warden of an almshouse at a pittance of \$135 a year, he no doubt thought he had heard the last of the young curate who was suspected of pro-Catholic leanings. But for Neale, it proved a golden opportunity. In his leisure he had the time to rummage around among old parchments and bring to light the forgotten hymns of the early Christian church, many of which he translated into English. Today church hymnals hold plenty of his translations. "Good King Wenceslas" was translated from the Latin, the original being an ancient Bohemian carol.

IV

*Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise*

*Join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"*

Any writer who could produce six thousand poems in a lifetime must have been a dynamo of human energy. But hymn-writing was only a sideline for Charles Wesley. Like his bother, John, the founder of Methodism, he rode all over England, and he also held the position of organist at St. George's Church in London for many years. When he came to his house on his little gray horse, he would have hardly dismounted before he would cry out, "Pen and ink! Pen and ink!" He had to put down on paper the hymn he had just composed! It is said that Wesley's lovely carol was inspired by the sound of peeling bells as he walked to church on a Christmas morning.

V

*O come, all ye faithful, joyful and
triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethle-
hem;
Come and behold Him, born the
King of angels!
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ
the Lord!*

To this day nobody knows who wrote the words and music of what is probably the most popular of all Christmas carols! The original Latin version, "Adeste

Fideles," was first published in England in 1751 as part of a collection compiled by Father John Francis Wade, priest of a private chapel in Lancashire. How enduring was its appeal may be gathered from the fact that over forty different translators have tried their hands at rendering it into English. The lines now commonly sung were translated by Canon Frederick Oakley, who fell under the influence of John Henry Newman while a student at Oxford and who, like him, turned Catholic.

VI

*In the bleak mid-winter,
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter,
Long ago.*

The author of this lovely carol, so perfect in its simplicity, was one of the strangest geniuses in English literary history. As her father had been a revolutionist in Italy and had narrowly escaped the firing squad, Christina Rossetti grew up in a London home where fierce political arguments took place every night between her parent and his friends. But the daughter's poetry showed small interest in such things. Living in an other-worldly sphere of her own imagination and steeped in mysticism, she became

so devoted to her religion that she turned down two proposals of marriage. By the time she was thirty-two, she had become a confirmed invalid. This carol is only one of many poems that reveal the intensity of her religious feeling.

VII

*It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the
earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to
men,
From heaven's all-gracious
King."
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.*

Perhaps only a man brought up on a farm and used to the wide, star-lit sky could have written this carol. In truth, Edmund Hamilton Sears was just such a country boy, having been born among the Berkshire hills of New England. He worked hard and after getting a college education, tried first the law and then teaching, finally winding up as a Unitarian clergyman. Sears was regarded as one of the most brilliant scholars of his day. City churches tried to lure him from his rural pulpit, and his religious works commanded wide attention. Yet, today he is remembered for only his Christmas hymns—the one above and "Calm on the Listening Ear of Night."

Happiness Comes From the Inside

Ruby Dell Baugher

HAPPINESS has never been found by running after it. Maybe you are saying, "When I am through college, I shall be happy." Or, "When I am married to Bill (or Mary) and in my own home, I shall be happy." Or, you may be thinking, "Just let me have a business I can call my own, or let me be the author of a book that is a best seller, then I shall be happy." You may be happy with any of these achievements but if so, you will be happy because you could have found some measure of happiness without them. Happiness comes from the inside.

Those who think happiness can be found in pleasure are facing disappointment—if the pleasure is dependant on something outside of themselves. Whoever finds himself happy on a picnic, a walk in the park, at a party, has taken his happiness along with him. Licentiousness and debauchery, any unrestrained behavior that ruins either health or character, is out of the question. Hear Lord Byron, after resorting to wild living, say as he was leaving this life, "The worm, the canker, and the grief are mine alone."

No one has ever found happiness in money. There is not enough

wealth in all the world to buy it. Hear the great American millionaire, Jay Gould, at the end of his days, "I suppose I am the most miserable man on earth."

Fame has never brought happiness. If there are any famous individuals who are happy, it is because they had formed the habit of happiness while they were unknown. Even Solomon, with all his wisdom, could not bear fame. Hear Disraeli closing his brilliant career with, "Youth is a mistake, manhood a struggle, and old age a regret." Neither he nor Solomon carried his happiness with him. It was not waiting for them when they reached their high positions.

No one who ever reached military glory has found happiness ready to greet him at the top of the ladder; the only real happiness on the top rung has been that which he brought up with him from the bottom rung. Hear Alexander the Great weeping in his tent because "there are no more worlds to conquer."

No one has ever lived to find happiness in unbelief. Going against the very nature of life by denying the Creator of it destroys all the qualities that are necessary for happiness. He whose life is rooted in

material things cannot have a feeling of security. How can work and play benefit one who is devoid of faith and generosity? Voltaire, the most famous of unbelievers, said at the end of his life, "I wish I had never been born."

Are you happy? Not unless the part of you that believes, considers, reflects is lined up for happiness. A far wiser and older Source than I has said that as you think, so you are. Therefore, happiness comes from the inside; it depends altogether on you as to whether or not you are happy. To be happy, the center of your character must be motivated by Him Who said, "Your heart shall rejoice and your joy no man taketh from you."

There are certain qualities that are essential to happiness. The personality that is capable of being happy must have faith, appreciation, generosity, and love—must

lose itself in God. Think of the most radiant life you have ever known and at once you remember that all four of these characteristics were prevalent. They had to be there; one must be able to live with himself as well as with others if he would be happy. And there must be work, the kind that harms no one. The street cleaner who does his work well with faith, appreciation, generosity, and love in his soul is bound to be happy—the same as the greatest bridge builder who ever lived, or the greatest artist, or the head of a mighty government. Work, however humble, is an outward expression of what is inside.

"Blessed (happy) are the pure in heart." Everyone wants happiness. And it all depends on what is on the inside, for happiness comes from within.



God Was There

Toki Inouye

I looked around from where I stood,
Saw earth, saw sky and sea—
And through it all the timelessness
Of God's infinity—
Saw all the worlds in vision pass,
In tumult, pain and fear—
But through it all, the patient Love
Of God shone steady, clear.

God Is Your Security

Flora Jones Seaman

IN an hour of great significance for me, I came upon one of those Promises that reach down into one's life experiences like a strong protecting hand, to deliver one from all complexities and fears.

Never shall I forget the shining words that gleamed like letters of gold from the freshly opened page:

"My Presence shall go with thee; and I will give thee Rest." These words that carried their clear and triumphant message to me on that October morning are the words that God spoke to Moses in a moment of crisis (Exodus 33).

It is a very wonderful scene that is described when Moses, greatly troubled over the crisis he had just experienced, met God alone in the tabernacle. God, "spoke with him face to face, as a man speaketh to a friend."

He had been on the mountain top, alone with God. He had received divine directions; he had received the ten commandments—he had come down to the valley with a sense of great preparedness.

Then it was that he had found the people in full rebellion, worshipping the idol that they had created. If ever a leader had reason for dismay and discouragement—it

was Moses when he came down from his mountain-top experience.

Moses was a man of action; but he knew well by this time that he was unequal to the task alone, and he turned to God—he went out from the camp to the tabernacle.

While the people were demanding gods that they could see, Moses who trusted *even when he could not see*, was granted the manifestation of God. It is like that in the experience of the life of the true disciple. The one who is able to rely on the spiritual, *despite all appearances to the contrary*, finds deliverance and reassurance.

So Moses made urgent appeal to God for strength and for guidance. He wanted God to take full responsibility. "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not hence," he pleaded.

Then it was that the answer came in those steady, clear and unforgettable words:

"MY Presence shall go with thee; and I will give thee rest."

We may be very sure that "rest" is an utterly inadequate translation for the modern reader. What the Lord really was promising was "Security."

Neither rest nor repose formed the deep desire of the heart of this

valiant leader of the army of God; it was *assurance*; sponsorship, companionship,—the divine endorsement. He sought what everyone of us wants in our life's experience; assurance; security above all things.

As I read those words that memorable morning, I saw so clearly what this all meant. I was launching a project that needed endorsement and backing. I needed sponsorship of people of influence and integrity to give strength and guarantee for the success of the venture. I knew well what sponsorship meant. I had received letters of assurance from many friends; from people of eminence and resources; I was proud and grateful for them.

But now I had these words—with the directness and power of a message from God speaking to my own heart:

"MY Presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee Security! Endorsement! Guarantee! My sponsorship!"

My heart overflowed in gratitude. I could go forward with my work, with my undertaking, in full assurance—not only of help, but of *success!* I felt as though I had received a mantle of authority to go forward in confidence.

Of all the letters I received, no word came to me with such power, such utter dependability as these words at that hour. I knew they

were living words; they meant the message for me at this very time.

I came to realize their fullness and power and significance for every child of God. They are for *everyone*, at all times—everyone who will put his trust in God and no longer doubt His love and care. They are God's promise of Security; and security is the greatest need of the world at this hour.

It is only because we have gotten away from God and out of contact with Him and have lost the awareness of His presence, that His word and His promises no longer bring complete trust and confidence and security to our souls.

As a little girl I learned to know the difference in trust that comes to a child who grows up in a home with loving parents in the full consciousness of security, and the child that has not known such security and devotion.

For a brief time a little orphan girl came to stay at our home—a child who had never learned trust and the sense of security. Her foster mother was away on a visit and the child was entrusted to my mother's care.

This child showed an utter lack of peace and confidence. My mother made a special effort to make her at home with us, and to have her share in all our pleasures and comforts. The child had not learned

the beauty of trust nor experienced the depth of devotion which my mother bestowed, and I feel sure could not have shared our happiness. She lacked the qualities of the child who grows up in an atmosphere of love and care.

Most people are like the foster child. Many even of those who name the name of Christ and say they are children of God, fail to show real confidence; they do not lean utterly on the Everlasting Arms; they do not repose on the heart of God.

We all have learned to trust God in things that pertain to His operation of the material universe. But—that His *spiritual* laws are also unvarying; that His promises are *everlastingly* true; that all things in the Unseen as well as the manifest world are working together ceaselessly for our good, we somehow fail to believe. It is these unseen Spiritual laws that we fail to rely on, although they mean our real security. This is the meaning of God's countless words of assurance, of His Promises; it is the

basis of all the "fear nots" in the Bible.

This everlasting security is promised to each of us. It is our strength; our resource. It is true whether we are about to set out on some special pilgrimage of leadership and responsibility for others, or whether it is simply some new venture of faith and enterprise of our own which we are engaged upon. Or it may be simply the living of our lives in day to day experience. It is *true for us!* We *can* trust His abiding Presence; we *can* trust His immediate help; we *can* believe in a Presence that is not passive, but active and alert—"ever watchful" as the Lord assured Jeremiah.

Indeed, we are all on our way; we are all en route to the Promised Land. And God still says to us as He said to Moses in that ancient land far away and long ago:

"Surely, My Presence shall go with thee and I will give thee *Security!*"

And herein lies the Way to Peace. Herein *is* our Peace.



Just as George Washington in his farewell address looked upon universal education as essential to the preservation of the republic, so we in our turn should look upon universal international education, and the understanding of every nation by every other as fundamental to the spirit of peace in the future.—*Henry N. MacCracken.*

☪ "I have given you power and authority over all devils."

How to Stop Being Sensitive

Norman Vincent Peale

HE was certainly crushed, this man who sat in my office. Struggling to maintain composure, it was evident he was suffering acute distress. He poured out his story bitterly. He had counted on a certain advancement in his company; in fact, had worked for it for years. But he had just received the disappointing news that the change was made and he was passed by, and another man who he scathingly said was far less deserving got the position. He was suffering chagrin, humiliation and keen disappointment.

