

Clear Horizons



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Fall—1947

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Among The Authors

The article by **Lew Holston** (p. 38) which very forcefully argues the necessity for a Peace Department in our government took on added interest as this issue went to press. On August 9th an article appeared in a local newspaper to the effect that Congress had appropriated \$2,500,000 for the purchase of the Del Monte Hotel in Monterey, California, and \$28,750,000 for additional structures to create an "Annapolis of the West." This is the culmination of thirty years of effort by western congressmen. The reason given for this establishment is that a "two ocean" navy needs the additional training facilities. With this drift in government, Mr. Holston's article seems more pertinent than ever. **J. Rufus Moseley** (p. 50) has spent most of the summer at the Camps Farthest Out with Glenn Clark and Starr Daily. We are pleased to announce that Mr. Moseley has consented to be one of our Contributing and Advisory Editors. After re-reading his *Manifest Victory* again one is thrilled and impressed all over again at the man's single devotion and the tenacity of his search for the Kingdom of God. The article by **Starr Daily** (p. 42) is taken from one of his Workshop Letters which are mimeographed and mailed monthly from his home at 412 Winthrop Drive, Alhambra, California. Starr and Rufus Moseley will make a speaking tour in the South this fall. **Charles V. Weber** (p. 51) is minister of the Bethany Church of God at Detroit, Michigan. He is also editor of the magazine *The Abundant Life*. Mr. Weber has appeared in our magazine before, and we hope you shall hear a lot more of him. Once again **Douglas Walker** (p. 19) of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin sent in a story which we immediately accepted. One of the exciting features of being an editor is the discovery of such writers. It seems doubly difficult to find stories with a religious theme that are well done. The article by **Murray S. Dickson** (p. 1) carries a message of personal consecration that is all too seldom lost in daily living. There was too little time to find out just who Murray Dickson is, but the important thing is the message he has to give and we feel sure he would agree with us. **Ruth Robison** (p. 29) is recognized as a prayer leader in the south. Her article tells about her own experiences in prayer, and we hope will challenge others to adventure for themselves.

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Clear Horizons

Eighth Year

Fall, 1947

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☐ The extent of our Christianity is measured by our devotion to our own mission.

Why I Became a Missionary

Murray S. Dickson

UNTIL very recently, had anyone suggested that I be a missionary, I would have been both surprised and hurt. Now I am trying to be a missionary, and I am asked to tell you how I became one.

My parents are largely responsible for my present position. Never a night came but what we had family worship: Dad read to us from the Bible, and then we all knelt at our chairs and each of us prayed in turn. This early, continuous contact with the teachings of Jesus could but leave its deposit.

This emphasis on the principles of Jesus sensitized me to discrepancies between the Sermon on the Mount and the world I lived in. I still remember my embarrassment at a Fourth of July Sunday school session when I was six. The teacher was extolling the heroism of our soldiers during the Revolutionary

War, and went on to speak of how successfully we had eliminated our enemies in subsequent conflicts. With the naive innocence of childhood, I, somewhat disturbed, interrupted to ask "What about the Commandment that says 'Thou shalt not kill'?" The teacher said that that was different; but to my childish mind it looked even worse to murder en masse than it did to kill individually.

That same year there was a lynching in our town, and I, too young to understand such things, said it was wrong to torture a man like that, for Jesus said to love one another. An adult spoke harshly, "Hush! niggers aren't men with souls. The good Lord intended them to be bearers of burdens; the Bible says so." But Dad continued to read the Bible in family worship, and I never heard any such passage. Instead I heard

From *Christian Laymen*, March 1943.

about loving one's fellows and doing good.

A few years later I learned about Christianity and economics. The first year all of us boys were old enough to work full time in the fields, Dad told us that if we worked hard and made a good crop, he would pay us so that we could start building up a fund to send us to college. The crop we produced in ordinary years would have brought us more than three thousand dollars. But this year we didn't get twenty cents a pound for our cotton. Instead, we got five cents a pound for a crop it had cost us more than seven cents a pound to produce. The mill across the tracks was shut down. So I learned that in a capitalistic society a man's living is not determined by how hard he tries to produce goods needed by society, nor even by the quality and amount of the goods he produces. To my childish eyes it looked sinful and unchristian, and even foolish, for people to be denied clothes because there was too much cotton.

So I made up my mind to go to college, even if I did have to sweep out after classes to pay my tuition, for I wanted to understand what made a "Christian" world so different from the teachings of Jesus. I majored in social science.

I met a number of social scientists who understood the laws of social process, but who were cyni-

cal and soured on life and suspicious of their fellows. As economic crisis made the going tougher for political democracy, I saw many liberals turn conservative, and then reactionary. So I learned that knowledge of society and even faith in the British Empire or the Democratic Party were not enough. I became convinced that the building of a Christian society was even more an affair of the hearts of men than an affair of their minds.

Then I had a chance to attend the World Student Conference on the Mission of the Christian Religion, in Toronto. I discovered that missions were no longer merely instruments of spiritual imperialism; I learned that they were rather a manifestation of Christ's message, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." I discovered that missions were concerned with the whole man, not merely with his hereafter, and that eighty per cent of the missionaries my church was sending were technical experts, doctors, nurses, teachers, agricultural and sanitary engineers, and the like. Why, here in missions the church was practicing Christianity in the social order!

In the conference dining hall I found myself next to a boy from Liberia, on the other side of whom was an Alabaman in enthusiastic agreement with his dark brother in their definition of missions

Then I became conscious of the two students opposite me. One was a Chinese boy in his twenties. The other was a Japanese boy about the same age. And though their countries had been at war for five years, these two Christians regarded each other with genuine affection as they discussed the responsibilities of the Christian church in the Orient. Here was world brotherhood in practice!

This was the beginning of my mission call, though for a time I successfully resisted it.

A little later I attended a conference of Protestant young people in Lima. In the face of terrific difficulties these young prophets from ten Latin American nations and as many denominations assembled to consider the theme, "With Christ, a New World." I was inspired by the zeal of these people, challenged by their effective Christian social action, won by their kindness to me, a foreigner, one from a land their experience had led them to believe imperialistic.

But it was the trip to Huancayo which made me a missionary. Huancayo is a desolate place, an adobe town of twenty thousand Indians high in an isolated valley of the Andes. John Shappell, a young man of excellent intellect and character, was going to take the directorship of the Methodist school there. John had been well-situated in the school at Callao,

prosperous port city only twenty minutes from the heart of cosmopolitan and modern Lima; but when he heard that the school at Huancayo was to be closed for lack of funds, he offered to try to keep the school running. The superintendent of our Peruvian mission remonstrated with him. Very quietly John replied that if he could not go to Huancayo with the support of the church, he would go on faith.

Some of us agreed to accompany him to his post. I shall never forget the journey. Crowded into a rented station wagon, we climbed up 17,000 feet in less than half a day. We all had mountain sickness, and brake trouble, over a very dangerous road. Over and over again the driver kept asking John, "But Senor, why must you go to Huancayo? Nobody goes to Huancayo. Why must you go there, and to stay?"

Late that night, after fifteen terrible hours on the road, we reached Huancayo, and I began to wonder with the driver why John had come. It was raining a miserable, drizzly rain that soaked the thatch roofs and ran down the mud walls and bade fair to dissolve the whole town into one vast mud puddle. And when we reached the Colegio Andino, the College of the Andes, two miserable mud buildings inside a high mud wall, I *knew* the driver was right.

But before we left, two days later, in the same rain in which we came, we began to understand why John had come to Huancayo.

We had walked the muddy streets among the poor, dirty Indians, illiterate and superstitious; but again and again we had seen in them glimpses of the nobility which was theirs before the coming of the Spaniards. Little acts of kindness, looks of compassion, flashes of inspiration brightened their eyes, and we saw in them their real qualities of character.

The last evening John and I stood under the porch of the patio back of the school. The shadowy schoolyard stretched out toward a high mud wall beyond which stood a row of eucalyptus trees, tall and straight, and fragrant in the rain. Still beyond were the dim outlines of the foothills of the Andes, and above the dark rain-clouds still poured. John told me of his hopes and dreams, the plans for his work. If he could spend twenty years with these people high in the mountains, teach them a little about health and sanitation, a little about better methods of farming; if he could teach them to read and write; and most of all if he could bring to them some vision of the saving power of the vibrant, living Jesus who is the Lord of the evangelical

Christians, he would not have worked in vain, for in such solid people as these Indians lies the hope of Peru.

The rain let up a little, and John stopped speaking. The clouds beyond the trees above the hills parted a little, and suddenly the full summer moon of the Andes broke through. And in that moment of unearthly beauty I caught the vision of the essential beauty of these mountain people about us, and I understood why John had to go to Huancayo.

And also in that moment I understood why every one of us who pretends to be a Christian at all must go to Huancayo—to our own Huancayo—wherever it may be.

For in whatever town we live, and whatever job we hold, there is work just as dirty, just as unromantic, and just as divinely beautiful as John's work in Huancayo, Peru. For some of us it may be the deadly but necessary routine and red tape of the Board offices; for some of us it is the privilege of doing the work on the field; for yet others it is the thankless task of being a prophet in one's own home town. But whoever we are, if we are Christians we have a Huancayo; and the extent of our Christianity is measured by our devotion to our own mission.

☞ Common Sense may no longer laugh at physicians washing our angers, etc.

A Parable of Modern Life

Glenn Clark

A SILENT old man, blind and tottering, came forth from a hill country led by a stalwart young man and leaning heavily upon his arm for support. They went down into the city, where women were drawing water out of the well.

A little boy saw him as he approached and called to two men leading a horse. They put up the horse and turned to watch the man. Doors opened and people from all over the village came forth to hear what the elderly stranger had to say, for he was known as the sage from the hills.

"Why followest thou me?" he asked. "Is it wonders ye are seeking?"

"Thou wise one," they replied, "heal the sick for us, show us the power which thou hast."

"No signs will I give thee today, my people," replied the old man as he seated himself beside the well. "Only living words of infinite truth shall touch thee today—if ye look for wonders—for greater than any that I have ever done shall come after me."

"And what can be greater than the wonders which thou hast

done?" asked the young man who had guided his footsteps.

"Thou art old and feeble and thou would bolster thy weakness with fairy tales," said an old man of the Pharisees, mocking him.

"This image of thee which thou seest in the water, old sage," replied the other, "will flit away when thou movest thy head—but the day will come when thine image in a mirror shall remain permanent as engraving upon a stone. This shadow which followest me from the hillside is now fast to me. But the day will come when men's shadows, yea, the very images themselves, shall cut capers and romp for the amusement of the guests while the owners of the shadows sit still and watch them. The time will come when our voices may be locked in cases and turned loose at will for all or any to hear us. The time will come when a man speaking in secret may be heard from a thousand house-tops."

"Ah," said the old sage of the Pharisees, "'twill never be, 'twill never be."

Now he who came from the hills was known afterwards as Re-

vealed Truth. He who guided his footsteps was Reason. But the old man who doubted was Common Sense—not the common sense that is so humble that it looks with eyes of wonder at that which is new and unexplored, but the common sense we all know and recognize which makes its appeal to concrete experience and concrete experience alone.

Be not betrayed by Common Sense. Common Sense laughed at poor Columbus and his egg, at Bell and his telephone, at Watt and his teakettle. Common Sense laughed at Langley and his flying machine, at Ford and his flivver, at Daguerre and his attempt to make an

image in the mirror remain permanent for children's children to see.

Today Common Sense no longer laughs at Edison's attempt to hold songs forever in rims of metal; no longer laughs at images of men dancing and singing on a screen; no longer is surprised at voices carrying across the seas.

Tomorrow Common Sense may no longer laugh at business putting service ahead of profits; at physicians washing out angers and fears from their patients instead of cutting out appendix and tonsils; at people loving other people; at enemies forgiving enemies; and at God ruling His own world.



Apocalypse

William Walter De Bolt

Accumulated years confess
The royalties of loveliness.

Swallow-like, they fly away
From autumn's tinge of dying day.

(It is not far to the rounded sea
That borders what is yet to be.)

Song follows song like agile sheep
Along the shores of that strange deep.

A little troubling of the foam
And then the many-mansioned home.

☐ We are so lonely and incomplete
until we find Him.

The Perfect Marriage

Anne Barrington

WE were rather startled when we read and re-read the two books by J. R. Moseley, "Manifest Victory" and "The Secret of Divine Renewing" to note how much stress he placed on "seeking perfect marriage with Jesus."

Viewing marriage today, as well as many other distressing human relationships, we may have forgotten that marriage is a sacrament, and that the perfect pattern still exists in the human mind and heart. Or why all these romances in books and motion pictures and radio scripts in which they marry and live happily ever after? But the basic principles of Mr. Moseley's admonition to "Seek perfect marriage with Jesus" are still sound and the key to divine union.

This idea was so impressed upon me recently when a man I know, who is a millionaire, married a young woman who worked in an office and came from a very humble home. They fell in love at almost their first meeting. After a brief courtship, he gave her an eight carat diamond engagement ring. They were married, motored to the west coast, flew to Hawaii on their honeymoon, and returning home to their beautiful home in an exclusive residential section, kept very

quietly to themselves for some time. He showered her with gifts for herself and her family.

How closely this example I have given follows the pattern that is included when we seek divine union with Jesus. We are hungry for love and in some unusual way or place we come face to face with Jesus. He draws us to Himself with the love He is continually giving out. Possibly we do not give Him much of our attention at first. He may have passed us on the street many times and we didn't recognize Him or realize that He was passing by. Then one day someone introduces us to Him, by means of a talk, or a book, or a sermon, and we look into His eyes and see the answer there to all of our heart hunger and longing.

We fall in love with Him for we begin to realize that He is altogether lovely, the fairest of ten thousand to our soul. But wait! Are we worthy or lovable ourselves? Can our life and our background measure up to His? Our plain and sometimes faltering way of life cannot measure up to His perfect life. We are not used to His opulence and beauty and graciousness and we may say the wrong thing or make an awkward gesture. We search our hearts and

begin to re-order our way of living. We look to our speech, our actions, the etiquette necessary if we are to share His way of life. It is as though He said, "Hearken, O daughter and consider and incline thine ear: forget also thine own people, and thy father's house so will the King desire thy beauty; for He is thy Lord." (Psalm 45:10) You step out and leave the old surroundings with their limitations. You are to be married to the Son of God. You will be presented to the Father for you are a member of the family now. You are to walk with Christ, live with Him, in Holy wedlock with this glorious Bridegroom.

Your honeymoon will not end with a trip to Hawaii, but your whole future life will become one long and beautiful association with Him. "With all my goods, I thee endow" is a part of the marriage vows, and you are no longer limited in the many ways that harassed you before. This wealthy man whom I mentioned allowed his wife to remodel and refurnish her parents' little bungalow. He wanted her to be happy and share her happiness with her loved ones. Don't you think that that is the way Jesus wants us to give His love to everybody?

In union with Him and sharing this lovely life with its manifold gifts, could we possibly give our attention and time, our loyalty to

anyone else as we give it to Him? Would there be any greater tragedy than that of getting our eyes on the gifts alone, and allowing ourselves to drift away from Him, the Giver of all good? Or retaining the gifts and separating ourselves from Him?

