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# Clear Horizons

(Complete Contents on Back Cover)

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Spring—1947

Poems - Meditations - Articles - Book Reviews

## Good News for Every Reader!

The purpose of this magazine from the beginning has been to clear the horizons of the people of America so they can see more clearly the Kingdom of Heaven all around them when they are completely in tune with the love of God. The entire emphasis of the magazine has been upon the deepening of the inner spiritual life and the making of it a real creative force in every area of one's personal life.

With the steady increase in circulation and the growing need for enlarging this service, the Editors have felt drawn to seek the counsel and advice of a select few, deeply consecrated Christians. With the aid of prayer and Divine guidance we sincerely believe we were led to select the right people. We are happy to announce the following "Contributing and Advisory Editors."

FRANK C. LAUBACH, renowned Christian missionary and educator, and advocate of "prayer, the mightiest force in the world."

RUFUS M. JONES, beloved Quaker and dean of Christian mystics in this country.

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE, pastor of Marble Collegiate Church in New York City, and well-known Christian counsellor in "the art of living."

RALPH SPAULDING CUSHMAN, Methodist Bishop of the Saint Paul Area, and cherished Christian poet, author and administrator.

WINFRED RHOADES, professional psychologist, former minister, and author of *The Self You Have To Live With*.

AUSTIN PARDUE, Episcopal Bishop of Pittsburgh, author, and dynamic speaker and interpreter of vital Christianity.

STARR DAILY, popular speaker and author on the power of Christ, redeemed by the "love that can open prison doors."

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## CLEAR HORIZONS MAGAZINE

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# Clear Horizons

Seventh Year

Spring, 1947

Volume 7, No. 4

☐ No other one single thing has contributed more to my spiritual life than the daily reading of the Word of God.

## What Personal Bible Study Has Done for Me

E. Stanley Jones

PRAYER and Bible Study have been the two prongs of the anchor which has held me anchored to reality amid the storms and calms of life. I separate them and yet in my experience they have become two parts of one fact.

In Bible Study God talks to me. In Prayer I talk to God. There is a two-way traffic. In the Word I commune with God and in prayer God communes with me and I with Him.

But Bible Study is the starting point. I have that before I begin my prayer. It starts my thinking and my praying off in the right direction. If I start straight into praying without Bible Study I begin with my desires. But if I start with the Bible I begin with God's desires for me. That is a point of reference outside of myself. If you start with yourself you'll probably

end with yourself and in the process you'll become a self-centered person, no matter how religious you may be.

But if you begin with the Word you will begin with God, you'll probably end with God and become a God-centered person. You are not the center of your universe, God is.

But the God that is the center of your universe is not the God of your imagination, but the God revealed to us in Jesus Christ. We do not begin with God, we begin with Jesus and work out to God. We do not begin with our idea of God, but with God's idea of Himself. He has let us see Himself in the face of Jesus Christ. Jesus is God simplified, understandable, approachable, available. Jesus is God speaking a language we can understand—a human language—and showing us His character in

the place where we can understand it, namely, in the stream of human history. The Word became flesh.

Through the Word He has spoken unto us He cleanses everything. Therefore, when I come daily to this Word I get a daily mental and spiritual bath. I live through the day in a clean universe, no matter how much filth is around me.

Through this Word He not only cleanses me. He guides me. For my general guidance is the life and teaching of Jesus. There I see what God is and what I may be. When in doubt I find to do the most Christ-like thing is safe and the highest.

I not only get guidance, but here I am introduced to power to carry out the guidance. For within the pages of this Book I find weak men becoming strong, impure men becoming pure, confused men becoming certain and defeated men becoming victorious. This is teaching and power in one.

Besides all this, there is a stimulus here that gives a zest to life. There is an eternal freshness about it. It is never stale unless I bring staleness to it and project it into it. Then and then only is it stale. There is something inexhaustible about the Word. I feel one day I have plumbed its meaning and the next day there is a new depth of meaning I had not known. Today it is fresher and more alive than it

was forty-five years ago when as a young Christian I would press my lips to its pages out of sheer gratitude for the wonder of its redemption. It is "a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

So each day I take my pen in hand and go to this Word expecting some live thought to arise out of its pages. The taking of the pen is an act of faith, an attitude of expectancy. I am seldom or never disappointed. I write down what comes to me, for if I do not it slips through my mind like a sieve.

I find the following steps helpful as I come to the Word:

1. *Still the mind.* For in the silence God will speak to you.

2. *Let the mind now circulate around the verse or verses,* asking what is its general meaning. When you have found out its general meaning and its setting, ask another question.

3. *What is its meaning for me?* For God is talking to me through these words.

4. *How can I apply it today in my life?*

5. *Now silence the mind again and let Him speak to you any additional word.*

6. *Ask for power to put into operation what you see.*

7. *Believe that He gives you power and thank Him for it.*

I find that Christians who neglect the Bible and depend upon direct guidance from inner light

soon find themselves groping in darkness or in make-believe. They soon form guidance out of their own desires projected from the subconscious and call it God's guidance. It is safer to start, not with your projected ideas, but with God's revelation of Himself in Jesus. Amid these words you will find the Word. That Word is right

always and everywhere. For that Word is Reality unveiled. It is the universal become the concrete. And then the concrete becomes the universal.

No other one single thing has contributed more to my spiritual life than the daily reading of the Word of God. With all my heart I commend it to China.



☐ If you can't fail—You've got to succeed!

## Wake Up!—You CAN Do It

Marguerite Walton

UNDER the giant dogwood the very air seemed tinted green and felt cool as water.

The green shadows seemed to reach out like ripples to join other ripples of shadow from the woods beyond and peace hovered over the place like a benediction. Yet one felt the urge of growth, strong and insistent, reaching outward and upward with the unrepressed desire to accomplish something of importance in the universal plan.

"Wake up!" everything seemed to say. "Time is passing like the wind in the trees. Don't let the minutes get away from you unused. What do you want most in

all the world? If you know, be up and at it. Start now—this very minute, before you begin cluttering your way with the 'ifs' and 'buts' that can construct seemingly insurmountable barriers to progress. Forget old habits where the thought of failure predominated—try a new approach—the *I can't fail way.*"

Of course old habits will pop up, they may even become quite tangible barriers, but all you have to do is to look past them, or go around them, like the brook does when a stone is dropped in its accustomed channel.

And always, when your faith in success seems to waver, prod your-

self along with the reminder that you have the same chance to succeed that any one else has—your five senses, and all the hands, feet, fingers and toes that you need. Remember heaps of people have achieved tremendous goals with great physical handicaps because they knew that their real assets were from the neck up.

“Wake up and grow!” Nature is always insisting that you do that, if you listen. In a hundred ways and a thousand voices she urges humanity to higher aims. “Look!” she points out, “A seed falls in the ground. All alone in the dark the great forces of nature say, ‘Grow, and trust divine law.’ And the seed trusts and everything helps it to do what is expected of it. The rain wets the ground and softens the hard little life-insurance jacket the

seed wears. Earthworms plough the earth to make it easy for frail, young roots; the warm bright rays of the sun draws the growth upward, the air furnishes oxygen, the soil nourishment, and because it keeps on trying it can’t fail.”

That’s all any one has to do to accomplish anything—start and keep plugging away. Every time we fail to take a step forward we learn something. Every time the aggravating, mosquito’s thoughts buzz around hinting of failure, we remember that the mind factory produces the product fed to it, but it cannot turn out two products at the same time, so we keep on feeding it the thought, *I can’t fail! I can’t fail! I can’t fail!*

And then there is only one answer—if you can’t fail—you’ve got to succeed.



### *When the Angels Came*

*William Walter De Bolt*

The angels came on pleasant wings  
From the foot of the heavenly throne  
Down to the place where the Saviour lay  
Deep in the hewn stone.

The angels came and rolled away  
The door of the wondering tomb,  
And morning and Spring walked off with the Lord  
Over the prostrate gloom.

☐ America has begun a big job in Germany.  
We must see it through.

## *What I Saw In Germany*

*Abraham Vereide*

WE MET with officers of the General Staff, and again with about 150 officers representing all sections, to discuss with them the moral and spiritual aspect of our American program as it pertained to the leadership in these various fields. The discouraging aspects of the work are such that spiritual inspiration with power and wisdom is imperative.

Arrangements were made for us to meet with German leaders, hear their story, join with them in prayer, and present to them the program for the training of leadership through organized, planned round-table discussion groups where the Bible and prayer have a prominent place.

While we were in Berlin we visited a refugee camp where some 4,000 Polish Jews were housed. What a tragic story the leaders of this center gave us. They wanted us to address them over the loud-speaking system, which we were happy to do. There were several rabbis and other religious leaders in the group, so we asked some of them to read a psalm or a portion of the Scripture in their native tongue. We told them what to read after they finally located a Bible,

and it was touching to observe the response of the people, for this was news to them. We had them read Isaiah 53 and Psalms 1, 23, 32, 51 and 91. Many wept.

As Germany is divided into four zones, so Berlin is divided. A doctor in the Russian sector who is leader for twenty small groups for prayer, Bible study, and Christian fellowship—in spite of the fact that the Russians had prohibited such gatherings—took me by the hand and said tearfully: “Pray for us and help us.” The struggle for a living was tough for anyone who did not subscribe to the Soviet program.

At the conclusion of a meeting in Frankfort, three German girls came up to thank me. One of them declared with deep earnestness: “We have sinned and failed God and humanity. I am deeply sorry for our misconduct, but we are repenting. We have asked God for His forgiveness and we ask you to forgive us. Will you have faith in us once more and help us? We, the German youth, want a program and a challenge. We want another opportunity to do our part in the rebuilding of Germany on a Christian and democratic basis.”

We had a never-to-be-forgotten

evening with a group of church leaders in Frankfort. They later sent me a letter over their signatures, a part of which I quote:

"The confidence that you have shown us makes us happy. The Christians in Germany have deep confidence in the Christians of America and are extremely desirous to meet with a reciprocal feeling from them . . . During the storm and stress prayer groups have been increasingly formed and we will try to institute more of these, praying that Americans will join us, thoroughly convinced that Germany requires a Christian leadership in all spheres of its public life. We believe a religious awakening is a gift of God's Spirit, but we believe that we must pray for it and we are doing so. . . . We would ask for the selection of Christian personalities for the positions in the military government that come into contact with the German population. We beg you to grant us your confidence that we have conquered Nazism. In spite of the catastrophe which has overtaken our nation, we believe that God still has a great work for us to do and that we shall be able to accomplish it through our faith in Jesus Christ. . . . It is our united request that you may strengthen us in this and that we may continue to have a personal relationship with you."

A pastor in Stuttgart, a district

superintendent, reported that his seven churches were all in ruins and his flocks scattered, but they were meeting in small groups like the early Church, fostering a spirit of aggressive evangelism with testimonies, Bible study, and much prayer. A businessman in Wiesbaden reported: "German militarism is done for. But our German youth know nothing but the ideology in which they have been trained. You must be patient with us and give us an opportunity for reeducation and reorientation, and we will not fail you."

A keen intellectual gentleman at Heidelberg asked for the speedy elimination of the zone arrangement, the reeducation of the youth, and an understanding attitude from the Christian and cultural forces in other countries. "We accept our guilt. We recognize that we are receiving what we deserve, but it is yet possible for us to become an asset in Europe."

Our soldiers in Germany felt that they were being neglected and forgotten and some of them remarked, "the battle now is in some respects more difficult than in physical warfare. Moral stamina and spiritual vitality are so greatly needed. Will you ask the people back home to stand by us in their prayer, in their recognition, support, and encouragement." True, there is much immorality and waywardness, but many of our boys

are faithful to their trust. I saw 180 of them one night eagerly participating in the arrangements of a meeting. Paratroopers were there in force with their testimonies and singing. I gloried in those splendid specimens of American manhood. They gave an invitation at the close to boys who had slipped and wanted to turn face about and give God a chance in their lives, accepting

Christ as their Saviour. The front of the auditorium was rapidly filled. The Chief of Chaplains was in the audience. I saw him put his hand on a young fellow's shoulder and go with him and kneel at the front to point him to man's only hope, Jesus Christ.

America has begun a big job in Germany. We must see it through.



### *Where Shall I Build My Altar?*

*Mrs. R. C. Wilson*

In time of stress men build their altars anywhere,  
At work, on desert sands, and rafts on the open sea,  
And pause, as they have need, to worship there  
Knowing that only God gives life and liberty.

And I said, "Lord, where shall I build my altar?  
I need it in my home for I have problems there;  
I need it at my work where people come and go;  
I need it as I walk along the city streets  
Lest, being sad of heart, I should forget to smile.  
Where shall I build my altar, Lord?"

And He replied, "My child, go build it in your heart  
And I will send my Spirit there to dwell  
That, as you journey through life's busy mart,  
You still may know that all is well,  
For, in His presence, you shall find  
Fresh strength, new courage and abiding peace."



Prayer has stood the test of experience. In fact the very desire to pray is in itself prophetic of a heavenly Friend.

—Rufus Jones

☐ Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, believing, it shall be done unto you.

## ***Partial Paralysis of the Face Cured By Prayer***

Roy A. Richmond

IT isn't often that a Christian minister will bare his soul to the scrutiny of a cold world, by making a public statement of a personal inner experience. My only possible excuse or purpose in making the following statement, is that it may increase the faith of some faltering Christians and give them courage to stand:

Some few months ago the writer was stricken with partial paralysis of one side of the face. The face was drawn down terribly. I was a sad sight. There was no pain and nothing to indicate that the physical health had been impaired. My wife and I immediately sought medical help. None would give us any hope of immediate recovery and very little hope of eventual relief. A consultation with the wife, and it was decided that I must resign as Pastor of the two churches we were serving at that time.

However, the night before we were to submit our resignation to the district superintendent, we took the entire matter to the Lord. From two to four o'clock in the morning we talked to God through Jesus Christ his Son, seeking help and guidance. Our prayer was supported by faith, but made in complete surrender to His Divine will.