He blamed all and sundry, except himself. He showed no humble self-analysis, made no effort to see himself as perhaps others saw him. All in all he was badly upset.

Knowing that I was acquainted with the head of his organization, he asked me to interview him and get the exact facts. He did not ask me to intercede for him. He simply wanted the cold, unvarnished truth, or at least he said he did, as to why he was not given the promotion.

The company president had no hesitancy in giving the reason. "This man," he declared, "was bypassed simply because he is super-sensitive. He is an able and de-

pendable man, but," said the company head, "he is so sensitive we simply couldn't elevate him to executive status. How can we spend our time constantly repairing this man's injured feelings?" he asked. Life is too short. Because of his sensitiveness the other officers feel they cannot freely discuss with him matters affecting policy; that he cannot adjust to the give and take required. He'd get sore. "In fact, you can't do anything at all about such a personality," so concluded the company head.

Some personalities *are* difficult but personally I have the optimism to believe there is a key to everybody. Nobody is so great a failure that he must be abandoned as impossible. Yet it's a fact that one of our greatest difficulties is sensitiveness.

Sometimes a sensitive person will have the feeling that when he walks into a room everybody is looking at him, hence he is shy and bashful. The chances are nobody is looking at him but he sensitively refers everything to himself. Basically he is egotistical; that is, everything revolves around his own ego.

But there is a cure. No matter if you have suffered from sensitiveness all your life, take this cure and

you can overcome it.

A provocative sentence in the Bible indicates a method for the cure of sensitiveness. I wish I had found it years ago. But since discovering it, I've seen the marvels it can work. Here's the statement, "Then Jesus called his disciples together, and gave them power and authority over all devils." You and I are disciples. We are given power and authority over all devils. If you have suffered from sensitiveness how well you realize that sensitiveness is a devil. There's no better way to describe it. This does not refer to a theological devil but to the unhappy spirit that gets inside of people. Jesus said people were possessed by devils. He did not mean little men with forks and tails. He meant they were inhabited by obsessions, irritations, destructive ideas, unhappy spirits. He means any emotional reaction which in your mind prods and torments and hounds you.

But we are given power and authority over all devils. We have power and authority to cast out everything that destroys our peace, happiness and efficiency. By faith in Christ we have absolute authority over sensitiveness and can cast it out.

In conquering sensitiveness, then the first thing to do and I suggest you begin it right now, is to say to yourself (preferably out loud), "I am a disciple of Christ and He

has given me power and authority over sensitiveness. I now begin the reprocessing job on my personality and I start this very minute. From this minute I will no longer consider sensitiveness as having any control over me. I take authority over it. I cast it out of my mind with Christ's help."

Also a good plan is to avoid talking with sensitive people on matters that stimulate sensitiveness.

Think what two sensitive people can do to each other. One says, for example, "I met so-and-so and he did not speak to me." The other replies, "That is just like him. He did just that to me." They commiserate each other. That is, they exchange miseries but they do not comfort. They prod each other's sore spot. It may be, in fact probably is true, that the person referred to did not even see either of them. If they *were* bypassed, what's the difference?

The way to handle such a situation is to remind yourself every morning, noon and night of your newly gained authority until it is driven deeply into your consciousness.

Remember, the only way to expel a bad idea is by putting a good idea in its place. You can fix a good idea in your mind only by constant emphasis and repetition. The reason sensitiveness dominates is because for years you have given

it authority over you. Now you must take authority. Decontrol sensitiveness. Habitually assert, "I'm a disciple of Jesus Christ, who can cast anything out of the mind, and He has given me authority to cast out sensitiveness which I do beginning this moment." Continue the practice and it will not be long until the old pain and misery that has haunted you for so long, which we call sensitiveness, will have disappeared from your life.

Another method of overcoming sensitiveness is to practice filling your mind with ideas and attitudes contrary to sensitiveness. Practice thinking generous thoughts about people. Adopt the habit of giving everybody the benefit of the doubt. If somebody does something to you that irritates or hurts you, stop and say to yourself, "Maybe he didn't mean it. Perhaps I misunderstood it. Besides if he did do it this doesn't represent his real best self. He must be under some pressure that I do not know about; often a hidden worry causes a person to act this way." Filling your mind with such thoughts as these will give you greatness of spirit and lift you above that pettiness which stimulates sensitive reactions in you.

Again let me emphasize that to cast out such unhealthy mental or emotional irritants as sensitiveness requires the substitution of new and healthy thoughts. This fact

was interestingly illustrated to me recently when I spoke at a banquet in a certain state before a large audience of businessmen.

The Governor of that state was present and we were seated together at the head table. In my speech I pointed out the power of creative and positive thinking. Afterward the Governor said he believed thoroughly in the principles stated; so thoroughly, in fact, that he had been practicing them.

He said he had never been troubled by sensitiveness or impatience until he had been Governor for several months. He confessed he hadn't realized how one could become so irritated by people.

It so affected him that he consulted his doctor regarding his growing irritability. The doctor gave him a prescription not for medicine in a bottle, or a pill, but the prescription was in the form of an idea. He told the governor to repeat to himself a half dozen times a day the following statement, "If anyone has the power to irritate or annoy me, it is because I have given him that power." He was to remind himself that if anybody was able to irritate him or make him sensitive, it was because he allowed himself to be made sensitive or annoyed. As a result of emphasizing this idea he declared that he had been able to maintain composure and that sensitiveness had lost its control over him.

He said, "Urge people to definitely practice filling their minds with great religious ideas and they will get God's peace in their hearts. In that way they will cast out the devil of sensitiveness," so said this Governor.

Practice filling your mind with thoughts that resist sensitiveness and these composure thoughts will come automatically to your aid in a crisis.

One night on a train a man sitting across the aisle in the Pullman car cut his finger. I spoke sympathetically and he replied, "Oh, don't let that worry you. I have everything necessary to care for it."

He took out a kit which opened up somewhat like a doctor's bag and laid it out flat on the seat. On either side were rows of labeled bottles. He took out one bottle and I saw it was labeled iodine. He applied it and bandaged his finger. "I would not think of traveling without these bottles," he exclaimed. "I have medicine here for every conceivable emergency." He had aspirin for headache; cold tab-

lets for colds; he had several kinds of vitamin tablets. He also had a bottle containing nitroglycerine.

"What is that for?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "in case I get a heart attack."

"Are you prone to heart attacks?" I asked.

"So far, no, but you never can tell when you'll get one."

The thought occurred to me that one might profitably carry a kit of great ideas to draw on in difficulties. For fears, bring out of the mind some of the great passages from the scripture such as, "I will fear no evil for Thou art with me." For tension, bring out of the mental kit such a healing balm as, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." And for sensitiveness, bring out of the mind that tremendous statement, "I have given you power and authority over all devils," meaning of course, among others, the devil of sensitiveness.

Practice such thought substitution faithfully and you can be free from sensitiveness.



Christmas 1947

Ollie James Robertson

May Christmas Day
Bring joy your way;
And love and cheer
Bless your New Year.

☐ Tragedies come to all, but happy is the one who sees each as a signpost pointing to a higher level.

God Waits to Welcome You

Grace Addson

THESE is a story told of a man and a woman who lived not far from a river and yet, because they had been so busy raising crops and rearing a family of eight children, they had never been across that river to see what was on the other side.

After a time their children grew up and began to leave home. The oldest girl went across the river to live. What a difference it made! At once, the parents became interested and wanted to know more and more about life over there. Not only did they seek information but they began to plan how they could order their lives so that some day they could cross over the river to see their daughter. They bought a road map and began to study directions. Life in their narrow valley no longer satisfied them.

Is that inconceivable to you? Do you call such a fairy tale? Well, here is its counterpart, a true story.

A father and mother living in one of our large cities had been so occupied with the task of earning a living and bringing up two children that they gave little or no thought to the place "Over There."

One day word came that their son-in-law had been called sudden-

ly to go "Over There" to live. Immediately there was a change in that family's interest in things pertaining to Life Beyond. However, now there were the added duties of a widowed daughter and her two babies living with them.

Two more years passed and their youngest child was summoned to cross over "The River." This blow shattered all that remained of their indifference. The parents prayed for strength and courage to go on living here without their precious child and for guidance into the way the Father would have them go.

One of the first directions came to the father and it was for them to join the Church which their children had attended, and to do so immediately. And what more natural thing to do than to join with others who are travelling in the direction you want to go? The Church stands for everything connected with the Upward Journey and its members are ever ready to extend a welcome and a helping hand to all who wish to march along with them.

So to that husband "the Word of the Lord" came bidding him join the Church and he obeyed. His wife went with him in body, if

not wholly in spirit. To this day she thinks their return made them look "foolish."

They are upright, moral, law-abiding citizens and all who know them call them "good people." Yet they did not really become interested in the "other side of the River," nor in the Way that leads to that "Home on High," until after one of their own family went "Over There" to live. I cannot think that a loving Heavenly Father looked upon them as "two guilty nit-wits" (the wife's words) when they *did begin to show interest*. Jesus told a good story to illustrate *how* our Father will welcome all who seek Him. In that story, when the son who had *deliberately* gone away from his father's house then returned, his father did not condemn him but rather killed the fatted calf, made a feast and rejoiced.

So-called tragedies come to all

of us, but happy is the one who sees each as a sign-post pointing the Way to a higher level of living and who has the wisdom to follow whither it points—upward. And, if you are one who has not shown much interest in Eternal Life until one of your own passes from your sight, be not afraid to follow your God-given urge nor waste any time remorsefully calling yourself guilty or wicked. The Father waits to welcome you with open arms. Material things may have engrossed you up to this point, but now you have come to the *right time* to leave the former things and to turn to the things of Spirit. Get out the "Guide Book" and earnestly desire to know what Jesus meant when He said, "I am the way, the truth and the life." Then you will come to understand the promise, "He that willeth to do the will of the Father, shall be shown the way."



Immortality

Mabel Willoughby

When first I chanced upon eternity
I saw a jonquil turn her lovely cheek
In sweet surrender to a honey bee,
Who gave her sweetness back to you and me!

When last I met with immortality
I saw Death riding in an ambulance;
His fixed stare broke and slyly winked at me
And lo, I felt his warm civility!

☪ He is greatly in love with you, and wants you to love everyone as He loves you.

My Christmas Letter

J. Rufus Moseley

(1) Jesus became like us that we may become like Him. He was born, grew up and triumphed in the world, that He might be born, grow up and triumph in us.

The eternal Word or Christ had to become flesh, had to become the perfect Baby, Youth and Man with us and within us, before He could save us utterly from all our enemies, including sin, sickness and death, and make us like Him, achieved, manifest, Perfect Everything.

(2) You are born of Him, when you believe He is the Christ, and receive Him, when you are feeling His love for everybody, and giving His Love to as many as you can. You are baptized by Him, when you believe in Him, obey Him and let Him take entire free possession of your will, mind, soul, body and affairs. This entire free possession of the Holy Spirit which enables Jesus to manifest Himself and to bring us into ineffable union with Him, is His Baptism. (John 14:15-23, especially verses 20-21.)

By being an overcomer you enter into Him, and abide in Him. When we desire, and choose to be wholly His, so that He may be to us whol-

ly ours, we become aware that we are one with Him as the bride is with the bridegroom, and that the all of Him and His is ours.

(3) If you want a glorious Christmas, invite Jesus to come in and be all in all of you. I have known the insane to become sane by inviting Him to come into the mind, the brain, the nerves and the life. I have known a paralytic to rise up and walk by inviting Him to come in and as a double portion in the paralyzed parts.