Many years ago I knew a man who told his wife, when she left him, "I love you and if you ever need anything, all you have to do is to let me know." Isn't that the loving way of Jesus when we leave Him for some wholly selfish reason, seeking happiness in the material world? He said "Come unto me," and "He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Such love, such wondrous love, as we sing in church!

We are so lonely and incomplete until we find Him and unite with Him in this divine marriage. But when we do, we become One with Him. Not two, but One! We wear the lovely white wedding gown, and a golden band, the symbol of eternity, is placed upon our hand. Our Bridegroom becomes the head of the family, takes the responsibility for our care. Isn't it wonderful? Then in His love and companionship, His care and providing power, we go down the long years, no longer lonely and limited and weak, but perfect and loving and joyous and free from care. This is the perfect marriage with Jesus, the Christ.

☞ A great Christian takes you into his heart without ceremony or ostentation.

A Half-hour With Kagawa

Kenneth Hendricks

I HAD a thrilling half-hour today, January 28th, 1947. It was in Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa's office in downtown Tokyo, in the building occupied by the United Church headquarters. Perhaps I should not have sought this interview, had it not been that a Christian leader in America had entrusted to me a specific message to this most influential of all Japanese Christians. But how glad I am for the experience. Perhaps I shall not sleep too well, tonight. That man Kagawa gets under one's skin.

A great Christian is easier to meet than a would-be-great Christian. He takes you into his heart and life without ceremony or ostentation. You are at home with him, immediately, and find yourself forgetting all that you have heard and read of his fame and genius, and talking with him as with an old school-mate. Yet, from beginning to end, there is an inescapable theme to one's conversation with this alert little man—no longer stocky and somewhat round-faced as in days gone by, but definitely showing physical wastage from sharing the common lot of a greatly undernourished people—

and that theme is the Christianizing of Japan. He is obsessed with the conviction that this is the greatest hour for evangelism that his country ever knew. And he is happy for every additional worker added to the corps of campaigners for Christ, including those from overseas. We need a thousand, yes, fifteen hundred missionaries, at the earliest possible time, said he. . . . In his widespread preaching missions, Kagawa is having the joy of seeing about a thousand come to Christ each month. . . .

Kagawa is not much for formality, but gets to the heart of every matter that comes up. I presented him with a copy of *Dachau Sermons*, inscribed by Martin Niemöller himself, at my request, with a greeting to his Japanese counterpart, "with brotherly reverence," at the close of Niemöller's climactic address at the Biennial Meeting of the Federal Council of Churches, at Seattle, a few days before we sailed. Dr. Kagawa did not use a superfluity of words in regard to my gift of the book, but incisively queried, "What did he have to say?" Again, when I told him how one of the leaders in the Heifers for Relief project, had

heard of his advocacy of milk-goats as a side-industry for Japan's farmers, and would be willing to sponsor shipment of goats to Japan, he lost no time in writing down on a memo slip for me names of the best breeds of goats to meet the particular conditions prevailing in various parts of Japan—"rice-field goats" (the Anglo-Nubian were best for such wet territory), "mountain-goats" (the Saanen goat, a Swiss variety—a heavy milker) etc. That is what the people like about Kagawa—he is such a practical sort of idealist—he "knows his stuff," and loses no time in putting knowledge into action. . . .

With several other persons waiting their turn to confer with him, this truly great and gracious Christian man showed no impatience to bring the interview to an end, but kept up his keen end of the conversation until I insisted that I had taken enough of his time—then, with a warm handshake and loving smile, bade me good-bye, and immediately plunged into conference with someone else. A half-hour with Toyohiko Kagawa does something to a person. I daresay it is because Kagawa has spent much more than a half-hour each day, for many years, with One called Christ.



Kagawa Pleads for Milk Goats

(An Editorial)

In July of this year, the Reverend J. J. Handsaker of Portland, Oregon, personally brought to our attention an appeal from Kagawa. Mr. Handsaker has visited Japan in the past, and has been in contact with Kagawa by letter and through representatives of the church.

In a letter of May 30, 1947, Kagawa has this to say about the present need in Japan, "Since the defeat of Japan, millions of Japanese babies lack sufficient food. If we would be able to get goat's milk it would be very happy for those babies, and provide for us more babies' food. The infantile death rate is appalling. In Suganami district of Tokyo it is about 130 out of 1,000 births. It is worse in Aomori. Help us in this line, please, by sending us thousands of goats."

Only recently, out of the confusion and malicious propaganda of war, has come the truth about Kagawa. Since the war, he has been investigated by the government and by the churches of America. With unanimity, by action if not by word, the conviction is that Kagawa is still the great world Christian we remember before the flood of hate was loosed over the world. That he spoke out against the wholesale bombing of civilians, and also against the dismemberment of fallen Japanese for souvenirs by some of our troops, is something that our own churches have done.

Kagawa, the practical mystic that he is, is not asking for milk goats merely as a form of relief. He is asking for them as an important part in his program to win Japan for Christ. In another letter dated May 20, 1947, he writes, "I have been greatly moved to hear of your kind effort to ship many pure bred goats to help alleviate the poverty of my people. This will be a means of demonstrating the Christian spirit and will make more effective the preaching of the Gospel. Christians of America now have a golden opportunity to create a new Japan which will be a helpful factor in building world peace and friendship. Please send goats by the thousands to Japan in the service of Christ who fed the hungry multitudes."

Right now he is engaged in the gigantic Three Million Souls Movement. He knows that the present spiritual vacuum is the prey of every "ism" that exists. The purpose of the movement is to win three million persons to Christianity in three years. Reports from Japan show that Kagawa himself is winning about 1,000 a month. We can do our part in winning Japan by getting to work right away and supporting those who are actively waging the battle.

Throughout his ministry, Kagawa has had the happy faculty of ministering to *all* the needs of his people. He is a great preacher, and his stirring message has changed the lives of countless individuals. However, he also has paid attention to the material welfare of his people by starting cooperatives, loan agencies, employment services and food and clothing centers. His latest appeal for milk goats is another instance of his practical interpretation of Christianity.

The tragedy of twenty years of his ministry has come to light only recently. One area, where he labored for twenty years to meet the needs of people spiritually and materially, was completely wiped out by one of our "saturation" fire-bomb raids. Everything was obliterated. Now he is beginning all over again, in Christian love, with Christian courage. In the recently revised edition of *Kagawa* by William Axling (Harper and Brothers, \$1.25) one may read the story of his war years and come to know the man as never before. His is a dedication that seems almost not of this world.

When an American army officer first met Kagawa after the surrender, he gasped, "What has become of you? You look starved. . . . Well, never mind, we are here now, and you can eat what we eat."

Kagawa smiled and replied, "I can only eat what my people eat."

Many things "had become" of Kagawa. Seeing twenty years of his labor completely erased tested his faith to the extreme. Then it was discovered he had been living on the husks of soy beans. On the cover of *Kagawa* by William Axling there are two photographs of the man. One shows him as he appeared during a speaking tour of America; the other shows him as he is now. One shows a kindly, well-fed, chubby man, eyes sparkling with joy; the other shows an emaciated human being, sad-eyed, the suffering servant, determined.

A new Japan is in the making, and the crisis is already upon us. The important thing is, What Kind of a Japan? We can have the Japan that Kagawa is in the front lines battling for, a Christian nation; or we can have the Japan that can make a hell out of the world. One thing is certain, we shall create the Japan that we ourselves are, whether we wish to or not.

A liberal representative of the Japanese government told Mr. Handsaker the following story in 1934.

"When the great earthquake struck us in 1923 the report went out that the American navy was steaming into Tokyo. In the midst of the terror and destruction, a new panic gripped the hearts of our citizens. We thought you were coming to take us over. When, instead, you landed medical supplies, cots, tents, etc., Japan wept with thankfulness. You could have had Japan right then and there if you had wanted her.

"At the time of the Exclusion Act the government was about equally divided between liberals and militarists. When the Exclusion Act slapped the face of our national prestige, it meant the defeat of the liberals. Militarists convinced the man in the street that you thought so little of Japanese that you even refused to put them on a quota, regardless of how small."

Let us prevent another "Exclusion Act," of whatever character it might be. Let us actively aid in the birth of a new Japan that will be reared in a Christian environment.

Fifty dollars will pay for a milk goat, and for its transportation to Japan. Milk goats will augment the existing herds of small farmers, and will be cross bred with native herds to improve the quality and quantity of their milk. Besides the avowed material benefit, the milk goat has an advantage over other existing and necessary forms of relief. The milk goat is always there to look at, and for people to see in it the indelible message of "Somebody Cares!"

The national chairman of this project is the Reverend C. R. McBride, Green Lake, Wisconsin. More details of how you can help may be obtained from Heifers for Relief at the following addresses: New Windsor, Maryland; Empire, California; 30 N. Marion Avenue, Pasadena 4, California; 312 Old Times Building, Seattle 1, Washington; and 512 Dekum Building, Portland 4, Oregon.

The importance of the work may be inferred from the fact that the Evangelical and Reformed Church and the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A. credit contributions made to this work to the individual's and the local church's pledge to the Restoration Fund. In such cases, money should be paid to the Restoration Fund and ear-marked for the milk goats project.

Mr. Handsaker will sell the booklet *How to Pray* by E. Stanley Jones at cost to any individual or group who will, in turn, sell it at as much profit as he can. The profit is to be donated to the milk goats project. To date the top selling price has been \$100.00. The cost per booklet is \$.03. His address is 6917 S. E. Holgate, Portland 6, Oregon.

Kagawa's appeal was made known at the Camps Farthest Out this summer. Glenn Clark, Starr Daily and others enthusiastically seconded the appeal. Although no money was asked for, two camps donated more than 30 goats.

E. Stanley Jones, in forwarding a generous gift for milk goats from an Ashram, said, "I am desperately interested in this project." One lady who had been a prisoner of the Japanese, and who was saved from death only by the swift advance of the U. S. Army in the Philippines, gave a check for fifty dollars with the words, "I feel I ought to do this."

Surely we can do no less!

☞ Eating together is the daily use of what was gained at the family altar.

Eating Together Can Be Worship

Ruby Dell Baugher

IT has been said so many times that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach it has become very trite. However, eating has a great deal to do with living, also dying. And eating together—at least, the morning and evening meals—is so important that it can be one of the direct essentials of holding a family together. With the children at school and the father at work, the Mother more than likely eats only a snack at noon. But they all should eat breakfast and dinner together. It is as important as the family altar. It can be prayer in practice.

When the family comes together around the breakfast table, there is no one left in bed to develop the habit of oversleeping, or of holding a chip on his shoulder, or of getting into the unhealthful way of going without breakfast. Let the head of the family say grace in humble gratitude for the food. Moreover, breakfast is not the time or place to plan the day's activities. Let that be done the night before, or while breakfast is being prepared, or after the meal. If every member of the family eats *unhurriedly* a nourishing breakfast in an atmosphere of love and cheer, with

the underlying current of reverence to God running all through, the spiritual, mental, and physical welfare of the day has a sound start. It is more important than the evening meal because it has the making of the day in it.

A certain family that I know (I shall call them the Smiths, even though that is not the name) are all around the breakfast table at seven o'clock. Mrs. Smith does not get that early morning sleep, but she is giving to her children something that will assure her many nights of rest, free from anxiety. She could take her morning nap, morning after morning, but she thinks the little sacrifice is better than trying to cure the ills that come with a malnourished and maladjusted family rushing out from a house instead of a home. Her grown son has been in college two years, her adolescent daughters have one and three more years in high school, and there are younger children scattered through the grades. The records they have in school and church, their poise and get-along-togetherness, to say nothing of their healthy bodies, is all the reward she desires for the breakfasts she has prepared.

Mrs. Smith says she remembers her own childhood when she prepared supper for her little mother, who took in washing to earn their living, her sister, and herself. She said to me, "Dark came before Mother would be through hanging up clothes to dry, but we looked forward to eating together when the task was done. We took plenty of time and there was fun while we ate." She told me, too, that she remembered going through college the hard way, light housekeeping in a back room and eating alone. "If you are not careful," she said, "you may forget to say grace at all—if you are eating alone."

The family should have dinner together—good food, well prepared, attractively served, and high lighted by a bit of pleasant surprise. It is a haven to come to when the day is over. And father's prayer at the beginning of the meal, while every child's head is

bowed, gives the rarest kind of poise and dignity the children can get anywhere. Furthermore, "table manners" that come with daily practice is a blessing to any family of children. And gratitude to God for His provision deserves clean hands, clean face, combed hair, and neat apparel; grace at the beginning of the meal is only a part of the appreciation that food deserves to be shown. Eating together is a sacred privilege.

The family altar draws them, as one, to God—thus teaching and encouraging their individual coming to Him. Eating together unites them socially; it is the daily use of what was gained at the family altar. It ties their hearts together. I don't believe there is ever a black sheep in any family that takes the time and devotion to eat nourishing meals *together*—in reverence to God and congeniality for each other.



Bethel

Mary Edith Barron

Above me towered loftiness
 With mysteries unknown,
 Turned mauve and gray and azure—
 Lone epochs carved in stone.
 Each higher than the other,
 A magnet and a rod,
 The mountains made a ladder
 And I climbed up to God.

☐ So few consider its meaning,
 and even less its content.

How to Pray The Lord's Prayer

Raymond Francis Fogarty

THESE is no doubt that the average Christian loves the Lord's prayer. They love the beauty, the terseness, the completeness of it; yet, so few consider its meaning, and even less are they who truly understand its content. They recite it once or twice a day—far too many in a mechanical or parrot fashion—but to what avail if their conscious interpretation differs from the true meaning? Or if their every act betrays the sentiment expressed?

Let us consider it phrase by phrase so that we may better appreciate the thoughts we express when we pray it.

"Our Father . . ."

The pronoun "our" is, by so many, mentally translated into "my." It must be so or they could not treat their fellow man, regardless of race, color or creed, other than a brother.

Jesus taught us that God is a loving Father—"Our Father." That all-inclusive "our" makes everyone His sons and daughters. If we are sincere we can not pray this word without actually accepting *everyone* as our brother. From a purely human viewpoint it admittedly appears difficult to live

this fact; but that is not the fault of the creed but of the mortal mind ignoring the admonition to judge not. Seeing, and judging, what the objective mind conceives to be sin and error, we shun the thought that such as these are to be accepted as brothers by those who endeavor to lead good lives.

Jesus looked upon the worst in man but he did not acknowledge it. He saw beyond the weakness of the flesh and realized the perfection of the spirit within—made in the image and likeness of God. By ignoring the appearance of man-made evil, and by forgiving the carnal act that made it manifest, Jesus mystically made the body react to reproduce the perfection of the spirit.

Is it worthwhile to pray these words when we fail to live them? Perhaps. But the value is questionable when we remember that Jesus did not say "My teachings are the way. Follow my teachings," but rather, "I am the way. Follow thou me." And he accepted *everyone* as his brother.

"Which art in heaven . . ."

Wherein do we locate heaven when we pray this phrase? Do we, in our mind's eye, look up beyond

the blue skies? Or do we accept the further teaching of Jesus: "The kingdom of heaven is within you"? If the latter, should we not act in a manner befitting residents in the vicinity of a holy place? And what of He "Which art" in that place? Are we ever conscious of His nearness? What a beautiful picture of elevated humanity presents itself in the thought of a universal practice of the presence of God!