In the midst of that struggle, with the adversary at our elbow, there came a sudden confidence and assurance that our prayer would be answered, and we fell asleep. In the morning we arose immediately and went to the mirror, but not without much trembling. A great change for the better was obvious. We were overjoyed. My wife noted the change quickly. But that was not the end of the battle; it was only the beginning, for Satan was near and whispered, "You are a fool to believe a lie. God hasn't helped you, it's only your imagination, you are deceiving yourself." And so the battle went on all day; but with every thrust of the devil, we offered a silent prayer for help and faith. There came repeatedly an inner voice, "As your faith is so it shall be unto you."

This continued for four days and nights, but every day brought joy, relief and improvement, and then complete recovery. Therefore we admonish all trembling, hesitant, doubting souls to take courage. Cling to your faith and exercise it. "For whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, believing, it shall be done unto you."

☐ To climb up over a thing brings you into position to fall into the right position, in the right way, at the right time.

## ***Overcoming By Coming Over***

Glenn Clark

Did you ever realize that all the machinery in this world was turned by falling water?

Drawn up by the sun's rays, water then falls down mountain slopes and men harness it to turn our mill wheels. Where there does not happen to be hills, man has devised an artificial way of raising water and letting it fall over the wheels of industry. By means of hot fires, water is turned into steam, and this *steamed* water falls upon pistons that turn all the wheels of industry. Whether this falling is a falling from a higher altitude level, or a higher temperature level, the process is exactly the same.

All life is builded upon this principle. No effort is required to do a thing and do it well—the effort comes in rising above the thing. There is no effort in falling. Falling is a mere "letting go" process. It is the *absence* of effort.

All the great things in life are done effortlessly, easily. The only effort required, if it is required at all, comes *before* the great work is done, rather than during it. Webster said he learned the laws of grammar and rhetoric and forgot them, and learned them again and forgot them, and that it was not until he had forgotten them for the twelfth time that he became a fluent and easy speaker. Not until a man knows the rules of the game so well that they cease to stand out as rules and reside like principles of nature in his very organism can he use them easily.

Tennyson said he had learned and forgotten the laws of versification and rhythm, and not until he had forgotten them for the seventh time did poetry flow naturally through him. The tennis player, or the football player, who must stop and analyze every move he makes is not as great a player as the one who moves like the very spirit of the game because the rules and he have become one. The same is true of every game. The one who can move as quickly as light, whose springs of action come from instinct and intuition, is a greater player than the one who moves entirely by rule and rote.

In combat aviation it is a fact that the aviator who can maneuver to a higher position than his foe can always get his man.

Life is made up of the efforts of men to maneuver to higher positions. The world is finding out that to come up over a problem is to overcome it. He who comes up over a thing needs to do nothing more—merely letting go allows the power that is his to flow down over the thing and bring it into harmony.

Before Jesus started out on his preaching journeys he always arose a long time before dawn and went up into the mountain alone, to pray.

There he generated enough power, there he rose sufficiently above the troubles and the problems that were to throng his way, so that when the journey started all he needed to do was to flow down over the problems and they vanished rapidly away.

I have gone through factories, into business offices, and I have visited teachers at work. Some were working hard, they were making hard work of it all; with others it seemed to be mere play. And in every instance where they were making hard work of it I found that they *did not know as much about their job as they should have known*. They were so conscious of their inability to cope with its problems that they were standing on tiptoe, as it were, trying to make themselves big enough for the job.

A beginning teacher hardly knows how to fill a class hour. When he becomes a veteran at the job he finds that he has at least two or three times as much material as he has time to use, and can pick and choose whatever seems best fitted to the class as he goes along. A novice at public speaking agonizes whenever he speaks. A lecturer long in the service takes his ideas to a high place and then opens the sluice gates and simply lets them flow down over his hearers.

The work of this world, then, is best accomplished through the simple process of lifting ourselves to the high places and letting ourselves fall over the low places.

Now, as I said before, there are two ways by which the work of the world's industry is done. In one case the lifting process comes from the heat in the sun's rays, in the other process from the heat in coal, wood and gas. In one case the world uses up nothing of its stored-up energy, in the other it exhausts its materials.

If you are in love with a girl who doesn't love you in return, but loves another man, go up the mountain and pray, and master yourself until you can love her a little more than you need to—and love your rival more than you need to—and you will flow over the problem, bringing to them the one they deserve, and bringing to you the real one you are destined for.

To climb up over a thing brings you into position to fall into the right position, in the right way, at the right time. It doesn't bring you this particular thing or that, if they are not what you in your inmost heart desire, but it brings you fulfillment of your real destiny.

I have never yet heard of where a person did a great service with complete self-forgetfulness and no desire for fame whatever, but that success came in double or treble or thousand fold, greater measure than if he had done it for praise and adulation.

I have never yet heard of where a person quit fighting a trouble and relinquished it into the hands of God so completely that he was resigned and ready to live with it all his life if necessary, but that the trouble vanished.

To love a person more than you need to is to love the enemy, and he ceases to be an enemy.

Give up the right of creating a thing, and you will create it, or create something greater.

Give up a position or job to another willingly and the door to a still better job will open.

But I know of a person, you may say, who forgave an enemy and his enemy grew worse, and resigned his position willingly and he did not keep it. But did he do it willingly, radiantly, trustingly? Did he let go of the matter with peace of heart, with radiant acquiescence in whatever befell him, in perfect trust that all would be well, and ready to accept contentedly whatever happened? So often people say they do, but in their hearts they know they don't. Sainly church-goers often hold on with a tightness greater than anyone else. A strong sense of personal responsibility is not always the easiest road to selfless Christhood.

Yes, the way to overcome a situation is to come up over it. Often that seems impossible. But remember: "*With God all things are possible!*"



### **The Mystery**

*Charles R. Wakeley*

In some way or other, exquisitely done,  
The rose imbibes beauty and light from the sun.  
In some way or other, how? Nobody knows,  
The sun finds expression of life through the rose;  
In some way or other the rose and the light  
In a union of color and beauty unite.

In some way or other man's life finds its grace  
And beauty and strength through the light of God's face.  
In some way or other His infinite plan  
Finds expression on earth through the spirit of man;  
Changing forever, the mystery grows;  
How alike is man's life to the life of a rose!

☐ "And David and I moved over and gave Him room," said Roger.

## Move Over and Give God Room

Dorothy Banker

WE WERE newcomers in a strange town the day my husband's secretary telephoned that he had been hurt in an accident at the plant—"We hope not too seriously—he's in the company's hospital. Mr. Sellers will come for you."

"It will save time if I drive over. I'll leave at once."

Our apartment house manager, hearing my questions, said, "Is he hurt bad?"

"I hope not," I told her and refused to think what "not too seriously" might mean. She offered to care for our Roger, five, and David, three. "It's a fifteen-mile drive, and the boys would just be in your way."

"Their father will want to see them."

As I drove slowly, because of heavy rainfall, the children were unusually quiet. I had not told them that Daddy was hurt, but they knew something was wrong.

"Why are we going to see Daddy? Why isn't he just coming home?" said Roger.

David echoed the question until I explained carefully, "Daddy's

hurt a little, but he will be all right."

I wished I could think he would be all right. Fear tore at me until I could scarcely see the road. For a second I closed my eyes, trying to think of Stephen as unhurt and full of vitality, but I could only visualize him as broken in an unknown way.

Watching the road with determination, I tried not to think. Silence grew more and more tense inside the misted windows of the car.

Then David's voice rose shrilly, "Mamma, where's God?"

I fumbled to reply.

Roger spoke in a voice so like his father's that for an instant I thought he was Stephen.

"God is everywhere, David."

"Where's everywhere?"

"Everywhere. Don't you remember Daddy told you so? And Daddy knows 'cause he read it in the Bible."

Clearly, as if he were at home instead of in the hospital, I could hear Stephen read, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations," and proceed to

answer quick questions with "That's just another way of telling us God is everywhere, and we already know that, don't we?"

Now David asked: "Yes, but where's everywhere, Roger? Where?" His words were not too clearly enunciated, but they were insistent.

"Everywhere is—everywhere is—" Roger stumbled. Then he said emphatically, "Why, everywhere is here. Move over, David, and give God room."

His little hand pulled David away from me and over to the far edge of the car seat. "There, God's got room now."

"Yes, He's got room," David lapsed into satisfied silence, patted the seat, and kept on patting it quietly.

The rest of the way to the hospital I kept hearing Stephen's voice as clearly as when he sat in our living room with a son on each arm of his chair reading from the Bible.

"*He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust. . . . There shall no evil befall' me.*"

When we reached the hospital a doctor met us. He said, "Your husband is not hurt as seriously as we thought. He's responding to treatment, and he'd like to see you and the children."

He had been badly hurt, I could see, but already he was better. The boys stood away from the bed, looking at him shyly, silently. He said, "Hi, Roger, Hi, David," just as he always did when he came home.

With this encouragement David said, "Daddy, guess what! God was in the car coming over."

Stephen looked at me questioningly, smiled, and said, "Sure, Son, God was in the car, for God is everywhere."

"And David and I moved over to give Him room," said Roger.

"That's right." Stephen reached out and brought them close against the bed, against his shoulder. "We must always give Him room, always."

Over the boys' heads his eyes came to me and said he was all right.



"There are times when we are even compelled to wait like Dante during the night, with only the stars of hope, faith, and love shining down upon us."—Edward Howard Griggs.



## Radar of the Spirit

W. H. Bergherm

THOUGH radar is a new discovery, in use only during the last six or eight years, there is no better-established fact in radio science today than that radio light beams not only can be sent forth, but can be picked up again by the sender when reflected by an object they have contacted. That object may be as far away as the moon. It may be obscured by cloud banks, fog, smoke, or dense darkness. Nevertheless, if you have the proper instrument to receive the radio light beams, they will come darting back.

Is there not in all this a deep spiritual significance? We believe there is. You and I are in the habit of sending forth our messages to God by means of a simple exercise of faith we have called "prayer." We have believed in prayer. But, unfortunately, while in the science of radar we know that radio beams come back when they meet an object, few of us are equally sure that what we send out in prayer comes back.

After all, would it not be strange that the same God who has established and fixed the law whereby man-made radio beams

come back would not also cause the spiritual beams of prayer, which His own Spirit has placed in the human heart, to also return when we send them forth?

There is a radar room of prayer. When we enter there, bright beams will rise straight up above the fog and clouds of unbelief; they will flash straight through the smoke of a busy, confused world, and go right to the throne room of the Infinite. There they will contact spiritual power and come darting back with their messages of courage and help for the needy heart which in feebleness and faith sent them forth. If the waves of something we call "electricity" can carry the beams of radar even to the moon, the waves of that other something we call "faith" can carry the beams of prayer to the presence of God and bring them back again to me and to you.

How do I know this? First, by the Inspired Word; secondly, by the experience of others; and thirdly, as one who has accompanied men into the valley of the shadow of death in the recent world war, by the experience of the present.

Let us go back to the hills of Judea and to David its great king. David said: "I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my supplications." Psalm 116:1. What said Daniel from his radar room of prayer? "I set my face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications: . . . and I prayed. . . . And whiles I was speaking, and praying, and confessing my sin; . . . yea, whiles I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation. And he informed me, and talked with me, and said, O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding. At the beginning of thy supplications the commandment came forth, and I am come to show thee." Daniel 9:3, 4, 20-23.

Thus at the beginning of Daniel's prayer, as soon as he had sent the bright beams flying through space to the throne room of heaven, an answer came flashing back in the form, this time, of an angel. The promise is simple and sure. Jesus put it: "Ask, and ye shall receive." John 16:24. Again, we read: "Call unto Me, and I will answer thee." Jeremiah 33:3. Our work is to call. He has promised to answer, and as sure as God is God and truth is truth, so as surely as we do our part, He does His.

I think of how experience of all history has demonstrated the truth of this simple promise. I see the great Luther kneeling by the side of the dying Melancthon, sending forth the call that his companion in labor be spared to him and not die. Luther called, Melancthon lived.

I think of that great man of faith, George F. Müller, praying a whole orphanage down from heaven, as it were, putting building upon building without asking a man for a cent of help.

I think of the Pilgrims at Plymouth who in 1628 needed rain for the saving of their crops. They met at nine in the morning, remaining in prayer for eight hours. Clouds gathered even while they prayed, and the next morning rains began which lasted for fourteen days with some intervals.

History is rich with the testimony of answered prayer. But not all prayers are answered in the manner they are asked. To desire that God would answer all prayers our way would be to desire omnipotence when we do not possess omniscience. God would do us an injury were He to permit this. Adoniram Judson put it thus: "I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything, but it came; at some time, no matter at how distant a day,—somehow, in some shape, probably the last I

should have devised,—it came. And yet I have had so little faith!"

To these experiences and testimonies of others, I can only add the experiences of the present as obtained in the experience of men who called upon the Lord in their distress and the Lord heard their voices. It was Benjamin Franklin, the deist in his earlier years, who later in life could say: "The experiences of war have shown me that God verily rules in the affairs of men." It was Henry M. Stanley, the newspaperman to whom religion meant but little in the pursuance of his work in the rest of the world, who, when in the loneliness of the African jungle seeking David Livingstone, could say: "Divinity hedged me all the way while we journeyed, and somehow there were other hands on the helm when we knew not where to go." So it has ever been true. When men called upon the Lord in their distress, God has ever been pleased to draw near to men and reveal Himself as at no other time. This was especially true in World War II.

I think of those four Australians in New Guinea who found themselves cut off from the rest of their fellows and surrounded by a large force of Japanese. Escape was entirely out of the realm of possibility to them, and death seemed imminent. Hidden within hearing of the enemy, they ate their last

rations, destroyed their mail and personal belongings, and prepared for what to them seemed the inevitable. Then it was that one of the men thought of God and the Bible he always carried with him. Before opening the book, he sent forth a prayer from the spiritual radar of the heart. He asked for guidance, and immediately his eyes fell on a text. It was Acts 16:13: "On the Sabbath we went out of the city by a riverside." Those words deeply impressed him. "We went out . . . by a riverside." They decided to take this as a message straight for them, and they crept out along the river. At times they were almost within arm's reach of the Japanese.