(4) Leave on the outside everything that keeps you on the outside of Jesus and His kingdom, and humble yourself as a little child at His feet, and through the key of holy love, enter into Him, let Him place you where you belong, which is the best place for you, have sense enough to stay there and to be perpetually giving out His light, His love and His healing to all.

(5) You will find, by giving His love all the time you will be in His love all the time.

(6) In Him, and in His love, it is always getting better, while outside of Him and His way of life as love, it is always getting worse.

(7) Let Him make, and keep

you free, always to receive and to give and to do His best of all. Seek first His Highest and everything you need will be added.

(8) His most special message to you is that He is greatly in love

with you, and also with all, and wants you to love everyone as He loves you. (John 3:16 and John 15:12.)

This is my Christmas letter to you.



☪ I give thanks for such a father and such a mother.

God's Loan

Emma Canby

MOTHER, usually so buoyant, had been quiet all morning. Although only a child, I was always conscious of her every mood; yet I was unable to express a word of understanding or sympathy. Later in the day, she handed me a letter she had received from father, who was away on business. It was sweet to have her share the letter with me—and it answered my question. It ran:

"Dearest: You will receive this on the anniversary of our boy's death. You think it strange, I know, that I have never talked about David's illness and death. The loss of our first-born, God's miracle gift to our love, cut too deeply.

"But now I want to tell you how I am coming to feel. Remember the night when David was a baby, so ill the doctor said he would not

pull through; and how his grandfather stayed up all night in the living room, praying for him? When dawn came and David was better, we knew his grandfather's prayers had saved him.

"God let him stay with us for fifteen years longer. It was as if God had loaned him to us for those extra years. And what a precious loan it was—the privilege of watching David grow. All his fresh young interest made life new and beautiful for us. Now I find when I dwell on my thankfulness for the loan of those years, David seems near me! Sadness vanishes and a shining brightness fills me. Do you see what I am trying to say? David—God's loan—a shining brightness—now—always."

Today, I, the tongue-tied child, am old, and give thanks for such a father and such a mother.

☪ Excerpts from letters to the Prayer Tower.

Prayer Works

"God has given His answer to our prayers by sending my loved one home again. My deep desire is now that we all shall be completely surrendered to God in loving service."—L. V., Ohio

"I received a call to a pastorate where I may serve my Heavenly Father. This is the most amazing answer I have ever received."—T. J. B., Illinois

"Our dear one has been completely healed of hypertension after having terrible seizures for many years. We KNOW that it has come from your contributing prayers."—M. F., New Hampshire

"I can't begin to tell you what a change has come to my consciousness and conditions since you have been praying with me. I have experienced a remarkable change both

within and without."—V. T., Colorado

"Eight weeks have passed since my terrible ordeal which every one dreaded except me—I had my Hand in His as you advised and I am on the road to complete recovery. The Presence has been with me constantly. Enclosed is a small blessing which I hope you can use in your work."—A. D., Wisconsin

"Please accept my deepest gratitude for your help when I telephoned about my little baby. The doctors gave her up as she was so tiny and struggling against pneumonia, but as soon as I released her, as you advised, she began to perspire and her temperature dropped. The doctors say it was a real miracle. Thank you from the bottom of my heart."—A. W., Minnesota

The United Prayer Tower

The prayer tower is a group of spiritual people, connected with prayer cells all over the country, who *know* that *prayer is the mightiest force in the world*. You are invited to use this service at any time. The work is supported entirely by your freewill, love offerings.

Address: The United Prayer Tower, 1571 Grand Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minnesota. Telephone EMerson 8484

Stairways to God

Viola Merritt Lyle

AT one time there were one-story buildings for army officers in Manila in which staircases went from the floor to the ceiling. The original blueprints were made for two-story buildings but an order came changing them to one-story buildings "constructed according to the original ground-floor plan." That left the staircases. The matter was called to the attention of the authorities at Washington, and after thoughtful consideration word came back that the exact specifications must be followed.

Like those staircases, too much of our religious experience leads us nowhere. We lift our eyes and our hearts, but we do not act and the impulse dies. Better for us if we had not seen the opportunity.

Paul puts his finger on the secret of successful Christian living as he tells his friends in Corinth how the Macedonian churches responded to a great need.

First of all they gave themselves to God. Then they gave their service, and they added to this a material gift so large that it amazed the Apostle by its generosity, for they were poor people. They did not wait to be asked to give, for of their own accord they begged the privi-

lege of giving for the even poorer saints in Jerusalem. (Moffatt I. Cor. 8:1-6) Their stairway led up to fellowship with God.

One of our boys who had seen the consecration of the Island Christians of the Pacific came home, and after looking at the church in our land asked, "What are we going to do with our church members?" He did not say Christians, he said church members. There is a difference. A Christian is one who accepts Christ and goes out to share his new-found joy with those who do not know his Lord. A church member accepts Christ and is satisfied to keep the blessing. Soon he wonders why his joy has gone from him.

"To give of self and not to count the cost, because there is One who gave his all, This is the Christian imperative."

According to the old legend, Saint Christopher was about to cross a swift and dangerous stream when a child begged to be carried over. Unable to resist the plea, Saint Christopher lifted the child to his shoulders, although he doubted his ability to cross safely himself. As he stepped into the current he was almost swept off his feet, in fact he would have gone

down had it not been for the weight of the child, who kept getting heavier as the current grew deeper. When he reached the other shore Saint Christopher was amazed to find that the child he had carried was the Christ.

Year by year life's currents swirl threateningly around us, and many

are swept off their feet. But those who carry the burdens of others will be able to keep their footing. They will find that in helping others they have helped the Christ who says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."



Gifts of the Magi

Rowena Cheney

Long years ago a great star smiled
Upon an inn in Bethlehem;
Shone on a Mother and her Child . . .
A King without a diadem.

What of the gifts the Magi brought—
The gold, the frankincense and myrrh,
Possessions man has always sought—
What did these offerings mean to her,
The Mother of the King of kings?
Surely her knowing heart surmised,
Discerned the still more precious things
Which these rare treasures symbolized:
The glad goodwill, the peace on earth
Which groping mankind yet shall win,
The love, which at the Christ Child's birth,
Flooded the manger of an inn;
And joy and beauty—and the right
To follow paths that lead to good;
To seek the star, whose hallowed light
Reveals the way to brotherhood.

Her heart surmised. Serene and deep
Her wisdom: she had given birth,
While all Judaea lay asleep
To Him whose love shall save the earth!

Thoughts Farthest Out

CLARIFYING OUR CONCEPTION OF GOD

"God is Spirit, and his worshippers must worship him in Spirit and in reality."—John 4:24 (Moffatt)

NOTHING will help us more during another year than to clarify our idea of God. To once apprehend the reality of God's Presence is to never again live in the same world.

Though we must admit that God in His entirety can never be known by anyone, there are a few thoughts about God that indicate He can be known by each one of us. God—in the beginning God—the First Cause; the Ultimate Reality of the ever-present; the Great Finality—the end of all that was or ever shall be. The Creative Spirit behind all phenomena is God.

As we study man and the universe, we know that Law is one of the prime elements of it. As nothing can be created except it originally reside in the creator, one of the elements of God's nature is Law. Pattern as opposed to chance; order as opposed to anarchy. Even the path of the falling comet or the shooting star follows a precise mathematical pattern!

In looking back over the history of human relationships, we know that love and cooperation are the qualities which have raised man to his highest potential. So, all the saints attest, God is Love. Love that is not swayed by flattery but is always available when we meet the conditions.

As we read the progressive revelations of the Bible we come to realize that God is a Father, Our Father. When we look at Jesus we say to ourselves, "God must be like that." It is impossible to think of anyone more godlike than a life dedicated to all the spiritual verities going down to a seemingly final and cruel defeat . . . and remaining faithful through the end, "Father forgive them . . . Today thou shalt be with me in Paradise . . . Into Thy hands I commit my spirit."

Stay by yourself awhile, get down on your knees, soak up the red sunset, do anything that will help, but get to know God, feel his Presence in everything that is created. Breathe in till you are bursting full . . . and know that that is God in you. God is more to be sure, He is transcendent, but this much we know, and this much is God!

Read: *Beyond Personality*, C. S. Lewis (Macmillan)

PRAYER IS WHAT YOU ARE

"And when you pray, do not repeat empty phrases as the heathen do, for they imagine that their prayers will be heard if they use words enough."—Matthew 6:7 (Goodspeed)

THERE have been so many formulas, suggestions and laws about how to pray that it is little wonder so many people are confused and disregard the whole subject. To put it as simply as possible, prayer is living with God. When we read about intercession, petition and other break-downs of prayer, it is well to remember that prayer was functioning long before someone thought of these categories.

Prayer, true prayer, first of all implies an awareness of God, and a belief in a God who cares and is interested in human beings. What is more, the one who prays implies by his very action that he believes prayer can help. This belief is the first step in prayer. However, belief means more than many people realize. Belief is really what you are.

"As a man thinketh in his heart so he is" is a principle which all too often erases the words a person speaks. To live as if the spiritual verities were non-existent, or at least not worthy of practicing, is a more sincere prayer than dressing up your speech in its Sunday best for a talk with God! Life is prayer. Each individual life is a prayer. As this is true, "whatsoever a man sows that shall be also reap" should give us all pause for a spiritual audit! Some life-prayers are not very nice and all the talking in the world does not change the picture.

All this does not mean we should not try to learn from those who have sincerely devoted their energies and wills to prayer and the prayer life. We not only can learn much from them, but we are obligated to learn wherever we can. While this is true, let us try to see beyond words and visualize the kind of a life they imply. When we do this it is obvious that prayer, instead of being an appendage to life, becomes life itself. To pray "in Jesus name" or "for Jesus sake" means that we see (or try to see) life as Jesus saw it, that we see the divine purpose as Jesus saw it, and that we live life as Jesus would live it. When we do this as nearly as we can, we shall then be able to synthesize "Our Father who are in heaven" with "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

Read: *First Steps in Prayer*, Kermit R. Olsen (Revell).

THE NEED FOR UNITY

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."—Matthew 5:47

CHRISTIANS are periodically chagrined and ashamed and bewildered over the utter lack of cooperation between Protestant denominations. On a national scale each denomination is competing both here and in the mission field. In the local situation we see all too often too many churches in a small town—none of them adequately supported and none doing the work that is needed. The paradox is that all of them are basically united in belief. They all claim Christ as their center and foundation. Differences in doctrinal emphasis, historical traditions that are no longer pertinent, and just plain human pride sweep away an effective witness where it ought to begin.

E. Stanley Jones recently spoke in 30 cities in 30 days to launch a crusade for a "Church of Christ in America." The basis of this church is to be "federal union." As in the founding of this country, each unit (denomination in this case) must delegate part of its sovereignty to the central body. As a doctrinal basis, he suggests that any body which will confess with Peter, "Thou art the Christ the son of the living God," is fit for union. Each denomination would be self-governing as are states. There would be "The Methodist Branch of the Church of Christ in America," and so on.

Already some of the machinery for such a unified organization is in existence. We have The Federal Council of Churches, The Foreign Missions Conference of North America, and local church councils. Churches have been moving toward the goal by themselves. So far it has been *independent* cooperation, the next step beckons.

Federal union will enable the Christian Church to present a united effort and a united front before the whole world; to witness effectively; and to be a better steward of its talents. When General MacArthur asked for 1,000 missionaries for Japan, the Roman Catholic Church immediately sent 700. Protestant denominations have not filled their obligation yet. What a travesty on Christ!

For further information on federal union as advocated by E. Stanley Jones write to *Association for a United Church of America*, P.O. Box 1506, Boston, Massachusetts. Above all pray for the manifestation of Christ's unity in the world.