"Hallowed be Thy name . . ."

Yes, Thy name is sacred to us; we bow in reverence and utter words of love—but, is our every thought, word and deed worthy of expression in His presence? He is omnipresent, you know.

"Thy kingdom come . . ."

Do we pray this phrase as a pledge that we are doing our utmost to establish the kingdom; or are we merely wishing God good-luck with His problem?

"Thy will be done . . ."

We unmistakably know the Father's will, but are we doing it? We know His will for through Jesus He told us: "Another commandment I give unto you, that you love one another." If we endeavor to live this commandment then we are fervent when we pray these words; otherwise, it appears that we pray: Thy will be done, if *You* want to enforce it.

"On earth as in heaven . . ."

As we are loved in the spirit so should we love in the flesh. Love

expressed in the flesh is a reflection of the love contained in the soul. This expression of love to the people and conditions surrounding us is God's will being done "on earth as it is in heaven."

"Give us this day our daily bread . . ."

God's manna falls every day. Not just a common loaf like that purchased at the corner grocery store but the Breath of Life—food for the spirit. "For the bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world." The bread we pray for, then, is the Christ Consciousness; and the more we partake of it, the stronger are we spiritually, mentally and physically.

"And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us . . ."

Ah, here is a phrase it were better to leave unsaid than to speak it with less than love in our hearts. That little word "as" is a petition to God to deny us forgiveness if we deny it to others; to reward us in like kind if we pray the words with hate, jealousy, envy or other evil in our hearts. To those of us who may have prayed this phrase without realizing its true significance the thought must occur that He is truly a merciful God to leave so many of our unworthy prayers unanswered.

"And lead us not into temptation . . ."

This phrase taken literally could cause confusion. Apparently it suffered in an early translation. Surely we realize that God does not *lead* us into temptation. Since He is the creator of all good and evil is the result of man's free-will, the original meaning must have been something like: Do not permit us to lead ourselves into temptation; do not permit us to be led by our passions, or the passions of others, into temptation.

"And deliver us from all evil . . ."

If in our weakness we are tempted, give us strength, Lord,

to neutralize (not resist) the negative power of evil through the positive application of Love, the universal solvent.

"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever . . ."

This doxology was not a part of the Lord's Prayer as given by Jesus Christ. Though a hymn of beauty it is but an addition composed and proposed by an early church council. It may or may not be prayed as one sees fit.

"Amen."

So be it.



My Heart a Sacred Place

Eleanor Fiock

Lord, make my heart a sacred place,
Where I may meet Thee face to face;
And then to be a channel true
To let Thy joy come smiling through.

Lord, make my heart a wayside inn,
That welcomes all wayfarers in;
With windows open to the sky
To greet the angels passing by.

Lord, make my heart a shining ray,
To light some pilgrim's onward way;
And into places dark and drear
To ray Thy light and love and cheer.

Lord, make my heart Thine own abode,
That I may share some brother's load;
For when I share whoe'er he be,
I've fed and clothed and sheltered Thee.

☐ Let us stand in the light,
and, standing, cast no shadow.

Three Stages of Spiritual Awareness

Evelyn B. Bull

THERE are three stages that we pass through in the process of losing ourselves in God.

At first when we are young, both in body and experience, certainly when we are young in prayer, we are concerned about what we have been. That is awareness of the past.

In the second stage, we are concerned about what we are to become. That is apprehension, or concern for the future.

But in the third stage, we are not concerned with either of these; we are centered in being. That is living in the Present. We are not concerned with the parts; all of us is at one in His Being.

It is because it is so natural that it appears to come suddenly, and its intense reality makes all else seem an illusion. We have been content with the frayed edges of living except for certain moments. Now we find that at the center is Life for the living.

—it is a paradox of our life that there is always wonder for our seeking, that we may find in frustration, new opportunity; in disappointment, new beauty at an unexpected turn of the road; in

illness, a friend in pain, so that by pain itself we learn to transcend it, and in the long, quiet moments of recuperation find gates ajar, and windows opened to the stars, and their meaning; that we may find behind the mask of tragedy that inner joy and peace and strength which no hand of man can change nor take away.

Once we touch this purification and illumination, even for a moment, we can never re-enter the same narrow limits of life again.

Oneness always feels sudden, for it is like the opening of a door. It is indeed a linking with, and leavening of, the Universal Spirit.

In silence of mind as well as of body may we prepare ourselves. High citadels of thought crumble to dust. It is the personal raised to the impersonal, where all senses seem to unite into one sense.

In the first stage, we are concerned with acts; in the second, with qualities. But in the third we are at home in that Divine Silence which lies behind, and beneath, all acts and all qualities.

Let us stand in the Light, and, standing, cast no shadow, for It shines upon all alike, and all are One within It.

☐ Why should I destroy something
that was created by God?

White Lie (A Story)

Douglas Walker

EVERY one of us at some time or other has told a white lie about business or one thing or another. I, too, told one and this is why I told it. You may then judge for yourself whether or not I was wrong in doing so.

Two days ago my mother died and in my heart I know she is with God. You might ask how I can be sure. It is simple and this is why.

It all started sixteen years ago. Our country was caught in the depression and my mother was sick. She was working too many hours to put my sister and me through school and it hadn't done her health any good. The doctor said that her heart was bad and he didn't expect her to live through the night. My mother was delirious and kept mumbling something about the doctor bill and what would happen to Gwen and me. I guess we didn't realize how serious things really were. As is the way with a child, I was more worried because I had lost the stone from a cheap ring I had.

I remember the doctor said to the lady who was caring for my Mom, "Call Gwen and Burl into the room." Then he told us, "Chil-

dren your mother is going away on a long trip and where she's going she can rest and some day you can be with her." I didn't like the idea of being away from her. "Why can't I go with her?" "Well, . . ." By now my sister was crying and I wanted to. "Doctor, doctor," cried the lady who was watching my Mom, "I think she is dead." I ran crying into her room, "Mom, Mom, don't die, don't die." I grasped her arm. It felt cold and I cried louder. For a moment there was no sound or movement. Then came a sigh and Mom's eyes opened and her hands were clenched tightly. The doctor had been listening to her heart. Mom smiled and went to sleep with her hands over her heart.

A few weeks later she was up and I could see that she looked much better. It was not until ten years later that Doctor Franz told me that he would have sworn she was dead. Even though she had always been a good woman, from the time she was over her sick spell up to the time of her death she was a very active member in the church.

You would probably think that most people would be in mourning

for their mother's death, but not I. I know she is happy and I am happy for her.

My sister and I came home after the funeral services and were just sitting and talking when I decided to get out one of Mom's diaries and read through it. She kept them in a small cedar box. I found them and took one out. Beneath it was a small cloth bag with a hard object in it. It felt like a stone. I sat down and Gwen said, "Read some of the things that Mom has written." I started thumbing through the book and came across a page marker in one section so I stopped thumbing and started to read, "I have been up a week now and feel strong enough to write and I want to write a very wonderful thing that has happened to me while I was sick. I thought I had died. I could see my body in the bed and my children near it. As I stood there a shaft of light came from heaven. It was like a golden staircase and I started to walk up, up. I wasn't afraid because in the twinkling of an eye I was standing before the gates of heaven. They swung open and the sight that greeted my eyes I shall never forget. There was God, clad in a robe of coral, carrying the lamb in His arms. The wisdom on His face shone like the sun. The dark green grass swayed with the gentle breeze and in the distance I saw what must have been the Tree of

Life. God looked at me and I humbled myself before Him. He smiled and turned saying, "Come with me." With Him there were eleven men and when I looked closely I saw they were the disciples. They beckoned to me to follow. I started to and then it seemed there was something holding me back. Some earthly chain which I couldn't break. Then I remembered my children. Suddenly I wanted to go back. My children needed me. I stopped and again God turned and I knelt before Him. He looked down and said, "Fear not, my child. Even I grieved over my son while he was on the earth. Rise and go and my blessings go with you for the bond of a mother for her children is as strong as her belief in me." Then the disciples walked back to the gates with me. They were made of pearl and as I stepped through one of the disciples took his staff and chipped a small bit from the gate and gave it to me. Then the gates began to close and I strained to catch the last glimpse of the inside. Overhead I heard the soft music of angels singing and the distant sound of harps. I looked up to see, my eyes watered, I blinked and when they opened again I was in my bed in my own room looking at the ceiling. My son was holding my arm. I felt relaxed and wanted to sleep. That's all I remember except for the

splendor of Heaven and the feel of the bit of pearl in my hand. I will devote my life to God and His teachings." So ended her writing. My sister and I looked at each other and then at the small bag. "Are you going to open it, Burl?"

I nodded and then with unsteady fingers I untied the strings and shook the contents into the palm of my hand. There we saw a small piece of mother of pearl. I recognized it at once. It was the setting I had lost the day my mother was

stricken to her bed. I must have lost it when I was helping to cover her up and in her delirium her hand had clutched on to it. My sister broke the silence. "Burl, isn't that the stone out of that ring you had one time?"

"Yes, it is," I started to say, but then it seemed that I shouldn't. Why should I destroy something that was created by God. So I looked at her and said, "You must be mistaken, Gwen."



The Book of Time

Lulu W. Mitchell

However deeply in my thoughts I yearn
The uncut pages of Time's book to turn,
My destiny, for good or ill is sealed,
Only from day to day it stands revealed.

The One who sees the sparrow fall gives heed
To such as I, alone, obscure, in need.
He turns the page . . . My task is to fulfill
With clearer eye and deeper trust, His will.



Ode for Spiritual Leaders

Claire Boyer

May the music of the spheres play through you—
Free as the wind, pure as the dawn's first glow,
And may your feet ascend a spiral stairway
To heights you had not even hoped to go;
May every Word of His that you have given
Be doubly yours through living in His Light,
And may you stand alone, and be transfigured
Upon a suddenly transcendent height!

☐ What we see dimly now will be clearly revealed in the wonder of a new day.

The Creative Early Morning Hours

Andrew Allen

THESE is something about the beginning of a new day that stirs even the most callous and unthinking. It has moved men in all ages to exert their best efforts. Poet and prophet alike have written wonderful things concerning the hope and promise of new dawns. Even the cave-man, planning to knock his neighbor in the head and steal his scant supply of food, must have sensed that the early morning hours were most favorable for conquest!

Somehow, in that magic half-hour before the sun comes up, the weary are less tired, the sinful are less perverse, the sorrowful are more comforted, the worried are less harrassed. In like manner, the thinker is able to find ideas, instead of illusions; the composer hears more perfect harmony and less of discord; and all who search for good find it nearer and more real.

Since men grow, learn, and achieve slowly and by degrees, the Creator gives us short periods of work, followed by rest, and then the wonder of the dawn! Nothing speaks so plainly of God's faith in men as does the fact that He continues to give us a succession of

new days. No matter how we have abused the old day, or how full of wrong it has been—still the dawn comes up again and we are silently given another chance! Truly His "mercies are new every morning."

In the history of mankind, we are in the early morning hours. The light of Truth has hardly begun to break upon us. Not many years have passed since men first declared that all are entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—and staked their lives on their conviction. Until comparatively recent years, the manuscript still existed on which was written the startling statement that "the greatest of these is love."

Even though light comes slowly, yet it comes surely. Men will yet learn to love their neighbors as themselves, and beat their swords into plowshares. Let us have patience. The new day is ours in which to learn. More light will come when we are ready to behold it. Progress made in the early morning light will furnish the groundwork on which we can safely build in later hours. What we see dimly now will be clearly revealed in the wonder of a new day.

☐ This man was given \$7,500,000 through making all his requests known to God.

George Muller—God's Man of Bristol

Stanley G. Jacobs

ONE of the greatest witnesses in the annals of Christendom to the fact that God hears and answers prayer, and that where He guides He un-failingly provides, was George Muller of Bristol, England. Over a period of 65 years this man of great faith was given almost \$7,500,000 simply through making all his requests known to God; never asking of men nor hinting to them the needs for the wonderful work he carried on. Throughout these triumphant years, George Muller cared for thousands of orphans, having for many years over 2,000 of them at one time under his care. Five buildings were built on Ashley Downs to house his large family, and these and all other needs came through the voluntary contributions of people whom God directed to contribute to this amazing project of faith.

To meet the physical, mental and spiritual necessities of thousands of children, even making pleas to man for philanthropic support, would be a huge and painstaking achievement. But the pleas of George Muller were *all* directed to God, and when men would inquire what the needs might be, he would politely but firmly tell them

that as God was to receive all glory for this work there must be no opportunity for any human agencies to take the credit. Muller's chief objective was to prove that God takes care of the faithful the same today as in Biblical days, and to inspire mankind to live Godly lives and lean on the everlasting arms for security; avoiding such evils as getting into debt, piling up nest eggs for the future, compromising with Christian principles out of fear of financial loss, etc. George Muller was God's instrument for proving that the Great Provider gives us our daily bread of food, clothing, shelter and all else required, without fail, as was demonstrated in so remarkable a manner on Ashley Downs. The tests were many to be sure. Faith was tried as on occasions when hundreds of hungry mouths needed soon to be fed and the larders were empty, but always God provided through some means or other when to human eyes the situation might seem hopeless. Always before the last moment a seeming "miracle" happened, and there was reason for great rejoicing.

A yearly report constituted the only information given to the public concerning how God was meet-

ing the needs of the orphanages. No appeal was ever made, even by hinting in these reports for assistance. In addition to these annual reports, Mr. Muller wrote, published and distributed journals with his personal testimony of how God continued to meet all needs without any dependence upon man. Some might feel that these reports and journals in themselves constituted an indirect appeal for funds, but such was not their purpose, nor did they serve to give credit to human donors. Innumerable times the needs were too great for any chance of escape by mere dependence upon human support. God met those needs in such ways that overwhelming proof was given that through the Treasury of Heaven, rather than earthly means, was deliverance brought.

In addition to the work of the orphanages, George Muller carried on various other undertakings of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution; also supported by making all requests known to God. He gave aid to day schools and Sunday schools where nearly one hundred and fifty thousand children were taught; over 2,000,000 Bibles and portions thereof were distributed; and over a million dollars was given to aid missionary labors. He received no regular salary and whatever was given toward the support of his family, beyond their immediate needs, which was a very

considerable sum, was put back into God's service. He died in his nineties a poor man as far as personal possessions were concerned, but he was really infinitely rich for he had a Father who for sixty-five years had unfaithfully supplied his personal needs, as well as supported the thousands in his great family.

Mr. Muller would not accept contributions for the support of his old age nor other such which implied lack of trust in the Living God who meets our needs day by day. He would do nothing that would bring dishonor to the God whom he so gloriously trusted, and whose promises he took to mean exactly what they say. The only future needs which he would save for were such as for rent or other responsibilities which he knew were due at a specific time, and obligations that were known beforehand. When money was saved for a definite purpose, he would under no circumstances use it for any other reason. His honesty, integrity and sincerity were beyond reproach. He would not compromise with his moral and spiritual principles to meet any threatened need, no matter how large it loomed.