Three days later, with food gone and so exhausted they felt they could go no farther, two of the men had identical dreams. They both saw one of their buddies coming toward them and leading them back to their unit. They pushed on for eight days more, suffering incredible hardships; but they knew they would make it. The eighth day they heard chopping strokes near by in the jungle. They cautiously crawled toward the sound of the chopping and fell exhausted at the feet of the very man whom the two had seen in their dreams. Was this a coincidence? Ask them. They believe that it was the hand of God leading them.

"How we ever made the landing,

I don't know," said a pilot to me in New Guinea. "But I do know our gas was all gone and one wing was all but torn off. However, we came in. It was prayer that did it." Yes, today prayer is a well-demon-

strated, scientifically proved channel of communication between earth and the riches of power in heaven. Moreover, today that channel of communication is open wide. Shall we not use it?



☪ . . . and our Mother-God was pleased with Her Conception.

### *Universal Immaculate Conception*

*Margaret Stephens*

"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness—" (Gen. I, 26). Note that in most instances the Bible, when speaking of God, uses the singular pronoun, but here we have it plural, inferring a Mother-Father, All-in-One Being. Thus, that one little word "our" knits God-borne humanity into one grand whole with Him and with all parts of itself; making the Mother, the Father, the Conception and the Conceived all part of that "Us."

The "us" and "our" help our imagination to jump the hurdle of a limited, finite, manlike "He" God. The "us" enables us to better understand ourselves as part of the infinite, limitless, sexless *all*.

"I am that I am," said God. Therefore, the "I am" that is I is of God. God has given me that part of Him—which is the real I—making me His Son.

My Father-Mother God bore me ages and ages ago. I am of God, *immaculately conceived*. Being of God, I must be *immortal*. Jesus, my Brother, showed me the way to realize this when He said, "—Before Abraham was born, I am." (John 8: 58)

I am one with that original, immortal, immaculate conception—just as is every other soul in God's whole universe:—child of God, one with my Father-Mother, one with Their Son, and one with Holy Spirit.

Our Father-God "saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good." (Gen. I, 31), and our Mother-God was pleased with Her Conception.

## Racial Tolerance Begins With You

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

THE swimming pool in a three million dollar high school is still unfinished. Why? Because of racial intolerance. In this school the negro students, in undeclared but obvious warfare, have taken over a certain stairway and no one else tries to use it.

In a small town nearby the colored cooks said, "Every white woman in her own kitchen by Christmas." They were—and still are.

These are only very small facets of a big problem, a problem that America cannot indefinitely evade.

I would be the last to offer an answer to the racial question, but I believe that no real solution can be evolved without the development of a widespread foundation of racial tolerance. Tolerance, the stamping out of existing prejudice, must come from the individual first—from the black and yellow as well as from the white American. It must come from citizens such as you and you and I. It must begin on the primary level, in each home. Those with a white skin must shed their superiority; and the minority groups take the chips off their shoulders.

It is not enough to say, "Oh

yes, I am tolerant." It doesn't mean a thing unless you *do* something to show that you really believe in tolerance. And there are several small everyday things you can do, not big spectacular motions, but gestures which would, if done throughout the country, have influence.

Remember that every race without exception has produced its great men. Jesus was a Jew; Goethe a German; George Washington Carver a Negro; Ghandi an Indian; Kagawa a Japanese. You can remember Marian Anderson and Countee Cullen and the fourteen-year-old Negro girl who won both first and second prizes in a nation-wide musical contest. Not every member of every race can achieve greatness—(certainly the white race has its share of undesirables) but you must remember that the potentialities are there.

I would remember a Mexican couple who went far out of their way to make me feel at home in a Central American capitol; a Negro girl who was the only other student in a graduate course I took at a large university—she was clean, intelligent, attractive; my only intimate friends in a little

Amazon river town in Brazil, two girls who were several shades darker than I (probably part Indian, part Negro).

Never allow myself to utter a phrase of racial prejudice, no matter how casual and unthinking. Nor be a passive party to such talk, but make your attitude clear and try to start the conversational ball rolling in the opposite direction. Look for opportunities to prove

your belief in the absolute necessity for racial tolerance and equal opportunity.

Maria Yedda Leite expressed my belief (applicable to all peoples and all races) when she wrote, "North Americans must learn that South Americans are not inferior, only different." Remember that Jesus said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." And try to do it.



### Credo of Love

Raymond Francis Fogarty

1. When I am told of discord in another's life,  
I will counterpoint it with the harmony of life.
2. When I am assailed by the arrows of Fear and Doubt,  
I will put on the armor of Faith.
3. When I am shocked by a neighbor's action,  
I will remember that compassion is an insulation.
4. When I am discouraged,  
I will realize that my disappointments are God's appointments.
5. When my tongue is tempted to carry a malicious tale,  
I will occupy it with a prayer.
6. When in judgment I would admonish another,  
I will recall that advice has little value save when asked for—and seldom then.
7. When hateful thoughts take residence in my mind,  
I will remember that the pernicious termite of hate undermines my house, not my neighbor's.
8. When in anger I would beset another,  
I will realize my weapon is a boomerang that pierces my heart.
9. When I pray for forgiveness for my sins of commission,  
I will recall those of omission as well.
10. When I may, in some measure, *live* this credo,  
I pray God it may be with humility as an agent of His Love.

## Prayer Is Being-With-God

Ann Barrington

TO many of us, prayer means asking a God (who is far away in the skies and rather indifferent to us, to go out of His way) to grant us our desires.

This kind of prayer has its place for Jesus said, "Ask, believing, and ye shall receive," and "Ask, that your joy may be full." It is well for us to ask God for the things we need and desire, knowing that it is His good pleasure to give us the Kingdom. His promise is, "Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I shall hear." Many times I have found that when I have asked for a thing, it was *already* on its way to me.

Then there is the prayer for others. (In a way it is also petition, but it is more unselfish and purer than many of our own wants.) To pray for others is to place ourselves as a channel for God's blessing and help. He uses every available channel to bestow His blessings on His children. We often find that as we pray for others, the blessings we seek for them are also given to us and we are healed and prospered also.

The third way of praying is the "listening" prayer. We must learn to "Be still and know that I am

God." This stillness and silence before God gives Him the opportunity to speak to us, tell us what to do, through our spiritual intuition. We have a "feeling" that we should do a certain thing in regard to our problem and when we go ahead in perfect faith, the problem is solved. We can avoid many problems if we will listen quietly to God's guidance before we undertake something. We may consult Him about everything that touches our lives for He will direct us and meet us on every level of our need. We have proven this Law over and over again. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He will make plain thy paths." (Prov. 3:6) "The Lord shall guide thee continually." (Isa. 58:11)

The fourth method of prayer is that of praise and thanksgiving. We enter into His courts with praise and thanksgiving. "Praise ye the Lord. O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for His mercy endureth forever." (Ps. 106:1) "I will sing unto the Lord, because He hath dealt bountifully with me." (Ps. 13:6) Gratitude is a powerful magnet of attracting more good to us. A grateful heart is in perfect harmony with the ac-

tivity of good, and if we would witness to others our gratitude for the good things God has given us, we would find ourselves the recipient of a larger and larger avalanche of His good. When we thank Him for every lovely little thing that comes to us we find the law of increase blessing us with all we can accept.

But there is a manner of prayer that is over and above all of these. It is the true prayer, which is "being with God." It is the prayer of adoration, of worshipping God in Spirit and in truth. It has nothing to do with petition for ourselves or others. We are not seeking guidance at the moment or even voicing words of gratitude and praise. Being with God is loving Him, adoring Him, raising our consciousness into the Christ-consciousness in one-ness with Him just as we go out into the sunshine to let the sun shine on us. We do not try to pull God down to where we are. We go up into His presence, loving and adoring Him with all our mind, heart and soul. "My meditation of Him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord." (Ps. 104:34)

On the human plane when we are in love with someone, we are constantly aware of that love in the heart and mind, regardless of what we are doing in the outer world. We order our time so we may spend as much time as pos-

sible with the beloved person. We love to give them beautiful gifts. We love to talk to them and have them tell us of their own love for us. When we learn to love God with our whole being as Jesus commanded us to do, then we find time to be with Him. We shall present ourselves to Him, to be used in His service and we shall at all times be aware of and practice His Presence, though actively engaged in outer work. This is "praying without ceasing" or true prayer, which is "being with God."

A fine teacher wrote me, in answer to a personal problem, giving me these words on adoring prayer,

"Silence frees us,  
Worship makes us Masters,  
Love beautifies us."

As you wait alone before Him you will receive a glimpse of His beauty, His love, His greatness and everything else will fall into its perfect pattern. Prayer and answer to prayer is the simple "being with God" and "being in God." For in Him we live, move and have our being. The Kingdom is at hand indeed, and all the joys of Heaven come down into our soul. He can then radiate through us and manifest Himself and His love to all the world. When He is lifted up, He will draw all men unto Himself. Prayer is a thrilling adventure for being with God is the most exciting thing in the world.

Petition for ourselves and for others, guidance, praise and gratitude are all included in this deep and wonderful adoration of God, loving Him, realizing in even a small way, His love, His greatness, His goodness. This is true prayer.

In Italy and Spain and many of the European countries there are wayside shrines where the peasant on his way to work or the market place, may drop down on his knees

to ask the blessing of God or his favorite saint. We too must set up within ourselves, little shrines of consciousness, before which we interiorly kneel in adoration of the abiding Presence of God in our souls. Soon this attitude of prayer becomes a continuous awareness of God in the center of our being. Then truly, prayer is "being with God."



### **God Does Not Tithe!**

Margaret G. Hammaker

God does not tithe!  
 He never measures out  
 The colors  
 For the sunset's glow—  
 Oh, no!  
 And when He filled the sky  
 I cannot think that He  
 Counted stars—  
 One by one.  
 He does not weigh the blades of grass,  
 Nor say, "Here is a tenth  
 Of heaven's spring blossoms  
 For the earth."  
 When hearts in prayer  
 Be lifted up in need,  
 He does not say,  
 "Make haste, my child!  
 The tithe of all my time  
 Is nearly gone—  
 I would be freed."

## **What To Do "When Trouble Comes"**

Homer J. Armstrong

**I**F you were asked to name one thing which ALL people have in common what would you say? We certainly are not alike physically. We are dissimilar in our mental characteristics, skills and abilities. We all hold different ideas and ideals; we speak differently; act differently; live differently. We are a heterogeneous people . . . *except* in one thing: *We all experience trouble! It is the one common denominator* of us all.

Socrates had his hemlock and Jesus His cross! Nothing so reveals one's real self and character as does trouble. Trouble is a *common micrometer* in that it measures our real size, whether we be great in soul or small! There is no choice about the matter. The only question at stake is "what shall be our response to it?" But more than this, what is the Christian answer to trouble?

*FIRST: It declares that trouble is no respecter of persons!*

It comes to all: good and bad!

It plagues the best of us and slays the least of us. Trouble is inescapable—if one wants to live. We can no more escape trouble and stay on the sea of life than a mariner can sail the seven seas and avoid the storms. "In the world

*ye shall have tribulation."* I didn't say that, nor Moses, or Elijah, or Buddha, *but Christ!* "Be of good cheer! I have overcome the World!" In Matthew seven, Jesus gives us the nine blessings of life, but in Luke 21, He gives us the *nine troubles of life*. Jesus was realistic. He faced life wholly and unafraid. This is one-third of the battle. *Expect trouble!* Don't be disillusioned when it comes.

*SECOND: Life was not intended for a "comfort" but for "character!"* Not for "Sensation" but for "soul!"

Anthropologists say that in the early periods of evolution the giant creatures which roamed this planet had huge shells over their backs—as protection against physical harm and trouble. *But nature found out* that if the nervous system was imbedded deeply within the animal, it never became sensitive to the higher things: No pain, to be sure, but no *delight*, no *inspiration*, and no *creativity!* So the course of evolution was changed. *Man* came along with his nervous system exposed to everything that could happen to him. He became a creature of pain, suffering, trouble, fear, *but, in the will of God, he became also a creature of spirit*, of imagi-

nation, of creative activity, of *faith* and *purpose*. Man became a living soul,—in the image of his Maker God!

It may be nice to be an Oyster or a Clam, but I choose to suffer and be a *Man!* How about you? And even the little pearls that come from the shell of the oyster are formed by sand in irritation. Nature coats that little grain of sand with pearl! *Beautiful things* are born out of pain and trial—not ease and comfort.

“Quit ye like men, be strong!” This is the cry of the New Testament.

“And He set his face steadfastly toward Jerusalem.”

*THIRD: Christianity says that trouble can be used redemptively!*

Suffer you will! Be troubled you will! But how? *You can use it like Christ!*

He took a sad home and family situation and made a spiritual laboratory out of it. He took temptations and used them as stepping

stones. He received gossip and slander and gave back the three parables on the Lost. He took criticism and moulded it into character; hate, and turned it into love; a cross and formed of it a crown. Men handed him death, and out of it He brought life. This is the Christ we follow!

A Christian *redeems* trouble! Like the ancient Alchemist who turned baser metals into gold, so the Christian can redeem his ills! I am not saying it is easy. It isn't! It is so hard that not one of us will ever learn to do it perfectly or completely, but it is the *only* way to *character*, to *peace of mind* and to *wholeness of soul*. It is “The Way of the Cross.”

“I walked a mile with pleasure,  
She chattered all the way,  
But left me none the wiser, for  
all she had to say.  
I walked a mile with sorrow,  
and ne'er a word said she:  
But oh, the things I learned  
from her,  
When sorrow walked with me.”



“We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres or a little money; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health, and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligation.”—*Seneca*.