Read: *Primer for Protestants*, James Hastings Nichols. (Association)

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

FIRST STEPS IN PRAYER, Kermit R. Olsen. Revell, \$1.25. Writing with the conviction that prayer operates by law the same as any physical law of the universe, Mr. Olsen has written a book that should appeal equally to the mystic and to those not so inclined. Although those advanced in the art of prayer will find the book an exciting and clarifying review, its chief appeal should be to those who are not quite sure as to just what prayer is, and who consequently, are not really acquainted with its tremendous possibilities. If the book did nothing else but take the whole subject of prayer out of the realm of caprice it would deserve a place on one's bookshelf. It does more than this, however. It is a sane approach to the entire subject, and it leads the reader step by step through the laws of prayer, never for a moment losing the spirit of reverence and awe which any approach to God entails. This popular priced edition ought to find its way into many homes.

THE WORLD'S GREAT MADONNAS, Cynthia Pearl Maus. Harper, \$4.95. Here is a large book of 800 pages, the importance of which can hardly be overestimated. From every continent and from every large nation (and many small ones), Miss Maus has gathered the art, music and literature concerned with Mary, the mother of Jesus. In her selection she has omitted those phases which lead to theological controversy (i.e. the assumption and coronation) and limited herself to those about which there is unanimity (i.e. the annunciation, the shepherds, flight into Egypt, etc.). One cannot help but be struck by the universal appeal of Mary. Each nation, group and race has adopted her as their own, and that is as it should be under the fatherhood of God. From Italian painters we have a southern European Madonna and child, from China we have a Chinese Madonna and child; from Africa we have a black Madonna and child; and we have a Scandinavian Madonna and child. So it has gone, in literature and in music and in art, from century to century, around and around the earth. As an anthology, the book is really unsurpassed. As a book, the family will receive a joy and inspiration from it year after year because the subject is one that will not grow old and go out of date. The excellent reproductions of famous Madonnas are alone worth the price of the book.

LAYMEN SPEAKING, selected and edited by Wallace C. Speers. Association, \$2.00. In a way, it is about time some publisher printed this kind of a book. Each chapter is written by an outstanding Christian layman. Such an overwhelming majority of religious books are written by men and women engaged professionally in Christian work that, by default, the average layman has come to feel such is as it should be. *Laymen Speaking* should convince anyone that there are plenty of laymen with a Christian message as vital as from many who have devoted their lives to church work. The book is divided into five parts: The Personal and Social Need for Religion; The Layman in His Personal Life; The Layman in His Church; The Layman in His Business Life; and, The Layman at Work in the World. The contributors include businessmen, medical men, teachers, a labor leader, a senator, a banker, etc. Each one has proved in his own life the practicality and urgency of applied Christianity. Harry Emerson Fosdick has written an excellent *Foreword* in which he shows that laymen are "called" the same as are ministers. It is a good book!

PRAYER AND THE LORD'S PRAYER, Charles Gore. Harper, \$1.25. This is another of the spiritual classics which Harper and Brothers are bringing back into print each year. Bishop Gore, of the Church of England, wrote the material in this book between 1894-1901. At that time it made a profound effect upon its readers. This reprint should have something of the same effect. It is a little gem on the prayer life, and an unusually complete and inspiring interpreta-

tion of the Lord's Prayer. Throughout the volume one is constantly reminded of the implications of prayer and the Lord's Prayer for daily living. After an introduction by Angus Dun, the first three chapters concern prayer and the prayer life. The last seven chapters take up the Lord's Prayer phrase by phrase.

COMMON SENSE LIVING, Herbert W. Hansen. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.50. It takes a book like this to shake us out of our habits of taking life as it is and implying in our behavior, if not actually saying so, that there is not much can be done about it. It starts with a chapter called "Heredity and You" and ends with one called "Living in Several Dimensions." This gives as good an idea of the scope of the book as anything will. The buoyant view of life that runs through the book is what makes it important. There is hope and there is triumph in life! There is hope and triumph because there is God to help us live life as it ought to be lived. Some of the numerous subjects touched on in the book are heredity, environment, the subconscious, suggestion, habits, instincts, fear, religion and security, living ahead of the crowd, managing our moods, faith in frustration, transformed by touch. The author says, "Common sense, a little psychology, and Christ can give us what we need . . ." You will tend to agree with him after reading the book.

THE PATH OF THE SAINT, Anonymous. Harper, \$2.50. The approach is that the saints were actually *spiritual researchers* (successful ones without much doubt), as rigorous and disciplined and objective as the best trained scientific research man today. From an analysis of their lives the present authors, and the book appears to be the work of more than one person, attempt to lay out the course of study and discipline which modern spiritual researchers may take to achieve Ultimate Reality. I found many choice flashes of insight in the book, but I also ended it with the feeling that there is more to the life of the saint—any saint—than appears here. I find it difficult to reconcile in my own mind the emphasis upon withdrawal from life with the fact we are born part of the stream of life (admitting that more often than not we do not appreciate the divine potential of this life). Still, it must be admitted, that for the scholar, this book has a place and that it has some important suggestions for everyone.

FOR HIS NAME'S SAKE, Martin Hegland. Augsburg, \$1.50. A book of daily devotions which takes the reader through the entire New Testament in a year. Each devotion has a descriptive heading such as "Miracle in Capernaum," a portion of the New Testament to be read, and a prayer at the end. Although Mr. Hegland says that the text employed (in the main) is the King James Version, one would never know it! He has done a remarkable job of modernizing the King James Version. It is a pleasure to read, and much more meaningful to the average reader. Daily, systematic reading of the New Testament cannot be recommended too highly. This book is a great help in that program.

TOUCHDOWNS FOR THE LORD, THE STORY OF "DAD" ELLIOTT, Glenn Clark. Macalester Park Pub. Co., \$50. A. J. Elliott has been in religious work for over fifty years. He has had interviews on spiritual matters with probably more people than anyone else in America. "Dad" was more than a Northwestern football hero. He was a Christian who had dedicated his life to Christ's work. Lifetime experience has shown him what is important, what is lacking in people's lives and what can be done to bring about the new life. His views on the morning watch, Bible study, discovery and training of leaders, evangelism, and securing commitment are vital for every Christian.

THE HOME OF LOVE, Glenn Clark and Margarete Rose Akin. Macalester Park Pub. Co., \$50. Part I is "The Ideal Mother" by Glenn Clark and Part II is "The Ideal Marriage" by Margarete Rose Akin. Part I is prose and Part II is 50 sonnets which tell the story of her marriage. It is a good gift for newly weds, and from it "older weds" may catch the glow of romance and the Christian home.

☐ Twelve signposts to a more satisfying twelve months.

New Year Signposts

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

GLEANING the old year's jottings from a notebook I came upon a clipping, "Twelve things to Remember."* Leaning back I read the list:

1. The value of time
2. The success of perseverance
3. The pleasure of working
4. The dignity of simplicity
5. The worth of character
6. The power of kindness
7. The influence of example
8. The obligation of duty
9. The wisdom of economy
10. The virtue of patience
11. The improvement of talent
12. The joy of originating

Twelve signposts to lead me during the twelve months of the New Year into a more abundant physical life, broader mental concepts, and a new and deeper spiritual development.

How truly valuable is time! "Some reckon time by stars, and some by hours," wrote M. J. Cawein. Perhaps we should do both. Time in the large sense is infinite and yet, for us, the hour is given for accomplishment. I must neither dream to the extent of neglecting the work of bringing those dreams into manifestation,

nor yet be so frantic to do the million things that pile up that I forget how to relax and enjoy life. I would remember that time is a gift of God—both the hour and forever.

Perseverance brings a lasting success, and with it a strengthening of character. How easy to go forward when progress is easily measured; but I would remember to keep on faithfully working for my beliefs and desires when success shows no sign. With God all things are possible and one day I will turn a corner and see the results. I would take a page from the life of Percy L. Julian, great Negro scientist, known as the "man who wouldn't give up." I would keep on keeping on.

Of course there's pleasure in working! It's easy enough to bewail the necessity for working and escape into the dream that happiness would come if only the housework or the milking or a grade of youngsters or eight hours in a factory didn't intervene. But who ever saw a happy man who was idle? I would be thankful that I have a job to do. I would take pleasure in doing it to the best of my ability. If it seems not the perfect job for

**Good Business*, July, 1946—reprinted from "The Friendly Adventure."

me I would still do it with my whole soul, at the same time working and praying toward my own tailor-made position in life.

The dignity of simplicity can give any life a real beauty. I would develop a life of pleasures that suits me, not the Joneses; of friends to whom I can give simple hospitality and the warmth of love and faith with out the necessity for formal entertaining; cut needless expenses to purchase things of lasting value to my own way of life. I would make the inner core of my life shine so brightly that I would have no need for fancy outer trappings.

The worth of character is soul-deep; personality penetrates no more than the mind. This year I would take time to consider elements of character—strength of purpose, honesty, courage, faith,—bound together by the adhesive of spiritual growth. Real strength of character and the ensuing spiritual poise are vital necessities in these days of world-confusion and struggle.

The power of kindness is beyond measure. This year I would praise more, smile a warmer greeting, be readier to offer a steadying hand. I would suggest an easier, better way instead of condemning; love more and criticize less in every personal relationship. I would replace every prejudice with tolerance. I would consider kindness as a success-element in every undertaking.

The influence of example is clearly mirrored in any two-year-old! It is as strong, though less obvious, in every relationship through life. I would wait until I was asked to voice my convictions about life, but I would live them every minute of every day, knowing that the influence of an example spreads as ripples spread from a single drop on a quiet lake.

What about an obligation of duty? Yes, I do have one! It is an obligation to become a perfect channel for the manifestation of His Plan for me. In fulfilling this first and most important obligation I will incidentally fulfill, in the best possible way, all other obligations—as daughter, wife, mother, friend, teacher. . . . This obligation entails meditation and prayer followed by **definite** action; its fulfillment results in new heights of joy and achievement.

The wisdom of economy is to get full value from every expenditure. It does not mean penny-pinching; it does mean planning to fit funds to needs; it does mean tithing, giving a gift of a tenth of all income to God, for tithing is proof of faith in God as the source of abundance. Tithing is the basis of financial wisdom. Wise spending follows suit when quality, comfort, beauty, long life, suitability are considered rather than mere initial purchase price. I would bless my money, coming and going, and

give thanks for ever-increasing abundance.

Patience improves with practice. This year I would practice spiritual patience, keep on praying and putting my prayers into action even if the answers seem snail-slow. I would be patient for big things, for a built-to-order home, a long trip, healing of a chronic disorder; I would be patient, too, about the little irritations, when rain ruins a picnic, when a child is headstrong, or a clothes line breaks and a wash goes in the dirt. I would be patient, and remember that all things work together for God and for my good.

Improvement of talents might well take its place among the Commandments. I would read and re-read the story of the ten talents and remind myself that an urge to do is God's way of telling me I have a talent I'm not using. I would continue to use talents I have already developed; I would take defi-

nite steps to express other talents which are as yet mere urges in my mind.

The joy of originating can hardly be equalled. Whether it's simple tunes or complex symphonies, a sketch or an oil painting, a child's dress, a cake, or a poem, there lies in the act of creating a satisfaction and a joy that can change the whole complexion of a life. To create to the best of my ability and according to my highest spiritual understanding is a process of re-creating or bringing into manifestation more of God's kingdom on earth. The joy of such work and such achievement can make my life radiant throughout the New Year.

Yes, twelve signposts to a fuller, more satisfying twelve months to come! Twelve signposts to keep me off the detours of fear, doubt, negation and poverty! Twelve signposts along the road to a more abundant life!