George Muller was a man of faith, but not one who tempted God. Faith is that which believes God supplies our needs, but the selfish person will often tempt God by expecting the Father to supply his

personal *greeds*. The man of Bristol did not serve God with selfish motives. When he was once asked the secret of his service he replied that there was a day when he died, *utterly died*, to himself and his opinions, preferences, tastes and will—to the approval or blame of the world—or even to that of his brethren and friends—and ever after sought to show himself approved unto God. Jesus refused to tempt God by turning the stones into bread for his personal benefit, but he did not hesitate to multiply the loaves and fishes in the unselfish service of His Father and fellowmen. This should be a warning to those who believe that tempting God to further selfish aims is legitimate. Such procedure does not glorify God but only exalts self-will and pride. Like the Lord Jesus, Muller implicitly trusted the Father to meet his needs that he might meet God's needs in the world, and the world's need of God. He never sought to make God his servant but gloried in being His humble channel of unselfish expression. Faith, like love, seeks not its own in the selfish sense, but only that which belongs to it by Divine Right that God, rather than the creature, be glorified.

George Muller was not a "perfect" man nor one especially favored by God over others. In his youth he was wild and reckless, not merely a spendthrift but a thief

as well. His earthly parent was very liberal in providing him money which the son very selfishly squandered. The day when God was permitted to touch his heart was the beginning of a life that was to definitely prove the power and goodness of God, as specifically as any scientist proves material facts by mathematics or other means. Muller was literally transformed by the renewing of his mind into knowing and doing the good, acceptable and perfect will of God. Each of us can and should be likewise transformed, regardless of past or present appearances of evil. If we doubt our capacity of faith we need remember that we can receive nothing, even faith, lest it come from God, and using what faith He has already given us, press forward, to its perfecting. Muller was not given "perfect and complete" faith without earning it, but he had enough to start with as does each one of us. He simply used it unselfishly, and through practice it became increasingly richer and fuller. It would be foolish for us to seek greater faith when we refuse to use what we already have. What faith we have, no matter how small, like all other talents must be put to work. If a man prays to God that he might have faith he shows by his very prayer that he has enough faith to pray, which is a very good beginning. No one is totally without faith. Each

of us has much more than we realize. Life would be impossible without it.

Not all of us are called to establish orphanages but there is a "best" place and work in God for each of us. If we truly hunger and thirst after righteousness, and ask God's help that the worldly self may die and the heavenly man come to birth, in due time we are sure to find our rightful niche in God's vineyard. Nothing we can do of ourselves alone will bring this spiritual victory. The job belongs to God. He alone is able to rightly do it and to Him alone also goes all the credit, honor and glory. Our part is simply to submit to God and to *believe*.

God delights in taking the most

hopeless people and making them the most hopeful. He delights in putting the judgments of man to naught. He delights in proving Himself when outer appearances suggest failure or futility. He proves himself whenever given a chance; never by force. George Muller gave God a chance to have His own way in his life, and God blessed him exceedingly and abundantly above all that he asked or thought; in accord with the Divine Promise. If you and I are willing to give God a chance then we too can find that out of the failures of the past, God's goodness and mercy follows us, and no matter how dark the night has been there is a glorious sunrise and beautiful day ahead.



Recompense

Erik Frey

Ye that have faith to look with steadfast eyes
Beyond this tragedy of a world of strife,

And know, that out of Death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life.

Rejoice whatever anguish 'rends the heart,
That Life has given you a priceless dower.
To live in these great times,
And have your part in freedom's crowning hour,
That you may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens their heritage to take,
I saw the power of darkness put to flight,
I saw the morning break.

☐ Think of the silent growth of the giant forest.

"Silence is Golden"

Grenville Kleiser

MORE than ever before there is a need today for periods of silence and meditation. Speech is rampant. Talkativeness is on the increase. Noise dominates. We are all victims of hurry, worry, and disintegrating fear.

Contrast all this with the power of silence. There is nothing more eloquent than the still, small voice of conscience. Think of the silent growth of the giant forest. The world upon which you now stand is whirling silently through space.

How wonderful is the silent power of truth, constantly at work, without effort, sound or confusion.

Only man is wasteful, prodigally squandering words, speech, and energy.

Silence will help you solve the most difficult personal problems. Silence will give you respite from inordinate ambition. Silence promotes quietness of spirit.

A judicious reticence is hard to learn, but is one of the greatest lessons of life, which lead George Eliot to write, "Blessed is the man, who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving wordy evidence of the fact."

"Silence is the element, in which great things fashion themselves to-

gether," says Carlyle, "that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the delight of life, which they are thenceforth to rule."

As long ago as the time of Pythagoras it was said to better either to be silent, or to say things of more value than silence. Sooner throw a pearl at hazard than an idle, useless word. Try not to say a little in many words, but a great deal in a few.

Silence brings stillness of spirit. Silence promotes clearness and accuracy of mental vision. When you are long silent, your profoundest thoughts tend to disclose themselves.

It is in the silent sanctuary of your own mind, when you have shut out all worldly thoughts and cares, that you come into intimate communion with the source of all good. It is then that you become most deeply conscious of your God-given powers.

In cultivating a quiet life it should not be allowed to subside into indolence and self-sufficiency. Times of silence are essential to spiritual growth, but this does not mean detachment and aloofness. After periods of silence and solitude you should return to society

with increased power for human sympathy and service.

We are living in a time of intolerance and quick tempers, when officials, shopkeepers, salesmen and those dressed in a little brief authority evince an unreasonable attitude of independence.

Say to yourself: "Today some

people will irritate me, get on my nerves, and tempt me to retort. In such case I shall maintain my self-control, smile, and be silent."

Silence has been defined as the eloquence of discretion. And Lord Chesterfield reminds us that a judicious reticence is hard to learn, but is one of the great lessons of life.



GIVE THANKS TO GOD

Hazel Parker

The harvest has been garnered. The earth rests from its productive period and our inner hearts have reason to feel gladness for many blessings:

For the great spiritual advance that men and women everywhere have made in times of stress.

For homes lived in and loved and the warm shelter they give.

For silent ties between brother and sister, and the love of mothers for small sons with dirty faces, and for unspeakable bonds between life companions.

For friendship and laughter shared, and for pain that passes leaving the mind clean-washed.

For the open doors of churches, and for the faith of men and women who sit inside with bared heads.

For the comfort to be found in daily things—a cup of tea, the cleansing foam of a soapy bath, and a window filled with growing plants.

For the deep, rich smell of soil upturned, and for kind hands that know the feel of the earth.

For shuttered windows in little towns where sleeping people lie in perfect safety.

For rows of books, musty or new, in libraries everywhere, and for the words of wisdom and light that may be found there.

For work to be done and the strength to do it.

For youth, above all, that insists upon life on its own clear terms, knowing that it can achieve success and make a better world.

☪ I prayed for a prayer partner, and in a few days she called me.

Adventuring in Life Through Prayer

Ruth Robison

FIVE years ago I was getting over a severe illness. Prayer, and friends who knew prayer as a channel for power, had saved me. Gratitude filled my heart, and there was born a hunger and thirst to know and use more of the power of God.

I did not have a prayer partner but I knew that Jesus said, "Where two or more agreed—it shall be done." So I prayed for a prayer partner, and in a few days she called me. I had met her only once. She had returned from abroad, having gone through the bombing of a ship in which her young daughter was drowned. She expressed a desire to know more of prayer, and we agreed to meet on Friday morning at 11 o'clock in one of our downtown churches. We agreed not to publicize our meeting, and to have only God send those who really wanted to know how to pray. If someone mentioned to either of us that she wanted to know how to pray we agreed to ask her to come, but not to invite anyone else until she had met with us awhile.

The two of us began to study books on prayer and the teachings of Jesus. From 11 to 12:30 each Friday we caught new strength

and new insight. After six weeks the third member came in. A month, and then another, and so on through the years. Seventy ladies from many denominations have taken part, and hundreds of requests for prayer have come to us.

When we first assemble, new requests are given, and old needs checked on. Evidences of God working in those for whom we have prayed give us a wonderful opportunity for thanksgiving and rejoicing. Then there comes a time of silence. We now turn our minds to the love and power of God as revealed through Jesus. We think of the needy ones in the light of the longing of God to help them. We think of the need and our ability to be used by God to meet it, whether it be a letter, a visit, a prayer, or a contact with a member of the family. We are in a circle of prayer, in the consciousness of God, with open minds to study new thoughts in prayer and the teachings of Jesus for today's world. Out of our study has grown a positive belief in the wholeness of body, mind and spirit as the Will of God.

As a guide to study, books are brought and piled on the center

table. These books are from many sources but deal with the place and use of prayer and the cultivation of life in the Kingdom of God. As a new book appears, somebody buys it, and it begins the circle of our group. New ideas are discussed and if proven to mean more abundant life to anyone, accepted and used.

Each Friday new tests of faith in daily living and in solving problems in human relationships are given. The spirit of victory sends us all away with new strength. As one lady says so often, "No matter how I feel when I come in, I'm well when I go out." I could not express the result of a personal contact with God's love and power and its results on life better than she has done in these few words.

Through the years the group has remained informal. No program is planned. We do not know what each day will bring, but we know from experience that it will be good. This gives a remarkable freshness to the whole experience. Everyone loves to come—no one has to. If a person is absent the rest of us know that wherever she is at the hour she is manifesting the spirit of love and understanding. She tunes in with us and we with her.

To convince each other that we really care about individual needs, to spend time in prayer during the week, has not been easy. It has

come through a period of steady growth toward an understanding of God and our relationship with each other. This spirit in the group is most beautiful. A newcomer always feels it because we care enough to give her the day, if need be, to understand and help with her need.

I say "her" in speaking of our members because we are all women. This needs be because we meet in the morning. But we have had men, husbands of members, who have helped us, and men who have been helped by prayer.

Perhaps the thrill of the knowledge and use of prayer which has come to members of this group might best be expressed by these samples. "A happy compulsion draws and binds me to the group where our mutual searching for truth, as Jesus practiced it, plus a sensitivity to and inward caring for the prayer needs of ourselves and others unites us in outward-reaching love. It's a high privilege to be linked with this potential powerhouse."—*D. G.* Another member expresses her contact in this way, "This is my most significant hour of work for others during the week. It is a school and laboratory of prayer. Through silent listening to God and sharing insights and experiences, we are learning to use the spiritual laws of the universe to meet human needs, physical, mental and spiri-

tual."—*H. S.* One of our members who has grown so beautifully and is being used so freely by Our Father is eager to share her feeling concerning the group, "Our prayer group has taught me that the only limitation of God's healing power is the limitation which man through ignorance or selfishness puts upon it. I have a new consciousness of this power and a daily desire to be so in tune with God and sensitive to the needs about me that I may be more and more used as a channel for His Healing Love."—*A. C.*

Yesterday, on the telephone, the youngest member of our group in age—a darling young mother of three small children said, "The Prayer Group is such fun. Yes, life is a lot of fun and full of surprises. We are constantly being surprised by the wonderful things that happen to us and to those we pray for. This happens when we learn to

trustfully say to Our Father 'You prompted my offer of service for this need and because I know it was for a purpose I stand ready and willing to serve.' The Prayer Group has taught me this."

Each week there are telephone calls and letters from afar expressing gratitude for new strength and new wisdom.

Charles Steinmetz (the world's foremost electrical engineer) expressed so perfectly the challenge which our group has accepted, "I think the greatest discovery will be made along spiritual lines. Here is a force which history clearly teaches has been the greatest power in the development of men and history. Yet we have been playing with it and have never seriously studied it as we have the physical forces." The thrill of our group comes because we have accepted this challenge.



Revised Design

Marjorie Allen Anderson

My castle came tumbling down to the earth,
In confusion it lay on the sod,
From the scattered debris of my heart's fairest dream,
I erected an altar to God.

By love alone He liveth and
feelth in other persons.

God is Present in Love

Thomas Traherne
(1637 — 1674)

LOVE is so divine and perfect a thing that it is worthy to be the very end and being of the Deity. It is His goodness and it is His Glory. We therefore so vastly delight in love, because all these excellencies and all other whatsoever lie within it. By loving, a soul does propagate and magnify itself. By loving it does enlarge and delight itself. By loving it delighteth others, as by loving it doth honour and enrich itself. But above all, by loving it does not attain itself. Love also being the end of souls, which are never perfect till they are in act what they are in power. They were made to love, and are dark and wain and comfortless till they do it. Till they love they are idle or misemployed. Till they love they are desolate, without their objects, and narrow and little and dishonourable; but when they shine by love upon all objects, they are accompanied with them and enlightened by them. Till we become therefore all act as God is, we can never rest nor ever be satisfied.

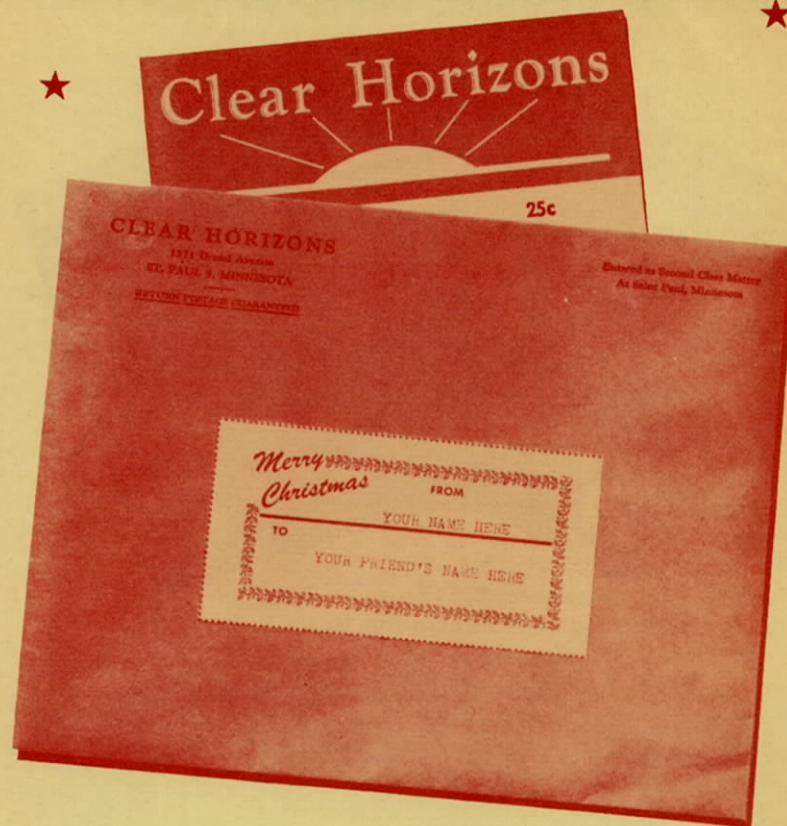
Love is so noble that it enjoy-

eth others' enjoyments, delighting in giving all unto its object, and in seeing all given to its object. So that whoever loveth all mankind, he enjoyeth all goodness of God to the whole world; and endeavoureth the benefit of kingdoms and ages, with all whom he is present by love, which is the best manner of presence that is possible.

God is present by love alone. By love alone He is great and glorious. By love alone He liveth and feelth in other persons. By love alone He enjoyeth all the creatures, by love alone He is pleasing to Himself, by love alone He is rich and blessed. O why dost not thou by love alone seek to achieve all these, by love alone attain another self, by love alone live in others, by love alone attain thy glory? The soul is shriveled up and buried in a grave, that does not love. But that which does love widely and truly is the joy and end of all the world, the king of heaven and the friend of God, the shining light and temple of eternity, the brother of Christ Jesus, and one with the Holy Ghost.