☐ Instead of being cry-babies tugging at God's garments, we need to begin to administer the kingdom.

## The Joy of Holy Obedience

Mary Welch

HOLY obedience is active proof that the soul is saying *Yes* to divine love. It is a particular brand of obedience derived from a peculiar disposition to obey. Its invariable accompaniment is *Joy* and it is prompted by a love surpassing knowledge. Though we love with the heart to the point of going to death with Jesus, unless we can obey to the initiative of washing the disciples' feet without being told, we deceive ourselves about loving either the Lord or the brethren.

I recall a period in my childhood when I experienced the exaltation of this quality of obedience. The six children under eleven years old in the family at that time participated in the routine chores of keeping the home. This activity was done under strict expediency of obedience under law. Mother seldom told any child the second time to do anything. One day the baby brother fell sick and our mother's heart, hands and mind were fully occupied with him. She had neither time nor disposition to give us the customary daily orders. In the crisis, she called us all to her and said something like this:

“Children, you every one live here all the time. Even the least one knows all the jobs that have to be done every day on this place. Now you all love little brother and you love me. Let's see if you can keep things running smoothly without my having to tell you a single thing to do while the baby is sick. Beside the usual chores, you will have to do what I have been doing and help me some with the baby too.”

What did we do? Did the older ones take over the responsibility of directing the younger ones? No. I was eldest, and I do not believe I gave a single suggestion during the days that followed. All the children burst into a new dimension of obedience. We not only did our usual duties, but we did them with unusual diligence and then vied with each other in discovering extra things to do. There was a “more abundant life” everywhere! More pains and love went into homely tasks like baking, sweeping, scrubbing, washing, and ironing. More water than was needed was brought up from the spring that was over a half mile from the house. The woodbox

From *Bright Captivity*, Mary Welch. Macalester Park Publishing Company, copyright 1947.

overflowed. When nothing could be thought of for doing in the house, we spent time hoeing a path through Bermuda grass to the spring.

The climax came one afternoon when the two older girls went to do the washing at the spring. Before we were through, the youngest girl came pouting because the third sister, aged seven, had overreached all our initiative by thinking of cleaning out the chicken roost. We comforted the five-year-old the best we could and forgot the matter until bedtime. I was hanging up the dishpan when I heard a commotion at the chicken roost. Thinking that perhaps the child had forgotten to leave the door open after the cleaning, I went to investigate. I barely got outside the house when I heard a child's voice arguing in a would-be undertone with the flustered chickens:

"Hushup, you-all. Can't you jest wait a minute? I'm nearly done an' I'll let you-all in directly. If you don't shut up, you'll get everybody on the place out here."

The five-year-old had stolen out after supper with a mop and a pan

of water and was *scrubbing* the chicken-house!

Such obedience makes the first mile of duty under law a mere springboard into the ecstasy of grace. The world is our little brother and he is very sick. Instead of being cry-babies tugging at God's garments for private favors, we need to get up on love's initiative and begin to administer the kingdom of heaven. Obedience releases the "atomic energy" of joy into every situation of life.

The sway of the Holy Spirit in the life is commensurate to the response of the personal will. Consequently the life of Jesus Christ is manifest to the extent to which the "death" of the selfish man is accomplished. No man can be God-taken until he is self-forsaken. *Deny thyself* is a reflexive command. It does not mean that I am to deny myself of something as a privation, but that I deny my own right to obey my self-will. The sin of Israel in Canaan was not that of idolatry but of self-righteousness. *Every man did that which seemed good in his own eyes.* This was the indictment.

*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul.*



Daily prayer: If we are once convinced that nothing can prosper in our hands to which God does not vouchsafe His blessing, we can never think light of, or omit this duty.

—Thomas Wilson

... before even the birds of the air flew and hopped about to find a seed or catch a worm, I came from the "somewhere place."

## Conversation With a Wildflower

H. T. Wagner

TRAVELLING horseback over the lonely lifeless fringe of the Sonora desert, while the wild Yaqui Indians were at war, something unusual attracted me on the ground. It was not a pebble nor a shell—only an insignificant wild plant. I had seen more beautiful flowers on the cacti, the orchids on the mountain forest, the lickeus on the rocks, the resurrection plant hanging over the edge of deep canyons after the rainy season. None of these left as deep an impression on me. Not even the famed Rosa Morada (Brown Rose) could compare with this one.

I wanted to talk with it as an old companion but it had only one of the five senses. If I had touched it, the plant would have withered and probably died. Had I given it water from the canteen, the tiny plant being so hot would have been chilled.

"When did you come here?" I asked.

"Long, long ago," came the answer. "Even before the buffalos and the mountain lions roamed over this mesa, before the fishes of the sea swam or the birds of the air flew and hopped about to find

a seed or to catch a worm. I came from the 'somewhere' place."

"How did you get here then?"

"I am not sure, probably through the amazing upheavals that raised the Sierra Madre mountains. The wind may have blown me here, or the birds of the air dropped me as a seed. Perhaps my great, great grandfather hung on to the hide of a deer or elk and dropped here."

"Well, who made you?"

"Made me? A big book like the one you carry in your saddle bag, tells me that 'God created the heavens and the earth.' God also said, 'Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit of its kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth.'"

"Where was that?"

"My Maker has not told me that, but some call it 'The Garden of Eden.' I imagine that it was not as hot and dry as here."

"Who gave you those beautiful colored petals?"

"Well the Creator saw fit to give me such an elegant dress for any wayfarer to admire. He made me these fine vestures as neither king nor priest could rival. I may not

be as beautiful as some roses, chrysanthemums, gladiolas, or the bird of Paradise, or the trailing arbutus of the forest, nor as the butterfly, but I am not ugly or you would not admire me so. The Creator devised various means or laws of nature by which I get color from the mineral substances of the soil, water, and the chemical processes from the rays of the sun. Everything in nature is a servant of mine. I need no mirror to see whether I am beautiful, I am beautiful because I live a beautiful life."

"Who shelters you during the cold nights and these hot days?"

"Wise Providence prepared me so that I draw warmth during the cold night from the earth, and cooler temperature from the soil during the sweltering days. You see, I can not sew nor spin like you, but my rootlets are my servants in the soil and my garments absorb other chemicals from the rays of the sun and constellations."

"Who gave you such a good nature?"

"My Father in heaven when he created all things 'saw that it was good.' I do not want to abuse or destroy his good workmanship. I remain good because I do not envy, get jealous, hate, nor fight as the animals and mankind do. I keep free from vanity and pride, I do not harbor any fear, because I know that my Father is superior and stronger than all created

things. That gives me courage, strength, and goodness."

"Life is easy sailing going with the current of the laws of God. It is going against that which makes us ugly, quarrelsome, and warlike. The seed is within us. We must cultivate righteousness and add love for good measure, then cheerfulness and goodness follow."

"Who will admire you when I am gone?"

"The bright sun will smile and say 'Good morning' to me all day. The moon will come twice a month, and wink at me with eastern and then the western eye.

"The millions of stars so brilliant where a cloud seldom obscures them will admire and smile all night. They say 'Oh! Oh! How beautiful and good!'"

"Who will accompany you when I leave you?"

"The birds sing for me, some insects chirp, reptiles tickle my toes, the wind whistles for me, and the Father's loving care overshadows me."

As we travelled some twelve miles farther on into a miserably poor village of Endome Indians, a captain of his government regiment halted us and asked:

"Did you see any Yaqui Indians on your way here?"

"No," we answered.

"Well," he said, "that is strange. The wild Yaquis are roaming through that country. You do not

seem to have any fire arms even in case of an attack. You can go on."

Then I reflected: If that tiny plant without intellect or teacher could so trust the Heavenly Father to care for and protect it in the

lonely desert, surely I can say: "Cheer up man, whether in danger of the Indians, without food or shelter, and sing with the Psalmist, 'The Lord is my Shepherd.'"



### Only Today

E. S. Jewell

Lord, when we pray the prayer Thou taught,  
Help that our little faith may grow,  
That we may not beseech for aught  
But what Thy love can best bestow.

We ask not for the future, Lord;  
Tomorrow's needs we cannot know.  
We ask for what will well accord  
With this day's wants, that we may grow.

Teach us to learn the faith Thou taught,  
To face the future without dread.  
Tomorrow with Thy love is fraught.  
"Give us *this day* our daily bread."



### A Morning Prayer

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonoured, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Robert Louis Stevenson



# Thoughts Farthest Out

## March "NIEMOLLER—CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR"

Memory Verse: *Blessed Are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.* (Matthew 5:10)

**D**URING THE PAST few months, Pastor Martin Niemoller of Germany has been on a speaking tour of Christian goodwill in this country. It is hard for us to forget and forgive the brutalities of Nazi Germany. In the emotional storm of war, we classed all Germans as alike. We forgot about a man who received publicity in our press in 1936 because he would not go along with Hitler—one Martin Niemoller. But the great message that Pastor Niemoller brings to us is that he is only one of thousands upon thousands of "Martin Niemollers."

Gaunt, and blunt speaking as the prophets of old, he says that war between Christianity and Naziism was inevitable. Two totalitarianisms cannot live together, and Christianity is totalitarianism, a complete dedication and identification with Christ.

The pattern ran something like this. Pastors were removed from their congregations, then from their parish, then from their province, and finally denied all freedom by being thrown into concentration camps. But the testimony and record shows something we did not know about during the war. When ministers were thrown into prison, laymen, people like you and me, rose to the occasion and led congregations in loyalty and worship to Christ. With every persecution and each martyr, the Word of God was spread like dust before the hurricane. It has been true throughout all Christian history, beginning with Jesus Himself. The blood of martyrs became the seed of faith for others.

Because Niemoller was a personal prisoner of Hitler, he was permitted to keep his Bible. Would you call this "luck," or Providence? With this Bible, by hidden means, he was able to pass along to others the precious promises. When he was imprisoned with three Catholic priests, he followed their prayer breviary, and they took Bible lessons from him. Finally he was permitted to hold services for two Norwegians, a Dutchman, an Englishman and a Macedonian. Enemies in the eyes of the world, they overcame national hatreds and inter-denominational prejudices in the light of Christ's love.

From his six years of imprisonment three-and-one-half of them in solitary confinement, in a land of pagan terrorism, Pastor Niemoller can speak from experience when he says, "The church uni-

versal has peace; and when the world sees it, it will want it too." Let us all pray during the Lenten season that the peace of God in the Church universal, will soon leaven the whole world.

Read: *Dachau Sermons* by Martin Niemoller.

## April "THE BASIS OF SUCCESSFUL PRAYER"

Memory Verse: *Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.* (John 15:4)

**I**T IS TIME that some straight thinking was done about prayers for healing, and indeed prayers for anything at all, although the urge to pray for possessions such as health, money, etc., has caught the imagination as never before.

Too many people are making use of prayer as a short-cut to success, happiness and all the other desirables advertising agencies make the most of. They are using prayer for all they can get out of it, and as long as prayer is used as an instrument for self-centered, selfish interests it is little wonder that so many are being disappointed.

If, on the other hand, we believe that what we ask for will further advance the Kingdom of God, that it will make us more capable of "manifesting" Christ and his purpose, then our prayer becomes charged with the natural impulses of eternity. When this happens, prayers not only reach the throne of God, but the pray-er receives in abundance from the throne of God. When we can say with Paul, "*Nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ lives in me,*" we do not make use of prayer, but prayer makes use of us as an emissary of the Eternal, Unseen God. Then miracles will happen, whether they be miracles of healing, or something greater than healing.

Rufus Moseley, in his booklet *How To Receive The Healing of Jesus Christ*, enumerates fourteen things one can do to be healed, but throughout the entire booklet is the implication that in order to be healed one must first of all lose himself in the plan and purpose of God. Mary Welch has analyzed this basic prerequisite more fully in her book *Bright Captivity*. People would do well to read both of these books before getting lost in a maze of "healing techniques," because all the techniques in the world will accomplish nothing until we become lost in the the infinite surge of God's ocean, and identified with His eternal purpose for mankind and for ourselves as part of His family.

Let us pray that we shall learn as never before the basic lesson of

all prayer, whether it be for healing or for anything else, that we become *one* with God in Christ.

Read: *Bright Captivity*, by Mary Welch; and *How To Receive The Healing of Jesus Christ*, by Rufus Moseley.

## May "A VACATION WITH CHRIST"

Memory Verse: *Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.* (Matthew 5:6)

**A**LTHOUGH OUR CALENDAR year ends and begins during the darkest days of winter, most of us think of summer vacation-time as the natural break in the year. It is the time when we can rest from work for a little while and get new energy and a fresh outlook. Many of us are looking forward to "camp time," whether it be the Camps Farthest Out of Glenn Clark, Stanley Jones' Ashrams, or some other camp of religious emphasis. Such camps not only offer the rest and recreation of summer resorts, they re-create and re-vitalize the camper. It is the difference between "getting away from it all," and growing into something better and better.

Jesus often took his disciples on retreats away from the duties and worries of making a living. There they could be by themselves, alone in the joy and knowledge and remembering that they were part of something that came from God and ended in God. They found rest, and more than that, they found a joyous strength that sustained them from retreat to retreat. The spiritual camper today finds the same thing. With friends from all parts of the country, friends with the same purposes and hopes, he finds the joyous strength that Jesus' disciples found. Some people have the mistaken idea that religious camps are places for concentrated study and wearing discipline. Camps are (or ought to be) places of joyous freedom and happy fellowship, and above all, "vacation spots."

Wherever you go this summer, make the vacation period a time for clearing your spiritual eyesight. Do a little re-thinking about who you are, what you are, and why you are. In the lively silence of meditation and being spiritually at rest, when you can hear waves tumbling upon each other on the seashore or when you can hear the wind sweeping the tops of mountain pines, ask for new life and new strength. And above all, *expect* to receive what you ask for. If you do not go away expecting something, you are really expecting *nothing* and you may get just that. So *expect* something, and then say, "Thank you, God," because you know it is going to be that way. Let us pray for a "summer vacation with Christ" for everybody.