Life from Holy Breath

Claire Boyer

Jesus is my very heartbeat
Knocking at the door inside,
Asking that His Holy Spirit
May abundantly abide;
When His Word of love is spoken
Life erases death,
For His Spirit has created
Life from Holy Breath.

“Let Only Your Own Wrong Thoughts and Acts Offend You”

Rudolph J. Bodmer

IF you are really in search of understanding and harmonious living, if you long for freedom from emotional upsets, make this ten-word title your slogan.

Jesus gave us the rule in five words, “Love thy neighbor as thyself.” A modern religious leader said it in seven words, “Let only your own shortcomings offend you,” and helped many to a clearer understanding of what Jesus meant, by applying its meaning to modern business and social intercourse.

Undoubtedly the greater proportion of discordant conditions from which we seek relief through prayer start with the reaction our criticism of others creates in our minds.

Those whom we criticize are never affected unless they accept it. If they do not accept it, it goes back to its creator with all the destructive power its creator impelled it. Criticism of oneself, however, may give God and His harmony an opportunity to enter our consciousness and eliminate the wrong impulse.

Why not pause now in your search for the channel leading to quick contact with GOD and real-

ize that practically all of the inharmonies we experience arise from taking offense at the thoughts and acts of other people and their result in criticizing them behind their backs? You will discover that most of your problems can be solved—can, in fact, be kept from developing—and your illnesses, your unhappiness and periods of lack avoided, through eliminating all unsolicited criticism except that which you direct toward yourself. Most of your troubles will then disappear, without even bothering GOD!

Whether we approach the idea from the angle of Jesus’, “Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself,” or the ten word title to this article, or just say to ourselves, “I won’t get mad at anybody or anything except myself,” and mean it, you will discover through even slight practice that it could become the most important and successful remedy for healing this very inharmonious world.

What a complete Peace Treaty these ten words would be! With everyone in the world practicing this one brief admonition, there would be no lovers’ quarrels, no family rows, no strikes or riots, no racial strife, civil or world wars.

Build Up Spiritual Awareness In Your Child

Bula C. Wrisley

ABABY, Anna, is born. Everything is done that human skill knows to give Anna a chance to grow physically. As she develops we give her toys to teach her to feel, to become color-conscious, to balance, to develop her sense of smell, to gain acute hearing; in other words, to educate the five senses.

Those of us who have been awakened spiritually feel an urge to build up a “plus” sense also—the spiritual or sixth sense, as it has been called. How is this to be accomplished?

Out in the scrubby treetops beside the back door a bird song comes to our ear, a very familiar bird song, almost taken for granted. But Anna’s mother knows the value of that bird note for ears not yet attuned, and so Anna is caught from her high chair and introduced to the sparrow’s chirp, the robin’s spring song, or the mocking bird’s meditation.

Again, it is early morning and the baby is wide awake while a still sleepy parent crawls out to meet her physical needs. Tenderness, joy, expectancy in the day, expressed through the parent, give the child glimpses of glad things to come. Dawn may be splashing the

clouded sky with bold colors. Through the window Anna is introduced to color that registers on her evolving “plus” sense. Thus mother consciously exposes her baby, day by day, to the rhythms, the tints, the tones of the universe.

The touch of a rose petal, the sniff of its fragrance help to mold a spiritual awareness. In a thunderstorm is the chance to share much of beauty through sound, the touch of rain, the fragrance of freshened growth. Mud puddles are places in which to see mirrored pictures. Flashes of lightning carry messages from the sky, thunder becomes the clouds bumping their heads.

In this way, as Anna grows older she not only sees, hears, feels, tastes and smells, but she joins the great spirit of the universe in creating. She now has a storehouse from which to create her own sunsets on large sheets of paper. When the radio brings an orchestra into her sphere, she translates it into dancing feet. Her own voice through song or poem, her own fingers through flower arrangement or culinary excursions become an instrument for creative expression.

Even when Anna lives in a city

with not even a twig for birds to light upon, there is music in the huckster's call, in the ringing of car bells, the honk of auto horns. There is rhythm in whirring wheels and floating clouds. This exposure to the evidences of continuing creative activity about her gives an outlet for the real Anna to open herself to God in a natural way.

Things of the spirit, the essence of life, are real to such a child. They are her very own, discovered by her. She doesn't have to hunt

for God. He thrills through her being with every organ note; He is wafted in on every breeze. Each flash of lightning quickens her pulse, not to fear, but to joy. The hum of passing traffic gives her a sense of the rhythm that ties the universe together. All her expanding world takes on an expectant quality. She is constantly interpreting her unfolding life in terms of God-consciousness.

A baby, Anna, is born—reborn every day to creative living. This we call spiritual awakening!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

Of Clear Horizons published Quarterly at Saint Paul, Minnesota, for October 1, 1947.

State of Minnesota }
County of Ramsey } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Clayton O. Dunham, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Clear Horizons and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macalester Park Publishing Company, 1571 Grand Ave., Saint Paul 5, Minnesota. Editor, Glenn Clark, 1571 Grand Ave., Saint Paul 5, Minnesota. Managing Editor, Norman K. Elliott, 1571 Grand Ave., Saint Paul 5, Minnesota. Business Manager, Clayton O. Dunham, 1571 Grand Ave., Saint Paul 5, Minnesota.
2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Macalester Park Publishing Company, 1571 Grand Ave., Saint Paul 5, Minnesota.

Glenn Clark, President, 1571 Grand Ave., Saint Paul 5, Minnesota.

Marion L. Elliott, Stockholder, 1571 Grand Ave., Saint Paul 5, Minnesota.

Miles M. Clark, Stockholder, 1787 Goodrich Ave., Saint Paul 5, Minnesota.

Helen May Olson, Stockholder, 1104 Huffman Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1947.

(SEAL)

C. R. Youngren
Notary Public, Ramsey County, Minn
(My commission expires June 7, 1948.)

Jesus beckoned to the angel, "Come take this soul where it shall gain still clearer perception of the Eternal Light."

He Looked at Himself

Winfred Rhoades

WALTER RUNNIGOOD died in the middle of the night. There was no struggle, no death spasm. The soul quietly left the body and rose to the top of the room, where it paused. It seemed to be still attached to the body by a tenuous thread, and Walter Runnigood felt that he could still return to his body if he so desired. He had read of such an occurrence with regard to other people, and now the experience was his.

Should he return or not? He debated the question. There were people who were fond of him and who would miss his presence, but there was no one now who was dependent upon him and would be greatly discommoded by his departure. His children were grown up and had their own homes, and did not need him. He felt that as age advanced he would be increasingly a burden to them. There were good causes in which he was deeply interested, but he could no longer do much in a personal way to advance them, and he had provided money to help in their work. He loved the beauty of the earth, the woods and the hills, the running streams and the flowers that at-

tended them through the meadows, the glorious cloud-patterns in the sky and the rainstorms that brought new beauty to the land, the golden sunshine sifting through the trees and the shadows it cast upon the ground, the songs of the birds and the colors of insect wings; all this he loved, but perhaps he would see it still or perhaps there would be even fairer sights in the Beyond to which he had already started—and anyway life was an adventure and he was glad to see what would come next.

With a slight movement he broke the slender thread that held him, and left his body forever. Taking flight from the room and soaring into the air outside he looked down for a moment upon the hospital building and its many beds—beds of suffering, beds of patience, beds of revolt, beds of acquiescence, beds of hope, beds in which recovery was taking place, beds over which the angels of Death were hovering. Then, with a prayer that God would help all the souls in that place this disembodied soul set forth to find what was next to be. After wandering hither and yon for a time, as a child would do in a strange city, the soul was met by a

white-robed angel who asked if he would like some guidance.

"We will go first of all," said the angel, "to the place of judgment."

There on a great white throne sat Christ, looking somewhat like the familiar pictures, but Oh, so immeasurably more! So merciful, and at the same time so jealous of truth and honor! So full of longing for the soul's felicity, and with that so determined that salvation must be genuine and complete!

When the soul looked into those kindly but all-seeing eyes it was obliged to cast down its eyes to the ground.

"Walter Runnigood," said Christ, "look at me." The soul looked up. "You have lived on the whole a pretty good life."

Again the soul lowered its eyes, and a flood of memories swept into it as a flood of waters sweeps into a lowland when a dam breaks. It shivered with the pain this sudden vision of itself brought. At last it looked up again into that wonderful countenance—the tender but firm mouth, the quiet but all-seeing eyes.

"I have wanted to live well," it said, "and I have on the whole tried to; but Oh, the failures! Oh, the times when I haven't tried as I might have done!"

"You have had the reputation of being honest and honorable in business," said Christ.

Once more the soul looked down, and once again a flood of memories rushed over it. Finally it was able to look up into those all-seeing, grave, trustful eyes. "Yes, as business goes and in comparison with a good many other men, I've been honest; but I've winked at things that I knew were not entirely above board, I've let things go out as first quality that were not really up to the mark, I've taken a mean advantage sometimes of a competitor. In spite of my reputation I am not satisfied with what I did in my working years. I never tried, as I might have done, to improve business standards and conditions. And in social life again and again I've been a conformer when I ought to have stood for a higher self-respect."

"You have been a useful and highly respected citizen."

Again the soul shivered with anguish. "It hurts to be told I have done well when all I can feel is the torture of my mistakes and failures. I have voted into office men whom I knew to be corrupt. I have broken laws when I thought I wouldn't be found out. I have encouraged war, and sent other men's sons off to torture when I worked to keep my own son here at home. I have been cowardly about taking a stand for peace and good will and worldwide brotherliness when I really believed that to be the only right way of life, but was afraid

that saying so would hurt me in business. I have . . ."

Christ interrupted. "You have kept yourself morally clean," he said.

"Outwardly I have, for I was held back by a certain self-respect and also a respect for other people even when their business was that of preying upon the weakness of man. But I have been over-curious with my eyes, and my imaginations have gone where they shouldn't. I haven't been willingly impure, but thou knowest how terrific the passions can be. It was for years a long, hard fight."

"But you fought the fight," said Christ. "You kept yourself from the definite acts, and it is to your credit that you never did let yourself give way, never did cease to heed that sense of honor. . . . We will leave that for the present and pass on to the next thing. You have been a friend to all sorts of people: given them good advice, helped them make a start in the world, provided money when they had come to hard days. There are many who call you blessed."

"Yes," said the soul, "I have done such things, and loved to. But to give advice and to help people to a start in the world is awfully flattering to one's ego, and gives one a fine self-importance! Even in the memory of such acts I can't feel the solace I should like to feel. And how many people I have

secretly disliked! How many I have judged in my mind, and thou didst say 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' How harshly critical I have been in my thoughts even when I was outwardly gracious! I have not been charitable in my spirit as I should have been. I have given help here and there, but I haven't sacrificed myself as I might have done, and thou, my Pattern, didst make thy life upon earth a continual sacrifice. I have gone on my own way in too high-and-mighty a fashion, and haven't practiced, as I should have done, that great principle, 'Put yourself in his place.' As the years went by I made some improvement in my feelings and attitudes and ways, but I need more! Oh, so much more!"

"But," said Christ, "that has for years been the principle by which you have lived. To grow, and to keep on growing—that has been your notion of what life is for."

"Yes, Lord, but while I have wanted to grow in character I have still hung on to old unworthy ways of thinking and feeling and acting. No, I haven't grown as I might have done and ought to have done!"

"You have been called a good church member in your community."

"That was one of my failures! I see now that I have stood too often for ecclesiasticism rather than for vital reality in the soul's life;

for the church as an end in itself rather than for the church as an instrument of needed regeneration among all people, even among those called good; for the ministry as a business that could be entered into like any other business rather than for the ministry as an agent of the veritable spirit of Christ in the world. Too commonly I have merely 'said' my prayers, and too much I have satisfied myself with declaring 'I believe in God' without trying to show Him forth in my own life vitally and profoundly. If I could live again I would make my attitude to religion have a very different emphasis."