From *Freedom, Love and Truth* by William R. Inge. By permission of the publisher, Ralph T. Hale and Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING THAT'S DIFFERENT



Inexpensive As a Card — Remembered Longer!

The coming Winter issue of Clear Horizons will be mailed for \$.12½ a copy—8 FOR \$1.00. We address the "Merry Christmas" sticker with your name on it, and mail the magazine to your friend. Clear Horizons will be remembered much longer than a card that is soon thrown away.

How to Order

1. Write the names and addresses of your friends on a sheet of paper.
2. Enclose \$1.00 for each 8 names (12½c for each name).
3. Mail to— **CLEAR HORIZONS, Christmas Card Dept.
1571 GRAND AVENUE
SAINT PAUL 5, MINNESOTA**

I Am the God Within

Gladys M. Bright

I am the God within the wind,
The flower, the plant, the tree;
I cherish them, I would them know
They're all a part of me.

I am the God in every man
Of any clime or race;
I am the life in every form
Of any time or place.

The animals are part of me,
I am the life of each;
The highest or the lowliest
In all, I'm there to teach.

All lives of every sort and kind
I guide, direct and lead;
For every form is me ensouled
In all I plant my seed.

I would that all would understand
That all are only one;
Divine, eternal, changeless, pure,
More radiant than the sun.

I am with all, within, without
Around, above, below;
I am and I have always been
I would that all might know.

In every form I see myself
In people, beast and tree;
I love them all because I know
That they are really *me*.

Thoughts Farthest Out

October

THE HOME AND CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

But the harvest of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, good temper, kindness, generosity, fidelity, gentleness, self-control. Galatians 5:22

EDUCATION cannot be separated from life, for life itself may be viewed as an educative process that begins with birth and ends with the greater freedoms of eternity. Christian education means that one is conditioned to see in the flux of life a purpose, a goal, and a meaning that reflects the personality and teaching of Christ.

Fundamentally, the home is most responsible for Christian education. The church has much to do with it, and, unfortunately, too many take this for granted—even to the extent of assuming that the church has the *main* responsibility. The church *is* doing a remarkable job. The Sunday school is as much part the church as is the sermon. This past summer 5,000,000 children attended Summer Bible Schools. There were Bible schools in every state of the union, and in every province of Canada. But the success of the church program is dependent, to a large extent, upon the atmosphere of the home. It is the home environment that determines whether or not the seed of the church finds rich loam or dry sand in the boy and the girl.

If there is not love in the home, talking about a "God of Love" is waste energy. If there is no trust, goodwill and respect for others in the home, it is meaningless to talk about them on Sunday. On the other hand, the child who knows love, trust, goodwill, responsibility, and respect for others as the "naturals" of daily living, will find in Christianity the solution to spiritual and moral problems, and a companionship that lasts forever.

Strive to make the home a demonstration center in Christian living. It may mean re-dedication of the parents, but this too is Christian education. Then extend the influence of the Christian home by actively supporting the church school, boys' clubs, girls' clubs, scouts, Y.M.C.A., Christian Endeavor, and every other program that may show Christianity (stripped of all narrow, sectarian dogmas) as the heart's fulfillment and the soul's rest.

Read: *The Child's Approach to Religion*, H. W. Fox.

"STANDING IN THE NEED OF PRAYER"

Pray constantly. I Thess. 5:17

THE glowing hope that wartime cooperation would extend into the peace has been all but obliterated. Instead of peace, the world nervously eyes an armed truce. Never, in this generation, have the people of the world so earnestly desired peace along with its fruits and watched so helplessly while governments drift toward hostilities—unless something is done. Stark naked, the whole world is "standing in the need of prayer."

The President's commission on military training has unanimously recommended what many think it was set up to approve—military training. Says *The Christian Century*, July 16, 1947, of the armed services committee of the House of Representatives, ". . . it has taken time to hear dozens of persons and organizations. Most of them favored conscription. . . . Unless hearings are extended, more than a hundred national organizations opposed to conscription will not be heard." Caught in the pincers of organized lobbies and pressure groups, it is little wonder that people face the future with misgiving. Indeed, we are "standing in the need of prayer."

Some basis of cooperation *must* be found for Soviet Russia and The United States of America. Two extreme courses of action are currently talked about. One is to throw away all armaments, and, by some form of spiritual or moral osmosis, things will right themselves. The other is to attack while the advantage is ours. Sane reflection will convince us, however, that we shall do neither of these. We shall live from day to day, making the little adjustments that each day requires, in the hope that "things will work themselves out." Day by day, we are "standing in the need of prayer."

But there is one thing we must do. We must never permit ourselves, or our government, to actively prepare for war because of desperate confusion. Preparation for war will *inevitably* lead to war. Overwhelming armaments preclude conciliation. Force is so much easier to operate. Let us, as never before in our history, pray, and when we get tired of praying, let us pray some more. And then, let us put prayer into action by actively working for peace, by supporting relief movements, and by letting our congressmen know how we feel about national questions.

Read: *Prayer the Mightiest Force in the World*, Frank Laubach; or, *Christian Bases of World Order*, Merrick Lectures of 1943.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN"

I tell you truly, whoever will not submit to the Reign of God like a child, will never get into it at all. Luke 18:17

ONE night a young mother gave birth to a baby in a barn outside of Bethlehem under circumstances that wrenched the very hearts of both her and her husband. And yet, under these conditions the most important person in history gave forth the cry of birth. A stable, straw, the restless pawing of horses and cows, the buzz of insects—indeed God can use the most destitute surroundings to fulfill His purposes. All He really needs is the honesty and belief that is symbolized by a baby.

Nothing so humbles an adult as the complete trust of children. All it takes to still the frightened cry at night is the reassuring voice of the mother. A little boy may be afraid of water, but with his father or his mother close by, he can conquer the fear. The child's world is a world of supreme faith in the goodness of things and of people. There is no anxious worry about tomorrow, no unexpressed suspicion that makes life fearful and uncertain. Instead, in *all* his activities, there is the thrill of wonder and a confident faith that makes life friendly and loving and the vestibule of eternity.

Another outstanding quality is the utter honesty and lack of pretense. Never ask a child for an opinion unless you want an honest opinion. Do not "fish" for the answer you wish, unless you are prepared to be disappointed. And, what is more important, the child is just as honest with himself. He is natural; in dress, in speech and in gesture. He expects you to like him because he is what he is, and not because he belongs to a certain family, a certain church, or a certain neighborhood. All these, sadly enough, come from contact with the adult world. A child will not lie nor hedge the truth until he has been taught to do so. Basically the child, and there is the child in all of us, is *totally* honest in word and in deed.

In this month, the month in which we celebrate the memory of the baby who meant most to the world, let us strive to recapture the confident faith and the complete honesty of the child that is in each of us. For out of these two attributes of children come forth the Kingdom which Jesus gave so much to announce. The passport to this Kingdom is issued to those with the unspoiled character traits of babies and little children, "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Read: *The Imitation of Christ*, Thomas a' Kempis.

Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

PRIMER FOR PROTESTANTS, James Hastings Nichols. Association, \$1.00. The long and serious need for a first rate book on Protestantism, its beliefs, history and validity, has been fulfilled (in my opinion) by *Primer for Protestants*. It is a book for the layman, scholastically sound and yet interesting. Protestant homes will have no excuse, from now on, for permitting children to reach maturity ignorant of their heritage. As a whole, the book exemplifies a rare combination of genuine scholarship and attention to the needs of the present generation. It is divided into two sections: Part I, The Protestant Movement (Origins, The Western Church in the Middle Ages, Reformation and Counter-Reformation, Modern Protestantism); Part II, Protestant Beliefs (The Sole Headship of Jesus Christ, God's Redemption and Man's Trust, The Protestant Conception of the Church, The Bible, Ethics and Politics). Says the author, "Protestantism . . . represents a genuine revival of the life and gospel of the apostles, and even a continuation of certain major streams of religious life of the Latin middle ages. On several important issues Protestantism is in the main line of Western Christian history and it is modern Romanism which represents the innovation and 'protest.'" It is of Protestantism as representing the main stream of evangelical Christianity, originating with Jesus and the apostles, that Dr. Nichols writes so admirably and adequately. I wish the book were in every Protestant home.

A CHILD'S APPROACH TO RELIGION, H. W. Fox. Harper, \$1.00. A useful book of fruitful suggestions about how to make religion interesting and meaningful to the mind of the child. It was originally written for one boy, Ian, or rather for the parents of Ian, and, probably because the author had the boy and the task continually in mind as he wrote, the result is something out of the ordinary. Religion is taught first by example, so the parent must be utterly honest with the child and avoid teaching things which will have to be unlearned in later years. From these basic considerations, the book goes to to discuss The Kindliness of Jesus, The Idea of God, God as Father, Prayer, The Cross, Hereafter, Miracles and Parables, The Old Testament, and The Hardest Part. The entire discussion is marked with a fine appreciation of the child, a mature understanding of the adult, and an approach to religion that is free from sectarian dogma and creedal divisiveness. It does not give you a catalogue of answers, but it does more than this, it tells you how to make religion a living and vital force in the life of the child.

THEY HAVE FOUND A FAITH, Marcus Bach. Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.00. This is one of the most absorbing, well-written and informative books I have read in a long time. The author (he teaches in the School of Religion at the University of Iowa) relates his travels among, and investigations of, eight minor sects that provide a workable faith for fifteen million people. He reports on Jehovah's Witnesses, The Foresquare Gospel, Spiritualism, Oxford Group, The Kingdoms of Father Divine, Baha'i Faith, Unity, and Psychiana. With the belief that they "must have something," although his own religious background could not but force him to view them with skepticism, he entered his investigations sanely and objectively. I find his report fascinating reading, sympathetic and honest. He concludes they do not possess anything that is not in the main tradition of Christianity. The difference is they work at religion with an honest tenacity of purpose, and re-interpret it into modern, meaningful language. The results they achieve put nominal Christians and Christian groups to shame. For sustained interest and unusual information, this book will rank with any fiction you care to mention. More than this, it is a wonderful antidote for intolerance.

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NEW HORIZONS, Robert W. Caswell. Willing, \$1.50. An inspirational treatment of the spiritual life—what it means, and how to live daily so that we continually feed the soul (buying "white hyacinths for the soul" as Mohammed puts it). The title comes from the idea that "we always tend to move toward any object on which we rest our gaze." Thus, the need for *new horizons* that emphasize our true, inner, spiritual nature. Chapter titles are *New Horizons*; *White Hyacinths*; *Help Yourself to Heaven*; *The Great Amen*; *Adam, Where Art Thou?* *An Eye for an Eye*; *Our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ*; and *How to Pray*. This is the type of a book which one will pick up and find in it a new impetus to spiritual growth.



God Took Over The Case

Jean Murray

SEVERAL years before "shots" were common, Mary became an easy victim for diphtheria. For several days she had been getting worse. The regular doctor called in another physician for consultation, and they both agreed that it was impossible to save her.

Toward midnight, Mary began to sink very fast. Her mother wanted the doctor to come and try again, but Mary's father said, "Mother, the doctor is tired out with so many cases to look after and he has done everything he can."

But this did not satisfy that Scotch praying mother with the heavy heart. Unknown to her husband, she and her eight year old daughter slipped out into the stormy night. It had snowed all day and now it was over the tops of their high overshoes.

The doctor, himself, came to the

door but told the mother he could do no more—that only God could save the child now.

On the way home the sister was crying. She said, "Do you think God will make Mary well, Ma?"

"Yes," replied her mother vehemently, "we'll ask God again. Come, lassie, let's kneel right here and you pray too for your wee sister."

And there in the deep drifts of snow, hands and fingers stinging with the cold, they knelt and prayed. The mother said afterwards, she poured out her soul to God and asked Him to let her keep her wee lassie.

They went home. Father met them at the door and whispered, "Mary's fast asleep. She got worse and worse until a few minutes ago when she looked at me and gave a wee smile. I think she'll live."

And she did.

☐ Let us resolve to ask Congress to create a Peace Department.

Let's Prepare for Peace

Lew Holston

MILITARY training as the Army and the Navy know it is with arms that have been antiquated since August 5, 1945, arms which cannot defend us against the type of bomb we dropped on Hiroshima that fateful day, the bomb which killed 100,000 people in a fraction of a second.

There are only two forms of defense against these monsters of destruction which man has created. The first is to strike before the enemy does, or be annihilated.

The second form is much safer, but something we know little about, simply because there has never been in all history a governmental agency created and organized to handle it. Nevertheless, it is the only sane weapon of defense in this atomic age. It is called tolerance and good will.

Those who claim that tolerance and good will are nice sounding words, but too idealistic to work in today's world, need to be reminded that the thing which keeps the longest unfortified border in the world (Canada — United States) inviolate, is not armed troops, but friendly good will. This is not idealism but fact.

Those who claim this will not work among nations of a foreign tongue must remember that, after the first World War, Briand of France and Stresemann of Germany were for a United States of Europe, but we did not support them. We did not support President Wilson in his fight for the League of Nations. What regrettable misfortune!

Tolerance and good will, however, do not come within the scope of a War Department, a West Point, or an Annapolis. Neither do they come within the understanding of the leaders of such departments or such institutions, nor within the realm of the psychology they believe and teach. Their weapons have not kept us from wars, but have greatly shaken our optimistic confidence in their power to do so.

Note, now, the weapons that will defend us against war. Justice, meaning liberty and security for all people; tolerance, meaning a disposition to allow, and endure if necessary, beliefs, opinions, and customs differing from our own; unity of purpose, meaning that nations must work together to win the peace exactly the same way

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they did to win the war, which means *teamwork*; finally, and most important, brotherly good will, meaning that we destroy our enemies when we make them our friends. This is not idealism but common sense, for "in unity there is strength; in good will there is prosperity; in tolerance there is progress—progress towards a better and a happier world."

Since both the War Department and the Navy Department are interested in offensive as well as defensive war, and since we, the people, are interested in peace, let us resolve, here and now, to ask Congress to create in these United States a *PEACE DEPARTMENT*, the purpose of which shall be to study ways and means of organizing tolerance and creative good will, and then develop techniques for selling and promoting them among the nations.

Some one has said: "We spend any price for war, but we expect peace to come down like a dove and land on our shoulder for nothing. Is it worth so little to us?" If we spend one tenth for peace what we do for war, we can have so much organizing and promoting and educating that peace will actually become contagious.

Hitler didn't build his war machine with a generation of old people. He took a generation of youth and instilled in them the philosophy he desired. Here is the

pattern for a determined peace leadership. We who desire peace must write it in the hearts of little children.

Enlist for peace, and recruit an army in your church, your home, your school, to forge a chain of friendship round the world. Our battle for peace should start with the creation of this Peace Department we should have had when we won our Independence. Sound a battle cry for peace by telling your Senators and Representatives in Washington that we want a Peace Department. Write to them now.

Let us also ask Congress to create a United States Diplomatic School. Instead of an Annapolis of the Pacific, or another West Point, let's have the finest school of diplomacy in the world.