Read: *In His Presence*, by Eva Bell Werber; and *The Way of Love*, by Glenn Clark.

## Books of Interest

Norman K. Elliott

1. **IN HIS PRESENCE**, Eva Bell Werber. Willing Publishing Company, \$1.00. A little pocket-sized book of highly personal and deeply mystical meditations. Each meditation is short enough to be read in two or three minutes. The style is such that the Master speaks (in the first person) to the reader. The meditations are good, and this coupled with the reading atmosphere of being alone with the Master, makes a little book that many will treasure.

2. **MAKE YOUR LIFE WORTH WHILE**, Emmet Fox. Harper and Brothers, \$2.00. A collection of brief, pointed messages (from one to two pages each) that maintain Emmet Fox's position as one of the most inspirational writers in the field of religion. In all of his messages there runs the implication that religion is not something mysterious and strange, but rather it is something as normal and natural as taking a walk or washing the dishes. Excellent for opening at any place, and in the space of three or four minutes, getting a lift, and a new confidence—both in yourself and in God.

3. **THOU PREPAREST A TABLE**, William C. Skeath. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.00. Using the scriptural story of the Last Supper as a framework, the author writes sixteen chapters that carry the reader through the experience. Throughout the book, lessons are drawn from the story that can enable the reader to walk more closely with God, as he compares his own reactions with those of the disciples. Can be wisely used for Lenten and pre-Communion reading.

4. **CHRISTIAN PERFECTION**, Francois Fenelon; edited by Charles F. Whiston, translated by Mildred W. Stillman. Harper and Brothers, \$1.75. Its selection as the Presiding Bishop's book for Lent is a wise choice. All who are seriously concerned with the spiritual life of the Christian, who wish to study under and be counselled by one of amazing spiritual depth and understanding, *Christian Perfection* is a happy solution. The subject matter is as diversified as the life of reader—from the use of prayer to the use of devotional reading, temptations, etc. Not a popular treatment, but for the sincere and slightly serious reader, it ranks with *The Imitation of Christ*.

5. **BRIGHT CAPTIVITY**, Mary Welch. Macalester Park, \$.50. The theme concerns the liberties and the freedoms which one enjoys by being a "captive of Christ." Showing, first of all, that history turns upon man's all-encompassing *Yes* to God, the author goes on to show in detail what the result of such an affirmative answer means to the individual. She shows that being a *bondslave* to Christ really means being master of life because God then uses us to more completely manifest Himself, and further His eternal purposes on this earth. Thus, the Christian overcomes the limitations of himself and this world, the fears and the frustrations, by losing himself and becoming part of God's eternal will and purpose in Christ.

6. **HOW TO RECEIVE THE HEALING OF JESUS CHRIST**, J. Rufus Moseley. Macalester Park, \$.25. A booklet written in answer to the question, "What must I do to be healed?" Rufus Moseley, of *Manifest Victory* fame, is one of the few qualified Christians to write on such a subject. This is not an *analysis* of healing, but, after a short chapter on how Christ's will for everybody is "good" (including health), a listing is made of fourteen specific things one can do to be

healed. Each point is illustrated with real life case histories and instances of successful healing. Inspirational and well written.

7. UNDERSTANDING THE CHRISTIAN FAITH, Georgia Harkness. Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.75. These statements are important in classifying this book. "Theology is basic to religion, for while it is not the whole of religion, an emotional experience has no firm rootage without it." "I hope it is not presumptuous to expect anyone who can read the *Saturday Evening Post* or the *Reader's Digest* can read and understand this book! However, I do not feel called upon to fight shy of theological terms." From this viewpoint Miss Harkness goes on to explain the traditional beliefs common to Christians.

8. THE KEEPER OF THE DOOR, George E. Sweazey. The Bethany Press, \$2.00. Each of the eleven sermons is built upon the theme of the importance of the Christian home, and especially emphasizes the role of the mother as "the keeper of the door." Some of the chapter titles are: The Keeper of the Door, The Romance of Ruts, Mother's Day After War, The Motherhood of God, and The Set of the Soul.

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And as she spoke the Master smiled, for the Kingdom of Heaven had come to earth.

## *You Own A Kingdom!*

*Grace Wittenberger*

**J**ESUS SAT upon the hillside. And then came to Him three women. And one spoke the thought of the three and said, "Master Jesus, we are living in a world of fear and hate; a world of greed and lust; a world of war; a world of sin, sickness and death. We are ruled by cares and worries. Is there no way out?"

Jesus looked at them with tenderness, and He said: "There was a woman who had a dear friend. And one day her friend came to her saying, 'Come, drive with me. I have something to show you.' The drive was through a beautiful forest. Among tall pines and birches there stood a home, set in the midst of beautiful gardens. As they drove about the grounds the peace and beauty of the place swept over the woman and she thought, 'Oh, that I might live here, in the midst of all this glory!' And her friend answered her unspoken desire, saying, 'Because I know of your love of beauty, and because I love you and want to do something for you, I have had this place prepared for you. Enter in and possess it.' And with a heart overflowing with gratitude and humil-

ity, the woman entered therein, and dwelt in peace."

There was silence as the Master finished speaking. The three sat in wonder as He rose and walked a few steps from them. Questioningly they looked at each other. What did the Master mean? Then He turned back to them, and in tones of infinite longing and love He said:

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you."

He paused a moment, then spoke again:

"Because you want Love, and because the Father loves you, there is prepared for you a Kingdom where Love reigns. Because you want Peace, and because the Father loves you, there is prepared for you a Kingdom where Peace reigns. Because you want Joy, and because the Father loves you, there is prepared for you a Kingdom where Joy reigns. It is a Kingdom of Harmony, Beauty, Abundance of all things, a Kingdom of All-Good. Enter in, and possess it."

But for one who listened the doors of faith had been closed and

locked with bars of skepticism, unbelief, pessimism.

"Aye," she answered, "the Kingdom of Heaven. But that is not for us now. Not on this earth." And she went down the hill, back into the struggles of the world about her.

The second, in a glow of inspiration and a flash of understanding, jumped up, eyes glowing, and cried, "Yea, Lord, I understand! I enter now into the Kingdom, and shall live therein!" And for a few days she did live therein, and was at peace. But gradually the old fears and worries returned and knocked long at her heart, until she opened to them. Then she went out of the Kingdom and entered therein no more. When Jesus heard of it He smiled sadly and said:

"Yea, she visited in the Kingdom, but she would not accept her inheritance and live therein."

The third who listened was a young woman. She said nothing when Jesus had finished speaking. Slowly she went down the hill, in

silence and deep thought. And then, a few days later, she climbed the hill again, and approached her Master. A great light shone from her presence, and her eyes smiled a peace and joy that told of a victory that was everlasting. Humbly she knelt at His feet, and placing her hand in His she said:

"Master, when You spoke of the Kingdom the other day my heart was strangely stirred. I went back home, and in the darkness of the night, I lay upon my couch, and thought over all that you had said. And as I thought, an understanding grew within me. Then I arose in the morning, and put my hand into the hand of God, and asked Him to lead me into His Kingdom. And the cares and worries fell away. Truly, His Kingdom is a Kingdom of Love and Beauty and Peace!"

And as she spoke the Master smiled, and then, to those who could hear, the angels sang, for the Kingdom of Heaven had come to earth.



And so I look on those sentiments which make the glory of the human being, love, humility, faith, as being also the intimacy of Divinity in the atoms; and, that, as soon as the man is right, assurances and previsions emanate from the interior of his body and his mind; as, when flowers reach their ripeness, incense exhales from them.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

☐ I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

## Life Eternal

Ralph W. Sockman

THE keynote of our message is a command: "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life." That was an order given by a veteran officer of Christ's army to a young recruit.

Let us review for a moment the course by which Paul had come to his confidence in the life eternal. He had been born Saul of Tarsus and had belonged to the Pharisee sect. But, despite his traditional belief in immortality, he could not credit the current reports about the resurrection of one Jesus of Nazareth. He was present on the day when one of the Christians named Stephen was stoned. Then as the stones fell on Stephen, the dying man looked up with beatific face and cried, "I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God." That radiant face of the dying Stephen haunted Saul of Tarsus.

Then one day on the Damascus road he ceased to kick against the pricks of these questions. He surrendered his rebellious will. He went off alone for months to think it through. Returning to Jerusalem, he met the disciples who had

been present on Easter morning, and he turned his powerful legal mind to a study of their position. The result was that Saul, the persecutor of the Christian sect, became Paul, the convincing preacher of the risen Christ. And he went forth to the gentile world shouting, "O' death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? . . . Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Let us hear again Paul's command, "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life," because it strengthens my belief that there is an honesty in this universe which will keep faith with a faith like that of Paul. What would we think of our government if having led our lads into the dangers and hardships of warfare, it were to mock them after the war, saying: "Sorry, my boys, but your faith in freedom was only to spur you on. It's all over now." Why, a government which played false to the soldiers who had kept faith with it would be beneath contempt! Can the administration of this universe be less honorable than the govern-

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ment we demand for our nation?

Certainly the God who is honest enough to validate the migrating instinct of the birds will not lead a noble soul like Paul to life's end with the hope of immortality and then dash that dream against the rock of extinction. And, remember, Paul is only one of the vast, innumerable host out of every tongue and nation who have come to life's end still looking ahead. It is those who have achieved most in this world who most crave the chance to do greater things beyond. However they may differ in character from the Divine Man of Nazareth, they are one with him in wanting to go on working in the other rooms in our Father's house of many mansions. I believe that the Creator is honest enough to keep faith with the greatest souls which He has begotten.

Paul's command, "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life" strengthens my belief that there is a love at the heart of this universe which will keep faith with love like Paul's. Paul knew love at its noblest and best. He had confidently declared: "Love . . . beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth." Whence comes love like that of Paul's? We commonly say that water cannot rise higher than its source. Therefore, there must be love in the heart of the Creator as

great as that of Paul's.

How do you explain the heroic sacrifice of men on the field of battle, the vicarious love of mothers who suffer for their children, the willingness of martyrs to give their lives for a cause or of missionaries to die in disease-ridden regions of China or India? I say, how do you explain such love on the part of men if the universe itself be heartless? Well, I can only explain these outpourings of human love by believing that they are drawn from springs in the divine heart. When I see how fathers sacrifice, how mothers serve, how Jesus went to his cross, I cannot believe that the Creator who begets such love lures it on to life's end only to drown it in a sea of nothingness.

When I hear Paul say, "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life," my conviction of immortality is strengthened still further because he helps me to believe in a life beyond the body. So many are troubled about the hereafter because they cannot conceive of life going on while the body remains in the grave. But Paul is so realistic and yet so reassuring, about the relation of the body to eternal life. He admits flatly that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." But he explains the resurrection of the dead by saying, "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." To Paul, the body is but the soul's dwelling place

here. And "if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

As I ponder Paul's discussion of the body, it deepens my realization that personality does go on despite bodily changes. We are told that a human body undergoes a complete renovation every seven years. If that be true, then I myself have used up and thrown away some seven bodies during my lifetime. Yet through all these changes my personal identity continues. Somewhere in each of us is an organizing center of life, called the soul or spirit, which keeps our individuality intact while replacing the worn parts of the physical structure. Thus these bodies of ours are but the changing instruments of a continuing spirit. In the light of this fact does it not seem possible, even reasonable, that personality can survive the extreme bodily changes of the grave?

We would hear Paul's command once more, "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life," because it strengthens belief in a life beyond time, as well as beyond the body. Mere endless extension of time would not prove very satisfying, would it? I do not know how it is with you, but I have never lived in any place so lovely that I would wish to stay there forever. Nor have I ever

done anything so interesting that I should wish to keep on repeating it for even a hundred years, to say nothing of a million.

But when I look at Paul and beyond to the Christ himself, I get the feeling that their idea of eternal life is independent of time. I get a glimpse of experience which comes as Mozart said his musical compositions came. "My soul gets heated," said Mozart, "and if nothing disturb me, the piece grows longer and brighter until, however long it is, it is all finished at once in my mind so that I can see it at a glance as if it were a pretty picture or a pleasing person. Then I don't hear the notes one after another, as they are hereafter to be played, but it is as if in my fancy they were all at once."

However ordinary our lives may be, have not most of us had some high moments of ecstasy or love when time was forgotten? At such moments we were touching the quality of what Paul and Christ call "eternal life." At such moments we were testing "the powers of the age to come."

And for those who "fight the good fight of faith," these high moments lengthen and multiply. Thus they do "lay hold on eternal life" here and now. Far be it from me to compare my feeble struggles with the mighty efforts of the Apostle Paul who gave up about everything the world holds dear

in the service of his Lord. As I am persuaded that he is able to think of those I have loved and keep that which I have committed lost, I feel like saying with Paul, unto him against that day." Such "I know whom I have believed and is my faith in the life eternal.



### *Heart's Desire*

*Georgia Moore Eberling*

The highway is quite smooth and wide,  
But I love best to follow  
A drifting, narrow, country lane,  
That dips past hill and hollow  
Where farms are drowsing in the sun,  
And cows graze by the way,  
While chickens gossip sociably,  
And children run and play,

Where lush alfalfa fields are blithe  
With fragrant, purple flowers,  
And white and yellow butterflies  
Cascade in wavering showers.  
How sweet around a sudden turn  
To glimpse a snug farm-home,  
As twilight shadows call the heart  
To rest, and no more roam.

Our mortal life has short side-roads  
That arch and turn, until  
At dusk we come around a bend,  
When skies are daffodil,  
And see the homestead gleaming,  
That Home of heart's desire,  
With all our loved ones waiting  
Beside our own hearth-fire.



The teaching of Jesus is that in God the ideal is real. If this is true, the ideal is not a dream or a product of imagination, but a fact to be taken account of as other realities must be.—*Francis J. McConnell*

☐ Silence is the womb of creation.