"Walter Runnigood," said Christ, "I haven't condemned you. All the condemnation has come from yourself. That self-insight shows that you have been developing as the years went by. Your understanding has deepened. Your conscience has grown more sensitive. Your heart has grown bigger. Your comprehension of what life

should lead to has become more clear. I think that on the whole the gate of heaven can be opened to you."

The soul shrank back. "Oh, my Lord! My Lord Christ! I am not yet ready for heaven! I want to be changed first, really changed! I want to be purged of all the imperfection that still possesses me. I want to atone for the harm I have done in the world, if that be possible. I am willing to suffer if suffering will do what is needed. Send me where I can be thoroughly cleansed, and can receive the education I still need so greatly! Let this angel lead me to the place of purgation, for I want to be made into a really new creature."

"You speak wisely," said the Lord Christ, "but heaven also is a place of education, and has its schools and its disciplines." He beckoned to the angel. "Come," he said, "take this soul where it shall gain still clearer perception of the Eternal Light."



Little Blue Shoes

Bessie Saunders Spencer

There are little blue shoes with wrinkled toes,
And their laces are tied in small prim bows,
And wherever their daring boy has gone,
There my tag-along heart has followed on
In seven-league boots above the trees—
In little blue shoes that no one sees.

☞ This minister and physician know that man *may always become*.

What Are You Worth?

Esther Freshman

ONE of our office windows faces out on a famous thoroughfare. It is fascinating to watch the cars come down its wide expanse, and always interesting to observe the people on its sidewalks. Two of us happened to be glancing out of the window when I recognized a pedestrian down below. "There goes a valuable man," I murmured half to myself.

The young man beside me looked downward skeptically.

"What do you mean—'valuable'?" he questioned, a "you'll-have-to-convince-me" tone in his voice. "He looks just like any ordinary man—he's neatly dressed, but he doesn't look any too important—what do you mean 'valuable,'—you mean he's made a lot of money?"

I laughed. "No. I don't suppose his bank lists him as its most important depositor, particularly—but he's valuable because his influence is far-reaching. Because of him thousands of people in this city and around are trying to live better. They are better citizens of the city, of the country, of the world, because he's teaching them to be serene and loving, to find harmony in themselves, because he's helped

them to find God within themselves."

"H—m, sounds like a minister—reminds me, I haven't been to church since the South Seas—"

"He is a minister, but that isn't what makes him so valuable—there are lots of ministers in the world, but this man is important because he makes the other person important. He raises the value of his fellowmen in their everyday lives. You know, that's a worthy accomplishment."

This minister dedicated himself to help man in *becoming* by helping him in *overcoming*. He saw the value of his fellowman and knew that man *merged with his best* had a great value.

I know a doctor who has completely revolutionized lives by the same method. A woman came to him feeling she was of very little worth in the world. He saw her greater pattern and saw it with such faith that before long she made an effort to prove this worth to him. From the most modest of beginnings, she is now a fine translator of important governmental documents. Most of all she is happy and grateful and full of purposeful activity.

Another woman came to him. There was a song in this woman's heart that needed to be sung and shared. He saw what this woman *was to become*, and so he built with great faith. He helped her to find her inner courage, her own beliefs, her own desires to share, and today, she, too, has found her worth, her place in the great Pattern.

A young man came to him broken hearted over the loss of his little girl. "Another child cannot take her place," he cried bitterly. The doctor looked at him and saw the room in his heart for many children, saw the abundance of a great gift of music and love that God had placed there, and he *saw him becoming* a man who would share his talents with others, a father sharing his love with many children. Today the young father has become the musical director of a great radio station, and in the nursery at his home is a charming little girl, beloved and cherished by her grateful parents.

This minister and this physician know that man *may always become*—they know the beauty of this great gift of life, the promise contained in it, the progress of its days, the hope of its *becoming*.

God has made man very important. Bountiful He has been to him, bestowing upon him the substance

of life, the power to mold it and put upon it the seal of worthiness. He has given man the wherewithal *to develop* his own strength by his *overcoming*, and He has blessed him, indeed, with the promise of what he *may become*!

God has made man His collaborator, and magnificent is the message man has the privilege of giving to the world. No man is insignificant in this world. Given life, man can become a figure of value, a being of great significance in this universe we sometimes take so casually.

Man seeks—and what is he seeking? Deep within him are his yearnings demanding an answer, and deep within him is the answer—God.

We must know our worth and rise to its significance and value. We must know our worth that we may share its abundance. Man strives toward his betterment. But there is nothing greater for man than his own true value. Consciously or not this is the goal he seeks—his *becoming*. "The Father and I are one," said the most blessed and worthy of all. And until man, every man can say this with pride, with awe, with humble gratitude flooding through him, man cannot know his crowning fineness, his nobility, his dignity, his true worth.



Life and Death are both a part of the same Great Adventure.
—Theodore Roosevelt

☐ Unconsciously we pray for many things we do not want.

Your Life Is a Prayer

Hazel Pickett

LIFE is prayer, for in manifesting the mental equivalent of our heart's desires we build our life.

Probably no Christian would consciously pray for something he did not want. Yet unconsciously, many times a day, we "pray" for something we do not want through negative, destructive, hateful, jealous thoughts, words and actions. We "pray" negatively by our indifference to God and things spiritual. We "pray" negatively when we allow our minds to be filled with thoughts of criticism, bitterness, resentment, jealousy. We "pray" for evil conditions when we voice words of sickness, lack, unhappiness, inharmony. For "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he" and "Thou shalt decree a thing and it shall be established unto thee." Thinking is prayer, speaking is prayer, acting is prayer.

We build our lives by the things to which we give our attention. We may build a negative life filled with unhappiness, through our utter indifference to things spiritual, through doubt and unbelief. Or we may build the life beautiful by the simple method of seeking Christ, that He may be born within our hearts and that eventually we may

have "the mind that is in Christ Jesus." The choice is ours. When the good, the true, the beautiful, the things of God and His Kingdom become the one straight line of our heart's desire, then we find that we are living life as prayer.

We come first to God in prayer, as a little child, asking His forgiveness for our sins and mistakes. Had we truly known better, we would have done better. But we feel the new fresh cleansing of His forgiveness and Presence. We must go on from there, never looking back, any more than the butterfly looks back on the torn cocoon from which it has just emerged. We begin to pray, with faith and humility, consciously and earnestly asking for God's highest and best for us. And in all things that touch life, life can be lived as prayer.

We seek the mind of Christ and the infilling of His Holy Spirit that we may become endued with His power to do His will. Tarry until He comes for "the Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple." Once when I was seeking Him and divine union with Him, He came so swiftly, so radiantly into my heart that His Presence was almost an agonizing pain that I could not bear for long. I was

stabbed with His love and for the time felt that all my desires were fulfilled, all my prayers completely answered. I knew in whom I had believed and a great compassionate love filled me for all people everywhere, for Him, in whom we live, move and have our being. Often He comes with a quick, poignant ecstasy, but more often it is the steady, continuous, serene awareness of Him, in prayer, whether that prayer be audible or mental, or simply living in the moment.

As we learn the alphabet of life as prayer, we find that it means union, marriage with Christ, that a whole new life is before us. We find that every small detail of life is flooded with His Presence, that there is no seemingly insignificant trifle, affecting us, of which He is unaware and about which He takes over upon His own shoulders. Sometimes we do not even have to ask Him, we do not have to pray or insistently petition Him, for He knows and cares and has provided for us even before we ask. To be in union with Him is living life as prayer. We find our every need being met and in our joy and happiness we reach out and embrace those we love, asking them to share our happiness, inviting them to our home, inviting them to meet our precious Lord and Master.

There will be those who will refuse our invitation, those whom we would like to ask but whom we are

unable to contact. These we hold in prayer, raising them in love into His Presence. We say, "Blessed Master Jesus, we would have these dear ones meet Thee and know Thee, but we cannot reach them yet. Help them to find Thee some time, some where, and meet them on the level of their needs."

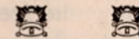
Intercessory prayer acts as a powerful two-way force. It helps the one for whom it is offered and reacts for good on the pray-er. Intercessory prayer is the hardest kind of work but it is the one real way in which God can work through us to accomplish His purposes. I believe we can accomplish more in one hour of loving prayer for others, than in days of rushing about in the outer world trying to rearrange circumstances. There will come times when different people or groups of people are laid upon your heart in a compassionate agony of love. It is what some old-fashioned saints called "the burden of souls," and when it is laid upon you, you may find that there are no words, simply love and your tears offered up in your prayer.

We may find that life as prayer means that we are a channel of healing to our loved ones and friends, and that as we pray for their bodily healing, our own bodies become strong and well and beautiful, a perfect temple for His indwelling presence. We find that as we pray for prosperity and opulence for

others who need these things, that our own purses are filled, our business prospered and our crops increased. For as we become a channel for God's goodness to flow to others, the channel is filled to overflowing and we begin to rejoice in all good. Sometimes I find that there is a burden in my heart for special prayer for the sick, for those in hospitals, for the veterans of the war who are in hospitals or elsewhere, for little crippled children, or just children everywhere. I pray for the leaders of nations who are trying to make a pattern for peace that they may be illumined and filled with God's love and wisdom. I pray for different friends, for my

loved ones, for my town and state and nation. I have prayed that a friendly stray puppy will find a good home and some youngster comes along and is overjoyed that he has found a dog he wanted. There are no boundaries in a life of intercessory prayer.

Life as prayer becomes beautiful, serene, joyous as we practice that "game with minutes" of Dr. Laubach. We are guided and led, blessed and prospered, cared for and beloved as we let God pray through us and act through us. He uses us to bless others and we become a selfless channel for His love. Life can be lived as prayer.



A Parable of Prayer

Maye R. Arnold

Once, a mother, busy with many duties, heard the front door open and slam shut. A boyish voice shouted, "Mom!" "Yes, dear," she called, "what is it you want?" "Oh—nothin', I just wanted to know you were here."

The mother's heart warmed and this thought came. That was a perfect prayer.

"Father!"

"Yes, my child."

"I just wanted to know you were near."

That is the prayer which will warm the Father's heart, she thought. Just then, she heard the rattle of the cookie jar lid.

"The Lord knows that you have need of these things—even before you ask."

Intimations of Immortality

Austin Pardue

HERE is a beautiful oriental rug covering the floor of an enormous baronial hall. In the middle of the rug, a caterpillar is laboriously working his belly-wise way toward some destination of which he seems not too sure.

Progress is slow and confused. His travel is so close to the design that he cannot possibly see its contour, point, or purpose. First, he finds himself in the midst of a portion of cobalt blue, and he responds with a spell of feeling blue; next he is in the yellow, which makes him feel bright and well again; crawling on, he finds himself in a patch of brown, in which he feels achy and tired all over—so life continues—a meaningless combination of confusions.

Suddenly he is struck by a great idea; he decides to assemble a convention of the best minds in the caterpillar intellectual world. He sends out the call. They meet, pass resolutions, debate, appoint commissions, and adjourn as do those at almost every other convention. So they all go back, each to his own particular kind of confused pleasure-pain existence. They know not

one whit more, except that all of them are in the same predicament.