Is it not as important to have trained diplomats as it is to have trained admirals and trained generals? Certainly we will need less of the latter if the former learn methods for securing benefits without arousing hostilities. To catch up with ourselves in an age where it is "peace or suicide" we should have leaders thoroughly trained in international tact and diplomacy.

The custom of appointing a man as an ambassador to a foreign country because of party loyalty is not only old-fashioned, but costly and dangerous. It should have been outlawed long ago. If we expect to

From *The Civic Bulletin*, February 14, 1947, Albany, New York. By permission.

have a fifty-fifty chance at the bargaining table of the world, we will have to start picking our foreign ministers because of their special training rather than because of whom they voted for at the last election.

The advantages of understanding the language of the country to which the diplomat is sent are many. Other than our own, few countries, if any, send men who cannot speak the proper tongue fluently.

Surely our chances of being understood will be better if we also know the customs, the habits, the beliefs, the very mind of our world neighbor, because this knowledge will enable us to deal with them and to negotiate advantageously without gaining their ill will.

The purpose of the U. S. Diplomatic School shall be to teach outstanding college students who possess the proper interest and qualifications, the temperament, the language, and the mind of a foreign people. Only those properly and

specially educated and trained shall be qualified to represent us in our foreign embassies. Talk or write to your U. S. Senators and Representatives in Washington and urge them to create a United States Academy of Diplomacy.

Will we lose the peace? When an emergency comes, there is so little time to get ready. We must be ready. We *must* win the peace. Recruit your neighbors and your friends, enlist members in your community, and resolve to help bring about the creation of a *Peace Department* and a *Diplomatic School*.

Thus will this nation lead the world to recognize the truth expressed by the angel of the Lord when he said, "Not by might (meaning armies), nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." So shall this nation be the first to place power in the hands of Love and give liberty and justice and security to all. Future generations will rise to bless America. This is our opportunity.



Real Presence

Helen Genevieve Jefferson

Real Presence, friend? You ask me what I think
The doctrine means. I only know I drink
The wine at chancel rail and am aware
Of one who comes to me as I kneel there.

☐ Excerpts from letters to the Prayer Tower.

Prayer Works!

"Thank you for your part in praying that we would be permitted to do our work among the beloved Mexicans. The way has been opened up beautifully . . ."—*E. M., Texas*

"I have had my operation and am back at home. Not once was I nervous or depressed. The doctor said he had never seen such a remarkable recovery. . . ."—*R. C., Alabama*

"My friend, the alcoholic, who was destined for a mental institution, has made a complete recovery. Doctors say it is a miracle. She is very happy and radiant in taking over the duties of her new job. Thanks for your firm conviction and prayers of faith."—*L. M., Massachusetts*

"I can't ever express my thanks to you for your prayers in regard to a position for my husband . . . the day after we asked for aid he received a steady job and in just the line for which he is equipped."—*E. C., Minnesota*

"Several months ago I wrote asking for prayers for a very dear missionary friend. . . . They had diagnosed her case as the fast developing type of cancer and did not give her long to live. They still stick to the diagnosis but are unable to explain this splendid recovery. God bless you always."—*D. D. A., California*

"Thank you for the sustaining strength and power that comes from united prayers."—*E. C., Virginia*

The United Prayer Tower

Prayer is the mightiest force in the world. The prayer tower is a group of spiritual people, connected with prayer cells all over the country, who *know* this is true. You are invited to use this service at anytime. Your request will be kept in strict confidence.

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

He Was Lost and Is Found

Starr Daily

AND this is a parable out of life. We want to believe in this parable. It is the story of a creature who became a man. The story of a man who became a creature, an unwanted object of charity, cold charity, divorced from sentiment, an alien to love.

Who among us can condemn him? Let this one cast the first stone. Who can define the power that impelled him that evening? By all the logic of this world he had no right to cross over the social deadline to intrude upon this other world, from which for so many years he had lived an exile. Was he not an outcast? Did not the very rags upon his back advertise his place in life?

There was hunger in the man's face, not for ordinary food. It was the hunger of the human heart for decent companionship, for the sound of a decent woman's voice, for the smell of a decent woman's breath, for the touch of a decent woman's hand in his. For these lost things there was hunger in the man's weary, starved face.

His thin, dry lips were loose, revealing the extent of his moral departure. The skin at his temples had tightened with the loss of his

dignity and self-respect. In his dull, defeated eyes and self-conscious manner the observer could read the story of his descent and his vanished ideals. His face was an acre over which an army had dragged its implements of war, a scarred desert where once had been a lush meadow.

He slipped into the auditorium and, like the leper of old, his very presence seemed to cry out, "Unclean! Unclean!" He took a seat far back, as though he were a germ, reluctant to contaminate the room. But even behind the hunger for decent social contact—this man had bowed to the philosophy of fate, and had accepted the weakling's portion of self-pity—there was in his bearing the greatest of all hunger, the hunger for strength, for character, for nobility.

An old-fashioned song was sung, the kind of a song that woos the soul and puts an ache in the throat, making the heart remember. Before this old-fashioned song of "A Mother's Guiding Hand and Tender Love" the curtain of the years drew aside, and the hand of a decent woman held his own. The smell of a decent woman's breath, like some rare perfume, was in his

nostrils. There was no liquor on that breath. It was clean and sweet, and it purified the air it touched. It was breath as old-fashioned as the song he was hearing. On it was no stale smoke, profanity, cheap vulgarity. It was the breath of God. The song carried him back across a chasm of blurred years, and his own mother, a clean, old-fashioned mother, stepped forth, bowed, and lived for him again.

The man raised his haunted eyes as the song died away. For a moment those tired, vague eyes were gripped by the understanding eyes of the speaker. Then they fell away to the floor. The speaker's voice sounded, low, sonorous, persuasive: "Not our responsibility, but our response to God's ability. The whole secret of redemption and victory lies here. Nothing comes to us save that for which we have an affinity. Our response to God is our affinity for Him. It is difficult to fail. Most men succeed by failing. This is the main path. We are where we are because we choose to be what we are. We can let go and let come a better way. Not our responsibility, but our response to God's ability. This is the secret to abundant living."

The meeting closed with a brief prayer. The man slipped swiftly and silently away. In his cheap, vermin-infested bed that night he came to himself. Haltingly he asked for guidance, for strength, for the

will to *return*. The next day he applied at one of the city's hospitals for work. He was put to work disposing of refuse. Slowly the liquor vanished from his system. His brain gradually cleared, self-respect leisurely returned to him. His clothes became new and clean. He occupied a decent apartment. He slept between fresh white sheets. Something in this man's makeup brought rapid promotions, none of which he sought. "Not my responsibility," he kept saying, "but my response to God's ability. This is the secret of my redemption." He became a janitor. Then he was placed in charge of laundry. Later he drove an ambulance. Still later, in an emergency, he was placed in the contagious ward as an orderly. It was here that he was discovered one day by a noted surgeon. Seeing him the surgeon stopped short and stared in frank astonishment. "Do I know you? or do my eyes deceive me?" asked the noted surgeon, still staring as though at a ghost.

"I'd hoped not to be recognized, sir," the orderly said quietly. "I've been to the basement since you saw me last. I'm trying to climb back. There has been some progress."

The surgeon held out his hand to the orderly, which the latter gripped firmly. "You're already back," said the surgeon. "Your hand is firm and strong and sure. It can still perform those miracles

the world once marvelled at. We'll have a glove on that hand tomorrow, and a scalpel in it." He pointed to a certain bed. "That man's been praying for you to come along."

A bum. Something — some strange power had impelled him to leave his world of dark shadows and foul habits, and, like an unwanted animal, to enter the auditorium where a religious lecture had been announced. In that lecture hall he had heard something for which he had been ready—something that stirred him, reminded him, awakened him into a new hope, and gave him a new courage and a new outlook. "When the teacher is ready the student appears." That something he heard was this: "We are where we are

because we choose to be what we are. We can let go and let come a better way. Not our responsibility, by our response to God's ability. This is the secret to abundant living." Defeat and useless suffering had made him ready to hear and to respond, to act and to apply. "Nothing ever comes to us except that for which we have an affinity. The outer environment is but the reflection of what we are within. When we change the within we change the without. He had divorced himself from one affinity,—that of an honored profession. He had gained and embraced another,—that of a dishonorable tramp. And this is a truism, that no man ever sank so low as to be beyond the redemptive power of God.



The World Is Beautiful

Ollie James Robertson

The world is such a beautiful place,
 With beautiful things all over its face,
 Rivers and mountains and trees so tall
 A soft blue sky and clouds over all.
 Fields of flowers, acres of grain,
 Golden sunbeams amid the rain,
 Birds that flutter and sweetly sing,
 A bevy of butterflies on the wing,
 God surely worked with a master hand
 To make the world such a beautiful land.

☐ Let the world lift its eyes from indistinct designs
 and turn toward the sure directions of God's Word.

Designs In the Dust

J. Shenton Lodge

"I know that age to age succeeds,
 Blowing a noise of tongues
 and deeds,
 A dust of systems and of
 creeds."

Back in the days before paved roads and the automobile, children used to play a game of which the name has been long since forgotten, and the recollection of which remains only in the memory of men who are growing old. Two of a group of children would proceed by some circuitous route to a previously selected hiding place where one would secrete himself while the other returned to his waiting companions. There he would draw with a stick a diagram in the dust of the road which delineated the way through which he had just passed; and, when they had studied the design, the rest would set off in an attempt to follow its directions and discover the hidden boy.

Ere the game had been completed, the turning wheels of passing vehicles had erased the drawing from the dusty road.

In such a manner humanity has always sought its hidden and elusive objectives of peace and happi-

ness, and the designs of systems and creeds have only served to increase the intricacies of the way. Much of the present turmoil of the modern world is deeply rooted in the rival prejudices of system and creed whose designs have been traced in the passing dust of change and decay. It is because of the clashing patterns of religious antagonisms that India cannot emerge as one people in its great opportunity for independence, but must separate itself into rival States of Creed. A prostrate Europe cannot be helped to help itself in its dire extremity of economic collapse because of an ideological contest between divergent political philosophies. The way of systems and creeds has made of Palestine a land of violence and bloodshed.

At times, however, the world has been very close to a solution of diagrams pointing to its collective security. It was not far from an answer when the idealism of Woodrow Wilson outlined its design of international cooperation and planning, but the crashing wheels of nationalism and isolationism combined to wipe its record from the dust of hate and suspicion where it had been so clearly

delineated. It is very close to the answer in the Charter of the United Nations, although passing time is already making its directions increasingly indistinct. Humanity has never been as near to grandeur as on the day when the Man of Galilee, confronted by the restrictive insistencies of legal system and religious creed, stooped down and wrote with a moving forefinger in the dust of the ground.

Whatever it may have been that Jesus wrote upon the ground, it was surely different from the designs which men have drawn for the governing of human relations in world affairs. In our blind choosing, we have traced patterns of racial prejudice and sectarian intolerance as bitter as the animosity of the Jew toward the Samaritan, and more dogmatic in its narrowness than the religious bigotry which crucified the Saviour of the World. Tracing with wrangling minds the faulty designs of our own making, we have come only to the crossroads of hate and fear, until we are not quite sure whether we are planning for peace or maneuvering for strategical position in preparation for a coming holocaust of atomic conflict. With creative genius for destruction, we have fashioned machines of unbelievable powers of mass murder, but have turned aside from the designs which are the only sure

directive to ultimate salvation—the spiritual resources inherent in all men, now dormant, which can establish workable ideas of neighborliness and understanding in human relations.

The nations will not discover a safe way to universal peace until they draw closer to the ideals of the Kingdom of God, a pattern of which Jesus wrote upon the ground. Political and economic systems—even religious creeds—may outline their plans for world happiness and security, but they will remain but fading designs in the dust until humanity begins to follow more intelligently the directions drawn by Him who said, "I am the Way."

With imbecilic futility, the world tinkers with bent hairpins, trying vainly to open the dead-locks of conflicting systems and creeds; and all the while the key is in its hand—the keys of the Kingdom. We are fools and blind. Our continuing battles of systems and creeds can lead us nowhere except toward more intricate by-ways of the vast labyrinth of misunderstanding from which there seems to be, even now, no egress.

Let the world lift its eyes from the indistinct designs which it has drawn in the dust, and turn toward the sure directions of God's Word: "Forsake thy foolish ways, and go in the way of understanding."

☞ Many things better be left undone than that we neglect the one thing needful.

Our Martha—Mary Consciousness

Sybil Stanley

EVERY woman of us harbors the attributes of both the Biblical Martha and Mary, and it is up to us which will predominate. That is, whether we will resemble Martha in greater degree, or become likened unto her sister Mary.

It has been my custom to try to take time daily for quiet meditation; to accept that blessed invitation, "Come ye apart and rest awhile." I like to think of practicing the presence of God as faithfully and as diligently as I would practice the piano were I taking music lessons. But when one is not actually paying tuition to God for His lessons, and we have the assurance that they will always be at hand waiting for us, it is very easy now and then to wash and iron Jane's blouse or mend Dick's socks first. And by the time those are done there is an avalanche of others clamoring for attention.

Early one morning, after my family had left for work, I felt myself up to my neck, so to speak, in housework. So swamped that I felt tired before I even began! As I bustled about the cook stove and dishpan I wondered why I had to be so involved in endless tasks at

times when I just wanted to sit down and pray. Suddenly I asked myself, "Do I really have to become so exercised over all these duties?" "No, I don't!" I challenged, and before I could renege, I literally tossed the dishes in the sink, turned off the gas and was quickly ensconced in a favorite chair with my beloved Bible on my lap.

Apparently indicating my need, the Good Book fell open to the Book of Luke, and I began to read, perhaps a little mechanically at first. Then I read something that seemed to be about me; then it was I discovered my Martha-Mary consciousness as I read:

Now it came to pass, as they went, that he entered into a certain village: and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house.

And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word.

And Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me.

And Jesus answered and said

unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things:

But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.*

Something within me seemed to admonish, "Watch carefully your Martha attributes, they want to hold the spot light!"

From that time forward I began to make a sort of game out of it, and to dub my material self "Martha" and my spiritual counterpart "Mary." The very next morning after I had read that particular scripture, I was bent on hurrying through with certain household routine in order to go down town early for necessary shopping, and the Martha in me was just buzzing around like a bee, cumbered with much serving! I stopped short, right in my tracks, as my "game" came to mind, and said "Martha you step aside, for Mary has her turn now." And I dropped everything and sat down to practice the presence of God. It was a beautiful experience to let my Mary consciousness come forth and take dominion. After a time I returned to my kitchen tasks feeling like a new person, and surprisingly they almost seemed to do themselves. Not only that, but I was dressed and caught my street car without the usual wait, reaching the stores just as they were open-

ing. The Mary consciousness followed me throughout the day, helping me to find the items I needed with a fraction of the usual exertion.

After returning home that afternoon I debated a moment. Should my Martha self hurry in order to make an elaborate dessert for dinner, or should I skip the dessert and like Mary, rest in God's presence for a half hour? I chose the latter, after which I prepared an unusually satisfying meal and forgot all about a dessert. Then the door bell rang. I answered it, a neighbor handed me a package. They had purchased extra tutti fruti ice cream for company who failed to arrive, and would we like it for our dinner? Would we? Wasn't that evidence that by following Mary's way, and not being cumbered about much serving, that our favorite dessert dropped into our laps as a reward?