## *Things Are Born and Grow in Silence*

*Derek Neville*

THINGS grow in silence. Have you ever thought of that? We do not hear the grass springing up, or the trees extending their roots. The increase of bodily and mental stature is not heard.

We forget that the art of being still is probably the greatest gift of all. Look up the word silence in any good quotation book and you will find that poets and philosophers throughout the ages have never been able to find words big enough to describe its wonder and power. They know it for something that escapes language. It has the secret of creation in it.

I am sure that the world began in silence. Before the sun rose, before the first leaves uncurled, before the great sun stirred the mist into its awakening, I am sure there was a stillness and a hush. For all things have a silent heart—a place of quietness in which they are born and out of which they grow.

The song of the nightingale begins in silence. You can take the egg up out of the nest and hold it in the palm of your hand. There, in that still shell, you have the melody that will break the darkness into music.

And may it not be so in our own

lives? Is there not some song hidden deep within every one of us—a song that can grow out of silence—perhaps to spread its melody through the hidden years of life? I believe that it is so, and we would do well to heed the advice given by Mary O'Connor in her very fine poem "Quietude."

"If love and tides and growth  
are silent power,

Then man could well afford to  
own a sample

And wear it when he nears each  
harried hour

To steer his life and set a still  
example.

Man needs to drop his cloak of  
earthly goods

And seek the quiet prayer of  
God's great woods."

Silence is a profundity. It probably contains the answer to all humanity's problems. But, however that may be, at least two things may be said about it with the utmost assurance. It has two powers. The power of healing and the power of growth.

Every storm is preceded and followed by stillness. In the first case, although the evidence of growth is indicated, one feels that it is a false quietude, merely a gathering or emerging of some-

thing that cannot last. It is like the sulky brooding of some child before an outburst. But in that final stillness you can feel the world around you being healed.

It is important to remember that silence is the womb of creation. All our dreams and plans begin there. The sun-scattered pathway of the future will owe its very existence to the quiet creativeness of today's silence.

Silence is the thing we ought to seek. We should listen for the soundless things, get back into the silent heart of the world and see there the cause of truth and beauty. There is a range of sound be-

yond the reach of the ears of men. It is worthwhile reflecting that the greatest events of the world all happen within that seemingly soundless sphere. Our food grows there. Our very children grow into manhood or womanhood. And we ourselves? What can we say of ourselves? Are we using that silent growth towards some end of glorious destiny? Are we creating dreams that are worth-while, knowing that they must inevitably unfold on the path of time?

It is worth giving the matter thought. There is no noise in God's workshop. Silence is the thing to seek. For things grow in silence.

## The United Prayer Tower

The United Prayer Tower is a group of spiritually sensitive people, dedicated to the Christian Way of Life, who believe implicitly in the *power of prayer* to remake individual lives, to resolve problems and bring solace, and, in the larger sense, to bring to rebirth the corporate life of the world. It is a work of love, supported entirely by your free-will offerings.

If you feel the need of having others pray with you, of having "*two or three in agreement*" pray with you, please feel free to write or telephone the United Prayer Tower at any time. Your communication will be kept in strict confidence.

★ ★ ★

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

☐ "If I just cain't get 'em to smile, I gibbs 'em a flower, then God makes 'em smile."

## You Can Change People

Carey Derby

YOU HAVE the power to change people. You can change whatever you touch spiritually into the shiny brilliance of love, the *eternal* gold that will never know tarnish.

Why don't you start tomorrow morning on your way to work, if you are a business person? Try this golden magic on your bus driver or street car conductor, for these public servants frequently seem to be the recipients of much unkind gaff. Maybe some passengers are crabbing because the bus is late (which might have resulted from their not having the fare ready)! Anyway, as you ride along, you can say silently to him, within your heart, "God gives you strength and wisdom to handle your job with dexterity." Or, bestow a blessing on the operator and passengers alike for their Divine Guidance throughout the day.

A lady, whom we will here call Mrs. Judd Dawson, is secretary for a big insurance concern. Recently when riding up in the elevator to her office, she noticed how pale, Maizie, the operator looked. Mrs. Dawson's first thought was that she didn't see how Maizie could stand it to ride up and down

hour after hour in an ill-ventilated cage always filled to capacity. Instantly she realized such thoughts wouldn't help Maizie, so she sent her the silent prayer: "Every cell of your body is alive with the life of God." Several times during the day when Maizie's pale face came to mind, Mrs. Dawson said to her silently: "God's health and life course through your veins with every breath you take, Maizie." Late that evening as Mrs. Dawson was going home, Maizie detained her a moment while the passengers left the elevator, and whispered: "I felt quite ill all day, but it seemed so strange that when I thought of you several times, a breath of freshness and life came to me just like a breeze from a sweet smelling orchard in the country!"

Myra Welles is a saleslady in the Tip Top Department Store of a certain city. One Saturday afternoon when sales people and patrons alike were becoming cross and irritable, Miss Welles saw a shabbily dressed mother trying to pilot her brood of five youngsters down the crowded aisle. The kiddies alternated between clinging to the mother and wailing, or trying to

grab things from the counters. Myra Welles stepped up to the mother with a smiling, "May I help you?" all the while saying silently to her, "I let the peace of the Christ be established in you, I let the peace of the Christ be established in you!" The tired lines in the mother's face relaxed under the radiance of Myra's smile and prayer, for she felt the friendliness and knew this was not just another sales person trying to shove her along. Even the children crowded close around as Myra helped the mother with certain purchases; they forgot their mischievous intents for the moment as they unknowingly responded to Myra's prayer, "I let the peace of the Christ be established in you!" The pleasant aura stayed their wiggly hands and allayed sudden scoldings.

Old Joe, the bootblack, has a system all his own to intertwine this Midas touch with his job of keeping folks' shoes dapper. About his little cabin home he has a wonderful flower which blossoms the

year round, for he lives in California. Each morning he picks his choicest buds and caches the bouquet back of his work-a-day rostrum. It is Old Joe's philosophy to make each customer smile before they leave, but says Joe, "If I just can't get 'em to smile, I gibs 'em a flower, then God makes 'em smile."

Perhaps you ponder, "Should I go about daily dispensing prayers right and left without telling these individuals about it? Does it matter to the rose whether it receives needed moisture from the showers above or through man-directed irrigation? If we are helping the rose to express its divinity, that is all that matters.

No one has the right to use their magic touch of prayer in an effort to cause another to do anything to selfishly please or benefit themselves or anyone else. But the golden strands of love are pure and as we cast them out they will never tarnish but will stretch on and on without ceasing.



Without faith it is impossible to be pleasing unto God. This is because God is unseen, and faith is the only means of knowing him, loving and obeying him.

—Rev. Samuel Warren

☐ I surrendered all my self-reliance with all my pride in my ability and placed myself completely in Him, who must be with me.

## Amazing Experiences of a Prisoner of the Japanese

by William Hung

**A**FTER the Japanese seized Yenching University, I was among the Professors and students arrested and imprisoned for varying lengths of time. I had 141 days.

Upon men of our type, as long as we observed the prison regulations, the Japanese officers seldom inflicted torture or physical violence. They applied four forms of punishments: Hunger, on account of insufficient food, of the poorest quality, served twice a day, at 10:00 A. M. and 2:30 P. M. Thirst, on account of insufficient water, barely two cups a day. Cold, because the prison cells were not heated and the imprisonment occurred during the coldest part of the winter. Loneliness, especially

when we were in solitary confinement.

Social and intellectual starvation in solitary confinement, without company and without books, was the worst suffering. A friend of mine, a Professor of Philosophy, gave way under its weight. He batted his head against a cement wall in an attempt at suicide. He did not succeed to kill himself though his head and face bled profusely, as I learned later. This was a violation of the prison regulations, and after being severely beaten he was placed in a kind of device which prevented him from moving a muscle. From a distant solitary cell, I could hear his incoherent groans and screams of physical and mental anguish. For a

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moment I thought I might too soon go out of my mind. It was then that I realized how completely I had been reduced to extremity. All of the supports of this world crumbled beneath me. It seemed that I had come to the end of my resources.

I asked myself, "Is there really no help?" I realized suddenly that there could be only one source of help and that must come from God. As for myself, I really could do nothing either to help myself or to help my friends. There was just one thing that I could do and that was to pray. Pray I did, and I prayed long, silently, penitently and tearfully. As I look back at it now, the word that might adequately describe my mood then is the word "surrender." I surrendered all my self-reliance with all my pride in my ability and my associations and placed myself completely in the hand of Him, who though unseen, must be with me.

All of a sudden an indescribable sense of peace descended upon me. If I may use an analogy, I might say it was like riding an airplane coming out of a terrible storm and landing upon the solid earth, with fear completely gone. From then on I cared for nothing—cold, hunger, thirst, loneliness—none of it bothered me very much.

During the imprisonment I had many experiences which I could not explain except by saying that

they were miraculous. I shall tell only two or more of them now.

Twice I was taken out of the prison cell, handcuffed and tied with a cord and conducted about a mile away to the headquarters of the Japanese court martial. In a little chamber the Japanese prosecutor was a Major General seated at the center of the table. His face was impassive. No emotion was reflected there, no interest of any kind save the cold administration of the regulations under which he operated. At his right sat the Japanese interpreter, a Colonel, who manifested considerable sympathy. On the left of the General sat his stenographer, a young man in the uniform of a First Lieutenant, who could not conceal his hate. It spoke through his eyes, virulent and malignant. I avoided his gaze for it was disturbing and almost painful.

I was ordered to sit across the table and to answer to the questions put to me. When my Japanese inquisitors were not asking me questions, I devoted myself to silent prayers. I reminded myself of the story of Calvary, I deliberately prayed that forgiveness would fill my heart.

The second time I came for the inquisition, it was warm weather and as I came out of the cold prison cell, I was still wearing a heavy fur coat. In the inquisition room there was a blazing fire. It

was stifling hot. I was perspiring freely and the heat became almost suffocating. When I felt I could stand it no longer, I requested the interpreter if he might obtain the permission of the General to have the guard untie the cord around my waist so that I might take off my coat. The General looked at me and had the interpreter tell me, "It will be only for a moment and you will be back to the cell."

At this moment the young Lieutenant reached his hand across the desk in my direction and in his open hand lay a box of Japanese cooling pills. "Take these," he said, "they will make you feel more comfortable."

I turned to look at him. To my astonishment, the hatred was gone from his eyes. They were now filled with sympathy, even friendliness. I was awestruck by the realization of that strange power which Jesus Christ taught us is released through forgiveness. The Presence was very real to me at that moment.

There was another curious experience when I was in a cell with two other prisoners. One day as I was looking up at the rough, dirty, gray cement wall in front of me, I was suddenly conscious of the faint outline of a human face on the wall. Sometimes when you are looking at the sky, clouds will form themselves into various shapes, such as a bear, lion, or

even the outline of a face. Sometimes you will see the same thing in mountains or in rocks. I saw now in the gray cloudiness of the surface of my cement wall the outline of a thin face. I should say it was the face of an Arab. Perhaps that is the nearest I can describe the facial characteristics.

I was very startled at this. Then it seemed that the figure grew into a human body with two outstretched arms. Behind the outstretched arms there seemed to be wild and ferocious animals of the jungle. Then to my utter astonishment I seemed to see the figure stretched on a cross and the astonishment was made the more astonishing when I saw that on the spot corresponding to the left breast, there was a streak of blood flowing down. I shook my head and rubbed my hand over my eyes. I naturally concluded that I was having an hallucination, that my reason was departing, that my mind had become disturbed. And yet I seemed utterly calm and as rational as ever. My whole scientific and intellectual training rebelled against such a vision.

We were allowed to stand and leave our position under necessity. As I stood by the wall, I could no longer see the picture of the crucifixion, but I saw that a bedbug had been crushed against the wall and that there was a streak of human blood which had come

from the bedbug. When I resumed my seat, the picture appeared again.

I communicated through the sign language with my neighboring cell-mate, a Professor of Journalism. I asked him if he could see anything on the wall and he answered, "No." When the guards changed shifts and the new guards were not watching, we quickly changed our seating places. I looked up at the wall and there was no picture. Out of the corner of my eye I watched my friend and there was a most peculiar expression on his face as he looked at the wall.

"Do you know what day is this?" he inquired of me through the sign code.

"Friday," I answered.

"Good Friday," he corrected.

After my liberation, I checked the date with the calendar and he was correct. He is a devout Catholic layman.

The more I look back upon the series of experiences in imprisonment, the more I am grateful for them. At times I have attempted to account for them scientifically. Invariably it leads to either one of the two words—hallucination or coincidence. It is no explanation at all or merely explaining the experiences away. I rather choose to regard science only as a part—albeit, an important part—of Providence which covers also experiences which our scientific knowledge is yet unable to elucidate. My experiences have been very real with me and they have had both a purging and an inspiring effect, which I hope will always remain with me.



### **God Is Light**

*Jean Hogan Dudley*

God is light! Come, let us worship Him  
In the rose glow of dawn, cathedral dim;  
And may our yearning prayers to heavenward rise,  
Beneath the stained-glass windows of the skies.

Then, as the sunlight through the valley passes,  
Silvering wind-stirred leaves, and swaying grasses,  
The glory that His holy love imparts  
Will shine into our humble, waiting hearts.

☐ These groups will be the leaven in the lump,  
the church within the church.

## **Spiritual Growth—an Endless Frontier**

*Harry C. Meserve*

THE END of the war found millions weary not only of war but of any kind of effort. If we can offer the hosts of the disillusioned an alternative to this spreading sense of futility, we may set in motion a genuine process of spiritual renewal. It can begin in small groups of disciplined and dedicated people who gather to seek together "the things that make for peace," and to build those things into every act, every relationship, every day of life.

These groups will be the leaven in the lump, the church within the church. They will multiply slowly, but more important than their horizontal, numerical expansion is their vertical, qualitative growth. The members of such groups will have to recognize that their influence will seem small and that the total meaning of what they are doing will not always be apparent even to them. But sustaining them will be a deepening conviction that God's clearest witness is an honest, brave, and committed life.