Life goes on for our friend. After long nights of insomnia, he finally drops off into a deep sleep—for how long he does not know. When he awakens he is suddenly aware of a change in his life; something has happened. What is it? He sits up, takes a good look at himself, and wonder of wonders, he has become a butterfly. A beautiful yellow colleague swoops down over him and calls, "Come up here and have a look." Our friend slowly spreads his wings. What power he feels! He takes off, uncertain at first, and then with mighty power pulls he feels himself being propelled up and up. As he peers down upon the rug, he sees that all of those painful colors which he kept getting into, without knowing why, are part of a great design. He realizes that, when he had been in the midst of the rug, he could do nothing but blunder from one event to another without reason or understanding. No wonder life on the rug was hell.

In a flash life becomes clear to him and his problems are reduced to a new understanding. From

above, he can see where he has been; the past is full of meaning; he can see where he was just a second ago and where he is now.

But what is even greater, he can see into the future. From where he is, the past, present, and future are all one great whole. What a wonderful way to live, to be able to see

where you are heading and to know why.

So back he goes to the rug. Now he moves with confidence and joy. He knows that he has wings and can rise above his problems.

So can everyone who is born of the Spirit.



Foot Prints

Mary Worden

Wrapt in silence and awe, I sat by my cozy fire in the soft twilight, filled with a warm soul-stirring glow.

And a vision bore into paths of yesterday. Looking down the aisle of years, a proverb came floating into memory's mirror. It is one that I had loved when quite young—"And departing leave behind us, foot prints on the sands of time." At that time they were just foot prints in the earth and bare foot tracks in strange design.

Having traveled far from those innocent school days, I can see many foot prints wet with tears. Some were so depressed, that life gave out no music, or praise, no song to bless others. Again, some were indifferent with thoughtless acts and words that hurt others. Then there were those which radiated joy, love and fulfillment, lifting one's hopes, making faith live again.

Blood drops stained the foot prints of Another, as He trod the path to Golgotha. From each blood stain a flower grew and bloomed, a symbol of his redeeming grace and saving power.

Although these foot prints are not seen, they yet are plain in memory's sight. Each man and woman who has passed away from touch of human kind, has left a record which has cast a foot print in a loved one's mind.

Long ago, Jesus walked earth's paths. He has been everywhere we are called to go. His feet had trodden smooth a path through every experience that comes to us. Every path He has trodden He has glorified, and will walk anew with each of us. So we should watch our careless tread, and walk with him the Christward way, making our life a song of joy.

And this, since memory survives the dead, our foot prints, too, shall bloom on the sands of time.

From *He Lives*, Austin Pardue. Morehouse-Gorham Company, New York 17, N. Y. Used by permission.

☾ In our own cities we can find a greater life beyond our daily routine.

Take a Day Off!

Mary Elsnau

ARE you weary and discouraged, ready to give up? Take a day off from your usual routine, manage it some way. For the good of your peace of mind, don your Sunday best and deliberately go out seeking beauty.

In the routine of daily life it is easy to lose contact with your soul. The loaf of bread is important but the soul must be given food too. Flowers, music, art—beauty in whatever form—is food for the soul, for when the soul is lifted up we come closer to our Maker . . . our vibrations are raised, we become more perfect, more like His image. Like the mystic, have we not all felt ecstasy when viewing a great work of art, be it by the hand of man or a painting on the sky in the glow of sunset by the hand of God? Love too is nourishment for the soul whether it is an all-filling, all-pervading love for mankind or the personal love between man and woman. Anything that gives us this release from daily routine and lifts up our spirit, if but for a moment, is rejuvenating to the soul. We must take time to consider our souls; time to think and reflect, to enjoy beauty, to read good literature, and to listen to the rhythmic harmony of good music. Let these

high moments sink into our souls and reproduce their beauty, harmony and peace in our daily living.

Every large city has a concert, museum or art gallery where beauty awaits the seeker. Suppose you decide on a museum. Once within the doors, you have stepped into an atmosphere far removed from your daily round. Here you will find the art of centuries. You can go far back into the past at a time when the world was young. Art flourished in the East while Europe was overrun with cavemen. The beauty of ancient Greece, in many respects, knew a higher civilization than we know today.

As you stroll down the aisle looking at curious objects, some will arouse your interest more than others. Stand before an object and study it, try to visualize the person who fashioned it. If it is a bit of jade, delicately carved, from old Cathay, then try to picture the conditions that surrounded him.

To carve that delicate face so beautifully and the body so seemingly fragile, and the dainty foot with its high instep, he would have needed to be an idealist, one who worshiped beauty. Perhaps it was the model he worshiped, and in his attempt to reveal her beauty to us,

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TAKE A DAY OFF

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was inspired with greater dexterity than would have been possible without this great love.

The life of the artist? He probably lived in some poor hovel, covered himself with tattered garments and was happy if he could curl his cold fingers round a warm bowl of rice. But he had a dream. And this dream of beauty he left behind for future generations to admire, to receive encouragement from and perhaps even to lift us momentarily out of our own troubles, even as he must have been lifted out of his while creating this beauty.

Notice how worn and smooth are the outlines of his masterpiece. The little object has passed from person to person, from nation to nation, and traveled leagues in time and space, before it came to rest here in its case for you and me to gaze at and ponder over.

Perhaps in this museum you will find a book printed in Chinese characters, the leaves bound together much as are our books today. This book was made five thousand years ago.

"So," you muse, "they knew how to make paper at the time Cheops built the Great Pyramid, and they knew how to write!" Think back. This book was written for others to read five thousand years ago while Europe was as yet unknown. Books are an indication of scholars. Men were interested in improving their minds, even then. It is be-

cause of their industry and of those that followed, that we today still keep trying. Throughout the ages there does accrue an imperceptible advance hardly discernible in each age, and yet it is there.

We can't all travel. Most of us are tied down to jobs. But the wonders of the ages have been gathered together in various places. These places we can go to; replicas of these wonders can be brought into our home.

Consider paintings, statuary, music recordings and orchestral renditions over our radio. These we can admire, study and receive a bit of the inspiration and power that the artist himself had and gave to his music. A friend says her greatest relaxation comes when, lying quietly in a darkened room, she listens to the great music of a Master, played perhaps in a far distant city but brought into her own room by her radio. The ancients knew a secret that we are but rediscovering, viz, the curative action of music on the nervous system. "And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp, and the evil spirit departed from him."

In our own cities where art treasures have been gathered, we can find a greater life beyond our daily routine. We return from such a trip refreshed in mind, body and spirit, renewed and given courage and strength to carry on.

☐ "Tell me, has He ever manifested Himself to you in a physical way?"

"Ask Thee a Sign of the Lord Thy God"

Olive Edwards

And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive. Matthew 21:22

I had come to this woman with the wise, kind eyes seeking advice on a problem so personal I dared not speak of it even to my loved ones. It involved another person of whom they were deeply fond, and I could not bear to upset my family emotionally as I had been for a number of months although I knew they would have tried to understand and be dispassionate in passing judgment.

"I have prayed from the bottom of my heart to be shown the Right way to overcome this," I told her, drawing comfort from her still hands so peacefully folded upon her lap, "and I still do not know what I should do."

She did not speak at once but lifted her eyes over and beyond my head seeing, it seemed to me, a vision that I could not share. Somehow I could sense she was praying in my behalf and I was conscious of a sudden lifting of my heart, a peacefulness and gladness I had not known in months.

"Perhaps you did pray, my dear," she said finally, bringing her eyes back to my face, "but you

did not wait and listen for God who *always* answers."

She was so sure! I weighed my reply carefully, wanting intensely to be honest with her and myself. She had spoken the truth, I now knew. I had never fully laid my problem out before God and awaited a solution. I had trusted no one for an answer except my weak, human self. Therefore my prayers had in actuality never existed as such. I was a stupid, blind, egotistical fool. Again I felt that surge of renewed strength and wholeness flowing through me. But there was yet one question I must ask the woman who had helped me reassert my faith in a living, loving Father.

"Tell me," I said eagerly. "Has He ever manifested Himself to you in a physical way?" I stumbled along on my words, uncertain if she clearly understood my meaning. "I mean—"

"Yes," she answered swiftly. "You remember when I had that major operation several years ago?" I nodded. "All my life I've had an unnatural dread of any sort of operation. When the doctor finally convinced me that I should undergo one, and the sooner it was done the better my chances for complete recovery would be, a ter-

ror such as I had never known took possession of me. I had just forty-eight hours in which to prepare myself, most of which I spent in prayer."

She smiled at me apologetically before continuing. "I'll have to admit, my dear, those prayers were much of the same kind you have been offering. I was so engrossed in myself, my feelings that even had I reached Him He could not have had time to speak before I ran away again with Fear right at my heels.

"Later, as I lay upon the operating table out at the hospital, and as they began to give me the anesthetic, I made one last secret, sincere plea. 'Dear God,' I said, 'if you are really with me give me a sign so I can know for sure. Hold my hand or . . .' On the very in-

stant someone took my hand and held it, tightly. Understand, I wasn't as yet unconscious. I understood everything the doctor and nurses were saying to each other as they stood around me. And I knew *someone* was holding my hand. My prayer had been answered. My fear was totally gone as I fell asleep. It could have been a nurse counting my pulse. I don't know. But if it was, I am as sure today as I was that morning that God, *through her* perhaps, was making his Presence known to me."

We sat in deep contented silence for awhile. Then I rose and thanked her. That night I listened while God talked to me. My path was made clear, and what I had thought through Fear to be a problem vanished before the morning sun lightened the curtains of night.

W47-8

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☐ Like Jesus we can say, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

For Your Own Sake, Forgive!

Julia Eargle Derrick

TWO sisters-in-law who live across the street from each other do not "speak." A daughter-in-law has no dealings with her husband's mother or sisters. Next door neighbors carefully avoid each other.

"I'll never forgive her," emphatically declares a woman who has been wronged. "Never."

And they close the door on their own forgiveness. They destroy their own peace. They cut down the bridge over which they might pass to harmonious living. For the law is, "Forgive, and you shall be forgiven."

They harden their hearts in bitterness and resentment, and shut out the mercy they themselves hope to obtain. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

They also make their prayers of none effect. For who can enter the Presence in a state of unforgiveness? ". . . and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; . . . go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother. . . ."

Such grudge-bearers pray—if they can be said to pray—to be forgiven AS they forgive; that is, they do if they pray the Lord's Prayer. If one hasn't forgiven his

neighbor (mother-in-law or sister-in-law; the haughty clerk or the sponging co-worker; or whoever has offended him), then the Lord's Prayer is, for him, an apt reminder that he may expect no forgiveness himself.

"But my mother-in-law is a frightful tyrant. She is ruining our lives. I hate her. If you could know her you would agree that she's hateful. I was really relieved when things came to a head and we left them. I never mean to forgive her or have anything more to do with her. And I'll see that the children don't go there either."

Hattie and Ellen don't go to the same meetings any more. They sit coldly and determinedly on opposite sides of the church on Sundays.

The Joneses and Carters have avoided each other since the Carters lost their dog. Anyone knows that *Christian* people would never stoop to poisoning to rid themselves of a dog's playfulness.

"But, he really did that to me," exclaims the riled one. "It was a dirty trick. I have just cause for indignation. How can you expect me to forgive him?"

Resentment, hatred, unforgive-

ness are harbored and fed because the offended ones have "just" cause for complaint. The neighbors, friends, relatives *did* those things. They deserve the hatred they get. Serves them right. They don't need to be forgiven. Why should they?

The ill feeling directed toward these offenders may or may not hurt them. It *does* hurt the ones who keep such attitudes—sadly, tragically, it hurts them, for it shuts them out from the heaven of peace and serenity they might enjoy in place of the burden they must bear in the form of such evils of mind and spirit.