Day after day I began to see material duties falling from me, as I talked to "Martha" and told her to step aside and be still. Each time I cultivated "Mary" either some task literally dropped away and no longer needed doing, or someone came along and gave me something to offset it, just as the ice cream came forth for dessert.

As my "game" progressed, I got so I could quickly analyze the tasks which arose each day. When one came along which I could cata-

log as "Martha's cumbrance" I would just leave it and use that particular time (which I formerly used for that task) to study His word as did Mary. I soon found this gave me numerous short prayer periods during the entire day, which served a two-fold uplift. First, it kept me spiritually poised as well as rested, to have those little frequent prayer periods. Second, through applying the Mary consciousness I began to eliminate many non-essential jobs which were once a "must" under the Martha regime.

Henry Ford once said: "The number of needless tasks that are performed daily by thousands of people is amazing." If that knowledge, properly applied, was an asset in worldly success, wouldn't it be equally infallible in spiritual growth? Each one of us, whether a professional woman or housewife, would find it profitable to begin to index our daily activities, and we would soon find that we use up much time and energy on things

that get us nowhere.

How about curtailing some of our phone calls? Many of them, especially the gossipy ones, could be eliminated as a Martha cumbrance. The uplifting and helpful ones would be a Mary asset.

We are prone to visit too often, and too long. Visiting in itself is an art, but when we become too involved and worn out from it, we had better invest that time in studying His word as did Mary.

Couldn't our letter writing be condensed, and still contain the same essentials? Through spending more time on being Mary, and less on letters, the letters we do write would radiate a deeper wisdom, peace, understanding and even tolerance.

Once we begin to subdue the Martha consciousness and watch carefully, we will discern that there are many things, even in the active unselfish doing, which would better be left undone than that we should neglect *the one thing* which Jesus told Martha is *needful*.



My Prayer

Maysel Lamb

I pray that out of deepest pain
Will come a blessing like spring rain
That through these ills from hour to hour
Will come a patient Godlike power.

☐ As long as we are needed, we are safe.

Purpose Determines Length of Life

J. Rufus Moseley

JESUS was aware that He was safe from the hands of His enemies until He had finished His day's work, until His life work was done. St. Paul was also aware that his work was done before his enemies had power to take his life. As Emerson puts it: "Our work is our life preserver."

It is especially so when we are dedicated to find and to do every fine thing we are sent here for. As long as we are needed, if we are dedicated, we are safe.

As George Washington Carver puts it, if we are conscious of our life mission, we can live until it is accomplished, provided we will treat our bodies decently well. Emerson cites this in the experience of William of Orange: In the thick of a battle he told a man who was lying by a stump that he "was in grave danger." The man replied, "I don't see that I am in any greater danger than you are," to which William of Orange replied: "I am needed and you are not." The man who was not needed was soon swept into eternity. The man who was needed was unharmed.

I have a friend conscious of a divine call and a purpose to fulfill it, who fought in the open for 66

days during the first world war. Many fell all around him. He did not receive the slightest injury. Two are in the same battle field; "one is taken and the other is left." There is no protection like that of being dedicated to find, to receive and to do in terms of God's highest.

I have another friend who quickly recovered from a seemingly incurable disease because she fell so much in love with five children of her brother's she took to do the best part with that she could, that she refused to die. Such love is stronger than disease or death. As Frank Laubach puts it: "Perfect love has enough fire in it to burn up any disease." I have still another friend, now on the mission field, who was well in a few days, after I told him God would not only heal him but enable him to go as a missionary and thus fulfill the call made to him when he was a boy to go as a missionary to Africa. Our safety, our life, our health, and our strength of days are sure enough if we are fully enough dedicated to the doing of our work in the full will and possibility of God, in union and fellowship with Jesus.

☐ The theme that makes life the nearest like God is the love of God.

The Overflow of Abundant Living

Charles V. Weber

JUST as a beautiful symphony has a theme which is carried from the beginning to the end and which gives it a purpose, so I find life needs a theme if it is to reach the highest levels.

I believe the theme that makes life the nearest like God is the love of God. There isn't a doubt in my mind about this. Christ said, "Love your enemies . . . that ye may be the children of your Father in heaven, . . . Be ye therefore perfect." The implication in this is that we are to love everybody, even our enemies, like true sons of God we will be perfect as our Father is perfect.

The key to living at our best is discovered in loving everybody with the love that God gives us. Using the love of God as our theme means we respond to every experience by an expression of love.

Men ridicule us and we respond by loving them. Men praise us and we respond by loving them. Frequently we find it easy to love those who praise us but hard to love those who criticize. It depends on the source of our love. If it is self-love, we will be defeated in our attempt because the love expression will

turn inward to sympathize with ourselves instead of outward toward the one who has reviled us. That is the reason why it is difficult to love your enemies. Love of self instead of the love of God is dominating and you are enslaved by it.

In order that the love of God might dominate my life, I have found it helpful to use a scripture and repeat it many times each day for a week or ten days. Each time I say the scripture I let each word sink into my consciousness as a look upward to God. Some way the process lifts me out of the level of problems into the fulness of God's love, and it is easy to love everybody.

This week I have been using Psa. 23:3 where it says, "He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of Righteousness for His name's sake." I wish I could find words to describe what happens to me when I let those words sink into my mind. "He restoreth my soul." Moffat puts it, "He revives life in me." Goodspeed and Smith say, "He gives me new life." It seems to me that is exactly what happens. First of all when I think

From *The Abundant Life*, May 1945. By permission.

these words, it produces a relaxed state. Then something comes into me like a new force. He is new life to me.

In the past week I've used this scripture over and over. When I boarded a street car, I relaxed and received strength from it. I used it as I stood over a poor soul who is sick physically and mentally. I used it as I ministered to the wife, son and sister of a man who had been dead less than ten minutes. The life had gone from him, but new life could be given to the loved ones who remain here. I used it when I prayed for various ones who are troubled. I used it in my

own personal problems. When my mind began to wander to unworthy things, I looked up and repeated my scripture. Instantly my mind has been brought back to the center of God's love without struggle or battle. Deep praises to God are felt within my soul when I feel the results of the power of His word.

I hope you will come to know what the Word will do for you. Use it. Let God's word lift you and baptize you in His love. Live in it so every contact of life will be responded to in the same way God would respond. Dare to live like Jesus despite the hate and sin of these days.



My Father

Georgia Moore Eberling

He laid the strong foundations of the earth,
His fingers set the moon and stars in place,
He formed the little hills that laugh in mirth,
And dressed the farmer's fields in soft green lace.
He made the clouds his chariot, and rides
Upon the wind's great wings. He marked the bound
Of ocean, where the great sea monster hides;
He opened springs on bare and rocky ground.
The glories of the world belong to Him:
The golden wheat, the cattle on the plain,
The cedars on the hill-top's farthest rim,
The winter snow, the spring time's silver rain.
The earth is his, and He has promised me
The joys of Heaven, when His face I see,

☪ It has its reserves in solitude;
and its power in the life of God.

The Character of Christ

F. C. Peabody

WHAT WAS the character of Jesus Christ? What kind of Person is this from whom so rich and persuasive a teaching proceeds?

It would be of extraordinary interest if we might in the first place picture to ourselves the external appearance and physical traits of Jesus. The simple record, however, offers practically no material for the reproduction of His face or form. It is indeed reported, that the first impression of His teaching was for the moment created not so much by its contents, striking as these were, but by the demeanor and personality of the Teacher. 'He taught as one having authority', is the first comment of the narrator. There was a calmness and mastery, a force and restraint, and originality and reverence, which dominated the scene. As Jesus proceeded in His ministry, this effect of His personal bearing is often evident. To a soldier He seemed like a commander who was born to be obeyed; to many a hearer He had but to say 'follow me' and busy men left all and followed; to

minds possessed by devils He had but to speak and they grew self-controlled and calm. Little children on the other hand came when He called, and nestled in His arms; women followed Him and ministered unto Him gladly. Command and sympathy, power and charm, must have been blended in a Person who drew to Himself such varied types of loyalty. Authority and affection, playfulness and gravity, the light of love and the shadow of rebuke, must have touched in quick succession the face of Jesus.

What was the first impression of this Teacher, which seized upon His hearers with such extraordinary compulsion that when He said 'Follow me,' men left all to follow? The answer to this question concerning the original and general impression of the teaching of Jesus was an effect of power, of authority and mastery, the commanding impressiveness of a leader of men. It is striking to notice how often this word 'power' is applied in the New Testament to the influence of Jesus. 'His word was the power,' says St. Luke. When He announced the principles of His teaching, He

From *Freedom, Love and Truth* by William R. Inge. By permission of the publisher, Ralph T. Hale and Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

did not prove or argue or threaten like the Scribes; He swayed the multitude by personal power.

On the other hand is the intellectual aspect of the same quality of power,—a strength of reasoning, a sagacity, insight, and alertness of mind, which give Him authority over the mind not less than the will. On almost every page of the Gospels there are indications that the new Master was neither unlettered nor untrained, but equipped with intellectual as well as spiritual authority. An interesting witness of this untaught wisdom may be found in the attitude of Jesus to the world of nature. It would be misleading to speak of His mind as scientific, for there is in Him no trace of the special discipline in which students of science are trained. His attitude towards nature, however, is the prerequisite of the scientific mind. Nature in every phase and form is His instructor, His companion, His consolation, and each incident of nature is observed by Him with sympathetic insight and keen delight. He is a poet rather than a naturalist; but with Him as with all great interpreters of nature, poetic insight gives significance to the simplest facts. The hen and her chickens, the gnat in the cup, the camel in the narrow street, the fig-tree and its fruit, the fishermen sorting their catch—all these and many other of the slightest inci-

dents which met His observant eye become eloquent with the great message of the Kingdom.

A further and still more striking evidence of this intellectual mastery was a certain lightness of touch which Jesus often employed in controversy, and which sometimes approaches the play of humour, and sometimes the thrust of irony. His enemies attach Him with bludgeons, and He defends Himself with a rapier. No test of mastery is more complete than this capacity to make of playfulness a weapon of reasoning. The method of Jesus pierces through the subtlety and obscurity of His opponents with such refinement and dexterity that the assailant sometimes hardly knows that he is hit. Inside of a direct reply, the immediate question is parried and turned aside, and the motive which lies behind it is laid bare.

The picture of the historic Jesus which would reproduce this type of character, and which is still left for Christian art to paint, is not of the pallid sufferer, stricken by the sins of the world, but of the wise grave Master, whom to meet was to reverence, if not to obey.

Tempted He may be, but His are the temptations which come to power. Confronted by learning He must be, but the weapons of scholarship are His also. Thwarted by the Kingdoms of this world He will be, but He remains a King in

the empire of the truth. Suffer He must, but it is the suffering of the strong. He dies if He is defeated, but His power asserts itself commanding even when He is gone, and the very memory of it brings to His cause men who could reject His teaching.

There are two ways in which the conduct of Jesus discloses a character whose dominant note is strength, and both of these habits of life increase the pathos and impressiveness of His character. The first is the prodigality of His sympathy; the second is His solitude of soul. He is equally at home with the most varied types. He moves with the same sense of familiarity among rich and poor, learned and ignorant, the happy and the sad. The sympathy of Jesus is the channel through which His power flows, and the abundance of the stream testifies to the reserve of power at the source.

The second mark of the conduct of Jesus is His spiritual solitude. Give Himself as He may to others in lavish word and deed, there remains within the circle of these relationships a sphere of isolation and reserve. Eager as He is to communicate His message, there are aspects of it which, He is forced to

see, are incommunicable, so that His language has at times a note of helplessness. Men see, but they do not perceive; they hear, but they do not understand. No man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son.

Here indeed is the pathos of the character of Jesus; yet here also we approach the source of His strength. It was in this detachment of nature, this isolation of the inner life, that Jesus found His communion with the life of God. The tide of the Spirit ebbs from Him in a throng, and when He goes apart He is least alone, because the Father is with Him. Thus from utterance to silence, from giving to receiving, from society to solitude, the rhythm of his nature moves, and the power which is spent in service is renewed in isolation. He is able to bear the crosses of others because He bears His own.

How then shall we approach the type of character which is derived from Him? It has its abundance and its reserves, its stream of service and its peace in solitude; and the power which moves the busy wheels of the life of man is fed from the high places of the life of God.



“An era in human history is the life of Jesus, and its immense influence for good leaves all the perversion and superstition that has accrued almost harmless.”—*Emerson*.

☐ One day we will find that it is part of our nature to live as Jesus taught.

“Be Ye Therefore Perfect”

Jean Aston Fulkes

TO live as Jesus taught us to live is the only completely satisfying way to be happy. Yet, although His language was simple and His commandments sure and true, so many aspirants for this matchless happiness are disappointed. Recently a friend was lamenting to me that Christianity had been made so *hard*. “Why,” she asked, “are the rules so difficult to follow? I know in my heart,” she went on, “those rules are right, so why do I have so few results from my faith when the promises are so wonderful?”

This question set me thinking about practice. When I was a little girl, about seven I think, I began to take piano lessons. Although fascinated and thrilled with the new experience, I was disappointed at the end of the first lesson that I had learned so little. Some of my classmates, older than I, were already playing “pieces” and it had never occurred to me that so much practice went into the making of even a very ordinary piano player. Several years passed

before my playing became enjoyable to me (and, I can well imagine, to my family), but little by little, perseverance won, and eventually I counted myself a “musician” and knew the thrill of playing really difficult pieces of music with little effort.

Jesus’ words, His commandments, His examples are our lessons for practice. We can not expect to pick up our Testaments and read the glorious pages about His life and then stop with that. If we resolve to live as Jesus asked this very day, and it is the first day we have made such resolve, we can not allow ourselves to be disappointed with a lack of angels ministering to our needs or modern miracles coming to our aid. But if this day we ask for guidance and do the best we know, then tomorrow we practice again, and then again and again, one day we will find that it is part of our very nature to live as Jesus taught. That day we can grasp the knowledge that fruitful and completely happy Christian living is ours, and ours forever.

☐ Poetry is ideal wings for the handicapped.

Poetry for the Handicapped

Mary O’Connor

THE opportunities of the shut-in are almost limitless. Almost every handicapped person is able to do something in the way of making the days interesting and short. There are countless invalids whose hours move too fast for their liking. They are unable to accomplish all the little tasks they would like to do in a day. The secret to their lives lies in the fact that they have searched until they found the key: *work, friends, enthusiasm*.

Everyone knows that the happiest people are the busy ones. It is no different with shut-ins. There are degrees of ability with walkabouts just the same as there are degrees of ability in shut-ins. But no one really knows what he *can* do until he *tries*.

One of the finest hobbies or occupations for those who are forced to spend their lives in one spot . . . is writing. The necessary ingredients of a writer are sensitivity to what goes on around him and the determination to put it down in an interesting manner.

Poetry is beautifully adaptable to the shut-in. Writing it brings a state of mind that heals as it sings its way into the heart. Writing poetry is one of the intensely ac-

cumulative methods of giving, as well as gathering, joy. It can become so absorbing and fascinating that the hours slip away like dewdrops under the sun.