Such groups must meet regularly for the purpose of spiritual growth and the sharing of religious experience. It does not matter when

the meetings come, but they must be held at least once a week and the members of the group must *make* time to be present. They must face at the outset the fact that growth in the religious life is hard work, an utterly different thing from basking in the warmth of superficial spirituality. Regular attendance at the group and participation in its meeting is a necessary discipline. The problem is to burn the selfishness, the fear, and the narrowness out of us, and to increase faithfulness, patience, and the sense of total allegiance to basic religious ends. Such discipline builds people who are not mere religious dilettantes.

The small group offers many opportunities for worship not easily found in the larger, more formal church service. In a group of eight or ten people one may sense the delicate balance and interplay between the separate individuals and the group; each person is himself and also a vital part of the group. Worship can be free and spontaneous, because the flashes of insight which come in a period of worship can at once be expressed, shared, and enriched through group dis-

From *Fellowship* magazine.

cussion.

In the small group there is no clear line of demarcation between intellectual activity and spiritual activity. Where a few are gathered together it is really possible for "thoughts to pass into prayer" and for an atmosphere of reverence and inwardness to permeate all that is said and done.

Regular participation in the worship of a small group matures a sense of understanding among the members of the group. As time goes on, less and less effort has to be expended on mere verbal explanation and the definition of words. More effort is poured into creative thinking and worship.

The members of a small worship group must guard their humility carefully. They must not think of themselves as a spiritual "elite guard" with deeper insight, better conduct, and nobler aims than other people. Furthermore, it is well for them to see that their group does not become merely a personal confession club. They can do this by centering a good part of their meetings about serious study of the great masters of the religious life. There must be a sane balance between objective and subjective thinking in the group.

A challenging discovery which members of a small worship group usually make is that to be a useful member of a group, one must inten-

sify and strengthen one's own personal devotions. To fail in this is to become a kind of spiritual joy-rider. Literally we are driven to making time and opportunity for self-examination, meditation, and prayer in our separate lives in order that we may do our part in the group.

Challenged by the depth and vitality of such groups, the churches and Fellowship organizations which include them cannot but be changed. They will be spurred to face, bravely and actively, the great issues of the modern world.

As small groups transform individuals and through them the larger groups, there will grow up a widespread, deeply-rooted fellowship of people of every creed and country. They will be unified in the recognition and sharing of the central things in life. As I think of the possibilities within such small groups I recall these words of William James:

"I am done with great things and big things, great organizations and big successes. And I am for those tiny, invisible, molecular moral forces which work from individual to individual, creeping in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets or like the capillary oozing of water, but which, if you give them time, will rend the hardest monuments of man's pride."

Ⓢ Negligence of trifles is a frequent cause of embittered married life.

## To Be Happily Married

Grenville Kleiser

"I do not recall a single instance where this method failed to bring reconciliation and happiness."

These are the words of Dr. L. M. Zimmerman, retired Lutheran clergyman, writing on the subject of marital trouble.

He believes, from long experience, that if more people would go to the pastor before going to the court the divorce rate would rapidly fall.

Dr. Zimmerman's personal method in dealing with the problem of marital dissension can be epitomized in these words:

*The pastor should first try to win the confidence of those involved and show them what a tragic situation they themselves have created.*

Next he should speak pleasantly of the days of courtship and paint a picture of mutual trust and happiness.

The pastor should then have the participants kneel with him in sincere, soul-searching prayer.

Tears of repentance will fall and wash pride and stubbornness away. The pastor may join their hands and say: "Now, my children, kiss and make up!"

*Finally, the pastor gets the promises of both never again to refer to past differences and their promise to begin their marriage anew.*

To repeat: Dr. Zimmerman assures us: "I do not recall a single instance where this method failed to bring reconciliation and happiness."

In any kind of disagreement the stubborn human will plays a vital part. Many a complex problem can be solved if one will substitute "I ought" for "I will."

Home has been called the chief school of human virtue. Its responsibilities, joys, sorrows, smiles, tears, hopes, and solitudes form the main interest of human life.

Home is the sphere of harmony and peace, and on it depends the prosperity of a nation. It is in the well-regulated home that character is best formed.

Sydney Smith likened marriage to a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.

*George Eliot said, "What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all*

*pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting."*

Marriage should be regarded as important as the immortality of the soul. Once entered upon, both husband and wife will find it desirable to keep two "bears" in the home—bear and forbear.

Negligence of trifles is a frequent cause of embittered married life. Connubial happiness is a delicate flower which indifference and suspicion will chill and destroy. Kindness, sympathy, cheerfulness and trust will give fragrance in every season of life, and sweeten the loneliness of declining years.



☐ If you play the game right with yourself, you play square with others.

### **"This Above All"**

*Mrs. Helen Richardson*

"This above all—to thine ownself be true; and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man"—so wrote Shakespeare in "Hamlet," but the meaning contained therein is still food for thought at the present time. In other words, if you are honest with yourself, then you have laid a good foundation in your dealings with others.

Just how can one be true to one's self? By looking to your inner self, as the Bible says: "Look therefore whether the light that is in thee be not darkness." Are you doing your best, playing the game squarely and not putting up a false front to the world? Are you wearing a mask for the world to see? Your inner heart knows whether it's farce or hypocrisy. A conscience can be developed to such a degree that it instinctively acts upon or repulses certain situations.

I have found, both by my own problems and observing others, that the happiest experience comes from a clear conscience. The happiest people are those whose minds are serene, devoid of conscience pangs and fear.

For, though some seek shelter in various forms of dissipation, one can't run away from himself. You must live with yourself, so you may as well make the best of it by understanding your inner self and side-stepping the impulse that weighs heavily upon your heart.

If you play the game right with yourself, then the resultant fact remains: you play square with others.

☐ Inner peace is attained by constant communion with God.

## **Beside Still Waters**

*Harriet L. Delmas*

I KNOW a high mountain meadow that lies beneath deep snows in the winter; where spring comes late but with great prodigality. Wild flowers grow there in incredible profusion, and sheep graze contentedly in the lush grass. A quiet little stream laces the meadow, clear and cold and pure, having its source from the slopes above, where the snow never melts.

Whenever I visit the place the words of the 23d Psalm come always to my mind. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." As I stand among the flowers and listen to the softly murmuring stream there unfolds before my eyes the lovely word picture of the Psalmist: the green pastures, the still waters, the sheep and the shepherd.

It is a scene of quietness and great peace. So strong is the power of suggestion that almost at once this peace comes over me. The roar and the tumult of the city is stilled; war and the strivings of men become unreal, remote. All worry and care slip away and are

as nothing. When I go down into the valley again this peace goes with me. It stays for a time, clothing me about like a robe. Then it fades. Nothing is left but the memory. It fades because I know that however beautiful and peaceful the meadow may appear, it is only the symbol of peace. I know that the real peace, the peace that is enduring, is from God. It must come from within.

Inner peace is attained by constant communion with God. As we seek Him in prayer we enter into His kingdom; for Paul tells us that we are the temple of the living God, that His Spirit dwells within us and it is there that we find Him. Contacting God, we are thus guided and strengthened to the end that we incorporate His teachings into our daily life, and by faithful obedience to God's word we continue in grace.

To me the 23d Psalm is a promise of peace and divine protection, an assurance that my Lord is taking care of me tenderly, lovingly, as the shepherd does his sheep. Surely I shall not want for any good thing if I accept the words of the Psalmist as truth. Figura-

From *Weekly Unity*, by permission.

tively speaking when I am troubled in spirit, I lie down in the green pasture beside still waters, and my soul is restored to peace. I do not have to climb a steep and stony trail as I must do to reach the meadow. I have only to turn within, and at that very moment I am in God's presence. When I become properly still God speaks to me.

We have a great need for prayer today, perhaps a greater need than ever before, for that silent hour when we can go to God with our problems and be given the assurance that we shall be guided into paths of righteousness for the sake of His name. We want peace, peace

for our troubled spirit, peace for our world. We pray, "Let Thy peace spread over the earth and let it begin with me, within me." That is where we must seek if we are to find. If every soul had peace in his heart there could be no wars, no inharmony of body or mind. It is only when we are out of touch with God, the fountainhead of all good, that things go wrong, never when we are serenely abiding in the consciousness of His love and are daily fed as the little meadow stream is fed by the melting snows. Would that I had the power to bring to your minds the vision as it unfolds before me!



### *Faith Today*

*Mary Eva Ritchel*

Clean from the Mount of Olives  
Came the mandate of our Lord:  
I go the way of Calvary;  
*Take not for me, thy sword!*

And yet we gown-clad "Jesuits,"  
With muffled step, and dumb,  
Flank strong the devil's highway,  
And pray "Thy Kingdom come."

Gethsemane to Golgotha—  
A brave, a lonely way,  
With only faith to light it  
—But where is faith today?

☞ There, with great sobs shaking his gaunt form, stands Peter, upon whom that Church was to have been built.

## *The Holy Ghost Builds a Church*

*Nellie Burget Miller*

RECKONED by human standards the religious movement led by Jesus of Nazareth was finished. It had failed ignominiously. Defeated, crushed by grief and overwhelming disaster, a little group of humble followers crouched at the foot of the hill. A few weeping women, a few Galilean fishermen in their rough smocks, silent for the most part, lest the rough burr of their speech betray them to the cruel circling spears—and out of this ignorant bewildered band the Master had said that he would make a Church. There, with great sobs shaking his gaunt form, stands Peter, upon whom, as upon a rock, that Church was to have been built.

The whole situation is impossible, ironic. How can this frightened band hold together even? It is beyond the mind of man to conceive of others joining them now.

Over Calvary lies a sullen cloud which hides the hovering Flame of God and a frightened whisper runs through the silent crowd going down to warm hearths and evening meals after the excitement of the execution: "they say the streets of the city have been shaken so that the pots fell from their hooks

and clattered upon the hearth; that Judas Iscariot went mad suddenly and hanged himself just outside the gates, and that something has happened at the temple—the priests are all excited, but no one can tell us what—"

They lingered at Jerusalem, this little sorrowing group of men and women, waiting for they knew not what. The Master had bidden them to wait there for power from on high, and though everything seemed pathetically over now, they waited on as he had said. It was not safe to venture abroad very much in those tumultuous days, but when the Sabbath was past the women crept to the tomb where the Roman soldiers still stood on guard.

They crept to the tomb, and then strange conflicting stories came to the waiting group. The Master had been stolen; he had risen from the cave of Joseph and fled to the Essenes; he had appeared unto Mary. Excitement ran high and hope was reborn. All recalled some forgotten assurance. They heard, over and over, the tale of the stranger on the road to Emmaus who was known by the manner in which he broke the loaf for their lunch under the wayside tree. They waited and pondered these things

and Thomas must show those who were not there, again and again, how he had thrust his unbelieving hand into the pierced side.

Huddled behind locked doors in an agony of prayer and expectation, the weary disciples waited forty days for the promised baptism of the Holy Ghost. This was the newborn Church of Christ, separated from its sustaining Shepherd, and not yet aware of the quickening Flame through which it was to go forth and possess the earth.

After the forty days came Pentecost. They were all together with one accord in one place, in a very singular and powerful unity of spirit, asking, expecting, ready to receive and to obey.

Here we are, Lord, thy little church,  
Here is Peter, the Rock,  
Wilt Thou come in power  
And begin Thy building?

"And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled the house where they were sitting, and there appeared unto them cloven tongues as of fire, and it sat upon each of them and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

And fear came upon them at first, that same shaking awe which invariably accompanies the manifestation of the Holy Ghost in power.

Peter, the Galilean fisherman, preached a sermon that night—Peter, who was all unlearned in the laws of discourse and argumentation, preached as he remembered that the Master had told him to do, without notes or careful preparation, by the power of the Spirit. It was an extraordinary sermon with extraordinary results. And three thousand souls were added to the Church.

This was the beginning of the work of the searching Flame of God, which burned brighter under persecution, leaped across space until it touched the shores of Greece and was carried even unto Rome—hated Rome!

Said Peter, the Rock:

"For the promise (of the quickening power of the Holy Ghost) is unto you and your children and to all that are afar off, even as many as God shall call."

Peter and John went out in the power of the Spirit, preaching and healing, and Peter's fame grew and spread until the sick waited by his path in the hope that his shadow might fall upon them and they be healed. Among them was a man "full of wisdom and of the Holy Ghost" who was called from the serving of tables to the crown of martyrdom. Stephen prayed for his murderers and "fell asleep."

*And Saul was consenting unto his death.*

With dramatic swiftness we hastened on to the climax of the early Christian Church. A young lawyer from Tarsus, standing high in the Sanhedrin, and very zealous for its doctrines, hastens to Damascus with a letter from the High Priest giving him authority to seize and bring back to prison any persons suspected of walking in the new and dangerous "way." His legal mind is turning over new and clever arguments against these renegades. He sees his own worldly affairs profited by his efforts; he dreams of power. . . . Then something happened to Saul of Tarsus. In the white dust of the public highway at midday, *he met the Holy Ghost.*

"And suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven; and he fell to the earth."

As many men before him had done, as many men since have done, he turned from that searching light in horror of himself—in loathing, deep and unutterable. But a moment before he was smug, self-satisfied; now he writhes in the clear light of truth. He sees the gentle figure of the outraged Christ; he hears the tender reproachful voice: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" He sees with horror the face of Stephen, like the face of an angel looking up into heaven—he can bear no more. He falls upon his face in the dust with the despairing cry:

"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Saul left Jerusalem a young and highly ambitious man; Paul entered Damascus, bowed, tottering, temporarily blinded, with no purpose now except to escape from the horror which was himself. After three days of adjustment the pitying Saviour sent him a friend, from the sect he had come to destroy, to comfort, heal and instruct him in the way. And the letter from the High Priest was still in the inner pocket of his garment, bidding him hale to death the followers of Jesus, which is called the Christ.