Every command Jesus gave was prompted by love and wisdom. It was His love that led Him to warn us against unforgiveness. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." (Matthew 5:44) Not high-sounding but empty phrases; not impossible ideals to be dreamed about and forgotten; not philosophism. But a basic law of human relationships. He knew that love would turn our enemies into friends. That blessing would render ineffective the cursing, as light dispels darkness. That doing good to them that hate us would abolish the hatred. That praying for our persecutors would take the will to abuse from their hearts.

Jesus, innocently condemned, hanging from a cross, praying for his murderers. Is not that an ineradicable picture etched for all time on the ethers of the universe? Yet who ever had more justification for condemning his persecutors? His is not only the perfect example of forgiveness. It is the perfect demonstration of the right attitudes toward God and toward man.

We look at His example of forgiveness and cry, "A lovely ideal, of course, but impossible of achievement." Humanly, personally, impossible, yes—but with God (in and through us) all things are possible. If we would but demonstrate the perfect attitude toward God, we should find it possible also to demonstrate the perfect attitude toward our fellowman.

Jesus' whole life was given to doing the Father's will. "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." "I do nothing of myself; but as my Father hath taught me, I speak these things. And he that sent me is with me: the Father hath not left me alone; for I do always those things that please him." (John 8:28, 29) Even at an early age, He said, "I must be about my Father's business." So committed was he to doing only the Father's will that He could do it, even if it meant persecution, betrayal, desertion, contempt, the whole bitter cup, even the cross—through ap-

parent and final defeat to glorious and everlasting success.

When we can as fully commit ourselves to doing the Divine will, we can partake of the same courage and power, the same serenity and poise; yes, and the same spirit of forgiveness. We, too, can stand before the rulers of the world—or before our persecutors—and say, as did Jesus to Pilate, “Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above.” (John 19:11)

And, like Jesus, we can, with the omniscience of love, look into the hearts and minds of those who blindly and ignorantly misuse us and persecute us and say, “Father,

forgive them, for they know not what they do.” For then we shall know that it is so, and have only pity and understanding for them. If our will is one with the Divine will and our life is committed to the Divine guidance, they can have no power over us except it be given them from above. Then if it is given them from above, no matter what the appearance of evil may be, we can still know that it is good, for it is of and from God.

To me it is a wonderful thought—power-giving, courage-building, peace-heralding, triumphant and harmonizing—for it brings understanding forgiveness also.



Church Spires at Night

Thelma Ireland

Church spires silhouetted
Against a starry sky,
Symbol of devotion—
Devout arms reaching high.
Although their firm foundation
Is planted deep in sod,
They rise above the earth and
Become a part of God.



WHAT WE NEED

We don't need more material development; we need more spiritual development. We do not need more intellectual power; we need more moral power. We do not need more knowledge; we need more character. We do not need more government; we need more culture. We do not need more law; we need more religion. We do not need more of the things that are seen; we need more of the things that are unseen.

—Calvin Coolidge

Experiencing God's "Eternal Glory"

(A True Experience)

Stanley G. Jacobs

I WAS walking in the rain. It was night; and it was Spring. Natural beauty was all about me. Tall stately trees were drinking in refreshing waters, and there were roses, glorious roses growing in lavish abundance. I felt a joyous nearness to God. There was an intoxicating quality in the air, in the verdant loveliness everywhere, and in the peace and stillness.

In front of a little home I saw fiery-red climbing roses adorning the abode with an ethereal beauty. Gazing at them, I seemed in tune with God's beauty, in oneness with it. Words cannot describe the ecstasy that swelled within me.

I walked on and life seemed to be full of fervent meaning. I sensed the unity of all things with deep peace and joy in my heart. God's Love was brooding in and over all things. This was the Presence of God.

I picked a rose off the ground; it was symbolic of the glory. I carried it in my hand as though it were a rare treasure sent from God, and indeed it was. There was a world of meaning in that flower; there was silent music in it, and in all things. I walked slowly along,

in adoration and rapture, and felt a reverent humility too significant for words.

It seemed as though I should kneel and thank God for such transcendent peace. The rain seemed to be truly showers of blessings; pouring forth God's Love. I had been seeking *truth* and a greater awareness of God. Was this not the answer? I had felt that God was Love. Surely this was proof that God is Love and all things live, move and have their being in that Love.

I thought of a friend whom I loved as a brother. He was thousands of miles away in body, but I longed for him to be by my side, to share the rare joy bubbling within me. I knew he loved God; loved nature; was enraptured by the great out-of-doors. The trees, the wind, the rain, the air, these things thrilled him to the core of his being. Many times we had enjoyed companionship together and talked of our Father's world and its loveliness. A prayer welled up within me that I might feel him with me now, for I felt that in the oneness of life there is no distance in friendship.

My prayer was answered. For

joy was added to joy in the awareness that my friend was there walking along with me. Not in body. His body was sleeping far away but I felt his nearness as much, if not more, than I ever had before. I talked with him, and shared in thought and word the wonderful significance that God and Life had to me now. It all seemed so vivid and real that I thought he might be dreaming of the experience in that temple across the miles.

Was it just my imagination that he was there with me, and did I just imagine all the glory and rev-

erence and purity and holiness that held me enthralled? No, my heart tells me it was *Reality*. That this is the way life is meant to be. Oneness with God and oneness with our friends; yes, with all men, *in* God. This is abiding in the Love that casts out all fear. I have written of this experience that others might be uplifted and inspired. But no words can capture its glowing tranquillity and rapture. It must be felt and known within the soul. Yet, I feel it was a mere glimpse of the eternal glory of God's Kingdom.



Salvation

Floyd I. Lorbeer

Salvation means with outstretched hands
We seek the light that love commands.

Salvation means that ease and pleasure
Are laid aside for higher treasure.

Salvation means that mammon's might
Must be displaced by human right.

Salvation means a Father's love
Illumes our journey from above.

Salvation means that Mammon's might
For strenuous tasks or darkest hour.

Salvation means past gains are loss,
The radiant life contains a cross.

Salvation marks a world-wide plan
Of brotherhood and peace for man.

Salvation means that God's great Son
Makes God and man and nature one.

☪ The bell that carried the farthest
has a cross for a clapper.

The Bells Are Ringing

Hugh E. Ball

A DOG'S mouth can be made to water by a bell. Take a bell, ring it, and then feed the dog a nice juicy steak. Do this for several weeks, maybe less if the dog is especially sensitive. Then, just ring the bell. The dog's mouth will water and every fiber in him will be ready in expectation of the steak he formerly enjoyed when the bell was rung. His disappointment at this stage of the experiment is very great. He whines and barks, but to no avail, there isn't any steak.

We learned this fact on a broad scale in the last few years. There was a man named Hitler. He rang a bell. "YOU ARE SUPREME YOU GERMAN PEOPLE, FIT TO RULE THE WORLD." Everytime he rang the bell a great and industrious nation would run for the steak, but when they arrived their steak had vanished. They whine and bark, they may still dream of their steak, but there is no steak, only bitter disappointment. Yes, the Ideology of the Swastika was Hitler's bell.

A man says, "I'll show you how to get Higher Wages, if you will follow me." (Hear the Bell?) There they are, suffering, as they

go down the road of life. "We won't work if you do not give us higher wages," they said. "We will sew you up, strangle you, for you will not have men to run your machines."

Another man says, "So you will, eh? Let me tell you, we have enough money to hold out, till your family is in need. You will have to come to me for you will be hungry." (Hear the Bell?)

The public whom they serve, what about them? Who cares?

Another man says, "Divide it all, follow me, you will get your share." (Hear the Bell?) The great experiment that covers two continents starts to bog down. The great defier of man is loose again. People can not share, nor divide anything fairly while they HATE (Did you ever try it? Well, try it sometime, do not take my word.). Yes, the bell keeps ringing as the Experiment bogs deeper, a few follow, but they need the IRON BOOT to keep their feet from slipping.

They all forgot. They all forget another Bell a man rung once—IT STILL RINGS. The clapper is an inverted Cross. After he had rung it people placed him on the highest

pinnacle of the Temple. People changed, and situations changed therefrom, as the Bell rang, and they listened.

We view HIM in Capital Letters now. He was not an idle ringer. HIS peal is quite plain. He said in substance, "He who would be first, must be the servant of all. Do Good and Love One Another." And the most remarkable utterance of His Life to me is this, a promise and a warning. In substance, "UNTO THEM THAT HAVE (Love) MORE SHALL BE GIVEN, BUT UNTO THEM WHO HAVE NOT (Love) SHALL THEY LOOSE EVEN THAT WHICH THEY HAVE." (If a man does not have love, he will then have hate, for nature abhors a vacuum.) Herein lies the MEAT. Let him who has ears, and eyes, and understanding—let him hear, let him see, and let him digest. "IF A MAN HAS LOVE, MORE SHALL BE GIVEN TO HIM." (Hear the Bell?)

This MAN'S EYES are still BLAZING at you as HE rings the BELL. Hear its majestic sound. His warning is no idle matter, but a proven fact—look back—but not ahead, for you will grow faint. The proof is there. HE gave us a psychological fact as true as the deepest fact of Atomic Energy. WE ARE ABOUT TO LOOSE EVERYTHING. Bells, Bells, Bells, hear the Bells, ARE THEY RINGING HATE? Listen, it is dangerous, THERE IS NO MEAT THERE. "For, unto him who has not LOVE, shall be taken away all that he has." Why be on a losing side?

RING YOUR BELLS, every leader in this land. RING YOUR BELLS, every Mother's Son. But the only bells that have that majestic sound are those that have a true Clapper. So inside place the Cross.

Yes, the BELLS ARE RINGING, for you and for me. But the Bell that has carried us the farthest has a CROSS for a Clapper.



Little Jesus

Margaret Banks Lowry

Sleep Little Jesus, dark is the night
Shepherds and wise men follow the light

Dream Little Jesus, great is the love
Blessings and mercy you bring from above

Awake Little Jesus, bright is the day
God sends His light to shine on the way.

Who Is My Neighbor?

Maeanna Cheserton-Mangle

THE lawyer had come to Jesus for advice. He was confused and puzzled. He was wealthy. He was politically and socially successful. Still he was unhappy. He wanted to know the secret of the Teacher whose followers were told to "Love thy neighbor." Jesus' reply was in the form of a parable—the one about the man who was waylaid by robbers and left beaten and bruised on the road to Jericho. Two travelers had passed him by, unheeding his plight. They had to attend to their own affairs. They were in a hurry. Finally a third came, a Samaritan. He too was a busy man and bound for other places. But seeing the distress of a fellowman, bound up his wounds, carried him to an inn and arranged for his care.

Jesus continued "Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, he that

showed mercy on him. Then, said Jesus unto him, Go and do thou likewise." (Luke 10: 36: 37)

Today our neighbors—brothers—lie broken and bruised along life's highways, victims of a ruthless world. God bids us bind up the wounds of those who have suffered, nurse them back to health and hope and assure them that hatred and tyranny never again shall fell them. Jesus said, "Go, do thou likewise." "Show mercy" to thy neighbor whatever his creed or race or nationality. "Show mercy" physically—bind up his wounds. "Show mercy" spiritually—comfort him as ye are comforted by the Almighty Father. "Show mercy" mentally—dispel his fears by love and understanding. "Show mercy" economically—open the doors of home, office, country — heart. "Show mercy" to thy neighbor—thy brother.



All Things Are Disciplined

Eugenia T. Finn

All things are disciplined and none are free.
The wind bends one: a storm rules angrily.
The tides in cosmic rhythm ebb and flow;
In ordered sequence seasons come and go.
As water, dripping, wears away the stone,
A rock is cleft and one part stands alone.
Weak tendrils need a rough, supporting wall,
And reaching for the sky a tree grows tall.
The stars are held by a restraining hand . . .
But rebel hearts refuse to understand.



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