One can start by getting a book on correct rhythm and method. Poetry is like music. It must have a lilt or a beauty of sound that holds the singer or the reader. It is fascinating to think up new ways of saying the same old things. Dress up your thoughts in new words or word combinations. Instead of spending two hours on an old crossword puzzle that won’t even live after you get it worked out, why not try writing a poem about some nostalgic moment in your life?

When you see waves, what do they remind you of? How about clouds? Walk over the hillsides in early morning (in your imagination) and write of your thoughts. If you see another lonely figure sitting on a fallen tree, write a poem about him. Why does he sit there? You’ve seen the yearning on the face of a very poor child when he looks into a store window at Christmastime. Catch the human emotions in your net of thought and put them down on paper. Poems are made of wishes. Poetry can make reality seem a

little less real, and therefore one is helped by a poem's power.

After your inspiration has jelled into words of beauty or tenderness, words of strength or startling wisdom, put the poem on the shelf and write another one. The next day, take out the poems and read them aloud, critically. Do this each day with a fresh mind. Don't let admiration creep into your thinking but be strict with your products, your efforts. Pretend someone else wrote them and you are trying to criticize them objectively. If your expressions are trite, work them over into new phrases that are not apt to have been used before. Try to be different. Imagery is delightful. Use it!

Thought is the greatest and most far-reaching attribute of man. The most tremendous experiences can be lived in a man's mind. Thought, when harnessed to the right words is far more powerful than any atomic development. By thought and then the written or spoken word, man could wipe out all wars, if he would. Greed has to be dealt with. And greed creeps into his dealings. Greed frightens all the idealism into the shadows and the idealist is made to feel that he does not have his feet on solid ground. But I'm *for* the idealist every time.

Poets are idealists. The world needs them. Idealists do not bring about the unrest of the world. Rather, they are the ones who fight the causes of unrest in each generation. Poets who are unable to get around physically, often cover a hundred times as much territory with their messages of poetry. Even ten thousand times as much. Their words circle the globe and carry the torch of beauty and friendship with them. Their value cannot be measured.

Many are the privileges of the handicapped poet, and his handicap drops like a veil of sunset, becoming only a myth if he can make his poems do his walking and moving, for him. He reaches deeply into the realm of thought that is waiting to be loved and fashioned into articulate words and feelings. Handcraft is satisfying and often remunerative but the writing of poetry surpasses any satisfaction dreamed of.

Poetry comes from the heart and soul of the poet and reaches deeply into the being of the one who reads it. Poetry carries the spirit of beauty, love, idealism to the world. It lifts man out of the too realistic web of existence into the perfect world of thought. These are truly the ideal wings for the handicapped.

☪ "For as a man thinketh in his heart, so he is."

Meditations for the Quiet Hour

Julia E. Derrick

I

"To this end I was born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." John 18:37

Jesus is the truth incarnate. He said He was. "I am the Truth." Those who seek the truth will surely find it. Every one that is of the truth will recognize it. Jesus said, "If any man will to do His will, he shall know of the teaching whether it is of God," and He promised us a sure Guide in our search for the truth, "When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth."

Jesus *is* the truth, no matter under what guise, name, or phrase it may come. It is the truth that is taught and practised in all the churches that keeps them living. To the extent that they *use* the truth, they have Jesus and His quickening power. In that sense and in reality, there is only one church. We need not be discouraged and critical because of the multiplicity of denominations. Perhaps truth is more comprehensible to some under the varying terminologies. Let us take the attitude of Gamaliel: "If this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

II

"As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." Matthew 8:13

That "As" is like a hinge upon which is hung the condition of our life. As we exercise our belief in right or wrong, in good or evil, in health or sickness, in potentialities or limitations, so IT IS. We miss the point of Scripture altogether if we interpret Jesus' words to the centurion (or His words to the blind, or lame, or leprous) as being for that case only. Jesus' words were statements of principle. "Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away." (Mark 13:31)

How important that we take heed *what* we believe! For, "as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." What a responsibility is ours to examine our long-held beliefs and habitual thoughts! What folly to make much ado about formal statements of religious belief when our lives are but the product of our unstated—but practiced—beliefs!

III

"Brother Saul . . . the Lord . . . hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost." Acts 9:17

In obedience to a divine instruction, Ananias goes to minister to a man who by all human standards would be an enemy to be feared and distrusted. He might have questioned his own leading in the matter. He might have reasoned that he would be playing into the hands of Satan to place himself in the power of one who was so set upon the destruc-

tion of Christians. But, putting aside human reasonings and doubts and obeying his guidance, he became an agent of God for good in the case of Paul, who was so gloriously used in the divine plan.

Likewise, Peter might have attributed his divine instruction in the case of Cornelius to the pangs of hunger and given the vision a physical interpretation. But he made sure of his guidance; he got specific instructions, and followed them, contrary to long established custom and concept.

If we could be as sure of our guidance, how much more gloriously we might be used in the Divine Providence. How satisfying it might be only to be freed from daily petty annoyances and inharmonies by obedience to the inner guidance. Our religion should serve us . . . only infinitely more so . . . in the ordering of our lives as does instinct in the case of animals and birds. Perhaps Jesus meant to rebuke our neglect of our guidance when He reminded us of the Father's care of the sparrows, and added, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows."

IV

"Never man spake like this man." John 7:46

The officers who were sent to take Jesus returned without Him. When they were asked why they had not brought Him, they answered, "Never man spake like this man."

"Are ye also deceived?" asked the Pharisees. Then, in scorn, "this people that knoweth not the law are cursed."

Yet it has seemed to this writer that so very often it is this "people that knoweth not the law" (who are not "in the know" about religious practice and custom and who are not steeped in tradition) who recognize that "never man spake like this." Truth has a strength and conviction that reaches them because they are not filled with preconceived notions and satisfied with mistaken conceptions. They make no effort to justify their attraction to Jesus on the basis of His origin or circumstances. They simply recognize His authority. The truth He spoke was more than human. Never man spake like this.

For those whose minds are open to the truth there is still the inner Witness. Through many books, under whatever name or pen-name, and through much speaking, we can discover the same Authority. Never man spake like this . . . and we know it is the divine Authority, no matter whose the pen or whence the voice.

V

"But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love." I Cor. 13:13

Love is the final test, the supreme motive. Love is the dynamic for action. All forms of active life we know are begotten in love. Love is the animating spirit of all things, the measure of the abundance of life. Love is the fulfilling of the law.

All the wisdom and understanding, all the knowledge and faith, all one's sacrifices and deeds are as living and powerful as the love by which they are motivated . . . or as vain and fruitless.

Jesus gave love as the sign of discipleship, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." (John 13:35) Love is the proof that we have life. "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." And, "He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love." (I John 4:8)

VI

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." John 3:3

Theological terms frighten and perplex us, and we stumble at the mystery of "being born again." One's spiritual re-formation is as surely God's handiwork as is the marvelous result He achieves in forming every human physical body in the everyday miracle we call birth. Indeed "He is our Maker," both physically and spiritually. But we can prevent, hinder, and mar His work spiritually by failure to act in accordance with His laws as surely as we do physically when we fail to observe the laws of sanitary science.

Our daily reactions to life's experiences are our manifestations of growth. But it is our growing *awareness* of the Spirit within us and our obedience to the divine guidance we receive thereby that is forever enabling us to put off the Adam and to put on the Christ . . . to leave our natural, limited, physical consciousness and to come into a higher spiritual consciousness. Even as an infant gradually—not suddenly—comes into awareness and understanding of his earthly existence, so must we come into consciousness of the spiritual realm into which we are "born again."

VII

"Be ye therefore perfect." Matthew 5:48

How hopelessly impossible, we think! What a distant aim! We are so weighted down by limitations on every hand. Our environment is crushing, our material needs so demanding, our inheritance so definitely crippling. We are not especially talented, and we've never claimed intellectual brilliance.

The gospel is the way to perfection, in spite of all the old and commonly accepted handicaps. It is the "good news" that one is *not* circumscribed by his inheritance and environment, as he surely would be if divine assistance were not a readily available possibility. The good news is that there is a way out for those who are born under handicaps. With Jesus . . . accepting *supernatural* aid . . . a man need not continue blind and crippled, and deaf. No, not even if he has been so "from his mother's womb."

The challenge is to faith, breath-taking in its splendor. Yet so few can accept it. Perhaps for an ecstatic moment we can glimpse such faith and snatch at it. But there are the years and years of belief in the limited condition. There are the years and years of conscious acceptance of a handicap . . . perhaps since birth, and we've never known any other consciousness except of such handicap. And our lot continues to be *AS* we have believed. Oh, we of little faith!

VIII

"But as many as received him, to them gave He power to become sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." John 1:12

To believe on the name of Jesus is much more than belief in the historical fact of His earthly existence and acceptance of the events in His life as recorded by the gospel writers. Countless numbers of people have had that kind of belief without having received any testimony of their sonship of God. The Devil himself believed in the existence of Jesus, but it didn't make him a son of God.

The kind of belief necessary to make one a son of God is belief in all the principles of life as demonstrated by Jesus in His life; and not only belief in those principles, but acceptance of them into one's own life, the daily and hourly practice of them. Love, self-sacrifice, service, obedience to the Father within . . . those are things His name suggests. We can't think of a person's name aside from his character and personality. Nor can we of Jesus. He is our Saviour in the sense that when we endeavor to accept and act upon His principles He gives us the power to do so. That's the only way we can receive Him. A life in keeping with His principles and in obedience to His indwelling Spirit will indeed enable us to become "sons of God."

IX

"Jesus came, . . . preaching . . . and saying . . . repent ye, and believe the gospel." Mark 14:15

Repent—and we think of regret for past conduct. But it isn't truly repentance unless we change the mind about it. When we make an error in a math problem we don't just be sorry about it. We correct it. If our way of life isn't all it might be . . . not a question of how good, or how bad . . . just if it might be bettered, then repentance is in order.

This gospel Jesus came preaching was the "good news" of a better, more perfect, more abundant life. We see this Way of life demonstrated by Jesus. We have His promise of power to achieve it. Do we need any urging? When we discover by the road signs that we are on the wrong road we don't need any warnings or threats to send us back to the right road. We eagerly look for a sign pointing the right way.

What we need is more lives demonstrating the gospel and thereby serving others as sign pointers toward the Way. We need more people who can hear the voice within saying "This is the way, walk ye in it."

☪ Since I have found God all things are possible.

The God I Know

Pearl Carling Campbell

THE GOD I KNOW is more real to me than any human being could ever be! From others I am separated by thought and space. With God there is no separate place, and He alone knows my thoughts and understands the yearnings of my spirit, for He has created them.

THE GOD I KNOW is always accessible! I never need to make an appointment with Him. I never need to wait until it is convenient for Him to listen to me. I can talk with Him day and night and He never gets bored or impatient. In fact, the more we talk together the more interested He seems to become.

THE GOD I KNOW has no moods! I can always be absolutely certain that He will be the same kind, attentive companion today that He was yesterday.

THE GOD I KNOW has a wonderful sense of humor! He often surprises me by answering my prayers while they are yet unformed, and we have our little jokes together. He often nudges me and says, "Do so and so for that dejected woman, that bewildered child, or that grumpy man, and see what happens." And together we watch the miracle - - -

stars rising in their eyes until they shine like those of a child who has suddenly encountered Santa Claus on the 4th of July! While God whispers, "Wasn't that fun?"

THE GOD I KNOW does my worrying for me! To fret and worry is to sin. First, because fear and anxiety are forbidden to the Christian. They are a direct denial of the power of God. And secondly, because worry defiles the Temple of God, which is the mind and the body.

THE GOD I KNOW has brought me utter completeness! I no longer need rely on any human power for help in the fundamentals of living. Since I have found God *all things are possible* and *together* we can endure or surmount *anything!* To be keenly conscious of the *God I know* is to be fortified with *strength, courage, comfort, companionship and intense happiness!* No one else has power to add to this sufficiency. Neither can any human power detract from it, nor hurtfully touch my spirit, for all resentment, pride, and selfish anger and hate are alien to *the God I know* and cannot exist in His presence.

We naturally expect great things of a great God, but what aston-

ishes me continually is His interest in the small details of our lives—the little things that are unimportant but which can make or mar the perfection of each day. THE GOD I KNOW is just as interested as I am in the perfecting of my smallest plans. If they go awry, it is because I have failed to take Him into my confidence.

The thought of Death was once

something unpleasant that annoyed me from the furthest recess of my mind. Now I know that the same God who is with me here will also be with me *there*, only even *more* wonderfully!

THE GOD I KNOW gives me the delight of my life in the fulfillment of my desire to write about HIM!



An Evening Prayer

Luman R. Bowditch

Dear Father! humbly now I bow my head
And rev'rent kneel beside my bed
To come to Thee in earnest prayer
And to thank Thee for Thy kindly care.
Teach my soul while I'm asleep
To know Thy laws—how them to keep.

I pardon ask for past mistakes
In Jesus' name and "for His sake."
Care for my soul as I rest to-night,
Bring me safe to the morning light,
And help me in the coming day
That I from Thee go not astray.

Fill my soul with the power of Love,—
Divinely pure like Thine above,—
So on this earth I may express
To other souls its blessedness,
And help them rise above the cloud
So they too find a loving God.
Be Thou my Guide to this life's end
So, perfected shall I be. Amen.

Religion At Work

Maeanna Cheserton-Mangle

I

One morning Isaac M. Wise, founder of liberal Judaism, entertained two Quakers in his Cincinnati study. "Friend," one of them said, "we come from that part of Ohio where there are no Hebrews. We have never looked on the face of one of God's people before. So we have come to see thee."

Although greatly amused, Rabbi Wise could understand their mission because it was in the 1860's, an age when there were far fewer Jews in the United States than there are today. They had a pleasant chat and then the Rabbi shook hands with his guests, who departed. They seemed satisfied that they had been privileged to see, in the flesh, one of the people they had known only through the Scriptures. As they bid goodbye, one of the Quakers sounded just a trifle disappointed as he said, "Friend, thee looks just like other folks."

II

The directors of the Protestant Children's Service, Inc. had an "incorporated" headache! Seventy-five infants needed shelter and there was none to be had. The children's cries were in the universal language that touches all men's hearts; but still these babies had no roof. So early this year the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York arose to the occasion. A valuable piece of property, including five administration and dormitory buildings, was leased to the Protestant organization for \$1 for fifteen months. Monsignor Edward R. Gaffney, Chancellor of the Archdiocese, spoke for Cardinal Spellman, in making the buildings available to meet the emergency created by the shortage of temporary care facilities for dependent children in New York. Thus he reaffirmed the fact that childhood is not another creed but a human reality, and this gift, better than a thousand meetings or editorials, strikes a blow at intolerance and bigotry that too often stand in the way of the realization of God's desire that we shall walk in the ways of comity and peace.

III

Eileen B. Beath, in the "Presbyterian Survey" shared this episode with her readers: "During the first year of the Chinese-Japanese war, a boy of nine years, Chi Chen, was starting for bed when he said to his mother, 'Shall I pray for the Chinese soldiers tonight?' His mother thought for a moment and then replied, 'No, Chi, pray for the little Japanese children whose fathers are fighting and dying in China tonight.' "Many, many times I have heard Chinese Christians praying for the Japanese. Hate has never had a place in their hearts. If Christianity can do this for individuals, can it not do it for nations?"

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