Nowhere is the power of the guiding, chastening Spirit more clearly shown than in the regeneration of Saul of Tarsus and his rebirth as Paul, Apostle to the Gentiles, who was to bear witness in the uttermost parts of the known earth.

Did this Flame of God which burned so fiercely in the early Church die out with the passing of the saints, prophets, and martyrs? Or is the Holy Ghost building today by guiding and chastening the leaders of men?

Is there even now being builded that beautiful City of God of which St. Augustine dreamed? Let us pray that our eyes may be opened and that we may see men laying the foundations stone by stone; that our hands may be strengthened to take hold and help. Dr. Frank

Laubach, carrying his message of peace to the uttermost parts of the world, is no less a Flame of God because he is our contemporary; Starr Daily saw the outraged Christ in a prison-cell and the regenerative work of the Holy Ghost was as miraculous in him as the conversion of Saul. Men like Glenn Clark and Walter Russell are living even now in the Kingdom of God and telling us that we also may enter in. Let us think of the Holy Ghost, or Holy Spirit (and the Bible tells us that the two are one), as an active force in the world today, not merely a matter of early Christian history. Emerson said:

One accent of the Holy Ghost  
The heedless world hath never  
lost.

There is a small brotherhood of the *aware*, scattered over the world today. They are ready and eager to

help us find the joy of that "blessed communion" in which they dwell—but first, we must learn to seek aright:

Spirit of God, by whose sustaining grace

We live and move each hour,

Thy quickening power  
Is still within, around us,  
everywhere,  
Open our blinded eyes—make us *aware!*

Spirit of Life, within whose changeless law

We move from day to day,

Thy Voice divine speaks clearly as of old.

Grant courage to obey!  
Eternal Flame that burns through all our night,  
Help us to understand—to use  
*Thy Light!*



### ***The Petition-Infinite***

*Irma Mittelberg*

Help me to love as Thou lovest,  
Instill within me a great quiet space.

Then I shall send to all the earth  
Great waves of love,  
The love that heals the wounds and scars  
And reaches far beyond the stars.

☞ He said so lovingly and compassionately, "Come ye apart with me and rest awhile."

## ***"I Left This Body"*** ***An Experience in Spiritual Healing***

*Lillian Alexander*

I SUFFERED a serious heart attack a year ago that was followed by utter inactivity and intensely painful attacks at intervals.

It has been a blessed period of "shut-in-ness" with my blessed Lord, who is always so real, so near, so precious and so altogether lovely to me.

In September I suffered such agonizing pain that I could bear it no longer. I raised my arms to Jesus, whose presence in the room was felt by everyone in it, and reminded Him of His promise that no temptation should be greater than we could bear, and told Him that He was the only "way of escape" and that I trusted Him completely.

He said so lovingly and compassionately, "Come ye apart with me and rest awhile." So saying He lifted me from the tenement so wracked with pain. My soul left my pain-tortured body, and lingered just outside my breast in the most glorious Light, the same as *The Light*.

I was so completely free and easy. And oh, such sweet, sweet rest I experienced as I floated in

the sea of His love unhindered, and unbound. Perfect release!

He, the Light, sustained and upheld me as I gazed in awe and wonder at the marvelous scenes opened up to me.

Words are inadequate to describe the beauty, majesty, serenity and grandeur of the trees, flowers, birds, music, architecture, and the gladness and joy of the multitudes of happy little children and contented adults, busy and active in their heavenly duties. No inactivity or idleness there! Some were resting in the shade of trees, arbors, porches, or in beautiful, comfortable rooms, but there was not the atmosphere of idleness or inactivity.

And oh, the Light! The Light! His glorious Presence was the glowing, tender, restful Light of all that limitless space stretching out and out and out.

The rivers and lakes and mountains of this wonderful country far exceeded anything I had ever seen in this earth-life. I was out of the body for an hour or so. Or at least before I could speak again or even respond to my husband's hand-clasp.

But oh, the glories He led me into can never be truly related. Some things are not yet given the "green light." I could not describe them if I would, and I would not if I could. They are too sacred and hallowed.

But as I returned to this tene-ment a flash of The Light was real enough to be felt in the room.

I whispered and asked my husband and my pastor if they saw that marvellous, glorious Light. They said, "No, but we surely felt the Presence."

I could write on and on and never exhaust that blessed, glorious unfolding scene, which was a continuation of Divinely approved activities begun or desired in this life, I should say, in earth-life. For I know now in Heaven all Godly activities of this earth-life are continued on to perfection as we grow and develop in likeness of The Light.

Oh, the compassion of The Light as He gently, lovingly and patiently taught me to draw or paint beautiful sunsets, laughing children, singing birds; to play musical instruments and sing and sing beautifully, and write beautiful

poems, and prose, and speak in glowing terms of His precious, wonderful Love!

When I was settled again, I asked my loved ones and friends to remove all the sticky, sweaty, death-odor-filled blankets, hot water bottles and electric pads with which they had so lovingly tried to keep warmth in my body. I was perfectly free from pain. But I had a feeling of complete physical exhaustion, while perfect peace flooded my soul. I asked them to bow in silent adoration and worship with me for a few moments for the marvellous, glorious experience in blessed Light He gave me, and then to quietly leave me and let me go to sleep. I slept immediately, and did not know when any of them left my room. I slept almost continuously for forty-eight hours, and have suffered less agonizing pain since that night, than in the length of time since the first attack in March.

Each day the glory of that little while in Heaven becomes more real and wonderful and vivid to me. In ecstasy my soul praises Him for keeping His promise of escape in such a marvellous way to me!



A feudal oath which George Buttrick has turned to a Christian use: "Dear my lord, I am liege man of thine for life and limb and earthly regard, and I will be true to thee, come life, come death, so help me God."  
—Contributed by G. V. McCausland.

☐ There is a mighty God-power behind right thinking and scientific prayer.

## Help The United Nations Organization By Prayer

Ruth G. Newcomb

TO this vast land of spiritual freedom, to America, the Cradle of Liberty, men will soon come again from every corner of the earth to sit at the great conference table of the U.N.O.

The question in many minds is—"What will be accomplished in the way of lasting peace and brotherhood?" The answer is largely in the hands of spiritually-minded people everywhere. What can we do in the interim? We can pray. That is our mighty responsibility and our sacred privilege.

The scientific farmer reaps a generous harvest by first carefully preparing the soil. We, too, can reap a bountiful harvest of peace on earth—"the peace of God which passeth all understanding." This can be done in our periods of silence and meditation.

Prayer is dynamic. There is a mighty God-power behind right thinking and scientific prayer. Prayer is as accurate as any of the other great sciences. Just as two and two always equal four, so "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous and His ears are open to their prayers."

Prayer groups are accomplish-

ing wonderful results along many lines. Members of these groups are winning a personal peace in their own lives, and are thus paving the way for universal peace. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

The Christ-spirit in us, through vibrant thought waves, can reach the Christ-spirit in those who will sit at the great peace-table, so that ONE who is invisible to the human eye may speak for all to hear:

*"For countless ages I have been working as leaven in the hearts of men of all nations. Today I come again to break the chains of bondage and set men free. I come to open the doors of closed minds. I hold all freedoms in my outstretched hands. I am the Dawn of a New Day—the beginning of a New Age. I am the Spirit of Peace. At this great gathering no confusing tower of Babel shall rise, for all mankind can understand the universal language of Love. These men have come, not to divide the spoils of war, but to share with each other in brotherhood and fellowship the victory of peace. I am the Spirit of Love! I am Truth! I am not invisible to men of vision,*



*those who have eyes to see, those who have hearts to behold. I am Tolerance, Justice, Wisdom, Understanding, Mercy! I am the lifted Consciousness of all Mankind. I am the Christ of God."*



### **Death**

*Marjorie Mead*

As the awakening day of life is  
To the dream that went before,  
So is the world beyond this world  
With Death as only the door.



### **Victor Hugo Story Reveals Christ**

In one of Victor Hugo's stories you see a picture of Christ. A man who had been in prison for 19 years has just been released. He had been knocking at many doors and had been refused food, although he had money to pay for it. The jailer would not let him sleep in a cell, and when he tried to sleep in a field, the rain came up. He met a woman on the street and asked her what he could do. She pointed to the door of Bishop Welcome. She said, "You knock at that door and he will let you in." He knocked at the door. A pleasant voice said, "Come in." Bishop Welcome, with his two sisters keeping house for him, received the convict with kindness and gave him a hot meal and warm bed. But the convict said, "You do not know me. You do not know my name. I am an ex-convict."

The Bishop said, "You do not need to tell me your name. This is not my house. It is Christ's house. I do not ask anyone whether he has a name. I only ask whether he has a need. But I know who you are. You are my brother."

Yes, we shall see Christ through the saints of the ages, those who have really experienced the fullness of life in the crucified Lord.

From *Wesley News*, Sept. 21, 1945.

☐ The mounting by-products of prayer guarantee the continuance of the practice of prayer.

## **By-Products of Prayer**

*Charles H. Gilbert*

I have found some sure by-products of prayer that offer their own rewards. The first by-product is friendship with Christ. The more you talk with God, the more you know him. Prayer becomes more communion than petition, more thanksgiving than asking.

After awhile we learn not to ask God to turn the world backward on its axis or steer the traveling storms to suit our whim. Instead we ask him to help us turn every day, bright or cloudy, to service and every night to refreshment for the soul as well as the body.

In addition to growing friendship with Christ there are human friendships growing out of prayers for others. There was the case of the boy with the fractured skull. He had an hour to live. The family wanted comfort while they adjusted themselves to giving him up. But I put all I had into praying affirmatively for his life. And he got well. The by-product was that since that time I have had a special interest in that boy and friendship with that family. Life is richer when it has been prayed for.

But prayers do not always come

out that way. There are by-products from the so-called "failures" in praying. Here was a young man full of streptococci. I prayed hard in that case, too. The parents were outside the hospital screens most of the time, but they knew I was inside "pulling" for their boy. Many doctors and nurses came and went. Finally they drew the sheet over the boy's face and it was "all over." That's what some might have said, but it wasn't true.

This is what happened: One of the relatives who had never had much use for churches and ministers, saw, as he told someone else, "how that minister stayed by the family when Bob was dying" and became one of my warmest friends. And I was the one close enough to that family months later to take another member of it to the operating room and watch through the operation and subsequent recovery. There were fast friends made as a by-product of prayer that did not get what was asked.

Requests for prayer have come from people far beyond my parish. Through these prayers have come many wider friendships and wider

From *The Christian Advocate*, by permission.

interests. I have been allowed to share the troubles of people in many states, people who would be strangers to me but for prayer. Wider understanding of human nature and its problems and better knowledge of God's redemptive purpose, all come from wider praying.

It might have been all in my imagination, but I felt a barrier between my congregation and me when I preached. I asked people to concentrate each Sunday on the real presence of Christ in every cubic inch of space in the churches—not to pray for a crowd, nor to make the sermon hit somebody, but to help me visualize the actual presence of Christ. The barrier was swept away. Some who prayed thought their "practice of the presence of God" had something to do with increases in numbers. An important by-product was that these who prayed were themselves enriched by the services.

When you undertake a life of prayer, you leave behind your old feeling of ineffectiveness in your world of need. Often there are human relation problems which no human hands can touch, and praying

is all you can do. Sometimes I am asked to pray for harmony in homes. After laying such cases in the lap of God I have seen so many clear up that I know prayer does do something.

It is most satisfactory to pray when there is fullest human cooperation. Then there is a rich distribution of the by-products of prayer. Everybody sharing in the prayer receives a dividend.

A praying group experimenting with clinical prayer develops heaps of by-products. The compactness and agreement of the group brings an additional something to bear on each case undertaken. My group has often helped to carry me through difficult pastoral and personal problems. They help me and I help them and we have become strong together with Christ.

While this praying is going on we get closer to God; we understand the Bible better; we accept Jesus' teachings about prayer with fewer reservations; and we grow in faith and love. The mounting by-products of prayer guarantee the continuance of the practice of prayer.



"God never gave a man a thing to do, concerning which it were irreverent to ponder how the Son of God would have done it."

—George Macdonald.

## Religion At Work

When Branch Rickey, President of the Brooklyn Dodgers, signed up the Negro Jackie Robinson to play short-stop for Montreal, one of the Dodger farm teams, he was asked why he did it. LOOK magazine reports him as saying, "I'm doing it because I can't help it. I cannot face my God much longer knowing that His black creatures are held separate and distinct from His white creatures in the game that has given me all I call my own."

Jackie, himself, has some strong ideas on the subject. One day, recently, when he was expecting Harold Parrott, secretary of the Brooklyn Dodgers, to call with some cameramen, he called the clerk at the Woodside, the Harlem hotel where he was staying, and asked that his guests be shown to his room as soon as soon as they came in. The clerk asked immediately:

"Are they white or Negro?"

"White," Jackie replied.

Then with a trace of arched pride in his voice, the clerk retorted: "We don't allow white folks in this hotel."

It didn't take Jackie long to pack his duds and check out. He would have no part in any racial prejudice.

—Maeanna Cheserton-Mangle

## The Christian Aim

The Christian therefore will seek social justice not merely to bring equity or happiness into human life, but because in no other way can men be free to establish that fellowship—of Man with His Maker, and of Man with his Brother—by which alone the purpose of life is fulfilled. We want to abolish slums not merely because they are a blot upon modern civilization, but because a slum—or for that matter a suburb—is a standing obstacle to our fellowship with God; so also we seek peace between the nations not merely because war is horrible and cruel and wasteful, but because the operations of war are always a denial of fellowship with God and with our Brother Man; the so-called "glory" of the battlefield is always a contradiction of the "Glory of God" in Jesus Christ. The same principle applies in every realm; that is, the aim of the Christian is not first of all to make men happy or comfortable or respectable or safe, but always to link Man's life to God's; for only on such conditions can the souls of men be trained adequately and fully for the life of Eternity and for that immortality which is the destiny of the Christian soul.

—Leyton Richards